



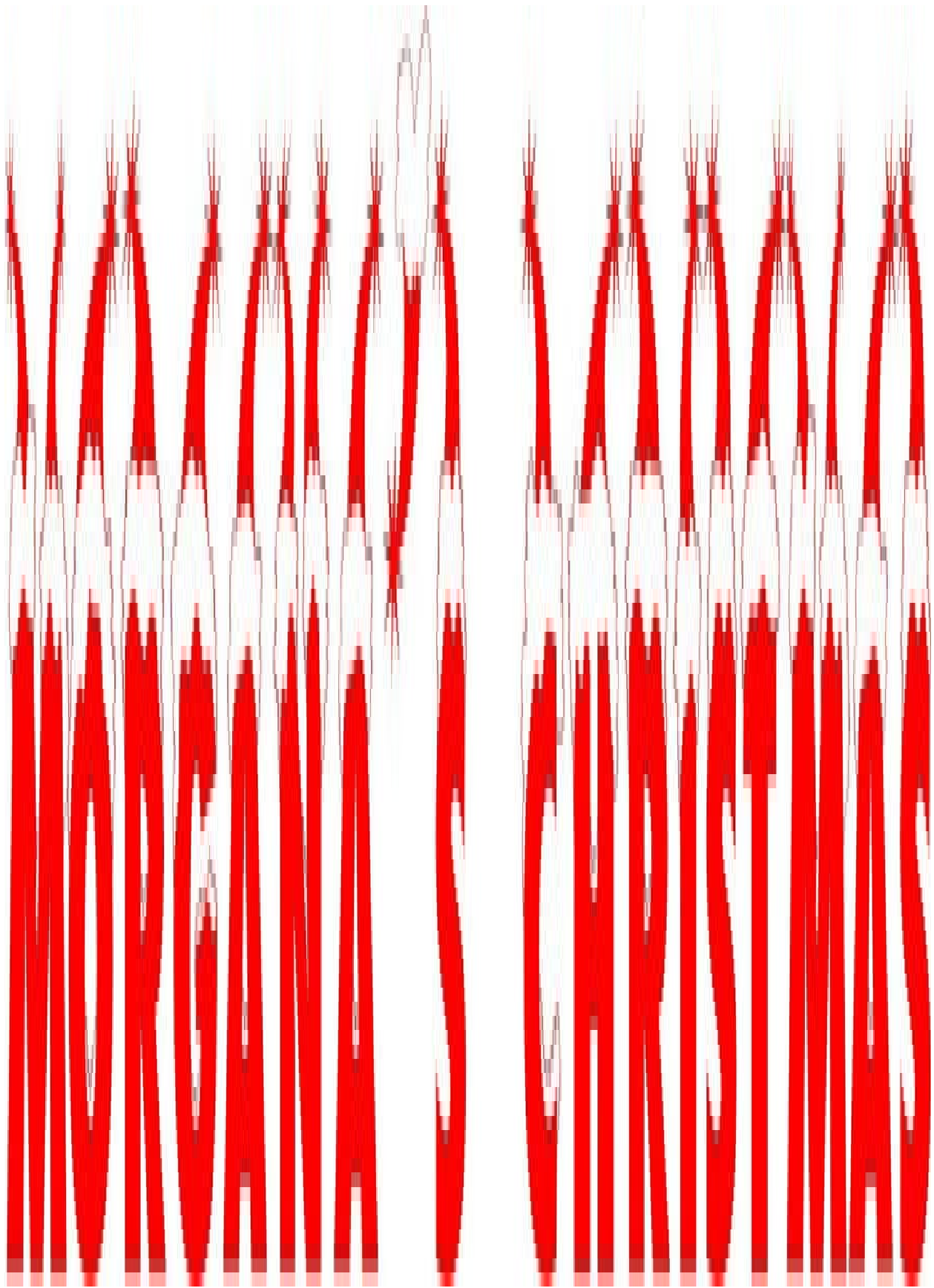
MORGANA'S CHRISTMAS

Baron LeSade



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Published by Baron LeSade

-Smashwords Edition-

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Cover by J. Ables

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All the fictitious characters in this story who are involved in sexual situations are over the age of eighteen.

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1. The first part of the text discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records in a business. It emphasizes that records are essential for tracking financial performance, managing inventory, and ensuring compliance with legal requirements. The author notes that without proper record-keeping, a business owner may face significant challenges in making informed decisions and resolving disputes.

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Chapter One - Christmas

Byron stood leaning against the wall by the window watching his mother, Morgana and listening to the murmur of voices in the room.

It was Christmas Eve and the family was gathered together, as was their tradition. And this was the third year since his father, Ed had left his mother! He still couldn't believe that he was gone! Why would he ever leave a woman so kind and so beautiful, he had asked himself a thousand times? He had even broached the subject with his father once, but was told it was none of his business, so he had dropped it. His mother had changed her name back to her maiden name of Forrester after the divorce and so had Byron, too...

"Looks like just about everyone is here, this year," he heard his cousin Emily say as he glanced across the room to his mother...

If his mother only knew what he was thinking, he told himself. If she only knew how much he wanted to take her in his arms and give her a long, deep kiss right on her lips. Right on her beautiful, soft lips! Then, throw her on the floor and make mad, passionate love to her right in front of everyone!

With those sick, twisted thoughts swirling through his head, he kept his other hand draped down in front of himself to hide the evidence of his arousal. If only there was some way to tell her just how he felt! Tell her how much he loved her and how he wanted to show his love to her. But he couldn't...he couldn't ever tell her because he knew that it could cause a rift between them that could never be closed again.

Morgana looked about the room, taking everything and everyone in. Each time her eyes swept the room they seemed to be instinctively drawn back to her son, Byron. And every time their eyes met, he would bashfully look away. Why? It was almost as if he were embarrassed to be seen looking at her. She reached for her glass of wine and smiled at the comment she heard her sister make from across the room. Her sister, Elaine was always the funny one. Morgana was always the more subdued of the two, the more quiet and cautious one, her sense of humor a little on the dark side. A perfect complement to her sister when she thought about it, which must be why they always got along so well. Byron was more like her in that way, she thought...a little cautious, one to always put his foot in the water before diving in...but once in, he would go hell bent for whatever he was after.

“Look! Even Grandma Pearl showed up this year!” Byron heard Emily say.

“That’s a pleasant surprise. I thought she was ill,” Byron said, looking across the room at his mother again, his eyes straying down to her breasts.

As he did, he saw her look toward him again. Blushing ever so slightly, he smiled back at her and quickly looked away, afraid that his eyes might betray his true feelings toward her.

Morgana looked towards Byron again. This time she caught it. He was looking at her breasts. She could even see the small blush of crimson that spread over his cheeks when he looked away. Could she have mistaken it? If he weren’t her own son she could easily say without a doubt that she was being admired from across the room. But Byron?

She looked around quickly. Nobody else was looking. No one else seemed to have noticed the interplay of intimacy between her and Byron.

As she slowly sipped on her wine, her aunt passed by and asked her something, but Morgana couldn’t exactly make out what she said so she simply smiled and nodded in her direction. Her mind was on the fact that Byron kept sneaking quick glances her way. If she were younger, and not his mother, she would...

But she was his mother. So what was happening? She tried to relax, to look at it differently. As if he weren’t her son...but that was the wrong direction to go, she quickly found out as she took a deep breath and sipped her wine.

What was going on, Byron frantically wondered? Why was his mother watching him? It was almost as if she were sizing him up. But sizing him up for what, he nervously thought, glancing back over at her?

There it was again, she told herself. Another quick glance. She watched him this time. Watched the way he was standing, not exactly sure of himself, not quite confident of himself yet. But beneath it all she could picture the man he was becoming...much like his father. Very handsome and very desirable...

Desirable? Did she just say desirable? Did she think of her Byron as desirable? Morgana shuddered, but now that her mind was drifting, she couldn’t stop it. For the briefest of moments she looked at his lips and imagined how soft they would feel against hers.

This is all just too crazy, Byron told himself. It was almost like his mother was flirting with him. Flirting with him, but at the same time acting calm and collected so that no one would see what was going on between them. Could it be? Could it really be happening? After all these years of dreaming and hoping and wishing...

Stop it! Stop it, she screamed at herself. This is ridiculous. Maybe it wasn't completely out of the question for Byron to notice her as a woman! He was a man after all, well a boy, actually and she had heard it said that boys thought about sex every five seconds or so. So it would only be natural for him, but it was certainly out of the question for her to see him as a man...a man and not her son! Then the thought came again. A kiss? His lips against hers, softly touching...Her heart pounding painfully, Morgana had to turn away. Another deep breath. Could she blame the wine? No. She hadn't had but one glass. So why did her face feel hot and flushed?

Why was she blushing, Byron asked himself, taking another quick glance across the room at his mother? Then, as she looked away, he swept his eyes down her body. He could only imagine what her body looked like under her blouse and short skirt. Poring over the swell of her breasts, he wondered what they looked like. They weren't large, but they weren't tiny either. He could even make out the jut of her nipples as they thrust themselves out against the cloth. God, what would it be like to have them in his mouth once...again?

Get hold of yourself, Morgana frantically told herself! Trying to regain some modicum of composure, she smiled at her aunt, and poured herself another glass of wine. Her hands were shaking. She felt like a schoolgirl on her first date. This was insane, she told herself. So what if Byron was looking at her? She could be grossly misinterpreting his gaze. Of course she was, she tried to tell herself. But then the demented thought came again...a quick vision of his face close to hers...their lips brushing...brushing, touching, she thought as a shudder of excitement jolted through her mind.

Stop it! She wanted to scream. She had to stop her mind from going any further. The thoughts that would come next, and the thoughts that would follow, were thoughts she could never allow to enter her mind. Not those kind of thoughts about her own son!

Straightening up, she admonished herself for her foolish thoughts, but found

herself moving across the room towards Byron. What are you doing, she frantically asked herself? Are you trying to tempt fate? This is ridiculous! At least you could avoid temptation from across the room...but now!

Oh, God, Byron groaned to himself. Here she comes! Now what? Why was she coming over to where he was? Did she know? Was it a mother's intuition? Could she tell what he was thinking about her?

He was talking to his cousin. Stepping up beside them, Morgana stood near him and smiled. Byron returned the smile as their eyes met. This time she didn't look away, instead she held his gaze. She wanted so much to read his mind. She prayed he couldn't read hers. Again he nervously looked away. Again the quick flash of a blush! What was he hiding from her? Was he having the same sick thoughts she was?

There was something oddly different about this Christmas, Byron thought. He couldn't place his finger on it, but it was almost like that movie "It's a Wonderful life". Was this all really happening? Was the close intimacy between him and his mother real, or was it just a figment of his fevered imagination? Or maybe it was the wine! He'd already had several glasses and was definitely feeling no pain.

His mother moved closer to him, her hip intimately brushing against his. Frantically trying to keep from reaching out and pulling her to him, he looked around the room, trying to do anything to focus his attention away from his mother.

It was almost dreamlike...a scene from the movie where at the end everybody was almost giddy with emotion of the moment. Everyone seemed to be tapping glasses together and toasting each other.

Now he could smell the subtle fragrance of his mother's perfume mixed with the smell of wood burning in the fireplace and all the other Christmassy smells wafting around the room. It was intoxicating, almost hallucinatory.

The room was warm, almost stuffy with all the relatives sitting and standing around as they talked. It was like he was standing in the eye of a hurricane with the emotion and passion swirling around him and his mother, yet everyone else was completely oblivious to it. Stifling a fake yawn, he wondered when the party would be over.

Then his mother pressed herself against him ever so gently. The movement was so slight, no one else could have noticed. But to Byron, it was the same as if she had taken him in her arms and gave him the kiss he so desperately wanted.

Byron felt an almost imperceptible increase in the pressure of his mother's hip against his as he smiled dutifully at his cousin.

"Would you like some more wine?" Morgana asked, taking his glass from him.

"Uh, sure, sure, Mom," he inanely choked out, barely able to speak. It was Christmas. The wine was mulled wine and the older children were allowed to have some as long as they behaved themselves.

Listening to the crackle of the fire in the fireplace and the murmur of voices, he watched his mother make her way across the crowded room. He hoped that no one was watching him, but he couldn't resist staring down at her delectable little rear end softly swishing back and forth under her short, clinging skirt.

Keeping his sick urges under control was becoming more and more difficult, he told himself. Maybe he ought to just tell her how he felt and see what happened. What if she felt the same way toward him but was just afraid to admit it to him, or even herself?

Then he watched her walking back toward him with two glasses of wine in her hands. He couldn't stop himself from glancing down at the soft swell of her small, jiggling breasts as they bobbed ever so delicately with each step she took.

He's watching my breasts, Morgana giddily thought as she felt her hard, swollen nipples jiggling up and down, brushing against her blouse and sending even more excitement down to her salivating pussy.

Then she was back by his side, handing him his drink and squeezing up next to him again. Byron was almost giddy with the excitement sparking through his brain. Turning toward her ever so slightly, he intimately wrapped his arm around her waist and gently pulled her to him. It was all so strange, he thought. There was something different about the emotions flowing between them tonight. Different and exciting! He hoped that no one was noticing the sensual intimacy they were sharing.

He couldn't say exactly what was happening, but the way she was acting, it was

as if they were lovers, not mother and son.

“Thank you, mother,” he whispered in her ear.

“You’re welcome, darling,” she whispered back to him

The way Byron was standing now, her hip was brushing against the front of his pants. Then, she discreetly pressed her hip against the growing impatience of his now rock-hard cock.

God, she had to feel it, he deliriously told himself. She had to know that I have a hard on! But why didn’t she move her hip away from it? Why, it was almost like she was deliberately rubbing her hip against it.

“Now where were we,” she said, turning her head toward her cousin.

Listening to the drone of their voices, he couldn’t help but notice the subtle movement of her hip as it pressed against him. It was no accident. It was really happening. Growing braver, he gently but insistently ground his cock against her hip and to his surprise, he felt her push back against him.

What’s happening, he dizzily asked himself? This is all just too crazy! He couldn’t be imagining it! It was really happening...

Then, as Byron’s mind reeled with the implications of what was happening between him and his mother, he saw his cousin step away from them.

“What’s happening, Mother?” he whispered into her ear, trying to keep his voice low enough that no one else could hear. “What’s going on?”

“I don’t know...I don’t know...” she whispered back at him. “I just feel so strange...”

“Are you—do you—uh, are you okay?” he shakily asked, feeling her hip brush against him one more time.

“Let’s talk, after everyone else has gone to bed,” she urgently whispered, stepping away from him. “But for now I think we’d better cool things down before someone gets the wrong idea...”

Wrong idea? In his fevered mind, there could be only one way to interpret what had just happened between them. It had been sexual foreplay in its purest of terms!

They continued to stand close to one another, but no longer touching as they watched the crowd slowly thin when the relatives began to go their separate ways. At last only Aunt Elaine and Uncle Tim remained. Morgana had given her sister her room for the night and she was planning to sleep on the couch in front of the fireplace.

“Well, I suppose it’s off to bed for us,” Tim said, taking Elaine’s hand in his. “Thanks again for letting us have your bedroom for the night.”

“Don’t mention it,” Morgana laughed, glancing over at the brightly decorated Christmas tree sitting in the corner. “I feel like a little girl going on an adventure, sleeping down here by the fire on Christmas Eve. Maybe I’ll get to see Santa when he brings the presents.”

“Well, night-night!” Elaine murmured as she and her husband started for the stairs.

Byron and Morgana watched them as they slowly treaded up the stairs.

“So, Mother, what’s going on?” Byron asked her the moment they were alone.

“I think I’m going to have another glass of wine, would you like one?” she asked him, stepping over to the bar with an exaggerated swing of her hips.

“Uh, yeah, sure, but...” he muttered, following her over to the bar.

Stepping up beside her, he slipped his arm around her tiny waist as she slowly refilled their glasses. As he did, he felt her rub her hip against him again.

“Mother!” he groaned, digging his fingers into her waist.

“Patience, Byron...” she murmured, reaching down and pushing his hand away from her waist.

“But, Mother, what?” he muttered, disappointment written all over his face.

“I’m going to change into my nightgown,” she told him, stepping over to the couch and picking up the flannel nightgown that lay atop the blankets she had placed there before.

With her gown draped over her arm, she slowly strolled over to the bathroom that adjoined to Byron’s bedroom, rolling her hips provocatively as she did. Stepping inside the bathroom, she saw that the door to Byron’s room was open. Stepping over she quietly closed it.

Setting her glass on the vanity, she heard the door to Byron’s room open and close. Smiling to herself, she quickly unbuttoned her blouse and peeled it back over her shoulders. Her breasts were small enough, she didn’t wear a bra most of the time and as she looked into the mirror, she could see her big, purple nipples were swollen and jutting out into the air like two plump berries, ripe and ready for plucking. They were so hard and swollen, they ached! Ached for the touch of his fingers! Ached for the touch of his lips on them as they had done once upon a time so long ago.

Reaching down, she fumbled with the button on the waistband of her short skirt for a moment before she finally freed it. Quickly finding the zipper that ran down the curve of her hip, she ran it down its track. Then, with a slight wriggle of her hips, she pushed her skirt down and let it go slithering to the floor. Looking down at her sheer, pink panties, she saw that they were wetly clinging to her sopping pussy. She couldn’t remember the last time she had been so wet, she told herself as she hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband and pushed the drenched panties part way down her thighs to bare the triangle of dark brown curls between her legs. As she did, she saw that the curls were wetly matted to the Y of her belly. As she stood looking down at her reflection in the mirror, she reached down to touch herself. As she did, she flinched. Her poor, inflamed clit was so swollen and sensitive, she could barely stand to touch it.

Jerking her hand away from it, she reached down and jerked her soaked panties back over her pussy. Lifting her nightgown up over her head, she ran her hands up inside it and let it go slithering down her body.

Looking into the mirror, she ran her hands down the gown to smooth out the wrinkles. Finally, satisfied with the way she looked, she took one last look in the mirror. Taking a deep breath, she watched her smallish breasts rise and fall under the green and red flannel nightgown. Enough stalling, she told herself, it was

time to rejoin Byron. Her swollen nipples were jutting out, rubbing against the gown, sending tickles of excitement down to her achingly-sensitive. Another quick glance in the mirror and she saw that the swollen nubs were slightly tenting her gown. They were easy to see if you looked hard enough. Reaching up, she brushed a finger over one and felt another spark of excitement tickle down to her pussy.

Just then, she heard the door to Byron's room open and close again.

Picking up her drink and clothes, she took a couple of sips, then stepped over and pushed the door open. Taking a deep, cleansing breath to clear her head, feeling her breasts tug at her chest, she stepped out into the room and saw that Byron was sitting on the couch once again.

Silently padding over to the couch on her bare feet, she stepped around in front of Byron.

"Mother," he muttered, jumping. "I didn't hear you come out!"

He had changed into a pair of pajamas. And his arousal was plainly evident as the big bulge of his hard cock was tenting his pajamas.

"Come..." she told him, tossing her clothes down on the couch and taking his hand in hers. "Let's go where we can talk in privacy..."

Everything had a magical, dreamlike quality about it, Morgana thought to herself, feeling his sweaty hand in hers. It couldn't really be happening! She was just dreaming it. And since it was a dream, she could do anything she wanted without worrying about the consequences! It was just a dream, after all...

Silently, they stepped down to his bedroom and quickly went inside. Pushing at the door behind them, Morgana walked over to his bed and set her glass down on his nightstand.

"You asked what's going on," she murmured, sitting down on the edge of his bed. "I'm not even sure myself. I'm afraid I can't explain it because I don't know."

"What do you mean?" he asked her, shuffling across the room toward the bed.

“It’s all so scary and confusing,” she mumbled as he sat down beside her. “I have so much I want to tell you—to show you—to give you! But I am so afraid to!”

“Afraid? Afraid of what?” he asked her, feeling her hand on his thigh.

“Afraid of what you’ll think of me,” she murmured, giving his thigh an intimate squeeze.

“What? What do you mean?” he asked, his brain reeling with the chaotic possibilities swirling through it.

“You—you know how much I love you!” she told him as tears began to stream down her cheeks.

“Yes, Mother, yes! And I love you, too! So much! But that’s not something to cry about,” he told her, reaching up and gently wiping away her tears away with the tips of his trembling fingers. “It’s something to celebrate. Celebrate knowing that we have each other, have each other to share that love with!”

“But I want more...” she sniffed. “I want so much more! And I don’t have the courage! Don’t have the courage or the right to ask you for it!”

“I want more, too, Mother,” he confessed to her. “I’m just so afraid to tell you! I don’t know how to tell you without making you think that I’m, I’m a pervert or something.”

“You’re no pervert,” she sniffed, “you’re my son! You don’t know how long I’ve struggled with my feelings toward you. I’ve tried to keep them in check, but this Christmas I’m feeling so close to you! I don’t know if it’s the wine, or Christmas magic or just what. Then when I felt how you were...the realization that you felt the same way about me as I feel about you. It was shocking. I couldn’t believe it when I felt, felt it, felt you, felt you were that way as we stood touching like that!”

As she spoke, she slowly lifted her hand up off his thigh and moved it over to the front of his pajama bottoms. Looking deep into his eyes, she fumbled with unbuttoning the crotch for a few seconds, then slowly spread them open.

Oh...” she murmured as she saw his cock sticking straight up into the air, almost pointing directly at her.

“I’m sorry...” Byron groaned, his face turning beet red as he shamefully stared down at his jutting cock.

“I’ve wondered what it would look like for so long,” she whispered as her fingers found his protruding manhood.

“Mother—” he groaned, reaching for her.

“Wait,” she whispered. “Stand...stand up first.”

Slowly, he struggled to his feet as she kept her fingers wrapped around his stiff peter. Staring down at her, he watched as she pushed his pajama bottoms down off his hips and let them go slithering down his muscular legs.

“It’s beautiful,” she murmured softly.

She lovingly ran her fingertips over its rigid hardness, fondling it with reverent adoration. It was so hard! So unyielding, she thought to herself as she traced one of the big, blue veins that crisscrossed its thick shaft with the tip of her finger. It was even bigger than she had imagined it would be. She couldn’t believe she was actually touching it. She had pictured it in her mind a million times but it was so much more sensuous...and at the same time so foreboding.

“Mother—” Byron moaned as she slowly, deliberately leaned down and eased her lips down around the big, bloated head of his prick.

Locking her lips around the shaft of his penis just below the flared rim of its bloated, purple head, she began to gently suck on him. As she did, she felt a gush of salty, slippery pre-cum trickle out onto her tongue. The hot goo tenaciously clung to her tongue as she swallowed, then swallowed again, and swallowed a third time before she was able to clear the pre-cum off her tongue. But just as she did, another even larger gush dribbled out of the head of his cock as she gently sucked on it.

“Mmmmmmm...” she murmured out around the thick shaft of his penis as she swallowed down the second load of salty, clinging goo.

“Mother!” he grunted, easing his hips forward and forcing even more of his big, thick peter into her mouth.

Then as she sucked on him, she felt him lift one foot and step out of his pajamas as she lapped her tongue up the rounded underside of his rock-hard penis. Lapping and sucking, she cupped his big, dangling balls and held them gently clutched in the palm of her hand. How much essence would they hold, she sickly wondered? They felt full and heavy. Heavy with the precious treasure they held!

Letting go of them, she felt Byron's hands on the front of her gown, plucking, pulling at the buttons there. Then, she felt him roughly shove the gown down off her shoulders as his hands lifted back up to her head and curled around it. Gently cupping her head between his hands, he slowly worked his hips back and forth, sliding his cock in and out between her lips. Keeping her lips locked around his slowly pistoning prick, she could feel her sensitive nipples jutting out into the air.

Byron felt the burn begin down inside the head of his cock. The sight of his dick sliding in and out between his mother's soft, sensuous, dark red lips was almost as exciting as the wonderful feeling she was eliciting from his throbbing peter with those same lips. It was all so unfathomable and thrilling, he didn't know how much longer he could contain his excitement. He could even feel her rough, little tongue licking along the bottom of his cock as she sucked on it. His dream was finally coming true as unbelievable as it was. All that wasted time! Time they could have spent in each other's arms, bringing pleasure and joy to each other! But now! Now there would be no more wasteful squandering of their time together. They would be together as man and woman, no longer as only mother and child.

She must have sensed his closeness to eruption as she finally eased her lips back off his jutting cock. Then he watched her purse her lips around the tapered tip of his cock and give it a long, sensual kiss.

Leaning back, she reached for his hand and pulled him down beside her. Taking his hand, she placed it on one of her small quivering breasts.

Cupping his hand around her breast, he could feel her swollen nipple pressing against the palm of his hand as he lovingly fondled the soft, pliant flesh.

She turned to him. The kiss was sudden and fiery! Their lips crushed together as her hand found his jutting maleness once again. Their tongues intertwined, twisting around each other as they groaned out into the others mouth. As they

kissed, she roughly twisted her hand up and down his rock-hard penis as he clutched and pawed her quivering breasts. “God, Mother,” he murmured when their lips finally parted.

Staring into his eyes, she manhandled the evil creature thrusting up out from between his legs, squeezing it, clutching it, jerking her hand up and down its thick, hard shaft.

Morgana could feel the passion of the moment wash over her, exciting and arousing her even more. Closing her eyes, she leaned to kiss him again. She felt his fingers dig into the soft, giving skin surrounding her jutting nipple as he began to pluck and pull at the sensitive nub. She found his tongue with hers. Tightening her grasp on his cock, she slowly stroked it as they kissed.

What's happening, she feverishly asked herself as a sudden jolt of reality washed over her? What am I doing? What are we doing? This is my son, for God's sake. My little baby! She had dreamed of this moment for years, but now...now that it was really happening, it sent a cold chill tickling up her spine. This was incest!

But just at that moment, she felt Byron's hand drop away from her quivering breast and steal down over her heaving belly. The thought of feeling his fingers on her aching pussy drove all other thoughts from her reeling head.

His hand inched down, down, down. Then he clutched her gown in his fist and jerked it up around her waist. Feeling his fingers ease down under the waistband of her sopping panties, she sucked in a breath, hollowing her stomach letting his fingers slip lower and lower. Spreading her legs, opening herself to him, she felt his fingers brush through the veldt of soft curls above her aching pussy. Then she gasped out into his mouth as she felt a touch on her inflamed clit. Breaking their kiss, she struggled to catch her breath while Byron's fingers probed the soft, slippery flesh, probing for the opening of her weeping womanhood. Then, his finger slid into the clutching warmth of her cunt.

Morgana's head was spinning. He was inside her. His finger was inside her cunt. Probing, touching, defiling the moist chamber, his finger pushing in deeper and deeper as she thrust herself back against it.

"Wait!" she gasped, pulling away from him and letting go of his cock to pull his hand away from her aching cunt.

Staggering to her feet, she reached down, her fingers fumbling as she pushed the gown down off her hips. Her fingers were trembling from the adrenaline rush flowing through her body as she felt the gown suddenly whisper down her legs.

"So beautiful!" Byron gasped, gawking at her.

His eyes lingered for a moment on her small, quivering breasts, then dropped down to her panties.

"God, Mother!" she heard Byron groan. "You're so wet!"

Looking down at her sheer, pink panties, she saw that they were wetly plastered

to her sopping pussy as Byron stared down at it with silver dollar eyes.

“You made me that way,” she murmured, leaning down and quickly whisking her drenched panties down her legs.

Standing back up, she saw that he was gawking down at the dark triangle of curls between her legs

He couldn't seem to take his eyes off her pussy as his hand curled around his cock.

“Let me...” she murmured, dropping to her knees between his widespread legs.

Grabbing hold of the jutting monster, she rubbed her thumb over its bloated head, spreading the oozing pre-cum all over it.

“It's so hard!” she whispered.

Looking up into his eyes, she took hold of his cock and slowly, sensually circled her tongue around the tapered tip. His eyes had a dazed, unfocused look about them as he stared back down at her. Then, he let out a strangled gasp as she eased her soft, full lips down over the swollen head. As she gently sucked, she saw his hand reach for her breast again. Her nipples were so hard and tight, they were aching as his fingers brushed over them. An immediate wash of excitement sparkled through her chest and down to her throbbing clit as he began to gently pull and pluck at her swollen nips. Raising her head, she leaned in closer, making it easier for him to reach her breasts, then she twirled her tongue around the head of his cock and went back down on him. Teasing and tormenting her painfully sensitive nipples with one hand, he slowly curled his other hand around the shaft of his big, thick cock as she continued to suck on it. His hand began to work up and down on the spit-slickened shaft of his peter as she sucked harder, feeling his fingers nudging up against her lips as he worked his hand up and down on his cock.

Finally, she raised her head, lifting her dark lips up off his jutting peter. Pushing his hand away from his cock, she snuggled closer, wedging herself between his muscular thighs and pressing the cleavage between her small breasts against the shaft of his rock-hard peter. Taking him in her hand, she tried to slide him in between her breasts and press them against it. Wishing she had bigger tits so she could let him fuck them, she knew that she was just too small...

Leaning in, she slid her body up his, letting her nipples drag across his hairy chest until her lips found his. She gave him a long, passionate kiss as she held his throbbing cock trapped between their bellies. She could feel him gently grinding his cock against the fur-covered triangle at the base of her belly. Her pussy was aching to be touched.

Still standing between his legs, she lifted a long leg up and rested her foot on the bed beside him. Slowly, sensually spreading her legs apart, she reached down to the fleshy cleft at the bottom of her belly. Byron's eyes were glued to her hand as she used her fingers to spread the thick, meaty lips apart to reveal the glistening pink between them. She felt giddy with excitement, feeling her hot juices slowly oozing out of the goo-smearred opening of her vagina. Dropping her hands down onto his chest for support, she lifted her other foot up onto the bed and straddled him.

She began to crawl up his body on her knees. Stopping with her pussy directly above his rock-hard cock, she felt his fingers dig into the cheeks of her ass. She felt him pulling on her, guiding her up over his belly, his heaving chest.

Was he? Stunned, excited and scared all at the same time, she went along letting him pull her higher and higher until she was finally standing on her knees with her pussy directly above his face. It was all happening so fast!

Suddenly, his hands were curled around her waist, pulling on her, forcing her down toward his lips.

Trembling with excitement, she let herself ever so slowly be forced down onto his mouth.

“Yesssssss...” he hissed out into her pussy as it brushed up against his full, sensual lips. He groaned, easing his tongue out while she leaned down over the bed.

She felt his hot tongue probing, touching her as it roamed over the soft flesh between her dangling pussy-lips. Then it moved up, searching for the jutting nub of her clit.

“Yes-yes-yes!” she hissed out as she felt the tip of his tongue finally find it.

Slowly at first, he began to twirl his tongue around the swollen kernel of flesh.

“Oh Baby,” she moaned out, feeling one of his hands moving behind her, cupping her ass and pulling her against his lips.

At almost the same moment, she felt the fingers of his other hand find the wet, oozing opening of her womanhood. Teasing and tickling her clit with his tongue, he eased two fingers into her and began to gently slide them in and out of the goo-filled channel of her pussy.

Holding her pressed against his mouth, he twirled his tongue around her jutting clit, licking and lapping at it while she wallowed in the throbbing pulses of pleasure surging up from her clit and pussy.

Murmuring out her pleasure, she lifted her hands up off the bed and curled them down into his hair. Rocking and murmuring, she ground herself against him. As she did, he mercilessly attacked her throbbing clit with his tongue and worked his goo-coated fingers in and out of her clutching pussy. Faster and faster, he worked his fingers in and out of her as he eagerly lapped at her clit. Eyes closed, head thrown back she could feel her orgasm swelling and forming inside her. He seemed to sense that she was close, swirling his tongue around her faster and faster as she groveled in the waves of pleasure that were washing up from her aching pussy, pushing her closer and closer to the point of no return.

“Oh, Byron! Byron!” she moaned, dropping back down onto the bed while she continued to hump her pussy against his mouth and tongue.

Standing on her hands and knees with her head bowed, her sweaty hair dragging across the sheets, she thrust herself down at him.

Suddenly, she felt a fiery burst of pleasure explode down inside her. As it did, her pussy began spasming around Byron’s pistoning fingers. Her pussy tightly clutched at his fingers and at the same time spewed out gush after gush of thick, hot juice onto his hand. There was so much of the sticky goo, it was literally dripping off his hand, running down his arm and dropping onto the bed.

She shuddered, her legs almost collapsing as she came. Her convulsing pussy was frantically milking and pulling at his fingers as he worked them in and out of the sopping hole. Keeping his other hand curled around her clenched ass, he feasted on the nectar gushing forth from her spewing pussy, pulling her against his lips as he drank from the well of her motherhood.

Drinking his fill, he brought his tongue back to her clit and began to lash at it again, sending more tremors of pleasure coursing through her body as he continued to fuck her with his fingers. Panting, she sorrowfully felt the tickles of pleasure weakening as she pushed his head back away from her juice-smearred pussy. Still trembling from the rush of adrenaline that had poured through her body, she looked down and saw that his cheeks and chin were glistening wetly with her juices. Inching back further, she leaned down and gave him a long, lingering kiss on the lips. Tasting herself, she eased the tip of her tongue out and ran it over his soft, full lips.

Tasting herself on his lips gave her a perverse sense of wickedness! And now, now it was time to fill the aching void between her legs. Looking back down between them, she could see his big, hard cock lying on his muscled belly twitching impatiently as she began to crawl back down his body. As she worked her way back down toward it, she saw that the head of his cock was wet with pre-cum.

This was it! This was the moment she had dreamed of for years! The moment she had so wished for! So feared. From here, there could be no turning back. Once it was done, it was done! And there was no erasing it! Even now, in the fiery passion of the moment, there was doubt! And fear! What would happen to them? Would they be swallowed up in the fires of hell? Or would they create a bond that no man could ever break? Whichever, she couldn't stop herself now. She had to have him. Take him inside her and let him fill her with his sweet essence. Fill her with his love!

Trembling with fear and doubt, she paused for a moment, then reached for him.

“Mother...” he groaned as she slowly reached down between them and lifted his cock with the tips of her fingers.

Another spasm of panic worked through her fevered brain as she fearfully clutched at his penis, aiming it up at the drooling hole between her fat, gorged pussy-lips. Fitting the tapered tip of its head into the juice-slickened furrow, she slowly rubbed in up and down the slit, mingling her own hot, slippery juices with his oozing pre-cum. Then, as he stared down at his cock in disbelief, she looked into his eyes and lowered her aching pussy down onto his cock's big, purple head.

Finally, she frantically told herself as she heard him grunt and felt his cock go knifing up into her waiting womanhood.

It was done! He was inside her! They were doomed...

Now she was his, she fearfully thought, groaning as she let her pussy engulf the thick, throbbing shaft of his cock. Now she was his! She would be whatever he wanted her to be! His whore! His slut! His lover! She would always be his mother, but now she would be so much more...be whatever he wanted her to be!

“Oh, God! What have we done?” she groaned out in agony as the fleshy lips of her cunt settled down around the hairy base of his jutting prick.

He groaned, thrusting up at her, grinding his groin into hers, and forcing his cock even deeper into the seething depths of her pussy. Thrusting down on him, she impaled herself on the monster as she ground herself against him.

She felt his strong hands curl around her waist and hold her shoved down on his cock as their eyes met and the passion of the moment sparked between them filling the air around them with fiery flickers of electric excitement.

“Mother, I love you so much...” he groaned out digging his fingers into the soft flesh of her waist and thrusting himself up inside her.

“Oh, Byron! What have we done? What have we done?” she wept, tears once again cascading down over her lightly rouged cheeks.

“Don’t cry, Mother! Don’t cry!” Byron groaned out, as he slowly began to move inside her.

Her moment of remorse passed quickly as she felt him begin to move inside her, filling her and trying to quiet the nagging fear raging inside her head.

Yes, it was done, she told herself! They were coconspirators, conspiring together to murder the sweet innocence of the bond that had once flourished between them. Like plunging a knife into the sweet innocence, Byron’s cock had plunged into her womanhood like that knife, killing the innocence and changing them both forever.

Now there was no time for thinking. There was only time to marvel in the feel of

him moving inside her. Moving inside her, filling the aching emptiness between her legs with his hot, throbbing maleness. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, she began to move, too, sliding herself back and forth on him. As she did, he thrust himself up at her, driving himself deeper and deeper into the clinging warmth of her pussy on every lunge.

She felt his hands slip off her waist, down over her hips to her ass as they fucked. Digging his fingers down into the soft, pliant skin of her ass, he guided her movement as he thrust himself up at her. With him controlling her movement, he positioned her to allow for the deepest penetration on every stroke.

Her body, glistening with sweat, worked back and forth faster and faster as she fucked him.

“Oh, Baby! Baby, I’m going to come again,” she whispered into his ear as she leaned over him.

She could feel her stiff, rubbery nipples dragging back and forth across his hairy chest as she fucked him. Inching ever closer to another cataclysmic orgasm, she felt his belly tightening, straining against hers as he drove his cock up into the fiery chasm between her legs.

“Oh—Byron—Byron—Byron—” she blathered out, squeezing her cunt down around his pistoning peter.

Grunting loudly on every stroke, he gripped her ass tighter and roughly jerked her up and down on his jutting peter.

“Mother...” he groaned out as she ground herself down around his pistoning cock.

She was coming down the stretch now, clutching her pussy at him, working for her finish, humping herself back at his frantic attack. Coaxing him on, she wanted to feel the heat of his essence fill her as she came.

Their bodies, slickened by the sweat pouring off them wetly slid against one another as they fucked and ground themselves against each other.

“Come—come with me, Baby—please come with me,” she whispered into his

ear as she fucked herself back at him. “Please!”

“Oh, God, Mother!” Byron suddenly gasped, his whole body tightening and straining against hers as he held her shoved down on his cock.

Then she felt his penis lurch deep inside her clutching cunt. As it did, it began to pour out a flood of hot, clinging cum into her pussy.

She felt a brief instant of panic as thick, hot gushes of his pure essence poured out into her. Oh, God, what had they done, she frantically asked herself? He was coming in her! Coming inside of her! Filling her with his thick, potent essence...

But no matter what her mind thought, it couldn't stop the rush of adrenaline that gushed through her, triggering another gut-wrenching orgasm. Her whole body began to shiver and shake and she wrapped her arms around his neck, frantically pulling him down against her.

As she held him pulled against her, her pussy was desperately clutching at him, spasming around his erupting penis. Like a hungry mouth, it was sucking on his cock, trying to pull out every last drop of his pure, sweet essence.

Like a river pouring over a dam, his cum poured out into her, filling her emptiness with its syrupy, sticky heat.

They were condemned to let their orgasms possess them until they had no more to give. They had no control over their bodies as they strained and thrashed against one another.

It was like having a seizure, she giddily told herself. An orgasmic seizure that wracked her body, consuming her soul with its frenzy.

At last, after what seemed like hours, she felt some sense of control begin to return as the last tickles of pleasure trickled up her spine.

“Oh, my Baby, my Baby, what, what have we done?” she murmured out into his ear as she lay on top of him, gasping for air.

She was afraid to let him go. Afraid that if she did, he would disappear and she would find herself alone once again. Alone with her guilt and self-loathing! Alone to take all the blame for their wickedness! Afraid that it was all just a

dream and he would be gone when she woke!

“Mother...Mother,” Byron finally mumbled. “It...it was...fan—fantastic!”

“Oh, my Baby, I’m so sorry,” she wept, tears once again flowing down her cheeks. “We, I, we should never have done that! I feel so bad!”

“Why? It was wonderful,” he murmured, leaning up and trying to kiss the tears off her cheeks.

“It was wrong! So wrong!” she sniffed, trying to hold back the tears. “It was incest! You, me, oh, God, what have I done?”

Just then, she felt his dick, now softened and limp go slithering out of her pussy and drop down between his legs.

She felt totally and completely drained, physically and mentally. She had never felt so tired.

Grunting, she rolled off Byron and flopped down on the bed beside him. As she did, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him. The last thing she remembered was the touch of his soft lips on hers and the warmth of his body pressed against hers as he held her safely clutched in his loving embrace...

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Chapter two – The Next Morning

Morgana slowly opened her eyes. It was morning...Christmas morning, she groggily thought as her eyes adjusted to her surroundings. Then her mind snapped wide awake!

She was in Byron's room! In Byron's bed! Her mind reeled, trying to take it all in. Afraid to even breathe, she could feel his forehead gently resting against her shoulder. He was still sound asleep.

Oh my God! Oh my God! Her thoughts raced through her mind in bits and pieces as the memories of the night before came flooding back. The flirting. The feeling of Byron's hardness on her hip while they'd stood drinking wine. The confusion she'd felt. The waiting for everyone to go to bed so she could talk to Byron alone! Alone in his bedroom! And then...Oh my God! What had she done!

She looked at her son lying beside her, sleeping so peacefully, as if nothing had happened. What was he going to think when he woke up? How was she going to face him? She had fucked her own son!

What kind of mother was she? Was it the wine? No! She knew she hadn't had that much to drink. Maybe it had relaxed her a little and perhaps softened her inhibitions but that was all.

Her heart was pounding as she slowly inched her way out of bed. A shiver ran through her as bare feet found cold floor. She reached for her nightgown that lay in a rumpled pile with her panties on the floor. She was shaking as she pulled her nightgown over her head. Her nipples, erect with the morning chill brushed against the cloth as the gown tickled over them, sending a spark of excitement down to her pussy. Don't go there, she told herself! Look where it got you last night...

She glanced back at Byron. She could see the outline of his sleeping cock under the sheet. Still reeling, she couldn't believe that it had been inside her the night before!

More images from the night before flooded through her chaotic brain. She couldn't believe the things she had done to him...to it! She could still remember its touch, its taste and how it had felt, expanding in her mouth! Then, the excitement, the movements, the slow crawl onto the bed...the touch of Byron's tongue, her thrusts, her release, then her reaching down...her guiding him, it up to her emptiness...leading him, it up into her womanhood! Up to their doom! Had she been quiet? Had they both been quiet? What if someone had heard? What had she been thinking?

That was just it, she frantically told herself. She hadn't been thinking! She had slept with her own son. Her baby!

Quivering, afraid to make a sound, Morgana bent down and scooped up her panties. She could still feel him seeping out of her cum-filled cunt as she leaned down and thrust her foot through the leg hole of her panties. Then the other foot went in as she quickly, shamefully tugged them up her long legs to stop the ooze of his cum slowly leaking out of her.

Another look to see if Byron was still asleep and she quietly padded over to the door. Her hand on the doorknob, she paused. She could hear the sounds of morning activity in the house. The family was moving about, people were up, the day was beginning. Christmas day! She could hear the happy squeals and laughter of the children as they went about unwrapping their gifts. Maybe, with all the excitement they were generating, she hadn't been missed, she hopefully thought!

Her fingers rested on the doorknob, but she couldn't bring herself to open it. She didn't dare open it. She couldn't be seen leaving Byron's room.

Then it hit her! The couch! She was supposed to have been sleeping on the couch! If anyone saw the blankets neatly stacked where she had put them the night before, it would be an obvious give away! They would know that she hadn't slept there. Especially if her sister was up. How could she explain where she'd slept?

She had to do something! She couldn't just stand there all day! Finally summoning up enough courage, she slowly turned the doorknob. As the door slowly crept open, she took a deep shuddering breath. She had to slip out, grab her blouse and skirt and then somehow make it to the bathroom without being

seen.

“Morgana! Morgana, are you down here?” she heard her sister Elaine holler from the top of the stairs.

“Uh, Yes, Yes, I’m just straightening up...I’m just getting dressed, uh, I’ll be up in a minute!” she was able to choke out as she swept up her clothes and rushed toward the bathroom.

Sweeping into the bathroom, she shoved the door shut and stood gasping for breath, leaning against the door, hoping her knees wouldn’t give way. Her fevered brain was racing in a chaotic swirl as her heart pounded so hard, she knew that it would explode any second.

Somehow, she was finally able to gather herself and get dressed without suffering a heart attack. Finished dressing, she stood looking at her reflection in the mirror. How? How would she ever be able to face her family? Face them knowing the deep, dark secret she must forever keep concealed from them? And Byron? She would never be able to look him in the eye again!

Oh, God, what a moronic fool you are, she cursed to herself. You've ruined everything! Ruined everything for one brief, fiery moment of pleasure! Her whole life had changed...their life together had changed...a cataclysmic change in that one meteoric moment that their bodies had become one and their fates had blazed across the sky in a brilliant, catastrophic rush to doom!

Fighting to hold back the tears, she took another deep, shuddering breath as she struggled to regain some semblance of control over her emotions.

Leaning down over the sink, she twisted the cold water knob and cupped her hands under the stream of icy water. Raising her hands up, she quickly splashed the water onto her face. The shock of the cold water brought her back to the cold, harsh reality of what had happened.

Well, it's time to pay the piper, she told herself, drying her face. She couldn't stay hidden down in the bathroom all day! Straightening herself, she ran her hands down over her blouse and skirt smoothing away the wrinkles.

Then she put on a fake smile and defiantly strode out of the bathroom and up the stairs...

Byron slowly woke. There was something strangely different, he thought to himself as he tried to orient himself and figure out what it was...His mind was frantically searching, trying to recall what it was that was nagging at him. Just then, a haunting fragrance drifted into his nostrils. It was his mother's perfume. It was still lingering in the air and it all came back to him in a rush. His mother! His mother had slept with him! Slept with him and made love to him last night. But it could hardly be called making love as he recalled. It was more like fucking! His mother had fucked him!

His mind was doing flip-flops, turning summersaults, going crazy with the realization that years of dreaming had come true in one flaming moment of

passion. His mother was no longer just his mother! Now—now she was his lover, too!

Throwing back the covers, he looked down at himself. He didn't look any different, but he felt so, so changed. He felt like a man now! He wanted to jump up and go running through the house screaming out how much he loved his mother, his lover, his one true love!

Grabbing his cock, he began to beat it as he felt energy surging into it from the thoughts that were swirling around inside his head. Then he stopped and lifted his hand up to his nose.

Yes! Yes! Yes, he shouted to himself! He could still smell his mother on his hand. Smell the pungent scent of her estrous that she had coated his cock with! Smell the evidence of their depraved rutting on his hand. Then he smelled the two fingers that he had used to bring her to fruition as he ate her. Yes, it was there too, only stronger. There could be no doubting it. It had really happened. It was no dream. It was the real thing.

His cock was steel-hard and throbbing as he jerked his hand up and down it. But wait, he told himself. Don't waste it! Go! Go find her and give it to her...give it to her again! Only this time he would be the aggressor. He would take her and give her the pleasure she had given him!

He would find her and not let her out of his sight, he thought as he frantically dressed. He had to see her! Tell her just how much he loved her! Tell her how much he loved her and wanted her!

Drunk with happiness, he finished dressing and rushed up the stairs to find her.

There she was! Standing, talking to her sister! Starting toward her, he saw his mother's eyes flare open wider. Then she mouthed the word "NO" at him.

What? What was wrong, he frantically wondered? Why was she acting so cold toward him? Was she having second thoughts? Was she still feeling guilty about last night? Then he recalled that the last thing she had said last night..."Oh, God, what have I done!"

Reeling with confusion and dread, Byron stumbled into the living room where everyone else was gathered opening presents.

The morning passed in a blur for Byron. The presents were opened, the traditional coffee and coffee cake had been served and devoured by the hungry mob as his mother still avoided him like the plague. Then there was the dinner of turkey, dressing and all the other fixings. At last things began to settle down as the men retired to the television in the living room to watch the Cowboys take on the Redskins. And the women went downstairs to have coffee and discuss the events of the day. There were children running everywhere, giggling and playing with their new toys.

“Elaine, I think I’m going to go take a little power nap,” Morgana told her sister.

“I wish I could, too,” Elaine said, smiling. “But you go ahead and I’ll stay down here and chaperone all these hens.”

“Thanks,” Morgana mumbled and numbly started up the stairs.

Still numb with dread, Byron sat watching the football game, totally unaware of what was going on on the screen. Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of his mother as she went slinking by the doorway heading for her bedroom.

Now! Now he could go to her, he giddily thought.

Go to her and talk to her! Tell her how much he loved her! How much he needed her! But as much as he wanted to talk to her, he could already feel energy surging through his impatient cock, filling it and hardening it. Maybe he could make love to her again, he groggily thought.

Trying his hardest to act nonchalant, Byron yawned and pushed himself up out of his chair. Slowly strolling out toward the kitchen, he stopped at the door and looked back at the crowd of men. None of them seemed the least bit interested in him as it was third and three and Dallas had the ball on the Redskin ten-yard line. Trying to keep from running, he walked through the kitchen and headed down the hall toward his mother's bedroom.

What could he say to her, he asked himself? What would she say to him?

Stopping in front of her door, he took a deep breath and glanced back down the hallway to make sure no one had followed him. Then, he reached down and quickly turned the doorknob. Pushing the door open, he stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

There she was, he frantically thought as he saw his mother lying on the bed staring at him. She had a confused, frightened look on her face that gave Byron second thoughts about his decision to come to her room. Maybe he should have just let things lie until everyone was gone and they were all alone! But he couldn't! He had to talk to her! Tell her how much he loved her, how much he needed her. But now...now that he was in her room, he couldn't find any words that would explain how he felt.

"Mother..." he groaned out, reaching back and flicking the lock, then staggering across the room toward her.

"Byron, we can't..." she started to say before Byron put his fingers on her lips to

stop her.

“Mother,” he groaned again. “Mother, I love you so much...I need you so much!”

Hoping that she wouldn't finish what she had started to say, he slowly lifted his fingers from her soft, full lips.

She was so beautiful, he told himself letting his eyes crawl down over her heaving breasts, over her stomach, down to where IT lay hidden under her short skirt.

“Byron...” she whimpered out as he slowly reached down and peeled her short skirt up off her sheer, pink panties. “Oh, Honey, we can't...”

Like a zombie, he stared down at her as he numbly pushed her legs apart. Then, as gently as he could, he slipped his fingers down under the elastic leg hole of her panties and slowly peeled it back off her oozing pussy.

Morgana watched on in grief-ridden guilt as Byron slowly leaned down over her aching cunt and inhaled deeply. Before she could move, his tongue was out and he was licking it up over her pussy lips and toward her throbbing clit. She felt his hot lips purse down around the fleshy sheath of her clit as he began to gently suck on it and tease it with the tip of his tongue.

Oh, God! She couldn't let it happen again, she guiltily thought. But the sparks tickling up from her clit were making cogent thought difficult. She couldn't let them go there, not again, she screamed to herself! But down deep inside her heart of hearts, she knew she wanted him again. Wanted to feel him inside her, feel him moving inside her, bringing her the pleasure she so desperately craved...needed! Finally acquiescing to her own needs, she admitted to herself that she had to have it—have him again! Now!

With a whimpering murmur, she reached and put her hands on his head. Gently, but firmly, she pushed him away from her pussy. Then as he looked up at her with disappointment written all over his face, she slapped her legs together and ran her thumbs under the tight, stretchy waistband of her panties. As his look of disappointment rapidly changed to one of expectation, she gave out a soft grunt and shoved her panties down off her sopping pussy.

“Mother!” Byron gasped.

Then, seeing what she was doing, Byron took over for her.

Brushing aside her hands, he dug his fingers under the waistband of her drenched panties and pulled. He could see that the crotch of her panties was drenched with her juices as he tugged them down her thighs, then over her knees, down her calves, and finally off over her feet. Tossing her panties aside like so much garbage, Byron wrapped his arms around her legs and drug her closer to the edge of the bed as he stared down at the weeping pink slit. As he drug her, her dress worked up under her butt, pulling it up, exposing her from the waist down.

Once free of her panties, she quickly spread her legs apart and ran her hand down to her aching pussy as she saw him watching on with eager excitement. Probing herself, she fingered the wet, sticky lips of her pussy apart to expose the core of her womanhood.

He had never seen skin so silky smooth, he groggily thought reaching out and brushing his fingers over the glistening pink lips that surrounded the seeping secrecy between them. It was like velvet! Soft, pink velvet...

“Mother!” he groaned out again, leaning down over her and finding her with his lips.

Morgana gave out a gasping moan as Byron’s mouth covered her pussy, his probing tongue reaching deep inside the fleshy, pink folds while his nose brushed against her throbbing clit. Her fingers tangled in Byron’s hair, pulling his face against the wet lips as her hips rose from the bed. Holding onto his hair with her fingers, she guided his lips up to the jutting nub of her clit.

Byron’s hot, probing tongue was soon busily working on her clit as, just as last night, he eased two fingers into her sopping cunt. Loving the feel of his fingers sliding in and out of the wet slipperiness of her cunt as he ate her, she spread her legs wider and felt Byron ease a third thick finger into the clutching tightness of her pussy.

“Oh, God!” Morgana gurgled out as Byron found her g-spot with the tips of his probing fingers.

For a brief moment, she felt like she was going to pee, but that feeling quickly passed to be replaced by surges of pleasure. Then she felt Byron add a fourth

finger as she clamped her pussy muscles down around them. His fingers continued to slide in and out of her juice-slickened pussy, rubbing against the soft walls lining it as she groveled in her own spastic indulgence. She could feel everything tightening down, straining as she fought for her finish. They were no longer just mother and son now, she feverishly thought. There was only her as she greedily sought her own gratification. Her, the hot, lapping tongue and the fingers sliding in and out of her throbbing pussy!

Sensing her nearness to climax, Byron worked his fingers in and out faster as he lashed her clit with his flicking tongue.

“Oh—oh—Byron—Byron—” she panted out, holding his mouth thrust down onto her pussy and clit.

Then, as he continued to ravenously attack her clit and fuck her with his fingers, she felt another slippery finger tickle across the pout of her clenched asshole. When it did, she lost it. A muffled groan escaped her lips as her hips began to quiver and she began to come. Thick, hot gushes of juice began to pour out of her pussy, out around his embedded fingers, coating Byron’s hand and arm with the hot, sticky goo!

She shoved her hand into her mouth and bit down on it to keep from screaming and revealing their secret to the whole family. The fiery heat of her orgasm consumed her, filling her with pleasure and joy as Byron continued to tease and torment her throbbing clit. It seemed to last forever as the pleasure poured over her like a waterfall, drowning her in all-consuming gratification. She didn’t want it to ever end as she kept thrusting herself up at him, letting him feast on the streams of hot nectar spewing out of her overheated cunt.

But at last she felt it ending as she came drifting back down to earth.

She felt Byron lift his mouth off her reeling pussy! Drunkenly looking down at him, she watched him slowly push up to his feet. As he did, she was surprised to see his big, hard cock jutting out at her. His pants were unbuttoned and shoved down around his knees. How had he been able to get his pants unbuttoned and pushed down while he was so busy eating her, she dizzily wondered? But that was no surprise! Someone could have come and stole the bed out from under her while she was coming and she wouldn’t have known it.

Seeing his cock hard and stiff like it was made her ache to have it inside her

pussy. Have it inside her...moving inside her and bringing her pleasure as he fucked her with it.

She was so ready for him...ready for it, she sickly thought. She was so wet...so wet and slippery for it, she told herself, digging her heels into the bed and scooting back a little to make room for him on the bed. Making room for him up between her widespread legs...making room for him up inside her hot, sopping cunt!

Byron leaned down over the bed and slowly crawled up onto it. Spreading her long legs even wider, Morgana reached down and fingered her pussy. Its thick, fleshy lips wetly clung together for a moment as she watched Byron's big, hard cock heavily bobbing up and down while he made his way up between her legs. It looked so evil, so foreboding jutting out at her like a big fleshy harpoon with its barbed tip pointing straight at her face. A big, menacing harpoon that he was going to impale her with. Take it and drive it into the very core of her womanhood.

Then he was standing over her, his knees inside hers and his hands on the bed beside her shoulders. Her mind reeling with guilt and lust, she reached for him. Her fingers found him and pushed him down, aiming, guiding him down to the wet, pink gash between her outstretched legs.

What was she doing, she feverishly asked herself? She should be pushing him away, not leading him down to her secrecy. She should be denying him the very essence of her motherhood. Another jolt of fear and guilt sparked through her fevered brain as she felt the hard, round head of his big dick brush against the juice-smeared lips of her pussy.

But those feelings of fear and guilt were short-lived as the angry, throbbing need down inside her hungry cunt overrode them and pushed them aside. Then she heard Byron give out a soft, gurgling grunt and she felt him go plunging down inside the aching emptiness between her outstretched legs. A sudden, unexplainable spasm of panic clutched at her as she felt him entering her, filling her with the throbbing heat of his manhood. She was so confused about her own feelings, she crazily thought. She wanted him so badly...needed him! But at the same time she was afraid! Afraid of exactly what, she couldn't really explain! But underlying it all was a fear that something dreadful was going to happen to them for committing such a grievous sin!

She tried to calm those fears as she stared up at his beautiful face. Staring into his love-filled eyes that had a distant, unfocused look about them as his hips began to slowly rock back and forth. The feel of his stiff, hard penis moving inside the soft moistness of her vagina had a strange, calming effect on her. While it excited and aroused her, at the same time it was beginning to feel right—normal! And that was calming her fears.

She knew that Byron's cock was larger than most and she could feel its bloated head and thick shaft spreading her vaginal canal as it slowly slid in and out of her. The first time had been a frantic, fiery fuck! But this, this was making love, she told herself as she concentrated her whole focus on the feel of his big cock spreading her, filling her with its hot, throbbing hardness.

Then Byron stopped. Only the big bloated head of his prick was inside her as she looked down and saw that the thick, blue-veined shaft of his cock was glistening wetly. Then he slowly eased it back down inside her.

“Mother,” he groaned, grinding his groin against hers. “I love you so much!”

“Bry—my Baby, Bry—God—” she clamored, reaching up and pulling his face down to hers.

She wanted to crawl inside him, feel what he was feeling as their bodies meshed together making them one again. One as they had been once upon a time so long ago, but in such a sick, depraved way this time.

A stifled cry of surrender escaped from her lips, out into his open mouth.

Byron ignored her plaintive cry as he slowly slid his throbbing penis down into the tightly clasping sheath of her vagina. He could feel the hot, clutching meat of her pussy collapse down around the fleshy stem of his cock as it slithered down into her over and over again. Exulting in the delightful feel of her velvety cunt on his cock, he continued to feed it into her, driving all eight inches into her on every deep, thrusting stroke.

Torn, Morgana felt sad and guilt-ridden that she had let it happen a second time, yet ecstatic at the same time as she felt him moving inside her. Moving inside her and filling her with his potency as the hairs encircling the base of his cock tickled against the soft, fleshy lips of her cunt on every thrust.

Standing over her, his elbows locked to hold his upper body off her, he looked back down between them and watched his juice-coated prick slither in and out of the pouting lips of her cunt. God, he was fucking his mother again, he deliriously told himself. Fucking her hot, tight cunt and this time he was the one on top, leading the way. Just thinking about it made goose bumps jump out all over his legs. He was fucking her just like his father had fucked her before he had left her. He was her man now!

As his big cock effortlessly slid in and out of her pussy, he could feel her squeezing her cunt muscles down around his cock, milking him with them.

“Mother,” he grunted shoving his cock back into the burning tightness as his belly lewdly slapped up against her firm belly.

“Make love to me, Baby! Make love to Mommy...” she whispered, thrusting herself back up at him.

“Yessss,” he hissed as his hips began to move faster.

He wanted to keep the pace slow and loving, but the way her hot pussy was sucking and pulling on his cock, he couldn't hold back any longer.

He began to grunt and huff as he attacked her delicate pussy with his throbbing prick while she murmured out her gratitude.

The loud, vulgar sound of his belly slapping against hers blended with the whining complaint of the bedsprings, filling the room with the vulgar sounds of their fucking. God, I hope no one can hear, she frantically thought as Byron picked up the pace up another notch. Grunting and groaning, he sawed his dick in and out of the steamy hole between his mother's legs faster and harder. Nothing could ever compare to spasms of pleasure welling up from his cock, he thought as he rocked back and forth impaling her on his cock over and over again.

Finally able to tear his eyes away from the lewd picture of his cock sliding in and out of his mother's pussy, he looked up and saw the image of them fucking in the mirror above the dresser. A sizzle of excitement burned through his brain as he saw his mother staring back at him in the mirror. She was watching him fuck her. She was watching her son fuck her. It was so weird. It was like he was fucking her and she was somewhere else watching him fuck her. Their eyes

locked as they fucked, and watched. As they fucked, Morgana unbuttoned her blouse and spread it open her blouse, exposing her little tits.

Byron's eyes were immediately drawn down to her beautiful tits wildly wagging up and down in beat with the rhythm of their fucking. Then, he slowed the beat down until they were gently undulating with the slow tempo of their wicked union. Abruptly, he slid his cock into her all the way up to the hilt. Stopping, he held himself thrust deep inside of her. Bringing his eyes on back up to hers, he balanced himself on one hand and reached down to cup one of her beautiful, flattened breasts in his hand. Reveling in the feel of the hot, soft skin against the palm of his hand, he found her hard, bulging nipples with his fingers. As he teased and taunted the bloated nipple with his fingers, he felt his mother clench her pussy down around his cock and slowly milk him with it, teasing and taunting him, too.

Staring into his eyes, she watched him fuck her.

Her smoldering eyes were drawing him even deeper into their incestuous depravity as they fucked like dogs in the street.

She could hear Byron grunting and panting as he was once again ferociously attacking her pussy with his meaty penis.

Maybe she would never know the real reason she had capitulated to him. But it didn't matter now. They were fucking. Mother and son fucking. There was no way it could be taken back. The sin had been committed. Nothing mattered at this moment but the two of them and the consummation of their unholy union.

Enough time for crinations later, she thought as she curled her hands around his waist and used it for leverage to rock herself back against the pounding cock that was violating the sanctity of her aching cunt.

Letting go of his mother's tit Byron dropped his hand back to the bed and began jerking his hips back and forth, slamming his cock into her with deep penetrating strokes.

Watching himself fuck his mother in the mirror, he felt like he was watching some porno flick with them as the stars as he felt the fuse inside his balls burning dangerously close to ignition.

“Yes! Yes, my Baby! Come in me! Come inside my pussy! Come in me and make a baby!” she groaned out, digging her long fingers into his hair and pulling his face down to hers.

A baby? Had she actually babbled that out? How could she want a baby by her own son? What if it came out all fucked up?

A baby! She wanted him to make a baby in her? Come in her hot pussy and make a baby in her belly! The sheer depravity of that thought did it! He couldn't hold it back anymore as his cock began to twitch and pulsate, spurting out gush after gush of thick, creamy, sperm-laden semen into her hungry cunt.

“Mother—Baby?” he groaned out into her mouth as their tongues warred for supremacy.

“Yes—Baby—Baby” she babbled back at him, clenching her pussy down around his cock as hard as she could as it continued to pump out gob after gob of hot, gooey gunk into her pussy.

Bryon was in a confused daze as he continued to hold his spewing peter down inside the hot clutch of his mother's cunt. A baby? She wanted his child? Could they actually do it? Could they have their own child? He was in a confounded quandary! Did he actually want to be a father? Did he really want a child? Did he want to share his mother with someone else? Or did he want to keep her all to himself, now that he finally had her? It was all so confusing, he frantically thought as he felt his cock finally quit firing off!

They had to talk! Talk about what she wanted! Talk about making a child...



Morgana sat in her car in shock. Her hands trembled and she fought to steady them. The doctor's words were reverberating through her head. Echoing. Pregnant! Pregnant! Pregnant! She was pregnant!

“I can't be...oh my God!” she said out loud, her mind filled with the frantic chaos of her situation. The last few weeks whirled through her numbed mind like a broken record, replaying itself over and over and over and over again. The Christmas party, her son...what they did...more than once. She had made love with her son and now—now this!

“Oh Byron,” she whispered, her thoughts colliding. Visions of that evening and afternoon hadn't left her mind for more than a few moments since they had happened. How Byron sounded. How he felt. What she allowed him to do. What she allowed herself to do. And she had tempted fate hadn't she? When he came inside of her she had told him to make a baby, hadn't she? She had been caught up in the erotic excitement of having her boy deep inside of her. Inside of his own mother...And now what?

She had felt ill the last few days but attributed it to nerves. She hadn't seen Byron since that day. He only lived in the next town but he was busy with school and she was busy with work. They spoke on the phone but whenever the subject seem to draw close to what had happened between them, she stopped it. She was having a hard time with it. The fact that she couldn't stop thinking about it. She was afraid! She wanted him to come to her, but she couldn't let him. It felt like she was going insane. There didn't seem to be a minute of the day that he wasn't in her mind, filling it as he had filled the emptiness down between her legs. She couldn't go on this way much longer. And now this!

Then her mind flitted away from Byron for a moment back to that fateful morning she had mentioned her symptoms to one of her co-workers. The woman had joked that maybe Morgana was pregnant. She had at first laughed it off, but deep down she knew. She knew that it was a distinct possibility. It was the way she had felt when she was pregnant with Byron! On the way home from work that day, she had bought a pregnancy test but was too afraid to use it. So she'd made an appointment with her doctor, hoping it was a bad case of the some new and exotic stomach virus.

It wasn't!

She had left the office in shock. And now, sitting alone in her car, her world was spinning out of control. She was pregnant and her son was the father. This wasn't something a woman should be forced to handle alone. She needed to talk...She placed her hand on her stomach. She felt sick but for different reasons. What was she going to say to Byron? To her own mother? To anyone? She had to devise a plan to hide their secret from the world, but no answer came...

In a daze, Morgana started the car and started to drive. Her mind was in a fog as she drove. She didn't know where she was going. She just needed to drive and drive and drive. Then out of the fog, she came to a familiar fork in the road. Stopping, she sat staring down at her trembling hands on the steering wheel.

Turn right—to home, she told herself. But she was stunned when her hands slowly turned the car to the left. They seemed to have a mind of their own as they turned the car and then straightened it, heading down the road toward Byron. They had turned the car left. Left—towards Byron's. What had her fevered mind done? She had no idea what she was going to do or what she was going to say to him, but she came to realize that she had to see him. She glanced at the tiny clock on her dash. Byron would be between classes and he wouldn't need to be at work until 5:00. She'd have a couple of hours with him to 'talk.'

Her heart seemed to stop when she saw that his car was in its slot at the apartment. Numb, she drove down to one of the slots reserved for guests and pulled her car into it. Reserved for guests, she crazily thought. Do they have any reserved for pregnant mothers? Mothers pregnant from their own sons? I'm going insane, she told herself. Now that she was there, the fear gripped her. She was going to tell her son that she was pregnant. Pregnant by him! Tell him that on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day when they fucked, she had gotten pregnant. He had gotten her pregnant, just as she had asked him to do. She felt like she was going to faint or throw up, she couldn't decide which.

She fought to control her breathing. Did he know she was there yet? How could he, you stupid bitch, she berated herself? He didn't even know she was coming. And neither had she until she had turned left instead of right. Was there an omen in that too? She hadn't turned to the right. And what was the opposite of right? Wrong? Her mind was doing flip-flops and couldn't focus on anything as she slowly got out of the car and went up the stairs to his apartment. Wanting the

confrontation, the admission of their guilt to be over with, she knew what she was faced with.

She paused and started to knock. The shade was open and she peeked in, her hand paused mid-knock. She saw Byron was sleeping. She could make out the dim figure of his form in the bedroom and she could only see his head and shoulders, but she knew his sleep pose. She tried the doorknob. It was unlocked. Slowly, Morgana let herself in, quietly closing the door behind her.

Holding her breath, she guiltily crept toward his bedroom. Gradually the rest of him came into view as she looked around the door. She stopped before entering his room. He looked so peaceful, so handsome. Without thinking, she tiptoed into his room, admiring her son. Her boy. Her eyes drifting over his body, she saw that he was wearing only a pair of sweat pants. This was the boy, no...this was the man...the man who had made her pregnant. This was the first time since that fateful day that she had been in the same room with him. The memory of his hardness inside her came floating into her fevered brain. She remembered what it had felt like... Remembered what it had looked like when it was hard. How he had moaned when he had entered her. How they had both moaned in unison as they had slowly moved together...together and alone, terrified to alert anyone to what they had been doing. And then she had told him to come...

Morgana anxiously approached the bed, her heart in her throat as she reached out towards the waistband of his sweat pants...What was she doing, Morgana asked herself? She had come to talk to him. Not this! But she watched on as if she were an onlooker while her fingers gripped the waistband of her son's sweatpants. She glanced at his face as he slept...he was so beautiful. And here she was...his mother. His mother about to uncover him and bare his sleeping manhood. The manhood that had brought them to this. She told herself she should stop. But the images wouldn't cease. Stop what, she asked herself? It was far too late for that. She had already given herself to him. She had opened her legs for him and the whole time her family had been only yards away. And now she was pregnant. All because they had given in to their sick, demented desires. She needed to be held! Held and protected from the terror they had created!

Morgana slowly eased his sweatpants down over his hips, stopping when they were around his knees. Expecting him to wake at any moment, she saw him finally shiver as his eyes groggily fluttered open.

“Mom?” Byron whispered, his brain in a muddle, trying to sort out dream from reality. He had been dreaming of her and had been just on the verge of plunging his cock down into the liquid treasure down between her legs when he had been dragged up from the depths of his slumber.

He was already hard, she realized as she saw his cock at the same time his eyes had come fluttering open.

“Shhhh...it's me...” she shushed him.

Her heart was heavily pounding in her chest as she continued to pull his sweatpants down his muscular legs. Byron, still in a daze lifted himself slightly to help her as his sweat pants were pulled down around his ankles. Letting go of his sweat pants, Morgana adoringly ran her hands along his bare legs. “We need to...need to talk,” she mumbled, barely able to get the word out of her mouth.

But even in the dire circumstance she found herself in, Morgana couldn't keep her attention from being drawn down to the jutting penis that was only inches away. Her son's rock-hard cock! As if in a daze, she sat on the edge of the bed and reached out for him. Her fingers closing around his hardness. “Mom!” Byron gasped. Curling her hand around him, she stroked him once...twice...and then she leaned over him taking him into her mouth. The heat from his cock scalded her tongue and she closed her eyes. Her lips closing around him, she began to suck! Forgetting how wrong it was, she only needed the closeness...”Mom...” her son's voice came from miles away. As his hips began to instinctively move, she slid fingers down to the base of his shaft and slowly began to move her head up and then back down...her tongue swirling...her mouth full...full of his hot, throbbing penis as it expanded and grew inside her hungry mouth. Curling her legs under her, she began to suck...slowly, as Byron's moans filled the room...

Morgana felt her son's hand on shoulder...squeezing.

“Oh, God Mom...” he moaned.

She slowly began to twist her hand up and down the shaft of his cock in time with her mouth. She tried to shut the world out...tried to forget what would happen if anyone could see her now...sucking on her son's penis...curled up on

his bed, between his legs, sucking on his penis! He seemed to grow harder and from somewhere far, far away she heard him say something but the words were lost. Then his hips lifted from the bed, his fingers dug into her shoulder harder and his penis jerked inside her mouth.

“Coming—coming—coming” she heard him groan out, hearing him this time.

Her mind raced. A part of her wanting to pull back and another part of her wanting to experience it!

Her hand slid to his base of his cock and she lifted her head back slightly...allowing the head of his penis to roll on her tongue. Wanting to bring him as much pleasure as possible, she wanted to take him into her throat, but she didn't think she could without gagging and didn't want to ruin everything by doing that. Her cheeks burned with shame and excitement when he lifted his hips again and his cock erupted in her mouth. Morgana's first thought was wonder. What would it taste like? Did all men taste the same? She had only allowed Edward, her long departed husband the luxury of coming in her mouth a couple of times. Not that it tasted bad, it just wasn't something a woman did...it was something that a slut would do...something a whore would do...not something a proper wife would do, even though he seemed to love it when she let him come in her mouth. Then she felt it hit her tongue. The sticky heat of it clung to her tongue as its salty taste made its way through the sensory paths to her brain. Then his penis jerked again and began to fill her mouth with the peppery taste of bananas, of his semen. Unable to draw away from him, Morgana started to swallow the thick, clinging goo that was pouring out of her son's twitching, jerking cock. Then he thrust again in his excitement and drove his cum and spit-coated rod past her tongue and down into her throat. Morgana fought off the urge to gag, trying not to pull off as her son's erupting penis had filled her mouth and was now spewing his ripe, potent seed directly into her throat.

Then she felt his fingers digging into her scalp. Groaning out his pleasure, he held her shoved down on his erupting penis as it continued to jerk and spew gush after gush of hot, clingy cum into her throat. She had done it, she frantically thought. She had taken him into her mouth and throat. But now his big cock was filling her throat, blocking the passage of air. Gathering herself, she pushed up and drug her mouth up the twitching shaft of his penis until at last, its giant head popped out of her throat. Taking in a breath around his cock, she continued to suck out the gooey load of cum that was still spewing out into her mouth.

At last, he was finished. His clenched ass relaxed and dropped back to the bed as she twirled her tongue around his cock one last time. Then with a murmuring sigh, she slowly eased her lips back off his slowly weakening penis.

“Mother—God—Mother,” Byron groaned, his mind still giddy from his awesome orgasm.

Then he watched his mother slowly push up to her knees between his legs. He couldn’t believe all the love pouring from her eyes as she opened her mouth to speak.

“I’m pregnant,” she whispered. “I’m pregnant with your baby...”

She was pregnant! His mother was pregnant! She was pregnant with his baby! Their baby! His mind reeled with the gravity of her words. She was pregnant! His mother had his baby in her belly. Now what?

“Huh...” he was finally able to choke out, overwhelmed by the weight of the moment.

“I’m pregnant with our child,” she murmured, reaching down and taking his lifeless hand in hers.

Now what? Now what? Now what, his fevered mind floundered, trying to wrap itself around the words? Was she going to keep it? Was she going to get an abortion? Was she going to carry it to term? What would she tell everyone? Would their secret be revealed? Would their grievous indiscretion leave them naked and vulnerable to the world?

“What are you...what are we going to do?” he choked out.

“There’s nothing we can do,” she said, squeezing his hand. “I could never kill it. It is a part of us. We both made it and I can’t do anything to harm it. It’s our child.”

“What are you going to tell everyone?” he asked, squeezing back.

“I don’t know. Maybe I’ll just tell everybody it was a one-night fling with an old friend,” she wept. “And tell them that he was killed in a car wreck or something...I don’t know. I just came over to tell you...I just had to tell

someone...”

“I don’t know what to say, Mother...” Byron told her. “I never, uh, I never really thought it would happen. A baby. Our baby. I don’t know what to do.”

It was all just too much to fathom at the moment. He needed time to grasp the consequences in the aftermath of their Christmas affair. Well, he’d given her a Christmas gift all right, hadn’t he? How would they take care of the child? Was he going to have to quit school and find a job? Would his mother want to stay home and raise the child? There were just too many questions to even think about on such short notice.

Morgana snuggled up close to her son, her long legs next to his, her hand on his chest. She knew it was too much for him to grasp and she chided herself for just blurting it out like she had. She should have prepared him somehow, but just couldn’t hold it back any longer. The look of shock that had been on his face had stunned her...

“What are you thinking?” she asked softly. Her heart pounding and she felt a fresh wave of tears threatening to flow any second.

“I’m just...I don’t know. I just wasn’t expecting that...” he stammered.”

I know,” she whispered. “I didn’t either.” She kissed his bare shoulder. She could still taste him in her mouth. Taste his sweet essence. Morgana’s mind raced as she lay beside him. Byron closed his eyes and she studied his profile. So young...had she ruined his life? Her eyelids felt heavy. She closed them for a moment and before she was aware of it she was sleeping.

Hours later Morgana stirred. There was a hand on her thigh and she felt a light kiss on her cheek. “Mom?” Byron whispered. He kissed her cheek again. Morgana’s eyelids fluttered open. “It’s almost eight o’clock. We were sleeping.”

Morgana rubbed her eyes. Yes. She remembered now. She had come to Byron’s apartment to tell him. Tell him that she was pregnant. Then, she had taken his essence from him and afterwards, relieved that she was no longer the sole keeper of their dark secret, she had fallen to sleep.

It didn’t even occur to her at the moment that Byron was still naked next to her.

“Do you want to stay?” he asked.

“Here? No, Sweetheart. I can’t. I’m supposed to call Elaine at nine. I should be at home.”

She felt a brief tinge of guilt and shame at the mention of her sister. What would she think of this? Morgana would die if anyone were to ever find out. She had so much to think about—to consider.

Byron was leaning over her. She looked into his eyes. Her son. What had she done to him? To them both? She placed her hand on his cheek as she continued to search his eyes.

“What are we going to do?” she asked without even realizing she had said it out loud. Byron tried to smile but she could see the troubled look in his eyes. “What are you thinking?”

“I’m sorry mom,” he said.

“No,” she replied. “Don’t be sorry, baby. We both knew what we were doing. It just happened.” Twice! She told herself. It had happened twice on that fateful Christmas!

Tears filled her eyes. She tried to keep them from flowing. But she couldn’t stop them. She was going to have her son’s baby!

“Don’t cry mom,” Byron implored. He kissed her cheek. Then the corner of her

mouth. Then her lips. Morgana's hand snaked to the back of his neck as their lips pressed together lightly, and then more firmly. Without being aware of what she was doing her lips parted and her tongue met his. Their kiss became deeper. The hand on her hip tightened. Morgana moaned into her son's mouth as they continued to kiss. Her tongue searched for his, dueled and retreated. His tongue followed hers. She turned slightly so that her body was pressed to his. It was then she felt him. Felt his hardness pressing against her, digging into her belly. With her arm around his neck and his hand on her waist, they gently conveyed their need to each other. He was naked but she wasn't. Suddenly she wanted nothing more than to be freed of her clothes. Oh my God, her mind screamed. What am I doing? At the same moment her hand left Byron's neck and joined her other hand at the button of her pants. Byron continued his assault on her mouth as she unbuttoned her pants and pushed them and her panties down over her hips. She lifted her legs so that her pants slid down to her ankles and she used her toes to push them off along with her panties. The bed was warm. Morgana could feel how wet she was. Wet and ready for him, her body responding and preparing itself for his entry. Byron's lips left hers and he continued to kiss her neck. Since they were on their sides, his free hand found her thigh. He pulled slightly as Morgana lifted her leg and draped it over his bare leg. She still had her blouse on but she didn't want to move away from him to take it off. Byron kissed her neck, sucking gently in spots as she caressed his back. His stiffness was burning a hole into her inner thigh as they pressed together. It was happening again, Morgana's fevered brain screamed at her. She was going to do it again. They were going to do it again. She was allowing it to happen again. No, she wasn't allowing it to happen, she was making it happen. What sense did it make sense to stop it now? The damage had already been done. She was pregnant...pregnant by him! What more could happen? And now she needed to be close to him. Needed him more than ever. Even if it meant this...Morgana moaned when she felt the tip of her son's cock touch her wetness. Any moment now, she frantically thought.

“Oh Mom,” he moaned into her neck.

Morgana slowly slid her hand down his back to his ass. She pulled him up towards her while at the same time angling her hips. Her son's cock easily slid into her, her wetness allowing him to penetrate her and slide into her up to the hilt. They both moaned and Morgana rolled onto her back, Byron rolled with her, thrusting into her and keeping his hot, throbbing penis buried inside her. Spreading herself for him, she brought her knees up. As she did, Byron lifted his

hips and then plunged back into her a second time. Her mouth opened in a silent scream...

“Mom—oh Mom—” Byron groaned.

“Yesss baby—” she gushed. “Fuck me—fuck Mommy!”

Her words filled her fevered brain with shame and disgust. But at the same time, the words excited her, awakening a part of her she had never known before. Splaying her long legs wider, she opened herself for him as they began to move together. Moving together in incestuous communion, his hardness cleaving in and out, filling her with his hot, throbbing manliness. She was his now, and she had to have all of him.

Then as fucked her with deep, penetrating strokes, she lifted feet and draped her calves over his. Pulling her feet up, she hooked her ankles around the back of his thighs and began to thrust back at him, taking him up to the hilt on every crashing blow.

“Oh, my, Baby, Fuck Mommy—Fuck Mommy,” she blathered out, digging her long, sharp fingernails into his bounding ass, goading him on.

She was so wet with excitement, his belly and her inner thighs were covered with a thick film of her hot, sticky juice. She couldn't ever remember being so wet—so ready for a man. And this time that man was her son. Her son—the man she had created in the very place he was now violating, taking her as no son should ever take his mother. His whore mother! His mother who loved him more than life itself. But that love had taken a twisted, demented turn somewhere and led them to this. Oh, yes, it was still love, but it was such a sick and different kind of love, this new love that they had spawned. And now it was consuming them, heart and soul. There would never be another love—another man who could satisfy her in this way. The only other love in her life was for the child they had created and was now growing down inside her belly...



Morgana gripped the steering wheel and fought to focus on the road ahead. It had started to rain making it seem even darker. She still needed to call her sister. It was 9:30 and she was thirty minutes late. Morgana came to a red light and stopped. It had been twenty minutes since she'd left Byron's. Twenty minutes since he had held her and kissed her goodnight. Another wave of tears threatened to flow. No...They had done more than kiss tonight. She had opened herself to him one more time, and he had filled her emptiness in the most forbidden of ways. He had filled her loins with his cock and she had thrust herself up at him like a wanton whore. His whore mother...Morgana couldn't believe the turn her life had taken. The car behind her honked. The light had turned green. She rolled forward and toward home, her mind filled with troubled thoughts. The sex was amazing. That was the part she had the hardest time coming to terms with. If it had been less than stellar she could tell herself how sick she was and allow the guilt to prevent her from doing it again. But for Morgana she had never experienced anything like it. As unspeakably wrong as it was, it felt incredibly right. When they both began to move in perfect unison, their bodies racing towards the same conclusion, it felt right and perfect. When he exploded inside of her and she could feel his cock throbbing and spurting deep within, it just felt right. Felt as if it were meant to be! When her whole body exploded with sensation and she almost passed out with the pleasure and the horror of it all, it still felt right.

Morgana wiped a tear away and ran her fingers through her hair. She was fucking her son. She had fucked him on Christmas Day and had allowed him to come inside of her. Now she was pregnant and she had gone to his apartment on the very day she had found that out and had knelt on his bed and worshiped his cock with her mouth in a way that no mother should ever do. She had then fucked him again in his own bed, begging him to “fuck Mommy”. Had she really used those obscene words? What was wrong with her?

Finally and with great relief, Morgana found her driveway and ran into her house, the rain coming in sheets. She closed and locked the door, kicked off her shoes, and darted upstairs to her bedroom. Sobbing, she collapsed on her bed.

Just then the phone rang. Morgana jumped at the sound. She sniffled and rubbed the tears away. Picking up her phone, she saw that it was her sister, Elaine.

“Hello, Elaine...”

“Hi...I was just waiting for your call.”

Morgana closed her eyes and tightened her grip on the phone.

“Where have you been? You said you would call.”

“I've...I was at Byron's. Time just kind of got away from me.”

“Are you okay?” her sister asked. “You sound like you're crying.”

“No,” Morgana said with false strength. “I just ran up the stairs to get the phone. I'm a little out of breath.”

“Oh. Ok. Are we still on for tomorrow?”

Morgana's mind raced. What was tomorrow? She was about to ask when her sister finished the thought for her.

“The flea market? Remember? The one with the knock-off purses?”

“Of course I remember,” Morgana lied.

“Pick you up at 9:00?”

Morgana said it sounded great and said goodnight. Then she crawled into bed and cried herself to sleep.



It had been a troubled sleep and when she finally awoke her situation came rushing back to meet her, torment her, remind her. She lay in bed for a few minutes while the gravity of it all sank in, then forced herself out of bed and into the shower. Now dressed in only an overly long tee shirt that just barely covered her ass, she went about making herself some coffee. Morgana walked about her kitchen in a trance. She moved in slow motion, her mind numb to everything. She didn't want to think anymore. She just wanted to go about her day as if everything were normal. She had a couple of hours before her sister would be by to pick her up. She would have her coffee and get dressed, and wait. As she leaned against the counter listening to the coffee maker gurgle she heard a car door. It was too early for her sister to be there already. Maybe just a neighbor going to work.

There was a knock at the door. Confused, Morgana went to the front of the house and peeked out the window. Byron's car was in the driveway. Her heart began to pound in her chest. She went to the door, not even caring how she was dressed and unlocked the dead bolt.

“Hi Mom,” her son smiled sheepishly at her. It almost sounded strange to her to hear him call her “Mom”. He knew her in ways no son should know his mother.

“What are you...is...is everything all right?” she asked.

He slipped into the house and she closed the door. “No, I just had to see you.”

“Would you like some coffee?” she asked.

“Sure, that sounds perfect.”

Why was she so nervous? This was her son. Not some stranger. She led Byron to the kitchen, fully aware that her legs were exposed and that he had a perfect view of her ass as she walked.

She went straight to the coffee maker, not able to look him in the eye. Waiting for him to begin the conversation. She reached for the mugs.

“Mom?”

She jumped. He was right behind her. She set the mug on the counter. Her knees were shaking. She slowly turned to face him. Byron stood only inches away. She couldn't read his eyes or deduce what he was going to say. "Yes..." she softly mumbled.

"Mom," he continued. "I...I..." he placed a hand on her cheek and stepped closer. Morgana stood frozen in place as Byron moved closer. "I, uh, mom..." he kissed her, his hand on her cheek.

Morgana sighed into her son's mouth as he stepped into her. She had placed her hands on the edge of the countertop behind her and she fought the urge to reach for him. Their lips parted.

"Byron..." she panted. "We can't!"

He kissed her again. This time his tongue snaked into her mouth. Morgana moaned, her body trembling. His hand left her cheek and slid down to cup her breast through the thin fabric of the tee shirt. His palm cupped her breast and Morgana finally let go of the countertop and slipped her arms around his neck, kissing him back. Her entire body responded to his touch and his tongue. She wanted to feel his tongue everywhere. In her mouth...on her skin...on the softness between her legs...

"Oh my God..." she moaned aloud. As if reading her thoughts, Byron began to kiss his way down her arched neck, nibbling his way down. His lips kissed across her breasts and then her stomach. She wanted to pull her tee shirt over her head but she couldn't move. Byron's hands slipped under her tee shirt and up to her waist as he moved lower. She glanced down at him. Her son was almost kneeling in front of her—then she felt his hot breath upon her mound—then first fiery flick of his tongue!

"Oh GOD!" she moaned again. Her son's tongue began to circle her clit. She pressed back against the counter and he followed. His mouth closing over her pussy, now soaked. If anyone were to look into her window—they would see them. Her with her tee shirt bunched up around her waist and her son with his face buried down between her quivering legs! Byron's mouth covered her oozing womanhood and she curled her fingers down into his hair. It wouldn't take long, she feverishly told herself. She was already poised and ready as his tongue pushed between her wet pussy lips and once again found her clit. Biting her lip,

Morgana lifted her leg and draped it over his shoulder, granting him further access to the fiery ache down between her trembling legs. Her head rolled back, her mouth opening. She was so close...so close... “Byron, “ she gasped. “My baby—oh my baby!”

She stiffened, allowing her legs to part even more so that he could work his tongue back and forth across her clit even harder. He must know that she was about to come, she frantically thought. She gyrated her hips as he licked and sucked on her throbbing clit. Her ass was bumping against the counter as she humped herself against him and tried to suppress a scream!

“Byron,” she gasped out.

Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt!

It was the fucking doorbell, she frantically realized as the first wave of pleasure poured over her like water pouring over a dam.

“Shit! Who’s that?” Byron muttered, jerking back, leaning back away from her, dropping her tee shirt and pushing up to his feet all in one swift move.

“Oh, God, why now,” she whimpered, fighting the waves of pleasure pouring over her. “Elaine...Elaine and I are going to a flea market.

Wishing there was a hole that she could crawl in, she watched Byron wipe the back of his hand across his mouth trying to wipe away any evidence of their wrong doing.

“And sometimes she just comes barging in,” Morgana muttered, lunging for the can of deodorant sitting by the sink.

Stepping back away from his mother, Byron watched her wave the can back and forth spraying the mist everywhere as she tried to hide the scent of her own arousal. Finished, she sat the can down and ran her hands down over her tee shirt, trying to smooth out any wrinkles as she checked it for any evidence of their wrongdoing.

“Guess she’s not coming in,” Morgana grunted, stepping around Byron and heading for the front door.

“I love you, Mom,” Byron whispered, grabbing at her ass as she sped by him.

“I love you, too,” she frowned, stomping toward the front door with her little tits jiggling and bouncing freely under her thin tee shirt.

Byron stayed in the kitchen and heard his mother open the front door.

“You’re early,” he heard her say, then heard the door close.

“Well, you know what they say,” Byron heard his aunt say. “The early bird gets the worm...”

And indeed, that was what his mother would have gotten, if you hadn't interrupted us, Byron sickly thought...

Byron watched the door as he heard the women coming toward the kitchen. Quickly stepping around the corner, he stopped and listened as Morgana poured Elaine a cup of coffee.

“Is Byron here? I saw his car out in the driveway,” Byron heard Elaine ask as chairs scraped across the floor.

“Yes, I don’t know where he got off to, he was in here just a minute ago,” Morgana said.

“You run around dressed like that in front of him?” Elaine admonished her. “That’s skimpy tee is pretty revealing, you know. It shows just about everything you’ve got. Why it barely covers your ass. And it’s very obvious that you aren’t wearing anything underneath it. Byron isn’t a little kid anymore. He’s a grown man...”

“I know, I know, I just wasn’t expecting him, that’s all,” Morgana said. “He’s only been here for a little while.”

“Well, you ought to be a little more careful around him,” Elaine preached on.

Yes, I should have been more careful, Morgana sadly thought. Yes, I should have been more careful...

Morgana sat silently as Elaine navigated the twists and turns to the flea market. Her sister had been talking to her but Morgana's mind was fixated on how close she and Byron had come to getting caught. What would have happened had Elaine simply walked into the house? Her sister had done so many times before, startling her. If she had done so this morning Morgana's whole life would have been ruined. Elaine would have caught her with her son's face buried down between her legs. Then would have come the shock and embarrassment. Then the tears and Morgana would have had to confess to her sister that she was pregnant...pregnant with Byron's child.

“So?” Elaine said.

“What?” Morgana asked. She hadn't heard her sister ask a question.

“What's wrong with you today? You're not normally this quiet”

Morgana felt the tears forming just below the surface. She needed to talk to someone but she couldn't. She could never tell anyone, especially her big sister, about what had happened between her and Byron. She had a quick flashback to the night before when she had gone to his apartment and fucked him again! What a horrid mother she had become? She felt like a slut. And not only felt like one, she shamefully thought. She acted like one. Maybe down deep in her heart of hearts, she was a slut. A whoring slut who would do anything to feel that forbidden rush of pleasure that only one man could give her. Unfortunately, that man just happened to be her son.

“Morgana? What's going on?”

“Nothing,” Morgana muttered, wishing Elaine would just leave it alone and talk about something else.”

“It's something. Both you and Byron were acting funny this morning.”

“It's...it's just a mother and son thing. We, uh, we had a little tiff,” Morgana lied.
“You know how that is...”

“I'm afraid that I don't,” Elaine laughed softly. “I don't have a son, remember.”

“Uh, yeah, that’s right, I forgot,” Morgana tried to laugh back, but it came out more like an excuse than something comical. “Are you sure you don't want to talk about it?”

Am I sure, she wondered? Can I talk about it? I’ll start showing in a couple of months and then what? Everyone will want to know who the father is. What if Elaine begins to put two and two together? She might remember this morning, how they acted, and begin to suspect what is going on?

Morgana looked out of the window and prayed that her sister would never suspect the truth...

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Chapter Three – I Know

Things had taken on some semblance of normalcy after Byron had moved back in with his mother. No one knew of their deep, dark secret and they had told everyone that the move it was simply to save money. With her job, they didn't need to save money. But no one knew that. And with the company's liberal pregnancy policy, they wouldn't have to change much. Outwardly, they carried on as any typical mother and son, when alone their relationship had taken on a new exciting intimacy and they were now more like husband and wife than mother and son.

It had been ten weeks from that fateful first night and Morgana wasn't showing so no one was the wiser...yet!

Byron sat in his favorite chair reading the morning paper. It was his day off so he had slept in and then after a leisurely shower, he had put on his bathrobe and gone down stairs. He had the house to himself as his mother had a doctor's appointment that morning. And after the appointment, she, her sister, Elaine, and their friend, Theresa were going to have lunch. Then the trio was going to take in a movie, so she wouldn't be home until around four-thirty. It was kind of nice having the house all to his own, he thought, shaking out the paper and taking a sip on his coffee.

Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! went the doorbell.

Now who could that be, he wondered? He wasn't expecting anyone, so it was probably a magazine salesman or some other bothersome pest.

Pushing up out of his chair, he pitched the paper down, tugged his bathrobe together and quickly made his way over to the door.

Peeking out the peek hole, he was surprised to see his Aunt Elaine standing out on the stoop. She seemed a little nervous, fidgeting anxiously, furtively glancing up and down the street as she waited.

What in the hell is she doing here, he wondered, She was supposed to be at the doctor's office with his mother. Reaching down, he twisted the doorknob and

pulled the door open.

“Is something wrong with mother, Aunt Lainie? I thought you were supposed to be at the doctor’s office with her,” Byron muttered, stepping to the side so she could step inside.

“I begged off,” Elaine said, stepping around him. As she did, Byron felt one of her big tits brush against his arm. Accident or on purpose, he asked himself watching her ass twitching back and forth under her short skirt as she headed straight for the bar.

Byron kept his eyes on her ass, admiring its round fullness as she quickly stepped across the room. He was such a fucking perv. His mother was at the doctor getting a checkup about the baby he had fathered with her and here he was checking out his aunt. His mother’s sister.

When she reached the bar, he stopped gawking at her, turned and pushed the door closed.

“Mind if I have a drink?” Elaine asked over her shoulder, picking up a bottle of bourbon and a glass.

“No...no, of course not...” Byron muttered, stepping back over to his chair. Sitting down, he heard the gurgle of the booze pouring out into the glass and saw that she had poured at least four fingers of liquor into it.

“Would you like some?” she asked, turning toward him. As she did, Byron saw her breasts heave under her thin, satin blouse she wore. And he could easily see that there was little, if anything, restraining her breasts under the blouse as her big nipples were visibly jutting out against the thin material.

“Uh, no, a little early in the day for me,” he grinned, still wondering about the reason for her visit.

She had to know that he would be home alone, so could there be some ulterior motive for her sudden appearance?

“So, Aunt Lainie, what brings you to our neck of the woods?” Byron asked, watching her hips roll provocatively as she slowly strolled over to the couch sitting across the room from his chair.

She didn't answer him as she eased herself down onto the couch.

Byron couldn't keep his eyes off her big tits as they flounced heavily when she leaned back against the couch.

"I know, Bryon," she said, taking a long, slow sip on her drink.

"What? Uh, you know what?" he asked, the hairs on the back of his neck suddenly standing up. What did she know? Did she know about him and his mother?

Elaine sat looking at him with a knowing smile on her lips as she slowly lifted a long, shapely leg up and crossed it over her other leg. As she did, her short, wrap around skirt fell down off her thigh revealing a broad expanse of pale, creamy thigh. It also revealed the fact that she was wearing nylons that were being held up by frilly garters stretching out from under her short skirt.

He found the fact that she was wearing a garter belt under her skirt, exceedingly provoking. He didn't think that women did that anymore. Byron had never thought of his aunt in a sexual context before but the knowledge that she was wearing a garter belt was quickly changing the way he thought about her. She was only a few years older than his mother and had a nice body, but thinking about her that way had just never crossed his mind. She had always just been Aunt Lainie, his mom's older sister and best friend. But now? Now, he was seeing her in a totally different light...

"I know about you and Morgana," Elaine finally said, watching him, eyeing him like a cat would eye a mouse just before it made a meal out of it.

"Huh! Uh, me...me and mother?" he mumbled, tearing his eyes off her legs, his mind racing back to the dreaded realization that she knew about them. "Uh, what do you mean?"

"I came down to talk to your mother that Christmas Eve night," Elaine softly told him, slowly kicking her long, well-formed leg up and down making her high heeled pump bob up and down on her dainty foot. "When I didn't find her, I guess that you thought you had locked the door to your room, but it was slightly ajar and I could hear what was going on and what I heard shocked me! I could hear the both of you...and you weren't talking..."

Byron was stunned. Beads of sweat popped out on his forehead, ran down into his eyes making them sting as he sat staring at her, his mind bordering on panic. He didn't know what to do! Or what to say. Anything he said would probably incriminate them and only make things worse.

“So, what, what are you going to do?” he finally asked her as she sat watching him, sipping on her drink and slowly bobbing her foot up and down. “Are you going to tell Mom?”

“I see no reason to share that information with anyone,” she smiled, slowly lifting her leg up off her other leg and dropping her foot down onto the floor. “We can keep it as our little secret...”

As she spoke, her legs parted slightly and her skirt dropped down off her thigh even farther. Byron's eyes shot down between her legs. A spasm of electricity fired off through his cock! He could easily see that she wasn't wearing any panties and the furry nest of curls covering her private parts was clearly visible.

Byron tried to swallow the bale of cotton that suddenly sprang up in his mouth as he gaped down at her pussy in stunned disbelief. As he did, she spread her legs apart wider and slowly ran a hand down between them.

“Your Uncle Tim is having a few issues in the manhood department, if you know what I mean,” she purred, rubbing a long, red-tipped finger back and forth just below the bush of curls. “So, I thought, since you were doing such a fine job keeping your mother happy maybe you could fill in for him for a while...you know, until I can find a replacement.”

“Uh, I, Aunt Lainie, uh...” Byron's brain was on the verge of shut down as he sat watching her shamelessly fingering herself. What about his mother? She was the love of his life! How could he cheat on her like this? And with her own sister for Christ's sake?

“What about Mom?” he finally inanely asked.

“What she doesn't know can't hurt her, can it?” Elaine said, lifting her drink up to her lips and quickly finishing it off. “It'll be our little secret...”

“Oh, Jeez, Aunt Lainie, this, this is all such a shock, so unexpected,” he mumbled watching her set her empty glass on the coffee table and slowly push

up to her high heels.

Standing in front of the couch, she slowly reached down to the side of her skirt. Byron watched in stunned silence as her long fingers plucked at the button on the waistband of her skirt. As the button slipped through its buttonhole, her short skirt unraveled and went skittering down her long legs to puddle at her feet.

Staring down at the nest of black curls covering the base of her flat belly, Byron could see her puffy, pink pussy lips sticking out through the kinky curls. Continuing to stare into his eyes, she reached up to her blouse.

“You see, Byron, I don’t have a son to keep me happy,” she smiled.

Then, starting at the bottom, she began to work her way upward, plucking the buttons of her blouse open one by one.

Finally, the top button parted and she slowly spread open her blouse to reveal the two dangling treasures underneath it. While they weren’t huge, they definitely earned the classification of big, Byron thought watching them jiggle heavily as she tossed her blouse on the couch.

Now all she wore was a black, leather choker with a silver heart in its center, a matching pair of identical heart-shaped earrings, a tiny, lace-trimmed garter belt with long stretchy, black garters reaching down to her sheer, black nylons and a pair of tall, spiked high heels.

“So is it our secret?” she asked, stepping up in front of him, standing with her long, elegant legs spread as she looked down at him with a smug look on her pretty face. Byron realized that he was trapped. As much as he loved his mother and wanted to remain faithful to her, there was too much at risk. And it was just too much to ask of a man to turn down a piece of pussy as fine as the one that was staring him in the face...

“Uh, yeah, I guess so,” Byron said with a timid, little smile on his lips. “It’s our secret...”

“Good, then the rest of the family doesn’t need to know about all our family’s dirty laundry, do they?” she smiled.

“No, I guess they don’t...”

Well, there were a lot worse ways of getting black mailed, Byron told himself as he ran his eyes down his aunt's elderly body and long, curvaceous legs. Yeah, lots worse...

Then he watched his aunt slowly kneel down onto her knees in front of him. Reaching out to his legs, she ran her hands down between them and pushed them apart. Still standing on her knees, she inched forward, up between his legs. Reaching down to his bathrobe, she grasped its edges and slowly spread them apart to reveal his big, limp peter that lay resting on the cushion between his legs.

"Morgana always was the lucky one," she complained, reaching down and tickling a long, red fingernail down thick shaft of his flaccid penis. "She has this and I'm stuck with Tim and his Viagra. Oh, well, I'm sure she won't mind me borrowing this one for a little while."

His aunt's openness and casual attitude toward sex was a surprise to Byron. He had always considered her as a somewhat prudish woman before. But now, as she stood between his legs toying with his cock, that opinion was undergoing a dramatic change.

Looking down, he watched her reach up to the belt of his bathrobe. Looking back up at him and smiling, she quickly untied the knot and then spread open the robe.

"You're bigger than I thought," she said, lifting his cock and resting it on his thigh to reveal his big, dangling balls. "A lot bigger. Got at least a couple of inches on your old Uncle Tim..."

Byron didn't say a word as he watched her slowly ease her fingers down under his balls. Gently lifting them up, she cupped them in the palm of her hand as she looked back up at him with a teasing little smile on her face.

"So these are what made a baby down in your Mommy's belly..." she murmured, giving them a soft squeeze. "It's curious, but in an odd kind of way, I wish that you could make a baby down in my belly, too."

"How did you know Mom was pregnant?" Byron dumbly mumbled.

"I didn't, not for sure, but the doctor's appointments, the way you two were

acting, I guessed as much, and now you've confirmed it," she laughed.

"We could try..." Byron smiled down at her, reaching up and running his fingers through her curly, black hair. "You know...to make a baby for you."

"Oh no, no, we're not going there. Your cousin, Brianna was quite enough for me, thanks," she laughed softly, easing his balls back down between his legs. "I don't know why, considering the rare occasion I need them, but I'm on birth control pills."

It felt odd talking with his aunt about making babies, but not as bizarre as what was happening between the two of them. Wondering what his mother would think if she knew he was being seduced by her own sister, Byron watched his aunt gently lift his penis up off his leg and curl her fist around it. His cock was still fairly limp, but it was showing definite signs of awakening as Elaine leaned down over it.

Opening her mouth, she stuck out her tongue and began to slowly twirl it around the bloated head of his cock. Byron could feel the energy flowing into it as it slowly hardened and lengthened while his aunt teased and toyed with it.

As his aunt continued to tease and lap at his cock, Byron leaned back. Leaning back against the chair, Byron watched as at last she eased her lips down over the tapered head of his cock.

"That feels good, Aunt Lainie," Byron mumbled, lifting his hips up off the chair and trying to force his prick deeper into her mouth.

Slowly easing her lips up off the head of his cock, she looked up at him with a mischievous look in her eyes.

"Do you let your mother suck on your big old cock, too?" she asked him, slowly running her little pink tongue around the head of his now fully charged penis.

"Uh, yeah, yeah, I let her suck on it, too," Byron muttered, lifting his hips and trying to get his cock back in her mouth.

"Does she let you come in her mouth?" Elaine asked, slowly licking her tongue up the rounded underside of his jutting cock.

“Yeah, yeah, she lets me come in her mouth,” Byron grunted, feeling his aunt’s hot, little tongue tickle across his balls as they dangled down in their fleshy sac below his penis.

“Well, that must be quite a mouthful,” she softly laughed. “Based on the size of your big balls...”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s a lot,” he smugly proclaimed.

“Would you like to come in my mouth, too?” she asked then licked her tongue back up the shaft of his cock.

“Yeah, yeah, I’d like to come in your mouth and fill it up with a load of my creamy, hot cum,” he grunted, watching her slowly twirl her tongue around the head of his cock.

“Or would you like to put your big, old cock in my pussy and fill it up. Fill your Aunt Lainie’s pussy with your creamy, hot cum...”

“Damn, Aunt Lainie,” Byron complained, “whichever one you want, but please put it somewhere.”

“What’s your rush,” she laughed. “It’s only ten o’clock. Morgana won’t be home for five or six hours. We’ve got plenty of time...”

Then, as Byron watched on in eager anticipation, Elaine finally lowered her lips back down onto this cock. This time she began to bob her head up and down as she sucked on his cock.

Finally, Byron told himself as he watched his aunt’s painted lips working up and down the shaft of his jutting cock.

Her head was bouncing up and down faster as Byron listened to the wet slurp of her lips and felt a warm stirring down inside his balls.

Then all of a sudden, she jerked her head up and let his cock flop out of her mouth.

“Sorry, Byron, I don’t know why but cock sucking always makes me so thirsty,” she laughed, pushing up from between his legs. “Want a drink, too?”

“Why not, it doesn’t look like I’m going to be doing anything else anytime soon...” Byron fussed, watching the muscles in her tight ass ripple and quiver as she strutted across to the bar.

“Oh, you think so,” she laughed over her shoulder. “You wait until I finish my drink and your old Aunt Lainie will give you a fucking you won’t soon forget.”

“Lainie, you’re nothing but a prick tease,” Byron snickered.

“And you’re loving every minute of it, aren’t you?” she said.

“Yeah, I guess so,” he admitted.

“And well you should,” she told him, stirring their drinks with the tip of her finger. “Not many nephews get to know their aunts up close and personal, like you’re getting to know me.”

“I bet not,” he said, watching her as she came striding back across the room with a drink in each hand, her big tits bobbling and floundering about heavily. She was grinning proudly as she saw his eyes locked on the flouncing giants.

“You like them?” she asked him, handing him his drink as she stood by the chair looking down at him.

“Yeah. They’re so big. How come Mom doesn’t have big ones like you do?” he asked her, reaching up and running his fingers over them.

“I don’t know. Maybe I was first in line? But hers will get bigger when she has the baby,” she told him, thrusting her chest out and shoving her tit against his hand. “Bigger and full of sweet, wholesome mother’s milk...”

“That’ll be nice,” he grinned, softly groping her breast. “Maybe the baby and I can share it.”

“Do you like my titties better than hers?” Elaine asked, lifting her glass up to her lips and taking a long sip on it.

“Uh, yeah, I guess, uh, they’re bigger...”

“Men...” Elaine snickered, “all you are interested in how big everything is, not

the quality...”

Then, brushing his hand asked, Elaine turned sideways and eased her cute ass down onto the arm of the chair. Smiling at him, she turned farther, lifted one long, shapely leg up and settled her high-heeled shoe down onto the cushion beside his butt. Byron could feel the slipper smoothness of her nylon brushing against his side as she pressed her leg against him.

Now she sat on the arm of the chair with one foot resting up in the chair, her other foot resting on the floor with her legs widely splayed out, spreading herself and opening herself to him.

“So I bet you thought your old Aunt Lainie was a prude, didn’t you?” she asked, smiling as she reached down for his hand.

“Uh, yeah, I, uh, I guess I did,” he stammered as she clasped his hand in hers and lifted it up between her legs and pressed it against her exposed pussy.

“So, what do you think about her now?” she murmured, letting go of his hand and taking a long sip on her drink.

“I think she’s about the hottest damned aunt any nephew could ever wish for,” he grinned gently probing the soft flesh between her legs with his fingers as he searched for the opening of her pussy.

“Well, I couldn’t wish for a finer nephew,” she purred, spreading herself even wider as Byron’s finger found the wet, slippery opening of her vagina.

“What made you pick me?” he asked her, easing another finger into the warm moistness between her widely splayed legs.

“Well, with your Uncle Tim striking out at bat so often, I was getting more than a little frustrated...in fact, that was what I was coming down to discuss with your mom on Christmas Eve,” Elaine said, running her fingers through his hair as she sipped on her drink. “Then when I heard you and Morgana going at it like you were, it came to me. If my little sister could do it, why couldn’t I do it, too? So here I am...”

“Lucky me...” he grinned, slowly finger fucking her.

“Yes, lucky you,” she giggled softly, twisting around, turning and setting her empty glass on the end table sitting beside the chair. “What with your good looks and luck, I bet you could even talk Nana Forrester into a little hanky panky...then you would have a trifecta of the Forrester women...”

Reaching down, she gently pushed his hand away and grabbed hold of the back of the chair with her hands. Byron watched as she lifted her other leg and settled her shoe down on the chair beside his butt. Straddling his legs, she pushed up until her pussy was directly in front of his face. Sensing what was about to happen, Byron quickly set his drink on the end table by her empty glass.

Staring at the nest of black curls in front of his face, he watched it move closer and closer until the curls were brushing against his nose and Elaine’s fat, puffy pussy lips were brushing against his lips.

As his aunt crouched before him, her pussy resting against his lips, he eased out his tongue and licked it over the soft, pliancy of her bloated pussy lips. The dusky-colored lips of her pussy were bloated and swollen, obviously gorged with blood as she pressed them against his lips. Then, bending her knees slightly, lowering herself, she maneuvered her hips around until his lips were brushing against the swollen nub of her clit.

“Lick it...lick your Aunt Lainie’s clit,” she fussed, rubbing her clit up and down on his lips.

Byron reached up and cupped his aunt’s plump, little ass in the palms of his hands and flicked out his tongue as she held onto the back of the couch and ground herself against his mouth.

“Ummmmm...yes...” she murmured as Byron began to swipe his tongue back and forth across the swollen nub of flesh.

Holding her ass in his hands, he pressed her against his mouth as he ravaged her clit with his tongue and mouth. Then as she crouched over him, she wrapped her hands around the back of his head, using it to balance herself and shove his mouth against her hot, wet pussy.

Her head was thrown back, her face locked in a grimace of determination, she was making soft moaning sounds as her ass jerked and jiggled about erratically. It was easy to see that she was already approaching fulfillment as Byron slurped

and lapped at her big clit. His fingers were digging into the soft skin of her ass as he held her pressed against his mouth and savagely slashed his tongue back and forth across the jutting bulb of her clitoris. Her legs were quivering with the effort of holding her pussy against him as she ground herself against his hungry mouth. Her long, spiked heels were digging down into the cushion as the muscles in her legs tightened and tensed

“Yes—yes—yessssss,” she suddenly hissed as her body stiffened and began to shake.

Her long, sharp fingernails were digging into his scalp pulling his face against her as she spastically groveled her way through her orgasm. Her pussy was spewing out thick, hot spurts of juice straight onto Byron’s chin as he continued to mouth and lap at her clit. With his chin covered with the hot goo, Byron could feel it dripping down onto his chest and running down onto his belly.

Then ever so slowly, the muscles in her legs began to relax. As they did, she pushed back slightly and let her ass settle down on Byron’s thighs.

Her eyes had a dazed, dreamy look in them as she sat on his legs dreamily looking into his eyes. Her legs were nearly bent in double with her knees splayed apart and sticking up into the air even with his shoulders while Byron’s big, hard cock lay twitching on his belly between her thighs.

Smiling naughtily, she reached down and slowly ran her fingers down the shaft of his stiff cock.

“I think I have a place this might fit,” she said, moving her fingers over to her pussy and gently probing the thick, wet lips apart.

Then as Byron sat watching, she reached out and grabbed hold of the back of the chair. Pulling herself up, she pushed up off the cushion with her feet, raising her ass off his legs. As her ass lifted off his legs, she leaned forward until her big, goo-covered pussy was directly above Byron’s cock.

“Lift him up...lift him up and let Aunt Lainie take him for a ride...” she cooed as she squatted above his cock.

Her big, pendulous tits were almost brushing against his face as he reached down and lifted his cock up into the air below her hovering pussy. As he did, a big,

gooey drop of juice oozed out of her pussy and slowly dripped down onto the tapered head of his dick.

Holding his big cock upright, Byron watched her slowly flex her legs and lower her drooling cunt down toward the pointy head of his cock. Still holding his cock upright, he watched the rounded tip of its head part the puffy, pink lips and slide up into the slippery hole between them.

“Ummmmmm...” she mumbled out as her hot pussy descended lower and lower, consuming more and more of his jutting cock.

When her clinging pussy lips were encircling his cock, about half way down its shaft, Byron moved his hand away from it and watched the rest of it disappear up into his aunt’s hot, tight snatch.

Still crouching above his legs with the fat, puffy lips of her pussy now surrounding the thick, hairy base of his jutting cock, Elaine ground herself against him making his big peter twirl around in the tight, clutching confines of her pussy.

“My little ole pussy has never been so stuffed full of cock,” she murmured, clutching her pussy down around his embedded cock as she ground herself against him.

“It’s certainly a nice, tight little pussy,” Byron grinned, thrusting himself up against her and forcing his cock even deeper into the hot muck of her cunt.

“So you like Aunt Lainie’s little pussy?” she grinned back at him.

‘Yeah, I like Aunt Lainie’s tight, little pussy,’ he snickered.

“Is Aunt Lainie’s little pussy as tight as Morgana’s pussy? As tight as your mother’s pussy?” she leered at him.

“About the same...” he mumbled as he saw the muscles in her legs flex as she began to lift her pussy back up the shaft of his cock. As his penis emerged from her pussy, Byron saw that its shaft was glistening wetly with a thick coating of her goo.

“Look how wet it is...” he murmured as her hips hit the apex of their upward

climb and began to settle back down.

Stopping the downward drop of her pussy, Elaine looked down between her splayed thighs at his drenched cock.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been that wet,” she murmured, grinning and lowering her pussy back down the sopping shank of his peter.

Her big tits bobbed heavily as she began to use her hands to pull herself up while she pushed up off the cushion with her feet. She began to move up and down slowly at first as she worked her pussy up and down on Byron’s jutting cock. As she did, her thick, wet juices ran down his cock and puddle around the base of his cock, matting down the forest of curls there.

As she fucked her pussy up and down his cock, Byron reached out to her waist and wrapped his hands around it. Digging his fingers into her soft skin, he began to lift and lower her, helping her move up and down. Her eyes were clenched shut, her neck arched backward as she fucked him with her hot cunt. Up and down, up and down went her pussy as Byron’s big cock wetly slurped in and out of it.

A sheen of sweat had formed on her skin, running down over her breasts where drops of it were being flung off her nipple as they flicked up and down in rhythm with her movement.

As she worked her pussy up and down his cock, Byron could see that she was tiring as her movement was growing jerky and strained.

“Why don’t we trade places for a while,” Byron told her, holding her shoved down on his cock.

“I thought you would never ask,” she panted, pushing up and letting his sopping cock slip out of her pussy.

Holding onto the chair to balance herself, she pushed up and stepped back off the chair dropping first one foot and then the other down onto the floor.

She stood smiling and watching him as Byron struggled up to his feet with his big, goo-covered cock jutting out in front of him.

“Where do you want to go?” he grinned.

“This’ll work,” Elaine told him, turning on the toe of her high-heeled pump and backing up to the chair.

Byron watched his aunt’s big boobs jiggle as she eased down onto her butt in the chair. Then, lifting her long, nylon-encased legs one at a time, she splayed them out and draped them over the arms of the chair. Keeping her legs spread, she leaned back and scooted her butt forward until it was resting on the edge of the cushion and her pussy was hanging over it. With her legs splayed out like they were, her pussy was now exposed and defenseless as a stream of juice trickled out of it and slowly dripped down onto the carpet below. She was half-sitting and half-lying with her head and shoulders resting against the back of the chair and her back lying on the cushion.

Dropping to his knees in front of his aunt, Byron leaned down and placed a soft kiss right on her clit. Then he leaned back up, grabbed hold of his cock and lifted it up to the big, drooling gash between his aunt’s splayed legs. Threading the head of his peter down into the gaping opening of her pussy, he leaned forward and eased his cock back down into her.

“Ummmmm...nice...” she murmured, clutching her hands around her big, pendulous breasts. “Now give old Aunt Lainie the fucking she’s been waiting for.”

“Glad to oblige, Aunt Lainie,” Byron muttered, beginning to rock his hips back and forth as his big cock slowly slid in and out of her hot, clutching pussy.

As he fucked her with deep, penetrating strokes, he could see that she was watching his big cock slide in and out of her pussy. And as it did, her meaty pussy lips were wetly clinging to it. Her puffy, swollen nipples were sticking out like two small, purple plums as she plucked and pulled on them with her long fingers.

Byron rested his hands on the arms of the chair, pushing them under her knees, keeping her legs from sliding off as he stroked his cock in and out of her tight, clinging pussy. Looking down, he could see that her smooth, pale inner thighs were smeared with a glistening coating of her own juice while the curly black hairs surrounding her pussy were matted down just as his were.

Looking up as he continued to rock back and forth, he saw that her eyes were clenched shut, her head resting against the back of the chair, her curly, black hair fanned out around it. Her forehead was creased with a frown as she strained for the finish. Her big tits were heavily bobbling up and down and the muscles in her belly were rippling from the force of his thrusts every time he ripped his cock back into her accommodating pussy. Then he heard a high heel shoe thump to the floor as it fell off her foot.

Gotta clean that up, he told himself as he saw a stream of his aunt's juice run down the crack of her ass and onto the chair. Be hard to explain to Mom how that got there...

“Almost—almost—harder—” Elaine coaxed him on.

Jerking his ass back and forth as fast as he could, he heard her other high heel clunk on the floor as it fell off too.

“Yesssssss...” she finally hissed as her legs shot straight out and her ass began bouncing up and down on the cushion. Thrusting herself back against the chair, she threw her hands out and grabbed hold of her ankles.

Byron didn't think a woman could spread herself like that as he continued to pump away at her pussy. Both of her long, curvaceous legs were splayed out at ninety degrees, spreading herself and opening her pussy to the brutal attack Byron was inflicting on it. Watching his big, juice-smeared peter slash in and out his aunt's meaty cunt as it spasmed around him, Byron finally felt his balls erupt sending out a giant gusher of molten cum into her.

He felt like his balls had melted and were pouring out into her pussy while it hungrily sucked and pulled on his erupting peter. While the feelings were nowhere near the feelings he experienced with his mother, the physical pleasure was just as intense and fulfilling as he emptied himself down into her unquenchable pussy.

Then, all at once, he felt her legs snake around his waist and her heels slam into his ass as she forced his spewing giant even deeper into her hot, convulsing pussy.

“Yes...Yes...Give it all to me...” she groaned out, grinding herself up against him and coaxing out every last drop of creamy cum from his spurting cock.

At last it was over. He had nothing left to give her. She had robbed him of all of his liquid treasure.

“That was fantastic,” Elaine cooed, dropping her stocking feet back down to the floor as Byron leaned back and eased his cum-covered peter out of her overflowing pussy.

Looking down at her pussy, both of them watched a stream of thick, creamy goo ooze out of it and down onto the chair between her legs.

“But you made quite a mess,” she laughed softly.

“You bring out the best in me, Aunt Lainie,” Byron grinned, pushing up to his feet. “I’ve got to clean that up before it dries.”

As his aunt sat smiling up at him, he turned and went plodding into the kitchen.

As he returned to the room, Elaine was standing by the couch buttoning her skirt which she wrapped around her hips once again. Her long legs, once again arched by her high heel had more curves in them than Lombard Street, he lewdly thought.

“This turned even better than I thought it would,” she said, reaching down and picking up her blouse. “I don’t even feel guilty about cuckolding Tim anymore...it was that good.”

Byron stopped to watch her as she slipped her arms through the sleeves of her blouse and tugged it over her big, beautiful breasts, covering them and hiding them from his view.

“It was fun,” Byron finally said, dropping to his knees in front of the chair as Elaine slowly buttoned her blouse. “Too bad it’s over.”

“For this time,” she happily giggled as Byron went about trying to wipe the big, gooey mess off the chair. “This was just one of many, I hope...”

Then as Byron wiped the wet towel over the stain, he heard the thump of Elaine’s high heels coming toward him.

Turning, he found her standing right in front of him with her skirt pulled back up

around her waist and her big, hairy pussy only inches from his lips.

“Want to give her a bye-bye kiss,” she smiled down at him, thrusting her pussy out at him, rubbing it across his lips.

“Sure,” he grinned, dropping the towel and wrapping his arms around her hips. Pulling her to him, he buried his face in her crotch and began to flick his tongue back and forth across her clit.

“No...Honey, not that,” she laughed softly, pushing back off his shoulders as she backed away from him. “She just wanted a little kiss...”

“Sorry,” he grinned up at as she turned and started for the door. “Save that for next time. And I’ll be in touch...in more ways than one.”

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Chapter Four – Byron's Gift

It was Saturday morning.

Morgana and Byron were sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee.

Morgana was just starting to show a little and was dressed in the same long tee shirt that had elicited such a chastising sermon from her sister the last time, she had been over. But the shirt hid her little baby bulge. And Byron, wearing only his pajama bottoms sat at the table beside her.

“So what are your plans for the day,” Byron asked her, running his hand up her bare leg.

“Lainie and I are going flea marketing,” she said, spreading her legs apart as Byron’s fingers found the soft wetness between them.

“Darn,” he complained, easing a finger up into her hot, wet pussy. “I thought maybe we could spend the day in bed...”

“Don’t you ever think about anything else,” she complained as he slowly worked his finger in and out of her.

“No—not when you’re around,” he leered at her, reaching down under the table and taking hold of her hand. Then he slowly brought her hand over to his lap where his hard, jutting cock was jutting up through the opening of his pajamas. “See...”

“Byron Forrester, you’re impossible,” she fussed, wrapping her hand around his jutting manhood and giving it a hard squeeze.

“So, Mom, how about a little something to tide me over until you get back,” he grinned at her as he stood up by the table.

Where had it all gone wrong, she asked herself? What had begun as a tender, loving relationship had turned into this. He couldn’t keep his hands off her. He wanted her every moment they were alone, it seemed. But even as much as she complained, she knew that down deep in her heart, she wanted him as much as he wanted her. Maybe more...

“If you want,” she murmured, giving him her hands and letting him pull her to

her feet.

They stepped over to the counter hand in hand. Then Morgan turned and faced him with her back to the counter. Grinning like the cat that just ate the canary, Byron wrapped his hands around her thickening waist and with a grunt, lifted her up onto the counter. Reaching out, Byron pushed her legs apart and then stepped up between them with his big, hard cock jutting out pointing at her wet, oozing pussy.

Extending her arms, she curled her wrists around behind his neck as he fitted the bloated head of his penis into the opening of her pussy and pushed his cock inside her.

Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! went the doorbell.

“Oh, fuck, that must be Lainie,” she fussed, pushing Byron away and out of her as she jumped back down to the floor. “She’s early, as usual. Tell her I’ll be down in twenty minutes and put that thing back in your PJs.”

Byron watched his mother’s ass ripple and quiver as she made a mad dash for the stairs. Then with a smirking smile, he turned and slowly walked toward the front door with his big, wet prick still sticking out through the fly of his pajamas.

Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! Brzzzzzt! Went the doorbell again.

Stopping in front of the door, he peeked out and saw that it was indeed Lainie standing outside the front door looking annoyed.

Still smiling, he pulled the door open.

“Well, hello, Aunt Lainie,” he smirked, watching her eyes immediately dart down to his jutting prick for a second and then up over his shoulder to see if Morgana was around.

“Byron...” she smiled when she saw that Morgana was not around. “What a pleasant surprise,” she whispered reaching out and brushing her fingertips down his stiff, hard penis. “But you shouldn’t go around pointing it at everyone. It might go off.”

“The pleasure is all mine,” Byron smiled, openly leering down at the cleavage

peeking out from between the edges of her blouse.

“It’s still wet. Where’s your mother?” she asked, looking around the empty living room and softly clutching hold of his penis.

“Upstairs dressing,” Byron told her, stepping up beside her and cupping her firm, round ass in his hand. “She said to tell you she’d be down in twenty minutes.”

“Twenty minutes. That would give me time to give you a little present, wouldn’t it?” she murmured, reaching down giving his jutting cock another suggestive squeeze.

“If you say so, Aunt Lainie,” he grinned, giving her soft, pliant ass another squeeze.

“The kitchen,” he told her. “I’ll be there in a second.”

Elaine disappeared into the kitchen as Byron crept over and looked up the stairs to make sure that his mother wasn’t coming back down sooner than expected.

Not seeing her, Byron hurried back into the kitchen.

As he did, he saw Elaine standing at the kitchen counter, her long, shapely legs spread and arched by her high heels. Her panties were wrapped around one trim ankle and her skirt was pulled up around her waist. The plump, round cheeks of her ass were exposed to his leering eyes. As was the goo-covered gash peeking out down below them. Byron quickly moved up behind her with his stiff cock in hand. Fitting the tapered, purple head of his cock up into the juice-slickened opening of her pussy, he dipped his hips and thrust upward, slipping his cock up into the slippery channel of his aunt’s cunt at the same time Elaine lunged back against him.

For some bizarre reason, the possibility of his mother catching them added a sick, perverted thrill to all, as he began to pound his big cock into his aunt’s hot cunt.

“Feels so good,” Elaine whispered over her shoulder, holding onto the counter to balance herself as Byron held onto her waist and slammed his big cock in and out of her drooling pussy.

The risk added to the perverted excitement Byron was feeling and within moments he could feel the cum down in his flopping balls quickly coming to a boil. He was only moments away from filling his aunt's hot cunt with a super-sized load when he heard her groan.

“Goddddd...” Elaine whined out as her ass began to shake and quiver. “I’m coming—” she whispered out between gritted teeth.

With her head thrown back, her ass shaking and jiggling, she thrust herself back at him. And at that precise moment, they heard the loud, pinging clop of Morgana's high heels coming down the stairs.

“Shit!” Byron cursed, jerking his ass back and pulling his cock out of his aunt's spewing, spasming cunt.

Stumbling along backwards toward the door leading out into the garage, Byron watched Elaine dive for her panties and step back into them at the same time she pulled them back up her long legs. Stepping out into the garage, Byron pushed the door almost closed as he reached down and struggled to get his big, wet dick back inside his pajamas while he watched his aunt brush her hands down over her skirt to straighten it and then reach out to turn on the water.

The clop of his mother's high heels on the stairs stopped and a couple of seconds later, she was standing in the doorway looking into the kitchen as Byron watched on.

“There you are...I was wondering where you were,” Morgana said, looking around the kitchen.

“I spilled coffee on my skirt,” Elaine complained, dabbing at her skirt with a wet dish cloth.

“Where's Byron?” Morgana asked.

“Out in the garage, he said he was going to look for something in his car...” Elaine lied, concentrating on dabbing at her skirt.

Finally able to get his hard, stiff cock back into his pajamas, Byron made a mad dash for his car as he saw his mother start toward the garage. Jerking the door open, he pretended to be searching through his car when his mother pushed the

door open and looked over at him.

“Did you lose something?” Byron heard her ask as he rummaged through his car.

Just my integrity, he sadly thought, looking back over at her.

“Just a CD,” he told her, returning to his fake search.

“I hope you find it...Lainie and I are off. I’ll see you later,” she smiled, blowing him a kiss.

Thanking his lucky stars, Byron waited in the garage until he heard Lainie’s car start up and pull away...

That had been too close, he told himself. Thank God he hadn’t finished or they would have gotten caught for sure. But now, he had a big, fat hard on and no place to put it, he complained feeling it flop out through the opening in the front of his pajamas.



It was two o'clock and Byron was sitting in the living room watching football on the TV when he heard Lainie's car pull into the driveway. Turning the TV down he listened to see if they were both coming inside or just his mother. He heard two car doors slam shut outside. They were both coming in. That made him nervous on several levels. He was fucking both of them and he couldn't let on to either of them. He was so afraid that he would say something and let the cat out of the bag.

He had suddenly lost all interest in the game.

Then the door came swinging open and his mother walked in lugging a couple of shopping bags. Her sister followed along behind her with two more.

"We have any money left?" Byron nervously joked, watching his mother set her bags on the table.

"I think so," Morgana laughed.

"Did you get me anything?" he asked, flicking the television off with the remote.

"As a matter of fact, we did," Morgana smiled, looking over at her sister and winking. "Elaine suggested it."

We? That sounded suspicious, he anxiously thought.

"Where is it? Can I see it?" Byron wanted to know, pushing up onto his feet.

Then he saw his aunt lean over and whisper something in his mother's ear.

"We'll let you try it on in a little while," Morgana told him, reaching into one of the bags and pulling out small box and laying it on the table.

"Try it on? It's something to wear?"

"Well, yeah," Elaine laughed as both women started giggling.

Wondering what they had bought him, Byron felt that nervous, uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach again. They had bought him something? They had both been in on it?

Then Morgana pulled out a larger box and set it down on the table. Byron saw that his aunt was watching him as Morgana lifted the lid off the box and slowly peeled the tissue back off what was inside it. Then she pulled out a plain, white brassiere and held it up in front of her.

“You think this will fit?” she smiled at him.

“Uh, huh?” Byron gulped, his cheeks lighting up as he gawked at the bra.

Then Morgana, slipped the little clasp loose on the bra and peeled the cup of the bra back leaving an open hole in the front of it.

“It’s a nursing bra...” she told him, pinching the shoulder straps and letting the brassiere dangle down in front of her smallish tits.

“Uh, okay, uh, I guess...” he mumbled.

What the fuck was she doing? A nursing bra? Aunt Lainie would put two and two together.

“Uh, a nursing bra?”

Nervously glancing over at his aunt who was smiling back at him, seemingly amused by his embarrassment, he watched as she reached into one of the bags she had brought in. Then she brought out a similar box and laid it on the table.

“I bought one, too,” Elaine told him, giggling softly her chubby fingers slowly working their way down the front of her satin blouse. “But mine’s not a nursing bra. It’s a peek-a-boo bra which is essentially the same thing,” she laughed.

“You want us to try them on for you and see if they fit?” Morgana asked him, laying the bra on the table and reaching up to her collar.

Blushing brightly, Byron swallowed, looking back and forth between his mother, who was slowly unbuttoning her blouse and his Aunt Elaine, who doing the same thing.

“What? What’s going on?” Byron muttered, his face the color of chopped liver.

Morgana stopped unbuttoning her blouse and looked at him.

“Elaine pried it out of me. She knows that I’m pregnant. And she knows that you’re the father,” Morgana told him, resuming the unbuttoning of her blouse. Then the smile on his mother’s face turned stern. “She also confessed about what has been going on between the two of you,” Morgana said, her voice quavering slightly.

Their secret was out. His aunt had ratted him out.

“I’m sorry, Mom...” Byron mumbled, not knowing what else he could say. He felt like a jerk.

“Elaine also told me about Uncle Tim’s little problem,” Morgana softly said. “She is my sister, Byron. I feel sorry for her.

“I, I don’t understand...” Byron stammered looking back and forth between the sisters.

“We’ve agreed to share you,” Morgana smiled, peeling her blouse back over her shoulders and pitching it on the table. As she did, Byron saw that, as usual, she wasn’t wearing a bra.

Byron gulped, staring at his mother’s small, almost girlish breasts, watching them softly jiggle and quiver as he heard his aunt cough. Turning, he looked over at Elaine. When he did, he saw that her blouse lay on the table beside his mother’s and she was reaching behind her back. Her, pale, creamy-white breasts were threatening to spill out of the pretty pink brassiere trimmed in black lace that held them.

Could this really be happening? His mother had agreed to share him with her sister? That was fucking crazy. Crazy. Crazy!

There was a part of him that felt somewhat slighted. He had thought that his mother had an exclusive relationship. Well, except for his little dalliance with Aunt Lainie which had now come home to roost.

How is this going to work out he worriedly wondered? Just then his aunt’s plump, pink-tipped melons spilled out of the little brassiere as it slid down her arms.

“What’s wrong?” Morgana asked him. “You look disappointed. I thought you’d

be thrilled—”

Yeah, he ought to be thrilled. This was a boy’s dream come true...wasn’t it? Two women at his beck and call? Willing to do anything for him, to him, with him?

“I’m going to need a few minutes to absorb all this,” he muttered, looking back and forth between them, unable to keep his eyes from flicking down to their brazenly-exposed breasts as they looked back at him smiling lecherously. They both seemed to be enjoying his discomposure.

“What is there to absorb,” Morgana smiled, coolly, picking up the nursing brassiere and wrapping it around her chest just below the silken swell of her small pale breasts. “The only difference is that now you don’t have to sneak around behind my back to do your Aunt Lainie,” she frowned, giving her sister a withering look.

“Sorry...” Elaine mumbled, shrugging her shoulders, making her heavy, pendant breasts bobble and heave.

Byron sensed that there was still some angst between the two women.

“So you’re going to share me?” he asked, still trying to wrap his head around it.

“That’s what sisters do,” Morgana mumbled, looking over at her sister again. “Share things. Isn’t it, Lainie?”

“Yeah, I guess so. Sisters share things...”

“So just how is this going to work?” he quietly asked, watching both the women fumbling with their new brassieres, fastening them, tugging them up under their tits.

“What do you mean?” Morgana asked him, snaking her arm through one of the shoulder straps, settling her small breast down in the cup with the open flap.

“You know...that ménage-a-tra thing or what?” Byron mumbled, blushing.]

“You mean ménage-a-trois?” Morgana laughed, slipping her other arm through its shoulder strap and stuffing her other breast in its cup. Then she turned and looked over at her sister. “Have you ever been in a ménage-a-trois, Lainie?”

“No, I can’t say as I have...you?” Elaine smiled back at her, tugging her frilly, lace-adorned brassiere up under her big, pendant tits.

“No, me either,” Morgana told her, stopping, looking over at Byron, then back to her sister. “You want to try it?”

It had suddenly just gone from crazy to absurd as the two sisters stood looking at each other, then both of them slowly turned and looked over at Byron.

The silence was deafening.

“Byron, are you up to it?” Morgana softly asked.

Both of them? At the same time? His mother? His Aunt? Together? Fuck, yes he was up to it—

“Uh, yeah, I guess...” he mumbled, finally able to grin.

“Lainie?” Morgana asked her sister.

“Yeah...I told Tim that I didn’t know when I’d be back,” Elaine smiled, digging her hand down in her purse and pulling out her cell phone. “I was kind of hoping we could work out something like this. All the sneaking around was getting to be a pain. Just a minute. I’ll call him and tell him we’re going to have lunch,” she giggled, lifting her phone up to her ear.

They were going to do it! They were really going to do it. Byron couldn’t believe it. His Mother. Aunt Lainie. Un-fucking-believable—

Just then Byron saw his mother reach around behind her back. Moments later, her little tits come spilling out to the nursing brassiere as it slid down her arms. As it did, Elaine punched the speed dial on her cell and held it up to her ear.

“Tim...we’re still shopping...Yeah...Morgana and I are going to have some lunch...” Elaine said into her phone, turning her back to Byron, curling her arm behind her and pointing at the clasp of her bra. “Oh, I don’t know...we may do some more shopping when we’re done...there’s left over spaghetti in the fridge...you can warm that up...”

It was weird to the nth degree for Byron as he fumbled with the catch on his

aunt's bra while she was on the phone with her husband discussing what he should do for supper. His Aunt Lainie discussing what his Uncle Tim could fix himself for supper while Byron was banging her...and his mom. Crazy? No, fucking comical—

“...okay...I'll be home by eight...at the latest...see you then...yeah, love you, too.” Then Elaine dropped her phone back in her purse just as he felt her bra strap spring apart under his fingers. When it did, the brassiere slipped down off her shoulders and went go skittering down her arms.

“Thanks...” she chuckled, catching the little pink bra in her hands and pitching it on the table. Then she reached down to her skirt.

Suddenly, Byron felt his mother slither up behind him.

“...you want to fuck Mommy?” he heard his mother whisper into his ear as she nibbled on it while she reached around him to the front of his pants. Then he smelled it. Booze. His mother had been drinking. Maybe that explained it. Maybe she was drunk. But she didn't act drunk. He could feel her soft, warm breasts pressing against his back as she fumbled with his belt, pulling it through its buckle, spreading his pants open, pushing them down his legs.

“Are you sure about this, Mom,” he whispered back to her watching Elaine standing by the table, smiling at them as she pushed her skirt down her long, curving legs. “This is kind of crazy—”

“What choice do we have?” Morgana answered him, shoving her thumbs down inside his shorts, pushing them down his hips, letting his big, firming penis flop out into the open.

“None, I guess...” he told her, smiling to himself as he watched his aunt step out of her skirt while his mother clutched at his cock, squeezing it, softly milking it.

“What are you two whispering about?” Elaine asked them, leaning down to pick up her skirt as her big boobs hung down under her, heavily swinging and swaying.

“I always wanted big ones like yours,” Morgana enviously murmured, resting her chin on Byron's shoulder as she watched her sister's floundering tits bobble and heave.

“Well, I guess you’re going to get your wish...thanks to Byron,” Elaine laughed, pushing her sheer pink panties down her legs.

“I suppose,” Mother murmured, pressing her tits against his back.

“So, you want to give Byron his gift now?” “Elaine chuckled, laying her panties on the table and picking up the little box Morgana had laid on it earlier. “You can help him put it on while you’re at it.”

“Yeah, sure, why not,” his mother laughed, reaching down, grabbing hold of his tee shirt and quickly shucking it up and off over his head while Elaine stepped up in front of him.

“With two of us to please, he’ll probably need it,” Elaine snickered, handing the box to Morgana.

What the fuck were they talking about, Byron wondered? Was it Viagra? Whatever it was, it wasn’t very big if it was in that little box.

Letting go of Byron’s cock, Morgana stepped around in front of him and opened the box. As she peeled back the tissue paper, Byron saw that it was a little, black leather strap with shiny, chrome studs on it. It looked like...had they bought him a cock ring?

“What do you think?” Morgana asked him, holding it up, letting it dangle down from her fingers.

“That’s a cock ring...isn’t it?” Byron dumbly asked.

“Yes, it’s a cock ring,” Morgana laughed, draping it around the hairy base of his cock. “It’ll keep you hard longer. So you can make both of us happy. You’d like to do that wouldn’t you, Byron?”

“Yeah, I guess...” he mumbled, feeling his cheeks warm.

This was crazy and getting crazier by the minute.

“Have you ever used one before?”

Byron’s cock was making a valiant effort to lift its head as it slowly solidified

inside the leather strap.

“No, Mom, I’ve never used one before,” he sarcastically smirked. He hadn’t.

Morgana pulled one end of the leather strap under his big, dangling balls, trapping them as she curled the other end over his cock and pulled it tight. Too tight. He shouldn’t have smarted back at her.

“Is it too tight?” she calmly asked him with a spiteful smile on her dark, red lips, pulling it even tighter.

“Uh, yeah, too tight, hurts,” he muttered, wincing.

“Sorry,” she coldly smiled, releasing some of the tension around his balls and peter.

“That better?”

“Uh, yeah, I think so,” Byron frowned down at her. Hell, he’d never used one of the damned things. He didn’t know how tight it was supposed to be.

“Good,” she giggled, snapped the little grommet closed then leaned down and placed a quick, soft kiss on the firming head of his penis as she unbuttoned her skirt.

Byron realized that they were really going to go through with it. This was so not his mother, but so like his aunt.

He could feel his cock growing harder and harder, lifting up out from between his legs, trapped inside the restricting leather strap. Looking down at it, he saw that it was slowly turning purple as the band grew tighter and tighter. It was beginning to ache a little. Was it supposed to do that?

Looking over at his mother, he saw that both of the women were now naked. And his mother had one of her sister’s big, saggy tits cupped in her hand, leaning down over it, gently nuzzling it while Elaine had her hand cupped over Morgana’s furry, little mound. And he could see that one of his aunt’s fingers was missing, obviously curled up inside his mother’s tight, little cunt.

He wanted to say something. He wanted to tell his mother that he thought the

cock ring was too tight. But he didn't want to disturb them. He'd never seen two women doing things like that to each other. They didn't seem particularly interested in him at the moment, so he reached down and felt his hard, purple cock. It felt cool to the touch. That wasn't good. He wasn't going to stand there and let his cock or split in two or something. It was the only one he had. Reaching down, he quickly unsnapped the cock ring. As he did, he felt a rush of warmth down inside it.

His cock was pretty much fully hardened now as it curved up out of his hairy belly, twitching and jerking every time he moved. Nervously looking back over at his mother and aunt to see if they had seen him unsnap the cock ring, he saw that apparently they hadn't. They were now sitting beside each other on the couch. Elaine was leaning back, eyes closed, legs spread wide apart, while his mother had almost half of one of her sister's big tits sucked inside her mouth. And now his mother had one of her hands cupped around her sister's bushy mound, her thumb busily flicking back and forth across Elaine's swollen, jutting clit.

There was something perversely exciting about watching the two women, one his mother and one his aunt; her sister. Had they ever done this before, he wondered, reaching down and slowly stroking himself as he watched? Maybe back when they were girls?

Then he saw his mother lean back away from Elaine. As she did, Byron could see that the tip of Elaine's tit was glistening wetly in the afternoon sunlight just like his mother's dark, red lips. Pushing up onto her high heels, Morgana held out her hands to her sister.

"Bed..." she softly laughed as Elaine grasped hold of her hands and pulled herself up off the couch.

Feeling somewhat ignored and left out, Byron spoke out.

"Hey, don't forget about me," he complained stomping over to where the two sisters stood staring into each other's eyes.

"Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you," Morgana smiled, reaching down and grasping hold of his stiff cock. "I've got plans for this thing."

Then, turning, Morgana grabbed her sister's hand and started across the room

pulling them, Elaine by her hand, Byron by his penis.

Byron had never been surrounded by so much bare, naked, wiggling, jiggling flesh before. It struck Byron as odd that the two women were so different. His mother, Morgana, pixyish, petite, small-breasted, small, tight ass while Elaine was larger, bigger-boned, with big boobs, and a big butt.

It was almost as if they had different genes, different parents. Had Grandma Pearl strayed from the fold back in the day? Did they have different dads? Maybe Grandpa Amos wasn't the father of both of them. It wouldn't surprise him, Byron smiled to himself. Maybe cheating and, might it be, incest ran rampant in the family. Could it be?

But that was something to be considered at a later date because at the moment, he had a much more thought-provoking quandary to solve. That being what he was going to do to who and when?

After a quick stop off at the bathroom for towels, the three of them stopped by the bed. They looked at each other as if deciding what they would do next. Finally, after a few questioning moments, Elaine spoke.

"Well, I guess I'm the oldest," she laughed, pointing down at the bed. "I'll be the boss. Morgana on the bed. On your back..."

"Yes, Mommy," Morgana tipsily giggled, quickly crawling up on the bed and flipping over onto her back. "What are you going to do to me, Mommy?"

"I told Tim I was going to have lunch," Elaine lecherously smiled, reaching down and brushing her fingers down the inside of Morgana's long, slender leg.

Then, as Morgana expectantly scooted back away from the edge of the bed, Elaine crawled up on the bed with her.

"I've always wondered what this would be like," Elaine smiled down at Morgana as she pushed Morgana's legs apart and crawled up between them.

Byron saw that once again he was being ignored by the two women.

"Ahem..." he coughed. "Aren't you forgetting somebody?" he muttered, standing beside the bed like a petulant little boy who'd been promised candy and

then had it take away.

“I think you’ve spoiled him,” Elaine laughed, leaning down over Morgana. Then she lifted her plump ass in the air in front of Byron and wiggled it back and forth. “There,” she mumbled, “see if you can find something to poke around in while I’m busy with your Mom,” she told Byron, wriggling her ample ass from side to side, tilting it up as she spread her legs and exposed her wet, drooling pussy to him.

Did she mean her ass, Bryon eagerly wondered? He was awfully big to do it without any lube. Spit? Maybe if he worked on it a little, to loosen it up. Leave a little spit on it.

The bed lurched and shook as he floundered up on it and crawled up behind his aunt’s up-lifted ass. He could see that his mother was watching him while Elaine had her face buried down between Morgana’s long legs. Byron could hear the loud slurping sounds his aunt was making as she feasted on his mother’s pussy. He’d never seen two women do it before. It was weird. Especially since the two women were his mother and his aunt.

Standing on his knees behind Lainie, he reached down and grasped hold of her big, fleshy ass and dug his thumbs down into the soft, giving cheeks. Then he spread them apart to bare the circled of dark, fluted flesh between them. Leaning down, he slowly circled the tip of his tongue around it, leaving it shimmering with a film of spit as Lainie wiggled her butt. Stiffening his tongue, he began to gently push and probe his aunt’s asshole, trying to push into it. It was crazy as he looked up over his aunt’s back to find his mother staring down at him, watching him.

What was she thinking, he wondered? Did she think what he was doing to her sister was disgusting? Aunt Lainie didn’t seem to mind. In fact, she was pushing back against his probing tongue. Just then, he felt the tight, little sphincter relax slightly and his tongue pushed inside his aunt’s ass. It was crazy. Pushing harder, he pushed in deeper, wriggling his tongue as he did.

He heard his aunt murmur. Did she want him to fuck her there? There was one way to find out. Easing his tongue back out of her ass, Byron gathered up a big gob of spit and let it drizzle out onto the pucker of Lainie’s tight asshole. Still holding the cheeks spread apart, he wriggled his hips maneuvering his dick up

into the crack of her ass. Slowly working his hips up and down, he smeared the spit all over Lainie's puckered anus. Still holding onto one cheek, he grabbed hold of his stiff, jutting cock and bent it down. Rubbing it up and down the crack of his aunt's ass, Byron smeared spit all over its big, bloated head. Then pressing the rounded tip of his penis against the starred center of his aunt's anus, Byron began to push. He could feel the tight, little opening stretching, spreading apart as the head of his cock slowly bored down into the clenched tightness. He was doing it. She wasn't stopping him. He was going to fuck his aunt in the ass.

Then suddenly, the head of his penis slithered inside her. She flinched and gave out a soft moan into his mother's pussy. Fuck, her asshole was so fucking tight. It felt like her anus was about to cut his dick in two. Reaching down under his dick, he dug his fingers down into Elaine's pussy and dug out a big, slippery gob of cunt-juice. Bringing it up to his dick, he quickly smeared it up and down the shaft. Grabbing her by the ass again, he spread the cheeks apart and watched as he slowly pushed into her accepting asshole. He couldn't believe it. He was fucking his aunt in the ass while his mother watched. Would his mother let him fuck her in the ass, too? He'd never done that.

“So fucking big—” Elaine complained out into Morgana's pussy as Byron's belly finally bumped up against Lainie's plump ass. But she'd taken him all. Up her ass.

“So fucking tight—” Byron grunted, slowly backing his dick back down the strangling tightness of her ass. Grunting, he pushed back in all the way up to his balls. He was fucking his aunt's ass. Crazy.

Letting go, letting the cheeks of her ass squeeze back down against his dick, he began to pump into her. As he did, he looked up to see that his mother had her eyes closed, her head resting on the bed. She was frowning, her arms stretched down to her sister's head. Her fingers were tangled down in Lainie's curly, black hair. Her thighs were clamped against Lainie's cheeks. She was breathing hard, her little tits heaving up and down on her chest. He didn't know if it was because she couldn't bear to watch or the fact it looked like she was about to finish.

Byron's hands were beginning to slip and slide on Elaine's sweaty skin as he grasped her waist to balance himself. Pausing in his frenetic attack on his aunt's ass, Byron struggled up onto the balls of his feet behind and above her. Smiling, watching his mother writhe and squirm while Lainie kept her face buried down

between her sister's legs.

Byron began to slowly rock back and forth again, sliding his big dick in and out of his aunt's tight, clutching bung-hole. It was his first piece of ass and he was reveling in it. Plus the fact that he'd never fucked with a cock ring on made it even crazier. But as much as he was enjoying the experience, he knew that it wasn't going to last much longer. He could already feel that funny, burning sensation down in his cock. He knew that he was going to blow. Soon...

Clutching Lainie's waist tighter, he worked harder, huffing and grunting as he humped into her ass. He could see ripples of energy rippling through the soft, pliant flesh of his aunt's ass every time his belly slammed into it. Sweat was puddling in the dimples of her spine, then slowly trickling down her sides to drip off onto the bed sheets. She had her arms shoved up under the backs of Morgana's thighs, stretched along Morgana's side, her hands clutching and pawing her sister's small, pert breasts as she feasted between her legs. Morgana's arms were stretched out to the sides, her hands balled into fists, clutching at the bed sheet while her legs were slowly unfolding, stiffening out alongside Elaine. Her eyes were clenched so tight tears were squeezing out of them running down her temples and disappearing into her Auburn locks.

He could see that his mother's nipples were stiff and swollen as Elaine's stubby fingers plucked and pulled on them. It felt like his balls were swelling up down inside the tight confines of the cock ring. He was so close as his hips jerked back and forth, his belly slamming into his aunt's plump ass.

Suddenly, his cock shuddered as a jolt of pure, sweet pleasure spasmed through it. Then it kicked and spurted out a huge gush of his molten seed into his aunt's ass. He was coming, finishing deep inside Elaine's accepting bowels.

"So fucking hot—" Elaine gasped out into her sister's pussy as Morgana let out a straining, wheezing grunt. Her whole body went stiff as a board, but Byron didn't notice as he was consumed by the fire filling his loins while he pumped more and more thick, hot jism into his aunt's ass. It was pure ecstasy! Clamping his thighs against her hips, he held on for dear life as he thrust into her, trying to bury his spurting, spewing penis even deeper inside her.

At last, it was over. He had no more for her. She taken it all up her ass. Expecting his cock to wilt down inside her ass, Byron was surprised when it

didn't. It couldn't. The cock ring was trapping the blood inside it.

“Take it out—I've got to go—” Elaine grunted pushing up from between her sister's legs and pulling away from him.

Staggering on the springy mattress, Byron lurched backwards jerking his stiff cock out of his aunt's ass as he fell to the bed.

“Ouch—” Elaine yelped, grabbing at her ass as she rolled over to the side of the bed and jumped off. Then she made a mad dash for the bathroom as Byron lay watching her wondering what to do next. Grabbing one of the towels, he wrapped it around his stiff, jutting prick. Looking over at his mother, he saw that her head was turned to the side, her eyes were still closed. It almost looked like she'd passed out as her arms were stretched out to the side and her small, perky tits were evenly rising and falling as she breathed.

She was so beautiful, laying there so peaceful and still. Then her eyes slowly fluttered open and she turned to look at him. She smiled.

“This is crazy, isn't it” she softly said, reaching over, laying her hand on his thigh.

“Yeah...real crazy,” he grinned back at her.

“Is the ring still working?” she asked him, looking down at his lap where the towel covered him.

“Yeah, it's still working,” he told her, peeling the towel back off his stiff, hard cock to show her. It was a few shades darker than normal, but other than that, Byron didn't seem to be suffering any other untoward effects of having his manhood cinched up like it was.

“You feel up to doing it again...or do you want to take it off?”

Did she mean her ass? Oh, God, he'd died and gone to fucking heaven. Two pieces of ass on the same day? His mom's tight, little ass?

“You mean, uh, you mean like I did to Aunt Elaine?” Bryon asked her.

Before she could answer Elaine came walking back into the room, moving

gingerly.

“What’s this about Aunt Elaine?” Elaine asked, daintily mincing up to the bed and handing a damp washcloth to Byron.

“We were just discussing what to do about the cock ring,” Morgana told her, noticing the way Elaine was walking. “Are you okay?”

“It still smarts a little...when I walk,” Elaine complained, slowly turning around to show her ass to her sister. Then she reached back with both hands and spread the cheeks of her ass apart to expose her asshole and the angry red circle surrounding it.

“How does it look?”

“Uh, okay, a little red around it, but nothing else,” Morgana told her, reaching over and brushing her fingers down one of the cheeks of her sister’s ass.

“There’s some Preparation H in the bathroom if you want it.”

“You have hemorrhoids?” Elaine asked her.

“Ed left it...I just never threw it away. You never know.”

“I think I’ll try it,” Elaine winced, slowly, deliberately stepping back across the room.

“Does that answer your question?” she chuckled, watching Byron slowly working the washcloth up and down his cock.

“Yeah, I guess so,” he disappointedly mumbled, finally pitching the washcloth on the floor beside the bed.

“You can still use the front door...it’s not locked...yet,” she smiled, reaching over and tickling her long, pink fingernails up the shaft of his jutting penis.

Byron’s cock twitched as she did.

“Yeah,” Byron grinned, watching his mother slowly spreading her legs apart, exposing herself to him, brushing her fingers down the silken folds of pink flesh between them.

Byron could hear his aunt rifling through the drawers in the bathroom as he rolled over onto his hands and knees between his mother's long, outstretched legs.

"Where did you say that stuff was?" he heard his aunt holler as he crouched over his mother and watched her grasp hold of his stiff, jutting prick.

"The third drawer down, in the back," Morgana called back, pushing Byron's cock down, seating its pointy head in the seeping slit at the bottom of her pussy.

Slowly pushing down into his mother's pussy, Byron heard a drawer slam shut and another one open.

"Found it—" Elaine told them.

"Mmmmm..." Morgana murmured, draping her legs over the back of Byron's as he pushed into her.

"Where did you get such a big cock," she cooed, squeezing herself down around him. "You certainly didn't get it from your father," she softly laughed.

"Grandpa Amos?" Byron snickered, slowly sliding his cock in and out of her.

"Could be," Morgana answered him. "I saw it once when I was a little girl and he was definitely adequately endowed. But then I was a little girl and all cocks looked huge," she laughed.

"You and Grandpa Amos?" Byron gasped, his ass jerking to a stop.

"I didn't say that," Morgana fussed, digging her fingernails into Byron's waist, pushing and pulling, coaxing him to fuck her. "I just said I saw it."

"Oh," Byron grunted, his hips beginning to rock back and forth again. "That would have been crazy. You and Grandpa Amos..."

"Yeah, it would," Morgana muttered. "Even crazier than this."

The bed was lurching back and forth under them as they fucked. Outside, the sun was about to pull the horizon up over itself and drift off to sleep for the night.

“Couldn’t wait?” Byron heard Laine chuckle as she came clumping back into the room on her high heels.

“Nope—” he grunted, pushing in, holding himself inside his mother, watching his aunt’s big tits rolling and heaving as she stepped toward the bed.

“Did it work?” Morgana asked, digging her nails in again, pushing and pulling on Byron.

“Think so,” Elaine mumbled, stopping beside the bed.

“Come on, Byron, honey, Mommy needs it, baby,” Morgana fussed, her legs locked around Byron’s, rolling her hips trying to kick start his ass again.

As Byron started to rock back and forth again, he felt the bed shake and shiver as Elaine crawled up beside them.

“Mind if I help?” she whispered into his ear and crawled a finger down the crack of his bounding ass.

What was she doing? Then he felt the tip of her finger find the pucker of his asshole. His asshole instinctively clenched tighter as he continued to pump into his mother.

Then he flinched, his groin slapping against his mother’s as he felt a pinch of pain when his aunt’s finger forced its way into his anus. He stopped.

“Don’t stop—” Morgana complained, digging her nails in again, pushing, pulling.

“Yeah, don’t stop...” Elaine whispered into his ear as she wriggled her finger around inside his ass, pushing deeper.

It was bizarre. Getting his ass reamed by his aunt while he fucked his mother. They couldn’t even think this up for a porn movie. It was too far-fetched.

Then, as he pulled back, he felt his aunt’s probing finger rub across the knot of his prostate. It felt good. Yeah, really good as he began to work back and forth faster. As he did, Elaine’s finger rubbed harder. It felt better. This was fucking fantastic.

“Oh, yeah, honey, like that, like that—” Morgana bubbled, her hands clutching him, pushing and pulling, her ass bouncing up and down on the bed as she rose to meet him on every pile-driving stroke. Elaine was rubbing his prostate harder, her other hand clutching hold of his sweaty ass, squeezing it, pushing on it.

“Yeah, baby, fuck your Mommy hard, baby,” Elaine snorted, lurching and rolling with the frantic movement of the bed as it rocked back and forth.

Byron could feel the burn. It wouldn't be long as he worked faster, pumping his pistoning peter in and out of his mother's hungry cunt at a feverish pace.

Suddenly, his mother groaned and went stiff under him as her cunt clamped down around him, squeezing, milking him. She was coming!

That did it and Byron suddenly felt a sudden warmth gush through his cock as the tension wrapped around his cock and balls went away. He ejaculated as a spasm of sweet, warm pleasure rushed through his cock. He was coming. Coming in his Mother. He could feel his cock kicking, bucking down inside her belly as gush after gush of hot, creamy cum spurted out into her. Elaine had unfasted the cock ring. It was fucking crazy good. It was one of the best orgasms ever.

His lips found his mother's. They kissed, frantically as their bodies melted together, fused by incandescent heat welling up from their loins.

As the waves of pleasure washed over him, the roar in his ears slowly softened to a soft throb. It was over. He had nothing left to give. He felt another soft pinch of pain as Elaine eased her finger out of his ass. Breathing hard, trying to catch his breath, he felt himself wilting, dying down in the cum-splattered depths of his mother's pussy. All of a sudden, he came slithering out of her and limply dropped to the bed between her legs.

Someone was tugging on his arm, pulling him, rolling him over onto his back. Then as he lay looking up at the ceiling, the bed shuddered again and he found himself staring up into a big, black-haired, pink-lipped pussy. His aunt's wet, glistening pussy. He followed it with his eyes as it slowly descended down onto his lips. Reaching up, Byron wrapped his hands around her hips and rolled.

Lying between his aunt's outstretched legs, Byron spread his hand out on her belly and peeled the little hood back off her clit with his thumb. With the pink

pearl exposed, he flicked out his tongue and began to flog the squiggly nub.

“Mmmmmyeahhhh...” Elaine murmured out, rolling her hips, rubbing herself against his flicking tongue.

Then, out of nowhere, he felt his mother’s cheek brush against his, her warm, sinuous tongue brushing against his as they both licked and lapped at Elaine’s clit. There was something wicked and bizarre about both of them doing her at the same time. But the pressure on his cheek grew more and more determined so he let his mother have her clit as he licked his way down the silken folds of flesh to her pussy. Pushing his tongue into the slippery slit, he felt Elaine’s cunt clutch down around it, nipping it, squeezing it. Stiffening his tongue, he began to slide it in and out of his aunt while his mother’s tongue whipped back and forth across her sister’s swollen, inflamed clit.

The muscles in Elaine’s legs were tightening, straining, clamping against his cheeks as he tongue-fucked her faster and faster. She was about to come already. He could sense it. She was breathing faster, panting. Her ass was squirming, wriggling, working her pussy up and down. Then she suddenly jerked and a gush of thick, hot cream gushed out onto his chin. Opening his mouth wider, he locked his lips around his aunt’s spewing cunt and sucked. He could feel the slippery juice pouring out onto his tongue, coating it with her slightly salty overflow as she came. Sucking, swallowing, Byron drank down his aunt’s generous gift as she gave up more and more until there was none left. He had sucked out all she had. His lips, his tongue, and his chin were covered in her creamy outflow as she suddenly melted back down onto the bed.

“Was it good?” he heard his mother whisper to her sister.

“Oh-God—” Elaine groaned. “The fucking best ever—”

There was a sudden flurry of arms and legs and Byron found himself lying between the two women. His limp, lifeless cock was pressed against his mother’s hip, his arm draped across her just below her tits while Elaine was spooning him, her furry, little mound pressing against his ass, her big tits crushed against his back.

What a fucking day, he blissfully thought, cupping his hand around his mother’s flattened breast, squeezing it, fondling it, pinching and twisting her soft nipple, feeling it hardening under his fingers.

Leaning over, he whispered into his mother's ear.

“Mother, I love you...”

Then he turned to his aunt and whispered.

“I love you, too, Aunt Lainie. I love you both...”

The End

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About the Author

The Baron, as he likes to be called, lives on a ranch in rural Nevada, just a little north of Reno. He lives there with his wife, her six horses, his four dogs, not to mention a goat and a cat. The Baron started writing erotica back in 2003 for a site called Mr. Double. After that, in 2006, he moved on to another free site called Literotica. After writing for Literotica for seven years where he rose to number two on their most favorite author list with a following of over 3000 readers, he decided to try his hand in the “for profit” field. Although most of the Baron's stories are in the incest genre, he does occasionally venture out into other genres.

If you enjoyed the Baron's latest offering, Morgana’s Christmas, please feel free to drop him a line at baron.d.esade@hotmail.com. Thank you for taking the time to read his book. Feel free to write a review, or perhaps you might be interested in some of his other books listed below. Once again, thanks again for reading the Baron's work and we hope you enjoy his future stories...

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