

# Mother and Aunt are the Prizes

The medium-sized town I grew up in provided limited job opportunities for youths. Some kids mowed lawns while others worked on farms or helped with their family businesses. The lucky ones from wealthy families didn't have to worry about finding work. I started as a part-time, unofficial apprentice groundskeeper at the age of ten. Of course, I was a "go-fer" for someone who knew what they were doing and I "went-fer" lots of things.

My desire for seeking employment at an early age came from a goal I had set to save for college. Fortunately, Mom heard from a friend of a possible opening for a minor. A widow with a large mansion was looking for someone to help her full-time groundskeeper. My interview took place in her massive house. Her housekeeper, Rebecca, showed me into Mrs. White's study. After a short interview, I was immediately hired. It shocked me more than my mom.

From that time on I spent most of my free time helping Frank, the professional who lived in a small cottage on her expansive property. Impressed by his knowledge of plants, I learned all I could while toiling through the manual labor part of the job. We worked well together and as the years rolled by my college fund increased at a moderate pace.

Dad's business schedule precluded him from being home much of the time which meant Mom attended my school events and activities. It was for the best anyway as he routinely exhibited a foul mood. I often heard my parents argue at night when I was in my room studying. He rarely talked to me and more than once I felt I had said or done something to offend him.

The only exception was when he accompanied me to the bank to open an account to hold my earnings. His approving look boosted my confidence as we began the joint account. As we exited the building, he told me he was proud of my thriftiness and would periodically supplement our account with a portion of his bonuses.

During my years of working, Mrs. White routinely invited me in for a cold drink and snacks. Through our conversations, it was clear she was highly educated and intelligent. She helped me with suggestions for assignments that involved writing papers. The next five years flew by as I attended school, worked, and saved money. My life changed when I turned fifteen.

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Finishing my math homework one Friday night, I heard my parents engaged in a loud argument. I cracked the door to hear better. Dad was leaving her, claiming he'd had enough and was going to free himself from their stagnant relationship. She cried and repeatedly pleaded with him to tell her what was wrong, but he kept up his rampage about how he couldn't stand staying here any longer.

Silence for ten minutes before I heard a thump and a suitcase latch click. Soon after, Dad spoke in a more controlled voice. "My attorneys have already filed for divorce and you should be happy. I'm giving you the house plus a quarter of our savings. It's bad enough I'll be saddled with child support. I doubt if he's even mine."

Mom screamed, "How dare you! You know you're the father and how could you have already drawn up papers? How long have you been planning this? Why didn't you talk to me sooner?"

"Six months or so. I was busy at work so I didn't have time or the desire to talk to you. I already have another place to go to. I'm leaving."

Mom cried as she whimpered, "What about Jason?"

Dad's voice elevated and transformed to a harsh, condescending tone. "Why do you think I was so generous to give you the house? I didn't want the little bastard in the first place. If I don't ever have to see his ugly mug again, it was worth the generous offer I made you."

Unable to hold back my own tears, I heard Mom's angry toned reply come to my defense. "You bastard! He's been nothing but a model son. How dare you talk about him that way. Get out. Now! I don't want to ever see you again."

"Fine by me, Bitch!" I heard the door slam before his car raced off. Closing my door, I trudged back to bed and had the worst night of sleep I could remember.

The next morning at breakfast Mom's red eyes indicated she had the same night of unrest as I did.

When I was ready to leave, Mom tearfully wept, "Your father's gone, Jason. He left us last night. He won't be back."

"I know, Mom. Your voices were loud enough for me to hear. What did I do to make him so mad? Did he leave you because of me? Would he return if I moved into Mrs. White's house? She has plenty of extra bedrooms and I think she would let me stay there."

It was clearly not the right thing to say. Tears rolled down her cheeks as her crying increased in intensity. She pulled me out of my chair, hugging me tightly. She kept rocking and swaying, clinging to me as if I were trying to escape.

"No, Honey. You had nothing to do with it. We haven't been a loving couple for years. Those wild accusations were said to hurt me. You're not going anywhere. I'll find a job and we'll pull through this together. I love you and won't let anything come between us."

"Thanks, Mom. It doesn't seem right that he's making all the decisions. Why don't you get your own attorney? I'm sure you could do a lot better."

"It's possible, but I don't want to drag this out. I'm relieved it's over. We have enough for us to begin a new life."

Mom had married straight out of high school and had never been employed. Knowing she didn't possess any marketable skills, my

confidence levels weren't as high as hers. "I have my college savings. We can use those funds until you find a job," I offered.

"Your school fund is for your use, not for something like this. I'll start looking for work on Monday. Let me worry about our future. Now run along and go to your job. Mrs. White will wonder why you're late."

After several hours working in the garden, Mrs. White invited me in for lunch. Unable to hide my depressed state, she pried out the previous night's episode. She looked dismayed and tried her best to console me.

When I was leaving, she remarked, "You and your mother are strong. I have no doubt there will be a positive outcome from your misfortune."

Before heading home, I decided to stop by the bank. As a surprise to Mom, I was going to withdraw my savings which should be close to six thousand dollars. Even without Dad contributing anything, I had managed to sock away a substantial amount of my earnings.

The surprise was on me. The bank manager informed me Dad had transferred the funds to a different bank a day earlier. My first hard lesson about shared accounts.

Once home, I decided not to tell Mom about my savings being pilfered. That would only upset her more and I hated to see her so depressed. By the time I left for school on Monday, Mom was feeling better. When

I arrived home in the afternoon, Mom was unusually happy. A firm had called her and offered her a position.

Mom was jubilant and excitedly exclaimed, "Can you believe it, Jason? They didn't seem concerned I have no training or experience. Someone referred my name to them and they hired me without an interview. I start tomorrow."

"That's great, Mom. What company is it?"

"Franklin Investments. It's not even a long commute. I knew we'd come out of this."

Overwhelmed with joy, she skipped over and hugged me tightly. She didn't see my smile, as I knew how her good fortune arrived. I had noticed a plaque from them on Mrs. White's wall. She was involved in helping us. It didn't surprise me as she was so kind to me.

For the next three years, Mom and I grew closer. Dad had done us a service as our happiness flourished. Mom stayed in shape and could have easily dated anyone she wanted, but preferred to spend all her time with me.

She helped me succeed in school and made certain I looked my best when going out on dates. It was a little embarrassing how she grilled every girl I hooked up with, but I didn't mind. She was still protecting me.

Three months after my eighteenth birthday, I graduated from high school. Mom beamed throughout the ceremony. When we arrived home, she hugged me for a much longer time than normal. Her soft breasts beneath her thin bra felt good pushing into my chest and I made no attempt to back off. Slightly pulling back, she looked me in the eyes and lightly kissed me on the lips. "Congratulations, Honey. You make me so proud. I can't wait until you attend College this fall."

"Thanks, Mom. I couldn't have done it without you though." She smiled widely. I wanted to lean down and kiss her full, inviting lips but feared it would ruin the moment.

Knowing she was concerned with my college tuition, I added, "Working through the summer should buff my savings so my expenses shouldn't be a burden to you."

"Don't worry, Jason. We'll manage. We owe a lot to Mrs. White, maybe more than we know."

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Several days later Mrs. White invited us for dinner. After our arrival, we were seated and served by Rebecca. The nervousness of the situation was broken by Mom. "Mrs. White, I'd like to thank you for dinner and for providing work for my son for all these years. We appreciate it."

Mrs. White's smile widened as she replied, "Please, call me Ethel. Your son has been a godsend to me. Frank praises his great work ethic and tells me what a joy he is to work with. I was the lucky one in this case. He's turned out to be a fine young man."

"I'm glad he's been helpful, Ethel. And please, call me Monica."

Once the ice was broken, they took off and chatted through the rest of the meal. They made plans to dine together again in a few more days.

After a few weeks and several dinners later, Ethel invited me in after a hot day's work. Sweat was pouring off me and my clothes were soaked. Leading me to one of the bedrooms, she told me to take a shower and leave my clothes outside the door so she could dry them. There was a thick, cotton robe hanging in the bathroom to wear in the meantime.

Clean and dry, I walked out to the living room where Ethel was sitting. She directed me to a comfortable chair several feet opposite hers. We talked for ten minutes while we waited for my clothes to finish when Ethel's tone turned serious.

"Jason, do you know what happens here on those few times each year I don't allow you to work?"

I knew what she was talking about. She hosted some kind of a three-day gathering. Neither Frank nor I was allowed to work in the yard during the event so I would have a mini-vacation. Walking by her house when it was off-limits, I noticed several cars on the property at

different times of the day. I suspected she still had business connections and figured it had something to do with one of those companies.

"Nope, not a clue. If I had to guess, I'd say something to do with the firms you're associated with?"

"It's a personal pursuit of mine. You should be well aware by now that I'm wealthy. There are certain pet projects I invest in. One of them is improving relationships between mothers and sons. Under the pretense of a contest, I bring five couples closer."

Fidgeting in my chair, this was getting a little too personal. Did she think Mom and I weren't getting along? Seeing my conflicted expression, she continued.

"Your mother is attractive, isn't she? Her legs are one of her best attributes. I've noticed she wears heels when she comes here for dinner. I'm sure you noticed how it improves the appearance of the backs of her legs. Don't you shiver with excitement when her soft breasts press into you when you hug?"

Blushing profusely, I wasn't sure how to respond. How did she know I checked out Mom's body every chance I could? There was no way I was going to tell her how my prick reacted when Mom hugged me tightly. I croaked, "She is pretty. Our relationship is in a good place and I don't see any need for improvement."

She giggled and continued. "When she pulls your body into hers, I bet your senses run rampant. The smell of her shampoo, the soft flesh of her neck next to your face must drive you crazy. And her intoxicating, natural scent. How long can you go before you have to move away from her so she doesn't notice your stiffness?"

Scarily, she knew me too well. Thinking about Mom, my manhood woke up and was threatening to peek out my robe. I shifted to the back of the chair to avoid an embarrassing situation.

Before I could answer, Ethel ordered, "I'm not going to prolong this discussion any longer. Don't worry, I'm not going to harm you. Open your robe and show me how much of what I said is true."

"Mrs. White, I can't believe you want me to expose myself. You're making me a little uncomfortable." I was a poor guesser when it came to women's ages, but I figured she was mid-sixties. She wasn't unattractive and being a horny teenager, I wouldn't normally pass up a chance at sex. I hesitated as I was confused at her actions. She always portrayed a business-like ambiance and had never flirted.

She sensed my discomfort and continued, "You're nervous, I get it. Don't worry, I'm not interested in having sex with you. Let me disclose a private part of my history to lessen your uneasiness. My second husband and I enjoyed years of happiness before he died ten years ago. Our love knew no bounds and my memories of those days will last forever. We enjoyed a physical connection most couples won't achieve. His name was John and he was my son."

That hit me like a ton of bricks. Her son was her husband? How did they keep it hidden from the community and what did this have to do with me? It took a lot of nerve to tell me something so confidential.

Knowing it was a leap of faith when she divulged her forbidden relationship, I decided there wouldn't be any harm in granting her request. Not fully hard would hopefully disguise the sexual attraction I held for my mother. Untying my robe, I pulled it to the sides and slid forward so she could get a good look.

She grinned as she eyed me. "Thank you, Jason. Any mother would love to play with your manhood. How much bigger does it get?"

Another blush. "I'm not sure. A little, I guess."

"I bet it does. Think of those long legs of your mom. Those tight hugs. Do you ever imagine her legs wrapped around you while you pound her pussy?"

Jesus, that did it. She was describing my favorite fantasy. Unable to stop the blood flowing, my prick proudly rose in its glory.

"Oh, my. What a nice looking cock. Don't be ashamed of dreaming about your mother sexually. It's natural to get hard for the person you love most. You do adore and cherish her, don't you?"

"Of course, I do. She's protected and cared for me throughout my whole life."

"Yes, motherly love. I'm thinking more of physical passion. You want nothing more than to fuck your mother. You're masturbating several times a night wishing her nude body was against yours."

My prick lurched in agreement. It ached and I needed to get back to the bathroom to console my steel-hard cock.

"Okay, Dear. You've shown your interest in your mother. I had to verify your true feelings before I continued. As I stated earlier, my contests are to bring mothers and sons together, as in fucking. The relationship with my son was so strong I decided to use my wealth to enlighten others so they can share the same experience."

Closing my robe, I sighed in relief. Knowing she wasn't going to make an advance on me made me more at ease with our conversation.

"I didn't know you had any children. What about your first husband? How did you and your son get involved?" I was doing everything I could think of to shift her away from talking about my own mother.

"My first husband passed away when my son turned twenty. At first, it was consoling hugs before progressing to touching. We found comfort with each other and it wasn't long before we were intimately kissing. Missing his father's touch, I allowed his hands to explore more

than normal during our hugging. It wasn't long before I allowed him to caress my breasts."

Pausing to reflect on her memories, she continued, "After weeks of tension, he came into my bedroom one night and I willingly spread my legs for him. We never stopped after that blissful night. We lived as husband and wife until his death. This is what I wish for you, and by the looks of your reaction, you can imagine how special it is to make love to your mother."

This was mind-blowing. She was going to help me seduce my mom. This was something I hadn't considered possible. Mom hadn't been shy to display her affections, but never sexually. My body tingled with excitement realizing I might fulfill my dream of fucking my mother.

"How do you get mothers to mate with their sons? I can see it'd be easy to convince the sons, but mothers aren't sex-crazed like teenage boys."

"Some are tougher than others, but I have methods to achieve my goals. I have access to information that helps me persuade the couples. If you want to pursue this, I'll explain in detail what to do."

I could only nod, unable to verbally tell anyone I wanted more than anything to be with my mother. She methodically laid out the steps to initiate the process before I left for home.

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Staring at Mom's glowing face at dinner triggered a daydream of what it'd feel like to be together as lovers. Those appealing, down-curved, full lips were enough to release a flow of blood to my groin. Suddenly, I was shaken out of my fantasy.

"Jason! Eat your dinner before it gets cold."

"Sorry, Mom. I was trying to decide what to do this weekend. Ethel scheduled an event and doesn't need me to show up. We're free to do something fun."

"Really? An event? What kind of business would she have to do on a Saturday?"

"It's a contest she sponsors. The Grand Prize is an all-inclusive week's vacation at a secluded estate in Hawaii, so it's a pretty big deal. Second place is a week in San Diego and third is a week in Vail."

"Those prizes sound good. How do they win?"

"It's a battery of tests on how well mothers and sons know each other."

Mom's eyebrows lifted as her expression turned to puzzlement. "As close as we are, there would be no competition. Too bad I have a work project I need to work on. Most of my weekend will be tied up."

"It doesn't matter. The entry fee is two thousand dollars. That's a lot of money to risk."

"Wow, you're right. It must be a bunch of her rich friends who compete."

She couldn't hide her disappointment at missing out on a fun activity with her son. I added, "I almost forgot to tell you. She invited us to dinner Friday night."

With my first step in place, I switched topics as we finished eating. It was up to Ethel now.

Friday night finally arrived and we showed up promptly at the mansion. Mom was impeccably dressed again. Her legs had the usual effect on me as Rebecca escorted us to the dining room. Not long into the meal, Mom asked, "Ethel, I hear you're sponsoring a mother and son contest this weekend. I didn't realize you held such events."

"Yes, I am. It's a fun experience and it's surprising how many mothers and sons don't know much about each other. Come to think of it, one of the couples dropped out today. Why don't you and Jason join us in the morning and see for yourself?"

"Thanks for the offer, but Jason informed me of the entry fee. We couldn't possibly afford it, and even if we could, I have work to do for the business this weekend."

Ethel grinned, knowing she was closing in. "I'd waive the fee for you. Consider it a bonus for all the years Jason has helped me. It would please me if you'd attend, at least for the first day."

Mom's expression softened. She knew she couldn't argue with the older, stronger-willed woman. Mom stuttered, "I guess it wouldn't hurt. My work can be postponed until Sunday, allowing us to participate through Saturday. We wouldn't be able to complete it with my work on Sunday. If you have another couple to attend, it'd be better to invite them."

"No, it'll be fine. Attend tomorrow for the one day. It should be entertaining if nothing else."

Mom replied, "Okay, we'll do it. Do we need to do anything to prepare?"

"No, there's nothing complicated about the process. Most of it is answering questions. There are also a few physical tests. Allow me to demonstrate."

Mom's eyebrows slightly elevated with the mention of bodily contact. Ethel rose from her chair and moved to me. "Close your eyes, Jason."

As soon as I shut them, her hand guided mine up an arm. It was thin, obviously Ethel's.

Soon after, she moved my hand to Mom's firmer, fleshier arm. This wasn't much of a test. My fingers glided up her arm and Ethel didn't

stop my movement until I was at Mom's upper arm. Without opening my eyes, I said, "Mom, why are you getting so many goosebumps?"

They both laughed. Ethel moved to her chair and directed, "You can open your eyes. This was a pretty easy test, but it'll be more challenging when women in the same age group are involved. As you can see, it's a simple method to determine how much a parent and child know each other. Any more questions?"

Mom looked satisfied and confident it was a harmless contest. "No, it sounds like a fun diversion from my work. We'll see you tomorrow."

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Mom wanted to walk, rather than drive to the event. The result was us arriving ten minutes late. Rebecca greeted us and explained that everyone was already gathered in the Great Room. The four other pairs were standing in a line. The first two couples I didn't recognize.

The third pair was Mrs. Amari and her son, Kaito. She used to be friends with Mom but hasn't been over for several years. Kaito and I were classmates but weren't friends in school. He was a dick, taking after his father. He still lived with his mother after the divorce because she was in charge of his trust until he turned twenty-one.

Mrs. Amari, Yuri, was the subject of many of my fantasies. She portrayed the stereotyped Japanese beauty. Lightly tanned, silky skin with thin, smooth legs. I doubt if she weighed more than ninety

pounds. Her jet-black, short hair matched her deep-brown eyes. Her smallish tits would allow her to go braless but her shyness prevented her from displaying her sexy body.

A nervous chill flowed through my spine when my eyes fell on the fourth couple. My cousin Mike stood by Aunt Lexi. This was bad, very bad. Mom and her older sister were extremely close until Mom and Dad split apart. There was a good reason. My aunt married Dad six months after the divorce. They hadn't talked since. That's the same time frame Yuri quit visiting us. Mom didn't want to be around anyone associated with her sister. It was a shame as the three of them had been good friends.

Turning to see Mom's reaction, it was obvious she wanted to flee. Fortunately, she stood firm and avoided eye contact with them. I doubt if we'd go far in the competition with Mom so upset.

Ethel entered, announced the rules, and finished with, "You have read the contract and have signed the non-disclosure agreement. All of you know I have plenty of money and you would not want to do anything to upset me. If anyone wants to back out, I'll refund everything, no questions asked."

No one uttered a word. "Very well, we'll begin with a physical test to break the ice."

She handed everyone a blindfold and told us to face our partner and cover our eyes. "I will move the sons in front of a mother and you will hug for thirty seconds. Each of you will raise a hand, either the right

one if you believe they are your mother or son; otherwise, signal with your left."

She rearranged us and directed, "Okay, begin."

The first thing I noted was my mask didn't hide anything. I looked at Ethel and she gave me a thumb's up. She wanted me to see the other contestants. The first lady I hugged was one of the women I didn't recognize. She was busty and her soft tits pressed into me felt great. We both raised our left hands.

Yuri was next. Because of her petite size, all the sons would correctly guess her. I was surprised her pelvis matched mine but her head nestled below my chin. It was her long legs making the difference. Of course, we both raised our left arms and moved on.

Aunt Lexi was next. She was a year older than Mom and similar in looks. Her breasts were larger and consequently drooped lower than Mom's. Hugging her tightly, I moved my hand to her waist and gently pinched a chunk of flesh. She let out a little giggle and did the same to me. When she previously visited us, we greeted each other the same way. She knew who was hugging her as she pulled me in close to her, squashing her full breasts against me. Left arms again.

Mom was next and I couldn't wait to wrap my arms around her. Her familiar body scent hit me along with the smell of her hair. Fearing she was already rattled from seeing Lexi, I resisted pulling her in close. Right arms raised. We'd hugged enough over the years that she had no problem recognizing me.

Ethel announced we were finished and could remove our masks. Looking around I observed the fifth couple was missing. No one made mention of it as Ethel announced the start of the questions phase. After she escorted us to different rooms to work on the written tests, she prepared the next physical trial.

After everyone was situated, Ethel led me down a long hallway to a room. Once in, I could see one wall was a one-way mirror peering into a bedroom with a large bed in the middle. A chair was positioned next to it. After she told me to sit and wait, she left. Looking around the room, I noticed an array of electronic recording equipment stacked on one wall. Nearby was a workstation with several monitors and video controllers. Looking into the bedroom, I couldn't identify any camera locations.

Motion in the other room caught my attention. Yuri followed Ethel into the bedroom. I could hear them speaking. I remained silent, unsure if the sound was two-way.

Ethel instructed, "Yuri, position yourself on the bed so your lower leg is next to the chair. I'll bring in one of the sons and he will touch your calf and identify you as his mother or not. Both of you will be wearing your blindfolds. I'll be in the next room observing through the window to make sure there is no cheating. Any questions?"

"No, I guess not. How long will he be touching me?"

Ethel replied, "He has two minutes to raise one of his arms. After the bell rings, he may continue to touch you. If you become uncomfortable with the situation, raise your hand and I'll halt the process."

Yuri was silent as Ethel left and brought in Kaito. He was already wearing his mask and had been briefed on the way. Ethel exited and entered the room where I was seated. She grinned and said, "It's soundproof in here. Don't say anything when I click on the microphone to talk to them."

She hit the button and announced, "Okay, begin."

Kaito touched his mother's calf. Within seconds he raised his right arm and removed his hand. Not able to contain myself, I mocked, "What an asshole. His mom is hot. He could have caressed her leg for at least the two minutes. I never did like him."

Ethel snickered, "Yeah, he's a prick. He doesn't bother to hide his disgust toward his mother. It took a lot of persuading to invite them. I had to promise him I'd convince Yuri to release his trust funds early. He said as soon as she does he's moving to his Dad's place. They deserve each other. Kaito was nice to her last week, to convince her to come. Of course, it helped that I waived the fee for her. She didn't want to participate, but hoped he might have changed and it would improve their relationship."

This outcome appeared to be the exact opposite of the program's intention. "Wasn't the objective of the program supposed to join mothers and sons, not to separate them?"

"I do what's best for their relationship, even if it results in ending their current status."

Before she could leave, I asked, "Ethel, are these video recorders? Are there cameras in the room?"

She replied, "Yes, everything is captured to an SSD. The cameras are hidden well, aren't they? Using the peripherals enables one to produce a high-quality movie. I don't do anything with the videos unless I need to review them if I missed something. An extra eye is helpful."

She left to escort the couple out of the room and re-entered with Lexi. After briefing her, she brought in Mike. Once she was back with me, she directed him to proceed. I chuckled, "You know he's gay, right? Their relationship isn't going to advance beyond the normal mom and son relationship."

"Of course, I know. She's not here to bond with her son. Her invitation was for your mother."

"My mom? They haven't been friends for years."

"I know, but I'm also aware they were competitive when growing up. Your mother will want to remain in the contest to best her older sister. Lexi is an incentive to keep your Mom interested."

I had to hand it to her. Ethel was a devious old coot.

The fifth couple who suddenly disappeared gnawed at me. "What happened to the missing mother and son?"

"I dismissed them. From the way they hugged, I knew they were already fucking. I gave them a thousand dollar gift card and a room-key for the presidential suite at the Hyatt. They couldn't wait to leave to enjoy their incestuous weekend."

"They forfeited their two thousand?"

She laughed. "Remember the waiver? I give it to everyone. No one pays a cent. It keeps the losing couples much happier."

Mike held his arm up and correctly identified his mother.

Before Ethel left, she stated, "As soon as I escort Lexi and Mike out, I'm going to the room where your Mom and the other son are working. I'll escort the son out and put him in a room in the back. I want you in the bed, ready for your Mom to take a guess. Hopefully, she'll assume it's the son who was in the room with her and make the wrong decision."

She exited before I could ask her why she wanted Mom to fail. Making my way to the other room, I put on my blindfold, removed my pants, and moved into position. Ethel led Mom in and gave her the instructions before retreating to the observation room.

Once Ethel gave the go-ahead, Mom reached out and touched my foot. Moving up, she ran her fingers through my hairy, lower leg. She looked puzzled as if she was second-guessing herself. When the two minutes were up, she raised her left arm. Ethel was right. She was fooled and incorrectly guessed.

Escorting Mom back to the main room, she returned and told me to get dressed as she was going to wrap up today's trials.

After the other three couples were out the door, Ethel kept Mom and me to the rear. With a look of concern, she said, "You two were almost eliminated. One couple already failed so you barely made it for another day. It looks like you might not know each other as well as you think. There's always tomorrow, though. Good Luck."

Mom looked distressed as she knew she made the incorrect guess. She replied, "It might be for the best. I have a big project and will need to work on it all day. Thanks for inviting us. It was interesting."

Ethel didn't look as disappointed as I thought she should be. "You have to do what's best for you. If you show up, you can still participate; otherwise, I'll see both of you in a few days."

Ethel's upbeat attitude surprised me, but her track record was spot-on. On the way home, Mom's phone chirped with a text message. After reading it, she turned to me with a wide smile. "I can't believe it. That call was from my workplace. Due to an unfortunate turn of events, my

project has been postponed for a month. My boss felt so bad that I had put so much effort into it, she gave me next week off with pay."

"Great, Mom. We'll find something to do."

The rest of the night flew by. Before I drifted off to sleep I chuckled as I knew Ethel was the reason Mom's assignment was delayed.

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Mom rushed us through breakfast Sunday morning. When we finished, she ordered, "Go put on your running shorts. We need to practice."

"Practice? For what, Mom?"

"The contest, of course. With a little bit of work, we can get back in the game. Meet me in the living room after you change clothes."

Mom was sitting on the floor, knees crossed. Her skirt rode up on her upper legs with six inches of her lower thighs on display. This could be a problem with my shaft waking up.

"Lie down and put this on." She handed me a sleeping mask. At least with her legs out of sight, my hardening dilemma might be solved.

Before I could ask what we were doing, she ran her hands over my calves. Her fingers periodically closed around my hair as she did during the contest. Exclaiming, "It was you in the room. I was the one who almost got us kicked out. We can't let that happen again. Remain still while I memorize your upper legs."

Her fingers soothingly caressed my thighs, nearing my bulging shorts. Her soft hands sensually stroked my tense muscles. If my tented shorts weren't giving away my excited state, I'm sure my rapid breathing would.

Removing her hands, I felt her lying beside me. "Okay, it's your turn. Touch my calves and try to find anything to aid in identification."

Feeling my way around her body, my hands caressed her lower legs. My mask slipped and with a gentle nudge, I was able to peek out the top. She was wearing her mask. At least she couldn't observe my bulging prick. Not wanting to get caught, I stole a quick glance at Mom's bare legs before I shifted my blindfold back in place.

After running my hands over her calves and familiarizing myself with her knees, I ventured higher. She didn't stop me, so I continued to caress her flesh. Her breaths were rapid as I stroked her upper leg. Reaching her thigh, I lingered on her firm flesh, squeezing and groping her succulent flesh. Her muscle tightened, which I held and massaged.

She gasped, "Could you feel the difference in my leg when I tightened it? I'll do it when we're in the test so you'll know it's me. I only hope

she chooses you to be with me, or I may give away our code if one of the other males are selected."

"Mom, your thighs are creamy smooth and firm. I won't have a problem detecting if it's you. None of the others can come close to your sexy body."

Gripping my hand, she moved it away and sat up. We pulled off our masks and gazed at each other's flushed face. She broke the silence. "Get dressed. We have an hour to quiz each other on likes and dislikes before we attend the event today."

Mom grilled me until we departed. Ethel greeted us, knowing we'd show up. Of course, she did, she arranged it. As soon as everyone was assigned to the other rooms, I was led to the observation room. Aunt Lexi was the first to be led into the bedroom. When Ethel entered the room I was in, she smiled and said, "Your aunt will be the first of three women today."

Leading me in, she quickly left and announced the start. We were already briefed on the test today. It was indeed the upper leg. Mom would be happy to find out our practice session would pay off. I wasted no time stroking my aunt's meaty thighs. I gripped her flesh like we did when we greeted each other. She smiled widely, knowing her nephew was enjoying her body and not her gay son. The ending bell sounded and neither of us signaled the end.

The longer I stroked, the wider she spread her legs. Running my hand up close to her crotch, I gripped a large section of thigh muscle and

squeezed. Leaning down, I kissed the junction of her thigh and groin. The side of my head pressed against her covered pussy. She groaned as I ground my ear into her moist panties. Kissing the other side, I rose and left the room. Ethel winked at me as she passed by me to exchange Lexi for another female contestant.

My cock stiffened when I saw Yuri guided into the room. Ethel returned to my room and smiled as she saw my anxious face. "She's ready for you. There are only three tests today and you're in all of them. The rest of the contestants are working on written questions."

When the bell rang, Yuri nervously awaited the touch from an unknown son. I placed my right hand on her knee and she immediately tensed up. Lightly running my fingertips to the hem of her short skirt, I briefly lingered before I traveled back to her knee. She relaxed and expelled the air from her lungs. While my right hand soothingly stroked her exposed leg, I moved my other hand to the other side of her body where her arm was pressed to her side.

Wrapping my hand around her wrist, I lightly squeezed in an attempt to calm her. My long fingers encircled her slim limb. Her son was small-framed like her, so she would know I was not him with my larger hands. I moved my right hand upward, raising the hem of her skirt as I revealed more of her firm thighs. The timer sounded, signaling my two minutes were up. Would she stop my progress or let me continue?

My left hand moved up on her arm while my right hand explored her upper thigh. She made no attempt to stop so I pushed her skirt high enough to expose her panties. They were sheer and light pink. Her

thick, black, hairy mound pushed up the material and was clearly visible. My cock lurched as I ogled her body. Releasing her arm, I stroked both of her thighs, ensuring my fingers scraped along the insides of her firm meat. Her panting was getting louder as my caressing became more aggressive.

Moving my hands underneath her, I lifted her legs and spread them. Strands of black pubic hair peeked out from the sides of her stretched panties. She groaned and when I kissed her thigh, her moans transformed to gasping. I kissed my way to her panties and back. On the next pass, I opened my mouth and sucked in a large amount of her hot flesh. She struggled to not speak to prevent her ejection from the contest. I feasted on both sides of her soft thighs as her body struggled to remain still.

Reluctantly, I released her flesh and pulled back. My Mom was next and I was anxious to continue the game. Rising up, I left her skirt raised, leaving her damp panties on display. Waiting in the adjacent room, I saw Ethel help her up. It wasn't long before Mom was in position on the bed.

After Mom's mask was in place, Ethel raised her skirt above her panties. Sensing Mom was uncomfortable, Ethel eased her mood with, "This will make it easier for the son to feel your upper legs. He's masked so he can't see anything. Good luck, Monica."

Once again I was stroking a woman's thighs, although this time was more exciting than the others because it was my mother. Her light blue panties showed her full, brown bush hidden below. My hands glided

up and down her firm flesh. When she spread her legs, I ventured upward. As I neared her panties, her thighs tensed. Squeezing her tight muscle as we had previously practiced let her know it was me.

The timer chimed and since she had to have recognized me, I didn't want to alarm her by continuing as I had the other two. After lightly stroking for another minute, I left for the other room.

After ten minutes of waiting, Ethel entered and led me out to the main hall. Everyone had left except for Mom. Ethel smiled and said, "Congratulations, you made it to at least third place. Another couple was dismissed today. Tomorrow's theme will be a test of child bonding." Mom smiled, knowing her training is what made the difference.

Nothing was mentioned about what happened for the rest of the day. Mom hugged me good-night and it didn't take long for me to blow out a load, reliving the thigh-fest I had enjoyed.

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An hour before we needed to leave, Mom called me to come into the living room again. With a confident look, she said, "What do you think she'll test us on today. The session we practiced yesterday helped. I was thrilled when you recognized my tense muscle. We got lucky we were paired together for the test."

I chuckled inside. If she only knew there was no chance of joining with anyone else. Ethel had briefed me on how to proceed now. It would be

a pivotal moment and she said I had to be careful or Mom might terminate our continued participation.

"Mom, we should drop out of the contest now. We'd still get a week in Vail. We could go skiing or relax at the lodge."

"Why? We're doing good. Vail is nice, but come on. A week in Hawaii, that's out of the ballpark."

"Ethel kind of hinted to me about some of the tests. When she said it's about bonding, it pertains to the mother's breasts. It will require an examination of your upper body."

Mom's expression soured as reality hit her. One of the sons would be mauling her bare tits. I could tell she was on the verge of surrendering. This is where I was supposed to deploy Ethel's secret weapon.

"It's going to be a pretty uncomfortable situation. We should cancel and take third place. After all, at least someone in the family has a chance to win the grand prize. Aunt Lexi will have a good shot at it."

Bingo! Her expression changed immediately. "Wait here. We have more training to do. It'll be a cold day in hell before I allow Lexi to steal something else from me."

Ethel's advice was spot-on. Ten minutes later Mom returned with a mask, dressed in her robe. "Wear this."

I sensed her lying beside me and heard her thick, cottony robe slide onto the floor. She guided my hands to her ribcage. "Okay, move upward and make a mental note of the texture, shape, and size. No funny business, either. This is about winning a trip, not groping your mother's breasts."

My heart raced as I cupped Mom's tits for the first time. Pretending to analyze them, I caressed, squeezed, and kneaded her hefty mounds. Her panting betrayed her portrayal of a non-sexual diagnosis. My fingers traveled to her tips and lightly squeezed her hard nubs. She gasped and exclaimed, "Hey, I told you nothing but exploring. They're very sensitive."

"Sorry, Mom. I was measuring them so I'd know the length. I need to memorize the little bumps on your nipples." She groaned as my fingertips traced all around her areola as if I were keeping count. Easing away from her tips, I spread my fingers to enclose as much of her tit flesh as I could and squeezed.

She said, "Hey, easy there tiger. You've had more than enough time acquainting yourself with my breasts."

"I was trying to see how much more than a handful they are. It's how boys judge tits. In any case, yours are the perfect size."

Reluctantly pulling my hands off, I heard her tying her robe together again. Taking off my mask, I feared an angry face would be waiting.

Surprisingly, she was smiling and her face was flushed with excitement. "Give me a minute to get dressed and we'll leave. Hopefully, you'll be able to correctly identify me."

"I hope so, Mom." Grinning, I added, "To be sure, we could repeat the exam and refresh my memory."

"In your dreams, Mister. Wait here."

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Ethel surprised me this time by leading Mom into the testing room before the others. I hardened as Mom took off her blouse and bra before lying on the bed. My eyes were locked onto Mom's gorgeous body. I fondled her tits at home, but this was the first time I'd seen them bare.

With my attention focused on Mom's body, I hadn't noticed Ethel's presence. She startled me when she affirmed, "She has great breasts, doesn't she?"

"Exceptionally fine. I can't wait to hold them again."

She grinned at my eagerness. "Wait for my instructions before you touch your mother. You don't have to be as careful this time. She was so anxious that she almost ran me over on the way in."

Once I was in position, Ethel's voice blared out her instructions. "This test is about a child bonding with his mother. Place your hands on both sides of the woman's waist."

Mom jumped a little when my hands held her bare sides. "Now move them until they're on the sides by her breasts. Do not touch them."

Mom's breathing increased as I positioned my hands.

"Bonding is when a son nurses from his mother. Lean down and feed on the mother and try to determine if it's the same as when you were a child."

Mom sucked in air and held her breath as I pushed inward, raising her tits higher. Electric shocks pulsed through me as I latched onto her turgid nipple for the first time since I was a baby. Exhaling, she rapidly breathed as I fed on her tip. She groaned and moaned as the ending timer chimed.

I switched to her other nipple as my hand held the free tit as I had at home. I squeezed identically, letting her know it was her son nursing from her. My mouth was firmly sucking on one nipple, while my hand ran over the bumps on her other one. I wanted to make certain she knew it was her son mauling her succulent breasts.

After another five minutes of fondling my mother, I pulled back and admired her rapidly heaving mounds. My cock was painfully hard as

it strained to leave my pants. Once I made it to the other room, I removed my slacks to relieve pressure on my cock.

Mom was led out and not long after, Yuri was on the bed. She looked worried and stuttered, "Mrs. White. This won't work. My breasts are much smaller than the others, the son will know right away. I'll be embarrassed when I go back out and he will know it was me."

"Your breasts are lovely, Dear. Don't ever be ashamed of your body. People called me flat-chested when I was young, but many men preferred them. They like to cram as much flesh as they can in their mouth and it's easier for women of our size."

Yuri's facial expression turned to joy as she replied, "I didn't realize any man could feel that way. My husband left me for a big breasted woman. He hated my small tits and wouldn't ever touch them, even when he knew I loved the contact."

"He was an ass. You'll be fine. It'll be harder to detect anyway because this is a bonding test. He will only touch your nipples."

Yuri relaxed and removed her blouse and bra. Her breasts were small but stood firm and proud. Her areolas were the size of a quarter and as dark brown as her eyes and hair. I couldn't wait to sample her delights. My thoughts were again disrupted when Ethel returned.

Her eyes appraised my bare legs and bulging shorts. She suggested, "I knew Yuri's sexy body would make you uncomfortable. Take off your

underwear, too. It'll be easier for you. I've seen plenty of young, hard cocks, so don't be embarrassed. Yuri is shy and a little submissive. Assert yourself and you'll be rewarded. It will be hard not to get carried away with her, but save yourself for your aunt."

My cock bobbed as I set out for another test. After the instructions were announced and the start bell rang, I held her small waist and moved to the sides of her breasts. Her muscles were tense as she nervously waited for my contact. I moved my far hand to her arm and wrapped my fingers around her wrist and squeezed as before. She now knew I was the same son who worshiped her delectable thighs. She relaxed and a wide smile formed.

Sensing me lean down, she arched her back to present her tits to me. Her engorged nipples stiffly jutted on the top of her tits. She was proudly displaying her breasts for her unknown admirer. She desired to relish the feel of my mouth on her flesh once again. She shrieked as I latched and sucked her taut tip. Ethel's voice boomed over the speaker. "Be careful. No talking. If you're unable to remain silent, muffle your sounds by covering your face with a pillow."

Yuri ceased groaning in an attempt to stifle herself. I resumed my attack on her engorged nipple. The bell rang and I continued with her other nipple. Confident she wasn't going to raise her arm to stop me, I moved my hand to cup her other breast. Squeezing and kneading while continuing my mouth assault on her sensitive tip, her body writhed as she experienced more pleasure than ever before.

Releasing her nipple, I shifted over to the breast captured in my hand. Squeezing her flesh, I enclosed my open mouth over as much tit would fit. I wanted to demonstrate what Ethel described to her. She gasped and her hips humped. Her hand nearest me moved. Was she going to stop me? Before she could raise her arm, I inched closer until my hard prick nudged her wrist. Her tiny fingers immediately wrapped around my staff.

With the threat of her stopping me gone, I resumed feasting on her tits. While I sucked and gnawed on her delicious breast-meat, her hand slowly stroked my cock. Her delicate, small fingers engulfed my bloated head and twisted it, causing me to groan with pleasure.

Moving my left hand to her smooth stomach, I caressed her soft skin as I ventured lower. Sneaking my hand under her skirt, I squeezed her firm thigh. My eye caught movement from her free arm and I feared she was going to halt the process. Instead of raising it, she swung it toward her head and pulled a pillow to her face. Her arm held it in place. It was a green light to do anything I desired to this sexy woman.

Not wanting to delay any longer, I palmed her thin panties. At first, I thought a thick cotton pad was on her mound, but quickly realized it was her full, thick bush. My prick screamed for release and I decided to keep my hand on top of her underwear. Too much more stimulation and I was going to lose it. Pressing my palm on her fur-filled undergarment, I ran my fingers between her legs and applied pressure to her hidden slot. Her legs widened allowing better access to her hungry beaver. I mauled her mound, stroking my hand back and forth on her panties-covered slit.

Screams and cries were replaced with Japanese and English phrases as she neared her orgasm. Sucking hard on her nipple, I gently bit it and pulled it up. Her hand stopped and tightened around my cock and her legs snapped shut, trapping my fingers in her slit. Her back arched and her body stiffened as she released. Hot cum flowed through her panties and soaked my hand. When she finally relaxed, her hand released my prick.

Her breathing returned to normal and through her pillow, I heard a muffled, "Domo arigato." Resisting the urge to reply, 'Mr. Roboto,' I rose to leave. I stopped to admire her beauty one final time. Leaning down, I kissed her stomach and each thigh as a parting thank-you. Her wide smile was all the gratitude I needed.

My prick was wet with pre-cum when I met Ethel in the observation room. She immediately took note of my condition, "Better drink some water and calm down. I warned you she would be hard to resist. I'll go get your aunt for the final test today."

I gulped down a bottle of water while I waited for her to return. My prick had softened when Lexi was led into the room. Ethel had talked her into removing her blouse, bra, and skirt before lying on the bed. My earlier assessment was correct as I saw her breasts drooped a little from their size. She was still a sexy looking woman and I was looking forward to fondling her.

Ethel looked eager to continue the test when she entered my room. "Remember how your father fucked your mother over?"

Not sure of where this was going, I replied, "Yea, he was pretty mean to her."

"And how he stole your college savings?"

How did she know? Who was I kidding? She knows everything.

"Yea, he took it all."

"Well, he screwed both of you. It's time to repay him. His wife is in there and you're going to fuck her."

"Lexi? I doubt if she'll cheat on dad."

Ethel laughed while she continued, "She had no desire to attend this contest, even when I waived the fee. She knows her son is gay. When I informed her there might be some intimacy involved and when I mentioned you were going to participate, she quickly changed her mind. It might be the thrill of fucking her nephew or the fact she hasn't had sex for six months. Either way, she's horny and needs release."

I couldn't believe all the information she had accumulated. My prick stiffened with the realization I was going to fuck my sexy aunt. When I turned to leave, Ethel removed my mask. "You won't need this. Have fun."

The bell chimed and Ethel didn't even bother with the bonding speech. Lexi was under the assumption it was a test on recognizing breasts. My hands immediately traveled to her sides and pinched her flesh. She smiled widely, knowing her nephew was the son. Not wasting any time, I cupped her full breasts. She gasped at my aggressive handling of her big tits. Leaning down, I sucked in one of her nipples until it hardened. Her breasts heaved as I milked them.

While one hand was squeezing and fondling her free tit, my other was traveling downward toward her groin. Moving over her heaving stomach, I encountered her panties. Without hesitation, my fingers slithered below her waistband and slid through her mound of pussy hair. She groaned as I made contact with her moist slot.

The two-minute bell chimed and neither of us paid attention to it. My fingers played with her pussy lips while my mouth sucked on her tit. Pulling off her nipple, she moaned and arched her back, hoping to make contact with my mouth again. Moving to the end of the bed, I quickly pulled her panties off.

Grabbing her knees, I pushed them toward her chest. Holding my prick at the base, I ran my swollen, mushroom-shaped cap through her dripping slot. She gasped and humped her hips, frantically trying to capture my hard prick.

When I was ready to send my rod into her hungry pussy, Ethel's voice halted us.

"Intercourse is not allowed during the contest, but there is an exception to the rule."

We both paused while we waited for more instructions. "If the mother allows him to enter, and he is her son, she will win the grand prize. If he's not your offspring, the mother is out of the contest and will have to settle for Vail. The choice is up to the woman."

Her hips humped as she shrieked, "Vail is fine by me. Fuck me hard, Jason!"

I shoved my prick into her soaked quim, easily splitting her soft walls. Her pussy squeezed tight when I bottomed out. Leaning down, I moved my face to hers. Pulling her mask off revealed her lust-filled eyes. I kissed her as I pumped her sodden slot. We french-kissed as we fucked fast and furious.

This was not love-making, it was raunchy sex. She pulled off my mouth to scream, "Fuck your horny aunt. My nephew's prick is stuffed in me and driving me crazy. Pound me hard! I'm ready to cum!"

Another five minutes of slamming into her spasming cleft, her pussy contracted on my cock. She came hard and when my head expanded, she pushed me off. My cock was ready to spurt, but the sudden cold air stalled my orgasm.

She lowered her mouth and enveloped my prick. Squeezing my balls with her hand while sucking my shaft brought me to a climax within a

minute. I filled her mouth with hot spunk causing her to gag. She swallowed as much as she could with the excess spilling out over her lips. When my prick quit jerking, she pulled off and wiped the cum with her finger and seductively licked it off.

She smiled and rose to kiss me. "Couldn't have my favorite nephew make me pregnant, could we?"

My breath finally returned to normal as I said, "You're so beautiful, Aunt Lexi. I've dreamed of fucking you for a long time and it was better than I ever imagined."

She smiled at my elated condition.

Our talk was cut short when Ethel entered the room. "Congratulations, Lexi. You've won a trip to Vail. Are you happy with your decision to end the contest for a brief encounter with your sister's son?"

Lexi blushed at the insinuation that she had rushed into a hasty decision. "It was a long-time fantasy, so yes, it was worth it. Brief? I'd like our time together extended. Can you arrange Jason to accompany me to Vail? My son has no interest in women and my husband is away on business. My nephew would make my week more enjoyable."

I knew Mom would flip if she heard I was going to spend a week with her sister. Before I could object, Ethel grinned and said, "Don't worry. I'll make the appropriate arrangements. Sometimes the path to

reconciliation is through their children. Get dressed and we'll meet in the great room."

We staggered our arrival so it wouldn't be obvious we were in the testing room together. I was the final one to return and noticed all three pairs were waiting. Lexi was whispering to Mike. When I took my place beside Mom, Ethel began her summation.

"I've awarded third place to Lexi and Mike. Congratulations to the other two couples and good luck tomorrow."

I didn't have to look at Mom to know she was beaming, having defeated her sister. Ethel continued, "There will be one minor change. Mike won't be able to accompany his mother and her husband is on an extended business trip. She would like Jason to substitute for her son since she wants someone she knows to accompany her."

I glanced at Mom to gauge her expression. It wasn't good. She was not happy and I could tell she was going to object.

Ethel looked right at her and stated, "Jason is over eighteen and mature enough to make his own decisions. Don't you agree, Monica?"

Mom's features softened. Ethel had this aura of authority that affected Mom.

Meekly, Mom replied, "You're right. He's an adult and can decide for himself."

Ethel shifted her attention to me. "Would you do me a favor and escort your aunt to keep her company? I'll give you vacation pay for the time you won't be here working."

Ethel knew when she asked me, Mom wouldn't be upset with my acceptance. In her mind, I would be going at the request of Ethel and not my aunt. Putting on the best-surprised look I could, I replied, "Sure, it'll be fun to spend some time in the snow."

Ethel held Mom and me back while the others departed. "I'm so happy you two made it to the final round. Lexi was a gracious loser. It's too bad her son can't go with her. I guess it was a last-minute obligation he couldn't postpone. Tomorrow, the focus shifts from Mother to Son. We'll see how well the Mom remembers early bonding. Good luck!"

Mom was quiet on the way home and for the rest of the day. I knew she was fuming on how the events transpired. She knew Mike was gay and I was certain she suspected Lexi invited me only to dampen Mom's feeling of victory.

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Breakfast the next morning was quiet and no mention was made of the previous day's events. Mom called me to the living room an hour before

the contest was scheduled to begin. "Was our practice session yesterday helpful for you?"

"Not really, Mom. I was in a room filling out questionnaires after I left you. I wasn't involved in the other physical tests," I lied.

One of her eyebrows lifted. Disbelief? Her expression turned to puzzlement and I could tell she was trying to recall yesterday's events. Was she doubting herself? Shifting her focus, she asked, "What do you think the test will be today?"

"Mom, San Diego is a great place to go for a vacation. We should quit now and take second place. Lexi isn't competing any longer, and you've bested your sister. That was your entire motivation, wasn't it? You weren't going to continue the game with me until you found out Lexi was competing."

I could see the hurt in her face at the realization I thought I was being used as a pawn in her scheme to beat her sister.

Sorrowfully, she replied, "That was part of it, but I still enjoyed playing the game with you. We've become closer because of it. Let's practice before we run out of time."

"There's a problem, Mom. It's going to be embarrassing for both of us. Ethel's hints were early childhood and bonding. I think she's referring to changing my diapers. Since you'll be blindfolded, you will have to feel your way. It will undoubtedly require you to touch my penis."

She giggled, "Penis? Is that what young men call their cocks? It was fine when you groped your mother's tits but now you're off-limits? Get undressed and put on your robe. I'll get the masks and meet you back here."

She couldn't hide the elated look on her face when she realized she was going to fondle her son's cock. When I re-entered the living room, I noticed Mom had changed her blouse to a baggy sweatshirt. Once in position, I said, "Okay, Mom. I'm ready and no funny business. This is about the contest." She laughed when she heard me mimic her from our previous practice session.

When she handed me a mask, I protested, "Mom, I don't need a mask."

"Yes, you do. It's one thing for a mother to touch her son's cock. It's quite another for him to watch her do it. We'll put them on together."

I obeyed and laid my head back, waiting for Mom to proceed. As soon as my robe parted, her warm hands landed on my upper thighs. One hand quickly cupped my balls. She jostled and lightly squeezed them.

I gasped with the contact. "Easy, Tiger. They're sensitive."

She giggled but didn't stop the gentle caressing. "Okay, you're going to have to stop repeating what I said yesterday. This is serious. I want to go to Hawaii and will have to familiarize myself with your private parts."

I giggled, "Parts? You mean my cock and balls?"

She squeezed my jewels and chortled "I warned you. Stop making fun of me."

Maintaining her firm hold, her other hand enclosed my rod. Her fingers walked their way to the tip as if she were conducting a very thorough exam. She lightly ran her fingertips around my ridge. Her breathing rate increased as she explored my prick.

"It certainly is different from what I remember. We could have one advantage since you're circumcised. I think it's rare in Japanese culture. If I happen to get paired with Kaito, it will be a quick win for our team."

Her hand explored every bump and thickened vein on my cock. Normally, I would stiffen with a woman's touch, but my nervousness prevented it from happening. It might shock her and possibly end our session, so I was grateful for remaining soft. I concentrated on anything other than the fact my mom was holding my prick and balls.

After several minutes, her hand stopped exploring. "Jason, why aren't you getting hard? I need to be acquainted with both states, in case something happens during one of the other tests to arouse you."

"It's not easy when it's my mother touching me."

"We're going to need to do something to get you over your shyness. I've seen your bulges before when you've seen me in my nightie. I have an idea and I don't want you to overthink it. It's for the contest."

Her hand guided mine under her top and pressed it to her bare breast. That's why she changed. Did she know I'd need motivation? Her hand released mine and returned to grip my prick. I kneaded her full breast and as cued, blood flowed into my prick. Her hand squeezed and stroked to the top as if she were trying to lengthen it. Lightly twisting her nipple brought out a gasp and her hand tightened around my bloated head. I was fully hard as Mom stroked her hand up and down my steel-hard prick.

Mom's hot breaths washed over my prick. How close was she? Her hands were caressing my balls and cock at the same time. "Wow, it's a good thing we got you hard. It's different and much bigger than I imagined. There's no way we're going to lose."

With a final squeeze of my flared, fat head, she pulled back and yanked my hand off her breast. Feeling my robe cover me, I took off my blindfold. Her face was flushed and not from embarrassment. She was turned on from handling her son's cock. As it was close to departure time, we quickly retreated to our rooms to get ready.

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Ethel showed us to different rooms before coming back and leading me to the testing room. After stripping and assuming a prone position on

the bed, Ethel said, "Only one test today. We'll see how your mother deals with her son's prick."

"She already had a good time with it during our practice session. It won't take her long to figure out it's me. The test might be over in a few minutes."

Ethel chuckled. "You underestimate your mother. Women are more uninhibited when they believe their identity is concealed, even if they suspect they're not."

Mom was led in and seated. She wasted no time and was groping me seconds after the bell rang. One hand cupped my balls while her free one searched and explored my cock. Her fingertips traced around my flared ridge. She identified me within seconds and raised her right hand. Surprisingly, she didn't stop the test but continued to gently caress my prick. Less nervous this time, my shaft hardened with her touch. Her hand stroked faster until my manhood was steel-hard.

After several compressed, long strokes, the ending alarm sounded. Her hand didn't stop. I groaned when she twisted my sensitive tip. Her hot breath washed over my head, followed with a touch of her moist lips. Mom kissed up and down my length before switching to licking. She lapped my prick like a Popsicle. I gasped when her mouth enclosed my head and her rough tongue washed my tip. Locking the top of my prick in her mouth, her hand rapidly stroked my shaft.

I was nearing orgasm. Her mouth descended lower as her teeth lightly scraped my cock. It was the best blowjob I'd ever experienced. She

fucked me with her mouth while maintaining pressure on my balls. Eruption was seconds away. There was no way I could warn her. Would she get disgusted when I blow my load? I couldn't help but moan as blood filled my stem and my head expanded at the back of her mouth.

She sensed it and instead of pulling off, she squeezed my balls and sunk her mouth as far as she could. Blobs of thick goo spurted out my cannon and shot down her throat. She expertly swallowed every drop. When my balls were drained, she pulled off and kissed my deflating prick.

Ethel entered and escorted Mom out of the room. It took some time to recover from the experience of my mom sucking me off. She knew it was me. It would be interesting to see her reaction when we discussed it at home.

Ethel retrieved me, and I was surprised to see my mom was the only one waiting in the hall. She had an ecstatic look on her face. Was it from the blowjob or the fact we would be awarded the grand prize?

Ethel announced, "This is a first for me. We have a tie. We'll have another contest tomorrow. It'll be something entirely different. I can't give you a hint as I'm not sure of it myself. It might be another battery of questions with no physical testing." Mom's face turned to concern as we left for home.

After working on chores all afternoon, we ate and relaxed in the living room. Normally, Mom doesn't discuss anything from the contest at

night, but tonight she couldn't contain herself. "Jason, what did you think of today's activities?"

She was testing me. Not disclosing anything, I replied, "It was okay. Did our training help you?"

Mom smirked and replied, "I was stuck in a room filling out a questionnaire. I'm not even sure any physical tests were conducted."

She anxiously awaited to see my reaction. "Same here. I guess it might be the same as tomorrow. It could be a repeat of answering questions."

She smiled, knowing I lied. Did I fool her with my answer? Perhaps there was a way to throw her off. "Mom, it's been a while since we've visited with Mrs. Amari. We could invite her or if you want I could go over to her place to persuade her." Mom looked smug. I was successful in convincing her I believed Yuri had blown me.

"We'll see. Let's hit the sack. We need to get a good night's sleep. Ethel pushed the time to nine in the morning so we'll need to get up early."

Sleep came immediately after I covered my stomach with a load of cum, reliving the blowjob.

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No sign of Yuri or her son as Ethel escorted me to the observation room. Mom was led into the bedroom and Ethel explained the rules. "Unlike the timed sessions, this one will be different. The son will attempt to identify the woman as his mother or not. The difference is that you, the mother, can stop the test at any point. If you stop him too soon, you run the risk of him guessing incorrectly. You're more in control this round. The son will be concentrating on identification by recognizing familiar body parts."

Mom's face scrunched as she tried to analyze the best tactic. "Sounds like it will be a challenge to time it correctly when I stop him. What will determine the winner?"

"I'll make the decision based on what happens. Please remove your blouse, bra, and skirt. It'll speed the process."

Mom hesitated before removing her clothes. My prick rapidly came alive when Mom's sexy body was exposed. After she slid on her mask, Ethel left to meet with me.

"Jason, is that any way to greet your mother? You need to be naked for this task." I didn't need to be told twice and quickly complied.

Wondering about the status of our competition, I asked, "What about Mrs. Amari and her son?"

"They were dismissed yesterday. I awarded them second place. Yuri was disappointed but wasn't surprised when Kaito stated he didn't

want to vacation with her. After he left, I convinced Yuri to release his trust fund. He has no reason to remain and has undoubtedly already left to live with his dad."

My appraisal of him was accurate. He was a complete idiot to not take notice of his sexy, beautiful mother. His actions mirrored his father and mine. Both of them complete jerks.

Looking me up and down, she nodded in approval. "You're ready. Don't wear your mask. You'll want to memorize this moment. The first time you make love to your mother will remain with you forever. Enjoy the most important event of your life. Promise me one thing. When you release, look deeply into her eyes. As someone who's been there, it's the way your mother will communicate the passionate act of intimacy with you."

My stiff prick led the way as I entered the testing room. Moving the chair out of the way, I held her waist with my hands and straddled her legs. Moving my hands to her breasts, I cupped and identically squeezed them as in our practice session. She smiled widely. Knowing she recognized me, my hungry mouth latched onto a nipple. She gasped as her hands clenched the sheets. She wasn't about to stop the pleasure she was enjoying.

I pressed my hard prick into her soft stomach. She had to notice my large, helmeted head leaking pre-cum on her hot flesh. She humped in acknowledgment. Switching to her other nipple, I fed on her engorged tip while my hand kneaded her free breast. Her chest heaved as her excitement level grew.

Releasing her breasts, I kissed my way to her stomach. Her moaning increased in volume as I neared her covered pussy. Skipping over her panties, I kissed her firm thighs. The thin fabric was soaked with her juices, her scent was strong. She was ready to ascend to a higher plateau of intimacy. Her smile turned to frustration when I rose off the bed.

She assumed I had second thoughts. She was wrong. Grabbing her feet, I flipped her over on her stomach. Her face was buried in the pillow. I quickly removed her damp panties. She shrieked with glee as I spread her legs and pulled her up on her knees. I moved closer until my hard prick nestled between her legs and was lodged in her thick mound of fur. I pinched and rolled her nipples, pulling her perky tits downward. Screams of pleasure emanated from the pillow.

Once her breathing was short and rapid, I ran my prick through her wet gash. She groaned as her leaking slot greased my piston. There was no movement from her arms to stop the process. She craved her son's prick. Popping my head past her outer lips, her screams almost drowned out Ethel's announcement.

"Don't progress any further. This is a critical point in the test. The mother has two options at this point. If you stop now, you will be awarded the grand prize. If you allow the unknown son to continue, you are guaranteed second place, a week in San Diego. Additionally, depending on the other couple's performance, you may still be awarded first place. The choice is up to the mother."

Mom hesitated for a few seconds before lifting her head off the pillow and replied, "First or second place is fine with me as long as my son is with me. I love my son and I don't want to wait any longer." Her hips flexed as she screamed, "Please make love to me, Jason!"

Before I could push in, Mom backed onto my prick. My slick cock sunk in an inch and opened her velvet walls. She groaned as I stopped pushing. I wanted to savor the first time I entered the pussy I crawled out of eighteen years ago.

"Oh fuck, Jason. Your cock is finally in me. We're fucking as lovers, mother, and son. You're so thick, you're filling me up."

"Finally, Mom. This has been my only desire for years. I'm fucking my mother and she's loving it!"

When I gently shoved in another inch, her hips shot back capturing more of my rod. Her walls squeezed and held me before she leaned forward pulling me with her. Releasing her grip, she humped back capturing more prick.

"More cock, Sweetie. Feed your prick into your mother's horny pussy. Fuck me like a motherfucker! Harder!"

She wasn't going to be satisfied with a slow, drawn-out fuck. She wanted her son to give her a good pounding. I wasn't going to deny her. Pushing harder, her pussy squeezed tightly as my cock split her open. She groaned and gasped as her pussy was finally getting fed full

of her son's meat. Her slot was juicy from our pre-cum and before I knew it, I was balls deep in her. Firmly holding her hips, I thrust in and out, smashing my thighs against the backs of hers. My groans were louder than Mom's as I reveled in the first time I fucked my mother.

I wanted to last longer, but the excitement was too much and my shaft expanded with blood. Mom sensed my condition and moved forward, disengaging my slick prick. Figuring she didn't want to chance pregnancy, I anticipated covering her firm ass with my goo.

She flipped over and removed her mask. Spreading her legs, she screamed, "Fuck me, Jason. Ram your cock up your mother's pussy."

Happy to oblige my horny mom, I lowered and slammed my rock-hard prick into her waiting slot. She humped as I hit bottom, knocking the wind out of both of us. We didn't waste time to recover as we rutted like animals. Her arms wrapped around my back when I lowered onto her naked body. Her tits smashed out as she pulled me to her soft body.

"Kiss me, Jason. Like you've fantasized about, not as a son, but as a lover. Don't stop fucking me. I've never felt so alive."

My lips met hers and her tongue snaked into my mouth. I had closed my eyes when we made contact. Remembering what Ethel had requested, I opened them to lock onto Mom's passion-filled, deep-brown eyes. We kissed, fucked, and silently communicated our love. My balls filled and my head enlarged. Mom knew I was ready to climax. Her eyes widened as my blood-engorged prick scraped her sensitive walls.

Sensing I was going to pull out, her hands held my cheeks and pulled me tight to her groin. Her pussy clenched as her orgasm commenced. My body tensed as my cock blasted out a stream of hot cum. When she felt her insides bathed with her son's sperm, she experienced a more intense convulsion, contracting my prick like a vise. I continued to spurt blobs of cum into her velvet glove as our mouths and eyes remained connected. Once my cock stopped pulsing, Mom moved her hands from my ass to my back, soothingly stroking my sweaty skin.

Pulling my softening prick out of her slot brought out a glob of cum with it. We kissed and didn't say anything as we enjoyed our incestuous, post-coital bliss. I was the first to break the silence. "I can't believe I just fucked my sexy and beautiful mother. I love you, Mom."

Mom smiled and purred, "You've made me so happy. I love you too."

Ethel walked into the room with a wide smile. "Was it worth it, Monica? To risk losing the Grand Prize?"

Mom replied, "Of course. Making love to my son is something money can't buy and I didn't want to wait any longer."

Ethel moved over and pulled Mom's hair to the side. "The contest was never about how well a mother and son know each other. It was about how much a mother loves her son. You chose Jason over an expensive trip, which makes you the winner. You two are going to Hawaii. Congratulations!"

Mom's expression filled with joy. "Wow. Thank you so much, Ethel. I can't wait."

"We'll set up the trip when the rest of the game is finished. The contest was the first part. Return in a few days and we'll discuss more. Now, get on home. I have some business to tend to. Jason, take this week off. Frank said there's not much to do anyway."

We dressed and walked back home. Mom didn't talk about the fact we had just enjoyed an incestuous coupling. Was she regretting our illicit union? She wasn't unhappy but didn't seem overjoyed either. After dinner, while we were in the living room, she asked, "What do you think Ethel meant when she said we needed to finish the game? We won the trip. What else is there?"

"No idea, Mom. She talks in riddles at times. It might be something totally unrelated. We have the week off, so let's enjoy it."

"You're right. What do you have in mind for our time together?"

"The public gardens around town are looking pretty good. The zoo would be another fun outing," I suggested.

Mom smiled and replied, "Sounds great. I'm going to take my shower and look through my wardrobe to see what I'm going to wear in Hawaii."

"Okay, I'll take one too." After I was finished, I dried off and threw on my robe. Mom wasn't in the living room so I decided to watch some TV. Before I could sit, Mom called from her bedroom. "Jason, I've decided what I'm going to wear in Hawaii. Come tell me whether you approve."

Walking into her room, my jaw dropped at the erotic sight. My nude mom was spread-eagled on her bed. My prick lurched as I took in her beautiful body and sexy grin. Her thick, dark-brown bush matched her hair color. My lustful ogling was interrupted by Mom's sexy voice. "I take it you like what I'll be wearing for much of our time in Hawaii. Do you have a matching outfit?"

Shucking off my robe and underwear, I crawled onto the bed and lowered my hands to cup her breasts. Squeezing her globes brought out a moan. "Your tits are fantastic, Mom. They're so perky and smooth. I could play with these for hours."

"I've noticed, Dear. They're all yours now. I love how you touch them and the excited look on your face. Suck them, Honey. Mommy wants her son to feed from her."

Latching onto the nearest nipple, I twisted the other with my fingers. Her hand held my head as she arched her back to press her tit into my mouth. She groaned as I sucked and bit her engorged tip. She humped her hips up, slamming my hard prick onto her hairy mat. She was ready for more. Releasing her tit, I kissed her.

As our mouths locked, her hand snaked between our bodies and pulled my cock to her opening. Her eyes widened as she controlled the rate she fed my cock into her gash. Resisting the urge to thrust into her depths, I allowed her to set the pace of our joining.

Halfway in, she stopped my descent. Moving both her hands to my ass, she gently pulled and whispered, "Slowly push the rest of the way in, Sweetie. Mommy wants to experience every inch of your wonderful cock as it slides to the bottom."

Her pussy throbbed and squeezed my intruding prick as I prodded deeper into her channel. Several minutes later, my cock was fully embedded in her velvety sleeve.

"You're incredible, Mom. Your pussy is so tight and hot. I love fucking you."

"Jesus," she groaned. "My son's cock is jammed in me and I love it. Fuck your horny mother!"

Obeying her wishes, I maintained a steady rhythm of burying my dick to my balls and pulling out until her outer lips clung to my helmet. We were lovers, slowly fucking and enjoying our illicit connection.

Pulling off my mouth, Mom croaked, "Have you decided what to do this week? Gardens? Zoo? How about forget doing those fun activities and hump your mother all week?"

I answered by ramming in deeply and followed up with half a dozen power thrusts.

"That's my boy. You're fucking your Mommy good. You own me now. Pound me, Motherfucker. Claim me as yours."

She rolled her hips as my prick slid effortlessly through her slick walls. Increasing my pace, my body tingled, signaling my impending orgasm.

"God, Mom. You're so fucking hot. Your pussy is a perfect fit for my cock. Get ready to take a load of cum."

When hot blood surged into my bulging prick, Mom whispered in my ear. "Jason. Look me in the eyes."

Once she held my attention, she asked, "No secrets between us. Who's the better fuck? Me or my sister?"

She knew. Of course, she did. Hesitating too long, Mom repeated, "No lies. Who's better?"

"You're the best fuck in the world, Mom. No woman can compete with my beautiful mother."

Her hand brought my head to her face and kissed me hard. I had answered correctly. Her back arched as she wrapped her legs around

me. Scissoring me tightly, she matched my thrusts. Her pussy contracted as her orgasm shook her body. Two more and my cock reciprocated. I filled her pussy full of thick cum. We had once again committed an incestuous act and knew we would do it again.

When her legs released me, I rolled us over until her soft body was on top. She squealed in delight as I remained buried in her soaked pussy. I confessed, "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't know how to tell you about Lexi. How did you know?"

"My sister and I were tightly bonded. I know she wouldn't lose a game without getting something better. A big-pricked nephew is the only thing she needed. I'm surprised she cheated on her husband though."

"Me too. She was horny and needed relief. Ethel told me she hasn't had sex for six months."

Mom exclaimed, "That bastard. He's cheating on her. I recognize the pattern. It was one thing to fuck me over but if he harms Lexi, I'll kill him."

"Whoa, Mom. I thought you didn't like Aunt Lexi. Maybe they hit a rough spot."

"I love my sister, always have. We haven't been together since their marriage because of him. He would have loved to have me around to rub it in my face that he was fucking my sister. I can see now I need to get involved. We've been apart for way too long."

Feeling my prick come back to life, she humped her hips. "But first, I need to console my son who was taken advantage of by his horny aunt. It may take all night to repress those nightmarish memories."

True to her word she did her best to heal her son. We made love several more times and again in the morning.

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We spent the first part of the day rearranging furniture as we mutually agreed I would move into Mom's room. The doorbell chimed and interrupted our progress. When I opened the door, a teary-eyed Mrs. Amari greeted me. She meekly asked, "Hi Jason, may I speak to your mother?"

"Of course. Come in."

Mom was seated in the living room when we entered and she immediately sensed something was wrong. Even though they hadn't talked for years, she ran to her old friend and hugged her. "What's wrong, Yuri? I haven't seen you so depressed."

Her voice was so soft I could barely hear her. "I'm sorry, Monica. I didn't know who to turn to and Ethel suggested I talk to you. I hate to be a bother to you."

Mom replied, "Nonsense, Yuri. What's happened?"

"My son, Kaito, left today to live with his father. Before he departed, he told me how much he hated me. I knew he didn't care for me, but his rant hurt me. So many things are going wrong in my life now."

Mom's sad face reflected the sorrow she felt for her friend. "Jason, please brew us some green tea. Yuri, sit on the couch and we'll talk."

They chatted and Mom did her best to lift her friend's spirits. Once I set the pot on the table, Mom poured three cups. Waiting for the tea to cool, they continued to talk. Yuri's eyes darted over to me several times, locking onto my groin. No, she was looking at my hands. She was sizing them to see if they were the ones she knew so well. I clenched them into fists and lifted my cup with one finger. Hopefully, she couldn't identify me.

After another ten minutes, Yuri shyly peered at me and asked, "Jason, do you mind if I talk to your mother alone?"

Mom ordered, "Go into the study, Jason. You can watch some TV while we talk. Close the door behind you."

Obedying Mom's instructions, I went to retrieve the remote when I heard them talking. Looking up, I forgot about the transom window. It was open and allowed their voices to carry into the room. Mom knew it. That's why she told me to go in here. Sitting off to the side, I listened to their conversation.

Mom encouraged her friend to begin. "Go ahead, Yuri. What's bothering you?"

"Do you know why Ethel selected you, Lexi, and myself for the final three contestants? Is there a connection? Didn't you find it strange when she knew one son was gay while mine hated me? There has to be some other motive to select us."

"No, I guess I hadn't considered there might be another reason. Other than the fact we were all friends at one time. I'm sorry we haven't talked for so long. After my marriage dissolved, I couldn't be reminded of my husband. At least you and Lexi could remain close."

Yuri stammered, "As it turns out, we haven't seen each other for over a year. I wanted to call you but I thought you didn't care to see me again."

"I didn't know about you and Lexi. I wish I had known. At least now we can make amends. It's going to be fun being with you again and it'll take your mind off losing your son."

Yuri exhaled and sighed in relief. "Thank you so much. What I wanted to talk to you about is the contest. During the physical tests did any of the sons do anything extra to you?"

Mom's cracked speech gave away her faked response. "No. The tests weren't intimate and the sons matched with me were finished in a minute or under. Why? Did something happen?"

Without seeing her, I knew Yuri was fidgeting in her seat. She was trying to see if Mom was groped by the same large-handed son that pleased her.

Yuri explained, "I knew my son was involved in one of the tests. He was supposed to identify me by my lower leg. He barely touched me and removed his hand as if he was disgusted with the thought of touching his mother."

"That's a shame. You have beautiful legs. I can't imagine anyone not wanting to linger as long as they could. Don't let it bother you. You may be better off without someone who doesn't appreciate you. Did you encounter any other incidents?"

Yuri stuttered, "No, not really. I was interested in how your tests compared with mine."

When Mom didn't immediately answer, Yuri terminated their conversation. "I have to leave now. Let's keep in touch, Monica."

I'm sure they hugged before Mom led her out. I left the study to meet Mom in the living room. She had a look of concern as she surmised, "We've got some work to do. First, I find out my sister is getting cheated on and now Yuri is in distress because of her asshole son. We need to talk to Ethel. She knows something the rest of us don't."

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Ethel was not surprised to hear from me and invited us for dinner. The meal was extravagant as usual. After the usual amount of small talk, Ethel asked, "How are you two getting along? Monica, I don't know if Jason told you my history. In case he didn't, let me explain."

Mom's face transformed from curiosity to surprise as Ethel related her incestuous relationship and her desire to help others achieve the same.

After she was finished, Mom observed, "It sounds like you loved your son very much. I appreciate what you've done for our family. We're finally able to share and express our love for each other. And to answer your question as to how we're doing, Jason moved into my room. We sleep together and it's wonderful. And of course, there's a lot of physical bonding involved." Mom sexily smirked to emphasize the incestuous relationship we enjoyed.

Ethel's smile widened from hearing about the successful mother and son union. "With your inhibitions gone, you are free to live a full life now. I have only one regret from my own relationship, but aside from that, my son and I cherished each other to the end."

Mom's eyebrow shot up again. "One regret? What was it, if I may ask."

Ethel's face blushed for the first time ever. "Oh, nothing to talk about. So, tell me. Have you reconciled with your sister?"

Mom didn't press her as she saw the uncomfortable mood she was in. "I'm planning on getting back together shortly."

"Outstanding, family is precious and you two were so happy when you were together."

Mom switched topics again. "Yuri visited me. She said you told her to come to see me. She was curious why the three of us were the finalists. She believes we were connected in some way."

"We're all tied to one another. You three are intertwined uniquely. It will become clear soon enough. Reuniting with your sister is the first step. I don't want to alter your natural path by telling you anymore."

It was clear the subject was closed for further discussion. We finished our dinner and walked home.

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It was the next afternoon when Mom formulated a plan. "Jason, Ethel's hints lead me to believe we need to work on Lexi's problems first. I need to know what's going on, but I can't come out and call her after shunning her for so long. I want you to visit her and drop some hints that I've been talking about inviting her over."

"Mom, is that wise? She may want to do more than talk about her relationship with you."

"Exactly. My sister is a talker, especially during and after sex. Ethel said your dad is on a business trip. Text her son and see what he's doing."

Mike and I hadn't talked for months, but having seen him during the contest might not make it so weird. I sent a message and told him I felt bad he couldn't make the trip to Vail. After ten minutes, he replied that the whole episode was a waste of time. He was glad his Mom told him he wouldn't be going with her. He also said as a bonus she had let him go stay with one of his guy friends at the campus for a few days. I sent him a good luck emoji and signed off.

Mom waited anxiously for the results.

"He's staying with one of his boyfriends."

"Perfect. Here's what I want you to do. Make a surprise visit this afternoon. I want you to fuck her brains out and get as much information as you can. I'll quiz you when you get back."

"Mom, seriously? You want me to cheat on you? With your sister? Are you pimping me out?"

Her face turned serious. "Yeah, you're right. My request could be considered an abuse of power by a parent. What a horrible mother. What was I thinking?"

Dammit. Why did I open my mouth? She could see the disappointment in my face as she laughed and said, "Who are we kidding? You can't wait to fuck your aunt again."

Whew, that was close. I laughed back. "You got me, Mom. The only one better than my aunt is my mother. I'll tell you every detail when my cock is back in your snug pussy."

We held off our sex games so I could recover for Lexi. On my way out, Mom gave me a sloppy kiss and ordered, "Your cock better be coated with my sister's cum when you get home."

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My aunt was surprised to see me and quickly shuffled me in the door, looking around to see if any of the neighbors noticed me. Her short skirt showed off those great legs and her bra pushed out her thin blouse. She hugged me before we sat on the couch.

"What brings my favorite nephew over? You haven't been here for years."

"My mother, actually. She doesn't know I'm here, but I wanted to let you know she misses you. She wants to meet and become friends again. Seeing you at the contest made her realize she couldn't stand being apart any longer."

Lexi smiled and exclaimed, "Oh, that's marvelous. Certainly the best news I've heard for a while. I'm so happy I could kiss you."

She didn't have to ask twice. Leaning over, my mouth melded with hers. With our lips locked, our tongues met and briefly battled before she backed off.

"Jason, I don't know if we should continue. I don't want anything to come between your mother and me again."

I kissed her again and wrapped my arms around her. As our mouths were connected, I squeezed her sensitive tits. She moaned as her sexual desires stirred. She pulled back and said, "I guess a little fooling around won't hurt." We kissed again as our hands explored each other's clothed bodies.

Standing up, I whipped off my sandals, pants, and shirt before she could object. Her eyes locked onto my hard cock after I pulled my underwear off. She wrapped her fingers around my staff and stroked it several times.

Grabbing her ankles, I pulled her flat on the couch. After I flipped her skirt up on her stomach, I pulled her panties off. Her light brown bush was in all its glory. I hadn't seen it the first time we made love. Her hairy mound wasn't as full as Mom's but still substantial. My cock jerked at the sight of her sexy groin.

"You seem tense, Aunt Lexi. Or should I call you Lexi now?"

"Call me Auntie. It's much more forbidden and thrilling."

Cupping her cheeks, I lifted her pussy. She gasped as I lowered down and kissed her lower lips. Swirling my tongue around her insides caused her to shriek and moan. I feasted on her tasty treat for several more minutes. She was writhing in pleasure.

Backing off, I exclaimed, "Damn, Auntie. This is the best tasting pussy I've ever eaten. I could get used to this. I'm going to suck you until you scream."

Her hands grabbed my head and pulled me back into her soaking quim. I lapped and tongued her cleft until she could barely breathe.

"Damn, you're sucking your auntie's pussy so good. I can't believe I'm going to climax on my nephew's tongue. Don't stop! Make me cum! Oh, Christ. Here it comes."

And she did. Her pussy snapped and spewed out her nectar while I was tonguing her slot. Her pussy contracted several more times before her body gave out. Standing, I picked her up and carried her down the hall. Knowing I had no idea where her bedroom was located, she hoarsely whispered, "Last room on the left."

Once in her bedroom, she lowered herself from my arms and kissed me. She was like putty after experiencing her orgasm. I stripped off her clothes while our mouths were connected. Gently lowering our bodies

to the bed, I spread her legs and shoved my prick into her slick slot. Her eyes became more alert as her pussy was crammed full of hard nephew-cock. She groaned as my shaft split her folds. Continuing to fuck her horny pussy, I fondled her melons.

"Your tits are great, Auntie. I love squeezing them."

Her areolas were larger and flatter than Mom's. Pink in color, rather than brown. They weren't nearly as sexy but I wasn't going to tell her. Leaning down to her nipple, I latched on and sucked while thrusting to the bottom of her canal.

She gasped and groaned as I hammered her slippery snatch. "That's my sweet nephew. Fuck my horny pussy. I'm ready for another climax. Pound me hard."

Releasing her tit, I locked my mouth with hers. Her tongue went wild, battling mine. Her hips bumped up and her pussy clamped on my cock. A feeling of pride flowed through me knowing I caused her to orgasm again. I stroked through her contractions and was ready to blow when she pulled off my mouth. "Spray my tits with your hot cum. I want my body coated."

When my balls filled, I rose and pulled my prick out in the nick of time. Shots of spunk spewed out and splashed onto her tits. I had a large load and splattered her beefy mounds with my juices. She rubbed my cum into her flesh before she scraped and licked off some of the remaining seed. I flopped down beside her, spent and drained.

We rolled to face each other and gently kissed. She looked vulnerable and needed to talk. Hearing Mom's voice in the back of my mind, I needed to pry out some information. "You're a sexy woman, Auntie. I loved eating your pussy."

"You loved it? I could become addicted to it. Your father doesn't do oral sex. He says the hair interferes too much. And yet he won't let me shave because he likes to see a hairy pussy."

"That's his loss. It feels weird talking about my dad and comparing us. Is he cheating on you?" As she paused, I was afraid my questioning had gone too far.

"No. I don't think he is. His work is stressful and we just haven't found the time. Hopefully, we'll iron out the kinks in our relationship. We want to have a baby so that's why I had you pull out. He promised to get me pregnant."

It didn't come as a big surprise when I recalled from the test she dislodged me and sucked my balls dry. "Auntie, I don't want to sound unappreciative, but why are you cheating on him if you want to have a baby?"

Her face turned sad. I hated to hurt her feelings. I leaned over to gently kiss her. She smiled back.

She replied, "I admit it's something I thought I wouldn't do. Thinking about a baby and not having sex for so long made me horny. When Ethel mentioned you would be in the contest and there might be some intimacy, I hoped it would cheer me up. I didn't think it would go so far. I got carried away, but I don't regret it. It was more fun than I've had for a long time. It was the perfect solution for me. I could get relief and not have to fear of someone blabbing to everyone about it. I trust you're not going to brag to your friends on how you bagged your horny aunt."

"Of course not. Making you happy is all that matters. Now that we've worked on your stress relief, let's work on reconnecting you and Mom. I'll convince her to invite you over. Once you two are communicating again, the healing process can begin."

She leaned over and kissed me. "Thank you so much. It will be fun talking to her again. Cuddle with me, please. I miss a man pressed against me. It's so restful."

"Of course, Auntie. We'll spoon."

She turned around and backed into me. I thought about fucking her again, but I was content holding her and providing the close contact she missed. We both dozed off and after an hour we stirred.

She turned and kissed me. "Thank you, Jason. I haven't slept so soundly for a long time. I miss having a man hold me. You better return to your mother now, before she becomes concerned about your absence."

"Anytime, Auntie. A good son is always willing to help out when needed."

She laughed as she rose and slipped on her robe. I dressed and we stopped at the door to hug and kiss. I was worried I didn't glean any information from my aunt. Mom's parting words rang out. 'Your cock better be coated...' If Mom wanted a freshly-fucked cock, who was I to disappoint her?

Swirling my tongue in my aunt's mouth, I reached in her robe and kneaded her breasts. She moaned as I groped my sexy aunt. My cock woke up. I moved us over to the couch in the middle of the room. Releasing her mouth, her lust-filled eyes stared back at me. "Auntie, you look like you need some more prick to hold you over."

She shrieked with joy when I turned her around and positioned her over the back of the couch. Grabbing the hem of her robe, I threw it on her back, revealing her juicy slot. Unsnapping my pants, I pulled them and my shorts below my balls. Without hesitation, I rammed into my aunt. My prick sunk into her hairy gash. The angle of our fucking was driving her crazy. She screamed in pleasure as I hammered her hungry pussy.

"Oh fuck, Jason. Your cock is huge. It's found areas no prick has ever touched. You're driving me crazy. Hammer me good."

With a firm hold on her ass, I threw my hips at her, banging her hard. Our sordid coupling was noisy with sounds of pleasure mixed with our cum-soaked groins smashing against each other. After ten minutes of steady stroking, her legs stiffened as another orgasm overtook her. Her juices flooded my shaft making it easier to slide in and out. When I was ready to blow, I pulled out and coated her meaty ass with my cum.

As I rubbed my juices into her hot flesh, she moaned in appreciation. Sticking my fingers into her slot, I pulled out a blob of thick pussy-juice and plastered it on my cock. Mom was going to get more than she asked for. I pulled up my shorts and pants as she rose. She kissed me and thanked me again before I left.

Surprisingly, I didn't get a speeding ticket racing home. Ten minutes later, I pulled into our driveway. Mom heard me and was anxiously waiting as soon as I entered. Her look of passion gave away her horny state. Did the fantasy of her son fucking her sister turn her on? She knelt, unbuckled me, and pulled my pants and shorts down to expose my prick. It was soaked from Lexi's cum. Mom croaked, "Good boy. You brought your mother back a fat, juicy lollipop."

She licked my shaft as blood inflated it. Sucking on my head, she dove down as far as she could and pulled back up scraping my cock clean. She was going wild sucking my cock, coated with her sister's cum.

After several more minutes of cleaning her sister's juices off my shaft, she pulled off. She frantically dragged me to the floor. Straddling my pelvis she lowered her body onto my upright shaft. Evidently, she wore no panties in anticipation of a quick fuck when I arrived home.

"Let Mommy's horny pussy reward you."

My prick thickened whenever she reminded me I was fucking my own mother. I'm sure that's why she did it. She rode me hard and fast. Her leaking, velvet glove vibrated with mini-orgasms as she slammed against my pelvis. Reaching under her skirt, I gripped her ass and shoved upward when her vulnerable pussy was smashed against my groin. Her knees lifted off the floor from my powerful thrusts. Her mouth was wide open as she gasped for air.

"Fuck me hard, Mom. Your pussy is the best ever. Cum on your son's cock!"

Her pussy clenched my shaft as her climax commenced. My own orgasm followed and my prick jerked and lurched as my prick exploded. My cock was covered with pussy juice again, only this time from Mom. She lowered onto my chest resting her face next to mine. Her hot, rapid breath bathed the side of my face as she recovered.

She was finally able to talk. "Jesus, that was intense. Her cum hasn't changed a bit. Sweet as ever. I've missed her so much."

Unable to hold back my surprise, I exclaimed, "Mom, you and Lexi? You've tasted her?"

Giggling, she replied, "I told you we were close. What do you think we were doing when your dad was on business trips and we locked ourselves in our bedroom?"

"Not having a clue about sex, I thought you wanted privacy to talk together as grown-ups."

"Yeah, it was adult talking alright, along with a lot of pussy munching."

It was my turn to laugh. "She did enjoy and appreciate it when I tongue fucked her. She told me Dad doesn't do oral."

My Mom quickly replied, "I remember. He loves a hairy mound but claims he doesn't care for oral sex because of it. He has some kind of Mommy issues. You know how men love their Moms to have a hairy pussy."

"I can agree with him on that point. I love your furry muff, but it doesn't deter me from sucking pussy in the least."

"What else did you two talk about? Anything about her marriage? I need to know if the bastard is cheating on her."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I failed as an interrogator. She doesn't think he's having an affair and is still hoping they can reconcile. She wouldn't let me blow my load in her because they want to conceive a child."

Mom shrieked, "Baby? The bastard is leading her on. After you were born, he had a vasectomy because he hates children. I wish I had told her he was fixed but didn't think it was appropriate at the time."

"That's pretty cruel. When I told her you wanted to get back together, she was ecstatic. We need to set something up."

Mom replied, "We will. I have to digest everything that's transpired."

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After a refreshing night's sleep, Mom was ready to reconnect with her sister. Was her motive sisterly companionship or was Lexi's cum reminding her of a happier time? Mom instructed me to call my aunt and invite her over at two in the afternoon. Lexi was nervous and hesitant but agreed after a little prodding.

Thirty minutes before Lexi's arrival time, Mom paraded out of her bedroom. It's a wonder drool didn't drip out of my open mouth. Her braless, perky tits pushed out her thin blouse. Her hard nipples were clearly visible. Her short, flared skirt showed off her long legs.

"Wow, Mom. You are so hot."

Mom blushed as she cupped her breasts. "Do you think you're the only one who likes these babies?"

"Definitely an ice-breaker. Her attention will be focused on your sexy body. Someday you have to tell me how you two got together the first time."

Mom smiled in appreciation. "I'll tell you everything in due time. If you like my blouse, what do you think of this?"

She grabbed her hem and raised it high, displaying her hairy pussy. Flipping her skirt back in place, she smiled at my obvious admiration.

"Jesus, Mom. I may have to throw you down and fuck you right now."

"Patience, Dear. I need to ask another favor from you. I'm going to leave and return at three. Let's call it a business emergency. It'll give you time to give my sister a good fucking. When you're balls deep in her, I want you to convince her to shave her mound."

"I don't know, Mom. She still believes she and Dad are getting back together."

"Exactly why I want you to do it. I want her to start thinking about her needs and not his. She'll do it for you. Knowing your father will hate it and if she agrees, it's the first step of her taking control again. And when she sees her hot sister, she may realize she's wasting her life with him."

"Okay, Mom. I'll give it my best shot."

"If you can't persuade her, command her. She'll obey if you speak to her in an authoritative tone."

"Good to know. Will it work on you, too?"

She smiled and seductively purred, "You'll never know because I'll do whatever you want. You don't have to order me."

My prick lurched. "You better leave before we have a problem." She smiled, kissed me, and left.

Fifteen minutes passed allowing me time to cool off. Lexi showed up as scheduled and appeared apprehensive after I led her into the living room. Her skirt fell to below her knees. I doubt if her big tits would ever allow her to go braless. She was conservatively dressed and I knew Mom's attire would be a shock to her. Not seeing her sister, her worried face increased her anxiety. "Where's your mother?"

"She got called away for work. She tried to get out of it and was disappointed she couldn't be here when you arrived. I promised her I would talk you into staying. Let me get you something to drink. I remember Mom told me you like vodka and orange juice, right?"

"Yes, please. I need something. I'm so nervous. What if she wanted me to come here to berate me for marrying your dad?"

After I mixed her drink and handed it to her, she gulped down half of it. "Wow, you make a strong drink. You're not trying to get your aunt drunk so you can take advantage of her, are you?"

"Not a chance. It's because I can see how nervous and upset you are. Mom will notice, too. You need to be calm. She is suspicious about the Vail trip. Your present state might make her suspect something is going on, like how her son is fucking his hot aunt."

She smiled and giggled. "Hot aunt? Thanks for the compliment. You're right, though. I need to calm down."

Her legs kept crossing back and forth as she fidgeted. She was wound up. Time to follow Mom's orders. Walking over to her, I held out my hands to pull her up. I hugged her and whispered in her ear, "Relax, Auntie. You keep worrying and you're going to be a wreck." I kissed her neck and sucked in a hunk of flesh.

"Auntie, come with me. I know exactly what you need."

Her face was a combination of fear and lust. Once we were in the master bedroom, I gently set her on the edge of the bed. She argued, "Jason, we can't do anything here. This is your mother's bedroom. What if she comes home early?"

"Don't worry. We'll hear the garage door. We have plenty of time." After lifting her skirt, I pulled her panties off. She shrieked and was going to protest but stopped when I pushed her body flat. Grabbing her ankles, I positioned them on my shoulders. Her skirt fell, exposing her hairy pussy. My fingers ran through her slot which ceased any protests from my horny aunt.

While one hand played with her pussy, the other was busy exposing my cock. Her blouse heaved up and down as she anticipated her nephew's cock. Dragging my flared head through her slit, I oiled my shaft with her pre-cum. Once I popped through her lips, she humped and swallowed more prick. Holding onto the fronts of her thighs, I rammed to the bottom. She gasped when I smashed against the back of her pussy.

Her velvet sheath was on fire, leaking and squeezing as my ram split her apart. "Damn, Jason. I've never felt so much pleasure. Keep fucking your horny aunt."

Another dozen strokes and she was passionately grunting and screaming.

"You needed a deep-fuck, didn't you, Auntie? When was the last time you had so much cock shoved up your pussy?"

"Never. No one has a prick like yours. Hammer me. I'm so close."

I relentlessly pounded her snatch. Her hands clenched the covers. Her legs stiffened as her walls convulsed on my rod. I kept stroking, causing her pussy to continue contracting as she had one orgasm after another. Hot cum bathed my prick, enabling me to hold off my own climax as I glided in and out with no friction.

She couldn't catch her breath as I continued to stroke her sloppy slot. "Jason, stop. Too many orgasms in a row. The pleasure is overwhelming."

"You have more in you, Auntie. I'm going to hump you until you cum on my cock again. Even if I have to keep fucking you when Mom walks in."

Shifting my angle, the top of my rod sawed over her sensitive pearl.

"Sweet, Jesus. Yes! Harder! Your prick is scraping across my clit. Oh Lord, it's so good."

I stopped when I was buried to the hilt. Her hips kept humping trying to get me to move. "Auntie, I want you to shave your mound. I want a clean pussy the next time I see you."

Two more strokes and I stopped, waiting for her answer.

"Jason, you know I can't do that. Your father wouldn't approve."

One more power thrust and I replied, "When's the last time he even looked at your pussy? He's not the one making you scream and groan."

She humped again. "Please, Jason. Keep fucking me. I need to cum. We can talk about this later."

Three more quick jabs brought her body near her orgasm. I stopped again. "Lexi. I want your pussy clean-shaven the next time I see you. No more excuses."

She gasped and screamed, "Yes, I'll do it. I promise. Now fuck me hard."

This time I obeyed her demand. Scraping across her clit, I pummeled her sensitive walls. I had to get her off pretty soon or I was going to blow my load.

"Fuck me back, Auntie. Mom's going to be pulling in any second. Do you want her to witness her son's prick buried in her sister? Push your ass up!"

Her eyes were on fire as her excitement level increased. The thrill of possibly getting caught and the continuous stimulation of her clit was too much for her. Her ass lifted along with her back. I pushed as far as I could and felt the familiar squeezing. She whimpered and whined through another set of contractions. I counted six in a row before I had to pull out. Wrapping her panties around my cock, I filled them full with cum. Her hips still humped, finding only air instead of the stiff prick she desired.

Lowering her legs, she didn't move. She was sexually spent and limp. Pulling her up, I hugged and kissed her. Suddenly, we heard the garage door. Mom was arriving. We both looked at my hand holding her

sperm-filled panties. Before she could say anything, I pulled her blouse open and stuffed them into her bra.

Lexi scolded, "Seriously? You're such a brat." Her scorn turned to a smile as we made our way to the living room, right before Mom entered from the garage.

My aunt's eyes were riveted onto Mom's tight blouse. Mom's nipples poked out her blouse and were rock hard. Mom screamed, "Lexi! Let me hug you, big Sis."

Mom ran to my aunt and wrapped her arms around her. Lexi reciprocated and the sisters were reunited again. Their breasts mashed together. Mom's face was toward me and I could see the unbridled happiness she received from reconnecting with her sister. After several minutes of hugging, Lexi pulled back and appraised Mom's beautiful body. "Monica, that's quite the outfit to wear for a business meeting."

Mom replied, "You know how it is, Sis. Male-dominated business. It's the only leverage I have." I knew she lied. There were more women employed than men and everyone acted professionally. I'm sure Ethel influenced a lot of their staffing decisions.

Mom sat on the couch and instructed her sister to sit across from her. Lexi was calm after my treatment and any previous anxiety had vanished. She apologized first. "Monica, I'm so sorry we've been split apart. I'd like us to be friends again, as we once were. I promise not to talk about my marriage and discuss only the subjects that pertain to us. Will you be my best friend again?"

Mom's eyes filled with tears of joy. "Of course, Lexi. I've missed you so much. It was wrong for me to distance from you because of my own personal problems. We have a lot of catching up to do."

The ice was broken. They chatted like they were never separated. Mom's gaze went to the screwdriver I made for her sister. "Lexi, I see my son made you a drink. Hopefully, he kept you entertained while you waited. I told him to take good care of you."

Lexi grinned and replied, "He was a delight. A perfect gentleman. You've done a great job raising him."

"Thanks. Jason, could you get me what you made for Lexi? I need to relax after that meeting."

While mixing her drink, I glanced at them from the kitchen. Mom kept crossing her legs back and forth. Her short skirt rose higher on her thighs. Lexi was getting a good view of Mom's sexy body.

I set the filled glass far enough away from her on the coffee table so she'd have to uncross her legs to retrieve it. Sitting in my chair to the side, I saw Lexi's eyes lock onto Mom's legs as they parted. After Mom reached over to pick up her drink, she leaned back. Her legs were open and by the looks of Lexi's enlarged eyes, Mom's hairy pussy was lewdly displayed.

My aunt looked over at me, but I kept my attention on my phone. Was she looking for confirmation of Mom's exhibition or did she want me to move and look with her? Once she was certain I was otherwise occupied, she continued to gawk at Mom's nudity. Lexi crossed her legs. Her pussy was aching again. My therapy didn't hold her over for long.

After another thirty minutes of conversation and flirting, Mom rose and apologized, "I'm sorry, Lexi. I'm exhausted. We'll have to meet again some other time. I'll have Jason call you in a day or two. Is that okay?"

My aunt replied, "It was fun seeing you again. Jason can call me anytime." She looked at me and sexily smiled.

They hugged again, even longer this time. Before Lexi was in her car, Mom turned to me and kissed me hard. She stripped me while we french-kissed. Her hand wrapped around my cock as she croaked, "That was so hot. I bet she's fingering herself while driving home. Did you have any trouble getting her to agree to your demands."

"No, Mom. As you said, she responds to authority. If she keeps her promise, she'll be shaving tonight. That brings up something I want to discuss with you. Follow me."

Once we were in our bedroom, I ordered, "Lie on the bed, flat on your back." After she complied, I commanded, "Raise your skirt, lift your knees and present your hairy pussy to your son."

Her smile was wide as she obediently obeyed. Crawling between her splayed legs, I kissed my way down her thighs to her leaking pussy. My fingers ran through her brown bush.

"Your fur is silky and soft, Mom. Perfect for grabbing and pulling apart your juicy pussy."

Mom groaned and uttered, "Is my muff better than my sister's? Longer? Silkier?"

Pulling her trapped pussy hair to open her up, I replied, "No comparison, Mom. Your hair is much sexier. So soft and begging to be tugged."

She yelped as I pulled her open. Her scent was strong as her pink interior was revealed. "Mom, I'm going to demonstrate what I did to Lexi when I visited her."

I pressed my mouth onto her open slot, licking, and sucking her engorged, outer lips. She moaned in approval as I continued my oral assault. My tongue darted in and out as I had done with my aunt. It would be easier to excite her using my fingers but I didn't with Lexi and I wasn't going to with Mom. Her hands held my head to her snatch while her thighs closed and squeezed to lock me in.

"Damn, Jason. You know how to please a woman. Keep showing me what you did to my sister. Suck your mother's hairy pussy."

After several more minutes of swishing my tongue around her sensitive areas, her engorged clit peeked out from under her flap of skin. I washed it with my rough tongue causing her to shriek in pleasure.

"Keep it up, Mom. You'll soon be creaming on your son's face like your sister did. Let it go. Give me your nectar."

After several more circuits around her engorged labia, I captured her clit between my lips and squeezed. Her pussy snapped shut as her orgasm commenced. I lapped her flowing juices as her walls contracted. When finished, she removed her hands and released her thighs from my head.

While I crawled up her body, she approvingly smiled. "That was amazing, Jason. You really know how to suck pussy."

When we were facing each other, I positioned my mushroom-shaped head at her entrance. "I'm not done showing you everything I did to your horny sister."

I shoved forward until my thick prick was fully engulfed in her hungry pussy. She grunted as her insides filled with hard son-cock. Fucking her hard and fast, her tits pushed me up and down as she panted. Her legs spread to the sides to allow me to go deeper each stroke.

Her face displayed the intense pleasure she was receiving. She screamed, "Fuck me hard! Own your Mommy's pussy. Pound me as you did with Lexi. Make me cum on my son's prick."

Her legs wrapped around my body and her hips humped to meet my thrusts. She was competing with Lexi, proving to her son she's the better fuck. She wasn't wrong. Mom knew how to move her body to excite me. She whimpered and clung to me as we made sweet love.

"Here it comes. My load of cum is going to fill my incestuous, son-fucking Mommy!"

I locked my mouth with hers and while we looked into each other's eyes, my cock exploded. Her pussy squeezed and milked my prick as I dumped my sperm into her.

After spurting out my load, her pussy loosened and her legs fell to the bed. Pulling off her mouth to breathe in deeply, I rested my weight on her. My head was next to hers as we recovered from our illicit union. She sighed with contentment. Moving close to her ear, I whispered, "Mom, do not shave. I love your hairy pussy."

Mom could barely speak as she quietly consented, "I will gladly obey your wish. And thank you for showing me how well you treated Lexi. You are such a good son."

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The following day we worked around the house until the afternoon. When I entered the living room, I heard Mom talking on the phone. I wasn't sure who it was but I heard Mom finish with, "We'll be right there." She hung up, faced me, and said, "I figured out something. We're going to see Ethel. Today, you do what I say." My acceptance was my wide smile.

Once in the great hall, Mom initiated our conversation. "My sister and I are back together. Thank you for suggesting it."

Ethel was pleased and her smile showed it. "Good. The bond between sisters is almost as strong as a mother and her son."

Mom replied, "Yes, but I'm still not sure how the three of us are connected. Could you give me another hint?"

"It's not time yet. Progress must be made at its own pace."

Mom looked determined and wasn't ready to leave. "Let me show something to you that might change your mind."

Ethel's face was as puzzled as mine. Mom led us to the testing room. Once in, she ordered, "Jason, remove your clothes." Looking at Ethel, I hesitated, unsure of what was going on.

Mom laughed and said, "Seriously, you're embarrassed? Both of us have seen you naked plenty of times."

She was right of course. While I removed mine, Mom did the same. When we were nude she hugged and kissed me. Her firm breasts felt good pressed into my chest. After several minutes of kissing, her hand guided my head to her breasts. I latched onto a nipple as she pulled me against her meaty mound.

"Suck your mother's tits, Baby. Nurse from me." Bringing my other hand up, I fondled her unattended breast as I continued to suck and bite her engorged nipple. My prick couldn't be any harder.

Pulling me away from her tit, she said, "Lie on the bed, Jason." Once in position, my staff stood straight up. Mom straddled me and lowered her wet snatch onto my pole. She slowly descended as my cock split open her velvety walls. Once our groins met, she rose and slammed back to my groin. She humped me fast.

Her breasts lewdly bounced as she rode my staff. Her panting was loud and her excitement level increased faster than normal. Was it performing before Ethel or something else heating her up?

"Jason, fuck me back. Push your cock up as far as you can. I'm getting close." Thrusting as directed, she shrieked with pleasure. Witnessing her blissful state, I was building up too. Her pussy was having mini-orgasms, releasing hot fluid.

"Sit in the chair and watch, Ethel. The moment is close."

After another five minutes of furious humping, her increased grunts and groans signaled she was ready to orgasm. I was ready anytime.

She screamed, "This is it. I'm ready to receive your seed. Fill my fertile pussy with your sperm and plant a baby in me. You're going to make your mother pregnant with our incestuous child."

Thinking she was on the pill the entire time, this was a shock to me as to Ethel. Both of our faces reflected pure pleasure. My cock emptied its cargo of potent baby-batter deep in her cavity. Mom shuddered each time her pussy squeezed and milked my cock. After we finished climaxing, she lowered and sealed her sperm-filled glove with my cock.

Looking at Ethel, she said, "That was the one regret you had with your son. You didn't conceive a child with him. It was the only thing preventing you from the ultimate intimacy between mother and son."

Ethel rarely showed emotion but tears rolled down her cheeks, even though she was smiling. "Yes, we never had children. We discussed it but didn't know how we could explain it to others. If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't have cared about any rules of society. We withheld the precious gift we could give each other and it was my only regret."

Pulling off my rod, a big puddle of white cum flowed out and over my groin. Mom moved to Ethel to console her. When I stood, Mom moved to the side and Ethel hugged me tightly. Mom leaned close to her and said, "You loved your son so much. Remember the memory with him as my son takes his place."

Ethel turned her face to mine as our lips met. I softly kissed her, waiting for her to be comfortable enough to advance. Her hands roamed my bare back as her tongue entered my mouth. She moaned with the first manly contact in years. Mom positioned herself to the rear of Ethel before reaching around to unbutton her blouse.

My hands snaked into her open garment and gripped her bare sides. Moving to her back I unsnapped her bra. After Mom removed both garments, Ethel pulled me tight and pressed her small tits into my bare chest. Her panting and groans intensified as we french-kissed. My cock came back to life as her mouth and hands stimulated me.

Pulling back, she stared into my eyes and pleaded, "It's been so long. Please hold my breasts. John loved to suck them."

My hands cupped and squeezed her perky tits. They were similar in size to Yuri's. Her tips were light brown and slightly puffy. "They're wonderful, Ethel. I can see why your son would like them. Think of him while I nurse from you."

She inhaled deeply when my mouth enveloped her nipple. I licked her areola at the same time as my other hand fondled her other breast. Capturing her sensitive bud between my lips, I pulled back and stretched her thickening point.

"Suck them hard," she sighed. Arching her back to present her tiny treasures, her hands pulled my head tight against her fleshy mounds.

Recalling her conversation with Yuri, I squeezed her other tit and surrounded her flesh with my open mouth. I twisted her free nipple while I licked and sucked her captured tit.

"Ahhh, you're treating me so good. You're such a good son," she gasped as she lapsed into a memory with her child.

After Mom removed Ethel's skirt and panties, I moved my hands down and cupped Ethel's small buns. Another groan as I clutched her buttocks while gently biting her engorged nipples.

Ethel croaked, "John loved to squeeze my cheeks. I could always tell when he was going to release when he gripped them hard and pulled me into him. I loved that feeling and how it caused my pussy to explode in orgasm."

Mom put her hands on my shoulders and guided us to the bed. After lowering Ethel, she spread her legs and displayed her pussy. Her hair was sparse and the same color of grey as the hair on her head. I ran my hands up and down her smooth thighs as Mom leaned down and paid attention to Ethel's breasts.

Kissing my way down the older woman's thighs, I sucked in a hunk of flesh near her pussy. She yelped as I slowly increased her excitement level. While Mom's mouth was latched onto a nipple, I massaged Ethel's pussy mound with my probing fingers. Pulling her slot open, I

leaned down and kissed her puffy lips. She screeched at the contact and pulled Mom's head tighter to her breast.

I gently licked up and down her slit, sticking my tongue in every other pass. Her groans were constant as Mom and I serviced her. My cock was fully stiff again and knocked against her foot as I moved in for a better position.

Ethel asked, "You feel so hard. Can I feel it?"

Mom rose and I crawled up until my prick was inches away from Ethel's waiting mouth. Her hands encircled my shaft and stroked. Mom assumed my previous position and sucked Ethel's hungry pussy.

It was my time to groan as Ethel twisted my bloated head. "John loved it when I did that to him. I see you enjoy it too. I used to love sucking his cock." She pulled my prick close to her mouth and ran her tongue up and down my pole. Sucking in my flared crown, she bobbed her mouth on the top three inches while squeezing my shaft with her hand. Our breathing rates rapidly increased.

Pulling off my prick she sexily smiled. "When you first made love to your mother, doggy-style, I felt a tinge of excitement that I haven't felt for a long time. John and I loved that position. Please fuck your mother like that now."

Only too happy to obey, I rose off the bed. Mom heard and already had her ass in the air, knees apart. As I sunk my cock into Mom's cum-filled

pussy, I looked over her back to see Ethel's glazed eyes leaking tears. More fond memories of her son flooded her senses.

I hammered Mom as her mouth fought to maintain contact on Ethel's quim. I knew that if I fucked Mom too long, I wouldn't be able to hold back my orgasm. Fortunately, Mom's channel tightened on my plunging rod, signaling her climax. Hot cum coated my prick as I stroked through her contractions.

As soon as I pulled out, Mom rolled to the side of the bed to recover. Ethel looked at my cum-coated cock and her pleading eyes communicated her desire. She brought her knees up and spread her legs out to open up her pussy. Needing no further encouragement, I lowered myself to her body and lodged my engorged head into the mouth of her pussy.

I supported my weight with my elbows so I wouldn't crush her petite body. Her arms wrapped around me as her hips humped up to swallow my prick. I slowly inched into her until her pussy accepted my thickening cock. Our mouths joined together as I slid deeper into her soaked trench. Her pussy was well-oiled after the lengthy stimulation from mother and son.

Once my balls hit her ass, I slowly pulled back, relishing the exquisite sensation of her pussy gripping my cock. I set a steady pace as she flexed and angled her hips in an attempt to locate the perfect position. She hadn't forgotten how to fuck as her body twisted and turned. When my bloated head scraped across her rough patch, she groaned and pulled me tightly to her.

She croaked, "Stop treating me like I'm fragile. John always gave me a hard fuck. Slam into me like you own me. Fuck me like you would your mother."

Easing my weight down, I moved my hands to the tops of her shoulders and pulled her into my thrusts. I pushed harder and her hips hunched up as our groins collided. Her eyes glazed over as her pent-up lust was released. I couldn't believe the amount of passion this woman had kept hidden all this time. Her prim and proper business-woman act was replaced with a cock-craving sexpot. She cried and whimpered as my cock serviced her long-unused pussy. She pulled off my mouth and inhaled deeply as we fucked.

She screeched, "Fuck me, Johnny. You're making me so happy. Saw your prick against my clit. You're going to make your mommy cum!"

She was completely immersed in her memory as I transformed into the image of her son. She kept her pelvis in an elevated position for my prick to stimulate her sensitive areas. As I furiously fucked her slick, clinging slot, her gasps elevated to a continuous moan.

I hoarsely whispered, "Your pussy is perfect, Mom. I love fucking you. I'm going to fill you with my sperm. You're going to bear my children."

Her excited body went into overdrive as she heard the words she wished were spoken years ago. She wrapped her legs around me and scissored my body. Digging her fingernails into my back, she pulled

her chest into mine, pressing her rock-hard nipples into my chest. For her age, she was surprisingly strong. I knew how to finish her from the memories she described.

"Mom, look into my eyes and kiss me as I unload my cum into your hungry pussy. I love you so much."

Our mouths fucked each other as we neared our synchronous orgasms. Moving my hands down to her ass-cheeks, I squeezed and pulled her pussy against me. Her eyes widened as her back arched. Her body stiffened as my prick filled with additional blood. My head expanded as I erupted. Her slot contracted onto my prick as I pulsed into her long-unused velvet sleeve. Our tongues tangled and our eyes remained locked as my cock ejaculated into her spasming pussy.

When we were finished, her legs lowered. I rolled us over so she was on top, keeping my prick embedded in her cum-filled cavern.

Tears were streaming again as she whimpered, "Thank you. It was like being with my son again. I miss him so much. Your mother is very lucky to have such a caring lover. It's too late for me to have a child, but at least I can still experience the thrill of the fantasy."

Mom said, "We're both lucky to have met you, Ethel. Our own intimacy might never have progressed without you. There's no reason to deny yourself the pleasure of a physical relationship. Jason will gladly role-play as your son anytime."

Ethel pulled off my deflating cock and stood on wobbly legs. "It was wrong for me to abstain from sex after my son's death. My grief was so great I didn't think I deserved to be loved. I was mistaken and will definitely need more healing in the future. Please keep this between us. I wouldn't want my hard-nosed, spinster status to become tarnished."

Mom giggled as Ethel sexily smirked at my soft cock that had given her a long-awaited orgasm.

After we dressed and were ready to leave, Ethel said, "Monica, Yuri should be your focus now."

Mom's face brightened as she received the information she desired. "She was so distraught, I knew there was more to it. She's so shy and secretive."

Ethel smiled and said, "Yes, she is. Perhaps she needs to open up to someone close. She would willingly bare her innermost secrets with someone she trusts." She looked directly at me.

Mom took note and said, "Thank you so much, Ethel. We'll be back."

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Once home, Mom questionably stared at me and asked, "Did you fuck Yuri, too? I saw the look Ethel gave you."

I laughed. Mom listened intently as I replayed the scenes Yuri and I experienced. Mom's face was flushed by the time I finished. She said, "I knew she was hot underneath her demure appearance. Ethel was right. You need to break through her defenses and find out what she's hiding."

"Mom, you know I should put up a fake affront again about pimping me out, but not this time. Over the years, I've had nearly as many fantasies about her as you. Something about her turns me on."

"Maybe because she's so damn cute, or do you fantasize about fucking a sexy Geisha? Do you want me to call and tell her to wear a Kimono today?"

I giggled, "Would you, Mom? That would be swell of you."

She playfully slapped me and uttered, "You don't need any more enticement. Change to your sweats, no underwear. Another one of your fantasies will soon become a reality. You're going to fuck the shy Mrs. Amari."

Mom hung up the phone when I made it back out. She relayed, "I gave her a bullshit story about Kaito calling me and he wants you to retrieve a game he borrowed from you. She was reluctant but finally agreed. Good luck, Sweetie." She kissed me before I headed to Mrs. Amari's house.

Yuri graciously invited me in and led me to Kaito's room. She wore the same short skirt as in the test. Her silky, pink blouse accented her short, black hair. I stiffened when my eyes locked onto her long, thin legs. God, she was hot. Once in his room, she stood against one wall and said, "I don't know where he stores his games. You'll be able to find it easier than I can."

Pretending to search, I couldn't find anything. He'd obviously taken anything of value. Empty-handed I walked up to the timid mother. Her nervousness was evident when I stopped inches away from her.

I asked, "Mrs. Amari, do you remember anything from the contest?"

She quietly answered, "A little. Why do you ask?"

"I was wondering if you could recognize anyone participating in the test. Tell me if you remember this." Leaning in, I opened my mouth and sucked in as much neck flesh as I did in the tit test. She gasped as I gently squeezed her succulent meat.

"Jason, mind your manners. Your mother raised you better."

Before she could raise her hands, I gripped each one, wrapping my long fingers around her wrists. Pulling off her neck, I saw her eyes widen as she recognized my grip. She croaked, "You? I didn't know. It was supposed to be a harmless game. I didn't mean to encourage you, but you were so gentle and kind, I didn't have the willpower to stop you."

Kissing her lightly, I saw the lust grow as she remembered the pleasure she received in the room. My tongue swirled around her lips and her mouth opened as her tongue found mine. We french-kissed as one of my hands unbuttoned her blouse. She didn't raise her free hand to stop me. Once her blouse was removed, I unsnapped her. Backing off, I pulled her delicate bra off and admired her small, perky rack.

Cupping her breasts, I kneaded and played with them. "I love your tits. They're so sexy. You don't know how crazy you drove me during the test. I wanted to suck on them forever."

Yuri exclaimed, "I didn't want you to stop. Show me again. No man has paid as much attention to my breasts as you did."

Grabbing her ass, I lifted her light body and pressed her against the wall. Once her breasts were in line with my mouth, I latched onto a nipple and sucked. She gasped as I nursed. Her long legs wrapped around me, freeing my hand to explore her other tit. She panted and groaned as I feasted on her small melons.

Like I did at the test, I squeezed her breast and sucked a large amount of tit flesh into my mouth. Closing my index finger and thumb over her other nipple, I twisted and lightly pulled up. Both thickened as she gasped from pleasure.

My other hand snaked between our bodies and ventured beneath her skirt and panties. Her slit was slick with pre-cum. Sticking two fingers into her slot brought out a grunt and groan. She was building fast. Pulling off her luscious tits, she unwrapped her legs as I lowered her

and kissed her. After I pushed her skirt and panties down, she pulled them the rest of the way off. I dropped my sweat pants to the floor, releasing my stiff prick. Lifting her nude body again, I hugged her close. Her long legs held me once again.

She gasped and croaked, "I have another memory from the test. I remember a big prick and a hand rubbing my pussy so hard I came. I didn't think it was possible to have an orgasm so easily, but imagining your prick shoved into me took me over the edge. I know I can depend on you to go slow. The respectful way you treat a woman allows me to trust you."

My cock was ready, pointing straight up at its target. I gripped her ass cheeks which were like smooth, small honeydews. Her legs loosened their grip allowing me to lower her. My bloated head nudged her slick lips. Lowering another inch brought out a gasp. Her pussy was slippery, but her walls resisted entry.

"No. You're too big, Jason," she croaked. Her legs tightened.

"You're so hot, Yuri. Go at your own pace. I'll wait until you're ready. I want nothing more than to fuck you, but I want you to enjoy every inch."

Her hands held my shoulders to control her descent. Her legs loosened as she lowered an inch and quickly rose back up. She short-fucked me a dozen times, moaning and groaning as her pussy leaked and widened to accept my girth. Her legs squeezed tightly again as she groaned from the fullness.

"You're doing fine, Yuri. Fuck me the way you want. I'm not going anywhere until you're ready."

She whimpered, "Jesus, I've never had such a big prick. It's splitting me apart, but the pleasure is unbelievable."

Disengaging her legs, she gained another inch. She thrust up and down the additional length. After a dozen more strokes, she lingered when my ridged helmet scraped her hooded, fleshy pearl. She paused when my tip was at her entrance, using my bloated head to scrape across her clit.

Her panting was rapidly increasing as my hard cock was in constant contact with her outer pussy. Her eyes were filled with lust. I kissed her and we locked eyes. Her body stiffened and her labia contracted on my rod. She moaned in my mouth as her orgasm hit her.

Her facial expression was one of gratitude, acknowledging she was the only one to benefit from her release. She unhooked her legs and pulled herself off my prick. Kneeling, she sucked my head while she stroked me with her tiny hands. I unloaded a minute later, filling her mouth with cum.

When I was clean, she stood and pulled my sweatshirt off. Pulling my nude body to hers, she hugged me close. Nearing her ear, I whispered, "Domo arigato."

She giggled and replied, "It looks like someone else has memories from the contest."

Reaching under her legs, I lifted her and held her to my chest. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. She squealed as I waltzed around the room. She was so light, it was easy to keep my balance. When we were near Kaito's bed, I laid her down.

"Jason, we're on my son's bed. Wouldn't you rather take me to my bedroom?"

"No, I'm going to show you what he should have been doing. On his bed. He's crazy to live with a hot, sexy mom and having no desire to fuck you."

Spreading her legs, I crawled up and caressed her pale thighs. "I'll tell you something I vividly remember. Your beautiful legs. Did you enjoy the way I kissed and licked them?"

She inhaled deeply as the erotic memory came back to her. "It was heavenly. When you held my wrist and gently kissed my legs, I knew I wanted more. When your hands gripped me today, my whole body shook with excitement."

Lifting her pelvis, I ran my fingers through her silky fur. It was denser than Mom's but not as long. "Your mound is beautiful. Your jet-black bush is so thick, it completely conceals your light flesh."

I ran my fingers back and forth through her mound of pussy hair. She shrieked after I pulled and opened her reddened gash. Lowering my mouth, I connected with her juicy slot. Her hand grabbed my head and held it tightly as I sucked her sweet snatch.

"This is the first time anyone has touched my pussy with their mouth. All the men want me to blow them but won't return the favor. Please show me what I've been missing."

Swirling my tongue in and around her sensitive areas reawakened her pussy. I wasted no time and slurped her slick slot and clit until her groaning was constant. Her hips wiggled and pushed into my face. When her engorged pearl emerged from her protective hood, I locked my lips on it and squeezed until her body convulsed with an orgasm. Her sweet honey flowed out, covering my face.

Slurping her juices, I swirled my tongue around her outer lips. After one final swipe through her mound, I moved up her body. I stopped to kiss her perky tits before connecting with her mouth.

She wrapped her arms around me and rolled us over. Her light, thin body covered only half my body. She rose and straddled me, her knees against my sides. Holding my prick steady, she lowered herself onto my pole. Her pussy was soaked from her cum and I easily slid in several inches. She humped up and down, not descending any further than before. I gently pushed up trying to get more length in her. She screamed in pleasure. Fucking me for ten more minutes, her pussy walls suddenly clamped my shaft as her orgasm overtook her.

"Oh fuck, your prick is driving me crazy. So much bigger than your father's. Oh god, it's way better."

She was delirious in pleasure and wasn't aware she divulged her secret. She was fucking dad. As much as I hated him, I had to commend him on making love to so many hot women. Her pussy throbbed and squeezed my cock, coating it with her cum. Knowing I wasn't going to climax, I lowered her to my chest and embraced her. Running my hands up and down her tiny, sweaty body, she purred with the sensual caressing.

Holding her small buns, I pulled her body up so I could kiss her. My juicy prick popped out of her slot as I dragged her forward. We kissed and held each other, enjoying the contact of our nude bodies.

Realizing I hadn't released, she asked, "Jason, you're a great lover, but you didn't climax. I feel selfish. How would you like me to finish you off?"

"There's no need. Holding you for a little while longer is all I want."

Yuri cooed, "Oh, you're so sweet. I'd love to snuggle with you until you have to leave."

Neither of us mentioned her affair with Dad as we bonded. Her breathing turned deep and steady as she fell asleep. Thirty minutes later, I gently rolled her off my body. She soundly slept while I dressed. My prick was hard again from looking at her sexy body. Before I

covered her up, I gently ran my fingers through her forest of pussy hair. My prick hardened and I yearned to remain with her but knew Mom would be more than willing to take care of my aroused state.

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Mom nervously awaited my return. Before she could open her mouth, I gloated, "I know the rest of the story, Mom."

Her eyes were crazy with lust. She knelt and unbuckled my pants.

I held her arms and reprimanded her, "Mom, stop and stand up."

She stood and I was met with a sad puppy face.

"Mom, what method did we decide was the best way to pry information from someone?"

Mom smiled and chirped, "Sex?" She swirled her tongue around her lips, ready to blow her son.

"Correct. A blowjob is nice but I need my cock buried in your tight pussy. To squeeze all the information out of me, you need to drain my balls."

She squealed, turned around, and stripped on her way to our bedroom. Her skirt dropped first, giving me a great view of her bare behind. Evidently, Mom wasn't going to wear panties any longer. I removed my clothes and followed her trail of discarded garments.

Wasting no time, I melded to her willing body. My prick met little resistance as it slid to the bottom of her channel. Our faces were side by side so I could relate my story in her ear. We fucked as I described every detail I learned during my time with Yuri.

Her hips increased their wiggling when I described the wall fuck. When I painted a picture of Yuri's nude body, my cock swelled with the fresh memories. My hips flexed as I ground into her, digging deeply. I fucked Mom faster as I progressed through my story.

After describing Yuri's luscious thighs and pussy, Mom humped her hips and asked, "Was her bush as thick as mine? Did it excite you as much as my hairy pussy does?"

"Her hair was thicker but was the same silky, soft texture as yours. It was so black that the contrast against her skin was sexy. But nothing can compare to a furry, Mommy pussy."

Halfway through the description of eating her friend's hairy pussy, Mom screamed, "Oh fuck, too soon. I'm cumming on my son's cock. Fuck me hard!"

Her vise-like contractions caused my prick to follow suit. Growling with lust, I pumped Mom full of my potent sperm. Whimpering from her intense orgasm, she clung to me as she recovered. Buried in her saturated pussy, I chastised my mother. "Mom, you didn't let me tell you the most important part."

"I couldn't help it. Eating her pussy was one of our favorite fantasies. The way you described it was similar to the scenario Lexi and I would use as we pleased each other. Let's call it paid in advance for your information. Time for you to tell me the rest."

After I finished my story, she exclaimed, "I knew she was hiding something good. That's the connection. Your dad ties us all together. It's time to let everyone know what's going on. I'm not going to let him ruin two more women's happiness."

"Who's first, Mom?"

"It should be Lexi since she's my sister, but we had a bet on who would eat Yuri's pussy first. Lexi fucked my son before I could and I'm not letting her beat me again."

I laughed at Mom's strong, sexual, competitive drive. "Do you think the shy Mrs. Amari will allow a woman to suck on her cute, little pussy?"

"Of course she will. Behind all her cuteness lies a sex tiger. I'll call her tonight and invite her over for tea at two tomorrow afternoon."

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Ten minutes before the scheduled arrival time, Mom told me to take a shower. She wanted me to come out after Yuri arrived. Mom wore the sexy outfit she exhibited for Lexi. Drying off, I threw on my robe and walked out to the living room. Yuri was sitting in the same spot as Lexi and was treated to the same view. Mom's nipples were hard and pushed out her thin blouse. I was glad I didn't put on underwear so my prick wouldn't get hung up at an odd angle.

Mom noticed my presence and said, "Jason, look who came over today. Sit and visit with us. Yuri, excuse my son's appearance. He returned from a workout minutes ago and I told him to shower so he wouldn't stink us out."

I looked at Yuri and said, "Hi, Mrs. Amari. Nice to see you again. How have you been holding up since your son left?"

She blushed and replied, "Hi Jason. I'm doing better now. I'm not sure what to do with his bedroom. I might leave it alone for a while, an extra bed could be handy if someone wants to visit me." Her sexy smirk let me know I was welcome in her house and arms at any time.

I returned her smile and sat in my chair. They started a conversation, ignoring me for the most part. Yuri's eyes frequently darted to Mom's tits. After ten minutes, Mom said, "Jason, please make us some green tea."

After brewing a pot, I set it and three empty cups on the table. "Let it steep for a few minutes," I warned.

I quickly scooted back to my chair to enjoy Mom's flashing. When it was time to fill the cups, Mom uncrossed her legs and leaned forward to pour the hot tea. Her skirt rode higher as she split her legs apart. Once filled, she leaned back and sipped on her cup. Her hairy bush had to be in plain view. Sure enough, Yuri's face flushed and she couldn't look away for more than a minute. Mom kept talking as if nothing was wrong.

After another ten minutes, Mom crossed her legs and Yuri's glances switched from Mom's bare thighs to her breasts.

Placing her cup on the table, Mom asked, "Jason, would you mind going to your room? I want to talk to Yuri alone."

Mom told me earlier I was to sit on the edge of my bed to wait for them. Not five minutes later, I heard Mom's voice as they headed my way. They entered and Mom said, "Yuri, sit in front of Jason. I want to discuss something with you."

Her friend immediately objected. "Shouldn't I use one of the other chairs. There's not much room on Jason's bed."

"No. I want you there to keep his hands restrained."

Yuri sat between my legs and gripped my wrists.

Her hands tightened as Mom unbuttoned her blouse and threw it on the floor. Cupping her bare globes, Mom inched closer. "When a boy sees his mother's breasts, he will be tempted to fondle them. That's why I asked you to hold him."

Mom was within a foot of the bed. Yuri's eyes were directly in line with Mom's nipples. Mom caressed her breasts and flirted, "I haven't been able to talk to anyone about my problem, but it's easier since you can understand a female's point of view. My breasts ache to be touched. I can't allow my son to do it and my hands aren't satisfying enough. My nipples yearn to be sucked, too. I miss being with a man. Does the same thing happen to you?"

Yuri's panting was rapid as she choked, "Perhaps. This is something we shouldn't be discussing with your son present."

Mom brought her nipple within an inch of Yuri's mouth. "Please? Lick them if you don't want to suck. They need attention and I can't ask Jason for help, can I? Won't you do it so I don't have to beg my son?"

Yuri's mouth latched on without hesitation. Her hands released mine as she reached out to hold Mom's tits. My hands moved to Yuri's bare thighs and stroked them. She moaned as she feasted on Mom's mounds. It wasn't long before sounds of pleasure emanated from both Mom and Yuri.

I unbuttoned Yuri's blouse and unsnapped her bra. She didn't object when I moved her arms off Mom's tits to slip her garments off. My free hands kneaded and caressed Yuri's perky breasts.

Mom's heaving jugs were getting a workout from Yuri's mouth and hands. Mom panted and gushed, "Yuri, your touch is so sensual. I knew you'd know how to help."

Yuri pulled off to breathe and praised, "Monica, your breasts are beautiful. I love sucking on them."

Before she could latch on again, Mom pulled back. She quickly shoved Yuri's skirt up to reveal her pink panties. Holding Yuri by her tits, I pulled her back on the bed, out of Mom's reach. Mom knelt and removed Yuri's damp undergarment.

Yuri gasped as her pussy became exposed. Mom ran her hands up her friend's thin thighs. "Yuri, your pussy is as beautiful as I imagined. You showed me how well a woman can suck tits. Let me return the favor and demonstrate my pussy-eating skills."

Yuri screamed, "Monica, women don't do such a thing. It's not natural and wouldn't feel right."

Mom replied, "It's no different than a man. Who knows pussy better than a woman? It shouldn't be out-of-bounds for you. After all, you've fucked my sister's husband and my son."

Yuri was silent and lost for words when Mom mentioned her affairs. It allowed Mom ample time to plant her mouth on Yuri's pussy. She screamed again from the tongue jammed up her slick slot. I squeezed her breasts, while Mom sucked her friend's juicy quim.

Yuri grunted and gasped from the dual attack on her body. Mom's hands lifted Yuri's knees and spread her open so her face could connect closer. Yuri's hips wiggled under Mom's experienced tongue. It wasn't long before I felt a tapping on my leg from Mom. She was horny and needed attention from her son.

Sliding back, I lowered Yuri's torso onto my bed as I extricated myself. Standing behind Mom, I admired the sight of her munching on Yuri's snatch.

Flipping Mom's short skirt on her back, I ran my hand through her wet gash. I knew she'd be soaked. Moving close, I lodged my hard prick into her pussy and pushed. I sank to the bottom until my balls collided with her ass. Pulling back out, I thrust in hard, pushing Mom's face into Yuri's slot.

Mom screamed, "I can't believe my son's cock is packed in me while I'm sucking my friend's pussy." She immediately returned to feast on the hairy bush in front of her.

Yuri shouted, "Monica, your son is fucking you! I can't believe how exciting it is to watch a son make love to his mother."

Knowing Mom was on the verge of an orgasm, I thrust hard and fast. Mom released her mouth and moved up to latch onto Yuri's hard nipple. She jammed three fingers in Yuri's pussy and rapidly stroked. No intelligible words were spoken by Yuri as Mom fucked her.

Mom croaked, "You know why you're on my son's bed? Because he doesn't stay here anymore. He sleeps with me and fucks me all night. His stiff prick brings me so much joy."

Mom's tight pussy and sexy talk took me over the edge. My cock lurched and streamed out a load of sperm. Her pussy contracted on my third jerk. Her convulsing walls coaxed the rest of my cum out of my balls. Mom's hand didn't stop as she fucked Yuri. Pulling out, I moved close to Yuri's mouth. She immediately licked and sucked our mixed cum off my prick. Her orgasm commenced while slurping my shaft. Mom moved back down to drink the flow of juices gushing out of Yuri's slot.

Yuri was spent after her release. Mom's hands traveled up her body and held her head as she kissed her friend. Yuri kissed her back and their relationship elevated beyond friends.

Yuri broke the silence. "The first day I came over I wanted to explain my affair but chickened out. I'm so ashamed I betrayed my dearest friends. He told me Lexi refused to bring a child into their relationship. She stopped having sex with him to not get pregnant. He said they were already in divorce proceedings and promised to marry me because I wanted a baby. I was conflicted because I desired to bear a child, but I didn't want to endure another husband who wouldn't respect women."

Mom kissed her again and broke the news to her. "Yuri, he had a vasectomy after Jason was born. He doesn't want children. He was using you and I'm convinced he told Lexi the same thing."

Yuri's anger rose, hearing she was taken advantage of. "Unbelievable. How could he do such a thing? I'm so gullible falling for his line of crap."

Mom tried to console her. "He's become an expert at it. All three of us have been affected by his actions. Don't do anything rash or talk to him. I'm going to ask for help from Ethel. Meet us at her place tomorrow at three."

After we dressed, Yuri hugged us goodbye and left for home. Mom turned to me and said, "Sis is next. Let's wait for a few hours so you can reload. Call and inform her I'm out shopping until six and would like to see her at that time. Let her know she should show up at five for some fun time with her favorite nephew."

The phone call was quick and Lexi was anxious to meet her sister again. Her last words before she hung up was, "I kept my promise. Bald and smooth."

Mom would be happy. Knowing it would be a nice surprise, I decided to not tell her.

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Mom was riding my cock cowgirl style fifteen minutes before Lexi's scheduled arrival. She did all the work to stave off my climax. Her pussy flooded my shaft through her orgasm. Ensuring my cock was coated with her cum, she rested on my pelvis with my prick buried in her soaked cavern. Hearing Lexi's car in the driveway, Mom jumped off and hid in her closet. I closed my robe and met Lexi as she walked in the front door.

"Oh my, Jason. You look like you're ready to help relieve your aunt's stress."

I hugged her and ran my hand under her skirt. Her slit was wet and I smeared her juices around her smooth mound. "A bald pussy and no panties. Someone needs to be rewarded."

She discarded her blouse, bra, and skirt on the way to the master bedroom. Wasting no time, I spread her out and mashed my face to her groin. My tongue washed over her newly shaved mons pubis. I sucked in as much muff as possible. She squealed in delight.

"Good job, Auntie. It gives me more area to suck and lick. I'll have to come back to pay more attention later." Moving up her body, I sucked on her tits for several minutes warming her up even more. It was time to reacquaint her with memories of her sister.

Throwing off my robe, I brought my slick, cum-soaked cock to her mouth. She engulfed it, sucked, and quickly pulled off. Licking my

shaft, she ran her tongue up and down, smacking her lips after every pass. When it hit her, she screamed, "Your prick is covered with Monica's pussy juice. You're fucking your mother!"

Her mouth sucked my rod in an attempt to retrieve more love-juice. When the bed shook I knew Mom had made contact. Lexi stopped and gasped, "Oh damn, I recognize your talented tongue. Welcome back, Sis. Eat my pussy as only you can do it. I've missed you so much."

Backing off the bed, I took in the sight of Mom feasting on Lexi's bald pussy. Moving behind Mom, I buried my cock in her juicy quim and slowly stroked.

Lexi squeezed her mounds and gazed at her nephew fucking his mother. "Damn, that's hot. Jason is fucking you. I can't blame you, though. He's got a wonderful prick."

After ten minutes of Mom feasting on her sister's pussy, she backed off, causing my cock to pop out. As soon as Mom flopped on the bed by her sister, I took her place and sank my cock into my aunt. I lowered my body and flattened her tits out against my chest. We kissed as I pumped her sodden cunt.

After ten minutes of fucking, we were both escalating to an orgasm. Mom leaned over to Lexi and taunted, "His cock is fantastic, isn't it? He's been filling my pussy with cum for days. And now he's going to sperm you. It's what you want, Sis. A baby. He's the man to do it. Your husband hasn't been servicing you, because he's been having an affair

for six months. There was never any hope of having a child with him. His tubes are cut. He shoots blanks."

Lexi was gasping so hard she couldn't answer, but I could see in her face the realization that her suspicions were correct about her husband. I sawed across her clit and her pussy reacted with a flow of juices and a minor orgasm. Several more strokes and her back arched as she released.

Mom whispered, "He's about to erupt. Lexi, fuck my son until he fills you with his potent sperm!"

Lexi gripped my ass and held me to her as I erupted on her fourth contraction. When my load splashed her walls, her slot squeezed harder. I filled her convulsing cunny with baby-batter as she kept humping her hips to get my cream in as deep as she could. After her pussy milked the last drop of precious cum out of my balls, she relaxed on the bed.

I rested on her heaving tits as we wound down from our bonding. Mom broke the silence. "Beautiful, Sis. You've joined me in getting our fertile wombs flooded with my son's sperm."

Lexi replied, "I'm happier than I've been for years. It's time to move on with my life. Monica, I feel so bad about what I did, but I want you to know I didn't hook up with your Ex until after your divorce. I wish I knew he couldn't have children. He said he wanted a family and that's why he talked me into marriage. No offense, Sis, but he's a rotten fuck."

Mom leaned over and kissed her. "Yea, he was horrible in bed. It's why he has to lie to women about wanting a family. He did the same to Yuri. She was his latest target. She knows as much as you. Don't be mad at her. You and she were taken advantage of and made a bad decision. It's time to move on."

"Yuri? That's sad. I wish it would have been anyone else. She's so sweet and doesn't deserve to be treated in such a way. I hope she's okay."

"Don't worry, she's much better now. Jason elevated her out of her depressed state."

"Jason is fucking Yuri? What a lucky guy."

Mom giggled and added, "We both enjoyed her. Her little pussy is tasty."

Lexi shrieked, "Damn, you beat me. Wait, Jason is fucking his sex-crazed mother and also a cute Asian woman? I can see where I'm not going to get much prick out of this deal. I can't compete with you two."

I leaned down and kissed her. "Don't worry. You're still my hot auntie. We won't neglect you."

We laughed and rested. Lexi rolled out from under me and retreated to the bathroom. When she came back in, she lamented, "Well, I better leave you two love-birds alone."

Mom quickly replied, "You're not going anywhere, Lexi. Get back in bed. Jason is going to fuck you and flood your fertile womb with sperm every few hours. You'll be lucky to be able to walk after he drills your horny pussy all night. By the way, we're meeting Yuri at Ethel's tomorrow to plan a course of action."

Lexi jumped back onto the bed in delight. "That's a plan I can get on board with. Let's get this show started."

True to Mom's word, we bred between short naps throughout the night. We refrained from sex the next day awaiting our meeting with Yuri and Ethel.

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Yuri was apprehensively waiting in the hall when we arrived. She ran to Lexi and hugged her. With tears in her eyes, she apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't intend to hurt you."

Lexi returned her loving embrace and reassuringly replied, "I know, Yuri. You were wronged along with me. It wasn't your fault. I'm glad you're safe from him now. It's all that counts."

Ethel walked in and smiled at us, knowing she was successful in rejoining the three friends.

As usual, Mom took charge of speaking for the group. "Thanks to you, Ethel, we know it all now. We were all used by the same man and now we're free. We're a little uncertain of how to proceed. Retribution would be nice, but our wish is to move on with our lives."

Smiling wide, Ethel's look turned more serious. "Excellent. What I observed was three close friends were divided and mistreated by one selfish prick. Put him behind you. With Yuri's help, my attorneys will ensure Lexi's divorce settlement will be in her favor. When they're done with him, he'll wish he'd hadn't seen any of you. Plus, my team will keep an eye on him and inform any future women he attempts to harm. I'm delighted you're all friends now. It's time to discuss your prize awards since the three of you have won trips to different destinations."

Mom stopped her. "Ethel, wait. I want to demonstrate something to you first. In the contest room, of course."

Mom pulled Lexi and Yuri by their hands to the testing room, quickly distancing themselves from Ethel and me. When we neared the door, I turned to Ethel and requested, "Could you remain in the observation room? A few more eyes on the action might be nice for future reference and review."

She smiled widely and dashed into the other room. I knew she'd be at the workstation, expertly running the cameras.

Once I entered, Mom and Lexi were already in a hug. Yuri was off to one side observing the sisters. As they removed their clothes while kissing, I stripped Yuri. There was no protesting as she had succumbed

to her sexual desires. Once all the women were nude, I started on my clothes. Yuri turned and held my hands. She ordered, "My duty. Let me undress you."

I watched Mom and Lexi move to the bed and immediately assume a sixty-nine position.

After each article of clothing Yuri removed, she would kiss and caress my exposed flesh. It was sensual and Yuri knew it. Once nude, Yuri kissed me while massaging my cock. We turned to view the panting sisters enjoying their lustful connection.

Yuri whispered, "I want to try."

"Try what?" I asked.

"Your mother ate my pussy and I loved it. I want to experience the same thing."

I smiled and offered, "Take your pick. From personal experience, they're both great."

"I owe your mother for introducing me to womanly love, but I wronged Lexi. It was her husband I had an affair with. I want to bring her joy."

Mom was on top so it was easy to reach under and extract her from my aunt. Lexi's legs opened and her hips humped up, begging for attention. Before I could embrace Mom, Yuri's face was plastered on Lexi's smooth mound.

Mom and I kissed while we watched Lexi's excitement levels increase. Mom pushed me onto the chair and lowered her hungry pussy onto my staff. She faced the action and didn't stir, content to be filled with her son's cock while she watched Yuri suck on her sister's quivering quim.

For the next ten minutes, the only noises were Lexi's sounds of pleasure as Yuri licked and sucked. Mom recognized the signs that her sister was nearing an orgasm. "Push three fingers up her pussy, Yuri. No. With your small hand, stick all of them in and suck her clit."

Yuri followed Mom's instructions perfectly and Lexi lustfully screamed. Her pussy squeezed Yuri's fingers as her body rewarded her with a climax. Yuri lapped her juices as they flowed out of her satisfied quim.

When Lexi relaxed, Yuri backed off and turned to Mom and me. "Thank you so much. That was erotic."

"Come here, Yuri." Mom pulled her face to hers when she was close. She licked Lexi's juices from Yuri's cheeks and chin. "We can't have my sister's nasty cum smeared on your beautiful face."

When finished, Mom stood up, causing a squishy sound from my coated cock as it released from her snug sheath. Yuri leaned down and licked off Mom's juices. "Mmm, tasty. I can't wait to repay you, Monica."

She rose and kissed Mom. I stood with my steel-hard prick pointing straight up. Which beauty would I sink my cock in and sow my seed? It was a tough choice, but I didn't have to decide. Mom knows best.

For Ethel's benefit, Mom made an announcement. "Jason has filled me full of sperm the last few days and Lexi received several loads last night. We're both fertile and have decided to bear his children. There is one of us still undecided and ..."

Yuri interrupted, "Stop!" She skipped to me and jumped up, locking her legs around my waist. Kissing me, she pleaded, "Please, Jason. Fill me with your seed. I'm ready and want your baby. Make me part of your family. Breed me!"

Mom laughed as she lay on the bed by Lexi. "That was easier than I thought it would be. Imagine the pain my son will have to endure, fucking a cute, Japanese sexpot."

Lexi chuckled as she rolled on her side leaving a gap between them for Yuri.

Still clinging to me, Yuri leaned close to my ear and whispered, "I want all of you this time. When your full balls smash against my pussy and

you fill me with your sperm, you'll own me. I will give myself to you, more than I've done with any man. You won't regret it."

My prick became harder. This sexy woman knew how to arouse me. "When I claim you, I want you to move in with Mom and me, so I can fuck you all the time."

Her body shook with excitement. All of her barriers were breached. She was ready to submit to her desires.

After I laid her on the bed, Mom wedged a pillow under her friend's ass. The sisters each grabbed a knee, pulled up, and spread her out. Lexi gawked at Yuri's beauty and commented, "Jesus, you're sexy. Your black bush is dazzling. This is the first time I've wanted to own a prick. Jason is one lucky bastard."

I couldn't agree more. It was time to show Yuri her pussy can swallow my entire cock. No more denying her. Crawling between her open legs, I ran my bloated head through her wet slit. She was ready to fuck. Pushing in an inch brought out a gasp of surprise. She forgot how much girth there was to take.

"Don't worry. You'll get used to it," I promised.

She croaked, "I hope not. The waves of pleasure shooting through my pussy from your initial push are mind-numbing. Keep going."

I watched my prick slide in another two inches before pulling back to her entry. It was frothy from her pre-cum. Continuing to slide in and out of the front of her pussy, her panting increased along with low, guttural groans. Mom and Lexi latched onto her engorged nipples. Quickly stroking for several minutes brought her up fast. Eating Lexi's gash and the initial entry into her tight pussy pushed her excitement level to the limit. She fought and struggled to withhold her release.

Her tiny hands pushed against my abdomen in an attempt to impede further progress. She needed to climax before I ventured further into her channel. "Let your body go, Yuri. Cum on my cock. Don't fight it."

She grunted and allowed her body to orgasm. Her pussy seized in pleasure as I kept thrusting. Her slick slot flooded with juice and her walls yielded to my intruding ram. Taking advantage, I pushed in another inch. She screamed, "Oh God, you're going in deeper. My pussy is splitting apart. It's so full, but I want all of it. Feed me more of your cock!"

Fulfilling her desire, I pushed in, splitting her long-unused canal wider than it'd ever experienced. After each orgasmic contraction, her walls opened and devoured more cock. Her pussy was mimicking a snake, swallowing an oversized piece of meat.

Her words were all foreign now as I pulled out and pushed in, gaining new ground. One more convulsion and I pushed one final time. My balls smashed against her ass. The air rushed from her lungs as she gasped to inhale oxygen. Her pussy ceased squeezing and resisting,

having surrendered to my intruding ram. We locked eyes and she silently communicated she belonged to me.

Mom and Lexi released her nipples. Seeing me buried to the hilt, they smiled at each other. Mom gleefully said, "Yuri, my son's entire prick is crammed in your horny pussy. You feel full, don't you? It's time you experienced a deep-fuck now."

Yuri screamed, "It's so damn good. Your son is a fantastic lover. Jason, fuck me hard and give me a baby!"

Mom and Lexi grabbed Yuri's legs and pulled them to her chest, angling her pussy for even deeper penetration. Withdrawing and plunging to the bottom, my spongy head smashed against the back of her pussy. She screamed in ecstasy. I fucked her solidly for another five minutes. Her pussy snapped and squeezed in an attempt to convince my cock to erupt.

Her near-black eyes rolled up so only the whites showed. I was certain she was going to pass out from the constant stimulation. Mom heard my panting and sensed my elevated state. She placed her hand on my chest to halt my pounding. One final thrust and I stopped with my engorged cock embedded in Yuri's clinging pussy.

The sisters moved Yuri's legs back and spread her wide. Mom beamed, "Jason, you know what you have to do to complete the act of love."

I didn't need to be told twice. I lowered and melded with Yuri's delicate body. We locked our mouths and eyes. Her legs wrapped around me and pulled me in as we fucked like animals. Her hips humped and her body shook when another orgasm commenced. My shaft enlarged and my bulbous head scraped along her tight pussy. Her big eyes widened as my cock blasted my first spurt of sperm, coating her back wall.

Her velvet glove squeezed and convulsed as I continued to spew one blob after another. The volume of fluids in her soaked crevice made it easier to plunge deeply, packing my baby-batter closer to its target. Her pussy milked my cock long after my prick ceased pulsing. When her legs released me, her body relaxed. She was exhausted from the intensive breeding. I remained buried, plugging her tight channel, ensuring my potent seed wouldn't spill out.

No one spoke as we recovered from our sexual bliss. The first sound I heard was the door opening.

Ethel stepped in and sat on the chair next to us. "That was a beautiful display of affection. Your life will be more complete than ever because of your love for each other. I've made a decision on the awards. Instead of three trips, there will be one. All of you will enjoy a stay at my Hawaiian estate. It is remotely located and situated on a secluded beach. I've instructed the staff to bring in fresh food daily. The length of time will be extended to three weeks or longer, depending on much time it takes Jason to impregnate all three of you."

There were gasps from all three women as they were unable to hide their excitement. Lexi exclaimed, "We're going to have so much fun."

Eyeing her fair-skinned friend underneath me, she added, "I'd hate to see Yuri's pure skin get burned though. We're going to have to be careful."

Yuri chirped, "It won't be a problem. I'll be staying indoors most of the time." She smiled as she humped her hips. "Deep inside."

Coming up in Chapter 2

It takes four weeks in Hawaii for all three to become pregnant.

Lexi is certain she was impregnated when making love outside. She has an epiphany while staring at the moon when Jason breeds her. As soon as she returns to the mainland, she changes her last name to Luna in tribute to the moon. With Ethel's financial help, she starts up a short clips company specializing in pregnant porn.

Monica insists that Jason continue to help Ethel re-enact her fantasies, but doesn't accompany him so it'll be more realistic for Ethel.

Yuri and Jason are married after two months of living together. Yuri insists his mother share their bed and him. When Ethel hears about their marriage, she confesses to Yuri about Jason helping her and promises to discontinue their sexual liaisons. Yuri won't hear of it and insists Jason continue to help her.

Yuri's twenty-year-old niece, Sayuri Yamato, comes to visit and wouldn't you know it, she wants a baby. Yuri has a husband to fix that problem.

Once Sayuri is impregnated, she leaves to join up with Lexi. Their business expands as Sayuri draws in a different audience.

Monica and Yuri convince Ethel to invest capital in Lexi's business so they can hire pregnant women from every nationality to increase their global audience. Each applicant has to audition with Jason first to ensure they're up for the task. Of course, if they need to become pregnant, Jason is available for a small fee.

**THE END**