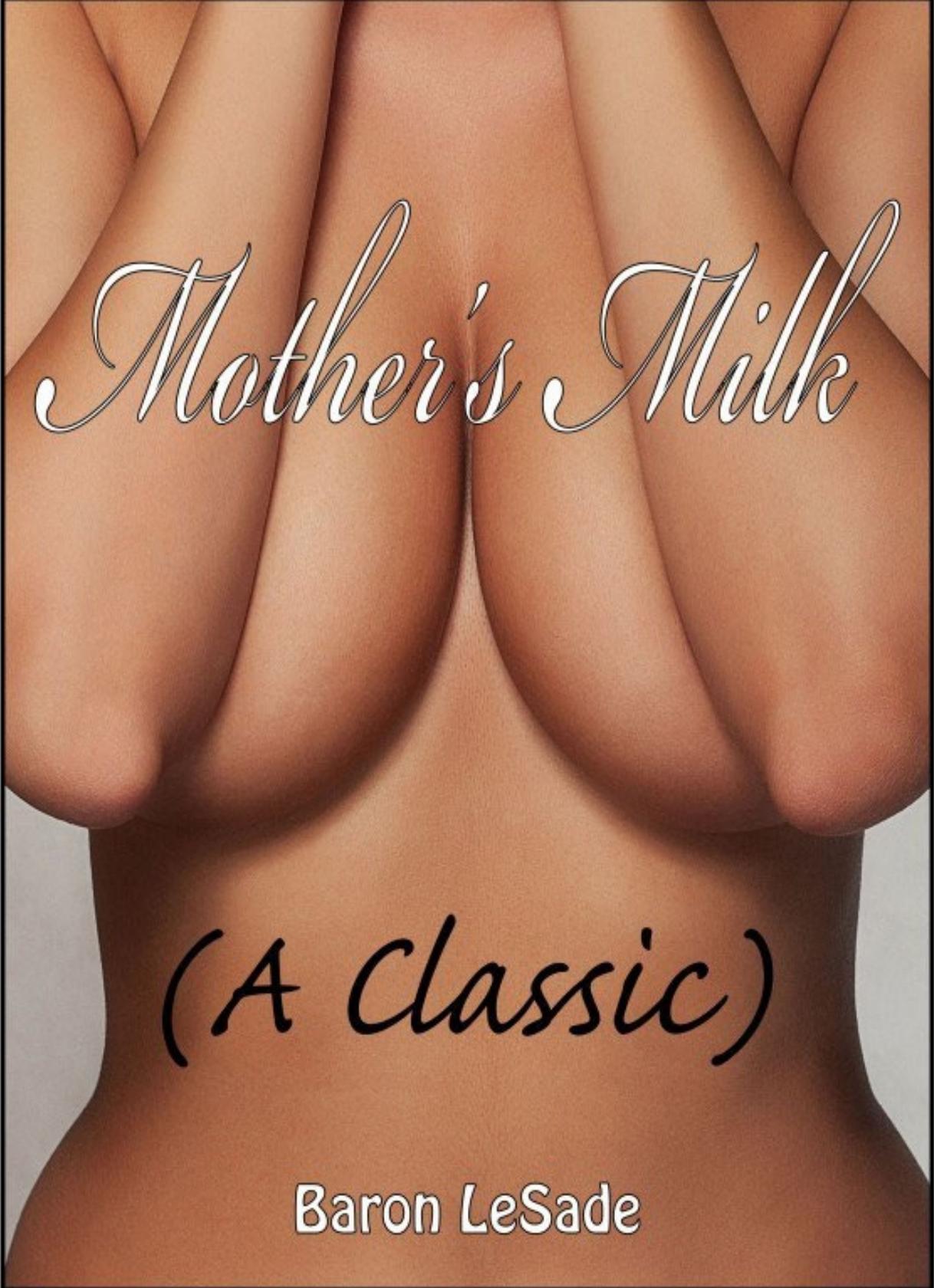
An artistic illustration of a woman's bare breasts and upper abdomen. The skin is rendered in a realistic, warm brown tone with soft shading to create depth and texture. The breasts are positioned centrally, with the areolae and nipples clearly defined. The overall style is classic and elegant, typical of vintage adult entertainment art.

Mother's Milk

(A Classic)

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Table of Contents

[Chapter One – At the Cabin](#)

[Chapter Two - Revisited](#)

[Chapter Three – Their Little Secret](#)

[End](#)

MOTHER'S MILK

Chapter One - At the Cabin

The heavy, pouring rain came down in sheets, making visibility almost impossible. Wayne struggled to see out the window of his Jeep Cherokee. His mother, Krista, sat in the other seat peering out through the suffocating deluge of water. Every few moments, Krista turned and looked out the rear window for a few seconds before looking back to the front.

"I hope that they're okay," she mumbled.

"Oh, they'll be fine," Wayne told her, hoping that he was right.

Wayne's whole family was driving up to their cabin in the mountains for a mini-vacation. Tony, Wayne's father, Kim, Krista's sister, and Wayne's little sister, Marie were in the second car somewhere behind them. They had taken both cars because Kim had to return home on Tuesday. Wayne, Krista, Tony, and Marie were planning to leave the following Friday.

When they had started out earlier that morning, it had been sprinkling, but it had turned into a steady rain before very long. The rain had continued to intensify all morning, turning the drive into a real ordeal.

Stopping in Emoryville around twelve, they refueled and decided to have lunch. At the diner, Kim had talked Krista into letting her take little Marie for the last leg of the trip since they only had about an hour left to go. Although Marie was just a month old, they didn't think being separated from her mother for an hour would hurt her. Anxious to get to the cabin, Wayne and Krista left before the others. They hadn't seen their headlights since...

Glancing down at his watch, Wayne saw that an hour had passed since they'd left the diner.

"I think I see the turn off," he said, slowing the car.

"That's it," Krista confirmed as Wayne steered the car off the highway onto the narrow black topped road.

"Be sure to stay on the road," his mother cautioned him, watching him carefully guide the car down the narrow lane, "if we get stuck, we'll never get out of this mud."

"You got that right," he nervously chuckled.

They crept down the road until they came to the rickety bridge that spanned a usually tame little stream. Stopping the car, Wayne got out and plodded through the rain over to the bridge and looked down. The stream, usually quiet and slow was now a roaring river of deep, muddy water. Staring into the dark, swirling water below, he watched the surge of the water crashing against the bridge's supports. They looked rather fragile, but seemed to be withstanding the force of the river.

"What do you think?"

"What," he jumped, not knowing his mother had walked up behind him.

"Do you think the bridge will hold?"

"Uh, yeah, I guess," he muttered, "What do you think?"

"It looks okay to me," she said walking a few feet out onto the bridge and timidly jumping up and down, "it feels sturdy enough."

"Okay, let's try it," he shouted over the noise of the churning water.

"God, I'm drenched," his mother laughed tiredly as they got back into the car, "I can't wait to get to the cabin and get a fire going."

"Well, here goes," Wayne said, putting the car into gear and slowly easing it out onto the bridge.

The old bridge seemed to be holding its own as they slowly inched forward. The bridge was only about fifty feet across, but it took them two or three minutes to cautiously creep three-quarters of the way across it.

Then, all at once, without warning, they felt the bridge wobble and shift under them.

"Oh, God," Krista screamed "It's collapsing."

As Wayne felt the first sickening lurch, he instantly slammed the accelerator to the floor. For one long, terrifying moment, it felt like the car and the bridge were both going to crash into the icy water below. But at the last moment, the tires grabbed hold of the worn wooden planks and shot the car toward the other side of the bridge.

Neither of them could speak as the car roared across the final few feet toward the shore. Then, just as the front wheels touched solid ground, they felt the back end of the car stagger and slip sideways. Time seemed to stop. Holding their breath, they prayed until the car finally shot off the bridge and onto land. Then, just as the back tires cleared the bridge, the bridge went crashing down into the water behind them. Lady Luck must have been riding with them, Wayne thankfully thought.

Wayne slammed on the brakes, trying to keep the car from going off the road and into the mud. After skidding several feet, the car finally stopped only inches from the soft treachery of the road's shoulder.

Wayne sat unmoving, his fingers digging into the steering wheel for several moments. Finally, he looked over at his mother. She was white as a sheet as she sat staring out into the rain pouring down on the hood of the car. At last she turned and looked over at him, smiling weakly.

"My God, that was close," his mother gasped.

"You can say that again," he said.

After a few minutes, when his hands had stopped shaking enough for him to open the car door, he pushed it open. Stepping out into the pouring rain once again, he slammed the door shut. Looking over, he saw his mother step out of the car on the other side.

Both of them wobbled back over to where only moments earlier the bridge had stood. Now there was nothing but a few broken, shattered pilings jutting up out of the cold, swirling water below. The twisted, broken supports were the only evidence that the bridge had once stood there.

"Another five seconds and we'd have been washed away," he muttered, feeling

his legs almost buckle under him, "God that was close."

Neither of them spoke for several moments as the rain poured down on them. Numbly, they stared down into the dark, muddy water rushing past them.

"Uh-oh, here comes Tony and Marie," his mother suddenly blurted out.

"Go get your cell phone and call them, quick!" Wayne yelled as he started waving his arms frantically, trying to get them to stop them before they drove off into the crevice that had once been a stream.

Krista turned and dashed through the rain to the car. Flinging the door open, she dove inside. Tearing open her purse, she jammed her hand inside and pulled out her phone.

Quickly jabbing the fast-dial key, she lifted it to her ear.

"Come on, Damn it, answer it" she muttered, staring out at the other car as it slowly approached the opposite side of the river.

"Yeah," Kim, her sister finally said.

"Yes. Thank God you answered. The bridge is out."

"Yeah, we saw Wayne waving his arms, so we slowed down."

No one spoke for several moments as they all watched Wayne wearily trudge back to his car.

"Well, now what?" he asked, sliding under the steering wheel. He was drenched to the bone.

"I don't know," she mumbled, trying to think what to do.

It was obvious that Tony, Kim, and Marie were not going to cross the stream any time soon. They could easily turn around, go back to Emoryville and spend the night there. But Wayne and Krista were marooned. Thankfully, Krista thought, even though she was still nursing Marie, she had packed plenty of formula, which was with her little one. But with the bridge down and it still raining, she didn't know how long she would be separated from her baby. She and Wayne had

all the food, so they could go on up to the cabin and stay there until someone figured out a way to get them back across the river.

She discussed their alternatives with Tony for several minutes. Since it was already one o'clock in the afternoon, he finally agreed that he, Kim, and Marie would return to Emoryville and check in with the Sheriff to let him know that Wayne and Krista were stranded. They'd spend the night and get back to her later and let her know what kind of plan he and the Sheriff could come up with.

Closing her cell phone, she explained what was happening to Wayne... Agreeing with her, Wayne looked into the rear view mirror and watched anxiously as Tony slowly, carefully, backed away from the roaring water. It seemed to take hours, but finally his father's car backed out onto the highway and disappeared into the torrential rain.

"Well, Kemosabe, I guess we're on our own," Krista tensely grinned.

"I guess so," he replied, slowly shifting into low and letting out on the clutch pedal.

At last they stopped in front of the cabin and both sat watching the rain beat down on the hood of his car. The drive to the cabin had seemed to take hours because Wayne hadn't gotten above five miles an hour, but to their immense relief, they'd finally arrived.

As they stared out into the downpour, it seemed like the rain was getting even heavier.

"Do you know how long a cubit is?" Wayne laughed wearily.

"Nope, but we may need to find out if it keeps up like this much longer," his mother replied.

"Well, I sure don't want to start looking for animals by the pair in this downpour," he grinned.

"Especially when I already have a pair that are beginning to ache," she sighed.

"Pardon?" he said, not believing what he had heard.

"Don't be such a prude," she chided him good-naturedly, "it's been almost five hours since I nursed Marie and my breasts are getting a little full and sore."

"MOTHER," he sputtered, turning bright red, "you're embarrassing me."

"Okay, Mr. Prude," she laughed, opening her door, "let's get this car unloaded."

Wayne stepped out into the rain, grateful for anything that would hide his crimson face. His face was so hot, he thought he could feel steam rising from it as the rain splashed against it... He couldn't believe his mother said what she had said. After all, she was his mother and he hadn't been prepared for her suggestive remark. Stopping for a moment, he stood in the pouring rain thinking about her breasts. The thought of her breasts, big and swollen, full of mother's milk sent a jolt of excitement tearing into his brain. Shuddering, he looked up and let the cold wetness of the rain splash into his face, hoping it would wash away his impure thoughts.

At last, he looked over and saw his mother impatiently standing by the rear of the car. Shamefully, he rushed around, unlocked, and threw open the trunk. They both grabbed as much as they could and sloshed over to the cabin. Depositing his load under the protection of the porch, he splashed back to the car while his mother unlocked the cabin.

After the first load, he made his mother stay inside while he trudged back and forth unloading the car. It took him ten minutes in the driving rain to off-load everything they had brought, but at least it kept his mind off what his mother had said for a little while.

As he unloaded, his mother sorted their belongings in piles. Making the last trip inside, he closed the door behind him and dropped the last few items on the table.

"Here, here is your suitcase," his mother told him handing him his bag. "You hurry up and change into something dry before you catch your death of cold. Then you can start a fire while I change."

He kicked off his muddy boots and plodded through the hall in his wet socks to the single bathroom in the cabin. Closing the door behind him, he quickly stripped down and toweled off the rainwater. He felt like he had just taken a frigid shower that, thankfully, kept his thoughts off his mother and her tits. But

now, looking at himself in the mirror, his thoughts suddenly went back to his mother. What would she look like naked, he frantically asked himself. He wished he could be on the other side of the mirror, invisible, when she came in to undress. He couldn't believe how big her breasts had gotten since she had Marie...

Blushing with shame, he couldn't stop his cock from slowly swelling. Angry with himself for thinking such nasty thoughts, he dried his hair and pulled out a pair of loose shorts and a sweater. A weird combination, he thought, but after he got the fire going, he knew how warm the small cabin would be.

The cabin only had four real rooms. Two bedrooms, a bathroom and a combination den, kitchen, living room. The big rock fireplace would have the whole cabin warm in little more than an hour, if he remembered correctly.

Stepping out of the bathroom, he saw that his mother was waiting impatiently for him to finish.

"It's about time," she remarked, striding purposefully toward the bathroom. "I thought you'd had died in there."

"You look like a drowned rat," he laughed as she walked by him, her wet hair plastered to her head and her clothes still dripping.

But even drenched and bedraggled from wading around in the rain, she was still cute. Cute. The word seemed to be made for her, he thought, as he went about starting the fire. Yes, she was pretty, but not a raving beauty. Cute. Yes, that was her. But very cute. And her figure, now svelte and shapely after the pregnancy, looked great for her age.

Then, scolding himself for thinking about his mother in such a way, he set about getting the fire going.

He could hear the shower running as he struggled to start the fire. Why would she need a shower, he wondered? She had already had one in the pouring rain. Losing his train of thought, he suddenly found himself wondering what she looked like, standing under the water without a stitch of clothes on. He thought about sneaking over and peeking through the keyhole, but decided against it and went back to starting the fire.

Thankfully, he and his dad had brought in a week's supply of wood the last time they had been at the cabin. If they hadn't, he would never have gotten a fire going. As he nursed the tiny tendrils of flame, they finally began to lick at the wood and soon the fire was blazing away. Squatting in front of the fire, he poked at it as his thoughts returned to his mother. He had heard other boy's talking about pregnant women and women with babies at school. They said that their breasts got gigantic and all full of milk. They even said that if a woman didn't have a baby to suck on her tits, they would get painful and have all kinds of problems. Wayne had never really thought of his mother like that until he saw her nursing Marie one day. Then he found it embarrassing to hear the boys talking about women that way. But, in spite of himself, he found himself trying to sneak another peek of his mother's breasts. He had seen them once and for some reason it had scared him. He thought that they would just be bigger, but he wasn't prepared for how much bigger they actually were. Ashamed that he was thinking about her in such a sexual way, he suddenly found himself hard. Blushing, he quickly stood up and started to straighten his cock.

Just as he grabbed his cock through his shorts to reposition it, his mother stepped out of the bathroom. She was wearing a soft, pink bathrobe and drying her hair with a big, white towel.

Both of them stopped and stared at each other for several uncomfortable moments. Then, Wayne turned away from her and shoved his swollen maleness into a more comfortable position.

"Are you okay?" his mother asked, strolling toward him with her arms above her head as she dried her hair.

"Uh...yeah...uh...sure," he muttered, looking back at her.

As she padded across the room toward him in her bare feet, he couldn't keep himself from letting his eyes dip down to her big tits, bobbling unrestrained under the robe. In his inflamed state, her breasts seemed to be huge as they swelled out under her soft, cotton bathrobe.

"Are you sure you're okay?" she smiled at him with a questioning look on her face, "Your face is fire-engine red."

"Yeah...uh...I guess it's just the fire," he mumbled, "I was too close."

"Oh," she said, stepping up beside him and dropping the towel to the floor.

She didn't say anything for several moments as she stood beside him warming her hands. He was afraid to move and stood waiting anxiously. As he waited, he couldn't keep from glancing back down at the swell of her breasts under the thick, fleecy bathrobe. The way her tits were moving, she had to be naked underneath it, he told himself and felt his penis twitch again.

"Why don't you get us a glass of wine," she finally said, turning and facing him. "We can have a little before dinner to celebrate our escape from the flood."

"Uh...sure...good idea," he blurted out, glad for any chance to move away from her.

"I didn't get a chance to thank you for you what you did this afternoon," she said softly, leaning over and giving him a soft, loving kiss on the cheek. "You probably saved our lives."

"Awww...Mom," he modestly said as his face reddened once again.

Self-consciously, he stumbled back away from her.

"Really," she smiled at him, "we would probably have been swept to our deaths if you hadn't reacted so quickly."

"Anybody would have done the same thing," he said, hoping she wouldn't notice the bulge in his shorts as he hurried over to the pantry.

He found several bottles of wine in one of the cabinets and took one down. As he awkwardly struggled to open it, he secretly watched his mother out of the corner of his eye. She was leaning over, letting the fire dry her soft, short curly brown hair. As he watched, her robe fell open just enough to give him a view of one, big, bare breast. So she was naked underneath it, he told himself as his penis lurched again and he nearly dropped the wine bottle.

"Are you having a hard time?" she asked from across the room.

"Uh...no...it...it's just...a little stiff," he muttered, wondering if her pun had been accidental because his wasn't.

"Need some help, Hon?" she asked him, turning slightly so that her robe ballooned open ever wider.

"Uh...no...uh...uh...no...Mom," he gulped, trying to keep his eyes glued on her big, swollen breast and uncork the bottle both at the same time.

He could see almost all of her big, swollen breast, all the way down to the ring of dark, mysterious flesh surrounding its nipple. Straining to see more, he couldn't quite make out her nipple.

"I sure am getting thirsty," she said at last.

Tearing his eyes away from her breast, he looked up to see that she had been watching him. He blushed almost purple as he realized that she had known he was watching and did nothing to stop him.

"Do you find my breasts interesting?" she said, finally raising up and pulling her robe together.

"MOTHER," he groaned, his mind in a turmoil of confusion.

"Well, you were looking at them, weren't you?"

He couldn't speak. Mortified, he couldn't find any words to express his shame.

She didn't say anything else for several moments.

His hands were shaking so badly, it took him forever to fill the glasses with wine. Still blushing brightly, he slowly stumbled back over to his mother. Wine dribbled and ran down the glass as he handed it to her with his trembling hand.

"It's okay," she smiled softly, reaching out and taking his hand in hers to stop the shaking.

He didn't know what to say or do. She finally peeled his frozen fingers from around the glass and took it from him. Smiling at him warmly, she slowly took a long sip of her wine.

Suddenly coming to life, Wayne took a drink from his glass, almost emptying it in his first gulp.

"My, you were thirsty, too" she warmly laughed.

"I sure was," he blurted out, finishing his drink with another quick gulp.

Using his empty glass as an excuse to leave her presence once again, he walked back over to the bottle.

Refilling his glass, he turned and saw that his mother was sitting on the couch in front of the fire. She had her long, lovely legs curled up under her and she was smiling warmly at him.

"Come on over here and sit down by me," she smiled at him, patting the couch by her.

"Uh...uh...okay," he mumbled, tripping and nearly falling as he started toward her.

"Bring the bottle with you," she told him.

Stopping, he went back and got the bottle. Carrying it with him, he walked over and sat down on the couch next to her. The air was filled with the clean, fresh fragrance of her soap as both of them sat staring into the fire. Time passed slowly as they made small talk and finished the bottle of wine.

"Why don't you lay your head in my lap and take a nap like you used to do when you were a little tyke," she finally told him.

"Uh...uh...okay," he said, setting his empty glass down on the floor.

Maneuvering around on the couch, he gently lowered his head down onto the softness of her lap. The clean, sweet bouquet of her freshly washed body filled his nostrils and brought back fond memories of his youth as he lay looking up at her. He saw her smile warmly as she slowly ran her fingers through his hair. Her breasts, the source of his earlier embarrassment were now jutting out only inches above his face. Only the thick, fleecy covering of terry cloth hid them from his leering eyes.

Drinking in her pleasant scent, he slowly closed his eyes. Listening to the sound of rain splashing against the windows, he found himself getting drowsy. The dull roar of the continuous rain was broken occasionally when one of the logs in the

fireplace would crack and pop. Relaxed by the wine, the fire, the rain and the almost intoxicating nearness of his mother, he felt himself slowly drifting off into sleep.

Wayne didn't know how long he had been asleep, but he could still hear the rain incessantly beating down on the roof as he slowly floated back to consciousness. Letting himself awaken slowly, he suddenly realized that his cheek was wet. Had the roof sprung a leak, he wondered? It wouldn't surprise him as hard as it was raining. Slowly, he opened his eyes and found himself staring up at one of his mother's bare breasts. Stunned, he saw that his mother's robe had somehow fallen open, baring her breast. Not able to believe his eyes, he saw that her big, bulging nipple was brushing against his cheek. Then he saw a tiny trickle of white juice leaking out of the swollen pap. Staring at the distended pink knob of flesh, he watched in fascination as the little stream of mother's milk continued to seep out and run down the soft, curving underside of his mother's beautiful breast.

Almost immediately, he felt his cock swell to aching hardness as he gawked at her breast with utter fascination. Afraid to move, he basked in the sheer eroticism of the moment.

At last, he tore his eyes from her breast and saw that she had apparently fallen asleep, too. Her head had fallen over and she now slept with her cheek resting on her shoulder. Quickly looking back up at her breast, he drank in the captivating view of bared flesh. He couldn't believe how beautiful it was. But now that he was so close, he could even see the delicate, blue blood vessels under the transparent skin covering her breast.

His quest was over. The prize was now before him, openly displayed for his voyeuristic viewing. He watched it as it slowly rose and fell each time his mother took a breath. What would it be like to suck on the hard, puffiness of her nipple, he perversely wondered? No, he couldn't do that, he thought. That would be too much. What would his mother say if she woke and found him sucking on her breast? She would probably kill him. Staring up at the bright pink nipple, he couldn't stop himself from slowly turning his head toward her. As he did, the hard, rubbery knob slid across his cheek and his lips moved ever closer to the forbidden fruit. At last, the hard puffiness of her big, bloated nipple touched his lip.

Then as a tiny trickle of his mother's thin, white milk dripped down onto his lips, he became so excited, he thought he was going to come. He had never felt such excitement. His whole body was throbbing with electricity as he slowly opened his mouth. As his lips parted, her distended, puffy nipple slipped between them. He didn't move for several moments, but finally, he gently sucked on her nipple.

For a moment, nothing happened. Then he saw his mother's eyes flicker open. Terrified of what she would do, he lay as still as he could. Her eyes looked out aimlessly for a moment and then suddenly swept down to his face. He didn't know what to do. Time stopped as they stared into each other's eyes for the longest time.

Finally, she moved ever so slowly, reaching down and cupping his head in her arms, pulling him toward her, forcing her nipple farther into his mouth.

"Yes, please," she whispered, pressing his face into the soft, yielding flesh of her swollen breast. "Nurse and make my breasts stop aching."

Wayne was stunned and did nothing for a moment. Then realizing that she wanted him to nurse, he slowly started sucking on the big, swollen pap.

As he began to suck, he was distressed as the bloated nipple grudgingly gave up thin, watery fluid for several moments. Thinking there would be more milk, he wondered what he was doing wrong. Then, as he began sucking harder, he was alarmed when milk suddenly began to pour from the nipple. Seeing his mother smile down at him approvingly, he began to suck harder as the thickening sweetness of her milk began to gush into his mouth. Somewhere deep in his memory banks, the delicate, sweet, sugary flavor of her milk triggered forgotten memories of his childhood. He was now a tiny baby, sucking at her breasts as her delicious milk poured into his mouth. But even though his mind had reverted to infancy, his maturing body was alive with excitement. Swallowing as fast as he could, he still couldn't keep up with the flow and some of the frothy, white milk leaked out of his mouth and dripped down his chin. Some innate primal force was guiding him now as he pushed his face into her breast with soft insistence. As he sucked, he could feel the heaviness of her breast pushing back against his mouth. He couldn't get enough of her sweet, precious cream as it poured from her breast. Wanting more and more, he unconsciously raised his hand up to her breast. Wrapping his hand around the jutting fullness of his mother's breast, he softly, but firmly began to milk her.

"Oh...yes...Baby...take all of Mommy's milk and make it stop hurting," she murmured, pressing his face into her breast even harder.

As he sucked, he could feel the swelling of her breast slowly diminishing and her body begin to relax. After several minutes, he was gravely disappointed when the flow of milk slowed to a trickle and then stopped. Downcast that her breast was empty and there was now no reason for him to continue sucking on her breast, he felt his mother shift her body and suddenly her nipple popped out of his sucking mouth. Like a child without a pacifier, his lips continued to move, searching for her breast. Then, weak from the earlier adrenaline rush, he watched in amazed wonderment as his mother opened her robe and lifted her other beautiful, swollen breast out. Turning slightly, his mother lowered the big, round softness of her breast with its glistening pink cup down to his lips. It was like giving a drink to a man dying of thirst as she slowly lowered the large, swollen nipple down to his lips. Just as before, when he started sucking on it, it took several moments before her milk to begin to flow freely. But, at last when her milk did start to flow again, it quickly filled his mouth to overflowing once again. Hungrily, he pulled at the rubbery nipple with his lips and mouth, sucking more and more of the pleasing sweetness of her luscious milk into his mouth.

"Oh...yes...my...Baby," she murmured as he continued to suckle her.

Wayne's swollen cock was throbbing with such fiery pain, he knew that he couldn't keep from coming much longer. He had never been so hard or excited in his whole life. It was like having a knife shoved up his aching cock as it pulsed with eager excitement.

As he sucked and sucked, he was once again disappointed when the flow of milk began to decrease. Afraid that his mother would take her breast away from him when it stopped giving milk, he wondered what he could do to postpone the inevitable. Feverishly trying to think of a way to keep sucking on her breast, he gently ran his tongue over the lactating nipple and felt his mother's body stiffen in response. Surprised and aroused by his mother's reaction, he stopped sucking so hard and began to tease the big, swollen nipple with his tongue. Less and less milk flowed out, but his tongue became more and more insistent as he tickled and teased the bulging nipple and felt it harden under his tongue.

"Mmmmmm, Babbbyyyy," she sighed as her whole body seemed to melt down into the couch.

As Wayne played with her nipple, he felt her legs slowly part. Stunningly, he felt his mother's pelvis tilt and gently press up against the back of his head. Was she becoming aroused, he wondered as he felt his cock lurch perilously close to an eruption.

Tweaking and toying with her nipple, Wayne could no longer taste the intoxicating sweetness of his mother's milk. Even though the flow of milk had stopped completely, his mother made no move to stop him. She must be enjoying what he was doing, he thought. The very idea that she would let him play with her nipple was unbelievable. Shocked, he eagerly renewed his assault on her ripe, bloated nipple.

As he played with her nipple, he heard her make soft, little mewling sounds. Excited even more, he continued to pull and nip at her bloated pap as he massaged and kneaded the soft flesh of her breast with his hands.

While he had initially thought that sucking and drinking her milk was the most thrilling thing he had ever done, this was even more exciting. Thinking about what he was doing sent emotions flowing through his body that were almost overpowering. He was actually playing with his mother's big, beautiful breast and she was not doing anything to stop him.

The soft pressure of her groin against the back of his head was growing more and more insistent, the longer he kept teasing her nipple. Then without warning, he felt his mother's hand drop from the back of the couch down to his stomach. He didn't know if it was an accident or if she had done it on purpose, but her hand was now resting only inches from his throbbing, aching cock.

He began to squeeze and knead the soft, pliant flesh of his mother's breast more and more confidently as she made no move to stop him.

Then his heart almost stopped when he felt his mother's hand slowly inch toward his over-ripe cock. Was she consciously doing it or was it just a reflex. Either way, his cock had a hair trigger and he knew that it would only take a touch to cause it to explode.

Suddenly the phone rang. As it did, his mother's hand jerked and brushed across his primed readiness.

"Godddddddnnnnooooo," he gasped out around his mother's nipple as he felt his

penis erupt inside his shorts.

"Oh, Baby, I'm sorry," his mother whispered as she watched him strain and jerk while his cock emptied its load of semen into his shorts, "I'm sorry."

Wayne couldn't believe that it had happened. He couldn't stop it. To his utter shock and humiliation, he felt his mother slowly ease out from under him and get up as the phone rudely continued to ring.

"I'm sorry, baby but I've got to answer the phone, it's probably Tony," she said softly, pulling her robe closed and walking over to the telephone.

Wayne buried his head under the pillows, wishing he could crawl in a hole somewhere and die. How could he have come right in front of his mother? He was mortified. How would he ever be able to face her again? Trying to bury his humiliation under the cushions on the couch, he listened to his mother talking on the phone as he began to feel tears of shame run down his face.

He couldn't make out what she was saying over the din of rain that was pouring down on the house. Then, all at once, he felt exhausted and unable to keep his eyes open. He didn't try to fight it and within moments, was asleep.

The room was dark when he awoke. Looking around, he saw that the fire had been built back up and was casting a soft, warm glow over the room. He didn't move for several moments, letting his eyes grow accustomed to the dark. After a few moments, he let his eyes begin to search the room. It was then that he saw his mother sitting in the big, stuffed chair by the fire. He couldn't believe his eyes as he watched her gently massaging her big, pendulous breasts while she sipped on a glass of wine. Even though he had come only a short time before, he felt his manhood spring back to life almost immediately.

She seemed to be unaware of him as she had her robe untied and spread apart so that her great, swollen breasts were uncovered. His eyes drank in their unmatched beauty as he watched her fingers toy and pull at the big, distended nipples.

Then, stunned, he watched as her hand slowly slipped down from her breasts and traveled down between her legs. The way she was sitting prevented him from seeing what she was doing, but when her head tilted back and her eyes closed, he could imagine where her hand was. He was already on the verge of a second

explosion as he watched his mother playing with herself. Her movement was becoming more and more animated as he watched. Her legs crept farther and farther apart and she began to make the same little mewling sounds as before. Her breathing was becoming ragged and uneven as her hand moved faster and faster.

Then just as it had been with him, the telephone rang.

Wayne closed his eyes and feigned sleep as he heard his mother get up and walk across the room. He could hear her talking quietly to someone, but the thrum of the rain made it impossible to distinguish what she was saying. After several moments, he heard her set the phone down. He waited for a few moments as she slowly padded by the couch and sat back down in the chair. Opening his eyes, he saw that she had spread open her robe again and was massaging her breasts.

Slowly, he sat up.

"Do your breasts hurt?" he brazenly asked, not knowing where he had gotten the courage to speak.

"Whut, what, uh, what did you say?" she sputtered, turning toward him.

He didn't speak for several moments as he let his eyes wander over her big, bare breasts. She seemed confused and initially didn't make a move to cover her exposed breasts.

"I asked you if your breasts were hurting again?" he blushed as she looked down at her bare breasts.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she mumbled, slowly closing her robe and covering her breasts, "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"I'm sorry, I just feel sort of funny inside when I see your breasts," he weakly smiled.

"They do hurt a little," she smiled back at him, "but not like before."

"Your breasts are so beautiful," he said lamely, not knowing what else to do or say.

"Do you really think so?" she said, this time blushing herself, "I thought they were a little too droopy."

"Oh...no...Mother...they're beautiful," he blurted out, his obvious excitement showing.

"Well, thank you, I guess," she softly laughed, taking another sip of her wine.

"Uh...would...would you like for me...to...uh...to you know...uh...nurse on you again?" he mumbled, ashamed that he had said it.

"What did you say?" she asked him with a puzzled look on her face.

"Oh, nothing," he said, blushing again, afraid to press his luck.

Did she know that he had cum before, he wondered, as he sat stupidly smiling back at her? He wanted to say something, but he didn't know what to say.

"Why don't you get something to eat?" she told him, "I fixed some snack stuff while you were asleep."

"Hey, that's sounds good," he said, getting up and going over to the table.

"You were sleeping so soundly," she said loudly, trying to make herself heard over the sound of the rain, "I didn't want to wake you after what happened."

Wayne didn't know what to do or say in response so he hungrily devoured half of the food on the table. He had been ravenous, but hadn't realized it because his sexual emotions had been overriding all other feelings.

Pouring himself a glass of wine, he walked back and sat down on the couch. As he did, his mother told him that they were stuck in the cabin until at least tomorrow afternoon. Tony had talked to the sheriff and found out that the local National Guard had an emergency bridge-laying unit that would come out as soon as it stopped raining.

Wayne didn't have the nerve to ask her when she thought that might be as it continued to rain outside with a vengeance. Looking down at his watch, he was shocked to see that it was already nine o'clock.

"Wow, it's getting late," he remarked, refilling his glass.

"Yeah, you slept for quite a while," she smiled back at him, slowly sipping on her drink, "You've had a very long day.

Neither of them spoke for several moments, each of them buried in their own thoughts. Wayne got up and stepped over to the door of the cabin. Opening it, he could barely see but could tell the rain was still cascading down in sheets.

"Boy, it's still coming down in buckets," he hollered back to his mother.

"I can hear it," she shouted back at him.

Closing the door, he walked over to the fire and warmed his hands. He wanted to ask his mother if he could nurse her again, but he was too bashful so he just stood there in front of the fire waiting for her to do or say something.

"Honey, I think I'm going to bed," he heard his mother say after a few moments. "It's been a long day for me, too."

"It sure has," he answered, not knowing what else to say. "I think I will too."

Disappointed that his mother hadn't asked him to nurse again, he trudged into his bedroom and pulled his clothes off. The house was warm enough for him to sleep in the nude as he usually did. Crawling under his covers, he gently stroked his swollen manhood as he listened to his mother getting ready for bed in the next room.

Then suddenly, she stuck her head around the corner. Startled, he knew that she had seen him stroking himself.

"Uh...good night...Baby," she told him, "I...uh...I hope you...you sleep well.

Then before he had a chance to respond, she disappeared back around the corner.

"Uh...night...Mom," he shouted out.

He got no response, but after a few minutes, her light went off leaving the house dark except for the faint glow from the fire in the living room. Lying in his bed, thinking back over the events of the day, he slowly drifted off to sleep.

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Suddenly, Wayne found himself awake. Something had woke him up, but he didn't know what. The fire was almost out and the house was dark, but he didn't hear anything out of the ordinary as he listened. Then he heard the sound of another log being placed on the fire. As he watched, the glow from the fire slowly grew brighter. Then he heard a thunk as another log was placed on the fire. He couldn't see the fire from his bed, but he could still see the faint glow of it. Staring out his door into the living room, he was surprised to see his mother suddenly appear at his doorway. He knew that it was too dark for her to see his eyes so he didn't have to pretend he was asleep.

His mother stood there for the longest time. He wondered what she was doing as she stood peering into his room. Although the glow of the fire was weak, Wayne's eyes had grown accustomed to the dark and he could see that his mother was wearing a very, very thin nightgown. Even in the dim light of the fire, he could easily make out the silhouette of her beautiful body as she stood peering into his room. Lying on his back, he suddenly felt his cock surge back to hardness as he stared at the outline of her body.

Wondering what she was doing, he couldn't believe his eyes when she slowly stepped into his room. Then, he realized that she was actually coming toward his bed.

Suddenly, the captivating fragrance of her bewitching perfume enveloped him as he felt the bed lurch when she sat down on the edge of his bed. His heart almost stopped beating as he waited to see what she would do next. Then he felt her slowly lift the covers and ease down under them. She was now lying in his bed next to him. He thought he was going to have a heart attack as he suddenly felt her warm body brush up against his.

"Wayne, are you awake?" he heard her whisper.

"Uh...yes," he muttered, his mouth so dry, he could barely speak.

"Do you mind if I come in here for a while?" she asked him, pressing herself up against him insistently.

"Uh...no...is...is...is anything wrong," he groaned, feeling her big, firm breasts pressing into his arm.

She didn't say anything for several seconds.

"Baby, my breasts are hurting again. Would you nurse me again?" she finally whispered.

"Oh...yes...yes...sure," he gasped as he felt her push the covers down and spread her gown open.

"Thank You," she sighed.

Rolling over toward her, he lowered his face down onto her swollen breast. Like a piglet searching for a sow's teat, he hunted for her nipple. Almost immediately he found the hard, swollen pap jutting up from her swollen breast and locked his lips around it. Hungrily, he began to suck on it. Just as before, only a small trickle of milk oozed from his mother's nipple initially. Sucking harder, he felt the flow increase and he was quickly rewarded with a mouthful of her sweet mother's milk. Gluttonously, he pulled and sucked on her gushing tit, reveling in the delightful taste and warmth of her sweet, creamy milk. As he sucked and pulled on her breast, he realized that his throbbing cock was pressed up against his mother's leg. Her gown must have ridden up her leg because there was nothing between his cock and her bare skin. Aflame with desire, he couldn't stop himself from pressing his burning hardness against her leg even harder. He knew that she must feel his steel-hard penis mashed up against her leg, but she made no effort to move her leg back away from him. Inspired by her lack of objection, he continued to press his swollen hardness into her leg as he sucked and fondled her swollen tit.

"Oh...yes...Baby...that feels so good," he heard his mother whisper to him.

In his feverish state, he didn't know if she meant his cock or the way he was sucking her tit. Everything was happening too fast for him to fully comprehend it. He was overwhelmed by the emotions pouring through his mind. It was too incredulous to fully fathom. He was lying next to his dear, sweet mother, sucking her breast and rubbing his cock against her leg. It couldn't really be happening. He must be dreaming, but he knew he wasn't.

Slowly the flow of milk from her breast gradually diminished as he ravenously suckled her like a starving calf. As he sucked, he was able to pull less and less of her pure, precious milk into his mouth, until at last the flow stopped altogether.

"Do the other one, baby," she cooed, her hands coaxing him over to her other breast.

To reach her other breast, Wayne had to straddle her and lean over her. Clumsily, he raised himself up on his hands and rolled his leg over hers. He was now lying with his mother's leg between his legs and his rock hard cock pressing down against her firm thigh. Then he leaned down and quickly sucked her other swollen pap into his mouth.

"Oh...yes...Baby," his mother groaned as he began to suck on her other breast. "You make me feel so good."

Unable to control himself, he began to thrust his aching hardness against her leg as his mouth pulled on her big, hard nipple. He knew that she couldn't help feeling his big cock rubbing against her leg as he ground it down onto her. Just the feel of her hot, smooth skin on his prick was sending him rushing headlong toward another eruption. Knowing that there would be no way to disguise his ejaculation this time, he still couldn't stop humping his cock against her leg.

Just as before, the flow of milk was very slow at the start, but all at once it began to pour into his mouth. Within moments his mouth was filled with the delicate, womanly flavor of her hot, sweet milk.

His head was swimming with pleasure and lust as he sucked and pulled on her nipple. Wrapping his hand around her big, mushy breast, he squeezed and clutched at it, trying to coax even more of her wonderful cream from her breast.

"Oh, Baby," his mother murmured as he ravaged her breast with his sucking, pulling mouth.

Gulping loudly, he sucked hungrily at her breast. He couldn't get enough of her sweet milk. Balancing himself on his elbows, he held on tightly to the soft abundance of her breast with both hands, urging her to give him more and more. He had never experienced such power and desire before as he lay atop his mother, nursing.

As she lovingly ran her hands through his hair, she held his face mashed down against her breast. Then woefully, he felt the muscles in his mother's leg harden as she tried to move her leg out from underneath his thrusting penis. Disheartened, he slowly lifted his leg and let her leg slip out from under him.

Then, in a flash of comprehension, he realized that he was now lying between her long, shapely legs.

"Oh, Wayne," she moaned softly.

Encouraged by this new development, he renewed his attack on her breast until, much sooner than he wished, the flow of thick, frothy milk slowly diminished to a trickle and then stopped altogether.

Unwillingly to forfeit his vantage, Wayne continued to tease and taunt her bloated nipple. As he did, he turned slightly and pressed his hard maleness against the warmth of her soft, smooth inner thigh.

As he lay atop her now, his stomach was pressing down on the soft, fuzzy mat of hair covering her soft underbelly. He was so keyed up, he felt like he could feel every one of her curly, pubic hairs individually tickling his stomach. Then, like a bolt of lightning, it came to him. There was nothing between him and his mother's hot, waiting pussy. It was his bare skin against her bare skin. He couldn't believe it, but she must have opened her gown all the way when she had let him nurse. It was too good to be true, he thought as a perverse thrill ran through his body. Infected by the perverted lust that was rigidly obvious down between his legs, he mashed his belly down on her and felt another jolt of excitement tear into his overloaded brain. He could feel his mother's wetness pressing up against the tip of his rigid cock as she gently thrust herself up against his stomach

"Oh, baby..." she softly moaned.

Drowning in emotions that he had never felt before, he ever so slowly let his mother's nipple slip out of his mouth, but kept his lips pressed against the hot, smooth skin of her breast. Slowly, he began kissing his way up her breast on to her neck.

"Oh, Baby," she gushed, arching her neck against his insistent lips.

Lifting his body, he determinedly kissed his way up her neck. Stopping for a moment, he gently nibbled at the soft, fragrant skin just below her chin. Then his lips traveled up over her chin and quickly down onto her lips.

"Oh...Christ," she groaned, pulling his face down and mashing her lips against

his.

With their lips pasted together, their bodies were pressed together, fused together by the eroticism surging around them.

In the swirling passion of the moment, Wayne could feel the head of his bloated penis resting against the soft, fleshy opening of his mother's precious treasure. Only a rapidly decaying fear of his mother's reaction separated him from the dark wicked mysteries of her most sacred of sacred places. Then, as he felt the heat exuding from her weeping pussy, he felt her gently tilt her hips and press herself against him.

Holding himself back a moment longer, he continued to grind his mouth against hers and slowly slid his tongue into her mouth.

Suddenly, he felt his mother's hands on his tight, clenched ass. As she grabbed hold of his ass, he felt her dig her long, pink fingernails into him. Unable to postpone the inevitable any longer, he slowly pushed the head of his cock into the juicy, burning opening of his mother's waiting vagina.

"OhGodddddd," he heard his mother gasp as their lips broke apart.

Gasping for breath, Wayne felt beads of perspiration pop out on his forehead and goose bumps everywhere else. He was feverish and confused. Should he stop? This was so wrong. They were about to commit a mortal sin. A sin so evil and heinous, he would forever be branded as a Motherfucker. But, even as his mind reeled in chaos, he knew that there was no way to stop now. They had gone too far. They had stepped over into the forbidden zone. There was nothing anyone could do to stop their inescapable plunge into the wicked depths of incestuous passion.

Finding her lips again, he hungrily kissed her, deep and long. As they kissed, he eased his cock down into the fiery core of her clutching cunt. This couldn't really be happening, he feverishly thought as his cock slowly slipped deeper into the scalding depths of her tight, clutching womanhood. He was fucking his Mother. His beautiful, dear, sweet Mother. He would surely go to hell for what he was doing, but it would be worth it. He was fucking his mother...

The feeling was indescribable. It was like thrusting his cock into a tight, burning sheath of silky softness that lovingly clenched and squeezed him. Unbelievably,

it grew hotter and wetter as he went deeper and deeper inside the secret intimacy of her femininity. There was nothing else to live for, now. He was submitting himself to the most ecstatic experience a boy was capable of imagining. While the physical pleasure was incomparable, the fact that his mother was his willing partner in the wickedness was most damning. While he had wanted to make love to her for so very long, he could never have done it without her consent. Now she was more than his mother, she was his soul mate.

"Oh...my fucking...God...Mother," he gasped, finally breaking their lip lock.

"Oh...Wayne...my Baby, " she cried out, thrusting herself up against him.

Wayne's cock effortlessly slid into his mother's warmth. His origin. His source. The fiery oven of his birth. It felt like heaven. Even though, he was reveling in the wicked delight of making love to his mother, he was slightly surprised. He should have felt something. A little dirty and perverted, or something bad. He should have experienced some form of guilt, but he couldn't believe how natural and wonderful it felt. Making love to his beautiful mother was incomparable to anything he'd ever felt before. He was ruined; he would never be able to make love to another woman.

Overcome by the delicious feelings pouring up from his cock, he tentatively pulled the throbbing penis back slightly and then pushed it back down into her fiery sheath once again. The sensation of her wet, hot flesh wrapped around his aching cock sent fire coursing up his cock and into his reeling mind. The exquisite pleasure spewing from his loins was rapidly becoming too intense to tolerate.

He realized that his mother must be feeling the same way as she arched her back, thrusting her hips up at him, pulling him even deeper inside the hot socket of her sex. As he entered her, he could feel her bare breasts pressing up against his chest, coating it with mother's milk that still leaked from her hard nipples.

Thrusting himself into her, he finally felt the head of his cock thud up against her cervix at the same instant his belly touched hers. They were a perfect fit; made for each other and fit together perfectly.

Holding himself deep inside of her hot, sucking cunt, he bent down and quickly kissed her again. His mother returned his kiss, and soon his tongue snaked its way into her mouth. Mother and son embraced and kissed deeply with their hips

flattened against each other.

The passion that was pouring through his body rapidly blossomed into a white-hot spasm of ecstasy as the tension in his loins reached the boiling point.

"Momp!" he tried to warn her but it was too late.

His cock erupted violently inside her, sending a huge gusher of his white-hot lava-cum spurting out into his mother's vagina.

"Oh, Wayne..." his mother gurgled, wrapping her legs around him, and pushing her hips up against him.

He could feel her wondrous pussy frantically clutching at his cock while he emptied himself down into the hot depths of her pussy.

"Wayne...my...Baby..." she cooed, her voice softening into a whimper as his body continued to spasm and writhe.

Over and over again, he felt his cock jerk and spurt gusher after gusher of his thick, hot cum deep into his mother's hungry, sucking cunt. It was pure heaven as wave after wave of pleasure washed over his body.

"Oh...my...God...Mother...I Love You so much," he gasped as he thrust himself down into her again and again.

Finally, his monster relented and stopped firing off inside of her. Exhausted by the huge expenditure of physical and emotional energy, Wayne collapsed on top of her.

Neither of them spoke as they lay pressed against each other for several moments. Then, as if reading each other's minds they began kissing and lovingly fondling and caressing each other.

As they petted, Wayne was surprised to find that his cock, still buried inside his mother hadn't softened much at all. After a few moments, he slowly began to slide his cock in and out of his mother's deep, wet cunt. Within moments, they were gently fucking as his mother eagerly returned his thrusts. Soon, their bodies were moving in the heated rhythm of mating.

"Oh...Wayne...I love you," she moaned as he fucked her.

"Mom ... Mom ... Mom," he heard himself moaning involuntarily as their hips clashed together, over and over.

Their pent up passion overcame them and suddenly they were going at each other like two clawing, spitting animals. They were unable to get enough of each other as they fought for release from their burning, festering desire.

"Fuck Mommy...fuck Mommy," he heard his mother grunt every time he slammed his cock into her clinging pussy.

Their hips slammed together loudly as they fucked, sending splatters of the sap of their lovemaking flying all over the bed. The soft slurping of her cunt sucking on his dick could even be heard above the roar of the rain crashing down on the roof, as they fucked.

At last, after twenty or thirty minutes of fierce, ball busting fucking, Wayne felt his scrotum begin to tighten. He could feel himself nearing the point of eruption as his mother writhed and groveled below him, urging him to fuck her harder and harder.

"Oh...fuck...Baby...feel it commminng," she finally screamed as her body tensed and her muscles became as hard as boards.

Wayne felt her cunt lock down around his cock, squeezing it so hard he couldn't stop it from exploding if he tried.

"FUCKMOTHERCUMMN," he bellowed out at the same instant a brilliant flash of lightning filled the room.

Startled by the blinding bolt of lightning, he felt like the head of his cock had been blown off as it poured out its toxic load of semen deep inside his mother.

Then the whole house shook as thunder followed the lightning.

He couldn't stop coming inside his mother. Over and over again, his cock gathered itself and spewed out load after load of his thick, creamy cum into her clinging cunt, quickly filling it to the point of overflowing. He could even feel his cum oozing out around his spasming cock. As it did, it ran down into the

crack of his mother's upturned ass.

Time seemed to stop as they groaned and fucked. At last, there was no more and they collapsed in each other's arms. Consumed by their sinful escapade, they immediately fell asleep...

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[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

Chapter Two – Revisited

Wayne awoke dazed and dead tired. Yawning, he stretched and wondered why he felt so groggy. Suddenly, he felt an icy finger of fear shoot down his spine as he recalled the events of the previous night.

God, he had made love to his mother! Or was it just some wild, crazy dream he had conjured up?

Panicky, he began to sweat. It had to be a dream, he thought. Then he caught a whiff of his mother's perfume that still lingered in the air. Anxiously, he rolled over and shoved his nose into the rumpled sheets. The haunting fragrance of her perfume was even stronger on the sheets. She must have been in his bed. But had they made love like he remembered? Maybe he had just nursed her, like earlier. Maybe that was it. And he had just imagined the rest of it...

As the torpor of sleep slowly departed from his mind, the intoxicating details came back to him bit by bit. Then, confirming the unimaginable, he felt the itchiness of dried semen pull at the hairs on his leg. It was no dream. It was true. **HE HAD MADE LOVE TO HIS MOTHER!**

Recalling every erotic moment, he quickly found himself growing hard once again. The wicked memory of their love-making was a malignant aphrodisiac to him. He had made love to his mother and now, he wanted her again. He had to feed the diseased monster down between his legs that was rapidly hardening and preparing itself to feast on her vulnerable femininity. The sick, evil craving they had created must be satisfied. Now that he had tasted the forbidden fruit, there was no turning back. He had to have more and more and more...

But what about his mother? And where was she? Had she gone back to her own bed in shame and disgust? Was she lying there in her bed hating him for what he had done to her?

He was so afraid that she would hate him. Fearing the answer, he had to know how she felt toward him.

One short night of love making and he was already resentful of her absence.

Glancing down at his watch, he saw it was already nine o'clock. Where had the time gone?

Thinking back on last night, he reached down and quickly ran his hand up and down his big, swollen cock. He wished it was his mother's hand instead of his as he quickly rolled out of bed.

Walking over to the door, he admired his eight inches of stiff, bloated cock sticking out in front of him like a divining rod searching for her. Stopping in the doorway, he looked out into the living room.

He felt his heart lurch with desire and tenderness as he saw his mother standing at the front door looking outside.

As his eyes hungrily devoured her body, he was surprised to see bright, hot sunlight streaming through the door. It had finally stopped raining.

He felt a sudden disappointment. He had hoped that the rain would continue, giving him more time alone with his mother. That is if she didn't hate him...

But now, with the rain gone, every moment became more precious. As he stared at his mother, the sunlight streaming through the door made it obvious that she wasn't wearing anything under her thin, flimsy gown. He could easily see right through it. His already hardened manhood was jumping with excitement as he stood ogling the enticing silhouette of his mother's body outlined by the bright sunlight.

He couldn't move for several seconds. He was afraid to find out how she felt toward him. But he had to know. Did she hate him or...or what, he wondered. Could she have come to her senses and, now, in the bright, harsh light of morning, spurn him?

He tried to imagine what she was thinking about. What must be going through her mind? Did she think he was a fiend for what he had done to her? What they had done was wrong. Terribly wrong. But it had been so...so wickedly wonderful.

Wayne had made love to several girls before, but it was nothing like what had happened last night. He had loved his mother just like any other son loved his mother, before last night. Now, that love had mutated into an obscene hunger to

possess her and her beautiful body. The craving was so deep and profound, just looking at her made his heart ache with desire. He had never known anything so all consuming! So devastating! So addictive!

Looking down, he guiltily watched as his big, heavy cock lewdly bobbed up and down. Just thinking about her was enough to make him come.

But how did she feel about him?

Trying to reign in his passion for the moment, he shamefully remembered that this was the same woman who had raised him. Spanked his bottom when he had needed it. Wiped his little butt when he shit in his diapers. Chastised him when he was bad. Wiped his runny nose when he was sick. Kissed his owies and made them better. Fed him. Clothed him. Comforted him...and now...he'd rewarded her by fucking her. He was the worst son ever.

No matter how she felt now, she had been his lover for one night anyway. In his heart, he was now her lover and always would be regardless of her feelings toward him. He knew what he felt for her was a perversion of love, but it was all he had. He knew it was sick for a son to love his mother as he did, but he couldn't help it. He was a prisoner of his own lust.

He had to know how she felt about him. What did she think of him now that they had made love? He couldn't put it off any longer. He had to know NOW!

Stepping across the room as quietly as he could, he slipped up behind her. Wrapping his arms around her, he forcefully pulled her back against him.

"What...uh...oh," she mumbled as he cupped her big, soft breasts and hugged her to him.

"Good morning, Mother," he bubbled. "How do you feel today?"

She didn't speak.

His heart jumped into his throat. He was afraid to move as she seemed to ignore his presence for several moments. So she really did hate his guts, he thought.

"Oh, I'm as well as can be expected," she finally sighed, relaxing slightly and leaning back against him.

“Are you mad at me?” he asked her, gently hugging her tighter.

Once again, it took several moments for her to respond.

“No...Baby...I’m not angry at you,” she mumbled, “I’m angry with myself.”

“What for?” he innocently asked.

“Oh, Honey,” she said softly, “I should never have come to your room last night. It was all so wrong.”

“But, Mom,” he gushed, “it was wonderful. The best ever. Great.”

“No...Baby...it was so wrong,” she wept. “We had no right to do what we did.”

“Mom, how could it be wrong?” he argued, wishing he could somehow make her feel like he did. “It was THE BEST.”

“Wayne, we committed incest. It was so wrong,” she mumbled.

“Mother, it couldn’t be bad,” he groaned, trying to convince her that what they had done was not that bad...

“Baby, can’t you see what we’ve done?”

“What? Made wild, beautiful love? How can that be wrong?” he moaned.

“But we created a monster. A monster that can’t be allowed to live. A monster that must die here. Die here in this cabin. Now,” she sobbed.

“What? What do you mean?” he groaned.

“Anything that we did. Any new feelings we created toward each other. Anything that was conceived in this place can’t be allowed to grow. That is why it’s so terrible.”

“Why?” he asked her, gently squeezing her big, pendulous breasts.

“Oh...no...Wayne...no...please don’t...we can’t,” she wept, making a feeble attempt to push his hands away from her breasts. “It isn’t right. We just can’t.”

“But, Mother, I love you so much,” he blubbered, fighting to keep his hands wrapped around her big, soft breasts.

He could feel her shake as her body was wracked by sobs. Wishing that he could do anything to ease her pain, he still couldn’t move his hands away from her big, heavy breasts.

“Mother...no one has to know...but you and I,” he said, still trying to rationalize their love as natural and right.

He would do anything to lure her into his bed once again.

Somehow, he had to make her understand how badly he needed her.

Then he felt something wet on his hands and realized that her breasts had begun to leak again. Just the thought of her big breasts and their delicious contents made his cock jump excitedly.

“It was wrong,” she said, trying to stop crying. “Very...very wrong for us to do what we did. Don’t you know that? It’s incest. It is a mortal sin.”

“But, Mother, it was too wonderful to be a sin.”

“Oh...Wayne...my baby,” she gushed, “Can’t you see it? Don’t you know how much I wish we could? But we can’t go on pretending that it isn’t wrong. As much as I want to, one of us has to stop it before it gets totally out of control and ruins everything. We have to stop it before it goes any further.”

“Please, Mother,” he pleaded with her, hugging her to him even tighter.

“Oh...Wayne...please stop tempting me. We can’t, Baby. We would regret it the rest of our lives.”

“But, Mother, we’ve already done it once. What difference would one more time make.”

“Oh...Wayne...stop tormenting me.”

“Can’t we do it just one more time, Mother? Please?”

“God...Wayne...stop it...please...Baby.”

“Mother, no one will ever know. Just you and I. Just one more time...please mother,” he whispered, feeling her body slowly relaxing as her resistance began to crumble.

“Oh...Wayne...it would be so wrong,” she mumbled.

Neither of them moved for the longest time. They just stood there locked together in their unholy embrace. At last, Wayne felt his mother slowly turn, dislodging his hands as she did. Then, facing him, she looked into his eyes with such passion, his heart began to melt. Staring back into her warm, brown eyes, Wayne was shocked to see how tired and drained she looked. He could see wrinkles around her eyes and lips that he had never noticed before. There were even dark rings under her eyes. He had never seen her looking so worn out. Yet, as tired and haggard as she looked, and even without makeup, she was the most beautiful woman in the world in his eyes.

Peering into her big, brown eyes, he found himself being slowly sucked down into the deep, whirling whirlpools of love. He could feel his love for her pouring out into the bottomless depths of her soul as their eyes locked together. Then as she stared intently into his eyes, she slowly raised her hands. Pressing her hands against his cheeks, she held his head motionless.

“If we do it once more,” she said softly, but insistently, “will you swear to me that you will never ask again? Swear that we will never again do the depraved thing we are about to do. Swear that the wicked evil we created here will die here, in this cabin, and never be reborn again?”

“God...Yes...Mother, I swear. I swear,” he lied, knowing that he would agree to anything to make love to her one more time. “Anything—“

“You Swear?” she asked him again, her eyes searching for the truth in his eyes.

“I swear, Mother,” he gurgled, his cock bouncing up and down with excitement.

“This is so wrong,” she gushed, “But I want you, too. Only this must be the last time we ever let this happen. It can never, ever happen again.”

“Yes, Mother,” he groaned, wrapping his arms around her and roughly clutching

her to him.

As he held her crushed to his body, she pushed him back for a moment more

“Tony called earlier and said that they were going to try to rescue us around four this afternoon,” she told him, breathlessly. “So we have until then to satisfy the evil rage possessing us. And this time together will have to last us a lifetime.”

“Oh...God...Mother,” he moaned, strongly sweeping her up into his arms.

Staggering slightly, he quickly carried her across the living room. With her arms wrapped around his neck, she nibbled and chewed on his ear as he carried her back to his bed.

Wayne gently lowered her onto the bed and stood looking down at her for several moments.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, wondering why he had stopped, “Is something wrong?”

“God...no,” he grimaced, “I was just thinking about how beautiful you are.”

“Oh, Silly,” she simpered, her cheeks reddening slightly.

Wayne quickly leaned down and peeled her gown apart, revealing her bare body underneath it. He had never really seen her completely naked before and it nearly took his breath away. She was indeed the most beautiful woman in the world.

While the night before had been a touch and feel experience, all of her radiant beauty was now on display before him. Raking his eyes down her body, he saw that her big, heavy breasts were still oozing milk. Still amazed by the size and circumference of her beautiful breasts, he felt his cock lurch with excitement as he saw that they were still streaming milk. But as beautiful and full as her breasts were, he couldn’t keep his eyes from being drawn down to the fur-shrouded mystery at the bottom of her soft underbelly. Down to the inlet of her soul that lay hidden under the soft, curly forest of pubic hair. Down to the place of his origin. Down to the deep, dark, secret place that was so forbidden.

Staring at her, he could see the indentation of that holiest of holy places. He had

to see it up close. He had to feast his eyes on the magical cavern of flesh that had been his home so long ago. That place that had once been able to hold his whole body inside its warm, protective depths, and now was going to hold his big, thick cock.

Dropping to his knees, Wayne tentatively reached out and gently forced his mother's long, lovely legs apart. As her perfectly shaped thighs parted, he watched the secret, hidden core of her womanhood wetly unfurl. He felt his cock lurch dangerously as he marveled at the thick, heavy lips of flesh surrounding his mother's vagina.

"Oh...God," he whispered as the full, swollen lips of her vagina gaped open, revealing the wet, pink secret between them.

He couldn't stop himself. He bent down, thrusting his face into the pungency of her womanhood. He reveled in her scent as her ripe, unwashed aroma enveloped him, exciting and provoking him to devour her waiting womanhood.

"Oh...yes...Baby," she cooed as his mouth descended on her and his tongue dove inside her pussy.

Reveling in the piquant, biting taste of her dripping gash, he drove his tongue as deep as he could into the wet, fleshy opening.

Overwhelmed by the smell and taste of her, he buried his face in her pussy, eagerly teasing and tormenting the soft, dew-filled hole.

"Oh, Baby," she muttered again, pressing his face down into her cunt.

Rubbing his face in her pussy until it was covered with her sex-perfumed juices, he hungrily devoured her. Licking and lapping at her, he quickly sought out her clitoris.

As his tongue found it and flicked over it, he felt his mother arch her back, thrusting her pussy up into his face. Flicking his tongue over the jutting hardness of her big clit, he heard her groan in approval.

His mother's smooth, slick clit was huge, he thought as he sucked it into his mouth. It was twice as big as the clits of the girls he had had sex with at school. Almost mad with passion, he attacked the jutting core of her femininity with a

vengeance. He could feel the muscles in his mother's thighs tense and harden as he sucked and flicked her clitoris. Sensing that she was rapidly nearing an orgasm, he fluttered his tongue faster and faster. Then, as his mother writhed under his attack, he delicately nipped her clitoris with his teeth. Sucking her bulging clit between his teeth, he held it there and tortured it with the tip of his tongue.

"Oh...God...oh...God...," he heard her groan out as her whole body began to shake and twist.

As she climaxed, Wayne watched in amazement as tiny streams of milk began leaking out from her stiff nipples.

Never in his wildest dreams could he believe this would have happened. He couldn't believe that he was eating his mother and watching her tits squirt out milk all over her body. Excited beyond belief, he kept his mouth thrust down on his mother's jerking cunt as she rode out the ecstatic agony of her orgasm. He kept sucking and nipping at her clitoris for a full minute more until her muscles finally relaxed and her body dropped back to the bed.

Softly releasing his lip-lock on his mother's clitoris, he lovingly kissed the swollen lips surrounding her drooling pit for several moments.

Finally, he stopped and crawled onto the bed. Lying down at his mother's side, he gently lifted her leg and curved his body around hers as he slipped his cock into her hot, wet cunt.

"Oh...yessss," he heard her sigh as he slowly sank his thick, throbbing cock into the clinging wetness of her vagina.

It was all he could do to keep from coming immediately as he drove his cock into her all the way up to the hilt. Then, grinding himself into her, he held his cock inside the clutching, squeezing heat of her vagina as he bent down and began to suck on her breast.

Her breast, already primed by her orgasm, gave up its sweet prize freely. Hungrily sucking and pulling on her nipple, he was quickly rewarded with a mouthful of her creamy, rich milk. Nothing tasted as sweet, as delectable as the foamy, thick sap flowing from her breast. Suddenly, he found himself jealous of his little sister, Marie. Marie got all of his mother's milk that she wanted and

after today, he would have no more. Hungrily swallowing a mouthful of her milk, he continued to suck and draw on her breast until the flow of milk slowed and stopped.

Sadly, he let the depleted pap slip out of his mouth and gave the barren breast one last kiss. Unwrapping his body from around hers, he withdrew his swollen cock from her weeping vagina. Gently lowering her leg to the bed, he scooted back away from her.

“Oh...Baby...don't take it out...make me come again,” she begged, reaching for him, “Put it back in Mommy, Please.”

Acknowledging his mother's plea, he crawled up between her outstretched legs. Reaching down, he grabbed his wet cock and eagerly guided it back down to the oozing gash between his mother's thighs. Hurriedly fitting the bulbous head of his cock back into the waiting socket, he grunted and shoved his cock into her all the way to the hilt.

“Unhhhhh... Yes...Baby...fuck me,” he heard her groan as he rapidly withdrew himself and in rapid succession impaled her again and again.

Then, he suddenly drew his cock out of the drenched channel of her cunt.

“Oh...Baby...put it back in,” she pleaded, “please...baby.”

Ignoring her, he crawled up and lay down on her other side. Lifting her other long, perfectly shaped leg, he curled his body around her again and reinserted his great, purple-headed monster back down into the fiery depths of her cunt.

“Oh... Yes...Baby...fuck...and suck...suck on Mommy's tit,” she groaned again as he bent down and sucked her other nipple into his mouth.

In no time at all, her milk was again flowing into his mouth. He felt like he was drowning in the honeyed richness of the gushing river of milk. But even though he was drowning in its abundance, he couldn't get enough of the thick liquor to quench the burning desire for his mother.

He had to possess her totally. Conquer her and make her his willing love slave for eternity. He had to have all of her for his own. How could he share her with anyone? Her breasts, her milk, her pussy, her mouth, her ass, her body, her love.

He had to have it all. Then abruptly, her breast stopped giving milk. Sucking as hard as he could, he couldn't revive the wellspring of delicious nectar.

"Oh...Baby...you're sucking too hard," his mother complained.

Spitting out her drained nipple, he roughly jerked his cock out of her.

"Oh...put it back in...please...please stop teasing Mommy," she begged him.

Dropping her leg, he crawled over it and scrambled up between her long, tanned legs. Grabbing his huge cock again, he guided it back into her waiting wetness. Lunging at her, he drove himself into her cunt as deeply as he could.

"Oh...yes...yes," she hissed, accepting him completely.

Wayne became a mad man as he fucked her with deep, brutal strokes. His clenched ass was bouncing up and down like a car with bad springs on a bumpy road. His essence, his spirit, his total consciousness flowed down to his big penis. He became the thick, heavy cylinder of rock-hard muscle and blood. He could feel every sensation as his heavily veined body plowed in out of his mother's hot, clinging cunt. In and out, in and out, he drove himself into her again and again. Time stopped as he and his mother fucked and fucked. He had become the mindless cock down between his legs whose only purpose in life was to bring pleasure to his mother and her hot, sucking cunt. As he hammered himself into her with boundless energy, he was rewarded when he felt her body trembling and writhing under him as she climaxed again. Not slowing a beat, he continued to attack her with his cock without pause.

He didn't know how long it had been since her last orgasm, but suddenly he felt her quiver and jerk into her second. Nonetheless he kept on pounding his cock into her tirelessly.

He had never had such energy, such endurance. Never felt such power. Such total domination. Such love. On and on he went. Untiringly, he pounded his cock into her clutching cunt.

Finally, after his mother's fifth orgasm, he felt the pool of liquid fire in his balls begin to boil and bubble. He wanted to fill his mother's burning, hot, clutching depths with his fiery cum. He wanted to fill her with his importance. Make her pregnant with his child. Possess her in every way possible. Possess her mind.

Her body. Invade her body and leave it possessed by his defiant seed.

“Come...Baby...come in Mommy’s cunt...come...come in Mommy’s cunt...” he heard his mother urging him on.

Finally, he felt his cock explode inside his mother’s clenching, squeezing, milking cunt. Pleasure, so pure, so intense it hurt, burst upon his brain filling him with agony and ecstasy at the same time.

“OFUKGOD...” he blabbered out unintelligibly as his big cock spurting and spewed out its potent load of semen into his mother.

He felt like he had died and gone to heaven as he lay atop his mother filling her to overflowing with his evil seed over and over again. His whole body was jerking and convulsing as he deposited load after load of thick, viscid cum into her overflowing cunt.

“OHFUKNGOD,” she wailed as her body was once again consumed by the unholy fires of yet another orgasm.

Their bodies fought and clashed together as their minds shot off into a world of hot, sharp pleasure so all consuming, they felt they were staring death in the eye.

At last, there was nothing left to give and they collapsed.

Wayne awoke dazed and dead tired. Yawning, he stretched and wondered why he felt so groggy. Then he found his mother lying beside him, still wrapped in his arms. Smiling drunkenly, he gently gave her a loving hug.

“Whahuh,” she sputtered, her eyes flying open.

A fleeting look of bewilderment fluttered across her face as she saw that she was lying with her son. Then, she smiled. It was a happy, contented smile. Leaning forward, she gave him a soft, loving kiss on his lips.

“Hello, Lover,” she whispered.

“I love you, mother,”

“I love you, too.”

Stretching, she rolled away from him. He reached for her again, wanting to pull her back into his arms.

“Oh, my, goodness,” she yelped, looking down at her watch. “It’s two o’clock. The Army will be here any time now.”

“Oh, Crap,” Wayne complained, “can’t we have another quickie?”

“No,” she emphatically snorted, sitting up.

Wayne watched on hungrily as his mother’s great, pendant breasts jiggled and shook.

“Can I have some more milk then?”

“Let’s get everything loaded up and we’ll see.”

Jumping up, Wayne rushed around the cabin and out to the jeep for the next hour. Finally, he had it loaded. Walking back into the cabin, he saw his mother standing at the sink with her back to him.

“What are you doing, Mother?” he asked her, stepping up behind her.

“Oh, I was just fixing you a little snack,” she said, turning around.

Wayne grinned widely as he saw his mother’s blouse was unbuttoned and spread open, her big, beautiful breasts spilling out heavily.

“Want some?”

Bending down, he quickly sucked one hard, swollen nipple into his mouth. Sucking and pulling on it, he had to wait for several moments before her breast began to give up its treasure.

Slurping loudly, he sucked and sucked until the flow of milk stopped. Quickly spitting it out, he searched for the other nipple, but his mother pushed him away.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she told him, “but I have to save some for Marie.”

Disappointed, he lifted both of her big, heavy breasts. Squeezing them lovingly, he gave both of the jutting, protuberant swollen nipples a kiss.

“Now,” she smiled vulgarly, “I would like some of your cream.”

“What...what...uh...huh?” he blubbered foolishly as his face reddened brightly.

“I would like to suck on your pretty cock,” she smiled, dropping to her knees in front of him.

“God...Mother,” he grunted, looking down at her in disbelief, “you’re too fucking much.”

“Come...on baby...give Mommy a load of your sweet cream before we have to leave,” she laughed, unthreading his belt and opening his pants.

Wayne was in ecstatic shock as he stared down at her. She looked back up at him and quickly jerked his pants and shorts down around his ankles. As she did, his long, thick cock flopped out into the open.

“God, I still can’t believe how big you are,” she groaned.

Wrapping her hands around its impressive girth, she quickly lifted his cock and sucked the great purple head into her mouth. Hungrily, she began to suck on it as she roughly stroked the shaft of his rapidly hardening penis with her hot fist. Sucking more and more of his cock into her mouth, she lovingly cupped his dangling balls in her other hand. He couldn’t believe what was happening right before his eyes. His mother, on her knees in front of him, had already sucked nearly half of his eight-inches into her hot, wet, sucking mouth. Even though he had cum more in the past night and day than he had in the last six months, he could already feel his scrotum tightening in preparation of another massive eruption.

“Oh, God, Mother,” he groaned as she continued to gnaw and suck on his cock.

Just then, he faintly heard the faint whop, whop, whop of a helicopter in the distance. It must be the Army coming for them, he angrily thought.

At that moment, his mother began to roughly squeeze his balls and tickle his scrotum with her long, sharp fingernails. He could feel his load of semen begin to boil threateningly. He couldn’t last much longer, but he didn’t know if he could beat the helicopter rushing toward them. Suddenly, he felt his mother’s fingers tickle their way up to his asshole. Without warning, he felt a fiery sting

shoot up from his anus as his mother dug her finger up into his asshole all the way up to the last knuckle.

“WATCHOUTMOTHERCOMMINGGGGG,” he bellowed loudly as his cock erupted inside his mother’s hot mouth.

She didn’t hesitate, as she swallowed his impressive load of thick, hot semen. Sucking hungrily, she continued to suck on his erupting cock as the sound of the helicopter grew louder and louder.

Finally, his cock stopped spewing its load as the thunderous sound of the helicopter filled the cabin. Leaning back, his mother let his withering penis slither out of her mouth. Looking up at him, she winked, as he helped her get to her feet.

“Deeelicious,” she smiled.

Wayne quickly jerked his pants up and buttoned them as his mother buttoned her blouse. Once they were presentable again, his mother took his hand and they walked out onto the porch. Staring up at the helicopter, they saw two soldiers looking out the door at them as the chopper hovered above.

“ARE YOU OKAY?” they heard someone in the helicopter say over the chopper’s loud hailer.

Looking at each other, they smiled knowingly. As she stared into his eyes for a moment, he saw her tiny, pink tongue dart out and lap up a tiny dab of his semen that had dribbled out of her mouth. Suddenly, he saw her wink at him and felt her fingernail scratch at the palm of his hand. The sheer wickedness of her act sent a bolt of electricity shooting through his cock. He couldn’t believe this was happening.

Grinning back at her drunkenly, he slowly raised his hand with his thumb extended upward showing the helicopter crew that they were okay. Holding hands, they waited for the helicopter to land. Did this mean that his mother had reconsidered her ultimatum? Would they continue to be lovers when they returned to civilization? What did their future hold? What would become of them? Who knows, he wondered, only time would tell...

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[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

## **Chapter Three - Their Little Secret**

Saturday. It had been the longest week of his life. And the most miserable, he told himself as he lay in his bed quietly sobbing. Since leaving the cabin, he wanted his mother so badly.

But she must have meant what she had made him swear to as she had made no move that would communicate the contrary.

Yet, in the sea of despondency he was drowning in, somewhere, bobbing in the recesses of his mind was the suggestive hint she had made as they had stood waiting for the helicopter. At the time, he'd thought that it meant she had changed her mind and more of the same was to come. But now she was behaving as if nothing had ever happened between them.

And now she was just down the hall nursing Marie.

He had heard the baby whimper and then heard his mother pad down to the baby's room in her bare feet. His whole body ached with longing for her. His cock was as hard as a rock and throbbing painfully as he pictured the baby nursing on her big, beautiful tits. Big, heavy and so full of her wonderful milk. He could almost taste the wondrous elixir as he recalled the night he had first savored it.

A flash of jealousy and anger shot through him. Jealousy in that his baby sister had his mother's breasts any time she wanted them while he was once again forbidden to partake of their delicious contents. Anger in that he had been allowed to partake in the forbidden pleasures of incestuous love and now he was forbidden to share this love with his mother. And he had thought they had shared such a deep, enduring love. No more, he sobbed.

His deep, wracking sobs shook the whole bed as he cried. Alone in his agony, he wished he were dead. Death would be better than this, he thought. Every time he saw his mother, he knew what they had meant to each other in the cabin. Now, even though he loved her with all his heart and soul in such a profound, but wicked way, he wasn't even allowed to touch her. It was unbearable.

Then, just as his tortured heart was about to break, through the tears in his eyes, he saw a blurry image of someone step through the doorway and into his room.

Blinking, trying to clear the image, he finally saw that it was his mother. Afraid to breathe, he watched her slowly tiptoe over to his bed. His eyes ached from crying so much, but he could still make out the dizzying wobble of her big, unfettered breasts underneath the shaggy terry cloth robe she wore as she stole across the room.

Breathlessly, he watched her. Even in her frumpy old bathrobe she was a goddess to him. She was the most beautiful woman in the world to him.

His mouth was filled with cotton. He couldn't speak.

What was she doing, he wondered breathlessly? He knew that his father was just down the hall in their bedroom. Was she just doing this to tease him? To torture him more? Wasn't it enough to forbid him to touch her? What new torment was she going to inflict on him?

He watched her slink up to his bed. Then, she shrugged her shoulders and the top of her bathrobe slipped off her shoulders and quickly dropped down around her waist exposing her incredible breasts. The big, wriggling breasts danced nakedly in the dim light as she slowly sat down on the edge of his bed. Wayne was apoplectic as his mother leaned toward him and eased her arm underneath his head. Gently, as a mother lifting a baby to her breast, she lifted his head and guided his mouth up to the big, bulging nipple.

Wayne couldn't believe it as the big, puffy nipple brushed across his lips. His mouth immediately flew open and he hungrily attacked the swollen knob with his lips.

The moment he began to suck, a trickle of her sweet, creamy milk began to flow into his mouth as he pulled on the swollen nipple. The warm touch of her smooth, satiny skin on his feverish cheek was his reprieve. A stay of execution to a doomed man. The subtle, enchanting fragrance of her perfume filled his nostrils, spinning his head with dizzying delight as she held his mouth pressed against her bosom. She didn't say a word as he greedily drank from the beautiful container of her life-giving milk. He could never get his fill of the thick, creamy juice pouring from her bloated nipple. Never in a million years.

Then, almost as suddenly as it had begun, the trickle of milk began to wane. Sucking harder, he tried to keep the flow going but the stream of milk grew weaker and weaker. Moments later, it stopped completely. Afraid that his mother

would leave, he continued to tease and torment the thick, puffy pap even though it had run dry. But she seemed to realize that he was just stalling for time and he felt her slowly pull away from him, disengaging her drained nipple from his lips.

Gently, she laid his head onto his tear-stained pillow. Still dazed from her sudden appearance and gift, he watched her stand and slowly raise her bathrobe to cover her bounteous bosom. Looking up to her for an explanation, he was dumfounded when without a word, she turned and hurried back across the room to the door.

Baffled and agonizing at her sudden departure, he watched her stop at the door and turn back toward him. Couldn't she see how much he wanted her, he asked himself as the love pouring out of his heart flowed across the room to her like a river?

But she just stood there with no expression on her face whatsoever. Then after several seconds, she abruptly turned and disappeared back down the hall, leaving Wayne alone in the deafening silence of his room once again. It was so still and quiet he could hear the thunderous pounding of his heart as he feverishly tried to clear his mind.

What had happened? What did it mean? His mother had told him that they could never make love again after they left the cabin. But she hadn't said anything about letting him nurse. Maybe she would let him nurse now. Now that she had broken that barrier and let him nurse could it lead to more? Lead to more just as it had in the cabin?

Nursing his mother was awesome, but making love to her was so much more. Allowing him to nurse, but denying him her body was like feeding crumbs to a starving man. Strangely, it only made things worse having her so near, yet unable to take her into his arms and make wild passionate love to her.

But letting him nurse was something, he told himself. The thing that started it all. And maybe, just maybe, if the opportunity presented itself, it could happen again. Maybe, if they were left alone again...

Just the thought sent spasms of excitement coursing through his aching cock as he closed his eyes and pictured the two of them making love...

The next morning he woke early. Still bothered by his mother's strange behavior the previous evening, he hurriedly dressed. Wanting to get away and think about

it, he walked into the woods behind the house. Walking to his secret hiding place, he sat down on the blanket-covered log he had pulled into the tiny, hidden cave. Peering out through the cave entrance, he looked through the thicket of brush. He could see the house from his vantage point, but even if you knew he was there, you couldn't have seen him from the house. Sitting there, gazing down at the house, he unzipped his pants and hauled out his big, swollen cock. Slowly stroking it, he thought back on the awesome weekend he and his mother had spent in the cabin. It was almost like a dream now. It was everything he could have ever wished for. Like waking up on Christmas morning and finding every present you had wished for and more. It had been so fucking awesome. He could still picture her in his mind. She was so beautiful.

Slowly running his hand up and down his cock, he daydreamed about what it would be like to fuck her again. He was so deep in thought, he didn't see the big, red truck until it was already parked in front of the house.

He stopping beating his meat as he watched his father's friend, Hank, get out of the truck and stroll up to the front door. Hank knocked on the door and pretty soon, the door opened and his father, Tony stepped out. As Wayne watched on, he wondered where they were going. Then he saw his father step back inside the house and come back out carrying a suitcase and his rifle bag. Hank and Tony walked out to the truck and after stowing away the gun and suitcase, they waved back in the direction of the house and got in the truck. Then, just as suddenly as it had appeared, the truck disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

Oh, yeah, that's right, he thought, he's going hunting. Wayne had forgotten that his father was going on his annual hunting trip this week. He'll be gone all week. Jesus, that means that I'll be all alone with Mom, he thought. If only, if only it could be like it was back in the cabin.

But unless he could find some way to make things the way they were, this week would be pure, unadulterated hell. How could he even face her, knowing what they had done in the cabin? Knowing what they had meant to each other on that exhilarating weekend? Especially now that they were just a mother and son, he sniffed. Not lovers. In agony, he looked down and saw that his cock had shrunk back to normalcy. It was already shriveled and softened by the shame he felt.

Cursing the gods, he got up and stuffed his limp prick back into his pants. Jerking his zipper up, he headed back for the house. The tears in his eyes

obscured his vision and the next thing he knew, he was falling as he tripped over a broken branch that sent him sprawling into a puddle of mud. Cursing even louder, he struggled to his feet, wiping at the mud with his hands as he angrily stomped down to the house. Slipping in the back door, he pulled off his muddy shoes and stomped up the stairs to his room. Wiping his filthy hands on his dirty pants, he shucked off his clothes and got into the shower. Fuming at himself for being so careless, he washed off all the mud and lathered up his lifeless cock. After a few minutes, he had brought his cock back to life and it now jutted out hard and ready as he rinsed it off and stepped out of the shower. Toweling himself off, he had an evil thought flash through his head.

Why not find out right now, he thought. Find out if there was a chance. Find out if there was a chance to fuck his beautiful mother again. He couldn't spend the whole week in limbo. He had to know. NOW! So why not walk in on her. Naked. What would she do if he did? Hell, it couldn't be any worse than what was going on between them now, could it?

Just the thought sent a surge of energy coursing through his hardened cock making it jerk with excitement. Smiling like a madman, he dropped the towel and purposefully strode over to the door. Proudly, he watched his big cock sticking out in front of him slashing from side to side as he brazenly paraded down the hallway.

Arriving at the door to his parent's bedroom, he paused for a second to gather his courage once again. Then, he took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

"Mother, I, uh..." he started to say, but stopped in mid-sentence as he gawked at his mother with a bewildered look on his face.

Gulping loudly, he tried to regain his composure as he openly ogled her.

She was lying on the bed naked, looking back at him as if she had been expecting him to come to her room all along.

"Where have you been?" she seductively smiled, seemingly amused by his shocked expression.

"What? What do you, uh - huh?" he stammered childishly not knowing what else to say.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” she smiled again, patting the bed beside her.

“But - but I thought - I thought you said - you said we couldn’t - couldn’t...” his voice trailing off as he stumbled across the room toward her.

“No, I said that I never wanted you to ask to do it again,” she said softly, her eyes dipping down to his great, bobbing cock as he sat down on the bed beside her.

“Yeah, but...” he started.

“And you didn’t,” she shushed him. “I just had to know if you had enough control to keep our secret and now I think you do.”

“But...” he blathered again.

“I’m sorry, but this was the only way I could find out,” she went on. “I could tell how much pain you were in. And my heart was breaking for you. But it wasn’t easy for me either. I wanted to come to you so many times, but I had to know that you could keep our new love hidden from the world.”

“You mean, you mean that, that we, we...”

“Yes, we can, can be lovers again,” she told him as she watched him crawl up beside her. “You passed the test with flying colors.”

“God, I wish I’d known,” he complained, reaching out and running his hand over one of the big, swollen melons bulging from her chest. “I’ve been so god-damned miserable all week long, I just wanted to die.”

“I’m sorry,” she murmured, “but it was the only way.”

“It’s okay, Mom,” he grinned, “but now we have to make up for it.”

“I fed Marie formula this morning,” she said, pausing to finger squeeze out a drop of milk out of her breast making his cock twitch with excitement as the drop of milk dribbled out of the swollen nipple and ran down the swollen curve of her breast, “so I could save all my milk for you.”

“God, Mother,” he groaned, leaning down and running his tongue around the

pebbled circle of flesh encircling the big, swollen nipple.

Eagerly licking away the glistening trail of white milk, he couldn't see the look of love his mother gave him.

As she smiled her approval, he flicked the bulging bulb of her nipple with his tongue as more of the foamy milk began to leak out of it. Savoring the sweetness of her milk, he gently closed his lips around her nipple and began to suck. Dizzy with excitement, he felt like he was going to faint as her nipple began to give up its delicious treasure. He was a baby again nursing from her breast as he hungrily feasted on the delightful fortune.

Then as he drank from the wondrous fountain, he felt his mother's hand find his throbbing manhood.

"I have to tell you something," she said as she delicately fondled his quivering cock.

He stopped sucking and raised his head up from her beautiful breast to look her in the face.

"What?" he asked as a dribble of her creamy milk trickled down his chin and onto his chest.

She smiled and ran her finger up his chest, wiping up the stream of milk then lifted it up to her mouth and sucked the milk off of it.

"What?" he asked again as a jolt of pleasure shot through his cock, threatening to set it off at any second.

"Something very important," she smiled innocently.

"What? What?" he implored her.

"I want to have a baby," she said softly.

"Huh!" he grunted. "What did you say?"

"I want to have another baby," she said again as he gawked at her, not able to believe what he had just heard.

“A baby? You want to have, have a baby,” he inanely babbled.

“Yes, I want to have a baby,” she said again, giving his cock a suggestive squeeze.

“A baby,” he muttered. “A baby.”

“Yes, I want to have a baby,” she seriously said. “Your baby.”

He couldn't believe his ears. Surely she didn't mean it.

“MY BABY!” he blurted out in disbelief.

“Yes, I want to have YOUR baby,” she happily smiled.

“You want to have MY baby?” he groaned.

The wicked depravity of her exclamation sent a jolt of fiery electricity tearing through his cock setting it off all by itself.

“OHGODNO,” he cried out as his cock lurched violently and sent a gigantic gob of pearl-colored cream shooting straight up into the air.

“Oh, I'm sorry,” his mother muttered, shuffling around and dropping her mouth down on his erupting manhood.

“SORRIEEEEEEEE,” he blathered out as his cock twitched and bucked firing load after load of his fiery cum up into his mother's sucking mouth.

Sucking and pulling on his lurching, spurting cock with her mouth and lips, she was urging him to empty all of his heavy, sperm-laden semen into her mouth.

As he spewed his potent seed into her mouth, she roughly jerked her hand up and down the hard, kicking shaft of his spewing penis coaxing out more and more.

He felt like his balls were being sucked inside out as gush after gush of his potent sperm-laden treasure spewed up into his mother's sucking, slurping mouth. Watching on with perverted delight, he could see her throat working as she swallowed his load of thick, gummy cum.

Finally, after what seemed like hours to him, his cock spasmed one last time and

slowly began to shrivel and die.

As his cock began to shrink and shrivel back down to normal, she let it flop out of her mouth.

“Sorry mother,” he grumbled, “but what you said just set me off.”

“I understand,” she smiled running her tiny, pink tongue around her pouty, red lips licking away the last remnants of his unexpected explosion.

“I still can’t believe it,” he muttered. “You want to have MY baby?”

“Yes, I want to have YOUR baby,” she smiled again.

“But, but how?” he grunted.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, uh, how, how will you, you know, know it’s my, my baby?” he mumbled. “My baby, uh, my baby and not Dad’s?”

“I’ve been on birth-control pills ever since I had Marie, but I’m not going to take any this week and your father won’t be home until next Sunday. That will give us all week to make a baby. Do you think you can do it?”

“God, yes,” he clamored, feeling another blistering blast of electricity burn its way out through his cock, stopping its shriveling retreat. “I have a whole week to make a baby in you! I can’t believe it.”

“Neither can I,” she said, giving his slowly growing prick another squeeze as it began to harden once again.

The depraved wickedness of what she wanted sent shivers of perverted excitement running down his spine and out into his cock.

“Oh,” she smiled as he felt the charge shudder through his rapidly-hardening penis.

“God, mother, I love you,” he groaned, gently pushing her down onto her back.

While she teased his manhood back to ripeness, he bent down to the drooling

wetness between her lovely legs. Inhaling deeply, he drank in the succulent aroma of her overheated cunt.

He loved all the smells of his mother: The delicate fragrance of her exotic perfume: The lingering aroma of soap from her shower: The scintillating scent of her sex. The erotic fragrances filled his nose and sent a charge of excitement coursing through his cock. Leaning down farther, he stuck his tongue out and ran it up and down the sopping slit of slippery flesh savoring the hot sweetness of her overflowing cunt as she mewed out her approval. Lapping at her pussy, he slurped his way up and down the fleshy gash until he found her bulging clitoris sticking out of its sheath. Suddenly, he attacked the jutting knob of slippery tissue, roughly slashing at it with his tongue as he sucked and pulled on it with his lips.

“Oh, God, baby,” she growled, humping her cunt up into his face.

Nipping and nibbling on the slippery clit with his teeth, he could sense that his mother was already on the verge of a cataclysmic eruption of pleasure.

“Yes...Baby...yes...there,” she murmured as he felt her whole body suddenly tighten and begin to shake.

Locking his lips down around the slick, little button of flesh, he raked his tongue back and forth across it furiously as she writhed underneath him.

Making his mother come was so crazy, he marveled. It was so unreal. Too fantastic to believe, but he was doing it. He was making his mother come with his mouth. How many sons could say that, he giddily wondered as he reveled in the wickedness of bringing his mother to fulfillment.

As she thrashed about under his wicked ministrations, he suddenly saw two streams of pure, white milk shoot up into the air from her big, puffy nipples. God, how could she do that, he feverishly wondered as the drizzle of milk splashed back down on him and her both, spotting them both with big drops of the dazzling white fluid.

Then, just as he felt the last throes of her orgasm tickle through his mother’s cunt, Wayne scrambled up to his hands and knees. Hurriedly crawling up her body, he grabbed his throbbing cock and aimed it at the slavering gash of pink wetness between her legs.

Fitting the big, tapered head of his oozing cock into her waiting hole, he felt the hot, softness of her hungry cunt engulf him. Grunting, he quickly shoved all of his aching peter down into the hot, clutching inferno that burned inside her ravenous pussy.

Unable to control himself, he began to rock back and forth, hammering his cock into his mother savagely. Not only did she want him to fuck her, he thought as he passionately attacked her, she wanted him to give her a baby. She wanted him to make himself over again inside of her. The evil wickedness of such a thing was driving him crazy. He was going to make a baby inside his mother, he groveled, pounding his cock into her as hard and fast as he could.

But despite the ferocity of his onslaught, she took it and begged him for more.

“Yeah...Baby, fuck me hard,” she babbled as she dug her long, red fingernails into his bounding ass, clutching him, pushing and pulling on him, and goading him to fuck her faster and faster. “And give me a baby.”

The sick cush-splat, cush-splat, cush-splat of their bodies crashing together reverberated through the room as he furiously fucked her. How could they engage in such evil, he wondered, as his brick-hard cock slashed into her cunt, his belly slapping against hers over and over again.

Grunting and gasping for breath, he worked frantically as she writhed beneath him. They were animals rutting in the filth of their own incestuous sty, but he was hell bent to fulfill his mother’s satanic wish, no matter what the horrific consequences might be.

She was his mother. He loved her so much. And she wanted him to give her a baby. He would, he told himself, or die trying.

Jerking his hips back and forth like a madman, he hammered his cock in and out of his mother’s hot hole, brutally raping the sacred place of his birth. But she wanted it. She wanted him to fuck her. She wanted him to fuck her and make her belly big, he told himself.

He knew that he couldn’t last much longer. His muscles were already screaming out in pain, begging him to stop. But he couldn’t, not until he had finished the evil task, finished the depraved rite and planted the unholy seed inside his mother’s fertile womb.

Her hands were all over him, clawing, scratching, and clutching as she urged him on.

Finally he felt it coming. The burning tightness inside his balls was rapidly building toward an explosive upheaval.

Then it happened. His giant cock erupted in a fiery explosion as it lurched and spurting out a gigantic gush of his thick, hot, sperm-laden cum into his mother's ravenous cunt.

Then a microsecond later it fired again, drenching the clutching, squeezing channel of her cunt with his sticky, hot potency a second time. His whole body was awash with pleasure as his monstrous penis spewed out its toxic semen into the sucking depths of his mother's gluttonous cunt.

"YESSSSsssssss," she hissed as she pulled him to her and hugged him tightly.

He found her lips with his and they kissed long and deep as their orgasms raged through them. But even as they kissed, his cock continued to jerk and send hot, steamy spurts of fiery cum into her ravenous vagina. And as his monster cock emptied its vile load into her hot, hungry cunt, he could feel her squeezing and milking it, sucking it dry as they devoured each other's lips.

As he filled her with his creamy treasure, he could feel her spewing out her milk, drenching his chest with the milk that had flowed out of her overflowing tits as they fucked.

Kissing her soft, yielding lips, he could imagine his sperm swimming through the meaty darkness of her vagina. Swimming through her cum drenched cunt, their tails frantically flailing as they searched for her virgin egg. It was as if she were giving up her virginity to him. Giving up her egg. The egg that had never felt the touch of a sperm. And it would be his sperm that would rape the egg and bring forth life from it.

He knew that she must be coming with him as he felt the muscles of her cunt clutching at him spasmodically, clenching the tightness of her cunt down around his erupting cock and trying to suck out every last drop of his precious semen.

But even as he drained himself into her hot softness, he suddenly found himself floating in a sea of thick, gelatinous liquid. The scent of his mother's estrous

filled his head as he floated on the surface of the erotic, pheromone-scented lake. Then he realized that he had no arms or legs, just a long whip-like tail that trailed behind him. He had no eyes, nose, or mouth, just a barbed, bulbous head and a long tail. But even though he had no nose, the sweet aroma of his mother was everywhere, filling the frothy waves with its pungent scent. With a flick of his tail, he began to swim through the fermenting juices. He didn't know where he was going, but he knew he had to go there. Suddenly, he sensed a faint difference in the foamy ocean. Something exciting and wild. A new scent, so subtle it was barely distinguishable washed over him. Slashing his tail madly, he searched for the source of the irresistible fragrance. As he snaked his way through the effervescent liquor, the scent grew stronger and stronger, beckoning him toward it with its siren song of fragrance.

Then he sensed it. A throbbing, thrumming beat of pure eroticism engulfed him. He could feel the pulsation of the thing as the waves it was creating washed over him. Closer and closer he came until abruptly he brushed against its slippery smoothness. He had never felt anything like it before. It was emanating a pulsing throb of magnetism, drawing him to it. Maddened by the pounding beat of excitement pulsing from the mysterious thing, he flung himself at it. It was then that he felt all the other bodies boiling about the thing, trying to impale it on their barbed heads. But he couldn't let them. He had to be the one to defile the thing. Defile it and conquer it.

Bellowing out a soundless curse, he threw himself at it again. This time he felt the barbed point of his head penetrate the slick skin. Before it could repulse him, he began to lash his tail back and forth wildly, driving the point of his head deeper and deeper into the throbbing, pulsating gelatinous mass. Then, with one last whip of his tail, he felt himself being sucked into the writhing mass...

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He didn't know how long he had slept, but he awoke to the feel of warmth engulfing his cock. Enjoying the clinging wetness wrapped around his rapidly resurgent manhood, he slowly opened his eyes and found himself staring up into the glistening pinkness of his mother's beautiful cunt. Taking a deep breath, he

breathed in the pungent ripeness of her overheated sex as he felt her sharp teeth graze the taut skin of his dick-head.

Laying there gazing up into the beautiful gash of wet pink flesh, he felt her teeth slide down over his cock-head and stop just below the rigid ring of the corona. Then he felt her teeth biting down into the sensitive cleft of flesh just below his cock-head. Harder and harder she bit, until a knot of fear welled up from his belly. Was she going to bite his cockhead off? What's happening? It was hurting now. He wanted her to stop, but he didn't. Surely she wouldn't do that, would she? Finally, just as the pain was becoming unbearable, she stopped biting and sucked almost half of his throbbing cock into her mouth. The sudden rush he got going from pain to pleasure sent a spasm of electricity shooting through his cock as it inched dangerously close to exploding in her mouth.

A shiver of expectation ran through him as he lifted his hands up and wrapped them around the perfect roundness of her ass. Digging his fingers into the pliant firmness, he pulled the wet glistening gash down to his hungry mouth. Inhaling deeply, he drank in the pungent tartness of her estrous as he felt the hot wetness of her mouth engulfing his throbbing, aching cock.

Then as her head bobbed up and down, she teased and delighted his cock with her full, sensuous lips and began to work her hips back and forth, raking the wet softness of her cunt back and forth, painting his face with her rich juices. Overcome with the rapture of the moment, he feverishly rubbed his face round and round in the wet, drooling pit of his mother's cunt. His whole face became coated with the hot stickiness that was pouring out of her vagina as he searched for the core of her womanhood.

Taunting him with her cunt, she wouldn't let him have her clit as she hungrily gnawed on his rock-hard cock. Pulling her cunt down onto his mouth roughly, he finally felt her concede as his tongue found the squirming little button of flesh jutting out above her drooling slit.

Listening to his mother making little mewling sounds as she hungrily slurped on his cock, he began to punish the squiggly kernel with his hot, probing tongue.

Struggling to hold back the newly minted charge of cum that seethed and bubbled inside his aching balls, he slurped at her slippery clit with a vengeance. As he did, he could feel her attack on his cock diminish in ferocity. Wanting to

bring her pleasure once again, he renewed his own assault on her clit. Tickling and lapping at the bulging pout of her clitoris, he felt her finally acquiesce to his insistence as his primed prick slowly slithered out of her hungry mouth. He could tell that she was totally concentrating on bringing herself to the point of no return. He could only imagine what the electrifying spasms of pleasure swelling up from her cunt must feel like, recalling the glorious moment when he came earlier.

Then, finally, he heard her groan loudly and felt her come. Her hips bounced up and down, splattering his face with more and more of the thick, aromatic juices that were pouring out of her pussy as she groveled in the throes of her delight. He found it was impossible to hold onto her wildly gyrating hips as she shamelessly raked her cunt up and down his face, wantonly disregarding her vows of motherhood. That they were mother and son no longer mattered. They were now more than that, he thought as he felt the intensity of her joy overcome her. So very much more than that...

She kept grinding her pussy down into his face until at last he felt the throes of her climax begin to weaken. But she wasn't finished yet, he found out as she jerked her drooling cunt away from his mouth. Slowly spinning around until she straddled him once again, but facing him this time, she slid back down until her cunt hovered above his rigid manhood. Smiling wickedly, she reached back down between her outstretched legs and roughly grabbed hold of his monster cock. Then with another evil grin, she jerked it up and fitted the giant's tapered head up into the wet tightness of her cunt.

As he watched on with depraved delight, his mother slowly eased herself down onto his jutting love-muscle. He didn't think a person could love anyone as much as he loved his mother at this moment. He loved her so much, he ached all over, watching her eyes glaze over as she impaled herself on his cock. Throwing her head back, she sank lower and lower on his jutting pole as her hungry cunt devoured it inch by inch until at last, he felt the circle of burning flesh settle down around the hairy base of his cock. Still with her head thrown back, she wriggled her butt, sending his rigid prick twirling around inside the fiery depths of her wondrous cunt. He was home once again. Back in the same burning caldron that had formed him. Just the thought of being inside the forbidden core of his mother's womanhood sent a shiver of perverted delight through him.

Slowly, she bent down over him and began to work her hips back and forth,

fucking him with her hungry cunt. As she did, her big, heavy, milk-laden breasts sloshed back and forth flicking out drops of white milk out onto his chest. He wanted to grab the undulating udders and milk her, milk her like a cow, but he didn't. That would be such a waste of the delicious treasure stored there.

Grunting with effort, his mother worked her hips back and forth, harder and harder as she huffed and puffed above him. Wrapping his hands around her tiny waist, he pushed and pulled, helping her skewer herself on his monstrous cock. In and out, in and out, his big prick slashed as she drug her hot, sucking pussy up and down on it. Working steadily, his mother was soon covered with a shimmering sheen of sweat.

Knowing that she wouldn't be able to last much longer, he gently rolled her over onto her back. She smiled up at him thankfully with her love-filled eyes as he began to roughly pump his cock in and out of her slippery puss once again.

They fucked. As man and woman, they fucked. They fucked, not as mother and son but as lovers. They fucked as if they were the only two people left on earth to repopulate it. They fucked as if their lives depended upon generating new life inside his mother's womb. No one, or no thing mattered now. It was only the two of them. The two of them alone in their own wicked world. They would make up their own rules now. No one else mattered.

As they fucked, the enormity of their violation came to him and he could feel the molten pool of cum inside his balls begin to bubble and froth impatiently. Now, straining to hold back it back, he could feel the rapidly building pressure inside his aching balls growing greater by the second as he hammered his cock into his mother's tight sucking hole.

He had to give her what she wanted. A baby. A baby from his cum. He would fill her with his hot essence and she would take it into her womb where she would make another baby with it. They would make a beautiful baby together.

Even as he fought to keep the river of cum from spewing out of his cock, he wanted to come. To come inside her insatiable pussy. To fill her pussy with his seed and force open her womb with the gush of semen that would fill her with its corruption.

The sick slap of his belly against hers drove him on as he felt the sucking heat of her cunt trying to draw his essence from him. He could feel the satiny sheath of

her flesh tightening down around his pulsating cock, begging him to fill her with his potency.

At last, he couldn't hold it back any more. The floodgates flew open, releasing a massive flood of his corrupting semen out into the waiting sanctity of her hot, clutching vagina.

Crying out in agony and pleasure, he buried his cock deep inside the clutching heat of her ravenous cunt and unleashed its cargo of toxic cum into her as she cried out with joy.

Groveling below him, she welcomed his eruption by pulling and clawing at him, drawing his jerking, spurting monster even deeper into the fiery core of her motherhood. Their lips touched momentarily in a soft, loving kiss before they were crushed together by the passion of the moment. Their slashing tongues only accentuated the violence of the kiss as they intertwined and danced a wicked, incestuous dance of love. The unholy kiss went on and on as he emptied his heavy, cum-filled balls into her ripe, fertile garden.

His giant cock convulsing with pleasure, he felt the spasms of her tight, clutching cunt grip down on him. The scorching sheath of her vagina tightly clung to his cock while the ripples of her orgasm undulated through it. His cock spurted and spurted, shooting out its vile load of thick, venomous cum into her with mighty lurches as they both reached for heaven and found it before they collapsed...

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Throughout the week, they had defiled every room and tried every position they could think of, yet Wednesday evening found them in his mother's bed once again. Wayne was lying beside his mother sucking on her big, heavy tit, coaxing another river of her delicious milk into his mouth as he pulled and sucked on the spongy nipple.

She had one long, lovely leg draped over his waist and he was lying contorted into the shape of a letter J with his monstrous cock shoved up into her wet, juicy

cunt. He had his legs wrapped around her other leg and was using it as a fulcrum to slowly slide his cock in and out of her hot pussy.

Then the phone rang...

Wayne slowed the tempo of his fucking even more, gently sliding his cock in and out of the hot, slippery hole between his mother's legs as they waited for the answering machine to kick in.

Finally he heard the machine click on and his mother's recorded message telling whoever it was that they were busy and unable to come to the phone, but if they would leave a message, she would get back to them as soon as possible.

Yeah, he told himself, they were too busy to talk. They were fucking.

"How true," she smiled at him, squeezing down on his cock as they waited for the caller to speak.

"Krista. Krista, are you there?"

It was his father, Tony.

"Uh, I'd better answer it," she said, reaching over and picking up the receiver.

Putting the receiver up to her ear, she spoke into it.

"Hi, Tony, I'm here," she said.

Watching her speak into the receiver, Wayne saw her wink sexily and felt her hot little cunt tighten around his cock.

Grinning, he began to work his hips back and forth again, driving his prick in and out of her hungry cunt just a little faster.

"Huh," she grunted. "Oh, I'm just chilling out..."

Wayne couldn't believe it. He was fucking his mother while she was carrying on a conversation on the phone with his father. It was too fucking awesome, he told himself as a jolt of depraved excitement tore through his penis.

"Oh, he's doing his homework, I think," she smiled down at him. "Yeah, he's

been a real good kid this week. He's done everything I've asked him to do and then some."

Sucking her tit back into his mouth, he attacked the bulging nipple, drawing out another mouthful of milk as he began to fuck her with deep, jarring strokes.

"Uh-huh," she muttered into the phone as he pounded his cock into her furiously.

He had to come inside of her while she was still talking to his father he told himself. What could be more fucking wicked than that? Come inside of his mother while she was talking to his father. That would be just the wildest thing possible.

The sick, perverted sound of his belly slapping up against her bare bottom seemed deafening as he stroked her harder and harder. He could feel an explosion coming. It was only a few more hammering strokes away.

"Huh," his mother grunted, squeezing his cock with her cunt. "I don't know, uh, I don't hear, uh, oh, yeah, I hear it now."

Fucking her with deep, pounding thrusts, he could feel his balls gathering up and getting ready. Getting ready to dump their lethal load of cum into her ravenous cunt as the bed creaked and groaned underneath them.

"It must be, uh, it must be, Wayne," she slavered.

Spitting out her nipple, he pushed her leg off him and jerked his dick out of her pouting cunt. Scrabbling around, he scrambled up between her legs and hurriedly shoved his cock back inside her wet, drooling hole.

"Mmmmm," she murmured as his prick knifed down into the hot, clutching core of her womanhood.

Like a mad man, he began to saw his cock in and out of her drooling cunt as she tried not to give them away.

"Uh, uh, Honey, uh, Honey, could you, uh, hold for, uh, hold on for, uh, for a second, I'll, uh, be right back, okay," she stammered, jabbing at the mute button on the phone and tossing the receiver onto the bed.

“Yes,” she growled, “Fuck me hard. HARDER! HARDER!”

He held back nothing. He was fucking her harder and faster than ever as his cock sloshed in and out her wildly clutching cunt.

“OHYESYESYESSSSssssssss,” she hissed as her eyes rolled back inside her head and she began to quiver and shake.

“Talk. Talk to him. Talk to him while I come inside you,” he babbled shoving the phone back into her hand.

“Huh, oh, I don’t, oh, I, oh...” she started to say as he pushed the mute button.

“Uh, I’m, uh, I’m back,” she blurted out just as his penis exploded inside her cunt, spewing out a horrendous gusher of thick, purulent cum into her pussy.

Her pussy locked itself down around his jerking penis as it spurted out gob after gob of his creamy semen into her sucking vagina, drenching it with his potent jism.

“What?” she muttered trying not to give them away.

Wayne’s cock continued to jerk and spurt, quickly filling the fiery pit between her legs to the point of overflowing.

“It was Wayne,” she said breathlessly. “Yeah, but he’s stopped it. Well almost anyway.”

It seemed like his cock spurted for hours as she milked it empty with her pussy, but it couldn’t have been more than a few moments.

Then, even before his cock stopped spurting Wayne began to slowly, lovingly slide his softening penis in and out of her oozing cunt again as he tried to catch his breath.

Gasping after the cataclysmic culmination of their perverted escapade, Wayne grinned down at her as he fucked her.

He stared into her love-filled eyes as she smiled up at him.

What was his father saying, he wondered as he felt his cock begin to harden again?

“Uh, I think maybe I didn’t do a good enough job on Wayne,” she smiled up at him as she spoke into the receiver.

He could barely hear the sound of his father’s voice and it was so faint, he couldn’t make out a word he was saying.

“Because he’s starting to make that noise again,” she laughed scrunching her hot, little snatch down around his pistoning prick.

Wayne leaned down and sucked a big, plump nipple into his mouth and was rewarded with another gush of her delicious milk.

“Sunday afternoon. You say you’ll be home Sunday afternoon,” she said into the receiver. “We’ll be here. Okay. Love you, too. Night-Night.”

Punching the off button, she tossed the receiver to the bed. Reaching up, she draped her arms around his neck and kicked her legs up, wrapping them around him. Squeezing his waist with her silky smooth thighs, she dropped her heels down onto his ass.

“Now, where were we, before we were so rudely interrupted,” she laughed, her eyes twinkling with mischievous delight as she gave his cock another loving squeeze with her pussy.

Spitting out her big, puffy nipple, he watched a stream of her milk trickle down her smooth, softly curving breast as he began to stroke her with his cock once again.

“Right about here,” he grinned at her, roughly pounding his prick down into the salivating gash between her lovely legs...

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The rest of the week flew by in quick flashes of orgasmic delight as they indulged themselves in each other.

It's already Sunday afternoon, he angrily told himself. Where had the time gone? Why it seemed like only moments ago that he had walked in and found his mother waiting for him to fuck her and plant his seed in her womb. Their voyage through the sensual rapture of incestuous love had come to an end, much too quickly.

He knew that his father would be home any time now, but he had to have his mother before that happened. But would she let him have his way with her one more time? Have her one more time to try and fill the empty void he knew would exist when his father returned?

He hadn't worn clothes around the house all week long and now it felt strange to be dressed. He had to try, he told himself.

Strolling down toward her room, he unfastened his belt and spread his pants apart letting his cock flop out primed and ready for action.

Boldly pushing open the door, he stepped through the doorway.

His mother was standing by the window looking out onto the road in front of the house.

"Hi, honey," she said, slowly turning toward him.

A momentary flicker of amusement flitted across her face as she looked down at his jutting cock and smiled.

"Hi," he lecherously smiled watching her eye his cock as it stood at attention.

"Do you want something?" she smiled suggestively.

"Only if I'm invited," he sparred back at her.

"Is this enough of an invitation?" she asked, reaching down and flipping up the hem of her dress.

Wayne's eyes shot down and saw that under her dress she wasn't wearing

panties!

“I thought we might have time for one last quickie before we have to return to reality,” she murmured, turning and facing away from him again.

Striding across the room, he watched her holding her dress up as she spread her legs apart waiting for him to approach her from behind.

Moving up between her beautiful, outstretched legs, he dipped his hips and felt her hand guide his cock up to the hot, sucking hole between them. Feeling her hot meat wrap itself around the head of his cock, he grunted and lunged upward, driving his cock into the core of her cunt all the way to the hilt.

“Unhhh,” she winced as he began to rock up and down, pounding his cock into the dripping wetness of her meaty gash.

“Jeez,” he grunted, pushing on her back until she was almost bent in a ninety degree angle as he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her back onto his pistoning prick

“Yessss,” she hissed, thrusting herself back against his driving attack.

“Can we, unh, still fuck, unh, even when, unh, Dad, unh, gets back?” he huffed out between thrusts as he hammered his cock into her meaty slit.

“Yes, unh, Yes, unh, Yes,” she groveled to the beat of his hard belly slapping up against her upturned buttocks. “Every, unh, every, unh, chance, unh, every, unh, chance, unh, we, unh, get.”

“Oh...fucking...God,” he blathered out.

“You want to do me, do me in the ass?” she hissed as he rocked back and forth impaling her on his cock.

“What? Do, unh, do you, unh, do you, unh, there, unh, now?” he grunted, continuing to pound his cock into her juice-drenched cunt.

“Yeah, uh, yeah, uh, do me, uh, there, uh, now, uh, now, uh, while, uh, we’re, uh, waiting,” she giggled.

“Oh...fucking God...Mother...you’re fucking crazy...” he clamored as he eased his juice-slicked cock back out of her dripping pussy.

“I know...I thought you might like that,” she said, looking at him over her shoulder, “so it’s all ready to go.”

Lifting her skirt up farther, Wayne looked down and saw that her pretty, dainty little asshole was coated with a thick layer of some kind of gel.

“Mother...you’re fucking...awesome,” he panted, grabbing his juice-slathered cock and fitting its evil, tapered head down on the tiny, little puckered opening of her asshole.

Holding onto his cock with one hand, he grabbed her hip and began to pull her back onto him with the other hand.

“Yeah...Baby...fuck me in the ass,” she grunted, straining and pushing herself back onto him. “Fuck...fuck...Mommy’s tight ass...”

She was so lubed and he was so slippery with her pussy juices, it only took a few seconds to wedge the big head of his cock into her asshole.

“Ouch,” she yipped as his cock head suddenly popped into her anus.

“Want me to stop?” he panted, but still pushing his cock down into her tight, overheated asshole.

“No...fuck me...hurry...before he comes home,” she whined, pushing herself back onto his thrusting cock.

“Oh, God,” he grunted, sliding the rest of his cock down into the fiery core of her ass.

Within seconds, he was furiously sliding his cock in and out of her tight, clutching asshole as she held onto the windowsill for support.

“Yes...Wayne...Baby...that’s the way...fuck me...fuck me in the ass,” she grunted, hanging on as her body jerked back and forth from the force of the slashing attack.

Panting with exertion, Wayne pounded his prick into her with abandon, jerking her back and forth as he did.

Just then, a red truck appeared, driving down the road toward the house.

“Oh...no...not now...” she wailed as the truck rambled on down the road.
“Hurry...Babe...hurry...”

Straining to fuck her as hard and fast as he could, he could feel his load of cum bubbling and percolating inside his flouncing balls.

“Hurry...unh...hurry...make me come,” she groaned out. “He’s coming.

“So am I...in a second...” Wayne grunted. “In a second...”

As the ferocious onslaught continued, the red truck pulled up in front of the house.

“Hurry, Honey, he’s getting out...” she urged him.

Savagely attacking her asshole with his monster cock, he fought to bring her to the point of no return. He knew that he could only last a few more seconds as he watched over her shoulder. Then he saw his father step out of the pickup and reach down into the truck-bed.

Huffing and puffing loudly, he kept pounding his cock into his mother’s hot, sucking asshole, as he watched his father lift his suitcase and gun out of the truck. Silently urging his mother on, he hammered his cock into her as his father waved at the driver of the truck and started for the house.

Then, he stopped for a moment, looked up at the window and waved.

Fortunately, Wayne was leaning back far enough, his father couldn’t see him standing behind his mother.

“Fuck,” Wayne snorted, as his mother raised her hand and waved back down at his father while Wayne continued to pound away at her asshole. “This is too fucking crazy...”

Wayne could feel the blistering cum in his balls boiling over as he prepared to

launch it deep into his mother's rectum.

"Hurry, Mom, hurry, he's coming, ohfuck I'm commmmnggtooo..." he groaned out.

"Almost...almost...almmmmahhyeeeeesssss," she blathered out as she began to shake uncontrollably.

That was all it took and Wayne felt his prick explode deep inside of her spasming asshole. As his cock lurched, a monstrous load of cum shot out, immediately filling her colon with its hot, clinging stickiness.

"I'M HOME." They heard Tony holler from downstairs as the front door closed.

A second calamitous eruption shot out into her asshole bathing the delicate lining of her anus with its fiery heat.

"JesusfuckingChrist," he cursed, grunting and jerking back out of her collapsing asshole.

"Owee," she yapped as his monster popped out of her abused anus.

Wayne wasn't finished, but he couldn't wait any longer. They mustn't get caught.

"Wish...you...didn't...have...to...go," his mother groaned as he shoved his still spurting cock down into his pants.

"Me, either," he groaned, tightly clutching his jerking cock through his pants as he painfully stumbled over to the door.

Stepping out into the hallway, he heard his father's heavy boots clumping up the stairs. As quietly as he could, he staggered down the hallway to his room, feeling his cock still jerking and spurting out the load of cum that had been backed up inside his cock. It felt like the head of his cock was about to blow off at any second.

At last, he made it. Throwing open the door, he shuffled inside, letting his pants drop down around his ankles. Shoving the door closed as quietly as he could, he let go of his cock and watched a gigantic gob of thick, pearl-colored cum shoot

out of his prick and splash onto the floor a good ten feet across the room. It felt like his cock was on fire as it still jerked and twitched, spitting smaller and smaller spurts of cum out onto the carpet.

At last it stopped shooting off as he heard the murmur of voices down the hall. Grabbing his bedspread, he wiped his dick off and pulled his pants back up. Picking up one of his books, he held it in front of him to hide the telltale bulge of his still-swollen cock and opened his door.

Stepping out into the hallway, he saw his mother and father standing outside the door to their bedroom. They were kissing.

A jolt of jealousy tore through him making him weak-kneed. Reeling with anger and hurt, he watched his father step back away from her.

“Oh, Hi, Wayne,” his father smiled, unaware of the deep-seated hatred that was now growing in Wayne’s heart.

“Oh, oh, hi, Dad,” he muttered, stepping back into his room and closing the door to hide the tears that were rolling down his cheeks...

The End

[Return to the Table of Contents](#)

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