

# Mother's New Family

Dad's labored breathing showed how exhausted he was as he stood his ground in an attempt to prevent me from scoring. I faked to the right and dashed around to his left for a simple layup. "That's game, Dad. Your desk job is taking a toll on you," I snickered as he fought to catch his breath.

"That's a fact. I'm going to have to get back in shape before I'm put out to pasture," he laughed as he patted me on the back.

A dozen years ago Dad had installed a hoop above the garage door and we've been playing regularly since. Only recently have I been able to routinely beat him. He's nearing forty six and the length of time running a company from his desk has taken its toll on his aging body.

"John, if you're done getting beat by your son, bring him in for dinner before your food gets cold," Mom yelled from the window.

"Coming Denise, we're both famished from that workout," Dad answered back to Mom.

We went in and sat at the table wolfing down our food after working up a hearty appetite. "Slow down you two. You're acting like you're starved," Mom jokingly scolded us as she ran her hand through her shoulder length brunette hair.

As Mom brushed by me to sit down, I noticed how her slim and attractive body looked younger than the actual ten years difference between her and Dad.

My name is Daniel although no one uses my real name. Mom and Dad call me Dan, unless they want my attention, then it's Danny. I graduated a month ago, two months after my eighteenth birthday. Having the summer free before college was going to allow me more time to spend with Mom and Dad.

Dad made it clear that I was to take the entire summer off as his business was thriving. I was looking forward to a few months of fun before starting my four years at the University. Mom works at a part-time job, working Tuesdays and Thursdays. As there is no financial need for her to work I figured she's probably doing it to keep from getting bored.

After we finished eating, Dad asked, "What are you going to do tomorrow, Dan?"

"Since Mom will be working, I thought I'd take a hike to the lake," I replied.

"That's pretty far, at least five miles. I won't ever beat you if you keep getting stronger. You're going to have to lighten up and give your old man a chance," Dad grumbled as he grinned.

We spent the night watching TV retiring early since we had plans for the next day.

After breakfast Dad asked, "Still going for that long hike, Dan?"

"You bet. I probably won't get home until after five and will be too tired to beat you again. You'll have to practice on your own," I replied.

As I headed out the door Mom handed me a lunch she had prepared for me.

An hour into the hike one of my shoe soles split. Not wanting to continue, I slowly made my way back to the house. I arrived before noon and wasn't sure how to spend the rest of the day. My parent's room is at the end of the hallway. My bedroom is on one side and we converted the room opposite mine into a study. My desktop computer is there, housed in a large home office workstation. There's also a small couch along one wall.

Going to my computer room to surf porn seemed like the best use of my time before I figured out my afternoon agenda. With visions of Mom's beautiful body still fresh in my mind from breakfast, I loaded up one of my favorite Mother-Son incest clips.

Minutes away from eruption I heard the garage door open. Evidently, Dad decided to come home for lunch which I've never known him to do. After I heard the door to the house open and shut, Dad yelled my name. I remained silent, deciding what was in hand was more important.

The door rattled as Dad tried to enter my room. Fortunately, I had locked it. Dad yelled, "Dan, you in there?"

I stayed silent. After a few minutes I heard footsteps mixed with a woman giggling. Damn, Mom and Dad must have come home for a quickie.

Panic set in as I decided to stay quiet and not let them know I was in the house. Softening up from the unfortunate arrival of my parents, I pulled my pants back on and turned off the video. I anxiously waited for Dad and Mom to leave.

Forty minutes went by before I heard them coming back down the hall. The woman's voice was higher pitched than Mom's. Was Dad having an affair? It came as a surprise to me as their actions didn't convey any kind of marital problems. They rarely kissed in front of me, but there wasn't any other indication of anything amiss.

Not daring to open the door to see who she was, I waited until they were in the car and drove away. After finishing my business I dressed and ventured down to my parent's bedroom. There was a fragrance in the air I didn't recognize. Mom wore the same perfume daily, confirming in my mind the woman was definitely not my mother.

Curiosity was getting the best of me. Ideas were forming of how to figure out the identity of the mystery woman. Not wanting to dwell too long at home, I slipped on my other hiking shoes and headed out. Walking nowhere in particular, my mind raced with the probability Dad was having an affair. He treated Mom and I like royalty through the years. We were best friends, doing everything together.

Mom might have been closer to me since she was at home more, but I loved them equally and was getting upset our family might not be as perfect as I had thought. Arriving back before five I noticed Dad's car already in the garage.

"How did the hike go?" Dad greeted me as I walked in the house.

Putting on my best poker face, I replied, "Great, it was a perfect day for my workout." On my way to my room I heard Mom arrive from work.

"Hey you two, after I change clothes I have a nice meal planned for tonight," Mom called out to us.

She was already preparing dinner by the time I changed and walked back out to help.

Going to the sink to get a glass of water, I moved close to her to inhale her scent. Her perfume was her usual, definitely not the aroma I detected in their bedroom. Both of them were acting their normal selves through dinner as if nothing was wrong.

Later in the evening Dad said he wanted to download some updates to my desktop for his software. Dad's hobby was playing with video applications and he routinely spent hours in my study perfecting his skills. For the last several years he taught me how to do some basic editing and I have to admit, it's kind of fun.

That's when the crazy idea came to me. Video, as in recording Dad and the woman in action. How could I set up a camera to capture the event? Researching on my phone, I immersed myself in the field of miniature spy cameras. This was nuts. Was I really going to jeopardize my future by violating the privacy of one of my parents who happened to treat me like a prince?

Risking everything I continued to strategize my plan. Curiosity won over common sense as I decided to record Dad and his lover.

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My night's sleep was restless and after breakfast Mom asked what we should do. Making an excuse that I needed to go to the library to do some research, we decided on a jog in the afternoon. I hopped on my bike and raced downtown. Finding an electronics store, I searched the shelves until I found the spy camera section. Smaller than I thought possible I wondered how they could possibly capture anything worth viewing.

A store employee came over to explain how each model worked. There were many available sizes built into different objects to disguise them. Deciding on four of them that would work for my purpose, I asked for a quote. He went behind the counter to total up the invoice and came back with a piece of paper listing the price. It was well over a thousand dollars which was more funds than I had available.

Dad gave me a liquid debit card a few years ago and routinely transferred money to it for my incidental spending. He assured me he

wouldn't check my expenditures allowing me free reign without worrying about parental interference. Knowing my balance was three hundred, I reluctantly told the employee I couldn't afford it.

Hoping to salvage a sale he said, "How about if I rent you the cameras for a week for a hundred?"

Seeing my excitement at the deal, he continued, "I'd have to sell you the memory cards for another hundred, so it'd be two hundred total."

I knew the cards were not worth that much, but I decided not to waste any more time." Sounds like we have a deal. Thanks."

He spent the next hour showing me how to set them up. Having acquired the miniature cameras, I went back home and stashed them in my room to wait for next Tuesday and Thursday.

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Over the weekend I started to have doubts as to whether I should proceed with my ill-fated venture.

Tuesday arrived and Dad asked "What's the plan today, Dan?"

"Going to take a long bike ride, since Mom will be at work. Going to do the same on Thursday. I won't be home until late again both days."

Dad's relieved look confirmed my suspicions that he was planning another sexual liaison with his mistress.

After riding for two hours, I returned to implement my plan.

Timing it close, my adrenaline was pumping as I retrieved the cameras and set them up in their bedroom. Confident all angles of the bed were covered, I checked to make sure they were set to record from noon to one. If Dad paid close attention to the shelves, he'd notice books that hadn't been there before, but I had little choice at this point.

Leaving before eleven, I rode out on some trails and returned at two. Retrieving the cameras, I stowed them in my room and took off again in case either parent showed up. Rolling in after five, no one acted like anything was amiss.

After a day of shopping on Wednesday with Mom, we arrived home to find Dad already warming up on the court. We played ball while Mom went inside to prepare dinner.

After we ate, we retired to the living room. I contemplated excusing myself to examine the contents on the memory cards. Still considering the possibility of throwing them away and abandoning my plan, I decided to hold off on viewing them.

Thursday was a repeat of Tuesday and I hoped when I finally did review the captured data, there would be nothing but an empty bed. As soon as I removed and stowed the memory cards Friday morning, I

went back to the store to return the cameras. Everything played out well except for the fact I was two hundred dollars poorer.

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Dad and Mom went out to the movies Friday night leaving me at home, which was a perfect chance to check out the results from my ill-fated surveillance. I transferred the files from the four memory cards into a protected folder. After opening up enough windows to view all videos simultaneously, I hit play and anxiously awaited the results. After ten minutes of viewing an empty room, I was ready to abandon my plan.

Then it happened. Dad and a woman entered and I knew immediately who she was as it was Aunt Diana. Sweat started to form on my forehead as I nervously watched Dad and my aunt hug and passionately kiss.

They began to remove their clothes while kissing. My eyes were glued to Diana as she dropped her bra, exposing her large breasts normally concealed beneath her loose blouses. Dad immediately squeezed and mauled her luscious mounds, tweaking her hard, pointed nipples.

She squealed in pleasure from Dad's teasing while she continued to remove her skirt and panties. Her small frame made her breasts appear larger than normal. Her smooth, sexy flesh looked similar to what I'd seen of Mom, even though she is five years younger.

Kissing her way down Dad's body, she rapidly moved past his paunchy midriff. I giggled at this point, seeing the reason why I was regularly beating him on the court. Reaching her target, she wrapped one hand around Dad's hardening prick. Her other hand held his full sack which enabled me to get a good look at Dad's package. She pulled his foreskin back, exposing his hidden head.

Surprised by seeing he wasn't circumcised, I wondered why Mom and Dad had decided to have me cut. It had never bothered me as I thought it always looked better with my helmeted head displayed full time.

With a lustful gleam in her eye, she swallowed Dad's entire length in one motion. He groaned as she sucked up and down on his short rod. Their breathing became labored as their excitement increased.

My cock hardened as I watched their lewd display. Taking my stiff organ out, I timed my stroking with my aunt's sucking. Dad's meager pecker was noticeably smaller than mine, enabling my aunt to fully engulf him on each stroke.

As he was nearing orgasm, she released him. With sex-starved eyes, she moved to the bed and positioned herself in the doggy position. Stroking my hard prick faster, I admired her smooth, bald pussy on display. She was already wet, stimulated from performing oral sex. I had to switch screens as Dad moved in front of the camera.

Once his hard head was firmly lodged in her glistening crevice, he shoved to the bottom. His balls slapping against her pussy was as loud

as her scream of ecstasy. He pulled back and slammed in again. After a few dozen power strokes, he reached up to grasp her swaying breasts.

Switching my view to another window, I could get a better view of her hanging breasts. My shaft was slick with precum at this point watching the sexy display. Her motion stopped as I looked to another camera view to see Dad pulling out. Aunt Diana turned over and spread her thin legs wide, raising her ass to open her pussy up for the cock she craved.

Dad rolled on a rubber and knelt down to fuck her. He thrust hard as she raised her knees and spread them out to better accommodate the forceful pounding. Dad leaned down to meld with her body, meeting her open mouth with his.

Dad pulled off her lips to catch his breath as she screamed, "Fuck me hard, John. How's it feel, fucking your wife's sister in your bed?"

"Oh god, you're hot. Your pussy is so tight. I'm going to come," Dad hoarsely croaked.

Switching views, I saw his sack tighten. My balls were also filling up as my hand ferociously stroked my hard cock.

"I'm ready, John!"

He grunted at the same time my staff shot out its first glob of cum. I continued to eject my entire load of sperm while watching Dad climaxing. My aunt groaned as he hoarsely panted through his orgasm.

They gently kissed as Dad pulled out. The cum-filled rubber hung down, threatening to drop off his softening rod. Telling her he needed to take a quick shower, he went out of the camera's view to go in the bathroom.

As my excitement waned, my emotions shifted to disappointment and anger. Two of the people Mom trusted and loved had betrayed her. Her world would be crushed if she knew what was happening behind her back. My eyes began to water, thinking of my beautiful mother getting treated so badly by the people closest to her.

My attention was brought back to my aunt. Leaving her legs splayed apart, one hand went to her clean-shaven pussy, plunging three fingers deep into her wet cavern. Her thumb was rubbing her clit as she fucked herself. Her other hand squeezed one of her perky breasts, firmly squeezing her taut nipple.

A mere five minutes later her pelvis quivered as she stroked her excited quim through her climax. Her facial expression displayed her sexual release. It was obvious she had faked an orgasm with Dad.

Feeling a little justice had been served, I felt no remorse for Dad that he had been tricked into believing she came from their illicit liaison.

My aunt removed her slimy, cum-soaked fingers, giving me a clear view of her leaking pussy and her firm, upright breasts. She dressed while Dad was still in the bathroom.

I paused the videos so I could clean up the pile of cum on my stomach. Once done, I was able to continue reviewing the rest of the files.

Using Dad's video software, I cut out the best clips and pieced them together to make a forty minute video from their adulterous sex scenes. Still not comprehending the ramifications of my dad having an affair with his sister-in-law, I was interested only in making a stroke off tape for myself.

Having finished the video, I was stiff again watching my finished product. I began to slowly stroke to the video when I heard the garage door open. Quickly saving the file to my secret folder, I shut down the computer and zipped up.

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After Saturday night's dinner, I took my shower and strolled out to the living room.

Dad was immersed in watching his favorite football team. Normally I would stay and chat with him, but my growing disappointment toward him prevented any normal conversation. I excused myself to go to my study.

Hastily entering my computer room, I loaded up my secret sex video and clicked the play button. Spreading out on the couch, I flung my robe open to stroke my manhood to the unfolding sex scenes.

Ten minutes into the video I was getting ready to blow off a load when the door suddenly opened.

"Dan, there's something--," Dad stopped talking as soon as he saw me stroking my cock. His eyes traveled to the video of him and my aunt fucking on the screen.

My face flushed as I was caught red handed. He closed the door behind him and stared directly at my manhood. Sizing me up, I saw a tinge of jealousy as he realized I was quite a bit bigger than him. Hastily closing my robe to cover my prick, I sat in silence unknowing how to proceed.

He broke the awkward tension first. "I guess you're putting your video skills to work. It's good, but you might want to get permission from the participates next time."

He didn't even appear mad. I had a video of him cheating on Mom and he was talking as if nothing was amiss. This was confusing as I tried to react to his behavior.

"I'm really sorry Dad. I was here last week when you came in with Diana and I was curious. It was stupid and I feel bad for what I did," I softly apologized.

Dad continued to watch the video for a moment. "Were you planning to blackmail me to give you some money for not exposing my affair?"

"Of course not, Dad. It's your business and you already provide me with everything I want."

"Were you planning to reveal this to your Mom?"

"No, Dad. I really hadn't thought any of this out, but I don't want to get involved with your personal relationship. That's between you and Mom. It's not my place to get between you two."

"You're so grown up and responsible. I'd hug you, but you know, it would be a little uncomfortable right now." He looked down to my tented robe.

Our attention shifted to the video as my aunt let out a shriek. Dad and I turned to watch him twisting her stiff tits while he pummeled her pussy. He reached over to pause the video and said, "Damn, she can come from twisting her nipples, just like your mother."

"Dad! Too much information," I muttered back.

"I suppose it is. Basically you made this tape for a whack off tool. I guess I should be honored you included me in your stroke sessions." He closed the video window so we didn't have to keep staring at his cock buried in my aunt. Sitting down in the computer chair across from me,

he inhaled a deep breath as he collected his thoughts before explaining his actions.

After a few minutes he began to explain how it came to this. Ten years older than Mom, he had several relationships before they met. He said they fell madly in love and on Mom's eighteenth birthday, he took her virginity and gave her a present - me. He was already established in his business and they decided to get married.

"After a couple years my desires for an affair with other women surfaced. I knew it wasn't right. Your mother did nothing to push me into it, that's just the way it was for me. I was careless and almost grateful when your Mom figured it out. Still loving her, I told her I'd support any decision she made."

"I take it she decided to stick it out since you're still together," I interjected.

After a long sigh, he said, "Yes, we decided to stay together until you were an adult, with the stipulation we would never have sex again. She knew I wouldn't be faithful and told me I just had to be discreet with my affairs."

Why did the realization that Mom hadn't had sex for a long time send blood into my hardening prick? She might be having sex on the side like Dad, but I didn't think so. It excited me to think Mom might be as sex-starved as me.

Shifting back to Dad's sorrowful expression, I replied, "That's quite a sacrifice, Dad, but you two have been great to me so I suppose your unconventional relationship has worked for you."

Dad continued, "Bringing your aunt to our house was a big mistake, I shouldn't have allowed it to happen. She was kind of persistent, though. I think it's some kind of sister competition between them."

Mom and Diana had always been close so I was surprised my aunt would do this. Before I could comment about her behavior, Dad said, "Now that you've graduated, we'll start divorce proceedings. Keep in mind, Dan, we both love you very much no matter what."

"I know, Dad,"

"Dan, can I count on you to stay with your mother to help out and emotionally support her after I'm gone?"

"Of course, Dad, but where will you go? Will I see you?"

"You bet kiddo. You're not getting rid of me that easy. I might start exercising more in order to beat you on the court again. There are a couple of items I have to clear up first with your mother. If I act a little strange the next few days, play along, okay?"

"Sure, Dad. You're kind of goofy anyway so how would I know?" I jokingly said.

I continued, "There is one question concerning the affairs you're having, though. Aunt Diana is pretty good looking but not near as..." I stopped as I realized I was going to call Mom sexy.

He finished, "As hot? I know. None of the women can compare to Denise, but it's what I do. You probably do the same thing. Don't you switch from girl to girl?"

"Ah, no, Dad. I think that once I find someone I care for, I'll remain faithful to them."

"You think? Haven't you been with a girl?"

My face reddened as I realized Dad now knew I hadn't slept with anyone.

"You're a virgin? I didn't know. I'm sorry. It was the pimples, wasn't it?"

He was right of course. I had a complexion problem until my senior year and as a result never dated or went out with a girl. Each time I'd hear a group of girls giggling as I walked by. I figured they were discussing my pimply face. Concentrating on my studies and physical condition replaced any romantic relationships other classmates enjoyed.

His face saddened as he realized my predicament. He rose up to leave and before he opened the door, he started up the video again. While closing the door he looked in and said, "Dan, whatever you do when you look at this video, don't imagine your mother in the scenes."

He smirked as he closed the door and of course now the image of my aunt was replaced with Mom. Why did he do that? It wasn't long before my prick exploded, sending blobs of cum high on my chest.

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During Sunday dinner, Dad said he wanted to discuss something with Mom and me. After we cleaned up the kitchen we retired to the living room. Dad was acting more serious than usual. Wondering if he was going to bring up the divorce, I was worried and nervous how Mom would react.

"I've been hesitant to mention this, but something has come up at work. We're competing for a contract with a foreign company and we stand to make a lot of money if we're successful," he announced.

This wasn't the first time he'd informed us of his business dealings. Figuring it would be another long boring talk, I started to daydream.

"I've come to know the CEO and we've talked at length. We both have similar hobbies concerning videos. My interest is in editing and production while he's more interested in the end product. He has a

large private collection of special films. One of his main interests is incest films."

Snapped back from my happy place, I was now paying full attention to his speech. Mom and I squirmed as we were both a little uneasy as Dad continued talking. Dad told me he was going to do something goofy. Is this what he meant? He told me to play along. I figured the best plan was to keep quiet and let him proceed.

"He wants a mother-son incest film, and I think if I produce one for him, he'll give us the contract."

Mom piped, "There has to be plenty of that sort of stuff on the internet. It shouldn't be too hard to obtain something for him. I'm not sure why you're telling us."

"As a matter of fact," Dad continued, "he's unhappy with what's on the internet. He hasn't been able to find the mother-son scenes he desires. He has a written scenario of how he thinks the seduction should advance and it'll be hard to piece together different films since the actors are different."

Waiting to see our reaction he added, "And he saw a picture of the three of us on my desk and said he'd be willing to throw in a ten thousand dollar bonus if you and Dan would be the stars."

"Are you crazy?" Mom shrieked. "You want me to do a porno with our son? I can't believe you'd even suggest such a thing! Adding insult to

injury, he's only offering a measly ten grand for a Mother and Son to engage in an illegal activity?"

"Slow down, Denise. First off, you wouldn't do any sex scenes. That's why the offer was low. He was willing to pay much more for real family sex, but I told him absolutely not. He agreed on the lower price and said I could just edit the sex scenes in from other films. We would only be doing the seduction portion. I wouldn't even suggest it but I intended on putting the bonus on Dan's liquid card. It would really set him up for his incidental expenses at college."

Mom was silent for a minute, deep in thought before replying, "If you can edit in the sex, I guess it wouldn't hurt for us to stand in for the other scenes. It would be nice for Dan to have some extra spending money. Who is going to have access to this tape? I don't want my face or Dan's out in the public."

"He keeps them in a secure location and he's the only one who sees them. I trust him completely."

Mom turned to me and asked, "Dan, what do you think? We have enough money. You don't have to do this, if it's uncomfortable for you."

Before Dad put the image of me fucking Mom in my head I probably would have said no thanks, but with little hesitation I said, "Sure Mom, it'll be fine. Like Dad said, we won't actually be doing any porn."

Dad seemed anxious to get started as he announced, "Okay, if either of you change your mind, let me know and we'll stop. I'll go get my camera and we'll start out with the initial actions tonight. It won't take long for the first phase."

The scenes for tonight were designed to depict the transformation of a normal mother-son relationship to one of a sexual nature. Dad recorded us while we did routine chores around the house having each of us covertly observing the other's body. Neither of us showed any more skin than normal, but we were to act like we were mentally undressing each other.

Normally I wouldn't stare at Mom's long legs but now I was told to inspect them as much as possible. They were sexy and I realized Mom was even hotter than I previously thought. Several times while I was staring at Mom's sexy body she would catch me. She smiled as my face flushed from embarrassment.

Dad had me change to my running shorts and walk around the house while he recorded Mom checking out my hairy, strong legs. Feeling uneasy at parading around the house, I was relieved when Dad said he had enough for the first part.

Thankfully, the first night was over as I went to my room. Sleep didn't come easy as I replayed the night's events. Did Dad make up this whole thing or was it for real? How did this fit in with them getting a divorce?

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During breakfast the next morning, Dad asked Mom to take the week off so we could finish the scenes as he had a Friday deadline for the video. She readily agreed and said she was glad to get it over as fast as possible.

As he was leaving he said, "Denise, take Dan to the mall with you and buy some new outfits for the next scenes. I transferred some money to his card. He can buy them for you."

"I don't need Dan to help me shop for clothes. I think I've done pretty well on my own."

"I think it's important he have some input into what he thinks is sexy. His perspective could prove to be beneficial to the process."

"Okay, I guess. It'll be fun getting some new clothes anyway."

As he was closing the door to the garage he added, "Pick up some nighties, too."

The door closed before Mom could answer him. She frowned at me as if she was trying to blame me for what just happened. I had a blank look as I was visualizing Mom in a nightie.

Mom knocked me out of my trance when she ordered, "Get dressed. We're going shopping."

On the way to the mall I couldn't help but steal glances at Mom's exposed legs. Her skirt had risen several inches above her knees revealing her smooth, firm skin.

Arriving at the mall, Mom led us into an upscale women's apparel store. Mom already had a plan. "Dan, you look over the display models and let me know which ones you like. And keep in mind it's for your mother and not a girlfriend."

I picked out several skirt and blouse combinations along with a couple of nice looking sun dresses. Mom looked them over and agreed on several of them. Seeing a particularly sexy outfit, I drifted over to check it out. The mannequin was dressed with a short pleated skirt and a short blouse. It was open at the bottom revealing a bare midriff. Looking over to Mom to show her my pick she took one look and rolled her eyes.

Disappointed from having my choice dismissed, I sauntered back to Mom. She said she had enough selections and led me to the dressing room to try on the outfits. A store employee greeted us and informed us store policy allowed only married couples in the fitting room. Mom's stunned expression silenced her as I said, "Great policy. Let's try on the outfits, Dear."

Holding her arm, I guided her into the room. As soon as the door was closed she jabbed me in the ribs. "Was that necessary?"

"Mom, I thought it was better than trying to explain why a son was helping his mother pick out clothes. Don't you think that would be a little awkward?"

"Yes, I guess it would. Fast thinking on your part. Guess I raised a quick witted son after all."

It was a large room with a full mirror on one wall and a comfortable bench opposite it. I sat down on the bench facing the mirror, unsure of how Mom wanted to proceed. She hung the clothes on the provided rack and turned to me saying, "In your dreams, Buster. Turn around while I change into the first one."

Facing the wall, I heard Mom unzip. A brush of scented air hit me as she dropped her dress in my lap. "Keep it off the floor while I try these on," Mom said as I heard her putting on one of the selections.

Her dress was still warm from her body heat as I ran my fingers through the smooth material. My mind drifted to what it would be like to caress the material with her in it. Mom broke me out of my dream.

"Turn around and tell me what you think," Mom softly said. Adorned in a floral print sundress, she looked stunning. She turned around displaying every angle.

Lost for words, I stammered, "Wow Mom, that dress looks amazing on you. So pretty."

She smiled at my approval and told me to turn around. Tapping my shoulder this time to indicate her next showing, I turned to find her in a skirt and blouse. It went down to her knees. After pausing long enough to get a good look I remarked it would be better if it were a little shorter.

She reached down and slowly pulled the hem up. "How high do you think it should be?"

As she continued to lift the hem, I signaled my approval with a thumbs up to go higher. Stopping when six inches of leg were visible above her knees she said, "That's short enough, Mister. I'm not going to wear a mini-skirt."

She motioned for me to turn around while she tried on the last outfit. Turning to view the last one, I saw it was another skirt and blouse combination. The skirt was shorter and the blouse was thinner than I remembered when I picked it out on the floor. Her bra was visible underneath. Her blouse buttoned in the back and she had foregone closing it.

In the mirror I could see a strip of bare skin along with the back strap of her bra. Seeing where I was looking she realized her mistake and hurriedly reached back to close the gap. This action pulled the thin blouse tighter to her bra in front.

Before she could scold me I remarked, "Nice outfit, Mom, but I think you're going to have to upgrade your bra to something made in this decade if you're going to wear a sheer blouse."

Her face reddened. "I hadn't expected anyone to see my underwear. I think I will get some new undergarments anyway since your Dad is paying for it."

Turning toward the wall again I heard her remove the latest outfit. Soon after, I felt her arm reach over my shoulder pulling her dress over my face to put it on again. The perfumed scent of her dress was strong and I wished I could have kept it pressed to my face.

Hearing her gather up the clothes I rose up and exited the room behind her. Mom handed the store clerk everything except for the longer skirt so she could exchange it. Mom told me to go over to the lingerie selection while she looked for a shorter skirt.

The nightie selections were overwhelming and I couldn't find one I didn't like. Fortunately, Mom showed up with the new skirt and asked if I had found anything.

I whispered, "Mom, I don't know your bra and panty size. I'm not sure where I should be looking."

"I'm not telling you my measurements young man. I'll pick out my underthings. You stick to looking at negligees."

I picked out a couple of silk nighties that were fairly short but weren't see-through knowing Mom would disapprove. She nodded in agreement, approving my first picks. My eyes spotted another

transparent one which was split in the front, showing a lot of cleavage. As I pointed to the flimsy nightie, Mom shook her head in disapproval, rejecting yet another one of my choices.

Telling me to go wait in the men's section, she began picking out the nighties and soon proceeded to the underwear section to pick out the rest of her items. Meeting me with her arms loaded down with sexy nightwear, we walked back to the women's section.

As I turned to head to the fitting room, Mom immediately scolded, "Dan, they don't allow you to try on nighties in the dressing room and I'm not going to let you leer at me in one, anyway. Let's go check out."

It was worth a shot. Hoping Dad put on at a least a hundred for the clothes, we went to the cashier to check out. The clerk scanned the tags as I inserted my card in the credit reader. Holy crap, the total was over four hundred. How could a few sets of women's clothes cost that much? Beads of sweat formed on my forehead as I entered my PIN, hoping Dad transferred enough to cover it.

Approved. Dad saved the day. The clerk handed me the receipt along with the bags of clothes. She told me she had put my wife's delicates in a separate bag. I thanked her and took the bags, turning to see Mom blushing at the clerk's remarks.

On our way out of the mall I told Mom I wanted to get some cash from the ATM. Not needing money, I really wanted to check the balance to see how much Dad had transferred. While she stood off to the side I

slid my card in to withdraw some money, and more importantly, view the account balance.

I couldn't believe it. I had over four grand left on the card. Dad had transferred five thousand. Joyous at my sudden influx of credit, I quickly pocketed my cash and strolled over to Mom. She told me she was hungry after shopping and I was going to treat her to a nice lunch. I readily agreed, still happy with the large balance on my card.

Mom drove us to an old restaurant I had never seen before. We were seated at a booth and I realized it was a dance club. I didn't know these existed anymore. Canned music was playing and a few couples slow danced on the floor while we ate.

Partway through the meal Mom asked, "Dan, do you ever dance with your girlfriends? A lady loves a slow dance and it's a good way to display your affection for each other."

"No, Mom. Never learned how to dance. I'd end up stepping on her feet and that would be the end,"

"Too bad, Dan. You really need to learn how to dance with a girl. I should have taught you long ago."

We finished our lunch and headed home. Dad arrived in time for dinner and we met afterwards in the living room to continue recording. Mom relayed to Dad the conversation with the clerk at the store mistaking us for husband and wife and how I'd kept up the charade.

Dad surprised me by thanking me for taking such good care of her and not allowing her to be embarrassed at the store. They still kept no secrets between them other than Dad's affair.

Dad instructed Mom to wear the new outfits while he taped the new sequences. The seduction scenes progressed to light touching. Mom and I had hugged before but not as tight or as long as Dad had us doing now. The skirt she exchanged was shorter than in the store, exposing more thigh than I had ever seen.

After an hour of posing with Mom parading around in her new outfits, Dad suggested she change to one of the nighties. She hesitated and I thought she was going to call a halt to everything, but after a short pause she agreed and went to change. I couldn't believe my luck. I was actually going to see Mom in a nightie after she told me no way at the mall.

Mom strolled out draped in a black, silk negligee. The hemline was halfway up her sexy thighs. Dad shot several videos of me leering at her and hugging her close. Our final scene was the two of us cuddling on the couch watching TV. I was in my robe and Mom's nearest bare leg was pressed to mine. My heart pounded as my breathing rate increased from the close skin contact with Mom.

Not expecting it to progress this far, I wasn't surprised when Mom said she was tired and had enough for one day. We retreated to our bedrooms for the night.

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I woke up after Dad had already left for work. Mom was dressed in her running clothes and convinced me to jog with her. Unfortunately, I was faster than Mom, preventing me from appreciating her backside as we ran. We worked up a good sweat and cooled off at home, resting on the couch in the living room.

"Stay," she said as I got up to take my shower. I sat back down as she smiled and turned to go to her room. I had the same feeling as when she used to surprise me with a gift, although there was a sexual element to her voice this time. She soon came back out in a short skirt and was barefoot.

"Take off your shoes and socks," she directed, holding out her arms to invite me to her. "I'm going to teach you how to dance. I don't want you crushing my feet. That's why I asked you to take off your shoes."

"Mom, I'm sweaty and stink pretty bad. Don't you want me to take a shower first?"

"No, Dan, you're fine. I like the way you smell. Follow my lead and I'll have you dancing in no time." She took my hands and placed them on her waist. She moved her legs next to mine. I was still in my jogging shorts which enabled my bare, hairy legs to press against Mom's long, shapely legs. My breath was becoming rapid as Mom moved us around the room.

"See Dan, you can sense my leg movements better with your bare legs. Hold your hands tight to my waist in order to sense when I move."

Moving with her as she instructed, I became better and synced into a smooth rhythm. Avoiding crushing her feet, I felt more confident as we danced.

Mom smiled as I became proficient. "Okay Dan, time for you to lead. Put your right arm behind my waist and slide your left hand up my back to hold me close."

Doing as she instructed we danced cheek to cheek. The scent of our mixed sweat along with connecting with her smooth, bare legs created an intoxicating sexual tension. Far too soon she pulled back. "You did a fine job. Now go take your shower since your father will be home soon."

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As soon as we finished our meal we convened to the living room where Dad was already set up to film. He said we were progressing fairly well and tonight we'd do more scenes with the nighties and some light kissing on the neck. Mom switched to one of the other nighties and I was in my robe as we brushed against each other in various rooms of our house.

Several of the shots we hugged as if we were parting for the night or greeting each other in the morning. The thickness of material from my

robe and her nightie and bra didn't allow me to feel much of her body, but it was still erotic hugging her close.

On one hug, Mom lightly kissed my neck, looked at Dad and softly said, "I taught Dan how to dance today. He learned really fast."

Dad asked, "Our dance?"

Mom inhaled suddenly and let out a gush of hot air on my neck as she said, "Of course not, it was a nice slow dance."

I placed my lips on her soft neck lingering on her smooth skin before parting. For our final taping tonight, Dad told us he wasn't sure which scenario would be the best. The scene would be one of us asleep on the couch while the other covertly explores their legs and awakens them with a light kiss. Dad decided we'd do two takes alternating between us to see which would work better.

Mom went to her room to change. When she returned she ducked into my study before coming out to the living room.

"Dan, go put on the robe I put in your computer room for this scene," Mom said with a smirk.

Proceeding into my study I saw a new robe on the couch. It was made of a much thinner fabric than my cotton one and the belt was missing. On top of the robe were a pair of thin bikini shorts. Were these Dad's?

I didn't see her buying them at the store. What the hell, off go my shorts to put on the new ones. Damn, they were tight. She bought a size smaller than I take. She buys my clothes and knows my size. Looking down I could easily see my prick stretching the tight, thin material.

Throwing on the robe and closing it the best I could I went out to the living room to find Mom acting like she was asleep. I approached her as scripted, staring at her exposed, beautiful legs and thighs. Her nightie had risen high enough to barely hide her panties. Reaching down, I lightly ran my fingers up her long legs. Goose bumps appeared as I caressed her.

This was the first time I'd touched my mother in a sexual manner. Her skin was so smooth that it took all my willpower not to lean down and kiss her flesh. Wanting to remember this moment forever, I slowly stroked her sexy legs. As my fingertips traveled up her bare thighs, my cock filled with blood and my breath quickened.

After several minutes of caressing her legs, I leaned forward to lightly kiss her awake. Moving my left hand near her side to keep my balance I kissed her until she stirred. After she opened her eyes, I said, "Mom, it's time to get up. You fell asleep on the couch."

Her eyes traveled past mine to look down my torso. Cool air hit my chest as I realized my robe had come open and Mom was staring at my hard cock trapped in my tight shorts. Was this her plan from the start? Was she interested in my prick or was she playing the part for Dad?

Her sexy smirk emboldened me as I rose. As I lifted my hand I made contact with the side of her bra-encased breast. She inhaled deep as I briefly felt her tit.

Once up, Mom said she'd go change so we could do the scene with me pretending to sleep. Little time went by before Mom returned wearing a new robe similar to mine. Keeping my eyes closed, I waited for Mom to begin. Her hands lightly ran up and down my hairy legs. Progressing up under my robe, she stopped inches away from my imprisoned cock.

Her scent hit me first before I felt her moist lips contact mine.

"Wake up, Honey. It's time for bed. You fell asleep," Mom murmured. Opening my eyes, I immediately saw her robe was open like mine had been. Her sexy bra was clearly visible. The edge of her areolas were peeking out of the top edge of her silk bra. My prick couldn't be any stiffer.

Whispering lower than Dad could hear, she said, "Paybacks are a bitch, Dear."

I soon found out what she meant as she rose up and to keep her balance placed her hand on my groin. She found my trapped, engorged head and pushed down until it sunk into my stomach. She smiled as she pulled back.

Dad told us he thought he might use both scenes as they were really good. Before retiring to our rooms, Dad asked me to pick up some memory cards for him tomorrow.

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Back to the mall the next day, Mom wanted to shop for a few more pieces at the women's store and I went to an electronics store. After procuring the memory cards, I found Mom waiting for me.

Mom decided we'd eat at one of the mall restaurants. She intertwined her arm with mine and held my hand as we walked to the door. Mom's transition was puzzling. She was definitely getting more affectionate since Dad started this project. She hadn't objected to parading around in nighties or the hugging and light kissing. My love for my mother was escalating and changing as I realized how sexy and desirable Mom was as a woman.

Tonight's session started with more hugging and light kissing. Dad told us one of the scenes will depict the mother teaching her son how to kiss. Expecting Mom to object, I was surprised when she motioned me to sit beside her on the couch. Wearing a sexy, black nightie, her bare thigh meshed up against my leg as I positioned myself by her side.

Noticing my nervousness, she turned to me and ran her hands in the opening of my robe, firmly gripping my sides. Pressing her fingers between my ribs, she held me steady as she said, "Don't be nervous, Dear. It won't be too distasteful kissing your mother."

Dad chirped, "Nice approach Denise, he should be apprehensive as this is supposed to be his first kiss from a woman. Dan's acting should be genuine, since it really is his first."

"Dad! You didn't have to tell Mom that. Now I really am nervous," I replied to Dad's remark exposing my virginity.

Mom's hands tightened on my sides as she learned of her son's sexual purity. Her lustful eyes locked on mine as she whispered, "It's okay, Dan. There's nothing wrong with waiting for the right girl. I'll teach you to kiss, like I did dancing."

Dad positioned himself to record the action as Mom started her dialogue. Holding me tight, she brought her lips to mine and lightly kissed my closed mouth. She backed off saying, "It's nice to start out slow with a girl, lightly kissing her and progressing to open mouth."

She brought her lips to mine again and opened her mouth, pressing more forcefully as I followed her lead. Backing off again, I noticed her breathing was labored as was mine. She hoarsely whispered, "When you're at this stage, it's time for the tongue to get into the action. When you first meet a girl, it's best to keep your eyes closed. Once you're further in your relationship, you can stare into each other's eyes while you kiss."

She guided my hands to her waist and said, "Hold me tight. A woman likes to be held when kissing. This time you initiate the kiss like I described."

Her thin nightie was the only thing between Mom's heated body and my hands. Holding her tight, I leaned in and lightly kissed her. Pulling her tighter to me, I opened my mouth and ran my tongue along her wet lips. Our eyes were wide open, lustfully connected as we kissed.

Pushing my tongue into her open mouth in search of hers resulted in a soft moan as we connected. Her eyes were filled with lust as our tongues played tag. Her hands tightened on my sides as we passionately kissed as no mother and son should. We were having trouble staying together as we rapidly breathed in and out.

All too soon, Mom released my sides and backed off. "Nice job, Dear. You'll make some girl happy with that technique."

Convinced my robe hid my stiff staff, I leaned back into the couch to relax after our intimate connection. Dad seemed happy with the scene and told us there was one more for the night.

The final scene was one of me coming out of my shower with a towel wrapped around my waist. Mom would hug and kiss me goodnight. Mom went to her room to change into a different nightie while I took a shower.

After I dried off, I wrapped the towel around my waist and immediately noticed my raging boner was going to be too obvious. Putting on the tight shorts Mom had bought for me, I felt confident the towel wouldn't fly off.

Going back to the living room, I saw Mom and Dad already in position. I went right into the scripted dialogue.

"Good night, Mom. I'm going to hit the sack now," I said as I wrapped my hands around her and pulled her close for a kiss. After a light kiss, she whispered, "Remember what I told you, a girl likes to be held tight when kissed."

Moving my left hand up her back, I pulled her snug against my bare torso. Leaning down to kiss her, I felt her stiff nipples pressing into my chest. This was the first time she wasn't wearing a bra. Only the thin silk fabric of her nightie separated her bare breasts from my horny body.

Pulling her tight to increase contact with her thinly covered tits, I attacked her open mouth. We french-kissed while staring into each other's eyes. Her eyes were filled with desire as our tongues sought each other. She reached behind my lower back to pull me tight to her. My trapped, hard prick pressed deep into her soft belly.

She released me and smiled wide as she croaked, "Good night. Pleasant dreams."

Two days ago Mom was shocked at doing a fake porno with her son and now she was pressing her near naked tits into me while we were french-kissing. Was she doing this to finish the video? Was she anxious to get back to work or was she enjoying the act of seducing her son? Dad told us we should be done tomorrow. I was eager to find out how much more Mom was willing to do.

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Mom and I went for a jog the next morning and took showers when we returned. Telling me to dress up nice, she informed me we were going out to eat. She wore a short skirt and a cardigan that prevented from me from seeing her blouse. As we neared our destination, I recognized it as the restaurant with the dance floor. She held my hand tight as we were led to a table by the hostess.

After finishing our main course, Mom pleaded, "Let's see how well I taught you to dance."

"Mom, we didn't practice much and I'm not sure if I'm ready for a public display."

Mom rose up, holding her hands out in an invitation to join her. "Nonsense, you'll be fine. I'll help."

Once on the floor, I reached out to hold her when she pulled my hands to her waist. "Hold me like you did the first time until you're comfortable enough to take the lead."

The fabric covering her top was thick as I pressed my hands to her waist. She leaned in and whispered, "Honey, place your hands underneath."

Moving my hands down and up under her wrap, I discovered bare skin. Didn't she have anything underneath? Not wasting any time, I firmly held her body as I started to slowly lead her around the floor. As we passed the bar I noticed three businessmen drinking their lunch. They were paying a lot of attention to the hottest woman on the dance floor, my mom.

After a few minutes, one of the suits slowly walked over to us. Tapping me on the shoulder, he slurred, "Hey buddy, mind if I take over with the pretty lady?"

He obviously had one too many. With a stern glare I ordered, "You're not dancing with my wife. Get back to your stool and leave us alone."

Knowing he would end up on the short end of the stick, he didn't say anything as he wobbled back to the bar. His comrades were laughing and making fun of him as he rejoined them.

Mom had kept quiet through the confrontation, but now looked into my eyes and chimed, "Thank you, Dear. A woman likes to feel protected. I'm getting warm. Let's take a short break."

I stopped and started to pull back when she pulled me close and ordered, "Danny, a gentleman kisses his date after a dance."

I leaned in and as our lips grazed together she opened her mouth, sending her tongue into my mouth. She broke it off after less than a minute and led me back to the table.

"Whew, I heated up out there. This has to go," Mom chirped as she unbuttoned and removed her cardigan. Underneath was the blouse she rejected on our first trip to the mall. She must have bought it yesterday at the store. It was the half blouse, open at the bottom, showing off her sexy, bare midriff.

The dimly lit room didn't allow me to see which bra she was wearing, but my eyes were glued to her bare skin anyway.

"Danny, it's not nice to stare. Take a drink and we'll do another set," Mom giggled.

Mom took a long drink from her wine glass and I downed the rest of my water. She rose up and escorted me back to the floor.

"You did fine the first time. Lead like I instructed you during our lesson."

Sliding my right hand around her bare waist, I brought my other arm to her upper back as we moved around the floor.

Leaning in close, she whispered, "Sometimes a woman likes her man to be more controlling. Bring your left arm to the back of my head and pull me in for a kiss while we're moving."

Doing as instructed, I ran my fingers through her hair, holding her head as I pulled her in for a kiss. She groaned as I applied pressure to pull her in tighter. The businessmen were drinking and staring as we moved around the floor. Mom moved us within twenty feet of them when she pulled away to whisper, "When you hold my head tight, I get totally relaxed. You could do anything you want with your right hand."

She pressed her lips to mine again. Did Mom give me permission to grope her curvy body? Should I move my hand down to her shapely buns? Undoubtedly, her bra-encased tits would be off-limits, but she did wear a short blouse, lewdly provoking an invitation for an exploring hand.

Deciding to go for the prize, I moved my hand up her firm skin under her blouse in search of her covered breast. Her breathing intensified as my hand neared its target.

Her eyes widened as my hand went high enough to cup her meaty breast. She was braless and was not only allowing but encouraging her son to fondle her bare tit. Not waiting for any further invitation, I kneaded and squeezed one of her luscious globes of tit flesh.

Mom's hand moved behind me, pulling me closer, pressing my hard shaft against her body. The businessmen stopped drinking and were staring at the lewd spectacle on the floor. Mom wasn't aware of their stares as she attacked my tongue and pulled me close.

My fingers found and wrapped around her stiff nipple. I lightly squeezed, resulting in a long moan. She reached down, disengaging my arm as she pulled back. "Now that's the way you kiss a girl after a dance," she excitedly blurted.

She led me back to the table and we finished our meal with no sign of an acknowledgment from her concerning the erotic moment we experienced.

Finishing her wine, she paid the bill and we went back to the car to return home.

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Dad was already there and eager to finish recording. Mom and I went to our rooms to change for the final takes. I decided to be nude under my robe this time. Those tight shorts were too uncomfortable and Mom didn't seem to mind having my cock pressed to her.

Mom was already in the living room dressed in one of her nighties. My heart sunk as I could tell she was wearing a bra.

Before Dad had time to go over the scenarios, Mom described how we went dancing and I protected her from some drunk businessman coming on to her. She told him I pretended to be her husband, but failed to mention me mauling her bare tit. This was the first time I heard her hold back something from Dad. In the past she had told him everything.

Dad smiled and said, "Good job, Dan. I love the way you've stepped up to respect and protect your mother."

Dad had mentioned something similar during our discussion about how he wanted me to take care of Mom. Was this a test he was doing to make sure I would and could protect her after he was gone?

Dad described the next scene which was one where the mother would go into the son's room and catch him masturbating. Feeling sorry for him, she would assist him since he was an inexperienced virgin.

He explained to Mom she really didn't have to do this as it would involve a little more nudity than originally planned.

Mom looked like she had something to say and I figured this would be the line for her. She would probably end it here.

"John, that scenario isn't that realistic. First off, most mothers, including myself, don't go barging into their son's rooms. We recognize their need for privacy. And mothers don't grab their son's penis when they see it

exposed. It reeks of something out of a porno movie. Allow me to do it the way I think your client would appreciate."

Dad looked a little taken aback but replied, "Sure Denise, you've come up with a lot of great input. You direct Dan through the scene and I'll record it. You don't mind seeing him nude? Do you want to see him now to prevent any surprises during the scene?"

"Of course I don't mind seeing him nude. He's my son. I've seen him naked many times and no, I don't want a preview. Let's keep it genuine."

She turned to me instructing, "Dan, you'll kiss me goodnight, get flustered and embarrassed and go to your room. After I confront you in your room, you'll play the naive virgin who can't grasp the fact he sexually desires his hot mother."

No complaints from me and it was a little exciting knowing I was going to show off my cock to Mom. My excitement grew, replaying her words describing herself as my hot mother.

As Dad turned on the camera, I approached and held Mom. Hugging her close, I leaned in to kiss her goodnight. Just a moist, light kiss. Not much more than a son would normally kiss his mother.

Mom caught me off-guard as she moved her hand up to the back of my head, running her fingers through my scalp and pulling my head tight to hers as we kissed. Now I know why she told me she likes to have her

head held. My excitement grew as I anticipated her next move. My cock was steel-hard and pointed straight up against my body.

As she released the hold on my head, I felt her other hand travel down the front of my robe and firmly grip my stiff shaft through the fabric. Inhaling deeply at the sudden pressure, Mom giggled as she saw my reaction.

"Goodnight, Dear. You seem flushed. Aren't you feeling well?"

My face was red from the sudden cock handling from my own mother. Clearing my throat, I managed to mutter, "I'm fine Mom, I have to go now. Goodnight."

Turning fast, I went to my room and closed the door. According to Dad's script, I was supposed to be whacking off when Mom entered, but Mom was going to change it. Guess I should still take off my robe and get in bed, pretending to jack-off.

Shucking my garment, I crawled under my sheet, pulled it up until it was below my groin and started to beat my rock-hard shaft. It felt good and if Mom didn't show up soon the show would be over.

The next thing I heard was a soft knock on my door. Mom uttered, "Dan, are you decent? Can I come in and talk to you?"

I guess she wanted me to be covered. I pulled the sheet over my hard cock which was pointing up toward my chin against my stomach. "Come in, Mom. I'm good."

She entered looking radiant as ever with Dad following, recording our encounter. She sat on the edge of the bed, reaching up to stroke my bare chest. "Dan, I'm sorry I embarrassed you tonight. It's nothing to get upset about. You're a grown man and you can't control your sexual urges even if it's from your own mother."

"I know, Mom. It's weird, that's all. I shouldn't be aroused by you, but it doesn't help you're so beautiful and sexy," I said in line with the script.

Stroking lower on my stomach, she leaned in closer and said, "You'll get over it, Dear. Would it help if I didn't kiss you? Or should I dress a little more appropriately around you?"

"No, Mom. I'll be fine. I don't want to change our relationship because of my hormones. I'll be better from now on since we've discussed it and it's out in the open. I don't think I'll have a problem anymore."

Mom continued moving her petite hand in circles on my lower stomach as she neared within inches of my mouth. She hoarsely whispered, "So you think you can control your sexual desires? You won't get an erection from kissing your own mother?"

Pressing her moist lips to mine, she ran her tongue along my lips before sinking it into my open mouth. Her eyes locked with mine as I felt her

run her hand down through my pubic hair to cup my full balls. Her eyes widened as she moved her hand to firmly grasp my upright pole. She slowly explored my entire length. This was the first time she felt my bare cock and she was taking her time acquainting herself with it.

Continuing to passionately kiss me, she wrapped her hand around my fat head and twisted it causing precum to ooze out the tip. She coated my head before running her hand back down my length, coating it with my slick juice. Our breathing elevated so high we had to stop our kiss to catch our breath.

Holding firmly onto my shaft, she hurriedly pushed the sheet down, eager to uncover her excited son.

"It looks like you may need some practice in controlling your sexual urges young man," she murmured as she continued to sensually pump my shaft. Every other stroke she'd wrap her hand around my bloated head and squeeze it causing it to leak more precum. My rod was greasy slick as she continued to give me a far better hand-job than I'd been able to give myself.

I groaned, resulting in a wide smile from Mom as she said, "Isn't this better than doing it yourself? This is why you have to meet a girl. Things like this feel much better when someone else is doing it."

"Oh god, Mom, that feels good. Yes, it's much better than doing it myself," I croaked.

Her breathing intensified as she vigorously stroked up and down my long, thick shaft. She leaned down to admire her son's genitals up close. She blew air on the head causing me to hump my hips up in pleasure.

Her nightie rose as she squirmed on my bed to get in a better position to jack me off. I could see her light blue panties now which resulted in more blood flowing into my hard cock. I was quickly arriving towards an orgasm. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Dad adjusting his position to capture different angles of the performance.

When it was evident I was close to an orgasm, Dad interrupted, "Okay, Denise. Far enough. Dan can come down to the office tomorrow and we'll finish the scene with Sally."

Dammit, Dad was going to end it at the worst time. I was getting ready to unload and he wanted us to stop in order to prevent Mom from getting embarrassed. I wasn't convinced Mom would even mind. She seemed pretty excited and I got the impression she didn't want to stop. Her hand refused to release it's tight grip as she continued to stroke my shiny spear.

Mom quickly retorted, "Sally? The office slut? She isn't touching my boy. You keep running the camera and let me take care of this."

Her hand quickened as if she wanted me to come before Dad stopped her again.

"Oh god, Mom. I'm going to erupt. I've never been this excited. I'm shooting!"

My fat head and shaft expanded with a sudden rush of blood in anticipation of a climax. As the first stream of cum shot up my cock, Mom lowered down and captured my spurting head in her eager mouth.

Looking up at me, her lustful eyes locked with mine. She continued to stroke as thick, milky cream poured out of my exploding canon, filling Mom's mouth. I've never come so hard, but my Mom has never had her mouth wrapped around my prick either.

After my contractions ceased and my balls were drained of cum, Mom discontinued stroking, leaving her mouth locked around my sensitive head. Dad moved in closer, capturing the erotic moment. Mom opened her mouth enough to allow my creamy, sticky cum to flow down my shaft. She hadn't swallowed but had captured and held my entire load of batter.

As the flow of white sperm neared my balls, Mom sunk down my slimy rod, licking and swallowing my cum as she pulled back up. It was so erotic I thought I might get hard again. Taking my eyes off Mom cleaning my cock, I noticed a dark spot on her blue panties. Mom's pussy was leaking, displaying her wanton lust as she sucked off her virgin son.

She shifted positions, lowering her nightie in order to kiss me. I could taste the residue of my salty cum on her lips and tongue. Pulling back, she smiled and said, "There, that should be a good scene for our movie."

"Agreed," Dad quickly retorted. "Your version is far hotter and better than the one I thought we'd do. Your finish was unbelievable. I thought you were going to swallow and we wouldn't know if he came or not. Perfect impromptu acting on your part."

"Thanks, John. I thought it was a nice touch. I've worked up an appetite though. I'll get us something to eat. We can finish after a good meal," Mom stated as she rose up and headed out the door.

Dad replied, "Great Denise. The only scene left is some voice dialogue from the both of you. The rest I'm going to splice in from the net."

It was great while it lasted. It looked like we were done, but at least I was able to get a great hand-job from Mom and was able to fondle her bare breast.

After pulling on clean underwear, I threw on my robe and went out to the kitchen. Mom had changed to a dress while we ate dinner. We discussed everything except for the erotic event that occurred earlier.

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Back in the living room, Dad described the final part to his incest movie. The mother was going to have another talk with her son concerning their previous encounter and would take his virginity. He told us we wouldn't have to proceed after the discussion as he was going to use sex scenes from other sources.

"Really, John? Do you actually think a mother is simply going to invite her son into her bed and take his virginity? There's not much plot there, and a mother wouldn't be so quick to seduce her offspring. I think the son would more likely be the one to initiate the act."

"I hadn't really looked at it from your perspective. You might have a point. Why don't you discuss the scene with Dan while I get ready to record." Handing Mom one of his packaged condoms, he continued, "The client would like to have you put this on him. After you two have consented to sex and you've rolled the condom on him, we can stop the action part of the scene and continue to record your voices. I'll splice in sex scenes from other films."

Mom sat silent while digesting Dad's script. Surprisingly, she didn't object about rolling a condom on me. "Okay, I'll try to make it as realistic as possible. Go and get setup. I'll discuss our scene with Dan."

Dad headed down the hall and ducked into my computer room. I assumed it was to install a fresh memory card.

Mom stood and held out her arms in an inviting manner. As I neared her I saw Dad leave my study and walk down to their bedroom. Mom

pulled me close and stroked my arms as she waited for Dad to close their door.

She softly spoke as she carefully detailed the scene to me. "It's important for us to set the mood right. The mother in this scene, played by me, knows it isn't proper to encourage such a close interaction with her son. She hasn't had a loving relationship for a long time and excitedly got carried away during a lapse of judgment. She will be more reserved now, still sexually desiring her son, but repressing her lust to save their relationship."

She locked her eyes with mine, looking for my reaction. Reaching out, she pulled my hands to her waist. Slipping her hands in my robe, she firmly held my bare sides. Her hands kneaded my firm flesh. "You'll be playing the son trying to convince his mother to take his virginity. You love your mother but lately your love has matured into sexual lust. Like your mother, you have been afraid to initiate anything, fearing harm to your close relationship with her. Your only hope in succeeding is convincing your mother you're more than a horny boy trying to seduce your sexy mom. You'll have to prove to her that you love and cherish her."

She pulled me closer, planting her face against the side of mine as she tightly gripped my sides. Her breath washed over my ear. "Do you think you can act like the son I described?"

The closeness of her body was driving me crazy. My prick stiffened as I built up enough nerve to express my feelings for her. "I won't have to act because it's exactly how I feel. I love you, Mom."

Her rapid breathing matched my own as we emotionally connected. Mom's hands moved to my stomach and caressed me. "Me too, Honey. Me too."

One of her hands went lower and pulled out the waistband of my shorts, allowing it to snap back. "Remove these before you come in. Give me a few minutes to change. Knock on the door when you're ready to enact the final scene."

Pulling back, she released my sides to amble down the hall. Watching the backs of her beautiful legs, I smiled as I recapped her response. My joy dampened as I remembered Mom has been involved in the 'Me Too' movement for the last several years. Was she warning me not to sexually pursue her or did she harbor the same illicit desires?

She stopped at my computer room door as if something distracted her. Seeing her enter my study, I prolonged removing my underwear to avoid an embarrassing situation. Several minutes later she emerged. Quickly glancing at me, she proceeded down to their room.

Her face was flushed red. Was she having second thoughts concerning our upcoming enactment. After she closed the door I pulled my shorts off as she had instructed. Going to my room, I threw my underwear on my bed and turned to go down the hall when movement from my computer room caught my eye.

I gasped as I entered and realized what had made Mom blush. My homemade porn video was playing. Dad must have started it up when he stopped in here. For what purpose? I guess my secret folder wasn't secure as I thought. The sound was muted and the monitor was facing the open door. Anyone could easily see the action when walking by.

Turning away from the lurid scene on display, my thoughts rehashed recent events. Dad had said he was going to do some strange things before revealing his affair with Diana. I concluded that Dad put this whole seduction plan into effect to illustrate how you could be attracted to someone close and taboo.

I wondered if Dad had seen Mom's lustful look when my cock was in her mouth and decided to halt this charade before it progressed any further. Showing her the video must be his final step of the plan to finalize the end of their relationship. He did mention there would be little to no physical interaction in this last segment.

My heart sank as I realized sex with my beautiful mother was quickly fading away. The only thing to look forward to would be her rolling a condom over my hard prick. Realizing I had spent too long out in the hallway, I went to their door, anticipating a heated discussion between them. Finding silence, I switched to acting mode as I lightly knocked on the door and loudly asked, "Mom, can I talk to you?"

"Come in, Dan."

With bated breath, I anxiously opened their door and entered. Dressed in a black nightie with thin shoulder straps, I could tell she was wearing

a bra but couldn't tell the color from her opaque nightie. The sheet was pulled up to her waist as she sat upright in bed, pretending to be reading a book. Her face had returned to her natural color, showing no sign she had witnessed her husband fucking her sister moments earlier.

As I approached their bed she put her book on the nightstand and moved to one side, making room for me. She motioned for me to sit by her. Unsure of how to start the conversation, I was relieved when she broke the silence. "Do you want to talk about what we did earlier? I'm sorry if I went too far. I only wanted to demonstrate the benefits of having a girlfriend."

Remembering what she told me about how I should act, I replied, "It was great Mom, but you know it wasn't just what you did. The fact it was you is what made it great. I love being with you."

She smiled and reached over to stroke my arms. I leaned in to kiss her and she backed away before our lips could connect. "I don't think that's a good idea. A mother shouldn't romantically kiss her son."

Was she staying in script or did she really mean it? Her lustful eyes sent me a clear signal. Leaning in close, I whispered, "A mother and son who are completely in love with each other display their love by how they kiss."

She didn't back away this time as our lips meshed together. Our mouths opened as our tongues sought out each other. Our breathing increased and we kissed as lovers rather than mother and son. Pulling

off her sweet mouth, I moved to her neck and kissed my way up to her ear.

Nibbling on her ear lobe, I partially opened my robe with my right hand. My hard prick stood up proud but was still out of Mom's sight.

"Mom, I really want to know what it's like to be with a woman, completely joined with a woman."

Her hand snaked in my robe, gripping my bare side. "You will. Someday a woman you love will take your virginity and you'll see how wonderful a connection can be with someone you love."

Kissing her again, I took her other hand in mine and moved it to my upright pole. Hot air rushed out of her nostrils as she wrapped her fingers around my stiff shaft. Exploring my heavy balls and cock, her hand traveled up and down my length.

Turning my torso toward her, I wrapped my arms around her and held her tight. Pulling away from her moist lips, I croaked, "I do want to lose my virginity to someone I love. And I don't love anyone more than you. I want you to be my first. Please help me, Mom."

"I love you too, but you know that's too far. A son can't have sex with his mother."

As this was the last scene we were going to do, I risked being more physical. Pulling her in tight with my left arm, we kissed as lovers again. Her hand continued to squeeze as she slowly pumped my hard shaft. My hand traveled up her back. Opening my fingers, I ran my hand up the back of her head to hold her lips tight to mine.

Our eyes locked as her lustful eyes conveyed she knew what was coming next. Her hands tightened, one around my rock-hard cock and the other holding my side. She displayed no resistance as my right hand moved up the front of her nightie clad body until it was filled with her full breast. The fabric of her bra and nightgown were thin enough not to hinder the excitement of holding one of her firm globes. Her eyes widened as I squeezed and lifted her motherly tit. Her lustful expression gave away that this was more than acting. She desired physical attention from her son.

Our intense kissing was stimulating both of us, our breathing becoming rapid and short. Her hand stroked my pole, coating it with the precum oozing from my tip. Her hand gripped my side as she gently pushed, signaling she wanted to say something.

Before she could talk, I lowered my hands from my mother and said, "I don't want sex, Mom. It's more than physical for both of us. I want to show you how much you mean to me. I want to make love to you."

Breathing heavily and sticking to the script, she relinquished, "I suppose one time wouldn't hurt to get it out of your system. I wouldn't want you to have a bad experience your first time. If you're sure you really want this, I could help you through this stage of your life."

Not waiting for an answer, her hand released my prick to retrieve the packaged condom out from under the pillow. Removing it from the foil wrapper, she rolled the lubricated, latex sheath down my upright shaft. Finished, she stroked my cock several times as if to test its durability.

Reaching up to my shoulders, she pulled my robe off. As soon as I threw it on the floor, she shifted down in the bed and lifted the sheet. Smiling wide, I slid in beside her. Once the sheet was over us, she locked her eyes with mine.

Dad broke the silence, saying, "Excellent, that finishes the video portion of the scene. Talk like you're finishing the incestuous act and I'll edit in the rest." He placed the camera on the nightstand facing the wall since he only needed audio. He looked uncomfortable as he sat in a chair, waiting for us to verbally finish the seduction.

Mom reached over to me, pulling me within inches of her sizzling body. Her face was a mixture of lust and anxiety. Not having any idea how to proceed, Mom came to the rescue. "John, I think Dan is nervous continuing in front of you. Why don't you leave and let us finish the dialogue part of it."

Dad enthusiastically replied, "Yes, great idea. You don't need me in here adding any more embarrassment to the situation. I'll be out watching the game. Let me know when you're done." He quickly left, appearing relieved to escape the uncomfortable enactment.

Mom smiled as she pulled me in close and kissed me. Our breathing rate increased as our kissing intensified, heating up our sheet covered bodies. "You're really warming us up. A lady likes some attention before she gives herself to a man," Mom said loud enough for the camera to pick up.

She reached up to pull her straps off her shoulders. Sliding her nightie down to her waist freed her upper body for my roaming hands. Her skin was warm and moist with sweat as I stroked her stomach and back. Taking the initiative, I moved my hands up to her bra-covered breasts. She exhaled deeply as I squeezed her luscious mounds.

"Do it. Honey. Fondle your mother's breasts. Are they as good as you expected?"

Speaking loud enough for the camera, I said, "They're perfect, so firm and soft."

Pulling me in close, she kissed me hard as her hands stroked up and down my torso. She pulled away long enough to whisper in my ear, "The clasp is in the front. Unhook it."

My hands went to the front of her bra to find the clasp. Unhooking it, I pushed the silky material to her sides, freeing her magnificent breasts. Kneading her fleshy mounds, my pelvis involuntarily humped against her as my excitement level quickened.

"Mom, your breasts are perfect, better than I could of ever imagined," I exclaimed, joyfully massaging her firm globes.

Reaching down to firmly grasp my prick, she pulled me on top of her. As we intimately kissed, our hands roamed over our exposed flesh.

"Sweetie, it's time for you to experience the ultimate expression of love. I've wanted this for a long time. I love you more than you can imagine. Run your hands over your horny mother. Pull my nipples."

My fingers enclosed each stiff tip, causing her to shriek. Gripping each hard nub, I pulled them, sending waves of pleasure pulsing through her body. Her pelvis humped up as her pussy released precum from the intense sensation.

"Oh my god! It's time to fuck your mother! Stick your cock in my pussy!" Mom screamed.

I tongue fucked her mouth as I continued to tease her blood-engorged nipples.

After stroking my shaft a dozen more times, she cupped and lightly squeezed my balls. Snagging the bottom of the rubber, she pulled it off my slick, stiff bone. Her delicate hand massaged my uncovered pole, causing it to profusely leak precum. She clamped tight on the shaft directly behind my bloated head, pulling me to her.

"Please be slow. Your prick is so huge you could hurt your poor mother. You have to be careful when you fuck a woman that hasn't had sexual relations for a long time."

Was she still acting? Our nude bodies were slick with sweat as we enacted the scene. Her breasts heaved up and down as my hands continued to maul them.

I felt her body hump up as she pulled my cock closer to her nightie covered waist. Suddenly, my fat head was nestled in a steamy, fleshy cavern. Mom wasn't wearing panties and she had guided my staff to her uncovered muff. Her gash was already slick with her juices, allowing my shaft to easily slide in several inches.

It was tighter and much hotter than I thought possible. Her hungry pussy enveloped my cock, squeezing it as if it were in a vice. Slowly pulling back out to her outer lips, I eased back in and stopped after a few inches. I still wasn't sure if she had made a mistake and accidentally caught my prick in her open hole or if I should keep going.

While short stroking in and out of Mom's fiery snatch, I thought I better say something for the camera. "Mom, your pussy is so snug and soft. I can't believe I'm fucking my own mother. I love you so much."

Mom's breasts heaved up and down in my hands as she breathed hard and fast. She wasn't talking, blissfully enjoying the initial, incestuous penetration. Seizing the opportunity, I leaned down to seal our panting mouths together. Her eyes flew open as her arms wrapped around me tight, mauling my mouth with her hard tongue. She humped her hips

off the bed, meeting my thrusts, attempting to gobble up more of my prick.

She released my mouth long enough to scream for the camera. "Shove your virgin cock in me. It's so damn good. I've never had anything so huge. Fuck me hard and deep!"

Pulling my face back to hers, we continued to tongue fuck each other. Her hands moved down to my ass, pulling me into her. Respecting her horny needs, I sank to the bottom of her throbbing pussy. Air rushed from her lungs, filling my own. She pulled away from my mouth, screaming out in pleasure.

Fucking her fast and hard, I'm sure the camera would pick up the sloshing sounds of our incestuous joining. I didn't care at this point, concentrating on pleasing Mom. Her excited body shook as we fucked for the first time. Our long pent-up lust was fulfilled as our bodies frantically tried to please each other.

I would remember this moment forever. Mom's sexy body was thrashing under me, giving me more pleasure than I've ever experienced. Her hips pushed up on each downstroke, enabling my entire prick to fill her horny pussy. Our lips parted as we gasped for air. The sounds picked up by the camera would be mostly of Mom's loud moaning and groaning, reflecting her joy from finally receiving the long anticipated fuck from her son.

Wanting our first time to last longer, there was no turning back now as I rapidly approached an orgasm. There was no finesse in our fucking.

Slamming in and out of my mother's slick pussy as fast as I could, my balls filled with cock cream. Not only was I losing my virginity but it was to my beautiful, sexy mom and she was as excited as I was through our first fuck. My emotional excitement caused my prick to expand rapidly as I experienced more pleasure than ever before.

"I'm going to come, Mom. I've never been this turned on. I can't hold it any longer!"

"Oh yes. Come in your mother. Fill my horny pussy with your hot sperm. Oh god, I'm going to come so hard!"

My prick expanded, making it harder to slide in and out as my balls pushed a load of thick cum out through my steel-hard cannon. Flooding the back walls of her pulsing glove resulted in a loud scream as she contracted on my invading shaft. Her orgasm overtook her, climaxing for the first time on her son's cock. Her screaming shifted to loud moaning as I continued to fill her pussy with my baby batter.

Her contractions stopped as I continued to slide in and out of her saturated cavern. I didn't ever want to stop. Mom pulled my head to hers and sensually kissed me as we enjoyed our post-coital bliss. Her eyes were filled with sexual satisfaction.

Reaching over to the nightstand, I hit the button to stop the camera from recording. Returning to my beautiful mother, I gently kissed her neck and succulent lips as my prick remained buried in her drenched pussy.

My softening cock reluctantly slipped out of her warm sheath. Mom's breath hit my ear as she whispered, "The video of your dad and my sister had a real effect on me. I'm not sure if it pushed me over the edge or not, but I'm happy I was able to take your virginity. I love you."

"I love you too, Mom. I don't care how it happened, but I'm glad it did. I'll remember this night forever. You're so sexy and beautiful."

She kissed me lightly and said, "You better go to your room now before your dad gets suspicious. See you tomorrow. Pleasant dreams."

Reluctantly, I pulled my sweaty, sticky body off Mom, put on my robe and went out to meet Dad. He smiled and nodded as I entered the living room. As I saw him walking down the hall, I wondered if he was glad it was over. How would he react when he reviews the tape and hears far more than the scripted sex act.

On my way to my room I noticed my porno tape was still playing in the study . Pulling the keyboard out to turn it off, I was surprised to find Mom's panties on top.

So she had seen the video, removed her panties and placed them here, obviously for my benefit. They were moist and as I brought them up to my nose, I started to get hard. Turning off the computer, I stuffed her panties in my robe pocket and went to my room.

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Sleeping late, I barely made it to the kitchen to see Mom and Dad leaving. Telling me they had some errands to run, they informed me they wouldn't be back until dinner.

Acting like nothing happened last night, they seemed to have put it behind them. Their relationship was still a mystery to me. Deciding to take my mind off recent events, I hopped on my bike for a long ride, barely getting back by four.

After my shower, Mom and Dad arrived home. Mom prepared dinner and we ate as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

Coming out to the living room in my robe, I was surprised to see Mom wearing sweats, instead of her nightie. She was sitting with Dad on the couch. Plopping down in an easy chair, I watched TV while contemplating what had happened. Was this going to be it?

Mom had told me she had been affected when she saw the sex tape with Dad and Diana. Was that why she fucked me last night? Was it some kind of revenge sex?

Several hours later, Mom yawned, said she was tired and was going to bed. Dad and her made their way down the hall. They wished me goodnight as they closed their door.

After the long ride, I was getting tired myself. Shutting down the lights and going to my room didn't take long. Removing my robe, I plopped

down on my bed ready to whack off a load, reliving last night's episodes. I pulled Mom's panties out, took a deep whiff and wrapped them around my hardening cock. Concentrating on stroking my stiff shaft to the memories of last night, I didn't hear the door knob turn.

Noticing movement, I turned to see Mom walking towards me. She was wearing a nightie I hadn't seen before. It was a silky, pink see-through. Her blue bra was clearly visible but I couldn't make out her panties as the light wasn't very strong. Pulling the sheet over my upright prick to cover up, I said, "Hi, Mom. Sorry."

She smiled as she made her way to the edge of the bed. Taking ahold of the sheet, she threw it off, exposing my nude body. "It looks like you're making good use of my panties, but I think we're past being modest, don't you agree?"

She crawled on the bed and kneeled down on my thighs. She held out her hands, pulling me up to a seating position. Close enough to feel her hot breath, her natural scent immediately calmed me. Seeing me smile wide, she leaned in and lightly kissed me. "How are you doing? Are you okay with what we did last night?"

"I love you, Mom. When our bodies were together, I've never felt so good. I wanted to stay with you all night. I didn't want it to end."

"Don't worry. I'm here to take care of you. We're not finished." She pressed her open mouth to mine, her tongue searching mine. We wrapped our arms around each other and hugged tight as we passionately kissed.

She pulled back and started to move the straps off her shoulders. Stopping abruptly, she seductively whispered, "Finish it, Dear. Show me how much you love your mother. Unwrap me."

I wasted no time in pulling her straps off, allowing her nightie to fall and bunch around her waist. Reaching out, I caressed her exposed, smooth skin. Her skin was on fire as I ran my hands over her ribs, cupping her bra-encased breasts. I lightly squeezed her tits, my lips finding hers for another kiss. Pulling back, she whispered, "Clasp is in the back."

Wasting no time, I quickly unfastened her clip. Her captured mounds fell from her confining bra. Slipping the straps off her arms, I threw her undergarment to the floor and moved my hands back to caress her tits. Backing off from our kiss, I lustfully stared at her bare breasts. Even though I had felt them several times, this was the first time I saw them up close.

Never exposed to sun, her firm, white mounds looked exquisite. Thin, blue veins, barely visible, traveled to her dark brown nipples.

Mom broke the silence, murmuring, "Do you like them? This is the first time you've seen them since you were a small child."

"They're beautiful, Mom. Far better than anything I've seen on the net. Firm, smooth and soft to the touch." Smiling wide, I anxiously cupped and squeezed them. She moved her hands to my sides to hold me while

I admired her beauty. Moving my fingers to her nipples, I teased them. Feeling them grow as blood rushed to fill her nubs, I tightened my grip and twisted her sensitive tips.

She inhaled deeply and squeezed my ribs hard as her body stiffened. "They're sensitive. Be careful how much you tease them as I might leak on your legs."

"They're so hard and puffy. I have to suck them." I lowered my mouth to latch onto her nearest stiff nipple. Her body twisted and writhed as I feasted on her sensitive breast. One of her hands came to the back of my head, pulling me tight to her breast.

"Suck your mother's tits. My nipples are begging for your attention. Pretend you're feeding on your mommy's milk, like you did as a baby." Holding my face tight against her squashed breast with one hand, she lowered her free hand down to my stiff cock. She rapidly stroked my length, elevating both our excitement levels.

Needing no encouragement, I sucked her nipple as hard as I could while twisting her other taut bud with my free hand. She groaned from the enjoyment she was receiving from breast feeding her child once again. Precum leaked down to my thighs from her aroused pussy.

Pulling me off her stiff nipple, she drew me tight for a passionate kiss. Releasing my mouth, she said, "I warned you. They're so sensitive, I almost came from your sucking."

Looking down, I watched her hand massage my bloated slick shaft. Pushing her nightie down exposed the top of her soft, brown fur. Realizing she came in here wearing no panties, my prick stiffened, knowing it was inches away from her bare pussy. She hadn't come in to console me. She wanted to fulfill her repressed sexual desires.

She smiled wide as she perceived my grasp of the situation. Her hand tightened around my shaft, stroking me hard. Her nightie covered most of her mound as I unsuccessfully attempted to push it down in order to reveal her hairy muff.

Seeing my frustration, Mom moved my hands to her bunched up negligee. Placing her arms to her sides, she hoarsely said, "Pull it off, Danny. Strip your mother bare!"

Tossing her nightie on the floor, I slid my hand through her mound of hair, ending up in her wet slit. Her treasure was partially hidden since she was sitting on my thighs. "You want a closer look, don't you?" Pushing me flat, she turned around and lowered her wet snatch to my face.

This was the first real pussy close enough to see all its beauty. A waft of sex aroma filled my nostrils as I examined her slick and engorged lips. I gently blew on her outer labia causing her to gyrate her pelvis. Moving my hands to the sides of her hips, I pulled her intoxicating pussy to my face. Licking up and down her engorged lips resulted in a loud moan.

Feeling her breath on my shaft, I involuntarily yelped when her hungry mouth captured my bloated head. Continuing to lick up and down her slit, her body jerked when my tongue discovered her covered clit. Backing off a few inches, I studied her covered nub.

Mom sensed what I was admiring, pulled off my pole and said, "You found my clit. Make a V with your fingers and push down on the sides to expose it."

Moving my digits on either side, I did as she instructed. The flap of skin gave way to expose her miniature fleshy prick. I blew on it causing Mom to moan from the pleasure. Pulling her closer, I ran my rough tongue across her fleshy appendage. Her hips slammed back hard, smothering my face with her soft buns.

"As you can tell, my clit is more sensitive than my nipples. Don't overstimulate it until I'm warmed up as it can be uncomfortable."

Releasing my fingers, I allowed her flap of skin to hide her sensitive clit. I quickly moved my mouth to her juicy snatch. As soon as I stuck my tongue in her cave, she lowered her mouth back down my aching bone. She gently squeezed my balls while gliding her sucking mouth up and down my staff.

Feasting on her pussy, I alternated between squeezing her fat outer lips with my mouth to sticking my tongue in as far as I could. Our breathing was rapid and short as we escalated toward our orgasms. Nearing her climax, she intensified her oral attack. Her hand choked the base of my cock while her mouth ravaged the top half.

On each upstroke she held my bloated head with her lips, licking my slit with her raspy tongue. Continuing her attack, she sucked my prick as if she were trying to pull it off my body. Her free hand cupped and squeezed my full balls, encouraging them to fill with cum.

Cold air hit my slippery shaft when she pulled off to talk. "Honey, when you come, trap my clit with your lips and squeeze."

Moving her mouth back on my pole, she continued her frenzied pace. Squeezing my balls harder, I knew I was nearing the point of no return.

My balls filled with potent, boiling sperm while I ran my tongue along her slit until I found her covered clit. Mashing my mouth hard on her writhing pussy, I captured her love button between my lips. When the first load of goo traveled up my shaft, I compressed her nub, resulting in her own orgasm as I filled her mouth with sticky, cock cream.

She swallowed my load of thick batter as I slurped her sweet nectar from her contracting pussy. Still coming, she pulled off my drained but hard prick and screamed, "Oh Christ. I'm coming on my son's mouth."

Lowering back down on my juicy organ, she slurped up any remaining remnants of sperm. Her pussy stopped convulsing. Her orgasm had run its course. She turned around and collapsed on top of me.

Stroking her bare back, I looked over to see that Mom had left my door open. Dad had to have heard Mom screaming. Panic spread through

me, wondering if Dad would soon be here to check out the commotion. "Mom, you left the door open. Dad's going to hear."

"I hope so, Dan. That's what your father wanted. We need to talk."

Mom moved to my side and reached out to stroke my chest as she explained. They were at their lawyer through the day finalizing the divorce. Oddly enough, they still both loved each other which made it easier to divide everything up. There were enough assets that both were happy with the final outcome.

She told me Dad's plan was to make sure she was taken care of before he left. He knew we had a deep love for each other. That's why he proceeded with the crazy seduction plan in order to bring us closer.

Leaning over to kiss me, she said, "I love both you and your dad. The difference is I love only one of you romantically and it's you. He told me he'd give you the video he recorded. He said you could edit the clips to make an improved tape to replace the one with him and Diana. A nice gesture, but unnecessary. I'm here to take care of your desires now."

Her hand moved down to hold my semi-hard prick. "The door is open because I told him you were more than capable of taking care of your horny mother. I told him I'd have three orgasms to convince him we are a perfect match."

"I don't know if I can recover for that many. I hope you didn't promise too much."

"I'm going to have three. I'm already recovered. Don't worry. I'll take it from here. I don't want to pressure you into anything. If you don't want to remain with me, it's perfectly fine. Your happiness is the only thing I care about. Your father said if I don't return to him tonight, he will leave before morning, knowing your answer."

Leaning over, I gently kissed her. "I love you, Mom. More than a son should love his mother. I want to be with you as your lover. You're not leaving my bed tonight or any other night."

Her face turned to joy as she moved on top of me, pressing her body to mine. Kissing me hard, she ran her hands up and down my sides. My semi-hard prick became trapped in her hairy muff as she sat up. She dragged her slippery pussy to and fro on my soft slab of meat, scraping across her clit with each stroke. Cupping her breasts, she squeezed and mauled them while grinding her juicy slit on my groin.

Her breathing was already increasing as she fucked herself on my spent body. Holding her perky tits upright, she looked at me with pleading eyes. "Help me, Danny. Milk your mother's tits."

I enthusiastically pulled her down to latch onto one of her luscious tits. Sucking hard on her nipple, I mauled her other tit with my free hand. The stimulation from her slit moving against my manhood along with her breasts encouraged my shaft to slowly fill with blood.

Still not allowing me to enter her canal, she sawed her sensitive gash along my prick. My bloated head scraped along her sensitive clit resulting in Mom increasing her pace.

"Pull my nipples. I'm close. Make me come again," she croaked as she rocked back and forth on my rod.

I clamped her nipple with my lips and pulled hard, twisting the other engorged tip with my fingers. Slick fluid soaked my prick as her spurting pussy coated my hard shaft.

"Oh, god! I'm coming again from my son's cock!" she screamed, loud enough for Dad to hear her ride out her second orgasm. Sex juice flowed out of her convulsing snatch, smothering my groin.

She fell on top of me, mashing her full breasts against my chest. While she recovered I stroked her smooth flesh, taking time to squeeze her firm, fleshy cheeks. Her legs were on the outside of mine, pressed tight against my body. My cum-soaked prick was nestled in her soft fur.

Coming back to life, Mom rose up to sensually kiss me. Locking her eyes on mine, we communicated our deep love. Moving forward, she dragged her hard nipples up my chest. Reaching down, she captured my bloated head and lodged it in the engorged, outer lips of her wet pussy.

Her eyes turned to lust as she backed down, allowing her hungry cavern to swallow my throbbing shaft. Once fully inserted, she held me tight and rolled us over. Air rushed from her lungs as my full weight squashed her soft body. Her legs spread out as her eyes pleaded for another joining with her son.

Gently stroking in and out of her tight channel, I locked my mouth on hers as we savored our slow, erotic coupling. Our breathing increased as we gently made love. Her arms raced up and down my sweaty back as my hands roamed from her ribcage to her breasts.

Mom's breathing became labored, forcing her to end our kiss to sharply intake air. "You're fucking your mother so good. My next orgasm is going to be the best one yet. Fuck me hard!" Her knees rose up as she spread her thighs out wide, allowing me full access to her starving pussy.

Pulling my bloated head out until my greasy shaft was nearly out of her snatch, I quickly thrust back to the bottom causing her to shriek out in pleasure. Holding her shoulders for leverage, I savagely pounded my horny mother.

My balls were filling with sperm as my shaft thickened in preparation to explode. "Mom, I'm ready to blow again. You're so tight and slick, I can't hold out any longer. Come on your son's cock!"

Her long legs wrapped around my back as she pulled herself off the bed, achieving deeper access to her drenched gash. Her body trembled and shook with pleasure as our sweaty bodies meshed together. Her

orgasm overtook her before I released my load of cum. Leaning down, I passionately kissed her as she climaxed.

Her eyes widened and her pupils dilated as I erupted in her convulsing pussy. She released my mouth in an attempt to catch her breath. Stroking as fast and hard as I could, I hammered her snapping snatch.

"My pussy is on fire. Your huge cock is making me come again. Fuck me, Motherfucker!"

Hoping Dad could hear her over the noisy sounds coming from our groins slamming together, I continued to mercilessly pound her contracting gash.

After we were both spent, Mom unwrapped her legs and pulled me close. My prick softened and fell out of her filled pussy allowing a puddle of mixed cum to flow down through her ass crack to the bed. As our fluids saturated the sheets, she chuckled, "Don't worry. We can clean it up later. You won't be staying here after tonight."

Wrapping her arms around me, she rolled us over to cover my spent body with her smooth, sweaty flesh. Her squashed breasts caused her petite body to rise up and down from her deep breathing.

I ran one hand through her hair and massaged her scalp as her head rested on my shoulder. Stroking her smooth back with my other hand, I felt her long, even breathing on my skin. She was fast asleep, exhausted from thoroughly fucking her son.

Not wanting to disturb her to switch off the light, I reached down and pulled the sheet up to cover our spent bodies. With Mom's warm body melded to mine, I soon fell asleep.

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Waking up, I discovered Mom had already left my bed. Going out to the hall, I saw my parent's door open and heard their shower running. Hoping Mom was correct about Dad leaving, I walked in naked and to my relief he wasn't there. Entering their master bathroom, I saw a blurred view of Mom behind the steamed up shower doors. "Good morning, Mom."

The door slid open as Mom's beautiful body was once again on display. She held out her hands, inviting me to join her. I stepped in as she closed the door behind me. She began soaping me as the hot water sprayed over us.

Running her hands up and down my legs, she progressed up to my back and chest. Moving close to kiss me, her soapy hands wrapped around my prick. It quickly stiffened as her hands caressed me.

"Did you miss me this morning? I wanted to get cleaned up for you. We can't have you sleeping with a dirty, slutty mother, can we?"

"A slutty mother is nothing to be ashamed of. You're the sexiest woman ever. Allow me to clean up my dirty mother."

I took the soapy bar and ran it over her long legs, moving up to her back and breasts. Soaping up her fat, round breasts, I took my time caressing and squeezing her soft mounds. Initiating the kiss this time, I searched her mouth with my tongue as my soapy hand ran through her patch of pussy hair, ending up in her slick slit.

"What are we going to do today, Mom? I know what I'd like to do and it involves you naked most of the time."

"Today we begin your sex education. I'm afraid I failed in your sex life and I'm going to make up for it. Some girl is going to be appreciative after I've trained you in the art of love."

"Hopefully I'll be a good student. If not, we can keep repeating until I get it right."

Smiling wide, she replied, "I don't think you'll have a problem, judging from how thoroughly you fucked me last night. I know some positions you might not know, but you will, once I've trained you."

Grabbing the soap from my hand, she ran it across my chest. It slipped away and landed on the floor. "Just a second, let me get it."

She bent over, acting like she was retrieving the soap, but ended up with her hands flat on the floor. Spreading her legs wide, she presented me with a view of her pussy and puckered asshole. Running my hands up and down her thighs, I explored her succulent body.

Gently pushing two fingers into her slot, I found it already wet. My horny mother was anticipating a morning fuck from her studly son. As I finger fucked her, Mom's moans echoed in the confining chamber.

"Can you guess what position this is?"

Moving my stiff prick up to her waiting hole, I slowly penetrated her, allowing her sheath to expand around my size. Holding her hips, I gently pumped in and out of her wet snatch. Answering her question, I barked, "Ruff Ruff."

Sinking to the bottom of her tight pussy induced Mom's lungs to expel their contents. She screamed in delight from my invading cock. Locking my hands to her hips, I pummeled her at a rapid pace. The angle of my rod scraping the sides of her channel sent waves of pleasure through her aroused body.

Paying attention to scrape my shaft across her clit, I sawed in and out of my horny mom as water sprayed us from above. Mom's moans were louder than the sound of water hitting the floor. Increasing my pace, I began to worry I was going to come before Mom.

The tightness and angle of her pussy caused my excitement to rapidly increase as I concentrated on fucking Mom. My balls were rapidly filling with a load of batter. "I'm ready to come. You're so damn sexy, I can't hold out any longer. I'm going to fill you up."

My bloated head erupted a load of hot cum, pushing Mom over the edge as she screamed through her climax. Her pussy squeezed my battering ram, successfully milking out globs of thick, sticky sperm. Mom's screaming turned to loud groaning as we finished our steamy, shower fuck.

Pulling my spent prick from her filled hole released a large wad of sex juice, which lewdly dripped to the floor. I watched as it swirled around and flowed down the drain. Mom stood up to face me. Wrapping her arms around me, she hugged me tight and kissed me.

"Any horny mother would love to be washed clean like this by her stud son. You passed with flying colors for doggy style," Mom giggled. She gently cleaned my softening cock, washing off our mixed cum. After rinsing, we dressed and ate breakfast.

We decided to go out for some fresh air and see a movie. We discreetly held hands during the movie, being cautious not to display our sexual attraction, fearing we might be recognized by someone.

Arriving home, Mom didn't say anything. From her expression, I could tell she was waiting for me to take the lead. Remembering something Dad had said to her, I pleaded, "Could you show me the dance Dad asked about when you told him you taught me? 'Our dance' is what I think he said."

"I'd love to, Dear. I'll go get changed. Put on the thin robe I bought you and meet me here. Nothing underneath, of course."

Quickly stripping, I threw on my robe and made my way back out to the living room. My full attention shifted to Mom, parading out adorned in a see-through nightie. Her firm, braless tits and furry patch of pussy hair were clearly visible beneath the thin fabric.

"It starts like this," she said, pulling me close. We slowly moved back and forth in silence. Mom reached up and pulled my robe off my shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor. She hugged me tight, allowing my bare body to press against hers.

She kissed me as she stroked my naked back. I ran my hands along her spine, enjoying the feel of the slick fabric and the firm flesh beneath it. "Take my nightie off and hug me tight. It's all about the skin contact for this dance."

While kissing her, I reached up to pull off her shoulder straps. As soon as it fell to the floor, I kicked it to the side. I pulled her close, molding her bare skin to mine. Our bodies generated so much heat that sweat coated our flesh. Reaching down to her firm buns, I mauled and squeezed them as we moved slowly around the room.

Her petite hands wrapped around my stiff lance, lodged between our melded bodies. Squeezing my oozing head, she coated my length with my slick precum. "Have you ever heard of the ballerina?"

"Ballerina? Is it a person or a play?"

Laughing, she said, "No, Dear. It's a position that makes this dance pretty special."

Stopping our movement, she raised her right leg and positioned my hand behind her knee to hold her leg up. She straightened and raised it up to point to the ceiling, resting it on my shoulder. Not believing how flexible she was, I admired her nude, stretched out body.

"The hard part is over. Now it's your turn. Stick it in,"

Holding her ass with one hand, I moved my prick to her entrance and thrust into her velvety slot. It was tighter in this position and I couldn't go deeper than a few inches. We kissed as I continued to slowly fuck my mother.

She moaned and it wasn't long before her oily precum coated my cock. I pushed in a little further, resulting in louder moans. Loosened up sufficiently, I slowly sunk my shaft deep into Mom's tight snatch. She was panting now as I slid in and out.

"This position stimulates my pussy, but I can't keep my leg up for long. Stay in deep while I change to the next one."

I stopped with my cock fully lodged in her.

Mom lowered her leg and positioned my hand under her knee. Her leg was still raised, resulting in her lower leg hanging down. "This is called mixed dancer. Continue to fuck me, Danny!"

Holding her ass and leg, I stroked in and out of her snug pussy while we kissed. I wished I had a free hand to maul her magnificent tits while fucking her. After several more strokes, she whispered, "Back me up for a wall fuck."

Still embedded in her pussy, I moved her to the wall. Her back hit the hard surface as she raised her other leg. I gripped it and continued slamming in and out of her wet gash. My hands weren't free to roam, but with the wall supporting her I could move my mouth to her tits. I lowered down and licked her sensitive nipples as we fucked.

Her panting was loud and rapid now as her excitement elevated. She whispered, "Stay still in me and pull my nipple."

Gripping her sensitive nub with my lips, I squeezed hard and stretched her breast out. Her body quivered and shook with a minor orgasm. Juicy cum flowed down my prick.

"Thanks, Honey. I had to take the edge off. Now let's go to the bedroom and continue your education."

With her hands wrapped around my neck to hold on tight, I walked her down to our master suite, remaining lodged in her wet, tight slot.

When we neared the bed, she rasped, "Put me on the edge and position me like the ballerina, but with both legs."

Placing her flat on the bed, I stood up, bringing her legs to rest on my shoulders. I resumed fucking my lovely mom, going deeper than before. Looking down, I saw her smiling up at me as I couldn't hide my excitement from fucking my sex-crazed mother.

Her canal was well lubricated from her micro-orgasm, allowing me to slide in and out at a rapid pace. Pushing down as deep as I could, my mushroom shaped head slammed against her back wall.

Air gushed from her as if my cock had collapsed her lungs. She deeply inhaled in an effort to replace the void of escaped air. "You hit bottom. You have to be careful because it hurts some women. It doesn't cause me much discomfort, but it's much more stimulating to make contact when I'm having an orgasm. Some people refer to this position as the anvil but I call it Deepfuck."

Continuing to pummel her, I was careful to stop short each time, avoiding slamming too deep. She panted rapidly as my staff slid along the rough ceiling of her horny pussy.

"This position allows great stimulation to my g-spot but can be difficult for women with shorter legs, like Diana. Let me demonstrate a similar deep position for fucking smaller women like your aunt. It's called the tucked missionary."

She removed her feet from my shoulders, bent her legs and held them against her chest. "Move me up farther on the bed. Rest your weight on my legs, but not too much. Put your hands on the sides of me to support some of your weight."

Quickly getting into position, I fucked her with new vigor. Once she mentioned Diana, visions of my cock violating my sexy aunt flashed through my mind. I was able to go as deep as before, but I still couldn't do anything but look at her luscious tits. I yearned to hold them in my hands. Looking up, I saw her lustful face communicating the same desire.

"Time for my favorite position. Come to your mother, Sweetie." She lowered her legs to the bed and extended her arms out to welcome me to her voluptuous body. Melded on top of her, she widened her legs allowing me full access. My hands immediately caressed and squeezed her breasts.

We kissed as we squirmed together, trying to connect as much skin contact as possible. Pulling back, joy flowed through me as I saw a look of lust. "I love this position, Mom. I love our bodies close together. I can feel your heart beating and the heat from your body going into mine. What I really love is when we're kissing and I see your eyes widen when my cock floods your pussy with sperm."

She humped up rapidly, swallowing up as much of her son's prick as possible. "Me too, Baby. This is our position. Your big cock throbbing and ejaculating sets me off. Fuck me hard and make me come!"

Connecting our mouths to allow our tongues to fuck each other, we locked eyes in the final act of our illicit love. As my shaft filled with blood, Mom wrapped her long legs around my body, squeezing hard. I felt my prick go deeper than ever as cum flowed up the shaft. Her eyes widened as her pussy exploded when I flooded her with hot sperm. Remembering what she said earlier, I thrust in as hard as I could.

Her eyes filled with lust as her body shook with an even more intense orgasm. I slammed against her back wall several more times, coating it with virile, sticky sperm each time. Her tongue retreated into her mouth as she loudly moaned through her orgasm. She was having a hard time breathing through her nose as her body shook from the pleasures of our illegal, incestuous sex.

Drained completely, I rested my weight on top of her satisfied, limp body. We lightly kissed, enjoying our post-coital bliss. Her legs released my waist as she pulled me closer to her ravaged body. We were both spent and didn't say anything while we caught our breath, waiting for our heart rates to slow down.

"Mom, missionary sounds too ordinary. We should have our own name for our favorite position. What should we call it?"

"It's what we enjoy the most, Honey. It's the most intimate position for two lovers. It belongs to us and nothing can compare. We know what we desire, no need to label it."

Rolling off her, I moved her so we could spoon. We connected as lovers, enjoying the afterglow of intense sex. We rested and remained silent for over an hour.

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Mom was up first, dressed and went out the door. Half asleep, I was awakened when I heard Mom in the kitchen preparing lunch. I went to my room to throw on my sweats before I sauntered out to meet her.

Observing me come out of my room, she said, "Dan, you're going to move into our bedroom this afternoon. You won't be sleeping in your old room anymore."

Smiling wide in agreement, I sat at the table with Mom as we ate. After we finished our meal we went for a walk , holding hands like any mother and son might do on a beautiful day. My sense of smell seemed enhanced with Mom by me. Her scent mixed with nature's proved to be quite an aphrodisiac.

Arriving home, Mom said she was going to clean house while I moved into our master suite. It took several trips before all my clothes were on our bed. Mom soon arrived and showed me which dresser was mine. Opening a drawer, I was dismayed to find some of Dad's clothes.

Mom saw my look of concern and came over to scoop them out. She took a suitcase out of the closet and tossed them in. She leaned over to

kiss me, easing my anxiety. "No big deal. We'll put them in the suitcase and I'll take them to your Dad's place."

She helped me put away my clothes, quickly grabbing any remaining belongings of Dad's and stowing them. When finished, we went out to the living room for a break. We have never had a problem discussing any topic and were soon laughing and talking like we were a married couple.

Mom rose up to prepare dinner while I straightened up the living room. Mom poured each of us a glass of wine to celebrate our romantic liaison. After we finished, we retired to the living room. Mom seemed to have more energy than me tonight. Our fucking was wearing me out while Mom seemed to thrive on it.

She saw me yawning and told me to take my shower and go to bed and she'd be right in. The hot water felt good and refreshing. As I walked out of the bathroom, Mom sexily smirked as she passed by me to take her shower. Not putting on any underwear, I slid under the sheet, unknowing what to expect. I wasn't going to press my luck by acting too eager.

Hearing the shower stop, I waited for Mom to appear. Minutes later, she came out wearing her see-through nightie with nothing underneath. She came to my side of the bed and sexily looked down at me. "Going to sleep now? What's the matter? Your mommy wear you out today? Now you have to go beddy-bye?"

Grabbing the edge of the sheet, she pulled it down to my feet as she crawled on the bed and sat down on my legs. "Don't worry, Dear. You don't have to do anything. Let your mother make it all better for you."

Running her hands up and down my thighs, she massaged and squeezed them as if she was seeing them for the first time. "Oh, you don't know how many times I've wanted to grab these legs I ogle when we're jogging. Finally, I get to satisfy my craving."

Moving closer to my groin, she hit my ball sack several times. She cradled my balls and lifted them as if she were weighing them. Wrapping her small hands around my stiff cock, she slowly felt every ridge and vein. Once at the top, she traced the rim of my bloated crown with her fingers. Squeezing my head, she milked out a glob of precum.

Her expression turned to sorrow. "Dan, I have a confession to make. I hope it doesn't make you mad. It was my idea to have you circumcised. I thought your Dad's penis was ugly and I didn't want girls thinking the same thing when they were with you. I told your Dad it was because of health reasons, but really it was a vain decision from a young, immature woman."

Smiling, I replied, "I agree, Mom. I like it much better this way. You make the best decisions, especially the most recent ones." My answer brought a wide smile from my relieved Mom.

She continued to run her fingers around my fat, mushroom shaped head. "I can't imagine how this monster even fits in my pussy. It's much bigger than your dad's. Think what it would be like in a smaller

woman, someone like your aunt. If she thinks your dad is big, she would go crazy with this thing plowing through her tiny, bald cunt."

Blood flowed into my shaft as Mom mentioned my aunt again. Did she think I was infatuated with her sister? I wouldn't pass it up, but I wondered what motive Mom had for mentioning her.

"Lie still. Mommy will take over and you can learn some new positions in the process." Turning to face my feet, she moved back until her hairy snatch was resting on my shaft. She moved back and forth until her slit was slick with our juices. Raising her pelvis up, she held my prick upright and slowly lowered down my length.

It was a slow descent, allowing my spear to spread the folds of her tight pussy. Hitting bottom, her engorged lips rested on my pubic hair. She lifted back up and fell again on my stiff pole. Increasing her pace, she fucked my shaft, holding onto my feet for support.

Hoarsely she said, "This is the reverse cowgirl. All the work is done by the woman and the angle of penetration can be extremely stimulating." Moving side to side while pumping up and down, she moaned as my ram scraped the sensitive sides of her velvety snatch. Her breathing was rapid as she fucked herself on my prick.

Before she could orgasm, she lifted off and turned around to face me. "I don't care for a position where I can't see my man as that's a lot of the excitement for me. Regular cowgirl is much better." Lowering herself down on my cock, she held my ribs as she humped up and down.

Our eyes locked as we silently communicated our love and lust. Reaching up, I grabbed the bottom of her nightie, pulling it up and off. Her firm tits were bouncing up and down as she rode me. Moving my hands to her meaty breasts, I fondled and caressed them. Trapping her taut nipples between my fingers, I lightly squeezed her sensitive nubs.

She quickened her pace as her excitement increased. I could feel her breasts expanding and shrinking as her breathing became rapid and shallow. Although I wasn't doing any of the work, I was approaching an orgasm. Moving my hands down to her hips, I held her firm as I thrust my hips up to meet her downstrokes.

We fucked for another ten minutes, enjoying the illicit mother-son connection. Wanting to kiss the love of my life, I held her hips to my groin, not allowing her to lift up. When she stopped moving, I ran my hands up her back and pulled her tight to my chest, kissing her passionately. She straightened her legs while staying impaled on my shaft.

With her lying on top of me, I controlled the stroking, using my hips to thrust into her wet pussy. While fucking each other's mouths with our hard tongues, I moved my hands down to hold her firm, meaty cheeks, gaining leverage to pummel her starving pleasure box.

Not having a chance to warn Mom, globs of cum shot out of my convulsing prick. Her pussy reciprocated on my third release. She groaned while we experienced our orgasms. After my entire payload was deposited in Mom's cavern, I moved my hands up her sweaty back, stroking and caressing her as we recovered.

Moving close to her ear, I whispered, "That, my dear mother, is called the lying cowgirl position."

"My, aren't you the quick learner. I think you're ready to go out and make a lucky girl very happy."

She rolled off, allowing my prick to slide out of her drenched pussy. Snuggling up close, she draped her bare leg over mine and softly caressed my chest as she rested her head on my shoulder.

Caressing her scalp, I murmured, "You're the only girl I care about making happy."

She continued to rub my chest as she moved closer, mashing her soft breasts into my side.

Before she could fall asleep, I quietly pleaded, "Mom, I don't want you to answer right now, but I want you to consider something. I'd like us to move to another town where no one knows us. I love you and don't want to hide it anymore. I'd like a different house to start our lives together and not one where I'm replacing Dad."

Staying silent, she moved her hand to my other side to pull me tight to her. Soon after, we drifted off to sleep.

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Mom was already up when I woke after a restful night. Throwing on a robe, I found her in the kitchen ready to serve breakfast. We ate and I told her I better go take a shower before we do anything.

She told me there wasn't time because we were going to her Mom's place in order to explain her divorce to her mother. She didn't want her sister to tell her first. It was a six hour drive and she wanted to get an early start.

I asked Mom how many days we'd be there so I'd know what clothes to take. She informed me she had already packed for both of us. Wanting me to be comfortable on the long drive, she told me to wear my running shorts. Mom drove and I figured we'd get to Gram's around four in the afternoon.

Gram lived near the college I was going to attend in the fall. Mom and Dad had insisted I go to school somewhere near family and Gram lived by the best school in the state. Grandpa died in a car wreck fifteen years ago. He was a lot older than Gram when they were married and Mom was born when Gram was eighteen.

The business Grandpa owned was thriving at the time of his death. Gram already had enough money and income to live comfortably. She decided to give the company to Mom and Aunt Diana. Not wanting the stress of managing a company, Mom gave her shares to her sister. Over the years, Diana slowly transferred the operational duties to a professional and it was her primary source of income.

The drive was nice and we were making good time. Mom was dressed in her new pleated skirt which had risen above her knees, exposing her smooth thighs. Reaching over, I ran my hand up and down her luscious legs. Heeding Mom's advice on wearing comfortable shorts for the drive, I took it to a higher level and hadn't worn any underwear.

My manhood was waking up at an odd angle as I caressed Mom's thighs. Reaching down, I moved my cock to a more comfortable position. Mom smirked, observing my dilemma. "Having problems? Don't worry, we only have an hour left. We have to stop for gas first. It'll give us a chance to stretch our legs - all three of yours." We were still giggling as Mom pulled the car into the station.

It was good to get out and work the kinks out at the gas stop. Mom went into the mart to get us some drinks as I filled the car. When she came back out, she slid into the passenger's side and asked me to drive the remaining distance.

Fifteen minutes into the drive, Mom reached over and ran her soothing hands up and down my hairy thighs. Venturing farther up with each stroke, her hand snaked in the opening of my shorts, discovering my balls. "Oh my, I think you forgot to wear something, Dan. It's pretty inappropriate displaying your bare prick to your mother, don't you think?"

Smiling at her teasing, I gasped when she wrapped her hand around my shaft. She pulled it out of my shorts and slowly stroked my erection. Our conversation ceased as I enjoyed the attention Mom was

providing. We weren't ten minutes away from Gram's when Mom unbuckled her seat belt and leaned over.

Her breath washed over my sensitive head. "What would be really inappropriate would be hugging your Gram with this monster poking her. I'm going to have to fix this."

She sucked my flared helmet in her mouth and used her rough tongue to wash my crown. Cupping my balls with her hand, she lowered her mouth down the length of my shaft. Thankfully, we were on a back road and there was no traffic. I groaned as she increased the pace of her blow-job. Vigorously sucking my rod resulted in my balls filling up with a giant load of cum.

Turning down Gram's street, I hoarsely croaked, "Mom, we're a block away. Should I stop?"

Her only answer was squeezing my balls as she licked the sensitive head of my prick with her mouth while viciously stroking my shaft with her other hand. The inevitable happened as I filled her mouth with globs of hot cum. She continued to milk me until I was drained.

After she licked me clean, she rose up and put her seatbelt back on as we pulled in Gram's driveway. Sighing with relief, I stuffed my deflating cock back in my shorts.

Gram opened the door before Mom could ring the doorbell. "Denise, it's good to see you," exclaimed Gram as she gave Mom a tight hug. She

looked surprised as she noticed me carrying our suitcase, standing behind Mom.

"Oh my, you didn't say Dan was coming. I only have one spare room now," Gram said.

"Don't worry, Mom. He's young and can sleep on the couch. It won't bother him."

Gram opened her arms to bring me in for a tight hug. Pulling me close, I was thankful Mom had taken care of my hard problem. As it was, my manhood pressed into her soft stomach as she hugged me.

Gram was shorter than Mom but taller than Diana. It was obvious where Mom's good looks came from as I compared her beautiful face and body to Mom's. Her hair had some streaks of gray and she had kept a slim figure. From what I could tell, she had the smallest breasts of the family.

We went inside and Mom told me to stow our suitcase in the guest bedroom. It was Mom's old room and was on the side of the hallway next to Gram's master suite. I found a pair of sweatpants in the suitcase and slipped them on to avoid any embarrassing situations.

As I walked back out I glanced into Diana's old room, noting it had been transformed into a sewing and exercise room. I sat on the end of the couch as Gram sat in an opposite facing armchair. She started up a

discussion regarding my future studies. Mom came out and sat beside me, joining in our conversation.

During a silent pause, Mom divulged her divorce. Gram was visibly upset but Mom comforted her, explaining how it was for the best and there were no hard feelings on either side. Gram started to berate Dad but Mom would have nothing to do with it. She stopped her and assured her they still loved each other. Mom explained how they decided to go their separate ways and both were happy over the outcome.

Gram cheered up after seeing how happy Mom was at their mutual decision, and they moved on to other topics. Mom said she wanted to fix dinner for us and departed to prepare our meal. The kitchen and living room consisted of one big room, enabling Mom to stay involved in the conversation as Gram and I continued to talk.

Mom poured herself and Gram a glass of wine to drink with the meal. The wine loosened the ladies enough for an entertaining dinner. Gram and I cleaned up the kitchen while Mom went to take her shower. Wearing a robe I hadn't seen before, she sat in the same spot on the couch. She told me to go take my shower.

Mom had put a robe on the bed for me to wear. I noticed a pair of underwear lying on top. Laughing at Mom not wanting a repeat episode of a rampant hard-on, I quickly dressed. The robe was also new and had the same design as Mom's.

Mom patted the spot next to her when I came out. Settling in, I noticed our robe's hems were four inches above our knees. We watched TV for thirty minutes before Gram excused herself to take her shower. Prompted by Mom and I, Gram also wore her robe. It was a little longer, ending at her knees.

Her lower legs were thinner than Mom's but still looked smooth and firm. While everyone's attention was on the screen, I saw Gram glancing over at us several times. Was she checking out her daughter or her grandson? Mom had moved her nearest leg next to mine and our bare skin was in close contact.

During the commercials, Gram or Mom would strike up a conversation. During one ad, Gram questioned, "Denise, you're still young. Do you have any men in mind yet?"

Mom giggled as she placed her hand on my bare knee. "Mother, I already have a man to take care of. Dan keeps me busy most of the time."

Gram's face flushed at Mom's answer. "I meant a man for your other needs. I regret not marrying again and I'd hate for you to do the same."

Mom replied, "I'm taking a break for awhile. Focusing my time on Dan is enough for me."

Gram let it drop and they changed topics. When the show ended, we decided to retire for the night.

Sounding concerned, Gram questioned, "Are you sure you'll be okay on the couch tonight, Dan? If you hear movement in the night, it'll be me. I like to get up for some juice sometimes and might come out to the fridge."

Mom quickly retorted, "Don't worry, Mom. I'm going to give him a sleeping pill. He won't notice a thing. When he takes those, nothing can bother him." Mom reached in her robe pocket, pulled out a pill and handed it to me. "Take this, Dan. It'll help you sleep from the long drive."

I went over to the sink and filled a glass. Looking at the pill, I could see it was an aspirin. Maybe she didn't want Gram to feel bad. making me sleep on the couch. Downing the fake sleeping pill, I went back to the living room. Mom and Gram were already up and ready to go to their rooms. Mom came to me and gave me a hug, kissing me on the neck. "Goodnight, sleep good. I want a tour of the college tomorrow."

Fluffing up the pillows on the couch and spreading out a sheet Gram had provided, I was ready to lay down when Mom said, "Danny, where's your manners? Go hug your grandmother goodnight."

Sure, I thought, time for a little payback. I'll give Gram something else to think about besides Mom's and my legs. I went over and hugged Gram tight. Even through our robe's fabrics, I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. I kissed her neck below her ear, bringing my lips up over her lobe and whispered, "Goodnight, Gram. Thanks for having us."

Pulling back, I could see her face was flushed. Was it from the hug or the hot air blown in her ear?

After they were in their rooms, I settled in for the night. Throwing off my robe, I drew the sheet over me and waited for sleep. Unfortunately, the couch wasn't comfortable and I wished Mom had given me an actual sleeping pill. Tossing and turning for an hour, I moved one leg out from under the sheet to cool down.

I was starting to drift off when I heard the fridge door open. Looking up, I discovered Gram getting some juice out of the refrigerator. Feigning sleep, I stayed still so Gram wouldn't think she woke me. Through slits, I saw her drinking her juice, staring in my direction. She was probably looking to ensure I was sleeping. Putting the glass in the sink, she strolled over and stood by me.

Gram always left one of the under-counter lights on low and there was enough light to see her lustful expression. She stared at my exposed skin for several minutes before bending down to move the sheet over my leg. "Dan, are you awake," she whispered. Staying still, I concentrated on breathing deep and steady, pretending I was sound asleep.

Instead of moving the sheet over me like I thought she was going to do, she pulled it completely off. Both legs and my underwear were visible. She reached down and placed her hand on my knee. She called my name again, testing me.

Confident I was deep in sleep, she ran her hand up and down my thigh. My leg hair flowed through her fingers as she explored my exposed body. Getting bolder with her strokes, she moved closer to my concealed cock, stopping when her hand hit my covered balls.

Opening her hand, she grabbed my thigh and lightly squeezed. Her soothing hand was having an effect on me as my manhood stiffened. Seeing my underwear rising, her sharp intake of air indicated she was aware of my hardening prick. Panicking that I might wake up, she removed her hand from my thigh and moved the sheet over my legs. She called my name again while I remained still. I hoped she would continue again once she realized I was still sleeping.

She didn't take the chance and left for her room. Staying awake another hour, I eventually dozed off. Mom and Gram were already in the kitchen when I woke up. Moving my robe under the sheet, I put it on and joined them.

Mom was first to speak to me. "Good Morning, Dan. The pill must have worked. You slept right through us chatting and drinking coffee."

Rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I replied, "I was out like a log. Nothing could have woke me, but I am a little sore. Gram's couch isn't near as comfortable as it looks. A walk should help work out the kinks."

"Perfect. I want you and Mom to go with me to your school today. We can take a long walk around the campus," exclaimed my mother.

Gram looked relieved that I had slept through last night's event. Smiling, she cheerfully announced, "It's too bad you have to sleep on the couch. I'll make it up to you today. I'll buy lunch after our tour at the school. We'll make a fun day of it."

After breakfast, I dressed first while Mom talked with Gram. They marched to their rooms to change when I came out. Gram appeared first, wearing a nice dress with a hemline stopping above her knees to facilitate better walking. Mom strolled out wearing the sexy floral sundress I had picked out for her. As she came closer, I could tell she was braless. The snug fabric sexily displayed her stiff nipples.

"Wow, Mom. You look great. I might have to protect you from any college guys we see," I jokingly bragged.

"Thanks, Dan. I think Mom and I might both be attracting men there. We'll rely on you to protect us."

We drove to the school and toured it as planned. An hour into our walk, Mom reached over and held my hand. Gram glanced several times at us before gripping my other hand with hers. Finishing up, we arrived back at the car. As promised, Gram picked out a nice restaurant for us.

Gram excused herself during the meal to go to the bathroom. When she was out of sight, I relayed to Mom about Gram's visit last night. She smiled and as she patted me on my leg, she said, "Be nice to Mom. She deserves some manly attention."

Since Mom and Gram each had several glasses of wine, I drove home. We were exhausted after the long day and decided to take a break in the living room.

After a few hours, we ate a snack before taking our showers. After Mom was finished, I took mine and went to put on my robe when I noticed Mom had put a different pair of underwear on top to wear. They were the tight see-through pair. It looked like Mom had something planned for tonight. It was exciting not knowing her agenda in advance.

Mom's freshly showered scent hit me as she moved close to me on the couch. After an hour of watching TV, Mom crossed her legs causing her robe to ride up and reveal a lot of bare thigh. Gram glanced at Mom and I could see her eyes roaming up and down Mom's exposed legs. The way Gram's gaze was locked on Mom, I'm sure she could see the underside of her leg clear up to her firm tush.

After another thirty minutes, Mom rested her hand on my knee like last night. When Gram went to the bathroom, Mom reached over and pushed my other leg out, creating a gap between my legs. "Let's make sure you're comfortable tonight."

Gram came back out and after she thought our eyes were focused on the comedy, she leered at our display. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Gram cross her legs, revealing several inches of white, smooth thigh.

When she turned to the TV, I openly stared at her exposed leg, impressed by her sexy wares. After several minutes of leering, I glanced

up to see Gram looking at me. Caught red-handed, I smiled and went back to watching the show like it was nothing.

Close to bedtime, Mom moved her hand up my thigh, moving the robe off as she advanced. Gram noticed the movement and her lustful eyes tracked Mom's roving hand. Mom saw Gram's stare and to explain her actions said, "I hope you sleep much better tonight, Dan. Are your muscles still sore?"

To emphasize her concern, she caressed my thigh, exposing more bare skin as she stroked. With my legs parted and much of my robe off my leg, I'm positive Gram could see my transparent shorts, restraining my cock and balls. Her eyes widened as she re-crossed her legs. Mom stopped stroking and reached into her robe pocket again. "Dan, take two pills tonight. These are a little stronger and have some pain reliever in them to help with your soreness."

As I rose, my robe came completely apart, giving Gram a full frontal view of my legs and covered genitals. Quickly covering up, I went to the sink to take my fake pills. Mom came over to give me a hug. She turned me around, positioning my back to Gram. She reached in my robe and pulled down my shorts, freeing my prick. Giving it a quick squeeze, she kissed me on the neck. "Give your Gram a hug before we retire to our rooms."

Gram wrapped her arms around me to pull me tight. Even though my covered, hard-on was flattened between us, it was enough pressure to cause her to deeply inhale. Kissing her on her neck again, I playfully nibbled on her lobe. "Good night, Gram. Love you."

She held me tight for another minute before releasing me to leave for her room. On her way to her room, Mom stopped near me when she knew Gram couldn't hear. "It'd be unhealthy to wear those tight shorts tonight. You better take them off." With a sexy smirk, she turned and went to her room.

I took off my robe and finished removing my shorts. Throwing them on the end of the couch, I positioned myself, pulling the sheet over me. Trying different positions, I settled on one where I was flat on my back with my legs slightly spread. My cock had softened, creating a softball sized lump under the sheet. I took one of the couch pillows and covered my head with it. Draping my arm over the top of it, it would appear I was shielding my eyes from the dim kitchen light.

Time seemed to stand still as I waited for Gram's visit. If she didn't show up in an hour, I decided I would give it up and try to get some sleep. My fears evaporated as I heard soft footsteps approaching. Forty minutes hadn't even gone by, unless it was Mom coming out to check on me. Not hearing the fridge open, I wondered if I really had heard footsteps, when Gram spoke my name. She had come directly to me, foregoing her drink.

Breathing deep and lying motionless convinced her I was out. Using the pillow to hide my face, I peeked down to see Gram kneeling down to her knees. She gripped the sheet and tested me again, speaking my name louder than before. Lifting the thin covering, she moved it to the other side of my far leg, exposing my body. Hearing a quick intake of air, I saw Gram's eyes locked onto my exposed, bare prick.

Using both hands tonight, she stroked up and down my thighs, squeezing and massaging. The sides of her hands hit my balls each time she reached the top. My steady breathing convinced her it was safe to explore her grandson's flesh.

She called out my name again, checking my sleep status. Convinced I was out, she cupped my balls with one hand, lifting them and juggling my hefty nuts. Lightly squeezing them with one hand, she continued to stroke my thigh with the other. Her intimate attention caused my prick to fill with blood.

My cock rose up as it expanded, flopping back down on my stomach when it was fully erect. Still holding my balls, she brought her other hand to the root of my shaft. She slowly explored up my length, ending up at my sensitive head. Running her finger around the ridge of my bloated crown caused a drop of precum to ooze out the slit. "So beautiful and big."

Wrapping her hand around my stiff prick, she squeezed and released it several times. No longer having to check my sleeping status, she concentrated on playing with her new toy. Her hand slowly went up my shaft and when she was right below the head she squeezed tight, forcing a drop of precum to spill out over my blood engorged head. She moved her hand up and smeared my juice around my tip, making it shiny from my precum.

Moving her hand back down, she started to slowly stroke my slick shaft. Leaning close for a better look, her raspy breath hit my groin as

she joyfully jacked off her grandson. Her tiny hand squeezed tight as she furiously pumped my staff.

She whispered, "You poor boy. Your balls are filled up with sperm and no way to release. Your mother teases you with her sexy body and leaves you hanging. She doesn't realize a young man can't be holding this much cum. It's unhealthy. Don't worry. Gram will help."

Finding it much harder to feign sleeping, I unsuccessfully struggled to breathe steady. Thankfully, she wasn't checking and the noise from her enthusiastic stroking prevented her from hearing my rapid breathing. Her hand holding my balls squeezed while she pumped my prick. Feeling the familiar tingling associated with an impending orgasm, I knew my cock was approaching an eruption.

My shaft enlarged and my mushroom shaped head ballooned out, signaling my reservoir of cum was ready for release. She squeezed my balls tight, coaxing them to release their payload. "Not on my couch, you horny boy." As her open mouth enclosed my sensitive head, my fleshy pole shot out a stream of thick cream. She milked me as ropes of sticky sperm filled her hungry mouth.

She moaned, swallowing my entire load. It had been a couple of days since I last climaxed. It felt like I fed her a gallon of spunk but I knew it was far less. After I was spent, she held my staff firmly by the base as she slid her mouth down my slick shaft, cleaning it with her tongue. Going back to the top, she pulled off and inspected her work. Squeezing my cock, she brought her hand up, forcing any remaining

spunk out my slit. She lapped the remaining drop and swirled her raspy tongue around my head.

My breathing returned to normal as I recovered from my intense orgasm. Gram gently moved my softening prick on it's side, leaned down and kissed it. "Good night, Dan. Love you," she giggled as she repeated what I had said to her less than an hour ago. She carefully moved the sheet to cover me before getting up and retreating back to her room.

Sleep came easy and once again I woke to Gram and Mom conversing in the kitchen. A look of apprehension was on Gram's face as Mom asked me how I slept. "Really great night, Mom. Those pills did the trick. I feel much better today. My sore muscles must have been building my stress levels, too, because I'm completely relaxed now. Thanks a lot!"

Gram smiled, knowing why my stress was lowered. Gulping down her grandson's stored up load of sperm solved my problems. Mom told us it'd be her treat today, but first she wanted to visit a few neighboring towns. Gram told her to get changed while she remained to talk to me.

"I'm glad to hear you slept better last night. Are you sure I didn't bother you when I came out for my juice," she questioned me, probing for any hint revealing I might have been awake.

"No, Gram. I was passed out before you and Mom closed your doors. I didn't wake up until I heard you two in the kitchen this morning."

Smiling wide, she was confident her incestuous act remained a secret.

Mom came out dressed in a short skirt and a thin blouse revealing a blue bra underneath. Looking sexy as usual, I commented, "Nice outfit Mom, you look gorgeous."

Gram smiled, knowing she was going to have to do some additional relief work tonight. Gram and I went to change while Mom cleaned up the kitchen. We finished dressing at the same time and met in the living room. Gram was wearing a sundress similar to what Mom had worn yesterday. Her pointed nipples pushed out the thin material. Was she competing with Mom or was she trying to arouse her grandson? Maybe she was hoping for a nice big load to swallow tonight.

Gram's face blushed when Mom let out a wolf whistle, seeing her sexy mother. We laughed as we left the house for the day. Mom drove through several neighborhoods in the adjoining towns, commenting on how nice some of them looked. After a couple hours, Mom told us she had researched and found a nice restaurant to try.

As the waitress seated us, I noticed there was a dance floor in the room and slow music was playing. I was surprised Mom had managed to find another restaurant with a dance floor. She obviously had some kind of devious plan.

When we were almost finished with our meal, Mom looked at Gram and said, "I taught Dan how to dance and he's pretty good. Would you like him to show you?"

"Oh lord, no. I haven't danced for decades. I'd be horrible. And what would people think of a such a nice young man dancing with an old lady?"

Mom countered, "Mother, you're beautiful. No one is going to say anything, but I'm not going to force you. I can demonstrate how well he dances."

Mom rose up from the table and held her arms out, signaling her invitation. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tight. It felt good holding her close again as we slowly moved around the dance floor. She pressed the side of her face to mine and whispered, "Oh Dan. It's been too long. I can't wait to get you back home and take care of you."

Her soft body pressed to mine along with her breath bathing my ear woke up my sleeping prick. Mom felt it harden as it moved to an upright position, pressing against her lower stomach. "It looks like someone else misses our time in bed, too," she sexily spoke.

Moving close to her ear, I whispered, "I received some relief last night. Gram visited me and sucked down a large load of cum."

I felt her breasts heaving in and out as her arousal levels quickly escalated. She pulled me tighter, pressing my stiff prick hard against her. "That was nice of you. I told you she deserved a treat. Did you talk to her?"

"No, Mom. I pretended I was sleeping. She seemed to really enjoy secretly violating her unknowing grandson."

Mom moved us closer to our table, turning her back to Gram. She softly spoke, "Move your hand lower."

I brought my arm down from the back of her shoulder to the middle of her back.

"No, Silly. Your other one," she giggled.

My other hand was around her waist. Did she want me to grope her shapely tush in front of Grandma? My face was against the side of Mom's and the smell of her hair shampoo flooded my senses. My face was covered, but I could see Gram through the strands of hair. She was staring at us as I lowered my hand down to Mom's rear. I held it there while we moved back and forth, giving Gram a show.

When I knew Gram was looking, I gently squeezed Mom's firm cheeks several times. Gram gasped, witnessing her grandson groping his sexy mother. Mom's breathing was shallow and rapid. "Enough, Dear. Remember what I said about rewarding a girl with a romantic kiss when finished."

Mom pulled back, ending the dance. She wantonly looked at me as I leaned in and kissed her moist, full lips. Reluctantly finished, we walked the short distance back to our table.

Gram still had a look of shock at the taboo display she had witnessed. After gulping down the rest of her wine, Gram stuttered, "If you don't mind, Dan. I'd like to see for myself how well you dance."

Quickly getting up, I helped move her chair back and escorted her to the dance floor. Wrapping my arms around her, I held her tight. We danced cheek to cheek for several minutes before she broke the silence. "You two look like a couple in love when you dance. Your mom did a terrific job teaching you."

"Mom taught me to treat anyone I dance with like a special lady. It's easy to do when I'm with two beautiful women like you and Mom."

I trapped her ear lob with my lips, teasing her while we danced. She pulled me tighter, pressing my stiff prick into her soft upper stomach. I increased pressure on her back, pulling her thinly covered hard nipples into my chest. Dancing cheek to cheek like Mom and I had done, I moved closer to our table, allowing Mom to witness my actions.

Mom smiled wide as my right hand lowered down Gram's back. Mom nodded in approval as my hand moved down to rest on Gram's rump. It wasn't as full as Mom's but was still firm. Gram pulled tighter, squashing her braless breasts to the sides as she tried to get as much

contact as possible. Squeezing her firm cheek caused Gram's breathing to rapidly increase.

Hot air was gushing by my ear as she tried to catch her breath. Releasing her rear, I whispered, "Gram, Mom taught me to reward my partner with a kiss when a dance is concluded."

After I pulled back, she angled her face for the anticipated contact with her grandson. As my lips met hers, I pulled her tight, increasing the pressure. I stroked her back as I left my lips on hers. Opening my mouth I ran my tongue along her lips. She couldn't hold back her excitement and moaned.

Reluctantly pulling back, I saw her eyes filled with lust. I imagined her mind was quickly calculating how fast she could sneak out of her room tonight to play with her grandson's stiff prick.

After our meal, we drove around some additional housing developments before heading back home. After a light snack, Gram tried to speed up the night by taking her shower early. Mom and I were still on the couch when Gram came out wearing her same robe. She sat down, crossing her legs immediately and told my Mom to get going.

Gram's robe rode higher and I had trouble keeping my eyes on her face as we talked. She smiled at my discomfort, displaying her sexy wares. Hearing Mom's door shut, I heard Gram gasp as I looked up to see Mom saunter in. Wrapped in a sexy nightie, it was sheer enough to see her bra and panties beneath the light blue, silky material. The hem was six inches below her panties, revealing a lot of her luscious thighs.

Gram's smile changed to a smirk, witnessing her daughter upping the ante on her sexy display. "Nice nightie, Denise. A little skimpy to wear around your son though, don't you think?"

"Oh, it's not that revealing. I feel comfortable and sexy when I wear it."

After finishing my shower, I found no underwear on my robe. It appeared Mom wanted me to go commando tonight. Entering the living room, I took my spot by my scantily clad mother. I left my legs apart like Mom had orchestrated last night. Mom crossed her legs, resting her hand on my knee while moving the robe to the side.

She was already heating up the night. Gram could clearly see mom's thighs down to her thin panties. Gram recrossed her legs, squeezing tight. It was clear she was trying to satisfy an itch emanating from her aroused pussy.

As we watched TV, Mom's hand stroked up and down my leg, moving more of my robe to the side. She stopped several inches below my crotch. Gram's eyes were locked onto my bare legs. I'm sure she could see my uncovered cock under the remaining few inches of robe. Gram was heating up and her face looked like she was going to break out in a sweat.

Mom noticed and asked, "Are you okay, Mother? You look like you're overheating. Maybe we should call it quits. I'm pretty tired, anyway."

Taking her hint, I said, "Me too, Mom. Could I have a couple more pills? I'd like to fall asleep fast tonight."

Getting up from the couch, Mom marched to her room and quickly returned, handing me more fake pills. I threw them down the drain and drank a glass of water, pretending I swallowed them.

Mom hugged me goodnight, not lingering long. Gram's hug was shorter than last night. She was in a hurry for the night's festivities to begin. Soon after they were in their rooms, I threw off my robe and assumed my sleeping pose.

Hearing footsteps ten minutes later, I was surprised to hear Mom speak instead of Gram. She threw the sheet off and told me to follow her. After we were in her room and the door was closed, she pulled me close and french-kissed me, longing for some special attention from her son. Our hands explored each other as we intimately kissed.

Mom pulled her nightie off, revealing her nude body. I leaned down to suck on a nipple as her hand held my head tight. We didn't say anything, knowing Gram was in the adjacent room. What was going to happen when she'd venture out to feast on her Grandson, only to discover an empty couch?

My hand moved down Mom's smooth stomach, finding her wet slit buried in her mound of fur. She was ready to fuck. Did we have time? As if reading my mind, she pulled back and whispered, "Cowgirl. Now!"

A good son never disobeys his mother, especially when he's going to get fucked. Once on the bed, my manhood grew stiff, anticipating our joining. My hard pole pointed up from my prone body, ready for action. Mom went to the door and opened it a foot. From my position, I could see Gram's door. Did she want me to warn her if Gram appeared?

She crawled up and straddled me. Holding my shaft upright, she raised far enough to insert my engorged tip. Her head relaxed back as she let out a low moan. "Oh god, it's been too long since I've rode your fat cock."

She lowered a few inches and lifted back up, repeating the process until her walls opened up enough to welcome my hard invader. Her hands squeezed my ribs, using them as leverage to fuck herself on my stiff prick. Bottoming out, she stayed fully embedded, releasing another moan.

She fucked me hard and fast, lustfully glaring at me as her full tits bounced up and down.

Lowering her body to mine, she kissed me. Picking up her pace, I figured she wanted to finish before Gram came out of her room. Holding her ass, I thrust up hard on her downstroke. She yelped as a wave of pleasure flowed through her sensitive pussy. She stopped moving, fully embedded on my shaft. "Jesus, Dan. You almost set off an orgasm. It's too early for the show to end. Don't repeat until you see her in the doorway."

She started a slow fuck again. Burying her head on top of my shoulder, she covered my face with her scented hair. Realizing she wanted Gram to witness our fucking, I peered through Mom's strands, vigilantly looking for movement. Was this more competition? Was she showing her Mom she could capture my cum before Gram could? Or was she providing another voyeuristic thrill for her sex depraved mother?

Our position was perfect for viewing from the door. Mom's hungry pussy would be sexily displayed, sliding up and down my slick pole. The light on the end table was providing enough illumination for a good show. We only had to wait for an audience. I was wondering if Mom's scream scared Gram into staying in her room, when motion caught my attention. Her head peered in the door opening, seeking the source of the sounds of passion.

Her eyes locked on Mom's pussy, filled with incestuous cock. She opened the door wider for a better view. Confident we couldn't see her, she stepped in the room to closely observe our wanton act.

Signaling Mom, I thrust up hard, causing Mom to groan as her excitement level elevated. She increased her humping rate, raising up dangerously high. My prick threatened to escape her clasp canal. It was for Gram's benefit, demonstrating how much of her son's cock her hungry pussy could swallow.

Gram snaked her hand inside her robe, cupping her breast. Loud enough for only Mom to hear, I whispered, "She's fondling her tits."

Mom was quickly moving to an orgasm, panting and moaning. She yelled, "Oh, Dan. Your cock is so big and hard. Twist my nipples!"

Moving my hands to her sensitive tits, I teased her taut teats. Her groans increased as I saw Gram twisting her nipple under her robe. Her other hand was on her pussy. She was fingering herself, watching her daughter and grandson fucking.

My own orgasm was approaching as I whispered to Mom, "She's fingering herself and I'm ready to blow, Mom. It's time to show her our happy ending."

Mom whispered back, "Good. I'm coming, too. Let's give her a good show."

Moving my hands to her meaty cheeks, I pulled them apart while thrusting hard into her. My shaft expanded as my balls were preparing to eject their load.

Mom screamed, "Oh fuck, I'm coming on my son's huge cock!"

As my sticky sperm flooded her hungry pussy, Mom's snatch snapped tight. She let out a yelp with each of her contractions, flooding my pole with cum. Her slick fluids enabled me to slam in faster and harder as my balls emptied the rest of my potent baby batter. My prick was frothy white from our mixed juices and must have been quite a show for Gram. After her contractions ceased, Mom pulled off, trapping our fluids in her juicy pussy.

She rolled off and when my face was uncovered, I looked at the doorway to discover Gram had already left. Once the show was over, she had escaped, fearing she would get caught. Once our breathing returned to normal, Mom ran her hand over my chest, teasing my nipples.

Leaning over, she passionately kissed me. She was on fire, sex-crazed from copulating with her son in front of her mother. Crawling on top of me, she brought her luscious tits to my hungry mouth.

Latching onto her nearest nipple, I sucked her tit as I stroked her sensuous body. Her breasts expanded and collapsed as she breathed hard. Damn, she was still horny, already trying to bring my cock back to life after draining me minutes ago. As if reading my mind, she lifted up, pulling her nipple out of my sucking mouth. Her eyes were filled with lust as she kissed me. Her forest of pussy hair was on top of my semi-hard prick as she ground her pelvis into mine.

Kissing her way down my body, she stopped at my staff. She licked up and down the sides as if slurping an ice cream cone. Her efforts paid off as I came alive again. Cupping my balls, she trapped my head in her mouth, successfully coaxing my staff to fill with blood. She moved her mouth down my length and back up again several times, ensuring I would remain stiff.

"Wow, Mom. Do you want to give Gram another show or what? I can't believe how horny you are tonight."

Mom pulled her mouth off my prick, allowing it to plop against my stomach. Standing up, she held out her hands to pull me up. She hugged me tight. "The show hasn't started yet. My mother has been neglected far too long. She needs a good fuck and there's only one man here tonight."

Wrapping her hands around my cock, she led me out of her room and stopped outside Gram's door. She put her finger up to her lips to silence me. She quietly opened the door wide enough for us to look in.

Gram was nude and spreadeagled on her bed. Her head was thrown back as she moaned. One hand was teasing a stiff nipple while the other was moving a vibrator around her soaked pussy. This was the first time I had seen Gram nude and my spear lurched at the sight. Her smooth white thighs led up to an untamed, hairy bush. I don't think she's ever shaved.

Some strands of gray hair were dispersed through her full, brown bush. Her slick pussy was open and engorged as she expertly moved her vibrator around her sensitive lips. Her waist was thinner than Mom's and although her tits were smaller, they looked large on her small frame. Her nipples were the same dark brown color as Mom's and fully engorged with blood.

Mom turned to me, pushed on my chest and silently told me stay out of the room. Admiring Mom's backside as she made her way to Gram, I reached down and gave my stiff prick a couple of quick strokes. Mom leaned over and held Gram's tit and tweaked her nipple. Gram's eyes opened to see Mom smiling down at her.

Gram seemed unable to say anything as Mom broke the silence. "I'm sorry you had to see our coupling, Mom. As you said earlier, it's hard to be without a man. And you saw his cock. It's magnificent."

"Oh yes. Much larger than your dad's. I don't really blame you. In fact, I should tell you I had him in my mouth last night sucking out as much cum as I could." Gram's hands didn't stop through their conversation. She was too far into pleasing herself to discontinue now.

Mom leaned down and sucked Gram's nipple, pulling it up with her lips. Gram screamed out as her daughter sucked her tit. Mom released her mother's breast and asked, "What did you think of his cum? Tasty, wasn't it?"

"Oh god, yes. It was delicious. It's been too long since I sucked a cock. I came two times last night after I left him."

Mom crawled on the bed and straddled Gram, resting on her stomach. A stream of cum dripped out of her filled pussy. Mom scooped it up with her finger and brought it to Gram's lips. "Would you like to taste some more of it, Mom? You'll have to suck it out of me."

Gram's eyes filled with lust as she nodded. Mom turned around and backed up toward Gram's face. When she was close, Gram used both hands to grab her hips, guiding Mom's leaking pussy to her hungry mouth. Mom's moans were louder than the slurping noises coming

from Gram eating her daughter. Mom reached down and squeezed Gram's breasts, enjoying the thorough sucking from her mother.

She looked up at me and nodded, summoning me over to her. Hastily stepping to Mom, she grabbed my rod, sliding her mouth down my hard shaft. Gram had no idea I was in the room as Mom sucked my prick back to full hardness. Satisfied I was ready, she pulled off and put her hands on Gram's thighs, holding them to the sides, opening up Gram's horny, hairy hole.

Not requiring any more encouragement, I carefully crawled up between Gram's open legs. Running my fingers through her soft mound of fur, I gently pulled out her vibrator. Her outer lips were filled with blood and slick with her juices. Moving up closer, I stopped when my bloated head was within an inch of Gram's juicy pussy.

Mom was having trouble breathing as Gram snaked her tongue in as far as she could to capture my deposited sperm. "Go for it, Mom. Suck my son's sperm out of my hole. Do you know what's more enjoyable than eating his cum?"

Pausing for several seconds, she continued, "Having his fat cock shoved up your tight pussy is much better."

Running my engorged tip up and down Gram's fat lips caused her hips to hump up and and down. I thrust until I was barely inside her outer lips. She was tighter than Mom. Although it was unrelentingly snug, it was also slippery from her vibrator teasing.

As my helmeted head mercilessly plowed into her sensitive hole, I heard a loud muffled scream from Gram as she felt my engorged prick descending into her long unused channel. Slowly, I surged into her aching pussy, spreading her walls further apart than they'd ever been.

Gram groaned in pleasure as she slurped out my cum at the same time as I split open her fiery snatch. When I was halfway in, I pulled back out to the opening and rapidly thrust back to the same point. I continued to fuck the front half of her unused cave until she loosened up enough to allow deeper access.

Sensing her pussy was ready, I slammed my hard prick to the bottom of her tight crevice. She screamed into Mom's gash, experiencing pleasure she never received from her vibrator. I pumped in and out of her at a rapid pace. Mom pulled my mouth to hers.

We french-kissed while I fucked her mother. Mom was nearing an orgasm, but I was far from it. I reached up and twisted her nipples. She flooded Gram's mouth with her cum, washing out any remnants of my sperm. Gram continued to lap up Mom's juices.

Mom leaned to my ear and whispered, "Treat her like you would me."

Pulling her satisfied pussy off Gram's mouth, Mom fell to the bed to watch her son fuck her mother.

With Mom out of the way, I lowered down to meld with Gram's love starved, sweaty body. Her eyes radiated sexual lust as our lips met. Our tongues fought as we explored each other's mouths. She wrapped her arms around me, pulling me tight as I pummeled her pussy. Running my hands between our bodies, I squeezed and played with her mounds of tit flesh. Gram gasped for air as I twisted her nipples. She released my mouth in order to breathe.

She screamed, "Oh Jesus, Dan. I've never been fucked so hard. I love your huge cock. Fuck me hard, you motherfucker!"

"Your pussy is turning me on so much. So snug and slick. You are a sexy woman. I'm ready to come."

Reaching down, I ran my hand down her thigh while pumping in and out of her snatch. I reached under her knee and pulled. She knew what I wanted and wrapped her legs around my waist, lifting herself off the bed. This enabled me to fuck her deeper and harder. She alternated between screaming and groaning as her pulsing pussy was being torn apart by my stiff prick. Holding her tight, I kissed her while she groaned with pleasure.

My excited shaft grew even larger, making it harder to penetrate her tight glove. Like Mom, her eyes widened as my bloated helmet scraped her sensitive walls. Her fingernails dug into my back as her pussy contracted. On her second contraction, my cock erupted, coating her cavern with cum. Her next contraction was even stronger as she climaxed on her grandson's prick. Tears streamed from her lust-filled eyes, experiencing her long awaited incestuous orgasm.

Staying fully embedded in her soaked pussy, I moved her hair away from her face and kissed her as I would my mother after our own incestuous coupling. Rolling off her, she immediately snuggled up to me, caressing my chest while pressing her soft breasts into my side.

Pulling Mom close to me, I enveloped myself with warm, familial flesh. Both women draped a leg over me while caressing my worn out body.

Gram softly said, "I've never experienced such a fantastic fuck . If you lived closer, I'd throw my damn vibrator away for good. Can you two stay longer?"

Mom replied, "We have to go back home tomorrow, Mom, but we'll be back soon. Why do you think I wanted to look at the neighborhoods up here? We're moving here. You'll be helping me satisfy my horny son from now on."

I smiled wide as Mom revealed her answer to me. We were starting a new life. Elevating our relationship more than mother and son, we would be able to publicly display our love. Pulling my head to hers, she kissed me as her eyes confirmed our new, deeper relationship.

Mom pulled a sheet up to cover the three of us. Sleep came easy as their soft bodies snuggled up close, keeping me secure and warm.

I woke up for the first time in my life with a woman beside me. Hearing the shower running answered my question as to why Gram wasn't in

bed. Mom didn't stir, her breasts causing the sheet to slowly heave up and down.

Reaching under the sheet, I caressed her soft stomach as she soundly slept. Caressing her ribs, my exploring hand traveled up her torso, resting on her soft breast. Squeezing and cupping her mound of flesh caused her to awaken out of her deep sleep. Opening her eyes, she stayed silent while I explored her sexy body.

The water stopped running and soon after I heard the shower door open and close. I wondered if Gram had any trepidation regarding last night's sexual liaison. My attention was brought back to Mom as she moaned from my gentle caressing.

"Good morning. Sleep okay?" Mom asked.

"Like a log. Guess I'm a cured man now, not needing any sleeping pills." Mom laughed and leaned over to kiss me. In a more serious tone, I said, "Mom, you made me so happy when you told Gram we're moving and starting a new life. Thanks for answering my proposal from the other night. You won't be disappointed."

"It wasn't too hard of a decision. I was thinking the same thing when you brought it up. It'll be fun having a fresh start. Promise me one thing. If you find a girl you want to be with, tell me. Complete honesty and trust is the most important thing between us."

"Of course, Mom."

Gram emerged from the bathroom with a small towel wrapped around her petite body, barely covering her full bush. As she neared the bed, she dropped her towel and slid in under the sheet. Evidently, she had no regrets about fucking her daughter's son.

"Good morning, my handsome stud," Gram said as she pulled the sheet down and kicked it off the bed. Reaching to her nightstand, she pulled out a bottle of lotion and squirted a glob in her hand. Noticing me staring at her as she rubbed her arms with the lotion, she explained, "This is how we girls keep our skin smooth and soft. You have to apply lotion right after a shower."

Mom rose up and headed to the bathroom to take her turn. Before she stepped into the shower, she yelled, "The least you could do for my mother is help her apply her lotion."

Quickly getting up, I grabbed the bottle of lotion from my smiling Gram. Setting it on the night table, I moved to the foot of the bed and grabbed her ankles, pulling her to me. Her perky tits barely flattened as her back hit the bed. As I walked over to the table to retrieve the lotion, Gram reached over and stroked my hairy leg.

Gram whispered, "Such a good son, dutifully obeying his mother."

"In all honesty, Gram. I was going to do this without being told. I can't wait to feel your sexy legs."

Squirting lotion in my palm, I moved to the end of the bed and picked up her left foot. She hummed as I gently rubbed in the soothing cream. Carefully massaging each of her toes, I moved to her sole. As I caressed her foot, she stiffened her leg, enjoying the attention. My eyes traveled up her smooth leg to her bushy mound. The sight of her sexy body was having an effect on me, my prick filling with blood.

When I finished her foot, I rested it on my groin, snuggling it against my stiff cock. Proceeding with her other foot, I rubbed in more lotion. She moved her freed foot back and forth against my manhood, plying for as much contact as possible. Her hands squeezed her breasts as she moaned through the massage.

Finished with her feet, I placed them on both sides of my stiff shaft. Stroking up and down her smooth lower legs, I applied more lotion. Trapping my prick between her feet, she massaged my cock. Holding one leg up to ensure I covered the entire area, I moved her leg to the side exposing her wet slit. She was already leaking precum from the sensuous massage.

Finished with her lower legs, I moved up to her thighs. Moving my head close to her succulent flesh, I inhaled her clean scent. Her legs shook as I licked up her thigh. The side of my head pressed against her furry mound as my mouth neared her groin. She moaned as I sucked in a hunk of her thigh, squeezing it between my lips.

Pulling back, I filled my palm with more lotion for her thighs. She pulled her feet up raising her upper legs to an upright position. Running my hands up and down her smooth thighs, I rubbed in the

creamy lotion. Gram's moaning was the only sound now as Mom had finished her shower. Moving up closer to her hairy bush, I spread her legs allowing better access to her eager pussy.

Gram's excitement was evident from the intimate attention I was giving her. A waft of pussy scent hit me as I neared her hungry gash. I ran my hand through her thick forest of hair, pulling up her mound. Spreading her engorged lips apart, exposing her hole, I leaned down to blow hot air up and down her slick slot.

Gram gasped for air as I teased her sensitive muff. She writhed as I licked up and down each lip. After a dozen swipes through her slick gash, I went to the top and found her flap of skin. I ran my tongue back and forth on it resulting in an increase in Gram's panting. Searching and finding her sensitive nub of flesh, I mauled it with my rough tongue.

Hearing Mom enter the room, I briefly glanced up to see my beautiful, nude mother approvingly smiling at my performance.

A whiff of fresh sex juice hit me as Gram's pussy leaked precum. Pressing my face into her hairy snatch, I began licking and sucking her quim. Moving my hands under her backside, I lifted her up for better access and stuck my tongue deep into her hole. Her thighs pressed tight against the sides of my head, ensuring I wouldn't escape.

Overcome with pleasure, Gram screamed, "Damn, Denise. You trained him good. He really knows how to eat pussy. I'm close to coming already."

Intensifying my attack on her horny slot, I fucked her sensitive spots with my hard tongue. She arched her back and her body shook as she experienced an oral orgasm for the first time in decades.

"Oh god, that's good. I'm coming on my grandson's tongue," Gram screamed as her cock-starved pussy contracted, releasing cum. As her body shook from her climax, I rose and gripped her behind her upright knees. Gently pushing her knees to the sides of her chest, I moved up and rammed my hard prick deep into her contracting snatch.

She screamed in delight from having her pussy filled as she was still coming from my mouth fuck. Her slippery slot was steamy and tight. Lubricated from her cum, my engorged head had no trouble separating the soft folds of her pussy. Bottoming out, I pulled back and pounded her again. I fucked her deep and hard for several minutes while she attempted to catch her breath.

Gram was unable to talk as she groaned and gasped for air. Her hips humped to meet my thrusts, trying to get as much cock in her as possible. Her back arched again as her body was racing toward a major orgasm. My own climax wasn't close until I felt a hand squeeze my balls. Mom must have noticed Gram ready to come and decided to help out.

Increasing my pace quickly elevated our excitement levels. Gram's body shook as her orgasm overwhelmed her body. Blood surged into my invading spear causing more friction on her slick pussy walls. Mom milked my balls, encouraging them to dump their contents into Gram.

As my virile sperm sprayed her insides, Gram's pussy climaxed and squeezed my prick. Shoving in deep, my bloated head plowed into her convulsing gash, coating her walls with my remaining load of sticky cum.

Gram let out another loud scream as her pussy contracted in response to hot cum bathing her hungry cavern. Sloshing sounds emanated from her soaked snatch as we finished our incestuous coupling. After we were both spent, I pulled out and plopped back down on the bed.

Gram lowered her legs, breathing deeply as she recovered. Mom leaned over and cleaned my cock with her hungry mouth. Content I was clean, she lay down beside me, opposite Gram. Mother and daughter massaged and caressed my sweaty body.

Recovering enough to speak, Gram said, "Okay, that was the best fuck I've ever had. I can't believe I came that fast and hard after I came on your tongue. It was like one long orgasm, going higher and higher."

"He was a fast learner. He did the same thing to me. Longest orgasm I've had," Mom proudly said.

We discussed plans for our return trip to look for houses in a week. Gram insisted we stay with her while we searched. Staying silent, I contently listened to the mother-daughter conversation. It wasn't long before I started to drift off. Minutes later, Mom poked my ribs to wake me. She wanted me to take a shower as we had to start the drive home.

Reluctantly, I left my sexy relatives and went in for my shower while Mom and Gram were still talking non-stop. The hot water felt good as I washed off the sweat and cum from our lustful lovemaking. Soaping up my prick, my mind flashed back to the intense sex with Mom and Gram. Blood was already filling my cock as I finished my shower and stepped out to dry off.

Moans of pleasure greeted me as I entered the bedroom. Gram was further up on the bed and her knees were up in the air. Mom was kneeling down at the end of the bed with her face buried in Gram's pussy. Her head was trapped between her mother's thighs in an attempt to suck out my deposited cum.

Noticing me walk in, Gram smiled and lustfully looked at my hardening cock. Motioning for me to get closer to her, I kneeled on the bed and as soon as I was near her, she reached out and pulled my manhood to her mouth. She sucked up and down several times before releasing me. "Your mom craves your cum and couldn't wait to suck it out of me. And she eats pussy as well as you do."

I'm not even sure Mom could hear us as Gram's thighs were pressed tight against Mom's head. Gram shrieked when Mom hit a sensitive spot. "Damn, she's going to make me come again. On your next visit I want to feast on your prick and demonstrate my skills at sucking cock. Do me a favor and take care of your mother now. She deserves a reward for bringing me so much pleasure."

No further encouragement was necessary and I quickly moved behind Mom. Her ass was resting on Gram's legs as she slurped her mother's pussy. Running my hands up and down her back, I caressed her as she enjoyed her intimate connection with her mother.

Her ass slowly rose as she spread her legs, displaying her wet slit. Unable to resist her sexy thighs, I stroked her succulent flesh. Running my hand through her mound, I grabbed her patch of fur and lightly pulled it. Mom groaned as she knew her son was playing with her hairy pussy and his meaty, battering ram would soon be plowing into her horny cave.

The only sounds in the room were from Mom's mouth and tongue exploring Gram's cum-filled pussy. Sticking two fingers deep into Mom's pink slot, I explored her gasping gash. Lubricated from oozing precum, my slippery digits easily slid in and out.

Removing my hand, I smeared her cum on the bloated head of my anxious prick. She yelped as I lodged my engorged tip in her leaking pussy. Her hips were moving to and fro, anticipating her son's cock. She was deliriously horny from eating her Mom and I knew she wasn't going to stand for a slow fuck.

Gripping her hips, I quickly thrust to the bottom of her tight snatch. Her lungs expelled their capacity into Gram's body. Mom fought for her breath as I fucked her hard and fast. Moving her hands up to Gram's breasts, she held on to keep from being launched forward from my brutal ramming. She twisted Gram's nipples as her lips clamped down on her mom's sensitive clit. Her mother screamed and her body shook as she experienced an orgasm from her daughter's oral assault.

Mom's walls shivered and massaged my prick as I pumped in and out of her at a frantic pace. She moved her face from her mother's pussy, resting her head on Gram's soft stomach. Recovering enough from the initial shock of my powerful thrusts, Mom began pushing her hips back to meet my thrusts. Sawing in and out of her slippery snatch, I made certain I scraped my hard shaft across her covered clit.

Moving my hands up to hold her rib cage, I pulled her back. Each thrust increased the depth of my strokes. Any deeper would result in a collision with the back of her hungry cavern. Relentlessly pounding her soft pussy for ten minutes, we enjoyed the forbidden incestuous act being committed in the presence of her mother.

"Damn, Mom. You're really hot. Your pussy is squeezing my prick like a vice. I'm going to come again." Looking over Mom's back, I saw Gram smiling as she witnessed her voluptuous daughter getting fucked by her grandson.

Mom's groaning and panting prevented her from speaking, but Gram could. "Fuck her good, Danny. My daughter deserves all the love you can give her. Make her squeal like you did me."

She lifted her hands and acted like she was twisting knobs. A mother knows best as my fingers found and locked onto Mom's stiff, sensitive nipples. Screaming into Gram's belly, her back arched as her hole clamped tight. My buried bone followed suit, expanding and shooting out any fresh cum generated in the last hour. I rammed in deep as my

cock bulged on each contraction. Her mound continued to convulse with her own orgasms as I finished.

She relaxed from her intense climax, allowing my semi-hard prick to easily slide in and out. I slowly fucked her saturated pussy, relishing the incestuous fuck. Too soon for my pleasure, my shaft softened and fell out. Mom and I fell to the bed, exhausted from our taboo coupling.

After relaxing, we headed to the kitchen to eat some breakfast. Mom went to her room to pack while I helped Gram clean the kitchen.

We said our goodbyes and began the long drive home. Discussing the house we were going to purchase and how we'd decorate it occupied the majority of our time. Arriving home at dinner hour, we ate and retired to the living room. We quickly ended up in our bedroom, making love until we passed out from exhaustion.

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Waking up to the smell of breakfast, I realized Mom had beat me out of bed again. We ate and as Mom was cleaning up the table she told me to get dressed because someone was coming over.

A few minutes after ten, Mom met a lady at the door and led her into the living room. They began discussing the sale of our house. Mom was already implementing our plan. The real estate lady was explaining to Mom how it would sell better if we removed some of the clutter before showing.

Mom told her it wouldn't be a problem because we were moving upstate and we'd live with her Mom until we purchased a home. She informed the listing agent a few items would remain to show the house but everything else would be moved out. They worked out the remaining details, and Mom signed the necessary paperwork to put the house on the market.

After she left, Mom told me we were going out to a nice restaurant to celebrate. During lunch, she laid out her plans for moving out in the next few days. She already had a moving company picked out to relocate our belongings to a storage facility near Gram's house. If nothing else, Mom was efficient.

Once we finished lunch, Mom drove us to the mall. Once inside, she said, "I'm going to pick up some thigh high stockings. What colors do you think would look good?"

"Mom, your bare legs are gorgeous. You don't really need to wear anything. But if you do, I don't really have a color preference."

"I'll get two sets which are different colors and try them both. Meet me at the store front in ten minutes. It won't take long," Mom said as she briskly walked to the store. Leisurely strolling through the mall, I made it to our agreed rendezvous as Mom emerged carrying a shopping bag.

We drove back home where Mom wasted no time in escorting me to each room asking my advice on what items we should pack up for the

moving company. More than an hour passed when Mom glanced at the clock and told me to take my shower. She insisted I use my old bathroom in case she wanted to jump in the master.

I retrieved my robe and underwear and was on the way to my old room when Mom approached me. Grabbing my underwear, she smiled and said I wouldn't be wearing those tonight.

The hot water felt great and I spent longer than normal before shutting off the faucet. It didn't take long to dry off and throw on my robe. My prick was already hardening, fantasizing what Mom had in mind for tonight.

Walking out of my old room, I heard Mom talking to someone. I wondered if I should go back in and put on some clothes, when Mom yelled, "Dan, come out here. We have company."

"Hi Dan," my aunt said as I walked in. She rose up and held out her hands for a hug. She didn't pull me close, probably since I was wearing a robe and she didn't want to embarrass me. My prick hardened as visions of my nude aunt getting fucked by Dad flashed through my mind.

Aunt Diana looked uncomfortable and worried. I wonder if Dad had disclosed to her that Mom knew about their affair. Once we sat down, Mom explained, "I asked my sister to come here tonight to help me out. I'll soon be single again and I'd like to update my wardrobe since I've been out of the loop. Diana is still dating and I trust her judgment on how to attract men. Will you help me, Sis?"

My aunt looked relieved when Mom didn't mention her affair. Realizing her secret was safe, she immediately replied, "Of course Denise. You're not going to have any trouble attracting men, though. You're still gorgeous."

"Thanks, Sis. I'm lacking confidence mostly. I bought several new outfits I'd like to try on and see if they're current."

Not knowing exactly how I fit in, I said, "Mom, I can go to my study while you two discuss your wardrobe."

Mom replied, "Not so fast, Mister. You're old enough now to appreciate women's attire. You can tell me if my clothes look okay for dating. In fact, to compare different styles, Diana and I will wear different outfits. You will be the judge, picking the more appealing as the winner."

Diana looked surprised and I could tell she had no idea this is what Mom had planned for her. She didn't say anything, probably still relieved she had narrowly avoided an uncomfortable situation with her older sister.

Mom told me to stay put as she led Diana down the hall to get dressed. I wondered how long it had been since they'd seen each other nude. Maybe sisters weren't shy around each other like men.

Ten minutes later, they strolled out. Diana was cloaked in a sundress while Mom was dressed in a skirt and blouse combination. More of

Mom's legs were showing as she was taller than my aunt. Mom spun around, showing the sides and back of the outfit. When she was done, she told Diana to do the same so I could judge.

Having seen both women nude, it was hard not visualizing them naked instead of seeing which outfit looked best. Mom's pleated skirt made her legs look sexier though, swaying my decision as I announced she was the winner.

Mom smiled and said, "This skirt shows more leg than her dress. Maybe it's good if I want to attract a leg man. We need a better comparison. Come on, Diana We're going to switch to both of us wearing skirts."

Another ten minutes and they returned. Mom was wearing the same outfit while Diana had on a similar skirt, but her blouse was thinner and her silky blue bra was visible underneath. The other difference was they were both wearing thigh-high stockings, obviously from Mom's latest purchase.

Mom's were black while Diana's matched her blue bra. I thought Mom's legs looked fine bare, but the stockings did enhance their beauty. They modeled again and asked me which outfit won. Giving no reason, I picked Diana in the sexy, thin blouse.

Mom hesitated as if she were trying to figure out why I picked Diana when she said, "Maybe the stockings swayed your opinion. Let's try it without them. Come here, Dan. Help me."

Not sure how I was supposed to assist, she held her skirt against her leg. "Go ahead, take them off." Kneeling down, I reached out to hold Mom's leg. Diana's eyes were locked onto my hands as they traveled up Mom's leg.

Diana breathed in deep, observing my hands disappear under Mom's skirt. Several inches above her hemline, I found the top of her stocking. It was too far below her crotch for me to sneak a feel of her furry treasure. Grabbing the top, I pulled it down and off her foot. After repeating the process to remove the other one, she looked at Diana's legs and said, "Be a nice nephew and do the same for your aunt."

She looked shocked at Mom's suggestion but didn't object. Mom's leverage was still working it's magic. Diana's skirt ended at her knees, prompting me to start there. Running my hands up her thigh, I explored her firm, thinly covered thigh as I searched for the top of her stocking. The thigh-highs were sized for my longer legged Mom, resulting in riding much higher on her sister.

Mom knew that when she bought them. She was some kind of master seductress. First her mom and now her sister. Thinking back to Dad's plan, I suspected Mom had orchestrated our original seduction. My attention was drawn back to Diana's leg when I discovered the top of her stocking. Wrapping my hands around her thigh to pull it down, the side of my hand hit the leg band of her silky panties.

Diana quickly inhaled as my fingers wrapped around her bare, firm thigh, dangerously close to her pussy. I slowly pulled her stocking

down ensuring my exploring hands were in full contact with her luscious leg. After it was removed, I searched up her other leg. Knowing where the top would be, I moved up faster when I was near her groin. Going too high, my hand on the inside of her thigh collided into her panty-clad, shaved gash.

My hand came away moist after coming into contact with her puffy, steaming snatch. Moving back down to her stocking top, I stammered, "Sorry Diana, guess I misjudged."

Looking up, I saw her blushing but quiet. I took my time rolling her stocking down, keeping as much contact as I could with her leg flesh before finishing.

Standing back up, I scanned both women as if I was judging them again. Remembering the moment my hand hit my aunt's covered pussy definitely had an effect on my decision. I announced Diana as the winner. Mom wasn't upset and said she was glad the stockings didn't matter.

Mom continued, "Okay, enough for showing my dating attire. The next help I need is when we proceed to the next step in a relationship. I'm not sure what nightie looks the best on me. Follow me, Diana. We have more modeling to do."

Diana didn't hesitate, unsuccessfully masking her joy as she sexily smiled. She was enjoying Mom's fake pageant, relieved that her illicit affair appeared to be safe. Settling myself into a chair, I nervously anticipated the arrival of the two sexy ladies cloaked in skimpy

negligees. Shifting my cock so it could comfortably expand was the final step before they emerged.

Mom appeared first, clad in a blue nightie with a hemline less than six inches below her crotch. Diana's was black and since it was Mom's size the hemline was lower showing less thigh. Neither garment was see-through but were pulled tight against their chests. My aunt's bra pushed out a little farther than Mom's. Recalling the sex video, I remembered she had larger tits.

They modeled again and I picked Mom's nightie. Mom smiled wide and said, "Is it the color or because more of my thigh is exposed?"

Unknowing what she wanted me to say, I hesitated and started to speak, but Mom interrupted me. "We should find a shorter nightie for Diana in order to have the same amount of leg showing." Maneuvering behind my aunt, she reached down to grab her sister's hemline. Slowly lifting it, she exposed more of my aunt's firm thighs until her panties were barely hidden. "Something like this would probably work, don't you think?"

Nodding in approval, my eyes were locked on Diana's sexy thighs. Mom dropped the nightie and took my aunt's hand to lead her back for another change.

They paraded back out with the same amount of leg showing this time, both wearing see-through nighties. Mom's silky black fabric was tighter as her bra-encased tits pushed out the material. Her light blue bra and panties were visible beneath the thin material.

My aunt was adorned in a pink nightie. It buttoned down in front and I noticed her top two buttons were undone. Her larger breasts wouldn't allow the top buttons to be fastened, exposing the insides of her meaty globes pushing above her silky black bra.

Thankful I was sitting down, my prick was getting painfully hard watching these two sexy women model. Mom noticed my eyes were locked onto Diana's sexy display.

"This still isn't fair. I'll be right back," Mom said as she went back to the bedroom. This gave me time to leer at my blushing aunt. She had no clue I was mentally reviewing the sex scenes of her and Dad.

Minutes later, Mom returned. She had removed her bra allowing her stiff nipples to poke out the thin material. Diana and I ogled Mom's sexy display. Breaking the silence, Mom said, "Come feel the material, Dan. My nightie is silk and should be slicker than the one Diana is wearing."

Taking care to keep my robe closed, I moved to Mom and clutched a section of material below her breasts. Running the silky material between my fingers, I croaked, "Very smooth."

Mom held my hand and pressed it against her skin. Caressing her soft stomach with our joined hands, she muttered, "See how it moves on my skin? It's soothing, isn't it?"

Fondling Mom in front of my aunt increased the sexual tension in the room, elevating everyone's breathing rate. Leaning down to nestle my nose between her covered breasts, I inhaled her intoxicating scent. "The material doesn't smell bad, either. Sweet and appealing."

Diana's eyes widened as she witnessed my inappropriate interaction with my mother. Mom put her hand behind my head to pull me tight as my hands roamed up closer to her breasts. Wondering if I should cup Mom's soft globes, I decided to stop a few inches below them, savoring our bonding moment. Mom broke the silence as she looked over at Diana and said, "It really is an unfair comparison since one of us is wearing a bra."

Diana took her eyes off our lurid display and without saying anything quickly pranced back to the bedroom. As I stared at the backs of my aunt's sexy legs, I cupped and squeezed Mom's breasts.

Mom sighed, "This is what you should be doing to your horny aunt."

"She doesn't seem to be resisting much. I'd sure like to hold those beauties."

Mom smiled and lightly kissed me. "Honey, she's been leaking from the moment you bumped her horny pussy. She's getting off showing her sexy body to her nephew, especially in front of her sister. Did you see the way she ran back to our room? She can't wait to proudly expose her bare tits to you. You could have fucked her before our nightie show. I've been having fun teasing, but soon enough you'll both have what you want - each other."

Mom undid my robe belt and reached in to firmly grasp my hard cock. "And if she feigns modesty, give her something to occupy her hands." Emphasizing her meaning, she stroked my shaft several times.

Hearing my aunt closing the door, Mom pulled my robe closed. Withdrawing back, I focused my attention on my aunt's big tits bobbing as she strode out to join us. The material was tightly pressed against her full mounds and the dark edges of her areolas were peeking out. Mom saw my eyes lustfully leering at her sister's tits. When Diana stopped to present her sexy wares, Mom uttered, "I have one more thing to do."

On her way to our room, she yelled, "Dan, see if you can tell the difference in the material my sister is wearing."

My aunt's sexy nightie heaved up and down as her breathing accelerated, anticipating the same treatment as Mom received. Approaching close enough to inhale her perfumed scent, I reached out to fondle my aunt's horny body. Running my hands along the edge of the soft material, her panting grew in intensity as her body fidgeted. My fingertips scraped across her exposed skin as I drew closer to her covered mounds of tit flesh.

I whispered, "This fabric is fine, but your skin is much more appealing, firm and smooth. You're really sexy."

Moving my hand under her nightie, I slowly felt my way up her trembling body. As I started to cup her breast, she moved her hand up, stopping my progress and scolded, "Your mother will be right back."

Moving closer, she didn't see my other hand part my robe, freeing my prick. Walking into her, my hard pole pushed into her soft stomach. Her breasts heaved as she gasped for air. One hand went down to firmly wrap around my shaft. Her other hand enclosed my bloated head and held on tight as if fearing it would escape.

As her hands explored my exposed cock, my hand was free to squeeze and caress her bare tit. She moaned as I played with her meaty globe.

I whispered, "God, your tits are perfect. Firm and sexy."

"And you're really hard and big. My nephew has grown into a real hunk."

When she saw me leaning in for a kiss, she met my mouth, licking my lips with her moist tongue. We kissed passionately as we groped each other's bodies. Less than a minute went by when we heard Mom yell, "Danny, can you come here and help me."

Reluctantly I pulled back to see my aunt's lust-filled eyes turn to disappointment due to her sister's interruption. She released my cock and I closed my robe to go see what Mom wanted.

As soon as I entered our bedroom, Mom kissed me while taking my robe off my shoulders and tossing it to the floor.

"It's time," is all she said as pushed me back on the bed. She spread my legs out and crawled up on my chest, straddling me. She turned around to face my feet and the open door. Leaning down, she lowered her hungry mouth down my pole. She groaned loud enough for Diana to hear in the other room. Slowly moving up and down, she put very little pressure on my sensitive dick wanting to save it for her younger sister.

Half a dozen strokes later, we heard Diana scream, "Denise, your own son! Good god, Sister. What are you doing?"

Unable to see her expression, her voice gave away her fake concern. She was playing along with Mom's game. Pulling her mouth off my prick, Mom held it at the base and pointed it toward my aunt. She uttered, "Guess I won, because I ended up with the prize. Come take a closer look, Sis."

The bed shook as my aunt crawled up between my legs. Diana leaned down, drawn to my slick shaft like a moth to light. Mom reached up and directed my aunt's mouth down on my upright member. She stopped after the head popped past her lips, washing the tip with her tongue. Mom released my shaft knowing my aunt was in full control now.

Mom moved off me and stood at the side of the bed watching my aunt feast on my cock. My aunt was moaning as she sucked the top of my hard shaft. Her lust filled eyes locked on mine as she worshiped her new toy. Recalling that she took all of Dad's manhood in her mouth, I

felt retribution in knowing she could only take in several inches of my larger prick.

Mom's face beamed as she moved behind Diana. Her hands reached up to my aunt's shoulders, pulling off the straps of her nightie. Sliding it down her body, she completely removed it off her sister, tossing it to the side. Her hands traveled up and squeezed my aunt's fat melons, resulting in an intensified humming on my spear.

"My poor sister. Look at your soaked panties. These have to go in the laundry." Removing Diana's wet underwear, she flung them on the discarded nightie. My aunt's body shivered as Mom played with her sister's aroused pussy.

"You're horny aren't you, little Sister? Let me help you out," Mom murmured as she jammed three fingers deep into Diana's snatch. My aunt slowed down her sucking, attempting to catch her breath from having her pussy pummeled.

Pulling off my cock, she pressed her face into my stomach, rapidly breathing and groaning. Unable to see what Mom was doing, I could hear her madly finger fucking her sister.

"Crawl up and kiss my son. You owe him that much for causing him to be uncomfortably stiff through our modeling session tonight," Mom ordered. Diana complied, stopping every inch or two to suck in my hard flesh. She was relishing my toned physique, unlike she did to my Dad's out-of-shape body.

Mom kept fucking her sister as she shoved my aunt's body farther up my sweaty torso. When Diana neared my waiting mouth, I pulled her tight. Her hard tongue snaked its way into my mouth as we passionately kissed.

My groping hands cupped and squeezed her large, spongy breasts. Her moaning increased as Mom teased her clit, simultaneously pumping her fingers in and out of her aroused snatch.

Mom pulled her hand out of my aunt's juicy pussy and gripped her ass. Pulling her up, she positioned my aunt's excited box above my hard, eager prick and then nestled my fat cockhead at the entrance of her dripping hole. Remembering what Mom said about fucking smaller women and even mentioning Diana when she warned me, I figured it'd take some time to fully insert my stiff rod.

Evidently, Mom had a different action plan as she rapidly pulled her sister's pelvis down on my sharp spear. Her slick cavern was glove tight as it traveled down my pole. As hot, thick fluid coated my buried shaft, I feared that I had ripped her apart and it was blood flowing down my pole. My concerns were quickly put aside when I felt her impaled pussy contracting on my slippery spear as she experienced her sudden orgasm.

My aunt screamed in ecstasy as her tight pussy was suddenly filled with my steel-hard prick. Not able to keep her mouth on mine, she continued to whimper and moan as she experienced the intense sensations of pleasure.

Mom continued lifting Diana up and pushing her back down, fucking my stiff shaft. Another gush of cum flowed down my fleshy stick, providing a thick coating of oily lubrication. My hard prick easily glided up her tight, pulsating hole. Not doing any work, I was able to hold off my orgasm. I didn't want my first fuck with my sexy aunt to last less than a minute.

Mom felt her sister relax when her orgasm subsided and stopped using her body to fuck me. Diana's breathing slowed down enough to kiss me. Her eyes were on fire after experiencing such a strong orgasm on her nephew's steel shaft. She pulled away to say, "Damn, you're good. My poor pussy has never been stuffed with so much hard cock ."

Pulling her tight, I kissed her while wrapping my hands around her back. With my prick still embedded in her wet snatch, I rolled us over. Fucking her mouth with my tongue, her eyes went wide as she realized she was going to be fucked again by her young nephew.

Her look of surprise turned to lust as her horny pussy responded to my renewed attack. My bloated head plowed through the folds of her oily snatch. Her arms wrapped around me, stroking my back as I fucked her hard.

Glancing to Mom, I saw her smiling at the attention I was giving her sister. Moving off her mouth, I leaned down to suck in one of her stiff nipples. Milking it like a baby would, I held her sensitive nub between my lips, squeezing it hard. Pulling up, I stretched her engorged nipple before dropping it, to resume feasting.

Her heavy panting signaled her fast buildup to another orgasm. Her body stiffened as she experienced a minor orgasm from teasing her sensitive nipples. Replacing my mouth with my hand, I kissed her again as I squeezed her melons. Widening her legs out to the sides, she humped up to meet my thrusts. Begging for more hard prick, I fucked my sexy aunt even faster.

Mom moved closer to her sister to tease her. "How's it feel, Sis? Having my son's fat prick stuffed up your man-stealing, cock-hungry cunt? Isn't he much better than my husband? You owe me, Diana. Submit your slutty body to my son! Fuck him like he owns you!"

Diana relaxed as if a burden of guilt was suddenly released. She was dreading having to tell Mom about the affair and now that the pressure was relieved, she could concentrate on properly fucking her nephew. Her body thrashed beneath me as she enjoyed our incestuous coupling.

Arching her back, her body shook with pleasure as she submitted to her sexual desires. Moving my hands down her sweaty back, I gripped her firm cheeks and held her horny pussy up, allowing deeper penetration.

Mom wasn't finished taunting her sister. "Do you feel his bare, fleshy cock scraping your horny pussy walls? His bloated head is hitting every sensitive nerve. His balls are filling with hot cum, ready to flood the fire burning in your steamy box. Once you feel his boiling sperm saturate your body, you're going to come harder than ever before!"

Diana's movement settled down as she comprehended the ramifications of what Mom was saying. Dad always used a condom. Was it because she was fertile or did he use one as a precaution with all the women? Her eyes transitioned from apprehension to fiery lust again.

Humping and lifting her pelvis off the bed, she fucked with wild abandon. She pushed her tongue in my mouth as hard as I pounded her. With the knowledge that she knew I was going to fill her with potent, virile sperm, I wondered if she'd tell me to pull out at the last moment. Visions of spraying her sexy stomach or big breasts materialized as I readied myself for any contingency.

My body was tingling with excitement as my pleasure centers signaled my brain that it was time to release. Kissing her hard, I watched her eyes as they reacted like her relatives. Her eyes widened as my shaft filled with hot blood. My aunt addressed my earlier concerns as her hands seized my ass, pulling me tight, ensuring no withdrawal.

My spongy cockhead expanded and I pushed in deep, releasing a glob of thick cum. She took her mouth off mine, screaming incoherently as her pussy contracted on my battering ram. While I filled her hungry cavern with half a dozen loads of sticky sperm, her clenching walls contracted each time, milking my staff of it's precious cargo. Her shrieks of pleasure turned to groans as her contractions lessened.

Feeling her body go limp, I quit pumping and left my cock buried in her cum filled cavern. Her hands held their tight grip, plugging her hole and not allowing any cum to escape. Resting my head next to hers,

we bonded as we recovered from our incestuous coupling. She shifted her hands to my back, hugging me tight.

Looking over at Mom, I saw a look of unconditional love as she witnessed our enjoyment. She ran her hand down my sweaty back, ending on top of my ass. She smiled wide as she gently pushed my body into Diana. My aunt let out a low groan of gratification as she felt the increased pressure from Mom's actions.

My aunt's body molded with mine as my body relaxed. Her breathing returned to normal as my cock softened. Mom pulled her hand back as my aunt lowered her arms to the bed. Rolling off her sweaty body, I gently caressed her soft stomach and breasts.

Mom snuggled up close to her on the other side. She brushed the hair out of her sister's face, joining me in comforting her spent sister. When my aunt recovered, she leaned over to Mom with tearful eyes. "I'm sorry, Denise. We shouldn't have had an affair. I didn't want to hurt you"

"It's fine, Diana. John and I haven't been together for years. I know he has affairs and I don't care. If he made you happy, I'm actually glad for you. I love taking care of my baby sister."

Diana smiled wide when she realized Mom wasn't mad at her. Changing the subject, she acknowledged, "You're right about one thing. Your son is quite an upgrade. Where did he learn to fuck a woman like that? I've never had two intense orgasms so close together."

"He was a virgin a week ago. Let's say he had a good teacher," Mom proudly said as she caressed her sister's firm breasts.

"What are we going to do when he goes to college this fall? I don't want anyone else," pleaded Diana.

"You don't need to look, Sis. We're moving up upstate near his college. In fact, we'll probably be moving in a week. We're going to stay at Mom's until we find a place."

Diana was deep in thought and looked saddened as she digested Mom's information. "There could be a problem. Mom converted my bedroom. There's only one guest bed now."

"I know. We were just there. We didn't have to use the guest bed. Mom's master was big enough for the three of us."

The implications of Mom's answer sank in as Diana retorted, "As usual, the youngest one in the family is the last to hear any of the good stuff."

Diana's sexy body was having an effect on me. My prick was pressed against her firm flesh as it started to fill with blood again. She reached down and wrapped her hand around my shaft.

Looking to Mom, she pleaded, "Would you let me watch while you make love to Dan? I can't imagine anything hotter than a son making love to his sexy mother. Do it for your little sister. Please?"

Mom leaned over to Diana and lightly kissed her on the lips. "Anything for my dear sister. Your show turned me on so much, I almost came without him."

Still wearing her nightie and panties, Mom crawled over Diana. I sat up to wrap my arms around her, holding her tight. Diana was a sexy woman, but this was Mom and the sensation of holding her close was overwhelming. We lightly kissed several times, our eyes connected. Mom ran her hand up my back and up through my scalp to hold my head tight to hers. Our tongues ran over our moist lips as we started slow.

Our tongues began exploring each other's mouths, our hands gently caressed each other. When my hands made it to her shoulders, I pulled her straps off, allowing her nightie to fall to the bed. Cupping her perky breasts, I fondled and squeezed her melons as we kissed. Pulling off her mouth, I kissed my way down to her firm mounds.

As I lightly kissed her nipple, her hand pulled my head tight to her tit flesh. Sucking hard, I reached up to tweak her other nipple. She groaned as I feasted on her luscious tits.

Mom screamed, "Oh god, yes! Suck your mother's tits! Milk me, Danny!"

Her free hand traveled down to squeeze and stroke my prick. Her body shivered from a mini orgasm as I pulled and teased her stiff nipples. This was the release I wanted her to experience, enabling her to enjoy our forbidden coupling to the fullest. Releasing her sensitive teats, I rose up and pulled her off the bed. As we stood face to face, her nightie dropped to the floor. Taking time to admire her, my eyes lustfully gazed up and down her near nude body.

My hands went to her panties to discover they were soaked from her release. Kneeling to the floor, I slowly pulled them down. As soon as her pussy was uncovered, I shoved my face into her soft fur. Finding her wet slit, my tongue licked her slick, engorged lips. She lifted one foot at a time, allowing me to remove her panties. Once freed of her restricting underwear, she spread her legs apart, allowing better access to her horny slot.

Gripping the back of my head, she pulled me tight as I fucked her pussy with my stiff tongue. Letting out a loud groan, she released my head. She craved more than a tongue fuck from her horny son.

Holding her panties, I kissed my way up her body to her open mouth. We kissed passionately as my aunt intently watched our performance.

My aunt's sexy legs were splayed out as she spread our mixed cum over her shaven mound with one hand and massaged one of her full breasts with the other. I threw Mom's saturated panties on Diana's stomach. She quickly grabbed the soiled underwear, pushing them against her

face, deeply inhaling Mom's pussy juice. Jamming three fingers into her juicy slot resulted in a muffled moan through Mom's scented undies.

Mom smiled and said, "Mixed dancer." She raised her left leg up to my waiting hand. My hard prick slid into her greasy slit as we hugged. Our groins were matched in height as I stroked in and out of her hot pussy. Since this angle didn't allow deep penetration, I quickened my pace, concentrating on her sensitive, outer lips.

Aunt Diana's loud groans drowned out the sounds of our standing fuck. Mom looked over at her sexy sister pleasuring herself then looked back at me and whispered, "Deeper."

As soon as I pulled out, she immediately laid down on the edge of the bed and raised her legs. Walking into her, I placed her ankles on my shoulders and buried my stiff pole deep into her slick hole. She groaned as I slid to the bottom of her hungry slot. My balls slapped against her ass as I pummeled her. Dragging my shaft out each time allowed the thick rim of my helmeted head to scrape along the top of her pussy. Her breathing intensified as her g-spot responded and filled with blood, resulting in even more stimulation.

Hearing Mom's loud groaning and the slapping noise of our colliding groins, Diana pulled Mom's panties off to witness our incestuous act. The illicit, forbidden act of mother and son elevated her excitement. Mom's eyes were closed as she groaned and enjoyed the pounding from her son.

"You two are so fucking hot together. It's like you know exactly what the other wants. I'm going to come again, watching you fuck," Aunt Diana exclaimed.

Having an orgasm with Diana a short time ago, I knew I wasn't as close as Mom. Not wanting her to come without me, I slowed my pace and sensually fucked her. Diana moved the soiled panties back on her face, focusing on pleasing her own pussy.

Mom glanced at her younger sister close to achieving another orgasm, looked at me and nodded her head in Diana's direction.

Pulling out of Mom, I stepped over to stand between Diana's legs. Her legs were spread out wide as her slippery fingers slid in and out of her drenched hole. Crawling on my knees, I reached down and pulled her hand out. Her pussy quivered with excitement. She pulled off Mom's panties, looking up to see why her enjoyment had been interrupted.

Her expression was the same as a child getting caught doing something wrong. It soon turned to lust as she knew her punishment was going to be a fully engorged shaft shoved up her horny pussy. Remembering what Mom had told me about deep fucking her sister, I folded my aunt's legs to her chest. As I pressed her knees to the sides of her breasts, Diana wrapped her arms over them, holding them down. Her fat breasts were pushed up as her legs squeezed her sides. She pinched her engorged taut nipples, twisting them hard.

Lowering my weight to her legs brought her wet snatch up as I entered her in one fast stroke. She screamed with pleasure, stretched out wider

than her fingers could possibly do. Her slot was still full of our mixed cum, enabling me to easily slide in and out. Stroking at a furious pace, I fucked her deep, slamming against the back wall of her pussy with each stroke.

She was close to her orgasm before I entered and now she was gasping for air as my shaft scraped her tight, slimy walls. Her snug pussy was elevating my excitement more than I anticipated. Fortunately, her convulsing body clamped tight on my prick as she climaxed.

She screamed, "Oh my god, I'm coming again on my nephew's giant cock. So hard and big. You're splitting me in two. Fuck me, Danny!" In an attempt to avoid my own climax, my mind raced to other topics. As soon as she relaxed, signaling the end of her climax, I pulled out. A sucking noise could be heard as her tight pussy snapped shut.

Her eyes were closed as she panted heavily, trying to recover. Moving back to Mom, I saw she had crawled up higher on the bed, spreading her legs out wide. She smiled as she saw my saturated spear, knowing I had pleased her sister once again. Verbal communication wasn't necessary. I knew Mom was inviting me to our favorite position. She was ready to show her sister the ultimate taboo act of a mother coming on her son's cock.

Crawling up between her open legs, she lifted her hips, elevating her pussy for easy entry. Stopping when my bloated head snuggled up against her engorged lips, I took time to admire her beautiful body. Reaching down, I cupped and held her firm breasts. They were smaller than Diana's, but in my mind were sexier.

Diana had recovered and turned to face us to watch the final act of love. I was ready to drive my pole in when Diana said, "Denise, I've been thinking about you guys moving away. Would you mind if I moved with you? There's nothing here for me and I want to be with family."

Firmly holding her ribcage below her luscious melons, I drove my shaft in to the root. Air rushed out of Mom's lungs as she screamed, "Yes!"

As soon as I pulled back out, Diana spoke again. "I'll stay here and help you pack and you can help me do the same. We can move together."

I thrust in, splitting her fleshy folds apart with my rigid ram. Mom again screamed, "Yes!"

Back out to the entrance, I hesitated, waiting for Diana. Not having to wait long, she said, "We should invite Mom to live with us, too. I can hardly wait to see Dan fuck his grandma."

Plunging back in, Mom screamed "Yes!"

As I repeated my stroke and was ready to sink in again, Diana asked, "Denise, are you saying yes to me or in response to your son ramming his fat prick up your horny pussy?"

Back down to the bottom elicited a scream from Mom. "Both!"

Diana and I were giggling now as my aunt teased her older sister. As I pulled out to her entrance, Mom asked, "Diana?"

"Yes Denise?"

I waited for Mom to speak before I resumed fucking her. Mom screamed, "Shut up!"

My aunt giggled, knowing exactly why Mom shut down the conversation. She wanted her full attention on her son's shaft that was pleasing her pussy.

Concentrating on satisfying my horny, desirable mother, I fucked her hard, not holding back any further. Mom opened her arms, signaling she was ready to meld together. She was hot and sweaty as I lowered my body on hers. Her hard nipples poked into mine as we meshed together. She held me tight as I wrapped my arms around her.

Thrusting steady, I kissed her as we connected as no mother and son should. The slapping sounds coming from our groins colliding were louder than our groaning. Mom's body was trembling and thrashing beneath me as I continued to please her hungry pussy. Her hips thrust up hard on each stroke to capture as much stiff prick as possible.

Having her sister as an audience was turning Mom into a sexual goddess. She was demonstrating how a sexy mother pleases her loving son. Our mouths locked together as we communicated our love through our lust-filled eyes.

Diana slithered her hand between our bodies, allowing it to lay flat beneath Mom's squashed breasts and my chest. A look of contentment washed over her as she felt our heat and accelerated heartbeats through her trapped appendage.

Hot air bathed my face as Mom tried to breathe through her nose. Her hands stopped stroking my back as she sank her nails into my soft flesh. Wrapping her legs around me, she lifted her hungry pussy off the bed for the cataclysmic sexual release she knew was coming.

Her back arched and her body shook as a major orgasm overcame her. Blood filled my prick, causing it to grow stiffer and larger. My soft, spongy crown slammed against the back of her convulsing pussy. Thick, sticky cum spurted out, feeding her starving hole. Mom's gasping gash contracted hard as she felt her son's sizzling sperm spray her insides.

Mom's body synchronized her contractions to mine as we enjoyed our mutual orgasms. Our bodies noisily slammed together as we connected as no mother and son should. Moving our mouths apart to catch our breath, we gasped to capture air. We continued to slowly fuck after our orgasms subsided, desiring to prolong our intimate connection as long as possible.

We stopped moving after a few minutes, keeping our spent bodies melded together, enjoying our post-coital bliss. Mom unwrapped her legs and immediately moved her hands down to my ass, pulling me

tight. She held me locked in her as her sister had done during our intimate session.

Chuckling to myself, I was elated to realize I was the lucky beneficiary of the competing, horny sisters. Our breathing returned to normal as we recovered from our wanton, incestuous act.

Diana cooed, "So wonderfully sexy and loving. Such a perfect match. I've never seen this much love between two people." She removed her trapped hand and stroked my sweaty back, caressing my spent body.

After my prick softened, Mom released me. She moved her legs beneath mine to maximize our fleshy contact. Hugging me tight, I rested my face next to hers.

I felt Mom's breath hit my ear as she spoke. "Thanks, Sis. There is no greater love than a mother and her son. Now please cover us with a sheet and we'll continue the discussion you felt was important enough to interrupt my son and I making love."

Diana giggled as she moved out of our bed and pulled the sheet over us. She went to her purse and pulled out her phone. She typed a message, hit the send button and quickly stowed it. Walking back to us, she crawled under the sheets and cuddled up next to the joined mother and son.

Mom asked, "What's going on, Sis?"

"No big deal, I messaged John, telling him I won't be seeing him again. I informed him I was going to stay with my sister to help out in her time of need."

Feeling a hot rush of air, I felt Mom's mouth move closer to my ear. She licked my lobe and quietly whispered, "Now the divorce is final."

**THE END**