

Joining a Mother With Her Son

By MrCurrie

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Incest

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Chapter 1

Author's note: This story includes incestuous unprotected sex with a mother and her son, with the intention of pregnancy, and does not include anal.

As sunlight streamed through the kitchen windows, I noticed a red squirrel darting up the oak tree in our backyard. I cherished the moments of watching nature come alive each morning. While rinsing utensils, I found comfort in the morning routine. The stirring of my son, Brett, in his room reminded me of the day ahead. With a gentle smile, I turned my focus back to the stove, ready to begin our breakfast ritual.

Weekends held special meaning for me when my son and I could reconnect amidst the hustle and bustle of our lives. Typically, Brett would rush off to his early college classes during the week, grabbing a piece of fruit for breakfast as he hurried out the door. But on weekends, the pace slowed, and I took pleasure in preparing a rotating selection of his favorite meals, ensuring he started his day right. With most of his free time dedicated to assisting my sister, Claire, and me in maintaining our homes, these leisurely breakfasts became precious moments of togetherness amidst our busy schedules.

Hearing his bedroom door creak open, a surge of anxiety gripped me, my muscles tensing involuntarily in anticipation of his familiar routine. I inhaled deeply as I heard him walk down the hall, finally exhaling when I felt his strong hands grasp my waist. He kissed me on the side of my neck and greeted me, "Good morning, Mom. Smells amazing. French toast? You're spoiling me."

I still remember the day he began this particular ritual. It was right after he started college. Receiving no objection from me, his initial, quick, light touch progressed to a longer, firmer grip. Several weekends ago, he started to peck me on my neck. It too has lengthened in duration and more recently he's paused while his hot breath washes across my ear during his greeting.

"Thanks, Brett. I thought a hearty breakfast would give you a good start for the day," I replied.

"I really appreciate it, Mom," he replied, taking a seat at the table.

I placed a plate, piled high with French toast, bacon, and two eggs, in front of him before sitting opposite him with my bowl of fruit. The rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee, mingled with the scent of sizzling bacon, created a comforting atmosphere in the kitchen.

As he ate, I glanced out the window at the clear blue sky, noticing the golden sunlight streaming through the trees in our backyard. The weather forecast had predicted a scorcher, and the early morning warmth was already evident. "Seems like it's going to be a hot one, doesn't it?" I asked, turning back to Brett.

He nodded between bites. "Yeah, it's already pretty toasty out there." He took a sip of his coffee, savoring the rich, bold flavor, and commented, "Thanks for always looking out for me, Mom. These breakfasts really make a difference."

While we ate, he laid out the day's tasks that he had planned. I barely paid attention as my mind remained on the feel of his hands on my body. My old, worn, threadbare robe should have been tossed years earlier, but I now reserved it for the two mornings each week my son would lay his

hands on me. I wondered if the thin material, allowing his fingers to dig into my flesh, excited him as much as it did me, but quickly dismissed it. He had never displayed anything other than a normal son's attention to his mother.

A hint of jealousy hit me as I watched him consume a huge amount of rich food, while I slowly ate my fruit. He would easily burn off the calories, whereas I had struggled to maintain my figure.

"Who was I fooling?" I questioned silently, realizing the futility of my efforts to meticulously watch my weight, a habit ingrained solely for the sake of preserving my physical appearance. It struck me then, with a pang of introspection, that I hadn't pursued a relationship since my divorce a decade ago. "So, who was I really doing it for?" I pondered once more, grappling with the truth behind my motivations. Glancing over to my ruggedly handsome son, while he voraciously feasted on his breakfast, I silently acknowledged the reason.

Once his plate was void of every last crumb, he leaned back with a contented smile gracing his lips, his sparkling white teeth peeking out. "Thanks, Mom. That was delicious. I can't wait to get out in the fresh air. Can I help clean up first?"

"No need, Brett," I responded, shaking my head. "You have enough to do and I'm in no rush. Don't overdo it out there."

"No worries, Mom," he asserted with determination. "I'll work on Aunt Claire's yard first before breaking for lunch. Then I'll finish ours." His eyes sparkled with the anticipation of completing his chores. Despite offers from both my sister and me to invest in a riding lawnmower, he remained steadfast in his preference for the old push-behind, relishing the exercise it provided.

With a swift exit, he dashed out the door and it was only then that I noticed he was already fully attired in his work clothes, while I remained, sipping my coffee in my tattered old robe. My hand slipped inside and gripped one breast, covered by a thin, silk bra. I gently squeezed and remembering his touch from earlier, imagined it was his hand, instead of my own. Not allowing my mind to drift any further into forbidden territory, I rose and carried the dishes to the counter.

After stowing the dirty dishes into the washer, I glanced over at my sister's house and spotted Brett diligently mowing Claire's yard. However, my brow furrowed as I observed my scantily-clad sister lounging on the back patio. Wearing a halter top and shorts, she lay in a position that would be in my son's line of vision with each pass. Her large, dark sunglasses concealed where she was looking, but it wasn't difficult to figure out her motives.

Brett had removed his shirt and tossed it onto a chair beside her in an attempt to cool off. His chiseled torso glistened with sweat, drawing my eyes to him as well as my sister's. Her intentions didn't involve tanning. Situated beneath a large umbrella, she sought refuge from the sun's rays. Throughout her life, she'd been diligent about protecting her fair skin from the sun's harsh glare. No, she was there to admire my hunky son while displaying her voluptuous wares.

Despite being two years younger than my thirty-seven, our bodies bore a striking resemblance. Following her divorce, she diligently maintained her figure, actively engaging in dating. In contrast, my days were consumed by the responsibilities of raising my son and securing employment.

Fortunately, she weathered her husband's departure with much less impact than I did. As the primary breadwinner, she not only supported herself but also played a pivotal role in guiding me toward a promising job opportunity. It eventually evolved into a remote position, a blessing I've always cherished.

I couldn't blame her for admiring my son as I'd secretly lusted after him for several years. Turning away, I decided to change clothes and clean the house. After a few hours, I returned to the kitchen to prepare lunch. Brett was almost finished, and I knew he'd soon return, hungry as a bear.

When he stepped onto her deck to retrieve his shirt, she led him into the house. From the angle of his head, I knew he was checking out the backs of my sister's legs. "Why would she drag my half-dressed son into her house?" I wondered. My mind quickly displayed the image of his naked body on top of my sister as she screamed with joy. It was easy to visualize as I'd fantasized myself in the same position.

She hadn't dated for a while, and I knew she'd be horny, but it still seemed out of her norm to seduce her own nephew. After a few minutes, I exhaled in relief, watching them exit. Brett clutched a tall glass of iced tea, which explained his unexpected invitation inside. After quickly donning his shirt, he settled into one of the chairs, savoring his refreshing beverage.

Observing her animated hand gestures, it was evident they were engrossed in a lively conversation, likely centered around the yard work he had just finished. Ten minutes elapsed before he stood and pushed the mower toward our lawn. Anticipating his return for lunch, I swiftly finished preparing his beloved cheese sandwiches, well aware of his favorite snack.

"You were right about the heat, Mom," Brett noted, entering the kitchen while wiping his brow with the bottom of his shirt. My gaze drifted to his exposed, impeccably sculpted abs while his eyes were covered. As he turned and made his way to his room, he chimed, "I'll be right there after I clean up. The smell of your fantastic cooking is driving me crazy."

When he returned, I had his plate filled and waiting. Between mouthfuls, he recounted the tasks he had tackled for his aunt. Once finished, he paused to gather his thoughts before speaking, "Auntie tried to pay me again, but as always, I declined. It's the least I can do for all that you and Auntie do for me. However, she insisted on having us over for lunch tomorrow. I hope you're okay with me accepting on your behalf."

"Sounds wonderful. I'll always welcome a break from cooking," I replied, with a soft giggle.

When my mind drifted to an image of him mowing, I suggested, "It's becoming hotter out there. Wouldn't it be cooler wearing shorts this afternoon?"

"Great idea, Mom. Maybe a different shirt, too. I worked up a sweat mowing Auntie's yard this morning," he agreed and rose to change.

"There's no need to dirty another shirt for the laundry," I reasoned. "If you get too warm, you can always remove it. Besides, you're already tan enough to handle the sun."

"True enough, Mom," he acknowledged, strolling down the hall. "I don't want to burden you with more chores."

I watched him leave with a smug smirk, pleased with my subtle ploy to treat myself with a little eye candy. I was confident that my mischievous intentions would remain safely concealed. When he returned, I attempted to keep my eyes averted from his muscular, hairy legs. It didn't help that he elected to wear his old gym shorts, which he had outgrown.

As he walked to the door, my eyes locked onto the bottoms of his round cheeks peeking out from his brief attire. "Brett, aren't you forgetting something?" I asked, stopping him in his tracks.

When he turned to face me, I answered his curious look, "Your hat and sunglasses. You need some protection for your head."

He smiled, grabbed them off the stand by the door, and slipped them on. "Thanks, Mom. See you in a while."

I busied myself cleaning the table and dishes, my mind drifting to the sight of him earlier at my sister's. Once finished, I decided it was time to reap the reward I had set up for myself—admiring Brett's sweaty, hunky body.

Recalling what my sister had worn, I didn't think it appropriate for me to repeat her choice of attire. Sorting through my closet, I settled on a thin, sleeveless, summer dress, which would be cool and allow some sun to tan my arms. Slipping it on, I turned around and inspected myself in my mirror. As with the majority of my dresses, the hemline fell almost to my knees. It wasn't as snug as I remembered, causing me to smile, knowing I was keeping my weight in check. The outline of my bra was barely noticeable against the thin fabric.

Filling two glasses with ice, I placed them alongside a pitcher of tea on a tray. Making my way out to the deck, I sat at the patio table shaded by an umbrella. When Brett glanced in my direction on one of his passes, I held up a glass of ice. He raised his hand, folded, and unfolded his fingers two times, signaling ten more minutes.

On his next pass by the deck, he pulled his top off, wiped his forehead with it, and tossed it onto a deck chair. He continued mowing, unknowingly providing the show I'd hoped for. His torso glistened with a sheen of sweat under the intense glare of the sun. My eyes traveled from his broad chest to his thick, hairy thighs as he continued mowing. When finished, he jumped onto the deck and sat in the chair opposite me.

I filled his glass, and he promptly gulped it down, then set it down for a refill. "Wow, it's miserably hot!" he exclaimed, using his shirt to wipe the sweat off his chest and face. I wanted so much to offer to do it, but decided that might be over the top.

We continued to discuss the weather and the splendor of our flowering bushes while he cooled off, his dark sunglasses disguising the direction of his gaze. From the angle of his head, it appeared he was checking out my skimpily-attired body. My temperature rose, but it was from my handsome son staring at me, not the sun.

All too soon, he stood and remarked, "Think I'll shower and work on some homework." He quickly turned and left, but not before my eyes locked onto his bulging shorts. "Did his prick harden from looking at his mother?" I asked myself, hopeful that was the case. I busied myself the rest of the day, until it was time to prepare dinner. I made his favorite dish and relished the way he devoured my servings. Seeing him appreciate my efforts always brought me joy.

“Wow, this is delicious!” he exclaimed between mouthfuls of food. “Thanks a lot, Mom. It’s exactly what I needed after today’s workout.”

“It’s the least I could do to thank you for all your hard work,” I replied. Watching him enjoy my cooking was a side benefit to admiring his handsome face. His tousled brown hair and expressive eyes were inherited from me, but his sculpted face with his prominent chin came from his father, whom I had divorced ten years earlier. His sun-kissed skin added to his youthful appearance, and his smile, revealing straight, white teeth, would melt anyone’s heart—especially mine.

All too soon, he finished eating and excused himself, saying, “I need to get back to working on a project for school. I’m hitting the sack early tonight. Good night, Mom.”

“Good night, Brett,” I replied, softly, reluctant to see him vanish for the rest of the day.

The next day, after breakfast, he went to his room to continue working on his school assignment. When it was time to have lunch with my sister, he walked with me the short distance to his aunt’s house.

“Hi guys,” Claire chirped as we entered through the back door. She hugged each of us lightly and returned to the counter. “It’s almost ready. Take a seat and I’ll serve you.”

Over lunch, our conversation naturally gravitated toward Brett’s studies. When we finished eating, Brett rose, collected our dishes, and took them to the sink to rinse and load them into the dishwasher, as was his usual routine.

“He’s such a gentleman,” Claire gushed. “Does he do the same at your house?”

“Absolutely,” I replied with a smile. “He’s incredibly helpful. I don’t know what I’d do without him. We’re so fortunate he chose to attend the local college instead of the state university.”

“That reminds me,” Claire stated, turning her attention to Brett. “Did you want me to meet at your house at two before we take off?”

Before Brett could answer, I interjected, “Where are you going? Don’t you have class tomorrow, Brett?”

His blushing expression was one I recognized from the past. He was concealing something from me.

He stammered, “It’s for the school project I mentioned, Mom. My Social Psychology professor is interviewing for a research assistant and one of the requirements is to have an older woman work alongside the researcher. When I discussed it with Aunt Claire yesterday, she offered her help.”

My heart sank a little, realizing he had made plans with my sister without even considering asking me. A pang of hurt washed over me, a mixture of sadness and disappointment. I tried to mask it with a smile, not wanting to dampen his enthusiasm. My chest felt tight, and a lump formed in my throat as I sat silent, unable to speak, fearing I would cry.

Claire recognized my saddened emotional state and promptly scolded Brett. “You didn’t ask your mother first? After all the projects she assisted you with throughout school, she’d be the ideal person to help you.”

Brett fidgeted nervously, but before he could defend himself, Claire turned to me and apologized, "I'm so sorry, Aria. When Brett discussed it with me, I assumed he had asked you first. Please take my place tomorrow. I'd never come between you and your son."

Her tone was sincere, convincing me that Brett had indeed orchestrated the entire scenario. Observing his anxious expression, I couldn't help but suppress a chuckle at his discomfort as he gathered his courage to confront the situation.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he started, pausing to gather his thoughts. "I thought you might not enjoy it, and I wasn't sure if it would fit into your work timetable."

He was aware that my workload had lightened recently when I previously mentioned to him my intention to take more time off during the summer. Though it was clear he wasn't sharing everything, I didn't want to press him in front of my sister. So, I gently spoke up, "Brett, I'd be happy to assist you. I'll rearrange my schedule for tomorrow so we can meet with your professor."

"Thanks, Mom," he meekly replied, his tone unenthusiastic. "We'll talk more about it on the way to school."

Our conversation switched to other topics for the rest of our stay and he quickly sequestered himself in his room when we arrived home.

After breakfast, Brett left for his morning classes, giving me time to reflect on the day ahead. As the hour of his return approached, I browsed my wardrobe for something suitable to wear. The professor's stipulation that an older woman assist him lingered in my thoughts. I couldn't shake the image of an older man, perhaps with intentions beyond the academic, insisting on such a condition. Deciding to err on the side of caution, I chose a modest dress that downplayed my figure. As I caught my reflection, dressed almost like a vintage schoolmarm, I couldn't help but chuckle at the irony.

When Brett arrived, he quickly glanced in my direction, withholding commenting on my dress selection. As we drove to school, he seemed distracted. Eventually, he explained, "Mom, I didn't ask you to help because Professor Brown's latest research focuses on the relationships between single mothers and their sons. It's a little personal and I thought it might be uncomfortable for you. Maybe it's best if we just cancel the interview when we arrive, to spare both of us any awkwardness."

"Nonsense," I refuted. "You've worked hard on preparing for this interview for the past few days and I'm interested to see how it plays out. Don't worry about my feelings. I'm a big girl and won't be easily offended. Just do your best as always."

"Sure, Mom," he replied.

His nervousness belied his agreement, but I was more determined than ever to discover what had him so rattled.

After checking in with the secretary, she buzzed the interoffice before saying, "You can go right in."

When we entered, I was taken aback by the sight of a striking woman in her thirties. My initial assumption of an old, horny, crusty white man vanished instantly. Brett nudged me from my surprise, introducing us, “Professor Brown, this is my mother, Aria. Mom, meet my professor.”

Before I could take a step, she closed the gap with a swift stride, extending her hand with a broad smile. “Please, call me Jennifer. I prefer it to any formal title.”

Her handshake was gentle but firm, giving me a moment to gather my thoughts. “Nice to meet you. Brett didn’t mention his professor was a woman—let alone one so stunning.”

My cheeks warmed with a blush at my own forwardness, but Jennifer seemed unfazed, likely accustomed to such remarks. Her gaze was kind and direct as she responded, “Likewise, he didn’t mention his mother was so lovely. It’s fitting for someone with such a melodic name as Aria. And I absolutely love the style of your hair.”

Reaching over, she gently brushed my hair to one side, exposing my ear. “Curtain bangs are coming back in and I’ve been thinking of switching myself. Your brown eyes perfectly complement the color of your hair. I’ve toyed with the idea of changing the hue on mine, but I doubt if the administration here would approve of a green-haired professor.”

Her infectious giggle elicited a laugh from me in response.

Brett looked on, shifting uneasily as Jennifer flirted with his mother.

When she noticed Brett’s jittery movements, she took a step back and gestured towards the chairs. “Please, have a seat, and we’ll get started.”

After adjusting a few papers, Jennifer began, “I’ve spoken with Brett before about the nature of my research, so today I’ll focus on evaluating how well he’s prepared for his role.”

I felt a surge of pride as Brett confidently answered each question, showcasing his depth of knowledge on the topic. The interaction felt more akin to an oral exam than a typical interview, but I had complete confidence in Brett’s ability to excel, regardless.

Since I wasn’t a part of the conversation, I found myself drawn to Jennifer’s facial expressions, mesmerized by her captivating appearance. Her light golden hair, styled in a bob cut, framed her face elegantly, drawing attention to her charming nose and striking green eyes. It dawned on me that Brett’s recent erratic behavior might be attributed to this alluring woman. It would be difficult for anyone not to have a crush on her.

I heard very little of their conversation as my thoughts drifted to how she and Brett might interact when they’re alone. “Would this assignment bring them closer and eventually they’d end up having an affair?” I pondered.

My fantasy was interrupted when Jennifer spoke, “Aria, I’m sorry we’ve been ignoring you, but we’re ready to wrap it up. I’m so glad that you’ve agreed to participate in this project. Do you have any questions about your involvement with the process?”

“Did she explain my responsibilities when I was deep in my fantasy?” I asked myself. Not wanting to admit I wasn’t paying attention, I answered, “No, I’m glad to help him with whatever he needs. I’ve always enjoyed helping him with his projects.”

Jennifer's smile shifted to one of curiosity and confusion, causing me to worry that I missed an important point. She opened a drawer, pulled out a card, and scribbled something on it before handing it to me. "Please call me if you have any questions at all. My number is on the back," she stated, her eyes silently signaling that she wanted more of me.

After sliding it into my purse, she concluded, "As both of you may have guessed, this wasn't really an interview. I just wanted to confirm Brett was prepared and I'm quite pleased to find that he's more than ready. Congratulations to both of you. Interviews with the participants are scheduled on Tuesdays at three pm and I'll expect a written and oral follow-up on Wednesday. Any questions?"

Brett and I simultaneously answered, "No."

Brett was eerily silent on the way home and I wondered if I was wrong in assuming he held a crush on his professor. That evening as I rehashed the day, the image of Jennifer's expression flashed before me and I fished out her card from her purse. Turning it over, the scribbling she had written was, "Please text me tonight."

Hoping it wasn't too late, I whipped out my phone and messaged her, "Hi Jennifer. I just read your note so I'm sorry I'm writing to you at this hour. Is everything alright?"

After five minutes, she replied, "I'd like to discuss something with you tomorrow. Could we meet at Fauna Bistro? My treat, of course."

It was an upscale diner that I'd always wanted to try so I didn't hesitate to answer, "I'd love to go out for lunch. There's no need to pay for my meal though. Is noon good for you?"

"Perfect," she replied. "It's a date. See you then."

I arrived on time, but I noticed that Jennifer was already sitting at a table, waving at me. Once seated, we ordered and it wasn't long before we were engaged in a lively conversation. When my salad arrived, my attention was more on the turkey club sandwich Jennifer had ordered.

Eyeing my plate, Jennifer stated, "It's easy to see why you have such a slim figure. I have to work out every night because of the cravings I harbor for tasty food."

"There are times I have to treat myself to something better," I replied. "I've been known to eat an entire cheese pizza with a bottle of red wine, especially if I'm depressed."

"Me too!" she exclaimed, giggling. After we finished eating, we had our iced teas refilled and when the conversation lulled, Jennifer stated, "The reason I wanted to talk to you today was that I suspect Brett hasn't filled you in with the specifics of my project."

"He has been rather tight-lipped," I confessed. "I figured he was just nervous, trying to impress his hot professor." Her wide smile reassured me that I hadn't been too forward.

"Let me further explain the things you might not be aware of," she began. "You'll be interviewing single mothers who are having sexual relationships with their sons."

"Eek!" I screeched, a bit too loudly, attracting glances from nearby patrons. Quickly recomposing myself, I said, "Sorry, but that caught me off guard. You're right, he didn't explain

that to me. Now I understand why he was so hesitant to include me. He tried to enlist his aunt's help instead of mine."

"I know. He told me that he was asking her and I was pleasantly surprised to see you accompany him instead," she stated. "It's important for the mothers to disclose their intimate interactions and they all insisted that they be interviewed by someone who could relate to them. You're supposed to act like you're having a physical relationship with your son to set their mind at ease."

"These mothers are involved with incest? Isn't that illegal and how did you persuade the college to be involved with such a project?" I asked, more curious than disgusted, as I thought back to my own indecent thoughts concerning my son.

"Actually, I haven't coordinated this through the administration," she explained. "It's for a book I intend on writing in the future. I'm interested in the pivotal moments of a mother and son breaking societal boundaries and transitioning to an incestuous couple. I've interviewed all the mothers to ensure confidentiality. I can understand if you don't want to continue."

When my mind raced with the newfound information, a warmth flowed through me. It excited me to think of acting as my son's lover in front of other women. Not wanting to sound too eager, I answered, "I've always supported Brett with all of his projects. I'll do whatever it takes to help him with this one too. I'll have to brush up on my acting skills, though."

She laughed and smiled widely. Grasping my hand with hers, she replied, "Wonderful. I'm so glad you're willing to help. I hope it's not infringing on your work schedule."

"Not at all," I replied. "I work remotely and can work around it."

"Really?" Jennifer asked, curiously. "I'd love to see your office setup. Would you be willing to give me a tour sometime? I have Thursday afternoons off so I could drop by for lunch. I'll pick up something for us to eat on the way there."

"Sounds great," I replied. Shifting the conversation, I asked, "At the interview, you mentioned you had already chosen Brett. What made you pick him over the other students?"

"When I first reached out to the mothers, they emphasized that the interview process would be more comfortable if conducted by a young man and his single mother. That narrowed the field to five candidates. Honestly, during the interviews, all but Brett made a pass at me. I was impressed by Brett's professionalism, attention to detail, and his eagerness to learn everything he could."

"He's always been dedicated to his education," I affirmed. "I'm confident you won't be disappointed with him."

"I think I'm very lucky to have found him," she replied with a smile. "And he comes with the added bonus of an intelligent, beautiful mother."

I couldn't help but blush at her constant flirting, but I didn't mind. My attraction to her was only growing stronger. Her twinkling green eyes drew my gaze like magnets. Feeling uncharacteristically bold, I responded to her compliment, "It's hard to believe my son didn't make a pass at you. You're absolutely gorgeous. Honestly, I'm a bit jealous that he gets to spend so much time with you."

Jennifer reached across the table, gently held my hand, and said, “Well, we can certainly make up for that, can’t we? I’ve really enjoyed having lunch with you today. How about we make it a regular thing?”

“I’d love that,” I agreed, matching her wide smile. With that, we decided to part ways, making plans to meet at my house on Thursday.

The first thing I did when I arrived home was compose a message to my workplace, notifying them that I would be taking Tuesday afternoons off. Just before sending it, I remembered Jennifer mentioning she had Thursday afternoons off. Smiling, I amended my note to include Thursdays as well.

My mood was at an all-time high when Brett arrived to pick me up for the interview. Halfway to our destination, he broke the silence, confessing, “Mom, I need to explain something to you, and you’re probably not going to like it.”

I knew exactly what was on his mind, but in my mischievous mood, I allowed him to continue.

“The mother we’re going to interview might share personal information that could be a bit alarming,” he continued.

Not wanting to torture him longer, I interjected, “You mean, how she and her son became incestuous lovers?”

“What? How?” he stammered, clearly shaken by the revelation that I knew.

“Jennifer mentioned it over lunch today,” I explained.

“You met with Professor Brown?” he asked incredulously. “I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to see her, Mom. People might think I’m receiving special treatment if you become friends with her.”

“Nonsense,” I replied. “It’s a good thing I did, otherwise, I wouldn’t have been mentally prepared for our meeting with the mother. We’ve never kept secrets. Why didn’t you tell me before?”

His face turned solemn, realizing he had caused a rift between us. “I’m really sorry, Mom. I wanted to tell you, but every time I tried, I lost my nerve. I was so excited about landing such a great opportunity that I feared you’d object and prevent me from pursuing it. You’re right. I should have trusted you.”

“It’s alright, Brett,” I consoled him, reaching over to gently squeeze his arm. “This is no different than any other project. I’ll do whatever it takes to help you succeed. Let’s put this behind us and focus on doing a great job with your first task.”

“Thanks, Mom,” he replied, his face reflecting his diminishing nervousness, no longer carrying the burden of guilt from lying to his mother.

The first mother, Beth, was near my age and when Brett and I sat opposite her on a couch, his eyes darted to her long, shapely legs revealed from her short skirt. His dialogue with her went smoothly as he took extensive notes while interviewing her. I sat silent, allowing him to traverse through his list of questions. Once the background history was completed, he asked more

intimate questions and my ears perked up when he asked, “At what point did you realize you wanted to have sexual relations with your son?”

Beth paused to reflect before answering, “It was the way he touched my legs one night while we watched TV. I’d often caught him staring at them, but when his hand felt my leg, my body tingled with excitement and I knew that I’d never be happy until we made love. After that, I flirted with him until he couldn’t take it anymore.”

“Did you wear short skirts around him to encourage his behavior or do you think it would have happened without your overt flirting?” he asked, following up.

“It wasn’t on purpose and I didn’t always wear them, until I caught him frequently glancing at my legs,” she answered.

Looking in my direction, Beth asked, “It’s probably the same with you, isn’t it, Aria? You’re wearing a long dress today, but don’t you wear shorter ones for your son’s benefit?”

A feeling of regret hit me, having forgotten that I was supposed to act as my son’s lover. My dress was way too conservative, so I recovered the best I could and lied, “I wear them quite often. He’s always admired my legs, and as with you, I embellish his caressing. I only chose to wear this dress today so he could concentrate on his interview with you.”

Brett’s anxious expression turned to a smile, hearing me play along with our charade. Beth’s face hinted at doubtfulness, and I regretted not dressing more appropriately to avoid suspicion. After all, I was supposed to be my son’s lover—not his mother.

“Well, it’s a shame I couldn’t see him feel your legs to see whether he acts like my son, but I doubt if there would be much difference. Let’s continue,” she stated.

While they wrapped up their conversation, I silently sighed, narrowly avoiding an embarrassing situation. I vowed to prepare myself better for the next interview.

On the trip home, Brett said, “Thanks a lot, Mom. I think it went really well. I was worried that Beth might suspect our relationship wasn’t like hers when she mentioned your long dress, but your quick reactions saved the day.”

“You’re welcome, Brett. Good luck with your meeting with Jennifer tomorrow,” I replied.

“Professor Brown, not Jennifer, Mom,” Brett corrected me, causing both of us to chuckle.

On Wednesday evening, Brett made no mention of how his meeting went, and I didn’t prod him for details. As Thursday noon approached, my stomach fluttered in anticipation of Jennifer’s arrival. I hadn’t felt this way since my dating days decades earlier. I knew it was silly; as far as I knew, neither of us were bisexual. Nonetheless, my heart skipped a beat when I heard the doorbell chime.

Jennifer greeted me with a wide smile carrying two bags of take-out. With her hands full, she held her arms out for a hug. I lightly embraced her, careful not to be too forward. “So glad you could make it. Let’s eat first before I give you the grand tour,” I proposed.

“Sounds great. By the way, your house is adorable,” she said, admiring my contemporary decor.

I led her to the kitchen and, upon unpacking the contents of the bags, I chuckled at the sight of two matching salads. “How thoughtful of you to bring the same salad I ordered at the restaurant. I feel a bit bad, though, that you didn’t get the delicious sandwich you enjoyed.”

“It was meh,” she replied with a shrug. “Besides, I wanted something lighter today. Plus, I wanted to watch my weight, to look as good as you.”

“I have iced tea or something stronger, if you prefer,” I offered, intentionally avoiding her latest flirt.

She smirked and replied, “Tea is fine, unless by something stronger, you mean some vodka. Was your intention to get me drunk and take advantage of me?”

“No,” I replied, her smile affirming that she was jesting. “I wasn’t sure if you’d prefer a cold brew or an espresso.”

“Too bad. I was looking forward to getting hit on by some hottie,” she giggled. After I didn’t reply, she thankfully shifted the conversation, easing my anxiety.

Our conversation gravitated toward her journey through college and how she eventually became a professor. She was a remarkable and intriguing woman who captivated my interest.

After we ate, I gave her a tour of my office and remote setup. Her genuine curiosity and all the questions she asked made me feel good—it comforted me that she was so interested in my world. After showing her the rest of the house, we returned to the kitchen to enjoy another glass of tea.

Curious about what Brett had told her about our first meeting with the mother we interviewed, I asked, “Was Brett’s report from our first assignment satisfactory?”

“It was exemplary. He captured the essence of the situation perfectly, and I was very pleased with the results. He didn’t mention you in the report. Did you have anything to add?” she inquired.

It didn’t surprise me that Brett hadn’t disclosed the conversation about our legs, but I trusted Jennifer enough to confide in her. “As you probably know, the moment the mother knew she wanted to have relations with her son is when he felt her legs. She mentioned my long dress, which hid mine, and I sensed she thought we were lying about our relationship so I had to fabricate a story, but I’m not sure if she bought it.”

Jennifer chirped, “Really? I wonder why he left that part out. At least you did your best to recover. It does bring up the topic though. Why don’t you wear shorter skirts? From what I can tell is that you have great legs.”

“I stopped wearing them when Brett began staring at them regularly,” I surmised. “It was a little embarrassing for both of us. And since I work remotely and don’t date, there’s really no need to display them.”

Before she could respond, Claire knocked and entered. When she noticed Jennifer, she said apologetically, “Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you had company. I just wanted to stop by and invite you and Brett over again on Sunday.”

“No problem, Sis,” I said. “This is Brett’s professor, Jennifer. She was interested in my remote office setup and dropped by for lunch.”

Jennifer stood and gracefully shook my sister's hand. My sister's expression mirrored mine when I first laid eyes on Brett's alluring professor. Jennifer greeted her warmly, "So glad to meet you. It's clear that beauty runs in the family."

Claire blushed, surprised by Jennifer's flirty demeanor. "Nice to meet you too. If I had known you were his professor, I would have tried harder to work with you and him on his assignment."

We all giggled, and as Jennifer sat down, Claire turned to me and said, "I know your lunch break is almost over, so I'll get back to work. Nice meeting you, Jennifer."

After she left, Jennifer commented, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize how quickly the time had flown by. I've really enjoyed our conversation, but I should probably head out too."

"Actually, I've arranged to have Tuesday and Thursday afternoons off. Please stay and keep me company," I pleaded.

"Interesting," she replied, smiling widely. "You didn't mention that to your sister. Did you want me all to yourself?"

Not wanting to admit she was right, I responded, "She doesn't have afternoons off, so I didn't want to impose on her."

"In that case, let's make the most of our time together. Let's go shopping!" Jennifer exclaimed.

On the drive to the mall, Jennifer remarked, "After meeting your sister, I can see why Brett chose the local college over the university."

"I'm not sure what you mean," I replied, puzzled. "The scholarships were the determining factor in his choice."

Taking her eyes off the road momentarily, she glanced at me with a sexy smirk. "I researched his records before enlisting his help. The university's grants and scholarships, which included housing, would have been far better. You may not realize it, but he wanted to remain here because he's surrounded by two, beautiful women. It's entirely possible that he's in love with one of you."

A wave of warmth flushed through me as I digested her information. Brett insisted on keeping the school offers private, saying he wanted to start making decisions in his life. "If he was truly in love with one of us, was it me or my sister?" I asked myself.

Interrupting my thoughts, the car stopped in the parking lot. Once inside the mall, Jennifer grasped my hand and led me to a women's clothing store, where she immediately began selecting various skirts for me. I started to protest but knew she wouldn't take no for an answer. Besides, shopping with her made me feel young again.

After agreeing on two stylish skirts much shorter than my usual preference, we headed out. Noticing we were going in a different direction than home, I objected, "Jennifer, I think I've already blown this month's clothing budget."

"No problem," she replied with a grin. "We're not going to another store."

She smiled widely, and under other circumstances, I might have been frightened, but I knew her well enough to trust her completely. We pulled up to an upscale house in the suburbs, and the garage door opened to let us in.

“Welcome to my humble abode,” Jennifer said with a hint of pride. “Let me show you around before we get down to business.”

Her home was larger than mine, with furnishings far more exquisite. As we toured each room, it became clear that a professor’s income was much higher than mine. “Your house is unbelievable,” I gushed.

“It’s alright,” she lamented. “A little lonely at times, but I manage. Follow me, and I’ll show you why I brought you here.”

We entered her master bedroom, where she opened a closet brimming with dresses and skirts. She began pulling out several and tossed them onto the bed. “I think we’re close to the same size. Pick out a couple you like and try them on. The bathroom is right across the room.”

“That’s very generous of you, but I couldn’t impose. Brett already thinks it’s a mistake that we’re friends. If he found out you were showering me with gifts, he’d flip out.”

“Nonsense,” Jennifer quipped. “We won’t tell him, and even if he does find out, there’s no rule against giving a student’s mother gifts. Now, if it were Brett, there might be complications.”

Pointing to the bed, she said, “Try on that cute floral-print sundress. I think it’d look fabulous on you.”

It did look cute and seeing no point in further arguing, I picked it up and dashed to the bathroom to change. Once I slipped it on, I admired it in the mirror. After spending a few minutes to ensure my hair was in place, I returned to the bedroom to show it to Jennifer.

“Wow, you look fantastic. The dress highlights your beautiful legs and accentuates your curves. It would be perfect to wear at your sister’s this weekend.”

I pictured the scene in my mind, and smiled, “That would certainly take my sister by surprise. Her attire is generally more provocative than what I wear.”

She giggled and expressed, “Wish I could be a fly on the wall. Start wearing the skirts immediately so Brett will be used to your new look before the next interview.”

Her hopeful expression ignited a mischievous spark within me. “I will, if you will,” I replied, with a feisty smirk. “We’ll both have something to talk about next time we meet. I want to hear how your students react to their sexy professor.”

“Oh,” she exclaimed, “a double dare! You’re on. I’ll bring lunch on Tuesday, so we can compare notes—something better than a salad.”

“It’s a date,” I replied.

“Is it?” she teased. “If so, I’ll wear something special just for you.”

Despite being accustomed to her playful flirting, I still blushed at her forwardness. Not wanting to continue down that path, I said, “I’m looking forward to seeing you on Tuesday.”

Jennifer found a large shopping bag, and we chatted about each piece of clothing before stowing it away. Once the bed was cleared, I remarked, "I should return home before Brett finishes his classes."

Time flew by on the drive back as we talked non-stop, sharing stories and laughter as if we'd been friends for years. We discussed our favorite books and movies and even delved into our hopes and dreams for the future. The conversation was so engaging that before we knew it, we had arrived back home. It felt like the beginning of a deep and lasting friendship.

For my initial debut, I decided to wear one of the blue skirts I had purchased from the clothing store. It was an A-line style, slightly longer than the others, with a hemline ending two inches above my knees. As I prepared dinner, Brett entered the kitchen, sat at the table, and related his day's events.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed him staring more often than usual. After several more glances, he asked, "Is that a new skirt, Mom?"

"Yes, I bought it today while out shopping with Jennifer," I responded, my mischievous smile hidden as I faced away from him.

He groaned and responded, "I really don't think it's a good idea. What do you guys talk about?"

"Don't worry, dear. We don't discuss you. Otherwise, she'd have all kinds of ammo from all the stories I could relate about your childhood," I replied, giggling.

"Thanks, Mom. At least it appears you enjoyed your time with her. I'm glad you're going out and having fun with someone," he remarked with a smile.

The next two days flew by, and soon it was time to go to my sister's place for dinner. I slipped on the sundress and modeled it in front of my mirror, turning and inspecting every angle to ensure it fit perfectly. When I met Brett in the living room, his gaze traveled up and down my body, and he exclaimed, "Wow, Mom! That's a gorgeous dress. I've never seen you wear it before."

With a knowing smirk, I replied, "Thanks, Brett. Jennifer suggested it when we were out shopping."

He raised his hands in mock surrender and remarked, "Not going there, Mom. Let's move out. I'm starving."

Claire's reaction was similar to Brett's, except her expression hinted at jealousy. Although her attire flattered her shapely figure, Brett's eyes were focused more on mine than hers. Brett finished before us and Claire turned to him, asking, "Brett, would you mind moving to the living room so your Mom and I can chat for a bit?"

"Sure, Auntie. Great meal, by the way," he thanked her and left.

While Claire and I talked, I took the time to admire her natural beauty. Remembering Jennifer's compliments about my lovely sister, I found myself studying her face more closely. The resemblance between us was unmistakable, yet her hazel eyes were a captivating contrast to my deep brown ones. Her shoulder-length, chestnut brown hair framed her wider face perfectly,

cascading in soft waves that highlighted her features. When she smiled, happiness seemed to radiate from deep within her soul, her eyes sparkling with joy. Her lips curved upward, revealing pearly-white teeth that exuded warmth and kindness. Her melodic laughter effortlessly brightened the atmosphere around her. It was no wonder she easily captivated others with her radiant complexion, delicate smile, and those enchanting hazel eyes that drew people in effortlessly.

Breaking me out of my trance, Claire rose, saying, "Let's clean up, shall we?"

When all the dirty dishes were in the dishwasher, she turned to me and asked, "So, tell me, Aria. Are you seeing someone? I haven't seen you dress so sexily in a long time, maybe ever."

"No, nothing like that," I replied with a smile. "It was such a beautiful day, I just felt like wearing something cheerful. Plus, I went shopping with Jennifer recently, and she encouraged me to try something new. I guess it worked; it's nice to get out of my usual routine and feel a bit more confident and vibrant. Sometimes, a little change in your wardrobe can brighten up your whole outlook, you know?"

"It certainly has done wonders for you," she replied, with a wide smile. "So, you're becoming friends with your son's lovely professor? What does Brett think about it?"

"He's not too thrilled, but he's getting used to it. She's delightful to be around and doesn't fit the stodgy mold you usually think of for a professor."

"She's certainly a sexy and alluring woman. I'd be more worried about him becoming close friends with her than you," she remarked with a slight giggle.

"I'd be worried, but it doesn't appear to affect him," I reflected. "He's adamant about concentrating on his studies. Sometimes I worry that he's not taking time to enjoy life. He hasn't dated for over a year."

"Can you blame him?" Claire asked. "You do remember how that slut Carol dumped him right after his eighteenth birthday?"

"As bad as it seemed, he confided in me later he wasn't that upset over it," I explained. "He said the girl he wanted to accompany him wasn't available."

"Interesting," Claire replied. "Do we know who this mystery woman is?"

"No," I said, and before I could elaborate, Brett appeared in the doorway.

"Are you ready to head home, Mom? I need to catch up on some of my other subjects since I've been devoting so much time to Professor Brown's project."

After exchanging a light hug with my sister, we departed. Once we arrived home, Brett turned to me and asked, "How about if we drive to the park, walk around the gardens, and enjoy the fresh air?"

"What about your studies?" I asked, a little bewildered by his sudden change of mind.

"It hit me while we were walking back from Auntie's," he explained. "The birds singing and the fragrance of the summer air called to me. It'd be a shame to waste it cooped up in my room. I can catch up during the week."

My heart skipped a beat at his pleading expression. He could have asked my sister to go with him, but he waited until we were alone. “Was it the dress or did the fresh air invigorate him?” I asked myself.

“I should probably change into something more suitable for a hike,” I said, my tone subtly hinting at a question.

“No,” he said, stopping me abruptly. “We don’t have much time, and it’ll be a short walk once we get there. You’ll be fine, dressed as you are.”

“In that case, let’s head out,” I replied, my smile broadening. I made a mental note to thank Jennifer for suggesting the sundress—it was turning out to be the perfect choice.

When my hemline slid higher as I slid into the car seat, I wondered if it was the car ride or the walk in the park that prompted him to suggest our outing. Watching him struggle to glance at my exposed legs without getting caught, I gazed out the side window, remarking on the flowering trees. While talking, I shifted my pelvis, causing my dress to ride even higher, revealing several more inches of thigh.

When we arrived at the park, he hurriedly exited and ran to my side to assist me. After he opened the door, I swung my legs out. While he helped pull me up, his eyes locked onto my exposed thighs.

Our walk turned out to be delightful. After a while, I reached for his hand. Instead of pulling away as he used to when he was younger, he squeezed it gently and held on. It warmed my heart to know that holding hands with his mother no longer repulsed him.

When several other young couples passed us from the opposite direction, he copied their actions and intertwined his arm with mine. As we walked, our arms swayed, causing his biceps to brush against the side of my breast.

As the air cooled, we returned to the car and returned home. We decided to turn in early and as I lay on my bed with my fingers jammed up my horny pussy, I wondered if Brett was stroking off in his room. I gripped one of my engorged nipples with my fingers while my other hand stroked my juicy cunt.

Closing my eyes, an image formed of my son’s handsome face, filled with the same lust as when he helped me out of the car. When I rubbed my protruding pearl, my orgasm overcame me while Brett’s face scrunched up from his explosive climax. Once again, my son had fucked me to orgasm as he had done so many times before.

Tuesday, mid-morning, I showered and meticulously shaved my legs, in preparation for our afternoon interview. Once I applied my highly-coveted, coconut-scented moisturizing lotion, I ran my palms up and down my toned limbs, confident they were perfect for a showing. A blue, pleated short skirt caught my attention, and pairing it with my yellow blouse perfectly completed my look.

As the clock neared noon, my heart raced, unsure whether it was the anticipation of Jennifer’s visit or the upcoming interview with Brett that was causing it. The doorbell chimed, signaling Jennifer’s arrival and when I opened the door, my jaw dropped. Her skirt was the same length as

mine but she wore a navy-blue, thick, cotton, crop top, exposing her bare midriff. Her perky, full breasts pushed out the material, causing it to billow out at the bottom. I resisted reaching underneath and exploring, but I knew that would be on all of her horny male student's minds.

Breaking me out of my trance, she giggled, "If you want to eat, you should invite me in rather than make me stand out here all day."

Stepping aside, she brushed by me, her perfume filling my nostrils. Once we were seated, she pulled out the scrumptious-looking club sandwiches she had brought for us. As I took a bite from mine, I couldn't help but tease, "I hope you didn't wear that blouse in class. If so, the boys wouldn't pay much attention to your lecture."

"Of course not, silly," she replied, chuckling. "I told you I'd wear something special for our date. I take it, you approve?"

"It's unbelievably sexy and not what I'd consider appropriate attire for a professor," I commented, returning her wide smile.

"Believe me, it was bad enough wearing the short skirt," she said, grimacing slightly, but with a sexy smirk nonetheless. "I normally like to stand and walk around while lecturing but I had to stand behind the podium much of the time. Now that you've heard how your dare affected me, how'd it go at your sister's event on Sunday?"

"Surprisingly well," I responded. "Claire even thought I had started dating again."

Jennifer winked, her smile widening. "Maybe she suspects our relationship is closer than that of a mother and her son's professor. And Brett?"

Ignoring her innuendo that our friendship was something more than professional, I addressed her question concerning my son. "He bemoaned the fact I'm spending so much time with you, but at least he did notice I was wearing something new. I told him the dress was your suggestion," I related, without divulging our outing at the park.

"So much for keeping it from him," she replied, with a chuckle. "It's nice that you're honest with him. That kind of trust and openness can only strengthen your relationship."

"Well, I fibbed a little," I explained. "I told him I bought it at a store. In a way, I did—at a quaint little boutique called 'Jennifer's Closet.'"

Her infectious smile and laugh persisted as our conversation shifted to various topics. After we finished eating, she helped me clean the kitchen before moving to the living room.

When I sat on the couch, she settled in beside me, the outside of our bare legs touching together. I asked about her journey through college and how she became interested in her field of study. Her story was fascinating, filled with humorous anecdotes that made it even more engaging.

After finishing her life story, she turned to me and said, "And that brings us to the present time. Now that you're wearing shorter skirts for the interviews, are you prepared to follow through when another mother questions you?"

"What are you referring to?" I asked, genuinely curious.

When her warm, soft palm landed on my knee, my body instinctively tensed. Jennifer explained, “From Brett’s notes, I read that Beth wanted to know whether your son caressed you in the same manner as hers.”

Her hand moved upward, squeezing my leg as she progressed. It felt good—too good. I couldn’t have stopped her if I wanted to.

“Your surprised expression wouldn’t fool anyone. You’re unaccustomed to having your legs touched,” she explained. “It might be a good idea to practice with Brett to prepare yourselves. Pretend my hand is Brett’s while I stroke your fantastic-looking leg.”

I closed my eyes and envisioned Brett caressing my leg, savoring the feel of her soft hand. Warmth flowed through my groin, my slot filling with juice. When her fingers gripped my upper thigh, inches away from my steaming snatch, I widened my legs.

After enjoying several more moments of blissful pleasure, she withdrew her hand and remarked, “That’s much better. Your smile, which reeks of lust, would convince anyone that your son and you are intimate with each other. Now, show me how you would caress Brett’s legs, in case anyone asks you about it.”

Opening my eyes, I gazed at my hand drawn to her shapely leg. My fingers glided across her smooth, hot flesh. I squeezed her firm thigh and ventured higher under her skirt until I reached the same place as she had mine. Her breath became raspy as I caressed her leg.

Removing my hand, I said, “Your legs are really nice. I’ll bet your dates spend a lot of time feeling them.”

She smiled, faced me, and replied, “I don’t kiss and tell, but I’d also expect my date to place their hands on my waist and find out what’s underneath my top.”

My gaze shifted to her bare, heaving stomach. My hands itched to explore her body. My breathing quickened when she added, “I’m not wearing a bra.”

I paused, thinking about my hands wrapping around another woman’s breasts and when I gathered enough courage to commit, she giggled, shifted backward, and said, “Too bad we’re not on a date. It’s getting late so I should go. I think you’re more than ready.”

We rose and before leaving, she hugged me tightly, proving she was indeed not wearing a bra. I watched her sexily stroll to her car and after we waved goodbye, I closed the door and dashed to my room. There was still an hour before Brett was due and I had an urgent need to address.

Once nude, on my back in my bed, my hands gripped the sides of my stomach and slowly moved upward like I wanted to do to Jennifer. Cupping my breasts, I compared mine to hers. While her tits seemed to defy gravity, mine still felt full and firm. I squeezed and caressed them before my fingertips gripped my nipples. I wondered if hers were as sensitive as mine, as I pinched them until they swelled with blood.

I relished the waves of pleasure derived from twisting my engorged nubs. My pussy ached for relief and when I moved one hand lower to my steamy snatch, I stuck three fingers into my depths. While teasing a nipple, my fingers stroked my throbbing pussy, my thumb rubbing across my clit. My legs widened as my fingers pumped my sodden slot.

When I replaced the image of Jennifer with Brett, my orgasm exploded, my pussy contracting on my fingers as my body stiffened and humped. A wave of blissfulness flowed through me as my climax diminished. Conflicted emotions filled me, using my son and his professor as imaginary lovers. My horniness had no limits as I descended into my own world of sexual depravity.

After another shower, I dressed and after ten minutes, Brett arrived. We still had several minutes before we had to leave when a wicked thought entered my mind. I sat on the couch and patted the cushion beside me for Brett to sit.

His eyes locked onto my bare legs as he asked, "Another new skirt, Mom?"

"Yes. I thought it'd be appropriate for the interview."

Placing my hand over his, I guided it to my knee. His shocked face turned red as his fingers instinctively squeezed.

"If another mother, like Beth, is curious about how you feel about my legs, we need to act as if you've done it before. Caress my leg and practice, acting as if it's not out of the ordinary," I instructed.

After I moved his hand higher, I released him, allowing him to proceed at his own pace. His eyes and heavy breathing sent a chill down my spine, knowing he was turned on by caressing my leg.

His fingers were longer than Jennifer's, wrapping around and squeezing more thigh muscle. My pussy ached again, filling with juice, and I wondered how I could relieve myself before our interview. His hand rose higher, before lowering back to my knee. He repeatedly caressed my leg and after several more passes, he raspily uttered, "Mom, your legs are really soft and smooth. I won't have a problem if a mother wants to see me touch them."

"Thanks, Brett," I replied. "I know it might be a bit uncomfortable for you, but we have to put on a realistic front to encourage the mothers to reveal their deepest secrets." I chuckled to myself, knowing I'd love to expose my own hidden desires.

"I'm ready if you are," he said. "We should move out as the next mother's house is further away."

"Sure," I replied, rising on wobbly legs. My body was flushed with heat, and I hoped the drive over would cool me off.

Chapter 2

When we arrived at the next mother's house, my confidence grew when she invited us in and I noticed she wore a short dress. After we exchanged introductions, Brett began his interview. When she crossed her legs, exposing the underside of her thigh, Brett's eyes briefly flicked to her exposed flesh before meeting hers again to continue his questioning. My heart beat faster, anticipating the moment he would run his hand along my leg.

I held my breath when he asked, "Do you remember the moment you decided to have intimate relations with your son?"

It caught me by surprise when she replied, "It was a kiss. Not an ordinary one, like a mother and son would do, but a full-blown erotic kiss. I melted in his arms and it was pretty much a blur

after that when we moved to my bedroom and made love for the first time. I'll remember that kiss for the rest of my life."

Turning to me, she asked, "Was it like that for you, too? Could you show me how you two kiss?"

Although I was completely unprepared for this revelation, I wasn't going to jeopardize Brett's interview. I turned to Brett and pulled him close, pursing my lips. His eyes met mine and understanding my motive, he leaned over and pressed his soft, full lips to mine. It was a gentle, sensuous kiss causing my heart to flutter from our first romantic kiss.

When he released me, the mother remarked, "That looked a little strained. Are you sure you've kissed before?"

Sensing she didn't buy our story, I explained, "I thought it'd be nice to show you the first time we kissed. Here's how we do it now."

My hand held the back of his head and pulled his lips to mine once more. After we connected, I opened my mouth and slid my tongue through his lips. We shifted and twisted our mouths around as we French kissed. Our nostrils expelled hot air as we ground our mouths together as if we'd been lovers for years. His eyes reflected my own feelings of lust. While we passionately necked, his hand traveled up my leg, squeezing and caressing my hot flesh.

I wasn't sure how long we should demonstrate, but I wasn't willing to end the wonderful feeling of kissing my handsome son. After several more minutes of enjoying our illicit intimacy, she exclaimed, "That's exactly how my son kisses me. I feel much more relaxed now that I know we're on the same page."

Brett released me and by the bright flush of his face, I knew he was equally turned on as I was. He continued with his interview, but I barely heard any of it, relishing in the aftermath of our first erotic kiss. I related to the mother, knowing that if Brett kissed me like that at home, it would be next to impossible to resist his advances.

Still in a daze, we concluded our business, and on the drive home, he broke the silence with, "Thanks a lot, Mom. That was quick thinking on your part. I think Professor Brown will be pleased with the results."

"I'm glad we could work through it. I know it was probably uncomfortable to kiss your mother. Hopefully, it wasn't the worst one you've had," I replied, nervously giggling.

He remained silent, staring directly ahead on the road, before softly whispering, "Actually, it was the best one."

His face turned a shade of pink, just like it did when we kissed, and I refrained from answering, not wanting to embarrass him any further. My wet pussy throbbed with excitement and needless to say, I had to cum twice that night before drifting off to sleep.

On Thursday, Jennifer picked me up at noon and drove us to a seafood restaurant neither of us had visited before. It was upscale, with menu prices reflecting its exclusivity. As I scoured the listings, I felt a wave of stress, trying to find something reasonably priced without letting Jennifer know I was uncomfortable. I didn't want to appear out of place or seem like I couldn't afford to enjoy the experience. My eyes darted from one high-priced item to the next, my mind

racing to find something that wouldn't break the bank, all while maintaining a composed and casual demeanor.

Suddenly, I felt Jennifer's hand grasp mine as she whispered, "Don't look at the prices, Aria. I invited you here for a treat, so I'm buying."

She had sensed my discomfort and sought to ease my angst—a true friend. Her reassurance helped, and I relaxed, allowing myself to read the descriptions more thoroughly. Each entrée sounded delectable, though I was still concerned about the prices. "It all looks so delicious," I remarked, glancing at her. "What would you suggest?"

She smiled warmly. "I've heard they're famous for their lobster. I'm getting a side of sautéed mushrooms with one. I recommend you try the lobster as well, with a side of grilled asparagus. That dish caught my eye too."

"That does sound good," I agreed.

After our waiter took our orders, I turned to Jennifer, and expressed, "Thank you so much for treating me today. It's nice to indulge ourselves every once in a while. I feel like I'm on a date."

"I don't go out often," she lamented. "I'm the one who should be thankful for your company. It's just not the same as dining out alone. It does feel like a date, especially with a beautiful woman sitting across from me."

Her sexy expression and flirting made me ponder about her sexual preferences. I delicately asked, "Have you been out with other women recently?"

"Not for a long time," she replied. She grasped and lightly squeezed my hand, locked her gaze with mine, and softly spoke, "I know what's on your mind, Aria. You can't tell if I like women or men. I've enjoyed relationships with both. I've found that a woman's soft touch provides me with a serene sense of comfort. On the other hand, watching a man's face filled with excitement while he makes love to me tops the charts. There's no comparison and if I had to choose, it would always be with a man."

It warmed my heart that she confided in me her innermost feelings. When she mentioned the act of making love with a man, my mind pictured Brett's face from my masturbation fantasies. In response to her hopeful expression, I responded, "Any man or woman would be lucky to have you as a partner. I love being in your company."

Before she could reply, our dishes arrived, and we began the delightful task of cracking open the lobster claws. The restaurant's high ratings were well-deserved, as we savored every bite and relished the flavors.

After we finished and were in the car, Jennifer asked, "Since I treated us to lunch, you get to plan our afternoon. What would you like to do?"

The day with Brett came to mind and I suggested, "I feel a little bloated with all that rich food. I wouldn't mind walking it off. Would you like to visit a park I sometimes frequent?"

"That sounds like a lovely idea," Jennifer replied.

Our walk evoked memories of similar strolls with my son, and I instinctively held hands with Jennifer as we wandered through the expansive gardens. The fragrant floral scent in the air, coupled with the perfect temperature, heightened our enjoyment, prompting me to consider bringing up our last interview.

As if reading my thoughts, Jennifer said, "Brett's latest report was fantastic. You guys really hit it out of the ballpark on that one. The insights into the mother's feelings were very detailed. When Brett explained how a kiss was the turning point, he briefly touched on the request to watch you and him perform the same act. How'd it feel, kissing your own son as you would a lover?"

"It wasn't a lover's kiss," I fibbed, arguing to myself that it wasn't a total lie as the first kiss wasn't sexual. "It was a tad uncomfortable for him, but it didn't last long. Our lips touched, but we didn't proceed any further. The mother was content with that and followed through with the rest of the interview."

Jennifer halted us, turned to me and fear swept through me, wondering if she could detect my untruthfulness. "It must have been pretty convincing for her to confide in you. If I kissed you, I wouldn't be content with a gentle one. Do you think Brett is gay?"

I knew better than that, but any confirmation would dispel my spun story, so I answered, "That may be a possibility. After all, he didn't hit on his hot professor."

"There is that," she agreed. "I just love it when you call me a hot professor. It adds a bit of taboo to my title."

My heart rate lowered as I convinced myself that Jennifer had bought my story. After our walk, she drove me home. Once in the driveway, she turned to me and said, "I have several meetings next Tuesday I can't worm out of so I'll text you for our Thursday meeting."

"Sounds good," I replied. "Thanks again for taking me out today."

"So it was a date," Jennifer smirked. Puckering her lips, she asked, "Don't you kiss your dates after they treat you?"

Fear gripped me as I desperately yearned to feel her soft, moist lips, but I didn't want my nosy neighbors, especially my sister, to witness me kiss a woman.

Saving me from embarrassment, Jennifer laughed and said, "Just kidding, silly. Good luck with your next interview."

On Saturday morning, Brett gripped my sides as always, sending chills down my spine. After gently pulling back my hair, he kissed my neck before moving to my cheek. His hot breath washed across my face as he whispered, "Do you think we should practice kissing again, Mom?"

My heart fluttered as my body stiffened. It was the moment that would define our future. If he kissed me again, I wouldn't be content until I felt his cock deeply lodged in my horny cunt. All I had to do was turn around and allow him to take me. Hesitating, I asked myself, "What would happen after our lustful desires had been fulfilled?" Several possible disastrous consequences of an incestuous affair filled my mind.

Whether it was my hesitation, tense posture, or the fact that I seemed to be holding my breath, Brett decided to back off, commenting, “There’s probably no need. We nailed it during the interview.”

As he took his seat at the table, my mind screamed, “No! Don’t give up. Take me!”

While we ate, I reflected on my interactions with Jennifer and Brett. My inaction with both of them prevented me from solving my increasingly horny state. The situation became even more complicated by my growing infatuation with two different people. “If I were to become involved with one, would it mean I was cheating on the other?” I asked myself. It wouldn’t be fair to either of them.

That night, finding my mind still in turmoil over my dilemma, I solved it by masturbating to Jennifer and then again with Brett as my partner. Afterward, with a clearer head, I concluded that this might be the ultimate solution, and far less stressful.

When Tuesday arrived, I prepared myself for our next interview. I missed spending time with Jennifer, so I texted her, expressing my feelings and wishing her well in her meetings. For the next twenty minutes, I kept glancing at my phone, anxious to hear from her.

Finally, my phone chirped with a message. As I read her note aloud, I pictured her cute face in my mind, “Miss you so much, Aria! Tuesdays and Thursdays are the highlights of my week when I’m able to spend time with you. Good luck today! Can’t wait to see you soon.”

My mood brightened from her note and to pass the time, I logged into work and worked until Brett arrived. After he glanced at my short, pleated skirt, he remarked, “Nice outfit, Mom. At first, I wasn’t thrilled about you being friends with Professor Brown, but her influence has been incredibly positive for you. I promise I won’t complain about you two again.”

“Thanks, Brett,” I replied warmly, genuinely touched by his acceptance. It felt wonderful to have his approval of my friendship with his professor, lifting a weight off my shoulders.

On the drive over, I reviewed the prior interviews and felt confident that I was ready to act as if I were my son’s lover. That is, until the mother opened the door to invite us in. She was a buxom blonde, her large, braless tits pressing against her thin blouse, her areolas distinctly displayed.

Brett’s gaze mirrored mine as we gawked at her magnificent rack. Breaking us out of our trance, the woman introduced herself, “Hi, I’m Roxie. When you’re done staring at my tits, we can start.”

Our faces flushed pink from being caught red-handed. Brett apologized, “Sorry about that. Sometimes my eyes have a mind of their own, especially when they encounter a beautiful woman.”

“Quite alright,” Roxie replied. “I’m used to it and actually enjoy teasing young men, but it isn’t often that a woman is attracted to them, as your mother appears to be.” She smiled widely at me and I shifted my weight nervously as I thought back to Jennifer’s tube top and how I wanted to paw at her breasts.

I extended my hand and said, “Glad to meet you, Roxie. I’m Aria, Brett’s mother, and like my son, I have trouble concealing my appreciation of a lovely lady.”

“Isn’t that something? Mother and son, both flatterers,” she stated, giggling. She led us to the living room where Brett and I sat on the couch with her opposite us. My nervousness increased as the interview progressed, fearing the moment she would describe the turning point of their relationship.

Her fabulous breasts would inevitably be the cause and I pictured how it would turn out if she demanded to see how Brett intimately touched me. “Would I be willing to act and allow him to grope me in front of the woman?” I asked myself, unsure if I could go through it.

I held my breath when Brett asked her the question I had dreaded would come.

She took a deep breath and related her story. “As with you two, my son’s fascination with my breasts began after I hugged him tightly on his eighteenth birthday. From then on, I teased him by not wearing a bra and embracing him whenever I could. One morning, I slept in late and dashed out to the kitchen, still dressed in my nightie, to prepare breakfast. While I faced the stove, cooking eggs, he came up behind me and grabbed my sides, his fingers digging into my flesh while he kissed my neck.”

When I sucked in my breath, a shrill whistle sounded, surprising me and stopping Roxie. The fact that she was describing my weekend fantasy made my heart race, while my pussy filled with warm juice. “Sorry, I accidentally inhaled a little too deeply. Please continue,” I apologized.

She continued, “It was a nice feeling when his strong hands held me, but when they moved upward, my breath stopped. I didn’t know how far I should allow him to continue before stopping him, but when his hands bumped against the bottoms of my breasts, I knew there was no limit. Once he cupped my breasts, a wave of joy flowed through me as I’d never felt before. The thin, silky material of my nightie didn’t lessen the effect of his fingertips squeezing my nipples. It excited me so much, that I turned around, kissed him, and drug him to the floor, where he pounded my pussy for the first time. Ever since, it’s been our favorite morning ritual.”

My pussy throbbed while my nipples filled with blood becoming hard as rocks, envisioning Brett doing the same to me. I vowed to wear thicker panties the next time as I feared my thin, silky ones wouldn’t soak up all my juices and leak onto my skirt. My mind descended deep into my fantasy, my head filled with images of Brett making love to me.

Unknowingly, Roxie had continued and had asked me about the first time Brett grabbed my breasts. Suddenly, her voice sharply rang out, “Aria!” jolting me out of my dream. Unsure of how to answer, I struggled for words.

Roxie’s demeanor turned sour as she stated, “Your shocked expression leads me to believe Brett hasn’t touched your breasts.”

Knowing I had blown it, I attempted to recover and stuttered, “Not exactly, but we’re still in love with each other.”

Roxie’s angry expression confirmed my suspicions that I had ruined the interview.

“I don’t feel comfortable going into details of my relationship with people who haven’t experienced the same. I no longer wish to continue. Please leave,” she abruptly ordered, her voice signaling her disgust at being misled.

She led us outside, the door slamming shut behind us. A wave of guilt and sorrow washed over me as I realized the impact of my actions. Both Brett and Jennifer would suffer because of me.

On the ride home, Brett remained silent. When he dropped me off, he said, "I have some things to attend to at school, Mom. I'll grab a bite there and be home later."

His disappointed expression spoke volumes, and once again, I threw myself into my work to distract myself from the situation. When it was time to retire for the night, I heard his car pull up and decided to wait in the living room to discuss it with him.

He walked in and, upon seeing me, his face softened with regret. "I'm sorry, Mom," he said quietly. "I really thought I'd be home sooner."

"It's alright, Brett. I feel terrible for ruining your interview today and know how disappointed you must be in me. It was inexcusable to let you down when you needed support the most. I don't know how I can make it up to you," I apologized, struggling to hold back tears. My voice cracked, and his expression softened as he witnessed my distress.

"No, Mom," he retorted with a deep sense of guilt. "It's I who should apologize. I should've never put you in such an uncomfortable position. It was selfish and thoughtless of me to involve you in such a stressful situation. When I talk to Professor Brown tomorrow, I'll inform her that we won't be continuing."

"I volunteered for this project and don't regret it one bit," I replied. "You have nothing to apologize for, but whatever you decide, I'll support you."

"Thanks, Mom. I'm exhausted. I'm going to take a shower and hit the sack," he said, his voice heavy with fatigue.

I felt a little better knowing Brett wasn't angry with me, but I still dreaded Thursday's meeting with Jennifer. Feeling too depressed to change out of my robe after Brett left for college, I moped around the house during the slower moments of work. Halfway through the morning, I faced the inevitable and texted Jennifer, "I'm sorry, but I don't feel like going out today. I hope you understand."

After an hour passed without a reply, my heart sank. The fear of losing Jennifer as a friend weighed heavily on me, though I knew I couldn't blame her if she chose to distance herself. At noon, while I sat at the kitchen table contemplating what to eat, the doorbell chimed.

When I opened the door and saw Jennifer's smiling face, I immediately felt a wave of relief. Maybe there was a slim chance that she'd forgive me.

"Hi, Aria. Come with me, I have something for you," Jennifer insisted.

"I'm still dressed in my robe. Let me go change first," I protested.

"No time. Just throw on a coat. We're heading to my house," she said firmly.

Knowing I was treading on thin ice, I agreed, grabbed a long coat from my closet, and after slipping it over my robe, I followed her out to her car.

During the drive, the feelings of betrayal to my best friend returned. “Jennifer, I know you’re disappointed in me and I’d like...”

Abruptly interrupting me, Jennifer ordered, “Not now, Aria. Wait until we arrive at my house. We’ll talk there.”

Her tone didn’t convey anger, but it lacked her usual joy, leaving me uncertain about where I stood with her. By the time we pulled into her garage, my nerves were on edge. As soon as we stepped into her house, the enticing aroma of cooking enveloped us.

“Throw your coat on the couch and take a seat in the kitchen,” Jennifer instructed, leading the way.

My fears dissolved when I noticed two glasses of wine on the table. I sat down, and my smile widened as Jennifer pulled a large, cheese pizza out of the oven and set it on a pizza stand in the center of the table.

“You remembered,” I said, pleasantly surprised.

“Of course,” Jennifer replied. “It’s also my go-to remedy for a bad day.” Her cute smile and giggle immediately lifted my spirits.

“Careful, it’s still hot,” she warned when I began sliding a slice of pizza onto my plate. Holding her glass up, she toasted, “Here’s to friendship, which is stronger than any misunderstanding or obstacle that comes our way.”

“Cheers to that!” I replied with a laugh, as we clinked our glasses together. After taking a sip, I remarked, “Wow, this wine is tasty. It’s going to pair perfectly with our pizza.”

“Thanks, it’s one of my favorites,” she noted with a smile. “It’s from a little winery located in the Russian River Valley.”

We chatted for a bit until the pizza had cooled enough to eat. It was delicious, and by the time we finished, both the pizza and wine had completely lifted my spirits and satisfied my appetite.

Pushing my chair back, I said, “I haven’t eaten this much in a long time. Thank you so much, Jennifer. I feel so much better now.”

“Let’s move to the couch and let it settle,” Jennifer suggested.

Noticing the empty bottle and glasses, I asked, “Do you happen to have any more of that delicious wine?”

“Of course,” Jennifer replied with a grin. “Take a seat and I’ll bring it in. It’s so much fun to let loose with friends once in a while.”

After a few sips, Jennifer turned to me and explained, “When I talked to Brett on Wednesday, I sensed something was off. He was acting a little hinky, and when you texted me today, I knew there was more to the story.”

“What’d he tell you?” I asked, my confusion growing.

“He described his interaction with Roxie,” Jennifer explained. “He said he halted the interview because he didn’t feel it was appropriate to demonstrate such an intimate act in her presence. He asked permission to discontinue any further interviews, so as not to further embarrass you.”

My heart skipped a beat, knowing Brett had lied to protect me. I felt bad that he had sacrificed himself for my benefit. I vowed to ensure his success, so the first item would be setting the record straight.

“That’s not exactly how it happened,” I stated. “During her description of her son’s actions, my mind drifted into some kind of trance and when she asked us to show her how Brett touched me, she misunderstood my blank stare as shock and stopped the interview, suspecting we weren’t lovers. She was so upset that neither of us could convince her otherwise.”

“That certainly sounds more plausible,” Jennifer noted. “It’s sweet that Brett protected you, but it wasn’t necessary. I would have understood completely. It’s one thing to act as lovers, touching legs and light kissing, but fondling your mother’s breasts is a little overboard. It was just one interview. I tried to persuade him to continue, but he expressed uncertainty about whether you would agree to it. So, it seems you can expect a conversation with him sometime soon.”

“Thanks,” I replied, feeling relieved now that everything was out in the open. “I was determined to do whatever it took to assist him. Allowing him to feel my breasts might not be that horrific. After all, I was wearing a bra so it wouldn’t be like he’d be grabbing my bare breasts.” I nervously giggled, hinting at my desire for Brett to fondle me.

“If I may ask, what caused your mind to wander during Roxie’s description?” Jennifer queried.

I don’t know if it was the wine talking or my desire to be completely honest with my best friend, but I truthfully explained, “It hit too close to home. For the last several months, on the weekends, Brett has approached me while I stand at the stove cooking. He grips my sides and kisses my neck, his way of greeting me. When Roxie described the exact same thing, my heart raced as to what it would feel like if Brett did the same by raising his hands to cup my breasts. It’s just a silly fantasy, but it overtook my concentration.”

“That makes perfect sense,” Jennifer chirped. “She was living out your fantasy. Finish your wine and follow me. I want to try something.”

Having spilled my guts, I eagerly gulped down the last of my wine, placed my glass on the counter, and walked down to her bedroom, curious as to what she had in mind.

When I entered, I found her sorting through her closet. Finding what she was looking for, she pulled off a couple of garments, and turned to me, holding up two nighties. “Let’s slip these on and we’ll re-enact the scene to see what it feels like.”

Normally, I’d be uncomfortable dressing so provocatively in front of another woman, but her lustful smile matched my horniness. I grabbed the blue one and said, “I love this one and the pink one will complement your green eyes. I’ll change in the bathroom.”

“Perfect!” Jennifer quipped. “I’ll change here and wait for you.”

After I removed my skirt and blouse, I stood in front of her full-length mirror and smiled at the shapely body reflecting back at me. After slipping on her nightie, I modeled it and was pleasantly surprised by how nice it felt. The button-down front and silk belt held it snugly to my body. My pink silky bra and panties were barely visible beneath the thin material.

When I opened the door, my eyes scanned Jennifer’s sexy body, her bare breasts clearly visible through her thin nightwear. They were as proud and perky as I had imagined.

“From your dazed look, I take it you approve or is it the wine?” she asked, giggling at my ogling.

“You’re absolutely stunning,” I said in awe.

Walking over to my backside, her hands gripped my sides. “Is this how he held you?” she asked, her voice laced with lust.

“A little firmer. I can actually feel each of his fingers press into my flesh before he pecks me on the neck,” I described.

When I felt her hot breath on my neck, her fingers dug in before she kissed my neck. My breath sucked in as she mirrored Brett’s actions.

“You’re so tense,” Jennifer noted. “Relax and enjoy my touch as if it was him. Imagine him doing the same as Roxie’s son.”

Her hands crept higher and when they bumped against the underside of my bra, she whispered into my ear, “It’s not quite right. Roxie was braless.”

She unsnapped me, not allowing the nightie to inhibit her. She quickly pulled my straps off and allowed my bra to slip down, landing on my feet. Her hands wrapped around my ribs and ascended until they cupped my breasts.

“That’s better, isn’t it?” she asked, her breath as rapid as mine.

“Yes, it’s really good,” I managed to utter while my breasts heaved in her squeezing hands. When her fingertips found my erect nipples, I bleated, “Oh!”

“That’s my Achilles’ heel too,” she croaked. “Twisting my nipples drives me nuts.”

If she were to continue, my soaked pussy would soil my panties. Tossing my inhibitions aside, I pulled her arms off and maneuvered behind her. Gripping her sides, I whispered, “Let me show you how it feels, but you have to imagine it’s one of your male students making a pass at you while you’re facing your chalkboard.”

“Oh, kinky,” she exclaimed. “I love a good fantasy.”

I squeezed and groped my way up her body much faster than she had done to me. I was anxious to hold her fantastic tits. When I cupped her mounds, she moaned. After squeezing and exploring her breasts, my fingers clamped onto her turgid tips. Repeating her actions, I twisted and pulled her sensitive nubs, resulting in a symphony of moans and groans. When I kissed her neck, I gripped her tips and pulled her breasts outward.

Suddenly, she removed my hands and pranced to her nightside table. Opening the top drawer, she pulled out a life-like dildo, handed it to me, and begged, “You have to help me finish. I’m so fucking horny, I’m going crazy.”

Before I could answer, she shucked her nightie, pulled off her panties, and plopped onto her bed, her legs wide open. Her juicy pussy and engorged lips matched my own excited state. Her perfectly trimmed landing patch matched her golden hair.

Without hesitation, I lowered myself to the bed, held the dildo by the fake balls and shoved it into her horny hole.

“Ah! God, that feels good. Fuck me fast and suck on my nipples,” she pleaded.

We were both beyond any veneer of timidity or shyness, our horny bodies commanding our actions. My mouth latched onto her areola as my hand squeezed her other meaty tit.

Her legs and body shook with excitement as I fucked my beautiful, sexy friend. Knowing from my own experience of what would bring her off, my thumb slid across her puffy clit each time the dildo hit bottom. Her body thrashed as she wailed with delight. After another dozen pumps, I felt her stiffening as her juice spilled out and soaked my hand, wrapped around the dildo's base.

"I'm cumming hard. Bite my nipples and finish me. It's so fucking good!" she screamed.

Abiding by her wishes, I clamped onto her tip while continuing to tease her clit. Her orgasm strengthened as her pussy strangled the fake prick lodged deeply in her quivering pussy.

When her body relaxed, I eased off and rose enough to admire her bliss-filled face. I knew exactly how she felt, enjoying the same sense of serenity after an explosive climax, although mine was the result of my fantasies involving my son.

"Thank you so much," she softly spoke. "That was unbelievable."

"You needed to unwind. It's the least I could do after treating me to pizza and wine," I jested, causing both of us to giggle.

Her eyes locked onto my pointy tips, obscenely pressing against the thin nightie. Springing out of bed, she approached me with the stealth of a cougar hunting its prey, ripping off my nightie in one swift motion.

"Your turn. I can't have you going home in such a hot and horny state," she croaked.

After pushing me onto her bed, she removed my panties and gazed at my brown bush. I kept it trimmed to a perfect triangle, but it was noticeably thicker and fuller from her thin, sexy patch.

"Your pussy is quite delightful," she remarked. "Let's see if you're as horny as I was." She pried my legs apart and ran her fingers across my blood-filled, slickened lips. "Just as I thought. I have just what the doctor ordered."

She grabbed the dildo, still coated with her juices, and jammed it into my sodden slot. With the diameter comparable to my two fingers, my hungry hole had no problem swallowing it. The feeling of it spreading my walls sent waves of pleasure through my system. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the joy of being fucked by someone other than myself.

I was wrong when I had earlier reasoned that masturbation would be sufficient enough to quench my sexual desires. The pleasure I received from Jennifer's actions felt heavenly. Opening my eyelids, a feeling of warmth flowed through me as I saw her beaming face glaring at me, knowing she was enjoying making love to my sex-starved body.

As if she could read my mind, she lowered her mouth onto my breast and sucked in my rock-hard nipple. While she sucked, her free hand squeezed my other breast as I had done to her. My hands instinctively grabbed the back of her head and held her tightly to my tit.

"Oh, perfect. Suck my tit while you're fucking me," I encouraged her, my body responding to her touch. While she worked on my breasts, she moved the dildo around while plunging in and out. Even though she told me she didn't like to cook, she was stirring my steamy pot like a master chef. My climax quickly approached and it wasn't from fantasizing about Brett.

My clit, fully emerged from its protective sheath, ached to be touched and when her thumb scraped across it, my pussy walls contracted as my body thrashed around when an explosive orgasm overcame me. I grunted and groaned as she continued to stimulate my erogenous zones, unwilling to cease until my pussy finished cumming on her fake cock.

When my body relaxed, she gently removed the dildo at the same time as her mouth released my nipple. Her face, filled with joy, neared mine and suddenly, her lips pressed against mine. Catching me by surprise, she saw my wide eyes and pulled back.

“I’m so sorry, Aria, I got carried...” she uttered before my hands grabbed the back of her head and pulled her mouth onto mine. My tongue shot out and danced with hers. Her soft and full lips reminded me of Brett’s and I kissed her as passionately as I had with my son. I used her to fantasize that I was kissing Brett as our mouths writhed and twisted to achieve the most contact.

My hands lowered to her back and pulled her tightly against me, smashing her tits against mine. Hot air poured from our nostrils, bathing our faces. After French kissing for several more minutes, I released her and whispered, “I guess this means we’re on a date now.”

She giggled and replied, “You can say that again, but normally I like to kiss my date before we fuck. I’m not complaining though.”

With a curious look, she asked, “First time kissing a girl or making love with one?”

“Yes to both,” I responded. “And it was better than I could ever imagine. You are a wonderful lover.” With a mischievous grin, I said, “I wonder what Brett would think about me fucking his hot professor.”

“Hopefully, he’d be jealous, but we’ll never know. A woman has to set her limits and fucking one of my students is off the table,” she declared, although her sexy smile belied her true desires. I knew what she was thinking as it mirrored my thoughts—we wanted to feel Brett’s cock shoved up our cunts.

Glancing at the clock and seeing how much time had passed, I remarked, “I’d love to stay longer, but I have to get home before Brett arrives.”

She rolled off me and dashed to her closet, removing a sundress. “Throw this on. It’s thick enough to hide your tits.”

Pulling out a shopping bag, she tossed the blue nightie and my robe into it and explained, “Take this with you. I’m keeping your undies as keepsakes, plus it’ll provide an excuse for you to return.”

After slipping on the dress and smoothing it against my body, I said, “You don’t need to worry about me returning. This is the best dinner date I’ve ever had.”

Wondering why she wasn’t dressing, but rather working on her phone, I asked, “Something wrong?”

“No, I’m calling a Lyft to take you home,” she explained.

“Really? Is that how you treat all your dates?” I asked, half-joking.

“Only when we’ve shared two bottles of wine,” she replied with a smile. “I wouldn’t want to risk our safety by driving drunk.”

“Good thinking,” I agreed. “Do you always use wine to loosen up your dates so you can take advantage of them?”

“Not at all. If I recall correctly, you’re the one who insisted on the second bottle. Just maybe, you were trying to seduce me all along,” she replied as her eyes twinkled and her smile broadened.

“Perhaps. Can you blame me? It’s not every day I’m able to make love to my son’s stunningly, sexy professor,” I replied, grinning widely at her playful accusation.

We laughed at our friendly banter and when her phone chirped, she said, “Your ride’s here. See you next Tuesday.”

I walked over to her and kissed her goodbye. Before I turned to leave, she whispered, “I dare you to wear the blue nightie this weekend while preparing breakfast.”

An image of Brett’s hands gripping my thinly-covered sides flashed through my mind, filling me with excitement. “If I do, you’ll owe me a favor in return,” I replied, a mischievous smile spreading across my face as I began plotting.

“Deal,” she agreed.

Thankfully, Brett hadn’t arrived home when the Lyft driver dropped me off. I showered, washing the sweat and smell of sex off my body, before preparing dinner.

After dining, we followed our nightly routine, heading to our bedrooms to change into comfortable snuggies before meeting in the living room. As I stood in front of my closet, I pondered what to wear, my eyes darting to my newly-acquired nightie hanging inside. Knowing it would be too drastic of a change from my usual attire, I decided on another nightie that I’d worn before in the evenings.

After slipping it on, I looked in the mirror and felt satisfied that the thicker material would adequately shield me from my son’s prying eyes. The hemline fell several inches above my knees, allowing the air to cool my warm body. It was the perfect article of clothing to transition me to the sexy nightie Jennifer had bequeathed me.

I found Brett already situated on the couch, dressed in sweats, watching TV. When I sat beside him, he glanced at me, and his lustful smile of approval sent a shiver down my spine.

“The daytime temperatures are lingering on longer, aren’t they? I thought it’d be nice to wear something a little cooler. Do you mind?” I asked, giving him a pleading, pouty look.

“Of course not, Mom,” he replied. “If anything, I’m a little jealous. I should break out my summer clothes, too.”

“Throw them in the laundry basket tonight, and I’ll do a load tomorrow to get the musty smell out,” I suggested. “Do you still have those cotton shorts I bought for you a few years ago?” I asked, hoping he hadn’t discarded them. He had mentioned before that he didn’t like wearing them in public because they were too short and outdated.

“I think so,” he replied. “I guess they’d be okay to wear around here.”

Having set my plan into motion, I shifted topics for the rest of the evening.

On Friday evening, I found myself once again standing in front of my closet, hesitant to follow through on my well-laid-out plan. Pulling out the blue nightie, I slid it over my heated body, and modeled it in front of the mirror. It wasn't as thin as I previously thought, my bra and panties barely visible beneath. The hemline was a little higher, exposing more thigh flesh, but not too short.

Taking a moment to brush my hair and apply a few drops of vanilla-scented perfume behind my ears, I inhaled deeply before strolling out to join Brett. He did more than a double-take as I seated beside him. His gaze traveled from my bare legs up my scantily-clad body, his lustful eyes burning a path, elevating my body temperature.

His hairy legs held my attention. He had taken my advice and had worn his shorts. My bare flesh tingled when our legs bumped against each other. The silence was deafening until Brett noted, "Nice nightie, Mom. I take it that you and Professor Brown have been shopping again?"

"Actually, she gave me one of hers," I replied, with a shaky voice. "She didn't like it and felt remorse from our bad experience with our last interview. If you don't mind, I'd like to continue assisting her in gathering research. It was just one awkward moment and I'm confident we can move past it. Don't you?"

His wide smile answered for him, but he verbally confirmed, "Sure, Mom. Like you say, it was a one-time thing. Not a big deal."

Feeling good that I had convinced him to continue, I waited ten minutes before initiating my next action. When my palm landed on his knee, he glanced at me curiously. Slowly moving my hand upward, I explained, "We practiced with you touching my legs after the interview with Beth, but I'd like to be able to explain what it feels like from my perspective."

His muscles tensed as I gently squeezed and advanced to his thick thigh. Spreading my fingers, I ran them through his hair, closed them, and gently tugged. "I love your hairy legs, Brett. Thanks for wearing your shorts tonight."

"No problem, Mom," he replied, his voice raspy and shaken.

When my fingers neared his groin, I paused, relishing the feel of his hot flesh, before returning to his knee. My pussy filled with my juices as I watched a large bump form in his shorts. After ten more minutes of caressing his leg, I pulled back and croaked, "That's enough. I'm confident I can describe in detail how it feels to caress my son's legs."

"It'll benefit me, too," he responded. "Your soft hand felt really good, and being able to describe the sensation will be useful if anyone asks."

That night, while my fingers pumped my juicy pussy, I hoped Brett was doing the same, pounding his meat from having his nightie-clad mother feel his leg. After several orgasms, I fell into a deep sleep, my mind racing as to what would occur the next morning.

Waking up refreshed, I slipped on my nightie and strolled out to the kitchen to begin our Saturday routine. Only this time, his hands would be separated only by a layer of thin silk, rather than my cotton robe. My muscles tightened when I heard him stir, knowing he would soon be

holding me. My body stiffened when his hands gripped my sides, his fingers digging in. After pecking me on the back of my neck, he lingered, his hands slowly moving upward.

I held my breath as his heavy panting filled the silence. “Maybe we should practice, in case we encounter a mother like Roxie,” he whispered, between pants. When the edge of his hand collided against the bottom of my bra, he paused, before releasing his hands.

“It’s not quite the same since Roxie wasn’t wearing a bra,” he remarked. He waited and I wondered if he wanted me to release my tits for him to continue. I sucked in a deep breath of air, realizing I hadn’t breathed the entire time. Before I could act, he moved away and sat at the table. His face remained flushed when I set the plate of food in front of him.

Instead of watching his muscled body mow the lawns afterward, I lay in bed, my fingers jammed deeply in my cunt, reliving the blissful feeling of his hands. After cumming three times, I texted Jennifer, “Hi, I’m sorry I didn’t touch base with you for the last few days. I really enjoyed our time together.”

She responded, “I’ve been busy too. I’m glad to hear from you and I’m looking forward to Tuesday. Let’s meet for lunch for a salad before your next interview.”

“Sounds great,” I replied, my mood improving, knowing neither of us had regrets over our actions.

“Did you wear it?” she texted back. I didn’t have to ask what as I knew she was referring to the nightie.

“I did. He seemed perfectly fine with it and hardly mentioned it,” I responded.

“Maybe he is gay. I don’t know how any man could resist grabbing your fantastic tits,” she wrote back.

Although I fibbed when describing his reaction, I owned up to the truth by replying, “I wore a bra and panties underneath, so it might have deterred him.”

“I didn’t intend for you to wear undies. At least you won’t be able to request anything from me now,” she replied, followed by several laughing emojis.

“Don’t feel so confident. There’s still tomorrow,” I responded, my body responding with the thought of going braless the next day.

“Can’t wait to hear the results on Tuesday. Good luck!” She ended the text with a string of red heart emojis.

With the fresh vision of me braless in front of my son, I brought myself off to another orgasm. Afterward, I dressed and busied myself with the weekend chores, giving my mind a break from all of my sexual fantasies.

My nervousness heightened throughout the day, leading to a restless night of sleep. When I woke up, second thoughts clouded my mind concerning Jennifer’s dare. Even though I knew I could lie and tell her I followed through, I hated the idea of being untruthful to her.

Thinking of what I could ask of her in return, I flung off my bra and slid my nightie on, smiling as I envisioned her look when I presented my proposal. “Will he stop when his hand bumps my

breasts, as last time or will he follow through with Roxie's narrative?" I asked myself, hoping for the latter.

Once I was standing in front of the stove, I began cooking the scrambled eggs and hash browns. With my arms extended over the skillet, I glanced down and noticed that the side of my tit was clearly visible beneath the thin, silky material. My heart fluttered and when I heard his door close, I lowered my arms to partially shield my near-nudity.

His hot breath hit me before I felt his hands grip my sides. I focused on breathing normally, although my breasts heaved with excitement. After lightly kissing my neck, his hands crept upward as before. Short bursts of hot air hit my neck as his hands moved closer to my breasts. When his hand pushed into the bottom of my meaty tit, movement caught my eye from the window overlooking our backyard.

"Shit! Claire's coming," I blurted out. His hands lowered as I turned to face him. My mind raced as to what to do. I couldn't dash off, leaving the food cooking, plus, Brett's red face would alert my sister to something amiss.

"Give me your robe so I can cover up and then go to your room," I ordered.

"Mom, I..." he began to argue, when I interrupted him and frantically yelled, "Now! Hurry up. She's almost here."

Sensing the urgency in my tone, he unfastened his belt and pulled off his robe. I immediately understood his reluctance as my eyes locked onto his large, magnificent prick, proudly standing at full mast. My eyes traveled from his plum-sized, purple head glistening with pre-cum, down the veiny, bumpy underside of his shaft, landing on his large, low-hanging balls.

If it wasn't for my sister, I knew I would have dropped to my knees and swallowed his fantastic cock. When I grabbed his robe, he turned and fled to his room, while I watched his firm, round ass cheeks, the sight of his ballsack visible between his legs.

I barely had the belt fastened when Claire burst into the kitchen. Noticing my attire, she asked, "That looks a little big for you. Is it new?"

Quickly thinking of an excuse, I replied, "No, it's Brett's. I forgot to dry mine after doing laundry last night, but I found his robe lying on top of the dryer and decided to use it instead."

Her dubious expression led me to believe she hadn't bought it, but her attention was averted when Brett entered, wearing sweats. "There's my robe," he said with surprise. "I couldn't find it this morning and wondered where I had left it."

"Sorry, I borrowed it last night when mine was still damp. I hope you don't mind," I replied, trying my best to sound sincere. Thankfully, Claire's face softened, as she listened to the convincing exchange between Brett and me.

"You bought it for me, Mom. You can wear it anytime you want. You only have to ask," he stated, his smirk hinting at what had really happened.

"Have a seat, Claire. We were just about to eat, and there's plenty for you too," I said, eager to steer the conversation in a different direction.

“Thanks, Sis” she chirped, smiling as she sat down. “I didn’t intend to mooch off you, but I’ll accept your generous offer. I came over to invite you two out to dinner tonight—my treat. I received a raise and want to share my good fortune with my loved ones.”

“Congratulations, and thank you. We’d love to help you celebrate,” I replied, thankful that Brett and I wouldn’t be alone during the evening. I anticipated an uncomfortable tension between us from our morning fiasco.

Being careful to avoid Brett for the next couple days, I looked forward to my lunch with Jennifer on Tuesday. Arriving early, I secured a pleasant table for us on the patio. While I sipped my tea, my smile broadened as I thought about the payback I had planned for Jennifer.

A wave of excitement washed over me as I spotted her, still awed by her beauty and graceful movements. She deftly settled in, took a gulp of water, and greeted me, “You’re looking as lovely as ever, and what a beautiful table you managed to snag. I didn’t think the day could get any better.”

“I love your outfit,” I gushed. “The subtle yellow color of your blouse really complements your eyes. Sometimes I’m jealous of how well you can match clothes.”

“I’m blushing,” she said, with a slight giggle. “You’re stealing my thunder. I’m usually the one who enjoys flirting with a beautiful woman.”

Our conversation remained lively and fun throughout the meal. We reminisced about our favorite shared memories. Jennifer shared amusing anecdotes from her work, like the time a student accidentally emailed a love letter to the entire class. I recounted my recent adventure trying to bake a soufflé, which ended with the smoke alarm blaring.

Jennifer leaned in, her tone turning more sincere. “You know, Aria, I’m really glad we have these moments together. They mean a lot to me.”

“Me too,” I said, feeling romantic. “I cherish our friendship more than you know.”

Throughout it all, I made a conscious effort to steer clear of discussing her dare, not wanting to bring it up in public. Instead, we focused on celebrating our bond and enjoying the delicious meal, each bite accompanied by laughter and heartfelt conversation.

After we settled the bill, Jennifer asked, “What do you want to do now? I know we don’t have much time because of your interview, but maybe you’d like to go for a drive?”

“You read my mind. Let’s take my car,” I suggested, gently holding her hand and leading her to the parking lot. I drove to a spacious area next to an abandoned Sears store, parking in the shade where no other cars were around. Turning off the ignition, I turned to her and said, “Let’s move to the backseat where we can have some privacy to talk.”

“You’ve kept me in suspense long enough,” Jennifer pleaded. “Tell me how Sunday morning went. And no fibbing.”

“Not before you warm me up,” I purred, leaning over to kiss her. Her arms embraced me as we French kissed as lovers. My hands lowered to her waist and after squeezing several times, I

related, "There I was, facing the stove with only a thin nightie covering my tits. His hot breath scorched my neck before he kissed me."

"Jesus, that's hot," Jennifer cooed, kissing me again.

When my hands crept upward, she pulled off my mouth and fought for air, her breasts heaving.

"My body froze when I felt his hands approach my breasts," I groaned, cupping and squeezing her meaty tits, imprisoned by her silk bra.

"Oh god, did he do that?" Jennifer asked, her voice cracking with lust.

"No. Fortunately, my sister unexpectedly stopped by and interrupted him from doing anything inappropriate. He dashed to his room, after handing me his robe so I could cover my nightie," I explained, intentionally leaving out the part where I ogled his large, rock-hard, woman-pleasing prick.

"Seriously?" Jennifer gasped. "Leave it to a sister to foul things up. Did she suspect anything?"

"No," I replied. "She stayed for breakfast and we had dinner with her that evening. Brett hasn't mentioned anything about it so he must have come to his senses and realized it wasn't proper to grope his mother."

"I can't imagine what you must have felt like, not knowing how far he would go," she remarked.

"We'll never know because I won't do that again. I fulfilled my part of the bargain. It's your turn now," I croaked, unbuttoning her blouse. After removing it, I unbuttoned and removed her bra. My hands cupped and caressed her full tits, my thumbs brushing across her nipples.

"Looks like I'm on the better end of the deal. I love the feel of your hands," she murmured.

"That's just my reward. Put your blouse back on and I'll tell you what I want you to do," I quipped with a mischievous grin.

When she finished, I yanked the bottom of her blouse down, until her pointy tits pressed against the fabric. "You've been showing off your gorgeous legs to your students, but now I think it's time for them to see your fine tits," I instructed, giggling.

Her face went ashen as she pleaded, "I'm not tenured, and they'll probably terminate me. Please, don't ask me to do that."

"Relax, silly. I was kidding," I bleated, seeing her expression lighten immediately. "I wanted to more closely match your dare so here it is. When Brett meets with you on Wednesday, to sum up today's interview, I want you to wear this blouse with no bra. It'll only be one person and I'll make certain he doesn't complain to anyone."

She turned her head to the side, deep in thought, smiled and answered, "That seems fair, since we're both using Brett as a pawn in our little game."

"One more thing," I added. "Undo the top two buttons." After she did, I continued, "Now, pretend you're leaning over your desk to talk to Brett." Following my instructions, I smiled widely, seeing that her loose blouse fell low enough to allow her bare tits to be seen.

"Perfect. Repeat this tomorrow in your office and provide my son an unobstructed view of his professor's tits. On Thursday, I want a full report on how he reacts," I ordered.

“It’s risky, but I did start this, so I’ll agree to your dare. What if he is gay, though? He might be offended and report me immediately,” she asked, her voice filled with concern.

Brett’s stiff prick flashed in my mind, throbbing and oozing pre-cum—a direct result of him fondling his nearly nude mother. “Don’t worry about that. I’m confident that he’s straight,” I asserted, unable to hide my grin.

“I should return to get ready for the interview, but I’d like to seal the deal with a kiss,” I said, leaning toward her. We embraced and gently kissed, transpiring into a passionate tongue-fucking. My hand slid underneath her skirt and explored upward until I found her damp panties.

When she widened her legs, my fingers snuck beneath her panties and slid into her soaked pussy. After stroking several times, I croaked, “Looks like someone’s looking forward to flashing her prized student.”

“Or maybe it’s from you squeezing my tits and kissing me,” she responded, panting. “In either case, my fake prick and I are going to get a workout when I get home.”

After removing my fingers, I stuck them in my mouth and tasted another woman’s pussy juice for the first time. My channel filled with slick fluids, thinking about what it would be like to suck on her pussy. From her sexy smile, I knew her thoughts mirrored mine.

Once I arrived home, I showered, shaved, and dressed for our interview. On the drive to the next mother’s house, Brett didn’t have much to say, probably still embarrassed from the weekend.

After the woman opened the door and welcomed us in, she gestured toward the couch and warmly said, “Welcome to my home. I’m Mai. Please, make yourselves comfortable and enjoy the tea. It’s a special blend I import from my homeland, Thailand.”

I immediately recognized her Asian heritage through her cute, petite facial features, and it was clear she took great pride in her background. She appeared older than the other mothers, possibly in her fifties. Her petite form set me at ease, and I breathed a sigh of relief, seeing her short, flowery dress, displaying her shapely legs.

While I sipped my delicious tea, I studied her distinct facial features. Short, near-black hair, styled in a bob and parted down the middle, showed no signs of gray. Her brown eyes mirrored mine, and her smooth, naturally bronzed skin tone concealed her age. It was easy to see why a son would be attracted to such an alluring and beautiful woman.

Brett stopped after every few questions to take a drink of tea, commenting, “This is delicious. Thank you so much for sharing it with us.”

Mai returned a wide smile, showing her perfect white teeth. Brett had become quite adept at making the women feel comfortable. He continued and when asked about her son, she replied, “Oh, I’m sorry. I thought you knew. I don’t have a son. He’s my grandson.”

My ears perked up hearing this revelation and my earlier assessment of her age added up. Brett kept his composure and continued, asking her when they began their relationship.

“My daughter, Beam, divorced her husband shortly after bearing her son, David. She moved in with me and I assisted her in raising him, almost becoming more of a mother than a

grandmother. She worked evenings so David and I spent a lot of time watching TV together. One night, he placed his hand on my bare knee and when he didn't remove it, I didn't object. It became routine after that and he slowly progressed at exploring more of my leg each night."

She hesitated, and her reluctance to continue led me to bump my leg against Brett's and say, "It's understandable. Brett can't control himself and often feels my legs."

I glanced at him and he immediately understood my hints. His hand gripped my knee and slid upward squeezing and caressing my hot flesh. Mai smiled, witnessing my son do as her grandson had done to her.

Having her confidence boosted, she continued, "On his eighteenth birthday, I not only made his favorite meal, but wore the shortest skirt I own. When I stood next to him to set his plate of food on the table, his hand ran up and down my bare leg. I allowed him to continue until he released me to eat."

"Did you have sex that night?" Brett asked, his voice a little shaky, from groping his mother's bare leg.

"No, it was two weeks after that, on Prom night. His date dumped him an hour before the event so he stayed home. My heart broke, seeing him so despondent so I wore my shortest nightie that evening to help brighten his mood. As we snuggled together on the couch, his hand immediately caressed my leg exploring upward. When his fingers slid underneath my panties, I didn't stop him. In fact, I spread my legs, silently giving him permission to proceed."

She hesitated again and after widening my legs, I tried to bolster her by saying, "It must have been difficult for you, knowing you shouldn't allow your grandson to make such a forward advance, but true love has no boundaries. What you did was out of your strong relationship with him."

I involuntarily gasped when Brett's hand squeezed my uppermost thigh, inches away from my throbbing pussy. Upon seeing my lust-filled face, she continued, "My mind said it was wrong, but my body yielded to him and it wasn't long until he was on top of me, pounding my horny pussy. It was an exquisite moment I'll remember for the rest of my life. After that, our relationship flourished, enjoying intercourse several evenings a week. Sadly it came to an end when his mother arrived home early one evening and found her son on top of me."

Hearing the sad conclusion to her story made my heart sink. Brett's attention remained on his hand squeezing my upper thigh so I asked, "How did Beam take it? Did she move out and take David with her?"

"No," she quickly answered. "Follow me and I'll explain in a bit." She rose and waited for us to stand. My thigh remained hot from my son's touch, even after he released me.

She led us down a long hall and partway down, I heard muffled noises emanating from behind the last door. Mai put her fingers to her lips, signaling us to remain silent, as she quietly cracked open the door.

The sounds of the bed creaking along with loud moaning and groaning grew louder as the door widened. I felt a wave of heat when the sight of a young man fucking a woman came into view. Her legs rested on top of his shoulders, causing her pelvis to lift off the bed.

David huffed loudly as he pounded her pussy. Noticing her black, hair-lined, pussy lips, I assumed it was his mother, Beam. His prick looked similar to Jennifer's dildo and my mind replaced his cock with my son's. I laughed inwardly, wondering how loud her moans would be with a much bigger cock splitting her slot.

Suddenly, his cock flopped out when he pulled back too far and I immediately noticed that although his cock girth was comparable to the dildo, his length was substantially shorter. It didn't surprise me that he had trouble keeping it in.

"Dammit, David. Keep it inside of me," Beam yelled, her voice emanating more anger than passion.

"Sorry, Mom. I'm trying," David whimpered, clumsily sticking his prick back into his mother's cunt.

After several more strokes, she ordered, "Push it in harder and deeper."

David grunted and shoved, and for a moment, I thought his small nutsack might be swallowed by her hungry hole. Brett's giant low-hanging balls came to mind and I envisioned his nuts slamming against her soft ass.

The image transitioned to Brett's cock sliding in and out of Jennifer's pussy, causing my nipples to harden. When my imagination switched to me being the one underneath my son, I felt my juices leak from my throbbing pussy, soaking my panties.

"Do it, David!" Beam screamed. "Cum and fill me up."

Before we could see the finale, Mai silently closed the door and led us back to the living room. Once seated, she explained, "Beam was actually thrilled to discover David and me having intercourse because it solved her dilemma. She's been wanting to bear another child but didn't want to bother with another relationship, so she's using him as a sperm donor. I'm certain she doesn't love him as much as I do, but he feels it's his duty to obey his mother. Our lovemaking ceased because he has to save himself for his mother. We still snuggle in the evenings, but that's it."

"That's a terrible way to treat your son. The greatest part of love is the mutual connection it creates, where two people truly understand and support each other. Her callous demands are depriving him of the romantic experience of making love. Perhaps, after she's pregnant, you'll be able to enjoy time with him again," I consoled her, hopeful for a pleasant ending.

Mai's expression brightened, replying, "Perhaps, but they've been trying for months with no success. Next week, her ovaries will be at the peak of fertility, so I'm hopeful they can conceive a baby,"

After concluding the interview, we drove home, where Brett excused himself to his room to work on his report. I was thankful to be left alone, bringing myself to two powerful orgasms with the fresh feeling of Brett's hand along with watching a son fuck his mother.

On Wednesday evening, as we finished eating dinner, Brett asked, "You've been meeting with Professor Brown a lot. Have you noticed any changes in her?"

I grinned, knowing exactly what he was referring to. She had held up her end of the bargain and allowed him to see her tits. Not wanting to divulge too much, I asked, “I can’t think of anything. Can you be more explicit?”

He squirmed in his seat, clearly struggling to find the right words. Finally, he stammered, “I don’t know, it just seems like she’s been a bit flirty lately. She’s more outgoing than usual.”

Testing him to ensure he wouldn’t do something rash like report her, I asked, “Is she making you uncomfortable? If so, I can have a talk with her. Do you want to discontinue her research?”

“No,” he stated adamantly. “I enjoy working with her and definitely want to continue. Ever since you two have been together, she seems more personable. I like the change and really enjoy being around her. Please don’t tell her I said anything. I wouldn’t want her to think I’m ungrateful.”

He was hooked and I couldn’t blame him. Jennifer’s alluring looks and shapely figure could draw any man to her, much like the irresistible charm of Aphrodite. To put his mind at rest, I assured him, “Don’t worry. Whatever we discuss stays between us. I won’t share our private conversations with her.”

“Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate it,” he replied, sighing with relief. He looked visibly more relaxed as he turned and headed for his room.

Thursday morning, I texted Jennifer, “Congratulations on fulfilling your end of the deal. I’ll bring lunch to your place. Do club sandwiches sound good?”

She quickly replied, “Thanks. I can’t wait to tell you about it. Looking forward to our date. Do you want me to make a dessert?”

“You are the dessert!” I texted back, followed with half a dozen heart emojis.

Anxious to meet Jennifer, I picked out my favorite pleated skirt and thin blouse. Shucking off my bra and panties, I left them on the bed, before dressing. “I’m not going to lose another set of undies to my kleptomaniac girlfriend,” I jested to myself, with a giggle.

Stopping by the restaurant to pick up our lunch, my spirits were uplifted when I noticed some attentive stares at my tight blouse. Jennifer opened the door before I had a chance to ring the doorbell and hugged me tightly, her braless tits squashed against mine.

“I’ve missed you so much,” she bleated. As we kissed, her hands cupped and squeezed my breasts.

“Did you miss me or my tits?” I asked, chuckling, walking past her toward the kitchen. While eating, we chit-chatted about nothing in particular, each of us wanting to wait until the bedroom to discuss our sexual adventures.

When we finished cleaning the kitchen, we adjourned to her bedroom and sat cross-legged from each other on her bed. “I’m on pins and needles, Tell me how it went with Brett. I’m anxious to know if he left anything out of our interview,” I prodded her.

“I’ve noticed in the past that he leaves out some of the things concerning you, but it felt different this time. He opened up, but only because of my persuasive tactics,” she explained, unbuttoning the top two buttons of her blouse.

She described everything that had happened during the interview and when she got to the point when Brett moved his hand up to my upper thigh, she paused.

Placing her hand on my leg, she inched upward before continuing, “He described how he caressed your leg, encouraging Mai to open up and when I asked him how high he went, he hesitated. I leaned over, my face nearing his like this.” She mimicked her action, displaying her perfect tits to me.

“His eyes locked onto my bare tits and when I asked him again, he told me he went to the uppermost part of your thigh and squeezed your soft flesh.” She did the same to me, and I gasped as she touched me the same as Brett.

“How did he describe the scene when Mai showed us Beam and her son making love?” I asked, curious as to whether he sugar-coated the incident.

“He described it in detail, his face turning redder each time he glanced at my breasts. My tips filled with blood and became rock-hard. As he tried to soften his words about them having intercourse, I shifted my weight, making my tits sway back and forth, his eyes following my engorged nipples. When I inched closer, he inhaled deeply, flooding his senses with my perfume.”

She paused, swinging her tits around mimicking her actions with my son, before continuing, “I whispered, ‘So, they were fucking. Is that what you’re trying to say? You can speak freely here, David. There are no boundaries in this office when we’re alone.’”

“Jesus!” I exclaimed. “He must have been ready to explode. What’d he say after that?”

“The heightened sexual tension in the room brought him out of his shell. He stared directly at my breasts and blurted, ‘Yes, he was between his mother’s legs, pounding his prick into her pussy. Mom and I watched in awe as a son attempted to breed his mother.’ After his outburst, he collected himself, glanced away, and apologized, ‘I’m sorry Professor Brown. That was unprofessional. Everything else is in the report. May I leave now?’”

“Did you let him off the hook?” I asked. “Now I understand why he mentioned that you’ve changed and become a little flirty.”

“Yes. I excused him,” she replied. “And quite frankly, if he wasn’t your son, I probably would’ve fucked him right there. I think I was turned on more than him.”

“Poor girl,” I consoled her. “I’ll make it up to you for my son’s inappropriate actions.” I shoved her until she lay flat on the bed. Retrieving her dildo, I sat on her stomach, facing her feet. Flipping her skirt onto her waist, I smiled, seeing, that like me, she wore no panties. As I stroked her thighs, she widened her legs.

Her strong pungent scent filled my nostrils drawing me toward her engorged lips. I ran the dildo up and down her slot until it was coated with her slick juices. Shoving it in, she gasped as I stroked the fake prick in and out of her juicy slot. Leaning closer, I watched as her puffy clit emerged. I gently blew on it, causing her to groan and hump her hips. While increasing my pumping, my tongue swiped across her sensitive bud.

Her legs shook as her flowing juices coated the dildo and my hand. I continued to pump her quivering cunt while teasing her clit through her climax. Her hands gripped my ass and pulled

me backward until my own sopping pussy landed on her mouth. Her tongue swished across my pussy lips and clit sending waves of pleasure through me.

After another ten minutes of pleasuring each other, I gasped, “Fuck, I’m going to cum on your tongue.”

Her hands gripped my ass and smashed my pussy tightly against her mouth, before she jammed her tongue into my quivering quim. I lightly bit her nub while frantically pumping the rubber prick in and out of her pussy. Our orgasms swept through us simultaneously, our pussies contracting and spewing our juices. I yanked the dildo out of her and plastered my mouth to her pussy, slurping her juices as she devoured mine.

It was the first time I had eaten pussy and knew it wouldn’t be the last. When our breathing returned to normal, I turned around and removed my blouse and skirt while she did the same. Once our clothes lay in a heap on the floor, we melded our bodies together, gently kissing and caressing each other’s spent bodies.

“That was unbelievable!” I gushed. “I never thought making love with a woman could be so satisfying.”

“I’m glad I could be your first,” Jennifer replied. “It helped that we were both turned on from talking about your son, so we owe him some of the credit.”

We giggled and after ten minutes of sharing our innermost feelings, I rolled off her and lay flat beside her, enjoying listening to us breathe, reflecting on my good fortune of having Jennifer as a lover and close friend.

She shifted to her side, faced me, leaned over, and with a wide smile purred, “Someone still hasn’t been fucked by a prick today.” While she kissed me, I felt her run the slick dildo up my inner thigh. When the tip nudged past my outer lips, I widened my legs and groaned as she ground the rubber cock into my clasping channel.

She worked it in and out while French kissing me, quickly elevating my excitement level. While one hand fucked my cunt, her other squeezed one of my breasts, teasing my nipple. “Close your eyes and imagine a man huffing and puffing, shoving his cock up your pussy,” she whispered.

Sealing my lids, my mind drifted and it wasn’t long before my fantasy formed an image of Brett’s face staring into mine. My hips humped and Jennifer increased the drilling rate of the silicon, fleshy ram. My muscles began twitching, as my body braced for an orgasm.

“He’s ready to cum in your pussy,” Jennifer taunted me. “Lift your hips and swallow his prick. Whatever you do, don’t be thinking about your son fucking you. You can’t fantasize about his big strong body on top of yours, fucking you so hard you can’t stop cumming.”

I couldn’t have stopped my body if I wanted to. My pussy collapsed on the dildo, holding it tightly, while my walls flooded my pussy with fluids. Jennifer rubbed my clit, causing another climax to erupt. My hips bumped and thrashed wildly as my mind watched my son’s face scrunch up with his own release. Minutes later, when my body finally relaxed, Jennifer eased the dildo out of my pussy and kissed me. “Tell me if I’m wrong, but I think you came harder that time than the first one. I guess we’re the same—women are nice, but there’s nothing like a man fucking you to fully satisfy you.”

“It was still a woman fucking me, so there is that,” I replied, trying to deflect her from thinking I was fantasizing about my son.

“If you say so,” she giggled, knowing me far too well. We rested and made love one more time before I drove home. Brett’s car was parked in the drive and when I looked at the clock, I reprimanded myself for staying at Jennifer’s so late.

He was in the kitchen preparing one of the meals he knew I liked. “Hi, Brett. Sorry, I’m late. Jennifer and I lost track of time,” I apologized.

When he turned and stared at my blouse, I blushed, remembering I hadn’t worn a bra to Jennifer’s. After a moment of silence, he said, “It looks like Professor Brown’s outward behavior is rubbing off on you. I’m not complaining, mind you.” His wide smile made my tips poke out even more as my nipples hardened under his gaze.

I dashed to my room, slipped on a bra, and joined him for dinner. After a quiet evening, we retired to our rooms. It was the first night for a while that I didn’t masturbate to visions of Brett. My last thought before drifting off was, “Maybe, my strong relationship with Jennifer will be enough to steer me away from an incestuous liaison between my son and me.”

Chapter 3

While working in my office on Friday afternoon, I heard the front door open and close. Curious, I rose to investigate and met Brett before I could leave my room. With a big smile, he greeted me, “Hi, Mom. I finished up early at school and thought I’d get a jump on the weekend chores tonight.”

“Good idea. The forecast predicts high temperatures tomorrow. Will dinner at seven be alright?” I asked.

“That’d be great,” he replied. “I’ll tackle the other chores tonight and leave the mowing for tomorrow, so seven should be perfect. I’ll take a shower before dinner since I’ll be sweaty. See you later.”

He turned and headed to his room to change while I returned to my office chair. His mention of a shower filled my mind, distracting me as I tried to concentrate on work. For an hour I tried to shift my attention to the screen, but the image of his shiny, large cock remained the focus of my thoughts. I laughed to myself, thinking, “I guess the day with Jennifer wasn’t quite enough to satisfy my cravings.”

Finishing up work, I went to the kitchen to prepare one of Brett’s favorite meals. While I busily minded the cast iron skillet on the stove, I heard the door close. My body froze when I felt his hands grip my waist. Since he had only done it on weekend mornings in the past, it took me by surprise. He leaned over my shoulder, inhaled a deep whiff, and said, “Smells wonderful, Mom. I’m starved and can’t wait to eat. I’ll be right back after taking my shower.”

He was already in his room by the time I found the strength to reply. The feel of his hands on my body remained with me while I continued to prepare dinner. It was an innocent act and I reasoned that my overreaction had been unwarranted. He didn’t even kiss my neck—just a friendly touch from a loving son.

After we ate, he offered to clean the kitchen so I could shower and join him in the living room.

Exiting the stall, dripping wet, I dried myself, deep in thought about what to wear. The hot air of the summer evening hit me so I decided to wear a nightie, instead of sweats. “Was it the heat or the thought of parading around my son in flimsy nightwear that affected my decision?” I asked myself, fully aware of the reason.

Selecting the blue one, I held it up to my nude body and stood in front of the mirror. “What was I thinking, wearing this in front of him last weekend? No wonder he lost control,” I admonished myself. Hanging it back up, I ran my fingers across a silky, black one. Its tight weave would conceal my undies while providing relief from the heat. After snapping on my bra and pulling on some panties, I finished my look by slipping on the black nightie. Modeling in front of the mirror, I was pleased with my choice, congratulating myself for not succumbing to my exhibitionist cravings.

He quickly glanced at me when I settled beside him, turned to the TV, and resumed watching the show. During a break, he asked, “Wouldn’t the blue one be cooler, Mom?”

A chill traveled down my spine at the mention of my sexy nightwear. In reality, he didn’t care about the nightie—it was about seeing my near-nude body that drew his attention. “I decided to switch it up and wear this one,” I explained, hoping that it would be enough to convince him to change the conversation.

“Good point,” he agreed. “It’d be a shame to wear it out. It really brightened my day when you wore it for breakfast last weekend.”

My thoughts returned to that fateful day when Claire came close to catching him holding my breasts. Before I could think of a way to deter the conversation, he continued, “I want to get an early start tomorrow to beat the heat. Would you mind having breakfast at seven in the morning?”

“That’s a great idea and won’t be a problem, at all,” I answered, thankful he dropped the whole nightie thing.

Turning to me, his gaze locked onto mine, he requested, “Tomorrow would be even better if you’d wear your nightie like last Sunday, Mom. It’d make my day mowing the lawns a little less tedious.”

Without thinking of the repercussions, I weakly agreed, “It’s the least I could do for all the work you do around here.”

His lustful, leering smile remained in my mind as I made my way to my room. Fortunately, we decided to retire early with the next day’s activities moved up. After setting the alarm, I contemplated bringing myself off but didn’t want to slip back into my old habits of fantasizing about an illicit joining with my handsome son.

The next morning, up much earlier than most mornings, I felt groggy so I decided to take a soothing warm shower to help. After drying off, I found myself holding the blue nightie against my body, pondering my son’s request. He had done so much for my sister and me, that I hated to disappoint him. After remembering his pleading expression, I decided to grant him his wish. After slipping on my bra, his voice rang out in my thoughts, “Wear your nightie like last Sunday.” Did he purposely mention the day that I hadn’t worn a bra, or was it just a coincidence?

Without dwelling on the matter, I yanked the silky garment off and threw it on the bed before shrugging on my nightie.

After buttoning the front, I loosely tied my belt, not wanting the fabric to press too tightly against my breasts. I swiveled around, looked at myself in the mirror, and smiled with approval. The only thing out of place was my noticeable panty line. Reaching underneath, I pulled my panties off. Glancing again, I was pleased to see my nightie hugging my well-rounded ass. I laughed as I thought, "In for a penny, in for a pound."

I stood at the stove, slowly cooking the hash browns as it was still twenty minutes away from when Brett said he wanted to eat. I glanced at my front with my nipples poking out, before drifting down to see my bush barely concealed beneath the thin material. Although I thought I was safe because he would only see my ass, I hadn't taken into the fact I'd have to turn around to serve him. My mind searched for a solution and my angst lessened when I remembered I kept an apron in one of the drawers.

Before I could retrieve it, Brett's door slammed shut, followed by his feet padding on the floor. Knowing I couldn't risk turning to retrieve the apron, I stood frozen, my nerves on edge as I anticipated his hands.

His fingers gently brushed across my neck, pulling one side of my bob cut to the side. Goosebumps popped up as his moist lips tenderly kissed the side of my neck. While he slowly licked his way to my ear, his hands gripped my sides. "Good morning, Mom. I love the way you smell after a shower, without any perfume masking your natural scent."

"Thanks, Brett," I said, shakily. "You're here early so it'll be a few more minutes before it's ready."

"That's fine, Mom," he whispered, his hot breath bathing my ear. He sucked on my ear lobe and when I felt him releasing his hands, rather than moving upward, I sighed in relief. Remaining close to me, he continued, "We have plenty of time. I texted Auntie last night, telling her I was starting early to beat the heat, and asked if she'd mind preparing brunch for us. She wrote back and agreed."

"Thanks, Brett." I was about to continue when I felt his arms brush against my sides as his hands deftly untied my belt. "What was he doing? I should stop him immediately," I chastised myself, but my arms remained over the stove.

"I told her that so she wouldn't pop in for breakfast," he croaked, nibbling on my ear lobe. His fingers unbuttoned my nightie, starting with the bottom one. When he was halfway up my body, his voice, filled with lust, asked, "Do you know why I didn't want her showing up?"

"No," I replied firmly. It was my motherly duty to stop him and maybe my forceful answer would halt him from doing something both of us would regret.

His fingers continued and when he reached the final button, he croaked, "Because I didn't want her interfering with our practice session like she did last week." Suddenly, his hands grabbed my bare waist, his fingers digging into my hot flesh.

I inhaled deeply and knew I had to act quickly. I set the spatula onto the spoon rest and instead of grabbing his wrists, my fingers turned the stove knobs off and gripped the edge. My knuckles

turned white and held fast, refusing to obey my commands. My horny, lust-filled body had taken control of my senses. His hands moved across my bare flesh, upward until he gripped my ribs.

His panting became louder, but then I realized it was my own rapid breathing mixed with his. “Do you remember how Roxie described the feeling when her son wrapped his hands around her breasts?” he asked, as his palms cupped my breasts. I wanted to speak—to order him to stop, not to describe how much pleasure was coursing through my body. My pussy throbbed with desire while my nipples filled with blood.

There was no turning back with my body reaching such a heightened sexually excited state. I knew I’d allow him to do anything he wanted to. He squeezed my meaty breasts, causing both of us to groan as he joyfully played with his mother’s tits for the first time.

When his fingertips found my distended tips and gently pinched them, shockwaves of pleasure shook my body. He twisted and teased them while sucking on my neck until I broke. I quickly swiveled around to face him, one hand grabbing the back of his head and pulling him to my mouth while my other wrapped around his large, sticky-wet prick. I fleetingly wondered if he had walked in nude or had shucked off his robe at some point.

His hands clutched my breasts and mauled them while our tongues danced together. I leaned backward, pulling his body with mine. His arms embraced me and gently lowered us to the floor. My legs flew open, while I pulled his prick to the entrance of my steaming slot. With his fat head already coated with his precum and my pussy soaked with my juices, he shoved with all his might and didn’t stop until his huge balls slammed against my ass.

The discomfort from his large girth stretching my long-unused cunt was short-lived, replaced with pangs of joy. My lungs expelled their contents and while I struggled to inhale, he fucked me as if his prick was a jackhammer. He was out of control, frantically fucking me like a madman. There was no finesse as he hammered his horny mother.

The loud sounds of my grunts and groans from being stuffed full of hard cock were mixed with my son’s heavy panting. The edge of his large crown scraped across my walls each time he retracted, my pussy clenching and squeezing in an attempt to pull him in deeper. When he slammed back in, his groin smashed against my outer folds, sending jolts of joy through my system.

I tried to abstain from cumming, but after the first dozen strokes, a wave of heat surged through my body. My legs tightened and shook as my pussy squeezed his ram. A feeling of bliss flowed through me as I succumbed to his prick. His face mirrored my lustful cravings as he concentrated on driving his cock as deeply as possible into his mother. His forehead was covered with a sheen of sweat and after my pussy convulsed several more times, his eyes locked with mine, his face filled with pain as the realization hit him that he was fucking his mother.

“I love you,” I managed to say between contractions. “Kiss me.”

He leaned down and pressed his lips to mine, as I grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him into me while madly humping my hips. His eyes squinted as I felt his prick jerk, spraying my insides with his sperm. My pussy soon synched up with his spitting hose, squeezing his shaft each time a blob of cum ejected from his big balls. We kissed as he filled my pussy with more sperm than it could contain, the excess spilling out and soaking our groins.

It was the longest orgasm I'd ever experienced, spurred on with each time his cock pulsed and spit. When his prick finally released his load and his pumping slowed, my climax concluded. Our kissing became more gentle and loving as he slowly stroked in and out of me. When his prick softened, he pulled out, causing a river of cum to flow down my crack.

Breaking the silence he gasped, "Fuck, that was awesome. I can't believe we did that." Misinterpreting my expression, he apologized, "I'm so sorry, Mom. I don't know what came over me."

Stopping him, I replied, "It's alright, sweetie. I wanted it, too. I loved it as I do you. You didn't do anything that I didn't want. And you're right—it was fucking awesome."

He chuckled, his widening smile filling me with warmth. "You don't know how long I've wanted to do that. I love you so much, Mom," he professed.

"I know, dear. I'm your mother, and know you better than anyone," I replied. Pushing gently on him, I continued, "Normally, I wouldn't mind if you stayed on top of me all day, but this hard floor is a little uncomfortable, plus I need to finish breakfast."

His face blushed as he apologized, "Sorry, Mom." He rose and helped me up to embrace me. We kissed for a moment before he released me. He retrieved his robe from the floor and slid it on while I buttoned my nightie.

While we ate, we exchanged our desires and fantasies that we'd hidden from each other. Nothing was held back, except for my affair with his professor. When finished, he offered to help clean but I told him, "You better change and start mowing since you told Claire that was the plan. I'll finish up here."

While he walked to his room, I yelled, "Wear your cotton shorts, with no underwear, of course." I giggled to myself as I planned a treat for him and me.

Minutes later, when he reappeared, my pussy twitched, ready to welcome his big cock. "That should keep you cool, but it's making me hotter," I confessed, giggling. "I'll be out with some cold drinks after I've cleaned up here."

"Thanks, Mom. See you later," he replied while walking out the door.

After finishing the kitchen, I changed into a short tennis skirt and a thin blouse. Arranging two glasses of ice along with a pitcher of tea on a tray, I carried them out to the deck and sat in a chair underneath the large umbrella. When he spotted me, he pulled off his shirt and threw it into a chair next to me on his next pass. When I saw he was minutes from being done, I dashed back into the house and changed into a two-piece bikini I hadn't worn in years.

I stepped back outside and adjusted the chaise lounge until it was flat before lying on it, letting the sun soak onto my backside. Brett glanced several times, probably the first time he had seen me wear it. He hurriedly mowed the final loop, before jumping onto the deck. "You look really hot, Mom. Never seen you in that before."

"I couldn't pass up catching some rays. Sit by me and drink some tea, sweetie," I instructed, nodding toward a chair, situated next to me. After filling his glass, he sat, giving me a perfect view of his knees and lower legs. "Spread your legs, honey," I croaked.

When his legs widened, my gaze traveled up his hairy thighs and landed on his balls and the base of his cock, visible through the leg hole of his shorts. "Nice view," I complimented him.

"For me, too," he replied, his eyes exploring my shapely body.

"Would you be a dear and apply some suntan lotion before I get burned?" I asked. As he rose, I said, "Do my legs first."

He jumped up and drizzled some lotion onto the backs of my legs before rubbing it in. His hands glided up and down my long legs, gently squeezing my upper thighs with each pass. "I love your legs, Mom," he exuded. "That night when you let me practice feeling your leg resulted in me jacking off three times before I got to sleep."

"Me too, baby," I responded, moaning. "Time for my back. Sit on my ass while you work it."

When he sat down, I felt his hard cock lodge in my ass. After several minutes of smearing on the lotion, I said, "Unsnap me. I don't want a line and it'll allow you to feel the sides of my breasts."

After clumsily undoing and pulling my bikini straps to the sides, his hands stroked the length of my back, his fingers brushing across my breast meat squashed out with each pass. "Jesus, Mom. You're so fucking hot."

"I love the feel of your hands and fingers on my body," I gushed. After several minutes of relishing the feel of his touch, I noticed Claire walking out her back door, before sitting on a chair underneath her umbrella. She looked in our direction, but didn't wave.

"I think it's time to mow your aunt's yard. Be a good son and treat my sister to the same affection you've shown me," I hinted, knowing she'd appreciate a look at his large balls.

"Sure, Mom. It shouldn't take long," he said, rising and jumping off the deck. His shorts poked out from his hard prick and I hoped it wouldn't diminish before his aunt caught sight of it. She sat and admired his physique as he toiled away on her lawn. When he was nearly finished, I reached behind me, snapped on my top, rose, and went inside. Standing away from the kitchen window, I watched the scene unfold at my sister's house.

As I had done, she disappeared into her house and returned, clad in a tiny bikini. She arranged the chair and lounge, before lying down. I removed my suit and twisted my rock-hard nipples as I saw Brett sit down in the chair, gulping down his drink. His legs widened and although I couldn't see her face, I knew she was checking out my son's equipment.

When he straddled her and lathered up her legs with lotion, I jammed two fingers into my sopping slot. My pussy's juices flowed freely and when he unsnapped her top and ran his hands up and down her back, I almost climaxed from watching them. When he rose and jumped off the deck to return home, I shoved everything on the kitchen table to the side, before I leaned down and pressed my tits onto the surface. The cool tabletop did little to lower the temperature of my burning body. I spread my legs, knowing that when he entered, the first thing he'd see would be my open, hairy pussy.

After hearing the door open, I heard him exclaim, "Fuck!" After a moment of silence and not hearing him remove his shoes or clothes, I feared he was frozen with indecision. The next thing I felt was his hard cock sliding into my hungry hole. His hands gripped my ass, as he sunk deeper, until his big balls slapped against my hairy mound. It felt more exquisite than before, his prick

scraping across areas that had never been touched by a prick. I silently cursed my ex-husband for never wanting to fuck me doggy style.

His fingers dug into my soft flesh, as he drilled my juicy pussy. As before, my pussy climaxed after a dozen strokes. He powered through my orgasm and I was thankful he had taken the edge off earlier, able to withstand the squeezing of my contracting canal. He slowed momentarily when my constrictions ceased, allowing me to recover. I had been without sex far too long to prolong the blissfulness of his cock. I shifted rearward, banging my ass into his pelvis.

Abiding by my hint, he slammed back in, escalating back up to his previous rate of thrusting. I opened my mouth and gasped for air as he flexed his hips and drove his prick in deeply. My gurgling chants resulted in my saliva running down my cheek, forming a pool on the table. The immense pleasure catapulted my body into another orgasm. His hands lowered to the fronts of my thighs, as he yanked my body into his. My contractions were so great that he had difficulty plowing through my clenching channel.

“Fuck, your pussy is so tight and wet, Mom!” he exclaimed. “I love fucking you.”

Unable to answer, my hands firmly gripped the sides of the table while my body quivered and shook with my orgasm. He groaned loudly and a second later, I felt his prick pulsing, his cock head exploding. My pussy reciprocated and continued to milk his spurting hose as he fucked me harder than any man had done before. After his cock ceased jerking, he leaned over me, resting his weight on my back, leaving his cock buried in my soaked pussy. His chest heaved as he fought to catch his breath.

After he recovered, he rose off me, grabbed me by my armpits, and lifted me off the table. Turning me to face him, we hugged while he gently kissed me. “I’m sorry for squashing you, Mom. I felt light-headed after I came and your soft, warm body felt so good, I couldn’t resist.”

“It’s perfectly fine. I love feeling your body on mine. It reminded me of when you were a child and always snuggled up to me when you were tired or depressed” I replied. “You’ve made me the happiest Mom in the world. You’re a terrific lover and I’m afraid I’ve become addicted to your marvelous prick.”

“That’s fine by me,” he said, grinning from ear to ear.

I looked down and when I saw his shorts still on his legs, sitting atop his socks and shoes, I chuckled, causing his face to redden.

“Sorry,” he said, apologetically. “I was so fucking hard that I couldn’t waste time taking my clothes off. Seeing your open, juicy pussy when I walked in almost gave me a heart attack.”

“Was it really me or from feeling up your aunt Claire that got you all hot and bothered?” I asked, grinning mischievously, having arranged the erotic scenario.

“There’s no doubt you’re both hot women, but you’re the one I love, Mom,” he confessed.

“Speaking of your aunt, we’re supposed to be there for brunch in thirty minutes. You better take a shower,” I reminded him.

“Sure thing, Mom,” he said, walking stiff-legged down the hall, while pulling up his shorts.

I grabbed my nightie and tossed it onto my bed when I entered my room. The smell of sweat and sex was powerfully strong and I thought about taking a quick shower. When I opened the stall door, I turned around and walked down to Brett's room. "Why would I shower alone, when a strong, young man was available to help me clean up?" I asked myself, giggling.

He faced the controls, his face directly in line with the shower spray. He didn't notice me until after I was right behind him, my arms encircling him. He turned, looked down at me, and asked, "I thought you showered this morning. Taking another?"

"After our lovemaking this morning, I thought my sister might become suspicious if I show up smelling like I was freshly-fucked. Would you mind helping clean your dirty mother?" I asked, giving him my best pouty face.

"I'd love to," he said, grabbing the bar of soap and running it all over my body, gently caressing and rubbing every square inch of flesh. While I faced him, he scrubbed my back and my hands explored his torso.

Running my fingers through his chest hair, I gently pulled and purred, "I love feeling a man's muscled body."

He smiled and cupped my breasts, replying, "I love your chest, too, Mom." We chuckled together as he squeezed and played with my tits. After a few minutes of caressing each other, I felt his prick bump into my stomach. My hand instinctively lowered and wrapped around his growing stalk of flesh.

Keeping my gaze locked onto his, I lowered to my knees and kissed his bulbous head. It had been a long time since I'd blown a man, but I wanted my son to know there was nothing off-limits. While holding his large ball sack with one hand, I held his shaft with the other and popped his mushroom-shaped head into my mouth.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe my mother is sucking my cock."

While keeping his prick engulfed, I tilted my head upward. He pulled my hair to the sides, revealing my pleading eyes and my mouth full of his magnificent cock. His pelvis jerked, watching me jam his shaft deeper until I almost gagged. I pulled back a few inches and tried again, remembering to relax my jaw and accept more of his length. When his spongy head nudged against the back of my throat, I gently squeezed his balls before withdrawing and swallowing him whole again.

He panted heavily, his stomach heaving in and out, while I sucked and nibbled on his veiny prick. His bliss-filled face expressed how much pleasure he was experiencing from his mother's blowjob. I vowed to do whatever it took to make him happy. His eyes never left mine as we connected as no mother and son should. His hands held onto my ears, holding onto my hair so it wouldn't cover my eyes.

After ten minutes of fucking my mouth, he groaned as his prick exploded in my mouth. Very little ejaculate emerged, from draining two times earlier, but what did, I gulped down, not wanting to miss a drop. When his cock softened, I slowly pulled off, kissing his tip afterward. I rose to face him, smiling at his contented bliss-filled face. We hugged and kissed as the warm shower spray rinsed off our bodies.

Once we dried off, and as I turned to leave, he slapped my cheeks. “Great ass, Mom. You’re such a MILF,” he exclaimed, causing my smile to widen as I made my way to my room.

Selecting a skirt and blouse, I laid them on the bed and then opened my dresser. Finding a matching blue bra and panties, I set them alongside my other clothes. Seated at my vanity, I brushed my hair and applied a thin layer of my favorite lipstick.

Brett walked in, stood behind me, placed his hands on my shoulders, and looked in the mirror at my reflection. One of his hands rose and ran his fingers through my hair massaging my scalp while the other kneaded one shoulder. “I love the feel of your hair, Mom. It’s so silky and the way it mysteriously hides your beautiful face is sexy.”

“Thanks, sweetie. Your compliments and flirting make me feel young. I’m done here, so I can dress and be on our way.”

Brett moved to the bed ahead of me, picked up my clothes, and hung them back up in the closet. Selecting the short floral sundress I had worn before at Claire’s, he handed it to me and asked, “Would you mind wearing this, Mom? I love the way it clings to your curves.”

“Of course, sweetie,” I replied. After pulling on my panties, I reached for my bra, but Brett grabbed it before I could reach it.

“No need for this, Mom,” he quipped. “Your tits are fantastic and the outline of your nipples against the fabric drives me nuts.”

My smile broadened as I slipped on my sundress. The assertive, commanding tone of his voice comforted me—a feeling I hadn’t felt for a long time. My son was crazy about me and wanted to treat me like his woman. I knew that I would never deny him anything he asked.

Before we left, while standing in front of the mirror, I inspected the way it hugged my shape, especially my full tits. I pondered aloud, “Claire might be a little surprised to see her older sister dressed so sexily.”

Brett moved behind me, locked his eyes with mine in the mirror, and remarked, “You’re beautiful, Mom. She, of all people, should be proud of you. Maybe, it’ll convince her to seek a meaningful relationship with someone.”

“One can only hope,” I replied. “Although, I think she’s lusting for a younger man—one who’ll mow her lawn and clean her plow afterward.” We chuckled, his laugh more subdued than mine. I wondered if he’d ever fantasized about fucking his sexy aunt. I know I had.

On the way to her house, he intertwined his arm with mine, bumping his body against the side of my soft breast. When we arrived at the door, I pulled my arm back, fearing my sister might suspect something. After she welcomed us with a hug, her eyes drifted onto my pointed tips, before commenting, “Is that the same dress you wore before? It looks a little different today.” Her smirk let me know she was referring to the fact I wasn’t wearing a bra.

“Same one,” I replied, matter-of-factly, ignoring her subtle hint. “It smells delicious in here. I must have really worn off my breakfast. Guess I exercised a little too much.”

Brett smiled, knowing full well the exercise I referred to. While we savored my sister’s wonderfully prepared dishes, our conversation flowed as always, filling the air with joy and

bouts of laughter. After we finished, Claire asked Brett to retire to the living room, giving us sisters some time alone.

Glancing to ensure he was out of earshot, Claire remarked, "If I didn't know any better, I'd say your time with his professor is having a profound effect on your appearance. I don't think I've ever seen you not wear a bra and I have to admit, you really pull it off, Sis."

"I enjoy spending time with Jennifer and she's persuaded me to up my game a little," I responded. "She says it makes you feel better if you present your best self to the world. I'm not quite sure who she thinks I'm trying to impress though, since I haven't dated for years."

"In the meantime, Brett is reaping the rewards. He couldn't keep his eyes off you through the whole meal. If I didn't know any better, I'd say he has a crush on his mother," Claire stated, her intense glare trying to interpret my facial expression.

"That's nonsense, Sis," I vehemently denied her veiled accusation. Changing the subject away from my son, I asked, "How about you, Sis? Have you been dating lately? Maybe you'll find someone with a cute brother for me."

"I haven't seen anyone in a long time," she admitted with a sigh. "It was a frustrating cycle— dating for a few weeks, getting my hopes up, only to realize we didn't share the same life goals. It's exhausting, putting yourself out there, opening up, and then facing disappointment over and over again." She paused, glancing quickly towards the living room, and then whispered, "Have you thought about having another child?"

"Not really," I lied, having thought about it several times after the interview with Mai. "Is that the cause of your relationship failures?"

"It seems that men my age don't want to be saddled with a child," she said forlornly. "I often find myself reflecting on my life choices, feeling like I missed out on something that truly matters to me. It really hits hard when I see how happy you and Brett are together. You're so blessed to have him in your life. I've even considered going to a clinic to undergo artificial insemination."

"He has brought an immense amount of joy into my life," I replied, a smile spreading across my face as my mind replayed the incestuous fucking from hours earlier. "You'd make a terrific mother and who knows, maybe one of your suitors will slip up and impregnate you."

She glanced in Brett's direction again, turned to me with a flushed face, and replied, "Yeah, I guess it could happen."

Our conversation shifted to other topics for another hour before Brett and I walked home. Just as we reached our house, Brett turned to me and suggested, "How about we take a walk in the park, then go to the mall to window shop, and finish up at a restaurant?"

"That sounds wonderful. It's a beautiful day, and a walk would feel great," I replied, my voice filled with joy.

The blooming gardens in the city park were at their peak, filling the air with their fragrance. We leisurely strolled through the expansive grounds, our arms linked together. Every so often, Brett would stop to hug and kiss me, openly displaying his love, and boldly kissing his mother in public.

Several hours later, we arrived at the mall, where we continued our slow, loving stroll, pausing periodically to inspect a store's offerings. After another hour, we were both hungry and decided to dine at one of the mall's restaurants.

While we ate, I noticed Brett staring at me. "Your constant staring is embarrassing," I said with a playful smile. "It's not like we haven't eaten together before. What's going on with you?"

He grinned and replied, "It's because you were my mother before, and now you're so much more. I love admiring your beauty, and now I don't have to hide it. I still can't believe how lucky I am to be with you. I hate to admit it, but I think Professor Brown's project may be what brought us together."

Holding his hand, I paused to collect my thoughts, before saying, "You really should start calling her Jennifer. After all, you'll be making love to her at some point."

His face flushed as he stammered, "What'd she tell you, Mom? Honestly, I didn't do anything with her. I just got carried away during our debriefing."

I squeezed his hand and replied, "Relax, sweetie. She described to me everything that happened because it was a dare I had given her. It was a payback for one she gave me—going braless in the nightie in front of you."

His expression turned to confusion as he asked, "Really? Why would she do that?"

"It turned us on, sweetie," I replied, smiling at seeing his mind attempting to sort everything out. "It was something that resulted from a moment of passion, after making love."

"Fuck!" he exclaimed, alerting others to glance in our direction.

"Careful, honey," I warned. "We don't want to get kicked out. I didn't tell you before because I didn't know how you'd take it, but Jennifer and I have been having sex ever since the failed interview with Roxie. Now that we can be honest with each other—how do you feel about it?"

He leaned over and kissed me before leaning back. "Sorry about the outburst, Mom, but it did surprise me. I suspected something might be going on between you two and more than once I fantasized about you and her making love. To tell you the truth, it turns me on. I think we need to return home, so I can show you what effect it has on me."

"I like the sounds of that. I'll explain more in private," I replied with a wink. We both ate a little faster, eager to return home and continue our conversation. After settling the bill, he assisted me out of my chair, embraced me, and romantically kissed me. His hard prick pushed into me as he ravaged my mouth with his exploring tongue. He was beyond horny, thinking about me making love with another woman.

Leading me out of the restaurant with a firm grip on my upper arm, I smiled at the blushing server as we glided past her, her envious expression in knowing that I was about to receive a sound fucking. I giggled inwardly, wondering what she'd say if she knew it was my son who would fucking me.

We undressed in record time, his cock returning home, sliding in and out of my slippery slot. He lay prone on top of me, propped on his elbows, his hands kneading my breasts while his cock serviced his horny mother. "You like my tits, don't you?" I asked while gasping for breath.

“Oh yeah, Mom. I love them, like I do everything about you,” he replied, his fingertips squeezing my engorged nipples.

“Just think what it’d feel like wrapping your hands around Jennifer’s tits. You’ve seen how great they are and from sucking on them, I know you’d really enjoy them,” I taunted him.

His hips slammed into me, his panting increased as he thought about his sexy professor. “She’d be a great fuck, with her long legs wrapped around you while you pound her tight cunt.”

After I interlocked my legs behind his ass, he went into overdrive. My pussy quivered and shook while a wave of heat flushed through my body. Knowing my orgasm was imminent, I prodded him, “Her groans and screaming when she orgasms with me will be nothing compared to when being fucked with a young man’s hard cock—yours. Fuck me like you would her. Pound me hard!”

He lowered his head and kissed me while driving his cock in harder and deeper than before. Our eyes, locked together, searching deeply into each other’s souls, finding true love. My pussy clamped onto his prick, causing it to explode, splattering my insides with his hot, sticky cum. He released my mouth, gasping and grunting as his prick jerked each time my channel clenched his shaft.

After we descended from our incestuous high, with his head next to mine, his hot breath washed across my ear. “Fuck, that was good, Mom. Your talking about Jennifer really turned me on, even if it’s just a fantasy.”

“Actually, it’s not just a fantasy. I want you to fuck her and provide her with as much pleasure as you give me,” I explained.

“Really?” he asked incredulously. “You’re the one I love. Everyone at school would give their left nut for a shot at her, but I doubt if she’d ever take a chance with one of her students.”

“You leave that to me. Our love will always be my foremost priority, but there’s nothing more I’d like than watching you fuck another woman senseless. It turns me on thinking about your big prick bringing joy to someone. Please?” I asked, my face pleading for acceptance.

“What turns you on, turns me on, Mom. You only need to ask and I’ll do whatever you want,” he replied, kissing me, sealing our deal.

After several more times making love, he lay atop me, exhausted and sound asleep. I soon followed him and after a relaxing night’s sleep, awoke to find that he had rolled off me during the night. Easing out of bed, I slipped on my blue nightie and pranced to the kitchen, happily preparing breakfast for my studly son.

While working over the stove, I wasn’t surprised to feel his upright, stiff prick lodge into the valley between my buns, pushing the material into my crack. He sucked on my neck while his fingers unbuttoned my front before his hands snaked inside to grab my breasts. I groaned when his fingertips squeezed and twisted my hard nubs. He moved up and down, sawing his prick between my ass cheeks.

He whispered, “Do you remember what Roxie said after her son fucked her? It became their routine to fuck each morning the same way they did the first time.”

My thoughts went back to that day when Brett furiously ravished me on the floor beneath us, beginning our journey into our incestuous relationship. Not wanting to set that precedent in stone, I turned off the stove knobs, pushed backward, leaned over, and gripped the oven handle, my back flat while I spread my legs.

“I think we can improve on their ritual and make our own,” I gasped, my chest already heaving with excitement. “Fuck me like you did after groping my sister that day. Maybe I’ll even arrange for you to jam your hard cock up her pussy, too.”

After I felt my nightie plop onto my back, his prick nudged open my wet pussy. His cock pumped shallow and slow, as he relished the feel of my clenching cunt. “I love fucking you, no matter where it is, Mom,” he professed, ignoring my teasing about my sister. Holding my waist, his fingers dug in as he descended deeper into my gripping channel. A long groan escaped my lips, feeling his large prick spread my walls as he sunk deeper. The exquisite sensation sent waves of pleasure coursing through me.

When he bottomed out, his hands rose upward, grabbing my hanging tits. He fucked me while playing with my breasts, our raspy breaths becoming shorter as our excitement level grew. His groaning sounds matched my own as his cock fed my hungry hole. Without any warning, my pussy contracted and squeezed his ram.

“Fuck. I’m cumming!” I exclaimed. “Fuck me hard and think of how you’d pound your Auntie. Wouldn’t you like to hear her scream when she’s cumming on your big cock?”

That was enough to send him over the edge. His hose spurted inside me, filling me with his precious seed. He grunted each time he shoved to the bottom, covering my cervix with sticky cum. My pussy responded and clamped harder as my orgasm continued with each one of his pulses. After a dozen more strokes, he withdrew his deflating cock. Pulling me up, he turned me around and kissed me.

“You’re so fucking hot, Mom,” he gasped. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too, dear,” I responded. Giggling, I remarked, “Guess we’re lucky my sister didn’t barge in on us. Of course, she might want to join in, so it might not be that bad.”

When he smiled, I knew he was thinking about drilling his aunt, whom I knew he’d had a crush on. After eating, he explained what he had planned for the day—a drive, a visit to the city aquarium, and dining out for lunch and dinner.

“That sounds wonderful, Brett!” I agreed enthusiastically to his plans. “I’ll even let you pick out my outfit so I don’t have to figure out what to wear.” We giggled, remembering his demands from the previous day.

The day turned out to be wonderfully delightful, Brett pampering and treating me like a lover, instead of his mother. He openly displayed his affection, kissing and hugging me often. I couldn’t remember a day that was filled with so much happiness.

While we dined at an upscale restaurant, I reflected on the day’s events. When his gaze met mine, I expressed, “Today has been wonderful, Brett. Thank you so much for spending it with me.”

His broad smile, revealing his white teeth, lit up his entire face, creating warm crinkles at the corners of his eyes, exuding a sense of joy and warmth. “Do you know why I took you out today?” he asked.

Genuinely curious about his intent, I replied, “No, I thought you just wanted to celebrate doing well in school and take a break from your studies. Isn’t that it?”

“No, that’s not the reason,” he quickly refuted my assumption. “I was showing you off—announcing to the world that you’re the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with. I love you deeply, Mom, and want to be your husband.”

I blushed, taken aback by how perfectly he had voiced my exact emotions, I replied, “For one thing, it’s illegal for us to be married. Also, it’s a fairly rash decision, and your infatuation with doing something taboo may quickly pass. Give yourself time to meet other people. Wouldn’t you be better off finding a nice woman your age, rather than tied down to an older woman—especially your own mother?”

My breathing stopped from the deafening silence as I waited for his reply, hopefully rebutting my assertions.

Reaching across the table, he held my hands and looked me in the eyes, his expression turning serious. “Mom, I’ve known for a long time that I’ve been in love with you and have wanted to be with you forever. I don’t have a childish crush on you—I love you. Remember when I told you Carol dumped me? Actually, I cut it off because the woman I wanted to be with was you. I decided to follow my heart and do everything I could to cement our relationship. Mom, will you be my wife?”

Overwhelmed with emotion, I found myself unable to speak, struggling to hold back the tears welling up in my eyes.

I must have appeared shocked, as he continued, “Don’t answer tonight, Mom. You can even wait a week, a month, or a year. It doesn’t matter because I’ll always be here supporting you and doing everything I can do to make you happy. If you don’t share my feelings and decide that we should revert to our prior relationship, with you as my mother and nothing else, I’ll respect your wishes. I would never pressure you to go against your wishes.”

I picked up my glass of water and took several gulps, trying to regain my composure. Just then, an idea suddenly struck me. I smiled, cleared my throat, and asked, “Let’s finish our wonderful dinner and head home, okay?”

“Sure, Mom,” he replied, the disappointment evident in his expression.

On the drive home, we reminisced about the memorable moments from the day. As soon as we pulled into the driveway, I quickly exited the car and dashed into our house, making a beeline for Brett’s bedroom. Flinging open his closet doors, I pulled out several shirts on hangers and tossed them onto his bed. Just as I reached for several more, I heard his footsteps entering the room.

“What’s going on, Mom?” he asked, his voice trembling and barely above a whisper. “Are you kicking me out?”

Turning to him and placing more shirts onto the others, I smiled and answered, “Yes, I am. No husband of mine is going to keep his clothes in a different bedroom.” Seeing his confused look, I clarified, “You’re moving to our bedroom. Remove the dresser drawers so we can move it.”

Finally grasping the full scope of the situation, he smiled widely and ran to me, embracing me tightly. “You won’t regret this, Mom. I love you so much.”

“It’s what I’ve always wanted, dear,” I gushed. “I’m sorry I didn’t answer you immediately at the restaurant, but I was filled with so much emotion from hearing my dreams come true, that I couldn’t speak. I know it’s belated, but yes, I’ll be your wife. Kiss me and seal our vows to each other.”

Our lips and eyes connected as we began our journey as lifelong soulmates. The serene depth of love in his eyes mirrored my own feelings. After sharing several moments wrapped in each other’s arms, reveling in our new bond as husband and wife, we reluctantly parted to begin the arduous task of moving his belongings.

Several hours later, after finishing, I instructed him to take one last shower in his room before consummating our marriage in our marital bed. After shaving my legs during my shower, I trimmed the sides of my bush into a perfect upside-down triangle. After drying off, I settled at my vanity, meticulously ensuring my appearance was flawless. As I reached for the rouge brush, I hesitated, aware of his preference for me to go without makeup. After brushing my hair until it gleamed, I stood to dress.

Searching through my closet, I instantly knew what to wear. Slipping on the blue nightie that instigated our illicit joining, I smiled as I remembered that fateful morning. My angst grew as I contemplated how to divulge a deeply held secret to him which I feared might threaten the core of our relationship.

Interrupting my thoughts, his voice rang out from his room, yelling, “Is my wife ready to unite with her new husband and consummate our marriage?”

“Yes, dear,” I answered, feeling as nervous as my first date decades earlier. My anxiety turned to excitement, when he entered, nude as the day he was born. His prick was already at full-staff and jerked when he laid eyes on my near-nude body. My eyes traveled down his toned body until they latched onto his jutting prick. “I like the suit you decided to wear for our wedding night,” I jested, causing both of us to giggle.

“My birthday suit seemed appropriate since it’s how you saw me when we first met,” he said, grinning widely. “I love yours, too. It brings back some special memories.” Looking down to where my gaze still lingered on his knob-tipped rod, he apologized, “Sorry about his manners. He’s been looking forward to tonight for a long time.”

“Me too,” I said, walking the short distance to meet him. When we hugged, his cock pressed into my stomach, feeling longer and thicker than ever, my pussy reacting by releasing lubricating fluids. We kissed gently and quickly transformed into a more romantic one, our tongues dancing together.

Moving as one, we neared our bed and when we parted, I gently shoved him flat on his back. Straddling him, I sat on his lower legs, my soft ass resting on his feet. “I love your hairy legs,” I gushed, running my hands up and down his muscular legs, playfully tugging tufts of his hair.

“Your hands feel great, Mom, but my third leg aches for some attention, too,” he said, giggling. To emphasize his point, he tensed his muscles, causing his big prick to bob up and down. When my fingers wrapped around his veiny prick, a drop of pre-cum appeared out of his slit. Holding his sac with one hand, I gently rolled his golf-ball-sized balls, while slowly stroking his rock-hard cock.

He moaned and as my hand lifted his nutsack, I tried to guess how much sperm was contained in his precious eggs. After pumping his marvelous cock for ten minutes, I increased the length of my strokes, my hand moving over his crown, twisting his cap, and sending shocks of pleasure through him. His chest heaved with excitement as he escalated faster than I desired. He was living every boy’s dream—having his mother jack him off.

Easing off, I inched forward until my pelvis was directly over his, my juicy pussy hovering above his upright pole, held in position by my hand. Lowering, I scraped his puffy head back and forth through my groove, coating it with my juices. It felt so exquisite brushing his plum-shaped tip across my engorged outer lips, that I knew I could orgasm if I continued without him entering me.

My hungry cunt wasn’t content with that, descending until his head popped behind my entrance. I stopped and groaned from the sinful pleasure of engulfing my son’s prick. “God, I love the way your cock feels when it first enters me,” I gasped, slowly swallowing his length.

“Me too, Mom,” he agreed. “Although the first time we made love, I couldn’t take time to enjoy it. My body took over and went crazy, finally fulfilling all of my desires.”

When my ass met his groin with his entire cock stuffed in my pussy, I waited a few seconds before answering, “We fucked like wild animals and it was fantastic. Your desires weren’t the only ones satisfied that morning.”

Slowly rising, I relished in the feel of his prick sliding along the length of my clinging walls. Increasing my pace, I held onto his ribs and gazed into his face while I fucked my son for the first time since he became my husband. When he humped his hips upward, smashing his balls against my flesh, I ordered, “Don’t, sweetie. Lie there and allow me to do the work. I have to take the edge off and I don’t want you blowing your load until you can properly fuck me.”

“Sounds good to me, Mom,” he answered, adding, “Would you mind taking off your nightie? I want to watch your tits bounce as you ride me.”

After unbuttoning the front, I tossed my negligee onto the floor and resumed humping my studly stallion. Perspiration formed on my forehead as my pussy leaked and coated his cock with hot, slippery juices. My tits jiggled as my body raced toward my climax. Squeezing his ribs tightly, I grunted as my pussy contracted, and exclaimed, “I’m cumming on my son’s cock! Fuck, it’s so good.”

His smile broadened, seeing his mother derive so much pleasure from climaxing on his prick. Wishing I could continue until he blasted his load, I reminded myself of my plan and pulled off of him when my channel ceased constricting.

Leaning down, I kissed him and whispered, “Thanks so much, sweetie. That was for me and now, it’s your turn.”

He rolled me onto the bed and positioned himself between my legs. While stroking my legs, he squeezed and caressed my thighs with each pass. "I love how smooth and soft your legs are, Mom. I could play with them all day, but my third leg is nagging me again."

"He's not the only one that needs attention," I cried, spreading my legs and raising my ass, opening my wet pussy for emphasis.

When his fingers ran through my pussy hair and tugged, I moaned with delight. My pussy throbbed and ached to feel him fully inside me again. As he inched forward, his cock hard and shiny with my juices, I asked, "Do you remember when we saw David and his mother, Beam, make love? Would you mind doing the same?"

"I'd love to, Mom," he replied, his voice brimming with joy. "Believe it or not, when we watched them, I visualized doing the exact same thing to you. I whacked off several times that night with that image in my mind."

I smiled, knowing I had done the same. His strong hands slid along my legs until he gripped my knees. Bending my legs, he gently shoved them until my knees snuggled against the sides of my breasts. Placing my ankles on his shoulders, he leaned forward and down, causing my legs to slide across the tops of his shoulders at the same time his cock sunk into my steamy snatch.

When his face was near mine, he flexed his hips, sending his cock deeper than it'd been before, smashing against my cervix. I involuntarily let out a yelp of pain from the discomfort.

He stopped, his face filled with concern, and asked, "Are you okay, Mom? Was I too rough?"

"I'm fine," I consoled him. "In this position, you can go much deeper and it's a little painful until I'm ready to orgasm. It feels too good to stop. Fuck your mother, sweetie."

Due to the angle of my canal, his cock hit erogenous zones that were rarely touched. While thrusting in and out, he varied the angle until I moaned loudly, learning exactly what brought me the most pleasure. It was a strenuous position for him, his body straining and sweating as he expended all of his energy into pleasing me.

Feeling my body tingle and shake, I knew I was within minutes of climaxing. Hoping for the best, I decided to disclose the only thing I'd hidden from my son. "Do you know why it turned me on such much, watching David fuck his mother in this position?" I asked, between pants.

He huffed and replied, "No, but I love it."

"It's the fact that they were doing it to conceive a baby," I explained, pausing for a second, before continuing, "The difference being that she didn't care who the father was. I desire the same thing, but I want to bear your children, no one else's."

"Did my walls swell or was it his prick?" I asked myself, groaning from the increased friction. When he giggled nervously, I playfully scolded, "Brett. It's not nice to laugh at your mother when your cock is buried in her pussy."

Without slowing down, he exuded, "Sorry, Mom. It's just such a relief that I couldn't help it. I've been wishing for the same thing but didn't know how to ask you. Once again, you've taken care of me, just like you always have."

Having heard that he shared the same desires, my body responded and thrashed beneath him, as his plunging rate increased. “I’m going to cum, sweetie,” I croaked. “Slam it in as deep as you can. Kiss me while you breed your mother.”

With his torso holding my legs pinned, his hands gripped the tops of my mine and used them for leverage to thrust deeply. Our mouths locked together and the wanton look of lust in his eyes mirrored mine. Each time his spongy, fat head collided against my cervix, a jolt of pleasure surged through my system.

The sounds of our flesh slapping together filled the room, his large, sperm-laden balls smashing against my ass each time he sunk to the bottom. A feeling of serene blissfulness swept through me as my orgasm commenced. When my walls swelled and contracted around his prick, he grunted and lunged into me, his first blob of sperm spurting from his tip drenching my cervix.

His eyes drilled into my soul as his cock continued to spew out his sticky sperm into the innermost reaches of my pussy. His jerking prick set off an explosive orgasm in me that rocked my body. I thought I’d faint from the blissful waves of pleasure flowing through me, but I managed to continue to thrash and writh, ensuring his prick hit the deepest part of my hungry cunt.

My walls milked his cannon, extracting every drop of his baby batter from his balls. Our orgasm was more intense and lasted longer than any previous time we had made love. Endorphins flooded our systems, filling us with blissful joy.

When his cock finally ceased pulsing, I held him tightly while we kissed, sealing our incestuous marriage.

He was the first to break the silence, gasping, “That was incredible, Mom. I love you so much.”

“I love you, too, and can’t wait to share our love with our child,” I whispered in return.

“Children, Mom,” he corrected me.

“In that case, we better practice making babies,” I replied, causing us to chuckle.

After making love several more times, ending with me riding him, I collapsed on top of him and immediately fell asleep, completely exhausted.

The End