

Echos of Time



By MrCurrie

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Erotica

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As the piercing sound of my alarm shattered the stillness of the morning, I jolted awake, greeted by the realization that it was already seven. With a groggy sigh, I rolled out of bed, feeling the cool touch of fall drifting through my half-open bedroom window.

Making my way to the kitchen, I stumbled in my half-awake state, hastily setting the coffee machine in motion. Despite the early hour, the comforting routine of preparing breakfast for my mother, Beth, and myself commenced, grounding me amidst the chaos that lay ahead of me for the day.

This daily ritual had been my steadfast companion since I embarked on my new journey, straight out of high school. Much to my mother's chagrin, I elected to forego college and pursue my interests as a baker. As a single mother, she had devoted herself entirely to raising me over the past eighteen years.

She wrongly felt responsible for my decision, thinking it was about the expenses. I never revealed that the real reason was my intense love for her and my desire to stay by her side.

With my workday beginning at nine, an hour after my mother's, I took it upon myself to assume the responsibility of preparing breakfast for her each day and cleaning the kitchen before heading off to work. Hearing Mom stir in her room, I placed four slices of rye bread into the toaster.

As I'd done countless times before, I cracked several eggs, skillfully dropping their contents into the sizzling skillet. After confirming the yolks remained intact, I hurried to the refrigerator and retrieved the bowls of fresh fruit.

Once arranged on the table, I poured two cups of coffee, set them by the fruit, and returned to finishing our fried eggs. Just as the aroma of breakfast filled the air, Mom entered the kitchen, settled into her seat, and took a sip of coffee. "Good morning, Adam. Sleep well?"

As the toaster pinged, signaling the completion of the toast, I scooped up the eggs and arranged both on the breakfast plates. I placed them on the table before settling across from her. After spreading some strawberry jam on my toast, I replied, "Last night was a bit warm until I cracked open the window. After that, I slept like a log. How about you?"

Mom took a leisurely bite of her toast, savoring the moment before responding, "No troubles here. My room stays cool, being on the shaded side. Looks like the weekend weather will be delightful. Any plans?"

Between bites, I outlined my agenda, "Tomorrow, I'll tackle the yard work and wash the East windows. Sunday's wide open, but I have a few ideas."

Her smile turned mischievous as she quipped, "It sounds like a lucky girl might be lined up for a date with my handsome son."

I blushed at her teasing. I hadn't dated anyone for over a year and Mom never missed a chance to playfully rib me. While we ate, I admired the reason I hadn't dated. No one could compare with the woman sitting across from me. Her short, tousled brunette hair framed her face perfectly, accentuating her cute smile and the sparkle in her brown eyes. Her magnetic personality filled me with delight, infusing each day with a sense of anticipation as I eagerly awaited the evening to spend more time with my lovely mother.

Breaking my concentration, she rose, grabbed my coffee mug, and turned to the counter to fill our cups. This was one of the highlights of each morning. Her threadbare, short robe hugged her curves and was short enough to show off the lower portion of her smooth, firm thighs. As

always, my prick hardened and threatened to escape my robe. I quickly rearranged my hard cock before she returned and sat.

Her worn robe gapped at the neckline, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the gentle curve of her breasts, teasing me without revealing too much. She had hinted in the past she'd like a new robe as a gift, but I always avoided buying one for this reason alone. I was thankful that her thriftiness prevented her from indulging in procuring one. Finishing her meal, she stood, pecked me on the cheek, and said, "As always, thanks for breakfast, Adam. Have a great day."

I lingered for several minutes, relishing the feel of her warm, moist lips. After cleaning the kitchen, I glanced up to see Mom exit her room, dressed for work. She looked radiant as always and after a light hug, left for work. I glanced at the clock and noticed it was already eight, too late for Mom to make it on time.

Initially, when I began preparing breakfast, she would join me, already dressed for work, quickly eating before rushing off to meet her schedule. However, over the past few months, I noticed a change. She wore her robe and lingered longer at the table. Given her senior position in the company, I wasn't surprised by her decision to take liberties with her arrival time, opting to savor her mornings a bit longer.

I retired to my room and performed another daily ritual of mine—whacking off to my hot mom. I lay nude in bed, leisurely stroking my hard cock, while my mind filled with Mom and I making love. After a few minutes of slowly pumping my entire length, I smeared the slick pre-cum oozing from my slit onto my shaft. Once lubricated, I gripped my rod with both hands and twisted in opposite directions, sending pangs of pleasure through my groin.

After bringing myself to the brink of eruption, I returned to a slow stroking rhythm, pressing my fingertip into the canal on the underside of my prick. Every third or fourth pump, I gripped and bent my cock to one side and then the other, sending more jolts of pleasure through my groin. Wrapping my fingers directly below my crested crown, I rubbed the sensitive area until I neared orgasm.

Glancing at the clock, I knew I was pressed for time and decided to escalate my masturbation session. I wrapped my hand around my slick, engorged head and twisted it until I was close to ejaculating, then pumped the length of my cock as rapidly as I could while envisioning Mom lying nude on the bed. I'd never seen her without clothes, but it didn't stop me from imagining her with large, puffy, brown nipples that matched her warm eyes. The vision of her hairy mound hiding her pussy, trimmed into a perfect upside-down triangle, caused my prick to ache and throb.

While I stroked, my prick slid into my mother's juicy pussy. My hand squeezed hard, fantasizing that it was Mom's tight pussy surrounding my cock. When my prick was fully engulfed, I twisted my cap once again before stroking like a madman. After a dozen strokes, an image of Mom's smiling, beautiful face formed, triggering my eruption. Streams of cum shot out my tip, landing on my belly. I continued to milk my cock, creating a large pool of baby batter in the middle of my sunken stomach.

A sudden wave of guilt swept through me as I realized that my hand provided more pleasure than making love to the girls I had dated. I knew it wasn't because of my technique—it was from fantasizing about my mother.

Grabbing my shorts and T-shirt, I wiped off the remnants of my orgasm. Throwing them in the laundry basket, I felt confident Mom wouldn't find them as I'd been doing my own laundry for the last few months. After quickly dressing, I dashed off to work, barely making it on time.

As I immersed myself in the task of baking, the aromas wafting from the oven filled the commercial kitchen with a mixture of pleasing smells. While I enjoyed the act of measuring, mixing, and kneading, my mind inevitably wandered to the inappropriate attraction I had of my mother. While I fell deeper in love with her, she didn't appear to reciprocate my feelings. The fear of jeopardizing our relationship by succumbing to my emotions resurfaced, serving as a reminder to tread carefully in the future.

On Friday night, Mom treated me to one of my favorite meals, marking the joyous conclusion of the work week. As we sat down to dinner, our conversation flowed effortlessly, brimming with laughter and warmth. It challenged me to tear my gaze away from her captivating smile that evening. After clearing the table, we retreated to our rooms to shower.

Repeating my morning ritual, I emptied my balls, the only difference was that I covered the stall wall, rather than my stomach. Hopefully, by relieving my sexual tension, I wouldn't be distracted throughout the evening. As usual, it didn't help as much as I had hoped.

As we cozied up on the couch together, Mom nestled close, her warmth enveloping me. The gentle touch of her flannel cotton nightgown against my bare arms was a soothing sensation, adding an extra layer of comfort to our quiet evening of watching sitcoms. It wasn't long before she rested her head on my shoulder and drifted off.

I wrapped my arm around her shoulders and pulled her closely. A heavy sigh escaped her lips before her breathing deepened. My gaze drifted down to the open gap in her robe, which exposed several inches of the insides of her breasts. My prick jerked with a mind of his own, disregarding the attention I gave him during my shower in an attempt to keep him at bay for the evening.

I leaned down and inhaled deeply, her fragrant hair shampoo wafting through my nostrils. My prick remained fully hard through the next thirty minutes. A burst of laughter from the comedy show abruptly awakened her.

"Wow, guess I dozed off. Sorry, I'm such poor company," she apologized.

"It's fine, Mom," I replied. "You deserve to relax after working all day and then treating me to that big meal. I need to hit the sack anyway, as I have a big day tomorrow."

We rose and when we hugged, my tented sweatpants bumped against her, but she didn't acknowledge it. With our heads side-by-side, I snuck a whiff of her intoxicating natural scent.

Back in bed, I stroked off another load with the fresh memories from the evening.

We spent all day Saturday doing chores. While I attended to the outside areas, Mom cleaned the house, and to my dismay, ran both of our laundry baskets through the washer and dryer. Thankfully, she didn't mention my crusty underwear, but I quickly convinced myself that most mothers wouldn't be bothered or upset when encountering their sons' signs of adulthood.

On Sunday, the hours languished until after lunch. Restless, Mom fidgeted on the couch, her impatience getting the best of her. She turned to me and exclaimed, "You mentioned you had something planned for today. Surprise me."

“Alright,” I replied with a mischievous grin. “Prepare yourself for some exercise. Dress accordingly.”

“Tennis shoes it is,” Mom eagerly chimed in, bounding off to her room to prepare. Meanwhile, I headed to my room to change. I threw on a pair of shorts and a tank top, appropriate attire for a sunny, warm afternoon.

When I met Mom, I did a double-take as my eyes soaked up her beauty. Her short tennis skirt flattered her long, toned legs. When my gaze traveled upward, I briefly paused on her tight blouse, the outer edges of her bra pressed against the thin material. When I ended on her blushing face, she smiled before her eyes scanned my hairy legs.

“Looks like we’re ready to go,” she chirped, strolling to the door. I grabbed my backpack and headed out. We walked to the park and when we were at a large grassy area, I extracted a frisbee from the bag.

“Seriously?” Mom exclaimed. “Don’t you think I’m a little old for that?”

“Not at all, Mom,” I replied. “You’re in great shape and I thought it’d be nice to do something that I enjoyed during my childhood.”

“I do recall that we had a lot of fun. It was a cheap way to pass the time and it kept us in shape. I’m game if you are,” she shouted as she ran a distance before turning.

I spun it toward her and surprisingly, she leaped to the side and caught it, her smile broadening from her achievement. We tossed it back and forth, each of us working up a sweat. On one of my throws, it went by her and landed several feet behind her. When she bent to pick it up, her short skirt rose, revealing the backs of her thighs.

My prick throbbed and being careful not to be too obvious, I intentionally flicked it past her every fifth or sixth time, enjoying the display of Mom’s bare legs. One time, she leaned over so far that her blue panties came into view. She lingered, before standing and tossing the frisbee back to me. After an hour, we decided we had enough exercise.

On the walk back, she enveloped her arm with mine. With each step, my arm bumped against her breast, adding to my excited state. “I haven’t had this much fun for years,” Mom exclaimed with a smile. “Thanks so much, Adam.”

“It was just as I remembered it. I loved the things we did together when growing up. I’m glad you enjoyed it as much as I did,” I replied warmly.

After we entered our house, Mom glanced down at my tented shorts, looked up at me with a sexy smirk, and asked, “Any other ideas to finish the day?”

“I thought it’d be nice to dine out tonight at La Bella,” I proposed.

Seeing her smile widen, my stomach fluttered with excitement as I suggested, “Let’s shower and get dressed.”

“Wonderful,” Mom replied, turning, before making her way to her room. I remained, my gaze locked onto the backs of her shapely legs until she disappeared behind her door.

She adorned herself in a dress I hadn’t laid eyes on in years, yet I found myself quite pleased with her selection. The sapphire blue gown perfectly accented her brown hair and eyes. The plunging V-neckline showcased an ample display of cleavage, her pure alabaster flesh drawing

my eyes. A snug belt showed off her thin waist, her dress hugging her curvy hips, ending below her knees by several inches.

Her expression begged for approval and I was only too happy to oblige. “You’re beautiful, Mom. Every man in the restaurant will be admiring you,” I complimented my blushing mother.

“Oh, stop it,” she giggled. “You’re too kind, but it does feel good to dress up every now and then. And I must say, you clean up quite nicely, yourself.”

Upon arrival at the restaurant, I approached the hostess and confidently spoke, “Reservations for Beth and Adam Johnson, please.”

With a smile, she remarked, “What a lovely couple. I have a romantic table that would be perfect for you.”

“Thanks, but that won’t be necessary,” I responded. “My mother and I would prefer one of those booths instead.”

“Of course. Follow me,” she directed. After seating, we ordered and before long, we engrossed ourselves in lively conversation. We never had difficulty conversing with each other and continued chatting throughout our meal. It turned into a delightful evening and I loved watching Mom laugh and smile.

The insides of her breasts, exposed from her neckline, quivered and shook each time she giggled. My gaze alternated from her breasts to her smiling face. She never acted offended by my obvious leering and after a while, I didn’t hide the fact I was staring at my mother’s chest.

When we returned home, Mom hugged me, holding me closely. Kissing my neck she gushed, “Thank you for a delightful evening, Adam.”

I gently kissed Mom’s soft neck and replied, “I enjoyed it too. I love every moment spent with you.” As my warm breath caressed her ear, she squeezed me tightly, drawing me closer. Her familiar scent enveloped me, and I wished for our embrace to linger longer, but all too soon, she stepped back and walked to her room. “Goodnight, Adam,” she softly spoke before closing her door.

While I lay in bed hashing over the day’s events, I chastised myself for delving deeper into my infatuation with my mother. My love for her was far too strong to reverse direction. I only hoped my physical attraction wouldn’t offend her at one point and affect our relationship.

Thursday night, I lay in bed nude while stroking my cock after a night of cuddling with Mom. The cool breeze from the open window couldn’t evaporate my juices fast enough as my hand effortlessly slid up and down my shaft of steel. I closed my eyes and envisioned Mom’s nude body beneath me.

Suddenly, a low humming sound caught my attention. Opening my eyes, a sliver of blue light caught my attention as the noise ascended into a high-pitched shrill. An oval opening appeared, and after a woman stepped out of it, the light and sounds dissipated.

Following her gaze, I looked at my hand, firmly wrapped around my cock. I quickly pulled the sheet over me. Blinking my eyes in an attempt to clarify her image, my jaw dropped as I stared at an older version of Mom. Her hair was streaked with several streaks of gray, but her smile and cute face undeniably belonged to my mother.

“Mom?” I stuttered, still unsure if I was asleep, and in a dream of some sort. Perhaps, all of the intimate fantasies of my mother had twisted my mind into something surreal.

“Did I come at a bad time, Adam?” she asked. Her voice was distinctly Mom’s but my mind kept reminding me that it was an illusion.

“This isn’t real. You’re just a dream, a figment of my imagination,” I surmised, confident I would soon jolt awake.

She inched closer until her hand snuck under my sheet and traveled up my hairy leg until her fingers wrapped around my still-hard cock. “Does this feel like it’s imaginary?” she asked, giggling.

Utter confusion gripped me as tightly as Mom’s hand squeezed my prick. Uncertain of what question to ask first, Mom softly spoke, “Yes, it’s me dear. I’m your mother from twenty years in the future.”

While she continued to stroke my cock, I resisted the urge to move her hand away. It felt too good and if it was a dream, I wanted it to last as long as possible. Remembering the lighted portal, I incredulously asked, “Time travel is possible in twenty years?”

She chuckled and replied, “No, of course not. Someone from the far future contacted me and asked for my assistance. It appears the timeline experienced a hiccup and they enlisted my aid in repairing it.”

With her other hand, she flipped my sheet off and sat on the edge of the bed. Gripping both her hands around my cock, she twisted her hands in opposite directions in the way I cherished most. I couldn’t help myself from moaning with pleasure.

Noticing my puzzled look from her cock caressing, she explained, “Don’t be shocked by my actions. It’s part of my assignment to ensure everything is functioning correctly in this time period. Trust me, sweetie. Close your eyes and allow me to continue.”

Dream or not, I wasn’t about to interrupt one of my fantasies from coming to fruition. She expertly stroked and stimulated my cock as if she’d been doing it for years. Her fingers knew the most sensitive areas, and it wasn’t long before my heart raced and my breath quickened. One of her delicate hands cradled my balls, gently squeezing them, while the other twisted my bloated crown, sending waves of pleasure through my system.

“Oh, Mom,” I groaned, as her hand rapidly pumped my slippery, shiny cock. “I’m going to cum.”

“Let it out, dear,” she softly implored, aiming my cock toward my head. My cannon erupted, sending streams of milky-white cream into the air, splattering onto my chest and stomach. I grunted with each spurt as Mom milked my spitting cock.

“Jesus, that was good,” I gasped. “I still don’t know if this is real, but that was the best cum I’ve ever had.”

“Thank you, dear,” Mom replied with a slight giggle. “I’m real all right and from the copious amount of sperm, I can be assured this part of the timeline is intact.”

Reaching to the floor, she picked up my discarded T-shirt and wiped up my pools of milky essence. After cleaning me, she tossed my shirt into the laundry basket, turned to me, and stated, “Don’t worry, your mother is used to washing your cum-stained underwear.”

Her wicked smile elicited a giggle from me and it took a minute to grasp the situation. My Mom had just jacked me off, although I still wasn't sure if it was Mom or some figment of my imagination. "Is that all you needed to determine? That I could spray out a load of cum?"

She grinned and replied, "No, that was just part of it. What I need from you is to go back in time and impregnate a woman."

A thousand questions flooded my mind. "How can this be real? This is just insane," I blurted out, running a hand through my hair. "First, I have to believe that you're from the future and now you're asking me to travel back in time and impregnate someone. Why me? And if I somehow manage to find the woman, how would I convince her to have a baby with me? And most importantly, what does this have to do with you?" My heart raced as I tried to wrap my head around this bizarre situation.

"Easy there, Adam," she responded softly, her palm gently resting on my thigh as she caressed it. Her soothing touch comforted me, reminiscent of what she had provided throughout my childhood.

She continued, "I can only divulge basic information so the timeline isn't damaged, but deep down in your heart, you know I'm your mother. We've always held a deep-seated trust that can't be broken by time." Leaning down, she kissed me lightly on the forehead before resting her head next to mine. "Breathe in my scent, Adam, and tell me I'm not your mother."

"How did she know I loved her natural aroma?" I asked myself. I inhaled deeply and Mom's familiar fragrance flooded my senses. I whispered, "Okay, I believe you, but what about my other concerns?"

She leaned back and smiled widely, knowing I was completely willing to do anything she asked. Raising her arm, she displayed what looked like an ordinary watch wrapped around her wrist. Its sleek design and intricate buttons gave off a futuristic vibe. "This device will enable you to transport to the time and place for meeting the woman. She is waiting at a bar and will go by the name of Melissa. Introduce yourself as Sam and don't ask for her last name or offer yours. She desires a sperm donor, not a husband, making your job much easier. Just be your personable self and be careful not to reveal anything about the future."

I paused and silently rehashed her instructions for a moment before asking, "What clothes should I wear and how will I know if I'm successful? Should I remain there until we're certain she's pregnant?"

Her warm smile quelled my apprehension, while her eyes twinkled with amusement. "Don't worry about what to wear," she directed. "The advanced technology will adjust your clothing to fit in. And as for knowing if you've succeeded, you'll see the portal appear for your return. The people who sent me here will be monitoring and will know when you've completed your mission."

The portal reappeared, apparently her signal to leave. A ton of unanswered questions remained in my mind, but she didn't give me a chance to continue. "Be ready to leave tomorrow night at ten. Good luck. I'll see you again in a week," she instructed, vanishing into thin air, leaving a slight acrid smell in the room. I closed my eyes and lay wide awake, still wondering if I was in some kind of deep sleep.

The alarm snapped me out of my trance. Blinking away the fog of sleep, I reasoned that it had to be a figment of my imagination as her apparition appeared last night and I didn't remember falling asleep afterward. While Mom and I ate breakfast, I studied her hands, sizing them, as if I could determine if they belonged to the woman in my dream. Her goodbye hug enabled me to smell her fragrance again, confirming the scent was identical.

Throughout the workday, my mind toiled with the previous night's events. "What was the purpose of the dream? Was there some hidden meaning to resolve my conflicted emotional state concerning my relationship with Mom?" I pondered to myself.

Even though I remained skeptical that it was real, I waited patiently in my room that night. The thought suddenly occurred to me that she hadn't provided me with the device to travel back in time. "How would I activate it or would she do it remotely?" I asked myself.

As if answering my question, at precisely ten, the portal reappeared. Inhaling, as if diving in a pool, I apprehensively entered the unknown.

An instant later, I stood outside a restaurant I didn't recognize. The crisp night air sent a chill down my spine, and I felt a tightness around my throat. Thinking something had gone wrong, my hands grasped my throat, finding a tie tightly wound around my neck. I hated wearing ties for that very reason and quickly loosened the knot. Looking down, I checked out my attire to find I was cloaked in a business suit.

Wondering what year I had landed in, I patted my pockets, looking for a phone, only to find nothing. Either I wasn't supposed to use one or I had gone far enough back in the past before they were readily available. Inhaling a deep breath of cool air, I entered through the door and was greeted by a pretty hostess. "Good evening, Sir. Table for one?" she asked.

"Could I have a drink at the bar, first?" I replied.

"Of course, it's straight ahead on the left," she smiled, gesturing to the direction. As she stepped aside, I noticed several couples chatting at the bar, and at the far end, a lone woman caught my eye. She appeared to be in her early thirties, with shoulder-length, golden brown hair.

Settling beside her, I turned with a grin and asked, "Excuse me, Ma'am, would you mind if I sit with you? I'd hate for anyone to think I'm a loser who couldn't get a dinner date."

When she faced me, her striking beauty caught me by surprise. Her hazel eyes swept over me in a quick appraisal before her smile widened, revealing a glimpse of her pearly-white teeth. Her distinct features were reminiscent of a French woman. and when she spoke, her accent confirmed my suspicions.

"I'd love for you to join me," she answered, with a warm smile. She added, "A woman sitting alone at a bar screams either desperation or that I'm a hooker, and I'm not the latter if that's what you were thinking."

Her infectious giggle prompted laughter from me as I replied, "Not at all. Thanks for being so kind. I'm Sam, by the way."

She extended her petite hand and began, "I'm Mad—" After a brief hesitation, she continued, "Melissa. A pleasure to meet you."

"Melissa is a beautiful name, which is fitting for such an elegant woman," I complimented, instilling as much charm as I could in it.

She giggled and retorted, “Does that line actually work?” Her mischievous smirk brought a smile to my face.

“First time trying, actually,” I replied, blushing. “I guess I’m not very good at this.”

Her hand landed on my arm and gently squeezed. “You’re better than you think,” she reassured me. “It’s refreshing to meet a young man so impeccably dressed and exhibit such fine manners. You mentioned a dinner date earlier. How about if we move our conversation to a table and talk some more over dinner?” Her sincere warm smile made me feel much more relaxed.

After asking the bartender for assistance, the hostess approached and led us to a charming table. Gracefully waiting by her chair, I pulled it out and assisted her to sit, as if we’d been dating for months. After ordering, our conversation flowed effortlessly, growing more friendly as time slipped by.

Her witty charm, coupled with a great sense of humor, left me pondering why she needed my company. With her captivating looks and engaging personality, she wouldn’t have any trouble meeting a suitable partner. When we finished and the bill arrived, she reached for her purse. I placed my hand atop hers and insisted, “Please, let me take care of this. After all, I wouldn’t want you to doubt my gentlemanly manners.”

She giggled, withdrawing her hand. Concern swept through me—I had no idea whether I had any money. Opening my wallet, my anxiety dissipated, seeing more than enough to pay, plus enough leftover for a hefty tip. Melissa glanced at the pile of bills and flashed a smile of approval at my generosity. Escorting her outside, unsure of how to proceed, I managed, “Thanks for the wonderful evening, Melissa. I truly enjoyed spending time with you.”

She glanced furtively down the dimly lit sidewalk and pleaded, “Would you mind walking me to my apartment? It’s just a few blocks away.”

“I’d like nothing better than to extend my time with such a lovely lady,” I replied. “Shall we?” I offered, bending my arm at the elbow and extending it in an invitation. With a nod, she looped her arm through mine as we strolled down the walkway, continuing our conversation from earlier.

On our walk, very few cars passed by us, and the ones that did I couldn’t make out the year or the models, but I guessed it was around forty years in the past. Once we reached her doorstep, she turned to me and clasped my hands in hers. “Thanks for everything, Sam. You’ve been wonderful,” she said serenely, her eyes twinkling with the moonlight. Tilting her face, she invited me to kiss her and I didn’t hesitate.

It was a simple yet tender kiss, igniting more excitement in me than any date I’d been on. I pulled back after a minute to see her closed eyes and a radiant smile. “Thanks, Melissa. Good night.”

When I turned to leave, she grabbed my hand and drew me toward her. “Would you like to come in and share some tea with me?” she asked, her voice husky and seductive.

“I’d like nothing more,” I replied, allowing her to guide me into her home. Once the door closed, she hugged me, allowing me to survey her living room. A copy of Newsweek lay atop a coffee table, featuring Reagan on the cover, confirming my earlier estimate of the time period.

Her arms enveloped me tightly, and when she twisted her torso, her soft breasts pressed into my chest. Out of sight of other people, she didn’t feel the need to conceal her horniness. Testing the

waters, I kissed her. Her hands traveled to the back of my head and held me in place while her mouth opened and mashed against mine. When her tongue found mine, she groaned and lowered her hands to my butt. She pulled my groin into hers, grinding her pelvis around on my hard cock.

She released me and gasped, "How about if we skip the tea and finish in the bedroom?"

Without waiting for an answer, she dragged me into her room. Kissing me again, her hands nimbly undressed me while I did the same to her. Once our clothes were removed, we pressed our nude bodies together, kissing more intensely than before. I cupped her breasts, trapped between our bodies, my fingers finding and squeezing her rock-hard nipples. She groaned and stroked my cock, pulling me toward the bed.

Once prone, we lay side-by-side, caressing and groping each other's bodies. Our breaths were rapid and shallow as our foreplay escalated. She pulled me on top of her and before I could bury my cock, she ceased moving. Pulling back, I saw tears streaming from her beautiful eyes.

"What's wrong, Melissa?" I asked, no longer caring about my mission but concerned for this beautiful woman.

"I can't do this," she sobbed. "I thought I could go through with it but I can't treat you like this. I'm so sorry."

I kissed her tears running down her high cheekbones and whispered, "It's alright. We don't have to continue."

She hugged me tightly as she cried, her tears and a runny nose dampening my shoulder. I held her closely, stroked her back, and reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll hold you as long as you need."

She gently shoved me until I lay on my side facing her. She closed her eyes and fell silent while my eyes feasted upon her beautiful body. Her proud, upright breasts, capped with pink nipples were perfectly sized and begged for sucking. Drifting lower, past her narrow sunken stomach, I gazed upon her mound covered with fine, silky, fuzz that matched her golden hair. Her toned, skinny legs remained spread apart from when I was between them.

I tenderly caressed her stomach, hoping to provide comfort. After a few moments, she opened her eyes and confessed, "You've been so wonderful that I have to explain my actions. This week was when my boyfriend and I were to be married. He was killed in a car wreck two weeks ago."

"I'm so sorry," I murmured, gently kissing her cheek. "I can't imagine how hard it is to lose someone so dear to you. I wouldn't do anything to tarnish your memory of him."

"I know that," she reassured me. "Our dream was to have a child to start our life together. It's all we talked about and we planned for it every minute we were together. I still want to bear one, to remind me of the love we held, but I don't want a husband to replace him. I tricked you into coming here to impregnate me without involving you in an emotional relationship. It was wrong of me and I'm sorry. Do you hate me?" Her sad expression melted my heart, as she exposed her soul. Her shattered dreams tore at my heart.

My future Mom's words echoed in my mind, guiding me to a decision. "I believe it's a wonderful gesture and you deserve to have your dreams fulfilled," I affirmed. "Even though I'd love to spend the rest of my life with you, I respect your desire to honor his memory. If you'd allow me, I'd be grateful if you'd provide me the chance to give you a child. It may only be a one-night stand but I'll carry the memory of you forever."

She looked at me, her expression filled with love and happiness. “Please,” she croaked, spreading her legs wider while extending her arms out to welcome me. I rolled on top of her, resuming my position, and kissed her. My hands explored her smooth, soft body as we intimately kissed.

When our excitement levels were as high as before, she gripped my prick and pulled me into her clasp. Her tight and wet channel gripped and pulled me in deeper as our eyes remained open and connected. I slowly thrust in and out of her until our fluids lubricated my ram. Increasing my pace, I fucked her solidly, but her motionless body and misty eyes led me to believe she wasn't enjoying the act.

I whispered, “Close your eyes and imagine that I'm him. Relive the ecstasy you two shared, and enjoy the moment of conceiving your child.”

Her lids fell shut and her smile grew as her memories filled her mind. Her hands stroked my back and her hips humped, meeting my thrusts. She grunted when my pelvis bumped against her covered clit when we connected. Her hips twisted and rose as our excitement increased. I refrained from talking, fearing it would disrupt her fantasy, but she began chanting between groans.

“Fuck yes, that's it!” she screamed. “Shove it in deep and fill me. Give me a baby.”

We furiously fucked for another ten minutes, enjoying the sweaty, fleshy contact of our overheated bodies. Knowing I was nearing my climax, I gripped her shoulders and used them for leverage while I pummeled her gripping pussy. She sensed my urgency and wrapped her legs around me, pulling me in deeper with each stroke.

“Pound me, baby!” she begged. “Harder! Faster!”

I dutifully complied, fucking her with wild abandon. After another dozen pumps, my balls tingled, and knowing I would soon erupt, I slammed into her, my spongy head colliding with her cervix. Her screams of passion synchronized with her walls contracting and squeezing my spitting prick. Stream after stream of sperm-laden semen sprayed her insides. Our mixed juices flowed out of her saturated pussy filling the room with obscene sloshing noises as we fucked through our orgasms.

When her body fell limp, she lowered her legs and hugged me tightly. She gently kissed me, her eyes wide open and filled with love. “Thank you so much, Sam. It was almost as if he were here. I know he'd approve if it brings a child into my life.”

“I sincerely hope your wishes come true,” I confided. “You deserve it.”

We remained connected, without saying anything, enjoying post-coital bliss. After ten minutes, she drifted off, her breaths becoming slow and deep. I rolled off her soft body and as I lay silent, I wondered why the portal hadn't opened. “Would I need to spend the night and deposit another load or two?” I asked myself.

Five minutes later, it appeared, and fearing the light would disturb Melissa, I entered it without grabbing my clothes. Once in my room, I looked at the clock and noticed it was exactly the same as when I left. My fingers ran through my crusty, cum soaked pubic hair verifying it wasn't a dream—I really had traveled into the past and impregnated a woman. Feeling exhausted I collapsed into bed and fell asleep.

Saturday unfolded much as the previous one, with Mom and I tackling our weekly chores. On Sunday, Mom adamantly insisted that we spend more time outdoors, so we ventured out for a hike on the conservatory grounds. We briskly walked for several hours covering the expansive amount of trails in the park. It was a beautiful day and we frequently stopped to immerse ourselves in the scenic beauty of the fall colors.

Our journey ended up in one of the large greenhouses adjacent to a quaint restaurant. We claimed a table and treated ourselves to a hearty meal after the exhausting day. That evening, after our showers, Mom once again leaned against me and dozed off, providing me with a view of the insides of her breasts.

While we cuddled, my mind drifted to Melissa. I wondered what had become of her and why it was important for her to bear a child. If my future mom returned, I vowed to pry some information from her. With my attention fixated on my time with Melissa, I didn't notice that Mom had awakened. She rose and pulled me up for a hug. I hugged her tighter than normal, feeling her soft breasts squash out on my chest. She didn't object and when we parted, she pecked me lightly on the lips before retiring to her room.

My infatuation with my mother hadn't deterred me one bit, even with my future mom matching me up with another woman. Maybe, that was her plan—to spur my interest in other women to allow my present-day mom to find a suitable partner.

Thursday night, I lay on my bed, the thin sheet covering my nude body. I surfed on my phone, awaiting the portal, in hopes of another motherly handjob. My heart skipped a beat when it appeared and Mom stepped out, adorned in the same blue gown my present-day mom had worn to dinner the week before.

Seeing my confused look, she explained, “Yes, dear. It's the same one. I only wear it on special occasions. I understand that your mission last week was a success. Congratulations!”

“Thanks, but I have some questions. Why was it important for Melissa to bear a child and how did things turn out for her?”

“You know I can't divulge too much information,” Mom scolded me, her frown furrowed. “I can assure you that her baby played an important role in the course of history, even if Melissa wasn't around to enjoy her child's upbringing.”

Her answer only created more questions, but before I could continue, she inched closer. My eyes locked onto her cleavage and stared in disbelief at how her breasts looked as smooth and full as the night in the restaurant. “You like staring at Mommy's breasts, don't you?” she asked, her voice laced with a sultry, husky tone.

I tried not to stare, but couldn't take my eyes away. While my body remained frozen in place, my prick grew larger, the longer my gaze lingered.

“I think my boy deserves a reward after doing so well with last week's assignment, don't you?” she asked, her eyes flooded with lust.

My eyes met hers but quickly lowered when she inhaled deeply, puffing her chest out, stretching the material to reveal more of her mounded breasts. “Go ahead, sweetie, Move my dress to the side and look at what you're always fantasizing about.”

I looked at her in disbelief. “Was she really permitting me to look at her breasts?” I asked myself. Her wide smile and eyes signaled her approval. As I sat upright, the sheet fell onto my groin.

As I lifted my hand to pull her dress to the side, she ordered, “Stop. Not with your hand. Use your mouth, sweetie, like you did as a baby. Find Mommy’s nipple and nurse from it.”

If this was a dream, it was a damn good one, I thought. I leaned closer to bury my face into the valley between her breasts. My tongue licked and savored her smooth flesh as the side of my face slid her dress further to the side. My prick throbbed when my mouth found her puffy areola. Swirling my tongue around her taut tip, my lips engulfed her nipple and sucked.

She groaned while I suckled from my mother’s tit. Her hand held my head in place while I feasted from her delightful tit. “That’s my baby,” Mom cooed. “You’ve earned it. Suck my tits, sweetie. Switch to the other one.”

Obediently, I kissed and licked my way to her other nipple, latching on and sucking as hard as the first one. My cock couldn’t be any harder and when I thought I might erupt without a stroke, she gently eased my head from her turgid tip. My eyes locked onto her bare tits, taking in the glory of her large, puffy nipples—exactly as I had envisioned them in my fantasies.

She gently pushed me onto my back and flipped the sheet off my body. My rock-hard prick sprung upright, its plum-shaped head shiny with pre-cum, still leaking from my slit. Her hand wrapped around it and stroked several times before she leaned over and croaked, “My turn to suck on a treat.”

Her hot mouth enveloped my head. Soon after, her tongue swished around the crown while she sucked and squeezed my bloated cockhead. Moving her hand lower to cup my balls, her mouth followed and descended my pole. She successfully swallowed my length as if she had practiced doing it forever. I felt my spongy tip bang against the back of her throat as she expertly mouth-fucked my cock.

“Jesus, Mom!” I exclaimed. “That feels so damn good. I can’t believe you’re sucking my prick.”

She answered with a moan while continuing to slide her mouth up and down my pole. The tips of her teeth gently scraped the sides of my shaft, exciting me to a euphoric high. Her hand squeezed my balls and I felt the tingling sensation of my sperm boiling in my balls, ready for ejection. “Mom! Watch out. I’m going to cum.”

Instead of releasing my cock to spray my cum onto my torso, she intensified her sucking. My hips rose and stiffened as my cock jerked and pulsed, filling my mother’s mouth with my ejaculate. She didn’t stop until my balls were completely drained and I began to soften. Releasing my limp dick, she sat upright and rearranged her dress, covering her tits.

“That was quite pleasant, dear, don’t you think?” she asked, her sexy smirk sending a chill down my spine.

“It was fantastic, Mom. I can’t believe you did that,” I gushed.

She smoothed out her gown and lamented, “Do you know why I still have this dress? I generally dislike wearing it.”

“No. You look fantastic in it, not only in my time but it still fits you perfectly,” I replied.

“Do you remember the night I wore it when we dined out at La Bella?” she asked. “I thought it would be a pleasant change to go out on the town and be treated as a desirable woman, but when

you addressed me as your mother to the hostess, my heart broke. It wasn't your fault and you didn't mean to hurt me, but I decided I wouldn't go through that pain again."

My heart sank, realizing how much I had hurt my mother. "Damn. I can't believe I was so thoughtless. I'm so sorry, Mom," I apologized.

"It's fine and I'm obviously over it or I wouldn't have just sucked my son's cock dry," she replied, giggling. Her expression turned serious when she asked, "There's another woman that requires impregnation in the past. Are you up for it?"

After the wonderful time with Melissa and Mom's reward afterward, I couldn't answer fast enough. "Of course," I quipped. "Same time period and suit?"

"Different time," she answered. "You'll be wearing a suit, but it'll be a Zorro outfit. The woman, who will be dressed as Catwoman, has just turned nineteen and feels frustrated, lacking a sense of direction. She's horny and is in dire need of a strong man to tame her—you. She's throwing a costume party at her house in hopes of quelling her horny condition. Tomorrow at ten. No names this time. See you next week, sweetie." She vanished into the portal before I could ask any questions, but I figured she wouldn't have answered them anyway.

The next night, I sat on my bed, wearing only underwear while I anxiously waited for the portal. I had foregone masturbating to ensure I had a big load for the woman in the past. My heart raced the moment before ten, and when it opened, I jumped in without hesitating.

Even though I appeared before a large house, no one was around to see me magically appear. My mask consisted of soft cloth, barely covering my eyes. The billowy silk shirt was a perfect fit, but I had to chuckle when I looked closely at my pants, which were actually tight, clinging leggings. My bulge stretched out the thin material, and even when I adjusted my prick, I couldn't disguise it enough for my liking.

The sounds of chatter and music blared from the open windows. I hoped the distraction of a crowded venue would be enough to conceal the outline of my cock. Stepping into the house, my suspicions were confirmed when I saw the multitude of masked and costumed participants, crowded into the living room and kitchen.

I milled around, inspecting each costumed partygoer, in search of the Catwoman. I spotted a possible candidate, adorned in a tight, black latex costume along the far wall talking to Snow White. She faced away from me, preventing me from identifying the rest of her outfit. Her long brown hair was fashioned in a ponytail, fastened neatly by a tie at the nape of her neck.

Navigating my way through the crowd, my heart skipped a beat when I saw her from the front. When Mom described the woman as dressing like a Catwoman, I envisioned a version from the movies, but this was a full mask depicting an actual cat's face, whiskers, and all. The mask coupled with the cute cat ears left no doubt that she was my intended target. Unsure of how to approach her, I noticed Snow White enjoying a drink while Catwoman was empty-handed.

Weaving through the crowd, I discovered a sizable table with two clam-shaped bowls sitting atop it. Next to one, a vodka bottle sat beside it, so I surmised the one with no bottle was straight punch, with no alcohol. Filling two cups from the untouched bowl, I cautiously sniffed it and took a quick sip, confirming it wasn't spiked. Remembering that she wore a full mask, I grabbed a straw and stuck it in one of the cups.

As luck would have it, just as I neared the two women, Snow White excused herself and left. When Catwoman glanced around as if searching for someone else, I made my move and

approached her, offering the cup in my hand. “Allow me to offer you some refreshment, my dear feline,” I said, extending the cup toward her.

She giggled and accepted my gift, raising it and sipping through the straw. Her petite hand felt my silky shirt and complimented me. Her mask muffled her voice but I could make out her saying, “Nice shirt.”

“Thanks,” I responded. My gaze traveled up and down her body, her costume sexily hugging her small frame. The absence of a bra was evident from her pointy tips outlined on her skin-tight outfit. My gaze lingered on her camel toe, the material cutting deep into her slot. Mom was right, this woman was horny and ready for anything.

Wondering why a man hadn’t already snatched her up, I scanned the room and noticed it was filled with mostly females. The few males in the room were occupied with scantily-clad girls. Turning my attention to the sexy cat, I got right to the point and blurted, “I must say, you’re the best-looking pussy here, tonight.” I blushed from my out-of-character boldness and wondered if it was over the top.

She responded by meowing like a cat. Her eyes drifted lower until they locked onto my stiffening prick. Her gaze excited me further, causing my lump of meat to jerk.

“Watch out, Kitty. Zorro’s sword might harm you,” I warned her.

Several more meows escaped from her mask while her hand ran across my thinly-covered prick. She squeezed it several times and purred, “Would you like to pet my kitty?”

She gripped my hand and led me down a hall, before entering her bedroom. After closing the door, she turned and slipped off her shoes. I reciprocated, removing my socks and shoes and after my shirt was discarded, she knelt, unzipped, and unbuckled me, yanking my pants down. She shoved her mask up just far enough to suck in the first several inches of my prick while her hand massaged my balls.

Her purring transitioned to moans as her head bobbed up and down my hard cock. With her free hand, she unzipped her skin-tight outfit and peeled it off while sucking my prick. She brought me up fast and I began to worry I wouldn’t get a chance to deposit a load of sperm in her. Gripping her ears, I yanked her off my cock.

Her mask remained on the top half of her face, revealing only her mouth. I pulled her up and tossed her light body onto the bed. My cock jerked with my first look at her sexy body. Her perky proud tits sat high upon her chest, heaving, while she widened her thin, alabaster-white legs, revealing her bald, swollen pussy. I kissed my way up one of her soft, fleshy thighs until my lips smashed against her slit. She shivered from the contact as I ran my tongue up and down her gooey groove.

Her hands gripped my head and pulled me into her steamy snatch. I lapped and licked her folds while she groaned and humped her pelvis into my face. I alternated between nibbling and chewing on her outer labia with my lips to darting my tongue and swirling it around her sensitive pussy lips. She panted and I glanced up to see her meaty mounds heaving as she gasped for air. Her creamy-smooth breasts were capped with puffy, brown nipples, rock-hard from excitement.

Her thighs squeezed the sides of my head and stiffened as her pussy quivered with a climax. I drank her sweet nectar and before her shaking stopped, I moved up to her uncovered, stiffened clit and encircled it with my lips. As I squeezed and licked her sensitive nub, I jammed three fingers deep into her spasming slot.

Her pussy contracted harder, spewing out more juice as another powerful orgasm consumed her body. My prick ached and throbbed for relief, begging to be buried in this young woman's tight pussy. She must have read my mind as she pushed my head away.

Before I could crawl between her legs, she flipped over on all fours, sexily wiggling her ass, while spreading her legs. Her pussy lips, swollen and angry-red, beckoned for my mighty sword. My prick was already covered with pre-cum leaking from my slit and her pussy dripped with cum, but I still ran my head up and down her groove as if I was oiling up my rod. It felt too good not to and I wanted this moment to last.

When I shoved in an inch, she grunted and humped rearward to engulf more of my length. I thrust through her slick folds, separating her canal that contracted and resisted my entry. I slowly drilled my shaft deeper, savoring the feel of her wet, clinging walls. When my balls smashed against her mound, I pulled back and shoved back to the bottom. She yelped and groaned while I hammered her horny hole.

Her pussy contracted and coated my cock with her juices as she experienced multiple mini-orgasms. Her head rose off the bed while her hand reached around and grabbed her hair. Taking the hint, I leaned over, grabbed her ponytail, and pulled her head up as if she were a thoroughbred horse. In a way, she was—she was my mare and I was ready to breed her.

After she enjoyed another orgasm, I began to tire and knew I would soon explode. While holding her hair with one hand, I ran my other up her heaving chest and squeezed one of her hanging tits. My fingers pinched and squeezed her taut tip, causing her to scream with joy. I thrust deeply and when my first blob of cum hit the back of her pussy, her walls collapsed on my plunging prick. Each time my balls slammed against her pelvis, a thick blob of cum was deposited in her fertile pussy.

Her walls continued to spasm and convulse after my balls were drained. Holding her by the hips, I sank my prick to the bottom and left it buried to the hilt, plugging her hole to ensure my precious seed remained in her channel. We both panted, recovering from the workout. When I eased her limp body to the bed, she rolled to the side, and patted her hip, inviting me to spoon her.

I snuggled next to her soft body and caressed her body while we silently enjoyed the aftermath of our session. Thirty minutes later, the portal still hadn't opened. Catwoman lay motionless, peacefully sleeping after our torrid lovemaking session. After an hour, my mind raced with the ramifications of being stranded in the past. It was obvious Catwoman expected this to be a spontaneous act and would probably not want me to hang around.

Since it appeared I was destined to remain, I decided to explore the beautiful woman beside me. I shifted backward and gently rolled her onto her back. Her fantastic tits slowly heaved up and down as she slept. I gently cupped and squeezed her mounds and knew I had to feast upon her nipples. When I leaned over, my lips gently wrapped around her nub. While I sucked and licked her tip, my breath shortened as my excitement rose.

A familiar scent flooded my senses—Mom's natural essence. Exploring higher, I kissed my way up to her neck. I buried my face against her flesh and inhaled deeply. My heart raced as I rose and gently pulled her mask up, revealing her face—Mom's face. It was a younger version of Mom, but most definitely her. Suddenly, it hit me—the portal had brought me back to impregnate my mother and since I was her only child, I had fathered myself.

My thoughts spun in endless circles, grappling with the unfathomable notion of paradoxical time travel. How could I be both the father and the son, existing in a loop that defied all logic? The intricacies of temporal travel stretched far beyond the limits of my comprehension, leaving me bewildered.

Looking at her beautiful face and knowing I had just fucked my mother, my cock sprung to life, filling with blood. I carefully replaced her mask so all but her mouth was covered. The eye holes were on her forehead, preventing her from seeing me. I crawled between her legs and gazed in awe at my mother's nude body. My hands trembled while I stroked her legs, fulfilling years' worth of desires. My fingertips glided across the soft texture of her flesh. After caressing her upper thighs for a few minutes, she groaned and widened her legs. Her pussy opened, causing my sperm to drool out and flow down to her rosebud.

Balancing on my knees, I inched closer, until my prick nudged against her outer lips. Her wide smile and moaning signaled that she had awakened and was enjoying my exploring hands, now cupping her breasts. "Fuck me again, please," she pleaded, her voice distinctively Mom's, eliminating any further doubt that this was my mother.

I had already crossed the line when I filled my mother's pussy with my sperm. It was an easy choice, knowing I was about to fuck my mother. I flexed my hips and sunk my cock in several inches resulting in a grunt from her. My prick easily slid into her sodden slot, meeting no resistance. When her clasp channel fully engulfed my hard cock, she raised her knees and angled them outward.

Friday evening, I ate a quick bite and worked outside until dark, doing the bulk of Saturday's chores. After my shower, I joined Mom in the living room and to address her curious look, I explained, "I want to finish everything else by noon tomorrow. Do you remember that charming conservatory we visited with the cute diner attached to it? I thought it'd be nice to enjoy a late lunch there tomorrow afternoon after our walk through the gardens. On Sunday, we can visit the zoo before going out for Chinese."

"That sounds wonderful, Adam," she responded, her expression radiating joy.

On Saturday, all went according to plan with Mom wearing her short skirt and tennis shoes as I ensured we walked an additional loop around the gardens. When she caught me ogling her legs, I didn't look away, ensuring she knew I was admiring them. Once we ate, we headed home where Mom stretched and said, "Wow, that was a longer hike than last time. Hopefully, the zoo will require less walking."

When she turned to leave for her room, I clasped her hand, halting her movement. "Just a moment, Mom. I feel bad that I may have gone overboard. Let me make it up to you." I pleaded.

Guiding her to the center of the couch, I pointed and ordered, "Sit."

I felt remorse that my tone sounded a little more forceful than I expected, her face displaying apprehension. I sat on the end, lifted her feet, and placed them on my legs. "Relax, Mom," I reassured her. "I'll massage your tired legs, so you'll be more than ready for the zoo."

"What a sweet and caring son I raised," Mom said, reclining and closing her eyes.

After removing her shoes and socks, I massaged her feet, paying a lot of attention to her toes and souls. She shifted several times and her soft humming reflected her approval. I moved my hands to her calves, kneading and caressing them, exploring higher every few moments, until I moved over her knees and worked on her lower thighs.

I squeezed her soft muscle on the underside of her thigh causing her to moan. “Oh, yeah. That feels great,” she gushed. Wrapping both hands around her leg, I slowly lifted and stroked her leg. Her skirt slid upward, revealing her opaque, blue panties. I quickly glanced to see if she was aware of her exposure only to find her eyes closed, her smile as wide as ever.

I couldn't remove my eyes from her undies, which were mounded up and bumpy, most likely from her pubic hair. After a few moments, I switched to her other leg and caressed it while gazing at her crotch. The creamy, smooth flesh of her thigh looked delectable and I wanted nothing more than to suck in a hunk.

Mom broke my reverie when she expressed, “That was wonderful, Adam. Thank you so much.”

I lowered her leg, looking to the side as she opened her eyes. She excused herself and retired to her room for a shower. Once again, my future mom aided me with my present one.

After a delightful visit to the zoo the next day, we arrived home and prepared to dine out. Mom asked, “I know you said we're going out for Chinese tonight, but how fancy of a restaurant is it? I'm uncertain as to what to wear.”

“It's pretty typical, nothing special. It'd be nice to show off those long, beautiful legs of yours,” I suggested, with a wishful tone.

“Hmm, I'll see what I can dig up. See you in a bit,” Mom replied.

When we gathered in the living room to leave, my jaw dropped, looking at my sexily-attired mother. Her skirt wasn't a mini, but nearly so, exposing the lower half of her shapely thighs. Her thin, tight blouse hugged her body, displaying a silky, blue bra underneath.

“From your open mouth and wide eyes, I take it that you approve?” Mom asked, giggling. She modeled her outfit by swirling around, her skirt rising and exposing even more leg.

“You're gorgeous, Mom!” I exclaimed. “I'm uncertain now if we should venture out in public. Every man we encounter will make a pass at you.”

She closed the distance between us, wrapped her arm through mine, and led me to the car, stating, “You'll just have to hold me closer then, won't you?”

Driving proved to be challenging with my attention riveted on Mom's elegant, bare legs. Once in the restaurant, we indulged ourselves by ordering an array of delectable dim sum. With her legs concealed beneath the table, my gaze lingered on her blouse, her bra clearly visible, pressed against the thin fabric. I no longer disguised my lustful glances, heeding my future Mom's advice that women appreciate being admired.

Her approving smile when my eyes connected with hers emboldened me to gawk even more intently. Partway through the meal, I found myself staring at Mom's pretty face and I knew at that moment that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with my mother. Convincing her to accept me as her lover would be paramount in the days ahead. The conversations and actions I'd had with my future mom convinced me that this was to be my destiny.

Our routine for the previous weeks, when arriving home after a night out, consisted of a hug and gentle kiss. When Mom wrapped her arms around me that night, she whispered in my ear, “Thanks for another delightful evening, Adam. At least we didn't have to worry about my legs attracting men with my big, strong man to protect me.”

“I'll always be here for you, Mom,” I emphasized, pulling her closer. “Your legs aren't the only magnets for men's eyes.” When we kissed, Mom's eyes remained open, a little curious as to my

meaning. She soon realized my subtle hinting, when my hand traveled up her ribs and cupped her breast. She moaned in my mouth, her eyes filling with lust. Fearing she would object to my forward behavior, she surprised me by sneaking her tongue through my lips, connecting with mine.

I gently squeezed her thinly covered mound of tit-flesh while we open-mouthed kissed for the first time. Her breast heaved in my palm as her breathing deepened. After a few moments of enjoying our blissful connection, she backed off and croaked, "Thanks for the splendid evening. Good night." She turned and left, my eyes glued to the backs of her bare legs. Before she entered her room, she glanced in my direction and smiled, acknowledging that I was checking her out.

I contemplated following her into her bedroom, professing my love and hope for the best, but the fear of rejection prevented me. Once in my room, I slowly stroked my cock, reliving the erotic events of the evening. Not long into it, the portal appeared and my future Mom stepped out, adorned in a thin, light-blue, kimono-style robe. It more resembled a nightie, rather than a nightgown. Its silky, see-through material left nothing to the imagination. Secured by a belt, her hemline fell to mid-thigh. My eyes traveled from her matronly breasts, capped by brown nipples, before lowering to her hairy pussy. My cock throbbed and I ceased stroking, not wanting to cum.

"Looks like someone needs some relief from their sexual frustration," Mom noted, staring at my erect cock.

"I took your advice by paying attention to her legs and it paid off big time," I related. "Are you helping me seduce her? I'm not sure she's ready to accept me as a lover. When we made love in the past, she didn't know who I was, but now she does."

"Obviously, I don't mind as I've fucked you," Mom argued.

"True, but my mind still struggles to perceive you as my mother. How do I know you're not some alien from the future, assuming the guise of my mother?" I asked, the intricacies of paradoxical time travel continuing to baffle me.

"Why don't you hold me and see for yourself if I'm your mother?" she asked, her voice laced with seduction.

Mom or not, I wasn't passing up a chance to be with her. If nothing else, she could assist me with my greatest fantasy. As we embraced, the thin fabric of her robe created the sensation of her bare tits pressing against my chest. I inhaled her scent and noted, "It's difficult to dispute your claim, as you smell like Mom."

"In that case, how would you treat her if she wore this?" she asked, her hot breath washing across my ear.

My fingers fumbled with her satin belt, eager to unwrap her. Before I could finish, her hand gripped mine, stopping me. "Hold on there, tiger. I'm your mother, not some slutty Catwoman. Don't you think I deserve a little foreplay?" she asked.

I released her belt and apologized, "Sorry, guess I was excited and got ahead of myself." I licked her neck before nibbling on her ear, remembering how it affected her before.

She moaned and whispered, "Oh, that's nice. When you kiss me, I love the feel of your fingers gliding across my scalp, pulling gently on my hair."

Washing her ear with my hot breath, I whispered, "Like how I pulled your head up with your long hair when I bred you as Catwoman."

“Jesus, that was hot,” she gasped. “Kiss your mother, Adam.”

With her soft lips pressed against mine, our tongues danced and swirled around each others’ mouths. While I stroked her back with one hand, my other pulled her head tightly to mine. My fingers slid along her scalp, playfully tugging tufts of hair along the way. She moaned and hot air rushed from her nostrils as her breathing rate increased.

My hand lowered to her rounded ass and pulled her groin into mine. She twisted her hips and ground her pelvis onto my hard cock. Proceeding higher, I grabbed her belt and untied it. Without breaking our kiss, we removed each other’s robes and melded our nude bodies together as one. Her soft, hot body squirmed and wiggled, attempting to make contact with as much flesh as she could.

While tightly holding me, she backed up until the backs of her legs hit the bed. Dropping backward, she grunted when my weight fell on top of her. “Fuck me, Adam!” she croaked, widening her legs, opening herself up for her son.

Snaking my hand between us, I ran it through her hairy mound and stopped to teasingly pull her bush. My fingers found her slippery slot and dove into her steamy snatch. She humped her hips, signaling her desire for more than my fingers. Moving closer, I slipped the tip of my cock through her outer ring and held it in place. Kissing her, our eyes locked together, staring into each other’s souls while my prick descended to the bottom of her pussy.

Her eyes, filled with lust and love, sent waves of pleasure through me, knowing I was fucking my mother, albeit one from the future. I slowly pumped in and out of her clasping cunt, enjoying the feel of her juicy, slippery walls. Our kissing intensified along with our pace of fucking. Her hands gripped my ass while she bounced her body off the bed, shooting shocks of pleasure through my body. It was as if she knew exactly how to please her son.

“How long has she been fucking me in the future?” I asked myself. With the realization that I would be fucking Mom sometime in the future, my thrusts became more frenetic as my body tingled with pleasure. I slammed into her, causing her to grunt and pull off my mouth as she gasped for air. She wrapped her legs around me and squeezed tightly, pulling my cock in deeply.

“You’re fucking Mommy so good!” she exclaimed. “Fill me with your seed and claim me. I’m yours forever.”

The sounds of flesh slapping together filled the room, as I slammed into her hungry hole. “I love you, Mom,” declaring my innermost feelings. Her body shook as she bumped her hips upward. For the next ten minutes, we relished in the forbidden act of incestuous love.

When her pussy walls wrapped around my cock and squeezed tightly, my prick shot out a load of searing-hot sperm, splattering her walls. She groaned and mewed while I deposited my payload of cum into her spasming snatch. We panted and grunted until our bodies were both spent from our exhaustive sex liaison.

Rolling off her, I kissed her and said, “That was amazing. It’s like you know exactly what turns me on when making love.”

She returned my kiss and replied, “Because we’ve been doing it for a long time. It’s time to explain your next assignment.”

She rolled off the bed and closed her robe, securing it with the belt. “You know how your mother has hinted about needing a new robe and you’ve ignored her because you like seeing her in that old thing she wears?”

I blushed and replied, “Sorry, I guess it was selfless of me. Her birthday is Friday, maybe I’ll pick one up.”

She thrust out her chest pushing her nipples against the thin material. “Don’t you think a robe like this would look better on her?”

“It’s more like a sexy negligee than a robe,” I remarked, my eyes roving up and down her scantily-clad body. “I doubt if she’d wear it when around me and if she did, she would definitely wear a bra and panties underneath.”

“She’ll wear it for you,” she replied, sexily smiling.

While imagining Mom cloaked in the sexy nightwear, my cock twitched and came to life. Remembering what she said earlier, I asked, “Who is the target this time, and how far back in time will I be going?”

“No portal this time. The woman you’ll impregnate is your mother in the present time,” she explained, grinning widely.

My prick throbbed and filled with blood, standing proudly erect. “Really? It’s my greatest fantasy. What if I blow it and she rejects me as a lover?”

She laughed and responded, “Your naivety is so cute. It’s her fantasy, too. Pick up on her hints and treat her like the woman you love, not your mother.”

Reflecting on Mom’s flirty behavior for the prior few weeks, it dawned on me that my fantasy was about to be fulfilled. “Since I won’t be traveling back in the past, how will I know I’ve impregnated her since there won’t be a portal to signify my success.”

“If you’re successful, a week after your mother’s birthday a portal will open in her bedroom. It won’t be for you, though. Someone from the future, my timeline, will visit you—our daughter.”

“A daughter? From us?” I asked, my mind swirling with confusion.

“Yes. We brought into this world a beautiful and intelligent child, who holds a deep love for both of us. We concealed our true relationship from her the best we could, but she discovered the truth in her teen years. By the time she turned sixteen, she begged to participate in our incestuous relationship, but we insisted on her seeking other partners. After a few years and several failed relationships, she confided in us that she was deeply in love with you and didn’t desire to be with anyone else.”

My interest piqued and I couldn’t help but wonder about the outcome as Mom paused, her demeanor suggesting she was about to announce her hidden objective. “She wants to bear your child, but it isn’t possible in my timeline.”

My complexion turned ashen-white as the realization dawned on me that I must have died in her future. “Is this why she’s traveled to the past and enlisted my help to mend it because I’m no longer present?” I questioned silently.

As my body slumped with the weight of this revelation, Mom’s comforting smile reassured me. “It’s not what you’re imagining, Adam. You’re alive and well in my time. After she was born, we agreed to have only one child. You insisted on having a vasectomy performed and when we

decided you should father your daughter's child, we discovered that it wasn't possible due to complications from the procedure. She desires to be impregnated the first time she makes love with her father, which will fall on you."

"Wow!" I exclaimed, my mind spinning with all the information. "That's a lot to process. Are you confident all this will unfold as you anticipate? What happens to the timeline if I fail with Mom?"

"Don't fret, sweetie," she comforted me. She gently kissed me, while massaging my scalp, comforting my angst, the same way she had always done. "I know you'll succeed—have you forgotten that I'm your mother and I know exactly how much she loves you? She's waiting for you to make the first move."

Before I could pose any more questions, the portal materialized and as she stepped through, she whispered, "I love you, sweetie," bidding me farewell for the final time.

The next morning, at breakfast with Mom, I studied her expressions more closely with the knowledge of what awaited us. Her beautiful face sent me into a trance, thinking of how we would break the societal moral boundaries and begin our incestuous journey.

"Adam!" her loud voice shattering my reverie. "Did you hear me? Do you think it's possible?"

My mind raced back to the previous night with her question. I hoped it was all possible, but is that really what she was asking? "Sorry, Mom," I apologized. "I drifted off for a second. Could you repeat your question?"

She grinned, her eyes twinkling as if she could read my thoughts. "I asked what your plans are for Friday. It's my birthday, and I'm considering taking the day off."

"That sounds fantastic!" I replied, my sudden burst of enthusiasm more than I had anticipated. "I'll see if I can get the day off, and we'll make it special. We can do whatever you want."

"Thanks, Adam. I'll reveal my wishes Friday morning while you're preparing me my favorite breakfast," she replied, her wide smile warming my heart.

The week crawled by at a snail's pace as I eagerly awaited the arrival of Friday. On the way home on Wednesday, I made a detour to the mall and purchased the perfect gift for her. With the knowledge that I would most likely be impregnating my mother on the weekend, I vowed to refrain from masturbating the rest of the week, vowing to have a full, potent load for my mother's womb.

Before we retired for the evening, I shared the news with her. "Mom, not only did I manage to get Friday off, but I'm also coming home at noon on Thursday. I plan to complete all my chores to free up the weekend so we can celebrate your birthday."

"That's so thoughtful," Mom gushed. "Thanks for making me feel so special."

Thursday afternoon and evening flew by as I rushed to complete all the tasks for the weekend. After showering and urging Mom to sleep in the next morning, her birthday, I collapsed into bed and swiftly drifted off to sleep, exhausted from the day's efforts.

As I woke up, I rolled over and glanced at the clock, surprised to see it was already eight. Jumping out of bed, I hurried to the kitchen, only to find it empty. Letting out a sigh of relief, I realized Mom must have taken my advice and was still asleep. After starting the coffee, I began

preparing her favorite dishes. When I heard her door close, I filled the plates and set them on the table.

When she walked in, her face lit up at the sight of the table. After pecking me on the cheek, she greeted me, “Good morning, Adam. I can’t wait to dig into that delicious-looking cheese omelet. You’ve truly outdone yourself this morning. What a wonderful way to start my birthday.”

We sat together and enjoyed the bountiful spread I had prepared. I watched the way she savored each bite of her omelet, pleased with the extra effort I had put into the meal. Her cheerful demeanor reflected her excitement for the upcoming day’s events celebrating her birthday.

Breaking from our usual routine of allowing her to refill our cups, I rose from my seat and took it upon myself to do so. As I settled back down, she greeted me with a wide smile, silently conveying her gratitude for my gesture.

Our discussion turned to the day’s agenda when she announced, “For the first half of the day, I’d like to take a walk around the neighborhood and enjoy nature as we’ve done before. After a light lunch, I’d like you to drive us around the lake and then dine at that conservatory we enjoy so much. I hear their dinner menu is as delectable as lunch and I love walking through the lush gardens.”

“That sounds like a wonderful plan, especially since it’s a warm sunny day, perfect for a hike,” I replied, matching her enthusiasm. My smile broadened, realizing both of her wishes would result in her wearing short skirts, allowing her beautiful legs to be displayed. My heart skipped a beat, remembering when I massaged her legs after a long day of walking. This was shaping up to be the perfect opportunity.

After cleaning the kitchen, we changed and Mom didn’t disappoint me, adorned in her short, tennis skirt and sleeveless blouse. Our walk was slower than before, along with being more intimate as she intertwined her arm with mine while we strolled through the adjacent neighborhood.

Our close skin-to-skin contact along with not relieving myself all week had its effect on me as I struggled to keep my prick from obscenely poking out my shorts. After returning, we ate lunch and rested on the couch while we caught up on the news. During a commercial break, I dashed to my room and retrieved her present.

Handing her the box, she smiled, untied the pink ribbon, and delicately opened it to reveal the new robe I bought her. “Oh my!” she exclaimed. “It’s beautiful and the fabric feels so silky.” She held up the see-through nightwear and noted, “It’s so thin, I’m not sure if I dare wear this in front of you.”

Pressing it to my face, she giggled and remarked, “I can see your face through both layers.” She leaned over and kissed me on the lips through the thin, silky material. “Thank you so much.”

She lowered the robe, revealing her twinkling eyes. “No problem, Mom. I know I haven’t always been great at picking up on your hints in the past. If you don’t think it’s appropriate, we can always return it. But when I saw it while shopping, I couldn’t help but think you’d look fantastic in it.”

Her nose twitched, her smile turning to a sexy smirk as she asked, “You envisioned me wearing this?” When she held it up to her body and modeled it for me, she struggled to stifle a giggle, watching me squirm with unease.

I sidestepped the question and changed the topic instead. “Are you ready for a drive and dinner? I’ll switch to something a bit more upscale for the evening meal.”

“Sounds great,” Mom agreed. “Meet you back here in a few.”

I anxiously awaited the return of Mom and was pleasantly surprised at her attire. Her skirt wasn’t as short as before, falling to a few inches above her knees. My eyes lingered on her thin blouse, which was thin enough to demonstrate the absence of a bra. When my gaze rose to her blushing, beaming face, I gushed, “Wow, Mom! You’re gorgeous.” My face turned as red as hers from my sudden outburst.

Without answering, she grasped my hand and led me to the car. The drive turned into a delightful cruise around the lake, finishing up at our destination. At first, I tried to furtively glance at Mom’s tits, pressed against the thin material, but when she caught me and didn’t say anything, I became more emboldened. While we strolled through the gardens, my arm bumped against the side of her soft breasts and after a while, she moved closer, increasing our contact.

Arriving at the restaurant, I was relieved to find the parking lot mostly empty since we hadn’t made reservations. I slipped my arm through hers and gripped her hand as we approached the reception desk. I had replayed this moment in my mind throughout the past hour, and I took a deep breath to bolster my resolve.

The hostess greeted us warmly, inquiring, “Reservations?”

Before Mom could respond, I interjected, “Actually, no, we don’t. We’re big fans of this place and hoped you’d have an open table. It’s my wife’s birthday, and we hoped to snag a cozy table for a romantic evening.”

Mom’s hand squeezed mine tightly, but she didn’t correct me. Beaming, the young woman replied, “You’re in luck. Our finest table is available. Please, follow me.” With menus in hand, she guided us to a secluded table, complete with a flickering candle. After assisting Mom with her seat, the hostess continued, “Your server tonight will be Alice. Would you like me to inform her of your preferred beverages to start with?”

After ordering our drinks and settling in, Mom raised an eyebrow and asked, “When exactly did I graduate from being your mother to your wife?”

“Sorry, Mom,” I apologized, sheepishly. “I thought it might help us get a better table. It seems to have worked, given how lovely this spot is.”

“You have a point, so I’ll let it slide just this once,” Mom replied with a smile and a chuckle. “She probably thought you were joking anyway. I’m certain she didn’t think that we’re married.”

“No,” I vehemently denied, refuting her assumption. “You’re a beautiful woman and look much younger than your age. There is no reason to doubt that we’re a couple in love.” My face flushed with embarrassment after conveying my inner feelings.

“Well, aren’t you quite the flatterer,” Mom replied, stifling a giggle. “In any case, it was very thoughtful of you to do it on my birthday. Thanks.” Her attention shifted to the menu as she scanned the various dishes available.

A few moments later, Alice, our server, arrived with our drinks and took our dinner orders.

As we reminisced about the day’s adventures, Mom’s laughter became more frequent, occasionally reaching across the table to touch my hand to emphasize her points. Our conversation flowed effortlessly throughout the meal. As we neared the end, she leaned closer

and, in a gentle voice, remarked, “Adam, I’ve truly enjoyed our evening together, but it saddens me to think that I might be keeping you from spending time with someone special.”

Holding both of her hands, I looked deeply into her beautiful brown eyes and replied, “Mom, there’s no one else I’d rather be with tonight. You’re the only special woman in my life.”

Alice appeared, interrupting our moment of intimacy. She handed Mom a dessert menu and kindly offered, “Since it’s your birthday, you’re welcome to choose a complimentary item.”

Mom passed the menu to me, her expression curious, silently indicating that she wanted me to choose for her. After scanning the items, my gaze shifted to her hard nipples pressed against her thin blouse, clearly displaying their shape and color. “They all look quite tasty, but I’m thinking I’d like something topped with some dark-brown chocolate.”

Alice blushed even more than my mother as her eyes were also locked onto Mom’s thin blouse. “Sure, I’ll be right back,” she stuttered and dashed off.

Mom giggled without commenting and when Alice returned, we shared the delicious sundae. After paying the bill, I assisted Mom out of her chair. She turned to me and wrapped her arms around me. Looking me in the eyes, she gushed, “That’s the best dinner I’ve ever had. Thank you for making my day so special.”

Pulling me closer, her full, soft lips met mine. We kissed for a few seconds before she released me. “That’s thanks for being such a wonderful son.” Before I could answer, she kissed me again. Her mouth opened and soon after, her tongue danced with mine. While we erotically kissed, Mom hugged me tighter, squashing her soft breasts into my chest. Her turgid nipples pressed into me as she ground her body against mine.

After five minutes of blissful, sensual connection with my beautiful mother, she pulled back and whispered, “And that’s thanks for being such a thoughtful husband.” We shared a giggle while making our way to the entrance. Along the way, I caught Alice’s gaze. Her expression was a mix of envy and happiness, and I could tell she was imagining how we were going to go home and make love. I hoped she was right.

Once we arrived home, Mom insisted, “Let’s shower and wrap up this wonderful day on the couch for a bit. I don’t think I’ve ever enjoyed a birthday as much as today.”

I shivered under the cold spray of water while I showered. My hard prick ached and begged for relief due to my mother’s teasing, but I knew I had to cool it off or my precious load of seed would be wasted before I could unload it in my hot mom.

Once dried off, I slipped on my robe, and after a quick squeeze of my prick to confirm I was fully soft, I made my way out to the couch. I turned on a sitcom and didn’t hear Mom leave her room. I caught a whiff of her hair shampoo before looking up to find her standing in front of me. My prick jerked and filled with blood as I gazed upon Mom cloaked in her new robe. The thin material did nothing to conceal her bare tits and mound of pussy hair. While my eyes traveled up and down her thinly-clad, nude body, my cock threatened to poke through the gap in my robe.

When I finally met her slightly flushed face, I noticed a hopeful expression of approval. “I love your gift and I think it’s a perfect fit,” she croaked, her voice cracking with lust.

“It looks exactly like I thought it would,” I replied, my eyes feasting on her near-nudity. “Does the fabric feel better against your skin compared with your old cotton one?”

She leaned over, the gap in her loosely tied robe opening, revealing the insides of her creamy-white breasts. "It feels exquisite. See for yourself," she suggested, directing my hand to the material directly below her hanging breasts.

Gently rubbing it between my fingers, I pulled it out until I could see her engorged nipples. "You're right. It's really smooth," I agreed.

She moved to the end of the couch and sat down. Before I could scoot over to sit beside her, she remarked, "After a long day of walking, I bet your legs are as sore as mine. Let me massage them like you did for me."

When she patted her lap, I shifted around until my feet rested on the tops of her legs, while my head rested on the arm of the couch. She rubbed and massaged my feet, balling her fist to work on my soles. It felt incredibly good, causing me to moan in appreciation. Her petite, smooth hands traveled up to my calves, continuing to caress my flesh. She spread her fingers, ran them through my leg hair, closed them, and gently tugged. I closed my eyes, relishing the moment, while attempting to keep blood from flowing into my shaft, albeit with little success.

"I love your hairy legs," Mom croaked, her fingers traveling past my knees, exploring underneath my robe. Her hands squeezed my thighs while stroking the length of my upper legs. Opening my eyelids a fraction, I watched Mom's gaze lock onto my tented robe. My prick involuntarily throbbed and jerked under her intent stare.

Her hands wrapped around my left thigh and squeezed. "Your muscles are really tight," she noted, her fingers digging in deeply. "I've read of an exercise that will help." She shoved my feet off of her and stood. "Scoot down until your head is flat on the couch and spread your legs," she directed.

After I positioned myself, she crawled onto the couch between my legs. While her attention was diverted, I hurriedly arranged my rock-hard prick to lie against my stomach. Nestling her legs underneath her, she settled onto her haunches between my legs, poised to continue.

"Close your eyes and relax," Mom instructed. After sealing my lids, she began the procedure. With one hand securing the calf of my left leg and the other gripping underneath my knee, she gently lifted my leg and bent it at the knee. "This is how we stretch the hamstring," she explained, applying gentle pressure. "Relax your muscles as I guide the stretch."

When my knee neared the side of my chest, I felt my robe slip down my upper thigh. Cool air hit my low-hanging balls and I wondered if she'd stop when she caught sight of my exposed nutsack. My answer came quickly as one of her hands ran up and down the back of my thigh. I grunted and a moan escaped from deep within me when her hand expertly worked my leg. Her breathing had increased and I hoped it wasn't from exertion, but from admiring her son's balls.

After several minutes, she lowered my leg and leaving me exposed, she switched to my other leg. "Did it feel alright, sweetie?" she asked, her voice cracking with emotion.

"Very relaxing," I responded. "Your hands are miracle workers."

Repeating the exercise, she shoved my other leg forward and suddenly I felt my entire groin exposed to air. "Did she move my robe higher or did my leg movement do it?" I asked myself. My mushroom-shaped cockhead, coated with pre-cum, tingled with the air attempting to evaporate my fluids.

While she squeezed and caressed my thigh, her raspy breaths couldn't conceal her excitement as she gazed upon her son's veiny, thick cock. Her hands descended lower until coming dangerously close to my aching cock, causing it to throb involuntarily. I wanted so badly for her to grab it and stroke me off. After several more times of nearing my crotch, she lowered my leg, pulling my robe down and covering me.

Disappointed by her stopping short of jacking me off, my future Mom's voice rang out in my head, "She's waiting for you to make the first move." While I contemplated on how to seduce my current timeline Mom, she rose and strode down the hall. Thinking I had blown it, a rush of adrenaline flowed through me when she called over her shoulder, "My turn now, sweetie. Although, I want to be more comfortable. Join me in my room."

I hopped off the couch, untied my robe, and stroked my cock several times, knowing that the time was near for fulfilling my utmost fantasy. Tiptoeing down the hall, my heart raced with each step. Afraid of bringing on a panic attack, I hesitated at the doorway to catch my breath before finally entering. Mom lay prone on her bed, her proud tits, capped with erect nipples, pushed up the thin fabric. Her belt was undone, but her robe remained closed and overlapped.

Her radiant smile greeted me, warming my soul while encouraging me to advance our relationship to the next level. Crawling onto the bed, I knelt and ran my hands up her calves. I wasn't about to waste time on her feet, eager to ravish her succulent body.

"Your hands feel amazing. I think I'll close my eyes and savor a massage from my handsome and thoughtful son," she remarked, closing her eyes with a blissful smile.

My fingers ran across her extremely soft and smooth legs. She must have shaved them in the shower, knowing I would be caressing her flesh. She had dropped more than enough hints, granting me the green light to proceed. Inching forward, I spread her legs with my knees while my hands squeezed her upper thighs.

"Your hamstring feels tight also, Mom. Good thing you showed me how to stretch your muscles," I croaked, holding back a giggle.

"Yes," Mom whispered and moaned when my hand gripped her knee.

Pushing her left leg forward and holding it in place, I stroked up and down her luscious thigh meat. Her breasts heaved while she moaned from my touch. Glancing down, I noticed the left half of her robe had bunched up on her stomach. The other half covered her pussy, except for several pubic hairs peeking out the side. My cock lurched as I gazed upon her thinly covered mound.

Her breathing rate increased the longer I held her leg. Hoping Mom was beyond pretending she wasn't horny, I whispered, "Mom. Would you mind holding your leg while I raise your other one so I can massage both muscles?"

Her hand flew up and gripped her leg, holding it in place. She knew what I had in mind and was more than willing to assist me. I lifted her other leg and when it was as forward as the other, her other hand held it in place. In the process, her robe had risen, completely exposing her hairy pussy. Running my hands down each thigh, I stopped when my palms held her ass cheeks. Digging my thumbs into the section of flesh between her thigh and pussy, I spread her apart.

Her gash glistened with slick pussy juice and when I leaned over and gently blew hot air onto her swollen lips, she gasped. Her feminine scent drew me closer until my tongue slid through her groove. She groaned while pulling her legs out wider, ensuring I had adequate access to her

treasure. Holding her pelvis in place, I buried my face into her crotch, my tongue digging into her slippery snatch.

“Oh, God!” Mom exclaimed. “That’s the spot. It’s been so long.”

After darting my tongue deeply into her hole, I’d retreat and grip her outer labia with my lips, squeezing and licking her sensitive folds. Her moaning increased in volume, becoming a continuous chant of joy. Ten minutes later, her hips began to shake and bump as she neared her orgasm. Her engorged pearl peeked out of her hood beckoning my attention. Shoving three fingers into her quivering quim, I latched onto her clit and milked it.

“Fuck! I’m cumming!” Mom screeched, her body shaking and stiffening. Her pussy clamped onto my fingers while I continued to fuck her spasming slot. Removing my hand, I replaced it with my mouth, sucking and drinking her nectar. When she ceased convulsing, she set her heels onto the mattress, and widened her legs.

“Fuck your mother, Adam,” she ordered, her voice dripping with lust.

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I crawled up and rested my weight on my elbows, face-to-face with my beautiful mother. Her gown had slipped to the sides allowing her hard nipples to press into mine as I lowered onto her body. Her brown eyes begged me to complete our incestuous journey. When I shoved my hips forward, causing my spongy head to bang against the soft area between her pussy and asshole, her hand wrapped around my prick and guided me into her steamy sheath.

Once my prick had descended several inches, her hands gripped my asscheeks, frantically pulling and yanking me into her. Her wet, hot channel pulled my prick in deeper, and before long, my balls slapped against her soft ass. The feeling of being buried balls deep in my mother was overwhelming and my body began thrashing with excitement. I pounded my prick into her, forcing grunts and groans from her as we wildly fucked. I gasped for breath and held my head next to hers, licking and sucking her earlobes.

There was no finesse to my fucking, my hips bucking and ramming my prick in as hard as I could. I worried that I was hurting her with my voracious attack, but my fears vanished when she exclaimed, “Yes, that’s what I need. Fuck me hard!”

Not having released for days, added to an entire day’s worth of teasing, my balls were ready to erupt. I couldn’t have held back if I wanted to. “I love you, Mom,” I whispered into her ear, as I thrust hard. My first stream of hot cum splashing against her cervix triggered her orgasm. Each time my prick jerked and spewed out a blob of cum, her pussy contracted and squeezed more sperm out of my balls.

I kept pumping after our contractions stopped, savoring the feel of her silky, hot walls. Her arms pulled me into her and held me as she whispered, “Kiss me.”

Our mouths and eyes connected as we sealed our incestuous joining. Our kiss was gentle and loving, our souls binding together with the euphoric conclusion of our illicit copulation.

When our breathing returned to normal, she released my mouth and vowed, “I love you so much, Adam. There’s nothing I won’t do for you.”

“I love you, too, Mom,” I replied. “Sorry if I was too rough. I’ve looked forward to this moment for so long, I couldn’t control myself. I’ve wanted to make love to you for a long time.”

“You didn’t hear me complain, did you?” she asked rhetorically, with a giggle.

The realization that my life-long dream had finally happened hit me. My half-hard prick remained lodged in her clasp pussy while we savored the post-coital bliss. My hands found the sides of her breasts and gently squeezed them. I hesitated on proceeding as this was still my mother and I wasn't sure what liberties I could take.

"Squeeze my tits, sweetie," she assured me, aware of my reluctance. "They're all yours now. I know you've been dying to feel them and I really enjoy it."

We kissed while my hands explored her bountiful breasts. She moaned into my mouth as I caressed and played with her tits. Her kiss intensified when my fingertips squeezed and twisted her erect nipples. Her hips slowly moved to and fro while her clinging pussy massaged my prick, encouraging it to come alive. To my surprise, I felt blood surging into my cock. I'd never recovered so quickly, but the exhilaration of fucking my mother was more than enough to revive my softened state.

There was no rush this time as we intimately made love, not wildly fucking as before. Our eyes locked together as our bodies joined as one. Her hands explored my back and ass while mine remained wrapped around her marvelous tits. My prick easily slid in and out of her cum-filled chasm while we passionately kissed. She stretched her legs out and wrapped them around me. We held each other as close as humanly possible, our sweaty flesh melding together.

Moving my arms to the tops of her shoulders for leverage, I thrust into her deeply, causing her to grunt with each plunge. The blissful expression on her face filled me with joy and contentment, knowing I was responsible for her pleasure. She pulled me closer and humped her hips harder, exclaiming, "I'm cumming again on your fantastic prick. Fuck me hard!"

I slammed into her, causing her pussy to contract and squeeze my cock. My confidence grew that I could withstand her orgasm and continue fucking her, unlike the first time. Her face scrunched up with joy as her body succumbed to her climax. Her hot fluids soaked and lubricated my ram, enabling me to withhold my own orgasm. When her body relaxed, I slowed my pace, sinking in deeply with each stroke, pausing before retreating and repeating. Her breasts heaved underneath me as she struggled to inhale.

"I love fucking you, Mom," I gasped. "This is my wildest dream come true."

"Mine, too," she confessed. "You're fucking your mother so good. I'm the luckiest woman in the world to have you as a lover."

Picking up my pace, she mewled and groaned as my prick fed her horny pussy. When she looked at me, she silently conveyed that I owned her. Never would I have ever thought that I'd be fucking my beautiful mother with such passion. Her body writhed underneath me, trying to find the most sensuous position for my drilling prick. Each time my cock sunk through her folds, I felt the ridge around my head split open her walls before quickly responding and wrapping around my cock, hugging it tightly.

Our breaths became raspy and rapid as we built up to our orgasms. I wanted to fuck her the entire night but the tingling in my balls messaged me that my time was near. My hands squeezed her tits while my fingertips twisted her nipples. Her body went wild, bucking up, smashing her pelvis into mine. I thrust deeply, my spongy head banging against her cervix. She grunted with each forceful impact and dug her nails into my back.

Feeling my prick enlarge, I moaned, "Oh, Mom."

Understanding my encroaching eruption, her eyes widened while her pupils dilated. When my prick jerked, her pussy convulsed and squeezed my prick harder than the first time she came. I jabbed and stabbed her contracting pussy, our orgasms synchronized as if we'd been lovers for years. We kissed, our tongues dancing together while we fucked. The complete joy and solace displayed in her big brown eyes sent waves of warmth through me. There was no doubt that we had transitioned from mother and son to lovers.

When my prick deflated, I started to roll off of her, when she hugged me tightly. "Stay on me," she pleaded, tears forming in her eyes.

I ran my fingers through her hair and massaged her scalp, while she cried.

"Don't cry, Mom. It's okay. I'm here for you," I consoled her.

She blinked, looked at me with shiny wet eyes, and assured me, "I love you so much that it hurts."

"I know, Mom," I replied. "I've always loved you as a mother and now I love you as my wife."

She smiled widely and kissed me. "Sleep on me, baby, like you did as a baby. I've missed that so much."

"Anything for you, Mom," I replied, caressing her scalp and resting my weight on her body. Before long, we drifted off into a deep slumber.

ch4

I awoke, confused and disoriented, seeing none of the familiar objects in my room, but then the previous night's events filled my mind. Glancing around the room, I noticed no sign of Mom, but when the aroma of cooking sausage hit me, I knew she was already up and preparing breakfast. Jumping up, I ran into the bathroom to relieve myself. The lingering humidity from a recent shower was evident, so I turned on the faucet and hopped in. After soaping up, I paid extra attention to my cum-crusting genital region.

When I exited the stall, all scrubbed and rinsed, I grabbed a towel off the rack to dry when apprehension struck me. The new robe I purchased for Mom was draped over a hook on the back of the door. "Did she wake up this morning, remorseful that she had crossed the parental boundary?" I asked myself. I could see where she might think she was at fault since she seduced me more than I did her. "Would she be angry and put a halt to our incestuous relationship?" I fretted to myself. My future mom had built up my confidence, but at that moment, I found myself feeling uncertain. The smell of sausage comforted me. I knew she must not be too upset, as she wouldn't have cooked my favorite if she were.

Donning my robe, I made my way to the kitchen with a sense of unease. Mom faced the stove, cloaked in her old cotton robe. Moving behind her, I gripped her waist with both hands, gently squeezed and kissed her neck. "Good morning, Mom," I whispered into her ear. "Smells wonderful—the food and you." I inhaled her scent which was mixed with the aromas of spices from the sausage.

Feeling her body stiffen, I loosened my grip, fearing she was uncomfortable from my touch.

"It's your favorite—the sausage, that is," she commented. "Sit down and I'll serve you."

Her tone carried neither happiness nor anger, leaving me uncertain about our status. Playing it safe, I opted for silence. As she set my plate down, I couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, that's quite the serving." Three additional sausage links shared the plate with the largest ham and cheese omelet I had ever laid eyes on.

Mom's smile warmed me as she commented, "I thought you might be hungry after all the exercise we did yesterday. It seemed to help you sleep better, too. Did Mommy wear you out?" Her light giggle and sexy smirk set the mood.

"Yes, you did. But in a good way," I jested. We talked for several minutes before I summoned the courage to discuss our relationship. "I notice you're wearing your old robe. Don't you like the one I bought for your birthday?"

"I decided to save it for special occasions as it carries some special memories for me. Is that okay?" she asked, her expression begging for approval.

"Of course," I replied. "I was concerned that maybe things weren't okay between us. First, your robe, and then you seemed to tense up when I touched you this morning."

Her smile broadened as she explained, "So that's the reason for your hang-dog look. I'm not quite used to my son touching me, but I do cherish your affection, and I don't want it to end. I wondered why you didn't prance out here bragging about how you bagged your hot mother last night." That elicited a chuckle from both of us.

"If I were to mention last night, I would present it a little differently," I responded. Reaching across the table, I held her hands, my gaze locked with her warm, brown eyes. "It'd go something like this: Last night, my beautiful mother and I affirmed our commitment to each other. I'm profoundly in love with her and I'll cherish the passionate night of love we shared for the rest of my life. But more than that, I see it as a beautiful beginning for our journey together."

Halfway through my speech, tears welled in her eyes, prompting her to gently pull one hand away to dab at them. "How did I raise such a romantic son? You are so full of surprises, and I absolutely share your feelings about last night."

Her expression turned serious as she continued, "There is something I need to discuss with you. I'm afraid I'm ovulating and am very fertile. We may need to make a trip to the pharmacy to buy a day-after pill."

"No," I blurted. "I want you to bear my child. It's a gift made from the love we have for each other. You're my wife, Mom, and I'm spending the rest of my life with you."

She blushed and replied, "That's sweet, but you're young and will most likely meet someone your own age. There's no need to tie yourself down at this stage of your life."

"That's nonsense, Mom," I refuted her argument. "There will be no other woman."

"You seem so confident," Mom responded. "You can't know what the future holds for you. Don't you want the option?"

I briefly thought about telling her that I did know the future, but thought better of it. "Mom, trust me when I tell you it's our destiny to be together and have a child." I gripped her hands again and squeezed, reinforcing my sincerity.

She smiled widely and acquiesced, "Have it your way. As your wife, I'll do as you wish." Her smile turned into a sexy smirk. I wondered if she knew how much that simple gesture turned me on.

With that topic behind us, we spent the rest of our time discussing our weekend schedule. When finished, Mom rose and took our cups to the counter to refill them. As in the past, my gaze locked onto the backs of her long, shapely legs.

She moved to the sink, turned her head to face me, and remarked, "There's another reason why I like wearing this robe. A woman loves a man that admires her legs and you may not know it, but I've known for some time that you enjoy checking me out each morning."

Caught red-handed, I confessed, "Guilty as charged, but I can't help it with you having such great legs. I bet you don't know what else I think about every morning when you're filling our cups."

She grinned, "Actually, I do because I've had the same fantasy." She shifted her feet backward while leaning down, resting her shoulders on the counter edge. She wiggled her ass invitingly, and by the time I moved behind her, my prick had grown to full-staff.

I hurriedly sloughed off my robe, before grabbing her hemline and lifting it onto her back. Her perfectly smooth, rounded, creamy ass cheeks stopped me in my tracks. They were perfect and were like a magnet, drawing my hands to them. After squeezing her buns, my palms glided down the backs of her soft thighs, before retreating to her ass.

Several minutes later, Mom asked, "Were you planning on fucking me at some point? I'm soaked, thinking about your prick all morning. If you're hesitating because I'm your mom, think of me as your horny wife."

"Easy, Mom," I replied. "This is the first time I've seen your wonderful ass and it's quite the sight. So perfectly round and soft that I could spend a long time admiring it, but my prick agrees with you."

I tapped the insides of her thighs, prompting her to widen her legs. Her wet slit became revealed, swollen, and ready for her son's cock. Inching closer, I dragged my engorged head through her slit, until my cock was smeared with her juices. Lining up with her leaky slot, I shoved in several inches while her pussy walls pulled and sucked in my iron-hard prick. I pushed hard, descending to the bottom of her cunt in one fell swoop. She whimpered and cried from being stuffed with so much cock meat.

Digging my fingers into her soft ass, I pummeled her horny pussy forcing the air out of her lungs with each plunge. My prick scraped across her sensitive areas igniting her nerve centers. Memories of fucking her eighteen years earlier surfaced, causing me to intensify my attack. Her hair was too short to grab and pull, so I gripped her breasts instead.

While my fingertips twisted her nipples, I continued to rapidly thrust in and out of her clasping cunt. She screeched unintelligible sounds as her pussy and tits both sent jolts of pleasure through her body.

"It's time for your breeding, Mom. Are you ready to accept your son's sperm?" I taunted her, slamming my cock against her cervix with each stroke. The pressure in my balls increased, signaling my impending release.

"Yes!" Mom exclaimed. "Give me a baby. Seed me, motherfucker!" She gripped the edges of the sink and pushed backward, ensuring my prick would be in the perfect position to fertilize her.

After a dozen more power thrusts, her body shook and quivered as her orgasm commenced. On her second contraction, a stream of cum shot out my tip, splashing against her walls. She

screamed and wailed as she received the fucking she had craved. Her pussy squeezed and milked my spitting cock, blobs of semen coating her cervix. Her pussy overflowed with our mixed cum, drooling down the insides of her thighs. Once my balls were drained of every precious drop, I grabbed the fronts of her thighs and continued to pump, packing my sperm to the bottom of her pussy.

The sound of our flesh slapping together was replaced with our panting as we ceased fucking. When I removed my cum-coated cock, her gash oozed out a stream of milky-white sex juices. After I covered her ass with her robe and helped her rise off the counter, she turned and kissed me, hugging me tightly.

“That was unbelievable and as good as I hoped it would be,” she exclaimed.

“It’s always good with you, Mom,” I responded and kissed her.

Once we had barred our souls, our new relationship blossomed and flourished as we transitioned from interacting as parent-child to wife and husband. Our conversations flowed effortlessly and our laughter rang out freely as we grew closer. We dined out on Saturday, no longer concealing the love we held for each other. We enjoyed our walks and promised to continue in the future, while our cuddling on the couch was replaced with making love.

Sunday afternoon, I convinced Mom to allow me to move into her bedroom as I vowed to sleep with her every night. We celebrated with dinner at our favorite restaurant at the conservatory. Alice was once again our server and we ensured our actions demonstrated we were indeed lovers. When we exited to return home, Mom hugged me and with a mischievous smirk, suggested, “Always call me Beth when we come here, but I’d like to go to a different restaurant sometime where you act like you’re my lover but call me Mom.”

“I didn’t realize you were into a bit of covert exhibitionism,” I remarked, with a hint of surprise. “It could be fun though, witnessing the expression of the poor soul that discovers a mother and son are in a physical relationship.”

She was wild in bed that night, fantasizing about our future adventures. I hated concealing my dealings with my future mother but decided to wait until closer to Friday to discuss it with her.

We lay in bed Wednesday evening, freshly showered and nude. Mom’s hands gently stroked my hard cock, studying every ridge and bump along my stem. Wrapping one hand around my bloated head, she twisted it and asked, “Does this hurt when I do this?”

“Oh, god no, Mom,” I gasped and groaned. “Bending it from side to side also feels good. It makes it even better that my mother is doing it.”

She practiced her skills, using different techniques, repeating the ones that elicited a moan from me. My future mom knew exactly how I liked to masturbate and I smiled inwardly that it was the result of me training her. When my tip oozed pre-cum, she licked it off and engulfed my head with her mouth. After a few sucks, she released me and remarked, “Believe it or not, your prick is exactly like the ones I’ve fantasized about over the years. It’s uncanny that it’s so familiar.”

Her statement was the perfect opening to tell her about our future. “It’s not that strange, Mom. I have to tell you something and I want you to keep an open mind. What I’m about to tell you will blow your mind.”

She paused, and looked into my eyes, her questioning expression demonstrating her curiosity.

“Friday night wasn’t the first time we’ve made love,” I started.

“Wait,” she interjected. “Are you saying you’ve fucked me when I was asleep?”

“Nothing like that,” I replied. “An alien helped your future self travel back in time. She’s come back several times to task me with assignments. One of them was to go back and impregnate you. You might say I’m my own father. I know it’s weird, but you have to believe me.”

She giggled and replied, “That’s funny. Knock it off, young man or I’ll have to take you to a shrink to check you out.”

“I’m not joking, Mom,” I adamantly argued. “You sucked Zorro’s cock at a costume party—it was me. You were Catwoman and I pulled you off before you drained me, tossed you onto the bed, and fucked you doggy style until I filled you with the sperm that resulted in me. Afterward, we cuddled and when I explored your sleeping body, I lifted your mask to reveal your face. When I knew it was you, I became so horny that I fucked you again, almost verbally declaring my love to you.”

Her eyes glazed over, her face twisting at an angle as she recalled the events of that glorious night. “There’s no way you could know those details without being there. I’ve never told a soul. Did you hypnotize me at some point and pry out that information?” she asked, her face reflecting her confusion.

“No,” I abruptly replied. “I’ve also made love to you as your future self. She, which is actually you twenty years in the future, has visited me several times to give me assignments to repair the timeline.”

“Seriously?” she asked, unbelieving my wild yarn. “What else did you have to do?”

“I don’t think I can tell you as she said I couldn’t divulge much information without risking changing our future,” I explained. “She did aid me with a lot of hints about how to seduce you. The walks were her idea so you’d wear short skirts and give me an excuse to massage your legs. Acting like your lover, rather than your son when we dined out was her idea. And most recently, she hinted about buying you the sexy robe.”

Mom sat mesmerized, absorbing all the details of our courtship. “If all of this is true, it appears I helped you seduce myself. This is all so confusing. You said you made love to her. How do I know it was really me?”

“She did demonstrate something that might change your mind,” I noted. I gripped my prick, held it upright, and proposed, “Climb aboard and I’ll spill my guts.”

She giggled while scrambling into position. My prick easily slid into her tight crevice until her ass hit my pelvis. After several bounces up and down on my slippery pole, she grinned and ordered, “Okay, time to pay the piper.”

“She said that this is one of your favorite fantasies, coming into my room in the morning and jumping onto my prick to wake me up,” I divulged. “She explained that she feared damaging our relationship and didn’t want to overstep her boundaries.”

“That has to be a common fantasy for any horny mother with a studly son, so that isn’t very convincing,” she argued. “Is that all you got?”

“There’s more, but I’ll have to show you,” I replied. I held her hips and humped into her, elevating her excitement level. She gripped my ribs and using me for leverage, she rode me like a wild bronco. Her panting and gasping were telltale signs of her impending orgasm.

“Lean over and feed me a breast, Mom,” I ordered. Releasing my ribs, she complied and pressed her rock-hard nipple into my mouth. While I sucked her tit, my fingertips dug into her ass. Her thrashing body made it difficult to find her g-spot, but when she suddenly shrieked, I knew I had found it. Holding her in place, I sawed my hard cock across her rough patch, causing her to scream with carnal lust.

She clamped her hands onto the tops of my shoulders while digging her nails into my flesh as her body stiffened. Her pussy contracted and released her sex juices which oiled my ram, enabling me to glide through her folds even faster. Her orgasm continued to escalate as I humped my hips, plunging my cock to the back of her pussy. After she chanted for another minute while her pussy kept firing off shocks of pleasure, I felt my prick succumbing to her squeezing walls.

Lightly biting her engorged nipple, I pulled and shoved my cock in deeply, sending out a stream of cum. She wailed with delight, her channel constricting harder than ever. Wads of cum spewed out of my cannon, coating her walls with my virulent sperm. Her grip tightened while her body shook with excitement as her pussy spasmed, milking my prick.

When our orgasms subsided, she pulled her tit off me and collapsed on top of me, much as my future mom did when she fucked me.

Catching her breath, she gasped, “Jesus, that was something. She taught you that?”

“Pretty fantastic, wasn’t it? She told me it’d send my mother to heaven. Do you believe me, now?” I asked.

“It’s obvious that she, or rather I, knows how to please my body. Will she ever return to give you more assignments?” she asked, her sexy smirk reflecting that she’d like my training to continue.

“Sorry, Mom,” I replied with a light giggle at her hint. “We’ll have to practice ourselves to improve our lovemaking. There is one more thing I may be tasked to do, depending on whether I successfully impregnated you.”

She listened intently as I described my assignment with our daughter.

Afterward, she commented, “Now I see why you were so confident of our future. I have to admit, I still had reservations that you’d want to remain with me, but with this information, my fears have completely vanished. I’m already excited, thinking about meeting our daughter and watching you plant a baby in her. No more sex for you until Friday night.” Her broad smile reflected her high spirits with the latest news.

She slept on me for the rest of the night and when we awakened, she was still melded to my body. The reassurance of knowing our future had a calming effect on her. True to her word, she wouldn’t allow us to make love Thursday night, but insisted we spoon each other to sleep.

Friday night, we showered and anxiously awaited nude underneath a sheet. Mom slowly stroked me, keeping me hard, while we waited for a sign of the portal. At precisely eight, the familiar humming and blue light occurred, causing my heart to race in anticipation. Mom’s hand, wrapped around my prick, ceased stroking and squeezed, reflecting the same apprehension as I held.

We were both awestruck when our daughter stepped through but for different reasons. Mom hadn’t fully bought into my story so she was shocked to see it actually happen. On the other hand, I was surprised to see a young lady, who bore the uncanny appearance of my grandmother,

Madeline, whom I bred first in my time-travel journeys. I knew it wasn't her, but her appearance was eerily similar. Her golden hair was identical, but it was long, flowing down her back, and ending at her waist. Her features bore more resemblance to a French woman than my mother, yet they were similar to the familiar contours of my grandmother's face.

Breaking the silence with a warm smile, the woman greeted us cheerfully, "Hi Mom, Dad."

We sat silent, still shocked at the presence of our beautiful daughter. Sensing Mom's doubtful expression, the young lady continued, "Mom said you might be doubtful of this situation, so she asked me to tell you something only you would know. My name's Maria, by the way."