

Praise the Aunt and the Holy Mother

Chapter 1

It was a beautiful day in early June, and having turned eighteen a few months earlier, I worked hard to maintain my high grades. It paid off as I received acceptance letters to both of the universities I was interested in attending. One was located in a city near our home, and the other, a state college, was on the other side of the state. The closer one was my first choice, but the state college would be far more affordable.

Relaxing on the couch, deep in thought on how to earn some spending money for college, my thoughts were interrupted by the ringing phone. I heard Mom answer it in the kitchen and could tell by the conversation, it was her sister, Aunt Brenda.

I returned to rehashing the various jobs I had done in the past to earn cash. After another few minutes, she called, “Mike, come here. I need to discuss something with you.”

Michael was my name but she normally called me Mike, however, it’s Michael if she’s more serious and desires my attention. My mom’s name is Beverly and Aunt Brenda calls her Bev or Sis. I’ve never called her anything but Mom. She has always insisted I address my aunt as Aunt Brenda, explaining it shows respect.

“Sure thing, Mom. I’ll be right there,” I replied, curious as to what my aunt said to her to warrant wanting to talk to me. I entered and sat in a chair opposite her at the kitchen table, as we always did for our meals. My parents divorced when I was less than a year old—my father having no desire to be saddled with a family. Mom and her sister were best friends, routinely talking on the phone, so I wasn’t surprised by her elated state after their talk.

“Mike, Brenda needs some work done on her property and asked me if you’d be interested in earning some extra money for college. She usually hires a landscaping service, but when we discussed your college expenses, she thought it would be better to hire you instead.”

“Sure, Mom. Sounds great. I was trying to think of ways of making some money this summer. When does she want me to start?”

“As soon as you can. She’s anxious to get things wrapped up before the heat of the summer arrives.”

“Great, I’ll change and head down. Thanks for helping out, Mom,” I replied as I rose and headed to my room to change into my work clothes. The money I’d earn was nice but more importantly, working around my aunt was what I looked forward to the most.

My aunt is thirty-six, three years younger than Mom and shares Mom's cute appearance. Her radiant smile and cheerful, vibrant attitude are truly infectious. She married right after college and her husband soon became the minister in town. They live in a large church-provided manse, located two blocks from us.

Her husband hadn't been around for the prior ten years or so, traveling around the nation helping other churches implement various programs. His visits were rare and when he did, he spent all of his time at the church. I'm not sure why she remained married to him, other than the fact his family is wealthy, so she lives in style and has an excess of funds to spend as she pleases.

I was more than happy to work for my aunt, if nothing else to ogle her great body to add to my fantasy collection of her. I always looked forward to greeting her, loving her playful nature with all the touching, hugging, and tickling. Although she lives by herself most of the time, she has maintained her thin and shapely figure. She is one of the hotter women in town and even though my uncle isn't much of a husband, she is pretty much untouchable, because of her relationship to the church.

After saying goodbye to Mom, I headed down to my aunt's house, becoming semi-hard at the thought of seeing Auntie. Although my mom insists I call her Aunt Brenda, I have always called her Auntie when we're alone together. Upon arriving, I knocked and heard her footsteps before she opened the door to greet me.

"Mikey, so glad to see you. You're turning into quite the handsome young man!" she exclaimed. Mom and Auntie had always called me Mikey when I was young. Mom changed to calling me Mike when I became older, but my aunt still referred to me as Mikey. She immediately hugged me, tickling my sides as in the past. I took advantage of it and squirmed around, mashing her breasts against my chest. Finally releasing me, she grabbed my hand and led me to a comfortable chair in the expansive living room.

"I've made up a list for you to do. It looks like it might take a couple of weeks, depending on how fast you work," she related, handing me the assignments. She added, "I think that instead of an hourly wage, I'd like to propose a set amount for the entire job. The normal service would charge me a thousand dollars for this much work. Is that okay?"

I knew she was wealthy, but considering the tasks, the payment seemed overly generous for such a small amount of work. I wasn't going to complain, though—I needed the money.

"That's great, Auntie. I'll start with the outside work right away," I agreed, jumping up and heading out the back door to the gardens.

Most of the jobs listed involved trimming bushes along with routine bed maintenance. Once outside I proceeded to work the items on the list. After a couple of hours, my aunt came out to check on me. Her shorts showed off her perfectly toned legs and smooth skin. I couldn't help but stare, trying my best not to be too obvious.

Catching my gaze, she smiled and suggested, “Why don’t you come in for an iced tea break. You’ve been working really hard.”

“Sure,” I quickly agreed, my terrible thirst urging me on. I welcomed the chance to escape the scorching sun. My bonus was the opportunity to leer at her shapely legs as I closely followed her into her house.

While we sat and talked, drinking our cold drinks, her intoxicating smile held my attention. Her short hair, fashioned in a pixie style that framed her face perfectly, completed her alluring look. After finishing my refreshing drink, I mentioned that I needed to head back out to get a couple more hours of work done before going home for dinner.

As my quitting time approached, she joined me to inspect my work. In a pleased voice, she remarked, “I’m amazed at how much you’ve accomplished. You’re finishing these jobs far faster than the people I usually hire.”

“Thanks, Auntie,” I replied, my eyes darting between her bare legs and her face. “It’s getting late, and I’m afraid I need to stop and head home.”

Her expression shifted to disappointment as she asked, “Why don’t you stay for dinner? I can wash your dirty clothes at the same time, giving your mother a break.” Her hopeful, warm smile made my heart race.

Reluctantly, I declined, “Sorry, Auntie. Mom’s expecting me to return home, but thanks for the kind offer.”

Her saddened expression weighed on me, and as I prepared to leave, she hugged me goodbye, which isn’t unusual for her. I was more than happy to hold my aunt’s curvy body in my arms. We embraced, her arms holding me tightly against her lasting longer than usual. I noticed that she twisted her body to smash her breasts into me. All too soon, she raised her hands, grasped the sides of my head, and stared into my eyes, while my arms remained wrapped around her.

“Mikey, you are so darned cute. My Doctor warned me that I shouldn’t do this, but for you, I’m going to make an exception.” She pulled my head to hers until our lips touched. Her body fell limp and I held on to her so she didn’t fall down. Thinking she might be having some kind of a fainting spell, I broke off our kiss. After a few seconds, her eyelids rapidly blinked, as if waking from a dream.

“I hope I didn’t scare you, Mikey. That’s why my physician told me I shouldn’t kiss people. I have a rare condition that occurs when my lips come into contact with a man’s. I fall into a type of coma where I zone out and have no idea of anything that happens. I gradually come out of it, after my lips lose contact.”

I stared in disbelief, not only of hearing this bizarre condition, but also because I ended it so soon, thinking something was wrong. I’d thought about questioning her on her far-fetched

diagnosis, but I didn't want to risk spoiling any future kissing possibilities. My mind raced as to how I could use this to my advantage with my aunt.

"No problem, Auntie. I'll have to hold on to you tighter in the future so you don't fall. I wouldn't want my favorite aunt to sustain an injury on my watch."

She laughed as we parted ways. I arrived home at the same time as Mom, and when she eyed my dirty, sweaty condition, she said, "Take a shower and toss your clothes in the washer, while I prepare dinner."

"Sure, Mom," I replied. "Aunt Brenda offered to feed me and clean my clothes but I told her that you preferred I eat with you at dinner."

She paused and looked as if trying to make a decision before stating, "Mike, that's a great idea. I could use some time off. It'd be nice for you to stay there longer and visit with her while eating and waiting for the laundry. It breaks my heart that she doesn't get much company, especially with that loser husband of hers gone all the time. If she wants to take over my maid duties in exchange for company, more power to her."

I didn't want to act too excited, but I couldn't wait to spend more time with my aunt. "Thanks, Mom. It'll give me more time to work on her list, too," I replied, hiding my exuberance.

After showering, I returned to the kitchen and sat opposite Mom. While eating, I mentally compared her to my aunt. They had similar features, both of them beautiful and alluring. I couldn't decipher the size of Mom's breasts, as she didn't hug me like my aunt. We enjoyed a great relationship, but had never touched much growing up. She maintained her hair at shoulder length and usually tied it up when at work, allowing it to flow freely when she was home with me. She was a brunette as was my aunt, both with beautiful brown eyes.

Shifting my gaze from her large, round eyes, I paused at her full, soft lips. I thought back to my aunt's condition and wondered whether it was hereditary and that was the reason my mother never kissed me. I was so deep in thought, Mom caught my stare, and knocked me out of it, asking, "Michael, have you heard anything I've said?"

Returning my attention to her, I quickly fabricated an excuse, saying, "Sorry, I was mentally prioritizing the tasks on Aunt Brenda's list. I promise not to drift off again over dinner and pay more attention to our conversation."

"That's fine, Mike. I know you have a lot on your mind. I'm so proud of you for doing so much around here and now you're helping my sister as well," she replied, her warm smile making my heart flutter.

Once we finished eating, we moved to the living room, watched some TV, and eventually retired to our rooms for the night. I punished my cock that night with yet another fantasy of me fucking my aunt. I struggled to sleep restfully, thinking how the next day might turn out.

I slept late the following morning, rising after Mom had already left for work. I grabbed a quick bite and threw on a pair of silk gym shorts to wear while working, since the weather had turned hotter. As an added bonus, it'd be easier to shift my hard cock rather than struggling with my confining jeans. I grabbed a pair of pants to take so I could wear them when I returned home at night so Mom wouldn't become suspicious.

Aunt Brenda answered the door, adorned in the same shorts as the day before. Her crop top style blouse looked like it was designed to end at her waist; however, it was sized for a smaller-breasted woman. Her meaty mounds pushed the material outward, causing the hem to rise, displaying several inches of bare skin above her shorts. This resulted in the front of her blouse tenting out provocatively, presenting an inviting opening at the bottom. The morning hug along with seeing her exposed skin gave me an instant erection. I backed my hips away from her, not wanting to alarm her.

When she released me and moved backward, her eyes traveled up and down my legs, checking them out. "Mikey, I see the heat is getting to you, too. Now, I can stare at your legs all day, the way you've been gawking at mine." She grinned widely, acknowledging my lustful leering.

I'm not sure if she saw me blushing, but she didn't say anything more about it. Without waiting for a reply, she continued, "There's no need to knock on my door when you come over in the mornings. We're family and it just makes more work for me, having to drop what I'm doing to open it."

"Sounds good, Auntie," I replied. "When I explained to Mom about your offer to feed me while washing my laundry, she thought it was a great idea and looked forward to spending some time by herself."

"Oh, that's super, Mikey," she chirped, elatedly. "I'd love to take care of my nephew. I don't get to pamper a man much anymore. It'll be so much fun."

I tossed my jeans in the spare bedroom and headed out the back door to continue my work. I labored through the day until late afternoon, when my aunt showed up to inspect my progress. "You're doing a wonderful job, Mikey. I can't believe how everything is shaping up so nicely. Why don't you quit for the day? After your shower, I'll have dinner waiting for you. Throw your dirty clothes outside the door so I can wash them and use the robe I placed in your bathroom to wear while we wait."

Heeding her instructions, I heard her footsteps outside the door while I was in the shower. After she picked up my clothes and left, I dried off and slid on the plush terry cloth robe. It was sized for a smaller man, the shoulders a little tight with the hemline falling to mid-thigh. The material was soft and felt great against my freshly-washed skin. Hopefully, it was heavy enough to conceal the inevitable hard-on that was sure to spring up from being around my aunt.

While eating, we enjoyed a lively conversation. When finished, she rose and cleaned off the table. My prick stiffened as I watched her shuffle around the kitchen. Her sexy firm legs were

like magnets for my eyes. I stared and yearned to squeeze her luscious limbs, cautiously averting my eyes when she turned in my direction.

The washer alarm rang, signaling the clothes were finished. My aunt excused herself to transfer them to the dryer. On her way, she suggested, "Why don't you move to the living room to watch TV? I'll join you in a bit."

When she returned from the laundry room, she settled beside me on the couch. Her leg rubbed against mine, our bare skin touching from where the robe didn't cover. Fortunately, my hard prick pressed against my stomach and not straight out.

After thirty minutes of enjoying her close contact, she excused herself to take my clothes out of the dryer. When she returned, she extended her hands to hold mine, pulling me off the couch. Once again, she hugged me and thanked me for everything. She placed her hands on my head again and pulled me down for a kiss.

As before, her body relaxed when our mouths touched. I was careful this time and held her tightly so her lips wouldn't release. I kicked myself for not having a plan on what I'd do if it happened again, but the image of those legs all day overrode all decisions. While holding her with my left arm, I reached down with my right hand to caress her leg directly above her knee. I ran it up and down her smooth thigh, relishing the feel of her firm flesh.

Taking a risk, I grabbed the back of her upper leg and squeezed. It was an exhilarating feeling, caressing her bare leg. Her thigh muscle felt far better than I had fantasized, firm and hot. Venturing upward, I cupped her covered bun, squeezing her round ass cheek. I could feel a burst of exhaled air leave her nose, so I quickly moved my hand to her back and released my lips. She slowly regained consciousness like the previous time.

"Whew, that was nice, Mikey," she gushed. "When I zone out, it's very refreshing when I come to. It's a really nice relaxation technique. I appreciate you putting up with me. I wouldn't trust anyone else, as they might try to take advantage."

Guilt gnawed at me because that was precisely what I was doing, but relief washed over me when she didn't mention me groping her. "That's great, Auntie. I'm glad to offer any help I can."

She smiled and commented, "I'm going to take a shower while you change. After I'm done, I'll return to see you off."

"See you in a bit," I replied while heading to the spare bedroom to change. When finished, I heard the shower stop running in her bathroom. Going out to the entryway, she met me, clad in the same style of terry cloth robe I had worn. I wasn't sure if she was naked underneath, concealed by the heavy material, but I fantasized that she was. I was ready to open the door, when she suddenly gave me a goodbye hug.

All thoughts of not taking advantage of her flew out the door with her tight embrace. As she pulled away I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers again. As soon as she fell limp I ran my

right hand up her thigh under the robe and sure enough, she wasn't wearing panties. I had my hand on her bare ass and squeezed it like a new found toy. My mind brought up the image of her enticing blouse, open at the bottom, that she wore throughout the day. I so much wanted to explore underneath.

Without realizing it, I had brought my hand up and had reached into her robe. I soon found my prize, cupping a bare breast. It was larger, firmer and smoother than I had imagined. I squeezed it as if milking it before wrapping my fingers around her nipple to find it hard and pointed. Her breathing rate had become much heavier, but there was still no indication she was conscious. After several minutes of playing with her tit, I began to worry again she might come out of it, so I reluctantly withdrew and adjusted her robe. I returned my hand to her waist and released her.

Dreamily, she opened her eyes and softly spoke, "Oh, Mikey. You are so good to your aunt. I feel so relaxed and won't have any trouble sleeping tonight. See you tomorrow. Give my love to your mother."

Saying goodbye, I departed with a grin as big as my hard-on. Hastily, I went directly to my room when I returned home for a much-needed masturbation session. With my groping memories with my aunt still fresh, I strangled my prick, pumping it fast and hard.

Suddenly, a vision of my mother's lust-filled face materialized, igniting a fiery passion within me, culminating in an explosive eruption. Blobs of cum painted my stomach with sticky semen.

I sighed, feeling guilty that I had used my aunt's body as a surrogate for fulfilling my ultimate fantasy—Mom. It wasn't the first time and I knew it wouldn't be the last.

Relieved and thinking a little clearer, I joined Mom in the living room to watch TV. After an hour, I remarked, "Mom. I'm exhausted and am going to bed. See you tomorrow night."

"Good night, dear," she replied, her expression one of concern and love.

I woke up early the next morning, anxious to join Aunt Brenda and help her 'relax.' The moment I heard Mom drive away, I jogged to my aunt's house, entering through the front door as she had instructed. I heard her rustling in the kitchen, probably fixing herself some breakfast, so I walked in to say good morning to her.

She faced away from me, affording me the opportunity to check out her scantily clad body. She wore another short blouse, open at the bottom, along with a short tennis skirt, adorned with a colorful floral pattern. Her exposed, beautiful legs captured my attention, and I could hardly keep myself from running up and stroking them.

"Good morning, Auntie," I greeted her. "That skirt looks really lovely on you today," I blushed from my forwardness.

She faced me, smiling, and replied, “Thanks, Mikey. It’s turning so sunny and hot, I felt like wearing something to match the weather. Please sit down and let me serve you breakfast. It’s so lonely eating every day by myself. I appreciate your company.”

Leaving home in such a hurry, it suddenly hit me that I hadn’t eaten. “Thanks. I rushed out of the house so fast that I didn’t take time to eat. Guess I got lucky that you have enough for both of us.”

After I sat down, she brought over the plates of food, and replied, “No problem, Mikey. I love feeding you as it gives me an excuse to chat with you. Whenever you’re expected, I always make a little extra in the hopes that we can visit longer. You know, it gets pretty lonely around here sometimes. Having you over brightens my day and makes the house feel a little more like a home. I really cherish these moments we get to spend together. Let’s make it our daily routine and I’ll make sure you’re well-fed each morning.”

“Sounds great, Auntie. It’ll be nice starting the day with a nourishing meal,” I replied.

While we ate, we discussed what I’d be working on for the day. Thankfully, my shorts didn’t have a tent by the end of the meal, so I was able to stand without too much embarrassment. I was prepared to start working in the yard when she walked over and stood in front of me. She squeezed in between me and the table, so she was almost sitting on the hard top.

She was close enough I could smell a floral scent from her morning shower. With a playful look, she hugged me and when she released me, she began tickling me on my sides. I squirmed as usual when a thought struck me. It opened up a perfect opportunity to flirt with my sexy aunt. I grabbed her exposed midriff and tickled her at the same time. She giggled and moved around causing my hands to venture upward, to the bottom of her ribcage. Her skin was so smooth and firm and was hot to the touch. I wanted to continue, but she ended it by wrapping her arms around me, hugging me tightly.

She giggled and commented, “That’s the first time you’ve tickled me back. I might have to refrain from teasing you, since you’re older now.” As we parted, she backed closer to the table and before she could move away I lowered my lips to hers, holding her tightly so she wouldn’t fall. She relaxed as usual, enabling me to lower her to the table to support her weight.

Leaving my lips on hers, both of my hands were free to explore. I brought them to her sides and ran them underneath her open blouse.”What luck!” I exclaimed to myself. She wasn’t wearing a bra and both of my hands were soon filled full of her firm, round breasts. I squeezed them while carefully maintaining lip contact. Her breath became heavy again, but I wouldn’t stop.

I gripped each nipple with my fingers and lightly pinched them. They popped out, filling with blood. Her breathing rate increased, as she struggled to inhale air through her nose. I felt her lips begin to break off, so I quickly lowered my hands and wrapped my hands around her to bring her back up to a standing position.

Coming to, she exclaimed, “Wow, that was relaxing, but I feel like I’ve run a mile, I’m panting so much. I need to remain here for a few moments and catch my breath. I’ll catch up with you outside.”

“See you later. You don’t need to help me. It’s all simple work today,” I remarked as I left. I kicked myself for not exploring those beautiful legs and thighs. With most of the tasks checked off the list, I worried that my groping entertainment would soon come to an end. Early in the afternoon, my aunt joined me outside to check on the work. I eyed her as she walked around, inspecting what I had accomplished. At one garden bed, she bent over to straighten an ornament.

I stared at her succulent wares, having a perfect view of her backside. Fortunately, there is a high cedar fence around the yard, so it was private, preventing spying from nosy neighbors. When she leaned over, her short skirt rose, showing off her perfect thighs and then her light pink panties came into view. They were tight and rose up on her ass cheeks. I was so busy staring at her sexy, panty-clad ass, I almost missed the fact that her open blouse allowed me to see the bottoms of her hanging breasts, pendulously swinging as she worked in the bed.

I had to adjust my shorts to accommodate my rock-hard prick and glanced down to make sure it wasn’t too noticeable. When I looked back up to gawk at my aunt again, she stood, staring at me.

She didn’t say anything as she walked by me to go inside. When she opened the door, she yelled, “Great job, Mikey. Come inside for some dinner now.” I wrapped things up, went in to clean up and met her in the kitchen to eat.

We ate while discussing my work progress during our meal. I found it increasingly difficult to concentrate, thinking of how to proceed on my next ‘relaxation’ session.

After we finished eating, she cleared the table. Just as I anticipated receiving another hug, she surprised me by suggesting, “Take your shower so I can throw your clothes in the laundry. I’m taking one, too and afterward, I’ll join you in the living room.”

With plenty of daylight left to continue working outside, it came as a surprise that she wanted me to quit for the day. There was no way I’d complain about sitting on a couch with my aunt wearing our robes so I headed straight for the shower.

When I finished drying, I heard a light knock and my aunt say, “I have your clothes in the wash. Could you come to my bedroom and help me with something when you’re done?”

“Of course, Auntie. Be right there,” having my own idea of how I could help her in the bedroom, but figured it was a task she wanted done that wasn’t on the list. That’s probably why she prematurely terminated my outside activities, to work on inside jobs. I threw on my robe and headed to her bedroom. She lay face down on her bed, with a sheet pulled up to under her armpits, leaving her lovely neck, shoulders, and the top of her back exposed.

She turned her head toward me and smiled seductively. Thinking my dreams were coming true, my cock hardened. She brought me back to reality when she asked, "If you wouldn't mind, could you massage the tops of my shoulders? I feel a little tense today."

"Of course, I don't have much experience, but I'll do my best," I offered. I stood near the bed and reached over, placing my hands on her shoulders. It was awkward leaning over and I was afraid she was going to notice my robe tenting out.

She solved my dilemma when she suggested, "It'd be easier if you hop onto the bed and straddle me to get better access."

I quickly positioned myself on top of her and resumed rubbing her smooth neck and shoulders. Her content, steady humming built my confidence that I was applying the correct amount of pressure.

She raised her hands and pulled the sheet down as far as she could before it hit my legs, explaining, "It feels so good and you're doing such a great job, would you mind continuing with my back?"

I gladly complied, stroking her entire back and the sides of her ribs. Her large breasts lay buried in the mattress, but I could see part of the sides that were flattened and squished out. They begged to be held, but since she was fully aware of her surroundings, I didn't risk ending my fantasy. When her humming turned into low groaning, I decided to test how far I could escalate my caressing.

I shifted my legs back and massaged her lower back, moving the sheet down with each down stroke. I shoved the material lower, until it was halfway down her ass, exposing the tops of her firm cheeks. When I gently rubbed her buns in a circular motion and she didn't react, I continued to uncover her as my exploring hands captured more territory. She groaned, seemingly happy to allow me full access. I inched backward and pulled the sheet down to her ankles, stroking the backs of her legs. Feeling my rock-hard prick bob and jerk, I was thankful she couldn't see the tent in my robe.

Resting on my haunches, below her feet, I worked her lower legs, running my hands up the backs of her thighs, ending at her ass cheeks. When I leaned over to rub her soft buns, my robe brushed across her legs with each stroke. She stirred and acted as if she was done, so I figured my entertainment was coming to an end.

"Mikey, your robe is chafing the backs of my legs," she huskily croaked. "Would it bother you much if you removed it?"

I quickly shucked my garment, not saying anything, knowing I wouldn't be able to hide my excitement in my voice. Pressing my legs on the outside of hers, I ensured our flesh remained in full contact as I continued my massage. Wrapping my hands around her legs, I caressed the fronts and backs, moving up and down the length of her lithe limbs. The higher I ventured, the hotter her flesh felt, but paled in comparison to my boiling blood. While rubbing her mid-thighs,

my gaze focused on her glorious rounded ass. Her groans shifted to moaning while her breathing rate increased rapidly.

She squirmed and in the process, raised her hips. With both of my hands wrapped around one thigh, she moved her other leg outward. A waft of pussy scent hit me when her bald, wet pussy became exposed. My prick throbbed as I gazed upon her glistening slot.

All too soon, she lowered herself and instructed, “My legs are fine. Move back up and work on my shoulders. They still feel tense.” Crawling forward, while straddling her, I carefully distanced myself, so my stiff prick wouldn’t bump against her backside.

After digging my fingers into her shoulders for a few moments, she groaned and uttered, “That should be enough. It’s time for a reward for such a good massage.”

She flipped over, gripped my head with her hands, and pulled me down to her lips. I caught a fleeting glimpse of her wondrous breasts before our mouths connected. Her body relaxed, and I didn’t waste time thinking about what to do. My hands grabbed and squeezed her breasts, while my fingertips twisted her nipples. She struggled again to inhale air through her nose, but twisted her mouth to allow air intake, while maintaining contact with my lips.

Confident she wouldn’t release my mouth, I reached down with my left hand, gripped her thigh and moved her leg to the side. It shifted over easily, probably a reflex action from my touch. Nudging her other leg to the side, I moved my knees between her legs and lowered myself until my prick hovered within inches of her pussy.

I wanted so much to ram it in, but then I remembered her worrying about someone taking advantage of her. I was about to do what she feared most and I knew I couldn’t go through with it.

Deciding I wouldn’t fuck her, I reasoned that at least, I could rub her pussy lips with the head of my dick. I reached down and guided my prick to her puffy labia and rubbed it up and down. It was wet and hot, causing me to pant as heavy as her. It was becoming difficult to maintain lip contact, using my aunt in a way a nephew shouldn’t be doing.

Right when I thought about pushing my hard prick in just an inch, her hands gripped my head, pulled me up so she could look squarely into my eyes and lustfully asked, “Are you ever going to fuck me or just keep teasing me?”

I guess I looked startled as she jested, “Good lord, Mikey. You didn’t believe that lip coma nonsense, did you? I was trying to build your confidence enough so you’d fuck my horny pussy.”

“Anything for my favorite aunt,” I responded, gently shoving my prick into her wet channel. I pushed slowly to allow her tight walls to stretch and adjust to my invading cock. The more cock I fed into her yielding pussy, the easier it became as her juices flowed. She pulled my head to hers and frantically kissed me. No longer under the pretense of her medical condition, this was

no simple lip touching. She mauled my tongue with hers as her excitement level quickly escalated.

With my prick fully buried in her cunt, my balls became trapped in her wet bare crotch. I reached up and mauled her breasts, not having to worry whether she was in her fake coma. Each time I twisted her nipples, her body thrashed underneath me.

“Oh, yes. Squeeze them. They’re so sensitive!” she screamed. “You don’t know what that does to me. You’ve been driving me crazy for the last few days, playing with them and not finishing the job.”

“Don’t worry, Auntie. I’ll make it up to you now,” I promised. After furiously thrusting in and out of her pussy for several minutes, she loosened up as fluids gushed around my cock. She experienced several mini-orgasms, finally receiving the cock she desperately needed. We rutted like animals, making up for the days of foreplay we had gone through.

She raised her legs over my back, elevating her pelvis off the bed as I pounded her like a jackhammer. She screamed loudly and I was thankful the yard was surrounded with tall, thick, soundproof hedges, so her neighbors wouldn’t hear my aunt receiving a royal fucking from her nephew. I continued to thrust into her while she ran her arms up and down my back. We both huffed and puffed, enjoying our first incestuous fuck, which I hoped was the first of many.

“Oh, Mikey. I’m ready to cum,” she bleated. “You’re fucking your horny aunt so damn good. I’m almost there.”

I was in the same boat as her. My balls were tanked up, ready to shoot out a load of hot sperm and I didn’t know whether I should pull out or deposit it deep in her pussy. Having no desire to ruin any future couplings, I decided to ask her as delicately as possible.

“My balls are ready to blast,” I croaked. “Do you want me to pull out, Auntie?” So much for delicacy, but there wasn’t much blood left in my brain. In any case, she understood.

“Fill me with your cum, Mikey. I want to feel you quenching my burning cunt. Don’t worry, I stayed on the pill for my complexion.”

Upon hearing that, I plunged as fast as I could, twisting her nipples hard. She moved her hands to the back of my head, mashing my face to hers tightly, so we could tongue-fuck each other’s mouths. She released my lips long enough to exclaim to the world, “Oh, God. I’ve never cum so hard. Your prick feels so good. Fill me full of cum, honey! Your auntie needs a good fucking!”

My bulbous head swelled and I could feel my balls preparing to explode. I mauled her mouth again, as my cock spurted into her cock-starved pussy. Her throbbing cunt squeezed my prick like a vice and it would’ve been difficult to keep pounding, if not for the fact her channel was so slick and wet. I kept plowing into her, depositing load after load deep into her depths.

After she stopped convulsing, we stayed coupled, enjoying the aftermath of a wild fuck. She broke the silence, confessing, “I guess I can tell you now, that this was the main thing on the list of things I wanted from you. I’ve been waiting years to seduce you and finally mustered enough nerve to act on it.”

Pulling out of her sodden slot, I replied, “If I knew this was on my list, It would have been elevated to number one. Your flirting has pushed me to my limits the last few days.” We both laughed at our missed opportunities.

She revised my work schedule, mainly comprised of sexually satisfying my horny aunt. We rested, fucked again and repeated the process until it was well after the time I normally departed.

Returning home late, I found Mom waiting for me before retiring to her room for the night, so I only had a minute to talk with her in the hallway before I dashed by her on my way to my room. She looked at me with an odd expression, but I didn’t stop to ask her what was wrong.

“Could she smell the sex smeared on me from fucking her sister?” I asked myself. Or perhaps, she picked up on my aunt’s perfume. I didn’t dwell too long on it as I was too tired to think straight.

For the next few days, our routine would be to start off with a good morning fuck, do some of the items on the list and continue with our sex marathon until I returned home. She wore the same type of skirt and blouse each day with no bra or panties while I stuck with my gym shorts, no underwear of course. We’d make a game of it, flashing each other, getting ourselves worked up for an early evening round of fucking.

This routine continued until Friday. Early that afternoon, while I was busily transplanting flowers in a bed near the house, my aunt remained inside, cleaning. We chatted through an open living room window, enjoying each other’s company as we worked.

Hearing the garden gate latch click, I looked to see Mom walking toward me. Here I was, in my silk shorts with a hard-on from Auntie’s all-day flashing. Fortunately, I was crouched to the side, so she couldn’t see my hardening prick. She stopped a couple feet away, her eyes traveling up and down my hairy legs.

“Michael, what were you thinking, wearing those nice silk shorts while working in the dirt? They’ll get wrecked. Where are the jeans you normally wear?” she asked, her hands on her hips.

My first thoughts were, “Well, it’s better this way so I can pull them down and fuck your sister’s brains out,” but I knew that wouldn’t be an appropriate response.

Timing it perfectly, my aunt emerged from the house to rescue me. She must have changed clothes as soon as she saw Mom enter through the gate, because she wore a much longer skirt,

her top covered with a wrap, which concealed her braless tits bouncing underneath her revealing blouse.

She answered for me, “Hi, Bev. I persuaded him to wear them since it’s ungodly hot. I was worried about him suffering from the heat. Those jeans always take so long to dry, too. This allows him more time to work on my list.”

Mom shifted her stance, thinking it over, and conceded, “Yeah, it is getting rather warm. Well, if it allows him to work longer, I guess it’s a good thing.”

Wanting to change the subject, I piped, “Mom, you’re home early from work. Anything wrong?”

Normally, she wore conservative, work clothes, but the one she wore that day was out of norm for her. The hem fell shorter, ending three inches above her knees. From my angle, I was able to admire her long legs, noticing the absence of nylons. There was no need to as her legs looked flawless. I carefully scanned upward as far as I could without getting caught, catching a glimpse of her mid-thighs. They looked like they might be thinner than her sister’s, probably due to her frequent walking at her workplace.

She knocked me out of my trance when she explained, “I took the rest of the afternoon off, because I’m starting my two-week vacation today.”

She generally tells me of any of her planned breaks so I was surprised, although she had taken them before on a whim to relax after a strenuous work-related project.

Expanding on her reason, she addressed my aunt, “Brenda, if it’s not too much trouble, could I borrow my son for the next few weeks? Since I have it off, I thought it’d be a good opportunity to finish a few projects around the house and do some activities together before he heads off to college in the fall.”

My heart sunk with the realization that my daily fucking was coming to an end or at least delayed until Mom returned to work. Aunt Brenda quickly responded, “Sure, Bev. He’s almost done with the list. Mikey’s been such a good worker this last week. I don’t know what I would’ve done without his help.”

My gaze focused on Mom’s legs and I mentally stroked them as I had my aunt’s. Aunt Brenda stood to the side of me away from Mom, able to witness my stiff prick tenting my shorts. During her conversation with my mother, she shot me a knowing smirk.

Brenda concluded, “After we wrap up a couple of items, I’ll feed him while washing his clothes. I’ll send him back to you as soon as I can.”

“Excellent,” Mom replied. “See you later, Mike.” When she turned and walked toward the gate, my eyes focused on the backs of her fine legs and bouncing ass. After she left, my aunt held out her hand, motioning me to rise. Once I was up, she led me into the house.

Once inside, she turned and smiled as if she knew a secret. Grabbing my waistband, she yanked my shorts down. Kneeling, she clutched my hard prick with one hand and held it like a microphone a few inches from her mouth. As if talking to my cock she announced, “I don’t know if it was me or your mother that got you in this condition, but I’m going to reap the rewards.”

She wrapped her lips around my hard prick and tongued my sensitive head. The sensation was unbelievable. I felt shivers run up and down my spine and began panting, gasping for breath. She grabbed my balls with one hand and massaged my nuts. She fucked me with her sucking mouth, rapidly going up and down on my shaft. Her teeth lightly scraped the sides of my steel-hard prick, while swirling her tongue around the head when she could. She backed her mouth off to hold my helmeted head, and swirled her tongue all around the rim, driving me crazy. With her other hand, she tightly gripped my length and stroked it as fast and hard as she could.

I screamed with passion, shrieking, “Wow, Auntie! You suck cock like a pro. I can’t believe how good it feels. I feel my cum boiling!”

I thought I could hold out longer, but the moment I thought back to Mom’s long, shapely legs, I erupted in my aunt’s mouth. She swallowed it down, not missing a drop. She milked my cock until my balls were completely drained. Releasing me, she stood, pulling my shorts up as she went. She wrapped her arms around me and French kissed me. The faint taste of salty cum lingered in her mouth, but I knew she had devoured most of it. She panted heavily as if she was the one who had orgasmed.

After a few minutes, she stepped back, still smiling and looking the happiest I’d ever seen her. “I hope that holds you off until we can do a proper send-off. Let’s eat, shower and make love before I turn you over to your hot mother.” Her sexy smirk led me to believe she was holding something back.

She hastily prepared a snack, wanting to get to the main event as soon as possible. We ate and talked about the few jobs that were left on the list. When finished, I chucked my clothes in the washer before taking my shower. After I dried off, I joined my aunt, sitting on the couch in the living room.

I sat beside her while we talked and watched a sitcom. I felt some stirrings again, from sitting near my hot aunt. I leaned over and kissed her, reached in her robe, and cupped her meaty breast. We kissed several times and when I thought we might end up fucking right on the couch, the washing machine buzzer interrupted us.

When my aunt rose to transfer the clothes to the dryer, she turned and asked, “Mikey, would you do me a big favor? Could we re-enact the first time we made love, the time you gave me a long massage and fucked my brains out? That was a memory I’ll savor for a long time and I’d like to repeat it. Let me stick the clothes in the dryer and I’ll meet you in my room.”

“You bet, Auntie. That was the best chore on your list,” I laughingly jested. She left and I waited a few minutes before leaving for my aunt’s room for our parting fuck. I opened her door to find her lying in bed, like before.

“Hey, I bet you could use a good massage from your nephew,” I stated, starting the re-enactment, not exactly a repeat of our earlier performance but close enough.

“Oh yes, I need a pair of strong hands to loosen me up. Come up here and get to work!”

I positioned myself as before and began a slow sensual massage of her shoulders and back. I kept moving the sheet down as before. After I got it down to the top of her ass, I stroked up and down her smooth back, but this time I ran my hands along her full breasts on either side. She groaned in pleasure and every third or fourth time my hands traveled underneath her breasts and scraped her nipples along the way. She shook each time I’d rub her sensitive nipples.

She giggled and teased, “Mikey, I don’t remember giving you permission to grope my breasts during my massage. I think you’re being bad. I sure don’t remember you taking this much privilege during our first time.”

“I know, Auntie. I’m replaying it the way I wanted to do it the first time. Let me show you how a caring nephew should treat his Aunt.”

On that note, I reached under and captured each nipple. Twisting them resulted in a sharp intake of breath from her along with heavy panting. Releasing her tits, I proceeded down to her ass, moving the sheet below her cheeks. I squeezed and mauled her buns before moving the sheet down to her ankles. I removed my robe, grabbed her firm thighs and began a deep massage. Instead of waiting for her to raise her pelvis to flash her cunt as before, I captured her upper thighs with both hands. Lifting her ass, I exposed her leaking, excited pussy.

“Oh my, another deviation, Mikey? Is this the way you thought it should have happened?” my aunt playfully cried out.

“Damn straight. I remember at this point I kissed you on the lips and you fell limp. Let me try a different set of lips this time.”

I lowered my mouth and mashed it against her pussy lips, running my tongue up and down her fat labia, causing her to yelp out.

“Oh, Mikey. That feels so good,” she screamed. “Suck my pussy. Your tongue is amazing!”

I ravaged her pussy with my mouth, pushing my tongue in as far as I could. She leaked profusely as I sucked her pussy, drinking in her sweet nectar. I used my tongue to explore her gash, seeking her sensitive nub. Once found, I encircled it with my lips causing her pelvis to push back. I ran my hand up her smooth thighs and jammed three fingers deep in her pussy, moving them in and out. I put pressure on her walls as my coated fingers stroked in and out of her hot pussy.

“Damn, you’re the best cunt sucker ever!” she exclaimed, her voice laced with lust. “I’m almost there. A little more and I’m over the edge. Fuck me, baby!”

I removed my fingers from her sloppy pussy and released my lips from her engorged clit. I heard her moan in frustration as she moved her hips back and forth attempting to find something to jam in her boiling snatch.

I positioned myself behind her and rammed my stiff prick down to the root. I had no problem sliding in as her sodden pussy was soaked with her juices. Her cunt convulsed within a couple of strokes, releasing more sex fluids. I continued pounding her when suddenly, her walls spasmed as a loud shriek emanated from deep within her.

“Fuck! I’m cumming on my nephew’s cock and it feels so good. Oh damn, I’m cumming so hard!” she wailed with wanton lust.

After several climaxes, she quieted down and relaxed. My prick, still hard as granite, remained buried as I savored the feel of her snug, silky pussy. Not willing to wait any longer, I stroked in and out of her again.

Coming to her senses, she quietly whispered, “Mikey, I love your cock but I want you to pull out now. I want to turn over so you can fuck me like we did the first time. I want our last time together face-to-face so I can kiss you when your cock fills me with sperm. I want to cherish this moment forever.”

As soon as I withdrew, she flipped over and moved her legs outward, spreading them wide. I remained above her, taking in her beauty. Her full round tits proudly stood upright, capped with her stiff nipples, erect and hard. She reached down and grasped each of her pussy lips with her fingers and pulled them to the sides to display her wet, soaking pussy. The look on her face was definitely a fuck-me face and I was only too happy to oblige my sex-starved aunt.

I moved closer, bent down, and locked a nipple in my mouth while squeezing and groping both of her full breasts. Her breathing rate accelerated and I knew I could quickly bring her back up by chewing on her blood-engorged nipples. I switched back and forth as her body squirmed. She humped her pelvis up and down as if she were latched onto a cock. Her hands ran up and down my back, going down to my ass in a vain attempt to pull me into her.

When she groaned and hoarsely panted, I released her nipple, moved upward, and locked my lips onto hers. There was no fake coma pretense this time. Her body writhed as she jammed her tongue into my mouth. I reached down and inserted my cockhead past her entrance. Her pussy lips clamped on and she frantically humped, trying to pull in the prick she craved. I gripped her shoulders and held her while I thrust as hard as I could, sinking deeply into her pussy. This caused her to exhale all the air out of her lungs as if making room for my big cock.

Her pussy, snug and smooth as before, hungrily gobbled up my cock. I was amazed at how many times she could cum. My thoughts strayed as to whether my mother would be the same. My prick became harder, thinking about Mom, causing me to pound my aunt as if I were fucking my

mother. My long, powerful strokes bottomed out each time as I pummeled her clasping cunt. Our kissing paused, only so we could catch our breath during the frantic fucking.

“Your prick is making me go mad,” she croaked, “I’m going to miss this so much. Fill my cunt, my horny nephew! Fuck your aunt extra good as I’m going to give you a special gift.”

Pumping in and out of her oily cunt, I uttered, “You’ve given me the best gift of all. I don’t want anything else.” For emphasis, I kissed her again and thrust extra hard.

She suspended our kiss, continuing, “I want you to have this. It’s going to make me happy so I know you’ll do it. I’m going to set you up with someone you love. Sex is so much better with a woman you love.”

“You’re the only one I need or want to fuck. You’re the absolute greatest,” I gushed, increasing my pace. I mentally cycled through all the girls that helped her at the church, trying to figure out who she was talking about. When I came up with nothing, I resumed pumping in and out of her as fast as I could. Nearing the onset of my orgasm, I lowered my hands to her breasts, encircling her nipples, squeezing and pinching them.

“Baby, you know what that does to me,” she gushed. “I’m ready to cum. Fuck me hard, Mikey! Fuck me like you’d fuck the person you love. Fuck me as hard as you’ve fantasized about fucking your mother!”

“My mother? Damn, could she read my mind?” I asked myself. I didn’t think my prick could become any harder but the mental images of Mom and me fucking caused it to increase in size and leak more pre-cum. She felt it too, experiencing mini-orgasms and shaking beneath me.

She whispered in my ear. “Call me what you’d call the one you love. Call me Mom! Tell me what you’d like to do to your mother. Please, baby. Act like I’m your hot mother you’re fucking!”

I was delirious by this time and didn’t hesitate, yelling, “I’m fucking you, Mom—with my big prick. This is what I’ve wanted to do for so long. I’m fucking my mom and she’s loving it. Cum on your son’s prick!”

That did it for her. Her pussy released all her juices as her walls clamped down on my prick, signaling her first climax. She yelled, “Oh, Mikey. Cum in your mother. Fuck me as you’ve always wanted. Jam your hard prick into the hole you came out of. Cum in me, Motherfucker!”.

She locked her mouth on mine and my balls exploded, sending up a huge deposit of sperm, flooding her as she experienced a major orgasm. I pushed in again and another huge pile of baby-batter spat out and bathed her. She convulsed again on my jerking, squirting prick. I released three more payloads of cum in her, before my balls ran dry.

Finally, I pulled my softening, spent prick out of her shivering snatch and collapsed beside her. We were both exhausted and out of breath.

“Well, it looks like someone has some Mommy issues they haven’t dealt with,” she remarked, laughing while caressing my chest.

I replied, “It looks like you also have some issues and you don’t have any kids. Was that a ploy to make me hotter? If it was, it sure worked. I’ve never enjoyed such great sex.”

“No, I meant it. I’m going to set you up with my sister, your mother. Mother-son sex turns me on so much and I think it’d do you both some good. She has been without real sex for so long; she deserves to be happy.”

I wasn’t sure how this was going to be remotely possible so we talked about it while recovering from our intimate coupling. Doubting her confidence, I argued, “I don’t know, Auntie. I know we love each other, but we’ve never been physical. We don’t hug or kiss so it’d be a stretch that she’d want to take it further.”

“Leave it to your auntie,” she consoled me. “I have a plan that will work and if it doesn’t, I’ll always be here to help relieve you.”

As if to seal the deal, she leaned over and kissed me while caressing my chest and stomach. She pledged, “I’ll have you fucking your mother in a week. Don’t worry about anything. Right now though, you need to dress and return home to your future lover.”

While I was getting ready, she provided a rough outline of what I had to tell my mother to initiate her seduction. “I’m not saying much more than I’ve given you, so your actions won’t appear to be rehearsed when it unfolds,” she explained.

“I understand. I really enjoyed spending the week with you, Auntie. Regardless of how things turn out, I’ll remember our time together forever.” I smiled warmly, feeling a mix of love and longing to continue our illicit affair. I tenderly kissed her goodbye and headed home.

Chapter 2

As I entered our house, the comforting aroma of freshly baked cookies greeted me. I found Mom resting on the couch, engrossed in a novel, her expression serene. A plate of chocolate-chip cookies sat on the coffee table beside two glasses of milk, tempting me with their deliciousness.

After tossing my gym shorts into my room, I headed back to the living room and joined her, eager to share the day’s events. Picking up one of the cookies, I took a bite, savoring the warm, gooey chocolate before taking a gulp of milk. “Thanks, Mom. Very thoughtful of you to have my favorite treat waiting for me after a hard week’s work,” I remarked, grinning at my veiled comment.

“It’s the least I could do for looking after my sister. She’s the happiest I’ve seen her in years. Hopefully, she’ll hire you in the future for other projects,” she said, her tone sincere and hopeful.

“Me too, Mom. It was fun working with her,” I replied, chuckling to myself, knowing that my aunt’s turnaround resulted from my prick feeding her hungry pussy.

After describing all of the garden tasks I had finished during the week, Mom asked, “How much money did you make?”

“She paid me a thousand, the same as her gardener would have charged,” I replied.

“Fantastic!” she exclaimed. “It seems like a lot but she’s wealthy and can afford to help out her favorite nephew. As a bonus, you kept her company for a week, fulfilling my wish.”

Figuring the timing was good, I began the first part of the plan as instructed by my aunt.

“The money is a nice amount, but not enough to enable me to go to the local college where I’d rather attend. Even with living and eating at home, I fall short as the tuition is so high. When I discussed this with Aunt Brenda, she mentioned that a pilot program is available at her church that awards a five thousand dollar scholarship for eligible college students.”

Her excitement was palpable as she replied, “That sounds perfect. You should apply. How much time does it take and what does it involve?”

“That’s the problem, Mom. It’s only a week long, a few hours a day, but it requires your participation.”

Her elated mood drifted away once she heard the qualifications. “You know I don’t like all that church stuff. Prayers and singing—that isn’t for me. Isn’t there a way for you to do it without involving me?”

“I didn’t think you’d like it,” I replied, disheartened. “I told Aunt Brenda you probably wouldn’t agree. It’s not a big deal anyway, Mom. I’m not even sure we’d qualify. Maybe it’s for the best; I can attend the other university, giving you some peace and quiet without me hanging around.”

Her expression turned genuinely sad, but she remained silent. She tilted her head in thought, as if trying to find a solution that didn’t involve the church. I hoped she’d change her mind and agree to participate, but she didn’t. We talked about other matters before retiring to our rooms for the night.

I didn’t sleep much that night, knowing I wasn’t going to be with my aunt for another two weeks, plus, I had blown the first part of my aunt’s plan to seduce my mother. I finally fell asleep and when I woke up, I sauntered into the kitchen to find Mom preparing us a hearty breakfast. She smiled and appeared to be overly cheerful, probably due to starting her two-week vacation.

“Mike, I’ve been thinking about your college of choice and my sister’s suggestion. I don’t think it’d hurt for us to meet with her and discuss it. Maybe we can arrange it so you could go through whatever requirements they have to get a partial scholarship. It won’t hurt to ask.”

“Great, Mom. I’ll leave it to you to call her and set up a time. I’m not sure what her schedule is today,” I told her, knowing my aunt was probably sitting by the phone, anxiously waiting for a call. I was more than surprised that I had successfully pulled off my part of the plan. The rest would be up to my aunt.

We ate breakfast before Mom called Aunt Brenda. She agreed to meet with us after lunch. That gave us a few hours to work on Mom’s project list. At the appointed time, Mom suggested we dress up, since it was for a church activity. I suited up in my business casual pants and a nice shirt, before joining my mom to walk to my aunt’s place. She wore the same skirt when she entered the garden the previous day. Her blouse wasn’t tight but I detected she wore a bra, as usual.

When we arrived, my aunt greeted us, dressed conservatively. I had to laugh under my breath, knowing how slutty she could be. My mother and aunt hugged as usual and kissed each other on the cheek. My aunt said hello to me, without hugging or getting too close to me, probably worried I might instinctively grab her breasts or ass.

Brenda arranged two chairs in a line, facing a third chair where she sat, creating an easy conversational setup. After taking our seats, she began her spiel. “I’m thrilled to share news about this program offered by the church. There are only three pilot programs in the US, and I was fortunate enough to secure one. It only requires an hour a day and will likely take only a week for both of you to complete. I wanted to assist Mikey with his education, so I fought hard for it.”

My mother expressed the same look as when a salesman tried to sell her something. She soon replied with the same concerns she had given me. “Sis, I appreciate how you were thinking of Mike’s education, but you know I don’t attend church and certainly wouldn’t enjoy participating in the typical activities. Can’t you claim we went through the program or just use Mike and leave me out of it?”

Aunt Brenda quickly refuted Mom’s assumptions, “I know you don’t like that sort of stuff, Bev, but this is different. This isn’t a strict religious program. It concentrates on the core principles of the situation and doesn’t involve the normal church protocols. You two will only meet with me each day and I promise I’m not going to make you pray or do any of the things you’d do at church. I have a specific checklist, designed by a team of researchers so it’s scientific in that respect. If at any time, you feel it’s not for you, you can quit.”

Mom’s demeanor brightened as she absorbed my aunt’s informative description. Gratefully, she responded, “That doesn’t sound too bad. I planned to do some fun things with Mike during my vacation. Let me know what we’ll be doing and when we can start.”

Brenda, anxious to recite her rehearsed story, elated, “Excellent, Bev! The church feels family relationships have deteriorated for the last few years and has funded a lot of research on some of the core problems. What they’ve discovered is that mother-daughter relationships are solid and long-lasting. On the other hand, they’ve found that mother-son relationships don’t last much beyond when the son turns twenty or so. Their research found that sons do not bond as well as

daughters and as a result, sons split apart from their mothers, resulting in a weaker family unit. They also discovered that this behavior is carried into the son's future family, making it weaker as well. So the program solely focuses on strengthening the mother-son bond."

Mom's brows furrowed as she replied, "That doesn't apply to Mike and me. We enjoy a wonderful relationship. In fact, I think we're stronger than most because it's just been the two of us, growing up together and overcoming the odds. I don't see how we'd fit into this program."

Brenda, ready with a prepared response, answered, "You and Mikey do get along well, but both of you subconsciously build barriers that you don't know exist. This is natural because of the male-female relationship. In order to keep sexual tensions at bay, couples will erect defenses to keep the other person distant."

Mom quickly rebutted, "That sounds like nonsense. I definitely don't have any sexual feelings toward Mike and there is no reason to put up any so-called defenses. As I previously stated, we have a very healthy relationship."

Brenda reached over and grabbed Mom's hands in hers and explained, "Remember when you came in today and we hugged and kissed each other's cheeks? Let me demonstrate something." She reached over and grabbed my hand and placed it on Mom's arm, guiding it up and down.

Goosebumps instantly popped up on Mom's arm, demonstrating the effect of my touch. Aunt Brenda commented, "See, this happened because you two rarely touch, not because you don't love each other, but because of unconscious sexual posturing. When was the last time Mikey kissed you on the cheek, as we did? It's a fact that sons and mothers have a more stressed relationship. This program is designed to separate the sexual aspect out of the relationship by desensitizing each other."

Mom pulled her arm away from my hand as if it was burning and from her facial expression, it appeared she accepted some of the fabricated nonsense my aunt had spun. Mom surprised me when she remarked, "I guess I can see your point. We rarely touch. I haven't thought much about it, because I've been too busy raising Mike to notice. Now that you've brought it to my attention, I'm concerned that I might have inadvertently harmed our relationship. When can we begin?"

My smiling aunt happily replied, "Right away. We might as well start today. The guidelines are simple. I go through my list to help each of you desensitize. We don't expect an instantaneous result. I'll show you the method for each step and then both of you will have to practice and continue at home. The following day I'll meet with each of you privately for a few minutes to check on your progress. The pace will be determined on how fast you successfully complete each point."

Mom appeared eager to progress through the checklist, and speed things up. Turning to Auntie, she urged, "Okay, let's get this show on the road."

Brenda grinned widely and instructed, “Mikey, while holding one of her hands, use your free hand to stroke her arm. Every so often, squeeze her muscles, while maintaining as much physical contact as possible.”

Gripping Mom’s right hand with my left one, I moved my right one up and down her arm, underneath the loose sleeves of her blouse. Squeezing her upper arm, I moved back down. Goosebumps popped up at first but disappeared after the third or fourth stroke. Emboldened, I ventured higher and lightly ran my fingers near her armpit and tickled her, which caused her to squirm and giggle.

When it was Mom’s turn, Brenda repeated her instructions. Mom’s soft hand sent shivers down my spine as she caressed me. She finished and pulled her hands away, awaiting further instructions from my aunt.

“Stand and face each other,” Auntie ordered. “One of the most important ways two people can express their love is through a hug. Please, do it now.”

Although we hadn’t held each other for a long time, she embraced me tightly, ensuring we passed the checklist without dwelling on it for too long. Her breasts pushed into my chest, resulting in my prick hardening.

After a few moments, enjoying the warmth of our bodies smashed together, Aunt Brenda whispered, “Kiss each other on the neck. Skin is very sensitive and studies have shown lips pressed against a sensitive area can accelerate the process.”

Without waiting for Mom to proceed. I kissed her neck, opening my mouth and grabbing a chunk of her firm flesh with my lips. I could smell the scent of her perfume and shampoo as I nibbled on her neck. After I released my mouth, Mom kissed me in the same manner. I was surprised when she also opened her lips and lightly sucked my flesh. All too soon, she backed off as we separated from our hug.

“Excellent!” Aunt Brenda proclaimed. “You’re progressing very fast. At this pace, you’ll be done before the end of the week. We’re finished for today, but remember what I explained to you before. You have to practice these procedures at home until I feel you’re comfortable enough with each other to continue. Let’s meet here at three, tomorrow.”

Mom and Brenda conversed for a few minutes, before bidding each other goodbye. Mom held my hand and led me outside to return home. She continued to clasp my hand while we walked the short distance. Once we made it through the front door, she explained her unusual display of affection, “Mike, we need to comply with her wishes. We have to go through this as fast as possible. Holding hands with your mother didn’t kill you, did it?”

I cheerfully responded, “No, Mom. It was nice. I’ll do whatever it takes to earn this scholarship. I’d much rather attend the local college than the one on the other side of the state.” I hugged her and kissed her neck as soon as we embraced. I think it took her by surprise, but she didn’t back off and returned the kiss on my neck. I couldn’t believe how well my aunt’s plan worked.

For the rest of the day, we worked on our project list, taking time to touch and rub each other's arms whenever we could, along with hugging several times. After our showers, we watched TV in our robes. When it was time to retire to our rooms, we embraced each other and unbelievably, Mom still wore a bra. My thoughts rang loudly, "Does this woman ever let them go natural?"

The next day, we continued working around the house, until it was time to meet with my aunt.

The first order of business was for Mom and me to demonstrate our progress by having us stroke each other's arms. "Very natural looking," Brenda complimented us. "It's apparent that you've been practicing and have become comfortable with each other. From now on, I'll need to meet each of you privately before we begin. Afterward, the rest of the procedures will be conducted in my master bedroom. It's larger than the other rooms and it'll offer privacy, in case a nosey neighbor or church administrator drops in unannounced. Follow me and I'll assign your room to you."

She showed Mom one of the spare bedrooms and directed me to another. Once my aunt and I were alone, she asked, "How'd it go last night and today before you arrived here?"

I related, "We touched and hugged several times, although, much to my dismay, Mom wore a bra under her robe after she showered."

She listened intently while I described our activities, nodding with approval until I had finished. "Sounds like everything's proceeding nicely. It'll be interesting to hear her side of the story," she remarked. Glancing at the clock, she noted, "It's time for me to meet with her. Remove your clothes, slip on the robe I placed on the bed, and meet us in my master bedroom."

I did as she asked and had only waited for five minutes when they strode in, Mom wearing the same type of robe as mine. Two chairs were placed facing each other. We sat down and my aunt wasted no time in explaining, "Lift your mother's foot, massage it and then slide your hand up to her knee. After that, repeat with her other leg.". Grasping Mom's foot, I rubbed her soles and massaged each toe individually for several minutes before my hand slowly slid up her smooth calf. When I reached her knee, my fingers slid underneath to the soft flesh under her knee. Slowly descending down her lower leg, I released her and repeated with her other one. In total, it only took ten minutes but it was the highlight of my day.

After I finished, Mom picked up my leg and repeated my actions, not waiting for my aunt to instruct her. Her sinewy fingers glided up and down my legs, opening and closing around my leg hair, playfully tugging on it. When she had completed the procedure, she lowered my leg to the floor and patted me on the knees.

Aunt Brenda stepped up the game, saying, "Mikey, stroke your mother's leg from her knee and move upward, halfway up her thigh. Go underneath her robe, but don't push up the material."

Placing both hands on her left knee, I ran my hands across her thigh, tightly holding and squeezing her firm, smooth flesh. My earlier comparison was right. Her thighs were leaner than my aunt's. Four inches past her knee, Mom gasped as if a jolt of electricity struck her. I stopped but didn't release her.

Aunt Brenda noticed Mom's reaction and consoled her, "Don't worry, Bev. It's a natural reaction. Remember, it's skin, exactly the same as on your arm. There's nothing special about it. You haven't been touched there for a while so it's overly sensitive. That's the whole point of this procedure, to desensitize your skin. Try to relax and it'll soon be the same as when you rubbed each other's arms."

Mom nodded in agreement and I continued to squeeze and progress up her thigh. I explored higher than my aunt instructed but stopped three or four inches away from her crotch. I repeated on her other thigh and once again, she sucked in her breath when I caressed her sensitive flesh.

After I removed my hands, Mom repeated my actions. I quickly learned why she sucked in her breath. It was stimulating having someone stroke and squeeze your thigh. Her delicate fingers felt so good massaging my legs and as usual, I was hard most of the time. Fortunately, the robe covered any evidence of my excitement.

When Mom finished, Brenda explained, "It may be difficult to practice this procedure when you're home unless both of you wear shorts. If you don't feel comfortable with that, we can spend more time here, desensitizing your legs. In any case, it's time we move on. Please stand and hug each other."

As soon as we stood, Mom pulled me tightly to her body. I knew right away she was braless as I could feel her squishy breasts flatten out on my chest, even though there were two layers of cloth between us.

After a few minutes of bonding, Aunt Brenda ordered, "Kiss her neck as before and while maintaining lip contact, move to her cheek."

Gladly obeying her instructions, I lightly sucked Mom's neck flesh, sliding my lips to the side of her face. When it was Mom's turn, she replicated my actions. We had progressed so well, I figured it was over for the day, but my aunt sprung an additional surprise on us.

Continuing our lesson, she explained, "Lips are very sensitive and it's necessary to begin working on desensitizing them. Please kiss each other, pressing your lips together."

Mom immediately retorted, "You want me to kiss my son—on the lips? Don't you think that's a little over the top?"

My aunt quickly replied, "Don't associate it with a kiss. It's a form of skin contact and shouldn't be considered as sexual. That's what we're trying to remove from the relationship. It's not that uncommon for families to kiss each other on the lips."

Mom's expression softened, apparently convinced of the explanation. When she moved her head toward mine, I wasted no time in planting my mouth on hers so she wouldn't have the chance to back out. Mashing our lips together for the first time had an immediate effect on my overzealous prick. We remained that way for several minutes before Mom backed off. She didn't look unhappy; in fact, I thought I detected a smile and a sign of lust in her eyes I hadn't seen before.

Once done, my aunt directed, "That's it for today. We're really moving along swiftly. Return to your rooms and change."

After we left my aunt's house, Mom intertwined her arm with mine, holding my hand tightly as we walked home. Her cheerful, elated attitude made for a lively and spirited conversation during our return journey.

Once inside, Mom suggested we wear shorts and continue with our assigned homework. I slipped on the same silk gym shorts I had worn at my aunt's. She emerged from her bedroom, wearing shorts that I hadn't seen her ever wear. Her brief attire displayed her sexy curves that weren't evident before, and I found myself craving to stroke her luscious flesh.

We finished some more items on Mom's project list, gently touching each other's legs and arms whenever we were near each other. I was careful not to go too high on her thigh so as not to scare her off. After a while, she suggested we take a break in the living room and watch some TV. She brought in some drinks and sat on the couch, patting the cushion beside her, indicating where I should sit. I plopped down beside her, the sides of our bare legs touching each other.

Not five minutes had passed when Mom placed her hand on my knee nearest to her and stroked my thigh. I wasn't sure if I should wait or not, when Mom leaned over and whispered, "Go ahead, Mike. Start rubbing. We need to get this out of the way so we can finish your aunt's agenda and get you that scholarship."

I gladly reached over and slowly ran my hand up and down her thigh. When I was a couple of inches below her crotch, I lowered my hand to the underside of her thigh and slowly moved to her knee. Her warm flesh felt silky smooth as my hand slid across her leg. Every few minutes, I'd stop and lightly squeeze her firm muscles.

After a few minutes of stroking, Mom yawned, stating, "I'm exhausted. Let's hit the sack and get a good night's sleep. We have a big day tomorrow."

After we rose, she hugged me tightly, pressing her braless tits into my chest. While embracing me, Mom brought her face to mine and kissed me. She wasn't as motionless this time and shifted her moist lips around mine, making it a more loving, tender kiss. When finished, we departed for our rooms.

The next day, we toiled in the garden and when it was time to leave for our meeting with Aunt Brenda, Mom decided we should change to more appropriate clothing so our conservative

neighbors wouldn't be alarmed seeing us. I threw on some pants and Mom wore a conservative dress. We walked to my aunt's and after the usual chit-chat between sisters, we were instructed to head to our rooms and change into our robes.

When Aunt Brenda met with me for our private meeting, I anxiously told her, "I think we're making good progress—Mom isn't wearing a bra anymore."

She smiled and replied, "I confided to her yesterday that it made you uncomfortable, feeling her bra press into you, inadvertently exciting you. I can't believe it was that easy to convince her. Hopefully, we can progress further, now that she's broken one of her own barriers."

When we joined Mom in the master bedroom, she and I hugged and lightly kissed before we sat on our chairs and demonstrated how we could stroke each other's legs, showing no uneasiness.

Satisfied with our progress, my aunt ordered, "Stand and face each other. You'll find a sleep mask in your robe pocket. Pull it out and slip it on."

Both of us must have looked puzzled, so my aunt continued, "The blindfolds are to prevent visual stimulation for the next steps. It's easier to desensitize skin contact if you aren't visually stimulated at the same time. You'll see what I mean in a few minutes."

The masks were crafted from soft cloth, making them quite comfortable to wear. Brenda continued, "Okay, both of you are blindfolded. Don't be alarmed, but I have to remove your robes for the next step." When I heard her disrobe Mom, I shrugged mine off to save time. Brenda gripped my hands and directed them on the sides of Mom's waist.

Mom sucked in a sharp breath from my touch. She quipped, "Wow, you need to raise the temperature in this room or warm his hands up." Our giggling filled the room as I squeezed her waist, feeling it jiggle with her laughter.

Aunt Brenda instructed, "Run your hands to her back and stroke up and down."

My hands immediately glided up her bare flesh. As my arms ventured along her spine, I wondered how close my chest was to her jutting, bare breasts.

After several cycles of stroking, Brenda directed, "That's enough. Now move to her stomach, caressing her skin in circles, widening until you reach the bottom of her ribcage."

My hands landed on her flat, tight stomach, and traveled upward. My fingers traced around her shapely figure that I had only fantasized about before. Her stomach heaved in and out from my touch and all too soon, I had reached my destination—her ribs.

After I pulled my hands away, Brenda guided Mom's hands to my waist. Mom repeated my actions and I noticed her hands were not as cold as mine had been, but were hot and felt electrifying as she explored my back. She moved to the front and ended by holding my waist and playfully squeezed me lightly.

Brenda congratulated us, "Excellent job. That concludes this part. I'll help you put on your robes and let you know when you can remove your blindfolds."

After assisting us in dressing, she announced, "Ready."

Seeing Mom's flushed, pink face, I wondered if it was from our contact or the fact that her bare breasts were exposed to her sister. Sensing the end of our session, we hugged each other.

We lightly kissed and when finished, I could see the embers of lust burning in Mom's eyes that I had observed the previous day. Aunt Brenda extended our session, stating "Kiss each other but open your mouths this time and run your tongue across each other's lips. The tongue is one of the most sensitive organs."

Thinking Mom would argue, she surprised me when she wrapped her arms around me and planted her mouth on mine. We attempted to follow Brenda's instructions but our tongues kept colliding, which woke up my prick. After several minutes of essentially French kissing my beautiful mother, we broke apart. Our eyes maintained contact, silently communicating our love for each other. It was impossible for me to conceal the profound love I held for my mother.

"Congratulations on your progression. I think we've done enough for this session," Aunt Brenda stated.

"No, I disagree," Mom retorted. "I think we should continue so we can finish the process faster."

Brenda paused, tilted her head to the side, as if contemplating, and relented, "Okay, but you'll need to disrobe as before."

"That won't be necessary," Mom argued. "Once the blindfolds are on, we can reach into our robes."

Brenda agreed and after our eyes were covered, Brenda placed Mom's hands onto my waist. Mom immediately caressed my back and when she progressed to my front, Brenda guided Mom's hands up my chest to my shoulders and back down, brushing across my nipples along the way.

Her smooth hands barely touched my skin as if it was hot to the touch. When finished, Brenda directed my hands onto Mom's waist. I immediately explored up and down her back, desiring to quickly finish so I could move to her front.

My breath came in quick, almost panting, as I anticipated holding my mother's breasts for the first time. I slid my hands to her stomach, concentrating on her smooth midriff before slowly rising upward, toward her heaving chest.

All at once, Mom exclaimed, "Stop!"

I froze, not knowing what was wrong. She sternly stated, “We’ve gone far enough. We’re done here.”

She backed off and I could hear her robe closing. I’m sure my aunt was taken aback from this development. I pulled my robe together and noticed Mom already had her blindfold off when I removed mine. She looked perturbed as she ordered, “I’m going to my room. Michael, get dressed and meet me at the door.” She turned and left.

My look of disappointment was apparent, not only because I didn’t get to feel my mom’s breasts, but I was afraid our relationship had deteriorated beyond repair.

My aunt interrupted my thoughts, reassuring me, “Don’t worry, Mikey. She’ll be fine.”

I didn’t share her assessment and exuded, “I think we may have blown it by advancing too fast.”

“I don’t think so,” she refuted. “For the last few years, I’ve noticed the way she looks at you and her tone when discussing you. I’m convinced that she’s deeply in love with you. If anything, she doesn’t want me to interfere with her own seduction of you.”

That scenario never occurred to me. “Could Mom have ideas to seduce me?” I thought to myself. My mood improved, hopeful of Brenda’s suggestion.

After a moment to think of how to proceed, she decided to salvage her plan, instructing, “I want you to refrain from touching or kissing your mother at home. Act depressed and avoid joining her in daily activities. She has to think that her actions are damaging your relationship with her.”

When I nodded, affirming her directions, she reached into my robe, firmly clamped onto my hard prick, jacked it up and down, and murmured, “Don’t worry, we’ll still have this in your mother within a week. Get dressed and meet your mother before she becomes suspicious.”

I joined Mom at the door and held her hand so she wouldn’t have the chance to interlace her arm with mine. Surprisingly, Mom was friendly with my aunt as we departed, showing no indication that anything was amiss. Despite this, I couldn’t shake my concern about Mom’s earlier reaction, so I cautiously brought up the subject during our walk home.

“Mom, I’m really sorry if I did something to upset you. You know I’d never do anything to harm you.”

She assured me, “No. It was nothing you did. I just think the program was becoming too aggressive and it became uncomfortable for me. It was time to stop.”

We arrived home and disappeared into our rooms. When I emerged, I noticed that Mom had changed into shorts while I had left my jeans on. I guess she wanted to continue where we left off, but I stuck with my aunt’s instructions and refrained from getting close enough for casual touching and eventually told her I needed to retire to my room. She stepped closer for a hug and

a kiss, but I turned and walked to my room before she could reach me. The look of disappointment displayed on her face tugged at my heart strings.

The next morning, she greeted me, once again adorned in shorts. She wouldn't let me escape this time and hugged me. My arms hung loosely, not wanting to embrace her. After a few seconds, I pulled back, before she could kiss me.

Remaining her cheerful self, Mom chirped, "What do you want to do today, Mike? It looks like it's going to be a beautiful day. Maybe we can take a walk."

Needing an excuse to distance myself from her, I sorrowfully replied, "Sorry, Mom. I don't have time today. I have to visit the library to research more scholarship opportunities for State College. Without the church funding me, I won't be able to afford the local university."

A look of sadness and understanding swept over her as she professed, "Oh, dear. I forgot that once we quit the program, you wouldn't receive your scholarship. I screwed that up. I'm so sorry."

"That's fine, Mom. I don't want to continue if it makes you uncomfortable. I'll be fine at State and I'll still be able to come home once or twice a year. I need to leave now. See you later."

I turned and left but not before I saw the turmoil going through her. If she had any plans to seduce me, that chance was gone, and she worried she had irreparably damaged our relationship.

I hung around with friends most of the day and texted Mom a message saying, "Mom, I'll be home later than planned as it's taking longer than I thought." I closed my phone and pocketed it without waiting for a reply.

Upon my late arrival, Mom confronted me, visibly upset. "Do you have a problem with me?" she asked, hands on her hips—a clear sign of her disapproval. "It appears that you're doing everything you can to avoid me, and I'm worried that you're upset with me."

"No, Mom. Not at all," I replied, "I have a lot on my mind and before we left yesterday, Aunt Brenda sternly told me that I needed to revert back to our previous level of affection."

Mom exclaimed, "She said that? Well, I'm going to have a talk with her—right now. Get a good night's sleep and we'll talk in the morning."

I dashed to my room but left the door cracked open so I could hear Mom talking to my aunt over the phone. Her tone was stern, but not angry, when Mom questioned my aunt about what she told me. As I closed my door, I heard Mom say, "We'll be there early tomorrow. We're not done talking yet."

Mom wore her dress the next morning and as we ate breakfast, she stated, "We're meeting with Brenda after we've finished eating and have the kitchen cleaned up."

While we talked over breakfast, Mom's improved mood was evident. After helping her clear the dishes, we walked the short distance to my aunt's house.

After their usual greeting, Mom didn't beat around the bush, asking, "Why did you tell Mike to distance himself from me? Are you upset about us quitting and in some way trying to punish me?"

"Of course, not," Aunt Brenda retorted. "It's quite the opposite. I'm trying to protect you and prevent harm coming to one or both of you. We've found that in previous trials, when the program was halted before the natural conclusion, it can end badly. While mothers can adjust to the changes, the sons have a harder time of it. When he's not fully desensitized and his sexual stimulation is high, there's a possibility that he may end up resenting his mother."

"That kind of makes sense, Sis," Mom agreed, her tone more relaxed. "It was just so abrupt, it shocked me. It wouldn't have hurt to tell me the reason before we left. After all, it was your fault that I stopped. I didn't think it was appropriate for my son to fondle my breasts."

"That wasn't going to happen," Brenda quickly retorted. "I would've stopped him before he progressed to that point. We have strict guidelines on how much a son can intimately touch his mother. Because of problems in some of the previous trials, we've incorporated the requirement of two acts of permission from the mother, a vocal and a physical form of approval. A central rule of this program ensures that the mother is in full control and must approve of any questionable practices."

Mom bought it and her demeanor immediately softened, satisfied with the built-in safeguards. She responded, "It would have been better if you would have explained that ahead of time, but nevertheless, it sounds like my fears were unwarranted. If possible, I'd like to continue with the program, hopefully wrapping things up before next week, so we can finalize his college plans."

"Of course," Aunt Brenda replied. "I never officially canceled it. Let's begin where we left off before."

Retreating to our rooms, we changed into our robes and joined Brenda in the master bedroom.

My aunt didn't waste any time having us work on the legs or arms, proceeding directly to the blindfolds. We picked up where we left off as Mom massaged my back and stomach. On my turn, I only went up to her ribcage on the front, my aunt stopping my hands, proving to Mom how she had intended to do it the previous day.

After we closed our robes, we kissed per Brenda's instructions, sensuously swiping our lips with our tongues. Mom and I furtively progressed further, seeking each other's mouths.

When we pulled apart, Brenda explained the next phase. "I want you to kiss, but move your tongues inside each other's mouth. This will allow for both lip and tongue desensitization."

We embraced and French kissed, not needing to be sneaky anymore. Both of us breathed heavily through our noses, which I'm sure my aunt couldn't miss. After Mom and I kissed for several minutes, Brenda interrupted, "Alright, I believe that's enough for today."

Once again my mother argued, "No, I want to continue, since we lost a day."

"Very well," Brenda agreed. "After you slip on your blindfolds I'll need to remove your robes for the next step. This will be the final skin-desensitizing procedure. Follow my instructions as I talk you through it."

Once our eyes were covered and robes removed, Brenda grabbed my hard prick, stroked it several times before holding it vertically against my stomach. Her other hand landed on my back, coaxing me closer to my mother. I slowly inched forward from the pressure of her hand. I knew I was within inches of my mother from feeling the heat emanating from her body, and surprised I hadn't already touched her breasts.

Brenda eased her hand off my back, halting my movement. When she released my stiff prick, it dropped an inch, landing on Mom's soft stomach. Before Mom could object, Brenda placed her hands on both of our backs, pushing us together. We collided and I could hear my mom exhale as her bare breasts squashed against my chest.

Before either of us could say anything, Brenda explained, "This is called the body meld. It's designed to connect as much skin as possible. Wrap your arms around each other and position your legs so you get maximum contact."

We encircled each other as instructed, shifting our legs to intertwine ourselves. My hard cock pressed into her soft stomach and her large breasts completely covered my chest. I could feel her nipples becoming stiff, but not near as hard as my cock.

Mom asked, "Brenda, I thought Mike wasn't allowed to touch my breasts until I gave approval and also, I can feel his penis pressing against me. Is this really part of the program?"

"Yes, think of everything as skin to skin. He only needs permission to touch your breasts with his hands. Don't view it as an intimate act, melt into each other and feel each other's aura. The meld is essential to bonding and shouldn't be associated with sex at all."

Mom didn't argue and from the way she shifted her body, I sensed that she enjoyed the close contact. Her hug became tighter while moving her legs to increase the amount of skin touching together. When our temperatures escalated, I felt her soft breasts heaving into my chest as her hot breath washed across my neck. I embraced her tightly as we both enjoyed the skin-contacting procedure.

Her hard nipples burning into my chest, along with feeling her shapely body molded to mine, kept me rock-hard. I didn't know how much longer I could last without erupting. Thankfully, before disaster struck, Mom broke it off and backed off. The cold air rushed in, providing relief to my aching prick.

Aunt Brenda wasted no time in progressing. “Remember how I told you that this program places the mother at the core part of the project and as such, she doesn’t have the same restrictions as the son? She doesn’t need to obtain prior approval. This act will demonstrate the concept.”

I felt my aunt’s left hand grip my still-hard prick, holding it straight out. With her right hand, she guided Mom’s hand and placed it, open palmed on my ball sack. I’m not sure if it was reflex or not but Mom immediately cupped my balls and began rolling them with her fingers.

Aunt Brenda guided Mom’s other hand, placing it on my prick. There was no mistake—it wasn’t an involuntary reaction when Mom wrapped her long delicate fingers around my shaft and explored its length. After several strokes up and down my pole, she wrapped her hand around my blood-engorged head. She twisted it like she was trying to unscrew it from my shaft. I hoarsely panted and unsuccessfully tried to limit my groaning.

My bloated prick-head leaked precum, coating Mom’s hand, making it even more sensitive. When I thought I was going to spurt, Brenda pulled Mom’s hands away from my genitals.

Mom gulped a breath of air and asked, “Okay, now that we’re through that, can we continue? Like I said, I’d like to finish quickly.”

Brenda replied, “No. Mike is too stimulated to concentrate on the tasks. We’ll continue tomorrow. Since you’ve progressed so quickly, I think we can be done in two more days. Once I think you’re both comfortable with the body meld, there are only two more conditions that need to be completed.”

“Okay, you’re probably right,” Mom reluctantly agreed, probably because her hand was smeared with my precum.

Before we left, Brenda warned, “It’ll be difficult to practice the body meld at your house without supervision, so we’ll have to continue that training tomorrow when you return.”

Chapter 3

Brenda dismissed us, sending us to our rooms. After changing into our clothes, we gathered at the front door to bid Aunt Brenda farewell. This time, Mom embraced her warmly and kissed her on the cheek, her gratitude evident in the way she lingered. “Thank you, Brenda,” Mom expressed, her voice filled with genuine appreciation. “We’ve made such great progress today.”

After closing the door behind us, Mom wrapped her arm around my back, her hand firmly gripping my waist so I followed her lead. We walked home more like lovers rather than a mother and her son, ignoring her earlier concerns about the neighbors. Our discussion centered around my future plans, both of us excited about commuting together since my college would be in close proximity to her workplace. At home, she led me into my room and suggested ways of modifying it to turn it into a study room. After eating, we watched TV for a few hours. We didn’t practice any touching, but did sit together, closer than normal.

Near the end of the evening, Mom proposed, "Let's take our showers and hit the sack. It's been a long day."

As I dried off from my shower, I heard a light knock on my door, followed by Mom asking, "Mike, could you cover up and open the door?"

"Sure, Mom." I slipped on my robe and cracked the door open to see Mom standing in her robe, also fresh out of her shower.

Handing me her sleeping mask, she instructed, "Put this on. I want to practice the melding technique again so we can pass tomorrow and hopefully finish early so we can have fun doing other things for the rest of my vacation. I only have one blindfold, but I promise not to look and we'll stand close to each other so there won't be any incidents."

She inched near me and right after I slipped on my blindfold, I felt her undo my robe belt, before shoving the flaps to the sides. Evidently, she had done the same as she immediately wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into her near-naked body. My hard prick smashed against her at a sideways angle onto her stomach while my balls rubbed against her panties. Feeling her bare breasts mash against my chest, I pulled her into me tightly.

It was another exquisite moment, joined together with my beautiful mother. Her smooth and soft body sent jolts of pleasure through mine. Our breaths quickened in sync, reflecting the shared exhilaration. With our cheeks pressed together, I leaned down and pressed my open lips on her neck, gently sucking, not enough to create a hickey. She moaned and hugged me tighter. When I thought we might ignite from the intense heat, Mom backed off. I heard her pulling her robe together before she closed mine and told me it was okay to remove my blindfold.

I expected her to be blushing but she wasn't. She wore a cheerful smile, her eyes focused on mine. She ended it with, "Well, I think that should satisfy Brenda that we're ready to advance. And to think she thought we wouldn't be able to practice. While we're at it I'd like to exercise my motherly prerogative."

I wasn't sure what she meant, but soon found out as she reached into my robe and wrapped her fingers around my prick. She stroked it up and down, her eyes filling with carnal lust. When her hand reached the tip, she grabbed my head and twisted it as before.

As she slowly stroked back down, I leaned down and tenderly kissed her. It quickly progressed to an open-mouth kiss. Her hand rapidly pumped and squeezed my cock as our kiss progressed to a tongue battle. Leaking profusely, her stroking made obscene noises as her hand sloshed up and down my juicy shaft. When Mom sensed I was ready to erupt, she withdrew her hand and ended the kiss.

Giving me a light hug, she purred, "Goodnight, Mike. Pleasant dreams." From her sexy grin, she knew exactly what I'd be doing after she left.

Minutes after the door closed shut, I quickly finished what Mom had started and I wondered if she was doing the same. I slept well that night and could hardly wait to meet with Brenda the next day.

During breakfast, Mom's elated mood was evident, as she chirped, "Today's the day, Mike! Your scholarship will be more than enough for you to attend the local university. I can't wait to wrap it up and have some fun for the rest of my vacation."

"We're not done yet, Mom," I remarked, dampening her exuberance. "Aunt Brenda made you feel uncomfortable before and it's possible you might not want to finish the program if she demands something you're unwilling to do."

She reached across the table, held my hands and looked me squarely in the eyes. Her tone was sincere and deeply emotionally as she promised, "Mike, I'm willing to do anything she asks to win your scholarship. I'm fully committed and nothing will deter me at this point."

Feeling confident that Mom would obey my aunt's final step of her seduction plan, I smiled warmly and replied, "Thanks, Mom. I really appreciate you helping me out."

After finishing, we briskly walked to Aunt Brenda's, eager to complete the program. Brenda greeted us in the usual manner and I noticed her attire had changed. Instead of wearing the usual conservative dress, her shapely body was adorned with the floral patterned, mini-skirt and the open blouse she had worn during our week of fucking.

Mom eyed her from head to toe, drinking in her sister's charms. "You look absolutely stunning today, Brenda. Your outfit is quite alluring—seems a bit out of the norm for a church official," Mom remarked, raising an eyebrow.

Brenda responded with a smile, "Well, we're almost at the finish line, and I feel so much more comfortable in these clothes. Besides, I didn't want you to be the only beautiful woman Mikey is staring at in the room." They both laughed as we proceeded to our rooms to change.

As usual, Brenda waited for a bit before visiting each of us to question us. When she arrived in my room, she wanted to know everything that had happened. I told her about the body meld and afterward when Mom stroked my prick, while we French kissed.

"Marvelous," Brenda elated. "I'm a little surprised she seized the initiative to progress that far. I think we have her now. She's hooked on your prick and I think I know how we can proceed at a faster pace. This is working out so well!"

"The faster, the better," I replied, running my hand up her leg, confirming my suspicions that she wasn't wearing panties, as I squeezed her bare cunt lips.

She exclaimed, “Damn, that feels so good. I’ve missed you so much, Mikey. I wish we had more time but it’s time to join your mother.”

We met in the master bedroom and I immediately noticed the chairs were positioned on the walls, so it looked like we’d be standing for the day’s tests. First, we demonstrated how comfortable we were with French kissing. My aunt approved and instructed us to proceed with the body meld to see if we could advance to the next step. It felt wonderful to once again hold my mother’s nude body to mine. While hugging, we shifted our legs to maximize our skin contact. I held her tightly with one arm and moved my free hand up and down her back.

Much too soon, Brenda instructed, “Okay, I’m satisfied you’ve completed that task. Let’s repeat the back and midriff massage.”

I went first and when finished, Mom began. When she moved to my front, her hands traveled lower with each pass, nearing my stiff prick. Her fingers separated, exploring through my pubic hairs. I anticipated the firm grasp of my prick, when my aunt grabbed her arms and pulled her away.

“We don’t really allow that much intimate touching,” Brenda explained. “I allowed you to do it yesterday to prove the point of the mother having rights that sons don’t, but it can’t be routinely repeated.”

I couldn’t see the disappointment on Mom’s face, but I could hear it in her voice when she uttered, “Sis, I’m not sure how this is any different from the other contact we’ve done. You did say it’s just skin touching skin and it shouldn’t matter that much.”

“You’re right and I’m glad to hear you’re shifting away from the sexual innuendos and progressing toward the more mature family bonding, but you set the parameters when you wouldn’t allow your son to touch your breasts,” Brenda explained. Her plan came to light now. She was using Mom’s love of fondling my cock to advance the seduction.

There was a moment of silence, probably due to Mom thinking of a response. She softly spoke, “You’re right, it’s not that much different. I don’t see any reason why he shouldn’t be afforded the same right.”

Brenda responded excitedly, “If you feel that strongly and desire to advance, you’ll have to provide verbal and physical approval.”

Mom softly whispered, “Mike, you have my permission to touch my breasts, but please be gentle. They’re sensitive and haven’t been handled by a man for a long time. Sis, I’ve given vocal approval, how do I do the physical part?”

My aunt didn’t answer but grasped my mom’s hands and placed them on the backs of mine. Moving them to Mom’s bare waist, she guided us upward, toward her breasts. When they were directly below Mom’s mounds, Brenda released her hands. Needing no more help from her

sister, Mom continued to lift my hands until they cupped her meaty mounds. She squeezed my hands, signaling her approval for me to caress her breasts.

Wasting no time, I mauled her full, soft tits, while her hands returned to my midriff, her hands squeezing my waist. Spreading my fingers and wrapping them around her round globes, I noted that her breasts were larger than my aunt's but still didn't sag. My stiff prick jerked as my fingertips moved to her nipples and encircled them. She gasped as I tweaked her nipples until they filled with blood and firmly pointed out.

While teasing her sensitive nubs, gently tugging and twisting both of them, her hands gripped my stiff prick. She wasted no time in exploring every square inch again as if it was a brand new experience for her. Our eyes remained covered with our blindfolds, so I couldn't see what I was fondling, but my fingers painted a perfect picture in my mind. I would alternate between squeezing her fleshy mounds to twisting her nipples.

I sensed from her reaction that her nipples were as sensitive as my aunt's as she groaned and squirmed when I lightly squeezed them. Her hand firmly twisted the head of my hard prick at the same time I flicked one of her nipples. She reverted to a slower stroke when I released her nipples to squeeze her tit flesh. We breathed heavily and groaned while we pleased each other.

My aunt interrupted our enjoyment, saying "Okay, we're almost at completion. You two have done a fantastic job. There is one more thing I need to check before the final step."

I couldn't see what was happening, but I heard my aunt shuffling closer to us. Mom and I caressed each other and there was a moment of silence before I felt mom's hands release my greasy prick.

The next thing I knew, my blindfold was being pulled off. Mom's wide smile greeted me, her mask already removed. My aunt stood off to the side and I noticed Mom holding my blindfold. She had taken it off—voluntarily. Her gaze locked onto mine and once again her hand latched onto my prick.

When she glanced down, I felt she wanted me to follow suit. I could see her beautiful breasts protruding out with my hands holding them. Going lower, I saw her hands wrapped around my prick, but more riveting was my mother's beautiful, curvaceous body. I was disappointed to see she still wore panties but overjoyed to see the rest of her. I lowered my hands to trace her curvy waist before moving back up her smooth skin.

"You're beautiful, Mom. I can't believe how hot you look!"

My smiling aunt chirped, "Perfect, you passed one of the final tests of the program. Bev, you removed your son's blindfold with no persuasion, indicating you completely trust your son. The mother-son bonding checkpoints are almost complete."

"Almost?" my mother quietly replied, her voice reeking with lust as she stroked my cock.

My aunt continued, “Yes, the only step left is more of a memory recollection than anything. Do you know what the most significant bonding there is between a mother and son directly after birth?”

“Feeding, I guess, or maybe cuddling, or being held in my arms,” Mom answered.

“Feeding is right, breastfeeding to be exact,” explained my aunt. “There is no stronger bond than a son milking from his mother. Those memories disappear after a few years, so our final test is to try to bring those strong bonding memories to the surface.”

“You want Mike to breastfeed from me? To suck on my nipples?” Mom asked, her voice cracking. To my surprise, before Brenda could answer, Mom enthusiastically agreed, “I promised Mike I’d do whatever it takes to complete the tasks you assign us. No matter how challenging they might be, we’ll face them head-on. If this is the last step, let’s get it over with.”

She gripped the sides of my head and was about to guide me to one of her breasts when Brenda stopped her. “It’s not proper to do it standing up. When feeding an infant, you normally do it lying down. Lie flat on the bed so Mike can repeat what he did as an infant.”

Mom didn’t argue, quickly assuming a prone position, stretched out on the bed. My eyes zeroed in on her panty-clad crotch. She was definitely not shaven like her sister. I could see her crinkly bush pushing up her panties and some errant hairs peeking out the sides. My prick jerked when I noticed a large wet spot at the bottom of her panties. I shuffled closer to the bed, to lie down when my aunt stopped me. I’m not sure when she opened the package, but she held a condom in her hand.

When she slowly rolled it onto my hard, jutting prick, Mom noticed and alarmingly asked, “Sis, why does...”

Brenda interrupted her, explaining, “This is a precaution so your son doesn’t get overstimulated and releases on you. The church disapproves of a son’s seed coming into contact with his mother’s flesh.”

It was ridiculously funny and I couldn’t help but think Mom would see it as wrong and object. She didn’t say a word, but instead, closed her legs, indicating I could straddle her to continue the procedure.

Positioning myself outside her legs, I reached up and kneaded her breasts. Moving my fingers to her upright nub, I squeezed and teased it until it proudly stood upright. Bending down, I latched onto it with my mouth, immediately driving her crazy. She shifted her legs up and down in an attempt to squelch the itch burning in her crotch.

She groaned as I sucked and nibbled on her nipple. I relentlessly teased her nub with my tongue while groping her other full breast with my free hand. Her breaths turned shallow and rapid as she panted. I switched my mouth to her other nipple and began feeding off that one.

She squirmed and twisted, nearing her orgasm. Reaching down, she grabbed my rubber-encased prick and stroked it, instinctively pulling me to her steaming, panty-clad pussy. “Oh, Michael!” she exclaimed. “That feels so good. My nipples are so sensitive.”

Brenda moved behind me and through my legs, grabbed mom’s panties at the waist and removed them.

When Mom realized her undies were being pulled off, she frantically asked, “Uh, Sis. Why are you removing my panties?”

“This is a routine stimulus check to make sure everything is okay. Your excitement is elevating faster than normal. How does this feel?” Brenda asked, jamming several fingers into Mom’s hairy snatch, rubbing her clit with her thumb.

Her reaction was immediate. “Oh my god! I’m cumming, Sis! Oh, it’s been so long!” Mom exclaimed, experiencing an orgasm, her cunt squeezing my aunt’s probing digits.

Brenda continued her assault on my mother’s pussy as I continued to feast on her sensitive nipples. Brenda grabbed my leg and from the pressure, I knew she wanted me to reposition my legs inside my mother’s legs. I moved my left knee between Mom’s legs and pushed outward. Her leg immediately spread out to the side. I moved my other knee in and Mom moved her other leg out without me touching it.

She approached another orgasm as my aunt continued stroking in and out with her fingers. “Oh, here comes another. I can’t believe how excited I am,” my sex-crazed, convulsing mother screamed as she madly twisted around on the bed. Suddenly, my aunt removed her fingers.

“Please stick them back in. I need to release so bad. Please, Sis!” Mom pleaded, her voice filled with lust.

My aunt finally fulfilled the promise she had made to me, saying, “Bev, I think I’ve done enough but since we’re family and nothing leaves this room, I think I can help you achieve the orgasm you so much need.”

Grasping Mom’s hand, she guided it to my cock. When Mom wrapped her fingers around it, Brenda held Mom’s hand, pulling my prick toward Mom’s creamy box. Mom didn’t struggle and begged, “Mike, help your mother. Forgive me for doing this but I need it so much. Please put it in me and help me cum.”

I inched closer and when prick bumped Mom’s pussy, my aunt guided my hard, rubber-encased cock through her wet slit. Mom tried to pull me in but Brenda prevented me from entering, maintaining the teasing.

Brenda instructed, “Sis, this is one of those moments where you need to provide verbal and physical consent so there is no mistaking it’s your choice. You’ve given verbal consent and now

you must show your physical approval. Mikey, kiss your mother and tell her how much you love her.”

I reluctantly released her engorged nipple and shifted forward to kiss my mother. She moaned, started to form a word, probably trying to ask how to send a physical signal when I pressed my mouth squarely on hers and jammed my tongue inside.

She didn't attempt to talk as our tongues danced together. Brenda guided Mom's hands to my waist. My cockhead was snugly seated into the entrance of her gripping pussy, constantly being squeezed by her outer pussy lips.

Brenda moved Mom's hands to my ass, when my mother quickly reached back and firmly held both of my cheeks. While sinking her fingers deeply into one bun, her other hand snaked between our bodies and grabbed the base of my prick. Finding the bottom elastic band of the condom, she yanked it off, tossed it aside, and stuffed my bare, throbbing cock back into her snug pussy.

Her hand returned to my other cheek and with both hands, my lust-crazed mother pulled my rock-hard prick to the bottom of her cavern.

Mom's loud grunt drowned out Brenda's shriek of surprise, watching my bare cock sink into Mom's hairy pussy.

I remained lodged deeply in her, not believing how fast her pussy sucked me down to the root. Moving the base of my cock around her sensitive lips caused her to squirm while humping and bucking. I withdrew until the head was almost out of her tight sheath and immediately jammed in again as hard as I could. I repeated over and over, which became harder, due to her wild pelvic gyrations.

We both ceased kissing to catch our breaths as we both raced toward our climax. The buildup from the week took its toll on both of us. My face pressed against the right side of mom's face, our hot breaths washing each other's ears. My aunt sat a few feet away, furiously shoving her fingers into her bald pussy, watching a mother and her son fuck.

Moving near my mother's ear, I whispered, “Mom, I love you so much. Your pussy feels so tight and hot. I want you to cum with me.”

With all our thrashing and breathing I'm sure my aunt couldn't hear our whispers. She concentrated on punishing her own pussy, while watching our incestuous union. In between groans, Mom gushed, “I love you too and I hope you don't think I'm bad for doing this but I need relief. Please help me cum, baby. I'm so close. Pinch my nipples and kiss me. Please be a good son to your mother and help me!”

I pressed my mouth onto hers and immediately, her tongue sought mine. Raising my hands to her meaty mounds, my exploring fingers found her nipples. As soon as I twisted and pulled her sensitive nubs, her body shook as her orgasm commenced, her velvety walls crushing my steel-

hard prick. I continued to plow into her cavern and felt a load of cum shooting to the head. I jammed in as far as I could, releasing my first big blob of sperm, spraying her cavern with my baby-batter.

She climaxed as I madly thrust in and out of her convulsing cunt. After a dozen more hard strokes and the contents of my balls were drained, we slowed our pace, exhausted from our frenzied fuck. I couldn't believe after dreaming about this for so long, it was over so quickly. I did feel good about Mom finally achieving sexual relief though. She became so relaxed that her body fell limp and her mouth dislodged from mine, attempting to catch her breath.

Sudden fear swept through me, as I realized I had unloaded my entire load of sperm into her pussy. I knew Aunt Brenda had planned on the rubber preventing any mishaps and didn't know what kind of repercussions would result from our unprotected sex.

After resting on her warm body for a few minutes, I rolled off and looked over to see her deep, adoring stare, a silent but powerful signal of her love for me. We didn't need to say anything to communicate how we felt.

Brenda walked over and sat down on the bed, breaking our mood. "Congratulations! You've passed the program and will receive the scholarship. As far as what happened here, as I said, we're family and this can remain our secret. The only thing that will go in my report for today is you two have bonded and the program was a complete success. Sis, you better go to your room, clean up and dress."

Mom acted as if she had run a marathon, slowly rising and leaving the room with her panties in hand. I admired her long legs and great looking ass as my aunt walked her to the door. Brenda quickly shut the door, turned and ran back with the same lust in her eyes as my mother. My prick, still semi-hard, drew her in.

Lowering her mouth onto my cum-coated pole, she proceeded to clean every drop. Slurping up and down my prick, she voraciously sucked in an attempt to revive it to full staff. It was evident she was excited from witnessing the mother-son fucking.

"Damn, sweetie, that was so hot," Aunt Brenda gasped. "I've never been so excited in my life. I can't believe she yanked the rubber off. She must be on the pill and wanted to feel your bare prick. You and your mom were so hot together. That made me so fucking horny!"

I couldn't believe it when my cock sprung to life, becoming hard again. Between the frantic sucking from my aunt and mentally reliving the connection with my mother, my prick jerked and filled with blood.

Giggling at my hardness, she wrapped her hands around my cock, stroking it up and down while gazing at me with undeniable lust. Climbing onto the bed, she didn't even bother removing her short skirt as she aligned herself and impaled her bald pussy onto my hard cock. Her wet, slick slot easily slid down my entire length, filling her hot channel. She humped up and down,

furiously moaning and grabbing my shoulders to achieve better leverage. She was hotter than I've ever seen her, even during our final farewell fucking.

Helping out, I thrust up when she lowered down, causing her to groan louder. When she looked down at me, all I saw was a crazed, lusty woman in heat, trying to put the fire out in her burning snatch.

She croaked, "Oh, god. I'm getting close again already. I came once at the same time as your mom. It was so fucking hot, watching her fat pussy lips convulse around your cock as it plunged in and out. I don't know why mother-son sex turns me on so much, but it does. Please tell me what you whispered to your mother while you two were fucking. Act like I'm her. Please, Mikey!"

Reaching up, I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her down to my face. I locked my lips on hers and as we kissed I brought my hands around to tease her nipples. Obeying her wishes, I murmured, "I love you, Mom. Your tight, hot cunt feels so good wrapped around my cock. Please fuck me hard, Mommy! I've wanted this for so long. Please cum on my cock. I love you so much!"

That excited her more than I thought it would, her pussy quivering as she madly bounced on my rod. She uttered, "Oh, Mikey. I love you too. Your prick feels so good. Cum with your mother!"

We locked lips, French kissing as I began to twist and pull her engorged sensitive nipples. That's all it took. Her whole body shook as her pussy clamped down on my cock. I didn't think I'd be able to cum again so soon, but her hot pussy and the recent memory of fucking my mother was enough to push me over the edge. I thrust up hard as I climaxed. She coated my cock with an abundance of fuck juice from her climax. I don't think I spurted out anything as I drained it all with my mother, but my cock didn't know and still jerked and pulsed, unaware that the well was dry. I kept drilling her until she collapsed on top of me, spent from the fucking.

She hoarsely whispered, "Damn, that was definitely worth five grand. If you can get your mother to do a repeat performance of fucking in front of me again, I'll pay for your entire tuition. It'd be the best investment ever!"

She climbed off, her dripping snatch drooling her cum onto my prick. "You better dress and meet your mother before she comes to see why you're late."

While I dressed, she warned, "She might have second thoughts once her head clears. It's one thing to fuck your son when you're horny and need relief, but a wave of guilt could consume her. Don't push yourself on her and give her some distance for a few days."

When ready, we walked to the living room. I was relieved when Mom came out with wet hair, evidence of a shower. That would explain how I made it out before her, even with the time it took for my aunt to suck and fuck me raw. I wondered if I looked as totally spent as I felt.

Mom looked refreshed after her shower, cheerfully chatting with my aunt as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. She grabbed my hand and we walked home, not in an embrace as before but holding hands. Mom talked a lot about the activities we could do the next week since we had finished the program, never mentioning anything about our recent, inappropriate coupling.

Once home, I showered, threw on my robe, and joined Mom in the living room, who still wore her dress. While we sat together on the couch, she reviewed the next day's agenda, including a trip to the campus. After the emotional roller coaster, I felt exhausted and informed her I was calling it a night. She replied, "Sure, see you in the morning. It's going to be such a fun day."

She rose and pecked me on the cheek. Disappointment swept through me that she didn't show more affection, but it stood to reason. The program had concluded and there was no need to continue as before. I didn't feel bad if Mom wanted to revert to our normal relationship. I still loved her and my aunt would always be available for some exciting adventures, so life was still good.

The next day, we drove to the campus, walked around, looking at the various buildings, and determined it would be easy for us to commute together. Plenty of public transportation was available close to her workplace that I could take to get to the campus and back. This would allow for even more savings. We drove to a nearby mall in the afternoon, where we separated to shop at our favorite stores.

Mom handed me several bags when we reconnected to return home. One was light, with the name of a lingerie shop printed on the side. As I was about to peer in the bag to see what she had bought, she wrapped her arm through mine, preventing me from investigating the contents. The drive home proved to be very pleasant and I looked forward to future commutes with her in the fall. Her cheerfulness and pleasant demeanor enhanced our time together.

We ate and watched TV for a few minutes, when she suggested we prepare for bed and change into something more comfortable. After my shower, I slipped on my robe and heard Mom open my bedroom door.

Standing outside my closed bathroom door, her voice trembling with concern, she pleaded, "Mike, I'd like to talk to you in my room when you're done, if you don't mind."

"Sure, Mom. Be right there," I replied, wondering what she wanted to discuss. I hardened, thinking about the previous day's events, my hopes rising that she wanted to continue where we left off. Taking a precaution, in case I got lucky, I rolled a condom onto my stiff prick. Even though she yanked it off before, it might have been in the heat of the moment and she'd want to use one in the future.

When I knocked on her door, she invited me in. She lay on her side in bed with the sheet pulled up over her breasts. Her bare shoulders led me to believe she was nude underneath, but I couldn't be certain. The top covers were heaped up on the other side with only the thin sheet stretched over her body, showing the curves of her legs and waist. I knelt on the floor, next to the bed, so we could talk.

She muttered, “Mike, I want to talk to you about what happened this last week. Aside from the obvious, what did you enjoy the most about our time together in the program?”

Blushing from her comment, I hesitated, because the first thought that came to mind was squeezing her breasts while burying my prick deep into her pussy, pretty much the highlight of my life. Thinking of a more sensitive response, I replied, “Mom, the best part from this last week is how close we’ve become. I know we’ve always loved each other as a mother and son, but now I feel it’s a lot deeper. You’re not just my mother, but also my best friend. Our mutual trust allows us to confide and share everything.”

She smiled widely, tears welling in her eyes, acknowledging that she shared the same thoughts as I did. She cooed, “I feel the same way, but the activity I enjoyed the most was the full body meld. I’ve never felt so relaxed and content. It was such a wonderful sensation. Would you mind if we did it again?”

My smile had to surpass hers at that point. As my fantasy unfolded, I wondered if she only wanted to experience the body meld and nothing further. Before I overthought the situation, I replied, “Of course, Mom. That bonding step was very emotional and like you, I enjoyed it immensely.”

Gripping the side of the sheet, she threw it on top of the piled covers, displaying her nude body. She rolled onto her back, seductively smiled at me, and extended her arms, inviting me to connect with her. She croaked, “Remove your robe, sweetie, and meld with me. Please?”

I couldn’t move, gazing at my beautiful mother. This was the first time I was able to admire the entire front of her body in the nude. I hadn’t seen her pussy in all of its glory, even though I fucked her the day before. My eyes focused on her brown, silky bush, mostly untamed with a trimmed, straight line at the top.

Her flared hips made her waist look smaller than before. Her breasts, slightly flattened, still had a nice round shape, topped by areolas that were darker and larger than my aunt’s.

I removed my robe, crawled onto the bed, and lowered myself on top of her, meshing as much flesh as I could with hers. We interlaced our legs and both of us squeezed and twisted together to obtain as much contact as possible. I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her into me, mashing her breasts against me.

My prick, hot as a branding iron, pressed into her soft stomach and I regretted wearing a rubber. It would have been so much better, feeling my bare cock press against her flesh.

Rather than lay cheek to cheek as before, I kissed her. She embraced me and stroked my back, her hands moving lower until she held my ass cheeks, gently squeezing them.

Our bodies relaxed and I felt her heartbeat throbbing through her chest into mine. After several minutes of kissing, her nipples stiffened, poking into mine. A sheen of sweat formed on our bodies as we heated up.

I rolled to my side, facing her and placed my hand on her stomach. I ventured lower until my fingers felt the top of her hairy mound before exploring upward, ending on her rib cage. I yearned to fill my hand with her breast, so I asked, “Mom, may I touch your breasts again? Would you please give me permission?”

Smirking, she looked at me and stated, “Let’s get something straight, right now. You and I both know those rules my sister insisted on were fabricated nonsense. I love you, Mike and you can do whatever you want and whenever you want. I’m yours for fulfilling every fantasy you’ve ever had.”

Smiling widely, I eagerly cupped her breast and kneaded it. Leaning over, I whispered, “I love you, too, Mom. You have such smooth skin, I can’t feel enough of it.” I caressed and squeezed each breast, switching from one to the other while my other hand rubbed her stomach in a circular motion. With my open fingers, I explored her nearest breast and captured a hard nipple between them, gently squeezing and teasing her hard nub.

Her breathing rate increased, while she moaned with approval. Rising, I knelt between her open legs and gripped each of her thighs, my hands gliding up and down her upper legs. After relishing the feel of her smooth, firm thigh muscles, I lifted each leg and positioned closer to her, my rubber-encased prick mere inches from her hairy pussy. Her engorged, fat lips glistened with pussy juice, eager to swallow my cock.

I reached down and gently ran my fingers up and down her slit, causing her to groan appreciatively. Locating her clit, I gently stroked it with my slickened fingers. She bucked her pelvis up, her moaning intensifying. Easing off her sensitive pussy, I ventured above her slit and massaged her hairy mound for several minutes, playfully tugging tufts of silky fur.

Placing both hands on her stomach, I slowly inched my way upward to cup each breast, massaging, and kneading them. Leaning down, I latched onto a hard nipple and sucked as hard as I could. That caused her to eek out a scream of pleasure as she squirmed. I twisted the other nipple with my fingers, driving her crazy with lust.

Her chest heaved as she struggled to inhale, her face flushed as she groaned loudly. Releasing her nipples, I brought my face to hers for a tender kiss. Gently at first until Mom wrapped her arms around me and began a vigorous assault with her tongue. I reached down and rubbed my prick up and down her dripping slit.

I released her mouth to ask, “Mom, when you said I could do whatever I wanted to do, was that everything? Can I stick my prick in your hairy pussy anytime I want?”

Mom croaked, “Of course, dear. I told you I’m yours and I meant it. I have years of lust built up and I expect you to make up for my lack of sex. There is another rule I’m going to have to make though.”

She grabbed the base of my cock, gripped the bottom of the condom, and removed it, discarding it to the side. “Never fuck me with a damn rubber,” she ordered. “I want to feel your bare cock when it floods my pussy with cum.”

“Jesus!” I exclaimed. “I can’t wait to feel your pussy clamp down on my prick. I hated it when Aunt Brenda rolled it on before our first time, but she did it, fearing you weren’t on birth control. I was so relieved when you pulled it off.”

She humped up, swallowing a few inches of my prick. As it slid in, she croaked, “My sister doesn’t know everything about me. Fill me up with your hard cock.”

When I plunged to the bottom, she grunted and gasped from the impact. I retreated to her entrance before ramming in again, taking her breath away. I was in my mother’s pussy with my bare cock and the feeling was indescribably exciting. I kissed her while running my hands up to her breasts, kneading and teasing her nipples. I thrust in and out as fast as I could. There was no friction as both of us leaked profusely, lubricating her tight channel.

She thrashed and humped so erratically that I feared she would cum too fast, so I released her sensitive breasts and ran my hands around to her back and hugged her tightly. Our pubic hair became a matted mess from all the juices running out of her steaming snatch. Each time I slammed into her, fluids spewed out, soaking our groins. We slowed and fucked at a more leisurely pace, enjoying the resiliently emotional, incestuous moment. Her warm hands caressed my back, stopping at times to squeeze my sides while I maintained a regular rhythm.

Even with our slower fucking, the fact I was making love to my mother, brought me closer to my climax. Bringing my hands back around to her breasts, I briefly kneaded them before firmly locking onto each nipple with my fingertips. When I squeezed and twisted them, she groaned loudly.

That’s when I flexed my hips, madly thrusting into her, giving her everything I had. She reciprocated, humping her pelvis in synchrony with my cock pounding. Ripples of pleasure coursed through our bodies as we fucked with wild abandon. When I kissed her, our tongues explored each other’s mouths at the same rate as we fucked.

Our panting increased so hard that it was impossible to continue our kiss. I released her mouth and exclaimed, “Mom, I’m going to cum!. Your pussy is so wet and tight, I can’t take it any longer. I’ve never been this hard. I want you to cum too. Let’s do this together so you can feel my hot load of sperm fill your hungry cunt.”

“Yes, sweetie!” she screeched. “Cum in your mother. I’ve wanted this for so long. Your big prick stretching my pussy feels so damn good. Fill me with your seed, Motherfucker!”

I squeezed her nipples, kissed her again and the instant our tongues met, her orgasm hit. Her pussy throbbed and squeezed my prick, initiating my own orgasm. My balls ejected a large load of cum, resulting in it to stream out of my contracting prick. I pumped in and out, releasing a

dollop with each stroke. She broke off our kiss because she was screaming from her intense orgasm consuming her body.

Her shrieking subsided, as she descended from her climax. “God, that felt so good. I’ve never cum that hard or long. Thank you for being such a wonderful lover and treating your mother so well.”

I soon deflated from the intense fuck and rolled off to her side, gently caressing her spent body. “That was awesome, Mom. I thought my prick was going to explode when I came. Your pussy really strangled him.”

Her giggles were infectious, making me chuckle as we shared our most intimate feelings.

After a few moments, I reflected on our new situation, and asked, “Since our relationship has changed, do you want me to start calling you Beverly?”

Mom looked over at me and answered, “Never, Michael. I’m still your mother so you’ll call me Mom as always. Mommy is okay, too, but only when we’re fucking.” She laughed and smiled seductively.

Exhaustion overtook me as I snuggled up with her, resting my head on her chest. Her steady breathing and warm body soothed me and when I was about to fall asleep. I asked, “Mom, I’m really tired, should I go to my room now?”

“Mike, you are in your room and this is your bed,” she replied, wrapping her arm around my shoulders, and pulling me on top of her soft body. Embracing me, she whispered, “I’ve got you, baby. Sleep on Mommy tonight.”

She cradled my head in her neck and soothingly caressed my back. Not five minutes later, I fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning, I awoke to the clatter of pots and pans in the kitchen. With Mom up and already working, I rose to take a leak and noticed my crotch hair was crusty and matted from our sloppy, frenetic fucking. I relieved myself and jumped in the shower. The stall walls were still wet so I knew Mom had taken one too.

When I mentally measured how her shower was a lot bigger than mine, I remembered what Mom had stated. Her shower was ours, along with her bed. It was definitely big enough for both of us and I envisioned us together, soaping and cleaning each other, ending with a shower fuck. By the time I finished, my hard prick throbbed. It wasn’t morning wood, but rather an intense desire to make love with my mother again. After I dried off, I found my robe from the previous night. Looking around the spacious master bedroom, I smiled, knowing there’d be plenty of room for my dresser.

I found Mom setting the table for us when I entered the kitchen. The baby doll nightie she wore caught my attention, as I'd never seen it before. It was light blue and very sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination. The hem fell to four inches below her pussy and the top was split and open down to her navel. Her bare breasts pushed the material out exposing the valley of her creamy breasts, barely concealing her nipples. As she gracefully moved around the kitchen, my prick fully hardened and bobbed in appreciation.

Noticing me, she smiled and said, "Good Morning. Sleep well?"

Without waiting for an answer, she moved back to the counter, facing away from me. Stepping behind her, I wrapped my arms around her, reached in her open top and while cupping both breasts, I greeted her, "Good Morning to you, Mom. I love your new nightie." I inched forward until my robe-covered dick snuggled in the crevice of her thinly covered ass.

"Thanks. I bought it at the mall yesterday, with you in mind. I wanted to look nice for my studly son. Any good dreams last night?"

"I slept like a rock and I had some wonderful dreams. In one of them, an older lady seduced me and told me she was mine. She promised that I could fuck her anytime I desired." Emphasizing my point, I pushed harder into her while kneading her full breasts.

She played along and asked, "An older lady? How much older was she?"

"She was old enough to be my mother," I replied, twisting her nipples, causing her to squirm and push back on my hard prick.

"Oh my, that sounds more like a nightmare. An old woman seducing a young virile stud like yourself? I don't know how you didn't wake up screaming." Her panting increased as she basked in our foreplay.

I guided her to the middle of the room, pushing against her back to bend her over the table. She anticipated what I wanted, bent down and placed her face sideways, flat on a placemat. Her nightie rode up and barely covered her buns. I ran my hands up and down her long curvy legs. Putting pressure on the sides of her thighs to spread her legs out, I continued, "This older lady has a sexier body than girls my age."

My hands rose and cupped her full ass, pushing her nightie up as I went. I kneaded and squeezed her firm cheeks, her hairy pussy clearly visible. Framed between her thighs, her engorged cunt lips glistened with pussy juice. Opening my robe, I moved close enough to lodge my bloated head at the mouth of her steamy snatch.

"She's hot, she's beautiful and I'm in love with her. Now I'm going to stick my stiff prick in her and deposit my morning batch of sperm," I taunted her.

I slowly pushed in, allowing her wet channel to lubricate my dry prick. Once I was fully inserted, I paused, allowing it to soak, enjoying the tight, wet feeling. My ball sack rested on her mound of fur while I relished being buried balls deep in my mother.

Her moaning intensified when I pulled her hair to the side so I could see her lovely face as I slowly stroked. The different angle from our previous fucks provided new sensations as my prick pushed through the folds of her claspng snatch. I concentrated on scraping the areas that brought out a groan or gasp from her, knowing they were sensitive.

With a firm grip on her sides, I slammed into her. I kept plunging in and out, holding her steady. My fingers dug into her ribs so hard I was afraid I was going to hurt her. There was little fat to cushion my fingers as they sunk between her bones. She groaned and wailed with delight from the intense pleasure of our fierce fuck. I sensed she was close to a climax, so I slowed my pace and reached up and massaged her hanging breasts, mauling and kneading them as I easily slid in and out of her slippery slot.

Finding her nipples, I pulled and twisted them. When she humped rearward, I increased my pace again. Hearing a gurgling sound, I looked down to see her groaning, her eyes closed. Spitte drooled out of the side of her mouth, puddling on the placemat.

Seeing her uncomfortable position, I made a mental note not to take my mother like that again. She didn't seem to mind, probably because she was in so much pleasure, but I promised myself from that point on I'd save our doggy fucking for our bed where she could be ravaged by her horny son in comfort.

While I pumped in and out of her pussy, I formed a mental image of us in our bed. I was lost in thought fucking Mom on the table while fantasizing of us in our bed. I twisted her nipples in my image while doing the same in real time.

Her groans grew much louder, snapping me out of my dream. Her pussy clenched my invading prick as her pussy fired off multiple mini-orgasms. I moved my hands down to the fronts of her thighs, firmly gripping her for maximum leverage, and rammed into her as hard as I could. I pulled back on her hips each time I plunged in, allowing my prick to hit surfaces in her pussy that had rarely been touched.

My balls filled with a batch of virile sperm, signaling me they were ready to eject their load into her snug pussy. She groaned and bucked rearward so hard I knew she was close to a major orgasm. I slammed into her hard and fast, screaming, "Mom, I'm going to fill your pussy. Cum with me!"

As I withdrew each time she spoke in spurts. "Yes, sweetie ... I'm ready ... fill me with your cum ... I'm so close ... I'll cum as soon ... as soon as I feel you spill your seed ... fuck me, Michael!"

I'm surprised the sounds of our groins slapping together couldn't be heard by the neighbors as our incestuous fucking intensified. My shaft filled with blood and swelled up causing Mom to release more juices. I yelled, "I'm cumming in my mommy!"

Following my anguished scream, her pussy clamped onto my spurting prick. I continued to slam in and out, depositing a full night's worth of cum into her. Our sloshing noises increased in volume, as both of us released our fluids.

After our orgasms subsided, I continued to gently stroke in and out of her gushy cunt. When soft, I backed out of her, gently caressing her ass after I was clear. Pulling her nightie down to cover her, I helped her stand. She turned around and faced me, her facial expression one of sexual satisfaction.

She held my head and scolded, "Another rule I'd like to make is for you to at least give your mother a good morning kiss before you fuck her." She brought my head to hers and kissed me tenderly.

"Of course, Mom. You can't blame me. That nightie drove me crazy," I argued as I hugged her and soothingly stroked her back.

"Get used to it. I'll be wearing it a lot from now on," she cheerfully chanted as she broke away and continued to prepare our breakfast. She brought over a cup of coffee and placed it on the table indicating for me to sit. I sat down and took a large gulp, making note that my crotch was once again a soggy mess from our morning ordeal. I closed my robe and was content to watch my nearly nude mother work in the kitchen, cloaked in her newly purchased lingerie.

At one point, I noticed a stream of cum dripping down her thigh. She felt it, grabbed a tissue, raised her nightie, and scraped it off with a finger and jammed it in your mouth. Slowly and seductively removing her finger while her mouth sucked on it, she held her nightie up with her other hand, displaying her hairy pussy.

She smiled at my obvious ogling, dropped her nightie and served us our breakfast. While we ate, we discussed our daily agenda.

We spent the majority of the day transferring my belongings into our master bedroom. We finished mid-afternoon and christened our bed with a congratulatory fuck.

While we lay face-to-face, savoring the blissfulness of our incestuous coupling, her expression turned serious, as she expressed. "There's something we need to discuss, Mike. I know we've lusted for each other for quite awhile and what we have now far exceeds anything I dreamed possible."

She lightly kissed me and smiled, displaying her love and gratitude. "That brings us to the future. You'll start college pretty soon and there will be a lot of attractive girls your age who will undoubtedly try to connect with you. I understand completely, and I don't want you to feel obligated to continue with our sexual relationship. I love you more than anything and only want what's best for you. All I ask is that you be honest with me."

My heart raced as she divulged her innermost thoughts. It was time for me to do the same. "Mom, first of all, I've known for a long time that I want to be with you for the rest of my life—

not as a mother, but my soulmate and lover. I rejoiced when you mentioned that I should move into your room, because my ultimate fantasy is one of sharing your life and bed. I love you so much and will never want anyone else. I'll throw your request back at you—if you want to pursue a relationship with another man, be honest and I'll support you, no matter what.”

We embraced, our nude bodies squishing together. We kissed for several minutes, before she answered, “My feelings are the same as yours. You're the only man in my life and like I said before, you can treat me as your mother and more importantly, as your wife. You own my heart, my soul and definitely my pussy.”

We laughed and for another hour, cuddled, until we decided to dine out. Later that night, we made love and fell asleep in each other's arms.

Chapter 4

The next morning was a repeat of the previous one, except that I adhered to my self-imposed promise, refraining from throwing Mom onto the table for a morning fuck. As before, she wore her nightie and it was hard to concentrate on eating, glancing repeatedly at her sexy, curvaceous body.

She returned my glimpses, her lust-filled eyes mirroring mine. After we finished our meal, Mom reached over with her foot and ran it up and down my leg, further increasing my hardness. A lustful smile surfaced as she continued to caress my leg with her foot. Rising, she scooted her chair closer to mine and instructed, “Move your chair to face me because I want to ask you a few questions.”

I sat down after positioning it, my gaze locked onto her breasts and chocolate-brown bush, barely concealed underneath her sheer nightie. She placed her hands on my knees and rubbed up and down, caressing my thighs. “Mike, do you think you could answer a few questions without fabricating a lie like you and my sister have been doing for a week? After all, you know you don't have to make up a story to plunge your cock in my pussy anytime you want.”

“Of course, Mom. I'll tell you anything you want. I have no secrets from you,” I confessed as I stroked her lovely thighs.

She started out by asking, “How many days did it take for my horny sister to seduce you? Was it like the third day you visited her?”

She no doubt saw my look of surprise. She not only knew I was fucking my aunt, her sister, but recounting the days, she knew the day too. “As a matter of fact, it was the third day. I can't believe you knew and didn't say anything to me.”

“It was pretty obvious. You reeked of pussy when you came home that night. You obviously showered before you fucked yourselves dry. I figured she was planning on seducing you when she first called, but I didn't mind. It was a silent reward I wanted to give you.” She reached up and pulled my robe off my shoulders and stroked my chest. “Tell me how she did it.”

I explained in detail all that took place. She laughed when I told her about the ‘lip’ syndrome my aunt used. To finish, I disclosed, “Do you remember that Friday when you entered the garden and found me in my shorts? Aunt Brenda saw my prick harden when I glanced at your legs and knew her suspicions were correct about my deepest desires—you.”

“I’m flattered that my legs do that to you,” she remarked. “What’d she do after that?”

“She couldn’t wait to pull me in the house and suck me off. Before I left, we finished with a round of farewell sex.”

“Who’s idea was it for you to seduce me?” she asked. “If you two were already fucking, I’d think she’d want to keep you for yourself.”

“She sprung it on me at the end of our parting fuck. She made me act like she was you, having me call out your name when I fucked her. It drove both of us crazy, ending with the best fuck of the week. Afterward, she explained that mother-son sex really turns her on and she’s the one that came up with the whole church thing, although I was a very willing participant.” She laughed and confided, “I knew that the religious program was completely bogus. I figured she was fronting her own money too. She’s rich, and it was just a way to keep you at the local college while allowing her to introduce us to fucking. I went along and enjoyed the show.”

“Wow. You knew the whole time? I was worried when you stopped us part way through. You really played us. Why didn’t you tell me how you felt sooner?”

Her smile grew as she replied, “Call me a romantic. I love a slow seduction. I had some fantastic orgasms each night, reliving the daily routines. Additionally, I found it amusing to watch my sister invent all that stuff to convince me to fuck my son. I didn’t realize she was so much into mother-son sex. It really made her hot?”

“She said her orgasm was the strongest she’s ever had when she acted like my mother. After the first time you and I made love, she sucked me to hardness and mounted me like a bitch in heat. She even came while watching us fuck for the first time. She promised to fund my entire college costs if she could watch us make love again.”

Mom’s expression became thoughtful and calculating as she processed the new information.

Leaning closer, one of her hands cupped my balls while the other stroked my stiff prick, oozing pre-cum. As she bent down, she asked, “Is this how she cleaned you after fucking me?” She licked up and down my shaft, her raspy tongue scraping across my sensitive stem.

“Oh yeah, that’s how she did it, up and down, cleaning off every drop,” I answered, enjoying every minute. She continued licking, using her tongue to abrasively scrape the head when she was at the top.

“She thoroughly cleaned the head like you’re doing. She also stuffed my prick into her mouth, maybe to keep it warm or perhaps to get it rock-hard for the ride she wanted,” I teasingly related.

She wasted no time and lowered her mouth and swallowed my prick. She held onto the shaft with her hand and rotated her head around, thoroughly washing my prick with her tongue. She was as good a cocksucker as her sister, if not better. I was the one groaning now, receiving the pleasure of her mouth fucking. She bobbed up and down, sucking and massaging my entire shaft with her tongue with each stroke. I brushed her shoulder length hair aside and gently caressed her ears while she worshiped my shaft.

Releasing my prick, it slapped against my stomach with a thud. She rose out of her chair and straddled me. Grinning widely, she lifted her nightie, held my prick with one hand and impaled herself on my spear. My cock easily slid into her sodden slot.

She gasped in pleasure when her soft ass cheeks slammed against my legs, my prick fully enclosed in her snatch. Gripping my sides, she raised and lowered herself on my turgid pole. "Is this what she did? Did she ride my boy like a cowgirl? What a slutty sister I have!"

I lifted my hands and gently pushed the sides of her nightie open, exposing her breasts. Cupping her soft mounds, I gently squeezed them while they bobbed up and down.

When I bucked my hips to meet her thrusts, she stopped me. "No, Michael. Sit there and let me cum on your wonderful prick. I can finish without you doing anything. Latch onto my nipples and suck them!"

I wasted no time in obeying her commands. Using my arms to pull her in, I locked onto a nipple and sucked as if I were feeding from her. I switched to the other one and brought my hand around to tease her saliva soaked nipple. She bounced on my pole, twisting her pelvis in order to make contact with the sensitive parts of her pussy. She groaned steadily as her pussy released juices. I remained hard and wasn't near climaxing, allowing Mom to pump her pussy on my pole at her own pace.

Rapidly panting, she shrieked, "Bite them, Michael!"

I lightly gripped her nipple with my teeth and scraped the sensitive surface.

"Harder, dammit, do it!" she yelled, needing that final push. I bit down on the pointy tip and gently pulled it with my teeth. At the same time, I squeezed and twisted her other nipple as if I was trying to unscrew it from her breast.

"Oh ... That's it ... Oh damn ... here it comes!"

I felt her juices pouring down my shaft as her pussy walls squeezed my prick, unsuccessfully trying to convince it to spew out a load of cum. After four more contractions, she pulled off, sat down on my legs and held onto my body. I felt her relax and was content to hold her and stroke her back while she recovered.

I never climaxed, my hard prick remaining lodged between us as we enjoyed the moment. Mom tenderly kissed me, taking time to relish in her post-orgasmic bliss. We kissed several more times, each lingering longer than the time before.

As if signaling me, my cock twitched to notify me he still needed attention. The look Mom shot me indicated she felt it too. Evidently, her small orgasms did not fully satisfy her as her eyes were still filled with rampant lust.

She didn't say anything when she rose from her chair, her nightie falling into place when she stood. She pushed my robe the rest of the way off and grabbed my hands to pull me up. Once standing, she pulled her nightie up and off, throwing it on top of my robe. While looking at me, she raised her right leg as high as it would go and whispered, "Hold my leg, baby."

I wrapped my arm underneath, not quite understanding what she was going to do. She wrapped her arms over my shoulders, locking them behind my neck and jumped up on me, holding me tightly. I instinctively grasped her other leg and both of my hands adjusted to firmly hold her ass, keeping her up and tightly against me as she locked her legs behind me.

She whispered, "I'd like to discuss something else with you but you'll need to do one more thing first. Would you please carry your mother to our bedroom so I can show you?"

"Of course, anything for my lovely mother and wife," I replied, smiling. I had no problem lifting her light body and carrying her to our room. It felt good the way she clung onto me so tightly, her fat breasts squashed out between us. I thought about trying to jam my prick into her hairy snatch, but decided not to disturb the ambience of the moment. As I lowered her down, her soggy patch of pussy hair left a trail of slime on my stomach.

I watched as she crawled up on the bed, lay down on her back and spread her legs in an inviting pose. Bringing her heels up to her ass caused her legs to form a perfect 'V'. Her hairy snatch opened wide, displaying her wet, pink interior. My prick sprang to full attention, throbbing with excitement.

She smiled, knowing the effect she had on me and pleaded, "Baby, I need you to give your mother a seriously good fucking. The harder, the better. Please make me the happiest mother in town and let me make you the happiest motherfucker in town."

I crawled onto the bed on my knees and couldn't resist stroking her long, shapely legs. Like magnets, they drew my hands to touch and feel her smooth flesh. Beginning at the bottom of her thigh. I progressed higher until my fingers scraped across her pussy lips.

She smiled widely and relaxed her muscles, giving herself completely to her son. My fingers traced a line up and down her sensitive outer labia, filled with blood, bringing out a moan from her. I gently grasped and squeezed her lips shut, and ground them against each other, the rubbing motion resulting in a squishy noise from her trapped juices.

Grasping a tuft of pussy hair on either side of her slit, I gently tugged on it, opening and closing her pussy. I laughed inwardly as it reminded me of a koi doing the same, begging for food—only her pussy pleaded for cock.

She asked, “Do you like my hairy pussy? Would you like me to shave it bald for you? I will, if you want.”

I didn’t hesitate, replying, “No. Mothers should always be natural. It’s a turn-on and a constant reminder that I’m fucking my own mother.” Her wide smile confirmed my suspicions that she shared my sentiment.

I ran the side of my hand down her groove, gliding across her clit along the way, causing her body to jump. Her hips bumped up several times, anxious for her son’s prick, but I wanted to extend my foreplay so she could enjoy the fucking she deserved. When I returned my fingers to her juicy pussy, I grasped each fat lip, pulling and kneading them. Her body responded as she moaned, her breathing rate increasing.

Jamming a finger into her pussy, I explored her walls, swirling it around as if I were stirring cream in my coffee. Adding two more fingers, I stroked in and out, scraping her sensitive areas each time. She humped my hand, her slot releasing more juices. I finger-fucked her until she neared her climax before removing them. She sighed from the absence of her pussy being filled, but refrained from saying anything aloud.

Moving higher, my hot hands slowly explored across her smooth toned body until I held her breasts. I squeezed and mauled them without touching her nipples for several minutes, enjoying the feel of her meaty mounds. With her eyes closed, she tilted her head side to side, enjoying her son’s attention. A warm smile played on her full lips enticing me to lean down and kiss her.

Her hands grasped my head and applied pressure to keep our lips mashed together as we tongue fucked. Gripping each of her sensitive nipples with my thumbs and forefingers, I squeezed and teased them, resulting in her pelvis thrusting up, seeking the hard cock she knew was hard, ready and close.

Inching forward, I placed the head of my prick at the entrance to her steaming pussy. She instinctively bucked up trying to further insert it. I released her sensitive breasts and wrapped my hands around her and held her tightly as she kept humping. I remained still, allowing her to do all the work, bumping up and down. Even though only a few inches of cock was in her, she moaned from the shallow fucking.

Releasing my mouth, she gasped for air while her pelvis attempted to swallow in more cock. With her eyes sealed shut, her lust-filled face radiated the blissful pleasure she experienced.

Sensing I was staring at her, she opened her beautiful brown eyes and locked them onto mine. We were so connected she recognized that it was my moment, and with a knowing smile, halted her movement, submitting herself to me.

Verbal communication wasn't necessary. She lowered her pelvis to the bed, no longer trying to pull my cock into her starving pussy. Her face reflected the immense love she held for me, restraining her own carnal desires to satisfy my needs. While maintaining eye contact, I shoved my cock in another inch, bringing a moan of pleasure from her.

She shifted her hands to my back and gently stroked up and down in a soothing manner, communicating her unconditional love. I shoved my bare cock slowly into my mother, while she smiled and groaned in ecstasy. Thinking of the journey to this point, I could never have ever imagined this would happen, fulfilling all of my fantasies.

The woman I loved sacrificed her own pleasure to ensure my own sexual experience was at its fullest. Each time my fat head drilled in another inch, separating her velvety folds, her cunt clenched tightly, ensuring my shaft wouldn't escape. I continued until her clasp channel fully engulfed my cock. Her eyes and expression shifted to pleading, my throbbing prick fully embedded in her hot pussy.

I slowly withdrew to her entrance, enjoying the constant pussy contact, leaned down and kissed her. It was an open mouthed kiss, my tongue gently running over her hot lips. It was sensual and conveyed the deep love I had for her. I released her lips, our eyes met once again and I silently communicated that it was her turn.

I turned my concentration to pleasing my mother, who was solely focused on pleasuring her son. Raising my hands to her breasts, I twisted her nipples while I quickly drove my cock to the bottom of her hungry cunt. She screamed with delight as I repeated the hard assault on her slick pussy. There were no intelligible words emerging from deep within her—only shrieks and groans. I pounded into her as hard as I could, determined to satisfy her craving. Her legs folded up to her sides, her knees touching the sides of her chest as I pounded her sodden slot.

I relentlessly fucked her until her quivering quim fired off mini-orgasms. Pulling my prick back to her entrance, I grabbed her heels to pull her legs down. When I guided her feet to my back, she wrapped them around my sides providing me a different angle of attack on her pussy. Once in position, I resumed slamming into her as hard as I could. Locking her legs around me like a vice enabled her to lift her ass off the bed, allowing deeper access. Our groins became a frothy mess from our frenzied fucking.

I reached down and grabbed each ass cheek in my hands, giving me even more control to push in deeper and harder. We fucked like this for a good ten minutes, each of us groaning and panting like rutting animals. Her hands roamed across my back and sides, uncontrollably grabbing chunks of flesh when a wave of pleasure flooded her senses. Once again, I felt her mini-orgasms firing off, so I backed off one more time before providing her with the final release she needed.

She unwrapped her legs from my back and dropped them onto the bed. I raised my hands up to her breasts, kneading and mauling them. She spread her legs out further than I thought possible, fully opening up her pelvic region enabling me to slam fully into her. I drove deeper than I had ever been.

We struggled to breath, gasping for air. I eased up on her nipples and reached around and soothed her back as we continued to fuck. I kissed her and whispered, “Aunt Brenda was right about one thing, she told me lovemaking is much better when you do it with someone you deeply love. This is the best sex I’ve ever had and it’s because I love you so much. I’m ready, Mom. Cum with me!”

She struggled to reply, but managed to say, “Yes, she was right about that. I’m ready to cum, baby. Squirt your load of sperm into your mother’s pussy.”

I plunged in a few more power strokes when I felt my balls expanding with cum, ready to release its load of baby batter. I shifted my hands back to her nipples and squeezed them to encourage her to climax with me. My cockhead expanded with more blood filling it.

She sensed my aroused state and knew it was time. Hot air covered my ear as she whispered, “Your Aunt Brenda was right about something else when she was worried that I wasn’t on birth control—I’m not. Breed your mother, motherfucker!” To emphasize her desire, she grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled me in as hard as she could.

Hearing Mom admit she was fertile set off alarm signals throughout my body. Any excess blood flowed to my prick. Every nerve ending fired off, sending waves of pleasure throughout my body. My cock grew larger than I’d ever thought possible. Its girth expanded so much that I was sure I’d have a burn rash with the friction from her tight pussy walls.

Thrusting hard, my stiff prick slammed against her cervix, flattening my spongy, mushroom-shaped head. In perfect timing, her pussy walls clamped down to trap it in place and my balls instinctively ejected a load of virile sperm near the opening of her receptive womb.

I pumped and flooded her cavity with my potent, baby-making seed. Her convulsing pussy milked every drop from my squirting prick as she wailed with uncontrolled wanton lust. It was the best fuck of our lives, the result of knowing we were breeding. She climaxed three or four times after my last spurt.

After her channel ceased contracting, I stopped pumping and collapsed on top of her, my prick still lodged in her cum-filled cunt. We tenderly kissed, our bodies flooded with endorphins. We had committed an illegal, incestuous coupling and knew we would continue doing it—we were in it for the long haul. We remained melded together, my cock eventually deflating and falling out of her pussy. I rolled off her and no words were spoken as we relaxed from the exhausting fuck.

After we recovered, I asked, “Is it true, Mom? You’re unprotected and want to have a baby with me?”

“Yes, sweetie,” she cooed. “It’s the ultimate display of love between two people and at some point through the week, the idea of having your child filled my thoughts. Imagining a little one with your eyes and smile, growing up with our love surrounding them, made my heart swell with

joy and anticipation. I wanted to bring it up sooner, but was afraid you didn't share my feelings. How do you feel about it?"

"I couldn't be happier, Mom," I replied, enthusiastically. "You're my wife and it's natural that we'd want to bear a child together—or two. I didn't say anything, but the first time we made love, in front of Brenda, I hoped you were fertile and shoved my prick in as hard as I could when I came, hoping to impregnate you."

Knowing we were on the same page, we freely expressed our deepest emotions and our future. We kissed tenderly several times, gently stroked each other and just talked, enjoying each other's company. We discussed my aunt's involvement and finally Mom declared, "I think I owe your aunt, my slutty sister, a little lesson for sexually abusing my poor boy."

The End