

Needed

dinkleberry

Chapter One

Brooklyn Heights, NY 1982

"Thomas, we need to talk," my mother said in a curious tone. Her words were marked with both a sound of determination yet also hinted of unease.

Finished drying her hands after washing the dishes from dinner, she did not sound angry. However, the fact she used my proper name caught my attention. Tonight, since I cooked dinner, it was her luck getting to do the dishes. I sat at the kitchen table watching the TV in the family room; sitting in what used to be my sister's chair. Although I still thought of the sitting arrangement at our kitchen dinner in the same fixed positions, this was before the nuclear unit of my family, husband and wife and two children, went nuclear and exploded.

Almost three years ago, my parents separated when my mother said, "Enough" when it came to my father's drinking,

gambling and other boorish behavior. Obviously, their separating was my father's fault. His wife gave him an ultimatum, "the booze or your family." Foolishly, he chose the booze. Notwithstanding, in a hissy fit my older sister, Wilma blamed our mother. In one of her dramatic scenes, she moved out of the house the same night.

Before Annihilation Day, as I came to think of it as, my family had one rule: We all must be present at the table for dinner together. It usually wasn't a pleasant event.

Each of us had our seats. If our round kitchen table was a clock then I sat at 6 o'clock with my back to the windows. My sister sat at 9 o'clock, which as I mentioned granted her direct line-of-sight to the TV in the family room. My father sat across from her at 3 o'clock, where he looked into the living room; and he often rotated the TV in there to watch the news or sports while we ate. My mother sat at 12 o'clock. Not because this was the head of the table, it placed her closest to cooking area of the kitchen; and back then, it was my mother's obligation to cook all the meals.

This night, the reason I remained in the kitchen wasn't because my mother and I continued the tradition. Far from it! After my parents separated, and going through the legal process of divorce, my mother was obligated to get a full-time job. I already worked part-time at the A&P, a local grocery store, but was able to get more hours and help out with the finances. Although this was mostly by taking care of my own needs, it relieved the burden from my mother. With my mother and I working, and I attending CCNY, City College of New York, our schedules were somewhat chaotic.

Tonight, off from the A&P and getting home from college before my mother returned from her job as a courtesy, I cooked a dinner of glazed pork chops, parsley potatoes and lima beans. After enjoying a quiet dinner together, I remained in the kitchen to enjoy the sight of my Mom. After getting home from work, she retired her work attire and shower. With it being a warm evening, she dressed in a loose, thin white blouse, from which I could see the outlines of her bra, and a pair of checked gray shorts, which hugged her hips very pleasingly.

You see, I had an unusual obsession and deviant fixation on my Mom.

I was in love with my mother and lusted for her. My desire for her was an all-consuming yearning.

However, living in Brooklyn, NY and not Kentucky meant I knew I had to keep my feelings to myself. We lived in civilization, not the backwaters of the South. While I imagined about how beneficial it would be if her and I took our relationship to the next level, I kept them bottled up inside. I dreamt about how son and mother could become Man and Woman. While I fantasized about ways to make it happen, I knew they were just flights of fancy. Although I found the idea of an incestuous relationship with my mother quite titillating, I knew those things did not, would not, and could not happen.

When living in a society where being called, "motherfucker" was one of the worst insults, I kept my guilty longings for her hidden. The world told me my feelings were abhorrent; yet

the more I tried to suppress them the stronger they fought and resisted. I loved my mother but reluctantly accepted the reality it would never go any further.

The reason for my devotion to my Mom is that she was fun, lively and intelligent. Like many New Yorkers, she was opinionated about voluminous topics but also open-minded enough to listen to others. Moreover, I found my mother truly beautiful. Perhaps the fact she wasn't what Hollywood considered gorgeous only added to her allure. The fact I was already forced to hide my feelings and they ran contrary to what TV told us was beautiful only fueled my guilty, taboo desire even more.

This isn't to imply my mother wasn't pretty, she definitely was. It's just she wasn't what the fashion moguls on Madison Avenue said was beautiful: a tall, thin blonde with small but perky breasts.

In today's vernacular, some would call my mother Thick but this term wasn't common in 1982; back then, some might say

she was "built like a brick shithouse." I hated this phrase. It seemed too coarse for such a lovely woman as my mother. She sometimes referred to herself as plump and I hated this term too. Plump made me think of Violet Beauregarde from Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory, when she eats the gum and swells into a giant blueberry. Plumb reminded me of Ball Park Franks and their tagline, "They Plump When You Cook 'Em!" Nevertheless my mother had a cast iron trivet proclaiming, "A Plump Wife and a Big Barn Never Did Any Man Harm."

Nor do I mean to imply Marisol, my mother's first name, was fat or overweight because she was far from. Although she claimed to be 5'3, I thought she was fudging, possibly including the added height from her shoes. While she claimed to be only 125 pounds, I suspected she was fudging here too but I didn't mind. Deliciously, she owned the beautiful curves Spanish women develop. Born in Colombia, she possessed the sultry Spanish features; the spicy contrast between the supple pale, milky skin and strong dark hair and features, which are so alluringly exotic and especially erotic. She was also very active.

Being a native New Y'awker and grown up in Spanish Harlem, Mom loved to walk and seized any opportunity she could. As a result she had strong, shapely, and in my opinion, super sexy legs. Since she often wore skirts at work and shorts at home, I got plenty of time to admire them. Riding up, they delightfully molded into her curvy hips and well-formed backside. I would often stare at her ass with a hungering desire. Just the thought of getting a chance to sink my teeth into her derrière would cause me to rise to the occasion.

Years later, in 1989, I would discover my mother possessed a pleasing resemblance to the model Devon Daniels. I thought my Mom could've been Devon's fuller, thicker older sister. Like Ms. Daniels, Marisol had long dark auburn hair, although my Mom wore hers naturally straight. They both had a surprisingly long oval face for being so petite. Yet, in my opinion, this was a positive; it gave them a mature female look instead of a girlish appearance. Then as if to contradict this were their large, very expressive dark eyes, which seemed to announce their innocent nature.

Both women displayed smooth soft cheeks that flowed into their jaw and ended at a simple chin, which framed their elegant lips. My mother, as I mentioned, was good-humored and loved to laugh. When she did, her whole face responded. Her cheeks pinkened and lifted, pulling the corners of her lips up into a broad smile, often with the upper row of her small white teeth showing.

While my mother and Ms. Daniel's shared facial similarities, the likeness didn't end there. When Devon Daniels modeled, she was known for her amazingly slim figure and large, beautiful natural boobs. She claimed her measurements were 42-24-34 with a 36E bra cup, while weighing only 110 pounds.

Being the lil deviant I was I could not resist going through my mother's wardrobe. To touch her panties and stockings brought me such joy. Yet what totally beheld my fascination most was to hold my Mom's brassieres. Oh, to possess the yard an' half of white fabric needed to hold, contain and even constrain her breasts was like holding the Holy Grail. From this, I made it a fact to learn Marisol's measurements. At 5-

foot-two and about 135 pounds, Mom was an appealing and arousing 32DD-28-36.

Marisol was slim but stacked. Armed with this, most of my fantasies centered around my Mom's boobs. I dreamt of the pleasures we could have as I held them in my hands. I envisioned how they would feel on my lips. I visualized her holding me to her breast and sighing with desire as her son sucked on them. I often achieved orgasm just from fantasizing over her beautifully large boobs.

Chapter Two

"Thomas, I'm worried about you," my mother started, startling me from my woolgathering. While I daydreamed about her, I was startled to discover, she had pulled out her chair and sat next to me. I noted, surprisingly, her wine glass was refilled. Besides her diminutive size, she wasn't much of a drinker anyway.

This evening after she got home as a treat, and almost an appetizer, I poured her a small glass of sherry for her while I prepared dinner. She sipped her sherry as she told me about her day and I finished cooking. Then as we dined, to compliment the pork chops we each enjoyed half a glass of a light chardonnay. To see her with another glass was unusual.

"I don't mean for this to be embarrassing or to make you uncomfortable," she said softly and earnestly. Reaching over, she took my left hand and held it in her right. I stared down at our hands together atop the table. She continued, "I'm telling you this because I love you and am concerned, okay?"

Looking up into her wonderfully large dark eyes, I saw they expressed both love and concern. I nodded my head in understanding. Then lowering my eyes, my gaze happened to fall on the décolletage of her blouse and the delightful sight of her cleavage. I couldn't help but be enchanted by the fact I saw hints of her bra through her thin blouse. I watched entranced when her body swayed with a feminine natural grace when she lifted her wine glass to take a sip. Placing the glass back down, she steeled her nerves.

"It's been over a year since you graduated high school and broke up with Maria," Mom stated. "You haven't had a girlfriend since. Have you even dated anyone?"

Maria had been, somewhat, my high school sweetheart. Not so much because we were in love; instead, it was because we dated throughout most of our high school career. Maria and I began dating in our sophomore year and by our senior year settled into a comfortable, if unspectacular, relationship. After graduating, Maria and I mutually broke up. Accepted to Ohio State University while I would stay home and attend City College of New York, Maria and I separated without any acrimony or unneeded resentments.

"Yeah, so?" I answered a bit defensively to my mother's question. The truth was no, I hadn't really dated anyone since high school. In a year's time, I asked out two girls but both dates were duds. Still, I really didn't think it was a big deal, nor something my mother should involve herself in.

Mom took a sip from her wine before saying, "I love you and don't want this be to awkward, embarrassing or uncomfortable..." and she paused. I looked up at her.

"...But I know how you feel about me."

She said it in hurried, almost embarrassed voice. She said it so quickly I wasn't sure I heard her correctly. I heard what she said but had trouble believing what she actually said.

"Huh?" I responded flummoxed. Mom looked down at our hands as if embarrassed. When I lowered my gaze to our hands, I was surprised to see our fingers interlaced. I wondered, When did this happen?

My mind kicked into hyper-gear and a thousand thoughts started to race around my skull. Thoughts such as:

Did she mean she knows, like really 'knows'? Or, did she mean she knows I care about her? God, could she really know I'm 'in

love' with her? Should I be worried? Should I be nervous? Should I be excited and turned-on? Because I am.

These thoughts and more flashed through my mind. There was an awkward pause. I didn't know what to say. Mom looked at me with those lovely eyes that expressed concern yet apprehension. Finally, she took another drink of her wine before saying:

"Sweetie, I'm your mother. I know you. Do you think I don't see how you look at me? Do you think I don't sense how you truly feel about me?"

"Believe me, I'm honored such a handsome young man finds me attractive like that, but I'm your mother..."

"...I mean, it's tempting." Her cheeks reddened when she confessed this. I couldn't believe what she was saying. My thoughts and emotions swung wildly in opposite directions. At first, I was mortified. I was horrified. With her next breath,

I was chagrined. Then I was flattered; and then, I was intrigued. I was charmed and finally titillated.

Did my mother just admit, "it's tempting"? My mind was racing at warp speed. I wondered, Is it possible my mother thought about us and was curious about it? Could she be as attracted to me as I am to her? Could she be as fascinated by the idea of us being together? Is she really tempted?

"I know you love me and would never hurt me. I know you would treat me right. You would do everything you can to make me happy but..."

"So why not?" I voiced, interrupting her. I knew I was on the precipice. I was on the edge of the high dive-board. It was either jump or climb down the ladder and never have another chance. I summoned all the courage I possessed. Images of Superman fearlessly facing a runaway locomotive sprang to mind.

"What do you mean?" Marisol said in almost squeaked voice. I knew I had to seize the moment. Oddly, I thought of the unstoppable Courageous Cat & Minute Mouse. Mom was Minute Mouse, nervous and apprehensive. I must be the steadfast Courageous Cat. I needed to take charge and assuage my partner.

"You're the one who says not to care what others say or think. You said it yourself, you know I love you and would treat you right. I love you, Marisol," I argued. I pledged to her. Mom's eyes opened wider; her eyebrows lifted, in surprise, at my calling her by her first name. Yet, I saw she was also becharmed by it. I pressed my argument, "So, why don't we try it? You know, just try and see how it is."

"Really?" my mother wondered and I heard in her tone she wasn't offended. Instead, she sounded curious. I had to seal the deal.

"Yeah, come here..." I softly ordered my mother. Lifting her hand, I pulled her toward me. We leaned toward each other and kissed; eyes closed and on the lips!

In reality, it was a chaste kiss, as first kisses always are. Yet, at the same time, it was the greatest kiss ever. Our lips touched for a short eternity before she leaned back and softly chuckled. It wasn't an insulting laugh but one of bemused embarrassment. Still, determined to seize this opportunity I leaned forward. She matched me and we kissed again, and again, and again. On the last kiss, our lips lingered and when she pulled back, Mom softly giggled with pleasure.

"Come here..." I urged as I sat back in my chair.

"...Marisol." Mom had become my girlfriend. When I pulled on her hand, with the grace of a nymph, she slid across from her seat to sit on my lap. We exchanged a few more quick kisses. She looped her right arm over my shoulders; my left arm wrapped around her waist. Hooking my hand onto her warm supple hip, I pulled her closer to me.

We kissed some more and I was in euphoria. I kissed a few girls before but none were as breathtaking as kissing Marisol. Her lips perfectly matched mine with a flawless combination of warmth and softness. After a few more kisses she twisted, turning even more toward me. She rested her left arm over my shoulder encircling us. Enclosed in our own small world, she and I became we. As she shifted, I was astonished to feel her mouth open and then even more astounded to feel her tongue caress my lips. Almost instinctually, incestuously I knew what to do.

I opened my mouth and welcomed my mother's tongue into my mouth. My spirit soared and my mind did backflips. She explored my mouth with her tongue. When our tongues connected, it was as if we became one; mother and son united, bonded by love.

With love, we continued to kiss each other. However, I didn't know what to do with my left hand. First, it just hung there lamely. Then I laid it on her knee, but touching her bare skin spooked me so much I quickly shifted. Yet I ended up instead

laying my left forearm atop her lap. Mom, mercifully, sensed my nervousness as she again softly chuckled at me.

"I think this is what you want," Mom instructed. Taking my wrist in her left hand, she laid it upon her breast. Before I could respond, she was upon me, kissing me fervently. While my mind didn't know what to do, when her tongue ventured into my mouth my body knew what to do.

My hand touched, caressed and fondled the most wonderful bosom ever. Even over her blouse and brassiere, I could feel their heat, their fullness, their weight. I was in ecstasy. Mom and I kissed like love-struck first-time hungry lovers, and I squeezed her tits with loving lust. Uninhibited, she kissed me firmly and I held her boobs' massiveness. Comfortably, passionately my mother and I made out while her son savored the feel of his Mom's grand tits. Finally, our lips parted.

"If we are going to do this, let's do this right," Marisol offered.

Chapter Three

With our familial bond, I knew exactly what my mother meant. She climbed off my lap and I delightfully followed her up the stairs of our brownstone. Upstairs were the bedrooms. As she ascended the stairs, I savored the sight of her ass-cheeks flexing and releasing. I wondered how anyone could let this lady out of their hands. What kinda schmuck wouldn't be consumed with the need to please her? At the top of the stairs, to the left was the hallway to the other bedrooms while straight ahead was the master bedroom.

Arriving in her bedroom first, Marisol turned to face me. She graced me with a smile that said I was about to receive a gift better than any Christmas present ever. Transfixed, I watched as my mother unbuttoned her blouse for her son's incestuous indulgence.

Her bra resembled those designed-for-function longline brassieres you saw in those inserts included in the Sunday coupons. Wide and full, it encased and surrounded her

breasts, yet seemed to magnify and define them better, especially with the two-inch band beneath the cups adding to their shapeliness. Pleasantly surprised, I discovered her bra wasn't pure white but instead a pale soft rose. The shoulder straps were sexy in their no-nonsense'veness; solid and sturdy, they needed to support my Mom's bountiful breasts and only sported tiny scalloped lace on the edges. From there, the large cups were divided into four panels. The bottom half composed of solid quarters of fabric, while the top half was a lacey fabric. In my hyper-alert state, I detected the faint hints of her areola beneath her bra's gossamer cups.

Then without hesitation or any embarrassment, she looked down at her breasts. Bringing her hands up to the bra's hooks, we watched as she expertly released the seven front hooks. Finished, with casual pride, she opened her bra and let it fall off her back. My Mom's tits were breathtaking in their magnificence.

Her breasts hung about a third down her chest and possessed a mouth-watering softness to them. Freed from their container, Mom's tits seemed to jut outward and to the side as

much they did down; still, there as an arousing shadow cast by the few inches they sagged down. Her underboob was staggering. With about two-thirds of their mass on the bottom half, my Mom's boobs were mesmerizing and even grander than fantasized about. In the past, I dreamt my Mom was wearing the colorful bras the models in the Sears catalogs wore. Now to see Mom's tits released was even more breathtaking. Her wide slightly oval shaped areoles rested on the swooping curvature. They were a soft pinkish orange while her slightly darker pink nipples jutted out erect and called to me.

I stepped forward and closed the space between us. My mother offered her tits to me by cradling them in her arms. Her big boobs rested proudly on her forearms. Mom offered her tits to her son. Lowering my head down and extending my tongue, I took long licks across, around her boobs.

"That's it Tommy. These are all for you now," she said. One of her hands held me to her bosom.

"All for you to lick," she purred and lick'em I did.

"All for you to suck," she cooed and I sucked on them.

"All for you to bite..." she whimpered and I bit down on her hard nipple.

"...and tease," Mom taught. I did by grabbing hold of her tits. By squeezing them together, they created mountains of tit-flesh and a grand canyon to bury my face in. I dove into my mother's treasure chest.

"Oh god Tommy, that's it. Oh god Tommy, suck your Mom's big boobs," Marisol immorally cried out and held me tight to them.

"Oh babe, suck your Mom's great tits like you've dreamed off. Oh babe, yes. Oh babe, suck my big tits like I know you've wanted to."

"Oh honey, I love you," Marisol purred as I suckled on her breasts. "Oh honey, I love you so much. Oh god you feel so good sucking my tits. Oh, Oh, Oh yes."

As much as my mind and spirit could spend eternity at my Mom's breasts, my body and lust was frantic for more. Her hands and my hands were all over her body and it was hard to tell who's were who's but it didn't matter. All I knew was we were soon tugging at her shorts. Together, mother and son got the waistband to stretch around her ample hips before falling to the floor. From there we worked at removing her delicate pink nylon panties.

Successful, I was eager to follow them and knelt down. However, Mom had other ideas. Grabbing a fistful of my hair, she tutored, "Hold on."

Turning to her left, she took a step back to sit at the bottom edge of her queen-sized bed. With her hold on my hair, she dragged her son with her. I obediently knelt between her spread open legs and gazed at my mother's pussy in awe.

Covering her pubic mound, she beautifully owned a wide thatch of dark brown, curly pubic hair, which she obviously trimmed and groomed into a well-formed triangle before arching down and around her pussy lips.

There her fur was like two racing stripes running parallel to her bared pussy lips before thinning and reconnected to end upon her t'aint. In all, her fuzz framed her pussy with an attention to detail. And what a pussy my mother had to behold.

Mom lay back upon her bed and pulled me, willingly, against her pussy. I buried my face upon my mother's cunt and knew I found the Holy Lands. As I nuzzled my face upon her pussy, it was staggering how responsive and vocal my mother was. I never imagined my Mom could be so uninhibited. I guessed having decided to commit incest with her son, Mom figured there was no reason to hold back.

"Oh god, Tommy. Oh god, Tommy. Oh babe, Oh babe, oh my gods," She cried out. Smearing my face on her pubic

mound, she squirmed beneath me. As if to stay grounded, she held tight to her fistful of my hair.

I smelled her scent and felt how excited, how wet my mom was her son . Her pussy had a strong musky aroma that made my dick ache with longing. The heat coming from her pussy was stunning, yet made me want to shove my face into her oven.

"Oh gods Tommy, lick my pussy. Lick it, please baby. Lick me," she pleaded. Uninhibited, her hand that held my head pressed me tight onto her cunt. I quickly discovered, unlike outside it, in the bedroom not only was my mother very responsive and vocal, but as a mature woman she knew what she wanted.

"Oh gods, Tommy lick my pussy. Lick it, lick it. Yeah right there, yeah that's it," she called out. Mom showed me, taught me where There was with the hand clutching the back of my skull. As if she were an instructor teaching her student-driver how to drive a stick shift, using my head as the shifter, Mom

ran me through her gears. She tugged me up an' down, left an' right, forward an' back and her moans of pleasure became louder an' louder. An apt pupil, I learnt quickly how to pleasure Mom's pussy.

"Oh gods, Tommy lick my pussy. Eat me. Eat me. Yeah babe, like that," she lustfully moaned. I felt her contorting, squirming, dancing beneath my touch. Beneath me, I felt her writhing in erotic ecstasy. I looked up and with wonderment watched my mother fondle her own tits as her son licked her pussy. My eyes almost popped out of my skull as I watched my Mom bring her boobs to her own mouth and lick them. Entranced, grabbing a great handful of her right breast she was able to suck on her tits as her son ate his Mom's pussy.

Seeing Mom sucking on her tits, I matched her actions. Opening my mouth wide and inhaling, I sucked her pussy mound into my mouth. She responded by bucking her hips up to me and driving my head even harder upon her cunt.

"Oh god, oh gods, suck on my clit. That's it, suck it, lick it. Oh, Jesus Christ Tommy, that's it," Marisol taught her son. She guided my head to her nub. Finding it with my tongue, I played with the pearl resting on top of its stem.

"Oh god babe, finger my pussy. Finger my pussy while you suck my clit.

"Oh gods Tommy, that's it. That's the way I like it. Fingerfuck your Mom's pussy.

"Oh Jesus Tommy, you're making me feel so fuckin' good. Oh god babe, oh gods; yes, Yes, YES, YES! YES!!

"Oh gods Tommy, finger my pussy, faster, faster, faster.

"Harder, harder, harder, you're gonna make me cum. Make your Mom cum, make your Mom, make Mom cum.

"MAKE ME CUM!" she shamelessly screamed; and then, she did. While I wasn't an innocent, I never experienced a woman experience an orgasm like my mother did at that moment. Holding my head with the strength of an Amazon, my Mom climaxed. Showering me with her spray, my mother ejaculated upon me. Hot fluids washed over my face, drenching me with her love.

For seconds we were both stunned speechless, motionless. The only sound was her gasping for oxygen. Her body heaving, she wheezed fighting to catch her breath. Eventually between her heavy breathes, Mom started giggling. Shifting, she sort of propped herself up to look over her prodigious breasts and down into the valley between her legs where her son lay. After a few more laughs, my mother asked:

"After cumming like that I need to be fucked. I hope that's alright?"

Chapter Four

"For you, Marisol, anything," I pledged. Mom smiled merrily at her son's commitment.

Her question was essentially a rhetorical question. She didn't need an answer. She knew what her son's the answer would be. In an easy ambling way, Mom rolled over onto her hands and knees and crawled up to the head of her bed.

"God, Marisol, you are so sexy," I praised my Mom. I watched her with admiration as she essentially, Assumed the Position and offered herself to her son. There was my mother on her hands and knees with her bared plump ass tantalizing on display for my pleasure. Her puffy, furred pussy begged for my attention. It was obvious she wanted to get fucked by her son as much as I wanted to fuck my Mom.

Without hesitation, I stripped down and shucked my clothes in under ten seconds. I felt no shame stripping down before my mother, sporting the hardest erection ever. With her head turned back to see, Mom watched her son eagerly undress.

Unashamed, she enjoyed watching my enthusiasm at finally getting to fuck my Mom.

The bed shook, as I climbed onto my mother's bed. Mom looked her son with a lustful, wanton smile of debauchery. At first, her eyes met mine but then dropped down and brazenly gazed at my turgid cock.

"Wow, Tommy you've grown into quite the man, I see," she laughed with wicked decadence. From her blatant, sexual frankness, I never felt hornier. I felt so rowdy I would've fucked a tree hole. Blessedly, my mother made sure I didn't need to.

"Let me show you, Marisol" I boasted. With my mother's help, I was transforming from a boy to a man. I was going from Mom's little boy to being Marisol's man.

I began to feel comfortable and confident. Grasping the fullness of the situation, I felt I was getting my legs underneath me. I was naked atop the bed my parents used to

share; with my beautiful mother nude before me, depravedly offering herself to me; her room already enveloped with the scent of her sex; and I could feel the stickiness of her orgasm on my face. I had come home.

With my right hand, I took hold of her luscious right hip. With my left hand, I grasped my cock. Aligning with her puffy, pouty pussy, I stroked myself against her. In firm command, I asked, "Is this what you want?"

"Oh gods, yes," she uninhibitedly whimpered. She bucked back against me, trying to get my cock to penetrate her.

"What is it you want?" I inquired. I slid the underside of my cock along her hot, wet, leaking pussy.

"You," Mom unashamedly pleaded.

"What is it you want?"

"I want you," my mother unrepentantly begged.

"What is it you want?"

"I need you inside of me," she besought, humping her body back at me hoping I would penetrate her.

"What is it you want?"

"I want my son to fuck me. I want only my son to fuck me. I wanna get fucked by my son like I've never been fucked before," Marisol proudly confessed.

"Your wish is my command."

"Oh gods YES!" she loudly hailed when I finally penetrated her. Lining my cock with her needy pussy, I grabbed hold of her thick, soft, yummy hips and slammed her upon my cock as much as I rammed my cock into her delicious pussy.

"Oh gods Tommy, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she shamelessly, scandalously sang. Our bodies repeatedly crashed together. With a natural instinct and close kindred bond, I easily developed a steady rhythm. I pushed an' pulled Mom's hips shoving her onto my cock even as I drove my hips forward an' back stuffing her pussy full of her son's cock. Each time, there was the erotic sound of two sex soaked bodies coming together in carnal delight.

"Yeah you like your son fucking you, don't ya?" Her wantonness had my senses soaring. I could smell our sex. I could taste it. I heard our bodies merging. I felt us, mother and son, becoming one.

"Yeah baby, grab Mom's tits like that!" she enthusiastically cried out after I shifted. Raising up and leaning forward, I released her hips and held two more than a handful worth of boobs. Continuously, I slammed away at her pussy. Lovingly, lustfully our bodies collided together incessantly, incestuously.

"You are the best Mom. You are the best, Mom," I commended. "Fucking you is better than I ever dreamed."

"Oh god Tommy, fucking you is better than I ever dreamed," my mother unapologetically confessed. Hearing her words drove my lust into an even higher gear I didn't even know existed. Like a frantic manic, I started thrusting even harder down upon her; rammin' and slammin' my cock into my Mom's sopping wet pussy.

"That's it Tommy. Do me, do me, do me. Oh god Tommy, fuck me good," she boldly begged. Her sexual liberation was unleashed. She jubilantly exalted in our sex. Uninhibitedly, she expressed her love of our familial fucking.

After receiving a thrust Hercules would be proud of from me, Mom fell forward landing on her frontside. I fell with her, never severing our kindred bond. She cried out, "Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop."

"Don't you worry, Marisol." I had no plans to. We naturally adjusted to our new position. Later, I learned the position we were in, the Jockey Sex Position, was actually one of Marisol's favorite positions. She loved the feel of my mass upon her; how the direction of my thrust is almost all forward, not down; kissing from this position was incredibly intense; and she would get off from the humping and rubbing of her pussy and clit upon the bedding beneath her.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god Marisol, oh god Marisol, oh god Mom, oh god Mom, oh fuck," I chanted. I drove my cock into her pussy. The bed was like a bouncing bronco, like a willing third member to our choir pushing an' shoving, squeaking and bouncing.

"You are so fuckin' good," I told her. I loved the feel of her tender ass-cheeks on my hips as I rammed my cock into her.

"Oh god Mom, oh god Mom, you are fucking the best," I panted between my labored breaths. I was about to cum and was thankful. I was exhausted. My lungs burned, screaming

for oxygen. My body covered in sweat, my eyes burned from the sweat running into them. I felt as if I ran a marathon and finally the Finish Line was coming.

"Oh... god... Mom," I labored. "I'm... gonna... cum... soon."

"Oh babe, I want you to cum.

"Come on Tommy, cum inside me. Cum inside my pussy. I want you to cum in your Mom's pussy. I want my son to cum in me.

"I want my son to cum in his Mom's pussy. I want my son to cum in his Mom's pussy. I want my son to cum in his Mom's pussy," Marisol fiendishly urged. Devotedly thrusting endlessly, I labored towards the finish line. Chugging along, I gave her ever last drop of energy I had left.

"Cum for me, Tommy. Cum in my pussy. Cum in my..." and then I was there.

With a final, victorious thrust, I drove my cock fully, completely into my Mom's pussy and unloaded. My first shot tore out of my cock. Starting with a shudder at my shoulders, it raced down my body and out of my cockhead; it felt as if I fired a cannonball. The second shot launched and I felt my troopers go charging out. My third shot fired right behind, followed by a fourth and fifth. Then finally the thick avalanche of cum oozed out of my cock and into my Mom and I felt her pussy tighten, stuffed full of my seed.

Finished, spent and exhausted I laid there on top of her, still in her, my semen swimming in her pussy. When she turned and looked up at me, I gazed down at her beauty. With a smile, she reached up. Tenderly, motheringly, she swept some of my sweat-soaked hair off my forehead and kissed me. With a pleased smile she said:

"We needed to have this conversation a long time ago."

Chapter Five

That was over thirty years ago. From that day, forever were our lives changed, all for the better.

Mom discovered a sense of confidence, and enrolled in college. In two years, she went from simply being a real estate agent to a real estate broker and then to owning her own brokerage firm. Having found purpose and motivation, I went from being a half-hearted lackadaisical student to a focused and determined one. After finishing CCNY, I transferred to NYU, and then graduated from Columbia University with an MBA. Before my graduation, I was pursued by some of New York's top investment firms; and much of this had to do with the successful portfolio I developed working with my business partner, Marisol.

Mom would make the initial money. Then having learned how, I would multiply it tenfold. Even before I graduated from NYU and transferred to Columbia, our bank accounts had added a few zeros to the end. We stopped living paycheck to paycheck and having to choose between this or that.

As a team and a couple, we became able to enjoy whatever we wanted. We were able to enjoy the finer things in life and enjoy ourselves. Since everyone knew we were business partners, no one ever questioned our relationship. We went everywhere and did everything together. Cindy Adams, celebrity gossip reporter from Page Six of the New York Post and Liz Smith from the New York Daily News would show pictures of me escorting my beautiful mother to social galas with comments saying more sons should be as attentive to their mother as I am.

Our family will never know what need is as a result of Marisol and I's efforts. My sister and Mom made peace; Wilma and she returned to being the loving daughter and mother they were. As a couple and a team, Mom and I went from being dollar-naires to thousand-naires to millionaires and beyond. From that needed day and that needed conversion, Marisol and I were partners in business and in the bedroom loving life and each other.

THE END