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A Maternal Visitation

It helped that daddy was rich and mommy was good looking. For if my father had not been a well off executive with a major firm, earning six figures back then, nor my mother what we now days call a MILF, certainly the events which set up the affair between my mom and I would never have happen. But thirty-five years ago we began a long term liaison which ended only shortly before her death from cancer several months ago.

At the beginning I was in Graduate school, having my own apartment, thanks to pop's support. I needed only to earn spending money, concentrating on my studies for the most part. Late in the spring semester I came down with a very nasty bug, sick enough even to spending a couple of nights in the hospital. My mother flew out to Chicago from New York to take care of me. After fussing over me and promising me a week of care and cooking, she left saying that while here she would stay in a hotel near my apartment. In the meanwhile she would shop and get my place ready for me to convalescence.

She got my keys when she came to the hospital visiting straight from the airport. She knew where I lived from a trip my folks had made earlier in the fall. Of course, my protest did no good and off she went to see what a mess I lived in as a bachelor. I figured that the dirty dishes and laundry would not shock her - as that's how I had been at home during summers too. But if she puttered around in my bedroom she might very well discover my not so hidden stash of porno: mother/son erotica, books, older women and younger men pictures, every naughty kind of thing about my fetish; quite a collection.

She did, but never mentioned it until afterward, when I had already had my fantasy cum true. The antibiotics they gave me had me back home in a couple of days. It took several more for me to feel human again, and shortly after a week of being weak, I was my old self, and horny with little chance to do much under mom's constant supervision. She would 'tuck me in' then take a taxi to the hotel. I would fall asleep before she left, the drugs still made me a bit groggy.

Now a few days before she was due to return we planned to go to dinner and out to a movie. I rode my bike down to the hotel and we ate there at a nice restaurant and went by taxi to see the latest block-buster at a movie theatre. The plan was then for me to ride back to my apartment. The flat Midwest landscape had made the cycle a more practical mode of transportation for my student days and Chicago had plenty of mass transit otherwise, but the buses didn't run that late in the suburbs. Only we had not planned on the huge rain storm that evening.

We wanted to spend a little more time together and to split a bottle of wine we ordered from room service and chatted away for another hour. By the time I was ready to head out the mist had turned to a deluge. So mom suggested I just spend the night at the hotel in her room. I figured she would get the manager to drag out an extra cot since there was but one bed in her room. But she said that the bed being king size was fine and we could share, if I didn't mind.

Yeah right! I guessed she hadn't seen the porno or she would not have suggested that. Little did I know! Mom went into the bathroom and came out wearing a mid-length nightie of a rather shear material that clearly showed she had no underwear on. She suggested I simply strip

down to my jockey shorts. She acted like it was no big deal for us to be so undressed around each other, but I had a hard-on that I had to hide or be too obvious about my interests.

Now I have to confess, back in those days I was in some ways innocent of the ways of the world and the wiles of women. Oh, I knew all about sex and I was not a virgin. But not so experienced in the type of intimacy I was finding myself involved with, much less the lady in the room being my mom. In fact, I only attributed the most pure motivations to my mother, never thinking that she might be thinking naughty thoughts as well. Actually I had never 'slept' with a woman before then - spent a whole night in a bed together; though I had bedded a couple of gals.

So I was prepared for an entirely innocent overnight, although my penis was stiff at the view mom's gown revealed. She climbed into her side and set the last of her wine next to her on the nightstand and fiddled with the remote. As the host of the 'Tonite Show' introduced the next guest I did likewise, the blanket covering my boner. Mom indicated I should scoot over and cuddle with her. Happy to do so as I loved her as any good son should; I provided the tender affections without any ulterior motives. However, my hormones were certainly flowing and while my intentions were honorable my libido was delighted with the sensation of my arm around the female of my deepest, dirtiest fantasies.

I felt my mother's hand rest on my leg next to her and lightly begin to rub up and down. She sipped her wine; I mine; as the television provided a focus for my eyes, while the feeling of her manipulations sent the horniness of six days without release of sexual tension into a

near frenzy. But still I didn't think she knew what she was doing to me. Then she turned off the set and turned to me and asked me if I was sleepy. I was a little but still I didn't want the moment to be over, it was very stimulating.

She slid down and pulled me down and close then hugged me. She began an intimate conversation asking me who had been the first girl I had made love to, telling me about hers - a guy she dated in high school. I told her this night was a first for me, to spend an overnight in a bed with any woman. She commented, "And it turns out to be your mother! You get lucky and are out of luck at the same time!!" she laughed at her own humor. I assumed by that comment that I was not going to 'get lucky', but then I never thought so in the first place. After all, she was my mother - nothing could / would / happen. Right?

She gave me a chaste kiss on my lips and rolled over to her side with her bottom pointed back at me. She whispered that I could cuddle with her during the night as we slept, so that it wouldn't be a total loss for me. I told her I loved her and drew close so that my arms hugged her body, but I kept my erection at a distance from her buns lest she get upset and ruin the evening by getting angry at what I couldn't help. She sighed and got quiet. I had almost fallen asleep when she shifted so that my hand came in contact with her breast.

I froze. I had not done it purposely, though I instantly memorized the electric sensation. She made no effort to remove it, nor gave any sign that she was aware of that intimate touch. I was wide awake now. Then she said she was chilly, that I should snuggle closer. So I form fitted my body to hers and for sure how could she not detect my boner against her backside? She then shocked me by saying she knew I liked to sleep

in the raw and added she did too. Would I mind if we slipped out of our things?

To my unbelieving eyes, there in bed with me mom wriggled out of her gown. I was not to be left behind and shimmied out of my shorts. I was getting the idea that the real fun of the evening was about to begin. I was unsure why my mom consented, in fact instigated that she be naked with her son in bed, alone together in a hotel room where no one would know of anything we did. But it was now clear that whatever had led her to this moment, there was no longer pretense of an innocent thing going on. Still I thought it prudent to let her take the lead as to how to proceed.

As we resume our cuddle spooning, once more she drew my hand to her tit. This time I could feel the hardened nipple poking into my palm with a turgid heat. I slowly rubbed my open hand just grazing the point to lightly stimulate the erogenous flesh. Since this made mom give a little moan of contentment, I then grew bolder. I began to finger then rolled the nipple with thumb and index finger, it got hard and long. I switched to the other and a breathy "Yeess!" was voiced by my mother. I gently fondled her mammaries, her skin smooth and the double pillows so soft with the center of each a rubbery tip.

After several minutes I began to stroke her side, the curve of her figure was hill and dale down to hips and round to the dome of her tummy, a slight rise of a mature figure that had not gone to pot. This tested the waters for lower explorations. No indication of concern or limits was there, only a deeper breathing that was somewhat more ragged. A gasp was audible as I pushed my fingers into the tangle of pubic hair. I played in her furry forest ever getting closer to her nether lips. Even

though I was in uncharted waters of my mother's body, I was practiced at turning girls on there. I sent the middle finger probing.

Her labia were swollen and damp as I brushed them. I found the nub of her clit and twiddled it lightly. I drew up her moisture to lubricate the flesh toy and she made small movements with her torso. I want to touch her inside and prodded her opening. My digit slipped into the well of womanhood and I wiggled it. Mom giggled with pleasure and made "Uh huh, uh huh" a chant. She opened her thighs giving me better access and I made the most of it as I buried my finger deep and added a second to stroke my mother's vagina.

Suddenly she turned on her back, for a moment I thought that was going to be it, but then she began to kiss my face as if she hadn't seen me in years. Her eagerness, even a hunger was evident. I kissed her back with equal ardor and we transitioned into sloppy Frenching. I rolled half on top of her, my stiff cock on top of her leg as my leg found the space between the thighs. She reached for and discovered my hard cock and gripped it firmly, stroking slightly, to my delight.

My mouth made a nibbling journey down her neck and over her chest to her edible melons and budding berries where for several minutes of oral gratification I became both her baby and lover simultaneously. Then I continued my tonguing assault to the ultimate intimate munching. Something I seem to be very good at by all reports. As her fingers danced on my skull I drove my mom out of her mind with the most inspired cunnilingus I had ever done. I discovered shortly thereafter that mother was a screamer when she came that way. And did she; again and again; until she begged for a break as she was getting too sensitive.

While we caught our breath, I moved both my legs between hers, resting my weight on knees and elbows, my cock pushed at her mound, the hair tickling and erotic. I bent down to kiss her lips as a prayer in that missionary position. My cock was prone and I moved it seeking to probe the gash and enter her heavenly hole. For a few moments as she thrust in counterpoint to my dancing and hunching, I got the thrill of humping my mother's mound. Her hands stroked my back and held me in a hug, then lowered to my hips; her legs, bent at the knees, rose and spread. My mother opened herself to me completely and I knew it was time.

Her hole was tight, hot and so slippery. I penetrated about half way and withdrew to just a dipping contact, then thrust gently again, still not as deep as I could but making good progress. Back I retreated to the head being enfolded by her engorged labia, forward advancing to the root, out by half - and then as deep as I could. My balls squished on her ass-crack, my cock plugged at her uterus, the tip touching the nubs at the inner core. I held that connection of love for long moments then, instinct took over and I began to saw in and out. She gave cries and moans, encouraging me with movement in sync with mine.

Our mutual pleasure gained momentum as the fucking rhythm picked up; the slapping of flesh against flesh a meaty smack that echoed in the room. A steamy pungent aroma arose from our thighs as the friction of blood filled sex organs evaporated the love juices and sweat that poured down her crotch. My ball-sack was slick with it. I could feel her tighten the vaginal muscles and milk my cock. I had never felt anything so good; I loved her for giving herself to me physically and wanted to please her body with everything I had. I pounded my hard-on in her to bring her off.

It was not long in cumming with that effort. She began to make her special keening wail, the cry of overwhelming orgasm that could not be denied, nor stopped even though it was her son who was banging her. As I felt her buck and spread even wider she squeeze her legs together, I forced my way as deep as I could go, held it there as I gave great throbs of my prick spewing the huge load that had been building for days, indeed ever since my incestuous desires had been brewing for years. We froze in that coupling, united in waves of sensation and satiation.

We parted dripping perspiration but kissing between our gasps for air. We whispered, "I love you's"; we looked into each other's eyes and knew that it was right to have shared such passion. Then we settled into a side by side hug and began a conversation which set the foundation for our affair that lasted three and a half decades. Mom confessed then to having discovered my porno and read some, getting turned on by the forbidden fruit of her son having the hots for her. She even masturbated; she told me and then wondered how to provide an opportunity for us to do the dirty without seeming too wanton, though of course she was.

The rainstorm had been a stroke of luck for lust, a fortunate chance to fuck. Once she knew we would bed she was sure that it would culminate in our having sexual relations. I told her how many years I had had a thing for her and had sought to peek at her whenever I had the opportunity. She was not unaware of my interest, but had thought it simply a curiosity about women, not her being the actual object of my sinful desires. I asked if she had any regrets, would she tell dad? No it was a private secret for only us, no one must ever find out. I guaranteed her that it would be so. And yes, she regretted it had been so quick. It

wasn't done yet if she wanted more; I assured mom that it did not have to be over as I was swiftly getting my second wind and my mast was rising.

Mother told me her favorite position was to be taken from behind, so we did it doggie. I was afforded a totally awesome view of my prick stabbing into the pink pussy of my mom, her narrow hips pushed back as I poked her slit. I felt her opening once more gripping my sword in her fleshy scabbard, the enveloping like a wave of pure pleasure as pumped in and out. I knew the angle must be rubbing inside over her G-spot, as my balls swung up and beat on her; it was pounding where her clit protruded.

This went on for a long time before the urgency of my climax made my screwing rougher and quicker. She began to moan and saying "yes! - good! - now!! - I'm cumming, I can't stop cumming!!" Finally we collapsed in a heap, me atop her completely spent in energy and consumed in physical gratification. That was the last I remembered until I woke in the morning. I looked over and saw my naked mother gazing at me and rubbing her tits. She wiggled her I brows and I gave her a big shit-eating grin. Then she climbed on top of me and fed her beautiful breasts to my mouth, while her cunt scraped lightly over my rapidly rising cock.

When it was totally turgid she did a trick with her hips to angle it in as I trust upwards. Once more I was entering paradise. She rode me like there was no tomorrow, her velvety tits swept back and forth over my chest, a sensation I never got tired of. Mom would slowly stroke up and down, pausing to holding me deep inside. Other times she made just the head to enter, saying "No, my boy shouldn't fuck his mommy - that

is so naughty, mommy mustn't let her baby screw her - but I can't help it, you're so big and hard and I'm so hot and horny - oh darling just a little, maybe just for a moment, so you can feel what it's like - Ahh! I want to have you all the way inside me - I want you to cum in me - we mustn't, but I can't stop you - OHH! GOD! Fuck me, FUCK ME - I"M CUMMING BABY!! CUUMMINNGG!!"

Of course those words made me explode too. She collapsed atop me and wet spot was a foot in diameter when we got up. We showered together but were too spent to do anything but wash each other. When we dressed we had breakfast at a diner that was in walking distance. Taking the El into the city we did some shopping for clothes; acting like lovers when in private, but proper in public. Back in the afternoon at the hotel we got naked and made love both orally (mom gave great head) and fucked for several hours taking our time and enjoying each other's bodies. We discussed the future and planned for when I came home as to how to get it on when my father was at the office or on a trip.

While my affair with her lasted many years it did not have any effect on my general dating and I eventually married, nor was mom's love for dad and their sex life altered. Neither of us was jealous, recognizing we had a special bond of love and lust, but not needing to limit ourselves to being exclusive. Until I shared this with you, only two other people have known about Mother and me; my sister who eventually guessed and thought it was totally funny, since she had been into my private stuff for years - the snoop; and one of mom's friend's who had confessed an assignation with a neighbour to her and mom in a moment of weakness had also let her own cat (pussy?) out of the bag.

All About the Birds & Bees & Billy

"The time is right, he's now eighteen." said Billy's father. The year was 1949.

"I guess you're right. Does he know about sex yet?" Billy's mom asked.

Frank and Gail Turner were discussing their son's need for sex education. A pair of college kids they had met a few years before and fallen in love. They married even before they had finished their degrees. Their passion for each other only grew stronger as the years had gone by. Billy was born a few of years after they had settled in a nice suburb of New York City where Frank worked as an accountant for a Wall Street firm.

Several days had gone by since Gail had caught Billy looking at some of his father's adult material. Frank and Gail kept their love life fresh with new ideas and experimentation. They allowed each other's fantasies to be explored and role-played without judgment and demeaning criticism. They were turned on by the other partner's turn-on. So their sex was sometimes a bit kinky, but it was with each other. They kept the things that worked and moved on when other stuff did not.

Billy had come across one of the books with both pictures and a variety of stories. Gail wasn't sure if he read any of the writing, but she was sure that he had looked at all the very graphic pictures. She hadn't freaked out when she found the publication while making Billy's bed.

When he got home from school she informed him that she considered it unsuitable for a youth of his age and that it was confiscated.

Now Gail and Frank talked the situation over and tried to decide how they should handle the matter. "I'm not certain what he's learned in school. His friends must have talked about it. He can't be so innocent in this day and age. I want to make sure he doesn't have any wrong ideas and misconceptions about sex, of doing it with love."

"You're right." Gail responded, "How should we approach it though?"

"Well why don't we have a discussion with him after dinner?"

"Good idea. And let's be totally up front with him and answer all his questions, no matter what, okay?"

"That's smart. Then that's what we'll do." Frank closed the discussion with a deep French kiss.

Later that evening.

As Gail was taking the desert dishes away, Frank leaned over toward Billy and said, "Son you mom and I want to have a talk with you about something."

"Am I in trouble about the magazine dad?" Billy's voice quavered a little.

"Well, it's sort of about that, but you're not going to be punished. Relax, go put your pajamas on and come to the living room in a half a hour." said Frank reassuringly.

Thirty minutes later Billy went to the living room. The easy chair was pulled up close to the couch where his folks sat. Obviously that is where they meant for him to sit. His mom was in a light cotton robe and his dad only had his boxer shorts on, it was typical evening attire in their casual household. Billy went and sat in front of them, slightly nervous, even though his father had said that they were just going to talk.

"Billy, your mom and I just want make sure that you don't have any odd ideas about sex and that you understand that the best sex is with someone you love. Do you know much about sex?"

"Some," Billy frowned, "They had some Sex Ed in Health class, but it was just pictures of the insides of people. It was about as exciting as looking at the plumbing under the kitchen sink." His mom chuckled at that remark. "That's why I sneaked the dirty magazine, so I could see what real women looked like," he continued.

"We understand about your curiosity," comforted his mother. "But Sweetie, that kind of magazine has things you might have trouble comprehending. And sex and nudity isn't dirty, but it is generally very private. We are going to answer all your questions about sex this evening, but it must be private in our family and not be told out of the house about what we do tonight. You can talk about sex with your

friends, but you would be breaking our personal privacy to talk about whatever happens in our home. All right?"

"No problem, mom, I get it. Can I really ask anything and you'll tell me?"

"Tonight, we are going to be completely open with you and we want you to be the same with us. Go ahead and ask us what you want." Frank affirmed his and Gail's willingness to be fully above-board.

"Ahh . . ." Billy took a deep breath, "I know about eggs and sperm and how a baby grows inside its mommy. They taught us all that in school. But I don't know too much about making out and fucking."

"Say sexual intercourse, dear." said his mother, at her son's vernacular.

"Gail we say fucking when we make love, and tonight is an intimate evening with Billy. Let's use real language for our talk."

Gail indicated her acceptance with her expression and a nod.

"Can I see you naked, Mom?"

Gail started to protest and looked at her husband. "Gail, we ought to be open for this. It will just be for tonight, only. You understand, Billy? Just this once and I'll pick up a girlie nudie magazine for you, son, so you don't need to rely on your mother to study the female anatomy.

Go-ahead Gail take off your robe. In fact, I'll shuck my shorts and Billy; you take off your pajamas too. Then your mother won't feel so embarrassed."

Frank stood up and led the way by dropping his drawers and flipped them out of the way with his foot. Billy pulled off the top of his PJs and raised his rear to slide his bottoms off. He took his nightclothes and tossed them over by his dad's skivvies. Gail seeing that she had no choice in the matter undid her robe and let it fall behind her back she opened the material on her lap, so that she was left sitting on her robe totally exposed to her husband and young son except for the pink panties she was wearing. She had not expected the night to take this sort of turn.

"Panties too, Babe." prompted her spouse. She leaned back with her shoulders on the couch and raised her hips. She could see the eyes of her son go wide open as she pealed her undies, revealing her furry triangle and the rosy slit between her thighs. It seemed odd to be stripping in front of her son. But part of it was a sort of an exhibitionist kick that she had a little of in her, and that part made it erotic. She felt a tingle of sexual excitement. She could see that Billy had a nice erection as he sat in awe of her display.

She got the panties to her knees and sat back down. But then, in naughty girl fashion, she raise each leg separately to take them all the way off, thus exposing her sex to the ogling eyes of the boy. She smiled and held them on her index finger. Giving the pink apparel several twirls she let it go so that it flew right into her child's startled face. She laughed and that broke the tension of the moment. They all giggled and Billy tossed her garment to the discard pile.

"Your beautiful, mom!" Billy exclaimed.

Yes, Honey, you are really a gorgeous, sexy creature." Said Frank.

"Thank you both." Gail nodded to her son and turned to look at her husband, whom she saw also had a stiff one.

"Now Billy," said his dad, "you said you wanted to learn about making out. Well, grown-ups call petting, foreplay. It helps to get the couple aroused and eager to . . . fuck. There are erogenous zone on a person's body, places that are pleasurable to have touched. Obviously, you know a guy's cock is one of a man's places. Women have all kinds of spots, which turn them on. Places like the back of the neck," Frank put his hand on Gail's nape, "when caressed softly or kissed can be very stimulating."

Gail responded to his touch involuntarily, but as if on cue. Her nipples harden and began to become erect. She detected a hint of dampness in her crotch. "I'm sure you know that the breasts and nipples are very sensitive," Frank continued and that getting to second base is a big step from kissing, even French kissing."

"I never French kissed a girl before. Could I French you, mom?" Billy piped up.

Gail thought for a short second. "Sure, sit by me and I'll show you how." Her son moved to her left side. Now she was flanked by both her men.

Billy looked into her face with a huge smile on his. She turned to him and took his head in her hands. She kissed his lips with a soft tender kiss of the romantic regular sort, then slid her tongue between his lips to find his and wiggled the lingual digit. Billy found the sensation a bit odd at first but then decided it was fun and played dancing tongues with his mom. He extended his into her mouth and they swapped spit for a bit longer.

Frank tapped on her shoulder. "Me too," he said and she broke off with Billy to deep kissed with him as well. After a few minutes of watching his parents, Billy tapped on her shoulder and Gail switched again. This went on until the three were breathing hard and they gasping. Frank got his son attention by placing his right hand on Gail's right tit, which was closest to him. He started to gently grope her. Billy followed suit. Gail was going to object but she decided that it was better that the youth learn how to handle a woman, than to grab a poor girl's boobs without realizing how tender an organ they were.

So son and father fondled the mother's breasts and Gail leaned back to enjoy the attention. "Let's give your mom a treat she's never had" said Frank, and he put his mouth on her left nipple and suckled delicately. Billy copied his dad's actions but with a bit too much suction.

"Gently; gently, Darling." Gail cautioned her son placing her hand on his hair and then stroked his head as he lightened to a nibbling tickle. Meanwhile, her other hand reached down and found her husband's hard-on. She stroked Frank's cock and her son's scalp in rhythm. Then her left hand sought Billy's dick and she jack off both as they did double delight to her ta-tas. She was wet now! She remembered the erotic

sensation when she had nursed Billy as a baby and Frank went down on her at the same time. It was a wonder she didn't smother the infant!

Frank reached out for his son's right hand and brought it down to between Gail's thighs and guided it back and forth until the kid began to massage the leg. Then he did likewise on the opposite, knowing how much it turned his wife on. Gail groaned her growing passion from the duo's pampering. Her limbs spread, knees falling apart. Billy paused for a moment and looked down from the saliva-coated nipple. He saw his father's fingers run up high on her thigh then tease the red gash of his mother's pussy.

When Frank's arm retreated Billy made the same type of move and felt the wet soft flesh part as his fingers slid along the mystery place of womanhood. Gail decided that this was a bit too far and caught his forearm. But then Frank stroked her split and clit and she lost the power to hold on the he son's wrist. Billy's fingers joined his father's as they rummaged around the labia. The duel diddling was putting her close to the edge of orgasm. But before that happened, Frank moved.

"Now I want to show you one of the favorite things girls like, Billy. Here, help me move the chair back." Frank said as he pulled his son from Gail. They lifted the big chair between them back to its usual spot. Then he spread her legs. "See this is the clit. " Billy crouched by his dad as Frank pointed to the bright pink nubbin that stood out on her mound. "And this is the opening to the vagina." He slid a finger in and then withdrew it. Billy again followed his dad's example discovering the hollow haven, the weeping grotto of his mother's hole. Billy was struck by the heat and slipperiness and the enchanting soft little cave his finger was spelunking.

Gail wondered how far Frank was going to let Billy go. This was bordering on incest, not just a field trip of sexual education. She decided to draw the line at this touch. Before she could find the words to disengage her son's explorations and any deeper delving in her inner self, Frank spoke again. "Okay, Billy now watch, but this you don't get to do." With that being expressed she felt relieved of any further burden to set limits without having Billy feel rejected by her. Frank knelt between her feet and went down on her.

Billy had been having an awesome evening making out . . . petting . . . foreplaying with his mother at his father's instructive direction. He knew what going down was but only in theory. He sat next to his mother again and observed how his father's tongue went up, down, side to side in the cleft and round the button of love. He realized that his dad was thrusting his oral appendage into the opening of his mom's cunt too.

Gail could hardly think in the onslaught of pleasure, but she managed to once again grasp her son's prick. The tip was oozing pre-cum copiously and she used her thumb to smear the lubricant around the helmeted shaped head. Billy played with her nearest nipple and never took his eyes off the spectacle at the juncture of Gail's legs. Gail could feel the orgasm rising in her again, close, closer. Abruptly, Frank stopped and raised his head and asked, "Let Billy taste what a woman's pussy is like! Come here Billy get between your mom's knees."

They switched places, not noticing Gail's feeble head shake and whispered, "no, no." She was too weakened by the intense passion and tension of being on the brink of an orgasm, to stop the oral assault by

her son at her husband's urging. She rationalized the at least Billy would not have to force any girls to do something they were unprepared to do, in order to find out what pussy tasted like. Then she realized that was just what he was doing with her.

But not of his own accord. They had started this. She and Frank had agreed to teach him about sex. She had never thought that it would lead from teaching about having sex, to Billy's participation. He had learned well by watching his dad do cunnilingus on her, she had to admit. She could feel the coming cum. This was incest. They had crossed the line no doubt of that. What would be the . . . "OH! Yes! Honey just like that!!" Gail cried out her thoughts interrupted by a perfect set of maneuvers repeated by her son. Almost there, almost there . . .

Billy love going down on his mom. The slidey-slippery flesh tasted slightly pungent and unique, a delicious dish of the very place of femininity. It was so much fun to play with, even better than Frenching. He kept his eyes open to see a vagina from as close as you could get. To study the little rosy pill that was a clitoris. To see how far one might see into the depths of where a penis penetrated. He discovered the delight of driving a female to ecstasy; to hear her moans of pleasure and gasps at his fluttering tongue, to be the one which drove her wild and made her totally wanton.

Frank touched himself, watching the amazing site of his son giving head to his wife. It was better that any porno movie. It was live action with the smell added to sight and sound. The fact that it was his kid and spouse reminded him of his own oedipal feelings he had as a teen, with the hots for his own mom. His wife's over riding passion, which had overcome her reluctance to participate, was an incredible turn on.

He couldn't believe how hard he was. Suddenly, he was overcome with cunt lust. He had to fuck this beautiful woman before him.

Billy found himself pulled back unexpectantly. "Get low and watch!" his fathered grunted as he straddled the boy. Billy knew it was going to happen right then. He would get to watch the ultimate sexual act. He scooted back so his father had access to his mother's pussy.

Gail was diverted a third time from the pinnacle of cumming. Momentary, confusion gave way to happy eagerness as she opened her eyes and saw her husband's meat club about to fill her needy emptiness. She nodded her agreement that it was time. No thought of the fact that they were doing in from of their son crossed her mind. Her cock lust consumed her too.

With his first thrust into her, the long awaited release began. As he sawed in and out, in a ravaging rampage of pumping meat, she screamed her climax, as the flood of her cream washed out and the shudders of intense contractions cascaded head to toe. Then after-shocks and ripples continued. She gained her wits and Gail felt such love for her man as he pounded in and withdrew, to pummel her pussy again and again. She knew what would be the special treat for him, something he had never had, but was ripe and ready for. She couldn't easily reach there but Billy could!

Gail called to her son. She couldn't see him, but knew he was between their legs. At first, Billy was so engrossed by what he was watching that he didn't hear his mother. He wanted to memorize the mesmerizing display that played out in most graphic detail, the connection of male and female. The entrance to the hole, which he had put his small finger

into, now expanded as his dad's eight inch member plowed into it. The lips, which had curtained the mystery, seemed to thin to next to nothing as they encircled the girth of cock.

His mother suddenly, after only a few moments of taking his dad's dick oozed a white froth as if a dairy churn were too full. Still the motion continued. This was sex; this was it, the act the penetration. His father's hairy balls bounced against his mother's asshole and seemed to be the very essence of manly power. Then he did hear his mother calling. "Billy, do you want to make daddy really feel good? Billy do something for daddy, stick your finger in his asshole and wiggle it!"

Billy thought that was a little gross, but at this point he was willing to do anything to continue to be involved with the evening's events of ever broadening and deepening adventurous sex lessons. He took his right index finger and did as his mother had suggested. His digit penetrated the hairy crinkle hole easier than he expected and with a couple of strokes had buried in the full four inches.

He wiggled it for a moment, and then began to finger fuck his dad's anus. In response his father let out heavy grunts and oddly high pitched moans and began to screw his mom in overdrive. With a great guttural cry the older male began a huge, trembling orgasm. He locked the finger in with his sphincter and seem to try to get even his jumping balls deep into his wife's' cunt as he came.

Then Billy's mom also had a little climax. She had not been ready for the sudden blast from her hubby, but the combination of hot white semen gushing in her depths and all the other erotic factors, including her son's participation, took her over the edge again. She has happy

that they were able to give Frank something her husband had always wanted to feel; being penetrated in the rear and his prostate gland stimulated while he fucked her. Now he had his wish come true and a with big cum too.

Frank rolled over away from his wife, almost knocking Billy over with his leg. His breath came in great racks as sweat poured from every pore, a dripping body with a drooping erection still with a string of goo dangling from its tip. He flopped on the end of the couch next to his wife. After a few moments, he caught his breath and hoarsely whispered his exhausted thanks to his kid. Gail reached over to the end table and took some tissues from the box and wiped Billy's dirty finger.

Then his father said the fatal words that Billy had dared hoped might somehow be said that eve. "Now Billy".

Gail turned and looked at her husband in a wide-eye, startled expression. "That is really incest, not education, Frank!"

"Both, but let him just put the tip in, to see how a pussy feels, as a reward for doing what you asked him to do.

'Fair is fair' thought Gail and she began to spread her legs again. "Okay, Billy but just the tip, no further, you understand?"

Billy nodded, too excited to speak. He scooted on his knees up between his mother's thighs, with his rock-hard raunch-rocket erect and ready.

Gail leaned back against the sofa and spread her legs, giving Billy the most open and intimate look at a pussy to date in his young life. A wreath of curly damp hair surrounded it. The ruddy flesh was a raw maw, which encircled a seeping bright pink portal of womanhood. It presented the perfect target for the youngster's dick, but there was a problem.

As Billy positioned himself, it was clear that while he was nearly as big as his dad in the equipment department, he was still a bit less in height, thus his pole aligned a few inches too low. His father caught on to the situation and grabbed a seat cushion off the easy chair. Billy retreated to let Frank lay the pad on the floor at his mother's feet. When Billy advanced again this time his penis was in perfect position to enter his mother's pussy.

Gail watched in wonder of the evening's events, as her son's cock came closer and closer to their tentative touch of genitals. The distance closed to millimeters, then Billy hesitated. "It's okay, Baby, come and put the tip in mommy, just the tip though, no more." she said to her son.

Billy leaned forward so that the stiff spar of sex just kissed the center of the Gail's mother-hole. He could feel the warmth radiating. The underside of the head of his dick, dripping with pre-cum now, was slicked even more with the ooze from his mom's cooze. As he pushed, the up-turned meat tube skidded past the entrance and slid up her crack, nosing the protruding pink pearl of Gail's clit. Both mother and son moaned at the erotic sensation. Billy wanted to arouse his mother to a peak.

It wasn't exactly a plan, but in the back of his mind he reasoned that with enough stimulation his mom might lose control and let him go all the way in, once, maybe twice or three times if she was really turned on. His manly muscle made long sweeps up and down Gail's flesh-groove, from the low mush-pit to the crinkly tuft at the top. He pressed hard as he rubbed the slick length of his mom's special place.

Gail could tell how ripe she was and knew the two of them were skating on thin ice. The shock of her son's hard love-lance pressing on her hot-button was almost beyond her ability to maintain self-discipline and not succumb to her lust. She couldn't remember a more erotic, and yet, quite frankly, a more romantic night in her whole life. Not even her honeymoon, nor even losing her virginity, was close to the hyper-aroused state she was now in. Then it occurred to Gail that her son was about to lose his virginity with her.

No, was that actually so? Was 'just the tip' doing it? That wasn't fucking, not really, was it? He still would be . . . well not innocent, but not fully experience, still be her baby boy yet; even with the level of intimacy they were about to share, still her sweet child. At that moment Billy stretched up to suck her right breast, as his cock pressed into the soft entrance of her vagina it reminded her that despite his youth, her baby boy was well hung with a hunk of man-meat that would be a pussy-pleaser to any woman he put it to. She had, in her sub-conscious, a notion and curiosity to see what it would be like to have her son all the way in her. But in her motherly moral conscience, she denied her hidden desire.

As he leaned over his nude mother to nibble on her nipple, the tip of his tuber aligned perfectly with his mom's entrance. It was well greased

up by the action of sawing at Gail's gash. She draws his head up to kiss his lips, as the tip slips in. Their tongues played together in her mouth, then his, as the head of his penis popped into the ring that marked the enclosure's true beginning. She could feel the snug flesh of her vaginal opening encompassing the hot bulb, a spongy orb on a firm staff. Billy closed his eyes as his first inch entered, the hot - wet - slippery - tight - wonderfully intense tactile sensation almost made him cum immediately.

He steeled his concentration to make the moment last. Billy knew if he blew his wad now that would be the end of the education and he might never get another chance to put his dick in his mommy's cunt. Even as he savored the very instant his penis penetrated a pussy for the first time, his Dad, who had begun growing a new erection at the sight of his wife being entered by their child, was observing him. He began to masturbate at the spectacle. "Go on, Billy," Frank urged the teen, "pull out, and then put it in again!"

"No!" Gail protested, but when Billy followed the paternal advice, she was ignored and she felt her son withdraw, not losing contact but keeping his angle in the correct bearing. Then he once more burrowed the blood engorged bulb into the haven of his mother's hot hole. Gail, put her hands up to his torso and made a weak effort to push him away. "No ~ noo . . . that's all Baby, you had your taste of paradise, take it out now, please. Please . . . enough!"

But Billy could tell there was little will power behind his mom's words and feeble attempt to fend him off. To test that theory, he pushed another fraction of an inch in. His mother pushed back at his chest, but she also made a small movement with her hips that allowed another

smidgen of Billy's bountiful babe-banger to slide deeper a bit more. Gail gasp, as the action grew more dangerous. Billy slowly backed out, Gail smiled until he stroked forward again. This time the head - and shoulders of his dick stretched the opening and gained a foothold.

Gail moaned in both protest to the third entry and from the passion that threatened to overtake her senses. "Frank, that's enough, no more, please, before it's too late." Frank looked up from his study of incestuous invasion, and shook his head. "Honey, he hasn't cum yet, let him do it until he climaxes, fair's fair, we've both had orgasms, now its Billy's turn. Gail saw the logic, but the emotional conflict still held her in check (if only by a thin thread) from the abandonment to the pure joy of coupling with her son.

"Wait, Billy," Gail made one last desperate attempt to stave off total incest with her son. "Let mommy move, you just enjoy and cum when you need to." She hugged him to her breasts, his face alongside hers; she could feel the hot panting next to her ear. Billy could feel the soft pillows of his mother's ample breast press against his chest. The dual cushions floated him on a warm, smooth waterbed of pure femininity.

She raised her hips slightly so he was situated with the tip of his cock engulfed in the mouth of her muff. She began to tilt her hips up and down just a little, so that the super-sensitive knob of her man-child disappeared and materialize as it dipped and surfaced in that most special of baths. It was close to real fucking Billy realized, and the thought of screwing his mother began his balls boiling. An urgency for his semen to bubble out of the spout between his legs, which now sipped at the well of paradise, grew in intensity.

He couldn't help himself, he began to move too. The effect of the complimentary motion made the penetration go a little deeper than Gail intended, but she allowed it, in the effort to bring her son off. It felt good for her too, too good. She moved a bit more with the swing of her hips. In and out, dip and withdraw, slip in / slide out, thrust and retreat, down and up; their hips made the dainty dance of sexual teasing a torment to both.

Now Billy was getting a little deeper each time. From the first touch to the first dip. The head, then the head and neck - shoulders - two inches in now and four to go. Gail continued to moved, her body began to dictate the tempo, her physical needs to rule, her animal lust to reign above any reason, her passion to block all doubts, her excitement to burn in her gut, a fire that needed a heavy hosing to quench the quim, to make her cunt cum. Frank could tell that Gail was a goner and that his son was going to get laid by his mother!

Billy sensed it was time to move to the completion of the evening. He now began to not hold back. His cock went half way on the next push. Gail knew she had lost the battle with her moral vestiges. But still she made one last attempt to stem the inevitable lovemaking with her boy. "Oh! No! Billy don't do it, don't fuck mommy, it's not right Baby, Oh! Stop, no deeper, mommy can't take it, it feels too good!" Billy plunged another inch in the next stroke. "Nooo . . . don't! In a panic now, Gail Cried to her spouse. "Frank, it can't be, it mustn't happen, it will ruin everything!"

Frank, in response, put his hand on the kid's hips and pushed as Billy entered his mom once again. Billy knew the ultimate moment of conquest was now, and gave a big shove of hard cock into his mom.

Gail knew, when her husband provided permission for the sinful sex to happen between her and her son, by encouraging Billy to make full penetration of her 'holy of holies', that she was outnumbered and out gunned. She knew that her whole hole of hot hairy horniness, that was the very center of Gail's being, was to be fully filled with her son's handsome member. She broke, the dam of morality collapsed, her reserve flowed away as she made the sacrifice of her final feminine mystique to her boy by fucking him.

Gail opened her cunt to her kid's sweet cock. She made the swing of her hips a full arc; her thighs spread as wide as she could make them and her heals began to beat against Billy's butt as they got into it completely. Billy felt his dad push him into his mom. He understood this was the time, this was the okay, this was the yes, this was the instant he had dreamed of for so long. He felt himself slide / slither / snake to the root of his rod all the way into his mother.

His pubic hair mashed and tangled with hers. He held that socket tight for a long minute. Then he shoved harder still, to cram every last millimeter in. He felt a funny nubby place deep in her pussy. Gail felt her son bottom out in her, the tip nudging her womb. Could he / would he / what if he should make her pregnant? Frank saw his boy's balls bounce on his wife's ass and started to pound his own meat stalk.

Then, the dam broke. Gail commenced to moan, like when she was about to have an earth shaking cum. Billy was banging away at his mom's pussy like he might never get laid again. Frank could feel the jism in his testicles about to blast. Billy reveled in the ecstasy of sex at last, sex with his mother, sex with his parents participating, permitting,

enjoying one another and initiating him into the ultimate intimate adult act.

He stretched to kiss with his mom. Then he turned to his father and kissed him on the lips. His eyes said all the thanks needed to his old man for wonder of sex. SEX SEX SEX - he couldn't get enough of going into his mom. He wondered if she would let him give her a baby. Gail could tell her next orgasm was on the rise. Her cum was riding on the brink of release.

Then - then . . . then, they came. Billy suddenly found himself over the edge, he battered his mommy's middle with a raging erection that stretched the skin so it seemed like it might split. His tip bumped her womb, his pubic bone mashed her clit, his nuts drummed her butt, his mouth kissed her cheek, his arms were around her now in a fierce hug, his chest was nipple to nipple with her breasts. Gail let out her pre-cum wail, "Ahh! Yess! O! uhh . . . now!"

Frank considered the possibility that Billy might impregnate Gail. This was the thought in his mind when his penis shot a stream of white cream onto the fucking pair. Billy felt the explosion of his cock in his mother's vagina, like his dick was a stick of dynamite. The flow burst out, a geyser of goo right into the very mouth of the womb that bore him; the place his life and soul had formed in and which his spirit and body had longer to return to, to return to that avenue of love in this very special way, in this spectacular act of reuniting mother and son!

Gail finally released the pent-up climax with her own erotic creaming in synchronization with Billy's spewing his potent poison into her burning center. Her body arched, and her arches contracted, as the

spasms of orgasms shook her. She bucked up to pump the last hardness of her son's erection into her hungry hollow. She felt her pussy flutter, gush, cum. Her brain flashed a lightning bolt of pleasure through her nervous system. Her cunt clenched the softening cock of her boy within her. It shrank and dropped out, allowing the draining of their mixed juices to drench the robe beneath her and even soak through to the couch.

The three gasped and looked at each other, as the sweat dripped from their happy faces. Their lust wishes, subverted for so long were now out, open, honest and undeniable. Billy leaned over and kissed a deep French one with his mother. Then he even Frenched his dad, in gratitude for allowing him to not only learn about sex, but to fuck his own mom in the process. Frank then also tongue kissed Gail and asked, "Aren't you glad we did it?"

Gail nodded and smiled a naughty smile. "Yes Honey, I am. I am now into incest entirely. It was the best sex I ever had; being with the two men I love the most. Now, tomorrow night, don't you think we ought to continue the lessons for Billy, after all, he needs to experience more positions, doggie, me on top, behind me from the side, me on my tummy and him on top. And maybe," Gail once more grasp the two cocks, one in each hand, "if you're both real good boys, we might do a double penetration!"

Frank winked at Billy, who could only smile back at both his parents with a pussy-eating grin that stayed on his face for a very long time.

Allan and His Mom Pt. 01

Part 1

Preface and Introduction:

Several months ago in response to one of my stories, Allan wrote to me that he had an actual affair with his mother. I encouraged him to write it out. While he is not from the US, his English is excellent and I only needed to do a little 'Oediting' to smooth occasional usage, but the words are Allan's, and the memories are of both his and his mother's; as she was supportive and acted in a consulting capacity for the project.

As to the veracity and truth of the story I can vouch this information. I have been reading almost all mother/son incest stories that were out there anywhere for the past fifty years and nowhere has this plot, characters, setting, or anything else been produced anywhere close to this. It is an original story, of that I am quite sure. The richness of the detail, the duel perspective of mother and son, the consistent thread of the story even when related in earlier and disjointed form all are evidence this tale is not made up.

Knowing this gives their narrative a super-charged zing to the hot sex Allan describes with his Mom. He builds the story from his earliest hint of his mom's openness to an ongoing relationship, and the journey carries us to the throes of ecstasy too. This is what every Oediplex OediPal fantasizes about. Allan got to live it out!

[For another true story see Tom Hathaway, Taboo: A Memoir]

Oediplex 8==3~

Preliminary Hints

After my sister's marriage there was interesting the change in Mom's behavior: she had been always very modest at home (what she did outside was another thing...) she seemed to be more relaxed and less careful in the way she dressed. Just two quick examples: once I came home in the mid-afternoon and she called me from the laundry room asking if I was alone. I said yes and went there. To my surprise (and delight) she was pressing a dress wearing only panties, bra, girdle and stockings.

The panties and bra were made of sheer nylon fabrics and completely see-through showing the nipples and the aureoles. We chatted until she finish pressing the dress and I followed her close admiring her butt fully exposed underneath the panties, the crack between the mounds completely visible. This was maybe the first but certainly not the last time she exhibited her body to me.

Once I planned to spend the weekend with some other folks on the farm of one of the guy's parents. It was some three hours driving and we were to set off early on a Saturday morning, around 5:30; they would pick me up about then. I woke up and after preparing a quick breakfast I was ready to leave when I saw mommy coming in my direction. She was wearing only a tiny nightgown that went down to me mid of her thighs. She came close and start giving some advises

stuff like don't drink too much and the safety concerns on the road and all kind of the things a mother always says to her son when they are living home. At the end she hugged me, pressing her body against mine.

Instinctively I put both hands around her waist pulling her body strongly against mine while feeling her warm breath against my tee shirt. My open hand slithered down over her butt and I didn't feel the elastic band of panties. Mom was naked underneath. I would learn later that she never wore panties to sleep. When she gave me a good bye kiss I moved my head quickly so her lips touched mine. And it wasn't only a quick rub; our lips stayed together of a larger lapse of time than it would be expected. If I weren't wearing tight jeans, for sure she would have felt the hardness of my prick against her lower groin.

Another important thing I learned was her difference in behavior when we there just the two of us as opposed to when my father was around. When we were alone she was much more affectionate, more relaxed, she hugged me and kiss me in a different way and after that morning farewell we got into the habit of kissing slightly in the lips. In the other occasion I was studying in my room when she knocked the door and stepped in with soda and snacks in a tray.

Being the first days of December in the Southern Hemisphere it was pretty hot and she was wearing shorts and a light shirt. After putting the tray on my desk she came close to receive the usual kiss and I held her by the waist and pulled her against me. Mom sat on lap and put both arms over my shoulders and we stay like that talking for a long time.

Before Christmas season my father told us that the Medical School where he was teaching had appointed him to take one-month training in a new gastro-surgery sponsored by the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The course would take the whole month of January. Firstly I supposed that Mom would travel with him but to my surprise she immediately declined saying that London in January would be too cold for her.

My granddad eventually consented to give me a car but only after I had started in college, which meant March of next year. So I was trying to figure out something to do during January and February, maybe accept the offer from a friend to remodel an old sailboat he had bought and was planning to use for a around the globe sailing after he completed his degree. The money wasn't great but at least I would have food, beer and fun for the rest of the summer. It was then my mother came with a proposal...

The Beach House

One afternoon, just after Christmas, Mom asked about my plans for the rest of the summer. I briefly explained my thoughts, and when I asked about hers she told me she might spend the period my Father would be in London in a house my granddad had in a condominium by the sea. This house was received a few months before as part of payment in a case he had worked as attorney. Since he wasn't interested in keep it he would put it for sale and Mom thought she might like to enjoy it before it was gone.

She mentioned about taking a friend, one of her best two friends that was divorced at the time. This woman, one of Mom's tennis pals had a

fifteen years old daughter. My mother never had been there so she, her friend and the daughter drove there one day. The place wasn't too far away, may be 170 miles north of where we lived and served by a nice new highway. She was visibly disappointed at night upon her return.

She explained that the things weren't exactly like she imagined: what was supposed to be a gated community was unfinished since the developer went bankruptcy before ending the work. Most of the streets weren't even paved and there was a portico but not a gate and just few scattered houses had been built. In the other hand the house was very good, roomy and just finished. The daughter of Mom's friend was very clear saying that she never would spent three weeks in that middle of nowhere and she rather spend the summer with her father. Her mother was a little more polite but used the daughter refusal as an excuse to decline the invitation.

At the same time my friend told me that he only could start working in the boat the last week of January since he was needed as help by his father in their hardware shop. That evening, talking to Mom, I volunteer to go along with her to the summerhouse. In the beginning she was trying to dissuade me saying that for sure I going to get bored in few days that was a desert place far away from the small city and a series of reasons. Eventually we came to an agreement: if I got bored she would bring me back home. My father departed right after New Year's Day and we traveled a day later.

My first impression of the place wasn't any good but I did my best to hide it from Mom saying that it was okay. The house itself was very interesting, built with demolition materials; the floor was covered with beautiful old pine planks and the high ceiling showing the ancient 12'

by 12" wooden square beams still bearing the remnants of its old paint. The internal doors were also from old houses that had begun to be demolished in the town. The walls of the living room were built with recycled old bricks and left exposed.

After all the things were settled and the house organized we decided to go to the city to have lunch. It was mid-afternoon, we were both starving. The little city by the sea was very poor at that time. Out of the whole circuit of beach cities around the area we lived, it only started a rocketing growth after they discover offshore oil in the mid eighties right in front of what was then, almost a village.

Ten years prior to petroleum discovery it was almost like at the beginning of the century when it was an important harbor for sugar exports. After the decline of the sugar industry the center of the city seemed frozen in time. Most of the one or two story buildings in front of a large square plaza facing the river were from the beginning of 20th century.

After lunch we went back home and Mom decided to take a nap and I sat in the front porch to enjoy the breeze coming from the ocean. The water was only a few yards from the house and hidden by a tall dune covered by strange low vegetation. After sometime I decided to explore the area and walked to the north side of the peninsula where the development was located. Behind the dune there was a somewhat (at least compared to the two adjacent beaches) long beach, something like half a mile long.

This beach was flanked by two coves, one a little bigger but the second was very small and with very difficult access. It was necessary to climb

up the rocks through a narrow path and then go down a steep slope of sand. In the middle of the diminutive cove there was a rock formation against which the surging surf made sprays of water, a few feet from the beach line. The north face of the peninsula faced open ocean and conversely to the wide beach in southern side the sea was much tougher and with high waves. The peculiarity of this small cove was that if one stays behind the rocks the water was calm but otherwise, on both sides, there was a strong undertow current.

I probably strolled around for a couple of hours and then decided to go back home. Mom was waiting for me sitting in the porch hammock and reading a book. We had a brief chat I went inside for a shower and we prepared a light meal. Needless to say there was no TV or any other kind of amenity so after another chat session in the dark porch we decided that was time to sleep, at least I, that haven't had a nap was pretty tired. We locked the house but even so, the Venetian shutters provided an almost air conditioning with the ocean wind whispering in the sea pines that surround the house.

After a goodnight kiss Mom went to her room and I stayed in the kitchen, drinking water. When I turn off the hallway lights I perceived a point of bright light in Mom's room door. I found out the reason: the old door still sported the original locks with the old skeleton key system. I couldn't hold out against temptation and silently approached the door and knelling in front looked trough keyhole.

Mom had just released her ponytail and immediately begun to undress. With quick movements she removed the blouse exposing the naked breasts. The short and panties followed in order and I could see again her naked body in its full splendor. Unfortunately she moved out of my

field vision and when returned she was already wearing a light nightgown.

The vision of her naked body sparked some feelings that I had believed were dead long ago. Conversely from my beliefs they were only dormant, waiting the first opportunity to upsurge into its full strength. That night, for the first time in two years, I masturbated thinking of my mother. After having my horniness relieved I begun to think about the subject.

What seemed in the beginning a good idea, to stay with Mom in that place, would become a torture chamber! Up to that moment I was conscious that my sexual fondness for Mom was some sort of wishful thinking. It was great in my dirtiest dreams, but I never consider it would really happen or that my Mom would accept to have sexual relations with her own son. With windmills in my mind I fell asleep with a bitter taste in my mouth.

Next day, after the breakfast, we went to the city to buy fresh fish in the town market. The city wasn't so awfully far from our house, but it was a bit of a walk. By car it was a mere five minutes. After preparing the fish (Mom is an excellent cook) we went to the beach by our place. Mom was wearing a bikini but nothing that would be considered too sexy. It was a typical bikini to be worn by women at Mom's age (at forties then).

Being a light skin person Mom remained under the umbrella reading for most of the time. Around 1:00 PM we went back home and before showering we worked in our lunch: Mom placed the full fish we had bought that morning in the oven and put some potatoes to boil. After that she went to the bathroom while I was fixing the table. Mom added

more excitement to my sexual high up by walking out of the bathroom wrapped in a short towel.

Instead of going directly to her room she went to the kitchen where I was helping with the preparation of our lunch. To add more pain to my misery she crouched in front of the oven to check the how the fish was. By doing it she forced the towel upwards exposing half of her butt! I avidly rushed to the bathroom and under the cold water I relieved another load of sperm.

During the lunch I was hit by a sort of guilty feeling. I felt heartbroken from my dirty feelings on my mother. In my thoughts it was one thing for an eighteen years old boy, virgin and inexperienced to be having sexual attraction to his mother. Unusual though, perhaps even unnatural I reasoned, was it for eighteen years old experienced man, having the same kind of feelings. What I would learn later was that my mother had an opposite view on that kind of relationship; when we later openly talked about the subject, she said she never would accept to have sexual relationship with her own fourteen years old son, though she was now having one with him four years later.

The next few days nothing changed in our routine and I made a point to not peer on Mom again. One morning I woke up feeling something different in the air. It took me sometime to become aware of it: the wind that continuously blew from the ocean stopped. We followed our routine but returning from the beach we felt the difference: under the bright sun and without the wind blowing the house became an oven!

We were feeling like in a sauna and the first thing we decided was to replace the lunch by a quick meal: only sandwiches and a salad. We

opened all windows but it was of little help especially my room that faced west and was receiving all the heat. Around four o'clock I Mom came out of her room saying that she was melting. I invited her to go to the beach front were the temperature would be milder. I suggested we should go to the small cove were the high cliffs that framed the shore would provide some shade at that time of the day.

Half of the cove was already in the shade and the temperature was remarkably milder than in our house. We sat on the sands and we begun to chat. At a certain moment I told Mom I was going to water and invited her to do the same. I was wearing my Bermuda shorts so it wasn't a big deal. I supposed that Mom would do the same since she was wearing a halter-top and short cutoffs. To my surprise she removed the top and shorts and only in panties and bra grabbed my hand and we went to the water.

It must be pointed out that Mom wasn't wearing a bikini or skimpy underwear. Hers were old-fashioned cotton pieces, maybe even larger than her bikinis. The water was delicious and refreshed our sweaty bodies but at the same time her panties, once soaked, became completely transparent. Even so she didn't show any discomfort when we stepped out of the sea and propped up our elbows we laid on the sand.

Furtively I start looking at her lower belly and the triangle of golden hair divided by the pussy lips was entirely visible. We stay there for a long time; I silently praying to Mom not perceive my erection under the shorts. When the sun was low enough in the horizon to keep the whole cove in the shade we decided that was time to leave.

We went back to water to remove the sand from our bodies. I put my shirt back and to my surprise; I expect Mom to do the same, she turned her back to me and removed the bra, dressing in the halter top and then, with a quick movement, she lowered the panties exposing her magnificent derriere and hastily put the shorts on. It didn't last more than few seconds but was an unforgettable view of her bare buttocks just few feet from me!

The house remained hot as hell and we decided to rush to the city to buy two fans. Back home we installed one fan in the porch and sat together in the hammock. Once again it was an exciting sensation to feel Mom's bare leg against mine. I put an arm over her shoulders and she leaned her head on my chest. We stay there for a long time in silence. I was thinking about on the future of the relationship with my mother and feeling guilty about the feelings I had for her.

About that afternoon it was great to watch her bare butt, but on the other hand I felt like betraying her confidence. The fact that she, in a so unaffected and innocent way had exposed her body, seemed to me as a token of trusting her own son and not that she hadn't meant to exhibit her body in any sexual way. I was living very tough moments: tormented by my adult view of the problem and plagued by what I considered childish feelings.

My brainstorm was interrupted by Mom's voice: "Let's do something different: let's go back to town and have dinner in that seafood restaurant of the first day!" I quickly showered and we headed back to the city. I was wearing Bermuda shorts and Mom a sleeveless dress shirt in light cotton fabrics. As is easy to imagine, the small rural city at nearly nine o'clock in the evening of a week day was almost deserted.

We sat in the restaurant and ordered lemonade; both my mother and I weren't fond of alcoholic beverages in spite of once a while I drank beer. During the dinner Mom did her best to keep a conversation and I pretended to be interested answering her questions and talk mostly about my experiences in US. After the dinner she invited me to walk in the small promenade in the river front.

Trees covered the plaza and the promenade was some half-mile long, stretching far away from the plaza. As we walked, Mom held my hand entwining her fingers on mine. At a certain moment I put my hand over her shoulders and she held me by the waist. Eventually we arrived at an old place were the barges had once moored to be loaded with sugar. There was still the ramp and to sets of stairs, one in each side of the incline. We went downstairs to the cement loading platform almost at the water level. An iron railing surrounded the platform and Mom leaned over it looking at the river while I was few feet behind leaning against the still warm cement wall.

Once again was Mom who broke the silence between us: "Allan, tell me sincerely: are you bored to be here?"

"No, I'm not."

"Please be honest with your mother, it seems to me that you are unhappy with the situation but as a good son you don't want to complain or ruin my stay here. If this is the case let's pack and return to home tomorrow morning. I'm not sure that your old mother is the best companion to a young man like you."

I assured to my mother that it was all okay and promised to her I would openly tell when and if I get bored. Then, in a sudden impetus, I came close to her and wrapped my arms against her body pressing my belly against her bottom. "Do me a favor, never say again this foolish: by any means you are NOT my OLD mother!"

'Well, I really believe I am. At forty-four I can be everything, but a young girl...'.

I hugged her tightly and she responded by raising her torso and leaning her body against mine, I could smell the suave perfume that emanated from her hair. "Do you promise don't be angry with me if I say something?"

"No, of course not." What is it?"

"This afternoon... at the beach... you looked so beautiful naked..."

Mom giggled and answered: "I'm glad to know I'm still attractive to a young man like you."

"You don't need to care about your body, it has a mature beauty. I'm sure that any man would love to be your boyfriend..." At that moment I was pressing Mom's body against the railing and I'm sure she was feeling my erections against her butt crack. As a matter of fact, I was expecting that at any moment, under some excuse, Mom would break our fond embrace.

However, she wasn't showing any intention in doing so, it was the opposite: she seemed to be very pleased with our intimacy. Her acceptance to my advances made me bolder and I lower my head and kissed her on the neck, right over the dress collar and I can swear I noticed a light shudder hitting her body.

Looking over her shoulder I perceived her small tits free under the light dress moving in the rhythm of her accelerated breathing. My first impulse was to unbutton her dress and put a hand inside the dress and gently grasp one of her tits. However, I was experienced enough to know that even if he accept my caresses at that moment, on the way back home she would have time enough to ponder about what we had been doing and no doubt put an end to it.

I figured out that moment was a chance of a lifetime, and if it were misconducted I not only would ruin our vacation, but even worse: once back home she would treat me in a way that would make another venture impossible. So I restrain my impulses and begun to rub the tip of my fingers on her arm. It was a caress 'innocent' just enough to not be rejected by my mother and yet at the same time pleasurable enough to be allowed stretch through those extended minutes.

"It's been so long time ago since I had moments like these..." She whispered. We stay there for a long time, my hard prick poking her derrière, my hands caressing her arms. The night sky was becoming darker and it seemed that what the waiter told us at the restaurant was in the verge of take place. According to the old and experienced man every time the wind stop blowing from the ocean in the summer season a strong shower followed a few hours later.

He was right, on the way back home a tiny rain quickly turned into a shower. Driving carefully on the gravel road I had a chance to define my plan: I would make an attempt, if Mom refused, which was my expectation, I always had the right excuse: it was simply the natural reaction of a horny young man alone in an almost deserted place in the company of an attractive woman. When we arrived back to our bungalow I invited Mom to sit in the hammock while the house cooled down a little. Mom gladly accepted my suggestion, and while I opened all the windows she was preparing a jug of lemonade.

We sat again in the hammock while I hoped for best opportunity to recreate the magical interlude we enjoyed at the river front. We sip our lemonades in silence for some time, watching the heavy shower pouring down over the roof with the sound of a drum; at a certain moment the rain was so strong that I couldn't see some yards ahead, it was like a milk curtain.

Once again Mom came to my help: she set her glass over on the small side table and once again nested against my chest. I put my hand over her head and released the ponytail. In spite of being practical for her, I didn't like her lightly curly hair arranged in a ponytail. Then I started slithering very lightly the tip of a finger over her face. The other hand was covering her arm and I could feel the skin covered by goose-bumps.

She was breathing heavily and trying to suppress her sighs. At a certain moment I felt that it was the proper time and putting a hand under her chin, I raised her head and gave a peck on her lips. Conversely form our habits that wasn't just a quick peck, a mere brush of the lips, but

without trying to forcing her to open the lips and trying to French kiss her, only to placed my lips over hers directly. In spite of her voiceless acceptance of my advances, I was expecting that at any moment she would find that enough is enough and stop me.

She finally broke our kiss, but to my amazement she said: "Allan, are you sure you know what you are doing?"

"Yes, I know. I'm kissing a beautiful woman."

"Even if this woman is your own mother?"

"What is the problem?" Was my silly answer. Of course, by any means of looking at it, a big problem!

"I'm afraid you're doing it just because these very special circumstances. We are here, just you and me, you saw me naked this afternoon... It all creates a favorable atmosphere. We need to think on what going happens once we go back home and need to face the day-by-day life. I'm afraid you would start blaming me for not stopping you at the proper time."

"Listen to me Mom; I'm not a young boy that is on the verge of being seduced by his mother. We are two adults conscious of what we are doing. I know exactly what it does means and its consequences." Her reaction was to press her head strongly against my chest and hold me tight. I wait for some moments and decided to restart my advances to see if she would me to go any further. I placed a hand over her breast

and slowly moved to the dress front opening; after opening a button I inserted a hand in the opening and cupped one of her breasts.

As I imagined the small teat was still very firm and the nipple pebble hard. I played with her tit hold it in the palm of my hand, delicately squeezing that adorable petite part of Mom's anatomy. Her only reaction was to respond each time with louder sighs. I decide to move to a next step: I opened the front of her dress down to the waist fully exposing her chest.

After admiring it for some time I lowered my face over one breast and begun to suck the nipple. Without hurry I endlessly sucked and played with both tits; Mom's only reaction was to caress the back of my head with an open hand and sight. Then I opened the remained buttons fully exposing her body, now she was clad only in white cotton panties. At last I looked up and broke the silence between us. "You know what I want now? It's to see you fully naked, like at the beach, this afternoon."

The Time of Bliss

"Let's go inside..." She whispered. "First of all let me go to the bathroom for a moment." She said.

"No, come with me, I'm going to shut all windows." Was my answer.

"I need to pee." She whispered shyly.

"You must promise you are not running away."

Mom laughed and as if reading my thoughts added: "You don't need to be afraid, I will not change my mind." As evidence of her intentions she came close and hugging me tightly placed her open mouth over mine in a passionate French kiss. Our tongues entwined while I quickly rolled down her panties making them fall around her ankles. My hand roamed freely over her derriere squeezing the two large soft globes.

Eventually we broke and she went to the bathroom while I rushed to close all windows. I went to her room and sat in the bed hearing the sound of the shower running. It seemed to be an eternity but eventually the shower stopped; soon the bathroom door opened and Mom shown up wrapped in a towel. Like propped by a spring I stood up and removing the towel, held her naked body in my arms. Then she slipped into bed as I almost torn my shirt in the hurry to remove it, the Bermuda and jockeys followed quickly the shirt and naked I laid aside Mom.

For the first time I had the opportunity to watch Mom's naked body in its splendor at a so short distance. It was completely different from when I peeped on her from the top of the roof. At that moment I wasn't an intruder voyeuristically enjoying a forbidden pleasure. No, at that moment I was few inches away from that long sought after woman, I could feel the warmth irradiated by her body. It was hard to believe that after four years my ultimate dream was on the verge of coming true.

I moved my body the few inches that separated us and leaning over her chest, I poured my lips once more over hers. Her large mouth and semi-opened pouty lips received mine. Her orifice opened and again our

tongues began thrusting in each other's mouth. I feel her hard nipples poking my chest. I remember very well thinking to myself that I didn't know if I would have another chance to enjoy my mother's body, so I decided to extend that opportunity as much as I could.

I broke our kiss and begun a visual journey over her naked body. The diminutive nipples were surrounded by light pinkish-brown aureoles crowned her tits. Going lower, my eyes reached her belly. Like the nipples the belly button was small and delicate. Her tummy was a little protruding but nothing capable of detracting the voluptuous of the whole set. As a matter of fact it added sexiness to her body, like something that was there to remember, the beholder was staring on a mature woman still in the peak of her sensuality. The lower belly was adorned with a small, carefully trimmed, triangle of light blond hair.

It was interesting that Mom having natural honey ash hair would have plain light color pubic hair. The majority of natural blondes I have met have curly and reddish pubic hair. Mom's fur was so tiny that one could see the slit and the tip of her clitoris barely hidden by the golden hair.

Maybe nowadays one would say that Mom's body is not in accordance with the present aesthetics standards but in my opinion it was beautiful. The thin waistline (I think it was called 'bee waist') widened into the generous contour of her hips and was supported by the solid, thick thighs. It was an unforgettable presented to the eyes of an eighteen years old boy.

I inserted a hand between her thighs and she, understanding my intentions, freely separated the legs. Coming closer I deeply inhaled the odor that emanated from Mom's privates. In spite of having been

recently washed, her pussy already smelled again of that tender and unique scent that I learned to love with passion. Putting a hand in each side of her snatch I delicately opened the labia exposing the pink and humid flesh of its inside and making the clit pop out.

I came close and placed the tip of my tongue on the tender parts of Mom's insides. She moaned and opened the legs in a wordless invitation to eat her pussy. I pressed my face against her groin forcing the tongue in her vaginal channel. The long sessions with my neighbor in US were showing its usefulness. That young woman had been a sort of teacher in my learning the finer points of sexual activities, particularly oral sex that she especially prized. If Mom was trying to keep a cool attitude regarding the fact she was having sex with her own son at that moment she lost any remain of self-control. With the legs wide opened she was moaning noisily and swaying the hips slowly.

I tongue fucked Mom for a long time; unhurriedly I licked and sucked her pussy, paying homage to the place I came out to life eighteen years before. When eventually her body trembled in a quick succession of convulsive movements I crawled over her body; she had the eyes shut and her face was red. She was breathing heavily like she had been suffocating. That was the moment of decision and I held my penis, pointing it against my mother's pussy and with increasing pressure of my body against hers I was sliding my dick in her womb.

Eventually I felt my shaft deeply buried in my mother's body and I begun to push and pull in an increasing tempo. Mom kept the eyes shut but again she started panting and moaning in a higher and higher pitch. I hold her tightly, pistoning like a crazy in her warm vagina. I was too excited and in spite of all my control to extent our intercourse I couldn't

hold out very long and my nuts expelled a strong boiling stream of semen in the deepest part of Mom's womb.

We were both fatigued; in our hurry to get in bed together we forgot to bring a fan. In spite that the temperature had dropped a little, with the windows closed it was pretty warm inside and our bodies were covered by sweat. It felt like having just dived in the ocean or as if we were coming out of a sauna, we were soaked.

As expected after satiated, with our minds cooled down, we were facing the raw fact that, as mother and son, we had committed incest (we found later that this was a mutual feeling). We remain silent for a long time each one trying to cope with what seemed to be the other's annoyance. Eventually I decided to break with the discomfort and begun to lightly peck mom's lips.

She told me later she was expecting some kind of guilty reaction in my side, the kind of: 'Oh my God! What the hell did I do?' so she felt visibly relieved seeing it was all okay with me. Her serious face was turning into a shy smile and soon we were exchanging kisses like two sweethearts that had just discovered the pleasures of playing kissy-face.

Conversely from the sex stories I have been reading I'm not that kind of over-sexed man able to ejaculate several times in a row. Even when I was eighteen I was able to masturbate three/four times a week and always took me sometime to be ready for another sex combat.

"How are you feeling?" I eventually built courage to break the silence.

"Better than I would expect. How about you?"

"I'm feeling in heavens. It's an old dream coming true."

"Really?" She asked. Without sharing, like about the photos and letters, I told her about my efforts to see her and my adventures as roof climber. Mom laughed flattered with my interest for her. "Now if you don't mind I need another shower." She said.

My first thought was to follow her and share a bath but I quickly came to conclusion that it wouldn't be appropriate at that first time. While she was bathing I looked for the fan in my room and then went myself for a shower. When I returned to her room, wrapped in a towel she was already dressed in a nightgown. I wasn't even sure that she would allow me to sleep there but I took the risk.

"Do you mind if we sleep together?" She shook with a smile illuminating her face like she had been waiting for my request. I unwrapped the towel around my waist and dove naked underneath the sheets. "Do you mind in sleeping naked?"

"No, but you must promise to be a good boy. It's time to sleep..." She said peeling off the gown. I was exhausted by the happenings of the last hours. I hugged Mom's warm naked body against mine and almost immediately I fell sound asleep.

I woke up with the first lights of the dawn coming through the slats of the Venetian shutters. Slowly I was recapping why I was there sleeping naked in my mother's bed and I was struck by a strange feeling. May be it was when I became fully aware of what we have done few hours before. All of a sudden I found out that, among millions of young boys sexually attracted by their mothers I was one of the few that had been able to transgress the gates of the sexuality's last taboo.

And I wasn't feeling guilty or discomforted one whit what I (better saying we) had done. It was a wonderful experience, by far

better than my two previous experiences with other women. Even today, almost thirty years after it happened, it still hard to define what I was then feeling. If to most people incest would carry all the charge of sin, rather than a disgusting act to me, at that moment I felt a person that have received an unique privilege.

Just then, I was struck by a flash of uncertainty: and how about Mom? How would she react after her lust was satiated? What would she think realizing that she had her pussy eaten and her body penetrated by her son? How would she manage the future of our relationship? I just had certainty about one thing: from that moment on our relationship, for good or bad, never would be the same. Even being confident about my feelings on what Mom and I have done, I must admit that I felt some discomfort imagining how it would be to look Mom in the eyes during the breakfast.

Several times I was tempted to touch mom's body; wake up her and see what would happen. However, thinking twice I decided that it would be the worst option: she could wake up in a different mood than a

woman that open her eyes to find her body been fondled by her husband or lover. Anyway it took me a long time to fell asleep again.

I slept heavily for a long time and woke up with the sounds of the breakfast been fixed. I rushed to the bathroom and under the shower I prepared myself to the most feared moment: look Mom in the eyes and have the conversation I knew wouldn't be easy. Dressed in swimming trunks and a tee shirt I stepped at the kitchen. Mom was preparing French toast and the smell of cinnamon and freshly brewed coffee was spread in the whole kitchen. Same as me she was already wearing her bath suit and a pareo type skirt wrapped around the waist fully exposing the area between the bikini bra and the waistline.

"Hi." It was all I could say. Mom turned her head and smiled. Thank God! At least she wasn't showing a somber face. I helped her in setting the table and we start eating in silence. Eventually we exchanged a few words about the weather: the sun was shining, the breeze blowing, all indicating that we would have back the pleasant weather as we had in the first days at the peninsula.

Mom's behavior was enthralling me. She was talking and acting like nothing had ever happened between us; as if the episode of the last night had been erased from her mind and our lives. I knew Mom very well; she wasn't the kind of personality that tends to clear up problems simply by ignoring them. And the answer to my anguish came in the moment we were preparing the stuffs we used to take to the beach: a thermos of iced tea, some fruits and snacks.

"Allan, I believe we need to talk about yesterday!" She said in her resolute timbre. My heart skipped a beat or may be several beats but

for good or bad that was a conversation we need to have soon or later and the sooner the better.

I walked to the living room followed by Mom. I set in the couch and she stood stand, the body leaning against the wall, the arms crossed over the breasts. That wasn't a good indication. I remembered that when I was young that was the posture adopted by my mother when we had something serious to talk about.

"I don't know your feelings about what happened last night..." In the beginning she was a little hesitant but soon she was again the resolute woman I knew. "But be sure there's nothing to curse or feel bad about. Let's say that several elements were put together driving us to do something that usually a mother and her son don't even consider normally. As you said we are both adults and must take responsibility for our acts."

"Even so," she continued, "I believe that if we disregard all those old rules and religious beliefs on this kind of relationship there is not too much to be reproached. Furthermore we weren't the first and certainly will be not the last ones to do it... Anyway if someone

must be blamed for everything it's me. As your mother, older and a more experienced person than you, I must have put an end when the things start getting out of control."

Definitively the unfolding of our discussion was taking a direction I didn't like. Mom's message clearly was: its okay, it happened, but from

now on forget about it. Let's go back to traditional mother son relationship. And I decided to do my best to avoid such course.

"You don't need to take any responsibility. If something must be blamed on you is the fact you are a very attractive woman. If you were fat and ugly, Mom it never would have happened!" Mom's answer to my compliment was a shy smile but there was an unmistakable spark of joy in her eyes.

"Well let us then blame on the moment. Otherwise you never would have paid attention on my account." I found out we were walking in circles and if I really want to move forward I must take the initiative.

"No, you are wrong, this is not new. It started years ago."

What? Do you mean...? You...?"

I nodded and said: 'Are you interested in knowing the whole story?" Mom had her mouth open it, seemed her chin would reach the floor in a moment. "Sit down here." And I padded the couch by me. "It's a long story." In a typical woman's stance she sat with a leg tucked under her, one arm over the backrest looking at me. In the position the pareo opened revealing a substantial piece of her thigh. I told her the whole story, starting with the day we were selecting furniture and family mementos at my granddad's house, the discovery of the pack of photos and letters, the climbing excursions on the elevator's roof. Mom listened to me without blinking and in absolute silence.

"Well, that is it. Now you know everything. As you can see I had been hoping for this for a long time." A long and heavy silence fell over us. It was clear that my mother was trying to process all information she just had received and I patiently wait for her to say something.

"My God, I hardly can believe in what you have told!" She whispered.

"Do you never perceived a somewhat odd in relation to you?"

"Of course when you were around fourteen, exactly when you said you became sexually interested in me, I perceived some changes in your attitudes. Sons at the age of ten tend to become ashamed of their mothers and avoid any physical contact. It seems they are trying to look adults and believe that mother's cheerfulness and affection is more appropriate for young kids. After that period some of you develop a 'special interest' in their moms."

"For instance I had read an interesting article in one of those woman's magazines. The matter dealt with the mother/son subject and the author had interviewed several mothers. Almost simultaneously Laura was facing problems of this nature with her son and we exchanged some ideas on how to address the question. (Laura was one of the two Mom's best friends. The three of them were very 'sexually active'. Conversely from Mom and their third friend Laura was divorced).

We were silent again looking into each other face. After telling my story and having heard her comments my excitement was high again. Besides Mom sating with the pareo opened, exposing her leg was an

unbearable temptation. Once again I decided to take the initiative and approaching her I placed my lips over her in a light peck.

"Allan, no..." She whispered with her lips still rubbing mine.

"Why, you didn't like it?"

"You know... we can't... it's wrong..." I barely could hear her words. It was clear that she wouldn't do anything to stop me; her objection was merely vocal and even so feeble that I decided to move ahead. I hold the back of her head with one hand and place the other over her thigh.

"Please Allan, stop!" She moaned again. I moved the hand over her thigh upwards and undid the knot of the pareo at her waist. I move the hand over the waistline and quickly slithered it under the bikini touching her pussy. She had quit protesting so I insert a finger in her vagina. It was like digging it in a pot of warm honey! Mom's pussy was drenched by her body juices in a clear demonstration of her high level of excitement.

"If you want me to stop why you are drenched here?" Her answer was to open the mouth and give me a passionate kiss. All her resistance had ended and while we kissed I manage to release her bikini bra. When I removed the hand from her pussy and begun to pull the panties down she raised the butt from the couch to help me. At that moment Mom was completely dominated by the lust and was French kissing me with passion. My prick was rock hard and aching under the confinement of my trunks. I grabbed one of her hand and pulled over my groin; Mom immediately begun to caress my tool squeezing it.

"Better if we go to my bed..." She proposed. I quickly locked the kitchen door and rushed to her room. She was waiting for me stark naked lying in the bed.

At that occasion there was no preliminaries; we were both over excited. She eased my way by opening the thighs so my tool dove all the way in her dripping vagina in a single stroke. She moaned and swayed the hips while I pounded furiously shoving my dick in her womb. I fucked Mom with a mix of lust and despair. It was the same thought I had during our first intercourse: the feeling that would be the last time Mom would give me access to her body

Mom is a very vocal person and during the whole intercourse she cried and moaned loudly like she had been chastised. In spite of all my training and my willingness to prolong that moments I soon felt the urge of unload my cum in mother's womb. Once again her body was shaken by a succession of shivers denoting she was climaxing. I hold her thighs against me and let a flow of warm sperm fill her body. I follow kissing her lightly on the lips and studying her reactions. The bliss emanating from her face put me at ease. It seemed she was beginning to accept our relationship.

"A penny for your thoughts." I said in an attempt to break the silence.

"I was thinking I'm an old perverted woman. With so many men in this world I picked my own son to be my lover." She answered. By her smiling face it was clear that she wasn't complaining or feeling guilty.

"You are not old or perverted. Please don't say it again. If there's any perv here it's me; the truth of matter is I started everything." We still remained in the bed exchanging caresses for some time and after a quick shower we headed to the beach.

The path to the ocean started few yards from our house and headed to the east extremity of the beach. The beach was separated from the development by a sequence of low dunes ending at the west side were there was a rock cliff separating the sea shore from the small cove were I saw Mom naked the day before. At that time, in an almost abandoned development with few housed built there was just few persons scattered on the mile-long beach. Most of

the people, including the locals, preferred the large beach in the south part of the peninsula where the ocean wasn't so strong and the waves milder.

Besides 'our beach' had strong streams that could be dangerous. So, to our satisfaction we also had that huge extension of gold sand just for us. As usual we walked some hundred yards away off the path to settle at a place with relative privacy. I opened the umbrella while Mom stretched the beach towels. She covered her light skin with suntan oil, lying down on her stomach and asked to spread the oil on her back.

"Why don't you remove the bra? It will avoid these suntan marks."

"Good idea." She said while I unclasped the bra.

"Well, I hope daddy won't start raising question about..."

"I'm sure he will never notice it. Anyway I can say I did it in my room."

"Okay, let me do another thing..." Mom worn a medium size bikini, those some inches high in the side and I rolled it down till one inch of her butt crack was exposed. "Mom, do you mind if I ask a sensitive question?"

"No, go ahead."

"It seems the relationship between you and daddy is somewhat... somewhat unusual."

"Yes, you are right. Let's say we have a marriage of convenience. I know it may sound hypocritical, but it's in the interests of both of us to show a public face and have separate private lives, but that the way it had been for many years."

"And why is that? How do you come to such agreement?"

"I'm not trying to blame on your father but he was the one who started it. I believe that the reason is that he's from a poor family and always worked hard to graduate in medicine. Indeed he is a talent in his specialization and at a certain moment, and it happened after you were born, he became dazzled with his success and with the fact he was

making a lot of money. All of a sudden the young boy that who had a difficult life was faced with the allure of his professional success."

"When he was invited to teach at the School of Medicine and begun to spent the Friday and part of the Saturdays away from home the young and charming professor decided to take to bed not only the young students but some respectable middle-aged woman too. When you were around three years of age every Friday I start receiving anonymous phone calls telling about his amorous adventures. In the beginning it sounded like the kind of foolishness of a young student that fell in love for her teacher. This is not uncommon, it happened even to me."

"I was getting angered by the calls and once I told to the female voice that I was tired of her stupidity and I didn't believe any what she was saying. She then said she would send ultimate evidence. Some days after the call I received a letter with a photo of your father in a restaurant surrounded by young people, most certainly students. The 'ultimate evidence' was a beautiful long-haired blond with the head amorously leaned over his shoulder."

"It's easy to understand I pissed I was and Saturday afternoon upon his arrival I asked him for a serious conversation. In the beginning he denied everything but when I pulled out the photo from my pocked and virtually rubbed it on his nose he was forced to admit the story."

"I said I would apply for divorce and he came up with a proposition: the separation would be bad for both you and your sister and even to me. Why we don't try to have separate private lives and keep the façade for outside usage? For him was important to present a respectable

family face in the medical and academic community (at the time he was applying to the College of Surgeons) and all this stuff would be bad for his career as well. He said I could have a private life, the social position we enjoyed and do whatever I wanted providing it would be done cautiously. I said that I wasn't expecting such proposition and I need some days to think about."

"I decided to face the situation cold-mindedly: At the time I was turning thirty years of age and I had quit Law School long ago. By then was too late to go back to school and start a career. Besides I had two small kids to rise. Of course I could get married again but wouldn't be easy to find a man willing to accept two young kids from another man. Furthermore, I wasn't, at least at that moment, planning to get married again. I was quite sure that another man most probably would mean the same problem!"

"Some days later I came with an answer: I would try to put in place his proposal for a certain period of time. If I weren't satisfied we would apply for divorce. He was relieved with my answer and a new chapter of our life started. I never had been a conservative person, it's the opposite, but at that moment I really didn't know what to do and my life follow being the same for some time."

"Once after I had played tennis at the club with a friend (the other of the two close friends of Mom, besides Laura) and sat down to rest and sip a soda. This friend had confided about her private life and her sexual adventures outside marriage. At a certain moment she mentioned that a man, her friend, was vividly interested in me and had insisted with her to set up a meeting between the three of us for a conversation. When she mentioned who he was I was taken aback: he

was a very nice looking bachelor that used to play tennis at the same club."

"When I was arriving in the morning after taken you and your sister to kindergarten he was leaving. A couple of times I notice that he postpone his departure, watching us play from the veranda. To me was hard to believe that a cute man in his late thirties, single, would be interested in a slightly plump housewife when there were so many nice single girls around. My friend followed insisting for some days and eventually I accepted to be introduced to him. I talked for some minutes at the veranda and he proposed we should play a game of tennis. I explained my problem in being there earlier and he said that there was no problem: he would be there at the time better suits my schedule."

"To make a long story short we played several games and he invited me for lunch. Few days later we were in the bed together! And you know, once you start..."

Part 2

Explorations, Examinations and Explanations

It was great to heard Mom's history while observing at her. She was laid on her stomach, propped up on both elbows so I could watch her almost naked body. The rolled down bikini panties exposed an inch of her ass crack and it was eye-popping. I invited Mom to go to water and when she grabbed the bikini top I suggested she go topless. After a kick look around to check if we were alone she stood up bare breasted and holding my hand we headed to the salty cold water.

When we were with the water by our waist level I couldn't resist and holding her by the waist I brought her body against mine. She answered by placing both hands around my neck and we exchange a kiss, her small hard tits poking my chest. When I tried to lower her bikini panties she objected saying that would be very embarrassing if someone saw her naked there. Back on the sand Mom stretched the towel out under the sun.

"Mom, it just my feeling or you and Sis have some sort of friction?"

"No, it is not just a feeling, in fact we faced some problems when you were in United States."

"What kind of problem?" I insisted.

"Her husband, back then her fiancé, caught me with another man in a parking lot."

"And...?"

"For sure he spilled out the story to her. Once she told me she was going to spend a weekend out with him. I suggested that it wasn't proper. I said she was on the verge of getting married and they could wait a little bit more to be by themselves. She answered in an unsuspected angry tone saying that I should better take care of my own life than meddle with other's life. When I said that she doesn't have the right to talk to her mother in such way she got more pissed and almost shouted that I was the last person she would expect to talk about that kind of subject."

"A married woman that is found kissing a man in a parking lot doesn't have moral authority to reproach other people, your sister continued to rant. Besides she was going out with her fiancé and not with another man. It wasn't difficult to put the things together: I was dating a man and we met in a bar faraway enough (at least we believed) to give satisfactory coverage. After talking for some time we went back to his car and drove to a motel. Against my will my friend started kissing me and probably her husband saw us."

After a long stay on the sands we decided that was time to go back home and fix the lunch. And Mom gave me another great surprise: in the back of the house, at the kitchen's outside wall there was a water reservoir on the top of four eleven foot tall concrete columns. It was used to store water since the city system wasn't good enough to provide safe supply water for that far and the new development. At the base of

the columns the builder had built a shower to avoid people stepping in the house with the beach sand in their feet.

To provide some privacy they had built walls on both sides of the lower part of the columns. There was no door since the view from the back was obstructed by the garage and the two guest rooms built in the back of property. The area between the main house and the back complex was supposed to have had a swimming pool which was never put built. To my delight Mom removed the bikini and gave me a full exhibit of her naked body while she took a long shower.

After I did the same we met in the kitchen to work on our lunch. We talked all the time and to me it was hard to restrain my excitement. It was not because she was wearing sexy clothes, as a matter of fact it was the opposite: she wore an old and large man's shirt coming down to her mid-thighs and a cutoff underneath. But after seeing her semi-nude at the beach and deliciously naked during her showering, my batteries were fully charged again.

After we finished with dish-washing I asked: "What are you doing now?"

"I'm thinking in rest a little. And how's about you?"

"Nothing, I don't have any plans. Do you mind if I join you." Mom smiled and agreed. Once again I quickly close all doors and windows and rushed to her room. With the windows closed the room was in a cozy semi-darkness. Mom came out of the bathroom and readily removed the shirt and cutoffs remaining only in panties. I was still in

my shorts but promptly I got rid of them. In silence we hug each other and I could feel the subtle scent of Mom's body lotion. We start kissing and I removed her panties leaving Mom stark naked.

We hugged each other and she put her mouth close to my ear and whispered: "I want to ask you something..." Her voice unmistakably denoted she was bashful in what was to come next . . .

"What is it?"

"I want you to kiss... the way you kissed me the last night...I love being kissed...all over." And I started again the pilgrimage over her body, starting from her mouth and going down unhurriedly. The silence in the darken room was broken only by her moans that were growing in intensity as much as my mouth headed down her body. When I in the course of things reached her belly button, she was almost howling. Eventually I reached her sex pot and like in the morning it was over flood with her thick vaginal secretions. While I licked and sucked the throbbing clitoris I inserted a finger into her slit, finger fucking mom's vaginal channel.

After I had it lubricated I moved the finger down touching her back entrance. My finger slithered without any effort up her anus and I begun to harmonize the suction in her clit with the anal finger fucking. At that moment she was panting and crying mercilessly. After working for such a long time on her clitoris and both openings her body at last begun to shake uncontrollably; as if she was receiving electrical shocks and with a long cry she stiffened straight. Her anus squeezed tightly my finger and then after a sequence of short gasps all her muscles loosened.

I wait for some moments and carefully removed my finger from her rear. She kept her eyes shut until her breathing had gone back to normal. I had moved back to her side and observed the changes in her facial expression. At a certain moment she opened the eyes, her face turned crimson red and she hastily put her arm around my neck and hid her face in my neck. It seems mom was ashamed of losing control of herself in such a passionate way. I put my arm around her body and patiently waited for her recovery. My hand slithered down her back and I begun massaging her bottom. We remain there in silence for long time, my rock hard prick poking her belly and my hand roaming over the magnificent fleshy globes.

"Do you know you have a wonderful butt?" I asked breaking the silence.

Mom giggled and answered: "When I was young, around fifteen years old I was very shy about my body: I believed I had a too large bum and too small tits."

"A poor self-misjudgment; your butt is perfect in size and big tits tend to go obscenely down after a couple of kids and with aging. Your nipples are still pointing forward and not to your toes." Mom giggled again and purred satisfied with the caress in her derriere. I decided to move forward in my planned new sexual experience and moved one finger down the deep valley between the buttocks. I touched and pressed the tip of my finger against the small aperture hidden in the deepest of the valley and asked Mom: "Tell me: do you use this place just for it primarily function or for something else as well." It was a

rhetorical question since I have read all Will's letters and in many of them he mentioned their anal sex practices.

Mom whispered the answer in my ear: "Also for that kind of thing you are thinking, I use it."

"And do you like it?"

"Oh yes! When it is done gently... Do you mind in fetching the jar of Lanolin cream in the bathroom? When I came back Mom was laid on her stomach exposing her beautiful derriere.

"Put some cream both on you and in my butt." She said.

I split her ass cheeks and for the first time I had the chance of seeing her anus. The somewhat naturally opened sphincter was surrounded by a large light brown frame. Instead of the usual protruding and puckered ring Mom's anal opening was almost deprived of wrinkles. With the finger deeply shoved in her rectum I massaged and lubricate her rectal passage. She expressed her approval by means of loud moans and a subtle sway of the rump.

Eventually I decided it was time to replace the finger with my prick and leaning over Mom's body I pointed my dick to her ass and started pushing. I'm not an ungifted man when it comes to prick size: It is seven inches long and relatively thick. For the traditional vaginal sex it is okay, but many women don't even like to think about having me inside her butts. So, to my surprise, after offering an initial resistance, Mom's

sphincters relaxed and her anus easily engulfed the glans. Still based on my previous experience I waited for some moment till her sphincters got used to the invader. Depending upon the woman it can take from few seconds to several minutes. In the case of my mother it was clear she didn't need any time. Even so, I carefully shoved my dick in her rectum, until I felt my lower belly pressed against her butt.

Then I began to push back my dick in her rectum 'til only the knob remained inserted in her anus. And I started again the long dive in her entrails. Mom responded to my pummeling in her ass by moaning and sensually raising her body from the mattress. With a growing excitement I increased the tempo of my stroking in Mom's rectum. My dick slithered smoothly in her back entrance and the feelings are hard to describe.

Mom was an expert, better saying an artist of anal sex: when I was shoving it down in her entrails she relaxed the muscles and when I pulled it out she contracted the muscles. It was like having my prick shoved in a machine that vacuumed and massaged my tool simultaneously. Never in my life had I had as much pleasure as I had ass-fucking Mom. I grab her tits holding her body securely riding her by then frantic motions with her bottom.

She had her face over the mattress, the eyes shut in an unmistakable mask of pleasure. Every stroke with my tool was responded to by my mother with a backing at me, combined with a swaying of her derriere, a combination synchronized to perfection, result of years and years of enthused anal sex practice. My previous experiences with two different women shown that they need to have vaginal stimulation to reach anal

orgasm. Mom had both hands placed around her head which mean she was having pleasure exclusively from her anus.

The pace of my thrusts was frantic, my belly slapped her butt with a loud blast, like I were slapping her rear with my hands. After having had sex in the morning I was able to pump for a long time before the usual feeling indicating that I was on the verge of gushing a cum load, where my nuts start shrinking and then swelling to the point of burst out. I held her tightly pressing my body against hers like trying to shove my dick up to the last hundredth of an inch in her bowels. Motionless over Mom's body I felt the flow of jism being spurted in her entrails.

"Don't move, let it there, I want to feel it inside me." She whispered. And as much as my dick was softening inside her rectum the massage she produced with the rectum increased its intensity. It was unbelievable, beyond any description, what Mom was able to do with her rectum! In addition her sphincters weren't so tight to the extent of making my half-stiff cock uncomfortable while lodged in her entrails. When it was fully loose only the knob remained trapped inside her anal ring. Eventually I moved back, Mom unclasped her sphincters and my dick was free of its love prison.

I took Mom in my arms and kiss her tenderly. Once again she nested her head in my chest and I heard her giggling.

"Why are you smiling?"

"I was thinking about the fact I always was fond of young men. What I would never realize, even in my wildest dreams that I would end up in the bed with my own son!"

"And what is wrong with that?"

"You know very well what people's consensus on the subject is. Personally I don't give a damn; we are doing it and end of paragraph. It's like many other things; most of the people have a façade for the society and a completely different private life. One good example is your father and I. How many people would even conjecture about the kind of agreement we have? Just for one moment forget about everything that rules the relationship between mother and son and tell me: what is the difference between having sex with several men and with my own son?

Let's suppose for a moment you have been raised separated from me and didn't know I'm your mother. All of a sudden we met few days ago and without knowing our close relationship we fell in love for each other or merely decided to have sex. Let's go a little further and assume you become aware of the fact I'm your mother? Do you believe that there would be reason for desperation, feel guilty to death like in a Greek tragedy? I don't think so, maybe we might put an end in the relationship, may be not, depending in the way we perceive the situation. Providing we keep it under secrecy I believe it is only a matter between you and me."

"And when we return home, how it gonna be?" It was a question that had been startling me since the first time we had sex.

"I'm not sure. The only thing I have for sure is we need to be very prudent. With your father around we can't take any risk. Certainly we will have the Fridays but it would be very risky to spend the whole night together. Can you imagine if, for any reason, and it happened already a couple of times, he returns earlier than expected and surprise us naked in the bed? I don't even like to think about! And there is another fact we need to face: we both have our lives; expectations. You are young and certainly will be looking for girls of your age. I don't think that would be good for both of us to tie our day-by-day lives exclusively to each other."

It was a clear message: Mom wasn't willing to have me as her son and lover on an exclusive base. And believe me I understood her position; to be honest I never foresaw our relationship with a high degree of commitment. But on the other hand I didn't like to see it as some sort of 'summer adventure' that we would put an end to as soon as we return back home. I was determined to continue having sex with Mom as much as it was mutually pleasurable and possible. And I would need to work with all my skills to succeed.

I held her tightly in my arms and soon we fell asleep. I woke up at the dusk with Mom still cuddled in my arms. She immediately opened her eyes and after stretching our bodies while exchanging kisses we finally decided to get out of the bed. After showering we decided to go to the city to have dinner at sea food restaurant we had been to before.

It was another nice dinner that stretched for a long time. After that we decided to stroll in the almost desert promenade. At night the place seemed to be the retreat for young sweetheart couples who occupied

the few benches exchanging hugs and kisses protected by darkness resulting from the combination of the leafy century old trees and the feeble illumination provided by few scattered light poles. The large paved alley bordering the river was almost empty since it didn't provide the same shelter as the square behind.

I put an arm over Mom's shoulder and she reciprocated by putting her hand at my waist. Like all other sweethearts around strolled easily the whole promenade. I held Mom by the chin and raising her face had begun to kiss her lightly on the lips. In spite of being already eighteen years old that was the first time I felt like flirting with a girl. Up to that date I had the two relationships in US. With the Dutch girl and the sergeant's wife; the first was special and with the second one it was merely sex. With the Dutch girl I went a couple of times to the movies but was some sort of friends partying together. Now this was something new for me; I was there hugging and kissing a nice girl notwithstanding the fact she was my own mother!

Anyway it was something new and wonderful and surely mother was also enjoying the moment. It was an unusual situation: we both knew that once back home it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to enjoy moments like that. There, in a small city, unknown by the passersby we weren't mother and son, we were a couple of sweethearts. Of course under the sunlight it would certainly look odd a woman in her early forties dating a teenager: but protected by darkness, no one could notice our age difference; we were a couple like all the others. After having fun at the city we rushed back home for another exciting sex session.

Nevertheless there was still a missing piece in our sex game: in spite of the fact that I had eaten Mom's cunt several times. She always demonstrated an unsurpassed pleasure in having my mouth sucking and licking the aperture that brought me out of her body to this world she never had even mentioned her intention of reciprocate that kind of pleasure. At the time, this was I believe, by the end of our first week there we were still in the process of discovering each other.

Mom told me later that her decision was to let me take initiative so she could see how far we would go in our sexual life. At my side I had a better knowledge through the letters Will wrote to Mom, but there was still the psychological barrier. One thing was what Mom did with other men; completely different was her willingness in doing them with her own son. It was just a matter of go ahead and to do the things, but at the time I hadn't the knowledge about Mom's opinion on the matter. Going back to the oral sex subject I decided to try to discover why she hadn't even touched my dick.

One thing I learned was Mom's willingness to talk about her past life when we were at the beach or in the bed, especially after a sexual session. I learned as well that on the beach she was more open to tell me about facts like her arrangement with my father, the problem with my sister, the men she had taken to bed or even stories related to her two best friends, the ones that shared Mom's fondness for sex. The moments in the bed were dedicated to more intimate subjects, always involving sexual activities and her adventures.

Along with the fact that she was then dating her own son, my mother was proud of her past adventures and didn't feel any embarrassment in telling them; and in me she found an avid listener to her sexual

stories. Now, many years afterwards I have learned what I had at the time was some sort of audio voyeurism. At the same time her narratives, together with Will's letters were the safe guides for my sexual advances.

During the summer season it was pretty common for it to rain at least sometime during the early evening. It was a quick shower, may be half an hour and the soon the sun was shining again. One of those days we were on the beach and suddenly the sky became overcast and a wind blowing from the ocean got stronger and colder making our stay on the beach very uncomfortable. We hastily packed our stuff and went back home. By mid-afternoon it had begun to rain, not the customary strong tropical downpour but a light and cold thin rain that seemed to stay for a long time. We had our usual nap and when we woke up the stormy weather remained the same.

We were washing dishes after dinner when there was a power shortage and we suddenly were in absolute darkness. We spent almost a full matchbox up to I would be able to find one half spent candle in a drawer and I took a mental note to next day buy some packs of candles and a flashlight. To save the remaining few inches of candle we still had we decided to sit-down at the hammock in the porch. The air was fresh and at least we had some dim light from the cars passing along the distant highway.

The moment seemed ripe and ready for a special question I had been saving up to ask mom, about Will of course.

As we sat on the porch hammock waiting for the power to return, I decided to bring up one sensitive subject: "Mom, was Will the first man in your life?"

"In certain way yes, I knew Will for long time since my older brother and Will became close friends when they were at the Engineering School. He is two years older than your uncle and 10 years my senior. So when they started doing their homework together in our place I was ten years old. Throughout the time they became inseparable friends, Will was from a faraway city and a poor family. Your grandma liked him very much so he used to have lunches with us almost all Sundays and diner several times a week. So I grew up seeing Will as some sort of older brother. I was sixteen when he graduated at college and start working."

"At the time I was a very complicated teenager. I felt my butt was too big, my thighs too thick and my tits too small. On top of it all, I hated my hair that was too curly in my opinion. As you can imagine I was pretty unhappy with my look. Then I started noticing Will's subtle interest in me. In the beginning it sounded like an old friend doing his best to comfort an ugly duckling. Once we were just the two of us talking and I said I didn't feel at ease wearing jeans. He wanted to know why and after some resistance I told him why: I believed my ass was too large and it would look bizarre in tight jeans. He said that I was crazy, that there was nothing wrong with my rear and made a complimentary commend about my body."

"I felt like in heavens and begun to figure that maybe I was wrong. Of course my body never would win a beauty contest, but even so it was

much better than what it was in my self-evaluation. Right after I turned eighteen, it became more evident of Will's growing romantic interest in me. He had just bought his first car and one Saturday he stopped by my home looking for my brother (later on he admitted he knew my brother wasn't there. He used it as an excuse to see me). He invited me for a ride and I fondly accepted. We rode throughout the city and at a certain moment he stopped at a promenade with a dominant view of the city. This was one of the favorite places for young people enjoy good times with their sweethearts."

"We talked for a while a when he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket I quickly grabbed it saying he had smoked enough for that day. He begged for the cigarettes saying he would die without one and tried to take it from my hand. Then somehow, all of a sudden, we were exchanging a passionate kiss. The next step was to open my blouse and loosen a tit from the bra. I never have had such a caress and of course I was feeling heavenly. It is hard to believe but until that age I haven't had a boyfriend, all my sexual experiences were my masturbation sessions during the bath or at night in my bed."

"I pleasurably accepted the fondling in my breasts and a bold hand roaming up my thighs. I only decided to stop him when he attempted to insert a finger in my pussy. I was virgin and educated by my mother to only give up my maidenhood to my husband at the honeymoon. He smartly changed the focus of his attentions moving the hand to my ass, even so over the panties."

"From that day on we started dating but in a very strange way. It was clear Will knew that my parents didn't see favorably our relationship. I'm sure the problem wasn't the age difference but the fact that Will was

almost mulatto and my parents were very proud of their ancestry. The truth of matter was we hide our relationship from everybody but my brother. In the presence of my parents we act like good friends, Will was, for all purposes, considered some sort of old brother after all. Even my brother, Will's best friend, didn't seem to see our relationship in a positive way. Even so, as a support to his friend and his beloved younger sister, he even gave us the much needed coverage."

"Now, looking to the facts from a distant perspective I'm sure I was never in love with Will. He had shown up at precisely the right moment to support a needy teenager. Time passed and our petting sessions became bolder and every day I turned more eager for his caresses. However, since the beginning, I made clear that I was virgin and had intention to remain so up to marriage so my pussy was some sort of 'forbidden territory'. In the beginning he made some attempts to sneak in my furry triangle but always found my strongest objection. Disregarding this we use every moment to exchange caresses."

"Will was some sort of sales engineer spending most of the time out of the office and used to pick me up at the school almost every day and he drove to a secluded place where we gave expression to our lust. One weekend my parents traveled to a nearby city to attend the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of some friends. As usual Will and I have had an enthralling petting session and when he drove me back home he ask me if we could stay together a little more. I wasn't sure since there was nobody at home and my parents would be very upset if they found that Will and I were alone at home."

"Anyway I couldn't cope with his pleads. Soon I was sitting on his lap and after opening my blouse and unclasping my bra he played for a

long time with my tits. I was in such a state of arousal that I didn't oppose when managed to remove my panties and eventually play with my soaked pussy. Most surely I wouldn't make any attempt to stop him of breaking my sherry but he didn't appear to have such intention. Without a word he forced to kneel in front of the sofa and bend over the seat. He raised my skirt exposing my naked bottom and caressed it for a long time, massaging the globes and sliding the hand down the crack till reaching my back entrance."

"Immediately I understood what his intention was; I had heard from schoolmates about anal sex. Some said it was okay and very much enjoyed it; others said they tried and was extremely painful. As I said I wasn't in condition to refuse anything and I made no objections when, after spiting in his hand, I felt the knob touching my anus. With a resolute thrust forward I felt my sphincters stretching and something invading my then virgin ass."

"It wasn't by any means painful but as much as he shoved his penis in my entrails I was taken by a sensation of discomfort. Something as if I had a hard turd stranded in my rectum and wasn't able to expel it. But as soon as he begun to pump his pecker back and forth in my rectum the discomfort was subtly changing in an intense pleasure. He was extremely excited due to all our previous petting so it didn't take a long time to Will unload his semen in my entrails. Even so it was enough to cause the strongest orgasm I ever had in my life."

"For almost a whole year we had several sessions of anal sex, each time to my growing satisfaction. Of course we introduced several other options but for me the "piece de resistance" was always to feel his semen being spurted in my entrails."

"After this period Will got a job with a government contractor to work in the construction of a mega-dam in the western region, several thousand miles from where we lived. At this time he began to send me letters. At the beginning he wrote about the loneliness and the boring life in a place faraway form everything. After that his letters became more and more sexual with detailed descriptions of the things he would like to make with me next time he was in town and to avoid problems I rented a post office box. I was very excited with each letter reading them hundreds of times."

"He used to come to town every sixty days for meetings at the company headquarters. And every time he was in town we used to do some of the things he described in the letters. In the beginning the letter arrived at an average of two per week but as time was passing they became scarcer. At my side I was getting tired of that situation: I used to live in perpetual state of arousal and with little gratification: after experience a man's tool inside my body the masturbatory sessions weren't enough to satiate my sexual compulsion."

"Eventually, my brother came to me and said he had something to tell: Will was seriously dating a secretary at the dam and had plans to marry her. Certainly for any woman the news would be a disaster or a tragedy but I received the notice with relief. It may sound odd but I never perceived the relationship with Will as a stage of something that would grow to another level. In other words I never saw us married or in permanent relationship."

"It was also at about the same time when I had an opportunity to get my sweet revenge against a cousin. This woman, some years older than

my mother, was the 'family pain-in-the-ass', the kind of person that spends her life finding a way to nag people. She was the one that nicknamed Mom 'Rumpy' a malevolent reference to Mom's slightly larger than normal posterior. Talking about her a little, it is ironical what the passing times can do to a person: she was once a tall very seductive woman but after a difficult pregnancy, before turning thirty years, she looked a wreck."

"The poor woman probably had added around fifty pounds in less than seven years. Needless to say her husband left her to marry with another woman. This was a time when she was pregnant with her first son and doing very badly: After one interrupted pregnancy her physician had told her to stay in bed after the sixth month. Even so she was doing poorly and one weekend my Mother asked me to stop by her house and drop a gift off which she had bought for her niece. That particular day she was doing particularly bad and asked me to stay a little with her, while her husband went out for some shopping. I sat on her bed and we talked for sometime but soon she fell asleep as result of the medication she was taking."

"I sat back in the living room reading while waiting for her husband to come back. The guy arrived and invited me to stay for a coffee. We went both to the kitchen to brew the coffee and sat back in the living room. Under the excuse of not disturb his wife's rest he closed the bedroom door. We sat face to face and sip the coffee eat some cookies. It was when I noticed his stealth stares at my body. I had my legs crossed and certainly he was having an eye-catching view of my thigh partially covered by the stocking. Too bad that now days those sexy glimpses are gone with women's preference for pantyhose. It was when he started complaining about the problems they were facing."

"According to him my cousin was obsessed with the idea of having a child and after she lost the first one, she got pregnant again shortly after, against her physician advice and without completing the hormones therapy he had prescribed. When we finish I went to the kitchen to wash the cups, he stay leaned in the door threshold looking fixedly on me. I finished the chore and picked-up my purse to go, but at the door he asked when he could see me again."

"I will be back soon." Was my answer pretending innocence.

"No, I want to see you alone, far from here!"

"I believe your wife wouldn't like it very much if she came to know..."

"If neither of us tells, she never would know. What do you think?"

"I don't know. This was so sudden." Picking up on my responsiveness to his suggestions, he hugged me by the waist and we kissed. I reciprocated by opening my mouth and French kissing him. His next step was to raise my skirt and try to touch my pussy."

"You can do that; I'm virgin." Was my answer breaking the kiss. The disappointment was visible in face and before he had recovered from the surprise I added. "If you want, we can do from behind." He virtually dragged me to a second room he used as a home office. He leaned me over a desk, raised my skirt, lowered the panties and without foreplay he inserted his prick in my anal aperture. While he was pumping in my rectum I began to think about the irony. Here I was there, just few steps

away, serving with my rump the husband of a person that once pejoratively called me 'Rumpy'. After finishing our crazy sodomy session I hurried back to home."

Loose Ends and a Tight Ass

While she had told her story I was playing quietly with my hands over her body. She was wearing another dress shirt that was some sort of Mom's "summer uniform", she always had several of them with slight variations on the basic structure: all front buttoned, sleeveless and knee high. I started unbuttoning from the top and soon she was sitting there with her breasts exposed since she wasn't wearing bra.

I lean over her chest and took one nipple in my mouth. Mom had fallen silent and the only sounds around were the raindrops falling on the roof. Without Mom's opposition to my actions I followed unbuttoning until the dress front was fully opened. A hand was swiftly slid underneath her panties and when I touched her cunt it was drowned in Mom's juices showing how excited she was just by remembering the story.

In spite of the darkness we were outside home and there was only a three feet high wooden fence separating the house from the street, besides which the small bushes weren't enough to hide us from an occasional passerby. In any case, it was a rainy night in a deserted area so the chances of someone seeing us were minimal. Once again Mom didn't objected when I removed her panties leaving her practically naked. My next movement was to open the fly and free my hard prick. I took hold one of Mom's hands and placed it over my pecker. She

grabbed it gently squeezing the shaft. It was the first time Mom touched my penis.

"You never kissed it; why?"

"I don't know... would you like that?" Without waiting for my answer she leaned back her torso; I felt her lips gently touching the glands and she gave a little peck on the tip. She then began to gently poke my glands with the tip of her tongue. She did it for an endless time, I was beginning to believe that, such as my Dutch young friend, she wasn't enthusiastic about having a man's flesh pole inside her mouth. It was when she placed the lips in the tip of the knob and forcing the head down gradually opened them inserting my pole in her mouth. I would say she had half of my seven inches in her mouth when she eventually stopped.

Soon afterward she raised and lowered her head, shoving the pole as deep as she could take and withdrawing till she had only the knob inside her mouth. Conversely from my initial belief my mother had thoroughly mastered the art of oral sex! Combining her expertise with my high degree of excitement it didn't take too much time to me to feel that was in the verge of another powerful ejaculation. Feeling it Mom aimed the glands to the mouth of her roof so avoiding me to spill my jism in her throat and making her retch. Eagerly she drank my sap to the last spurt not wasting even a drop. When she had finished with her job Mom still remained for some time playing and sucking my flaccid maleness. When she raised the torso I kissed her in the mouth. I still could smell in her breath the unmistakable odor of sperm.

We decided that was better to bed since the lights weren't on and they believed the Electricity Company only would fix it after the storm was over. Naked in the bed Mom cuddle me and begun to rub her pussy against my thigh. It was when I realized how selfish I had been. Once satisfied I didn't take care in pleasing Mom!

"Why don't you help him in get hard again?" I whispered. Mom was ready and eager to have my semi-flaccid inside her mouth again. It wasn't necessary a great effort from Mom to turn my tool rock hard again. She slithered over my body and holding my dick with one hand directed it to her pussy and lowered the body, inserting my dick with a sole stroke of her body. I decided to reward all the oral pleasure I received from Mom so it was a long fuck, Mom moaned crazily with our groins grinding each other till I couldn't control my libido anymore and filled her womb with my hot cream. During that extended session she had orgasmed several times and then, both spent, we slept in each other's arms.

"Mom, what is the story of those photos?" I asked when we were at the beach one day, some days later. "After your father and I came to an agreement about the future of our relationship, I started dating other men. When Will was back in town, as usual he paid a visit to my parents. We had dinner together and I noticed Will's renewed interest in me. Of course he was smart enough to conceal it from my family, showing his feelings just to me, but only when my parents or my brother weren't paying attention. The flirting was increasing and in a certain moment I felt his barefoot lightly rubbing my leg underneath the table.

Problem was my brother had volunteered to take Will back to the hotel. When we were leaving he gave me the usual kiss in the cheek and whispered: "Call me at the hotel!" After getting back home and I called him. We talked for a long time and we set an encounter for the next day at the hotel. Well, we spent the whole afternoon having sex, this time not only oral and anal such as in the old times, but also vaginally as well. From that moment on we use to see each other about once a month when he was in town for meetings at his company headquarters.

He always liked photography and once he proposed to take some naked pictures. In the beginning I refused; I was afraid that during the development process someone would make copies, but he assured that he would do everything at the company's lab. The photographer was his friend and would give him access to the lab. When we started I only agreed to take photos not showing my face but after some time I stop being so cautious about that."

"How long did it last, I mean the photo sessions?"

"Around two years."

"Do you still meet him?"

"No, it ended up at the same time as we stop with the photo sessions."

"And why?"

"It just ended like many other relationships. On my side it was okay to meet him once a month, he was an excellent lover. The problems began when he came with odd ideas about some other kinds of photos and I didn't like them..."

"What do you mean by odd ideas?"

"First he suggested we may include another woman in the photo sessions, he was obsessed with lesbian stuff. After that he said that a friend of his and the girlfriend would like to meet us for sex sessions including photos. In the beginning I believed that it was just some sort of man's dream but his insistence was growing every time we met. I'm not against anything in sex; it is a matter of like or not. If you like it is okay, but in this case he was forcing a situation on me and besides would be very risky for me to involve others."

"After all I was a woman, married and living in the city. The last thing I want was a sex scandal, one thing is cheating your husband and the other one is being involved in this kind of kinky stuff. Eventually I decided to voice clearly my opposition; he was a little pissed but never mentioned it again. But it seemed that he was trying to make all his sexual fantasies true with me. In another occasion he ordered a bottle of wine and we drank it all. You know, I'm not used to drink so I was a little tipsy. In a moment he decided to take a picture of the bottle inserted... you know... there... in my pussy. I rejected it, we had a strong argument that ended up with me dressing up and running away."

"It was when I came to conclusion that our relationship was coming to a dangerous part of the tricky path. But there was an issue: the negatives. I insisted only to see him once again if he gave me the

negatives. After some reluctance he did it. We met for a couple of times and finally the relation ended. At the time he had divorced from his wife and was deeply in love with another woman."

That evening there another question which kept turning over in my mind: it was about Mom's opinion on sex with many people at the same time; to be specific: orgies. I was trying to interpret what she meant by accepting unconventional sex activities. Was it merely her viewpoint on the subject or she had been involved in this kind of sex? But even with our growing intimacy I didn't feel comfortable in asking her about that yet. Up to that moment our conversations were oriented by what I had read in the letters so I wasn't sure about Mom's reaction on such invasion of her privacy. I decided to wait for a proper occasion to raise the question.

The remaining days at the peninsula were great. Mother and I continued these days of bliss, like a couple of newlyweds. We had sex in the mornings when we woke up, sometimes twice after the lunch when we took a nap together (usually the first fuck after lunch was anal sex) or sometimes at night, that was my favorite time. We spent the days on the beach and at night customarily we went to the city for dinner and after it strolled on the river-front or even along the beach.

Usually we behave like two young sweethearts kissing and petting until we couldn't stand anymore and rushed back home. Other evenings, after a light dinner at home we used to sit in the porch and like two sweethearts excite each other to the point we need to hurry to our room. When we had dinner in the small restaurant in the city we walked holding each other by the waist, exchanging kisses like the other loving couples around us.

After the previous conversation about the future of our relationship no one ever mentioned it again. Nonetheless I had already defined my action plan: once back home I would pretend that it was all over; but in the first opportunity I would try to be inside Mom's panties again. I was sure that if I accepted a loose relationship, without interfering in her affairs she would gladly accepted my sexual forays. And it turned out I was right.

The remaining days at the peninsula were absolutely the best I have in all my life. Mom told me that for her those were unforgettable days also. She confided she was feeling just like a girl again and if in the beginning she was a little cautious with my bold inroads, soon she had lost all her concerns and enthusiastically supporting and enjoying all kind of foolishness I was able to create. Some were merely sensual probes like the night in the city I unbuttoned the top buttons of her dress and after playing for some time with a nipple I exposed the tit and sucked it like a famished baby.

Eventually the day to go back home arrived. We were back at home one day or two before my father's return, which wasn't any surprise (Mom have told me about it) when his chief nurse, responsible for the overall coordination in the surgery room disembarked with him. They had a long lasting relationship, she was a divorced (Mom said she got divorced after starting the affair with daddy) a very interesting woman in her early thirties at the time.

Life kept its usual pace until the beginning of the school's New Year. I started my four year college time in a university at my own city and my parents decided that I should continue living with them, which was

very convenient to me in all aspect. Of course with the first Friday my father traveled, Mom and I were again back in the bed together.

She really didn't want to have sex in her bed; since she was afraid my father would return early and catch us in the bed. The solution was simple: we went to my bed, somewhat narrow but safer than Mom's king-size bed. Pretty soon Mom started again "visiting her friends".

There was some embarrassment, at least in the first or second occasions, but my nonchalance helped a lot to move away her discomfiture. Twice a week I had classes the whole day so there were no big problems. Besides, right after the school year's beginning I got a part time job and I was at home only after 7:00 PM. Fridays' evenings, however, we used to spend together.

At my end I hadn't been successful with girls of my age: the truth of matter is I was looking for a girl with my mother's psychological profile: someone willing to have an intense sexual life without ties or long term plans. Of course the girls I knew were looking for a nice guy interested in share their lives with them. And of course this was in the far bottom of list of priorities.

It was in this period that two interesting facts happened: first my sister returned from Chile for the wedding of one of her best friends. Professional problems forced her husband to cancel his travel in the last minute so she came alone. Both for Mom and me it promised to be a damn boring week. With her around there was no chance for the two of us to have some fun together, nor out on our own.

The wedding took place on a Saturday and she would (thank God!) go back home on that Sunday immediately after. Friday I worked until late and arrived home around 9:00 PM after a stop with some friends in a single's bar. Feeling it wouldn't be my lucky night I went back home. Mom was sitting in the couch at the family room watching TV.

"Where is Sis?" I asked to Mom.

"She is out; her friend's family is offering a dinner for the close

friends."

I sat aside Mom and watch in silence the TV show. Mom was wearing a terry-cloth robe and still had her hair moisten. My excitement, boosted by the forced sexual abstinence, grew quickly and I put an arm over her shoulder. Mom silent response was to lean her body against my chest. She was very excited also since didn't object when I slithered a hand over her thigh. A bold finger was soon roaming under the panties leg hem and playing with her damp slip.

"Take off your panties." I whispered. In silence she raised the body from the couch and slip down the panties. I hastily managed to pull my dick out of the pants and opened the robe. There was no need for words, Mom quickly sat over my lap and shoved my swollen dick to the hilt in a sole stroke in her eager pussy. I held her tits while she sensually moved her hips. We were both highly excited and it didn't take too much to notice Mom's body shaking under the impact of a powerful orgasm. Me, I was spurting my load in the deepest part of her channel, directly into her uterus; cumming like there was no tomorrow.

It was one of those quick but highly enjoyable intercourse for both partners. We were still recovering from our delightful fuck when we heard the elevator stopping at our floor. The building was of high-end type, one apartment per floor and the solid oak front door was framed in a one-foot wide stained glass cadre. The lights automatically turned on when the elevator's door was opened and it was that signal which saved us from being caught by my sister. Mom jumped and rushed to her room while I rashly put my dick back inside the pants.

"Where is Mom?" It was my sister's first question, as she came in the living room. In a casual way I said that she probably was already sleeping since I had arrived not long before. My sister went to the kitchen, had some water and went to her room. I watched the news to its end to avoid suspicions and when I stood up and looked around I felt the blood freezing in my veins: over on the carpet, in front of the coffee table were Mom's panties! Imagine if my sister had come close to where I was sitting and had seen the evidence! What mess hitting the fan that would have been!

8==3~ 8==3~

Again this is a true story. As you can tell this as not written in my usual style. I only did a minimum of 'oediting', the words Allan's, based on his and his mother's reminiscences. Read, reread it and cum again, knowing that one of us at least lived the fantasy. Lucky Allan, lucky Allan's mom, lucky for us he wrote their story and shared it! Oediplex 8==3~

An Open Letter from the Author

To a mother contemplating incest with her grown son.

Dear 'Jocasta',

Of all the incest that does happen, and incest does certainly happen, sex between a mother and son happens the least often. One can speculate on the reasons that the relations between family members happen and the incidences might be isolated occasions or more long term. There are most certainly bad cases of abuse, easily recognized; yet in some cases it might have been in some way purely beneficial. But as this activity is so associated with the more commonly bad, the uncommon good (or even the more likely neutral) consequences of family liaisons are suppressed.

Modern psychologists know that all little boys go through an "Oedipal Stage" where they are jealous of their mother's affections, but is not necessarily directly a sexual focus or even overt physically. There are indications that unsuccessful completion of this stage of natural childhood development results in the condition called by the term "Oedipus Complex". The clinical definition is easily looked up, but is a form of fixation on the maternal love or Mother herself.

The concern seems to be if the Complex hinders the relationship with other women. This is especially an important factor for the ultimate independence of the youth, to say nothing of what most mother's dream of - grandchildren. Most of the males do manage to cut the

apron-strings and mate and produce offspring and life goes on as usual.

But sometimes later in life, for various reasons, (and I imagine some are more common reasons than others in the normal spread of human variation) some men develop a sexual desire for maternal love or their Mother herself. While having a perfectly "normal life" sexually, into their mix of what turns them on is this kind of Oedipal fetish, which mostly is lived out in fantasy, with the Mother figure, either symbolically or personal.

Here is a condition where sons are mature, independent, not innocent, and able to make moral and responsible decisions for themselves. They tend to have a great deal of respect for their mothers and would never impose their fantasy on her, knowing that she would never even consider it. Yet while anyone can think of many obvious reasons that a Mom might not be of a mind to make love with her son, yet there may still be some mothers, for whatever reasons, that might be open to such a union.

Then if these conditions exist together, a lusting son, an open Mom; sometimes the signals might be given visually, or discovered accidentally, or they are put into intimacy incidentally; and this leads to incest. Is this a bad thing, a neutral thing, or something beneficial? Of course it could be several of those things together, as life is complex. But if some of the obvious things are not standing as impediments such as fathers, husbands, wives, possibility of pregnancy, etc.; then there might be less of reluctance, and a lot more connecting.

Connecting in this way sexually, as well as other levels of love that exist already between the two, mother and son, is another way to express the love that is bonding them. The best definition of what this kind of love - this sort of incest - is this from someone called Jane, "incest is to an attempt to transfer [at least in one's imagination) the sweet physical joy into an already existing strong psychological bond which is essentially unselfish, affectionate and permanent."

While of course that is the ideal, reality is seldom as neat, love is messy. As the French say, 'is that not so?'. You have been given a great gift. What if you had never learned of your son's desire? You as a mother are happy when your son gets something he wants, and are happy to provide if you are able. Just as any loving parent does. You have the knowledge of his interest. Would you rather to not have known, now that you do know?

Now that you do know, the idea is to you yourself exciting. It seems naughty, yet it might not be, (or at least not so much) if all the circumstances are weighed and considered. (On the other hand, the naughtiness might be a turn on?) Most importantly to be asked, could anyone get hurt? If that is a risk, then that is cause for pause. No one suggests having relations where relationships are damaged. That being said, the idea is a turn-on, and you can see him responding to your more alluring attire.

What next? How far to go? What way to test the waters? What if you could, what if you both did, what if it happened? What do you base your decisions on, how do you balance influences, what authority speaks to your heart's delight and your soul's comfort and your body's

yearning? This is your quest, your question, your inquiry. Is it not? It is not untypical of other romantic dilemmas either.

I can assure you that there are some who have had good experiences with their sons. I am, in fact editing a true story written by a son with his mother's input, about their long and happy affair. This was in an upper-class family too. So others have gone where angels fear to tread and found the footing fine and carpet quite comfortable, in fact. You have a better handle on how slippery things might be for the two of you.

But if you would give your son his heart's desire,

if it were in your power, and

if it is something that you desire too,

if there is no other man in your life,

if he is free too,

if there are no serious impediments,

then maybe this IS all right

and maybe it will be as fantastic as you both imagine!

Best of luck and best of love

Oediplex 8==3~

JOCASTA'S REPLY

Dear Oediplex,

I read your letter forwarded to me by our mutual friend, Joss. I thought about what you wrote. I have done some research online and at the library too. In addition, I have read your stories, they are well written, even if the grammar may need editing in spots. The il-lust-stated story you and Pandora's Box and Joss did together was excellent and played a part in what happened between my son and me, as I will explain shortly.

I contemplated your last thoughts:

But if you would give your son his heart's desire, - I always have given him whatever he wanted, spoiled him perhaps.

if it were in your power, - It is, if I would desire to.

if it is something that you desire too, - I drip at the thought of fucking my son, but I am reluctant, as it is a big step to actually commit incest, not something done lightly.

if there is no other man in your life, - Husband died of cancer three years ago, no dating since either, and no wonder I am horny.

if he is free too, - he broke up from his lady of two years over six months ago - no dating since for him either, I wonder if he is as horny as I am, I am sure he is.

if there are no serious impediments, - None according to your guidelines.

then maybe this IS all right - Maybe, but how can I be sure?

and maybe it will be as fantastic as you both imagine! - if it does happen, it will be fabulous indeed!

Long hours were spent in thinking about what I wanted for my son, for myself and what would be right or wrong. I cried about it and even prayed about it. I also read an article by the minister you recommended, Rev. Springer, about sex in the Bible, posted at this site*. Very interesting, indeed. So my moral compass might be spinning, but my libido has a magnetic direction all of its own - pointing directly to my son!

I wanted to be sure that he was willing to move things from fantasy to reality and to my bedroom. But as you said, "What way to test the waters?" After several weeks of study and reading and praying, I devised a plan to have an 'accidental' confrontation on the issue. I needed to have my boy (grown man by now) masturbating while thinking about incest and me. I needed him when and where I could catch him at it and raise the issue which was creating the sexual tension between us.

That is when I thought of your hot il-lust-rated story, "Slipping Into My Sleeping Mom". I registered and got access to the story. The great drawings by the artist known as Pandora's Box and the erotic description your text provide is a real winner. I personally got several cums from reading it. I knew my son would too, because of the many steamy pictures and sizzling action. Then I left it on the computer, so when one moved the mouse the screen-saver disappeared and there was the first panel - the cover page.

I left this set-up for when I knew my kid (I'll call him Oeddie - LOL) would be sure to sit down at the computer. It was on Friday evening, I announced that I would be going to bed to read and that he could have the machine all to himself. Then I waited for fifteen minutes. I entered the den; the door had been closed, and caught him with his pants down - literally! I said that I had wanted to check on some file that I had not meant to leave open on the computer.

Oeddie, spun a quarter-turn in the desk chair and pushed back slightly, so that I could see both the screen and his hand on his erect penis. He asked me if this was what I had wanted to hide, and gestured toward the screen. He was half way through the story and completely hard. I

nodded, not being able to speak I was so keyed up. He asked if I liked that genre of erotica or if I had left the story as a gift for him. I replied with one word. "Both . . ."

We talked for a moment about our mutual taste in pornography. He suspected that I knew of his Oedipus complex, since he had been concealing his dirty books about incest under his mattress since High School. I would come across them when I changed his sheets. In fact, that is how my own interest in the subject was sparked. But he didn't have a clue, until that evening that I also like to fantasize about mother/son sex. Now, however, the cat - make that pussy - was out of the bag.

I wanted to get him stimulated again and suggested he read the story while I jacked him off. He brightened like a headlight with that idea. I pulled up a small stool nearby, and as I masturbated him, he finished reading the story. When he got to the part where the boy in the story entered his mother's vagina I used my mouth and gave a gulp on Oeddie's rod. I thought to make him cum, but it didn't happen. To many factors to fully concentrate on cumming he explained, when I looked up after sucking him through to the story's conclusion.

He took off his shirt and kicked off his pants from around his ankles. Then he reached over and lifted my nightie from me. We were both naked now; the computer screen was the only light. We didn't say a word, either of us, as he took me in his arms and kissed me. The kissing continued, deep and heavy and lots of tongue play. He stoked my wet slit and then put in a finger, then two. I let my digits work their delicate magic on his wand.

We knew what was going to happen that night, the heightened emotions and hormones made the atmosphere ripe with our pheromones. I expected my son to follow my lead when I took his hand and pulled him toward me, I was intending to lead him to my bed. But instead of rising with me, he pulled me back to him and shifted has weight off the chair, so that we both tumbled on to the carpet. Rug burn time.

I was ready as I ever was to be entered, on my back, legs wide. He positioned us in quick order so that he was between my welcoming thighs. His manhood thrust with authority, but gently into my dripping channel. I came immediately; I was so turned on by the rapid ravishing I was receiving. Oeddie pounded on to bring me to a second orgasm in several minutes. He never let up and as my vagina tightened with its third climax I felt the wonderful feeling of his member swelling to his bursting point.

Then my son came in me. The rush nearly made me faint, as a series of internal flutters in my womb responded to the gushing flow of his hot semen within me. It was a dream cum true, our separate fantasies united as our bodies joined in reality. After we had made a huge wet spot on the floor, we got up and giggled all the way to my bed. We continued for half the night with breaks for snacks and lots of cold drinks to cool our sweaty selves. It was a fantastic evening, that weekend we added being lovers to our relationship.

He is an adult, and I am an adult and no one knows about our affair except for you and Joss. We write this letter to thank you both for having brought us together. We hope you get a good cum from our tale.

Perhaps you might like to write it up as one of your stories. We would love to read that, and would be glad to supply more details if you want.

Oeddie has been reading your works like me and his word says it all, 'awesome', especially the big il-lust-rated one done with all the incredible art by Pandora. Joss mentioned there was a sequel due out soon. Please let us know when it is published. Also can we get the copies of the photos collection you posted recently?

Oediplex, what can I say to thank you for helping me to make up my mind and seducing my son. I hope you will continue your distinguished career in erotic writing, though you ought to find an editor (oeditor?) to help you polish the little rough spots you sometimes miss. But your stories never fail to make us cum. All our best to Joss too.

Love and thanks from me and my son,

Jocasta

Aunts in His Pants

The Sisters Savoy they were known as, when they had their nightclub act. They sang and danced and told funny stories about growing up triplets. They were each as beautiful as the other, even though they were never that famous. I broke up the act you see, when mom became pregnant with me. That bulging belly broke the symmetry of the three and they never got back into show biz after that. Susan, my mother, married my dad, a local hardware store owner. Shortly after, Aunt Sylvia wed a rich man, who died when his private plane went down, a few years back. Aunt Sally hitched her wagon to a long distance truck driver, who was seldom in town.

Dad worked day and night to make the family business profitable. So often, I was the only fella available when any of the three women needed a man, even when I was just a youngster in his teens. By the time I was out of high school, a tall muscular youth of nineteen, I was helping pop at the shop. The family in-joke was that the kid (me) had a 'big tool'. I mean, I knew I was fair sized, from the locker room at school. But I didn't realize that this had been the source of chuckles ever since I was born, until I overheard the three sisters talking one day in late spring.

Sally: My, Susan, your boy is getting so big; he's taller than his dad.

Sylvia: Well, he's got more muscles than even your spouse, Sally.

Mom: He used to work out at school, with all the heavy lifting down at the store, he needs those strong arms.

Sylvia: I bet another of his muscles is nice size too!

Sally: You mean his calves? I've seen him in shorts. Great buns! (She giggled.)

Sylvia: NO, I mean . . . you know what I mean, you used to change his diapers as well, Sally.

Mom: Girls; that is my son you are talking about!

Sylvia: So have you gotten a peek when he comes out of the shower?

Mom: Maybe...

Sally: Tell, how long is he now?

Mom: Sal! I'm not going to...

Sylvia: Oh! Come on Sue, we all did his diapering and noted how well endowed he was compared to other infants, so I'm sure that holds true still. How long?

Sally: Wouldn't you have to see it hard, to tell the important measurement? (She giggled again.)

Sylvia: Yes! Have you seen him hard, how big was it?

Mom: I never...

Sylvia: You always were peaking at dad's. I bet you did.

Sally: You sure got a gander at our hubbies' at the lake, when we all went skinny dipping that time. You like to look at dicks, don't you Susan! Don't deny it!

Mom: He's my boy...

Sylvia: A man now and you're evading the question, which means that you know the answer. Tell!

Mom: It has to be over seven, maybe eight inches. (They all broke-up into shrieks of laughter.)

For the record it's eight and a quarter, when I am my hardest, but I was born with it so I don't brag, just a fact, like my brown hair and hazel eyes. My other muscles took work to develop and I am proud of them. They continued the conversation on the topic of my equipment.

Sylvia: Well, I guess that he has the biggest tool in the whole store then!

Sally: When did you get to view the boner of your 'big boy'?

Mom: I accidentally started to go in his room when I thought he was out. He normally has music or the TV on. The computer was on, but muted and he was looking at porn. He didn't realize I was there, but I could see a side view and God; was he beautiful and such a hunk. He takes after daddy.

Sylvia: Daddy took after you, did he ever corner you?

Sally: He had me in the tool shed once. I had to try that stick of beef once, just to see. You know how curious I am about sex.

Mom: You and Daddy? In the tool shed?

Sylvia: Oh! Don't be so shocked, I tried him down in the basement, when mom was gone on that trip out West. Dad always wanted to have us three girls. So he got two out of three, twice with me and once with Sally. That's three times for the triplets, he averaged it out.

Mom: Four.

Sally: I knew it! I knew the horniest of us couldn't resist letting daddy into her pants once!

Mom: Three times, truth be told. (Now she giggled.)

Sylvia: So that makes, let's see, three into seven...

Sally: Well if you want to do the math, I'll make it easier and throw in the two times we did it in Oldsmobile's back seat. Didn't you ever wonder why the ice cream was melted when dad and I went to fetch it?

Sylvia: And none of ever knew about the others until now. We were supposed to share everything, no secrets among the triplets. Remember?

Mom: We did share, daddy that is, only one at a time. I was scared mama would find out, so I didn't dare let on.

Sally: Me too.

Sylvia: She knew, and was glad that the horny old bastard was letting her off the hook sometimes. She got tired by the time we had turned 18 and started to mess around with our father.

Mom: When did she tell you that?

Sylvia: At his funeral. We were sitting together alone when you both were looking at him in the coffin.

Sally: That all ended when we were twenty-one and they let us go on the road with the act.

Mom: Then mama had to put up with the old goat once more. I hope she liked big cock. I sure did! (She giggled.)

Sally: Me too.

Sylvia: Me three.

Mom: Well you girls keep our hands off my son then!

Sylvia: Who us?

Sally: Going to keep him to yourself? I thought we three Savoy sisters shared and shared alike. Isn't that our rule?

Mom: So are you saying that your husband is available?

Sylvia: Never around enough for Sal, much less anyone else. How about the hardware king?

Mom: The hammer in his pants is a ball-peen, round at one end and flat at the other, not much good for getting nailed I'm afraid.

They all went into hysterics then and the party broke up. But it was a very illuminating conversation. It turned out that their chat had unexpected consequences subsequently, as I will relate how I got to use my 'tool', just like grandpa managed to do.

Aunt Sally like to garden. She ordered some seed and fertilizer and a hoe that I delivered. Working with Aunt Sally in her flower bed turned out to be a dirty job indeed!

Aunt Sylvia liked to go to charity events. She requested that I go with her to a society fund raising soiree. Accompanying Aunt Sylvia and dancing with her turned out to be a ball doing escort service!

Mom was outraged when she found out. But the other two convinced her that just like with grandpa, she could have her share too!

Comparing mom to her sisters was a study in contrasts, despite the fact they were triplets.

I don't blame Grandpa for desiring his daughters, for years I have had a yearning for my mother. By proxy, that yen extended to my aunts since they were all but clones of mom. However, while when younger - especially for their act - they deliberately tried to be as identical as possible, now days though they were less concerned about triplication, as they termed it. Sally wore her hair in a short page-boy or variant, Sylvia went to the hairdresser's once a week and always had had coif of one sort of another. Mom wore her chestnut brown hair long and straight, like when she had been my age, or sometimes in a ponytail.

I discovered other variations of their hair styles in more private places, but I don't want to get ahead of myself. I was a little stunned by the revelations of what my inadvertent ease dropping had divulged. Not so much shocked as bemused and enlightened to the workings of the inner circle of the threesome. Who knew that they were such naughty nymphs in their younger years? Clearly they were still rather saucy in their mature stage as well. I had had no inkling as to their familiarity with my 'tool', much less mom having had a peek when I was pumping my prick. I wondered if any or all three had any ideas about trying out my love muscle.

I wasn't a virgin. The locker-room scuttlebutt had gone from the guys' envy to the girls' ears, the way high school gossip spreads across a campus. I had no trouble getting dates. Particularly the gals, who were looser with their charms, and morals, were eager to go out with me. I tended to have steady girlfriends though, where our relationship went for long months. While at the moment, I was between ladies; my last sweetheart was with me for over a year, until she left for college. Now, between working at the store and most of my buddies either off to school or having jobs, my social life was pretty much in hiatus. I was getting horny, since I was not getting any lately.

My thoughts returned to that raunchy chat. Jeez! What was that about the three couples skinny-dipping at the family cabin at the lake? Had they done more than that? I couldn't conceive that they had, though at the moment new scandalous information would not be surprising in light of the incestuous trysts the trio had with their dad. Grandpa Savoy had long ago bought a fair size stretch of lake-shore some hundred miles north of the town we live in. He had a lodge built for the family to enjoy summer stays at and for hunting during the season, a retreat

we still had for our extended family use. That the privacy of its isolation allowed for some sort of hanky-panky was not unknown, even I had taken some girlfriends up there. But the six; aunts, uncles and parents, naked and splashing - and did any swapping go on? It was not like I could ask.

So for a few days I had the chance to mull over this new and salacious information, and contemplate the auspicious insights to my closest female relatives. Then Aunt Sally dropped by the store and put in an order for her spring planting needs. Her garden was her pride and she loved working to raise flowers and a few vegetables and herbs for her home. Since her husband, the trucker, was away often, this kept her occupied during the warmer months. In winter she sewed, knitted, crocheted, did hook rugs, and any other hobby with fabrics or yarn you could think of. She wasn't lonely, since there were garden clubs and sewing circles. But she sometimes could use a man around the house. Dad learned early on to avoid that trap; he was busy enough with the store. But he had no problem in sparing me to help.

Thus I found myself pulling into her driveway with a load in the back of the pickup; sacks of fertilizer, packets of seed, and boxes of seedlings and a new hoe. Dad was wise to her schemes. So when she said she needed to do the rototilling of her garden, I was the handiest man to be enlisted, to be the Mr. Muscles of the moment. I didn't mind though, Sally was perky and funny and always provided plenty of beer and homemade snacks to feed a hungry helper. Now though, I saw her with a fresh perspective. Those loose blouses that were never buttoned up all that high, so that you could look at the 'buttons' inside, from the side, as she never wore a bra for gardening. The view of her firm and fair breasts was titillating, and while I would never get fresh with her, those yams were yummy to glimpse.

As well, while we worked in the soil, she would bend down, even get on her hands and knees to weed or plant. The baggy shorts she wore were providing a gander at her thighs and hips, the pale skin of her rear was quite on display from the angle I had. Her ass was quite attractive, and now that I had been cued-in to her curiosity about things sexual, it was arousing to think about her and grandpa 'in the tool shed'. In fact, I developed a nice boner from such contemplation. Thank God I had the rototiller to hide my erection, or so I thought. But once or twice I thought Sal was peering sideways at me with a little smirk of a smile. I wasn't sure, but if we had been contemporaries, I would have suspected she was flaunting her charms and flirting.

The plot she was working was finished for the day, after we had spread a couple bags of 'all-natural fertilizer', i.e. sanitized manure, over it. I had not expected to be drafted into service, and while I was in work clothes, I had not brought a change of shirt and jeans. Sally insisted that she run my duds in the laundry machines in her basement, while I relaxed afterwards with a beer, even take a shower. She was quite firm that I get cleaned up there at her place, since she did not want me going home smelling like 'shit', her word. I was glad for the break from the store and chores at home, even though I probably worked harder at Sally's. But she made it seem like fun.

She brought me a beer to drink before I went in, and that got chugged. Then she followed me upstairs to the bathroom with two more and told me to strip, hand her out all my clothes, underwear also. "Enjoy your suds while you suds-up!" she spoke to me through the door, as I hid behind it giving her my smelly apparel. I got the impression she wouldn't have minded peeking in. I downed half a brew and jumped in the shower and lathered up. I was just doing my hair with shampoo,

eyes shut, when I heard the door open. It never occurred to me to lock it. I thought that perhaps she was bringing me a fresh towel. Then I sensed another body in the spray with me. My aunt giggled that same girlish giggle she had given, when speaking about my buns.

Speaking of which, she was now grasping as she clutched me in an intimate naked hug. I rinsed to clear my vision and beheld the tan and fit form of my mother's sister. I put my arms down around her waist, but then thought 'what the hell', and lowered them to her haunches as well. She tilted her face to mine and the look in her eyes said plain as day, "Kiss me". So I did, and her tongue wiggled in between my lips and Frenched me. Her nipples scraped their hard points against my chest. She was not shy, as she reached for my growing stalk. The gardener knew where she wanted that planted, in her bush and wanted my seed. "Hoe, hoe, hoe!" said the rakish fellow, as he squeezed her melons.

Sally handed me the soap and I understood that she wanted me to be dirty and wash her too. All over. What a delightful handful that squirming female proved to be, as I slipped my palms over her skin. I touch everywhere, including the mons and the clit and even her anus. She squealed as I discovered ticklish spots and gasped as I groped her gash. She got in the act and lathered my length of manhood even as I was fingering her hole. Then I inserted a second digit and began to move them back and forth within her vagina, front to back, with them as deep as I could stick them up and in. This resulted in my aunt rolling her eyes back and open-mouthed cumming at least twice.

She recovered while I held her up to keep her from falling, as her knees had gone weak. She dragged me out of the stall, so fast I hardly had

time to shut the water off. Sal, took the half beer, giving me the full one, as we stood dripping and nude on the carpeted floor. I was still hard as oak. She drank the half in quick gulps as I popped the other and quenched my thirst, but we were both hungry for what was next. In all this, not a word had been said, now Sal spoke, "Ready?" I nodded. She got down on her hands and knees, like she was weeding, with her ass pushed out at me. She wanted it from behind that was clear. I knelt between her legs and looked at her hips. Two little roses, one tattooed on each bun were there.

My gorgeous and steamy aunt looked back over her shoulder; she knew what I had espied. "Rosy cheeks!" she explained. I chuckled at the in-joke. Mom always had said that Sally had a good complexion and 'rosy cheeks' from working in her flower garden. But I now knew that mother was referring to more than her sis's face, when she quipped the phrase. Well, it was time to plow. I took my instrument and slowly pushed into the furrow that was presented to me. Then I slipped my cock back and forth as I gave Sal what she needed. Her husband was hardly home, and she got too little physical loving from the trucker, that was obvious.

What a sight, her butt being on the skewer of my lance, like some lamb being roasted. How so right it felt to be lunging in her cavity and showing her my ardor. Mighty tight, the twat that thrust back at my prick, her pussy seemed a perfect fit as it automatically adjusted to my measurements. This was good, this was hot, this was my aunt and she was a great lay. If I was her husband I would find work closer to home and have this woman fucking me every day! I gave her the best I had, I worked that cunt with my spear for I don't know how long, but finally she was cumming and cumming. I reached around and held her tits as I drove hard into her to allow my own release.

I felt my balls literally jumping as they swayed and thumped on her pudendum, while the stream of semen flowed like a garden hose within the humid haven of her hole. Her own emulsions frothed out too, like some sort of milky sap, then my spume back-flowed and dribbled out. We slowly settled to the rug and tried to catch our breath. "Don't you dare tell your mom, or Sylvie, about this! And for being such a good nephew, I'm going to have you over for some nice eggplant parmesan and to 'water my roses' when you're here." She giggled; then paused. "I think that your clothes need to go in the dryer by now. Get a few more beers and meet me in my bedroom." Her mattress linens were floral prints, and we lay in her 'flower bed' and made love again.

When I got home, dinner was just being set out by mom; dad was already at the table. Mom asked where I had been. Dad answered for me and said he had sent me over to Sally's with the stuff she had ordered. Mom raised an eyebrow and commented that it didn't take all afternoon to make one delivery. I explained that I had been drafted into service to do the rototilling.

"Oh 'drafted into service '?" Asked dad with clearly a double entendre intended. Mom shot him a look, that meant 'don't you dare spill the beans about my sister, mister!!'

Mom then commented, "There was quite a bit of sun today, I hope you didn't burn, Honey."

Dad, still with the gleam of deviltry in his eyes, said with a straight face (but his tone indicated that he was still having amusement by sniping

about his sister-in-law) wisecracked, "Well, as you always say, gardening flowers made Sally's 'cheeks rosy'." I remembered that dad had seen Sally (and Sylvia too for that matter) in the altogether. Had that been during the day or night? He must have known about the tattoos! That's why he was making with the smart-mouthing!

That realization struck me and I felt my throat choke a chuckle back down. If I hadn't just finished my swallow of soda I would have sprayed it out, like the comedians do when they make the gag to show a big surprise. As it was, an odd little sound escaped; just enough that my mother looked at me askance; but said nothing. I did catch her out of the corner of my eye making a 'cut it' gesture to pop with the flat of her hand drawing across her neck. I excused myself for a moment and made my escape on the pretense of having to wash my hands. I got control of myself and came back.

I spoke in a normal tone, I wanted to insure that my folks knew that I might return to offer more help to my green-thumbed aunt. "Aunt Sally said she wouldn't mind if I was to work for her some more, now and then. She said I could water her roses." It just slipped out of my mouth, like soap in wet hands. I didn't think about what I had just said, until I saw that mom was doing a slow burn. Then she threw down the towel she was holding, and stormed out of the dining room. I looked at my father and frowned. I still didn't directly connect the phrase that Sal had used to the previous conversations, but then dad spoke again.

He had a serious look, but I could see that he was trying to not laugh. He wasn't sure I understood what had made mom angry or not. I might be innocent, or guilty, he wasn't sure. However he just shook his head, and said, "Son, Sally doesn't grow roses." Then it clicked, she had said,

"I'll let you water my roses", which was quite a provocative promise of more sex to come, at the time. When I had quoted it, I thought it was a good cover. But instead, I may have let the cat out of the bag that I had my aunt's pussy in the sack! Mom came back after a few minutes and acted like nothing in the last ten minutes had happened. Dinner was good, but quiet, unusually so.

Then a week later, Aunt Sylvia came by one evening. She had a favor to ask her favorite nephew, that being me. In fact, I was the only child of the three sisters. I knew that Sylvie and her husband had decided not to have kids. He was older, it was his second marriage and he had two by his first wife. They were in another state and got a sizable inheritance when he died, and would receive the bulk of the rest when Sylvia passed, since there were no other heirs. Sylvia was on friendly terms with them, but they were not her kids. Sally had a bad miscarriage and was unable to conceive after her operation. Mom and dad wanted more than just me, though it never happened for some reason.

Sylvie had an important charity ball to attend, but her usual escort, since my uncle had been gone, was going to be out of town. She thought of me because I had some dance lessons and was good at the waltz, foxtrot and could 'boogie with the best of them'; her words. Besides, I was old enough now to have champagne and there was my tux left over from the proms, just hanging in the closet gathering dust. So I was all set if I wanted, if I would be so kind, "I'll make it worth your while," sultrily entreated the most elegant of the three sisters Savoy. How could I refuse? I wondered if I might get as lucky with Sylvia as with Sally; and had they talked? 'Make it worth my while' sounded not only promising, but perhaps a bit like a proposition!

I dressed in the tux at Aunt Sylvia's house (small mansion) where the limousine was picking us up. I came down the curved stairs first. Then Sylvie made her entrance. She was wearing a designer dress, a black number made of a material that clung to her every curve, which were all over and in all the right places and proportions. The front and back were symmetrical, with an opening like this (), which ran from breast bone to just below the navel and from the shoulder blades to just above the split of her buns. The sides had smaller similar but narrower gaps that ran from the outer edge of her breasts to the top of her hips. It was held together and up by inch wide straps over the shoulders. The lower part of the dress had thigh-high side slits to allow freedom for dancing. It was stunning.

We arrived and found our table, a mix of younger well-to-do and middle-aged wealthy; but nice folks, friendly. The music was quite varied, even if the orchestra did favor the slower rhythms. There was plenty of wine and great hors d'oeuvres. I enjoyed Sylvia's company as she was a vivacious and witty woman who loved her life and had the charm to enchant others with her joie de vivre. We had a great time. The thing I liked the most though, was dancing with her. Dancing close and slow and putting my hands on her, smelling her perfume, her body pressed against mine. Being so near, I could tell that the dress was the only covering of her pulchritude, and there was no hint of panties, or thong either for all I could perceive. Just thinking about that made me begin to swell in my pants. I had to loosen my tie as things warmed up.

Eventually, my tumescence was full and upright. Still Sylvie pressed with her legs and abdomen against what she must have felt hard on her tummy and thighs. It was like she expected it, enjoyed it, had planned it and was getting a thrill from my condition. I certainly didn't mind the soft cushions of femininity pressing on my chest. I took off my

jacket so that there was less between us. Sylvie looked me straight in the eyes as we tangoed with verve and flair. The sparks were definitely zapping from our contact and it wasn't static electricity! Then came a slow waltz and we were quite tight together, my manhood pressing and rubbing on the bump of her mons as we swayed.

After that Sylvia grabbed her purse from the table and took out a check, beckoning me to follow with a crooked finger. I grabbed my coat and obeyed, using the jacket to hide my still protruding erection. She went by the head table, dropped the bank-note in the big glass bowl for donations and we exited out the hall. She fished out her cell and made a call; within a minute the limo was there to pick us up. In the back of the long sedan, she rolled up the dividing window for privacy. She half turned to me and taking my hand furthest from her, placed it on her thigh. I turned toward her expecting a kiss. Instead, she said in a soft husky voice, "This is what you have done to your Aunt, you naughty boy!" She moved my hand up to her crotch.

As I had surmised, there were no panties, nor a thong, all I felt was bare bald pussy and a wet slit. She continued, "If I had to sit down, after that last dance, I'd have a very telling wet spot on my tush when I arose. We were too public to have that happen. As it is, now that I am sitting, this gown will need a trip to the cleaners!" Then she kissed me. Can she kiss! Even without the tongue her lips made a marvelous tender mushing on my mouth. When our oral digits danced it was a sensual ballet of slippery squiggles, an art of knowing the inside of the other's face. Meanwhile, my hand was rubbing the squishy place she had shoved it, and she loved it.

Nor were her fingers idle, as she was stroking my boner through my pants. It was a short drive back to her home, so we didn't undress until we were through the front door. Sylvie just unhooked the front clasp at the top of her dress, and shrugged off the straps. It fell to her feet and she was like Eve before the fig leaf (but after having tasted the apple)! She drew me by the hand to the living room and picked up a remote. With some practiced button pushing the lights dimmed and romantic music started to play. Then she stripped me like mom had done when I was little and tired. Only I was not tired, even after the wine and fancy food, and I certainly was not little; you know where I mean!

When I was down to my pants puddled at my feet, I shed my shoes and socks stepping forward, now Adam - sans leaf also. She gathered me into her arms and said, "Let's dance a little more." I put my arm around her waist to lead, and moved slow to the music, my bare cock against her clean pudenda. But of course, she really was the one leading me, down the garden path, just as Sally had done in her own salacious way. My pre-cum dampened her mons, my shaft was grinding the greased groove of her womanhood and we shuffled on the shag carpet not moving much from where we started from, most of the motions was at our pelvis level.

Finally I just stopped moving my feet and hunched my hips, so that my hard-on was sawing at her notch, it was planning over the nub of her clit and her head tilted back in an open-mouth gasp of passion, her tits lifting and making the perfect target for my sucking lips. She then came forward and pushed me so that I lost balance and went back on my ass. That was as she wanted; for she straddled me as I stretched out, her dripping center hovered over my prick and she reached down to guide it to her pussy. It happily was a solid awl to puncture her tissues, slicing

up the cavity it widened in her body. That heated snug casing was fabulous, as Sylvie sank and rose upon the handle of my masculinity.

My hands went to clutch her bosom as the pendulous mams hovered over my torso. I gave a gentle pinch to the protruding flesh that was in the middle of the rosettes. My aunt's pelvis rocked back and forth, to and fro. "That's right Baby, just let mama do all the work for us. Did you ever want to do this to your mom, kiddo? Be honest, tell Aunt Sylvie the truth, don't you have a lust for your own mother, somewhere deep in your loins?" My surprise at her words made me speechless for a moment, but my libido answered involuntarily as my dick lurched and my hips thrust, as the spice of that even more sinful incest spiked my pike.

"I knew it!" cried Sylvia in triumph, not at my expense but in delight at her insight as to what secret lust lurked within her sister's son. "It's okay, Darling, that streak runs all through the family. You're just the next generation of Savoy degenerates!"

"But, I always had a hankering to hammer you too, Sylvie!"

"Of course, you did dear boy, and I bet that goes for Sally as well. We three are like the triple scoops of ice cream on a banana split; you want to have the whole she-bang. And your banana is doing so nicely in my split! But stay put; I like to ride in reverse too!" With that she made a practiced maneuver and actually turned around on me with my penis still up her vagina, to face the other way. Away she went up and down some more. I was looking at her fine posterior, an ass to be proud of on any woman, when I made an observation that hit me like a thunderbolt.

There on her hindquarters, in the exact same spots, were two tattooed flowers; same as Aunt Sally's but a different bloom, and blue not red.

"Sylvie, you've got flowers on your tush too!" It's funny how fast the mind can work sometimes. I had blurted out the line about 'watering Sally's roses', and possibly spilled the beans about our making love. Clear as if she were in the room, I heard Sal say, 'Don't you dare tell your mom, or Sylvie, about this!' I immediately tried to cover my rear about the intimate discovery I had made with both of them and added, "Uh... two blue flowers on your buns." I hoped that Sylvie had not caught the barest hesitation that was the millisecond I took, as all that flashed through my brain. "When did you get those?" The question was a diversionary tactic. It failed, but in an unexpected way brought more revelation!

All the while the exquisite sensation of our fucking was continuing full out. She laughed as her derrière bobbed upon my dick and felt like warm butter that gripped me like a rubber glove. Her Kegels were highly trained I realized as she bounce on my boner, the interior muscles of her sex surrounding my manhood. Before answering she shuddered, and a fine coating of perspiration broke out over her whole back. That was her first cum. She dismounted and pulled me over to the couch where she slouched so her hips hung on the edge of the cushions and I knelt between her thighs, then plugged in for more action. "New Orleans."

I had lost track of the conversation, with the switch of positions, but her next words brought understanding to my lust fogged head.

"Those flowers on my rump are bluebells. I used to have a favorite pair of slacks which I wore constantly. My sisters even teased me about them. So when I got my tattoo, I made a pun about my pants, they were a cobalt blue color, bell-bottoms." I looked slightly befuddled as I fucked her. "Blue - bell - bottom, bluebells on my bottom, get it... oh! Yeah! Just like that, more - harder yess! YESS! AHH!" She came again.

"Damn! I can't believe how turned on it makes me that you got the hots for your mom. You naughty boy, I've caught you out!" I was confused about what she meant, though now I understood about the in-joke of Sylvia's tattoos. "You've been peeking at your mom's ass, haven't you? Or did she show you? No, Susan wouldn't be so bold. So you had to see her butt sometime when she didn't know. Was she sleeping naked on top of the covers and you peeped? Yes! You wanted to see mommy naked because you lusted after her and want to fuck her so bad! That is soo exciting, I'm cumming again you dirty nasty little boy!!" And she did, twice.

I wasn't sure why my lechery for my mother was a turn on for my aunt, but it seemed to get her off quite nicely. I was happy to be doing the honors. I was getting close myself now to blasting in her pussy. I was vaguely aware in my jumble thoughts while working on my own orgasm, that it must mean that mom had a set of tattoos, like her sisters did, on her own ass. What Sylvia guessed about my feelings was true, even though I had not had the pleasure of spying on my mother's naked body in such luscious circumstances. My current paramour was indeed a fair substitute physically for my maternal parent. I began to fantasize with the inspiration that my aunt's words incited.

Sylvia could tell that I was beginning the rush to the rumble, the pace quickened and I gripped her legs harder to gain leverage to sock my raging rod into her genitals. Slap-slap-slap went our flesh clapping together as I beat her with my club of love, our crotches smacking. Her tits were jiggling with the banging as I pounded away at her pussy. "Think about fucking mommy, fuck your mama!" she urged me. That pulled the trigger and I was engulfed in the reverie of screwing mother.

I cried out my thoughts and deepest desires and most secret of lusts. "Yes, mom! Susan fuck me! I love you mom, I need you! I have to... I have to..."

"Yes, Baby! Cum in mama, squirt it all into mommy's tummy. Do it, Darling! FUCK ME! FUCK ME NOWW!"

We were cumming together, mom/Sylvie and me, a wild and chaotic pistoning in her cunt by my out of control cock. Son was slamming into aunt/mother with all the energy that had been withheld for so long, wanting to give my parent the love she had given to me. But in this wonderful physical way that brought her and I together and provided such a grand pleasure to our united bodies. I made "uh-uh" grunts and "ah'whoo" wails as I release the load that had waited to fire from my balls into the receptacle of her loins. I felt my prick pulse in big throbs of gushes, in the burning wetness that held me and drank the flow that streamed through the tube of meat planted in her.

At last we rolled off the sofa and onto the floor hugging one another, still connected for moments, until withered and well satiated, my tool lost its insane fury and retreated to be its softer self. I think we fell asleep like that, for the next thing I knew, the faintest light was glowing

through the curtains. With the movement of my waking, Sylvia stirred as well, and we struggled to our feet. Both of us were a bit rubbery in the knees as we staggered, holding on to one another, and found our way to her bed. We kissed and she managed to pull the sheet over us before we drifted off to dreamland again. I sort of remember my last thought before unconsciousness, what I wondered was the type of flower my mother had on her tush?

When we finally woke it was about ten in the morning. It being Sunday, the shop was closed and I didn't have work. My parents had expected that we might get out of the dance late and that I'd spend the night at my aunt's. What they were not going to find out was that we came home from the ball relatively early and screwed long and hard. I balled my relative, I was both long and hard, and I spent the rest of the night sleeping in her bed. That was not going to slip out, the way I had almost slipped up about Sally. I still was unsure if the aunts had talked, or if each was independently seducing me. Not such a difficult task either time. Sylvia ordered a brunch delivered. I went back to my house in the afternoon.

Mom wanted to hear all about my evening at the gala. So I told her a sanitized version of the event. Then I made an error in judgment. "Aunt Sylvie showed me her blue bell-bottoms." I could see that raised mom's suspicions, but it was true. I continued. "You know; the pants you and Aunt Sally used to kid her about? She still had them hanging in the closet and brought them out to show me. Told me how she used to wear them constantly, as they were her favorite clothing, back in the day. She even tried them on; they were a little too tight. And they split!" This made mom burst out in a fit of laughter.

Mom wouldn't have thought it very funny if she had known that her sister had not been wearing underpants at the time. It left her whole crotch open and exposed. I took advantage of the situation and took my aunt right there on the bed. She was bent over and she lay prone on her stomach getting fucked by her nephew, still in Adam's un-attire. I put it through the split fabric into her crack and fucked her in her blue bell-bottoms, while her bluebell bottom was held inclined to give full access to my fat tool. It was the best cure for a hangover I ever had!

I then asked mom if I could get a tattoo. That got her eyes narrowed and I knew she was wondering where that idea had come from and if any hanky-panky HAD gone on between me and her sister. But she decided that she was not going to ask and open that can of worms just yet. So she answered, "Not until your old enough."

"I'm nineteen, almost twenty, I'm old enough."

"No, you have to be older."

"Twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five."

"That can't be the law?"

"It's my rule, your mother's rule; that's a higher authority than the law!"

"But you got a tattoo before you were twenty-five!" Whoops! Me and my big mouth again.

"WHO told you about my tattoo?" She was angry, maybe that I knew about the fact that she had a tattoo, but more likely thinking that I knew the intimate details about her decorated derrière.

I bluffed, "Uh... dad mentioned that you had one in an unmentionable place which he didn't mention where."

"Your father knows about where it is, of course, but not when I got it. Did Sally tell you about... mm... what age I got it? Or was it the other blabber-mouth aunt?"

"It was a while back and I don't remember which one it was, but they just said that the three of you got them on . . uh . . in New Orleans while you were doing the act. Since I was born when you were twenty-four, that means you had to be about twenty-two or three. 'Elementary, my dear Watson!' I quipped the quote."

"Oh, uh . . . yeah that's right. And no, you're not getting a tattoo until you're twenty-five and have grown out of that silly notion! End of discussion." Well it was at that point, I was just glad to have escaped from the 'Susan inquisition' on aunts and private matters. Me and my damn big mouth!

It wasn't until next Friday that I really upset the apple cart. I was home waiting for dinner, I had set the table and dad would be down soon

from changing his clothes. I had a pad of note paper that we kept by the phone and a pen. I was drawing. Mom came in, saw what I was doing, and looked over my shoulder. "What's that?"

"Oh, that's just a design I was working on, for my tattoo."

"What is it?" she puzzled at the big X with flames rising from it.

"Well I wanted something masculine. I can't very well get butt-rcups." Mother flushed slightly, and I just had to push my luck. "I'm going to get one on each side."

"I don't get it, and you're not getting them until you're twenty-five Mr.!"

"It's easy. It's a kind of a pun." I paused to see if she might catch on, but I was too subtle. Me and my big mouth. I explained, "Hot crossed buns!"

Mom stood straight up like she had been jerked by a string on the top of her head. She looked at me with the most peculiar expression and suddenly I realized that I had really torn it this time. She didn't know the details but she was certain that either one or both her sister's had sex with me. She walked back into the kitchen. I just sat there mentally kicking myself. Dad appeared a few minutes later.

"Where's your mother?"

"In the kitchen, she's upset." Dad went after her to find out what the matter was. I figured he'd be steamed too, when he found out. But he reported she wasn't there. We looked all over the house for her but didn't find her. Dad determined that her set of car keys was missing and got on the horn to Sally, no she wasn't there. Same with Sylvia. Sylvia called back a few minutes later and asked to speak to me. When I confessed what conversation had taken place shortly before mom disappeared, she let out a big sigh. Then she told me to get ready, she was picking me up in half an hour.

The horn on her sporty Beamer honked thirty-five minutes later and I came out to ride with her. I told dad only that Sylvie and I were going to look for mom. Sally was in the back seat as well. I rode shot gun. Sylvie hit the interstate and headed north.

Leaning forward, Sal asked Silvie, "Have you got the medicine?"

Her sister nodded and I wonder what that was about, but instead asked, "Do you know where mom is?" Medicine sounded ominous.

"She'll be at the cabin. She always goes there when she is totally pissed off, or very upset, and I'm sure she's both."

"Can't blame her," spoke Sally.

"OH! For God's sake, Sal, she knew this might happen. When she started talking eight inches, like dad, she knew. She even warned us; but what did she think was going to happen in THIS family?

Considering the past transgressions? Sorry kid, but while part of the conversations might be over your head, you're going to have to trust your aunts, or should I refer to us as your lovers?"

I decided that too much shit had hit the fan already and being open and honest with these two . . lovers would be better in the long run, if things were to get smoothed over with mom. Besides, if they knew that I knew, then it would be easier to pour oil on the waters, if they weren't so afraid that I'd get splashed with things that stained our familial history. So I told them I had overheard the conversation a couple of weeks back and knew enough of what the trio of troubled troubadours had tried to hide, and the trysts they had with grandpa. That was a relief, to everyone, from then on for the rest of the trip, I was regaled with reminiscences of their freewheeling past on the road and how they took their liberation to a very heady high.

That was the medicine. Sylvia had an ounce of primo with her with, some joints already rolled. Before we arrived we did a couple of doobies to help keep calm in the face of storm Susan. Sure enough mom's car was parked by the lodge. We went in. When she saw the three of us, she got red, and then looked each of us in the eye so that we saw how hurt and angry she was. Then she just collapsed onto the overstuffed sofa and broke down into tears. We pulled chairs in front of her and Sylvie brought out the medicine. At first mom shook her head, but Sally took the lit joint, took a puff, passed it to me. I took a toke and passed it on to Sylvia, who took a hit and held it out to mom again. This time she accepted the J and sucked a lot of smoke then she had another hit. After her third hit, Sylvie muttered the standard Bogart line and took the doobie and passed it around again.

I could see mom starting to loosen up some. Sally said, "Sue, your son knows about daddy."

Before mom could freak out again Sylvie jumped in and spoke, "He overheard that conversation we had, when we all found out that we had been holding back from each other all these years. Nobody told him, he didn't intend to hear our secrets, but there it is, out now between the Sisters Savoy and our only child among the three of us. He doesn't think any the less of you, or us."

"Sue," Sal reached out and took her hand and at the same time stuck the joint in mom's mouth to keep her quiet. "You know that what we did; wasn't the first time incest has happened in our family, not with me, or Sylvia, or you. And that won't be the last time it happens with me, or our sister, or your son... or you."

Sylvia said softly, "I think you're more upset that we had the lad, and you think you can't; because you're his mother. But parent and child didn't stop you and pop, did it? You're the most beloved and belusted of your boy. He wants you. You want him. Don't you Sue?"

Mom nodded a little and took another big hit. My cock was getting hard. This was a development I had not foreseen on the way to the lake!

"Look, he's getting hard just thinking about the possibility of you and him!" Sally pointed out.

"He wants to see your tattoo. How about we show him his mother's art work?" Sylvia started to unbutton mom's blouse. Sal reached down and took off her shoes. My aunts were seducing my mother for me! Sylvia took off mother's shirt and Sally unzipped mom's skirt. Mom lay back as the clothes were pealed from her one by one. At last, her bra was unhooked by Sal and I saw the wonderful pair of mom's mams I had always dreamed of. Sylvia turned her over as mom lay lengthwise on the couch so she was on her tummy. Then she pulled down the panties and there, just like the other sister's were two purple flowers, tulips. I got on my knees, bent over and kissed them.

Then I began kissing my way up mom's spine. If the moment hadn't been so tender and moving, it would have been funny to see my aunts getting me stripped as I kissed and kissed my mother's back. She was still face down and couldn't see the face of the son being denuded by the other two. She lay calmly and waited until I had come to her shoulders. As she turned back around, my shirt was helped off and we were naked in each other's presence, certainly for the first time since I had been a toddler. Now I was a man and she a woman, I was hard and her pussy glistened. I moved over her onto the sofa and she spread her legs. Everything seemed to be slightly in slow motion, and I was taking my time not rushing this special moment.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my aunts stripping, but I really only had focus on mom and her beautiful body. She has a full bush, the furry triangle spread as I neared. Sally had a small 'landing-strip' patch, and Sylvia was clean and bald. I found mom's au natural state the sexiest of the three. But I was not saying a word, only acting, being the lover she had waited for since her last time with Grandpa, I imagined. Her arms rose to embrace me, I let myself down on her, my big tool resting on her thatch even as my weight was on my elbows. I kissed her two lips.

Then Frenched her, as my dick began to rub, to find the soft wet slot midst her labia. She raised her legs to help me center, then I was skidding the slick path that led to her hole with the pole that would fulfill her and fill her full.

Then down - down I went, sliding into the heated depths; up - up the hot tube of tissue that enveloped me. Tight, so that I could feel every millimeter of progress I made of penetration, because my mother had practice in making my dad's dick seem bigger, so my mighty missile benefited from squeezing muscles that mom applied out of habit. My prick was super-sensitive from the buzz I had on; from the knowledge that this was the ultimate vagina that I had lusted after. In short, my full length was provided the greatest fuck in all my eight inches and score of years, or in all my twenty years and 210 millimeters, I had ever had the pleasure to score. I bet it was the best balling that old couch had ever hosted as well!

They say an artist is only as good as his tools. Well, my tool was doing damn good! I sawed in mom's box with my cock, I hammered her cunt with my hard-on, I screwed her twat with my driver, I drilled her hole with every bit of energy I had. We went at it like we were in a porno film, one that had slow-motion at times, and then back to regular speed. The variation in pace was keeping things from climaxing too early, yet we couldn't help ourselves in our hunger for one another's bodies. So it was a balance of desire and prolonging the exquisite physical excitement unleashed and running rampant. Meanwhile adding to the sheer dirty, nasty and sinful milieu, if not melee, were Sylvia and Sally naked, seated right close to us side by side, and diddling each other's pussy while they watched!

"He's fucking her! He's fucking his mom!" Sylvia was letting out her turn-on about my lust for mom verbally, her excited tone pitched higher than usual. "Look Sal, they're doing it, mother and son having sex finally, like they always wanted to. Oh God, that is so hot!!"

Sally also was commenting from the inner demons that possessed her, "Just like daddy, he's fucking just like daddy; with that big dick, that beautiful handsome huge cock! It's all the way in her, Sylvie, it just can't stop plunging so deep and hard and all the way, all the way in!"

But while I was only peripherally aware of my aunts and what they were burbling, mom was in my ear with her own rant of crazy lust. "Yes, give it to me, your wonderful hunk, your special meat, that mighty muscle I have craved for so long. Ever since you started to have pubic hair I had a hankering for the dick dangling between your legs. And when I saw you beating-off and all erect I got so hot that I soaked my panties, just thinking about if this ever happened. I somehow knew it would. Just like with daddy, I couldn't resist the temptation. I realized that I would fuck you if I ever got half a chance. And now, you're doing it, we're doing it and I love it, I love you; I love my sisters for bringing you here and getting us together. Did you know that, that mommy wanted to fuck you? Fuck her BIG boy?"

I was spurred by her words; I went in to overdrive and slammed into her vagina so that I was knocking against the cervix every stroke. I needed to release my cum at that very center so that my semen might gush into her womb and impregnate her. Sylvia had informed me that she had her tubes tied, right after being married, as they didn't want kids. Sally had her operation and was unable to get knocked up any more. But as far as I knew, mom was still fertile. I had wondered about

pop, if he had a low sperm count or what was the story about me being an only child? But if mom still had viable eggs I was out to fertilize any that were in place for my swimming wrigglers to reach. It was animal, it was emotional, it was the fundamental drive to reproduce, there was no thinking - just the mating instinct.

I began to cry out the words that Sylvie had first released from me, "Yes, mom, Oh YES! Susan fuck me! I love you mom, I need you! I love you mom, so much, so much! I have to... I have to... fuck you, I have to fuck you! I have to... I... I have to cum... CUM IN YOU NOOWWW!!"

Mom answered my orgasmic outburst, "YES!! Baby, do it to mommy, do it to me, give me your cum, shoot in me, shoot in mommy all your sweet sperm! OH! YES! I FEEL IT! I'M CUMMING TOO! MOMMY'S CUMMING WITH HER BOY!!"

Both the two on the chairs were wriggling and writhing around as they were triggered by the lewd scene they were witness to. Then we all were gasping for air and sweat poured off four people like we had just come in from a rainstorm. "LAKE!" yelled Sylvia.

"LAKE!" Echoed Sally.

"LAKE... Laakkee!" my mother took up the chant and drew it out as a long squeaky call as she struggled to get up. I gave way and saw my aunts headed out the door toward the water, in the twilight. Mom was close behind, but she was dragging me along by my hand, the arm nearly pulled from the socket the first jerk was so unexpected.

But I understood in a flash that the steamy overheating from that wild sexual saturnalia could be best refreshed by the, "LAKE!" I shouted as I ran holding my mom's hand and first Sylvie, then Sal, then mom and I together jumped off the side of the dock; mom just missing Sally. The water felt perfect. For about three minutes as we treaded and floated in the six to seven foot depth. Then Sally started to shiver and began to walk out toward the shore. The rest of us followed and when we were standing there on the grass, dripping again, but cooled now and beginning to dry in the warm air. We looked at one another and I realized that this was a very unusual event the four of us there together naked and knowing that I had had sex with each of them.

In fact, it then occurred to me that two had been having fun while mom and I had screwed. It did not seem like that was the first time they had done that sort of thing, they were too practiced. That was an area for inquiry, knowing my aunts and mom also being the fallen angels of the salacious Savoy household. There were other questions that the skinny dipping reminded me of too. But for the moment we were headed back inside, once there the towels and blankets were broken out. But none of us got dressed. Nudity seemed to be a standard mode of fashion at the lodge. Certainly sex had been a common activity, that had to be a given, knowing what I been privy too about the trio of wayward women with me.

Back at the cabin, several more joints got rolled, while drinks were procured as well, the sisters Savoy knew how to party. We settled down on the furniture, Mom and Sylvia on the sofa and I next to mom, aunt Sal sat in one of the close by chairs. With another joint making the round and beer for me and mom, screwdrivers mixed for the aunts, I thought the time had arrived I could ask some questions. I began with

what I had seen my aunts doing, my curiosity bursting. "So, I guess triplets... uh... help each other to... uh" the words just wouldn't come out and not seem prudish, which I wasn't obviously.

"You mean help each other get off?" Sylvie; always to the heart of the matter and never shy.

"Yeah," I grunted.

"Oh, when you're triplets, or I suppose it goes for twins too sometimes, playing with your identical sibling is almost like masturbating."

"Only when one of you is doing it to the other, it's even better," mom explained. Then she reached over and lightly pinched Sylvie's nipple and her sis reciprocated; like some medieval painting I once saw. "You should see the sisters Savoy in our daisy-chain!"

"It blew my husband's mind!" said Sylvia.

"Mine's too" declared Sally.

"Mine three," chorused mom.

"Was that when you all went skinny dipping, or another time?" I had to ask about that.

"That's right; we mentioned the orgy, when you overheard us talking about... lots of things." Sylvie chuckled.

Mom was not quite as amused, but Sal smirked and said, as she held in a toke, "About your long dong!"

"It wasn't an orgy," mom explained and took a hit, then drank a swallow of brew before she blew it out.

"It was Sylvia's idea; she got your mom and me to agree to her plan," Sally continued the narrative.

"See, my husband, in fact all the boys, after a while," Sylvia began, "were a little curious. We all got married in our mid-twenties and after a few years of family get togethers, seeing their wives and their clones at the same time, the guys were wondering if the three of us were identical in certain ways, - sexually to be blunt."

"It's not as if they were wondering if we liked the same kind of pizza, or preferred romances or mysteries. But did we screw the same? Did we dig cunnilingus or fellatio, did we cum the same way, make the same sounds?" Sally elaborated.

"It wasn't blatant questions, but subtle hints of interest. One day we, your aunts and I were comparing notes on our hubbies, and the topic came up."

"Whereas, I suggested that we have a little shindig up at the cabin and settle their questions."

"So you swapped partners, had an orgy. Did that happen often?"

"NO!" Mom took a deep breath and calmed herself down. "No, we did not swap, but we did skinny dip, so all the guys got to see that there wasn't much of a difference between the three of us, physically." Sylvie lit another doobie and gave it to mom after she took a big inhalation, mom toked and gave it to me; I had a hit and passed it to Sal.

"The idea," Sylvie explained, "was to answer their questions and douse any lust by showing them that they had made the best choice of the three for themselves. That each had gotten the right woman for him."

Sally passed the J to Sylvie and continued illuminating the strategy. "They saw the tattoos of course, and our bodies naked, but when we all screwed it was with each of our spouses."

"To put them in the hot and horny mood though, we did our triangular daisy chain. That really got them raring to go!" laughed mom, now looser and she chugged the rest of her beer."

"So," Sylvie took up the story, "Each of the couples were fucking in the room here, I was on the couch with mine, Sally rode her hubby on the rug and your mom sat on your dad's dick while he was seated on one of the chairs."

"How did they reach the conclusion they got the best of the three of you for their wife?" I pondered, since that was not obvious to me.

Mom got up. "Come here for a minute, Honey," she said to me going over to a framed something on the wall. I followed her. "See this? Remember that thing?" It was three hand prints of the triplets from when they were little girls. On one piece of paper, about six by eighteen inches horizontally, a row of right hands in red and blue and green. "We did these when we were in first grade, the teacher thought it would be cute to have all three together and daddy framed it. Which is which, can you tell?" I looked. I had seen it before of course, but it was background, like the fish over the fire place, which Grandpa had caught and had mounted. But the meaning was not much beyond my general knowledge until then.

I shook my head, and mom continued. "Of course not right off the bat, no one can tell the difference between us three, if we don't want them to. Especially when we were younger." She held out her hand, the palm facing me. "Look, now study my lines. Now which one is my hand print?"

I looked at her hand and back at the three prints in the frame on the wall. "The red one, the lines split, just like on your palm."

"Right!" She took her seat and snatched the joint from Sylvie. I resumed my seat as well. Mom sucked smoke; then passed me the J as she exhaled. "See, that's what our husbands all discovered that day we had our little . . . uh . . . perhaps 'saturnalia' would do as a description. They realized that while we looked the same outside . . ."

Sally spoke, "Except for our tattoos of course."

"That we were all quite different in many details, especially when it came to sex," finished mom.

"Except for liking big dicks like daddy's and yours, of course!" said Sylvia reaching over and handled my member, it grew a little more. The thought of their erotic wingding with the six having sex all at the same time, even if not all together or swinging was touching up its tumescence already.

"But we couldn't tell them about that. In fact, as you heard, we hadn't even told each other about our flings with our pop." Mom said with a wistful tone. She absently took a hit. I grabbed the doobie as I was buzzing good but this was blowing my mind.

Sylvia made the point clear. "Remember, that we all had been married by then for several years. So each of us knew what our partner's turn-on's were and what made them tick sexually. The others were not treating their spouses with the kind of TLC that made each of the couples' screwing unique. Thus, they concluded that their wife was the right one for them. Plus what man could stand the challenge to his ego, that his gal was not the fairest of the three, or should I say hottest sex kitten."

"Exactly. Your dad still thinks I'm top-cat in the pussy department, just as you have a special spot for me in your heart too, Honey." mother put a cap on the matter.

"Tell me about the tattoos, I've seen all three by now, but what's the story about when you got them." Sally got up and retrieved an old album from some shelf on the far side of the room. She gave it to Sylvia who searched through it, but mom seemed to know what they were looking for and flipped to it right away. I was handed a blow up of a photograph of the three of them out of the scrapbook.

"Mom explained, "This is from when we had a gig in New Orleans, at the height of our short career in show biz. We visited during Mardi Gras and had these tee-shirts custom made for us. That's just before we got the tattoos, so you could tell one from another of us, if you were that intimate. Also, so we couldn't pull the classic switcharoo, where one girl substitutes for her sister on a date, and the fella can't tell the difference. We used to do it sometimes in high school to a new boy, if the other sister changed her mind about going out with him. It didn't quite work so well after the guy got to know you. Too many details to keep straight about previous dates."

"But when Sylvie snuck in and did a switch with a guy that Sally really liked, that was ruled out of bounds. So that no one of us could ever pull that off in the future, 'cause when it's husbands that's a whole different 'ball' game, we made a pact. We would get small tattoos of flowers on our lower buttocks so that any man who got us in bed could be sure of which one he was screwing. Sally got the roses, like her tee-shirt. See in the photo? That set the pattern; I got the tulips and Sylvia the bluebells. So Sally had 'rosy cheeks', Sylvie had bluebells on her bottom, like her

favorite blue bell-bottom pants. With me, 'kiss my tulips' meant you can kiss my ass!"

In the picture of the trio they looked so alike that no one could have figured out who was who. But they each had a different tee-shirt on. Sally's was beige and had two roses, the stems crossed so that the blooms were situated over her breasts at the spots where her nipples would be. Underneath in Kelly green letters it read:

IT'S FUN TO BE POLLINATED!

Sylvia was in the middle, it had to be her because you could see she had on her infamous blue bell-bottoms. Her shirt had a pair of bluebells placed in not quite so risqué fashion. Hers was light blue and read in bright blue lettering:

WANNA TOUCH MY PETALS?

Mom's purple tulips were straight stemmed, but like aunt Sal's right over the nips, as you could clearly see them poking up under the lavender fabric. In green letters it declared:

YOU CAN KISS MY TWO LIPS!

There were definitely no bras under those tees, and the tits teased any guy with six nubile nubs poking out. The Sisters Savoy were clearly having lots of fun in Louisiana. They sported big grins and were the

'girls gone wild' of their day. For sure, they were not quite tame yet, as recent events had proven. I was positive that when the photo had been taken, from what I knew by that amazing conversation I had been privy to unbeknownst to them at the time; that they each had long since been deflowered. Perhaps by Grandpa himself?

"Hey! I think his battery is fully recharged!" announced mom as she took hold of my boner. Sylvia gave her a sad puppy dog look and Sally followed suit. Mother rolled her eyes and stood. "UP! Everybody up!"

"He already is," Said Sylvie dryly.

But everybody stood. Mom dragged the cushions from the sofa to the floor moving the chairs out of the way with Sally's help, and arranged them in a tee formation. She directed me to lay down with my head on the wide end. "Sally loves cunnilingus and doesn't get enough from her hubby." She maneuvered Sal to sit on my face. "Sylvia misses fellatio, since her old man died, and she would like to lick your fat lollipop." Sylvie knelt down between my legs and promptly began to suck. Mom placed herself alongside the three of us and just watched as she fingered herself. I was lapping at Sal now steadily and everybody was getting some sort of jollies. Sylvia knew what she was doing and inspired me to give Sally great head. Mom was making suggestions to each of us and then she was on her knees kissing Sal.

Sylvia called, "He's ready for you Sue!" She joined the kissing, the three sisters were for a moment a trinity of luscious, lascivious ladies, then like they were doing a practiced gymnastic move, mom mounted my stiff staff of pleasure and it slid into her well oiled cunt, Sally switched with Sylvie who was instead, facing mom, while my tongue tickled her

cunt. Sally moved behind mom and ran her hands over her sister's breast and down to her clit and labia, then back up. Mom brought my hands to Sylvie's tits and I plucked at the rosy erect caps and squeezed the ripe fruit I had been provided. Mother rode up and down my saddle horn, at the same time reached back and found the mons of Sal and rubbed it. Then as I was beginning to bounce and another cum was rising in me, she scooted forward and Sally hopped on to my tool. Now I was straddled by all three gals.

Mom and Sylvie kissed and diddled each other as I had to gasp for air. Seeing mom in a lez thing was too much and I blasted away in Sally a full load of cum. She grabbed mom's hooters and held on as she climaxed on my blasting rod, mom came with that sibling satisfied, and I gave three long licks to the length of Sylvia's slit and that brought her to gush as she orgasmed also. Once more the four of us were coated with spit and sperm, sweat and orgasmic juices. There was no outcry for lake, we just wandered out on into the night still shaky legs and waded out until we were about waist deep then rinse each other off. Which turned into a splash fight fest, instigated by Sylvia. When we had our fill of the chilly water and had started up the lawn, we heard the ring-tone of Sally's cell back at the house.

She trotted ahead to answer it. She was saying as we arrive moments later, "It's too complicated to go into over the phone, I'll explain later." She paused, "I'm not sure, wait a minute." She turned to us at the door, as we hurried in and went for the towels to dry and get warm. She punched the button for privacy-mute on the mike. "When are we headed home? My trucker-fucker got back early and is horny as hell; he must have not had time to boff a bimbo on the road."

Mom said, "Take my car, Sal, I'll catch a ride with Sylvie."

Sally turned back to the phone, "Babe, I'm at the lake; Susan had something of a minor crisis, but it got straightened out." Sylvia pointed at my limp penis and made a gesture with her fist and forearm that obviously referred to when it was in erect operational mode; which almost made Sal burst out. Mom had to suppress a laugh with her hand over her mouth. I just grinned, like the cat that ate the canary, or the 'bird' which shot the pussy perhaps. Sally finished with, "You get a shower and have a couple of beers, then take a nap. I'll be home in about an hour and a half, and I'll wake you with my special patented suction pump." She listen a moment then said, "I love what your mouth can do to me too, Darlin'. Don't forget that it works both ways. Alright, I see you soon."

Mom turned to me and said, "Jeez, I bet your father is fit to be tied, not knowing where I went."

Sylvia said, "Oh he's fine. I phoned him when we were on our way up the driveway and told him that we all were up at the lake. He said don't come back too soon, there was a game on the tube he wanted to see, but to bring another case of beer on the way back."

Mom turned to Sal, who was nearly dressed. "Are you okay to drive?"

"I'm fine, I am nicely primed for the hubby's return thanks to our mini-orgy, and the lake reinvigorated me. It's straight down the interstate anyway, no big deal. I'll be fine, don't worry 'bout me!"

"I'm going to phone your father," Susan, my newest lover said to me, "And if Sylvie has no objections, we can go back in the morning."

"I get dibs on his morning woodie!" called my second of the triplets to be one of my paramours.

"See you when you folks get back. I have more garden work I need help on this week!" said the first of my partners I had become intimate pals with. Then Sally left in mom's SUV.

"More room in the big bed then," said Sylvie.

"Let's order pizza delivered," suggested mom.

"And show him those old scrapbooks of our scandalous days and wicked wanton ways!" her remaining sister said.

"Okay but I have the next round of playing 'jack-in-the-box', my turn!"

"Uh... I hope I have another erection in me..." I said, truly hoping I did.

"Relax, kid; between my primo grass and the number your mother knows how to do with your ass, you won't have any trouble rising to the occasion!" Mom nodded and kissed me then went to call dad and tell him we would be spending the night at the cabin. I was able to go

round three that evening. In the morning I not only gave Sylvie my woodie, but mom gave me a res-erection which she took full advantage of. Three days later when my uncle went back on the road, I helped Sally raise a 'cute-cumber' in her 'flower-bed,' we didn't get much sun though. And so it went. I did delay getting the tattoos on my ass. Mom bribed me with three tee-shirts.

The first, yellow with black lettering, boasted on the front: I CAN LOVE LONG AND HARD,

then the back finished the thought with: SO I'M ALWAYS SHORT OF TIME!

The second was blue with white letters, the front read: THE TROUBLE WITH TRIPLETS

and on the back it proclaimed: IS THEY COME IN THREES!

(Mom wouldn't let me spell the middle word CUM, too obvious she said.)

My favorite though, Aunt Sylvie suggested the slogan for. It was red with green lettering.

The front asked: 8 GOES INTO 3 HOW MANY TIMES? The back was simply: STILL COUNTING!

Blame It on the Author

It's all your fault, my mom says thanks!

Dear Sir,

I have become one of your biggest fans. Not just because I have read everything you have published, but because one of your stories was instrumental in helping me to connect in a wondrous way with my mother, and we became lovers. Just like Allen, in that five part saga of his, which you provided in another posting, I am happy to share with you our introduction into incest. (You are welcome to pass on to your readers, with mom's and my blessings). In return, for our personal account, we would like to ask a favor.

I am now thirty-two, divorced, and have lived with my mother for the last six years. Our affair began a year ago, but had its roots many years earlier. Before I go into the details of that tale, I wish to provide some context. I came across your writings by accident, a misspelling when I Googled about the Oedipus Complex. I had one, which had been brewing and was now bubbling in full ferment. Being a house-mate with my mom was stirring up the feelings I had, which had never been very dormant in the first place.

Let me say that I found the advice in your "Open Letter" to the mother, 'Jocasta' was good advice and gave me a real impetus to set in motion my own plan to try to have sex with my mom. I thought sharing one of your stories, printed out and offered to her with a note, might send a message. But it would have to be the right one. I did not want to wind

up a wannabe, as you described in your autobiographical telling of "Cum, Ye Motherfuckers, Cum", of course you did fuck your mom in the end, in a way. I used the guide to your works found at the end of "Mother's Port In A Storm" as a check list to search for a work that would work.

I think "All About the Birds & Bees & Billy" was probably your hottest, but it wasn't quite the opening I wanted. Mom wasn't much of a drinker or did grass anymore, so the "Tokin'", while awfully good, didn't fit the bill. Moreover, it and "Family Trip" were too long anyway. Wrong time of the year for "Y2K", and "Pandora's Box Got Me Mom's Box" required too much explanation for my strategy. (By the way, great work on that graphic novel collaboration with PB; Joss, your French partner, helped too, right? Please thank Joss for sending your latest one "To Kiss Where I Came From".)

To make this short, I finally settled on "Perfect Air, Perfect Heir" as the best piece. I don't know why I didn't think of it straight off the bat, as you will understand when I go into details about how I got mom to at last make love with me. It also relates, in a way, to the favor we are requesting in return for our being open with you about our intimate living arrangements. Now, the dialog is close to the words we actually spoke, as I provide the narration, but I didn't have a recorder on. Mom did help me to reconstruct what we said, so it is fairly accurate, and the action is actually what happened.

My, excuse me; mother says to say - our affair - began with my decision to have my mother know about my sexual feelings for her. My name is Dan and I was 31, living at my mom's house, since my ex, Sue, divorced me. (Her temperament and mine were oil and water, our split having

nothing to do with my Oedipal hang up.) Mom, called Cassie, and my father had divorced when I was twenty-two. [Not out real names] She is presently a fit 53.

Mom reminds me of Diane Lane in a recent movie, only with a strawberry-blond color. Natural too! I'm sure of that; I have the proof of the pud-ding, so to speak. I'm getting a little thick, but still athletic. I jog, mom goes to a gym. Though now days, we have a way of 'working-out' together. We were rather independent generally, before our incestuous involvement. Both of us had been in other relationships during that period, some long, others shorter. The house was big enough that we didn't bump elbows. Sleep-overs of lovers were not usual, but not unknown to happen on occasion.

My thought was that if I presented a letter of what was in my heart and head and hard-on, along with an erotic story that it could possibly strike a chord; perhaps stir up some feelings I hoped - suspected - she had. That it might lead to something between us. At least, I wouldn't have to wonder anymore if there was a prospect that we might get together, intimately. Your story of the mother and son, naked on a beach, who wind up making love, was both quite erotic, and even perhaps poetic. It reflected a certain incident that had been critical and crucial to some underlying dynamics between the two of us. That specific occasion I thought I might have detected a subtle undercurrent of influence in our relationship. However, these tensions were unspoken and unacknowledged, but for me, they were certainly undeniable.

I bought a very large, oversize romantic card. In the envelope with it, I put the print-out of "Perfect Air, Perfect Heir". On the card I wrote this note:

Dear Mom,

I want to thank you for all the love you have given me my whole life. I couldn't ask for a better mom. I hope I have been a son you are proud of, I think you are. I happened on this tale some time ago on the Internet. I found it both beautiful in its sentiment and very arousing in its sensuality. I know it is a strange sort of thing for a son to share with his mother, but I have an idea that you might also like to read it. I trust that you will not be angry at me for giving it to you. You don't have to read it if you decide that the subject matter is inappropriate.

Your most loving son,

Danny

I gave her the big envelope and instructed her to open it after she had retired to her bedroom that evening. It was not Mother's Day, not Valentine's Day, nor her birthday. In fact, no special day, not even the anniversary of the 'incident' of fateful memory. It was an invitation to incest. It was a bold and blatant attempt to interest my dear mother in having intercourse with me, her only child, her son. I didn't know whether it would work or not. I thought that knowing my mother, as well as I did, that she would not be totally outraged. But she might just laugh it off, even if she was not offended.

The worst, I thought, that she would be a bit estranged for some time, that things between us be strained for a while. I wouldn't want to alienate the most important person in my life, but on the other hand, I thought that the situation could be a happy one as well. If the plan worked, then our circumstances might be a joyous union, instead of a dreadful division. I was very nervous when she finally left to go upstairs. I decided that I would listen outside her door, to see if there were any auditory clues, to what her reaction was to the card and story.

What I heard was some whispering as she read the card out loud to herself. Then a gasp, then a tittering of laughter, followed by a period of silence. Much like the youngster in your four-part "Sounds of Incest", I then had the rare privilege of listening to my mother masturbate. I was too keyed up to stand there and jerk-off myself, lest she come out for some reason, and discover me ease-dropping at her door. After hearing her climax, I silently went to my room and waxed my pole thinking of what might have been, and of what I had listened to surreptitiously, and what might be.

If my wishes came true, then I would be cumming with her soon. Is it okay to pray for a sin?

The next morning I came down to the kitchen, I didn't know what to expect. I had heard the sounds of my mother masturbating and climaxing last night, but I was unsure if your story had turned her on, or if it just had gotten her thinking in the general area of sex. Of course, I hoped it had planted a seed in her mind, or rather, more to the point, was watering a sprout that had been planted long ago. That seedling was what I was wishing had germinated, an idea taking root and

breaking through to the light now, to grow and bud and flower. However, I was unsure of what her reaction had been.

What I did have as evidence, that the results of the risk I had taken of upsetting her, perhaps even creating a rift between us, had not been too negative, was that there had been no immediate drama. There wasn't any confrontation, no screams or weeping, not any of the sort of hysterics and angry words that mom was capable of. That fiery redhead temper was not shy about making you aware of exactly what she was thinking. Her feelings were out there for you to see, she didn't hide them. She assuredly could be quite demonstrative in her reactions.

As I entered the kitchen all seemed normal. She was in her robe and making coffee, putting some dishes away from the sink, puttering around, typical mom. She came over to the table with two cups of brew, set one before me and sat opposite me. She tilted her head and looked at me with an odd expression. Then she smiled and took a sip before she spoke. "That was a . . . very unusual kind of story for a kid to present to his parent. May I ask what on earth prompted you to give me a copy - of that specific story? I mean it's weird enough to have a sexual fiction offered to you by your child . . . I know you're not a child, I mean one's offspring . . . much less an erotic tale of incest for a son to share with his mother."

"Mom . . ."

"Let me finish. Not just that it was about a mother and son having relations, but the very setting and nature of the whole . . . plot and context . . . why that particular story? Why, what - is there some

significance to not just what kind of porno you passed to me, but which one, which exact story you chose to put into my envelope?"

"Yes."

"Well, I would like to understand, if you don't mind."

I sighed, 'here it goes', I thought, this is it. I either bust the wonderful friendship I have developed with my mom, which we have built over the past five years, or it goes to a whole other level. It wasn't going to be the same, one way or another, I imagined. "You remember the time all three of us, dad, you and I, were out hiking, the summer I turned eighteen? We came upon that isolated fishing cabin on that little lake?"

"Sure, it was damn hot that summer."

"So we decided to go swimming, but of course we were in the middle of the woods, away from camp and didn't have our suits with us."

"You and your dad decided to go shinny-dipping. Nobody was around, the owners were not home. It was all locked up; they probably came only on weekends. When we discovered the place it was a weekday. "

"You went in too."

"Yeah, I kept my bra and panties on, though."

"Right, except when they got wet you could see right through them."

"Well, I was your mother, that wasn't any big deal . . . was it?"

"It's not as if I hadn't seen a nude woman, I had read Playboy, etc., but I was interested in what your body looked like. That was the first time I had gotten to see parts, which I hadn't seen since I was seven, when I walked in on you changing one day, and you were naked."

"Remembered that little incident, do you?"

"Yes, it made quite an impression on me. I formed a lasting memory of that look-see at the lake, as well."

"And that's why you picked that story . ."

"There's more to it than just the dip in the lake. When I was about twenty-three, I went to visit dad, after you guys were divorced, before I met Sue. We were getting a bit sloshed one night and started swapping histories of our youthful conquests with the ladies."

"Like father, like son."

"More than you know, or rather than you previously suspected up until last night. See, I have had the hots for you, ever since that day at the

lake I mentioned. But I never ever mentioned it to anyone until that evening with dad. Let me continue before you say anything, because I'm coming to the answer to your question about why that story. I simply said that I thought you were a MILF, and then had to explain the term to him. Dad got quiet for a moment, lost in thought and then he himself brought up the skinny-dipping day. He told me never to say a word to anyone about what he was going to tell me next."

I heard mom hold her breathe, I had her full attention, I was pretty sure she knew where this was going. "Dad said that night, back at your cabin, you were, uh . . . unusually excited, sexual aroused. You were especially hot-to-trot, and wild in bed. A real tigress. He said he thought it might have been because you had seen me naked and been turned-on by your own son. He said the . . effect lasted several weeks, in fact. He wasn't positive, but it was the only thing he could think of, which might have been a stimulating influence around that period."

"So, you thought that the story by . . . Oediplex, was it . . . about a mother and son skinny-dipping together and then making love on the beach . . . would be romantic? Would get my - juices, if you will, flowing?"

"Mom, we have been in the same house for over five years now. More buddies than parent and child. And I am your child. Even though I'm thirty-one, I also know that I will always in some way be your boy, still though I'm an adult, and I am confident that you recognize that fact. We both have had dates in the span of our living with one another, even on occasion each of us has brought their respective escorts home, overnight. We are both grown-ups, and have no illusions about the

other being sexually active. But you haven't gone out in close to a year. It's nearly been as long for me, as well."

"So? What, you thought that the 'Old Lady" is likely horny - and so are you . . why don't both of us get it on? We're all adults. Is that what this is all about?"

"No! Mom! Not like that . . . exactly. I gave that story - the particular story which was as close to the memory . . ," I paused, struck by a realization, "so you did read it."

"Yes. Finish what you were saying."

"As near to what we had . . uh, been doing, when . . ." I decided to come to the point. "Well, if you had been aroused by me. If you were aroused by your own son that day. Like I became interested in you, in that way on that same day. Uhm . . . while we couldn't have done anything back then . ."

"Indeed not! Your doodle was such a wet noodle from that cold water! Neither of you could have - risen to the occasion!"

"Yeah, but I don't mean that. I mean you were still married to dad, and I was young and more innocent than not. All though, I wasn't a virgin at that point. Betty Johnson had taken my cherry a few months before."

"Who was that? I don't remember her."

"Just a girl I took out for a few weeks." I continued, "My thought, the reason I gave you that special story, was; if you were turned on by me, and I am most certainly desirous of having the chance to make love to my beautiful, sexy mother; since we are both single, and I think both horny, and . ."

"And if maybe I knew of your feelings for me, and if I maybe still had feelings of the same kind for you, that I would get it into my head to commit incest with my own son. Right?"

"Uh-Huh." I felt suddenly dumb, and numb with fear that she was really pissed at me for such an insensitive stunt.

"Remember a few minutes ago, I asked if your plan was to get my juices flowing?"

"Yes." I could hardly squeak out the answer my throat was so tight.

"Well, it did" she stood up. "In fact, I masturbated last night, thinking of that day at the lake. Thinking of you, like you wanted me to do." She undid the belt of her robe. "I was so hot; I had a real big cum." Mom shrugged the garment off her shoulders and opened it a few inches. She was wearing just a soft bra and some tight cotton panties. My dick was beginning to rise. "I wasn't sure what I was going to do this morning, about the situation . ."

The dressing gown dropped to the linoleum. "But since we have had this little talk, and you confirmed what I have, for years, suspected, that you gotta thing for your momma." She started to walk toward me and my boner was stiff in my jockeys. "And now I'm getting wet down there, because my handsome son has set up the opportunity for me to have what I have had a hankerin' for . ." She straddled me on the kitchen chair. "The hunk of meat I saw hangin' between your legs, thirteen years ago." She sat.

It WAS one of the most erotic moments of my life. Right up there with losing my virginity, the first time I screwed Sue, and including the view of mom at the lake, with her undies wet and her charms quite distinctly visible through the translucent material. I was fully erect now and my mother's panty clad bush was pushing against it. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled my head into the pillows of her bosom. My arms hugged her, my hands on her back. I was in heaven, and all was right with my world. We were going to be closer than ever, we were going to be lovers, we were going to fuck!

I nuzzled into her cleavage as mom kissed the top of my head. Then she whispered in my ear, "You like mommy's mammeries so much, why don't you kiss them?" I turned so that my lips were smooching the tops of her boobs above the bra. She continued her gentle direction, "Get to the point, toggle my tips, nibble my nipples." I reached up to her shoulder blades and found the catch and undid the three hooks that held back the tender ta-tas. They sprang free, and the straps of her top slid down her arms. I grasped one end of the clasp and dragged the whole article off. Now those double delights were before me for my oral gratification. I began to suckle.

Her fingers ran through my hair, and she gave a little giggle. I mouthed the small, pastel rosettes that capped her peaks. My tongue swirled over the erect buds, and she drew in a sharp breath, and then let out a long sigh. I use my oral digit to flick over the fleshy buttons; mom went, "Mmm!" Her hands sought to pull my tee-shirt over my head, and I backed away to allow the clothing to be stripped off my torso. As soon as I was as topless as she, mom clamped me in a clench, so we were chest to breasts, her nipples poking into my pects. The warmth of her body heat seemed the very comfort of mothering love, like being tucked in with your favorite blankey, the assurance a child needs that they are safe and protected and adored.

Meanwhile, something entirely adult was taking place below the belt. Mom had begun to grind her pelvis against my prominent manhood. Even though two layers of fabric separated our genitals, they were of one accord, in that action which they wanted. I made what little humping I could, pinned down on the seat by her spanning hips. The movement was making me mad with desire. Mom too, as suddenly she jumped up and looking me right in the eye said, "I can't wait any longer. I need you in me. Shuck those shorts, right now!" As she ordered me, so she, herself, followed suit and yanked her undies straight down her legs, and nimbly stepped out of the tiny pile of panties. I saw for the first time, in almost a quarter of a century, the wispy, fluffy puff that provided indisputable evidence that her auburn gilt was natural.

The pout of her split was blushing, and it glistened within the crevice with a promise of an easy entrance. My tightie-whities were down in an instant, as I plopped back on the chair, my rod rigid and ready. Another drop of pre-cum appeared at the head of my helmet, as I saw mom spread her thighs, and begin to mount my saddle horn. She reached to where our loins were coming together and directed the

object of her hunger to her hole. With the almost scalding heat of our touching, for the first time where man and woman unite, I cried my call of ecstatic excitement as a shout, "Mommy, I love you!" - - "Baby!" was her equally ardent and voluminous vocal reply as she sank on my shank.

Then I was sliding down into her vagina. I was rising up into her cunt. I was passing deep within her pussy. I was in my mother's body once more. I was surprised how tight it was. The moist clinging tissue seemed to stretch over every square centimeter of skin on my cock. Elastic and yet pliant mom's sweet cavity enclosed my penis. Her vagina was the most pleasurable place that piece of sensitive muscle had ever been. We held in that pose, for who knows how long. It could have been hours, but it was not long enough.

It might have been only half a minute, because our mutual craving to repeat the penetration drove a second stroke, then a third rushed after, in an instant. Then, the stampede of schtupping was on. I didn't have to do much but hold my hips at a slight angle off the chair. I helped better by hanging on to mom's buns to keep her aligned. Her legs were in great shape from those workouts. She rocked and rolled on my Stratocaster, the music we made was electric, a wailing guitar gone wild. I heard her little squeaks of elation grow into full blown shrieks of ecstasy. My own grunts of delight rose to groans of the intense anguish, that almost unbearable sensation of happy hurting, which pricks are prone to, when peaking.

The first time couldn't last any sort of length, since we were both so primed to make up for that lost time of past suppression, in one flash of passion. Like the bright flare of the pan of antique photographers,

we consumed our explosive lust. Steamy and sweaty, our bodies convulsed with the physical contortions and mental inflammation of cataclysmic climaxes. Orgasm seems so tame a word, to describe the paroxysms and constrictions of the whole human organism, which possessed our very being at the pinnacle of perfect bliss. We had rejoined in body, we had merged in spirit, we were now melded into one another; an alloy of flesh, an amalgam of family, genetic bonding, between mother and son.

I felt my love flow as a stream into her womb, pumping the essence of my system's essential life-force with my seed. My sperm - messengers of my everlasting lust. Mother's emulsions of her womanhood washed over my dick and balls. The lotion of sex was a white froth that blended with my dribbling spume, seeping out of her hollow. Mother was hoarsely panting, she collapsed onto my front, her slick globes pressed wonderfully on my heaving chest. I felt like I had run a marathon, winded and soaked with perspiration. My once rutting ram was now but a weak worm that slid from her center. I encircled mom's ribs and held her to me, in an embrace that was the most special we had ever shared.

Mom, with her cheek next to mine, puffed, 'You can lodge your tent pole in your mother's hole, anytime you want. Oh baby, how you light my campfire!"

I managed to huff out a few words of my own, "Now that's a skinny-dipping, I'll never forget!"

We kissed and carried on that day and ever since. I introduce my mom to other stories of yours, as well as other favorite writers and artist and

my photo collection, my video clips of incest etc. We like to role-play the frolicking plots and raunchy romps we read of, the various scenes and settings that we find erotic and romantic. (By the way, please feel free to put your special spin on the above loving chronicle of our carnal coupling and incestuous copulation.) Which leads us to our request of you, O provider of nasty nights and dirty days?

If you would be so kind, could you concoct a naughty narrative, a tweaked remembrance of our first day of lusting for one another, by the little lake? When sonny saw mommy's charms and mother hungered for her boy's toy? Recast to cut out the father figure, this time we are both bared and no spot is spared from view, nor hole barred, neither are we kept from our passions by any prudish impediment. In other words, we let our libidos loose and lose any inhibitions and give into what we both desire; to fuck our brains out then and there. Pretty please, with cream on top, mom asks!

Author Responds: *Indeed, I'll do my best. I have completed a composition of just such a scenario at your behest. Entitled "Some Things Were Mint To Be!" - A remote lake brings mom & son closer. I think it has a flavor which will titillate your sexual senses, hence the reference in the title. Read, enjoy and cum!*

Candy Finds Her Son Handy & Dandy

Like the name of Madame DeVille's moniker, Cruella, some names fit the personality they are bestowed upon. Disney came up with that evil woman's apropos handle. My mother's folks named their only child, a daughter, Candy. This was shortly before the infamous 1968 movie was out. Though there were aspects of mom that paralleled the character that *Ewa Aulin* portrayed, she was named because my maternal grandparents thought her sweet.

She is. Think of the nicest and happiest and most giving gal you ever saw. Like the wife in the new movie "UP", or some ideal beautiful and loving lady that is so darling and perfect. The sort of female that is always happy and perky, never down and wants to help others, she is an inspiration. That lovely woman is sexy in a natural way, with an attraction that stems from her intelligence as well as her physical charms. You'd want her for your girlfriend, you'd marry her in an instant, if she would have you; you would be proud to bed her and hope to keep her. Take her home to the meet your family; everyone would say how lucky you are to have such a special partner.

That would be the rare female indeed who could be all that. She was almost fictional, an angel on earth, but earthy enough to get dirty in the boudoir. One in a million, even a billion; the pearl that you would give your fortune to possess, though if she loved you, it wouldn't matter if you were impoverished. Fortunately, my dad married the miracle that was mom, and we were nicely middle-class as it turned out. Unfortunately, while mother lived up to the nearly ideal perfection of what I described, she was my mom. Which meant that, while she was

loved devotedly by me, yet my desire for her sexually was blocked by the incest taboo.

Thus at the age of my majority, twenty-one, when others of my age-bracket were far afield looking for their perfect mates, I had found mine at home. The problem of course was she was already married, to the man I love most, dad. Now my father was less than perfect, though a very good fellow in every way; handsome, a good provider, kind, courteous, considerate, or else he never would have won my mother's hand. 'I want a gal, just like the gal, that married dear old dad', in fact I wanted the very one. I knew that I could never marry her, but I could dream of having her – in bed. For sure, I frequently masturbated with thoughts of her curvaceous body coupling with mine.

Now my mom had perceived this fixation of mine and she didn't mind! She understood, even if nothing was ever overtly stated between the two of us. But by the look in her eyes, when she read my loving puppy-dog expression (and lusting look, tongue all but hanging out of my mouth like some cartoon wolf panting and drooling about the yummy lamb he wants to eat, the sexual symbolism lost on youngsters but not to their folks) mom knew of my yearnings for her in a carnal way, and she sympathized for me, perhaps even empathized. It didn't upset her; almost nothing did, except cruelty in any form. It was okay that her only child, her grown son, had feelings for her in that area.

It would be out of character of her total sweetness to resent what I could not help. I was like all other males who met her, who wanted to be her friend, protector and hero, and lover if possible. Like the best and favorite candy you craved as a kid, so as a man would you desire this wonderful woman named Candy. Since she had dealt with those

reactions from guys all her life, she was understanding of her son being as the rest of the masculine half of humanity. But that didn't mean she loved me any less, nor allowed me any liberties, any more than she would any other man than her husband. Now I know that in these kinds of stories often the pattern is to get the father-figure out of the way. Oedipus inadvertently kills his pop on the road that takes him to wed his mother.

But that was not the case in my tale. Dad was always there, just not always there for mom, at least when it came to satisfying her physical needs in the bedroom. Like most middle-age men his libido slowed and his dick was limper, and his pill supply included the modern prescribed male-enhancement medicines. But also like most successful middle managers, his job took up a great deal of his time and energy, even his presence at home suffered because of extended business trips. The combination of factors mentioned, to say nothing of the slide into routine rather than romance; left his Candy often unwrapped, much less lacking in licking, nor much sucked and hardly enough fucked.

That's where I come in - or came in; I mean of course, fit in, fuckin', and cum in. Came in Candy, creamed in my sweet mom, just like those confections with the white centers surrounded by the caramel, you know which ones I mean! To paraphrase Ogden Nash, 'Candy is dandy, but lick her is quicker to stick her'. Mom loved cunnilingus, and indeed could not resist it as a seduction method. She had to have cock after her cunt was eaten. I am a little ashamed to speak of my dearest mother in such crude terms and so boldly and bawdily, but those are the facts of how I got to bang her butt. And if you think my language is blunt, you ought to hear what she sounds like when we are in the midst of passion. I meant it when I said she was earthy, that in the sheets she's downright dirty!

Now remember I mentioned that she was born shortly before the namesake film debuted? Well, she had seen it once on video, when she was about my age. Nowadays it is available on DVD, but you won't see it at Blockbuster, you need to order it special through the mail services on line. I had never watched it, but I was intrigued, if only because family lore was that the actress and mom did bear a striking resemblance. Mom was that kind of a doll and she retained her pretty girl looks even into her mid forties presently. So of course I rented it. It arrived the day after my father left for a two week trip to Europe. So I guess, in a way the pater was put out of the picture after all, for purposes of the action that followed after he left. But I wasn't to blame for his absence at least.

I invited mom to watch the movie with me in the family rec room. She thought that would be nice, it was a Friday, there was nothing else going on. We ordered in Chinese and brought out a six pack for the dinner and stuck in a bottle of Rhine wine for later. I put in the disk and we were off on a rather weird trip. You can Google the synopsis, but I won't bore you with the details of a sixties movie that is still odd and off-beat. The one thing you need to know is that at the end of the film, when Candy is finally fucking the last guy, she is surprised at learning his true identity. She says one word that gives the twist away, and gives a twirling spin to the whole plot in retrospect, and turns that twinkling instant into the last mind blowing sexual kinkiness.

"Daddy!" Cried Candy on the screen, in astonishment as she both orgasms and comes to the realization of who is screwing her, even as she is cumming. I heard mom say it too, but that did not register in my consciousness immediately, due to the shock of the incestuous implications that revelation produced in my brain.

"What?" I cried and hit the jump-back control that replayed the last minute of the cinematic climatic moment. This time when the dialog was confirmed, the echo from next to me also was repeated, and now I replayed the memory in my head and sure enough, though mom had been quiet for a while before that, she had chorused the line. Sure she had seen the scene before. But she had chimed in with her celluloid doppelganger, the second time too, "Daddy!" Her tone however was wistful and poignant. I wondered what had prompted her to speak and so pensively. I looked at her. She turned her head and blushed. Then her expression became clearly both vexed and amused at the same time.

"Oh don't look so shocked. It's not like you don't have a yen for me! What? - girls can't have a thing for their daddies too?"

My mouth flapped air a few times before the cogs kicked in and cognition cranked out the words I blurted, "You had a thing for grandpa?"

"I'm not the one that rented the dirty movie and got his mom to watch it with him!"

"It's not that dirty, especially by today's standards. You see more on the television in prime time, or soap-operas. And you're changing the subject."

"Well, yes; it's not exactly 'Taboo', is it? Pour me another glass of wine."

"How do you know about 'Taboo'? Did you ever watch that film? That was a dirty movie!" This was an interesting topic if she wanted to change the subject away from her and her own father; she had picked one that captured my interest even more. Moreover, she had finally verbally acknowledged the unspoken matter of my incestuous feelings for her.

"No I never saw it, did you? I bet you have, on the Internet or something. I heard about it from my brother, when it came out. All the guys had the hots for that brunette, what's her face."

"Kay Parker."

"So you have seen it, haven't you?"

"Uh, well yeah. It's a classic." I poured more wine for me, I needed a drink!

Mom took a big sip and licked her lips, "Well, do you prefer brunette moms or blond moms?"

"I prefer you, mom. You looked like the gal in this movie, when you were my age. That's what grandpa said, and he was right, I've seen the old family photo albums. He didn't say the film was so . . uh . . erotic though."

"Did you find the movie a turn on?"

"Not so much, though it was interesting to see the old fashion perspective from when the sexual revolution was beginning."

"Honey, every generation thinks it discovered sex. The difference back then was that they finally had an effective birth-control – the pill, along with being able to cure VD or what we call STDs now days and it was before AIDS. So the youth went wild and that was what the movie we just viewed was illuminating. It was the quest for sexual freedom in a society that had the traditional barriers removed, finally freed from the fears of the consequences of uninhibited immorality. But that was my parent's generation. Your grandpa was a little bit of a libertine in his youth actually; mostly it was grandma that tamed him. Mostly tamed, but not all together."

"So, why did you say, 'Daddy', when the girl in the movie said it? Was there something between the two of you?"

"You and your dirty little mind, you! I'm tired and I've had plenty of wine. I'm going to bed. See you in the morning!" She avoided my question, and my eyes, and headed upstairs to her room. I finished the wine as I re-watched some of the movie, and tried to understand the implications of the last word, the cinema Candy had said, which my (sinning?) ma Candy had echoed.

What I came away with was that John Astin, who played the father, and also 'Uncle' Jack in the film, was a dirty old man, in the flick at least. Movie buffs will also realize that that era was the time of "Last Tango

In Paris" also, and Marlon Brando, who was featured in "Candy", the iconic star from "On the Water Front" and "The Wild Ones" was still a sex symbol back then, before becoming the older Don who was in "Godfather"; not to mention that the director of "Candy" was a very close friend of Brando's.

So it was in a little while that I followed mom upstairs to my own bedroom. In the hall I was startled to hear her voice. Mother was not asleep yet. Her whimpers and gasps were clearly her throes of ecstasy and when she cried out at the peak of her climax – yes, I stopped and listened, you know I have an Oedipus complex – as she was climaxing I heard, quite distinctly, "Daddy!" I had to retreat to my own bed then and my own call at cumming was "Mommy!"

Now wouldn't it be a nice little plot device if the next day, mom rented, or perhaps downloaded "Taboo" and suggested that we watched it together? I've read incest stories that used that exact thing to get the mother and son in bed together, but that was fiction and this was real life. She didn't. However, she did ask me to sit with her on the deck and talk after our lunch out there. The weather was wonderful and the beer cold and I was ever happy to spend time with the dream woman that I lived with.

"Sweetie, I wanted to ask you about something."

"Sure, mom."

"Well, not to press you, but some of your friends are getting married and you don't even have a girlfriend at the moment." I began to protest

that between work and living at home, instead of going off to a different town for college that I had not as much social life as when I was in high school. But mom put her hand up to stop me and continued speaking. "I'm concerned that maybe the . . thing . . you have for your mother is stopping you from looking for a gal to have of your own. Frankly, I want to be a grandma myself someday, though not necessarily right away. You understand what I am saying?"

"You're worried that my incestuous lust for you is stymieing my search for a mate, that it?"

"Mmm . .well, I wouldn't want your – infatuation with your mom to lead you into idealizing me as the woman that you want, and keep you from finding a perfectly marvelous lady that would make you very happy and satisfied, and make a terrific wife . . . and mother of my grandkids. More like that, though you put more bluntly, that's the general idea, yeah."

"What about you and grandpa?"

"What do you mean?"

You had a thing, infatuation? Attraction? Yen? Yearning? Lust even? For your father and yet you married dad and seem happy with him."

"Just because I said 'Daddy' last night during that last scene . ."

"And when you came, masturbating last night as well. I wasn't ease-dropping, but I couldn't help inadvertently overhearing though."

"Hoisted on my own petard. Okay, since we are being adult and speaking plainly about desires for parents and such. Yeah, I did have a hankering to have my pop in the sack for a screw, just to see what mom was screaming about when she was having sex with him. You think I'm vocal, when I cum!"

"And did you – have daddy, Candy?"

Silence. More silence. Mom blinked first. "Yes, once, and you can't tell anybody, ever. The only reason I'm telling you is so that you'll know I have some idea what you are going through with your wanting me. But that is a very naughty thing to do. Dangerous, because it could wreck the family if it got out. Even now, so you don't dare even hint that you know."

"Dad doesn't know, grandma doesn't know?"

"Grandma doesn't, your dad does. It sorta slipped out the first time . . oh God I can't believe we are having this conversation! . . the first time he . . ate me. UHH Jeez! I just love to be gone down on, see, and that's what gave grandma such loud climaxes, when grandpa would tongue her. Anyway, the first time your father did it to me I came really hard, 'cause it had been a while, and I just let out with the word you heard last night, 'Daddy'. So then I had to explain why I had called it out, but your dad forgave me and thought it was a turn on. I told him it was

only once and that I would never cheat on him. And I haven't either, not ever."

"Wow, mom that is some confession!"

"Yeah, but you can't tell that I told you all that."

"You really like to be eaten?"

"I love cunnilingus, and I would have to fuck any man that gave me head, 'cause I get so desperate when I cum that way, I just have to have a penis up me. That is my one weakness. I don't know why I'm telling you that, seeing how that you would love to seduce me."

"Mom I wouldn't use that knowledge to seduce you or ever do anything that would make you feel threatened by me, or ask you to do anything that you wouldn't want to do! I love you too much to ever harm or hurt you in any way!" I declared.

"I know, Sweetie. But you have to get over me, so that you can get on with your life. I'm already married, taken, spoken for. Not that I'm not horny for all of being hitched." she added for some reason. WAS there hope of our having our own one time, like her and grandpa? Wow! What about that? Mom having incest, such a stunning revelation! And what of all the information she had provided about her sexual proclivities and her being horny. Was she giving me 'ammunition' for a reason, either consciously or otherwise? I was intrigued, to say the

least, by everything she was divulging. Was all this converging on a conjugal coupling?

"Uh . . mom, perhaps you might . . uhmm . . blunt the edge of my interest if I had – some kind of . . say reality check on my fantasy."

"Like what, seeing me in my undies?"

"Well, I've seen you in your bikini, and you looked good, by the way, but what if you were - - in the nude?"

"Naked."

"Yeah"

She thought for a long moment. "What of instead of blunting your edge, that whets it instead?"

I took a chance and asked, "What did that one time with grandpa do? Make you more or less lusting for sex with him?"

More thinking, then she said, "Grab a couple more beers and meet me in the rec room, make sure the curtains are closed."

Nervous as a cat in a room full of rockers, or perhaps as a virgin in a cat-house might be more like it, though I was no virgin. Still the

enervating nerves were alternating with the energy which was zinging through me, as I anticipated seeing my mother naked on display before me, for the first time. Not counting when I walked in on her once, as she was dressing. But I never forgot that view. This one I would remember for as long as I live as well!

Mom came into the rec room in her robe. She grabbed a beer off the table and chugged a big swallow. Then put it down. I held my breath. She opened the robe, smiled at me as I saw her nipples and bush then dropped the gown and just stood there. I drank in the sight and drank a gulp of brew. I didn't trust myself to speak, I would have squeaked – my voice box was so tight – I just made a twirling motion with my finger and she slowly turned around to allow me to see her back-side as well. Then, looking over her shoulder, with a naughty smirky smile, she bent and with her legs slightly spread and with her hands spread her ass-cheeks showed me the sight of her pussy. I was fully erect by now.

She noticed. I was wearing only sports-shorts and a tee-shirt. "You too." I didn't catch on immediately, my brain was benumbed, and I was bedumbed. "Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose too," she paraphrased, "you got an ogle at me, now I want to look you too!" I never got out of my clothes so quick. Thank heavens I was only in flip-flops. Now we were both standing and looking at each other's bare bodies. She made the turn-around gesture and I complied. You could have hung an anvil from my dick. Mom sat abruptly on the over-stuffed easy chair, without putting her robe back on, and picked up her beer. "So?" she asked, "have I whetted your appetite for mama, or blunted the point of your lust. I see your lance is blunt, but pointed in my direction. There's a little wetness on its tip too!" She gave a slight laugh at her word play and my obvious arousal.

"Well, frankly mom . ."

"Yeah, you have got a big frank, or is that a hot-dog?"

"Well, you've got the buns!" I could play verbal games also.

"What kind of sauce does the guy who's taking a gander at my muff-in, want on his wiener?"

"Hot-sauce from your honey-pot.'

"My honey is sweet and spicy."

"Sweet as Candy, and spicy like a taco sauce?"

"Would you like to taste it and see?" Would she let me!?!?! I remembered all she had said about a guy giving her a licking. I was ready to go a lap or two, if she would let me on the track, so to speak.

"Yes, I would love to taste you mom." She suddenly realized where our conversation had taken us, and a look of uncertainty crossed her face. Before she could voice her objections though, I was kneeling between the thighs and putting my mouth where my mommy was. I strategically gave a long slurp from her labia up to her clit and then toggled the love-nub gently. She gave a little cry of surrender and

spread her legs more, so that I had better access to her feminine charms. I used everything I knew to provide those regions with pleasure. I could tell that I was getting to her, her hips were bucking and she threw a leg up on the cushioned arm of the chair to give me full entree to her womanhood.

I knew what she wanted, but I also understood that I could not take advantage of her. I loved her too much to do that. So as the thrusting of her pelvis indicated she was ready to be taken, I instead, noble son I, concentrated on her clitoris and thrust two fingers in the sopping wetness of her hole. I sawed in and out and made a vibrato with my tongue on the button. That did the trick and mom screamed as she peaked over the top and came sailing away on the wind of an orgasm, like the clouds streaming over a mountain crest both ethereal and chaotic the wild flow of her undulations whipped. Then she was floating down, like the rolling mist, lost in the fog of contentment and wispy in her settling back into the cushions like a fluffy kitten. Sex kitten, like the Lolita-esque actress who played Candy. At least she hadn't called out 'Daddy!'

Mom looked at me with an amazed expression. "I can't believe I let that happen. I can't believe that you didn't fuck me. I'm glad though, that you didn't take advantage of your mother's weakness, even though I had told you about it. Come up here and give me a kiss. I moved to her out-reached arms and we embraced. My still stiff boner pressed right on her mons. It didn't go unnoticed. "Could you get-off just rubbing on my tummy? I'll tell you about me and Grandpa. That always got your father hot. I know it's not exactly fair compensation for what you did, but maybe it will take the edge off your arousal to cum that way."

As much as I would have like to do some more intimate messing around with mom, the opportunity to get the scoop on her previous incest was too tempting to pass up. Besides, the way I was primed from the earlier activity, not much stimulation would be needed to trigger my own orgasm, I was so hyped. The mental picture alone of mom as a young adult and Grandpa in his prime was certainly an image that was provocative. I remembered an old photo of them at the beach, her bikini quite tiny and her pop muscular and handsome, if slightly balding. I nodded my head yes and spoke, "That would do the trick, I think."

"Well, I was a couple years younger than you, nineteen, I had my birthday a month before this took place. Momma was visiting Aunt Ellen who was nearly due with your cousin Jack. Mom was staying until after the baby was born 'cause Uncle Fred was in the service overseas, in the Navy on a minesweeper ship. So it was just daddy and me at home. I was always wondering what made mother cry-out so intensely when she and pop were making love. Was it his dick; was there something special he did with it? Or what he did when he had it in her, like touching her in a special spot at the same time? I knew the basics, I had a clit, just like any girl, but what did my daddy do to my momma, to make her clamor so much when she climaxed?"

"I wanted to find out, and I thought, if I could get my dad to show me, then I would make those same noises and have that same ecstasy. So I planned to seduce him. One thing I knew sort of got daddy hard was when I wore one of his shirts. For some reason, he found that erotic and I caught him peeping to see if I had any undies on underneath. Long tee-shirts didn't tease him as much, my bikini was not any big deal, even a slip and a bra would hardly get a rise out of him. But just let me wear one of his old button up dress shirts and he got curious about if I

was wearing panties or not. So sometimes, to thrill him and me too, I was scandalously without scanties."

I asked mom, "Did you ever let him look – under the shirt, or get a glimpse of your naked buns, even flash your pubs?"

"Just enough, only very quickly and never blatantly, did I let him get the peek he wanted to have. But especially if mom was around I wore panties, but it was a game, see? Was I or wasn't I? If I was naughty and nude, beneath the shirt tails, might he get a gander at my privates? If I was letting him get a little 'eye-Candy' of my most secret skin, then he really got big and tented his pants. He would try to hide it under the newspaper, but I could tell, because his face would flush and his breathing became deep with a sigh now and then, and he became real quiet. Mom would sometimes guess what I was up to, 'cause she'd say, 'You're not being fair to your father, baiting him like that.'

A lot of times after my jail-bait teasing thoroughly got pop worked up he would do mom and I'd hear her howl with happiness when they went to bed. So when I was past jail-bait, and mom was gone that time, I decided that I would take our game to the next level. In fact, I upped it several notches. I made up several excuses, very reasonable; yet to do this and that, I was parading back and forth in front of my father with just a buttoned up shirt, no panties. And every time I passed him, a new button would be undone. First the top one, then the lowest, then second from the lowest, with my pert nipples poking at the thin cotton, and my blond fuzz making haphazard appearances as I strolled past."

"Did he notice you were doing a slow strip tease?"

"OH! Yeah! Did he ever! And he had to adjust a couple of times to get comfortable. He was about to bust his zipper, I swear! Then I made my move and came and sat on the wide arm of the easy chair he was in. I bent to talk to him and he could look at my boobies, and when I crossed my legs, the shirt's side split showed lots of hip and no material beneath of any sort. Then I switched my legs and did a 'Sharon Stone' peek-a-boo of my crotch to dad. I had him primed and then I began to interrogate him. 'Daddy,' I wheedled, 'I want to know what you secret is.' Mom lowered her voice a tad, 'What secret do you mean?' he asked, not having a clue of course, where I was going, just enjoying his free show, and not thinking much.

"I asked, 'What do you do to mom, to make her so vocal and loud when you make love?' Swear to God, right then man almost choked on his tongue! He sputtered, then gave a weak chuckle and then tried to gain control of himself and the conversation. 'What do you mean? And you shouldn't be listening at our door, that's private.' I answered back and swung my legs over his lap at the same time, so he could see my thighs almost to the pubic hair. Gee you're plenty hard now!"

"Mom! You said that to Grandpa?!"

"No! I meant you, babe! I can feel you stiff and rubbing against me. Just continue to do that while I tell you all about your grandpop and me. And he was about to 'pop' out of his pants alright, when he saw that he could all but see my pussy. I answered his protest, 'It's not so private when you can hear her clear to the end of the block!' He admitted that she did make a fuss. 'What do you do to the woman to get her so worked up she makes like an air-raid siren?' I continued to pry. His pry

bar was uncomfortable I could tell, so I slid down to kneel on the floor in front of him. Naturally the shirt I had on caught on his knees and slid up exposing my muff and tummy – but no panties! I undid his belt and button, then unzipped his fly. He looked on like a scared rabbit in the hypnotized stare of a big snake."

"Only I was the one looking at the snake, and it was nice size, but nothing so spectacular to cause the commotion mom made. Guess what, daddy didn't have any underwear on that night either!" mom giggled a bit. "I guess that sometimes he went 'commando' as it's called. I touched my pop's poker and it jumped! I undid the last two buttons of the shirt on me, so he could see my throat and the cleavage and right down to my labia and he was looking alright! I put the tip of his prick in my mouth and bobbed my head a touch, just to give him a taste of my going down on him. Then I asked again, 'What makes mom moan so noisy, daddy? How do you do it?'"

"His breathing was getting ragged, and the head of his dick was like a plum, purple and swollen. 'We shouldn't . .' he said. I almost whispered, 'Shouldn't do what, dad?' He looked at me and made up his mind that he was the man, and he was going to take charge of this naughty daughter of his and not let her have him at her mercy. No! The other way around! I could see that thought flood his mind, just like it was a spill of red wine spreading on a white table cloth. 'Shouldn't do what, dad?' I repeated. 'Do this!' He growled and he took the shoulders of the shirt on me, and pulled it right off in one strong manly gesture, stripping me bare. He didn't say any more, he just did what he knew I wanted him to do. He clutched me by my arms and he came out of the chair, turned, and planted me back down in the cushion, seated right where he had been. All in one motion so that we were reversed in position."

"He opened my legs at the thighs and indicated I should scoot my hips forward with a tug behind my knees. 'This is what makes your mother wail like a banshee.' he explained, then buried his face in my juncture and gave me the best eating out that I have had before or since."

I was rubbing, sawing my boner on mom's mons, the crinkly hair was a fine friction on the underside and my cock skittered up by the clit and lowered to touch the damp split and I wanted to put it in her so bad that I could scream. I guess screaming runs in the family. Mom continued to rock her pelvis with me, to enhance my dry-fucking as she finished the story.

"I loved what he was doing, and he was doing everything that lips and tongue and sucking mouth can do to a female's sexual anatomy. But not just what he was doing, but the way he did it. The variety, and combinations, alternating warm and coolness, and different pitches to the hums and types of strokes which sometimes his tender or otherwise firm flesh made in contact with my feminine tissues. He did it for a long time, and I came and came, and was screaming like mom at the end. And I said the same thing she did, when she could take it no more, when she was at the limit of endurance, we needed the same thing of him."

"He, having so sweetly tortured us so, had to comply; had to obey our command of love, our demand of lust. 'Put it in! Give it to me!' I yelled down to daddy with his face in my genitals, 'FUCK ME NOWW! Please! Fuck me daddy, put it in and fuck me . . . ffuucckk mmeee!'" she echoed the clarion call of the same sounds she had made then and

which evidently grandma gave too at the instant of ecstasy turned almost agony.

I almost thought for a moment she was asking me to actually do it to her. But then I knew that this was in her imagination, and was not our time yet. I saw in my mind's eye, his pants down around his knees and his penis sliding into mom's vagina as she had begged him to do. Then, I came on top of mom as she bucked up recalling her fuck-lust with her parent and lost in the memory, even as I was overcome with lust for her and thought of what it would be like to go in the hole where my grandfather had been. To cum in my mother, even as her father certainly had released himself within her as well. A large dollop of jism squirted on her abdomen, even as my mom also climaxed from her fantasy of remembrance.

As we both calmed down from our orgasms, for mom had gotten off on the memory as much as having me dry-hump her; mother ran her hands through my hair and gave my face kisses, on forehead, lips, cheeks, even nose. "Mmm . ." she cooed, "That worked alright, didn't it?"

"Yeah, I did get into the narrative, that was hot! Just one time huh?"

"Yes, neither of us wanted to hurt mom, and we felt that if we didn't stop there, it would be sneaking and secrets and get messy. So we mutually agreed that it had to be a onetime only tryst. But now I knew why mom moaned and I could make suggestions to my lovers as to how to improve their cunnilingus. And neither daddy, nor I, lacked for sex. At least I didn't until you father went from romantic to routine, and now it seems eating my pussy is old hat, and sex is comfortable like an

old slipper, for lazy days around the house. When did my vagina become antique footwear?"

"I think mom, maybe the 'Candy' needs a new wrapper, and a fresh ad campaign to remind dad that his bride is the Candy-dish he married and the sweetest sugar-baby around, so that he treats you like the true treat you are. That not only does he gets his own lollipop licked, but he'll rediscover he has a sweet-tooth for nibbling your charms and licking your dainty confections."

"Well, getting a new sexy night gown is the easy part. What do you suggest for the new and improved advertisements to regain his zest for my charms and reinvigorate him in my bed chamber?"

"I'm not sure yet, why don't I sleep on it . . . in your bed with you. I'm sure something will cum up, in the course of the doing that, I'm bound to be inspired!"

"I know what will be in-'spire'-d, and I might get speared by your fresh ideas, if I'm not on my guard. Do you think I should sleep with the fella that is out to seduce me? Not to mention, I might just sleep-walk, and roll right over on top of him and sleep-screw his brains out. I think that is a dangerous idea indeed! Especially if you sleep in the raw like your momma does. You do, don't you?"

We were back to word-play. "Yeah, but remember that I have exerted the most exemplary self-control and been the most honorable of suitors. So even if I'm just in my birthday-suit I will be respectful your virtue, virtual as it might be, because you certainly weren't a virgin when you

met pop. And besides which, the version you told me of making it with your father means that incest is not unknown in the realm of your boudoir!"

"We were in the living room, remember. But alright, if you promise to be good." (Which meant 'yes' to bundling with her! OKAY!)

"I promise to be on my best behavior, and if I'm not I promise that I'll be good."

"Do you know the difference between a nice girl and a good girl?"

"No, what is it?"

"The nice girl wakes up and says, 'Good morning, Lord.' - the good girl wakes up and says, 'Good Lord! Morning?' So if we are both good in bed together, we are going to be very naughty. But that's not the deal, if you sleep with me; you let me get my beauty rest. Understood?"

"Okay, I get it – I'll be . . nice."

"Well, not too nice, that would be boring. Then you might as well be your old man!" She laughed. "Hey, there's a movie I know that your dad wouldn't want to see with me, but perhaps you'd like to come and watch it with me? It's an Italian art flick, subtitles and obscure meaning and all that?"

I knew which side my bread was buttered on, or which side of the bed the margarine (and mother) was spread. [That's an obscure reference to "Last Tango In Paris" if you will. But hey, if Brando got into Candy's panties, perhaps I might also.] Despite my promise, I suspected that mom might be wanting to let things continue and dabble in incest once more. So European art films here we come, or cum, whatever worked to get me onto mom's mattress and between her thighs again! "Sure, mom, I'd love to."

So we went out for a romantic dinner at a French restaurant, some nice Burgundy wine with Chateaubriand for two and then the cinema. A rare revival showing of "La Luna" by Bernardo Bertolucci, the same guy that did "Last Tango in Paris" and this was about - get this – mother and son incest! Not "Taboo" but it was in the 'ball'-park, if you will! Jeez! I wondered if mom had that planned or what? She must have known about the showing of that film before I even had made my first move on her. So the whole milieu of that evening dovetailed into the theme of familial sexual intimacy. Once more I wondered at mom's motives, and if perhaps we were working at converging carnal purposes. It seen so!

When we returned home, mom seemed tired and wanted to hit the sack soon. I put some things in the dishwasher and went to my room and stripped, then headed to her bedroom, sans pajamas or any other garment. She was already in the sheets, but my side was turned down to show she had expected me. I slid in to the linens and cuddled up to mom, spooning to her since her back was toward my side. As mentioned earlier, she also likes to sleep in the bluff, and we were two bare bodies cozying up close and personal. In no time, my boner was bumping her buns. I could feel her cheeks clenching and pushing to settle it in the crack.

"What did you think of the movie?" mom queried.

"I thought it was an interesting film, though the middle part was sort of slow."

"How did you like the ending?"

"A little too obscure, it should have been more direct as to the conclusion, less editing of the consummation, more graphic of the sex between the mother and son, bolder in its depiction of incest." My erection was pressed hard against my mother's back-side and rubbing now up and down a bit to let her know I wanted to do more. Just like the movie had not had enough action but implied more, I desired to couple with her as the pair on screen had; if you observed that the obscured was obviously obscene. However, my well prepared critique that I had rehearsed in my mind for just that question from her backfired. Mom turned on her back and had gales of hysterical laughter. She pulled me to her in a hug, all the while uncontrollably screaming because she thought my little speech totally funny, though I did not see the humor of my probative criticism.

"I suppose that you would have liked that mainstream movie to be as graphic as "Taboo"? Or that scene in "American Taboo: Three" with the mother and son in the bathroom?" Wait a minute, how did she know about the second incest film? I of course, with my obsession for mom, had downloaded such classic clips. "You have certainly do have a little Oedipus complex thing going on, don't you?"

I lifted myself over her and thrust my rigid rod against her abdomen. "Does this feel like it's a 'little thing'?"

Mom's eyes got wide open and she smiled that smirky smile again, "No it doesn't, is that all for me? Goodness!" she teased.

"Yeah I wanted to see them do it, naked and sweaty and grunting and going at it without any reservations and lots of X-rated shots. How come you knew that was playing at the theater? And how do you know about "American Taboo: Three"? What gives with that, mom?"

"You mean, what's up with the incest flicks? I'd say you are . . up - that is. You know that I have been on to your lust for me for quite some time now. Since you now know about my own experimentation with incest with my father, don't you think I might take an interest as to the subject as a parent as well. I know how to Google. I found the stuff on the Internet. I couldn't plan the art-house showing of "La Luna" when your dad was going to be out of town, that was serendipity, and you were the one that rented "Candy". I didn't know about that until it was on the TV screen last night. Maybe it was kismet or karma or whatever the cosmic forces that worked to bring the plot for "Candy" to the moment of her incestuous realization that brought all those things together. But that was just a movie, fiction, this is real life."

Mom started to maneuver me between her thighs and her pelvic thrust was creating some very hot friction in the real life of our connections physically. "I'm pretty tired, but if you want to cum, I understand. Or you can save it for the morning."

If I saved it for the morning, I might (I certainly would!) get mom to have another cum with me and who knows where that might lead! I decided to let the moment go by and try my luck in winning a morning fuck, if she would let me. I said I'd take a rain-check and we fell asleep in each other's arms, just like that. It was lovely, but I had the wildest dreams, like the trippy movie we had viewed the night before, but the blond mother was also the Jill to my father/uncle Jack in the psychedelic mélange.

The next morning was Sunday. Had dad really been gone only forty-eight hours? So much had taken place with the incestuous intimacy that had blossomed between mother and me. I looked over at mom, who was still sleeping. Somehow in the night we had ended up the way we had started, spooning. My dick now was rising with morning woodie oak and pressing in the split of her bottom. I reviewed the things she had said to me and done with me over the short but eventful period.

I now knew why she empathized with my lust for her. She had shown an extensive knowledge of incest films. She exposing herself and then allowed our erotic contact several times, even to stimulating simultaneous orgasms. All the thinking led me in one direction. I had pondered, 'What about all the information she had provided about her sexual proclivities and her being horny? Was she giving me 'ammunition' for a reason, either consciously or otherwise? Was all this converging on a conjugal coupling?'

The answer had to be YES to the last question. Yes, to the middle as well, for why was she giving me the key to unlocking her chastity? 'I would never cheat on (your father). And I haven't either, not ever'. If that was so, didn't she want me then to unlock her lust and let out the

lonely lady that wanted to be free and to frolic with her son, like she had with granddad? Conclusion? Mom wanted me to take her, even if she couldn't openly 'fess up to it out-loud or even admitted to herself consciously perhaps. She had made it clear as the window pane that let in the early sunlight, that she needed to have sex, was willing, even wanted to do it with me! Candy desired to be unwrapped, and her son was both handy and delighted to be the one to lick her and lay her, to be her new incestuous lover.

Mom began to do that clenching thing with her gluteus maxi-muscles, like half a hand job – length-wise – sort of. Anyway, that let me know that she was awake and in an amorous mood. I began the motion that was interrupted last night and she responded with her hips in counterpoint. That set the 'pecker protrudus' on a path down toward her 'vaginus slotorium'. What do they say about Latin-lovers? Obviously I was not a good student since I failed Latin; it was all Greek to me. But I wasn't doing any 'Greek' this a.m. either. I was hoping for a different hole for my pole. But just as the stiffy was sniffing the morning dew on the valley moss and getting close to a dip in the warm bath of mother's womanhood, she turned around to face me. Nuts! Blue nuts.

"What do you want to eat for breakfast?"

Groucho Marx was never given a better straight line for a double entendre. "Your muff-in, of course."

"That would be nice!"

"No, that would be good!"

"Good Lord! Morning?"

"What do naughty girls say in the morning?"

"What?" she giggled.

"Lord! It's good in the morning!"

More giggling, that ended when my mouth reached her nether parts and began to nibble on her nookie. "Ooo! That IS good! Am I Jill Claybourne?"

"Your Candy all grown up and now it's not daddy, its sonny."

"Its sonny on Sunday, and he's doing mommy in the morning. OoOHH! Yees! Just like that, oh, Lord! Here I cum! AHH! And she did, like a firecracker, simply went bang and had a sweet little orgasm right quick. But I didn't stop, that wasn't the idea to end the scrumptious munching on her muff, I hoped to feed her some sausage in a while, if she was willing. That is what I was aiming at. I was doing fine, and she was escalating her climaxes as they built one atop another. I knew she had to be reaching that critical mass point where the big bomb would be triggered and then she would beg for my manhood to make her complete and I would give in to her demands to be taken.

When the moment seemed to arrive, she stretched out her arms and pulled me up, saddling me between her thighs and wrapping her arms around me, deliriously kissing my face. Then her hands were clutching my ass and she was bucking her hips and making almost panicky gasps and gulps. My raging hard-on was sawing in the greased groove and mashing the clit. Edging down with every stroke closer and more centered, nearer and prodding deeper into the oily cavity that waited to be filled. I felt the dampness, it slicked the tip and the labia were parting. I put my tongue into her mouth and Frenched her to make sure she couldn't speak and object if she had last minute second thoughts and cold feet – or cool something more midway on her person.

DING-DONG! BANG! BANG! Bang, DING-DONG; bang bang bang! Who the hell was making a racket at our front door? Of course it broke the mood. "I'll get rid of them!" I said with a very irate tone. I was not going to be polite. Whoever they were, it was lucky for them we didn't own a shotgun! I grabbed dad's robe from the hook on the back of the door and struggled to put it on in time, before I opened the door and blasted whoever was so rude on a Sunday morning. Of all the times to pound on somebody's front door! I tied the robe just a moment before swinging the door wide, and was about to curse a storm at whomever it was.

It was the little girl from across the street, all in tears. As sad as one of those pity-paintings of the orphans with big dark eyes, the ones that make you go AWW . . and want to take them in, and give them cookies and milk and a good home? You know the ones I mean. "Have you seen my kitty, Fluffer-Nutter? She's missing and I'm afraid she's hurt or something! I looked all around the block and can't find her. She's been gone all night! Have you seen her?" I knew Fluffer-Nutter, well named

for a long-hair white Persian with a quirky personality and a love of getting stuck in trees.

"No, Natalie, I'm sorry, I haven't seen your kitty, I'm sure she's okay. Cats don't get lost much; they come home when they're good and ready. Just give her some time. If you don't find her by noon, I'll help you go look, but you shouldn't be overly worried, Okay?"

With that reassurance Natalie went off to bang on the next neighbor's door. I closed ours and went back to mom's bedroom, but she had gotten up and put her gown on. She smiled and said, "Well, it seems that both you and Natalie are missing pussy this morning!" I didn't find the comparison funny. We moved to the kitchen, I sat down while she puttered around fixing breakfast. "Bacon?" That was not the porking I had wanted to do this morning. "I'm afraid the muff-ins are all eaten for the moment." Mom was rubbing it in and trying hard not to laugh, but she had to hide her face. I could hear little chortles escaping.

"I'd like an order of eggs-tasy, please."

"Sure, will that be hard-boiled, or sonny-side-up?"

"You almost got a fat sausage, what the English call 'bangers'."

"Yeah, about that. I'm afraid that I might have gotten carried away, this morning. My . . weakness was letting your willie wiggle it way into my womanly place. I was so wanton I was wantin' to do that; but maybe

that would be going too far with my own offspring. You are going to have to be the strong one and remember your promise."

"Actually mom, while I said that I would never make you do anything you didn't want to, and that I would never harm you or hurt you. I didn't promise not to make you if you begged for it, nor do I think that you would be hurt nor harmed if I . . uh . . 'shot you with my friendly weapon'." The last a quote I remembered from some old movie with James Colburn.

"Still, that would be a problem, if we did have sex. Just like when I screwed your grandpa that one time. It has to be the best kept secret, and the temptation is very great to do it more than just once, which is a whole-nother kettle of fish!"

"Eel and snapper?" I quipped and this got a laugh. She poured me some apple-cider, putting the glass in from of me. "Is this the juice of the fruit of temptation?" I took a sip.

"Maybe, but you better keep that snake in your pants under control Mister, or the wrath of the Almighty might just toss you out of Eden on your ear!"

"I only got just the barest taste of paradise, with my snake. What I really want is a big bite of a Candy apple."

"Like these two?" Asked mom, and she came over and opened the top part of her robe. She thrust a breast toward my mouth and I latched on, sucking a nipple in my lips. "Mmm . . That is soo good!" she cooed.

I reached between the parted robe and ran my hand up her leg to her thigh, and then to the "demises that therein lie!" as Shakespeare put it in "Romeo and Juliet". I'm good at remembering the dirty parts of things I learned in school. What I was learning from mom might be titled 'School for Scandal'; and her demises were still a little slick from earlier, and as I fiddled and diddled they became dripping again. My mouth switched to the other breast as I opened my robe. I used my free hand to lift the back of mom's gown and then I turned her to sit on my lap facing me.

This clever maneuver had her bare bottom sitting on my exposed erection. While not aligned quite right this had me poking my renewed boner in close proximity to her slit as it stuck through the divide of her sweet derrière. Mom clutched my head and kissed the top. She gasped out, "Oh God, don't make it so hard on me, I want to, you know I do, but we can't, it wouldn't be fair to your father." But she rose to turn around and sat again, but so her back was to my face, and she was doing a lap-dance kind of wiggle; her bare bottom on my upright rigid rod, the juices coating the head of my hard-on and it was sinking up and slinking into that basin of sin at the center of her sex.

My two hands reached up and grasped her tits, the fingers and thumbs were twiddling the nipples trying to add the sensation to tip the balance in favor of our connecting. The copulation we both burned for, the sword I was thrusting seeking the scabbard she had, that was meant to sheath such an implement. "You are the one who is making you-

know-what hard on me!" I countered her accusation. I knew she got my point, both the verbal and the fleshy one.

"Oh, yes! It is. Nice and hard!" She gave a sort of gasping trilled laugh as the head of my instrument found the cavity it was searching for and slipped in – I mean the whole plum of the purple bulb was engulfed within that honey pot of her vagina. I moved my hands from her breasts to the side of her hips to draw her down to as far as I could, and make the penetration as deep as the position would allow. But just as I was about to jam her rear with my beef stick, she popped up and turned to kneel before me, putting her mouth over the disappointed peter and sucking, gulping several inches of cock and her lips moved up and down as she brought the cum to burst out of my man-muscle like it was boiling over.

In a sense, that is exactly what took place; my prick was so hot and ready to cream. I probably wouldn't have lasted but a few strokes in her pussy, if I had gotten my dick in her, but I would have rather had the pleasure of that, though her oral treat was nice too. Mom looked up at me, licking her lips. "That was a close call, huh? Well I didn't want to give you a case of blue-balls, even though I got carried away and almost let you . . . do what my daddy did. But he did it because I begged him and we could not control ourselves. But we are not going to let that happen to us, are we?"

"Would it really be so terrible if it did? 'Cause frankly, I don't think I would mind that much if we transgressed once - - or twice, or may be three. ." Mom lightly slapped my still springy dick and shook her finger at me.

"Listen mister 'I-want-to-commit-incest-with-mommy'; I'm the mommy and I make the rules. And I say we can't go that far, because that is just too much of a mess to clean it up. 'Once the glass is tipped over, there is no getting all the milk back in', right?" she quipped. (This referred to an infamous incident in our family lore, where, as a very small boy, I had tried to get spilled milk back into the cup I had accidentally knocked over. My parents, witnessing my attempts to rectify this mishap, couldn't help themselves as they just sat there and laughed hysterically at my comedic antics. While now days I can look back and laugh also; ever since, the lesson has been proverbial when a 'Humpty-Dumpty' disaster happens to me.)

I realized I needed another approach, a different strategy if I was to get my mother – either willingly or by reason of loss of self-control – to allow me to make love to her, at least once. But once that line had been crossed, it would be easier to cross over it again, and again. Because you see, the other lesson I learned as a toddler tipping over milk glasses on occasion was; not that there was no use crying over spilled milk – nor all that much laughter either, save for that one time; but this lesson I also gleamed . . . mommy usually has more milk in the fridge, i. e. there is plenty in reserve if needed.

Thus if we did have an 'accident' and I 'spilled' my cream in her, mommy had more than enough reserves to satisfy my needs, and accidents do happen. I had spilled milk any number of times as I grew up, now that I was a grown-up boy, I knew that sometimes accidents happen on purpose! So – how to get mom to 'mess'-around with me again, to where we at last get to do what she and grandpa did? – that was the question.

I remembered that mom and I had talked about getting dad reinvigorated as far as their sex life went. That seemed a place I could start. I helped mom clean up after we had a light breakfast. While we were drying the dishes, I suggested that I would be happy to accompany her to shop and pick out a new 'wrapper' to use in enticing pop into an amorous frame of mind.

Guys, women love to drag their males along shopping, don't ask me why, but it seems to have a positive effect on their libidos. If you don't sulk, but are cheerful about being her companion, it often pays off in benefits that are both romantic and passionate! Try it, what have you got to lose? You can tape the game and watch it later, skipping the commercials . . meanwhile you can make a play for the lady you love!

So we went to the local Bloomingdale's and blew a bundle on a nightgown that had multiple layers. It was like the dance of the seven veils, to be strip-teased off her until the poor man who was the intended victim of her seduction was overcome with desire and became silly-putty in her hands. New perfume, appropriately dabbed in erotic places that the nose will be in proximity to when the mouth is busy being naughty. Easy access undies to give both ideas to the male of her choice and provide no barrier to the achievement of such dirty thinking put into action. Vanilla scented candles, who knew? - but you can Google it, it is the go-to smell for generating masculine lust. Wine, a fine rose', to release the inner beast in him; as long as you had a strong leash.

Of course. When we got home I asked mom to model the new lingerie. I had a bottle of her favorite white wine chilled and I had bought some lavender scented candles and put on a selection of music for a romantic

mood. I told her it was a dry-run for when dad came home, but in fact, I was hoping to get her wet and worked up so that she was situated and stimulated for incest. The music was on and the goblets poured when she appeared. She was a vision, I must say.

Her long blond hair hung down her back. Her translucent pale yellow gossamer fabric of the filmy apparel made her look like an angel. Or some nymph from an illustration: fleeting laughing sprites, seductive waifs that traipsed through medieval forests. The kind which lure men into their beds and so their paramours become enchanted; in the morning it seems all a dream, until they discover that they have the head of a donkey, for men are such asses when it comes to beautiful women! I was enchanted, but the ass I was hoping to have was mom's. I was the one doing the seducing, and hoping for a night in her bed, that by morning my dreams might cum true! Even if it wasn't quite mid-summer.

Mother twirled and dance to the music, laughing and slowly the gauzy garments wafted away, one by one, until there were none and the golden girl spun and cavorted in her God given raiment. Finally, she ended with a whirl and wound up down at my feet, out of breath, but with a glow and gleeful that she had spun a spectacular choreography and most erotic striptease, totally impromptu, but with great artistry. She was flushed with pride and arousal from her extemporaneous and titillating Terpsichore.

I handed her a wine glass and she took a long sip. "Mom, if you weren't naked already, any guy that saw you do those beguiling moves would have to rip the clothes from you and ravish your body, he would be so

bewitched by your beauty and gracefulness and sexy self." She let out a throaty and sultry laugh and took another gulp of wine.

But this time she spilled some, as she was still shaking from her exertions; and with her amusement, being pleased that she had accomplished the effect she has striven for. A little driblet rolled down between her breasts. I immediately leaned over and licked the droplets. "Delicious!" I exclaimed. Mother murmured her joy at my spur of the moment lapping and decided she wanted a little more and deliberately spilled a tiny amount more down her cleavage.

I went to my knees, to be at her level and slurped some more! She dipped a finger in the goblet and spread the beverage on one nipple. I suckled it clean, then she repeated for the other and so did I. She lay back and handed the amber libation to me. I dropped a small spill on her genitalia and ran my tongue quickly to catch the fluid.

Putting the wine glass out of the way I then began to make serious administrations with my lips and tongue to the labia and clitoris and all about those sensitive regions of her crotch. Suddenly mom gave a little scream. "EEK!! I'm sorry, babe! But I gotta pee!" and up she rose to her feet and sprinted to the toilet. Over her shoulder she called, "Bring the wine to the bedroom; I don't want us to get rug-burn!"

Well, that seemed to be a good sign of more intimate fun to come, so I quickly stripped right there and took the two wine glasses to the kitchen to replenish them and then quickly scampered into her bedroom. I heard the plumbing flush and she appeared as naked as Botticelli's Venus and even more luscious for her baby-doll looks and firm full bust.

She sauntered over and flounced on the bed. She rolled over to the glasses, taking one she lifted the wine to her lips and made a long sip, letting a little spill again down her front, accidentally on purpose! It trickled down the front - right to her pussy. "Now, where were you?" she asked in a flirting manner, put the goblet on the side and lay back. I went for the golden pelt that tufted from her mons and began my elaborate and steady assailing of her tender targets.

The wine left a small taste that added to her own intoxicating love liqueur. The soft flesh of her tissues; the labia, the clitoris, the pure pink grotto that led into her very body were my lips' playground. I swashed the moist mussy mess of genitalia with the tip of my tongue, like I was painting the petals of a delicate orchid. I slathered the color of love over the entire bloom of her sex.

Mother's hands were in my curls as she sometimes directed my attentions, and at other times simply caressed the scalp of her son that was providing the luxurious lapping at her female erogenous zones. Her "Yes!"s and "OHH!"s and "There!"s, her sighs and moans and mews were the most beautiful music to my ears. How I loved pleasuring her, it was both art and worship at once. She gave herself to me, to do as I wished, and all I wanted at the moment was to give her all the joy I could offer.

I knew that by a slow build up, a lingering lengthened climb to her climaxes, would garner the greater overwhelming release. The more wending the ascent, the better her tumble over the peak would produce multiples of orgasms, the waves of paroxysms that would parade from

her womanhood. To this ultimate consummation only was I dedicated, with no ulterior desires, save her ecstasy.

But as I have afore mentioned and imparted to my listeners, she had to have cock after her cunt was eaten. By my chivalry, was she saved from the destiny of that incestuous concupiscence earlier, when I restrained myself and restrained my raw lust from ravaging her? But now there was nothing to salvage my own honor when she reached crisis and cried out in desperate delirium, "Put it in! Give it to me! Yes! Please! Put it all the way in. Fuck me, Honey; put it in me and . . . ffuucckk mmeee!" The echo of earlier was not lost on me, the meaning of her plaintive plea.

Like with her father, it was a command of lust sure, but love as well certainly, as the instant of ecstasy turned almost to agony. I was the angel of mercy to sooth the demonic demand her tortured body craved, no matter how depraved. The look in her eyes and the nod of her head was indicating she knew what our consummation meant. Still I hesitated. She was telling me, through those silent signs of assent that it was okay to fuck her, that she had allowed the escalation and was acquiescent with, even welcomed the consequences of the ensuing aftermath of our consanguine copulation. Finally I could not resist the deepest urges of my libido.

Green light was lit, the go given, the flag waved, the rev-ing of engines had roared, and now the brakes were off and the gas was stomped and the gears were shifted; the wheels of incest rolled, the clutch – the clinch – was engaged. We were now in the race for real. Faces like dials, instruments of sexual throbbing machines. The speed and movement of our chassis's was read on the looks that passed between us, as our

beings merged into one, with perfect erotic mobilization. The thrust and penetration was smooth and swift and cycled rapidly; the back and forth, in and out, up and down, forward – reverse, motion of synchronized parts. All that mechanization couldn't begin to provide an adequate depiction of the zillion nerve endings that thrilled to the flesh in flesh flashing in instant but endless ecstasy together.

Now all the while, as I pounded my prick in the sanctuary of my sweet mother; the very demure lady of the family dinner table, the most modest of hostesses, the church going matron of our neighborhood; was letting loose a cacophony of bawdy language that seemed more likely from a trollop in a whorehouse than a Midwestern housewife of more moderate manners. "Yeah! Boy! Give me that damn cock in my fuckin' cunt! Bang me, Hard, more, I need it – that's so goddamnfuckin' goood! Shit you're big! Oh yeah, I got to have it, I'm so hot, hotter that hell, Jeez! Give me all your fuckin' dick in my poor little pussy! Harder deeper, uuh . . ahh! Yeah! Just like that in me – in me - - MAKE ME CUM BABE – FUCK MEE!" The more we screwed the more of the same!

I had never heard such a stream of wild and raunchy talk from the orifice of the woman who once washed out my mouth with soap, for having let 'shit' escape from my lips in polite company, when we had been guests at somebody's house. The taste of soap is never forgotten when so administered. But the bitch in bed with me, chewed up the unexpurgated dictionary and spat out the words like she was a preacher on a rant about the devil and sin – only she was in the midst of demonstrating the very desecration of morality, of course. Honestly, it was a turn-on to hear her spew such nasty and profane utterances, earthy, dirty and even filthy words; I loved her all the more for them.

Like a tornado, the whirlwind of lust and unleashed sensual delights lifted us into the dizzying dazzling of both emotional and sensory spinning, then sucked us back as a vortex of physical need for sexual gratification, the painful ache to achieve orgasm. The heightened intensity of the moment, of being with the most yearned for and most forbidden, but more deserved and yes greatest loved - while granted, lusted after too – person in our lives, was too wild and wondrous to absorb at the time. Only after in reflection can my words even begin to convey the rapture and transcendent nature of that uniting. Candy – the actress/role/icon – sought the meaning of the physical and spiritual bonding of sex and discovered that the ultimate mate was her own flesh and blood. "Daddy!"

But I was crying "Mommy!" as the gush-rush of jism jolted out the end of my nozzle injecting the cream in the Candy center. The hot surgery sauce of icing, my frothy topping of sweet sex with my mother, my lover, finally and fully and filled with the offering of her son's semen. How generous was her gift of our coupling, the granting of her erotic dance and seductive allurement nude upon the stage of her mattress, played out to the end of the completion of our communion in both mind and bodies. She knew what she was doing and what it was doing to me, and what the natural consequences of those actions would lead to. And yet, she did, and we did.

Candy – the mother/ who was real/ but idolized by her son – provided the meaning of our physical and emotional bonding of incestuous sex, when, as we mated, flesh and fluids mixing as we fucked, grabbed my buns in her hands and as I let go inside her pulled me even tighter and deeper and cried, "Baby!" Her legs up, knees bent, pelvis tilted to insure the penis had maximum penetration in her vagina and was socked right to the very mouth of her uterus, for best chance at procreative

projection at the moment of truth. The dearest and most darling, generous and supportive woman, ideal and perfect, lovely lady had made love with me. My fantasy cum true. Now I could move on with my life, find a wife, make Candy a grandmother; - though not necessarily right away!

I rolled off her and collected our goblets, passing a wine glass to mom. We both took long pulls on the chilled alcohol. For some moments we just looked at one another, with smirks and smiles and loving gazes, as we sipped. Then I had to ask, "Okay, mom why did you let me . . allow us to do it after all? Before you were so determined that we shouldn't, and yet when the moment came and you begged me - yet I still hesitated – but you not only were giving me permission, but seemed to be insisting that I make love to you. So what changed?"

"Well, I first of all realized that it wasn't fair to you, knowing I had the chance to share terrific sex with my dad, but denying that same delightful and special experience to you. Then again, while both my pop and mom were still quite active sexually at that point, your dad and I are not so much. I needed more than what his attentions have been lately and you are handy, as well as lusting after me in any case. That was the second reason.

The third is that all the near . . misses (Mrs.?) that we have been having, well, they whetted my appetite. I got not only wet but my desires were sharpened to the point that I needed, had to have a good fuck, and did you ever deliver that for your sweet momma!! Those were enough to turn things around, but there is one more."

"The last is sort of more a hopeful possibility. That if it ever comes out, if your father ever discovers our indiscretion; then perhaps it will be as much a turn on as when he learned about me and daddy. After all, your hankering after mommy, your Oedipus complex, is not all that much of a secret. If I know about it, so does your dad too, neither of us is blind to the signs of your lusting for me. In fact, we have discussed your feelings on occasion, but I never suggested that I might give into your wanting me. But it did sort to peak your father's interest, perhaps even perked up his peter for the evening when we talked about it."

"So maybe the 'eggs-tasy'-hitting-the-fan, if your pop ever caught on to our occasional liaison, wouldn't be so messy; might be more inspirational, 'in-spire the sire' if you will!"

Which meant to me, that this time in the sack would not be a onetime only affair – it certainly was an 'affair to remember'! But also one that would be carried on with Candy for quite some time to come, and some cums to have at times when Candy would be willing to carry on, with me - her son! Which reminded me of the promise I'd made, to try to think of some way to renew the romance in my parents relationship? After all, I did love dad and didn't want to have him not enjoy the wonderful woman he had married. Since after all, now I got to share her sometimes too!

"Mom, I did come up with a new fresh ad campaign for you. To get dad reinvigorated about getting it on with you. The new lingerie and that dance you did would melt any man's heart and stiffen his hard-on. But I think that I have thought up the perfect slogan for you."

"Okay, I'm ready, what has your creative brain brewed up?"

"Lickitysplit!"

"Lickitysplit?"

"Yeah! As well as the romantic evening with your sexy dance, and the candles and wine; we make a sign for the bedroom, a poster which says . . ." I described my idea. This is the way it appeared.

What's the thing I love best of sex?

Lickitysplit!

How can you best make me cum?

Lickitysplit!

How fast will I have an orgasm?

Lickitysplit!

How can you best get me to fuck?

Lickitysplit!

Lickitysplit!

Lickitysplit!

Until I beg for it!

It worked, when he returned home to mom's sugar-seduction, dad was certainly rejuvenated. He was like . . . well, like a kid in a Candy store!

Consanguine Concupiscence Counselling

NOTE: *Some things besides babies are still-born. Some compositions to be posted on Literotica are not published - because they violate the rules of Literotica, even if reality is not so restrictive. These narratives are still porn but stillporn, i.e. dead on arrival, and will never be read by those who seek stories of unlicensed lasciviousness. This tale used to be one of them.*

The Psychiatrist from "The Mommy Dreams Case File" has two new patients.

The Dr. answered the door, to the couple that had answered his advertisement. There before him, stood a handsome pair. Both had thick dark hair and heavy eyebrows, offset by a pale skin and striking blue eyes made clear their genetic connection. Mother and son, they had come to seek his counseling, to explore in therapy the dynamics of their relationship. They were having troubles, issues, stresses; all stemming from incestuous tensions.

He had become something of an expert in the field of mother/son sex. This was due to his first client/patient, whom he had treated in this area. That person had provided both the monetary means, and the impetus of his interest in the subject. But while he did not need to be paid for his services, now being fabulously wealthy, he did want to have subjects to work with. Where do you find such?

He had hit upon the notion of making contact with potential prospects, through websites where there were people interested in sharing of their true incest experiences. The two who now entered, were brought to him that way. He had chosen them after much winnowing of chaff, as real

and actual persons who were truly in need of his counseling. In fact, they did not claim to have engaged in incest, but rather, that the desire of the son for the mother was creating a serious disruption in their lives.

"Barbara, James, please come in and make yourselves comfortable." The two entered and significantly took the opposing ends of the couch that were opposite the psychiatrist easy chair in the wood paneled office. The other items were a broad couch, and a single leather desk chair. No desk, that was in another office. There was a large, flat screen TV and several tables for refreshments and tissue boxes were handy. Also, a refrigerator and several appliances in a nook for food preparations, if needed.

"Now, as I understand, from our initial correspondence by email, the two of you are having issues of sexual tensions, between you?"

"First," Barbara spoke, "I want to understand what this costs, up front."

"Right," the Dr. nodded. "Nothing. I am privately funded. All services, along with any other expenses, are entirely free."

"Everything is strictly confidential, nothing goes past these walls?" She was intensely looking at the psychiatrist.

"Completely confidential, between us three, but I do record for my notes and study purposes. But I am the only one who hears or sees anything of that nature."

"Okay, I read your proposal, but I wanted to double check. I had . . a bad incident with private things becoming public, once before."

"That won't happen here, I can assure you. Now tell me -- either James, or Barbara. Why are you here? I know what your wrote, but it is best that you state it out loud now. To begin our sessions."

"My son wants to have sex with me."

"Okay, that seemed to be part of what you indicated. But there is stress in the relationship, because of this. Right?"

"It's not proper, for him to have those feelings, and make me so uncomfortable."

"It might not be proper behavior, but it is not so uncommon a desire. All boys go through an oedipal stage in their development. A small percentage, do not have that stage maturely passed. Or some revert to it, for some reason, later in life; typically in their early twenties."

"He's had the hots for me since he was eighteen. That's going on for five years, now." Barbara was clearly frustrated, from the sound of her tones.

"Is that true, James?"

"Call me Jim. Yeah, I guess." Not very talkative yet.

"Has there been any counseling before you contacted me?"

"No, it's embarrassing, and there was no need to before. But lately he has . . been acting . . been actively pursuing his campaign to get me to allow him to -- do what he wants."

"Why is that, Jim?"

"Because she is sending signals that she wants it. She wants me to seduce her."

"I don't, that would be incest, sinful. A rotten thing for a mother to do to her son. I don't want to make love with you! You're my boy, how could I think such nasty thoughts? If I did, then I ought to go to Hell, and be tortured!"

The Dr. studied the woman for a long moment. It was a rather strong statement, and she was quite vehement, but her words indicated a reaction to more than Jim's words. What was behind her outburst? Jim calmly sat there, and had made a rather of fact statement, without much emotionality. "Jim what sorts of things does your mother do, which seem to be signals you are interpreting as desire on her part, to couple with you?"

"Well, she is always walking about the house in her underwear."

"I understand that might be provocative possibly, but many folks are casual in their own homes, about their state of undress. It doesn't necessarily have any sexual meaning, attached to their relaxed dress codes. Is this something that is new?"

"No, but there is something different, lately. I can't quite put my finger on it, but I just know."

"You better not lay even a finger on me, young man! Or you will suffer the consequences!"

Again a strong over-reaction. But something seemed to strike a chord of memory. "Barbara, do I perhaps . ."

"Just Barb, will do."

"Okay, Barb, how do you seem in some way familiar to me? Have we met, perhaps sometime and somewhere else before?"

"Uh . . . I am an actress, maybe you saw the show I was in." She looked uncomfortable for some reason.

"Perhaps, what was it I might have seen?"

"Mom was in . ."

"James! Let me tell." Again, agitation, "I was in a soap-opera for a few years. 'Candlewood By Moonlight', it was a cable production."

"Oh, okay, that doesn't ring a bell, but perhaps I caught an episode or two somehow and just don't have a memory about it. Was there anything else I might have seen?"

"Unlikely, that was my biggest part up to now."

"Let's move on to Jim's behavior. What has he done, that makes you so uncomfortable. Jim, you'll get a turn to talk in a little while, but let your mother answer the questions for now. Barb, what does your son do, that upsets you?"

"Well, to begin with, he always has a hard-on around me. And he wears just his jockeys, you can clearly see the long hard muscle underneath, and that he has a big set of balls. His stomach is flat, and his buns are tight. And he's in great shape, handsome and sexy. He definitely is flaunting it in front of me, being tempting, and it's obvious that he wants to lay me on my bed, and ravage me until . . ." She broke off. "Uh . . I mean, he is rather bold in his appearance, whenever I am around."

She was providing too much information. Speaking more about her own feelings, and impressions, and desires, than just about what Jim was showing as beefcake. "What if you both agreed to dress more like you were in public, than private, would that begin to help?"

"No, I still would know he wanted to get into my pants."

"Jim?"

"No, because I still think she would like me to seduce her." Impasse.

"Is there anything that I should know about, that happened in the past that has a direct bearing on all this stress? Something that is making for your conflict?" They look at each other, bingo! An educated guess, but something was indicated in the emails about an earlier incident.

"Mom, I'll tell, okay?' Barbara looked doubtful, but nodded her acquiescence. "I tried to rape my mother once."

"That's not quite right; it wasn't rape, like he was forcing me against my will. Rather he tried to take advantage of me while I was asleep . ."

"You were drunk and mostly unconscious."

"Yes, but I knew enough of what you were doing, and I finally put an end to it."

"But, you let me get on to you, and start to put it in . ."

"Slow down you two, and one at a time. Barb, you agreed to let Jim share now, so let's let him talk. Jim?"

"Okay, one time, when I was eighteen, mom was drunk and she went to sleep on her bed, passed out really. But she was naked, like in . . . well she was nude, and I sort of thought that it was just like. . uh . . a . . fantasy of mine. So I got naked too, and went into to her bedroom. I got on the bed and climbed on top of her. I sucked her nipples and fingered her pussy to make sure she was wet. I asked if she wanted me to screw her and she said yes, so I started to put it in. But then she became fully awake and said 'NO! NO!, I mustn't let you. Don't!' And pushed me off. I ran out of there sure I was going to catch hell for trying to have sex with her."

"And did you?"

"No, she just said we couldn't do that, no matter what we wanted. Just to forget it ever happened, and not to try it again. Since that night she doesn't drink that much anymore. I haven't done anything like that again, but I still wish we had gone all the way, and I hope that she will change her mind eventually. I think she is having second thoughts, and I think she does want to have sex with me."

"Barb, is that what happened?"

"Yes, that's the full story." The Doctor wondered if it quite was, there was something going on under the surface with her. The son was bold enough to try that ploy for some reason. It wasn't just out of the blue. "Barb, is Jim reporting your words, accurately?

"Pretty much."

"And you have stopped drinking now?"

"That convinced me I had to get a handle on the problem. I drink very little now. And I lost weight since, so that's was a good thing. In fact, that got me the part on 'Candlewood'."

"What part did you play, if I rent the DVD?"

"Oh, you don't have to do that. It was a small role."

"No it wasn't mom, tell him the truth! She was on every day, Doc. People looked forward to her appearances."

"I guess I was popular, but I was only on for three years. I don't work there anymore."

"What happened? Did they kill your character off?"

Jim spoke, "The script writers sent her to jail for sex with a minor, ironic wouldn't you say?"

"Ironic, how Jim?'

"Uh . . never mind."

"Ironic that my son wants to have sex with me."

"But he is an adult."

"He wasn't when he began to have those feelings for me, he was eighteen."

"You mentioned that age before, how do you know, did Jim tell you?"

"No, I caught him masturbating."

"Just masturbating?"

"To . . a video of me."

"Video?"

"Of me, I was naked . . . and . . . doing things."

"Having sex . .?"

Jim jumped in, "Having sex with a younger man, that's part of the irony."

"Did this video, have anything to do with your being written off the show? You said (the shrink checked his notes) something that was private, was made public and embarrassed you."

"Yes, but the guy was just young looking, he was of legal age, over twenty-one."

"He looked like me!"

"Like you, Jim? Is that why you think your mother might be interested in sex with her son, because of this young-looking fellow, resembled you?"

"Not just that, but it was part of the reason I got on mom, that night in her bed, when she was drunk."

"Well, there is more I think, that you are not telling me yet. But that can wait for now, as our session is nearly up, and I want to have some time to instruct you on homework. For you both. But I have concluded, I will have you as patients, if you will have me as your therapist. Okay?" They both nodded solemnly, but then wry smiles broke on each face.

"I will give you each a video camera, they are on loan. I want you to film the other, when they are behaving in a way that you feel contributes to the issues, creates the tensions that are in play with your relationship. The rule is, you only can tape what you would see, in any

case. No going into mom's room, while she is changing, to catch her in the altogether."

"Unless, I do that usually?"

"Yes, but you don't do you?"

"No. but she does run around in her scanties, so I will get some shots of that."

"What do we do with the tapes, Dr.?"

"Bring them back next week to our appointment, and we will review them. Plan to spend at least two hours next time. Then we shall see how best to proceed."

. . . . .

They left. The shrink had a lot of research to do in just seven days. He made some calls. By the time Barb and Jim returned, the Dr. knew a lot more, and had seen the highlights and low points of Barbara's career. He had also spent a great deal of money for recording operations in the counseling room. Not obvious ones, hidden cameras, and sound microphones place strategically throughout the whole area.

All feeding to sophisticated recording equipment, in another room. Continuous recording during a session captured everything that

happened in digital format. It was clear to him this was going to be extremely useful, as well as quite interesting; indeed, it feed the prurient personal fascination he had developed in the subject matter. But the clients need not necessarily know any of that at this point, if ever, he thought.

When they were all seated again, as usual the clients had chosen the same places as they had been in before. The psychologist asked, "Whose video do we see first?"

"Mom's" Immediately replied Jim. Barbara shrugged and handed over her camera. The Dr. plugged the connections to it, and turned the big screen on, then the play button. Jim loomed and filled the screen. There were some shots of his traipsing around the home with just his skivvies on. There were a few candid shots, of his looking at the camera, in a way that would have best been called lustful.

But of course, it was his mother he was perusing. There was a startling shot of his bedroom door being open, and he masturbated, calling out his mother's name, as he climaxed. It was obviously taken with Barbara standing in the hall. Then, it switched to Jim being in Barb's bedroom, filming her. At this point, Doc put the video on pause.

"What is that last thing we were watching? You two were filming each other, filming?"

"Yes," said Barb, "I was doing that to show his, well to make it clear that he had invaded my space, and that I wasn't the only one who . . I don't

know -- it seemed like the way to have my point of view represented, at that moment."

"Jim, why were you jerking off with your door open?"

"Passionate aggressive tactic?"

"If you mean 'passive aggressive', that wasn't it. That was aggressive alright, and yes, passionate; but not at all passive. More like showing off, and attempting to be tempting to your parent. Not a nice thing to do."

"Yeah, well she replayed that part three times, since she filmed it!"

"Damn it, James, don't I get any privacy?"

"Mom, that is the problem with you, you don't understand the difference between privacy and honesty! This is the time to be honest, with our therapist. There is a time to be honest with ourselves, and sometimes we need to be honest with each other, or else things get fucked up even worse. That's why we are here in the first place." He turned to the Dr. and addressed him. "Why don't we watch mine for a little while?" So the cameras were switched, and there was Barb.

She was in her underwear, around the house and her body language said she knew she was being filmed, and liked it. She played to the camera, without looking directly at it. She was an actress, so this was

something she was practiced at, but evident when you knew what to look for. The Doctor had observed this manner of hers, in watching hours of the broadcasts of the soap-opera's DVDs he had gotten hold of, and other material too.

Soon, though, the scene in her bedroom started. The same one as had been on her tape, but beginning earlier, and from Jim's perspective. Barb was in her bra and panties, sitting on the bed. Jim walks in, the camera is already rolling. Jim's voice is heard.

"So when are you going to tell him?"

Barb looks innocent, and guilty, at the same time. "Tell who, what?"

"Tell the shrink about your previous career, and that's why you were written off the show. Why it was ironic what they did. How they made the plot twist 'fit the crime' so to speak, when you were canned. What that really had to do with what happened that night I got on your bed. All of it. It does no good to hold back that information. It only hampers him from helping us."

"Maybe we don't need to go to a therapist."

"Will you fuck me then?"

"NO!"

"Then we need to see our shrink."

"So you can get to fuck me?"

"No, so that either you or I, or better both of us, get over our incestuous desires. Or give into them. In which case, the answer to your questions is then, yes."

So James was the more forthright, and open of the pair, thought the Doctor, it made sense. He had not been initially provoked from her cable soap role. But he had been affected, by the previous role she had been in. The Doctor's private investigator had been thorough. The details, and the film and tapes, were now part of the Doc's private files, and an important segment of the materials he was gathering, about his clients / subjects.

James' video continued to play. "Come on mom, look right at the camera, and tell the good Dr. what it's all about. It's easier to talk to the camera, than him face to face, isn't it? So tell the truth, now." Barbara turned to the lens, and turned to telling the tale of her acting career. She let the truth out and the doctor into her secret life.

As she spoke, the psychiatrist remembered the tapes and films he had viewed the past week. One in particular stood out, as being relevant. But it wasn't from the television show.

PORNO MOVIE SCENE: The mother was drunk. She was a good looking woman with thick dark hair, and pale skin. Thick eyebrows,

but the eyes were closed. The door to her bedroom was open. She was lying on her bed nude. A youth, resembling her, knocked on the open door. Called, 'Mom?' but got no reply from the unconscious woman. He walked in to the room.

There was an empty liquor bottle and a glass half full of an amber liquid on the table next to the bed. Clearly, she had been drinking, and passed out. The young man looked at her middle age body, still attractive, legs akimbo, breasts with small brown nipples. He called out softly, as if afraid to wake her, but to check to see if she was at all aware of anything. She stirred but did not awake. He rubbed his crotch.

The 'son', or rather the actor in that role, sat on the bed, next to actress in the 'mother' part. He hesitated, then reached out and gently touched the woman's small but pert tits. He grew bolder and began to grasp them and to pluck at the nipples, which grew erect. The youth undid his belt, button and zipper, so that he was able to fist his member, as he bent, and sucked on the exposed bosom. He placed a hand down on her pubic hair.

The lady did not react to any of this, she was still 'unconscious'. The 'son' discovered the slit of his 'mother', and began to rub his middle finger on that slot. With no waking, or resistance from the female, the youngster quickly divested his clothing, and lay next to her. Then played with himself, and he orally explored her body, from mammeries to bush. He spread her legs, and inserted the middle finger into the damp vagina. The digit went in and out, several times.

His mouth made a meaningful munching on her clitoris. She was spreading her legs even more now, her eyes continued to be shut, but

her mouth parted, and she uttered a little moan. The son maneuvered himself, so that he could kiss her lips, and guide his cock to her pussy. He said, "I love you mommy" and pushed in, entering her with his hard-on. Her legs had gone wide, to accommodate his slender hips that moved, to send him into her repeatedly.

Suddenly, she did awake and tried to dislodge him, but it was too late. He was by that time in the midst of his climax, the rutting frenzy in full fury. As he began to cum, she too, was overwhelmed with passion, and came. As their peaks subsided, there was another close up of their genitals; the penis shrank, slipped out of her hole. The fluids of their sexual encounter dribbled out of her. There had been no 'money-shot'.

The 'son' slipped off, then out of the room. The 'mother' turned to the table, grabbed the half-full glass, and downed it in one gulp, then turned to bury her face in the pillow, and burst into tears. The crying seemed very real, or she was a damn fine actress. The scene dissolved.

The Doctor came back to the present.

Barbara was talking into the video, to the Doc, as her son was taping, "So, after I was left on my own, with a small boy to raise, I found odd jobs. Sometimes, I had to keep my job by letting the boss have 'little favors'. A blow job, a hand job, if he wasn't a pig -- I might even fuck him to get a raise. I did what I could. So with those sorts of activities to make a living, the work of doing soft porn wasn't too much different. In fact, it paid better, the hours were shorter, and I could be home with my Jimmy more."

She continued to speak on the tape. "I had always wanted to be an actress, since I was a young girl. So this was a little like my dream come true. Except of course, it was not exactly what I had envisioned. I did one hardcore film. It was called, 'Tabooze'. It was about a mother who gets drunk, and has sex with her son. I sort of looked like that more famous gal, and my film name was Katie Starkers, close enough to the other. Look how many variations of 'Ginger' there were after, she became famous - or rather infamous, I suppose might be a better term. And I don't mean the one on 'Gilligan's Island'.

"I didn't do any more of that, even though the money was tempting. I went back to waitressing, or temping secretarial work. But then . . . then the thing with Jimmy occurred."

The Barbara who was in the room, not on the video, was standing, looking at the therapist. "I'm sorry, could we break for a moment, I'd like to use the ladies room and get some water."

"Certainly," The Dr. turned off the tape, and the large as life image of Barb, in her underwear, exposing her dirty laundry, as it were, disappeared. She was back shortly, and there was a cool tumbler beside each of the chairs now, for all three. "Do you want me to turn the tape back on now?" He asked, after she had a long sip.

"Doc, how about I tell this part? Okay, mom? Since I'm the one who . . committed that . . transgression?"

"Sure, Honey that's okay just be sure to tell it all, and be accurate, please." The Dr. nodded to Jim, to continue the story in his own words.

"We told you that I tried to have sex with mom, when I was eighteen. There was a scene in the movie . . . but let me go back to something earlier. I discovered an old porno tape, at this place that rented them out. The woman on the box looked so much like my mother, and it was called 'Tabooze'. I couldn't resist renting it. In fact, I kept it, and paid the forfeit fee to have the copy. I had been interested in girls since I hit puberty, though I didn't know the details of exactly how the anatomy fit together, until a few years later."

"After I was 18 [see note] I had the hots for anything pretty in skirts, and that included mom. She was always, what nowadays we call a MILF. Anyway, at eighteen, I discovered this porn tape with a lady that looked like my mother, sort of. In it was a scene where the mother is dead drunk, the son comes into her bedroom, and sees she's totally out of it. So he gets naked, and gets her hot, then gets on top of her, and fucks her. I masturbated to that tape a whole month before I decided it really was my mother."

"I finally saw that the gal on the tape, when I freeze-framed one close-up shot, had the exact same freckles as mom. It had to be her. Mom had been depressed for several years. Now, I thought I knew why. She wasn't getting any sex. Like when she had made the movie. And she was drinking, like in the movie. And then one night, her door was open, and she was drunk, naked on the bed. Just like in the porno tape. So I thought, here is a chance to make us both happy."

"I thought, I can lose my virginity, give mom the sexual satisfaction she was missing, and solve both problems at the same time."

The Dr. asked, "Did you really reason all that out, before hand? Or was that a rationalization after the fact. You tried to take advantage of the situation, and your mother's vulnerability. If she was unconscious, then she would not have been a willing participant. If she did not wake, then she might not even discover that she had sex."

"You're right. I thought about what I did afterwards, and made up reasons that seemed not so naughty. During it, I was just wanting to fuck her. I got undressed in my room and came back. She was still asleep. I lay on top of her, and started rubbing my dick on her fur. I didn't kiss her; because I was afraid she would wake up too soon, and stop me.

Her breast felt wonderful on my chest as I pressed against her. Her legs sort of were opening, and I was rubbing lower and lower. I put my mouth on her nipples and sucked, like I had seen in the film. I reached down and started fingering her. I could tell that she was wet. It was just like what I had watched dozens of times, and jerked off to."

"But then she woke up! I just kissed her a lot of times on the lips, while I tried to find her hole with my prick. We were looking at each other, and she had this wild look in her eyes. I asked her if she wanted me to screw her, and she nodded yes, and said 'uh huh', and closed her eyes. I found the opening, just at that same moment. I started to put it in. It was hot and wet and tight, and the best thing I have ever felt. A hundred times better that doing it with my hand, pretending to fuck her."

But just as I got in about half way, mom's eyes flew open and she got this terrified expression on her face. She said, 'NO! NO! I mustn't let

you. Don't!' and she pushed me off. I ran out and thought I had really gotten her totally mad, when she realized it wasn't a dream, or a memory of the scene in the porno movie, but actually me on her trying to have sex with her. But she didn't punish me, or give me the silent treatment. She just said we couldn't do that. That no matter what we wanted, it wasn't right. We were to forget it ever happened. I was never to try it again."

Barb spoke, "I stopped drinking then, so that I was never that vulnerable or tempt . . uh . . . so that could never happen between us. I looked better after a while, better than what I had back when I had done the porno flick. I went to a local audition and got a small part in a TV drama special, being filmed in our town for a location shot. I guess I made a good impression on somebody because, a guy called out of the blue, and wanted to know if I would try out for this particular role, on a new cable soap-opera called, 'Candlewood By Moonlight'."

James jumped in, "Mom played a town floozy that like to fool around with much younger men. Every week there was a shot of her running around in her bra and panties. And flashes of even less, as she had her affairs. It was a regular feature of the program, and was one of the draws for the men, to see her scantily clad or get a peek of flesh. She was hotter right then, than she ever had been, even for the porn. So while I had the urge to merge with my mom, I got to see her on TV, constantly making out with younger men. It was driving me nuts. I had blue-balls all the time!"

The Doc interrupted and asked, "And this was fueling your lust, which caused the problems between you, and your mother." It was a statement, not a question, the shrink held up a hand to have Barb not

interrupt at this point. "But your mother was acting on the soap. But - was she sending any signals then, as you perceived them, that she had any sexual interest in you - her son, at home, and in reality?"

"Not then."

"Barb, you wanted to say?"

"What you pointed out. I was only acting. My stage name for the credits was, Terry Starr. It was not very well reviewed. The critics, because of the more graphic nature of cable, called it the "Tongue and the Dressless", due to my appearing so much in my undies. And also the over abundance of risqué romantic scenes, with French kissing and so on. I liked some of my co-stars, and it was fun, even if it was a bit campy."

"But then somebody found out about my porno past, and they decided it was cheaper to write me off, than outright fire me. They did keep it secret from the public, so the taint of scandal would be swept under the rug, After all, that porn was a little too close to my role on the show."

"That's the ironic part. I was mentioning last week, Doc." Jim piped up. "Her porn character was sent to jail, for having an affair with an underage juvenile."

"After I got written off the soap-opera, fired in essence. I didn't get anymore roles. It's been a year now. I didn't go back to heavy drinking, like back after the porno days, but I have a little drink, now and then.

I'm several years older than when I made "Tabooze", but I look about the same as I did then."

"You're still a MILF, mom!"

"And you still want to get me in bed. After five years, what makes you think I'm going to say yes, now?"

"Because -- I just somehow sense that you are ready to let me . . make love to you. Not because you're lonely, though I know you are. Not because I can't get other women, I don't want other ladies. Not because you've got to have sex. I mean we all need that, but I don't have the silly ideas I did when I was eighteen. There is something though, that is stirring things between us, and the time is finally right. But I can't really identify it; I just sort of feel it."

The psychiatrist stood. "On that note I'm afraid the time is up. Before you go, I have another homework assignment for you both. Leave the cameras here for now; I will review them before we meet next week, at our regular time. First, I want each of you, to be modest around the house this week, no walking around in your underwear in front of one another. Secondly, I want each of you to separately watch 'Tabooze'.

Jim, when you do, you are not allowed to masturbate. I want you to watch your mother, see what she is doing, not sexually, but emotionally. Not what she is acting, but what she is really experiencing, as she goes through the whole thing. Try to understand what she is saying with her body, not her mouth. Again don't masturbate, watch like it is a psychology-class film."

"But, Doc . ." Barb interjected, "I took that away from him, when I found out he had a copy, and destroyed it! You can understand why, after his trying to have sex with me."

"Jim, did you make up a back-up copy?"

"Two."

"Then loan one to your mother. Barbara, I don't want you to destroy any more copies. That won't do any good now anyway; he can always order one from the Internet. But I want you to watch it too. You are to look and see yourself in the true remembrance of those things that were going on in your head and heart as you were doing those sexual things on camera. As Jim said last week, 'there is a time to be honest with ourselves'. This is what I want you to do, be honest with yourself, about your emotions, when you filmed those scenes. Both of you are to take notes on your viewing, and bring them to our next session. Actually, if you can email them the day before, so much the better. Any questions?"

"Yes, Doc, I have one." said Barb. "Can I masturbate, when I watch?"

"Certainly, Barb. I expected that you would."

She left with a strange look on her face, as if she was uncertain if he had meant what he said, or if it was a joke. Jim lingered for a moment. "Doc, it's going to be hard not to jerk-off during that tape. Did you really mean that? "

"Absolutely!" The Dr. interrupted. "I need for you to concentrate on what I told you to do, and you'll need your hands to take notes. Watch your mother's face, which will be the window to her mind. In close ups, the eyes will say much more than any words she recites from the script, they are the real give away to her soul's torment. Treat your mother as nice as you can this week. You will be rewarded for your efforts, believe me. Now go on and remember she needs your help to see this through. Trust me. Go!"

. . . .

Barbara sat in front of the TV, the tape was rolling. She had the remote handy, and a pad with a good pen, in her lap. The second sex scene, between mother and son, was now beginning. She reached for a tissue from the box on her side. A tear rolled down her cheek. She knew in her deepest, darkest place of herself, what the doctor had wanted her to see, to admit, to confess.

MOVIE SCENE - midway through: The 'mother' and 'son' sat at the kitchen table. The 'son' had a beer, 'mom' had her whiskey, and the bottle was half gone. The 'son' spoke tenderly. "Come on mom, I'll help you to bed, you've had a rough day."

"Your father cheated on me, the no good bastard, is it any wonder I drink? I get so lonely and frustrated, is it any wonder I like my whiskey? I got a shitty job waiting tables, and lousy tippers, on my feet all day; is it any wonder I sit here, and get sloshed?"

"Come on mom, leave the bottle, I'll help you get ready for bed. You need to sleep."

"Okay, but I can walk." She staggered a little, and her 'son' caught her. With one arm around her, he steadies her, as they make their way to her bedroom. Once they he deposits her on the mattress. She lies back, as he takes off her shoes. Then he helps her to sit as he unbuttons her blouse. She makes a poor attempt to undo the sleeves and he does those as well, and then takes off her top. Her lacy bra cups the two small, but firm boobs. He unzips the skirt's side and gets her to stand for the moment, to let the garment fall to the floor. No slip, so now she is only in her bra and panties.

As Barbara watched in her robe on the davenport, and in nothing else. She has not taken a note, she just sits; her right hand is playing with her nipples, as she watches. She remembers what happens next, but it is like seeing it for the first time. She begins to understand the point of her homework. She is aroused, but she does not see the man on the screen. In her mind's eye, it is Jimmy, Jim at eighteen.

On the small flickering screen, the woman reaches up, and caresses the face of the youth. He looks much younger than his twenty-one years. That is why he was cast. He looks like he could be her son, which also was involved in choosing the pair of them for the roles. The mother kisses him on the lips and whispers. "You took me, when I had no defenses, last time. I didn't even know what was happening, until the very end."

"I'm so sorry, mom. I couldn't help it. You looked so beautiful and sexy there on the bed. I just had to look, and then try to touch you, and then

I got carried away. Please forgive me. But you did like it, when you woke up, didn't you? You came with me didn't you? You didn't tell dad, or kick me out of the house, or kick my ass. You needed it, didn't you? You wanted me, didn't you?"

"You think I'm really beautiful? You think I'm sexy? Really?"

"Yeah, mom you are beautiful and sexy. And I would love to make you feel good again." He reaches around and unsnaps her bra. Kneeling down before her, his lips go to his mother's small brown nipples, erect and pointed. She is breathing hard at his nibbling.

Barbara slips her robe off. She is nude on the couch. Jim is out, and won't be back until late. She can do what she wants, as her on-screen-self is doing what her 'son' likes.

"Lift up, mom, let's get the panties off." The 'son' is directing the 'mother' to lift her hips. As she is naked before his eyes, he puts his hands to her buns and his face to her crotch. She moans as he goes down on her.

"Baby, we did it once, it was wrong, but it did feel so nice. And now you are making me crazy again, with lust. We shouldn't do this, but I can't help myself. Ah! Like that! Right there!"

Barb had her finger on her clit, mesmerized by the erotic view, the sensuous stimulation that mimics the action, the emotions of the moment which are rising in her body.

"Mom I love you. Dad's a shit to treat you like that. Let him fuck his secretary, I'll make love to you, and bring you even more pleasure than he ever did. Just let me do it, to show how much I am your man now!"

"No baby, not that, we can't. It would be incest, sinful! That would be such a wrong thing, for a mother to do with her son. You're my boy. How could I do such a naughty thing with my little boy?"

"I'm not a little boy any longer, mom." The 'son' stripped off his tee-shirt and sports shorts. Now he was as nude as she. He was erect and quite mature, with hairy sacks, and curly pubic hair to spare.

"We'll go to hell for this, but it will be heaven getting there. I don't care anymore, I want you too, son. Make mother your woman, Darling. Make love to your mother, and make me cum. Cum in me, baby, fuck me now!" She rolled back on the bed, lifting her legs, and the young man took his cock, placing it right at the entrance of his mother's cunt.

"I love you, Mom!" he proclaimed loudly as he entered her slick and steaming hot pussy.

"I love you too, Baby!" she cried thrusting her flesh to meet his hard veined cock.

"I love you too, Jimmy!" Cried Barbara, as her on-screen-self fucked. She stabbed her two fingers in her pussy, and climaxed in big contractions. Waves of convulsions over took her body. Her face was

drenched in sweat, and her mind was filled with fear and clarity, from the revelation she had shouted. She didn't need to write any notes, to share. But she would write her honest confession. She wondered how this could all turn out well. It was hell, this way. Perhaps the Dr. knew the way to get to heaven.

. . . . .

They had faxed their notes for homework to the psychiatrist the day before their appointment, as he had requested, in order to have time to prepare for their session. Both Barbara and James were obviously nervous when they arrived. The Dr. was not surprised at this, having read their reactions to the video, which was viewed in the light of what they were seeing through fresh eyes; as well as the lens of the therapeutic focus he had guided them in being aware of when viewing. All of which helped to reveal their hidden thoughts and feelings; now made clear by the cathartic experience.

Once more they took their seats, as before. But the shrink indicated that they should stand up again. "Now please, would you both get completely undressed, before you sit once more? The room temperature is adjusted for that, and the fabrics are quite comfortable. There are two clothes stand at the end of the couch."

"Doctor! You can't be serious!" Barb exclaimed in shock.

Simultaneously, Jim said, "Doc, what the fuck?"

"Please, listen. I am asking for a specific reason. I will explain as you disrobe, but you may start to do so now. You did agree in the contract to follow whatever I recommend, or you could stop the treatment at any time, but that would be the end of your issues. It's up to you. I have found that nudity makes for honesty. It is somehow harder for people to lie to one another, when they are without clothes. Especially in unusual circumstances, or unexpectedly."

"Well, that certainly is the case, presently." Said Barb, not having removed a stitch yet.

Jim had kicked off his shoes, and was unbuttoning his shirt. "So, this is an honesty exercise? Like a trust thing that you do, when you fall back, and the other person is supposed to catch you, before you crash to the ground?"

"Similar yes, but this is also about coming clean. Confession is good for the soul, and you two have some revelations to experience here. Which are best done in your birthday suits, if you will. Barb, please?" She began to undress. "You both have seen each other naked. Jim as he watched the tape, any number of times, has seen your body, Barbara."

"And you have seen him nude and masturbating, so, no surprises there. Once you have gotten all your clothes off, you may be seated again. You will find that you adjust rapidly, and soon you won't even think about it. But the nudity will continue to have a subconscious effect on your dialog."

In a short time, both were seated, and sans clothing. "What about you Dr.?" Barb asked.

"What if I get a boner?" Jim queried.

"It's natural that you might get an erection during this session. Don't worry about it. Barb, if it will make you feel more comfortable, I'll strip as well."

"I guess that isn't necessary. The swimming coach doesn't have to wear a bathing suit." she replied.

"Sometimes he will, but not all the time." Spoke James.

The Dr. turned to Jim, and said to the athletic built youth, "Why don't you start us off with what you observed, watching your mother's porno film?"

"When she fucked the guy that was playing her son, the first time, she cried. She really did cry, that wasn't acting. I can tell when she weeps. Why did you cry mom? Was the scene degrading, or did you feel guilty?"

"We'll have Barb share with us in her turn, but I want you to continue with your comments."

"The second time, she didn't cry, she was really into it, not into the guy, but into the scenario, like she was fucking me. But I was young when she was in that film. So she couldn't have been thinking of me."

"And when you saw that, you wrote that you did something."

"Did you masturbate, James? You were not supposed to do that." Admonished his mother.

"No, mom. I cried, and then I turned it off. I couldn't take it anymore."

Barbara was looking a bit pale. "Have some water, Barb." the Dr. said. She noticed that glasses were already by the seats. She took a big gulp, wishing it was booze. "Barb, you have been skirting an issue, to use a phrase that seems ironic at the moment." All three smiled, at the humor of the remark. "In earlier sessions, you protested using almost the exact words of the script, from the movie. You have been rather vehement in your denials, of wanting anything to do with your son sexually."

He continued, "As with the Shakespearian phrase, 'Me thinks, the Lady doth protest too much', if I quote it correctly. You almost said 'tempted' last week, when said same topic was on your lips. What did you observe in that second scene, Barb? You masturbated, did you not? It's in your . . exposition on what you came to understand, in self-examination. Go ahead, now is your chance to come clean, to be freed of your guilt, to unburden yourself to your son."

Barbara knew the moment of honesty and truth was upon her. She could no longer hide her real feelings, or escape the consequences. She understood, now more than ever, she had not been fair to Jim, her beloved son. That she had to face her fears, and herself, and him full on. As one turns into the gale wind, to make headway in that direction, however difficult it may be. She took a deep breath, and spoke. "I saw myself . . . I knew what I was thinking, and I was ashamed back then when 'Tabooze' was made. But now, I am not."

"I was human and weak, but when the test came for real, I was strong. I am strong. Jimmy, I was thinking of you. As that kid on the set fucked me, as my 'son', I thought of you, doing it to me. It was the only way I could get through the experience, that first time. The second time, I did get into it. I enjoyed the fantasy. The fantasy was us together, mother and son, Barbara and James making love."

"I knew it was wrong. That it could not be then should not be ever. But ever since then, in my heart of hearts, and deep in my lusting cunt, I have wanted to fuck with you. When you were eighteen, and tried to do what you had seen me doing, with that other 'son' actor, I wanted it. But then I chickened out. I have rejected your advances, while still lusting for you."

"That's why; you have sensed me in such a way that has been drawing you to me. Why we have had this tension between us. I hope you can forgive me, but I love you, and, I lust for you. I want you, I need you. I won't deny you. I will revel, when we do it together. Is that what you wanted to hear Doc?"

"Isn't that what you have needed to say to Jim for a long time, Barbara?"

"Yes." She turned to face her son. "Dr. could we have a few minutes of privacy?"

"Certainly." He withdrew and entered another door to an inner space. This was a small closet-like space, which was actually the monitoring room. There he was able to not only watch and listen, but use the camera lenses to get close ups. Everything was digitally recorded, and he had sophisticated editing capabilities. He had the work done quickly, by professionals, after the first session with the pair. It had cost a mint, but the Doctor knew it would be worth it. He watched the continuing drama. Mother and son stood, and faced each other for long moments in silence.

Finally, Barbara spoke. "Jimmy, sweetheart, can you forgive your old mother for her confusion? I don't know whether I have been giving into my fears, or not giving into my temptations. But it has not been fair to you. Not when I discovered you with the video, because I had secretly kept some stills from the porno flick publicity shots, for me to remember, and masturbate with, thinking of you. Then you found the copy of the movie, and did the same thinking of me. I destroyed the still-shots at the same time I got rid of the tape I confiscated from you."

"But I had been doing the same thing too, so it wasn't fair to you. Nor was it fair to let you get halfway into me when you got onto my bed, then I forced you off. Nor is it fair even now that you are twenty-three, and still wanting me, sensing the underlying lust that I have too; desire for incest with my boy. It has not been fair, not from the start. Can you ever forgive me, please?" Tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"Mom," Jim spoke softly, the Dr. turned up the volume on his headphones. "Of course I forgive you. You didn't do anything wrong. Even if you felt that your desires were naughty, you didn't act on them, when it would have been inappropriate. In that, you were strong, and proper, and responsible. But while correct at that time, when I was younger, those reasons are now past. I want us to move on," With this he closed the gap between them, and they hugged, as bare as Adam and Eve before the apple.

He went on speaking, "We can do what we want, as adults now. Even if we are mother and son, we both want to have sex together. We love one another, and I want to show how much I love and care for you, in a physical way. In a sexual way. Making you feel good, and you letting me feel good in you." His erection was rubbing on her mons. Her legs opened a little, so that her stance was better balanced, against the pressure she was getting from his hips. Her hips made subtle bumps toward him, as well.

"James, I don't know. I want you, yes. I am sure that it would be wonderful, for us to be together like that, enjoying each other's bodies. But I am still unsure, that maybe it wouldn't be right. That it might damage our relationship, ultimately. That you might eventually hate me, for letting you have me."

"Never, Mom." He kissed her. She felt herself melting into his strong arms. Their tongues frolicked from mouth to mouth. Her hands gripped his buns. He began to hunch his hard-on lower. She was responding, they move toward the soft sofa. She got Jim to sit, and opened her mouth to perform fellatio. As her son slouched on the couch, Barb deep throated her boy's penis. A trick she had been good

at, on the set of 'Tabooze'. She was wet, and she used her free hand to play with her clit. She wasn't thinking, just reacting to the pent-up lust, which had been suppressed for so many years.

They were both giving into their mutual carnal appetites and seeking to bond in physical union. They had each such deep feelings for the other in love and sharp physical craving of one another's bodies. They forgot where they were and knew only the presence of themselves.

Jim reached down to play with his mother's firm little breasts. The brown quarter-size nipples were quite stiff and extended. He loved what her mouth was doing to his prick. But he wanted to put it inside her vagina soon, he was so horny, it had been long years that he had fantasized about this. Now she was ready, to let him fulfill their most private desires. They each now understood theirs was a connection of intimate undeniable hunger, a craving thirst of yearning which flowed between them; like an electrical current, which charged up their erotic batteries.

The psychiatrist decided that he needed to take control; it was still too early to let them have sex. That would come soon, but the right ground had to be prepared, to protect everyone legally, and get it all recorded. He moved to the door of the therapy room, and knocked. There was a scrambling noise as he entered, even before they were able to disengage. Jim looked smug and excited; Barb was proud and pleased, and not at all flustered. Progress, indeed the Doc thought, as he spoke.

"Good, I see we have had a bit of a break through. But I didn't want you to get carried away yet, and do something you might regret after the emotional tumult, and heat of the moment. You have made the right

choice to be honest, but you need cooler heads -- and genitals - to become lovers, if that is what you decide to do. You still have at least one more session that you ought to have, to resolve any remaining issues."

"So this is what I want you to do. We will have another appointment in two days. You are NOT to have sex, before then. You can fool around, but don't lose control. If you can't keep control, don't fool around. You both are able to do that, if you set your minds to it. Do not watch 'Tabooze', either together or separately. Refrain from masturbating. Think, talk, discuss, and meditate, on whether you are ready to take the step of becoming incestuous lovers."

"Plan to have the whole afternoon here. Barbara, I have a written business proposition for you, here in this envelope. You can read it when you get home, and I would encourage you to share it with James, talk it over with him, and perhaps this will provide a solution for your economic difficulties, as well. Remember the rules and homework, and NO FUCKING before you come back. Okay?"

The pair nodded solemnly, but left smiling, hand in hand.

. . . . .

Forty eight hours later, they were all assembled in the therapy room again. The Doctor had his recording equipment already running. Barbara and James sat on the divan together now. Holding hands. The psychiatrist began by having them sign some papers, he explained what each item was, and provide them with copies in a large folder,

which they would take with them at the end of the session. This was the last one, unless other issues arose, but the troubles had been resolved, and the tensions would be completely gone, when the day was over.

Doc then sat in his customary chair, and spoke. "Barbara, I was sure I recognized you, when we first met, but not until I heard the title of your porno flick, did I realize that was where from. In my research, for mother/son incest, I had collected all kinds of materials, including erotica and pornography relating the subject. Then I was certain; but I had not realized that you had broken, briefly into legitimate drama, with your soap opera role.

My private investigator discovered that the fellow, who was your initial contact, for 'Candlewood By Moonlight', had seen your sleazier role, and like the way your sensuality with a younger man played. He was alas ultimately the leak, however inadvertent, in a marijuana-stoned blurting to the wrong set of ears, about your past. But the damage was done and couldn't be repaired. At least he managed to keep it out of the press.

If you are willing to do what we have agreed on in the paperwork, you will be given a chance in a new role, on another drama, on a new cable channel. This time, no one will recognize you, as you will be an alien on a science fiction program. But you are still a seductress, only the earthlings are adults. The special 'sponsor' of your casting is a major investor in the project, so your part and job, and background will be safe. Jim, you can start on the set as a 'best boy' apprentice -- an electrician trainee, in other words.

Your 'sponsor' only asks that if you have decided to become lovers that he might view my tapes of your first fuck, which will be here in this safe room. He will be the only one that will view the material, outside of myself. He had a particular interest in the subject of mother / son incest, and is willing to use his vast wealth to acquire authentic tapes and such.

The papers you signed were drawn up by a top law firm, to provide a very tidy sum, to pay off your debts, and protect both the sponsor's and your privacy. He will not know who you are, nor you he, unless either party breaks the agreement, nor is there any reason that somebody should. It is in everyone's best interests, to keep things as confidential as possible.

The mother and son nodded their understanding and agreement. Their signatures a few minutes ago had made things official. This all had been in the business proposal, which had been given to Barb, a couple of days ago. "I want the pair of you to sit on the couch, and watch the final scene of love-making in 'Tabooze' now. Do what you are inspired to do, you will have privacy, the equipment will be run from the recording booth, I am the only one in there. I won't interrupt.

I do have a suggestion and one request. Before you begin the tape, the remote is on the table beside the couch, water glasses too; I think it would be easier to get naked, as you were last week, but for more natural purposes."

"And what is the request doctor?" asked Barbara, as she and James began to strip, without hesitation, this time.

"You two are such a handsome couple; I'd like to get your picture, of you two together, eh, in the altogether, as it were."

"You mean nude, dude?" Jim quipped

"Yes, exactly, sort of a formal family portrait, if you will, but full frontal."

"If it's formal, I want to wear my pearls!" laughed Barb, fingering the single strand around her neck.

[The author has a copy of the photo.]

Indeed, that is how she appears in the picture. She stands noble, serene, and proud. Just her pearls, and an emerald cut garnet ring on her left hand, is all she has on. Her expression is solemn, her small breasts firm, the nipples well defined. Her hands are clasped in front of her, modestly, but not hiding the fact that she has not a stitch of clothing on.

James stands behind her, his dark shock of hair, matches her coif. He has perhaps a pout, on his lips. His left arm is over his mother's shoulder, possessive and covering the left breast in a casual manner, as if he is often naked with her. The right is behind his back. His uncircumcised penis is semi-erect, the tip is beginning to peak from the hood. One large vein is popped on the upper length of his tool. His large sacks, which Barb mentioned, hang heavy with his semen, which he will shortly flood in his mother's womb.

They are clearly, mother and son. They are open and not ashamed of their nudity, not for the viewer, and certainly not with each other. They are obviously lovers, the way James drapes his arm on Barbara. How close he stands, hips touching. The tumescence of his member, her erect nipples. His head leans to her, the chin on her right shoulder, and forehead to her cheekbone. This pair is unapologetic for their sexual intimacy. It is a striking pose.

The Dr. got out his camera and snapped the pair. Then he prepared to leave them alone. "After you're through, you may call to me and I will appear for our goodbyes. You have done excellent work; I commend your honesty and openness. Those are what have brought you to the peaceful resolution, which you are concluding today in our final session. Any questions?"

Jim raised his hand, like he was in school. "Yeah, Doc. When you watch us, are you going to masturbate?"

Barb chimed, "Are you going to be naked too, in the booth?"

"Well, let's just say, that even swimming coaches like to go skinny-dipping once in a while, same as everybody!" With that, he left. Indeed, he was stripped quickly once he was in the recording booth. He did not want to take the time in the middle of filming, and getting close ups, to take off his pants. But he did cum, when they climaxed as well. He, in fact, was the 'sponsor' himself. He would edit the tapes to make an incest porno, just for himself, alone. Better than any that had ever been

produced, and real. That was the ultimate kick; it was real actual consanguine concupiscence.

Barb and Jim sat on the couch together, the big television screen lit with the final fuck of the porno video already cued up.

MOVIE SCENE: The 'son' sat on the living room couch, he was in jockey shorts. 'Mother' entered. She was dressed in a robe, partly open to reveal a gauzy nightgown, and spoke to him. "Do you know what day this is sweetheart?"

"What day, mom?"

"It's been one month now, without a drop of booze, thanks to your love and help."

"That's great mom, I'm so glad you sobered up, you seem much happier now."

"I've not had one drink, since that day you showed me how much you truly love me."

"Uh . . Yeah, I'm sorry that I took advantage of you and fucked you, I just couldn't help myself. You do forgive me don't you? I promised that I would never do it again. I kept my promise, and you kept yours to give up drinking. So, I guess . . we are both . . happier. - - right?"

"You don't sound too happy, Baby."

"I am . . sure I am . . I'm happy that your sober and that you kicked dad out, the shit. That we don't have the conflicts and arguments and stuff, like when you were drunk and a . . forgive me, but a bitch."

"Oh! I was, I was a royal bitch, and a drunk, and miserable, and stupid to put up with your bastard father for so long. But that has all changed. All except one thing."

"What, mom, what else can I do, to make you happy I want you to be happy, I love you mom."

"Why the one thing that hasn't changed, since that night, a month ago is this . ." The image of Barb on the large screen bent low and kissed her 'son' on the lips. Barb in the shrink's office picked up the remote and paused the image to kiss her real son beside her. She took his arm and draped it over her shoulder and placed his hand directly on her breast, the nipple in his palm. She kissed him, Frenching, the tongues making squiggly contact. She un-paused the video, the couple on the screen continued to kiss. The 'son' pulled his 'mom' onto his lap and slid a hand in her robe.

Barb reached over and took hold of Jim's erection. On the TV her robe has come off the shoulders and the 'son's' mouth is seeking the brown caps beneath the gown. That garment is just as quickly cleared away so his lips are making 'mom's' mams glad globes. Jim's hand goes between Barb's legs, they part. The shirt and shorts of the fictional 'son' are

gotten rid of. His erection is neither as long, nor fat, as the one Barb is stroking for real.

The scene shifts point of view. Now the camera angle is aimed directly at the sofa, TV Barb is now as nude as she is watching herself. The faux 'son' is nuzzling his head between her thighs, and she places her hands on his head, as he licks her thighs. Jim follows the lead of his stand-in, now old enough to do it for himself with his lovely sexy mother. Barb moans an echo of her own pleasure, and the pelvis tilts in parallel, to the twin oral administrations of the youth and his doppelganger. They kneel before their goddess. Worshiping at her temple of Venus, mom's Mons.

Her knees rise, the same way and her face is a mask of the sweet agony of ecstasy, as she is eaten, and loved in her center. Then and now, it is the same expression, the same desire, but today fulfilled for real. Jim's dick is glistening with pre-cum. He has seen this scene hundreds of times, and wished it were him. Now it is, and he is determined to best the boy in the film, with his honest love, and deeper lust for his mother. He mirrors the moves; he makes the better lover as he knows the taste of her pussy for the first time. He can't get enough, his mouth is driving her wild, and her clit is throbbing with his wet lashings.

The Doc has zoomed in on the action from almost overhead. Barb's labia are showing red and her panting is clear in the microphones. From the side-angle camera's perspective Jim's dick is pointed at his target. The connection is better viewed from behind, though partially blocked by the hanging testicles. On screen, the 'mother' drags her 'son' to her. Jim moves on his own. Barb is wide open and ready for her true

son's cock. Her cunt is needy of her son, it was always and ultimately Jimmy's that she is thinking of, both in the past and now in the present.

Doc has all the close-ups, the angles set, and must grip himself as Jim places his manhood at the portal of his mother's sex. They look in to each other's striking blue eyes, in a silent communication. Telepathically he says . . .. 'I'm going to -- I have to.' She answers, . . . 'I know -- I want you also -- I need you too.' He slowly pushes into her cavity. The penetration that has waited five years, takes only a long minute. Then her son is finally planted within her body, to the very root of his solid muscle. She can even feel that vein on top throb!

The movie pair moves with the motion of fucking, and the couple on the couch are copulating in syncopation. But the cries and moans and groans, are a cacophony, which is real passion trumping acting. Barb is clutching Jim to her, while movie 'mom' is holding the hips of pseudo-'son'. Both boys are pounding away, one for a money shot, the other to cum in mommy. It is not a race to cum first, the longer you last in making love, the better. The live action takes the blue-ribbon, as they continue to fuck, after the screw-goo is shown on the TV.

In fact, Barb had already climaxed once, as her child provided the initial thrusts. But now another builds as his orgasm is galloping to the final dash. The tender rocks are bumping her buns, to the beat of his humping hips. The head of his prick swells deep in her, as he locks into the incestuous connection of their union. He blasts the hot jism she had longed for, for so long. She lets out a scream of delight, at he is creaming in her. Her own fluid washes down, and they drench the cushion with the emulsions of their sin.

Thank God, the Doc thinks, I had the fabric treated. He had hoped that he might witness such a wild sight. The preparations paid off, the strategy worked, the therapy was finished, the moment was captured, and the pair were contented and satiated. No, they were not through! But the digital equipment is still taking in the renewed activity. Jim is turning his mother around to be on her knees too. Her torso is planted on the couch and her crack is high and ready for his attack.

Barb feels her man-child plow into her vagina, once more with his member. The meat is still firm and full of vigor. It is reaching different places, at this level of his goring. She laughs at the video pair who has now parted and are just panting, as the real hero of her hopes has his way with her. She is glowing inside, and his heat infuses her being, and his lunges give her renewed life. She doesn't have to act like a proper mom, she can be her naughty self, fucking her son, and openly loving it with him. He has his reward for his patience, and she for her sacrifices.

Thanks to the shrink, their world had expanded to encompass this love, which had so long been withheld from their relationship. And there would be money, and theater. An alien siren? No stranger than an incestuous mother. The role she had wanted, that was once only pretend, was now come true. Speaking of coming, here they were cumming again. She felt him spurt, her whole body spasmed, in her happy climax simultaneously.

At last, the steam piston of her son seemed to have lost its locomotion. It was time to wind down and wind up this session. But there would be more of the same, at home. She wished her sponsor well; she knew they had given a good performance. It was a part she had been

rehearsing for many years in secret. Now she planned to have a long run, with her co-star that was born to the role. They dressed, then the Doc came back in and wished them well. He said that they had more than given the cameras enough, for quite a great show. They left, hand in hand, smiling.

A week later. The Dr. answered the door, to another couple, mother and son, that had answered his advertisement. They had already copulated, but now were wondering how to keep up the excitement. The Doc had some interesting ideas. But that's for the next case study.

Crack of Dawn Dewy at Son's Rise

"God dammit! Lance, why don't you take care of that before you come down in the morning!?" Dawn was annoyed at her son. His boxer-shorts were once again tenting with his morning stiffy. She knew that guys got woodys when they woke, but couldn't he deal with it in his room, or on the toilet, or something? Did he have to display it before his mother almost every day when he came into the kitchen for breakfast? And bare-chested too?

She was disturbed by the exhibition of his male member being erect. It embarrassed her. Not that she didn't know what one was, or even in that condition, but it made her uncomfortable in a way that she would not fully admit honestly to herself. She got a little, well, oily in her slit. But, he was her baby boy after all, it was not like . .

Lance interrupted her silent ranting thoughts, "Take care of what, mom?"

Like he didn't know! "Of that . . . thing in your drawers!"

Lance looked down at the protrusion contained in his underwear. "Oh, well you know . . uh . . ."

"Do you have to piss? Go pee in the downstairs john, then."

"That's not my problem, mother!" said the youth beginning to be irritated with his parent and showing it.

"So? If you have to jerk-off - go do it in your room. You don't have to be brazen about having a hard-on in from of me. Don't you have any respect?"

"It's not that simple. I can't help getting a boner in the morning. And jacking-off is difficult since . . ." He held up his right hand for Dawn to see, reminding her of the unpleasant fact she was responsible for its crippled condition.

Dawn was suddenly flushed with embarrassment of a different sort. Six months ago she had been driving him to work. She was talking to him and not looking at the road. She had to swerve to avoid a group of school kids crossing the street, and they had slammed sideways into a big tree on Lance's side. His shoulder and arm had suffered nerve damage, the arm mostly recovered, but the hand was permanently handicapped, enough that he had to learn to write - print, at best - with his left. The right fingers could grip, but not extend; were ever to be partially numb. Her guilt would never be fixed either.

Dawn stammered at the doubly awkward confrontation. She was thrown off by the reference to the injury and off balance about the question of how he masturbated. "Can . . can't you . . uh . . use the . . other hand?"

"Lance spoke angrily now, "Maybe girls can frig themselves ambidextrously, but it just doesn't feel the same to me, to pull-my-putz

with the lefty! It's like a stranger doing to me. It's not the same. All my life I did it with the right, and now I can't get off that way by hand. I don't have a girlfriend to mess around with, since Cindy moved. What should I do, mom? Go out to a bar, take my chances on some babe I pick up and risk venereal disease? Or perhaps you know of a clean hooker I could afford to hire?

Stung by his vehemence and flummoxed by the very private revelation of his personal sexual dilemma, she reacted defensively. "You're twenty years old and a handsome hunk, you mean you can't find a girl at your college who will give you a tumble, or look at Internet porn and pop your cock's cork that way?"

Now Lance was really steamed, his face went red as he retorted, "I work a full time job to help pay the bills and get a 3.0 average for my courses. When am I going to find time to date? As for my computer and on line erotica - back to square one!" He stepped closer, within an arm's length, and stuck his right mitt in her face.

Hysteria rose in Dawn's voice, the guilt and the knowing he was right, on top of the feeling of helplessness over her own reaction to the things his manifested manhood stirred in her loins - no, don't go there, her mind said to her head. "Well, what do you want me to do? I don't want to see that prick pointing at me any more in the morning! Do you understand me young man?"

"GOD DAMN IT! MOM. YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE IT? AT LEAST IT'S COVERED UP. NOT LIKE YOUR KNOCKERS GOING PEEK-A-BOOB UNDER YOUR ROBE EVERY MORN, AND AT NIGHT TOO! DON'T WANT TO SEE IT? YOU'VE SEEN IT LOTS OF TIMES WHEN

YOU WERE GIVING ME BATHS when I was younger. HERE IT IS AGAIN!" Lance pulled his shorts down so that they dropped to his ankles.

Then he reached out and grabbed the lapels of her dressing-gown quite suddenly, before she knew what he was doing. "WHY DON'T YOU LET ME SEE THOSE HOOTERS, MOMMA? YOU COULD GIVE ME A TITTY-JOB, THAT'D HELP ME GET MY JOLLYS OFF!" He spread the top wide, the belt came loose, her pulchritude was exposed and the gown gapped open revealing white silken panties and nothing else under the terrycloth.

Dawn was shocked at her son's audacity and nastiness to her, and his outrageous behavior. She flew off the handle and with her breasts bared, not bothering to cover them, slapped her offending offspring in the face. She raised her own volume to match his. "HOW DARE YOU, YOU MOTHER-FUCKING SON OF A BITCH! I'M YOUR MOTHER, AND YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO TALK TO ME THAT WAY. YEAH, I'VE SEEN YOUR DORK DOZENS OF TIMES - WHEN IT WAS LITTLE. BUT YOU GOT A FULL-SIZE DICK NOW, AND YOU'RE A REAL PRICK TOO! YOU GOT MIGHTY BIG BALLS TO EXPOSE MY BOOBS AND MAKE SUCH AN INDECENT SUGGESTION. I BET YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO, EVEN IF I ALLOWED YOU TO DO SUCH A DIRTY THING TO YOUR OLD LADY. And Dawn used both hands to push against his chest with considerable force.

Lance, with his pants around his ankles, tripped and went down backwards landing on his ass on the linoleum. Dawn gasped when she realized what she had done and instantly regretted having made her son fall.

"MOM!" Lance rolled to his side and regained his feet. Dawn was filled with female fear flooding her primal limbic system and instinctively began to run from the ferocious masculine animal that arose before her. He made a grab for her and caught the back of the poorly secured robe, it slipped off her shoulders and came away in his grip as his mother made a dash out of the kitchen and ran to the living room to escape his terrifying presence.

Lance was actually not mad at his mom anymore and regretted having bared her and scared her. He ran after her to try and calm her and apologize. But she misinterpreted his chasing. When he caught up to her, she started to flail with her fists and arms. He had to wrap his arms around her to protect himself.

Dawn had been raised with three older brothers and was not without some defensive moves, having had to wrestle the siblings when they were bullying her in their childhood years. Nor was she so dainty a gal either. She hooked a leg around Lance's left leg and bent forward to throw him off balance and down he went again. Since he was clutching her bodily to him, she went too.

However, she landed on top, as she had planned. She immediately took advantage of his surprise, having caught him off-guard. His hold was broken and she clasped her hands on his wrists tightly and pinned his arms above his head. She looked him in the face with fire in her eyes. She was the bitch which would show this whelp who was boss!

A now naked son and nearly nude mother were poised on the carpet in a bawdy tableau. Dawn's hot thighs bracketed Lance's hips. Her thinly covered pussy was planted on his abdomen. Her mammeries were hanging down, almost in his face. Her attractive features including luscious lips were hovering over his wide-eyed stare. Her gaze took in his firm chin, his furry chest, his sculptured pects, his strong arms, his shock of wavy blond hair.

Lance could not help but notice the rosy pink nipples topping his mom's ample breasts, the flat of her tummy, the cascading long silky blond hair falling down over her gracious neck, her pretty looks. They were a pair of well-favoured people, the genetics of their beauty reflected in each another. His cock reacted with a resurrected erection. She realized that he was growing another meat stalk and that pissed her off; after all that drama and shouting and this unintended ride, atop her now prodding progeny. She would deal with him!

Something he had said in the kitchen came back to her. "So! You've been checking out your momma's boobies have you? Mmm? That's why you have been hovering around me with a boner sticking up. You're turned-on by your own mother? So you want to get a tit-job to make you cream? Or are you a wannabe motherfucker? Well, Lance, does mommy give you a case of blue-balls?" They were both in the buff, she'd call his bluff!

Dawn moved her pelvis down his torso a bit until she felt Lance's firmness fixed at her crotch. She started to grind her pubic region on his long dong, doing a lap-dance any lad would like, even if it was his old lady. "Is this something that will help my poor baby's poker, perhaps I can get you off with me on your saddle-horn? What do you

say cowboy, can I ride you off - into the sunrise, as it were?" Actually, Dawn thought to herself the sensation of having that manhood careering between her labia was quite exciting to her too.

She was getting wet with her natural lubrication; she was beginning to soak the delicate material of the undies and reducing the friction of the fabric. She thought of what it might be like to actually have Lance's lance spear into her special spot. It had looked so obscene, but oh so hot, when he had exposed the thick, veined instrument with the fuzzy bags of testes underneath. It had given her very naughty notions and an extra dripping of lotion at her loins.

Abruptly, unexpectedly the tables were turned. She had lost the focus of her attention in musing about fusing with her first born, and her kid had sat up and toppled his mom backwards so she was now looking up at him, her legs to the ceiling as he knelt between her spread thighs. His look was grim. Her fear rush over her again, she wasn't sure that either had any control now of righteous anger or raging lust.

"Tease me, will you, Huh! I'll show you what you do to me! I'll give as good as I got!" He reached out and all but ripped the scanties off her butt, yanking them high on her elevated limbs and clearing her heals and toes in a single motion. He then flung his body over her with his arms at each side, like he was doing a push-up, but his knees hitting the rug, his feet giving leverage on the floor.

His penis was now plowing at her nether region with obvious purpose. She knew this was not right, but never the less it was erotic, even if it was sinful. Dawn squirmed under her youngster, her arms managed to bend and press at his hips in an effort to hold off his having her. Even

so, her juices were flowing and her libido was beginning to like the lewd situation, her lascivious nature was emerging.

That was what she had been suppressing, the desire for her kid's cock that was so raunchily handy it made her randy. Now, through the most absurd of circumstances, Lance's circumcised scimitar was about to be sheathed in her fleshy scabbard. But not if she could mount a last ditch effort to stop him from mounting his mom and assaulting her trench with his shovel of lust.

"Stop, baby! Oh - we mustn't do this! I know you're horny. I'm horny too, but this isn't the way we should handle things. We have to calm down, we have to slow down, we have to . . .AHH! Uhm - - Ooh, Godddamn . .ahh!" His probe had discovered the entrance to her tunnel of love. The burning head of his meat sank into Dawn's lower lips, swallowed whole in the hole that was at the heart of her sexual center. Her sizzling tissue engulfed the bulb of Lance's pole as he nosed into the slippery core of her passion pit.

In a freeze frame of frisson and frozen frenzy, everything stopped. He looked into her eyes. She met his eyes with a look of love. They didn't speak a word. All anger and frustration and misunderstand were behind them now. They both knew that this was coming, had been gathering momentum. They knew that they would be cumming, coupled together in moments.

She closed her lids, and her lips parted; as she felt the slow slide of her son into her depths. He touched bottom, pinged on the resilient prongs of her womb. The walls of her vagina clung to the ridge of his rigid member's knob as it retreated from its initial invasion; the sides only to

be massaged once again as his private soldier sought to advance into friendly territory once more, and withdrew, over again and again, still it pistoned. She gloried in the rapturous ravishment Lance was providing, as his lunges and rearing rocked them in the rhythm of rutting.

She pumped her pelvis to the counterpoint of his pounding. As her son sawed in his mother, mother sought to seek her son's sex scythe. There on the plush, lush pile of carpet was the place of family fucking. This was no sweet screwing, but a heavy duty humping of urgent needs. 'Twas a carnal craving cascading in a torrid torrent; hurried knocking testicles and hunching haunches and hammering tool and gulping fissure fulfilling its demands with the demonic phallus.

The rucking raced on in a riot of smacking sound; gasps and groans gave way to moans and shouts, their breathing was ragged, the kisses frantic. Lance could feel the pillows of Dawn's soft tits cushioning his chest as he rested upon his mother. Dawn loved the feel of her son's hard belly packed tight against her pooched tummy. The two banged away, the walls echoed with the cries they uttered in ecstasy.

The air steamed with the aroma of bodies in the midst the physical mania of copulating. The slick slithering of skin sent such sensations of joy to them, that they took no notice of any irritations from the friction of parts rubbing raw on the rug. They clutched each other, as if they might meld into one beast, a single animal in mindless masturbation madness.

Then the waves of wild abandon were lapping on the shores of delirium, and the vibrations of virtual harmonic happiness

transformed into the reality of the chords of ecstatic delight. The tide of flooding elation was washing against the breakwater of corporeal reserve; it broke as a rolling surge of intense pleasure lifting erogenous flows to cresting heights. The tsunami of their mutual orgasms covered every nerve ending and sent their bodies crashing in a roiling total drowning, completely overwhelming their consciousness, their minds blotted out in the bliss of the cataclysmic climax.

Her feet contracted in the instant of peaking, his anus puckered. Lance released the pent-up lava of his hairy rocks in the volcano his mom's vagina. Dawn experienced the palpitating paroxysms of her cunt as it was crammed with the spewing jism of her son. Her pussy flowed with her milky froth of cum mingling with the spilling seed of Lance's hose. The mix of sperm and spume coated his hanging nuts and the cheeks of her ass. He held his prick hard in his mom for long minutes.

Plugged right into the socket of life, the electric charge between them, a current which would connect them forever. Indeed, as her son had been conceived in her body in love, now he was reincarnated as her lover. He no longer had to be handicapped by a crippled right hand, she would see to his male needs with her womanhood. Guilt was gone, banished by bedding her baby boy, now a man, and giving her the satisfaction that her female constitution consummately wished for.

There was no happy ending here; it was only the merry culmination, for they had many conjugal concourses yet to cum! Perhaps we will have a prurient peek at those encounters in the future. What are your wishes, O whackers of wanton willies? Will we????

Cum, Ye Motherfuckers, Cum

This Oedipus opus is dedicated to my mother, Dell

PREAMBLE

Greeting to all Oediplex OediPals, both sons and mothers who ever thought about committing incest with their parent or child, most especially those who did share that intimate act. I seek to write and share high quality erotic on the subject of mother/son incest with everyone that I can reach. We all need a cum. To that end this piece of writing is provided to make you cum.

I have included in this work the true 'The Confessions of Oediplex' my real story. Sadly I am but a want-ta-be motherfucker, having never actually had the opportunity to do so. Or rather, the opportunity I had passed by unrealized, which is the second part of this writing, the part created to make you cum. (Patience you'll get there, but you'll miss the best part if you skip ahead.)

That lost opportunity is recreated in fantasy below as the consummation of having sex with my mother. It is based on the real circumstances of our lives, but extends in fiction what might have been, if things had taken just the slightest turn differently. If they had, this is how I believe I would have gotten to fuck my mom. It could have really happened this way. The names are not changed, as I am not innocent and she has now passed to paradise. The story action is written from her perspective which I think makes it hotter, though I begin the narrative with the set-up of our circumstances.

The best part is this, if you will contact me - your email definitely will be answered and you will be provided with information that will lead you to having many more orgasms. But there is so much more in store for any who will consider themselves Oediplex Oedipals. So read what is below, then write me for more. I promise a cum to all who would call themselves my pals.

Oediplex 8==3~

The Confessions of Oediplex

Why I wanted to, but never got the chance to fuck my mother.

I believe from my study of the subject of incest that the familiarity of family life breeds (pun) not contempt so much as neutrality. The exotic, exciting, erotic, romantic feelings are directed most often to those who are outside the genetic-unit. Though, interestingly enough, they may very well resemble a family member. In other words, 'birds of a flock don't often fuck, but birds of a feather will tend to nest together'.

From Ohio we moved to Connecticut where my folks purchased a split level house who's walls carried sound better than the old one. Also I was staying awake later as I got older, and began to hear strange sounds from the recreation room in the floor below, after I went to bed. I could hear sometimes the voices of my parents, in odd patterns, moans and muffled cries. Then one night I was sure that I heard my mother saying, "No . . . no . . NOO!" My parents had highly emotional

fights and I thought that perhaps my father was getting physical with her, though he had rarely ever done so.

I crept down the stairs and peeked over the banister to see what was going on. My dad was squatting in front of my mother who sat in an easy chair; she had slid down so her behind was at its edge. His boxers were at his feet and her nightgown raised to her waist, he was between her legs. I ask if everything was okay. After an initial moment of surprise on my pop's face, that passed though irritation to understanding, he assured me that they were fine and well and I should go back to bed. Mom was red faced and said nothing, but she appeared to not be in distress. I returned to my bedroom with mixed thoughts as to if I had witnessed them having had an altercation or sex.

A few weeks later the same scenario played out twice more. These times, however, I saw the flash of uniting genitals before they realized they were being viewed. My father was quite brusque and firmly ordered me back to bed in a commanding voice that conveyed his annoyance with me and my hampering their activities. But my mother spoke also, to me reassuring me that all was okay and encouraging me to go back to sleep.

Now I was sure it was intercourse. A couple nights in the following month I sneaked down to peek again, but was afraid to get caught and so only watched for a few moments to observe their private action. The last time I even arrived just as they were climaxing together and stayed just long enough to observe the aftermath. Then my folks no longer did it downstairs but behind the closed door of the bedroom.

My Oedipus Complex comes from years of masturbating outside the door of my parent's bedroom while I listened to them, when I was 18 or older of course. My mother was quite verbal when she had an orgasm, and it was "yes, yes, yeess!" then. But she had a conservative upbringing. Even so, my folks had pre-marital sex in the parlor of mom's Sorority house (behind the upright piano). So when she was building to the climax, it was like she was resisting the feeling of loving sex, and it was "no, no nooo . . ." before she would give into the overwhelming climax my dad brought her to. Several times each eve that they fucked mom would be very vocal when she came, though it wasn't every night they did it, but often. So that is where my love of seduction themes comes from, my mommy's "no!, no, noo . . as he went down on her; then "yes, yes, yeess!" when she was orgasming as he penetrated her.

In my youth I fantasized about most anything half pretty and wearing a skirt. In my sophomore year of college, something, I'm not sure what, began to swing me to older women images (teachers) and particularly mother/son stories for my turn-ons. By my senior college year I was totally into incest, mostly mother/son. The observation I made about the books which served to fuel my rod, was that those with incest themes were of people who loved and cared for one another. The rest of the porno literature made more of the physical mechanics and how many beds and combos could be done with the stock of characters in the story.

The non-incest was, for the most part, too dry, no emotion, lacking of feelings for the partner. The best part of making love is the relationship. Cheap meaningless sex has its place, God knows I've never gotten enough of it myself; but screwing the most forbidden, seducing the loved one and the conquest of lust over morals and propriety, and

future complications (i.e., don't tell Dad), that is my cup of tea, my fantasy, hot button, turn on, fetish, kink, deviation, perversion, decadence, etc.

I would call most of my real sexual experiences pedantic or pedestrian if it didn't make it sound like I was a pervert of the kind I'm not, no foot fetish here. Each of the three ladies I wed (that was no lady that was my bitch) knew what kind of pervert I really am, and were perfectly aware of my proclivity to mother/son incest fantasies before we wed. Generally they had no problems with that and indeed we role played too. So my three divorces were due to other problems, none sexual.

At one point my mother might have actually been coming on to me. In reflecting back on the period of when I when I was home from graduate school during one summer, I recollect several times when we kissed in greeting her tongue would French me. I was a bit befuddled by this, never imagining that my conventional mom might have the same kind of imaginings I had about her-and-I doing it together. I thought that she had been making an error in her affections. Kissing me like she would dad, but unintentionally with her son. In retrospect perhaps it was no mistake but rather a testing (or tasting?) of the waters, of whether I might follow through on my fantasies.

There was one time, which never happened, but might have been the occasion that I finally got to fuck my mother. Here's what I think might have happened.

When I was fresh out of grad school, in my first house, as a young professional and single, (having recently ended an engagement with a gal in Indianapolis); my mother asked if she could come and visit me,

alone. Knowing now, what I later found out from my dad; that at the time, that they had stopped making love several years before, I can imagine she was very horny by then.

Added to the quite possible discovery by my mother (possibly at sometime in the past) of my incest pornography with mother/son sex themed book between the mattresses (I didn't try too hard to hide it); then it is conceivable that I might have gotten to fuck my mother on that visit. Which never happened, as before she had set a date to visit me (and of course I had no idea of the potential of that stay) I had met the gal who was to be my first wife and we were very quickly engaged.

No matter what, at that point my mom would have not interfered. She wanted grandkids. But my father told me one thing about my mother that would have been critical, if we had started down the path of incest. Dad told me (after mom died of cancer at 54) that she was a goner if you ate her pussy, then she had to have it in her, she couldn't allow herself to cum that way for some reason, she would always say "Put it in, put it in, now!" That explained the vocalizations I had heard at their door. While my father was in a talkative mood that night and similar evenings, I wrung all the information on their sex lives and my mother's body that I could from dad.

I could say I pumped him, but that would give a different misimpression! Get this, when I told him that night that I had the hots for mom for all those years, he said he had wished he'd known; that he had such power over her that he could have arranged it. I assumed he meant during that period after they had stopped making love and that I was as yet unattached. Where is a friggin' time machine when you

need one! Someday I will write a fantasy of the visit that never happened. I'll let you know!

Well here it is, read on for your promised climax of the story,

mothers are encouraged to have more than one climax.

The Seduction of Jocastrix

How Oediplex might have gotten to fuck his mother, if only . . .

Her son's tongue slithered over her clit again in his serpentine style that drove her to the peak of sexual excitement and she reached the point of no return. "Put it in," she gasped and uttered the words in a breathy most urgent plea, "put it in, now!", was all she could say as she repeated her begging.

Dell had reached the point of no return; she must have a cock in her cunt, even if it was the penis of her son. But even better that it was the organ of her beloved David, the devoted son who now was filling her long emptiness and the longing they had both had hidden for so long. She reached the point of no return and gladly welcomed it as she welcomed the tool of her boy, as she was well deserving of the cum to come.

She had reached to point of no return. And this is how she reached it.

Dell was a typical suburban housewife of a commuter husband. He made a six figure income and life was very comfortable in Connecticut for them. But they had been estranged in sexual matters for nearly three years. She was sure that her spouse, while his interest in sex had waned with older middle age, was occasionally getting a piece from the attractive secretaries at the office, though not his own - as she did trust that particular woman. Dell also suspected there was a call girl once in a while.

The situation was a source of bitterness, but otherwise life was sweet and she really had no other options she cared to pursue. She would not give up on a marriage that, aside from the lack of sex, was exceptional. There were no men she cared to take as lovers, sometimes she was propositioned, which embarrassed her. She was not without desire and needs, and the clunky vibrator of those days helped to relieve things when she resorted to it.

But it wasn't a penis. So she was a frustrated lady with a reasonable figure and a sex drive at peak in her late forties. There was one other man alone she might consider having sex with. Except that he was her son David. She only had those musings because she had found a regular parade of pornographic books between his mattress and springs when she changed the bed linens. The sheets were so stained with the yellow of his semen she had switched from white to a matching pale lemon for his bedding.

She couldn't help notice the titles when she did this chore in his room. "Mommy Does Sonny", "Her Son Was Her Lover", etc. David had never approached her or even let on in his conversation about his desires. But he must have a powerful Oedipus Complex thought Dell, as all the

books were of the same genre. She had begun to read one or two out of curiosity when she as sure she was alone in the home and would not be interrupted.

It was easy to find the good parts; the books' spines were cracked by repeated opening to the section where the mother and son consummated their passion. The greasy fingerprints from the Vaseline lubrication were evidence of his masturbation, as if the volume of Kleenex in the wastepaper basket some feet away was not enough of a telltale. She noted that over the years David had become proficient at tossing tissue and getting it into the receptacle.

Curiosity had lead to reading, reading had led to arousal, being turned on and horny she had masturbated to the fantasies her son had cum to. Thus Dell was introduced to think about what her conservative Midwestern background would have seen as sinful, but her liberal arts college education had informed her it was not an unheard of phenomena. She might never have thought about having sex with her son, save for his dirty books, but she had and her fingers had done the walking while she lay on yellow sheets.

Indeed, sometimes with the confidence of complete privacy and plenty of time, she had gotten totally naked on David's bed with his books on incest and read and cum so much that she made a huge wet spot on the linens she was about to change. But all that had changed as her son had moved to Long Island to a place of his own, leaving no naughty literature to peruse for self-abuse. Now she was even more frustrated and the vibrator had quit working several weeks ago. But a plan began to form in the back of her mind.

David was in his late twenties, but unattached, his engagement of the past year having come to naught and none of his other dates were serious relationships. He, like his parents, had most certainly engaged in pre-marital sex. These days, in the Seventies, that was much more accepted as being okay and open, than when she had taken her fiancé behind the piano in the Sorority house parlor to be taken by his father. Dell always had had a strong sex drive.

In fact, she was actually not new to incest, as she had made overtures and willing engaged in losing her virginity to a favorite uncle. They had lived for several years during the Depression on the farm owned by the man who had married her mother's sister. A sweet fellow, handsome and not able to withstand the temptation of being the first lover of the ravishing, raven hair beauty; who made it clear she was open to his showing her what sex was about. They had several brief interludes, but the Presbyterian pall of guilt curtailed an extended affair. Then she and her folks had moved away when her dad got a job with the railroad as a stationmaster.

So it was that Dell, feeling no sexual loyalty to her husband, being frustrated carnally and not being Simon-pure herself when it came to incest, considered exploring the possibility of having sex with her son. After all, she already knew of her son's lust and considering his maturity and freedom from any romantic attachments, plus given the fact that his house would afford them the opportunity of intimacy and privacy, there was the potential of their lust culminating in a loving session of steamy sex in that safe setting.

Dell asked David on one of his phone calls to home, when they were the only ones on the line, if she could come and visit him, just herself

for a few days perhaps. She promised to make his favorite dinners and help with housework and that they would have a chance to pal around. David agreed to what could not be passed up as a great deal, to have her provide the kind of mothering he missed, being on his own nowadays. But Dell thought to herself that there was perhaps another 'mothering' he might get too, if he played his cards right.

[Now, gentle reader, understand at this point in our narrative, that as much as many of us like the idea of seducing our mom and getting her to do that which she might be reluctant to do; the fact is moms are by definition, not virgins. In fact they are sexually experienced mature women who have minds and desires and plans of their own. While in youthly courting we might refer to the old saw that "he chased her until she finally caught him", the same is not without parallel in the lives of people of more mature ages too.

Women can and often are the sexual stalkers, only more subtle and without allowing the man to know he was being beguiled. So, while in the stories of mother/son incest we might see the mom ready to jump into bed with her offspring, the reality is more likely that if she is of a mind to - it is not in wanton fashion. But rather, she in a cautious consideration weighs the multitude of factors involved in going to that measure and depth of intimacy with her son. So it would have been with my mother. Dell would have been open to allowing things to develop, without pushing me into something I was not ready for. I was ready indeed, if things had been made clear to me; but unfortunately they remained hidden and we didn't connect with physical intimacy.]

Dell arranged to meet David in New York City for lunch at a favorite restaurant of his Monday after next. She would catch the train down to

the Big Apple, and shop in the morning. Then after lunch she planned to take him to an art museum he had not been to, but would be delighted to discover. Later they would take the Long Island Railroad back to his town and be at his home in time to order pizza. His favorite dinner to be served up the next evening after work. David was eager to have this special attention lavished on him.

Dell got the items she wanted in the morning of that fine Monday in September. The weather was warm and dry, 'perfect air' for being naked, it went through her mind. [with a wink and nod to my fans!] They followed through on her plans and had a fabulous time together. The day had been so nice they walked quite a bit, rather than taking a cab. They arrived at David's place and did get dinner on the way - pepperoni pizza and a good wine.

His home was furnished with family spare furniture. The living room had the old couch from the downstairs recreation room, before it was redecorated; his bedroom set was from his grandmother and some things from Goodwill were scattered about. Comfortable, not too shabby, but a bachelor pad all the same. He had however cleaned the place up for her visit.

- -

THIS IS DELL. David said in one his stories by Oediplex that he would have me help write the second part, using the 'nom de naughty' of Jocastrix. Okay, for as much as I am in his psyche, Jocastra to his Oedipus Complex, I think I can have a say in this story. I might be in heaven, but I live in spirit in his heart and he has my words in his memory and he speaks sometimes with my voice as my phrases are

echoed when he verbalizes. So I am going to take up the narrative in the first person. Besides, that makes it a hotter reading don't you think?

I was pleased and admittedly surprised at his efforts to make the house that he was renting so presentable in honor of my visit. All those years of nagging about cleaning his room must have actually gotten through! We had wine with the pizza, a good Vapoliccelli I bought on the way from the train station. After dinner I told David I had bought a present for him, as well as something for myself, at Bloomingdale's. When your husband is a top executive with a giant company, money is not an issue, though we don't spend ostentatiously. I enjoyed the look of surprise and confusion when he opened his present.

"Mom," he said hesitantly, obviously not wanting to offend me, "I don't wear boxer underwear like dad. I'm a jockey guy, you know that."

"They are not your father's underwear, kid!" I kidded my kid. "They are 'house-shorts' not underwear; you wear them instead of a robe. When it's warm like this evening, you put these on."

"I normally go nude, when I walk around the house." he replied.

"So? Are you going to go around naked when I'm here?" He blushed, I knew his weak spots. "Reserve your judgment until you try them. Go and put them on, they're silk, I think you'll like them. I got your favorite color, Sweetie." Cobalt blue, the only pair in the store that color, but such a wonderful soft silk, like a paper thin velvet. I was sure it would be a hit once he had them on.

I continued, "And I'll put on the new nightgown I bought too, then we will both have slipped into something more comfortable." Such a corny phrase, yet so appropriate on several levels for the things that I was going to be exploring. I went to the spare bedroom where my suitcase and shopping bags were and got out the nightie I had purchased special that morning. It was a pale blue, complimentary in hue to his shorts. But where his was a solid material, this was a delicate diaphanous silk, so translucent hardly anything was hidden when worn. At home, even with a much more modest gown, I wore a robe. But here my attire was to be different, with a naughty purpose in mind.

Make no mistake, the title of our story says seduction, but I was not the one being seduced. I put on a lacy flesh colored pair of panties of the finest slippery silk. They hid my bush, but teased by making its outline clear through the lace. No bra to cover my breasts, the aureoles were quite visible. I was a horny hussy; I had bought the outfit to entice. I am not a wanton woman that would roll onto her back with her arms open and legs spread, but this get-up was designed to have the same effect. But lest you get a misimpression; I was not there to seduce David against his will.

After all, he had never said anything, nor ever made a pass at me; not even responded reciprocally the couple of times I tried to French kiss him in the past year. I knew of his fantasies, yes, but I was not going to lead him into doing anything he was not willing to do, and enthusiastically too. I loved him and would never do anything deliberately to harm hurt him or embarrass him or cause emotional damage. But he did read those dirty books, and maybe he just needed a concrete clue that his mother would not hit the ceiling if he did make

a pass at her. If these scanties didn't do it, then I had made a serious misjudgment of his desires. But I didn't think so.

David heard me coming down the stairs and was talking even before he saw me. "God, mom, these are really great! I love the feel! You were right! And the color is perfect. Where did you get them fro..uuhh . . ." he stopped in mid sentence as I rounded the corner into the living room. For a tiny moment I thought I had shocked him and gone too far in my 'undress' apparel. Then he let out a wolf-whistle and said, "Kooo-kooo-kahh-cheeww, Mrs. Robinsoonn!" The syllables were stretched to give emphasis on his compliment. "The Graduate" was fresh in everyone's memory, the middle-aged woman and younger man affair.

"Thank-you!", I said realizing I had blushed. I made commented on his shorts to cover my fluster. "Stand up and model those skivvies!" He rose and turned around slowly. I could clearly discern the shape of his cock and the silk draped over the tight firm full buns of the man who was also my son; my honey the hunk. Not a body builder physique, the beginning of a beer belly if he didn't watch it, but the athletic lines of his dad when we were in our early married life and back when hubby was still hungry for sex. "Quite handsome!", I returned his compliment.

I sat on the couch across from where David was. The wine and the long day suddenly caught up with me and I had a moment of being quite tired wash over me. I became aware that my legs ached. "Sweetie, would you mind rubbing my legs? I'm afraid your old mom got a bit worn out today hiking around the city."

"You're not old mom!" Then in the voice of Groucho Marx, "You're only as old as you feel and I'd be glad to feel you and make you feel young.

. . . Sorry! Force of habit, I never could resist a double entendre given a straight line."

"You have a great sense of humor, Honey. You make me feel younger with your wry, ribald remarks." He came over and knelt in front of me. He was the image of his father at that age; indeed he had always been like a clone of his dad. I wondered if that was true even down to what hung between his legs, under the blue silk shorts. His strong hands began to rub my right foot. He knew just what to do; the massaging hands worked the tired toes and sore soles of both feet.

Then he moved to my left calve. For him to do the job right I needed to spread my legs. As I did so, I automatically pushed the gown down between my thighs to cover my crotch. 'Counter productive to being seductive' I thought to myself and made note that I would need to find a reason to rather raise the hem for him to have a hint of hair down there.

David switched legs and to make easier access I skooched down the seat of the couch so that my bottom rested at the edge of the cushion. This had the effect of pulling the nightie higher on my thighs exposing my limbs all the way to the lacy panties. 'Perfect!' I thought to myself, a good look to make things cook!

As my son's administrations went to the back of the knees, alternating the massage of his mom's gams, like a ship tacking on the breeze, I felt my slit begin to moisten with the sensual pleasure and sexual potential of having my son between my legs. Soon I was soaked and the flesh color panties took on a slightly darker tone as they dampened and became translucent to provide a ruddy valley of feminine nether-lands

concealed but yet revealed. Not exposed but disclosed nonetheless, a view which David inspected at close range as he continued his voyage of discovery to stroke my thighs in a most exciting manner. His hands smoothed the flesh beneath them as he drew down and then kneaded on the forward stroke.

He had a technique that was practiced. My son's touch both relaxed the muscles and stimulated my womanhood. I knew he was doing that on purpose and his glance at my face studied my features for this effect. I smiled at him then closed my eyes and tilted my head to the back of the davenport as an approving "Mmmm" purred from my throat.

The double caress of his hands on each side of my upper legs switched left and right and with each set maneuvered higher and closer to the juice laden lace at the apex, the apogee of my limbs and the base of my body and the center of my base carnal appetites. But his fingers stop just short of the fabric and did not cross the line of impropriety. He ended this most relaxing and erotic ritual with a kiss on my cheek that opened my eyes and opened my heart even more to this attentive son of mine.

I spread open my arms and encircled him in a hug before he might withdraw, I would not let him retreat from his most chaste yet very arousing of advances. I drew his head to my chest, his cheek on my one breast, his face in mommy's tits. He was eye to eye with my right nipple and cushioned on the pillow of my pulchritude. David made himself home in my arms, between my thighs, nestled in my bosom.

I could feel his hard-on through the silk of his shorts, my gown had slid to my navel when he had moved up to hug me and now undies and

briefs were all that separated our genitals. He could hear my heart on high volume as it pounded in his ear pressed to my body. I caressed the silky clean hair of his head as his one arm went around my waist and left hand cupped the ribs next to the pout of my right teat.

This position the two of us had engaged in reminded me of something that had happened very long ago but was fresh in my mind thinking about my son and sex. "Honey? Do you remember when you came downstairs on a few occasions back in when we lived on Ridgecrest Drive, and you found mommy and daddy doing it?"

"God! Mom, I'd never forget it!" David's deep voice reverberated in the depths of my lungs and in the delicate shells of my ears both. "I thought the first time that Dad was hurting you. I heard you crying "No, no, NOOO!" and I wanted to go and protect you from him. But when I got downstairs and you realized I was there, dad assured me everything was all okay."

He continued, "I remember that you had your gown up to your waist and dad's boxers were down around his ankles and he was squatting between your legs. You were on the old blue easy chair. I didn't understand what was happening, so I snuck down to spy. The next time and the one after that, I was so curious as to why you were making the noises I heard, I had to see what was going on and if you were having sex. But I was too open in looking and got sent to bed with dad being angry. I wasn't sure why, but it was more than because it was just past my bedtime, I knew that."

"Yes, your father had been almost about to cum and didn't appreciate being hampering when humping. Coitus interruptus was not on our agenda in those days."

"I did sneak down twice more and peaked at what you two were doing when you were making those cries. I was very curious to see what intercourse was all about. You didn't catch me those times. I saw dad's penis erect and going into your tummy where it was hairy. I wanted to assured myself that you were not being hurt, plus I had an idea of what was really happening and was lured by the prospect of seeing sex. When you both shuddered in a paroxysm I knew something exciting and important had happened and the hugs and kisses afterward meant that it was all okay and nothing bad."

"I got news for you kiddo - I saw you, even if daddy didn't and that is why from then on we made love only in the bedroom with the door closed or when you were away at camp or your grandparents. But I kept quiet because I knew you needed to know that I was not being abused, but that it was a loving act between your father and me. But after that second time I was afraid that your father would catch you again and spank you for spying. So I decided to raise the level of privacy to our bedroom on the second floor."

David responded, "After I learned the facts of life, and was wise to what was going down, you should pardon the expression . . ." We both chuckled, "I listened almost every night on the stairs, with my ear to the door and ready to bolt back to my bedroom if you came out to use the bathroom. You only caught me a couple of times doing that!"

"Darling," I sighed and shifted a little with my hips to get more comfortable, "after a couple of times realizing that you were not going to quit being curious, we decided to just let you listen. We had the same problem with your sister; at least she used the intercom. So we knew you were there, we just determined it was not going to put a damper on our sex life." Speaking of damp, his lump on my mound was keeping me moist. I shifted again, not for relief or easement, but to enjoy the erection rubbing my clit though the thin, twin layers of silk.

"Did you use the Vaseline then when you were ease dropping on your parents going at it?"

"No, I had my underwear on, in case you caught me, and I brushed it up and down on the edge of the step thinking that I was entering your pussy!"

God! All this reminiscing was getting me hyper-aroused. "I sometimes had your daddy do me next to the door when I was sure that you were there, so you could hear real well."

"Yeah! I remember those times. I could even hear the sucking sound of dad's dick going in and out of your vagina. And the slapping sound as his balls beat against you. And your little whimpers before your loud screams as you came. That was so totally hot mom!"

I was totally hot and turned on now. He could have taken me then if he had known so and was bold enough. I gasped and rocked my loins again; he reciprocated with a bump and hump of his own. Though we didn't continue to grind we were both aware of the arousal of the other

and of each other's acceptance of the contact at so intimate and dangerous a level. "Yeah, he was giving it to me from behind, my favorite position, and I could hear your panting through the door too!" I was glowing incandescent down at my genitals.

"Do you want to suck mommy's breast like you did as a baby Sweetie?" I knew the answer and pulled down the nightie to expose my right boob. The nipple looked like a new pencil eraser, pink and pointed and proud on a ruddy half-dollar cap of raspberry colored pebbled flesh. David's lips nibbled their way to attach the vacuuming mouth and swirling tongue of his eager orifice. I had a sudden sense memory of the days when he was an infant, milking his mommy while his daddy went down on me and made me rocket.

My husband had been a developer of jet engines for his huge firm. A rocket scientist with the certificates to prove it. But in the love making department he sent me to the moon regularly. After having given birth to our first born, before we could resume normal intercourse, his mouth had acted in concert with the activity of nursing David. These double simulations were some of the most erotic and profound sexual experiences I had ever had and were not to be repeated with the birth of my second child, as she was bottle fed because of logistical considerations due to several factors. Those were the only times I was able to get off through cunnilingus, rather than begging to be fucked.

Now the recollection of that coinciding of nurturing and sexual titillation; the infant suckling at my tit and my husband sucking on my clit at the same time, which had sent me over the brink of ecstasy, cascading into a euphoria of multiple climaxes; that memory reached out and took over my brain as I relived the moment of supreme love

and sexual elation. I was giving and being given to, a new bride having the wedded bliss of unbridled joyful sex with my spouse and a baby to cherish and adore at my breast.

My brain was a time machine that transported me mentally and physically to the climax of those moments. My body buck in lust as my phantom hubby make my gonads gloriously happy. As I peaked in remembrance I came in reality and returned to what was really happening. David was still nursing on my nipple and dry fucking me with his hard-on humping on my tummy. Sliding on the slippery fabrics that separated us from intercourse, as his cock tried in vain to poke the spot where the opening of my womanhood was.

My sweet baby, David, was now a grown man, with his penis rubbing up and down on my mons Venus instead of a step. His lips once more on my milk giving mammary, now dry save for his saliva. His cock cumming on mommy, excited to climaxing from our intimate talk and erotic activity. The evening had transported us both to a moment neither of us had planned and both had approvingly appropriated as a natural course of where our conversation and closeness was leading to.

Yes we came together, mother and son. We came together to be in his home alone together. We came together to share the gentle joy of the physical ministry of his massage. We came together closer in sharing about times we were unable to speak of before; until now. Adult to adult we could openly be honest and understand the complex dynamics of the sexual tensions that had existed between mother and son , Dell and David.

Confiding about the times by the bedroom door when David's father, my husband, had made love for both of the men to me; and I had given myself to both males as well simultaneously, one physically and the other symbolically. And yes, oh yes, we had cum together, back then and now too, now climaxing in a humping of hot arousal not to be denied and which must be shared as male and female as well as child and parent, son with mom, David on Dell. We had come together and cum together, as evident from each of our soaked silks saturated with sexual secretion.

I could still feel his after-throbs, quaking on my tummy so sweetly. Detect the hot damp spot that spread in his shorts and seeped through fabric to be felt on my own flesh, my skin alerted by his ejaculation of man-seed, son-cum, kid-creaming. The moment was given a coda of sighs when the ragged gasps and heavy heaving of our lungs was replaced with our murmurs of reassurance and love and respect. Then silence, as the momentous enormity of our mutual masturbation made us reflect in the afterglow on the meaning of our act of love.

Our intense peak of cuddle-coupling diminished into the most pleasant of quiets and spiritually satisfaction of a higher level of love, having been reached in a totally delightful and satisfying fashion, free of guilt, without guile and open to more exploration later without any recrimination now or ever. Without actually having sexually intercourse, David and I had become lovers as sure as if we had done the deed. But it was far beyond the corporeal connection, even if it had not been physically consummated. We were now more intimately bonded even than some married couples failed to achieve. What a blessing, what a curse! And I knew that tomorrow this blazing course would culminate in convivial consanguinity.

We arose and repaired to our separate bedrooms for the night. It might seem silly to have separated at that juncture, but at the time it seemed natural to not move to a mutual mattress and more likely more mating. So we slept, and well each, on our individual pallets, at peace with our peccadillo of incestuous passion, no regrets nor fears of reproaches in the morning light to disturb our slumber.

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In the morning we were dressed for breakfast, David in his work suit to go to the office, I in my clothes suitable for housework. But this day David returned my French kisses, brushed my tit and gently squeezed my buns as he did so. I fixed him a cheese omelet, folded to make a suggestive split with a single sausage link slyly laid in the groove and a glass of milk to drink as well. Eggs and meat with dairy; the male shape and female products were graphic and metaphorical in meaning. David laughed and enjoyed the dish, saying, "Mom, you know what I like! It's Dell-icious!"

I bent down and whispered in his ear as he left for the job, "Tonight, I am making your favorite dinner and also giving you something you have long wanted to eat too!" Then Frenched him again. His eyes told me that he clearly understood that the evening was be most memorable for both of us. His hand slid up my legs between my thighs and discovered I worn no panties. I turned instantly wet, but knew he needed to get going. "No dawdling - nor diddling! Best be off to work now, we can work on getting off later!" With a grin he gave me a big hug and a hot kiss and I felt his hard-on press against me, before he turned and exited out the kitchen door to his car.

The day was spent shopping for dinner and cooking, not much cleaning to be done but a little laundry, including the sin saturated undies of last night's session of indecent indiscretion. I rummaged in his tape collection for mood music, set up candles on the living room mantle. I began to cook the rump roast that was his most desired 'Dell-icacy' of mommy cooking for her sonny boy. Then I took a long bath and a short nap. By the hour he was due, the table was set and scene of seduction set-up, the meat and potatoes were hot and ready and so as moma! I'd let him pop the cork on the champagne, I'd pop his later!

When David arrived I loosened his tie and gave him a big kiss but no tongue. I patted his butt and told him to put on some jeans and a tee shirt. He put his hand up my frock and discovered the cotton panties I had on. I grabbed his arm and firmly disengaged my boy from man-handling me. "Later!" I said arching my brows and smiling to reassure him that the promise of the morning was not forgotten, "dinner is getting cold, pot-roast, your favorite!"

He said "YES!!" and charge up the stairs to change.

We sipped the bubbly, the conversation was sparkling, the sexual tension was sparking too. David reviewed the mundane agenda of his day and I recounted my domestic duties. We discussed the headlines of the paper and the latest gossip about celebrities. We skirted the issue of what was up my dress, we were jocular about things without mentioning what was in his jockey shorts. In brief, we were polite in conversation while our minds were thinking about naughty things in panties. Chocolate ice cream did nothing to cool our lurking lust. It was not the true dessert of the evening.

David helped me clear the table, will wonders never cease, but then he was motivated to have the night's activities move along. I declared the dishes could wait until the next day if they were well rinsed, for the same reason. "Your new silk shorts are washed and on your bed" I said indicating what I expected next. David dropped his drawers and there they were already on him! The eager little devil! I unbuttoned the top button of my dress and gave him a smile.

"Okay! But while I change, light the candles on the mantle and start the music I put in the stereo and fetch us another bottle of bubbly. And hang up your clothes!" I was still his mother, isn't that who he wanted to do it with? I thought about that as I went upstairs and stripped. David wanted to fuck his mommy. Why? Why do boys - men - want to screw their mothers?

Is it a desire to return all the love they have had from their moms? Is it a way of expressing their gratitude for all that ma has done for them? Or perhaps to receive the most supreme kind of loving by the one person who would never reject them, that is if she would accept their physical attentions in the same way as she had every other offering from her child? Perhaps to achieve the true integration of parent and child through the ultimate intimacy? Or all of those things together? Who could fathom those psychological depths?

I put on the blue gown but left off the underwear, my bush a dark fluffy delta though the diaphanous material, the nipples nearly naked as they poked the fabric. Why make moma, physically take mother; rivalry against dad, conquest of the parental authority, a power thing? Or was it a sense of bonding, reuniting with the procreative force, a melding

with the genetic source? Love, lust, power - surrender; and why were some women will and wanting to be wanton with their male children?

I could answer only for myself. David was desirous of me and I was horny as hell. He was loving and safe, handsome and loved by me already. I put a luscious red lipstick on and light blue eye shadow. He was my sweet boy, now a gentle and kind man. Funny, and attractive and well mannered, as I had hoped that he would become, as I raised him to be. Now he developed into the person I had worked for him to mature into, and I was proud of my kid. I was willing to reward him for having turned out so well. To provide a payback by a layback, a liaison in praise of my son, the gift of sex with me for his happiness; and mine, I deserved it too.

I went downstairs, there was a perfume in the air from the scented candles, the soft music played, the bottle was open and glasses were poured. My son rose from the couch and came toward me, his blue shorts slightly tenting at my all but nude body. He wrapped his arms around me, an enclosing hug. I felt warm and safe and protected and loved. He kissed me so softly and gently, a romantic and tender peck, immediately followed by a more robust buss, then a deep French one and I responded in kind with enthusiasm to each.

We sat on the sofa and just looked at each other, saying nothing, sipping the wine, kissing occasionally. Then one of my favorite songs came though the speakers. A tune that I had used to teach David how to slow dance. Place his hand on the middle of the lady's back to lead firmly, the other clasping hers and guiding the direction as they swayed. David stood and took my hand to draw me up. He remembered, no words were needed, we move to the center of the

living room, the coffee table had been thoughtfully moved out of the way by David as I has been upstairs musing about mother/son incest.

David's arm went behind me and we move together in harmony, confident male and compliant female. I liked being controlled in this fashion, the music set the rhythm, the man directed the movements, but the woman created the mood. We melted together as one coordinated team, though it had been sometime since we had last danced together, the cooperative activity a turn-on; an exhilarating motion made a little tipsy for the wine and so much fun as I had had in quite a while.

He held me tight, I could feel his leg between mine, chest to breasts close and amorous and little kisses now and then. He spun me and dipped me at the end of the third song. I held up my hand to indicate that his old mom needed a breather. We sat again. We toasted, the glasses clinking, our lips kissed to seal the toast in celebration of our union. After a few minutes of some small talk, David looked like there was something he wanted to say. He opened his mouth then closed it, thrice. "Go on you can say what you want, David." I reassured him.

He dropped his eyes, when he raised them and spoke it was in a soft voice. "I'd like to do something I've never have had the chance to do."

"Yes?"

"Could we . . . dance naked . . . "

"I never have either . . . that would be something new we would share together. It would be very special, I'd love to." I said and stood. He stood too and then ever so gingerly lifted my gown high and completely off. He hooked his thumbs to his skivvies and dragged them over his hips and they fell to the floor. We moved dream-like to the open space and the music, as if timed, began a slow languid melody, no lyrics, an instrumental; neither of us spoke either. We drew one another close.

The heat of bare flesh was sensuous and searing, soft and smooth, and oh sooo seductive. My nipples brushed against his chest hair, his erection browsed my pubic bush. The tummies touched and our arms embraced as we clenched to make the contact full bodied. David's hands were on my bottom, slightly clenching the globes. I put my palms on his shoulder blades to feel the strength of his back.

Our lips were doing a dance of their own. They brushed and puckered and bussed. Tongues sipped and tasted and visited each other's abode back and forth, playing a game of tag and tangle, tasting the sweetness of one another. Even our noses got in on the action, an elegant Eskimo invitation to intimacy. To catch our breath after several minutes, we danced cheek to cheek as my cheek-buns were squeezed by my son and his hips scrunched his hard-on between us.

I was dripping and I felt a distinct dampness at the tip of his penis. Suddenly, I was perspiring profusely and David broke out in a sweat too. This made everything slick and even more erotic. We started to move our hands over each other's backsides, up and down, from ass to neck, with palms sliding and fingers gripping. We lip locked but never stopped moving to the music.

His tongue entered my mouth a slithering, insistent, an incestuous invading snake. I welcomed David's oral digit that sought to explore the contours my mouth, mastering me there the way his cock would soon conquer my cunt. I signaled my passion and submission to his lust with my open jaw and clutched the back of his head to draw him to me in a French kiss that made me feel faint from desire.

I'm not sure when the music ended as our wriggling and swaying had taken on an inertia of its own. We were moving our bodies up, down, left, right; legs and torsos and genitals grinding in slippery erratic erotic rubbing. We could get enough of each other, as if we were trying to meld together into one being by uniting our flesh as we melted from the friction we produced. I might have seen steam rising from us if my eyes had been open.

Then it was time for the joining of bodies in the way God has granted physical species, in animal fashion, in sexual heat, in carnal passion. My legs began to buckle and David, instantly attuned, supported me and half carried me, literally sweeping me off my feet back to the couch. He set me down with my hips on the edge, my back supported on the soft cushion seat, my head looking down at my son between my spread legs as he began to kiss and sucked on my nipples.

I ran my fingers through his hair, as he helped himself to his mommy's mammeries. He no longer suckled as a child but made love as a man, his lips and tongue gorging on the pouting points of pulchritude. They grew to half an inch, red berries bursting from creamy full mounds of moma's bosom. He was no novice in nibbling on a gal's knockers; at first, nice and tender - then serious and intense. His tongue thrummed

the protrusions in vibration and lips pulled them out even further, alternating between the two. A mouth that tried to draw out my soul, as it once sought to take in my life giving milk.

Then, as his father had, as he had witnessed from the steps thinking to be hidden and secret; he began to move his mouth lower and lower. Sweet kisses and long licks leading to my navel, but not stopping there. I realized what he as after, and thrilled to once more have cunnilingus which I crave. I spread my thighs even wider and lifted my crotch to meet his mouth on my labia, as David went down on his mother.

There too, my son was no stranger to the nether parts of a woman. He started with long slides of his talented tongue along the sides of my thighs, teasing as I anticipated the centering of his administrations. Then they did converge on my vagina, with the pink fat worm working into the ruddy folds, working toward the delicate pearl at the top. Closer and close to my clit did the digit flit, 'til finally it hit. What a sensation, made all the more exquisite with the anticipation!

He did figure eights and strummed. He did the alphabet which did a number on me. He suckled and made long licks. Then he blew me - I mean literally - first he drew back and blew through pursed lips to make a little breeze which cooled me there in my hottest spot. Next, he put his wide open mouth on my pussy and exhaled hot breathe to re-steam it. The several times of alternating cool blowing and heating exhaust drove me to new heights.

Then my son's tongue slithered over my clit again in his serpentine style that drove me to the very peak of sexual excitement and I reached the point of no return. "Put it in," I gasped and uttered the words in a

breathy most urgent plea, "put it in, now!" was all I could say as I repeated my begging. I had reached the point of no return; I had to have a cock in my cunt, even if it was the penis of my son.

But even better; that it was the organ of my beloved David, the devoted son who now was filling my long emptiness and the longing we had both had hidden for so long. I reached the point of no return and gladly welcomed it as I welcomed the tool of my boy, as I was well deserving of the cum to come. Yes, I had reached to point of no return. There was no turning back, incest was not new to me, but this was even more beautiful than with losing my virginity with my uncle.

I sensed David moving to get in position, just has his father had taken me, before our child's eyes years ago. I was spread open for the sacrifice of my womb to the son which had been born from it. To have him return in an act of love to the womb he had been conceived in, to shoot his own sperm in there as had his father before him. I ached in my vagina for a man, I longed to be filled, I desired my son to be the male I mated with. I wanted my David to make me cum and to cum in me, flooding me with the burning seed of his semen.

In a way, I thought, in one moment of clarity, the kind that arrives in an instant sometimes; I was not really cheating on my spouse. I was not having an affair with a new man, but still loving someone I - we - had always loved. It was genetically an identical cock that was to enter my cunt, not a different penis, not a different masculine body; the same physical shape but now in its youth again, as when I had first met my husband. There was no threat of my loving my hubby less and he would not miss the sex he seldom provided me. It was not cheating him, but I would no longer be cheated of my needs.

I felt David's penis point at my pussy through the fur of my crotch. He rubbed it up and down several times, plowing the labia, brushing the tip against my clitoris, drawing lower to the dripping portal and teasing there before another stroke, still not entering. I couldn't stand it any longer. "Put it in! David, fuck mommy, Fuck me honey! put in NOW!! Then, with a swing of his hips the head entered, it centered, withdrew a little and once more made progress, about half way. With the passage opened and his dick lubricated, David pulled back slightly, then lurched all the way in. I all but came.

God! It felt sooo good to finally have a man's organ in my body once more! He was hard and hot and smooth with the vigor of youth. My son was long enough and deep enough to reach bottom, fill me and fulfill me completely and emotionally as well. I felt such an overwhelming renewal of love for him to have wanted me physically and so grateful we could finally be united this way. He pulled out slowly and with gentle thrusts began to stroke into my vagina. The lips of my labia encompassed him and I felt as tight as if I were a virgin, it had been sooo long.

David got into a good rhythm, and was hitting my G-spot with the knob as his pelvic bone mashed against my clit and his balls banged my anus. Everything was perfect and incredible. I had such lust now for this man, my son, my lover. Though not possible, I wanted to get pregnant by him, so far gone was I in the depths of my incestuous depravity. I craved his spurting into me, to have the hot white seed of sin spume into my womb. I began to thrust up to meet his hammering.

We pounded together harder with that initiative, a fuck machine of two moving units, our mutual motion in unison. Now he was hitting my womb's entrance, the nubs were getting bumped by the head of David's dick with each concussion of cock fully up cunt. I looked at his face scrunched in exertion and ecstasy, eyes closed and mouth open gasping for air. He never looked more beautiful to me, since he had been an infant. He was close, so was I, as my own eyes rolled up and I began that peculiar ritual of my odd orgasmic psychology.

Whenever I was building toward my climax, it's as if I was resisting the feeling of loving sex, as if my conservative upbringing was trying to hold back the climax. "No, no nooo . . ." I said aloud, but the impending paroxysm was not to be held back, the cataclysmic convulsion of my cum had been reached. I shouted "Yes, yes, yeess!". I felt David, my son, his prick deepest in my pussy throb and shudder and let go with a huge load, as my cunt too flowed with copious fluids of copulation. The flood poured out of my hole and down my crack and soaked the cushion but good.

David was so turned on he didn't go soft. (Ah youth!) He continued to hump and I continued to cum, I couldn't stop cumming. Wave after wave of wonderful feelings washed over me. Peaks skipped to peaks and the valleys were but small gaps between. Finally, he let up. David wiped the sweat from his face and helped me to sit back on the couch. The dear boy, who had just proved his manhood beyond a doubt to his mother, went and got a glass of ice water from the kitchen and a towel to dry my profuse perspiration.

We didn't say a word but sat there grinning at each other in happiness and silly giddy love. When we had gotten our breath back, I took David

by the hand and took him up to his big bed. There I made him lay down on his back and knelt over him from the side. As I began to suck his dick I could see from the corner of my eye his wide smile and eyes closed in pleasure. I knew that by going down on him from sideways my mouth was in the same orientation as would my pussy be when I mounted him momentarily.

It was not long that he was up and ready for me to ride him. I extended my leg over his body and bent to kiss him, a French frolic of lips and tongues. My mound brushed his hard-on, the stiff wand snaking through my bush. With wiggle and waggle I got the end in the entrance and slid the lance home. With practiced measure I had not made in many years, I fucked my son while bending forward to let him suck my tits. I climaxed again, but David had held out for another position.

He instructed me to get on my hands and knees. I did so facing the headboard as my lusty son got behind me. My ass stuck out and my pussy was totally exposed for his assault. As straight and solid as if we were just beginning he guided his rigid rod right into his mommy's hole. This is my favorite position, I was reminded again of the time I had been fucked, with David just on the other side of the bedroom door and I listening to his panting. Had I fantasized that night it was my son, not my husband that was screwing me doggie fashion? Perhaps, but in any case now we were doing it for real and I could feel his hot gasping ragged breath on my skin as he reached around and clung to my tits!

I loved the bouncing of his hairy testicles on my clit as his big prick pounded my pud. My labia rubber-banded back and forth with the in and out stroking of David's delicious dick. His tool mercilessly took me as his own, I was but a vessel to be filled, to be flooded with his will

and love and semen. I gave myself to abandonment, he could have me any time, right in front of his father if he wanted, I just wanted sex with my son. Sin with love, lust with adoration, incest with surrender; that is what we had, what we had wanted, what was to be.

Then I felt the big cum of the throbbing, pulsing, shooting of David's sperm into my womb's opening once more at my very core. This triggered my own climax. Now, not any "no . . no"s or time for any "Yes"s; just, "Ahh! Oh oo UH! uh uh . . . oohhh . . .ahh . . . " And David crying "Yess, Mommy! yes . . . I love you ... I'm cumming in you, mom! OH! oh! ooh .. uh uh . . ."

It was special, it was spectacular, it was suppose to be. It was too long in coming together, to come together to cum together. But I knew that this lust was going to burn for the rest of our lives together and it would not be long before we came together again, as we cuddled together and finally fell fast asleep.

- -

Thanks mom, for helping me to write the story of our affair that never happened. Here is a poem I wrote for you.

Whither the Wraith Writhes

Whither the wraith writhes,

There be the spirit blythe.

Thy writer's rhapsodic prose,

Reminisces of lovers' repose.

Shimmering shadow,

Fantastical and dedicated,

Mere of eve, mind's

Reverie vision comes,

Mother sans leaves.

Bewreathed eternal,

I am bereft of her,

But not when,

Her wraith arrives.

Then I arise and writhe,

And come we together,

Together we come,

Happy souls,

'Til death do us unite.

In the night, mine's

light with rest now,

wrest in this piece.

Be merry my Mary,

As you have made me.

Cumming with Son on New Year's Day

WHAT WONDERS WEED WORKS ON MOM

"January First, Two Thousand ... 1/1/2000 ... A new century, a new year, and a new day. I need a new . . mmm," she pondered out loud, but her husband was making sonorous vibrations still asleep next to her. She turned and looked at the nightstand ... 6:10 am; why she awoke she was unsure. But she was awake and alive and still a bit buzzy from the party last night. It was two in the morning by the time the last of the guests had left their house. Quite a blow-out it had been. There was a sense of revelry which seemed to push the boundaries of all other previous New Year parties which they had given.

The kids had been old enough to join in the festivities and had some of their college friends over. The multi-generational mix had added a feeling of rejuvenation for the middle-age group which had traditionally attended their holiday blasts. Perhaps it was a spirit of passing the touch to a younger group of adults as the next era was beginning. Perhaps it was the passing of the joints brought by the kids that the older folks were toking like they were back in school themselves.

Whatever the chemistry of margaritas and marijuana, wine and weed, gin and joints; there was a wild, wanton, wicked, wonderful time had by all. Dancing bordered on seduction, games were played for little sexual favors, clothing was loose and so were the morals of some of the guests. The spare bedroom was locked several times through the evening. Certain folks shared the bathroom with persons of the

opposite sex, for rather longer than needed for usual purposes. It had not turned into an orgy, but it was as close to one as she had ever been.

Yet, as the hostess, she had not had the chance to sneak even a touchie / feelie with anyone. Save from a few lingering kisses several of the male guests gave her upon leaving, she had missed out on the sneaky fun everyone else seem to be having. Wait a minute. There was a fuzzy memory of one of her son's friends copping a feel on her tush at the sink when she was mixing some more drinks. But the youth had not followed through.

She wondered if her husband had made any passes at some of the women last night. He was a notorious flirt but seldom made any serious attempt to go any further; at least while she was around. Last night was a very liberated occasion though, perhaps he had chanced it. There was certainly a period where she had lost track of him for nearly a half an hour. It's not like he hadn't cheated on her once or twice. Since they were brief flings, and she and he otherwise had a great relationship, she had forgiven him. Still, it had pissed her off each time.

She had thought about getting even but never found anyone she would want to do it with. Well, she thought to herself honestly, maybe that kid last night might have been fun. Yet she wanted to have sex with someone she was fond of at least, not a quick roll in the sack with physical gratification the only motive. Intimacy was so much better when coupled with caring. Mutual giving made the act of love special and sweet and added to the sensual pleasure. It was heightened by a sense of trusting each other, you and your partner's intimately sharing of deepest self.

She arose and slipped on a light robe over her nude form. She was still trim in her petite figure. Her breast sagged only a little and her tummy was kept tight with exercise. She might have passed for one of the college kids if she colored the start of gray out of her hair and you didn't look too close at the laugh lines around her eyes and mouth. She'd be damned if she would call them 'crow's feet'. A couple of tennis games a week gave her bottom a firm feel and her legs an athletic muscle tone. She bet that the kid from last night enjoyed squeezing her buns.

She descended the stairs to the kitchen for a Screwdriver to stave off a hangover, but discovered there was no more orange-juice left. However she found half a fat joint in one of the ashtrays, brought in from the perfunctory cleanup effort at the end of the party. 'COOL!' She thought to herself, I haven't had a chance to get decently stoned in nearly fifteen years. She had smoke a lot of pot in her youth, and on a few rare occasions since.

Things changed with work and marriage and kids. She didn't resent the moving on into the mature roles that responsibilities required of her. But she did miss the freedom of times gone by, now and then. She went out to the deck in the back of the house. No one up, no one to see, everything cool; she lit the marijuana and sat in a lounge chair as she sucked in the first toke. The peaceful mild morning of a warm Florida winter's day was quiet save for bird song.

It seemed to her the idea setting for a retreat from all the concerns and duties being a grownup had. The grass was powerful, or maybe it had been so long since she had smoked some. In any case it was beginning to make her nice and high. Only one problem, she got horny when she got high. She reached between her legs and started to finger herself. In

an instant she was wet. She took another toke. Maybe she should go back upstairs and see if her husband could get it up. Probably not, after last night's booze and maybe a babe in the spare room. He had been snoring one of those 'dead-until-noon', sleep it off, log-sawing sounds when she had left the bedroom.

Well, there was always her trusty dildo. She had another hit of reefer and felt really mellow. "I wish that fresh freshman was around this morning." She said out loud. "Maybe he was a sophisticated sophomore who could sock it to me." she mused. "Or an 'up-her-classman' who would put it up me, with a 'magnum cum loud'!" she began to giggle. Giddiness was another effect that "happy-hemp' had on her.

She inhaled deeply the smoke once more and held it in like an old pro. The analgesic properties of the euphoric drug made it easier by now to do that. She felt a rush; it seemed to go in both directions from her lungs. Straight to her head making a dizzy swimming, and straight to her cunt making a hot tingling. This was premo! She got up from the chair she had been sitting on. "Getting the munchies! Let's raid the kitchen!" she shouted out the charge, as she floated on a grand buzz toward the refrigerator.

"Morning, Mom." A voice started her, she spun to see her six-two son towering a head above her in the kitchen doorway. The motion made her head spin too. He also was in a robe, the silk one they had given him for that Christmas.

"Hi! Kiddo!" She smiled and raised her hand with the smoking evidence of her morning good mood. "Have a toke?"

"All right! Ma!" he said and accepted the offered joint, taking a deep hit and gulped to hold it in.

"Did you have a good time last night, sweetie?" she queried him.

He nodded vigorously to indicate that it had been an excellent time. "Did you get laid?" Where did that come from, she wondered? The dope had dissolved her discretion if not her inhibitions. Well, hell he's a big boy now, he can tell his mother if he got lucky last night.

At the question though, her son had spasmed out the smoke, startled by the unexpected query from his mother of all people. "Ah, no ... actually my date got sick from drinking too much and I drove her home early. But I got back for the last few hours of the party and it was a swell shindig, mom. How about you? You and dad welcome in the new millennium by making love?" He took another hit and passed the joint back to her.

She shook her head no as she drew smoke into her lungs and said in the strained voice one uses to hold your breath and talk at the same time, "Your dad might have poked somebody, I'm not sure; but I haven't been screwed by him or anybody in two weeks," She exhaled. "GOD! I'm so horny right now I'd fuck that friend of yours who felt up my ass last night, if he were here right now. Do you have his number? . . . No just kidding, I wouldn't call him. But honestly, I could use a good lay. Maybe when your father gets up this afternoon I can tear him away from the TV and football to ball him." Then another thing that grass did to her happened. She started to cry.

"Mom, What's wrong? Don't cry" her son tried to comfort her. He took the joint and snubbed it out in an ashtray then took her in his arms and hugged her. "It's going to be OK. Are you sad because you think dad cheated on you again?"

"No, I'm not positive that he did. But that's not why I'm crying. I'm only human. I'm only forty-two, and I'm frustrated as hell! I need sex like everybody else and the man I'm married to can't find enough time or interest to satisfy me and I don't want to have some cheap affair and I have a dildo but it's a poor substitute for a real cock and that marijuana made me so hot and horny that I'm telling my own son things I shouldn't be saying and asking him about his sex life that's none of my business and ..." her uncontrolled babbling was abruptly ended with a kiss on her lips from her son.

But he didn't stop with that one kiss, the next was more passionate. The next was passionate and longer. The third was hot and when he slipped his tongue in between her lips she involuntarily opened her mouth to let it slip further. Then she found herself responding to the kissing with her own tongue and hugging him close with her arms around his waist as he pressed her compact figure to his solid frame; he was holding her with his hands on her back so that her breasts were firmly mashed against his chest.

She had known that her handsome son had grownup to be a stud, a beefcake, masculine and obviously virile when he walked around the house in his jockey shorts in the morning, his erection often conspicuous. She had never scolded him because secretly she got a kick out of seeing how big and sexy her baby had grown. His sister stopped

bitching about it a couple of years ago when they were both finally of college age. She wondered if her daughter had gotten over being embarrassed by the exhibitionism of his masculinity because she too came to appreciate the opportunity to have a good-looking brother parading around with a Playgirl centerfold body on display.

Now that morning erection was pressing tight to her tummy and doing things to her head in ways that a mother shouldn't think about doing with her own son. "We ought not to . . . Please, Honey I didn't mean that we . . . Sweetie, stop; pleeasse~! I'm your mother, it's to dangerou . . . oooh uhh!" her words changed to moans as his hands moved to her behind and with a slight lifting motion brought her to her toes, he bent his knees a little so the rock hard rod between them stroked once over her mound.

Then he returned his left hand to the small of her back. This gave her opportunity to lean back somewhat away from his chest but this was the very thing he had counted on. She felt his warm large right hand part the front of her robe to cup her naked tit and stroke the nipple with his thumb. His head bent again to kiss her. Her nipple was erect with the stimulation it was receiving. She was practically dripping between her legs and even the rosette of her asshole felt excited.

Her son's hand left her breast, but rather than move over to the other he tugged on the cord of her robe so that the sash loosened and came untied. Now he could see that she wore only the open robe, her pussy hair was a reddish brown triangle and the strawberries of her nipples played peek-a-boo from the sides of her robe. Then her son reached down to open his own robe. It too, was all that he wore. She found herself starring straight down at a solid pillar of male flesh, with veins

along the side. A mushroom head of an awesome purple shade glistened with pre-cum seeping from the open hole in the tip.

She felt him slip his hands and arms inside her gown to draw mother and man-child in a full frontal nudity embrace. It was a moment so erotic and powerful that she knew then she had lost whatever will she ever had to resist his advances from then on. For here it was; here he was; someone who she did cared about, who would share a love special - sweet and sensual; she trusted him and they knew each other in an intimate way that was leading to physical intimacy also. The physical union was united by a spiritual one and soon his heighten pleasure would be in her deepest self.

Her head bent slightly to be at the perfect angle to suck his nipples. His look of surprise and the delight told her that this was a new thing which she was teaching him. Her mothering in teaching him about the finer points of carnal thrills made all the keener her desire to have him as a lover. The son she bore was soon to reenter the womb and complete the cycle of life. The two robes fell to the floor leaving the pair unrestricted in their exploration of each other's bodies. Her head was drawn up for kisses by his gentle hands.

He kissed her forehead, then her eyes, cheeks, lips; and open mouth kiss followed, their tongues danced together. He kissed down her neck on one side and moved, kiss by kiss, to the opposite shoulder, then lower and over and lower like a falling leaf, until at last his worshiping mouth drew in the aching nipple of her left breast. Some minutes later that one grew almost too sensitive for further administrations, the kissing proceeded to trail over to the right side until that point too had all that it could stand.

She trembled as his kisses continued their downward journey to her tummy, to her mons, tickling the hair, to her hidden pink pearl and there he suddenly broke off. It left her in confusion. Surely it was not the end? He wouldn't leave her hanging, tease her knowing of her desires, after hearing her confession of frustration, wouldn't bring her to such an exquisite anticipation of rapture, of his naked body blending with the revelation of her needy nudity, and then suddenly and abruptly abandon her. Would he? Then she was in his strong, powerful arms being carried into the living room. The living room, how delicious she thought, I'll never be in this room again without thinking of this moment.

The drug seemed now to have been over shadowed by the heat of her lust, as her son set her down on the broad easy chair next to the grandfather clock. As her son knelt and began to once more lick her clit, the clock stuck the hour of seven. Could this really have taken place in less than an hour since she had awakened? Wasn't time supposed to stand still for moments like these? It was the cusp of eternity, it was . . .

She exploded. Her cum was so unexpected and intense that she thought at first a bomb had gone off with the clanging of the clock. When she was able to gather her wits, her son was still licking at her crotch. His long tongue probing her hole, the spit and pussy juices trickled/tickled down her crack. The chair is going to have a hell of a wet spot today she thought, and giggled. 'Oh, Goodie!' she thought to herself, still stoned and ready as I'll ever be for the best fuck of my life. She looked into the eyes of her son who had raised his head at her laughter. "Do it, Babe! Screw mommy! Fuck me hard and long and strong. I need you now!"

He slid her hips down several inches to adjust for a better angle of penetration. His knob at the end of a seven inch pole pointed at her pussy was purple red with readiness. Each of them focused on the electric moment of contact as pulsing pillar plied the center of her sensuality. She could see it nudged aside the folds of her labia and felt the heat of hot blood which was contrasted by the slight coolness of her juices evaporating in steamy lust.

The head of her son's dick pushed in with gentle insistence, in, in ... parting the curtain of convention, violating the veil of sacred vows, peaking through the drapes of depravity, tenderly shedding the tissue of civilization which kept sexual animal aggression in check. It must be the grass making her think in those extended philosophical terms. The truth was, it was like losing her virginity, only this time the was no hymen to be torn; only the ripping away of the inhibitions which had kept her long secret lust from seducing the handsome hunk her son had become.

He had nearly the full bulb of the tip in, such a delicious tease of anticipation of things to cum! He withdrew slightly, drawing down a coating of lubricant, then thrust forward at a deliberately gradual rate. Wants to make the moment of first penetration into mommy last as long as possible, she thought to herself. Then a slight retreat was followed by a progression of four inches, back two, in three, out one then ... all the way! She closed her eyes for the exquisite exhilaration, transported by the feeling of complete penetration of a hard, hot, silky, veined, thick, long, all man, all hers, cock!

Stoned and fucking, fucking someone who loved her and cared for her and desired her pleasure above his own. It didn't get any better. She would make sure this lover came back for more; he would find that she gave as good as she got. Her son began to move in long slow strokes. Christ! He knew how to fuck a woman right! His hairy balls swung and swayed, beating against her bottom and sometimes delightfully hitting just right and tickling her asshole. The tip of his dick was almost to the furthest depths of her vagina and its flair strummed her cunt walls like the bow of a violin.

She couldn't help but begin to make little moaning sounds now. "Mm, Oh! Ooh . . . Mmnnah, yes, yeah! That's the way, baby! Oh, Yes! Fuck me! Fuck Mommy," she encouraged him as her passion ballooned and his pace increased. "Yes! Make mommy cum, I'm going to cum for you honey!! Come on, baby, cum in mommy!

He began to slam his huge cock in her, pounding so that flesh slapped together in that ancient rhythm of nearing climax, a beat which grew faster by the minute. He grunted, "Yus, ahh . . yah, gonna fuck you hard ma!, I'm gonna give it to you deep, all my cum, all my love, all the way in you!! I'm almost there . . . cum with me mom, CUMMUH with me mommy!" The last cry nearly in tears, as he was gripped with fierce emotions in the release of the pent up lust he too had harbored for his sexy mother.

She was now on the verge. She called to him to finish the great coupling; their grand and glorious union of body and spirit, the incestuous melding of souls in sin without guilt, the linking of two bodies into one physical pinnacle of pleasure together. "O! God, yes honey, give your mommy what we need to make us cum!" She felt him

hit bottom with her urging of his conquest of her. The spongy tip began to strike the mouth of her cervix. It was the trigger. As her son's penis plowed time and again, connecting with the very womb of his conception, her release arrived in an overwhelming crescendo of pure bodily ecstasy.

She spasmed and contracted and thrust and shook and twitched, all involuntarily in the biggest orgasm of her life. She felt her pussy flutter and her asshole wink three times at least. Her nipples were as hard as pebbles and as sensitive as a seismograph, her clit throbbed and seemed to ring in her ears the song of its hallelujah. Through the whole explosion of rocketing to paradise, her stallion stud had steadfastly continued to pump pleasure to his mare.

But now he was no longer able to hold back the tidal wave of his boiling needs and began spewing massive squirts of cum right into the opening of her cervix, drenching her womb with his sperm. Her own son was spilling his seed into the heart of her sex, the most sacred place of her inner carnal self. The very crazy wickedness of such a wild and wanton deed they were performing together inspired her to another huge, earth rumbling cumming. Cumming with her son was the final act of total liberation.

She was at last free from tension, unchained from the old ways of restricted thinking, and she was able to leave the bitterness of her husband's infidelities and inadequacies behind. She still loved him, but now something, no, someone new had been added in to the matrix of her existence. She had known him all her life, but now they could truly know each other on a new and higher plane. As adults and as lovers. Her son was the one she had needed all along, and he obviously

wanted to share the pleasure of her company too. In the most intimate way, as he had shown so magnificently.

1/1/00 . . . A new year had just begun, a new day had just begun; a fresh start to her living, . . and . . 'Oh, Goodie!' she thought, as she looked down and saw her son had just begun to get a new erection! That was the 'new' she needed, and the fun she knew was just beginning!

Dad's Trip Made My Mom Strip

Lena was furious, Lena was horny. Lena was hurt, Lena was frustrated. Lena was unhappy, Lena was in heat. Lena had a husband; she hadn't had sex in two weeks. Lena hadn't seen her husband in that time because of a business trip, now he had called to say he had to stay a few extra days, unexpectedly. They had a good boy, Jeff; they didn't have a good marriage.

Lena sat on the love-seat sofa, waiting for her husband to call from his hotel before his 'evening business meeting'. She suspected her husband was cheating on her out of town and that was the reason for the few extra days delay. He was going to shack up with some bar-bimbo he picked up and bedded on the company expense account. She was going to confront him today when he called. She expected him to ring in about a half hour, after Jeff got home, so he could say hi to the boy too.

As Lena sat there with her mind on her libertine husband and her libido's hunger, she began to daydream about her first boyfriend. She loved making out on the couch when her parents weren't home. Today she had dressed casual around the house since she was alone. Her hand crept up under the loose blue blouse she was wearing to her bra-less breasts as she continued to remember her sensual past.

Making-out was so much fun! How her sweet tender young beasts had been suckled, and the nipples stood out so red and hard. Her boyfriend had loved going down on her. She raised her skirt and put her other hand on her panty-less pussy, as she reminisced about the talented tongue of the tender-aged teenager who so sweetly tortured her from

titty to clitty. Oh! She was sooo horny! Her finger found the button then slid down to dip in the well of her womanly weeping cunt, just like her boyfriend had petted her.

Her first boyfriend had, back then, been the same age as her son was now, just 18. They even sort of looked alike. Maybe that was why she had been attracted to her husband. Only he didn't like to eat pussy, at least, not the way her first sweetheart did. Lena pitied the lady - no, make that slut, which her cheating spouse was screwing. That gal would not walk away bowlegged like when Lena's teen lover had made ravaging sex to his nubile girlfriend. She wondered briefly if her son was as big between his legs as her boyfriend had been.

Yes, she had proof now of hubby's infidelity. When Mr. 'screw more days longer' called yesterday, Lena had heard a young female voice laugh, then answer the door and call out that room service had brought another bottle of Champagne. So Lena was madder than hell. Here she was a hot momma (yes a middle-age mom, but still a very attractive woman, in short a MILF), a red hot momma ready to rumble and rock and roll and raise the roof and break the bed and raunch all night long; and he was wasting it on some tramp that likely didn't have half Lena's experience in pleasing men.

Lena wished for her school days again, when boys and girls played doctor and explored each other's bodies. Then when you get older you grope each other's bodies, then progress to lips kissing, then lips kissing everywhere, lips and tongues all over each other's bodies. Until finally on that day you play the game past the limit, you go all the way, you do it. It never seems planned but it always seemed inevitable in retrospect. That the trip down the slippery slope to having sex was

something that was ultimately unavoidable. Was it like that for her husband's affairs? Was he trying to recapture his youth, like that answer to the same question in "Moonstruck".

When the hell was 'Dumb-Fuck' going to call? She had wanted a chance to give him hell before Jeff came home from school, but he said he would call when Jeff was in. Maybe she should have an affair with a younger man, to recapture her own youth. To be like a kid again, making out on the couch, with no one else but only them. Just the two alone; to kiss, and grope, and lick, and taste, and make sweet love to your sweetheart. Lena continued to tug her long pink nipples and stroke her slick crotch. She drifted off into the fantasy of being laid by her first boyfriend, with fingers guiding her body toward a release. A climax she had saved up for the Cheat's homecoming, but now was just a mass of tension needing to be unsprung.

Just then she heard Jeff come in. She quickly sat up and pulled her dress down. Lena gathered her blouse closed and tucked it in a bit with the waist band of her skirt. Jeff came into the room with a huge grin on his face. "Boy, have I got good news!" the youth couldn't contain himself. "I got my first A of High School! Now I get that reward Dad promised! A whole night of miniature golf with dad. I bet I'll beat him, just like last time. We haven't gone in 6 months! Dad's going to be home tonight right mom?"

Lena looked at her son and knew she would have to disappoint him. "Oh, Baby, He had to stay a few days longer on his business trip. So your putting will have to be put off." She could see the pain in her son's eyes, of not having the immediate gratification he had hoped for, so proud of an A. He had worked so hard for it she was sure. What could

she do to make it up to him, for his father's failure to be home to congratulate his son on a job well done? Maybe something appropriate to the course he got the A in. She asked the downcast kid, "What subject did you get the A in, Jeff honey?"

"In Health Class, Mom."

"And what were you learning about in health?"

"This semester we studied sex education!"

"Well! No wonder you took an interest in your studies and got a good grade. So . . . an A in sex class - ehh? . . . Do you want to become a gynecologist?"

"A what?"

"A doctor who takes care of women, helps them have babies and so on. You get to look at women's crotches all day long! Then for some crazy reason she didn't consciously understand, Lena lifted her skirt and spread her legs then closed up everything again, giving her son the best, if brief, beaver-shot of his whole life.

"Mom! What was that!?"

"You tell me, you're the whiz-kid that got an A in sex-education!"

"Well, I haven't seen many, and I only caught a glimpse, but I believe we have the parent of a bush-baby, a mommy-bush."

"And mommy-bush is missing daddy-shrub!" Lena blurted out inadvertently.

"Is that why your nipples are so pointy mom?" her boy asked.

"Yes, you learn that in Sex Ed?" Then suddenly, Lena knew how she could reward her child for the A he had brought home. "Did they show a picture of a woman's breast in class, Jeff? Have you ever seen a woman's, a grown woman's naked breast, Jeffy?" The last was spoken in a lilting, breathy tone which obviously offered a peek at her peerless peaks.

"They showed a sideways cutaway, not like looking at Dad's girlie-magazines you guys let me gawk at. I never have seen a breast nipple erect, not live and poking out, . . . ready to be touched . . . like yours are." He had returned her implied invitation to gander at her gabonzas, with a gambit to cop a feel. It turned Lena on, she felt her body responding to his tentative advances, like a kid again herself, ready to make out on the couch.

"Could I, mom?"

"What?" Lena was brought out of her romantic erotic reverie.

"Can I see you breasts, see your nipples erect? Open your blouse and let me see your mammaries, please, mom!"

Still in a dream-like state Lena re-opened her top to display half-inch rosy spikes atop of the full fruit of peach colored pendulous pillows. Bold as a broker's brass balls, Jeff reached out his right hand and cupped her left tit and gently squeezed. "Are you going for extra credit?" The hot momma whispered as her thighs began to spread.

God did he remind her of her sweetheart of long ago, he was her sweet boy, why not reward him. It sent a gush to her cunt thinking about what she might do, to provide a suitable substitute for the Putt-Putt fiasco. Perhaps he might be interested in playing with a different kind of putter, balls and hole?

Once more the youngster broke into her thoughts with a surprising statement. "My shrub is growing, want to see?" and he pulled down his pants. Sure enough the once fuzzy was turning furry. (And what mother wouldn't be proud of a stalk like that on her son?) Lena thought to herself. Jeff's dick was like a double to her boyfriend's. She had had such fun with it, it had such fun in her.

Oh, to recapture the first taste of love, the sweet kisses, the thrill of the first push past her hymen, making her a woman, the exhilaration of her first cum with a cock in her cunt! Her son would have all that adventure before him. She was sure that he would love couch cuddling as much as his mom. Maybe even with his mom!

Her child stood before her in just his shirt now as he stepped out of his jeans, which lay in a wad on the floor. His penis was a preternatural large organ for his age, putting his father to shame with the man-size club he carried. It was already hard, thrusting up from his loins like a thick flagpole with a red knob at the end that had the daintiest hole at the tip. A spout for baby-making cream, and now thanks to the school, he knew how to use his tool. Or the theory thereof, until he got the practice down pat, he still had things to learn.

Should she show him? Well at least she could show him hers, since he was showing her his. She flipped up her skirt again to reveal her narrow band of dark hair crowning the coral gash of damp feminine fecundity. Why not? Her husband, his father, was out tom-catting around; why shouldn't the home pussy get some fun? The kid was missing out on putting while the old man was putting it into Miss Affair-of-the-Month. Jeff was gazing down at his mother's exposed privates, whose pubis was so publicly splayed and displayed before him. His erection bobbed with yearning for haven in his mummy's honey-pot. He had to have her and he was sure she had the hots for him too.

The sex-starved mother wiggled her finger at the boy with the over-size toy, indicating he should get into position. Jeff knelt between his mothers wide angle limbs. He resumed clutching her left breast and placed his left hand on his mom's right thigh. The tip of his penis hunted her hot-spot like a heat seeing missile. Just like when she was an innocent girl, once more with a boy about to lose his virginity in her body. Yes it was her son, and daddy wasn't home to know what was going on 'back at the ranch'. After all, who would know if a little naughtiness happened? A little diddle on the divan, 'When the cat's away . . .', just then 'the cad who was away' rang.

"Hi! Honey, it's me, I miss you! The phone made his voice sound even less sincere. "How's Jeff? Is he home from school yet? Let me talk to him."

Jeff froze as he heard faintly the quite distinctive sound of his father's voice on the phone, asking for him. How could his father know he had been at the very portal of his mother's vagina, at the moment before passing into manhood and entry to paradise, just about to be the man of the house while papa was away? Then he realized that the moment was just a coincidence. His mother had not come to her senses but was smiling and holding her skirt high so it wouldn't get in the way of their impending passion. She nodded her readiness to fuck and closed her eyes as she held the phone to Jeff's ear.

"Hi, Jeff!"

"Hi dad! How's your trip?" Jeff's cock tip nuzzled in his mom's damp neither lips.

"Fine, I have to stay a couple of extra days to finish up some details the company wants me to personally handle, and then I'll be back. Meanwhile you take real good care of your mother. How's high school?"

"Yes, I'm taking good care of mother." Jeff replied as the plum colored head of his fat dick slid into the anxious, eager, open, willing, waiting, wantonly weeping womb of his mother. Both parent and child smiled

at the sweet moment. "And dad guess what! I got my first A! Don't worry about taking me out to miniature-golf. Mom is taking care of things." Lena could now feel the meat of her son's love-muscle slither to be half way in, and then it twitched. She loved when they do that! "She's giving me a special reward for getting an A in health class." Jeff concluded, with a push of his hips.

He thrust the rest of the way into his momma's jam-jar, to the hilt, root to clit, balls to bottom, tip nudging womb; a deep, hard, tight, hot, throbbing, hairy, animal, happy connection. A union which was spiritual as well as physical, love bolstered by lust, lust emboldened by love. Mother and son as one; again and again and again as the boy banged his beautiful kid cock into his mommy's cunt. "Yes, darling," Lena brought the phone back to her face, "You might say I'm giving our son an extra boner, whoops! I mean bonus for his achievement in class. Good-bye, darling I have to cum, oops! I mean go."

Jeff's hips picked up the tempo and the sound of crotch flesh clapping together became louder and louder. The voice on the phone sounded both a little confused and just a little suspicious. "Just what class did he get an A in? And what's that sound I'm hearing there?!"

Lena laughed at his questions and with the rising of her long awaited orgasm. She managed to gasp out an answer to the first question, "It was an A in Sex education." Her giggles turned into moans as she finished, "And he's teaching me everything he knows!"

As she fumbled for the disconnect button, Jeff hit his peak and could be plainly heard by his father saying, "Here I cum mom, right in your sweet pussy!!"

What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, and the gosling gets to baste his giblet into the gravy as well!

Lena was no longer furious, Lena was humping, Lena was in heaven, Lena was fulfilled, Lena was happy, Lena was fucking, finally. Lena had a husband she hadn't had seen or had sex with in two weeks. They had a good son, and right now Jeff was being very good to his mother, as she climaxed a second time and began to build to a third. Lena always loved making out on the sofa, and now she had a teenage sweetheart lover again to always make love to her on the couch, or wherever they wanted to. Especially, when their parent/husband was out of the house!

And that's how his dad's trip made Jeff's mom strip, and Jeff got his first A and first dip, all in one day!

Dinner, Dancing and Doing It

One night changed my life forever. I let my son make love to me. I felt so guilty I was afraid to face my husband, but strong as my guilty feelings were, I could not help my weakness for making love with my son. I am a very religious woman and what bothers me even more than the fact that the incident occurred, is the fact that I enjoyed it while it was happening and wanted more of the same. I got my wish and we are still continuing to carry on our affair, even as I write this.

My husband is an executive. One trip, a few months ago, he was away for several days. The second night I took my son, age 18, to a restaurant. During the meal he had removed his sandals and was running his bare foot up and down my leg, I told him to stop, but he wouldn't. He said he like the feel of panty hose. Not wishing to make a scene in public, I let him have his way. Actually, I got a little thrill out of his sneaky footsy game

The restaurant where we ate had a small dance floor, and since it was Friday there was a small band playing. I sighed that I hadn't danced in years. My son asked me if I want to dance with him. Since his father hadn't taking me "to trip the light fantastic" in so long, I agreed. I have always loved to dance, finding it romantic and sensual. But I didn't consider that I would transfer those feelings to my son.

The couple of glasses of wine I had must have hit me harder than usual, because when we started to dance I lost my balance for a moment and had to lean on my son for support. This made us begin to dance very close as a slow waltz was played. My son had dancing classes and now

his lessons really showed. He took a firm lead and holding me closer still, glided us around the floor. I swelled with pride as my handsome son showed me his skills. He held me tightly on the turns and my breasts pressed against his chest. When that would happen, he would take a deep breath and seem to enjoy the sensation. I didn't mind, it really was very complementary.

As we moved together, I felt his leg bushing against mine and even between them occasionally. This was exciting me and my clit was getting bigger and beginning to protrude from its sheath. Soon the movements of dancing and frontal friction made me dampen my panties! I was embarrassed, but trying not to let it be too obvious that I was getting turned on. In that position, with our legs entwined as we twirled and swayed, I felt what I was sure was my son's stiff penis nudging against me on purpose. When that dance ended I decided that we had better go home. It had been some dance! I hadn't gotten like that since my husband and I were still dating.

On the way home as we walked side by side, he asked me if I missed his father. I answered yes, not suspect for one moment what he was getting at. He put his arm around my waist and whispered he take care of me while Daddy was away. I then began to wonder. Was my son sensing my feeling of neglect? Was he trying to fill the emptiness? Did he have something more mind that a sexy dance? I wasn't sure I wanted to know, but my son had made me feel loved and wanted. Only, I wondered, what he really wanted exactly. As we walked, his hand on the small of my back slipped lower down to my hips; I felt a strange desired begin to take seed.

Soaking

Having arrived home, after a light walked, he went off to bed. I went and drew a bath, I love relaxing in the tub. As I lay there, content in the warm water, my thoughts drifted to the events of the evening. I remember the erotic feeling of my son's foot rubbing on my leg; I recalled when we had danced close how my breasts were squeezed to his chest and how his thigh had pressed between my legs. Occasionally, at first it would slide across my Mons and clit, and then he had become even bolder and mashed his male member against my abdomen.

Had he known what he was doing to me? How excited and aroused it made me feel? I had gotten wet while we waltzed! His father had used the same tricks to seduce me when we were dating. The tingling returned down in my vagina. I had to admit it, I was horny, and my son was the one of brought those needs to the surface.

The water felt sensual and I decided to masturbate to relieve the sensual hunger I was feeling in my loins. My hands began to massage my breasts. They had yet to lose much of their girlish firmness. I pulled at the nipples until they were erect. They'd been stiff when we had danced too. Then my fingers slip down my trembling body to play with my throbbing clit, to bring the urgent release I desperately needed.

I spread my legs as my fingers searched for the little pleasure bud. I pulled my labia open, exposing my nub and began to stimulate it using the slippery juices from my hot hole. I put a couple fingers in there too and let my mind wander to thoughts of what I'd seen of my son sometimes, when I caught sight of him nude after a shower or changing clothes. My eyes couldn't help seeing what a terrific body he had. I began to think of those forbidden thoughts that dance has started, I

began to pretend it was my son who was my lover and it made my head pulse with lust for his cock.

As I brought myself close to my climax I looked up. There, in the slightly open door peaking in, with his hand on his erect penis, was my son. I almost fainted, from embarrassment or lust I'm not sure. I must have been lying there for a good 10 to 15 minutes fingering myself before I noticed him staring at me. I wondered if he had been there the whole time. Oh! My god! Had I called his name as I was fantasizing about him poking his stiffness into my center? I couldn't remember, but there was no place to hide. Then he just walked into the bathroom!

I asked him to leave but he was persistent, and started asking me all kinds of questions about my relationship with his father. Did we make love often? Did I cum several times when we screwed? Did his father satisfy my sexual desires completely? Did I think his dad's dick was big enough? I could see my son's fully erect man-meat was large enough to fulfill all that I could ask for. I realized that during our conversation he had been stroking that flesh pole and I had continued to massage my titties and strum my pussy lips as I cautiously replied to his graphic grilling. I finally got up in wrap myself in the towel. He followed me into the bedroom . . . naked.

I was upset and annoyed but realized that something must have been bothering him terribly. When I'm confronted him, he admitted that he was insecure and wanted to spend the night in my bed. He said he felt like a social outcast and wanted to be near me, someone he knew really did love him. I thought I understood the feelings that a teenager has, but was unsure a night in his mommy's bed would make him feel more mature and confident. Yet, the sexual elements of the evening's events

also made me suspicious of his motive. But, after more discussion I reluctantly agreed.

I had to put the towel down to get into my nightgown. This gave my son a free view of his mother's body. I could see his penis getting erect again. I did something very naughty, I 'accidently' dropped my nightgown and then I had to reach down to pick it up. My son's eyes never left me as I've bent over with my back to him and my legs slightly apart. He had a very good look at his mother's pussy. I suppose that I was responsible for what happened later with that kind teasing. I got a secret charge out of exposing my most private place to him too. Wine always made me a wee bit wanton.

Bundling

Then we got in bed together. He was still naked. When I told him to get his night clothes on, he claimed that he never used pajamas but slept in the nude. Well I did that sometimes too, but I wasn't about to be 'in the raw' at the same time I was sharing a bed with my bare son. I didn't want to have a fuss over his sleeping in the buff, so I let him stay as he was in his 'birthday suit' I leaned over to kiss him goodnight and he pulled me to him in a tight hug.

I could feel his erection poking me in the midsection as we kissed a bit longer than I had intended. I broke away from his embrace when he began to rub the boy-toy up and down on my tummy. I was glad I had the nightie on for at least some modesty's sake. The boldness of his hint of sexual coupling was made dangerous by the lubrication it elicited from between my thighs. But I wasn't going to let my son fuck me, just

share the warmth and companionship of spending the night in bed with another person, even if it was his mother!

My back was turned to him as we started to go to sleep and I could sense his body closed by from the warmth. Somewhere in the middle of night I awoke suddenly. My nightgown was rolled up all way to my arm pits; my son was lying tightly against me, his stomach to my back. His hands were wrapped around my body and he was softly fondly my erect nipples! His penis was turgid and tucked in between my thighs. It was rubbing against the outer labia and my vagina was secreting heavily. In other words, I was excited and turned on! I had no idea how long this had been going on.

At first I didn't move. I was afraid to let on that I was awake. I kept wondering how long he had been doing this and whether or not he had attempted to penetrate me. My questions were soon answered. By maneuvering himself somewhat, his penis found the opening and slid in. It was large and rigid and I could not prevent my body from beginning to perspire from the excitement. My son was moaning and beginning to pump more vigorously. I could feel the ridge to his dick-head sliding in and out of the first couple of inches of my pussy. I knew there was plenty of length left to plumb me with.

I could and should have stopped it right there . . . but I'd let it go on. I allowed him to continue and even began to move with him. My hips pushed back seeking to gain more of the hot staff within my yearning, burning cavity. He rolled me over on to my stomach, clinging to me as he did so. I found myself raising my buttocks, accepting him even deeper into me. The thick rod of his organ slid all the way to the bottom. I could feel the tip bumping the mouth of my womb. Pubic hair met

pubic hair, as completely to the root of his rod my sex driven son rutted into his mother's cunt of unconditional love. He climax at that moment, screaming out into the darkness. I climax myself, the big bang - over the top / can't stop from cumming kind. Too exhausted and out of breathe to say anything, we both fell off to sleep without so much as one word having passed our lips.

The Morning After

The next morning I came downstairs, while he was still asleep upstairs in my bed. I was so full of shame I felt like bursting. Whom could I turn to, whom could I tell? How could I explain what had made me let my son fuck me? How could I ever admit to anyone the pleasure and satisfaction I took from being my son's lover? I went into the kitchen to pour myself a cup of coffee. As I sat there at the kitchen table I heard him get up and go to the bathroom. After the toilet flushed I heard him coming down the stairs.

Now was the moment I dreaded, to have to look him in the face and say what we had done was not right, was not to be repeated, and was never to be talked about with another soul. Would he obey me, now that we had passed a threshold of intimacy that mothers and sons were forbidden to do? Would he want more of incestuous sex? Would he look into my eyes and see clear to my soul that I desired physical union again also, to have my child lying between the loins that birthed him?

I stood up as he came into the room, but before I could say anything, he came over and gave me a tight hug. Then, he kissed me. It was a French kiss and took me completely by surprise. I pushed him away and shook my head, not trusting my voice to say no, for my knees had

turned to jelly at that intimate act and something's stirred between my thighs once more. He sensed it for he took a step closer to me and put his hand around my body drawing me to his embrace again. He pushed at me with his hips.

I tried to move back away from him, but I was stopped by the edge of the table. My arms went around him as he kissed me deeply with his tongue sliding into my mouth. I seem to have no will of my own. His hand move down to my buttocks and started to massage them, then they were pulling my robe, the only apparel I had on, off my shoulders then down and over my hips. Now I stood before my son completely stripped of clothing and of resistance to anything he wanted. My head the throbbed with passion, my clit pulsed with lust, my vagina dripped with readiness. My son dropped his jockey shorts, the only thing he was wearing, to the floor.

He leaned me back so that I had to sit on the table. I scooted back even more and drew up my legs and spread them totally, exposing my crotch to my son, who now had become my lover. He bent down and began to lick my quim and stick his fingers into my vagina. His tongue drove me to heights I had never experienced before. My hands caressed his head gently as he was eating me. The raspy, fat, pink worm from between his teeth worked in concert with the nibbling lips beneath his nose. My taste and smell and flaps of female flesh were a feast for my son, the motherfucker.

Then he rose up and stepped up close, touching my labia with his hard penis. The head of it was a bright red and look is big as his father's. I couldn't stop him this time either, nor did I want to. Indeed, I urged him to put it in and began to use language I reserved only for my

fantasies. "Fuck me!" I told him, "Screw me! Oh, yes! Make me cum like crazy! Cream in me baby! I want your cum in me so bad!!" But he continued to rub the tip up and down my wet red-hot blood-red cleft. My hips were rising up off the table seeking to have him in my burning pit. Finally, my son, my incestuous lover, gave me what I was begging for. As his stiff rod slid into my cunt I groaned and panted, with a fevered trembling that shook my whole body. We were doing it again! This time he knew I wanted it just as much as he, and wanted him to squirt his load of baby-making juice deep inside his mother.

He began to move faster as his climax built. I was moving my hips pumping in rhythm, thrusting back at my son. His balls beat against my asshole exciting me all the more. Then, he was finally climaxing inside me saying, "Oh . . . Mom! Oohh uh! Mom! Mommy! I love you! Come with me Mommy! CUM WITH MEEE!!"

I had never dreamed of so intense a moment. My orgasm burst over me like a concussion from an explosion. I lunged my hips forward and pulled him to me so we were locked together as my body bounced in response to his demanding cock. I screamed in cumming with him. My eyes were clouded with a pink blurry haze of a semi-comatose trance. As I slowly came to my senses I realized that it was the second time we had made love in only 12 hours, yet I already look forward to the next, and wondered when it would be. Soon, I hoped.

Rear Ended

It was sooner than I expected. While I was still weak from that first morning's mighty orgasm, my son turned me over and placing his still extended pike against my opening and put it back in again. I came

abruptly at once and then, in just moments it seemed, again, as his smooth slick dick moved back and forth powerfully in my vagina. He took me. I had no control over my physical reactions anymore. I was completely under my son's command. But he hadn't come in me the second time yet.

I started to turn but he commanded me to stay like that. I felt him withdraw, heard him take a couple of steps and open a cabinet, then he was behind me once more. I had no idea what was going to happen until I felt the cold slippery sensation at my asshole. The hairs of my anus were being smeared; the crack of my butt was being lubricated. I had not the slightest doubt about what was to happen next. I had never allowed that, not even with my husband; no matter how much wine, I wasn't that wicked!

"No, no!" I said as he began to work the Crisco into that most sensitive of places, but I knew he wouldn't stop. We were passed that point. I never had more than my husband's finger there before. Yet, that did excite me, in a different way; one that I thought now could be good, if done gently. My son lubricated his cock with the white grease. Then I fell him start to do it.

When he first began to push, the head slid in without too much discomfort. As he got more and more into me though, it was uncomfortable and I wanted to protest. But all I could did do was grunt. Then, he started to move in an out ever so cautiously. I began to adjust to his bulk. I began to have a strange glowing feeling around my entire rear. I found that it was good! I was going to ass-cum with my son! He began to move from the delicate strokes with which he had started with

and picked up the pace a bit as his prick dilated the sphincter muscle allowing a swifter sawing of the sausage stuffing my bottom.

I opened myself to the inevitable, accepting the total submission this act symbolized. I could smell the faint fecal odor and the sensation of elimination and reversal cycling again and again which was queerly pleasurable in a way I had never experienced. He was pounding into me now, and was going to cum in my rectum. It was crazy! I've never been so totally turned on. I threw my ass upward toward him as I felt him pulse and throb with his orgasm, this made me cum too. It was a weird cum, with both my clit and my ass zinging and bucking all at the same time. I collapsed on the table totally exhausted and completely satisfied by my lover, my son.

He rested his torso lightly upon my back. We lay like that for a few minutes, half supported by the table, our legs barely able to hold themselves up. My son finally stood erect and seemed to draw some kind of primordial strength from somewhere. No way could I have walked anywhere. In fact, I was lucky not to collapse to the floor. He reached out and scooped me up like a bride being carried over the threshold. Only we were both naked, with cum and all sorts of other things coating our genitals. Any bride would have considered the fuckings I had gotten to be honeymoon enough.

Silently, without words, because we were too busy kissing, my son transport in his arms like a baby to the bathroom. He set me upon the toilet seat where I promptly peed in front of my son and lover without any embarrassment now. He began to draw a bath and helped me into the tub. He lathered up his hands and soaped me all over; everywhere, everything, inside and out, then rinsed me. He drew me out of the

water and got in the tub himself then. With pleasure, I proceeded to wash my son's everything and everywhere, even inside him. We toweled each other off and changed the sheets on my bed. Then we lay down on it again, both of us naked and in love with each other. I felt guilty about it, but I wasn't going to let that stop me from having the best sex of my life.

One night changed my life forever. The fact is that I enjoyed it while it was happening and wanted more of the same. I got my wish. We are still continuing to carry on our affair, even as I write this. Even as I write this, he is fondling my breasts and getting ready to fuck me again. So here I will end the story for now. I'm glad that I could turn to you; I know that at least you will understand.

Family Road Trip

Home is where the hard-on is

We moved into a new house when I turned eighteen. The lay out facilitated being able to sneak out of my room without our parents knowing, no creaking floorboards or squeaky doors. Ever since then I have been listening to my folks make love.

Each evening when they retired, I would be outside their door waiting for the action to start. Now our new home was a split level, with my bedroom on the third level and theirs the forth. So I could plant myself on the short section of stairs and be ready to scuttle back to my bedroom if they might come out. This arrangement had my head at the foot of their door and sounds were clear and distinct. In other words, I could hear everything but the footsteps on the rug.

Thus, occasionally I was sometimes caught by surprise, and sent back to my bed incurring their displeasure. Mainly it was because I was up too late as it was a school night, but sometime it must have been because they were annoyed that I was invading their privacy. However, that occasional nabbing did not deter me from returning on other nights to check if they were going to be doing it. Many times they were tired and just went to sleep. But perhaps a couple of times a week I was rewarded by the sounds of them screwing. Naturally, I was masturbating right along with them, quietly of course so as to neither get caught, nor interrupt our mutual good time.

It was no secret that I did so, though there was an unspoken understanding. My parents, as I learned in conversation with my dad years later, simply decided that I wasn't going to spoil their fun and didn't bother to try to police my curious nature. The door was closed and I couldn't see anything and their language was rather tame though very tender. They got very vocal only when in the heat of passion, as the ecstasy mounted and then as they climaxed. Indeed, the cries of my mother as she peaked in orgasm were the trigger for my own cumming. Then I would spill my sperm on the carpeted stairs, wiping up the goo so as not to leave a stain.

This went on for years through my late adolescence. I oft have speculated that the reemergence of my Oedipal complex was due directly to the fact that my mother was my vicarious sex partner; in my imagination she was my lover. Oh, I had girlfriends and fantasized about many other sexy gals, but mom was the only one that I was actually fucking when we both came. So I had the hots for my mother for years, but never tried to act on it, nor dreamed that it might actual happen one day. But then the road trip came up.

Between kindergarten and first grade a serious illness had set my education schedule back a year, so that in the spring of my junior year in High School I had my eighteenth birthday. Dad was an executive with a very big corporation, and my grades were not great but above average, so I was headed off to college after graduation. I had been interested in a number universities and schools in the Midwest. Dad and mom planned a road trip during that summer, to tour the educational institutions I had wanted to look at, in order to see each campus and talk to a few admissions personnel.

Dad had an important business conference in Chicago in mid-July, so it was the strategy for mom and I to drive out to Indianapolis and he would fly down and meet us. Then we would go in a large round robin of school shopping, stopping every evening at motels, and then head home after a week. Dad's secretary had set the reservations up; she was a wiz at that sort of logistics. Everything was in place for our journey. The one concession to frugality was that we all would share one room. We were family, no big deal; there are always two big beds anyway.

Now I bet your thinking AH HAH!! . . .that first night when mother and son are alone in the motel room on the way to Indy and dad is not on the scene. Perfect setting for a sexual encounter between me and mom, right? Too bad I didn't think of that. Or not. If I had tried anything, instead of how things developed actually, perhaps I might have been traveling with two angry parents on my back all that trip. But I never thought of it. I respected my mother and never considered that she might cheat on dad with her son. Nor was I looking to cuckold my father. In fact it worked out much better, as you will discover.

A flash in the night ignites more passion

So all went according to plan, and we all arrive in the Hoosier capital. Mom had directions to the airport, where we picked up dad, and then he drove us to the motel. We went out to dinner, and returned to our room. In the morning we would buzz around Butler University before traveling on to our next destination. Now mom changed into a lightweight nightgown in the bathroom. My folks had the bed next to the window and I was opposite the TV. We wanted to get to sleep early to be fresh for the next day's explorations.

Best laid plans - and all of that. Remember that mom and dad had not seen each other for nearly a week since he was off on his business junket. I had foregone my usual masturbation routine for forty-eight hours since the night before the long drive out. Thus, there were three horny people in that place. I lay quietly, trying to fall into slumberland. My folks must have thought I was asleep, as I was silent and still. I heard their bed creak, and some rustling of sheets. Then there were low hushed tones, a conversation I could make out only snatches of.

Dad said something to mom I couldn't catch. She replied' "Do you think he's asleep?"

Dad whispered, "He's must be. God, I'm so horny. Come on just a quickie."

Mom, "What if he hears us, we'll have to be quiet, can't make any noise . . oooh!" My father must have moved as their mattress squeaked from a heavy body. Mom went, "Sshh!"

Dad said, "Lift your bottom". More shifting, then both giggled. It was obvious they were getting ready to make love. With me in the same room! I could see anything but the dimmest outlines, but I had an instant erection. I took off my jockey shorts as surreptitiously as possible to provide freer access to my penis, which I immediately began to handle.

Muffled sounds drifted to my ears from the other bed. I could sort of make out a large dark hump in the dim light that filtered in from a street lamp in the parking lot through the translucent drapes. The

hump humped; as it rose and fell, so did my hand on my dick. I kicked the sheets off. Just then a car outside our window flashed its headlights as it passed by. The whole room was briefly illuminated. I saw dad on top of mom, her legs were up and the gown had slid to her waist, she wore no panties. His boxers were at his knees. They were both looking right at me, then all went black again.

Mom exclaimed, "Oh my goodness!"

My father said, "Come on, Honey. It's dark again, and he won't see any us anymore. He won't hear anything he hasn't already hear through the door at home and I can't stop; I'm too close now."

Mother sputtered, "But . . . but . ." then as dad began to really pound her, I could hear her moan over the slapping sound of their loins striking together. Her own orgasm overwhelmed her as dad was grunting. The sound of their cumming was just as it was back at the house. Mom squealed "I'M CUMMMINNGGG!! loudly, and dad made a long growl. I popped my cork with them simultaneously and as the jism dripped over my fingers I said aloud, "Me too!" Then the only noise was the gasping for breath by all three of us.

Mother got up and went to the bathroom to pee. By the time she got back, dad was snoring. Instead of going directly to their bed she came over to mine and sat next to me.

"I guess you didn't see that much after all," she remarked, "but you still had plenty of fun! Was it more exciting, being in the same room with us?"

"Yeah! It sure was. You're right, I really didn't get a good look, but it was a very sexy flash, what little I did see. I wish I could watch when you're doing it."

"Nooo, I don't think so! We're not a porno movie, we are real people and that would be kind of embarrassing." She paused, then she touched me! I mean she began to gently fondle my dick!! I instantly became hard again. "Ah! The recuperative powers of youth!" mom murmured, she was stroking my cock now. "I got to see a little bit, myself, tonight. You have a very handsome penis, sweetie. Did you get all the fun you wanted? Or . . . do you need a little more?" Her voice was a lilting combination of amusement and suggestiveness at the same time.

"More . . . please!" my voice came out as a squeak. The thought of my own mother masturbating me was blowing my mind and I was ready to blow my wad a second time right in her hand!

Mom leaned down and whispered in my ear, "Okay, just don't tell Daddy." I could feel her breasts softly pressing on my chest. Her fingers grasp my tool and she quickened her pace. "Do you think of mommy when you listen to us?" again in my ear. She could tell I was nodding yes. And then she could tell that her manipulations had the desired effect, as my erection dribbled out another cum. She kissed me right on the lips and said, "Sweet dreams!" then returned to climb into her bed next to my father. I fell asleep almost immediately. What I didn't know until later was that she masturbated herself to another orgasm as well before she fell sleep too.

An open door policy pays off

The next morning, we all pretended as if the evening before had nothing unusual happen. Nothing was spoken between the three of us of the rather risqué events. Certainly I kept the second round of fooling around confidential, as my mother had told me to. Neither did she make any reference to it, even when we might have had the occasion to when sometimes alone by ourselves, such as when dad was off parking the car. Nor did mom act like she and I had anything going on between us. I figured that it was a one-time thing, just icing on the cake of the unexpected intimacy between my folks and myself. Nor did I anticipate another opportunity for that family sexual familiarity to repeat itself.

I won't bore you with our bustling about Butler, nor the hours in the auto traveling that late afternoon to the next college town. Another night, another motel. The room was in the back on the second floor, so there was no chance of light shining in the window. In fact, it was so dark that mom suggested that the bathroom light be left on and the door opened a crack to provide a 'nightlight' so that nobody would trip over unfamiliar furniture. This time the bedding arrangements were reversed with mine being closer to the door and opposite the toilet. We ordered pizza delivered and watched a couple of sitcoms on the tube. Then we settled down to rest.

Only it didn't quite happen right away. Not too long after the lights were turned out, my mother began to kiss my father. They were long lingering kisses and her hands were playing under the covers with motions that were much like what she had done with me a night earlier. I could see general shapes and shades by the light from the bathroom. My father was responding to my beautiful mother's advances and after

a glance at me, seeing that I was watching them with a sheet pulled over my hips he turned to her and began to participate in their foreplay.

I saw mom make her way down his body with her lips. He lay on his back and let her nibble where she wanted. As she drew down his shorts, I also removed my underpants; mom spotted my movements and smiled at me, raising her eyebrows. Eventually, her mouth found the goal post of her hunger and began to work on dad's boner. I was working on my own of course. I envied dad's hands as they caressed mom's breasts, massaging them through the gown. Some kind of signal passed between them that I missed, but evidently it was time for them to couple, but mom held up a finger and said, "Got to pee."

While she was on the toilet, dad turned his head toward me and winked. He spoke softly to me, "None of this gets out; it's all private and stays within the family. I'm surprised your mother is allowing you to watch, but you're old enough to see porno, so I suppose that you can handle it without getting mentally disturbed. Understand?" I nodded my head that I did. Just then the toilet flushed and mom reappeared. As she was exiting the bathroom, she did not close the door but instead left it wide open. Though the lighting was indirect, there was plenty to give the bedroom a soft glow. When she paused in the doorframe, with the light behind her, the nightgown was translucent and I saw the svelte outline of her still trim figure.

She went over to dad and swung around so that she was facing the foot of the bed. Then she lifted her leg and straddled him. Mom crossed her arms and then, with a fluid gesture, in one motion lifted her nightie up and over her head, taking the gown off and tossed it to the far side. WOW! There was my mother, naked, with her tits hanging free and her

tummy a sexy profile of a slightly swelling belly. Her hips full and nicely rounded, not an oversize butt, rather a broad, firm haunch. She was all woman, middle age, and in great shape for her matured body. With a feminine grace and feline flexibility, mom slid her crotch to dad's face and, in the same action, went down on him. My folks were doing sixty-nine, right in front of me!

I had to get a better view, a higher perspective, to see more. I sat up on the edge of my bed; the sheet slid off and I was leaning forward, my legs spread, my balls hanging out, as I was stroking myself. Dad's face was hidden in mom's thighs, and his cock was more in her mouth than out. I got a wonderful chance to see my mother's chest, the ruddy nipples pointing the way as they swayed back and forth with her bobbing head. When she switched to face the other way, the dark triangle of her pubic hair was clearly visible to me at the juncture of her legs. She reached down between them and I knew she was grasping dad's dick. Her hips changed angle as she sat back and settled on pater's peter, impaling her pussy.

Nobody seemed embarrassed as the live action played out right in front of me. It was better than any porno, better than any fantasy. Best of all, it was mom who was fucking. In my imagination it was me that she was riding. I was just lost in the moment of my dreams, watching my parents having sex. Dad was thrusting under her as mom rocked her hips back and forth. He gripped her hips and began to move her in wild gyrations. Mom flattened her breasts on his chest and fiercely kissed him on the lips as his arms embraced her in a huge hug. Abruptly, she broke free of their clench and began to rapidly bounce on him.

Her wails and body language made it clear that she was cumming and cumming, again and again. Dad and I both grunted and groaned in counterpoint, first he then I, as both our peaks hit together like missiles firing. Mom's orgasms had pushed our buttons. He exploded within her; my ejaculation had a trajectory that almost bridged the gap between the beds. In the light from the open door of the toilet I could see mom staring hard at my shooting shaft. Her eyes gleamed and a naughty smile was curving her lips. Then she turned back to look into my father's face, which was reflecting the satisfaction of good sex and the peace of relaxing into the slumber that followed.

Mother spoke to him in her soft voice and said, "I'm going to jump in the shower quick, so you boys can have it in the morning. Dad nodded, then as mom moved off him and exited the bed I could see him visibly nodding off. Mom moved across the room naked and gorgeous. To my surprise, she left the door open as she stepped into the shower. To my greater astonishment, she didn't even use the shower curtain! I had a direct view of her in the stall, in the spray, in the nude. She got wet, the water glistening on her lightly tanned skin and glinting like rolling pearls off the white flesh of her breasts and derriere. She caressed herself all over, but made special time for the parts that I would have loved to put my own hands on.

Then she got out and turned off the water and dried herself, looking directly at me as she was doing so. My soldier was again at attention. He knew the shower-show had been just for him. He was hoping for some kind of second helpings like the previous evening. He was not to be disappointed. Mom crossed to the side of my bed with only a passing glance at my snoring father. She knelt down at the bed like she was going to say her prayers, but the object of adoration was my meaty manhood.

No words left her lips, but her lusting look said volumes. She took the staff of love into her warm wet mouth, engulfing my prick, and began to suck and mouth the tip and first several inches. I lay back to let her have her way with me. Mom's hand wrapped around the base of my cock to take control of my joystick. She knew what a delicate instrument a man's penis is. She showed me how it can be played, like one does with a Stradivarius, vibrations and tones and high notes and long slow strokes. Yes, mom was experienced when it came to fiddling with a guy's privates, and bringing him to a crescendo! My balls were jumping for joy as I came for the second time that night. This time my penis was in my mom, albeit a different orifice than where dad had cum.

Mom climbed into my bed and lay next to me, our lips playing kissy-face and our hands exploring each other. My hands gravitated to her middle, toward the juncture of her legs and the seat of her sex. I was in familiar territory, not being a novice in the art of making-out. I gave mom's clit the attention it deserved; she was plenty wet and it was full and firm, ready to be stroked and strummed. I let my digits dance on that pink pearl, then glide lower into mom's opening. Two fingers began their invasion while the thumb was charged with keeping the joy button happy. My mouth captured a nipple and all three points of erogenous zoning were harmonizing with the vibrations of erotic excitement.

Then, as I knew she wanted to, indeed must, because of the onslaught of sensuous stimulation overloading her physical being, mom's dam burst. The flood of spasms in her abdomen and contractions of her limbs and involuntary thrusts of mom's hips shook her like some internal quake that racked her whole body. Then she went very still for

long moments. At last she let out a long contented sigh and almost with a purring said, "Oh, Goodd diid I NEED that!!" Mom caressed the back of my head and gave me several long lingering French kisses. Then she reluctantly climbed back to the other bed. We both went right to sleep, I dreamed of nights to come of cumming with mom.

Leave the lamp on, to see better and bed her

The next day when the person giving a tour of the campus explained that there were several dorms that were integrated to be co-ed, mom gave a hoot and then followed with a subtle chuckle. Some few minutes after, when we were out of earshot of both dad and the other guy, she leaned toward me and whispered, "I think you already have an idea of what co-ed living is like!" I smiled and kissed her quickly on the lips; no one caught our exchange. That evening, the motel had a nice looking pool, and we had some extra time. We decided to go for an evening dip in the motel pool after an early dinner at the adjacent restaurant. Mom wore her bikini which was sexy enough to have a business man ogle her and an older matron type drag her husband away who was also enjoying the poolside scenery of my mom the MILF.

While I had seen mom naked last night under the shower, and had her next to me as I felt her up, and made her climax with my fingers; still, the skimpy swimsuit provided an erotic effect to her feminine figure, creating an exotic element of mystery to her womanly mystique. Funny how a bit of cloth can make a gal even more alluring than being totally without a stitch on. Yet, I confess that my personal preference is always to see mom with nothing covering the places I worship. A strip-tease can then in some ways be the best of both worlds, but how long does it last when you only are clad in two-piece swimwear?

When we got back to our room the tingling of the pool water chemicals had my skin more sensitive and provided a heightened desire to be close and cuddling with some girl. I think that it affected both my folks that way as well, as mom simply hung her wet duds over the shower curtain. Then she went over to my father and drew his suit down to his ankles as he stood there, the light from the lamp making it clear that he was aroused by her forwardness. Mom gave him a little push to sit him down on the edge of the bed. Then she turned to me and shucked my shorts as well. I held on to her shoulders for support and my cock kept trying to poke her in the eye.

She took my arms and maneuvered me to sit by my father. "I want to see something and I need good light - so keep the lamp on," she instructed. Mom knelt before her two men and with a dicks in each hand, began to masturbate us. What tumescence we already had, gained full expansion readily in no time.

"Stand up, both of you!" She commanded us. "See! Like father like son!" she was pointing at our pointers, "You both have the same penis, they're exactly the same!" Dad and I looked down, it was true, twin pricks of proud proportions stood out from our pubic hair. Mine was at a sharper angle upwards, but dad made his bounce like a diving board.

"Honey, if you don't mind" said my mother in her sweetest pleading tone as she kissed my father's cock still on her knees in front of us. "I'd like to keep the light on so that I can see our son stroking his handsome hunk as he watches us tonight." My father gave my mother a broad grin and raised his eyebrows. An expression I knew he used to say, 'okay'

dear - Whatever you want!' I was delighted that, contrary to the earlier remark by mom, she and dad were becoming a porno show; a nightly live sextravaganza for my self-pleasuring. Not only that but every evening the lighting had improved, not to mention mom's and my sexcapade encores were bolder and more intimate as well!

It struck me then, as a revelation as bright as any lamp showing the graphic coupling of my folks, that there was another unspoken dynamic going on in our family triangle. My parents were getting off by have me watch and cumming when they did. Clearly, mom got hotter, as witnessed by her post coital capers with me unbeknownst to dad. But, for my father to allow his son to share, at least in a vicarious way, the woman who was his mate, must mean that he was getting something out of the odd ménage' as well.

Did he also have a secret Oedipus complex and have his own fantasies, lived out on a surrogate level through me? But of course, he didn't know about the second act action between mom and me. Or perhaps was he something of an exhibitionist. Was it the kinkiness of the situation that brought new excitement and a renewed vigor to their sex life? I am sure that having sex every night was not the normal rate of intercourse; after all I listen at their door at home nearly each evening in hope of hearing them making love. Whatever the motivations or reasons for the disappearance of inhibitions that now provided for the current state of affairs, I was going to savor the full enjoyment of such while it lasted.

Mom suggested I pull up one of the cushioned chairs in the room close to their bed, and get something for lubrication - and a towel. While I arranged for a ringside seat to my parents' erotic wrestling, she

maneuvered dad to lay his head between her thighs and spread wide to provide access for him to eat her out. I knew from my audio monitoring at home that this provided a sure-fire routine to get mom to beg for having dad put his cock in her. I hurried back and got to see the bright pink slit open like orchid blossom. The folds of her vagina were still together, but already glazed with her secretions. Dad began his licking and I began my stroking with some baby oil I had found in mom's cosmetic case. Mom began to murmur sounds of pleasure and growing excitement.

All the cues and instructions and encouragements that I had before only heard through their bedroom door, now were matched to the actions that elicited them. Her "just like that," and, "yes! good!" or "higher" or "back and forth", "slower - faster - harder"; were happily carried out with enthusiasm by my father as he muff dived my mom. I wanted to do so too, but for now, my role was simple observer and I was responsible for my own self-gratification. I moved to their side to have a closer view of the oral/vaginal connection. Mom looked me in the face and said in a husky and demanding voice, "Kiss Mommy, baby, kiss me and then suck my nipples.

Like father like son, my mouth and lips were hers to command. I Frenched mom; we engaged in that fun tongue tangling thing and then I proceeded to do double delight on the pointed rosettes of her pulchritude. Mom's utterances turn into nonsense as the multiple oral administrations made her go, "uuhmmm with aahh . . whoo . . oohh . .and ooouw". Then her rhythms and sounds changed. From long listening at their bedroom door I knew this phase too. Mom's tone was a single repeated "uuhh", and her hips began a rocking pivot that lifted her mons a little higher each time. "Put it in!" mom began softly, "PUT

IT IN!" her insistence growing and her volume as well. "Now! I need IT in NOW!! . . . Oh Please - PUT it IN!! NOWWW!!"

I switched back to a view right between their legs, on the edge of the chair, as I watched my parents beginning to fuck. I saw dad's dick hover over the hole and then - as like a key to a lock - it smoothly moved forward and inward, then withdrew until the head was just still aimed into the interior of mom's pussy. The tip of dad's dick was purple with blood and the veins were quite defined. Then, like the Titanic sinking, it disappeared into a wet darkness, as my mother's vaginal lips expanded to engulf my father's rigid member until all but a thin line ringed the pole at its base. The two hairy sacks of testicles rested pressed against the smooth bottom of mom's behind, one lower than the other. Then the steam engine's piston began to pick up power and speed until it was churning away at my mother's sopping crotch.

What an unusual sight to view both your parents from that angle. You see both sets of genitals; both assholes with the private parts doing private things up close and personal. There are no more physical secrets, nor an iota of modesty left at that point. Remember that that is how they see us when we are babies. But the innocence of the child is finally superseded by the interest of the youth in the opposite sex which ultimately is converted to the abiding desire of an experienced adult for sexual relations. Of course, this perspective came to me later on reflection, all that was going through my mind at the time was - 'Holy shit!! I'm really seeing my parents balling' and 'jeez! didn't I wish I could take a video!!'

Dad's strokes got faster and harder. Every once in a while it would draw out completely and have to poke about to find the hot haven of

mom's honey pot. It managed this like an old pro, but the up side to me was those times I got to see straight into the nether mysteries of my mother's womb. It was dark in there. The labia were shiny coral flesh framing a deep grotto that concealed her depths of love within. That's where I came out of, and that's where I want to poke my own pussy-pleaser, too! I watched, fascinated, as the performance of procreation, the completion of copulation, the action of intercourse went on - as I tried to burn the image upon my brain, a permanent memory of that very moment that might never repeat itself, for all I knew.

Then the sirens went off; they were cumming. Mom's special climax wail of "Yeess! Now . . give it all to me now,! Ooooohhh!! Yyeeauhh! AaAawwh!! YESYesyes..ess!! - and - dad's "Oooohh . . .OoohOOHHoohh!! Babe!! Ggrruuhhh! NNNnnnn!!" alternately it rose and fell in pitch and volume with the dance of his balls as they supplied the jism being pumped into her. I was caught by surprise and had been so fascinated by the spectacle of their fucking that I had neglected to keep pace, and now, I just watch as they peaked and then eased on down the other side of the heights to the cozy afterglow of good sex. In fact, my dad rolled off mom after a couple of minutes and dropped off to sleep.

One good turn-on deserves another, and another, and . . .

"He does that quite regularly, doesn't he?" I remarked to mom, as I stretched out and lay next to her on the other side of the bed.

"He has been very inspired on this trip, I must say. It's not usual that we make love three nights in a row."

"No, I mean that he falls asleep so soon after having sex. Not much after-play for you, huh?"

"No," she said, a bit wistfully. "Not much for second helpings, either." Then she added, in a slightly defensive tone, "Well, when your father was younger he did have more energy and we had more time to fool-around. Lately, however, it seems that our lives are so busy it is sometimes a chore to screw."

She paused, a wistful look washed over her beautiful face, then she continued. "That's too bad because I like sex even better now than when I was younger, when we were first married. Too bad it's not acceptable for an older woman to marry a younger man.

Before I could suggest the obvious about her and me, she changed the subject, having had a sudden thought as she was looking at me.

"Did you cum tonight baby?" She asked, her tone both mothering and seductive at the same time.

I shook my head, and for added effect and to gain sympathy, stuck out my bottom lip and made a sad sack look.

"Then let mommy comfort her baby. Climb between my legs and I'll rock you to sleep."

Was this it? Were we going to commit incest at last? (Although all of what we had done to date fell somewhere within that definition surely!)

I scrambled to get my nude body between my naked mother's legs. My chest resting upon hers, and my penis a snake in the pubic thatch. As my weight settled on my elbows and knees and then closed the gap between our bodies, we kissed lightly and sweetly showing our affection and playfulness. Mother spread her thighs and made me right at home like I had cuddled there many times before. Perhaps I had, when I was younger, but not with licentious purposes and a love lance longing to pierce her womanhood as I now had. At this instant we were closer than ever to that consanguineous violation.

"I used to do this with my boyfriends in High School." mom explained quietly, "It always got them off, but there are rules. No going in, and no cumming on my pussy. You can't enter my vagina, and you have to squirt higher than my clit or on the sheet - not anywhere near my hole - Okay?"

I thought that not going in might be hard to resist, for both of us, as my boner was 'hard' and her cunt would have little 'resist'-ance since it had been opened by dad's dicking earlier. As for cumming in her, there was no way that I was not going to cum in mom if I got in her. I was primed and ready to fire my wad when it went wading in the swamp and me with no 'goulashes'! We had no rubber and we no had safety net of any other sort, a dangerous circus act, like putting your head in the lion's mouth. If I could get her to allow the head of my penis in her pussy, I thought my mom might suspend the rules for her student and let me take the plunge for the final exam, the ultimate examination and

exploration of her body, her very self. I would play by the rules until she became tempted into serious action, then I expected a 'no holes barred' game of cum what may!

I began to move my cock up and down the slick grove that was formed by her labia and the cheeks of her bottom. I slithered across her clitoris at the top of the stroke and skittered past her anus at the other end. With each rock 'baby' took, the goal of her hole was in mind, and I sought to establish by feel where the soft spot that led inward was. The underside of my hard-on was greased like a proverbial pig as I sought to rut in my mother and pork her. Little by little, the gash was spread and the sinkhole of desire was exposed to the testing of my probe.

Meanwhile, I attempted to distract mom's mind with kisses on her lips and suckles to her nipples. A side effect of these maneuvers was to inspire a counter roll of mom's hips. The rock and roll of hips and hard-on, labia and haunches hunching was wonderful to the dorsal side of my dick. But this, in effect, thus provided a moving target for my heat-seeking love missile, so it was sometime before the angle and motion matched enough to allow the beginning of penetration.

"Careful!" mom warned with a gulp, "You're right there! Don't move! Stay still or you'll pop into mommy's 'gina. We dare not let that happen; it would be too close to 'doing it'!" I froze, as she commanded, but I withdrew from the field of my plowing not a millimeter. The moment stretched, and I thought I could detect an involuntary nibbling of mom's pussy lips on my penis tip. Then she lifted her hips just enough to dislodge the cunt/cock contact, and I went back to sawing away at her crotch.

I was more excited, by the thought that I had tasted the forbidden fruit of sex with my mother, than by the fact that she and I were connecting at a level of physical intimacy all but short of actual intercourse. At any other moment I would have cherished and love the fact that I was stripped bare and in the erotic clenches of my equally unclad mother. But I had one thing only on my . . . mind, and my brains were all in my dick-head tonight!

Soon enough our movements were getting rambunctious in our growing passion, and I began a gentle ramming down into the saucepot of her pudenda. Now, as I began to dip, she would pause to let me get just a little deeper than a moment ago. So it began a gradual progression of entry, stroke - stroke & slip/dip; . . stroke - slip & stroke / dip; . . . stroke - stroke & slipp/diipp! Then mom would put her hands on my waist and lift my hips up and away from the heavenly haven of her weeping pussy.

Once more the rhythm and inevitable returned, inching into dangerous depths, as my dick was delving into mom's divide. Finally, the glide of my glans which we had both been waiting for happened, and the tip slipped into the hot damp socket of flesh. I went rigid, and mom held perfectly still. We both wanted that moment to last, we both wanted more; again and deeper, repeatedly and as energetically as possible.

But mother had stated the ground rules for that evening and I was reluctant to go beyond those limits without her expressed permission. I could sense that she wanted to break her own code of conduct for this kind of encounter, however since she showed no sign of encouragement I knew she was having second thoughts about allowing this peril of penetration to proceed. But, mom had an old trick up her

sleeve (or should I say panties?). She began to buck her hips up and dropping them down so that my prick, as I sought to maintain contact, plunged into her opening but never got any further than the original depth. Like the prow of a ship plunging through the choppy waves, dip - dip - dip was all it could do. But that was enough. I was primed by the graphic display of fucking my folks had put on and now I was all but screwing my mother for real.

My penis gave several sharp thrusts and managed to gain another inch of penetration.

Mom cried out, "Don't cum in me, remember! Don't cum in me, you promised!!

With a heave that must have been like what Adam felt when he was expelled from paradise, I pulled back my dick and dropped immediately to trap it between our two torsos. Both mom and I could feel the strong throbs it made on our lower abdomens as I squirted shot after shot of white cream on to her tummy. I was both elated at the nearly-getting-nooky which had just happened, and yet I was also disappointed mom had not been willing to go all the way with me tonight.

She must have known what I was thinking, as now she spoke tenderly. "I understand what you wanted to happen, just like the guys did in High School, you wanted to have me." she said with a tender tone.

"Well, they never did get beyond what we just did. I always got them off though, just as I did for you. I enjoyed it too, though I didn't always

cum as well. But it kept me from having a baby back when there was a lot less birth control available. I'm sure that you don't want to hurt your father any more than I and, though I'm surprised that he has gone along with this much uninhibited display of our sex life already, he still doesn't know about our messing around when he falls asleep. I'm not sure that he would approve of it, so I don't want to take chances of things going too far, nor of him resenting our activities. We can't be disloyal to him he's your dad and my husband and we all love one another very much. Understand this is as far as we can go - for now. Didn't you have a good time?"

While I nodded yes, I said nothing but simply cuddled into mommy's arms and wept silently. She understood the longing and frustration of the situation and my feelings of love and desire for her, at the same time respecting her wishes and my father's rights. We stayed like that for quite some time before I got up telling my mother to stay there I would be right back. I crossed to the bathroom and ran some warm water on a washcloth, wrung it out and returned with the soothing swath to clean mom's tummy and pussy.

Then sitting next to her I held the rag in one hand while the other began to caress her labia and clit. The middle finger found the hole my penis had sought and entered boldly, withdrew and returned as two now. The thumb made circular motions over the hot button of flesh that was poking out of the wisps of pubic hair that hid nothing. With some light variation as minutes slowly passed, mom grew aroused again and made little movements that evidenced her ecstasy.

I whispered, "Cum for me, mom, cum for your son, I want to give you an orgasm too; you need at least two an night, don't you?" Mom

whimpered and nodded it was true. I made my words match the manipulations of my fingers, "I'm going to make my mommy cum again, she is going to cum for her baby, a nice yummy cummy in her tummy.

Mom grew more frantic as her peak approached; I quickened the pace and added a third finger to her cunt.

Mega pulses pounded mom's frame as her body convulsed with the paroxysms of her orgasms. She lay there panting and helpless. I could have jumped her bones right then; no objection but an open welcome (well, cum!) and enthusiastic participation on her part. But I was not going to violate her trust in me, not when keeping faith mean each next day's encounter was sexier in ways yet to try! My patience was being rewarded. I knew we could not hold to the principles we thought were obsolete, since our lust tugged on every desire and drew us closer to the implosion of incest. Then I returned to my own bed after fingering mom and dad was none the wiser. Or so we thought.

Mr. Possum gives his permission, making family fantasies possible

Now I am sure you are ready to read in detail all about the next school we visited. How the campus had lots of trees, the town lots of bars and clubs, the curriculum lots of choices. No? You'd rather I got on with the action - Okay, I'll just say that by the time we pulled into the last motel before our final leg home there had been a lot of walking and many hours of driving. We grabbed the evenings grub at the golden arches chain and ate in the room with the idea to retire early. Dad was especially bushed. I was up for the regular session of sexual playtime being renewed by burgers and ever invigorated by youthful lust. Mom

came out of the bathroom naked; both dad and I smiled at the sight of our beautiful woman, and at the signal to let the games begin!

I sat on my bed's edge, still the one toward the front, stroking my shaft while my folks fondled one another with all the lights on. Then without much ado, dad rolled on top of mom and commenced to fuck her. Mother, after a few minutes of this nice pastime, motioned me to her. I crossed the three feet separating us with cock still in hand and hard as hickory. Mom reached out and took it with her slender fingers, drawing the salacious sausage to her mouth. She didn't ask dad's permission but, from the way his pace picked up, the lurid act was an inspiration to him. Mom's delicate digits caressed my buns and played with my balls. I could see my father pistoning between mom's legs, sending his own hotdog into the gap that was framed by her muff.

Mother began to make the mewing sounds of her happy climb to a climax. Dad was close behind with his grunting of being about to shoot, and all I could say as my own peak was rising from the depths was, "Oh yeah! OH Yeah!!" But then dad seem to just explode all at once and, it was before either mom or I had reach critical mass for our own orgasms, he plowed into mom with a heaving blast of cream that seem to drain all the energy he had left. He rolled off mom, back on to his back, with great shuddering gasps of breaths racking his body, as though he had just finished a marathon. Mom let her child's lollypop drop and asked him, "All you all done, hon? It's been a long day hasn't it?"

I was afraid that perhaps mom was going to say that she was tired, too, and that the sex games were to be all done for the evening. And what about when we got home? Would I be relegated to being outside their

door once more?? I needed not to have feared. I should have known mom better, by now.

Dad interrupted my thoughts, and surprised mom and I both when he said, "I'm sorry babe, but I am really exhausted, but you two carry on" he said, still panting slightly.

Both mom and I stared at him in utter surprise, our mouths agape.

Neither of you came, why doesn't he finish the job I started." He had a sly smile as he spoke. "Go ahead son, get on top of mom and make love to your sexy mother. I know you two have been messing around when you thought I was asleep, but I was able to hear what was going on and, while I don't have the stamina of youth, my puerile curious nature has remained strong."

"You knew all along?" Mom was a bit befuddled by his confession.

"I let things progress while I was playing possum, because I really get turned on when you two are making out and fooling around. So that's why I made no objection to our son watching and getting a 'bird's eye view'. Between his avid voyeurism and your exhibitionistic enthusiasm, and the extra-curricular activities when you guys thought I was zonked out, that's has been the reason that I have been able to get it on four nights in a row.

But tonight, when you were sucking your son's cock, that was too much and I got so excited I couldn't hold back. Now I want to be the watcher,

I want to see you two making love, balling, and bringing each other off. Fuck your son - screw your mommy, it's time that you both had the joining each has longed for. And I get the hottest, most erotic show I ever could hope for."

Mom and I looked at each in wonder, then with a little laugh which culmination in a big kiss. My body slid on top of hers, where dad had lain but a minute ago. Back between mom's thighs, with my erection bumping against her vulva, I began my incestuous ravishing of this wanton and willing woman who was my mother. I gave her long lingering French kisses and caressed her everywhere my hands could roam.

While our tongues swirled in oral romping together, my palms made their way over the hills and valleys of her body. From the luscious pillows that pressed my chest to the damp crevasse I had seen split by my father's member, they traveled the hot hips and clutched the tender shoulders from where her arms wrapped around my back and held me firm. All the while the nuzzling knob of my cock was attempting to burrow in the haven of mom's sanctuary.

With some slight adjustments and the gradual widening of mom's legs, the electric socket my plug sought was giving way to the insertion it craved. The moist heat of the slick cavity of sex was now nibbling on my meat. I experienced a momentary sense of 'deja vu' from the day before when that playground had its gates open but 'no trespassing' signs were still posted.

Now the wet hot hole had a wel-cum mat out and I had the license to make licentious merriment in my parents' playground. Whereas before

I had first listened to their sounds of sensual delight, then on this trip witnessed the physical jubilation of their union; so now I too engaged in the act of love, the celebration of bodies uniting, the happy fun of fucking, with my mom!! Even as my dad observed and approved and appreciated.

The slick, steamy grotto of mom's opening was enveloping my dick as the tip was engulfed by the sweetness of her pussy. This was truly entering the gates of paradise, the moment in which I teetered on the brink of manhood. The moment of my loss of virginity is forever engraved and enshrined in my memory. With my mother, the ultimate sex goddess of my soul, I went where this boy had never gone before and came back a man, then went back into the never-never-land.

My peter sought the mother-figure, and her womanhood welcomed it like Wendy's window and the girl's heart. We began to fly on the happy sensations that boys and girls, men and women, have enjoyed together since time immemorial. My cock was going deeper and deeper into my mother's body, the heat was so incredible and the squeezing of her muscles gripping it was an unexpected bliss of physical delight.

The six inches of the journey seem to be twice that in length as every fraction of an inch was ever the more intense as my dick delved deeper and further into mom's burrow. Though hoping that downward thrust would last forever, I was finally at my true goal, the merger of mother and son as one. I felt the mash of pubic hairs entangle as my body banged her pudenda, ground her clit and bounced balls on butt.

The nubs of her uterus were just touched by my tender tip, I as all in, she was all open and we were all, dad too, at high pitch of sexual fever.

Like a locomotive's piston the sluggish chugging of the initial in and out seemed to be almost in slow motion, but it began to gather speed and then to become a fluid motion of powerful forces that could not be held in check.

Dad had his dick in hand and he was hard again, but I had no intention of relinquishing his wife back to him; I was sure that he wanted to have this show to culminate in a grand finale for all of us. The slapping spank of flesh meeting flesh was only joined by grunts and groans and moans of three people in the throes of ecstasy. Harder and harder I had to pound my mom, I couldn't help myself, it was an urge and urgent drive that I needed to obey. Mother was no slacker. Her hips were counterpoint to mine, the clashing motion creating the most exquisite of sensations on my mind and genitals I had ever experienced. I was in a rush, though at the same time I wanted this to last for all night, but I raced toward the climax that was inevitable as sunrise and would be as brilliant as a supernova inside my head. The fuse was lit on the ruddy stick of dynamite that was my cock.

Then we were there, my dick was a geyser in mom's gushing vagina, as her hands grabbed my haunches and held me tight in her. Her pussy squeezed around my throbbing penis and milked the cum that hosed within. Dad's prick spurted seed several inches out, as he finally had to close his eyes in ecstasy when his climax overtook him. Like the calling of birds our cries and orgasmic clamor were a cacophony of sounds that for a few moments were a repetitive chorus of ecstatic pleasure which gave way to ragged panting and puffing. Dad's dick soften almost immediately while my boner took a couple of minutes to retreat from mother's sweet hole. As I lay, there still partially in her, I stroked her hair and kissed her face. Dad recovered his breath and strength to lean

toward us and kiss her too. He put his arm over my shoulders and we wound up in a three-way sort of hug.

When our ménage managed to untangle we all headed to the toilet to pee. That was a comedy to see; mom on the pot, I used the shower, and dad the sink. When we were done, mom asked dad if he would mind if she shared my bed for the rest of the night. He replied that he was going to crash and wouldn't know the difference anyway, so it was fine with him. He plunked down right on top of the disheveled bedding and was sawing wood in minutes. Mom cuddled with me in my bed which was less sweaty and smelly; we kiss and stroked each other until we fell asleep. A few times I awoke briefly and realized that at one point we were spooning, another time later it was reversed with mom's bush tickling my buns. Once I was using her boobs for my pillow. It was a very special might!

The son rises in the morning, mother has dew, but dad's in the dark

Father woke first, and went to the bathroom, closing the door so as not to wake us when he was in the shower. I did hear him start to run the tap and came to the realization that a woman was in my bed with me, that that woman was my mother, and that we had finally and uninhibitedly made love together. The very memory, and verily most mornings gave me a rampant hard-on. I kissed my mother awake ever so gently, then poked her firmly with my stiffy and smiled. She smiled back, kissed me back, rolled on her back and rolled me on top of her. "Maybe your dad knew about the other times, but unless he comes out in the next few minutes, he'll not catch us in the middle of a quickie! Put it in and let's go for it, make me cum fast, shoot your cream into my sugar bowl!!"

Of course, that was what I was hoping would be the first order of business for our day. I understood that mom still wanted her little secret affair between us as a spicy sexual adventure, safe with her son but without the knowledge (abet with the permission) of her hubby. I slid into mother's already damp pussy. I began to make the ancient motions that made babies from time immemorial.

It felt especially good as my dick was still sensitive from the action of last night. My balls were reloaded and mom was already verging on her cum after just a few minutes of thrusting. Once more I felt the nubs deep and the grip of her muscles. We kissed as my chest rubbed against her soft pillows, her hands clasp my back as if she were holding on for dear life. Then we had a really nice cum, as one we went over the top of that peak, our soft moans in harmony as we descended from the height of delight.

We rested in the warm after-glow until we heard the shower water stop. I got up and was at ready to go in to use and the facilities when dad came out. Mom came in at the end and had to go potty, but nothing happened. All three of us sharing the driving made the trip home much easier. It was great fun, because now I was accepted by my folks as an "adult". We started swapping stories about how everybody had lost their virginity. I heard about my folks first time and surprised them with some of my own adventures.

But I was wondering with every mile that passed what would happen when we got back. Would the intimacy of we three continue to be as it was in the last several days or would things return to 'normal'? I needn't have worried. From then on they had an 'open-door' policy, plus mom

and I have a little nookie on the side now and then when dad travels. Oh, and I chose a local university to attend. Home is where the heart - and hard-on is!

Hail Her Hair!

On the station alone with hirsute mum

There once was an Australian lad, Jeffery, who was at least 18. He asked, "Mum, why do Gramps and uncle Neville say dad gets lost in the bush and then snicker? Pops knows the outback as well as any man and he has GPS on his phone. How can he get lost?

His mum, said, "Oh they mean something else, don't you worry about it. You'll find out about such things when you're older."

The youth replied, "I'm in the top rank of scouts and next year I'm joining the Royal Navy. I'm certainly mature enough to know any family secrets. Older came and went and here I am. Why, if I get to do radio work in the RN they'll give me a security clearance

His mother laughed and responded, "Alright kid, follow me - quick step." They marched up to his parent's bedroom. Arriving she moved a chair to face the bed and pointed to it. Jeff sat as ordered, an obedient youth - usually. His mum excused herself to enter the large walk-in closet. She reappeared shortly in her evening gown.

She sat opposite him. "What first you don't know is that I come from an aboriginal tribe . ." She was interrupted.

"Of course I know that." She waived him silent.

"Yes, sure you do. But what you don't know is that my people have a genetic defect."

"You're not going to die early; I couldn't take that my dearest mummy!"

"No no, not to worry. Certainly you must be aware that my body is hirsute."

"Your body is beautiful mum."

"I'm pleased my mid-aged physique can command a compliment from so handsome a man. But I mean hairy. You can't have missed my hairy arms and legs when I wear my bathing suit. My hairy arm pits."

"Don't shave your arm pits I love them!"

"Never fear, I am a pure maiden of the Ewroorung tribe. We are proud of our pelts, gift of the First Mother; we do not clip our coat. We keep fit as the Sky Father taught us to be tough. We maybe shaggy but never baggy! You are half Ewroorung so you naturally have an affinity for the unshorn." With this she shrugged off the top of her robe and declared, "BEHOLD! the 'Venus de Downy' or so your dad calls me." She lifted her arms to form a showgirl V above her head.

Jeffery sat there bedazed. Two thoughts were all his brain could hold just now with the top half of his mum starkers in front of his eyes. The

sash kept the lower portion of her gown closed, though the lengthy limbs of her legs were exposed. Clearly she wore just the single garment or maybe panties too? But that wasn't on his mind. Jeff focused on the generous breasts which pendulous hung on her chest. Meanwhile in a sub-basement of the youth's skull her he realized that, yes, his mum's hair was very soft and downy indeed.

His mum spoke breaking the hypnotic hold her tits and arm pits had on him. "Darling, come feel these best of boobies." She lifted the mellons to him Who was he to object to such an invitation to touch the tender tah-tahs, a boon not to be turned down He scooched the chair closer and reached out grasping the jugs, feeling the gravity of their weight, noticing the softness of her skin, observing the small fibers even around her nipples.

"Taste them" his mum urged. Jeff eagerly took the long ruddy-colored points that poked out at least a full centimeter. "Mmm oh yesss." The naughty matron moaned. Then she gently eased him back in his chair.

Jeff asked, "Mum do you mind being so hirsu . . . uh hairy?"

"No," She gave a soft laugh, "I've always been like this, my folks were so, my people all were likewise. I feel natural and I am comfortable in my Ewroorung pelt.

"Sooo," inquired her son, what does this all have to do with dad in the bush?"

"Well bush can mean several things: the outback, a shrub, or a rude vernacular for this!" The swarthy woman took only a second to undo her gown's belt and present the in-her-prime limbs. She spread her thighs to a thirty degree angle. At the apex was a broad delta of what might have been mistaken for black lamb's wool save its place of pride at the juncture of legs and torso. Now the phrase 'lost in the bush' would forever be associated with his mum's pussy and his dad's carpet munching.

"Your gramps and uncle are just jealous of your pop Charlie having bagged an aboriginal woman from my tribe. We usually in-breed, and yes that means sometimes a bit of incest. It's what keeps us hirsute and happy.

"Jeffery . . .," His mum's voice took on the sing-song tone she reserved for when hhe was little and she was offering a candy or new toy. "would you like to get lost in your old mum's bush?"

She didn't have to ask twice. Jeff moved so his knees were on carpet. He nosed into her split and saw her clit was as extended as her nipples. He suckled on that immediately. Then with the curly fur softly caressing his cheek, like having two plush toys rubbed on each side of his face, he commenced lick the juicy cunt that his cock craved. As he manipulated her genitals: swirling, dipping deep, drubbing and thrumming the succulent pink flesh; his mum moaned loudly, cried out 'yeses' and 'there!' and finally came a great screech as she went over the top to a shuddering orgasm.

After several minutes while she recovered her equilibrium she spoke in a whisper to him. "Jeffy?" using his childhood moniker, she reached

down and cupped his balls with her hand, "You have a lovely bunch of coconuts," She tickled his wirey nuts and giggled, then she ran her hand combing his tangle of crinkly pubic hair. "You need to take better care of your Ewroorung hair-itage. Be sure to use conditioner, coconut milk scented ones are favored by our tribe's girls. Brush it out after your daily shower.

"Mum," he mumbled while now devoting his mouth to twin peaks of joy, "do you think I ca catch a pure maiden of our tribe?"

"Oh she will catch you. Now that you are almost an oo'num, our word for a fully mature male of marriageable age, you will be able to join the mating circles dancing.

"Almost? But mum I told you I am a man!"

Mmm . . . are you a virgin?

Well if we were closer to town I might have a better chan -"

"Meaning you've never been laid."

"Fair dinkum" he admitted to his lack of sexual experience.

"Well, use a torch if you go spelunking if you've got the spunk."

"Ay?" he was confused by the non sequitur.

"Oh for God's sake lad get on top and give me pussy a jolly drubbing!"

And that is how Jeffery became an oo'num fucking his mum.

He plunged his exploratory probe into the surprisingly tight channel of his mum. The carnal canal was amazingly slick and oh-god the heat that surrounded his member. He socked into the cunt until bone bumped bone. He felt a something touching his tip. Then nature took over and he began to stroke out and in and out and in and in again and again. The flesh slapped, their groans and grunts echoed, chest to breasts almost nipples on nipples, his mum reached down and grabbed his arse-cheeks, he hugged her dear for life as the essence of his soul spilled into her center, spuming with his prick spurting hard, the sperm shooting to the very place he was conceived.

His mum revealed in their coupling that her uncle had been honored to banish her maidenhead. Now the tribal traditions had been completed with Jeffy. Her son's man-meat, a hot staff of thick, long, veined pussy-pleaser had plunged into her vagina like a steam-pump. And steamy the sex was! She could feel the vapors rising, an offering to the Heavenly Father of the aboriginal legends. The tribe would flourish new blood and old in her offspring. She felt the wealth of cum, his and hers ooze out of her cooze, her holy hole. He would make a good husband for a tribal girl. Her boy was now an oo'num. They both drifted off to sleep.

Apologies to Aboriginals - I live in North Dakota, US

I Remember Mother

When mom took me back to college, we learned a lot from each other!

PART 1

It was the trip to college, for my sophomore year. My mother had flown down with me to North Carolina, dad stayed in Connecticut unable to get free from business. My mom had never seen my college, so she accompanied me south, intending to stay several days. We arrived in Greensboro fine, but our luggage was lost somewhere else. The airline assured us that it would be delivered the next morning.

I registered and received my dorm room assignment that afternoon. We went out to a local restaurant. We both enjoyed the leisurely meal and split a couple of bottles of wine. I drove my mother back to the motel in the rental car we got at the airport. It was still early, and my mother suggested I stay a bit longer since it would be Christmas before we saw each other again, once she returned home in a couple of days.

We ordered another bottle of wine from room service and started to reminisce about days gone bye. When the wine was done, I got up to leave, but my mother suggested that I was too inebriated to drive back to the dormitory. I agreed, but said I didn't have anything to wear to bed since our luggage was lost. My mother pointed out that neither did she, but that we could sleep in our underwear since we tended to be somewhat casual about our state of dress at home.

"Or undress," she said with a titter. A sign that the wine had affected her too. I was more than ready to get comfortable so I striped down to my jockey shorts. My mom looked a bit astonished at me and said, "David, I didn't expect a strip tease show!" She let out a short laugh.

"I'm sorry mom," I stammered, "I didn't think getting undressed in front of you would embarrass you."

"Oh it didn't sweetie, it's just that it was a little unexpected." Then she got up and began to undress too.

When she took off her blouse and skirt, it was a slow and sensuous experience. She turned her back to unbutton her blouse and then stood in profile as if to let me see her figure. Then, facing me again, she unsnapped her skirt and dropped it slowly to the floor. As she bent to pick it up she turned her back to me, once more and as she did I could see the full length of her crack outlined by her tight bikini panties.

Now she stood before me in just a frilly bra and skimpy panties. She kicked off her shoes toward me and broke my starring gaze at her lean and sexy body. She worked out and kept herself in good shape, looking years younger than other women her age. "Like what you see?" She was grinning as she spoke.

The question caught me off guard and I blurted out "God! Mom you're so beautiful!"

"Thanks honey, I appreciate the compliment, both spoken and silent." At my puzzled look to her last remark, she explained. "I mean your cock standing at attention, silly!" I looked down at my dick and sure enough, it was erect and firm. I must have turned beet red and my words of apology stuck in my throat. "It's OK, dear," she reassured me, as she sat on one of the two double beds. "I've known for years that you found me attractive. Ever since the time I caught you spying on me from the closet."

I sat on the other bed as my knees shook with reaction. The memory of that day rushed into my mind. I had been hiding in the large walk-in closet in my parent's bedroom to spy on my naked mother. I had been doing this for several weeks at the end of summer just before I started 12th grade. I was eighteen at the time. I would sneak in after my dad had gone to work, while mother would be in the shower. She usually left her clothes laid out on the bed. She changed her mind one day about what to wear. When she opened the door of the closet more than the crack I had closed it to, she discovered her nude son masturbating his young hard-on.

But she hadn't screamed or balled me out then, she just said I should go to my room and that dad would talk to me later. My dad was very understanding. (It seems he had been caught himself peeking at an aunt.) He told me that mom wasn't upset. She understood about a young boy's curiosity. He made it clear, that I was not to violate my mother's or their privacy again. Then he made sure that I had the facts of life straight, correcting a few misconceptions, which I was confused about.

My mother and I never had spoken about that day with each other until now. "You must have though me pretty perverse to do that to my own mom." I blushed again.

"No! It is actually normal for a young man to be interested in his mother. They have a name for it."

"I know," I broke in, "it's called an 'Oedipus complex'."

"All boys go through a stage where they are in love with their mothers, but it passes." She continued.

"What if it doesn't pass?" I queried.

"Then, maybe he gets his wish and maybe he doesn't," said my mother with cryptic look on her face. Her eyes seemed to be amused by something, but I was unsure of what.

"You didn't stop being a naughty boy after that." She went continued. "You were at our door lots of times when your father and I made love."

"You knew about that!?" I was flabbergasted.

"Oh, yes! We knew, but there didn't seem to be any way to make sure that you would stop, so we just let you."

"You don't do it as often now days as back then." I commented.

"Yes," she sighed, "your father has medication that makes it difficult to maintain an erection." She explained.

"Don't you get horny then?" I asked.

"Sure I do," she smiled. Then she changed the subject abruptly. "How about you? Gettin' any lately?"

My family has always been open in talking about anything between us, but I sensed a new level of intimacy between my mother and myself. It was a mature woman and a grown man, friendly with one another, discussing an adult subject in open honest way. It was also the most erotic conversation I ever had in my life. There I was in my underwear, talking to a gorgeous woman who was also sitting in her skimpy underclothes. A woman I had always and mostly (so I had thought) secretly desired. And we were talking about sex. My head felt like a balloon.

But I had the presence of mind to answer her question. This time I was honest by design. "Mom, I'm a virgin. I've never gotten the chance to screw a girl. I've done most everything else, but not that yet."

"Twenty and still a virgin! Son I think it's good you haven't done it yet. When you're young; hormones are raging, emotions are high, caution is small and with gonorrhea and other diseases around it is a big risk that somebody might get pregnant or sick."

"Well I know enough not to have unprotected sex, but I still can't get laid!" For some reason this struck us both as being hilarious. We laughed so hard my sides hurt and I got up and went over to the other bed and kiss mom. "I love you mom." I said, and gave her a big hug. The embrace felt good with my mom's tits poking me in the chest and I smelled the aromatic combination of her sweat and perfume. "When did you lose your virginity, mom?"

"Earlier than you. I let my boyfriend in high school have it after our junior prom, I was 17. He got me tipsy on wine just like you did tonight.

"Only I'm not planning on seducing you."

"No, I didn't think you were," she said with a hint of regret.

"Well," I replied, feeling emboldened by the personal confessions and my proximity to my lovely, semi-nude mother, "If I did, would you let me?"

"David!" She exclaimed with mock outrage, "for goodness sake, I'm your mother it wouldn't be right to fuck you!" It was the first time I'd ever heard the "F" word spoken by my mother when she wasn't swearing. It stunned me momentarily, but aroused me too. And now my dick was beginning to grow again. I made an excuse to go pee so that I could jack-off in the bathroom. By now I was sooo horny it wouldn't take very long to get my rocks off.

Just as I got in the bathroom my mom rushed in and cried, "Me first!" She pulled her undies down in front of me and sat on the pot. I couldn't see much but the top of her pubic hair. It still was extremely exciting. "I'm sorry but when you said pee it triggered me too, and girls can't hold it as well as boys."

"That OK mom, I can wait." I said, as I heard her piss tinkle in to the toilet. Suddenly, an inspiration popped into my head. "Actually, the sound of your urinating makes me have to go right now!" I spoke the words as I dropped my shorts to the floor and began to piss into the shower stall. Of course, since I was still mostly hard it came out as sort of a fountain. But I had managed to find an excuse to show my mother what a "big" boy I was.

"You have grown since your closet days." My mom said. She had stopped peeing but remained on the seat. I finished too, and turned to her with my pants still down. I had to ask the question, which all guys will ask one way or another at some point, although, not many to their mother, much less with their cock just about in their mom's face. "Am I as big as dad?"

"Does it get any bigger?" My mom asked, knowing from earlier the answer was yes indeed.

"It gets to be over seven inches," I boasted slightly.

"Let's see. Make it as big as it will get honey. Then I can answer you a question." I started to stroke my member. My mother stood up and now

I could see all of the wonderful dark triangle of hair down between her legs. Then she took off her bra.

I was looking straight into the rosy nipples of her full breasts. The tits were a soft pink and white shade textured by some blue veins which shown through the translucent skin. Her nipples were erect like pencil erasers. I could see the indentations where the milk that once feed me had come from. And now the woman who had given me birth stood before me naked except the panties at her ankles. I couldn't get any harder; it was my best, 7 1/2 inches at least!

"Yes you are as big as your father is, David. At least as he used to be." Suddenly she bent and drew up her panties, though she didn't put her bra back on. "Let's get to sleep now darling, we got a lot to do tomorrow to get you ready for classes." Disappointed that I still hadn't jerked-off yet but too embarrassed to confess my urgent need, I agreed.

Once in my bed, my mom in the other, I thought she would fall asleep quickly, then I could 'make love to my pillow', pretending that is was mom, as I had done so often in the past. She fell quiet and her breathing seemed slow. I started my motions to bring myself off. As I did it a little more vigorously, getting into my mother-fucking fantasy, the bed began to rock. Wouldn't you know, it squeaked!

"David?" My mom called softly. "Can't you get to sleep honey, or were you having a wet dream?"

"Well, if you must know," I said somewhat exasperated with the frustrating situation, "I was trying to masturbate. All this sexy talk and

intimate atmosphere, has gotten me so horny that I have to, even if you're in the same room!"

My mother turned on the light by her bed. "Come over here baby, I'm sorry to make you so frustrated. Bring your pillow and sit up at the end of my bed. I think I know a way to help."

Unsure of exactly what she had in mind, but willing for any help, I threw off the covers, then realized that in doing what I usually do, I had slipped out of my underpants and was naked with a hard on before my mother again. But since she said she was about to help me in that task, I brazenly moved between the two beds with my straining boner. I made myself comfortable at the end of her bed facing her, my pillow behind me and my raging hard-on pointed straight at her.

She then, pulled down her sheet. She had not put her bra back on and mom's stupendous mammaries were once more again in full view. But she didn't stop there. She kicked off the sheets entirely and I was surprised that her panties were gone too! "I like to sleep in the raw too." mother explained. Then she parted her thighs, drew up her legs and I gazed on my piece of paradise.

There was her whole crotch opened to me. The bushy brown wedge of hair was split by coral pink lips and a dark red crevasse of vaginal grotto set in the middle of all. I began to stroke myself without thinking about anything else but to burn that sight into my memory and thinking about how I wanted to be putting what I was handling into that wonderful sex hole. As I was doing this, again inspiration made an outrageous idea come from my mouth before I thought of what it was that I was suggesting.

"Play with yourself too, mom!"

"Yes! Darling let's come together!" She began to finger her clit, then put her middle finger right inside her cunt!

I was almost out of control now. I came toward her; "I want to see it closer, mom!" I got between her legs and looked down at my beautiful sexy mother fingering herself for me. Driven with lust, I asked something I never would have in a saner moment.

"Mom, when you knew that I was outside the door to your bedroom listening to you and dad ... fuck (I used her word) did you ever think about doing it with me?"

"Yes, baby, I did sometimes. Your mother is just as naughty when it comes thoughts about incest, as you are." Her fingers moved even faster and deeper.

"Feel how hard I am for you, mom." I took her hand and put it on my hot cock. "Let me do it for you, too." I continued. As she stroked me and I pushed two fingers deep into her pussy and began to saw them in and out of the wet hole. This was all too much for us and I began to squirt gobs of cum on her tits and tummy. This was her cue to release herself to an orgasm and she bucked her hips up and down as I tried to keep my fingers in her. We both collapsed into each other's arms.

My mother kissed me after a few minutes of catching our breath. I slipped my tongue into her mouth and we French-kissed for several minutes. "Wow! Was that wild or what?" she exclaimed. "The girl who gets you for a lover won't be disappointed, David! But you mustn't tell anyone about out little 'episode' tonight baby."

"I know mom, don't worry. But can I sleep with you tonight; I mean, just cuddle not anything else. Unless you want to..."

"No, sweetie, we mustn't go that far, but yes you can be in my arms tonight." We snuggled together, and fell asleep.

PART 2

I awoke the next morning next to my mother. Both of us naked still, I could perceive by the early dim light, though I knew she had gotten up once to pee. She had not bothered to put her panties back on. Well, she did say she liked sleeping in the nude. At the sight of my lovely, sexy mom, my morning erection bloomed. I was always horny, but mornings especially. My face was very close to her left breast. The rosy nipple was but inches away from my lips. It was a temptation I couldn't resist.

My mother stirred as the tingling sensation of my sucking crept into her consciousness. "Mmmm!" She purred as her eyes opened to see her son administrations to a part of her body he had not done that to since infancy. Her gentle hand caressed my head as she luxuriated in the sensual attention I was worshipping her with. "David, that's so good, sweetheart. But don't neglect the other one." Her wish was my desire

too, as I switched sides and began to make love to mom's other 'strawberry'.

She could feel the hardness of my throbbing prick making thrusting motions at her thighs. "Somebody's already up!" she laughed softly as she reached down and touched my sensitive boner. At this, I moved up to kiss her on the lips. Of course, this put my cock right on top of her mons. I slid my tongue into her mouth, which she greedily met with her own. As we continued our prolonged deep kiss, I shifted my dick so that it was centered and a bit lower. The tip was, I estimated, directly rubbing against her clitoris.

Mom let it go on for a short minute, then she said, "Oh! Baby, that's much too dangerous. A little more and we'd lose control and do it. And we mustn't let that happen! But I have an idea that I know you'll like and can relieve us of the tension we're both feeling." With those words, she slid from under me and walked toward the bathroom. At the door, she turned and motioned to me to follow her with a 'come here' wiggle of her finger.

I popped out of bed and hurried to follow my lusty mother. I wasn't sure what she had in mind, but I was sure that I wanted to do whatever she was thinking of. When I got into the small tiled room mom had the shower already running. One thing about motels, there's always plenty of hot water. Mom stepped into the tub, the water made her silky skin glisten. She reached out and took my arm pulling me into the spray. She gave me a bar of soap and said softly, "Wash me."

My pleasure! I will never forget the totally erotic experience of running my hands over the slippery body of a woman for the first time. And it

was my mother! The object of my deepest and most stimulating passions. I lathered her luscious orbs first, playing with the nips, making them almost scarlet with rubbing. The points stood thrust like tiny twin cherries. Mom indicated that they were getting too sensitive and that I should move my explorations to other places.

She looked even younger now with her hair all wet. Standing next to her like that, I realized for the first time that I was now taller than my mom. I washed her shoulders and arms, moved to her tummy, then by-passing the part I wanted most to play with and did her legs.

"Don't forget my pussy." Mom said, giving me the permission to soap and loving caress the loins, which had given me birth. I stroked the bar between her legs then put it on the little shelf. My hand returned to the soft, slidey, secret place and as my finger scooped into entrance of her hole. Mother spread her legs apart to give me better access.

Before I was able to begin a repeat of the finger fucking of last night she took my hand and lifted it. "Now, you." she spoke. She made me turn around so that she could scrub my back.

"I didn't get your backside!" I said.

"We won't forget it..." Mom's voice had a lilting quality to it; "We'll save that for the climax!" I recognized the 'double entrendra', but I was too lost in the intoxicating feeling of a woman's delicate touch over my skin. She started by sudsing my hair and massaging the scalp. Her fingers kneaded the muscles of my back with obvious experience. When her hands made contact with my buns, it was wonderful, but

when she soaped the crack and rubbed my asshole it was one of the wildest sensations I have ever had, even to this day. A goose that was so good!!

After she washed my legs, mom told me to turn to face her. I did and kissed her. Then she proceeded more to run her fingers through my hair than to clean my chest, though she did a thorough job under my arms. She reach up and pointed the showerhead down so it only sprayed our knees. Then came my moment of carnal pleasure as my gorgeous mother soaped my balls and cock, she put the bar down and began to play with my genitals.

I had been so lost in all the other sensations of physical touching that my erection had nearly disappeared. Now, as mom jacked my dick, felt up my balls and even played a tiny bit with my asshole, it sprung to attention like the proverbial soldier before a drill sergeant. Private 'Privates' was on duty and ready for action! I thought that this was how the climax mom had spoken of earlier would happen. But as I neared my peak she suddenly stopped and said simply, "Do my back."

I returned the scalp massage and quickly did her back. I was eager for her rear to be in my hands. The bubbles from the shampoo and soapsuds flowed down to her derriere. Now it was my turn to have fun with buns and play with her anus too. But she didn't let me stay and play as long as I would have like to. It was time for her idea of mutual release to be realized.

Mom reached back and took my hands bringing them to the front of her while still with her back turned to me. Once again, my hands were placed upon the mammary glands of my luscious mother. She pressed

her buns back against me so that my big boner was right between them. "Masturbate this way baby. Let me feel your penis throb and cum between my cheeks!"

I did as she requested, I was delighted with the thought that I could get-off on my mother, holding her tightly and showing her my passion for her body. The slipperiness of skin and soap between her ass and my belly were great, though I desired at the same time to feel a tighter and more complete enclosing of my dick. Her hand, or her mouth, or if possible even her vagina. I could feel my orgasm rising rapidly. All the stimulation had prepped me for a quick one. I began to move with larger strokes and my cock slid down a little further each time. At the same time, my right hand went to mom's clit and strummed it in the same rhythm. My left continued to caress her breast. She bent over a little, which let the tip of my dick begin to rub further down her crotch.

Now the tickling sensation of her pubic hair came into play. I sensed that with just a little more of an angle I might gain an entrance to the forbidden place of paradise. But this had become all too much for my mother and she began to cum violently, moving her hips in thrusting motions. This did two things. My cock actually made contact with my mother's pussy. I could feel for a few strokes the place past hair, where I was beginning to be enfolded by soft flesh. But of course the wild action and near entrance to my mother's cunt brought me to a series of spurts, which coated her inner thighs. Gobs of white cum dripped down mom's legs where the spraying water finally washed it down to the drain.

My mother turned after several moments of heavy panting to catch her breath. She hugged me and the points of mom's tits connected squarely

with my nipples. My now mostly wilted dick pressed against her fuzz. Our lips locked in a deep, tongue active kiss that lasted several minutes. My mother broke the kiss and gasped, "How was that baby? Did you have a good cum?"

"Fantastic mom!" I exclaimed. As we rinsed off all the soap and spunk, it occurred to me that mom was probably multi-orgasmic as many women are.

With this in mind, once we were done getting squeaky clean, I hugged my mother once then kissed her on the lips. She didn't resist and with her attention focused on our kissing, I put my hand down between her legs and slipped a finger into her vagina.

"Oh! God, honey! That feels so good!" More of a moan than words. Encouraged by her response I slipped in another and instead of the in-and-out motion I had used last night I move them together from front to back, back and forth. I was so deep I could feel the tip of her womb.

Mom bucked her hips and gasped for air. I could feel the contractions in her cunt grabbing and releasing my fingers. Her knees went weak and I steadied her with my other arm. Finally, her whimpering became loud moans, almost shouting as she came and came and came. I stopped moving my fingers for a moment and she whispered, "No more, I can't take any more." But I knew better. I kissed her and renewed my internal stimulation; this time my thumb danced on her clit too. Mom looked at me with lust and surrender and abandonment to what her son was creating for her. Each of the next half-dozen of her orgasms started as the last ended. Then she collapsed totally, almost

falling out of my strong embrace as a last sigh of energy escaped from her lips.

"Thank you darling that was the longest series of cums I ever had!" Mom said still panting heavily. She kissed me as we rinsed once more. Getting out of the shower stall, we enjoyed the delight of being dried off by each other. A pleasure I appreciated more now than when I had been a child. Then, we dressed and went to breakfast at the local diner. After all the energy we had consumed with our passion, we ate with a great deal of appetite.

PART 3

The rest of the day, after taking care of some little business at the college I took her sightseeing around the area. We visited an antebellum plantation and took a tour of a small furniture museum, which featured local craft and manufacturing development. When we were out in public we acted with decorum, but when we were alone or thought nobody was looking we acted like newly-weds, touching each other and doing kissy face and giving each other the silly looks that new lovers exchange.

Returning to the hotel, we found that our bags had arrived. We change into comfortable clean clothes. Though we changed in front of one another, we only shared a brief naked hug. Mom's hard nipples and my hard-on were proof that the morning's escapade had not diminished either of our desires for intimacy. It was nearly mid-afternoon by this time and we were feeling hungry again. I suggested a picnic and mom thought it was a great idea. We bought sandwiches, a six-pack of beer

and the rest of what we needed at a deli and headed out to a secluded spot I knew of from dating last year.

It was one of those early September days that was perfect. The air was dry and the temperature was in the low seventies. There was a light breeze and just a few fluffy clouds scattered in the sky. Mom and I walked along through the woods of a large nature preserve, which was close to the town. We had parked the car off the road in a safe spot and were now several hundred yards from the highway. The going was not hard in the pine grove we moved through.

Soon we came to my spot. A sunny place I had discovered back in the spring. It was carpeted with pine needles, and after picking up a fir branches and twigs, it was as smooth as when I had last been there. We had brought a blanket from the motel. We sat on it eating our subs, drinking beer and talking about the locales which I had taken my mother to see that morning. She expressed interest in the old mansion, which date from before the civil war. "I wonder if those old feather beds were comfortable for making love?" Mom mussed to me.

"Well, I'd be glad to try one out with you if you like!" This remark set off gales of laughter in my mom.

Suddenly a surprised look came over her face. Then she giggled and said, "I laughed so hard I peed in my panties!" She got up, reached under her skirt, pulled down her undies and took them off. Sure enough, there was a small damp spot at the crotch. "Gotta pee! You only rent beer!" she grinned. Mom moved a couple dozen feet from the blanket and squatted down.

"Sauce from the goose, and sauce from the gander" I misquoted and went over close to her, opened my fly and urinated too. My mother looked at my dick as I released a heavy yellow stream.

"We both got a nice goose this morning!" She replied to my remark.

She held her skirt high and I could see all of her lovely bush as she squeezed out the last couple of spurts. It was a randy moment for some reason, perhaps pheromones. I had never connected pissing to sex much, but any sort of intimacy with my mother at this juncture was sexually arousing. We both finished about the same time and returned to the blanket. My mother picked up her damp underwear and spread it on a nearby branch to dry. Coming back to lie on the blanket she kick of her sneakers and stretched out next to me. We both knew that our privacy would lead to some sort of physical contact, though no words were spoken nor any plans made.

I rolled over, half on top of mom, and began to make out with her as I had with girlfriends at the same spot. Our kisses were at first soft, growing harder with lips closed, and then with tongue. My mom's hands were moving over my back and up to the back of my head, running her fingers through my hair. I held her close against me with my left arm, with my right I began to feel her up. I put my hand under her tee-shirt. Her bra presented little trouble as I undid the several hooks in the back, slipped the straps off her shoulders and fondled her nipples. After a little of this warm-up my hand move to raise her skirt.

I knew now what I wanted to do for my beautiful mother. I was going to eat her out until she couldn't take it anymore. I gently caressed mom's pussy. Gliding my hand over her soft hair, I gave it several very light tugs. My middle finger rubbed up and down the split without immediately pressing inward. Slowly it made progress, opening the pussy lips, finding the moisture I knew would be waiting for me and drew from the well of love the lubricant I sought and used it to moisten the whole length of mom's crack.

As I made several strokes upwards with her slick oil I found mom's pink pearl of womanhood. Getting it slippery, I made it the object of my attentions. Mother spread her legs invitingly wide and cooed approval. I began to make her pant shortly, then I was ready to make my move. "I have a special present for you!" I whispered in her ear.

"Give it to me now!" My mom whispered back, clearly ready for anything I wanted to do to her. I briefly wondered if she would even let me fuck her then and there, but that was not my interest at the moment. I truly wanted to give my dearest mother the gift of cunnilingus; to make her crazy with cumming.

"I want to kiss where I came from." I said in a soft voice still.

Mom's enthusiastic reply was, "Oh! That would be really good, honey. Do it! Go down on mommy!" I swiftly move down to put my head between her legs and began by licking her thighs and mons. "Oh! You tease, David. Such a bad boy being this good to your mommy!" She gasped as my oral digit finally made contact at the center, sliding up to tweak the love bud at the top of the now carnelian gash. I made random motions over this delicious flesh, then stretched my tongue as far as it

could go into the holy-of-holies of my mother. I was sincerely worshipping her body again and held our new level of love as sacred, wishing only to please her. I continued to lick her cunt with every conceivable angle of attack and variety of tempo. As I did all this, I loosened my pants, unbuckling the belt, popping the button and drawing down the zipper. My hard-on had become too uncomfortable in the restraint of my jeans.

At one point, my mother lost control. She said with breathless panting, "Fuck me, David! Please! fuck me! I need it now honey, I have to have you inside me now! I can't stand this anymore please baby take me. Put in, put it in!!" I made my underwear and pants slide down to my ankles in anticipation of coupling with my lust driven mother, but continued to eat her out. I was all ready to move up and thrust myself in mom, to cum where I came from, but I didn't. I knew intuitively that this was not the point to do that. No, she had expressed her reluctance to go that far on more lucid moments, and I would not have this wonderful woman I loved regret anything that we did together or shared so tenderly. So I restrained myself, and continued to gorge myself on her hot wet pussy.

After maybe half an hour of this exquisite torture, with several peaks of small orgasms, mom began the now familiar bucking motion and loud cries that signaled a major cum. It was all I could do to hold on to her hips, keep my face in her crotch and finished the job. When she stiffened and then collapsed unconscious, I was scared for a moment. Then it came to me that I had driven her to the full extreme. She had fainted from sexual ecstasy, which the French termed 'la petite morte', 'the little death'. I took a couple of napkins left over from lunch and wiped between her thighs which were glazed with my saliva and her

cum. The blanket beneath her was soaked, but no matter, since we no doubt would share a bed tonight again.

As I waited for her to wake, I studied her beautiful face, remembering the expressions of passion and pleasure and ecstasy. I envied my dad being able to have this special woman every day, but then recalled what my mom had said about his erection problems. No wonder she was hot-to-trot as she was. I wished now I was not so far away, I wondered if Christmas vacation would allow some opportunities when I was back home for the holidays to renew the relationship mom and I had developed in the past couple of days.

Mom's eyes fluttered open and I could see her take a moment to orient and remember what had transpired in the last hour. Then she did something entirely unexpected. She began to cry. I was now really distressed, it showed in my expression because she raised her hand up to touch my face and smiled, giving a little shake of her head. "No, baby it's okay, I'm just fine, everything is all right. I just never did that before, pass out from cumming. And the thing that makes me most proud of you, is your thoughtfulness and restraint when I asked, begged, you to fuck me. But you didn't, though I know how much you must have been tempted and needed to. I don't know if we should go that far, even though it seems almost a moot point after all we've done in the last 24 hours."

"But I want to do something special for you too. Kick off your pants and take off your shirt." When I had gotten naked as a jaybird mom disposed of her dress and peeled off her top. She slid over a few feet to be away from the wet spot on the blanket. "Kneel between my legs" she directed. She lifted her legs and spread her thighs, that I might have a

totally unobstructed view of her pussy. I was looking straight down into her hole, bright - almost ruby red - from my 'tongue lashing'. "Here's the target! Let's charge up your weapon and see if we can make a bullseye!" With these words mother herself reach into her pussy, took her vaginal secretions and used them as lubrication to jack me off.

I began to move my hips too. She had my cock directly aimed at her hole. Clearly, she wanted me to shoot it into the opening. The pressure started to build as I felt the hot hand of my mother on my dick, and the cool light breeze tickling the hairs of my ass. My thrusting became stronger and made the tip get closer and closer to the entrance of mom's cunt. "That's it sweetie. Give it to me at point blank range. Let me see you cum on my pussy!" These words drove me to even harder thrusts and now the tip of my penis was brushing the labia with each stroke. This was too much for me and set off a chain reaction as I exploded with pent-up lust and fuck need for my mom.

The strength of the climax drove me to press against her flesh and as in the morning I felt the hot and soft, sweet slippery folds begin to encompass me. Mom's small hand was pressed all the way to the base of my cock and there was at least three inches of exposed dick to seek paradise. If I hadn't been kneeling, all three inches would have penetrated mom's pussy; as it was, the tip was enclosed completely. I shot my wad, my nuts bouncing like rubber balls, creaming right into her vagina. Remembering her tears I apologized, "I'm sorry mom, I couldn't help it. It was too exciting and I just couldn't control myself."

"I'm not angry darling, I'm happy that you did it like that. It was close to real fucking, maybe as close as we'll ever get, but I wanted it to be

real special for you, to show my appreciation for your gift of "kissing-where-you-came-from".

"Could you get pregnant from me coming in you?" I asked.

"No, dearest," she assured me, "I had my tubes tied after both you and your sister passed the age of ten, and that was years ago." We gathered our scattered clothing and dressed, but mom didn't put her underwear back on. So panty-less and braless, carrying the blanket, while I carted the trash, my mother followed me back to rental car. It had been the best picnic for me ever. I had gotten my fill of what I most desired to eat, my mom.

PART 4

Mom and I went to the mall in the late afternoon and did much of the shopping things that I needed to get set up for the beginning of school. New sheets, towels, clothes and the usual school supplies, etc. were gathered, these and other mundane paraphernalia one needs to survive on campus were finally unloaded at my dorm room in the late afternoon. The day was spent much as if were an ordinary mother and son, not incestuous lovers. Mom however looked as if she were more my age, with little make up and her hair in a more natural style than the matronly coiffure one would expect of a middle-age woman. We grabbed a quick supper at a fast-food burger place and cracked jokes to each other about meat, sauce, buns, and anything else with sexual double meanings. We were laughing so much people began to stare, but we didn't care, we were having too much fun.

At my dorm, I saw some of the guys I knew from last year. Freddie told me about a party at a mutual friend's house the next night. A lot of the gang that I hung around with last year were going to be there. I said that I probably wouldn't be there. It was mom's last night before she flew back and I wanted to spend as much time with her as possible. However, I didn't tell them she was my mother. As we walked to the car to go back to the motel for the evening, Jack, a good buddy of mine, motioned me aside. "Who is that sexy chick you've got with you, Dave? I don't remember her from last year. Is she a transfer or from town?" I smiled and cryptically answered that if I told him where she was from he wouldn't believe me.

Back at the motel, modesty was lost as we stripped down the clothes that had been worn in all afternoon and evening. Each took a quick shower and thought nothing now of using the toilet while the other was in the bathroom at the same time. We were like an old married couple in the casual atmosphere of the close, warm familiarity, which we now shared. We the closed the curtains and padded around the motel room naked. We ordered some crackers and cheese and several sodas from room service. Wine would have overpowered us after the long day it had been. I put on a pair of shorts while mom stepped into the bathroom and closed the door when the food arrived.

There was not a great deal of interesting shows on the TV, just reruns and second-rate movies. I had shucked my shorts again when the bellhop left, so we had our buffet in the buff while flipping channels. Finding nothing of real interest on the tube, I suggested we call the desk and see if they could scrounge up a deck of cards for us. "So we could play strip poker?" My mother asked. Of course, that set us both off into uncontrollable fits of giggling. Finally, as we recovered our breath, mom said, "Maybe I should give you your gift now?"

I had no idea what she had gotten me. The only time we had not been together in the mall was when she had gone into the drugstore while I looked at the new CD's in the shop next door. I knew there was nothing in her bags having seen them open when we had changed for the picnic. My mom read my mind. "Oh, it's not from a store. Just like you wanted to 'kiss where you came from', I want to 'suck the one I suckled'!" Though I wasn't able to see myself in the mirror, I had no doubt my grin at her words went from ear to ear.

Mom led me to her bed. I lay down in the middle, but mom made me skooch over more to one side. Then, unlike when some of my girlfriends went down on me, instead of getting between my legs, mother moved to beside me on her hands and knees. At first, she used her hand to stroke me and get me hard. It didn't take much of that to make my dong long. Her hand was soft and her touch delicate as she ran it up and down the shaft. Occasionally, mom let her fingers do the walking through my pubic hair and play with my balls. The slight tickling sensation this produced was very stimulating.

I was more than ready to have my fabulously sexy mother perform felatio on my cock. "Suck me mom." I said, "Use your mouth now!" She granted my request and put her lips on the tip of the head of my dick. Then, she slowly moved them down over it, almost as if it were forcing the mouth to open to the straining pole. She went deep and kept going deeper, all the way to the base of my penis and held there for a moment. I could feel the back of her throat with the end if my dick. I was surprised she didn't gag it was so deep.

She moved higher a little, then she began to suck. I discovered this side position made her lips glide over my cock in the same orientation as screwing into a pussy would. It was a more natural and stimulating angle to my dick than a straight on approach. So, I closed my eyes and let myself fantasize about it being my mother's pussy I was screwing, instead of her lips. The translation was an easy one to make and drifted off into a dream-like state of consciousness

I have had quite a few girls perform felatio on my penis, but it was never as pulse pounding as those fabulous floating moments; they seemed to stretch out in a timeless extension of utter sensual contentment. And best of all, it was my mom doing it, the love object of my whole life! Her mouth was at once both a ring of energy surrounding my obelisk of lust, rising and descending in a rhythm like waves lapping at the beach; and yet a sublime enveloping softness of velvet, then satin - sliding into silkiness, the enfolding of pure sensory excitement.

It was an out-of-body moment, save for the supreme member of my physical self, which was being ministered to by the angel who was my guide to rapture. Then, I began to slip into the moment of transcendence. It began without warning and grew exponentially like a time-lapse flower blooming in a few short moments to be fully revealed.

The pulses of my orgasm were like the klaxon of a fire horn going off in my head. My loins quivered, my balls were jumping as if there were bullfrogs hopping in them. My back arched, my ass cheeks clenched, my asshole jerked back into my body and the fire-hose my mom had in her mouth began to erupt hot magma of cum. Surges of splurges and

spasms rocked me and my lungs were drawing raggedly for more oxygen as everything exploded.

I floated down, totally drained of energy, fully disconnected from any intellect, spent of every speck of sperm; and filled to the brim with love for this special woman, my mother, who would give such a spectacular sucking to her son. She had indeed repaid me for the afternoon's adventure between her legs. I motioned for her to kiss me and words were beyond me still, my breathing still more sobs than panting. She drew her face up to mine and our mouths met in a mash of lips and a swirl of tongues. Then my eyes just seemed to roll back and I passed into a deep sleep, a smile upon my lips that couldn't fade even in unconsciousness.

PART 5

The next morning we snuggled in bed together, a pair of lovers in no hurry to leave the comfort of the covers or each other's company. We hugged and kissed and stroked one another in sweet contentment. Mom was cradled in my right arm and my left hand explored her curves. I fondled her nipples making them stiff and erect. Squeezing first right tit, then left, I marveled at the soft skin and spongy texture of a mature woman's breasts. My hand soon was sliding down to the devil's playground, the triangle of temptation. Mother's pussy was already slick with excitement.

Mom was not idle. Her torso was slightly turned toward me permitting her free right arm to make caresses of its own. She rubbed softly on my chest in a soothing fashion. Occasionally, her hand made a detour southward to flutter over my blood-flooded dick. This was an

interesting tease which the male monster alert but not over-stimulated, allowing for a lengthy time of tingling without needing to conclude in climax. Her kiss began to get wetter and mom's tongue played in and out of my mouth also in a titillating and suggestive way.

My finger did some walking in her pubic hair, then like a big comb I fluffed it up, gently pulling at the kinky strands make mother suck in a gasp now and then. Then, with just the tip of my middle finger, ever so lightly I began to massage the slit of her seeping crack. First from clit to base, reversing at the base and drawing the moisture on to her nub, then lower and back to the joy toy of femininity. At the high point were little circles and the dips went a fraction deeper each stroke. Mom's knees opened to give me full access. She began to draw sharp breaths and her hand stopped moving coming to a stationary spot on my member.

As my digit danced in her depths and thumb made merry strumming mom's clit she broke free of the chains of passion's spell which had hypnotized her. She sat up and looked at me with a wild expressing of wanton glee. Mother's hair was flying out at odd angles. Her face was flushed, nearly the color of her nipples. The eyes sparkled +with mischief promising me that in moments we would be engaged in another of mom's special surprises. She paused for effect and the called out the number like it was the winner at a bingo game. "69!"

We swung around being careful not to poke elbows into eyes. With me on the bottom and mom over me, we made the connections of lips to labia /orifice to penis. I could see her brown hole clearly, a thing of beauty I had had never contemplated before so directly. Mom's mouth moved over my manhood milking it like she was a hungry calf. I

nibbled on the dangling dainty delights of her nether parts as if I were some short-necked giraffe reaching for a succulent leafy meal with a pink berry as an extra special treat. I stretched my tongue, and while not as elongated as the African animal of the plains, it served to stimulate the pleasure bud amidst the folds of my fun.

Murmurs and moans were all the sounds we made as we munch on each other's genitals. Happy tones which signaled approval and guided each other to do just the right thing and to keep at the activity that was taking us closer to climax. The morning's foreplay had primed the charge about to explode with both of us. Mom started first, her hips pumping involuntarily as the paroxysm over took her. I grabbed her ass cheeks and mashed my face into her crotch, my mouth and tongue a machine slathering her privates, careful to not let teeth tear the tender flesh. Her anus winked several times at me as the spasms washed over her whole being.

As she came down from her cum high she renewed her swallowing, managing somehow to deep-throat me right to the root as she had last night and I could feel the constriction of her throat around the head of my hard-on. Her oral digit seemed to actually spiral around my member and the suction was incredible like a vacuum cleaner stuck on my cock. Like one of those oil wells blowing a new gusher, my goo was a geyser of white-hot cream. In one single moment, I erupted and emptied my supply of love lotion as my mother swallowed my full load of passion potion. Then she rolled to the side and whooped in joy and exaltation at our mutual gratification.

After that, we rested for some several minutes before rousing ourselves to start the business of the day. We did shower together, a quick no

nonsense hop into the spray . . .well there was a little tickling - but we were quite satiated by the earlier frolic. We finished the ablutions and toiletry necessities with the nonchalance of the comfortable level of intimacy we had come to even in so short a time. Dressing casual in fresh outfits, we set off for the campus and getting the remainder of my registration and settling in done. This took up much of the morning.

After consuming a pizza at a decent hangout I knew of, we decided to sunbathe by the motel pool. I made much of putting the lotion on mom. She had a bikini that showed off her sexy figure. While I couldn't do all that I wanted to out in public in plain sight of the other guests, I make her shiver and gasp at some of the more daring touches I boldly made when I was sure nobody might see. I stroked the pout of her breasts. I slipped up the inner thigh and put a finger into her pussy withdrawing it quickly to make it seem as if I were merely making sure the back of her cheeks wouldn't burn. She wouldn't be quite that naughty but did some nice massaging of my shoulders and the small of my back. Very sensuous still, and so very nice to have her hands on me in any fashion.

At the local diner where we went for dinner, I saw Fred again and his steady girl, his date for the evening I knew. Fred came over to introduce - as he put it, 'his old lady'. I indicated that my partner was a new romance, and that while she might not be a young lady, she was a hot one. Mom choked on her water at my lack of discretion. But Fred said he thought that dating a grad student was very cool. Then he urged us to come the party that evening that it was a pre-school bash not to be missed and he hoped that I would let the rest of my friends meet my new chick.

When they departed, Mom started to laugh hard. I asked why.

"Oh! Honey, I think it's so funny that your buddy thought I was your generation. You know if I can pass both Fred and that other friend's, Jack was it? Pass both their inspections, do you think I could pull off being your date at the party? I'd love to go, I haven't been to a college bash since I graduated myself. Could we go? Please?"

"Christ, mom - I don't know . . . "

"Well if you don't want to risk them knowing that it's your "old lady", I guess I can understand - still I was hoping. I think it would be great fun."

"It's not that mom, just . . . well there's likely to be some pot and making out at these shindigs. Maybe you would feel uncomfortable with stuff like that going on."

"Not at all babe! I haven't tried pot, but the bacchanal doesn't sound all that different than the bashes when I was your age. We had whiskey and goofballs, there was necking and some used the bedrooms for getting it on. Let's go, at least you can get bragging rights for dating a grad student; we just won't tell them the year I did!"

We both laughed at that and it was agreed that we should change into suitable duds and party hardy that evening. But we also decided that we would be back to our room early enough to have our own make out session in private. I hoped that perhaps that night we might "do it". Could I get her tipsy enough? Perhaps a toke or two to help? Did I want

to seduce my mom, even though I was pledged to honor her wishes that we not go all the way? Yes. This might be my last and only chance to accomplish the culmination of what we had been building toward, with all that we had shared this past several days. I would not take my mother against her will, but if she was willing, I was able and eager and ready.

At the house where Fred had given me directions to, even though we arrived at a relatively early hour, the party was well underway. Already the distinctive whiff of grass scented the place and dark corners were peopled with carousing couples. My new girlfriend and I made the rounds and I introduced the latest love of my life without any hint she had also been the first love of my existence as well. Mom had worn jeans and a tee shirt of mine and no bra either. She did her hair in a scarf, with sandals on her feet made her look like one of our hippie crowd. She passed easily, her youthful beauty timeless, in the dim she was 23 again. In her heart and in her lilting laugh she was 23 again too.

A beer in her hand was good, a start, but as we settled down to join in an impromptu rap session about the war and politics and bitch about professors, some body lit a joint and passed it around. When it came to mom I didn't know what she would do, but she was game and wisely took only a tiny toke, but held it in good for a bit. She held forth about the president being an asshole and the next drag was a deeper one. Go! Mom! She was observing the crew as they each took a hit off what was now a roach. Somebody produce a clip and when the marijuana went next by mama, she sucked and then drew air to drive it down into her lungs.

Suddenly I saw her eyes light up and she had a shit-eating grin on her face and I knew mom had caught a buzz. Mother had her first high on hemp, and was she happy! Now a pipe was being passed back and forth. This was a different draw and mom took too much and began to cough and choke and wheeze. "Happens to us all!" Shouted Jack from across the room where he was groping a blonde I had not seen on campus before. I helped her to recover, gave her a sip of cold beer and suggested she take it easy.

"Just caught me off guard . ." she squeaked still trying to catch her breath. Then she held out her hand for the pipe and took a perfect toke; the hit hit her with a rush. Her eyes closed and she swayed even though we were sitting. "I'm definitely one toke over the line." She sang the last of the sentence. I didn't know she knew that song. She got to her feet and I arose with her uncertain as to what she was wanting to do. Mom grabbed me by the belt and said in a not so quiet whisper, "Let's find a dark corner!" Then she lead the way to what was the den evidently, where in near darkness half a dozen couples were in various states of undress and at different stages of intimacy and all were definitely all but "doing it" in mom's phrase.

Mom found a couple of over-sized unoccupied and plunked down. I followed. Hardly before I landed, mom was putting my hand up her dress. "I see why grass get you horny!" She whispered with a giggle. "I feel like my skin is super sensitive and my cunt itches! Rub your baby, darling, get into my panties!" I obeyed. I stuck my hand down her little undies and proceeded to finger her clit and found her hole slick already. She reached behind her and grabbed the waistband of the undergarment and pulled them down to her knees, then to her ankles then off. I had no hindrance then to finger fucking her.

Mom used her hands to loosen my belt and undo my pants, the zipper sounded amidst the moans of the other couples kissing and caressing and carousing and cumming. She made me stop for a moment and shuck down my jeans to get out my hard-on. She then began to jack me as I resumed diddling her. I managed to get my other hand inside her tee shirt to paw her tit. The shirt lifted so high that both breast were exposed. Mother was so hot to trot that in made no never mind that we were in what amounted to an orgy, at least as close as I had ever been to one. Mom gave a shutter that indicated she had a small climax.

Just then, the thunder of a stereo blasted music throughout the place and kids began to dance out on the terrace. Mom looked startled, then she scrambled to her feet. "I want to boogie!" She exclaimed as she repaired her disheveled clothing. I struggled up, yanking my pants back on. I reached down, scooped mom's panties from the floor, and offered them to her. She snatched them with a flourish and tossed them into the other room. "Who needs them?!" She cried and grabbing my hand towed me toward the gyrating crowd that moved to the groovy music. We joined them and bopped and bounced and shook and shimmied to the rock blaring from the speakers.

After several numbered the exertion made us thirsty and we grabbed a couple of beers. Mom found the snack table and began to pig out. "God! Everything tasted soo goood!" Yep, mother had the munchies! She grabbed a roving roach that ran our way and we each took a hit. Then a slow dance began and I drew her back to the terrace for a close and cozy romantic sway to and fro. She rested her head on my shoulder and we were content to enjoy the tender moment together. When the music ended, mom reached for my crotch and rubbed my dick. She breathed in my ear, "Get a joint from one of your friends and let's go back to our place!"

I hooked up with Jack as mom went to pee. I made my request, Jack was always good for a doobie, and indicated I hoped to get luck - maybe. He gave me a fat joint "Primo!" He said. He also gave me a big wink and a wide smile, a thumb's up sign, and a thrusting of his hips and a knowing nod. I was sure that Jack wouldn't have minded taking my mother home himself. But she was my girl, my date, my woman and my mother, and my lover if tonight turned out right, now that my mom was turned-on. My hopes were high and so was she, and Jack's gift of grass might grant my wish to get my mom to go all the way!

PART 6

When we got back to the motel, as soon as we got in the door we stripped. Clothes were flying every which way in our exuberance of freedom and anticipated frolic. I didn't know what mom had in mind for the events of our next erotic encounter but her eagerness was quite evident. She flung off the covers of her, rather our bed and sat cross-legged up against the headboard. "Where's the pot?" she queried getting right to the point. I brought over a thick rolled joint and ashtray with matches. "Wait! Wait!" She suddenly was waiving her hands to halt everything. For a moment, I thought she had come to her senses and decided that it was not going to be.

"We need to do it in the bathroom, so the odor won't be detected. We don't want to get busted!" So, we scampered into the bathroom, put a towel along the door on the floor and turned on the exhaust fan. I lit the grass and took a long drag, then passed it to mom. She sucked in a good toke and held it for a fair amount of time, then blew the blue smoke up toward the ceiling where the powered draft drew it out. For

several minutes, as mom sat on the lid of the seat and I crouched in front of her, we pass the jay back and forth. Mom's nipples were stuck out like pencil erasers and she wiggled her hips from time to time. I could feel the buzz getting bigger in my brain and my erection lifted between my legs.

Mom stared at it as she puffed from the roach. I took the stub and snuffed it out to save the last half-inch for later. Mom smiled a toothy grin and said in a sultry voice, "I like being high. I love being stoned. I am so turned on! God, everything is so cool . . . look at how the chrome shines in the light! I know! Let's turn off the light for a minute and see how dark it is!" She flipped the switch. Instantly I was blind. I was careful not to move suddenly, so I could keep my balance in the unexpected darkness. I reached out to grab the sink to steady myself, but got a handful of mom's tit.

"My! What did you find?" She snickered and slowly reached forward until her fingers found my chest. The digits fluttered down seeking my fleshy flute and found my phallus. When our eyes adjusted in a few moments, the dim light from the bedroom provided enough illumination so that we didn't bump one another. In the gloom the groping got to be a game of seeking the hidden erogenous zones to touch each other and the stimulation was even more exiting for being in the dark, as if the secret desires that were running rampant were all the more naughty for being done clandestinely.

Mom broke of the playing 'blind man in the buff', and opened the door. She trotted to the bed. I followed, closing the bathroom door with the fan still on. Mother motioned me to be opposite her at the foot of the mattress. Now we were once again in the same position as we were the

first night here. Was it to only be a mutual masturbation again? Surely we would do more our last night after having been all but all the way. Waste the high with just some hanky-panky? If so it would be a bummer of a cummer, not having the ultimate intimate experience while me and mom were so nicely buzzed on boo. The weed had fed my need to make it with mother. But I was not to be disappointed.

After a long moment, when she just gazed at me, in contemplation of our relationship and this extraordinary journey we had made together on this short trip where we had come such a long way. With so many cums for both of us in the uncustomary relationship between mother and son, having broken the most sacred of taboos and entered a realm in which the bonds were also of overpowering physical desire as well deep emotional ties. After the excruciating wait, my mother, the object of my heart's desire and my hard-on's lust, held out her arms and spread her legs and whispered in the sweetest tones, "Come to mommy!"

I climbed forward toward the woman waiting me, the wanton, wicked, carnal candle of my loins leading the way. Mom slid down her head on the white pillow, her knees at wide angle, her amorous arms enveloping me as I settled into the soft haven of coming home to mommy. My hips rested on her thighs, and the twin peaks of her teats molded against my body. My arms embraced her sides, elbows supporting my torso, so that I seem to float on top of her. My penis push onto her pubic hair, ball hanging along the labia. We kissed, softly gently, with tongues tasting, but not engaged in serious maneuvers. We murmured "I love you"s and "this feels good" and "Yes, it's okay" to each other. We held that pose for some time, just enjoying the moment.

Then mom's hips began to make little rocking motions. I caught the signal to a more active stage of this session and started to make slight plowing pushes with my peter. The fur of mother's pussy was crinkly and crispy as I mowed through it. With our combined action the erection sawed high and dropped low and soon enough the hotdogs was getting close to the source of the sex sauce that made it glide along the ruddy path. I could tell when the tip passed the clitoris as mom gave a shiver and moan. I could feel the heat of our engorged genitals as they slide back and forth. I knew that this was at last my fantasy cum true.

I lifted a bit so that I could look between us. Mother looked too, panting now and making tiny whines as we approached the moment of destiny. The sight of my cock in contact with her cunt was mind-blowing, what an awesome trip to view the vagina I had been born from about to take in the member of the child it had birthed. A cosmic circle of karma and the celestial mingling of the ying and yang. I pulled back just a bit then bowed my back to thrust ever so tenderly on route to the holy grail of love. The head slithered along the labia missing the soft center. I repeated and was rewarded with the parting of petals and the enfolding of flesh; the temperature of the interior was incredibly heated. I held myself perfectly still and looked straight in to my mother's eyes.

She knew the question, I knew the answer but needed her to make it plain and unequivocal that I had the green light to fuck her. Mom mouthed the words, "Do it". I inched forward the head now enclosed by her pussy. She whispered, "I want you, do it to mommy . . . "I gave her another inch and froze, afraid I might blow right then. Mom moved her hands down to grip my bottom and pulled me closed as she spread her legs as wide as possible. I felt my dick sliding deeper into her place

of pleasure. I could not wait then to make her mine, I jammed the joint of man meat as far as it would go. I was all the way in! We were complete!

I savored the moment but had to begin to stoke. Mom cried, "Yes David! DO IT!! Fuck mommy! Give it all to me! God I've want your cock up me for so long, at last we are one baby, my baby in me all the way!! That made me go for the goal. I got more and more furious, pounding in her for all I was worth. Her hips were cranking at the same time. Like a pogo stick meeting a trampoline we bounced on the bed, the springs creaking and the headboard knocking at the wall and the mat shaking up and down. Our calls were groans and grunts of involuntary vocal expressions of ecstasy. I held mom for dear life to keep us together while the physics of fucking were forcing us to fly apart.

Our breathing was ragged and the sweat poured of us like rain. My shaft was an oak handle plunging in a boiling caldron. I could feel the bumps of her womb all the way deep inside. My rod seemed to be banging them open, spreading the aperture for the flood soon to flow. Mother went into the preliminary stages that I recognized as her impending orgasm. I was very close myself; I encouraged her wanting us to mutually peak at the same instant. "Yeah! Mom, cum with me. I'm going to squirt all my cream in your cunt and make you gush out of your pussy like a river!" She began to shake all over and I could feel the spasms in her vagina squeezing my penis. I felt my own throbbing commence and the jism rise and spout as I pressed as hard as I could into my mother's hole with my dick and shot gob after hot gob in her. Her juice frothed over my testicles as we both climaxed and collapsed in a heap, heaving for air.

The intensity to having my first fuck and with my mother at that while we both stoned to the gills was such that I never deflated. I was as raring to go in my privates and when we began - more so. When we had caught our breath, I manhandled my mom in a most gentle fashion to get up on her knees and I got behind he to do it 'doggie' style. She said' OH! Yeah! More! Do momma again!" I looked at the divine work of art that was my mother's ass and steered my rigid dong to the ruddy gash, a gapping red target that I had moments ago filled with my incestuous seed. I advanced and met no resistance; indeed mom thrust back and angled her hips to give me perfect penetration. I resumed screwing my honey of a lover, to our joint pleasure and mutual delight.

The awesome pleasure renewed as my pole plugged into the hot socket of the female before me on all fours. Her hair hung down off her shoulders getting stringy from the perspiration that coated us both in a shiny sheen of slickness. The sweat was an excellent grease to allow our bodies to slide in the hunching motion of my loins against her beautiful backside. My drilling was like the piston and rod of an engine, that forward and back - up and down motion. A well-oiled fucking machine we were.

It seemed like a long time had passed in that position, so good was the screwing, that I was lost in the concentration of how exquisite it felt. My balls were in flight, then squeezed into the split of her buttocks, they started to glow with my next wad gathering to blast out. Mom was making hoarse sounds and bending low at the front to give me deepest access to her ass. I could now feel the socket of mom's womb far within her tunnel, the nubby aperture that my plum cock head bumped with each smacking stroke.

Knowing that I was about to blow my load of seed at the very place I was created was a high that made my head seem to swell and my prick balloon. Mother gasp at the heat that radiated from the engorged mass of meat invading her guts. Then she screamed into the pillow and palatable waves of contractions rippled through her vagina. This triggered my own set of ball jumping - pick pounding - jism gushing throbs and shutters. White fluid flowed from her slit even as it still grasped my shrinking dick. In raged gasps mother muttered, "I love you, soo muuchh!" and collapsed beneath me.

I rolled to my right to avoid my weight being on her and preventing her from drawing needed air. I lay by her on the soaked sheets, panting as I responded, "God, Mom, I love you too! I love you, I love you. . I love you - - - I - love - your - body!! I love to make love to you!"

She laughed, and came back with, "I think that I could tell that! You proved your point beyond all doubt!" We stretched out then and caressed each other and expressed ourselves with sweet little kisses until we fell asleep. Tomorrow morning she had to catch her plane.

PART 7

With the daylight streaming in the window, I awoke to the gorgeous sight of my mother's naked body next to mine. A window opened when we had come in last evening gave a soft gentle breeze that felt very sensual. I reached over and stoked mom's back, from the nape of her neck to the curve of her bottom. She turned her head to look at me and smile but stayed on her tummy for the moment allowing me to pet her. Eventually, my petting paw could not resist the temptation the wander

between her cheeks and seek the place I had so thoroughly delved in last night.

My lover, my mother, my fantasy cum true, grinned and opened her thighs for my creeping caresses. But soon, even as the dampness there turned slippery and juicy, mom put an arm out and pushed me gently onto my back. She arose on her hands and knees and her mouth made for my man-muscle that was already rearing up semi-erect. With her lips and tongue in action, it reached full height in no time. When it was ripe and ready roused, she swung a leg over my torso and bent at the waist.

Reaching between her limbs and grasping the mast of my maleness with practiced patience mom placed it at the porthole of her femininity. She did not jam it up suddenly, but sank slowly so the shaft settled into the soft seat of her sex. She rose and sank to ease the oar of lust into the wetness, and when at last my cock was coated with her lotion; mom began that motion which rocked me in her cradle of love. She bent forward and the swaying of her hip made her breasts sweep across my chest, from ribs to collarbone. Meanwhile my boner was gripped and stroked like the best hand-job ever conceived.

The velvety texture of mom's mams across my skin was a sensation new and delightful. The motion that milked my man-muscle was grand and grinding against my refilled rocks. From nuts to nipples, I gave into the sensation and just lay under my mother, who worked her hips in every which way as she pleasured herself atop her boy-toy son. Then I put my hands to her teats and gave gentle squeezes to those melons of mommy. The nipples extended a full half an inch and I drew each one down in turn to suck on those delicious globes. Soon though I

placed my paws on her buns and began to raise my middle in a thrust of lust to lock us together for the cumming explosion.

Mom began to ride her pony hard, the pommel of the saddle extended right inside her and was knocking at the gates of paradise, the womb of the woman I loved most dearly. I could feel the balls boil over and hugged her to me; the breasts mashed against my ribs as I reversed jackhammered her from below. Mom was with me in her climax and she let out a long wail that must have startled the maid in the hall. My own grunts were animal sounds from a barnyard; indeed, it was a cross between pig-squeal and a horse's whinny. Funny if it wasn't the moment that I was once more flooding my mother's cunt with my sinful seed of semen.

We held that pose for many minutes, both winded and too happy to let the moment pass and let go of one another; knowing what was next - the start of our parting. Finally, mom slid to the side and off me and off the bed. She climbed to her feet and said, "We need to get cleaned up." I stood up and looked at my mother, lover, naked goddess before me. She gazed at me for long minutes. We were both silent.

Then, she picked up the phone and dialed my dad. "Darling . . ." she crooned in to the handset, "I still have a couple things I want to do with our 'big man on campus' will you change my reservations to tomorrow evening? . . . . . Thanks, Honey, ... Yes, we've had a great time down here; he's shown me some historical sights and I got to see the campus and meet a few of his friends . . . . . Well I love you too, but I won't get to see my boy until Christmas, so I going to make the most of my visit . . . . . Okay! See you soon!

She put down the phone and grabbed my cock. "Come on, 'BIG man on campus'", and I was growing a large stiffy realizing that we would have another day to make it with each other. "I want to do it in the shower with you." And after that who knows what might happen! Do you think we might score some more grass for tonight?" She led me into the bathroom by pulling on my penis; she didn't have to tug hard, I was happy to follow.

"We have to get in what we can while I'm here," Mom said in a conspiratorial voice as we entered the shower, "Christmas is months off and already I can't wait 'til you come home and cum in mommy's cunt. Won't that be a real nice home cumming?!" Then we French kissed and hugged our naked bodies together.

I remember mother, her beautiful face, her sexy body, her warm voice, her hot desire for steamy sex, her happy sharing a joint, her laugh; I remember mother. She was the spirit of love, lust, and incest; cum what may. And now, you shall never forget that wonderful and wanton woman either.

Incessantly Incessant Son

Insidiously & insisting, inserting in sinuously my member,

I seduced mother and made her my incestuous mistress!

Would mother kick me out of bed?

It is an early June morning, 1973, in Connecticut. I am home from graduate school, for several weeks now. My sister is living in Boston. My father is on a business trip this week. A lazy Tuesday morning, my mother is still in bed, it's only seven thirty. She and I are the only ones in the house. I have decided it is time to put my daring plan in action. I hope not to ruin things, but I am obsessed with the thought of incest with my mother. I quietly move from my room to sneak into hers. She lies still. I slip into bed with her.

I am wearing only my jockey shorts. She has on a mid-length satin nightgown, that she wore the evening before, when we had been downstairs, reading in the living room. I don't know if she has panties on underneath, but I am betting she does not. That will make my seduction easier, if it is to succeed. I risk quite a lot on this venal venture, but I believe it is a calculated chance, to try to connect with my maternal parent in a carnal way. It is sinful, that which I, her son, seek to fulfill with my mother. But if she succumbs, it will be sweet for both of us. The percale cotton sheets are cool, as I slide in between them, to sidle up next to my mom.

In a moment, she will wake, then hell breaks loose, or heaven is at hand; depending on how I handle her. If she will listen to reason, if I can convince her of my motives, make her accept my initial intimacy, then

I may gain the goal. If I can get her to acknowledge the arguments I present, see the wisdom of my proposal, perceive the opportunity we might share, then I can proceed. If not, I'm in big trouble. But I think I can persuade her. I think I can assuage her fears. I am confident that my abilities to satisfy her physical needs are more than adequate.

In those ancient times this happened, there was a new wave of liberation, which allowed erotic material to be commonly available. (If you knew where the adult stores were.) Before, not so many years previous, the best was either what would be R-rated now days, or classics, like the Karma Sutra, The Perfumed Garden, Lady Chatterley's Lover. But in the early Seventies, the publishing of dirty books flourished. Incest was openly written about in wildly graphic terms, by the likes of Grace Wilkinson, Jon Reskin, and Kathy Andrews. These were eagerly bought by he who writes these words, stashed under the mattress, well used. They opened easily to the naughtiest portions; the oily spots, from Vaseline coated fingers, smudging the pages.

Likely, my mom had seen some, when she changed my sheets. So she made me make my bed, instead of being confronted with her son's fetish, with my perverted desires for sex with my mother. The titles were blatant, no mistaking their subject matter. However, she must have kept silent on the subject. My father never knew of my personal kink, until after mother had passed. By then, any help he might have lent to my mission was never able to be manifested. But also by then, I had accomplished my resolution to convert mom, to have her be my lover. My father was honorable, if not always faithful. He was a man of the world, but understood his family too little, to make things right.

Dad was generous, but he had not the inner resources to seek help for the marital difficulties, that beset their relationship. Thus, the stage was set for my foray into my parent's bed, exploiting my mother's emotional vulnerability, entering her body with my loving flesh. I had concluded by observation - listening actually, rather than viewing - that their love life was nil, was no longer an active part of what was between them. Mother was effectively celibate. My father was getting his satisfaction elsewhere, if at all. He was not taking care of his spousal duties. This was the setting for my mother's seduction, the scenario that allowed it to be completed, and the circumstances I encountered when finally I managed to copulate with mom.

I waited, with my elbow propping up my head, turned on my right side toward her. My prick was rock hard despite my nervousness. Mom yawned, and opened her eyes. When she saw me, she became alarmed and awoke instantly.

"David! What do you think you're doing?"

"Don't freak-out mom; I have a favor to ask you."

"You don't have to climb in bed with me, to do that!"

"Well, that kind of has to do with the favor. Just listen and you'll understand. Please?"

"Okay, but make it quick, then I have to get up."

"It's like this. I have had plenty of experiences with girls, making out, and such. ."

"Uh-huh, I know you've dated quite a lot."

"Yes, but not so much lately, it's hard to meet gals, when everybody in graduate school is running in a different direction. My love life is rather paltry at the moment."

"Okay, but why are you in my bed?"

"I'm getting to that. I'm now twenty five, and I have never really had the experience of . . . to cuddle with a woman in bed. I get so lonely. I just want to see what it's like. Could we snuggle a little, please mom?"

"I'm your mother; I don't think that it would be such a good idea for us to do that."

"Remember how you taught me to dance?"

"This is different, David."

"And how you gave me back rubs, when I had scoliosis (curvature of the spine), and I was in a back-brace for three years."

"Yes, but . ."

"Now days, I give you back rubs, and leg-rubs when you're tired, after a long day of housework."

"And that is much appreciated."

"Well, this is just like that stuff. It's a way to help me know what it's like, to hug and hold someone you love in bed. I just want to experience that for once, rather than having to clutch my pillow, and pretend it's a female. That's all I want. Is it so much to ask, for just a few minutes? Then I'll get up and help you with the chores."

"Okay, for a few minutes, then I have a list of things you can do."

"Great mom! Thanks!" I scootched over and took her in my arms. Step one, done. Next the soothing strokes. I held mom, and she returned my hug, not awkwardly at all. It seemed quite natural. My hands on her back began to slide up and down the silky material of her gown. I stayed to just her back bone, and above the waist, not straying with my hands. I did certified that she had no bra on, underneath. I was sure of that however, since her breasts were pressing against my chest; I could feel the nipples, they were nice firm buttons.

"I'm sorry you get lonely at school. Do you have a crowd here in town that you hang around with, that you might date some of those girls?"

"Not yet. Don't you get lonely when dad's out of town on his trips?"

"Of course I do, but then he comes back, and we are together again."

"But you guys don't make love anymore."

"That's private. What made you say that?"

"Well," My hands now commenced to roam slightly lower, to the top of her hips and then to her shoulders again, making a broad circuit. As I thought, no panties either. "I used to hear you and dad making love regularly. I haven't heard a thing since I got back. I didn't hear anything at Christmas time, either. Have you stopped doing it altogether?"

"Yeah, I remember having to chase you back to bed, when you were a senior in High School, so we could get some privacy." You don't still listen at our door, do you?" Then she said, as an aside, not so much for my ears, as expressing her frustration, "Not that there is anything to hear, lately . ."

Naturally, since I was hugging her close, I heard that remark, made under her breath. I picked up on that, as I moved my left leg, which was higher, to between her legs. "So, you two aren't having relations, I didn't think so. Is dad having an affair?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Okay, are you?"

"David! No, I'm not having an affair!"

"Well, what about dad?"

Mom got a real sad look on her face and hugged me tighter. "I . . I don't think so, but sometimes . ." She was about in tears, "I sometimes wonder if he is messing around with a secretary. I don't mean his own, I trust her, she's married with three kids. But some of the younger ones I've seen, when I went into his office in the city . . . they are awfully attractive . . . and I'm just an old . ." Now she was crying, "an old cow!"

I held her and began to kiss her cheeks. "No you aren't, you're very beautiful, you still have lots of sex appeal, mom. You are not an old cow." I was kissing her forehead, her cheeks, then her ears, then her eyelids, then her mouth. "I think you are very hot, I love holding your gorgeous body. You are still a very attractive woman."

""No, I'm not." But the weeping had nearly stopped.

"I think you are. This is proof." I pushed my erection into her abdomen.

She laughed (thank God!) and backed away slightly. "You can't fool me, that's your piss woodie. Now let's get up."

"No it's not. You gave that stiffy to me, I love the feel of your body next to mine."

"David, don't."

"It's true mom. I think your breasts are very pretty."

"When did you see my bosom?"

"The other day, when you were changing, I started to come in, but I saw what you were doing, and I backed out. But I got to see them." A lie.

"I didn't see you."

"Your back was to the door, I saw in the mirror."

"You liked them? They sag."

"Just a little, the nipples were very attractive."

"They're brown and wrinkled and plain."

"If I could see them right now, I'd kiss them!"

"I . . couldn't let you do that."

"But I already saw them, they are very pretty."

"I mean, I couldn't let you kiss them."

"Let me look at one." I pulled nightie's front down and to one side. The right one was half out, with that bold tug.

She let it peak out, the nipple was the oval one. I remembered it, from when I had barged in on her naked, one time when I was eight. I put a hand on the underside of that peak-a-boob and pushed it to pop out. I bent my head down to her bust, and kissed the ruddy cap in the middle. Then I gave it a little tiny suckle too.

"OH! God, David! Don't! I'm your mother. You mustn't, we can't . ."

"I love you mom. I want you to know how beautiful you really are. It's not wrong for a boy to suckle his mommy's teat, that's what they were made for."

"You're not a little boy anymore, and they don't give milk anymore, and you had better not do that anymore." But, she didn't put it back in!

"No I'm not young anymore, but you are still gorgeous, and that's what they were made for too. Didn't it feel good? If they have been neglected, I would be happy to show them they are appreciated."

"It's so naughty for you to do that."

I leaned down once more, and this time spent more than a minute tonguing and sucking the ruddy oval of her tit. "It's so nice to do it, though!"

"Yess, it iss!" Step two! Now to raise the stakes, and see if I could get to third. Step by step!

"Mom," I began to run my hands on her rear, caressing the buns, and touching the crack through the thin material. I think you've seen the sort of books I have under the mattress?"

"Dirty books."

"Yes," My hands were now feeling her breasts, one in - one out. My dick was definitely making contact with her bush area. She wasn't pulling away, either. "The dirty books are about something, one thing, they all have in common."

"Incest . . ."

"Yes," my hands are slipping inside her nightgown and reaching for both knockers at the same time, "about sons and mothers. I have a desire to love you mom."

"I know." She has to feel my dick at her loins. I kissed her lips and begin to French her. Mom hesitates, and then kisses me back. I lift her gown

so that it goes over her head, with a little wiggling; we get it off and her naked. "You - you really have a lust for your mom?"

"Yes, I do." I take her hand and place it on my hard-on.

"It's big and hard, for me?"

"Yes, for you mom, I have one every morning, and at night too, just for you. Every day, just for you."

"What are we going to do about that?"

I reach down and grab the waist band of my shorts and yank them down to my knees. Mother's hand clutches my rod, and begins to lightly stroke it. She knows how to handle that delicate instrument. I move my fingers down her torso to find the crinkly patch of her fur, and explore, seeking the divide and her lubrication. It is there, and wet. I dip my middle finger, draw up the oil, and find her clitoris.

"Ooh . . Yes, like that, do that!" She is now into our playing with each other's genitals, step three behind us, and I will move soon to my next target. I begin kissing her lips, and then my mouth travels to her full mammeries. I give due worship to both the oval, and the round tips, both are erect points. They are truly beautiful, they are so erotic. I then let my oral administrations work even lower. She is gasping, and she knows where her son is heading, to grant her cunnilingus, so long she has had to do without.

All she can whisper as my service to her pussy starts is, "Oh Honey, yes eat me, eat me nice!" I use my every trick, the variations of the lips, then tongue, then breathe - warm / cool, back to flicking tongue; again my lips suck her rosy pleasure nub all the way in and out and in. I am hardly able to get air, I am so plastered to her soaked crotch. However, I have a plan to stick by. I understand the physical mechanisms of my mother's body. I will trigger the event I want to happen, and then it there will be no stopping our consummation. We are already past the point of no return. Where she can think any rational thoughts, only absorb the love I poured upon her flesh. Her legs went wide and her welcome for her son was genuine.

She surely suspected, when she awoke to find me in her bed, what I had in mind. Yet she didn't create an almighty fuss. She let my rationale be hers for our close contact; our intimate cuddling that was not so innocent snuggling, but rather a prelude to foreplay. Yet she went along with my obvious ploy. She could have objected more strenuously when I began to pry into my parent's sex life, but she provided details. She admitted her insecurities about my father's fidelity. She was reduced to tears in my arms. She admitted she knew what I read, incest fantasies about mother and son, that I masturbated thinking of her.

Did she have in mind, that maybe we would become lovers, if she let all that take place? Or was it subconscious? I was not sure of anything, but the outcome of our present passion. I was going to make love to my mother. I returned to a simple lapping at her clit, and that did the trick. Mom gave a cry, her legs opened wider, her pelvis tilted, her hips heaved. "Yes, now, put it in, put it in now! I need it, I want you too, Honey. Take me, fuck me, fuck your mommy!!" She was almost blubbering in her craziness to get screwed, then and there, by me; her

son who was showing her how very much I loved her, and wanted her body.

I rolled to be between her thighs, even as I kicked my jockeys completely off. I looked down, the sheet had fallen to the side, I saw her thick brown triangle of pubic hair, framing a red slit, and a dark cavity at the middle of it all. Her nub of a clit was sticking up like a pink teardrop pearl. I placed the head of my penis at the entrance of my mother's vagina, and pushed. I felt the bulb being engulfed by hot, wet tissue that offered no resistance. Her slick lubrication gave my penetration a smooth passage.

Once deeper in though, her muscles gripped the shaft, as if she could hug it internally with the walls of her womanhood. I slid all the way, not touching bottom, but so that my balls were mashed on her buns. I pulled half back, and thrust again, almost not believing I had gotten into the holy grail of incest. I watched the joining of our genitals, the grinding of our groins, the uniting of our loins. It was more graphic than any porno movie I had ever seen. But it was real. We were fucking, mom and I!

Her labia were clinging to my cock, as it pulled out, and then they disappeared as I stroked inward. She was moaning and saying, "So good, it's been so long, I love screwing! Oh God, baby, don't stop, make me cum! I'm going to cum big, don't stop!" I pounded away; the pleasure was beyond anything I had ever imagined. The simple few bangs of the only two girls I had previously made had in no way neared the intensity of this wild ride on mom. It was not just the making love to a mature, experienced woman; it was the lust cum true of our fucking

in incestuous passion. It went up to a whole other level, peaking, and then going even higher.

At last, as our bodies clapped together like a machine on overdrive speed, I was finally there, at my orgasm. I humped my prick into her pussy in lock mode, and flooded her chamber with a burst of creaming, I could not stop. Throb after throb, after pulsing throb, gushed from my jumping nuts out the hose of my boner, and into my mother's womb. We gasped ragged breaths, and sweat poured down our faces and bodies. She had soaked the sheets under her butt, with a great wet spot to mark where we had merged in sin. Her climax was right after mine, a long squeal, and clamping of legs around my waist, as her arms squeeze me hard as well.

But we didn't care what the consequences, at that moment. We had slaked our physical needs that were pent-up for way too long a time. She was glad for her new lover. I was happy I had been able to give her the satisfaction she deserved. I was joyous that we had united finally, fantasy became the actual fact. I kissed her, and murmured sweet things to her, to reassure her that all was well. Then I turned her over, and pulled her hips to me. My dick once more was rising with the libido of the young man I was, in lust for the lady I loved, who knelt in submission before me.

Mom just laughed, as I entered her grotto again. "If I'd known that you had it this bad for me, Honey, you wouldn't have to have read so many of those dirty books of yours; we could have been doing this for years! Yes! Fuck me some more, I love you, I love your cock. Fuck me! Fuck mommy forever!!"

It Happened One Night: A Series

Series - included in this posting:

Saturday night - It Happened One Night:

Right in front of me, my folks fucked!

The next day - It Happened One Morning:

When mom made good on her hint.

Later, on Monday – It Happened One Afternoon:

Mom makes good on my hopes.

Finally, on Friday – It Happened One Day:

Dad catches us, and things get even more interesting.

It Happened One Night

Saturday night

I just got to write and tell you what happened last week. My mom and dad went out for a romantic dinner which they do occasionally; leaving me at home to heat a frozen dinner. That was cool with me, as

it allowed me to have the use of the big screen TV in the living room to watch a porn DVD. Life size fucking in front of me!

I work at construction, but this was Saturday night, so I didn't have to worry about getting to bed early and up at dawn. Of course I was going to jerk off. I was in my robe, just in case the folks came home early. I had some beers, and I guess I was more tired than I realized, because I fell asleep in the middle of the movie, before I actually jacked off. Those plots are dull.

I was awoken by the sound of soft laughter. The lights were still off except for one dimmed in the corner, on the end table next to the couch. It was my parents back from their evening out. But they didn't seem to realize I was sitting in the big easy chair. I was in the dark and if you didn't look directly at me I was not very visible. They were taking off their clothes standing by the couch!

Now I know enough in my twenty-three years what was about to happen. I should have stood up and excused myself and given them their privacy. But I hesitated. I could say that I didn't want to break the mood. It would have, but not for long, maybe they would have moved into their bedroom too. But the naughty little boy in me hoped I could get away with watching.

As I matured, in past years, of course sometimes I heard them groaning through their door. I even confess that on occasion I have stood and listen to the erotic cries of my mother cumming. Yes, it got me off. Dad's grunts were mundane, but mom's moans were music in my ears. She is a lovely, shapely, sexy brunette. I don't think about her that much, but sometimes after I catch the 'cum concert' I fantasize.

Now, it might happen with me in the room. I only had my robe on, that and a hard-on. As I watched in the dimmed light of that small lamp, they got naked. I knew they were about to get busy. If they caught on now, that I was in the room, I figured they'd stop. They might get mad that I hadn't said anything. Could I fake that I had been asleep? It seemed too late to bail, and I didn't want to. The risks were worth the rewards. What happened afterwards, I would have to just face the consequences and pay the penalty. So be it.

And now dimly I could see the naked body of my mother being stretched out on the sofa by my equally nude father. Their clothing formed a lumpy pile beside their feet. He lay atop her, they kissed and fondled each other, they were murmuring bed talk on the divan. Then dad was going down on mom! She spread her legs and bent her knees as he moved lower and put his face between her thighs. I wished the light was brighter!

That really got her motor running and she made little squeals of ecstasy. Not long went by before she was dragging him to her by the shoulders. She was ready, and obviously he was too, because he entered her quickly as he settled once more over her. Then the humping began, his hips rising and falling. Her arms went around his back and moved to his ass to clutch his cheeks and pull him in harder. Life size fucking in front of me! In front of me, my folks fucking!!!

My hand was around my dick and I was stroking to the rhythm they had. Mom's sighs were so sweet; they washed like waves in cadence, like the tide on the shore. Higher and higher, louder and longer, the tide was coming in; mother was cumming again and again. Their pace

picked up as my father's climax approached. He was going to cum in mom. The clapping of their flesh slapped harder and faster. I had never had such a turned on moment as right then. I was close myself, we were all going to peak together!

At that moment, dad turned his head and saw me. He stared, but didn't stop. Mom must have caught that something was amiss in his expression. She looked in the same direction and saw what he did. Their son in the seat, beating his meat. I didn't know what to do, but automatically discontinued my masturbation, momentarily. It was a moment of frozen tableau. The three of us were intimately connected by our eyes.

My mother smiled, looked away, reached up and turned dad's face to hers. Put her hand on the back of his head, drew it next to hers so that they were face to face, and kissed him. "Don't stop now, just do it, Honey!" I heard her say. He obeyed with renewed vigor and in the next instant. I also returned to my self-administrations. Our syncopation was now smacking sound in stereo as one couple copulated and their kid clocked his cock with his fist.

Then the trio of cums cascaded, first mom, then dad, then me. Mom's began with rapid breathing that I could clearly hear vocalizations of her gasps for breath. These became high pitched calls of her cumming, "UH! OH! AHH! EEHH! EEEE!! IYEEE!!!". The last, like a wavering siren, was the trigger for both father and son. Voyeurism had never been so hot! Dad was grunting and groaning and thrusting hard and deep at her crotch. Her legs were pulled as wide as they could get, bent to give him every inch of access.

No doubt I made my own noises as my prick spewed jism, but I didn't register my own utterances. Since that was the first spout of the night, it was not just a spill of goo out the piss hole, but a veritable fountain that spouted and actually flew several inches up onto my chest. I don't often have that powerful a spasm, but I felt it from my asshole to the back of my head, as the contractions banged through my body. I wished, oh how I wished, that in the next minute, dad would say, 'Okay, son, why don't you take over and give your mother the next round of cums." Or mom to say, "Now, Sweetie, it's your turn."

Didn't happen. For a moment, we all had only the energy to pant and try to regain our wind and we sucked in oxygen to replenish our lungs. The sound of heavy breathing was all that could be heard. Then I did get a surprise. Dad lifted off and set back, at the end of the couch and mom turned so her legs went back down to the floor. She reached up and switched on the other end lamp. On high.

In the brighter light I could clearly see her breasts, full boobs with small pink nipples that stuck way out. Her dark triangular bush was split by the rosy red of her cloven sex; she didn't even bother to hold her knees tight together. She was natural, like she had a gown on, but she was totally bare. She laughed at the stunned look my father had, as he absorbed this wild-weird scene. None of us had ever had any reason to think that we would have been involved in so crazy a ménage together, but there we were! It was serendipity; it was sheer happenstance that the circumstances converged on our collective congress of cumming.

Regrets? Not me! Dad? I guess he manned up, figured as long as mom wasn't freaked out, it wasn't the end of the world. Accidents happen, like walking in on somebody on the toilet. Only of course, this was

rather much more intimate. And it was they who had walked in; but I had not left; they had been too far gone to stop by the time they saw me, so we all got our rocks off.

Mom? Here's the kicker, after her little laugh, she got up and walked over to me to kiss me goodnight, before she went to the bathroom and the folks retired to their bedroom. What dad couldn't see, because mom blocked his view as she bent over me, was that she Frenched me. As well, she reached down and gripped my penis and gave it a couple of strokes. Then she looked me straight in the eyes, before she turned and left the room. Her look had a message, I'm pretty sure I understood.

She was definitely telling me that she knew of my desire for her, especially after tonight. I'm pretty sure that she was letting me know that she found me sexy too. Possibly she was communicating that she had also felt an erotic connection shared from the evening's unexpected events. Most of all I hoped she was trying to get across, without my father's knowing that there might be something more between us. Later on, in private, and physical. I would have to wait and see. When dad wasn't around, I'd test the waters.

It Happened One Morning

Next morning

Though I had fallen asleep quickly when I got to my room, with visions of 'sugar-moms' dancing in my head, I awoke early the next morn. I had a double woodie. I was horny with the usual male hormonal AM arousal and I was pissed stiff too. So I threw on my robe real quick and

went to relieve the hydraulic pressure. Or as my best buddy likes to say, leave a leak – as opposed to taking a piss. But while the erection was reduced, the sensitivity was still a potential of prospective self-gratification.

I considered perhaps a return to bed and a rerun in my head of last night's incredible scene. It was fodder for fantasies for many moons to cum. But as I exited the bathroom I smelled coffee and instead proverbially followed my nose to the kitchen. Mom was up, dressed in her tattered old terrycloth robe and puttering around. She was singing to herself, obviously in a good mood. I wasn't quite sure how to speak about last night, so I mumbled a "Good morning", and sat at the table. Best I thought to keep it low key.

I mean, you don't go babbling to your mother, "Gee mom, last night was really cool, watching you and dad fuck, when can we do it again? Huh? Huh?" Even though that is exactly the emotional reaction I was having in the more primitive parts of my gray ganglia. While the higher function was posing internally in my cortex, "I wonder if, in the light of day, momma will still feel the same way as she did last night when she French kissed me and fondled my dick." This with a snooty British accent to my mind's ear, to pretend I was above being overly anxious about her reaction.

Yeah, right! I was as eager as my inner child could be for a trip to Fantasyland at Disney World; no make that Sexual-Adventureland at mommy-world! I was just that kind of hopeful, that what she had seem to convey; with that erotic smooch, intimate touch and promising direct gaze; was going to be fulfilled. When, was not an issue, as any time

would be super-fine with me!! But I was unsure and even timid about how to broach the subject.

Mom came over and set a cup of brew before me, made exactly how I liked it. A normal motherly thing she typically did, dearest mom. Then she said, "Your father is sound asleep still, he'll be up late today. Last night I fucked his brains out when we got in bed." Now, I was aware of mom's risqué side, she wasn't above being earthy when she wanted to be. But she didn't show that aspect of her personality very often quite so bawdily. I liked it of course; it made her more human and interesting a person. But now it also had the electrifying effect of revving up my libido.

"Did you get to sleep soon? Or were you UP? . . . reviewing the surprising events of earlier in the evening when you caught the floor show we provided?" Meaning, had I also been so charged up, that I needed to have another release, thinking about the spectacle I had serendipitously, though inadvertently, witnessed.

"No, I had a few beers last night and they went to my head. After the . . festivities . . were over, I was out like a light, when I hit the old sack."

Your father thought he was too pooped to have another pop, but I showed him that I could provide a 'resurrection' to his limp lump and make it rise to the occasion, like a soldier coming to attention. I always had a way with privates." She smirked with her smutty humor, and it evoked a bark of laugher from me. "Sshhh! You don't want to wake up your old man, let him snore it off. He had plenty of pussy last night, and now poor poppa really is pooped out!"

She was quite right; I wanted to have more time with mom alone. Especially since she seemed to be in a salacious, as well as mirthful mood. What next from this racy and coquettish creature that had once been the subdued homemaker mother of my youth? I wanted to encourage her to continue with her train of titillating talk. I was fascinated with the steamy spicy insights I was getting about her bedroom behavior with my paternal parent. However, I was floundering in my attempts to get a word in edgewise.

She placed a plate of toast and the jelly jar on the table by me, along with the margarine container. As she bent down I glance at the divide of her robe and only espied her skin. She saw where I was glancing and smiled. "Dear? Do you have anything on under your robe?"

"Um, Nuh-uh" was my less than brilliant garbled grunting.

She bent again and at my ear, she whispered with hot breath turning me on, "Neither do I!" Then to my astonishment, she stood, backed a step, and parting the drab housecoat flashed me, to prove it! I saw the dark delta of pubic fur, and the slightly pendulous pair of breasts, the perky pink nips popped out exactly like last night! What a sight! What a delight! What a woman, what a mom, to be so saucy for her son's saucer-wide eyes, so that I was blessed by the vision of her in the altogether. It was, to refrain the term, altogether an astounding display and made my day – shit it made my week!

Mom closed the sides of the garment again and walked over to the nook between the refrigerator and cabinets, a space of about three feet

square. It happened to be the once place in the kitchen that was hidden from either of the doorways, until you had walked several steps into the room. I didn't think about that fact until later, but in retrospect of what shameless shenanigan mom pulled next, it was wise and cautious. She went to there and winsomely wheedled, "I can't reach it, could you come here?" How many times had I provide the benefit of my stretched out stature to help mom acquire an item form the top cupboard?

"What do you need?" I asked as I went to help her.

But imagine my surprise then, when what she wanted to reach was below the level of my waist. In fact, it was exactly at the height of my crotch. It was my prick, which mom grabbed through the separation of my robe. "This!" she said with a little laugh as she gained hold of my tumescent trunk, which responded with rapid turgid swelling and pointed in her direction, like a sex compass needle.

"I hope you're getting the idea of how hot our chance erotic threesome last night, made your mama? God, seeing you beat your meat while your dad socked it to me was one of the most," she squinted her eyes and looking in my face made me get the point of her earnestness, "very most exciting sessions of sex I ever had."

With that statement, she let go of my rod and spreading her gown once more, loosened mine as well; and the next thing I know she has her hands in my robe, around my back, and is pulling our naked bodies tight together! My rigid pole was crushed between us poking on her mons. My chest was pressed against her breasts. She looked up and me, I knew to kiss her. Then, after a few mouth mish-mushings, I Frenched her. My dick was hunching through her pubic hair and I was ready to

put it to her. I felt my head balloon with lust; I was suddenly very warm all over.

The moment could not have lasted but a few minutes, but time was stopped while we were locking lips and learning we were going to be lovers. Imagine my disappointment when she broke away and pushed me back a little. But that was for a good purpose. "It's too dangerous here. Get some dirty towels and meet me in the laundry room downstairs."

"I'm not sure there are enough used towels for a load."

"Then add some clean ones and come there in a few minutes, that's not really the point, is it?"

I did as I was bid. When I arrived mom was sitting up on the dryer. The robe was wide, as were her legs. I dumped the alibi in a heap by her dangling feet and knelt on the pile. Some things are obvious. I planted my puss in her pussy and proceeded to munch on my mom. She rolled her pelvis to give me full access from her ass to her clit. My experience with girls and cunnilingus was not extensive but satisfactory enough that mother made the same sort of mews as I had heard her give out on the sofa last night. As things went from bad to even naughtier, I thought that she was ready. But her hip were too high for me to plug in.

She had another idea however, for the next phase of our fun. She had me hop on the washer, while she slid off the other machine and spun to stand in front of me and engulfed my member with an appetite of a

hot-dog hog, at a pig-out contest. She had suction and tongue swirls to a science. Ball cradling and even the tip of her finger in my anus. That was new! She brought me to the brink and stopped me from shooting with a squeeze of a nerve I didn't even know I had. Amazing . . . no wonder she had given dad a second wind, when she knew how to play piccolo with a man's peter and call the tune.

Mom had just turned around and was bending over the dryer, for our concluding coupling, when we hear the water running in the pipes. Someone upstairs had flushed, that meant dad was up and so was our time to play. For now. Mom turned to me and gave me a quick kiss, jacked on my cock like last night for brief seconds. She said, with double meaning, "It's going to get wet tomorrow afternoon, I imagine that you'll be home in the afternoon." Then she tied her robe and bounced upstairs with a giggle, like a school girl with a secret.

Indeed, the weather forecast was for showers on Monday afternoon. That would end my work early on the outside building site I was involved with. I would be at the house hours before dad arrived. Mom had the place where I would find myself most welcome, and I'd cum in that humid haven. When it's wet, there's no place like being home with mother. I picked up the towels and put them in the washer. Tonight was going to be lonely, no doubt I'd need a few cold showers; but inside for the next day, the forecast was sonny and steamy.

Monday Afternoon It Rained

As lonely (bereft of female companionship) and as horny (with what had happened in the last twenty-four hours) as I was Sunday night, I still did not jerk-off. I had learned from experience that there was a point of diminishing returns on sexual abstinence, but a good long day was enough to fully reload your sex-pistol.

I had at least two, maybe three shots of semen saved to shoot home in mom's pussy, as she promised. To remind me of our assignation in the afternoon and as a booster to my virility, or at least my reservoir of jism, she left me an envelope on my pillow that night. Lumpy, inside it were two rather large pills. Her note read, 'Take these vitamin B capsules in the morning for best effect for the afternoon's activities.' I gulped them down with my orange juice in the AM before I went to my construction job.

With work hours being truncated by foul weather as predicted, I was not depleted of energy by the time I arrived back at our house. Sure enough, my mother was waiting for me when I came into the mud room from the garage. She had a cold beer for me as I took off my boots. She tongue kissed me with a lover's promise of more intimacy. "Take a quick shower. When you're done, I'll be waiting in your room." she instructed.

I was stripping even as I was on my way past her. Just as pre-dick-ed, mom was sitting on the side of my bed when I returned from the shower. I was starkers, though mom had her robe on. She patted the

bed indicating I should perch beside her. A quick peck on the lips and a fast pull on my pecker reassured me that things were about to get steamy for sonny. "Tom, do you remember what happened on your eighteenth birthday?" she asked sweetly.

"You said we would talk about it." (Mom had walked in on me masturbating, when everybody was waiting down at the dinner table. She had come to see what was holding me up. She saw me holding my upright member and cumming. She told me to hurry in dressing. People were expecting me downstairs. Later, when she tried to talk to me about it, I had been so mortified by embarrassment of my mom seeing me ejaculate, I asked her to never ever speak about it again.)

"And we haven't, but your twenty-three now."

"I guess it's not such a big deal, now that I'm more mature."

"Mama likes to role-play sometimes. What if that happened when you were twenty-one?"

"I think I could have handled the situation at that age.'

"Two days ago, was an even more memorable muddle of moral mix-up!"

"That's true!" I had to laugh at the obvious irony.

"Well . . . could we pretend that I came into your room one night when you were eighteen, in the same . . straits, as it were, and instead of demurely withdrawing, stayed to admire the view?"

"Whatever makes you happy, mom." (Whatever got me into her panties; though I was pretty sure she again had nothing on under her robe.

"Now that's an attitude I always am pleased to get from my boy."

"If only all my chores were so pleasurable to perform!"

"Touché'! Now stretch out on the bed, just like you were back then." I did so with my back propped up on the headboard. "I have come in and discovered my eighteen year old son yanking on his poor abused peter. While not proper, yet he proposes I may stay and observe the fun. This is an offer that I cannot turn down, as I have had a secret desire to observe him in his erect state for some time, ever since – you know when!"

I smiled, as I did know, and now I could let her have her wish. The other evening she (and dad) were providing me with the 'entertainment' and mom had been focused on what they were doing, even though she had obviously seen what I was doing. Now she could view my self-gratification at her leisure. Though I doubted it would allowed to finish, the Scottish blood in her veins would be loath to waste precious resources. She would make sure the cream would be saved for the churning done in her buttery depths. So I used a light

touch and slow hand to manipulate my manhood, while she watched with a smug smile all the while.

Not long went by, before the lady that lounged at my side reached for the lance of the knight that was her new lover, and began to stroke the special spear. This was an art she had mastered as well, and my staff's stiffness was not abated but rather made more rampant and randy. I in turn reached out, as if in a scene from the classic with Kay Parker, and fondled mom's boobs, then sought her crack at the juncture of her legs. Her thighs separated as best she could and my digits felt the dewy opening in the downy fleece of her delta.

Such manipulations on both our parts, of each other's personal parts, prompted a change of status. No longer settling for fingering foreplay, my mother rose up to straddle my middle. Mindful of her gown – that is to say I minded it being on, wanting her as naked as myself – I drew off the terrycloth garment and let it slide to the side. Mom continued contact with my cock and directed the delicate instrument to the tender tissues of her sheath. Then she sank ever so slowly upon the shaft of her son and sighed contented to be filled full with the filial flagpole and fulfilled our shared fantasy.

The role-playing was no longer the point, now that my prick was properly penetrating mother's pussy. She rolled to and fro, undulating on top of me, her soft mammalian udders I utterly adored as they swayed across my chest. Her nipples, little rubbery protrusions exquisitely scraped the length of my pects up and down. Meanwhile, the incredible sensation of slick, hot, tightness tortured my dick, with increasing ferocity. The fucking was first class. None of the 'almost

break your prick off' kind of roughness, none of the ball-busting banging down that some gals slammed.

Mom knew just how to settle in the seat when she sat, so that my shank sank within her body as if it were a violin bow stroking a Stradivarius. That was beautiful music. Nor did she allow the flute to flip out at the high water-mark when she rose to begin the cycle once more, and our rhythm built surely and steadily to its inevitable crescendo. Eventually she lifted her posture so that she was more vertical, though the seeming effortlessness of her movements never changed their gracefulness. She moved like it was a single flowing motion, the dolphins dancing upon the waves.

But I could not be that smooth or controlled when the urgency of my climax was pressing the paroxysm to its peak. I clutched her hips and began to pound my peter into her tummy, desperate now to try to drum my mad manic demand that our screwing gallop to its conclusion in mutual orgasms. Mother caught the fever of my frenzy, from the faster flailing at her crotch. The crashing of our flesh sounding out the beat of amplified passion. She matched me, and my hips rose to meet hers as she rode my meat, socking it to her center in sync.

Then the sweet cum came on so strong that my penis throbbed with pulses that went on even after I was drained of the last drops of goo it could give. That first burst of the billowing-bubbling lotion spitting from my tip touched her uterus and signaled the most significant cum in my life. I just had to jam my cock in her cunt and try to hold it as far-up / in-deep as able, because I could not help my instinctive impulse to have my mate conceive.

Fortunately that was beyond possibility, or at least probability (it wouldn't be a virgin birth) though nothing is absolutely certain. There are miracles; but mom had had her tubes tied, so it was reasonable that I wouldn't be propagating any progeny, what awful offspring that would bring! Boy would that be a bummer of a baby, to sire such a son. Brother would that be a downer, to father a daughter, who's also your sister, with whom you had sibling rivalry! Not too good, so you see, to beget what you'd regret. 'Nuf said?

But back to the dream cream in mom. Mother as well, ripped a royal set of contractions in her climax, the convulsions of her vulva felt from feet to skull. If my physiology is imprecise, it is because I lack the poetry to convey those cataclysmic claps of clasping grasps her vagina gripped me with, as we were joyously joined at the groin grinding our genitals together.

Just how do you describe the grandest fuck (until then, but later topped with her below me) that you ever had in your young life. Give me a break, it was a goddamn super screw, we had a hell of a cum and it was heaven being inside my own mother when we came at the same time – mundanely depicting the magnificent incestuous sin our union was, would be immoral.

Be that as it may, it was wonderful fun.

Nor were we done! After a well deserved respite to recover our breath, recoup our energy and for both of us to quaff a beer; we were re-engaged in our quest to frolic. 'Til the father came home, or shortly before, so that he wouldn't catch us and have a cow, that was a beast we could do without in the house. Yet that bomb was to be nonetheless

dropped later – if you saw the previews, for the next installment. Meanwhile, mom and her son, meaning me of course, were head-over-heals . .er . . more like mouths-to-middles in a sixty-nine configuration that provided a terrific transition to the next phase of our frisky free-for-all fucking.

Mom was popping multiples of orgasms as I made love to her muff and stuff, but I was not ready for the next spasm of my well worn willie. But when we switched to positioning ourselves for the second insertion, that got the hairy balls rolling. I began giving mommy what I term the Tommy gun; rapid fire, large caliber rounds of ammo, a Valentine Day's massacre of cunt by a killer cock. Corny, but when I'm horny, I pour on the hot lead in bed and the babes are dyin' for it. To do this feat of fornication, I take the dominate position over the supine partner. Or if you will, the classical missionary position. Not bragging, but when we go at it that way, the gals haven't got a prayer, though they find themselves begging for more.

Mom liked it that's for sure. I plowed into her furrow with my fresh enthusiasm for doing the dirty. Her legs were cradling her baby boy, all man and boffing her with my beefy salami. I felt like the conquering hero, returned home victorious and now reaping the rewards offered by his welcoming woman. The slide of my dick was slow, then quick, varied and her vagina was voracious in gobbling it into her cunny. My back began to feel the strain of stabbing my manhood in that way. So I scooted up and had her hips high, the legs lifted so that her knees were nearly next to her head. With better leverage I was able gain good ground in plunging my pleasure sword in her scalding scabbard; my nuts knocking on her ass as I beat my plowshare into the womanhood of the one who had given me birth.

Make love not war, and there was no greater peace than being in my mom's womb, the pussy that surpasses all other piece of ass. But as I was barging into her beautiful bottom with my battering ram, I was approaching the point of no return. Once more I was tilting over, about to topple down the mountain of mounting momma, and off the cliff of climax, into the abyss of bliss. But before I had quite passed that promontory of priapic petrification of paroxysm's perfection, (you know – when you freeze up because the cum is so powerful all your muscles stiffen like you have living rigor mortis) right then mom literally screamed when she beat me to the punch by blowing her voluble siren, her vocal shriek of vented satiation.

Hearing that wild wail sent an electric zinging running up my spine, ricocheted around my brain and back down again, round the bend to my penetrating prick and right out the hole as if it were a ski jump of jism. Jeez! What a thrill to make your mother cum so hard she blast your eardrums numb with the cry of her orgasm exploding. Then to prove your ultimate love, and long held lust to your lovely and lascivious lady, by letting her have that potent lotion that pours out again and again in the ecstasy that is near agony in its intensity.

It's like simultaneously holding your breath until your lungs are about to burst, while holding your palm over a flame as the pain gets worse and worse, at the same time having to hold in diarrhea that threatens to flood from your asshole in a jet of wet shit – but the opposite. It's a relief, release and relaxation all at once, but a very very good feeling; not bad, not painful, not twisting your guts; wonderful and sweet, if too sudden and all too swiftly over, even so. But understand, what to cum in mum is, is to spend yourself within her eager receptive and loving body. She was joyfully pleased with the gift of physical reunion with her child, grown to adulthood and loyally devoted to her. That

gift to her, her openness to you, that bonding; it something that goes beyond special, above just great sex, it extends into the spiritual realm.

All of which is trying to say, it's really fabulous to lay your mother. To echo my thoughts of earlier, not so long ago; "Gee mom, last time was really cool, when you and me fucked, when can we do it again? Huh? Huh?" I didn't exactly use those words, but close. Mom laughed and kissed me, reached down and held my now limp and slimy package, gave it an affection it squeeze, "Why we'll just have to watch the weather report. But now showers are forecast for the immediate future, before the Norman comes stormin' in from his job and gets jealous. So better get washed up lightning fast, so no thundering peals from your father follow, and if he gets wind of this, that's what might happen. Then all hail might break loose. However, sonny, you really shone today, cloudy though it might otherwise outdoors have been. Don't worry, the sheets of rain, and your reign in my sheets, shall cum again, and again, soon enough."

She was *right* as rain!

Friday It Rained All Day

When I awoke on Friday morning, the storm due Saturday had moved in early, as will sometimes happen. 'Yeah! A whole day fucking mom!' I thought. But it was not to be so. Yes, I was not going out to the construction site, but I was going to be working at home – housework!

Just as unexpectedly mother had gotten a call from old friends she and dad knew, who were in town this weekend, though it was fuzzy from where and when their association had been. When I asked, mother was vague, almost evasive about the details. They were delighted to accept the invitation to dinner Saturday night that mom extended.

Which means we had today to clean. Mom would shop and run errands and cook tomorrow. Instead of nailing boards and laying bricks, or nailing mama and getting laid, I was vacuuming and helping mom straightening up. Not the sucking and 'straightening' up with mom I had imagined initially.

Finally, (I won't bore you with the describing the chores) we were able to get to relax; it was only early afternoon, so mom suggested a shower and then some recreation. ONE shower, for the both, and the sort of fun I had envisioned and hoped for on rolling out of bed. Now we were going to do another sort of cleaning and have a roll in the hay. Yeah! After all!

Now, I have showered with a friend (with benefits) before this, but being in the spray with my own mother had a special sort of spectacular

effect on my libido. I had this tightening in the back of my head, like when I get super excited after viewing a lot of porn, and am ready to start jacking any minute. It was like that feeling the whole time we were in the stall.

Of course the slippy-sliddy soapy sensuous hands on everything / everywhere / all the time was a mutual activity. Shampooing and sudsing as such were useful, but my fingers in mom's pussy were the finer of the frolicking. I cleaned her clock, if you will; she climaxed a couple of times. She washed my cock, but we saved the jism for when I was jammin' her genitals. What a wonderful way to enjoy each other. It's a wonder washing facilities are not made larger and given padded floors. I guess hot-tubs cornered the market, but it's a concept, ain't it?

When mom toweled my hair, it reminded me of when I was a kid. I always loved that particular attention. But I'm not a kid and more and when she dried my middle, my member was at attention. This time we went straight to my folk's bedroom and began our foreplay. It does help to have a broad mattress to frolic upon. Mom pounced on the bed like a little kid, flouncing down and bouncing up to flip over on to her back. I smoothly stretched beside her prone figure, the both of us on a sort of diagonal orientation, as I went to kiss her she tickled me on my side at the waist – you know the spot – she poked and I responded with a spasm.

Then we did something that we had not engaged in for over thirteen years, had a 'tickle-tussle'. I was more of a contender now than at ten, having gained reach and height which put me more equal to mom in this cockamamie combat than when I was a kid. In no time the nicely made bed was mussed with the wrestling and gamboling of our silly,

yet sensuous nonsense. But soon my touches were in sensitive places, which were less tickly and more erogenous. Kisses were interspersed with caresses from the both of us and the contest turned into outright foreplay. Now we were working to turn the other on; not that we weren't already riled and ready to have a raunchy rumpus right then and there!

My fingers found her slit, slick and hot and she moaned her pleasure, as my diddling digits played in her delta. The button of her clit was popped out for easy access and her labia were swollen with a rosy hue from the excitement. She likewise was having her manipulative fun with my firm member in her grip and she also coddled my cockles hanging heavy with a load to explode – go boom in her womb. I'm not quite sure how it happened, but we transitioned from feeling each other up to fucking, so that we were side by side and I was inserting my dick in her pussy that way.

After some minutes of this awkward engagement, with not enough body contact and less leverage for connecting, mom pulled me over on top and spread her thighs. But the way we were headed was our feet to the headboard and vice versa. I didn't care, because I was screwing mom again. Her legs wrapped around me, heals on my butt to spur me on to ram my prick into her soft center. Tight too, as she used those internal muscles to clench my manhood and make the experience superlative. I was really socking it to her; she gave out with her signature siren of high pitched calls of her cumming, "UH! OH! MMM! AHH! EEayYAHH! EEE!! IYEEE!!!". I was getting ready to inject her with a mighty blast.

I lifted my head up and froze – not like that time I described before, in the paralysis of orgasm, but in shock and fear. In the open door, which we had not bothered to close, stood my father. I didn't know how long he had been there; it could have only been seconds. Mother's climax was still ringing in my ears as I looked straight into my father's face and wondered if he would kill me or simply disown me and send me out on my own. Mother could see by my expression that something was up, or amiss. My father saw that I was up his Mrs., and she was loving it.

"Dad!"

Mom turned her head as best she could to view him. We sort of rolled, so that I was on the side of the bed furthest away from my paternal parent, and my maternal mistress got to her feet to face him on the closer side. We stood as statues in a tableau, somewhat of a repeat of the first instance of paralysis for our triangle of intimacy a few nights ago. This time though, it was I, not pop, who had been boffing mom; would the outcome be so amicable? I doubted it. But once more I was surprised. Mom walked over to dad. "Your home early, Dear. How was the office?" She undid his tie and took it off. "Did you have a hard day?" She unbuttoned his shirt. I just stood there. "I have some news for you!"

My old man was a bit nonchalant, which made me nonplussed, when he calmly answered, "This is not news, that you two have the hots for one another."

Mother continued to undress him as she talked, working on his belt buckle. "No, I mean that the Thompsons are back in town this weekend, I invited them over for tomorrow night."

"Betty and Jack?" her husband asked.

"Do you know of any other Thompsons?" said his wife, undoing his zipper and making sure his trousers puddled at his ankles. Then he was helping her get the rest of his clothes off. I was confused – so who were the Thompsons anyway? Why wasn't dad pissed at me boinking his spouse? What did he mean, 'not news, that you two have the hots for one another', it wasn't? What did he know? And mother was acting quite calmly all the while conversing with her husband who had just discovered her infidelity with her own son! How was that? What was going on? What was coming off were my father's boxers as the last garment, revealing a huge hard-on.

"Who are Betty and Jack?" I asked, finding my voice.

"London Bridge." said my father to my mother, ignoring my question. Mom didn't reply, but went to the bed followed close by my father. She got on hands and knees on the pad and he got behind her as she crawled up and put his cock right sock into her cunt. She grinned and gave a little groan/moan. But then she motioned me closer. Mom indicated that I was to get on the edge. I knelt facing her as she directed me to. She reached over and took my soggy meat in her mouth, it began to regain its former turgid condition as she sucked, and I watched my father fuck her. I felt the tumescence and the tightening feeling in the back of my neck once more.

Now the wheel seemed to have gone a full turn from the other night, the two of them having sex in my view as I masturbated; to the three of

us engaged in a ménage of an even more intimate sinful trinity. Who was I to object? I thought this was a much happier outcome than me getting my ass kicked for having a piece of mom's tail. Dad was now bopping that bottom with his boner while mom feasted on my frankfurter. As we made unseemly family history, instead of making a scene with domestic hysteria, over the consanguine scandal; my father began to speak to me finally and frankly.

"This is London Bridge, really the Tower Bridge, but the one you think of spanning the Thames." I got it; he and I were the towers and mom the 'bridge'. It was a position for a threesome. "Betty and James Thompson were a couple we knew from a while back when we were part of a . . club. A key club or a sort of swap-meet. Sometimes we might have them over here, when you were younger. Or when you went to camp in the summer. But more often we would visit them, before they moved."

"We were quite close, as couples." he continued, "quite close; they are both very attractive people. I think you ought to plan to have dinner with us tomorrow night. Instead of our having to hide our activities from you, perhaps you might like to participate: seeing how you have now entered . . . your mother . . . and your mother's circle of 'special familiarity', especially since your family!"

I was beginning to catch on. "You . . and . . mom . . are . . swingers?"

"Mmm-hmm!" mom murmured her mouth still on my member.

Dad was beginning to get a real rocking rhythm, that translated through mom's body, so that all three of us, we were on the same beat. He would push at his wife's split, she would swallow half my penis or more, as I stroked into her oral orifice, then she would back into his ramming rod and so our syncopation proceeded as pop expounded further, while pounding into mom's rear. "I knew that you had a thing for your mom for some years now, I saw the way you ogled her in her bathing suit or if she was just in something scanty around the house. I think she was aware of it too, but we never discussed it."

"Then with what happened the other night, I knew that was a real treat for you, to see us going at it. I knew that Miriam didn't mind having an audience, since in our wilder days that happened when we shared our lovemaking with another couple and would switch back and forth, and worked various combinations. (OH! Orgies! I thought.) And when she was so hot, even after we had finished on the couch, that had to be some sort of pent up lust. Then you two have been so cautious as to not have any obvious erotic contact, even though she had given you a kiss and toggled your boy-toy the other evening, trying to hide it from me. But I saw her elbow move and I knew that motion and what it meant."

"So since it rained today and I knew you would likely be staying at home, I thought I might get off early and come home and see what was up. I didn't expect to catch you in flagrante delicto, but I'm glad I did, as that resolves things so that we don't need to keep secrets about what is going on now or with the Thompsons coming, about our past activities. AND I and cumming now!!" With that he started to bang on mom's buns so hard that she had to stop giving me head, lest she bite on my sausage. Mom grunted as she also had a small orgasm with his climax.

Mom swiveled around as soon as dad disconnected, his willie now a wimpie-limpie noodle. She turned and with her legs bent and spread offered me the target of her femininity for me to fill, even as my father's cream spilled out. I wasted no time in plugging in with my own plunger, churning chugging away within that frothy hole. It was sloppy thirds, but she was doing the muscle clenching, her lubrication only made the channel all the slipperier, so I had a good chute to shoot into, which the priming of earlier, and her mouthing had kept the rifle ready. All the while I had witnessed once more the love making of my folks forthrightly in front of me; I was ready for my trigger to be pulled.

I had lost track of where dad was as I was laying into my mother. I felt her grasp my ass cheeks and spread them. "Darling." She whispered to my ear, "don't be alarmed, but let's see how you like this?" I was momentarily puzzled by her words, when I felt a finger at my anus. Before I could say yea or nay or hey!, he had his middle-finger two knuckles up my back-door. It was so wild that I didn't have time to even think about whether I liked it or not; I blasted in mom my pent up load. With that she let herself be carried away into her own ecstatic wave of pleasure.

Dad retreated to the bathroom; we heard him 'leave a leak'; then the water running as he washed his hands. Mom smiled at me still connected to her, abet loosely. "Don't let Jack Thompson sneak up behind you, or you'll get something a lot larger than a finger up your wahzoo!" Dad laughed coming back into the bedroom. He evidently had turned his back on his comrade in debauchery and discovered Jack's proclivity for swinging both ways. If pop liked it I had no idea; but for me, the finger had been an interesting, if quite surprising, introduction to anal stimulation during intercourse. I did get off, I admit.

Mom had to pee next and dad picked up his heap of discarded clothes. He spoke to me, man to man, and father to son as well. "If you don't like that, that's fine, just make sure that Jack understands that. I have a question. Is this the first time you and your mom got it on?"

"Actually, we first made love on Monday afternoon."

"I thought I might catch you at it Sunday morning, when I pretended to sleep late. But I had to piss, and flushed by habit, though I didn't mean to. When your mom came up from the basement smiling, I thought I had missed my opportunity. I'm glad that I did get to see you both in action, you're not the only voyeur in the family!"

Mom came back just then and she laughed. "I think that's why we got the big screen TV, so your father could get dirty DVDs and we could screw watching, like if we were still swingers."

"I can't believe that you guys swapped with other couples. Did you do it a lot?"

"For a while it was fun, but then the novelty wore somewhat thin, but the Thompsons were our favorites. We did more with them when we stopped doing the key parties. You'll hear lots about the old days, and your parents' crazy ways, tomorrow at dinner." mom explained.

"Speaking of dinner, I'm hungry, fucking always stimulates my appetite. Let's order pizza, is there plenty of beer?" Pop purposed.

"Not much beer, you want to go and get some?"

"And leave you to fool around some more, without me?" asked dad.

"We have wine, you don't have to go out, or we could wait until you got back . . ." Mother used her teasing tone that meant that she knew the answer already.

"You are a minx, my marvelous mate, and I don't doubt that you wouldn't want to miss getting a quickie in while I was out. Wine is fine." My father declared. Then he took his bride in his arms and stroked her pussy. I came over and made her a sandwich between us, my prick once more elevated and pushed into the divide of mom's delicious derrière. My father began to nudge her from the front with his dick and kissed her. I kissed her cheek, as she turned her head toward me.

"Oh, Betty is going to be thrilled to have you playing with our foursome," she giggled, "you won't be a fifth wheel, you be a third axle!" I was starting to get peckish myself now, thinking about pizza, but then mom began so sing softly, "London Bridges, going down, going down . ." and she did on dad, with her tush pushed back at me for obvious reasons. I was ready to be a London bridge tower again, as I put my cockney in my queen. I guess we were bridging the generation gap too!

Dinner was going to wait awhile longer.

Bonus Boners: Possible plot point for sometime in the future

A Saturday night again - It Happened When Cum-pany Came:

When their old friends arrived, my folks swung into action!

Having discovered their past, I follow their lead.

Mollie's Family's Follies

Three Kids, Two Parents, One Happy Family;

Precious & Precocious

Now days you can't raise kids with their being ignorant of sex. Perhaps you almost never could at any age in history. In the little shacks and huts and log cabins of primitive times, parents could hardly keep it a secret when they copulated, and perhaps they didn't try much either. The farm animals bred, for any child to see too. Tents and tepees don't make for much privacy, perhaps upper class Victorians were able to hide sex from the kids, but the lower classes didn't bother that much. So when folks talk about our children being exposed to sex in the multitude of media that surrounds us, perhaps it is nothing new to youngsters being savvy to the ways of adult get together to make babies and have fun.

Mollie and Bill didn't believe in making sex a big secret in their household it was the 1970s and things were at the peak of libertine lifestyles, fifty years either side. They were of the mind that sex is a natural part of life, and while generally considered private, need not be an adult conspiracy that kids were kept from. The children would become curious about that activity when they reached a certain age, and an open wholesome attitude was healthier, than making it seem dirty and shameful. At that point they reasoned sex education was better than ignorance, and more likely to keep their kids from getting into trouble. If you taught about the benefits of good nutrition and the dangers of poison, why would you not inform the little ones you loved of the joy of being male and female, the problems of unwanted pregnancies and venereal diseases? When the time came of course -

there was no need to rush things. In fact they expected the kids would learn from their peers before the conversation with their parents.

And of course, the time did come, not unexpected, but yet it was something of a surprise, even so. For all their modern thinking, Mollie and Bill were like any parents, their children matured quicker than they expected. Like parents of every generation for many millennium, they had the same thought that echoed in everyone who raised kids, 'they grow up so fast!!' So when Mollie found the yellow spots on her son's sheets, she was not shocked, but wondered if he knew he was having nocturnal emissions or being messy when he masturbated. But when she discovered that he had a stash of nudie magazines featuring women in very exposed poses, she coonfirmed that it wasn't his dreams that created his creams, but his fantasies when he jacked off.

Jack and Jill went up the hill

And each one had a quarter,

Jill came down with fifty cents,

They didn't go up for water!

If boys 'jack' themselves off, then girls get a thrill when they 'jill'. And that is what Mollie did, right on her son's bed. She was home, the kids at school and her husband Bill at work, so she was alone. The thought of her son masturbating to the naughty magazines made her incredibly horny. She closed her eyes and envisioned her boy of twenty two,

naked on the sheets and fisting his young hard penis to the sight of the bare women on the pages. As she ran her finger in the juicy slit she saw in her imagination the youth with his hand wrapped around his stiff boner, holding the magazine with the other and the jism spilling over to dribble on the linens. It got her so hot just visualizing it, she had a cum in no time.

She flipped through the publications wondering if she could tell which gal was his favorite. The finger prints on the pages were easy clues. And the winning woman was . . . a lady that looked much like herself! Did Billy have the same taste his father did in women? (And Mollie loved it when big Bill tasted her!) She thought back to the last few months when she had noticed her grown boy giving her the eye. Now she understood why he shied away when she caught him doing so. He was likely trying to mentally undress her, the sneaky scamp! Actually, that was not only kind of complimentary, but gave her a small tingle in her twat!

Mollie wondered if she dared let him have a peak at her somehow. Sure, he had seen her in her bikini and sometimes in a bra and slip. But what if he came in while she was changing, and caught her naked? She was getting moist again! She hoped that her husband wasn't going to be late getting home from work; she wanted a quickie before dinner! She put the girlie mags away where she had found them and finished changing the sheets. The kids had seemed to mature so fast! Julie had budded a pretty pair of breasts and had a wispy patch of pubic hair to match her carrot-top redhead. She was just nineteen. Mary hadn't been far behind, though she was only eighteen now but so petite she looked several years younger. Watch out world here they come!

She snagged her spouse who was on time and almost dragged him into their bedroom when he got home. She frantically got his pants undone and went down on him even before the trousers hit the floor. Bill knew his wife, something had gotten her hot and she wanted sex as soon as he had it up. He was happy to oblige, as he considered himself to be one lucky son of a gun to have so sexy and horny a gal for his wife. She was a regular firecracker with a short fuse and she like to go banging at the drop of a hat! Their sex life was never dull and they made a great pair. Bed time was often playtime and they were creative and open in their foreplay, even experimental and daring in their mating.

The terrific thing was, they had complete confidence and trust with one another, told each other what they liked and what they were interested in trying. They were a matched set, and the communication made their love making a thing of beauty and a joy to share always. Their love was all the stronger for this aspect and they were willing to allow the other partner to be themselves without judgment. That was a powerful combination of things, and it meant that they could be honest without fear of alienating their spouse. Few couples had that; it deepened their bonds, and made for a steady and sturdy relationship. So when Mollie told Bill of her discovery and her 'jilling' that resulted from her fantasizing about their son, he was cool about what was going on.

Bill suggested that he talk to the kid about sex, make sure that Bill Jr. didn't have misrepresented facts and got the straight dope on things, rather than pick up any misconceptions from his peers. Mollie agreed that is was certainly time for another adult level talk, but suggested that perhaps they do it as a couple. That way, Billy would have both sides

of the perspective on male and female relationships and be able to ask her questions too. Bill said that was a wise idea and perhaps this weekend might be the time to broach the subject with their son. So they decided to make their presentation for Friday night. That was Tuesday.

Wednesday afternoon however, Billy stole march on them, preempting the conversation with a plea to his mom. Shortly after he arrived home from the local college he attended he found Mollie in the kitchen where she was cooking and asked her to come to his room. His solemn long face indicated to her that something serious was up; she took the pot off the stove and followed him. When they got to his bedroom he perched on the side of his mattress and she sat beside him. She asked what was bothering him.

"Mom, did you find my . . uh . . naked girl magazines, when you changed the sheets yesterday?"

"I did, yes. But you don't have to be embarrassed about them; boys naturally like to look at nude girlie magazines, when they get older."

"Whew! I thought that maybe one of my sisters had found them, when I saw that somebody had been messing with them."

"Well, I think that neither Julie nor Mary would be shocked by naked ladies. I doubt that they would be interested in them. I told your dad, but he didn't have a problem with it. In fact, we were planning a little talk about the facts of life and such, for Friday night. Just we and you, to make sure you had the correct information about sex."

"That would be okay. I was just worried about if the girls found my private stuff. You know how I hate it when they get into my things. And if they found those, they would tease me no end, you know how they are."

"Yes, your sisters delight in torturing you with their teasing, don't they? But I just happened to see them and looked them over out of curiosity. I didn't mean to invade your privacy, I'm sorry, Honey, forgive me?"

"Sure mom. I know you and dad are cool with those sorts of things. You are easier going than most parents. All my friends think that you are nicer than their own folks."

"Well, that's sweet. I think your dad and I are maybe just more realistic in our expectations of their kids than some other people. Could I ask you a question about those pictures I found?"

"Okay. I meant to hide them better, but I forgot to put them back in their secret place."

"Where's that? Never mind, that wouldn't be a good hiding place if you gave it away, would it. I don't mean to pry. But I am curious. There was one picture in those magazines that seemed to be your favorite . . ." Mollie reached under the bed and pulled out the box with the adult publications. She flipped a few pages until she found the one she wanted, "this one. Is that one you really like a lot, find rather hot?"

" . . Yeah . ." Billy could guess where she was going, but was unsure he wanted to talk about it.

"It kind of looks like me, doesn't it?"

"Uh . . I guess, sort of . ."

"Do you masturbate looking at this photo?"

"Yes." In a small voice.

Mollie didn't want to have her son feel humiliated, so she knew he needed to be reassured right then, that she wasn't upset. "That's a nice compliment, that you find somebody who resembles me, sexy. I don't mind. Do you think of me when you jack off? I know that some boys do have an attraction for their moms. That is not a bad thing; it just means their moms are good looking. Do you think I'm good looking enough to have fantasies about?"

Like as if he was mesmerized, he answered, "Yeah, mom. I saw you once coming out of the shower. You didn't know, but that's how I know that picture looks like you."

Mollie looked into her son's eyes, and decided that she ought to share something with him. What she said she could hardly believe her own ears for saying it, but out it came just the same. "I'll tell you a secret too. I got excited thinking about you when I saw that picture. I thought

about what you would be doing, when you were gazing at the picture and thinking of me."

"You did, mom? Did you . . . you know . .?"

She bent close and whispered in his ear. "Yes, and I had a climax too." She could see that had an instant effect on her son's libido, his pants tented quite high. This excited her too and her pussy became dewy. Shocking herself even, she suggested, "Would you like to show mommy, what a big man you have grown into?" Suddenly the thought of viewing her son's erect penis was an electric thrill she very much wanted. Mollie went and locked the closed door. Turning to Billy, she directed, "Take off your jeans and underwear, Honey, let me see what you have in there!"

Saucer-eyed as he stood and opened his pants, then tugged the denim and underpants down together, so that the woodie he was sporting sprung up like a springboard. A wiry thatch of pubic hair was growing from the testicles. It was a thing of beauty to her, now she was really soaking her panties. She wanted to see him play with it. "Why don't you rub it a bit for mommy, Baby?" He followed her direction but his eyes were on her tits, not her face. Mollie knew he was hoping to get a 'tit for tat' deal out of their impromptu encounter. She smiled seductively and said, "You want to see mommy's breasts, do you?" He nodded, as if she didn't already know the answer.

Billy watched his dream come part true as his mom pulled off her tee-shirt, the reached behind her and unhooked her bra. Unfolding her arms the garment came forward releasing the twin mounds capped with red and erect nipples. Billy's hand was rapidly moving up and

down on his manhood. Mollie took a step closer so he had a good look, an eyeful of her tits. In fact, perhaps she ought to give him a mouthful too, as she got to observe his jacking close at hand, so to speak. "You used to suck on these when you were a baby, would you like to do it again?" she asked but since she had no doubts as to his choice she put a boob right to his lips and sure enough he began to suckle on the ruddy round nipple.

In but a few seconds after that wonderful connection of mother and son, he reared back with a groan and let the jism spurt from his member. The sight of her boy's semen sent a frisson of a mini-orgasm thrilling through her body too. Mollie grinned at Billy, and said, "That's mommy's good boy."

"Please don't tell dad about this! Promise, mom!" Billy was suddenly scared that what they had done might have repercussions, and was concerned that his father might be angry about it.

Mollie knew better, but wanted to calm his fears and keep his trust of her as well. So she answered, "I promise that this is just between us. I won't say a word to your dad, but I think we will still have that forthright talk Friday night, okay?"

"Sure, mom. And thanks for letting me see your knockers, they're great!" She laughed and tousled his hair.

"Get cleaned up and put your pants back on, there cowboy. We don't want your sisters to get wind of this."

"Right about that!"

Mollie waited until some tissue had done the mopping and his zipper was on its way up before she exited. The girls were nowhere to be seen, thank goodness. She knew that her husband was going to get a workout in the sack tonight. 'Better make sure he got his protein tonight!' she thought as she went back to the kitchen.

After supper, while the family was gathered in the living room, however something unusual happened. But Mollie didn't know about it until she and Bill were in their bedroom and snuggling before they began their foreplay. Bill gave her a big kiss and then looked at her with an odd expression on his face.

"Did you see what Mary did tonight?" he asked.

"No, what did our little kitten do now?" she queried.

"That kitten is a little minx!"

"How so?"

"When she came to give me a goodnight kiss, she wasn't wearing panties under her nightie."

"So?"

"It was a bit of a short gown, and she was on my lap for a good ten minutes wiggling her little cute bottom on me."

"I used to do that to my dad too, I loved sitting on his lap."

""While he was only in his boxers, and did you give him a hard-on!?"

"I don't remember if my pop ever got . . . wait a minute, you had a boner with Mary on your lap?"

"Yeah, it wasn't intentional; Mollie, but I couldn't help it. That soft set of bunny buns was right on my dick and she was squiggling and giggling and wouldn't get off. I swear that she seemed to know what she was doing and was enjoying making her daddy get erect. No panties for Christsake! And my boner was half out the fly by the time she went to her room."

"So Mary had her papa's prick on her bare bottom, is that what you're saying?" Mollie was not upset, because she knew that Bill would never do anything to hurt their daughters. Mary was the more precocious of the pair, and if she had Bill squirming it was because she knew that she had her daddy wrapped around her little finger, as she was Miss Precious Princess in this house. Besides, that was pretty tame to what his wife and son had been doing that afternoon. So Mollie could hardly be judgmental. "And what did that do for you, Bill?" she asked,

wiggling her eyebrows because she could tell it had had an arousing effect; she felt the firmness of his meat down there poking at her crotch.

"I told you, it made me hard!" he said with a playful growl and rolled over onto his spouse. "Your youngest daughter takes after her mama and knows how to make a man stiff."

"Well, she might be a tease, but I'm not!" and she opened her legs and wrapped them around him. His prick prodded her hole and she was glad that her girl had gotten him hot. She was more than primed from remembering her own encounter with one of their offspring. Their love making had a raw edge to it that night. The incestuous lust was a spice that incited them both to extra efforts and added orgasms. Mollie wondered as she fell asleep, (Bill already had dozed off,) what it was about their kid's sexuality that was such a turn on to them both? But she was glad for the result, nonetheless, and pondered with her last conscious thought, what was next?

Cumming of Age

Thursday started out normal and remained so until after dinner. The girls were in their rooms, nestled in their beds, Mollie had seen to them. Julie was reading a book, Mary drowsy and would be dreaming soon. Bill was watching a favorite TV show of his and she checked to see how Billy was doing. What Billy was doing was being done naked on top of the sheets. He had 'The Picture' in front of him, his favorite, and she should have knocked, knowing what he had been getting up to lately. Well, he was definitely up to it now, and that was UP in capitals. The pink scrotum was showing between his thighs and his fingers were working the muscle that arose from the base of his abdomen.

"Mom!" he exclaimed in surprise, but without any embarrassment of shyness. She closed the door instinctively.

"I see you are having a personal moment, Honey, I'll leave."

"Mom! Can I see your tits again?"

"Oh, Babe, I don't think that I should take my nightgown off, what if your father comes looking for me?" Again she felt like they were sharing a private kind of bonding moment, but she couldn't risk the disrobing right now.

"Lift your nightie up then, I want to see if you look like my picture down there!" Well that could be done quickly she figured, just a flash of pussy ought to be enough to satisfy her satyr son. She lifted her hem. "Come close so I can get a good look, mom." She stepped toward him. As she moved she could tell she was getting lubricated down there. She continued to go to his bed and then sat next to her son who lay there without a stitch on and royally erect. He looked at her then to the magazine then back to her crotch. Mollie felt a little jealous of the model in the photo, but Mollie thought she was sexier than the gal in the pic! In the spirit of competition with the other woman who her son was viewing, she spread her legs slightly.

Billy's eyes got big and she opened herself a little more. She was wet and her rosy gash glistened while her son ran his fingers up and down in a fury. "Cum for mommy, Baby, let mama see her boy shoot his sweet

sperm!" That's all it took to set him off and the spurt flew out so far it landed on her left breast. She naughtily swabbed the dab up with her finger and sucked with her lips, "Mmm, tasty cream!" she said winking at him. Then she leaned forward and kissed him on his cheek. "Now go to sleep, tomorrow your father and I are going to come in and talk to you after your sisters are asleep. I love you Billy, you are a handsome and sexy boy!" With that, she departed.

Billy though, was so keyed up he had to do it again. This time he let the magazine slide to the floor and closed his lids, remembering the awesome sight of his mother's womanhood. In the morning his wastepaper basket next to his bed had handfuls of tissues.

Friday, after her family had left for school and work, Mollie went about her chores in the home. When she found the basket next to Billy's bed, she had a flashback to the moments of the evening before. She stripped and lay on his bed and fingered herself, jilling and thinking of her son's passion, she stuck two fingered inside and imagined it was his penis. She came twice that way. She knew it was only fantasy, but it had a power that she found almost scary. And so tempting.

The evening was quite sedate, and things went like nothing out of the usual was going to happen. The kids were allowed to stay up a bit longer on non-school nights, but the girls decided to retreat to their rooms to play, then came into the living rooms to give Mollie and Bill kisses good night. When they retired and were quiet for a while, Bill said he was going to bring their son into their bedroom for the intimate discussion that was planned. He and Billy came in. Billy was in his pajamas and Bill had on an old pair of boxers he wore around the house at night. Mollie had on a light gown that was semi-translucent but no

panties. Bill initiated the talk by asking if Billy had any questions. He assured his dad that he was familiar with the general outlines of sex. He was still a virgin even at 22, respecting the girls he dated and their fears of getting pregnant. Yet he still had quite a few questions about details.

"Then we will share about those things." Bill said in his deeper voice, as the youth began to inquire about the multitude of wonderings he had. What did a woman's vagina smell like? Did it taste bad or good? What was sixty-nine all about? Would he get as hairy as his father? How did the penis know where to go when people were face to face? Bill stopped him there and said that they ought to take things one at a time. Perhaps that they both should to take their clothes off to begin with. He meant just the guys, but Mollie said that if their boy was going to learn anatomy then she ought to be naked too. So within a few minutes they were all sans clothing.

Bill was not hard yet, but of course Billy was. When Bill had his back turned for a moment while turning off the bright over head light, so that just the lamps were on, Billy motioned to Mollie to keep their secrets by putting a vertical index finger to his lips. She nodded that she understood. Bill returned and began explaining oral sex to his curious son. "So, what does a girl taste like, Dad?"

"Well, a little salty perhaps, and not bad, but sort of a mild . . uh, well come here Moll and let me see if I can describe it." He bent his head down to lick his wife.

"Can't I just try that?" Billy boldly suggested.

"Uh . . well I don't know."

"It's okay with me," said the lady in the room.

"Well, I guess, you can then but only for a moment, just to get the taste."

Billy was quick to replace his father between his mother's thighs and stick his face in her crotch. He lapped, just as he had seen his dad do. Mollie got a kick out of it, but her son retreated obediently when tapped on his tush by Bill after only about thirty seconds. His mom wished it had been longer. "How does it work the other way, when a girl licks a guy?" the youngster asked.

"I'll show you." his mother answered, but to his disappointment she went down on his old man not her son.

Then Billy surprised them both. "Let me try." and he moved into position instead of his mom and sucked on his father's dick. Molly noticed that where as Bill had been distracted somewhat when she was doing fellatio, that Bill was now very rampant when his son experimented with the technique. That was interesting! Something to keep in mind for later spice she made a mental note. "Can I see how the penis goes in the vagina?" Kid Curious was making a very bold request. Mollie was unsure about that, but Bill seemed to be desirous of getting his prick into something soft and wet, perhaps her pussy to cum in, rather than his son's mouth, she supposed. So she lay back and her husband stretched out over her. Billy got down by the foot of the bed

and observed from that angle a few strokes of his father entering his mother.

Billy however soon came up to her and looked at her face as she accepted her spouse's cock into her yearning cunt. "Does it feel really good mom? Is he too big or do you get wider?"

"I . . expand to let his whole big thing in." she gasped because Bill was sawing very nicely in her in front of their son. She wondered if he would cum in her as Billy watched. They had not planned on going this far, but the discussion had turned into a demonstration, with audience participation no less! Which gave her an idea. "Bring your dick to my lips, Baby!" 'In for a penny, in for a pounding', she figured as her son put his hard cock right to her mouth and gave a small thrust to part them, as he has seen her do to his dad. She took the head of his prick into her orally and sucked her son while her husband fucked. And now the pace ramped up the rucking, as before his eyes Bill saw his wife suck their son.

Mollie was overcome with the whole erotic scene and began to cum, Bill knew she was climaxing and that made him blow his wad in huge shudders. Only Billy kept from his orgasm as he was new to everything and wanted remember the wild moment he was sharing with his parents. Bill rolled off opposite of Billy's side of Mollie and managed to hoarsely call out, "To be continued another night." Then Bill seemed to fall unconscious, out like a light, which he did rarely, only after a tremendous orgasm, like when Mollie jacked him off and had a finger up his anus at the same time. She looked up at her son, his dick still hard, she had let it pop out of her mouth when she came.

Mollie whispered, "Daddy's asleep, I think! Maybe we should save anything else for another night." But she knew her boy wanted to get his rocks off too, somehow. Fair's fair.

"Can I just rub on top of you and cream, Mommy" he pleaded. She couldn't see the harm in that, after all they had been through tonight. But she was only going to allow that. And she would tell Bill about it, since she knew that would get him rock hard for a grand fucking, thinking about the scene he had missed.

"Okay, Honey, but just a rub until you cum." She agreed.

Billy got on top of his mom, just as he has seen his dad mount her earlier. His still stiff penis was mashed on her pudenda, he put his face even with her breasts. He was light on her, his knees between her thighs and propping up on his elbows. Mollie put her hands on his tight buns and started him off, with a rocking motion of her pelvis. He quickly got the idea and in no time her son's sausage was sawing through her pubic hair and she could feel the fuzzy stones of his testicles bumping her slit. Billy remembering the joy of her exposed tits the other day latched on to her right nipple and drew it in sucking on it with a big smile. Mollie kissed the top of his head.

What she had not counted on was that this 'dry hump' was made after she had been well lubricated by both her and Bill's orgasms a few minutes before. So now the split of her mons was slick and swampy with the aftermath. This was coating the underside of Billy's meat as it strove against her, and the effect was to allow it to slide into the groove and the kid's hotdog was encased in his mom's labia like they were the bun, with condiments! Each stroke was taking it closer and closer to her

entrance, sudden Mollie realized. If she didn't do something he would pop into her vagina at any moment! She grabbed his buttocks firmer and pulled him up a little.

But this was only buying time; the penetration seemed inevitable unless she called this off. She didn't want to disappoint their son, but she couldn't let him fuck her, she was not going to take her son's virginity! Oh my God, she could feel him at the very portal again! But then she was saved by the bell, or rather the blast of the young cock which had been so stimulated by the hot wetness of her pussy's outer reaches that it had achieved climax. A puddle of her boy's cum had squirted in the chalice of her split, not quite in the hole, not actually inside, but she could feel the head of Billy's dick throb in the spot that any further would have been entry into mommy.

She let him rest for a few minutes, to recover. She was happy that he had gotten off on her. Glad that they had missed (by a fraction of an inch perhaps) actual penetration. She didn't think that was quite what Bill had in mind, when he purposed that they teach their son the more intricate factors of sex. Still, she remembered her fingers and fantasy of the other day and in a way, sort of had wanted it to happen, even so. With mixed feelings she got him to scoot up and kissed his face and said reassuring things about he was mama's other man, and how happy he had made both daddy and her by being willing to learn so much in one night. There would be other lessons in the future she told him, though she wasn't sure quite when.

As they dressed and she accompanied him back to his room to tuck him in, she stressed that what they all had done together must remain very secret. None of his friends, or especially his sisters should find out

about their teaching him explicit lessons about sex. He confirmed he knew that it was top secret and that nobody would find out from him. Mollie went back to her bed and lay down next to Bill and was almost instantly asleep.

What'ch Watchin'? #1

Saturday morning, their household followed the American tradition of parents sleeping late and kids watching TV. Mollie awoke to the happy sensation of her husband under the sheets performing cunnilingus. She giggled as she threw the covers back exposing her spouse, still buck naked from last night, munching on her muff, she as nude as he. She decided to use the 'spice' she had discover the evening before. "Mmm . ." she murmured her approval of his attentions to her nether regions, "I think I know something new, I think that my hubby likes to have his dick sucked by his son, our own boy - mmm?"

Bill came up for air and stretched to French his beautiful wife, his dick now nuzzling where his mouth had been moments ago. "God! Babe, wasn't that something? I never expected him to go down on his dad. On you sure, but when he started sucking my cock I got really hard, and I could even feel my asshole tighten. It was weird. I'm not gay, but Billy brought out the Bi in my libido. I mean I knew I had a touch, but having my own son in such an intimate setting really made it electric!" Mollie could feel him getting hard from the memory of that naughty little demi-homoerotic encounter. She reached down and fitted him to her.

"And maybe next time he'll let you suck on him? Would you like that? Like father, like son, like each other to mutually be Bi and guy to guy?

I think that it might be interesting to see two fellas fiddle with each other. Would you be willing to experiment with that, if he were interested in trying something of that sort? His answer was indicated by the increased pace of his fucking, even before making a grunt that meant 'Yeah, I would!' She continued, "Yes, and what about something more?" Mollie reached around and managed to find Bill's anus and poke a finger tip in. Bill got even more energetic then. But she didn't want for his to cum just yet. "Roll over!" She directed. He did so, knowing that she had something on her mind.

Mollie mounted her man; bring his hands to her breasts, as she sat with practiced ease on his hard and upright erection. Her hips rolled in a movement that glided the muscle in and out of her hungry cunt. Bill looked up at the sexy siren he was married to, waiting for her to speak, as he was sure she would. "After you had dropped into never-never-sleepy-land; Billy had a little more fun with me."

"Jeez, Moll, he didn't fuck you did he?"

"No, he just rubbed his dick on top of me, and came that way. But it was fun!"

"I think we did more than just clue him into the facts of life, last night. He got to see us as we were going at it, even. I didn't plan that we would let things go so far, they just sort of . . of . ."

"Sort of rolled along on their own, like a runaway train."

"Yeah, and then it went into the tunnel!" said Bill as he laughed. Then he stopped laughing because he was about to cum.

"What cha doin?" A small feminine voice asked from the doorway. It was Mary. How long had she been standing there with the door open six inches and her face popped through, with her eyes wide, watching them? Mollie remembered she had left the door unlocked when she had returned from Billy's room, but she was sure she had shut it tight, hadn't she?

"Uh . . Mommy and daddy are just playing a game. Kind of like twister, but for grown-ups . . in bed." As if she couldn't figure it out! Damn! They were almost at climax.

"Can I play too?" Mary asked coming into the room all innocent in her bright smile. She began to climb on the bed with them. Now, it wasn't a usual thing for them to be naked in front of their children, though in might happen by accident on occasion and no big deal was made out of it. (Not including last night's sortie into incest or the exposure Mollie had provided to Billy in his room, exceptions each.) But it was the first time that they had been caught in flagrante delicto by any of the kids. (Not counting the demonstration and exhibition of eight hours ago in their bed with their son, either, of course.) Mollie reluctant quickly dismounted and Bill drew up the sheet as best he could. Not that easy as Mary crawled on top of the covering as he was tugging it.

"Why aren't you watching television, Sweetheart?" Mollie inquired as she grabbed her gown from the floor where it had landed the evening before. She let it slide over her head. Bill was still hard, but at least had the sheet at his middle. Suddenly, Mollie realized that she had to pee,

real bad! "I'll be right back, mommy has to go pee!" She race for the toilet, it was a close thing. When she came back the scene that greeted her seemed surreal. Mary was sitting on Bill's middle, just as Mollie had been doing when Mary first announced herself. The sheets were on the floor. Mary's nightshirt was up around her waist and clearly she was wearing no panties. Bill had an astonished expression, as if someone had just thrown a pie in his face from out of nowhere. Mary was rocking her hips in imitation of Mollie's actions.

Mary turned her head and said, "Look mommy, I can play horsey with daddy too! I'm riding him just like you were doing!" The girl turned and smiled at her father, still bucking her naked little butt on his boner. Bill suddenly appeared stricken with horror, as his hips made jerky movements under his youngest daughter's derrière. Mollie knew at that instant that he had creamed, involuntarily, but nonetheless, his girl's bare behind had triggered the already primed stick of male dynamite, and it had exploded between the cheeks of the Mary's bottom. "OOPS! Daddy's leaking! I think he has to go pee, too."

Bill shouted as he lifted his daughter off his semen dripping cock and tossed her gently aside on to the mattress. "YES! Daddy has to go the bathroom, Sweetie! EXCUSE ME!" and out he dashed, giving Mollie a look that said he was just as astounded as she, at the turn of events, and even more chagrined by his inadvertent orgasm from his child's stimulation. Mary looked up at her mother from the bed and put her hand over her mouth as she giggled.

"Whoops, I made my papa, dribble!"

Mollie frowned at her youngest and most impish of kids. "I don't think that you ought to play like that with your father anymore. Okay?"

"Alright, but that was a lots of fun! Too bad Julie couldn't try it too. I bet she would like it as much as you and me, mom!"

"Well, how about you not letting her know what you did. Because I don't think daddy liked it that much,'

"Yes he did mom, as much as when you were doing it. That's why he creamed. Doesn't he like it when you make him squirt?" With that cryptic remark she indicated that she was not innocent at all but was the minx her father had said she was, Mary hopped of the bed and exited their bedroom. Mollie was still both a bit stupefied and somewhat miffed at her daughter's antics, when Bill came back. He made mouthing motions but nothing came out - he was speechless, not knowing what to say to his wife about what had just happened. She put her hand to his lips to indicate he should stop trying to talk. He was still nude and semi hard. She pulled him on top of her as she fell back on the bed, opening her thighs, the gown riding up her legs to expose her crotch.

"God! Bill that was the craziest thing ever. She knew what she was doing to you. I am so turned on right now I need a cum bad. Fuck me, just fuck me and don't talk. I'm not angry at you, it was Mary's doing, you couldn't help it. But I never got a chance to do that to my daddy. Maybe I might have if the right circumstances had ever opened up, but I swear I wouldn't be surprised if she seduces you someday, with a nerve like that! Right in front of me she brought you off. That was so hot, I'm so turned on!"

Bill found his voice, as he plowed as hard as he could in his spouse's pussy. "What about you and Billy? Did you want to screw Billy last night?" Now his member was like oak.

"OH! Would you like that? To see me and Billy fucking?"

It was obviously yes. Because Bill didn't answer as he was too intensely focused on the approaching climax he was close to, and working to bring Mollie to peak as well. She also discontinued conversing for concentrating on copulating, her orgasm about to explode also. Then, they were both seeing stars and their bodies convulsed with the superheated fireworks that their incestuous lust had set off. Neither cared if the door was open or not at that point. It was a bit, but there was no audience at the moment. But that would not always be the case, as they were to soon discover!

The rest of Saturday was a day of rest. Bill and Mollie took a nap in the afternoon, to rest up from the morning's exertions. The kids had their various games and went off to see friends in the neighborhood. Mollie ordered pizza delivered for dinner and Bill rented a video tape for all to watch when he went to pick up more soda. The family settled in for the evening as if things were as they had been a week ago. Bedtime was standard routine too. Bill had a golf game early tee-off the next morning and Mollie wanted to plant some flowers in the front. She thought she could enlist the kids help. But nobody had any dirty thoughts as they went to sleep, and no sheets were soiled. Billy didn't even need a tissue, that night, except to blow his nose.

Son's Rise at Sunrise

Mollie slowly came awake, with the lovely feeling of a tongue between her thighs. She and Bill sometimes slept in the buff and last night she had decided she would be more comfortable in the warmer weather without a gown. Bill had also shucked his shorts and they had cuddled, spooning as they fell asleep. Now he was lapping at her pussy. It must be raining and his game canceled she thought. She opened wide for his oral attack; he was trying some new techniques on her, not his usual variety of manipulations. She luxuriated in the sweet nibbling of his lips and licking at her labia. Then he was sucking her clit. Kind of a bit hard, actually. "Easy does it, Honey!" she said, opening her eyes.

The sun was shining under the drapes. "Don't you have a game toda . ." 'The sun was shining?' Wait a minute, then . . Mollie looked down to see Billy eating her out. And not all that bad a job either. This was unexpected. But somehow she wasn't surprised, with the way things had been going in the household, it was more par for the course. She just hoped that Billy wasn't planning on getting his putter into her hole. Though she wouldn't mind playing with his balls. He was doing nicely, she really enjoyed the difference of his novice style, he got the message about being gentle with her nubbin and now the tongue was swirling everywhere down there. Here came his lips kissing her mons and thighs.

His mouth sucked on her clit again but in a rhythm that was going to . . . wait! She was going to, oh! Yes she WAS going to, CUM! She was cumming so sweetly, her hips bucked a rise to meet the sucking mouth on her clit and she sailed over the moon on a wonderful climax. That was very good, and Billy had been the seducer too, what do you know?

Those lessons the other night had been well learned! "Darling, that was ever so good! Come here and give your mother a big kiss, my sneaky cute man. You gave mommy a sweet cum. Thank you!"

Billy kissed her, tasting of her juices, "Dad left early and I didn't think he had a chance to do anything, so I thought I would. Did I do alright?"

"Yes, you certainly did! More kisses, please!"

Billy obliged. He was in the same position as he had been when he had rubbed off on her before. She thought that ought to be a good way to repay him again. She started to tilt her pelvis to get the motion going and he took the hint. She was aware that as before she was sloppy with lubrication like last time and remembered to make sure that her son stayed high enough on her that he would not slip in, as he almost had the earlier humping. Her hands went to his arms to steady him and help him set the pace. His prick was hard and very smooth as it nudged against her, the head a bulb on the end that provided stimulation on her clit. His movements were slow and deliberate and the strokes were long and went from high to low.

"Mom, when a girl, a woman cums, does she squeeze with her vagina, if a man's dick is in her?"

"There are certain muscles that can do that, yes but it might not happen every time. Sometimes we cum and it's just a little shudder, but if it is a real big cum then lots of things happen. Our feet can curl, and our hips thrust forward and our insides go trembling and we can make loud noises. It depends, some gals have different ways of cumming, but

we all like it when it happens. But there are different ways that can make it happen."

Billy continued with his rubbing, the penis was a bit low, so she put her hands on his hips like last time to keep him from moving too close to her vagina. She thought that she might even be able to climax again and join him when he was shooting. "Is it important that a guy be big to fuck a girl, or long, or both?"

"Like I explained the other evening, women can stretch to match their mate. But the feeling is good even if we aren't expanded that much because the tissue surrounds the man's member and she can sense his filling her when he enters. There are more nerve endings at the entrance than there are on the walls of the vagina." Mollie wondered at the clinical way that she was lecturing her son who was moving his cock at her . . wait! It was at the entrance! He had slid down without her realizing it as she had been talking and now it was beginning to dip into his mother's cavity. The sensation was exquisite, and she was having a hard time resisting the urge to let him slip a little bit in.

"Billy, don't go into mommy, Baby! We can't, we must not, we shouldn't." But it was getting a little more inside with every stroke. It was gradually gaining entry, she wanted him, but she couldn't, but it was so tempting, but she was his mother, but he felt so good, but he was a virgin . . .

"Just the tip, mommy, just the tip." he whispered in her ear. The vision of Mary on top of Bill's cumming dick flashed in her mind for some reason. What an erotic sight! She had said, 'I never got a chance to do that to my daddy.' "Please," came her boy's plea, "Just the tip, to see

what it's like?" Her words to Bill echoed in her brain ' OH! Would you like that? To see me and Billy fucking?' She should wait for Bill to be here. That meant she was going to let Billy do it, didn't it? "Please, mom?" He was doing it anyway! He was putting the tip in her vagina! There was that penetration of his prick head into her gateway, it was so soft she wasn't sure that it was in, until she felt the ridge slide past the ring of muscle and she knew her resistance was dissolved.

"Oh Mom! Yes!

"Sweetheart, yes!" The boy was becoming man right there, as he slid up her passage. She pulled his buns to her to press him in her all the way. He only took the quickest of moments to be fully engulfed in his mother's body and then his balls pressed her butt and he was socked to the root, held in place by her strong arms and bonded to her by the love they shared. AND OH YES!! THE LOVE!, the love they shared was the uniting of their physical selves and she accepted him as being her lover too. A special joining with him now, this sex with her boy, he was a grown male and their mutual lust for each other had opened like a blossom and was beautiful.

Billy began to thrust and withdraw in meaningful strokes, his urgency obvious that he was going to cum quickly, she wanted to share it with him, she opened up and let him pound in her with his cock and it was bring her with him as he suddenly locked tight all the way in and she could feel the throbbing of his penis squirting the load of sperm he had save up. She peaked too, not a big one, but very wonderful - a mellow and harmonious sort of orgasm she had with him as he spew his seed within her. But 'AH! YOUTH!' She thought, as he began to once more plummet her depths with as much vigor as before his paroxysm. His

hard-on never went soft but now steadily plunged and plugged like a pro ,making her laugh for the joy of her boy using his manhood to pleasure his mom even more.

Long minutes passed as Billy continued to make love to Mollie. She lay under him and he had charge now of the situation. With sucking on her breasts, first one then the other, he was considerate and tender, as he ravaged her center with his rod. Finally though, he was arriving at the second cumming, she too was ready to once more to peak, and this would be a shaker, she could tell that she was primed to blast. His strokes became erratic, then they sped up steadily to almost a blur, then he pounded hard - once, twice and then the 'coup de grace' he set in and pumped the rest of his semen in her. After she recovered, Mollie ran her hands over his back and cooed to him what a wonderful lover he was.

Then the girls were making noise about lunch and she told him to wait until she was in the kitchen with them and called him. Then he was to skedaddle into his room put on a shirt and shorts and come out for the meal. With any luck no one would be the wiser for their session. But in her mind Mollie needed a plan so that Bill didn't feel left out that he hadn't been around for his son's first time. She thought that perhaps she had an idea. Billy seemed to be open to experimenting with his folks. Maybe Bill's Bi leanings might be the ticket. But that would have to wait as tonight was a school night. Things needed to be calm for a while. That was for the best.

Rub-A-Dub-Dub-Daddy!

Mollie was relieved that for the rest of the week, things went about normal for their routines. School helped to calm the youthful exuberance that was bubbling under the surface of things. Billy did try to French her on occasion, but she was cautious of his sisters catching on. Nor had she quite had the nerve yet to tell Bill that she had given in and let their son lose his virginity with her. She didn't think that there would be a big brouhaha over that, considering Bill's two encounters with Mary, but she delayed, just the same. She would get to it when the time was right.

Bill came home Friday evening and met his wife taking their son out to pick up some groceries. His spouse informed him that the girls were watching TV, and dinner would be in an hour, it was already done and just needed to be reheated. The day had been hot and humid and the AC at his office had not been adequate to the task, so Bill said he was going to jump in the shower. Mollie said good idea, and added she and Billy would be back in about forty-five minutes, She would pick up the dry-cleaning too. Anything Bill wanted from the store?

"Cold beer!" was his definite reply and then he entered the house, as they drove off. He announced to his daughters that he was home and about to take a shower. He gave them kisses and then went to change and get clean. The spray felt good as he turned on the water and adjusted the temperature to be slightly on the cool side. He was sudsing up his hair and had his eyes closed because of the shampoo, when he heard the door to the shower stall slide open. At first, he thought that Mollie had doubled-back and decided to surprise him by joining him in the stall for some fun. They loved to do that on occasion.

But the body next to his, he quickly discovered, was a much smaller feminine form when he fumbled with his hands, still blinded by the head covered with foam. Before he could grasp what, or rather whom he was groping, the other side slid open and shut, to admit a second naked body that jostled against him. Then, as it dawned on him what was being perpetrated, a chorus of high pitched giggles confirmed that he had been double teamed by his daughters who were now two bare females that flanked him front and back.

"Surprise daddy!" their trilling voices rang in the enclosure, as he tried to rinse the suds from his scalp. "We're going to get clean with you, like mommy does sometimes!" said Mary.

"Daddy, did you really do what Mary said, last Saturday?" asked Julie at the same time.

"Julie wants to see if she can make you leak boy-stuff too, daddy!" chimed Mary, immediately after her sister.

"That would be real nice if you let me help you cream again, like you did for Mary." Julie put in, her words following Mary's so that Bill couldn't get a word in edgewise. At least by then he had the soap out of his eyes and saw the two naughty water nymphs, hair soaked and nipples dripping. Julie's buds were hard little buttons on her burgeoning bosom.

"Girls you shouldn't be in here, I don't think you mother would approve at all!" Bill said, but was a little befuddled by both being in

cahoots on this caper. He was out numbered. "You're too old now to be taking baths with your father, really!"

"Mommy and Billy are gone for groceries, so they don't have to know, if you don't tell!" said Mary.

"It was Mary's idea," said Julie, "But I wanted to have the chance to play, like you guys did, when she sat on your lap and did the horse ride, on this . ." and his oldest daughter took his penis in her fingers and jacked it a couple of strokes. Involuntarily, it gained tumescence in her hand.

"Fair is fair, poppa, you should let Julie have some fun with your dick too!" said the little Miss Mastermind of this seductive squeeze play. "Let me wash your back!" She had the bar of soap and was rubbing it up his back and down on his behind as well. She handed the bar to her sister as she began to run her small hands over his slick muscles. Things were going rapidly from bad to worse or from mischievous to risqué as Julie began to lather his genitals.

Bill was about to say, 'That's enough! Girls, stop!' when Mary ran her hand up his crack and goosed him. He let out a yelp. Then Julie had his balls in one hand and was stroking his dick with her other. Mary had put both her palms on his butt and pushed to send his hips forward slightly to aide her sister and co-conspirator. The sight of his other daughter jacking on his prick was so erotic that he once more hesitated in asserting his paternal authority to end the pair's high-jinxes. Now, despite his misgivings at this immoral morass of pixie playful pranks of peccable impropriety with his pecker, he was undeniably enjoying the thrill of the being in the thrall of his giggling girls.

Giving into the spirit of the frolic, Bill began to run his hands over first Julie, then Mary, both their backs and fronts, their tushes and then touching their nipples, kissing the tops of their heads and running his fingers over their nubile mons. Just sweeping strokes over their slippery skin, hugs and sliding caresses, but the sensations were exhilarating to all of them as they felt one another's bodies. They laughed as the water splashed and the spray spritzed at all angles with the wiggling and squirming pair that orbited the parent. It was a wonder nobody slipped and fell Bill thought with all the zany antics that went on for about fifteen minutes.

"We had better get out before your mother returns, if you don't want her to know what you two have been up to." said their father, though he knew that somewhere along the line he would need to have Mollie hear it from him, rather than learn otherwise later on, of this ambitious ambush the girls had staged. He knew that so far things had been only naughty, not over the line, for what he might be allowed by Mollie to dabble with the girl's sexually. Perhaps it was imprudent, but it had not been his idea, either. Though he admitted to himself, he was a willing victim, if the truth be told.

"I'll get the towels!" cried Mary, and she slid her side's door open and scramble out. She went to the linen closet, leaving wet foot prints as a trail. Her exit gave Bill and Julie a few moments alone.

Julie flung her arms around her father in a hug that brought her tender young breasts to his hairy chest and her torso against his, pressing his hard-on between them. She kissed him, with her tongue snaking in and then whispered in his ear, "Daddy, I want some more of being together,

like this." To make things even more clear that she was intending for more intimate contact with her dad, she took his hand and drew it down to her split. She deftly got his middle finger extended in her dainty digits and pressed it into her slippery middle. Bill instinctively sought the entrance to her opening, testing the lubrication of her cavity with the tip of his finger, it was definitely hot and wet from her arousal.

Then Mary reappeared and they each were handed a towel. The madcap caper of the shower shenanigans was over as they dried one another with more laughter and some not so innocent kisses exchanged. Bill was in his old boxers and the girls in their nightgowns by the time Mollie and Billy returned, but they appeared the picture of calm domesticity. However, Mollie could tell that something had transpired while she was out, by the sly looks her daughters exchanged between themselves and the fact that they took pains to be on their best behavior that evening. Bill also had a odd look to his face, but she could quite place what it was conveying. She knew she would discover what it was eventually; likely Bill would illumine her later, he never kept things from her for long.

A Lap's of Judgment

While Bill was in quite an amorous mood that evening, actually Mollie was a bit tired from housework and the errands she had been running the rest of the day. She suggested that they save their energies for their Saturday morning romp. Bill was supportive as ever and let his bedtime-pass at her pass without asking further, expecting the morning to be all the more of a good time with his spouse. Mollie fell asleep not long after, but her husband was a bit hyper from the lascivious shower

his daughters had foisted upon him. He decided to go to the living room and see what was on the late movie.

The three kids were supposedly in bed and asleep, but soon after he settled on the couch Julie came in. Her gown was diaphanous and showed her slim figure in the flickering blue light of the television, the film being in black and white, one he had seen any number of times. He had the sound on low so as not to wake the household. Julie came and sat next to him. She watched the flick for a few minutes, but then turned her attention on her father. Bill became aware of her focus and his cock began to stiffen with the memory of what she had said at the end or their little foray in the spray.

Julie wordlessly slid off the sofa and reached for her papa's pants. She helped him shed his shorts and began to fist his boner in her delicate grip. Once she was assured of his cooperation, and the rigidity of his erection, she quickly pulled off her nightie. She had worn no panties and now they were both nude. Bill had been primed from earlier and put on pause by his wife's fatigue. He had not hoped or planned this liaison with his elder daughter but he found her hard to resist, since he was so horny. Mollie had not made a big fuss over Mary's machinations of last weekend and Billy's participation had been accepted as part showing him what sex was all about. Indeed that had gone beyond the pale of what might be considered even a liberal type of lesson.

So this silent assignation that Julie was instigating was not so out of line for the circumstances, he rationalized. But when she climbed onto his lap a moment of doubt about the advisability of their ribald rendezvous arose. Julie leaned into him and Frenched him, her arms snaking around his neck. Her hips were making rocking motions as she knelt

with her young womanhood quite invigorating his by now raging erection. He could even feel the dampness of her sex oil as the friction of their genitals was slicked with her excitement. His girl's pelvis was doing female things on his member and those things were most certainly becoming dangerously close to doing a very dirty deed.

He tried to lift her off, but that worked to the advantage of her situation in seeking an incestuous connection. For then his tip raked down the middle of her crotch and set into the indentation that lead to her vagina. She settled her hips down and forward to apply an angle that assured her father's bulb divided the labia at the spot she wanted him in, and then with a sinuous movement let her weight down and inserted Bill's boner into her body. When he felt the penetration of her virginal hole he groaned in regret and in ecstasy. For he had not meant to take his daughter's maidenhead, but yet the tight little cavity was an amazing a sensation as he had ever felt on his prick.

Julie gasped, but didn't cry out. She had known what to expect and indeed, had done some preparation for this moment in her life, with some pre-coital stretching in the last year or so. Thus her hymen was not ripped too much and the pain was not a shock. The enjoyment of her dad's penis in her was quickly becoming more joy than a jolting juggernaut of muscle up her inner sanctum. As they became accepting of their union, the pair allowed the sheer exhilaration of their lust to drive them on. Bill sought her swaying little breasts with his mouth and suckled them giving Julie a erotic and wonderful feeling as the incestuous liaison heightened the thrill. She rode his hard-on, to sink bit by bit deeper, and yet even deeper, getting almost all of it in, before she climaxed.

Bill knew that as soon as she had completed that orgasm, it was imperative that she be dismounted, for that was his limit to be in her and not cum. He didn't want to impregnate her, for God's sake! He made a mighty effort and this time managed to lift her, with his hands under her armpits, and withdrew. Then as she descended, with the throbbing member squashed between her abdomen and his stomach, his cock spurted his load of semen that had been building since the early part of the evening. The gobs of goo made a fine spill, but the new lovers were so in the moment of their passion that they cared not; until it got cool and was an icky-sticky mess. Bill grabbed some napkins that had served as a coaster on the end table and wiped the jism as best he could from his daughter's torso.

Julie sensing that she best retreat before they were discovered, kissed him sweetly on the lips and whispered, "Thank you daddy, I love you!" and like a sprite, all but danced back to her room. Bill got up and staggered to the kitchen to get a towel and clean himself off. When he turned the TV off, his shorts were on the floor, he retrieved them and tugged them on, his dick still a bit turgid. How the hell was he going to explain this? The shower had been a piece of cake to confess, compared to taking Julie's virginity. He was certain Mollie would have wanted to be present at the momentous event. Now what?

Perhaps if Billy did get involved with their love making again, he might actually fuck his mother. Then there would be a sort of parity to the whole thing. Then his confession of sin might be not so serious, in light of the licentious loosened morality they were practicing while educating their kids to the mysteries of sex. At least he hoped that his spouse would think so.

Mollie's Musings

Mollie had hinted that she wanted to talk to Billy about some private things in the car, on the way to get the groceries and stop at the cleaners. On that trip she had raised the subject of more 'lessons' for him to try out with his folks. That he was eager for. She broached the subject of his Bi experience from last time, was he okay with what he had done? Billy answered that he wondered what the whole of sexuality was about, both from the female and male point of view. Her son explained that he figured that 'fun was fun' whatever the activity, and that while he was more attracted to the opposite sex, it was interesting as well to see what made "guys tick in getting a hard dick", his words.

So, sucking on his dad's dick didn't bother him. If that and other sorts of private kinds of play, even guy-guy stuff, helped his parents to be in the mood to let him participate in their adult physical fun, then he was all for it. Anything that allowed him to get in the game he was willing to try. It was a very liberated and mature sort of attitude, for such a youth newly initiated into the grown-up world of sexual experimentation. Of course, Billy didn't quite use all those highfalutin words.

Essentially, he had the right attitude and wasn't uptight about anything, so she said that she'd let him know when the time was right for another 'three-for-all' to use a term Billy had made up. Mollie thought the impending ménage a' trios would be the opportunity to make confession. After she got Bill and Billy to finagle, she would let her husband in on the inadvertent and unplanned screwing their son had managed to attain with his mother beforehand. After all, she thought it quite likely that her spouse might be willing to allow his

daughters to have the same privilege eventually. But she was unsure if either girl was ready to lose her virginity to her father. On the other hand, Mollie might have fucked her pop if circumstances had presented such an opportunity.

It was Mary, Mollie considered the one more likely to try to seduce her father; just possibly in a couple of years ahead of now. She was the firecracker. Minx, was the term Bill had used and his wife thought that was very close to the mark. Little did she know, however; minx Mary was already scheming to be part of any incest round-robin that was happening. She intended that any sort of sexual action occurring in the house she would be a party to, if possible. She thought it would be fun to help things along, as she had in the shower. Although, she thought the ride on her daddy's ding-dong had been

great fun she wanted him inside her soon!

Double Bill-ing

So, things were meshing both with plans and genitalia it turned out, in Mollie's naughty nest of incest. Saturday, she awoke to Billy once more creeping into their bedroom and slipping under the sheets to do cunnilingus. But as Mollie saw Bill was still snoozing she tapped her son on the top of his head and when he looked up, she made pointing motions to his father's naked form. Billy took the hint and switched from her to his dad. Mollie turned on her side and jilled herself, as she watched in fascination her boy making a woodie on his pop. Bill woke to the sensation, at first thought it was Mollie, but her technique was different. Then still fuzzy brained, he thought that perhaps Julie had

boldly come in to suck his dick. But when he raised his head and saw his son was the culprit for his stiffy, his eyes got wide open.

He then became aware of his sweet spouse taking in the sexy scene, and grinning at her glee. He emitted a small chuckle at his discovery and delight. He welcomed the morning kiss Mollie gave him as she leaned to him. "Playtime again, Honey" she whispered. And then put her nearest nipple in his mouth to have him help start her motor running. Bill gladly suckled on her teat, as his son was performing fellatio. Then Billy moved to swing about, nearly knocking Bill in the head with his knee, but did miss him, and presented his own peter at his pater's lips, while the youngster's mouth commenced to munch on mamma's muff. The 'three-for-all' had begun.

Mollie rolled on to her back and spread her thighs for her son to have full access to her pussy. He was coming at her sort of sideways and it was different than 69 or straight eating-out. It made for an interesting angle and the variation was erotic she found. Bill enjoyed the smaller erection in his oral opening, but he was unsure of what to do with the all but upside down dick. He decided that just a wide O for his lips, to run down and back the shaft with some suction was best he could do, but he thought that might be nice. Billy was concentrating on getting his parents as aroused as possible, because he figured that ought to open all kinds of possibilities up. He was have a fine time in any case!

Then Mollie, thought to 'throw the switch' and with some nudging and hand manipulations got Billy to put his mouth on Bill's cock again, while she now took her son's prick in her own mouth. She made gentle sucking but not much movement on the meat. The wily kid reached over and began to finger her clit and massage his old man's testicles.

"Oh, yeah! Billy, that's good!" Bill encouraged him. The air began to have the taint of sex and sweat, as the trio was heating the room with their exertions.

"Get on mom, dad and let me see you put it in!" Billy said when he was sure that his father was solid and gone into fuck-lust. He flipped around to get a view.

Instead, Mollie raised her leg and hooked it around her husband to bring him to her in a side-by-side position, and they kissed as her breast pressed his pects. Bill felt his son guiding his tool toward his wife's hole, and then he was entering that haven of honeyed tissues. Mollie felt her hubby plug into her pussy and was grateful for the help her kid was providing. She wondered how they could include him in this, rather than just a viewing. But then she sensed Billy moving to her other side and making her the middle of a male sandwich. His smaller hard-on pressed against her buttocks and found the split. The second penis stoked against her buns as the first slid in and out of her vagina.

"I'm being loved by both of my men at the same time!" she said with happy tones of a wanton woman. Then Billy started to press down and harder at her rear. She didn't at first suspect his intent, simply thought that he was slipping lower with his enthusiastic movements. But then when she felt the head of his boner at her anus she got the idea. "Hold in me and wait a sec, Bill, Babe." She said to her horny spouse. "Go for it Billy, up mommy's ass!" she encouraged her boy. And with a few exploratory pokes he found the back entrance and pushed his tip in. "Now both of you go slow and work it together. First Billy, then you Bill, alternating and let me get used to this. I've never had a double penetration before."

Her two lovers, did as they were commanded by their mistress of the mattress. Billy found the sensation different but interesting than that of fucking his mom's cunt. Mollie was learning to let the sphincter expand and not clench, while her other side was filling and emptying in a sort of seesaw effect to her insides; bowels, vagina, bowels, vagina, then the pace quickened slightly as everybody was finding the rhythm that this wild balling called for. Eventually the both of the cocks were beginning to sync, and then it was crazy time. She had never been so full, and yet she was not stretched to an uncomfortable level, but the simultaneous sensations front and back were making her climax climb rapidly, as the very thought of what they were doing made her whole self like a giant sex organ.

Both the boys could feel the other through the thin membrane of Mollie's insides that separated them. They each took in the fact that the turgid muscle that they were moving in time with was their son's/father's; and that it was going to begin to throb and shoot when their love woman, packaged between them, reached her paroxysm. They were also verging on their own cum, excited by both their female partner's impending cum and each other's too. It couldn't last long, neither the excitement or the physical energy to maintain the precarious position was possible for long. But once the double Bill-ing had begun in earnest, it didn't take much time to arrive at their explosion.

Mollie was so overwhelmed by the massive invasion she could only grunt "UH-UH-UHH-UHHN!" in rising pitch and increasing volume until it became almost a scream. Bill was going "Yeah! YEAH! YYEEAhh! Huugh! As he pumped a big wad of seed in his wife's womb, socked deep in her cavity. Billy went "Ahh! Ahh! AHH!

AAHHH!" as his dick throbbed in his mother's rectum and then was rapidly deflating and being expelled by the natural squeezing Mollie guts made. Bill too, was exiting his wife's body quite quickly, but that was so they both could gasp for air. The orgasms had left the couple breathless, so intense was the experience.

Bill was surprised that he had so much semen, especially after last night's escapade. Mollie lay back and lovingly caressed her two males' members. Their messy muscles were soft but gained a bit of tumescence in her hands as the fingers worked the shafts up and down. Eventually, Bill told the other two to lay there, he would be right back with warn washcloths and fresh towels for everyone to clean up with. He looked for Billy's pajamas on the floor but didn't see them. As he went toward the bathroom, he grabbed his robe from the back of the door. The door to the bedroom was part open. Had Billy carelessly left it ajar when he had slipped into their room, or had one (or both) of the girls been spying on them again?

Jeez! thought Bill, that's all they needed, was for the girls to see that spectacle! They were already getting way too frisky as it was. Which reminded him, he needed to make confession to Moll. Was now a good time to do it? He gathered the terrycloth articles, three washcloths and two big towels, and returned to the bed. There followed a hilarious three way wipe down and tickling round-robin, worthy of Max Sennett, if he had made adult films that is. For along with the tickling, some diddling, and fiddling with back-ends was made. Mollie said she regretted that all three couldn't share the shower.

Bill agreed, all the while thinking that had she but known about the other day, perhaps they might have done so too. But that had yet to be

presented. Meanwhile he noticed that Billy's now clean prick was quite stiff. He was inspired to utilize the moment as the opening he needed to allow events of late night afore, be put into perspective. He whispered in his wife's ear, "Would you like to get in the shower with Billy? If he needs to cum again, you could suck him off, or . . . fuck him if you want. I wouldn't mind, after he got things so hot for us this morning, he deserves a reward."

Mollie, surprised by her husband's lewd suggestion, saw that it would get her off the hook in a way that gave them permission to screw with Bill's blessing. "That'd be okay if we . . if your son and your wife . . made love?"

Bill nodded and added, "I'll make sure the girls don't discover what you guys are up to. Go in separately, but yeah, if you want to let him have you, sure; if he can fuck your ass, then he might as well put it in your pussy too! I love you both, have fun."

So first Mollie, then Billy snuck into the bathroom, thinking that hopefully the girls would be none the wiser. Bill in his robe again went looking for the girls. He found them in Julie's room. One look at them and he knew they had been indeed spying. They could read his expression of frustrated then resignation that acknowledged that nobody was innocent around here anymore and that everybody had secrets that were not so secret. He could see in their eyes their combined amusement at the antic of their parents and brother and their challenge also, since they had a trump card of their own, from yesterday's 'dirty shower' dalliance.

Mary explained that she had seen Billy go into their parent's bedroom naked and figure what was up. She got Julie out of bed and they opened the door a crack and saw with Billy sucking on him and mom sucking on Billy. And everything that followed, obviously, until he had fetched the items from the bathroom. Julie proclaimed, it was way better an amusement than watching cartoons on TV, adding her comment straight faced. Bill put his face in his hands and shook his head for a moment. Then he cautioned the girls to not let on about the fact that they had been witness to the double debauchery of their mother, his finger held upright in phallic authority. But he was unsure how long the incestuous house of cards would be able to stand with so many jokers in the deck.

He explained that Mollie and Billy should be afforded privacy, as they were about to be involved in a similar scenario as the girls pulled on him. He wondered if Julie had let her sister in on the late evening's seduction, but decided he didn't want to know just now. The fact that the double dicking had been witnessed by the twin imps inhabiting his home was salacious enough of a scene for their eyes so young. Just now he was hoping that his son and wife were enjoy each other carnally, in the spraying

warm water of the stall, and at the same time, getting him out of hot water!

Cumming Clean with Mom

Mollie felt a little like a kid again as she and Billy got into the shower stall, even though their activities were going to be definitely adult. She figured that it was because Bill had given them his permission to fool around. Not only did she love to dally with a boy-toy in the water, but this was the first time she and Billy would be involved in foreplay in the spray. It was like being let loose in an amusement park with free tickets. She had gambled with her indiscretion by not telling her husband, her luck had been fortunate and now she had the chance to gambol with her son. So her relief at the turn of events was a liberated exuberance that bubbled with the suds they slathered on one another.

The lather that was coating their bodies was as much for the delight of getting their hands all over each other, as it was for washing away the remnants of their earlier naughtiness. Billy was particularly enamored of plying his mother's tits in his soapy hands as she was equally gratified to reach down and grab the tight buns of his tush. His proud pole pushed between her thighs, too high to just not quite properly seek entry to her vaginal entrance, but that was not what he was trying to accomplish just then. He was focused on the twin pillows of her pulchritude and the caps of her erect points, which his fingers found and fiddled with. Mollie let out a laugh that wound up a gasp of intense pleasure as one of the youth's hands slid down over her belly and combing through her thatch to find her clit, then parted her labia with the middle digit.

As the thumb strummed the nubbin and the finger inserted itself in the center of her sex, she countered with grasping the length that stood up from his groin and moved lower to his testicles. She tenderly coddled

those double marble-sacks feeling the hard nuts as the scrotum tightened with her caress. Then because she had the reach, she swung the arm around to his backside and delved into the split of his ass-crack. There she gently prodded the pucked place she sought and entered a finger tip in his anus. Billy let out a burst of loud laughter at his startled surprise, but it turned into a happy sigh as she worked her way a little further in, then gave a few stokes to simulate the more full effect he had provided her earlier.

"See how wild that sensation is, Honey?" she asked her kid.

"Uh-huh!" he moaned an answer, with his eyes closed, learning a new type of turn-on for himself for the first time. He didn't find it unenjoyable, but was not quite able to fully relax the sphincter. Mollie didn't want to press him into more than he could deal with. Besides she was so hyper-aroused by being able to riddle his rectum for him, that she was eager to consummate their union once more, in a good-old traditional fashion, namely a fine fucking. Billy also was primed to put it to his mom, and he had a position in mind, as well. "Turn around, mom . ." he directed.

Mollie obeyed her son, saying encouragingly, "I want your sweet dick in my pussy, Baby! Put your hunk in mama's hole, please! I need your cock in my cunt now, Darling!" She felt his hands on her hips and she bent her knees as his stiff prick was placed at the ready target that her womanhood made from that angle. His member set right into the gash, as he went up on the balls of his feet, and it sliced into her body as easy as a spoon into pudding. "OH! GOD! YES! DEAREST! The words were punctuated with each thrust his muscle made spreading the flesh of her

insides, in flashes of ecstasy that shot from her loins right up into her very brain, with bursting spasms of intensity.

The athletic posturing that allowed the sock-it-to-ya position was too much of a strain to both her thighs and his calves, but for the couple of minutes they indulged in that funky-monkey pose. It was truly great and promised that with another arrangement of similar strike-force fun, they would be longer in the lock-and-load copulating. But that didn't mean the fucking was finished, just that they were better off rearranging their approach to a more leisurely style of canoodling. This time Mollie made the adjustments of limbs and genitals so that she was now over her boy.

Billy lay on the tiles and with his knees bent, propping his torso up on his elbows so he could view the action, with his head not quite to her bust. Mollie squatted over him with her hands on his kneecaps for balance and to brace herself as she rose and descended on his penis, so that once she had placed it at her opening, it smoothly pumped her well of femininity. This was a more stable ride and they enjoyed the screwing for some little time. Mollie knew however that the hard tile would take its toll, and suggested that they turn the water off for the moment and get on the rug.

The floor covering was shag, but she lay down a couple of towels for extra padding even so, and to prevent rug-burn. As his mother knelt before him, with her bottom up-turned toward him, Billy knew what was expected. He even knew what it was called. "Wag that pretty tail, mom!" he exclaimed as he got behind her on his knees also, holding her hips to steady his aim at her posterior. Once more his slender sword was sheathed in her vagina as he proved that he was man enough to

provide the satisfaction of his mother's sexual needs by bringing her to climax. It wasn't long with his enthusiastic boffing at her butt, that Mollie was ready to sail off the cliff into the free-fall of orgasm.

With her "yes, Yes! Yess! YEESS! YEAHH! Billy-Baby NOWWW! OOOHHHH!! over the top cum, Billy felt himself squirting one last spurt in his mom. It wasn't as big he had earlier, but it was intense for all the eroticism of their special splashing merriment. It would stand out as a highlight of the wonderland of sex his parents had initialized him into. Once they had climaxed they had lain there for long minutes, getting their breath back; the fact that they dissolved into giggles every now and then spontaneously didn't help. But eventually they got up and had a quick rinse in the stall before taking a couple of more towels and having the pleasure of drying each other off.

Billy wrapped a towel around his middle and poked his head out of the door to see if it was all clear. No one was to be seen, so he scampered to his room. When Mollie had brushed her hair out and was just about to do the same sneak-away, Bill opened the door and told her that it was okay to pop into their bedroom, that the girls were outside in the backyard amusing themselves. Mollie quickly tiptoed to their room with her husband hand-in-hand. When they got there, she gave him a huge hug and the most ecstatic of kisses, to show her gratefulness and affection for this man who loved her so much. She whispered in his ear seductively that she was going to make his favorite meal and be his hottest Mollie-Dolly in bed that night. Bill just grinned, and kissed her back. He knew now that things would be okay, no matter what else happened.

What'ch Watchin'? 2

The best laid plans of mice and men and moms etc., and the plans for getting laid too; go awry, or in this case, 'Go fish!' As well as several other card games that Mary had wrangled them all into. The family had participated quite willingly, for they loved time together, all of them, and enjoyed each other's company when they had these events. But that did take them to a very late hour, since it was not a school night. Thus the couple thought to once more postpone their parents-only games until the morning. Of course, now that the girls were privy to their brother being intimate with their folks, they had other ideas. Early Sunday morning, Mary convened a powwow of siblings, and every card and carnal act was laid on the table as they sat on Billy's bed, including Julie's seduction of her daddy.

Mary purposed a audacious plan of attack to the other two and they saw that it would be a solution to the whole problem of sneaking around. After all, what could the parents do? They had already been party to the very things that would be going on. Nor could they fuss much with each other, since such likewise liberties were already being allowed for the most part nonetheless and more of the same indeed! So why not? Thus they schemed to make a double duping of Mollie and Bill and have a different sort of family time that morning in their parent's bed. Meanwhile, sleeping innocently (so to speak) in their own room, the older folks were in for a tricky treat!

Bill awoke and thought of the wonderful dream he had just been having. In it, Julie had been laying on top of him, their naked bodies pressed together. Arms wrapped around each other, as she had been moving her narrow hips, so that her pelvis made the motions of fucking her young pussy on his hard dick. Her tender mounds pressed on his chest as her tight vagina skinned over his ragingly hard cock. She

kissed him, it had seemed so real; he kissed her back and offered his tongue which she greedily accepted. Her sweet pretty face was smiling a mirthful grin of girlish devilment. His hands went to her bottom and caressed her velvet behind. But it was Mary's voice which sounded in his ear, whispering.

"You like doing it to Julie, don't you daddy?"

"Yes, Pumpkin. But for heaven's sake don't tell you mother!"

"Don't worry Pop, Billy is doing it to mom right now, next to us." said Julie.

He could feel the vibrations of her chest on his, so real . . . JEEZ!! He looked into the eyes of his older daughter who was indeed atop of him and screwing her twat up and down in slow lazy coitus with her dad. It was no dream!

"Goood Moornning Dadddy!!" announced Mary a big impish grin on her face too, as she greeted him when he looked over to where she was crouched by the side of the bed, her head next to his. She gave him a large smackeroo on his cheek. The bed had movements that were not in time to the slow undulations of Julie's body. From the other side of the bed the sheets were too high to be just Mollie. Sure enough, Billy's head was hovering over his mom's. She looked startled, as if she had just woken up too. To discover that she was being made love to by her boy. He realized that the kids had once more jumped in, where wise-men fear to tread. In fact, if they knew what lay in wait for them, those

bearded sages would have fled, but then they would have missed out on all the fun!

But Bill was stupefied by the turn of events once more. His brain was both overloaded with the implications of a double trouble seduction and intoxicated by the intense exquisite pleasure of fucking his daughter again. He gave into the sensation of her lithe torso which provided the mind blowing sex he was having, and acknowledged (with what little intellect that was still functioning for the moment) that there was nothing to be done about this outrageous risqué revelry that was being foisted, though certainly not forced, on his wife and himself by their three children. Mature sexually beyond their tender years, the kids had conquered their parent's reluctant reserve and roped them into allowing their offspring to finally have an open orgy once and for all.

But Mary was only observing, for now, wasn't she. "Come, get on the bed, Mary, Baby," Bill invited, "I think I know how daddy can please you too."

Bed Time Stories

Mollie was astonished when she had awoken, as Billy climbed on and was separating her legs, even as he was giving each of her nipples a suckle. She knew that this was another morning sneaky assailing by her son. After all this wasn't the first time, or even the second he had done so. That was not what astounded her; it was the movement she espied out of the corner of her eye, the redhead of her daughter appearing next to Bill's dozing visage, the sheets moving in tandem with Billy's covering of her own body. Even as his hips made the ancient motion of

rocking between the thighs of women that males have done since the dawn of human history, when the discovery of face-to-face-sex was made by some Adam with a sinfully happy Eve, Mollie could see that Julie was likewise doing to her dad, that which some Eve had invented by inverting the position.

Yup! The children's sins were being visited upon their parents! The little licentious scamps were fucking their folks with lusty enthusiasm, making love with their elders, mating with their progenitors lewdly, outright ravaging their poor mama and papa. 'My, wasn't this a fine kettle of fishies!?', she thought as her son's cock went right into her instantly damp pussy. She briefly wondered if this was Julie's first time with Bill, but then was distracted by the rigorous rucking her boy commenced. Billy was intent on giving her a hearty stuffing and she was ready for his whomping woodie in her womb. She embraced his youthful but well muscled form and accepted his physical offering of his manhood to her most personal part.

Billy was really throwing it to her with all he had, like he wasn't going to let her have a chance to protest his assault. That seemed not to be Julie's strategy, Mollie vaguely reflected with the small corner of her mind that was not abuzz with the happy humming of her approaching cumming. Her daughter was making the most of her father's boner in a slow deliberate way that would give the greatest pleasure per inch of penis, and to every centimeter of her tender young center also. 'So', Mollie wondered lazily as she was enjoying a mighty fine fucking by her son, 'where was Mary'? Surely the "Little Lady of Daddy's Lap" that made her papa "squirt the white-stuff" was somewhere about, if her mother knew that dainty dickens!

Then she heard "Goood Moornning Dadddy!!" She looked over and saw Mary beside the bed next to her husband. Moments later, she heard her spouse speak, and the words should have shocked her, but they didn't, not much could after the last week. Bill said, "Come, get on the bed, Mary, Baby. I think I know how daddy can please you too." The father invited his younger daughter's participation. Mollie watch as the girl got up and guided by her father sat on his chest, while Julie rode Bill's saddle horn. Bill took those tiny hips and brought them forward. "You're going to love this!", exclaimed Billy, of all people, and he whipped the sheet off the bed to expose the whole crew.

Here, on Mollie, his ass was humping his mother's spread thighs and his fluffy balls were banging her buns. There, on Bill, was Julie rearing up and down on her father's erection, the family pride a flag pole over the shaggy family jewels. Then Mary's young pudenda made contact with her daddy's lips and Mollie saw his tongue taste their child's genitals. Mary giggled and grabbed her pop's head and drew it up. She was obviously now happily the 'Little Lady of Daddy's Lips". In fact, from conversations with her older sister, Mary had long ago learned the joys of 'jilling', and had discovered orgasms as a thing to do while in her bed, or the bath, and even other times and places in private. She was rather good at it, but it ran in the family, she got it from her mother's side of course!

Now she was ecstatic that her dad was making that special tingling in her crotch begin to blossom. She wanted to have him do it to her, she loved it and she loved him and this was so good that the two could be loved together at the same time. "Yess, daddy!" she cried, "do that, make me feel like my whole body is full of fizzy fire!" Mollie felt her hand suddenly being held by Bill, the fingers intertwining and squeezing. He was verging on a big cum, she knew from this silent

communication. She was too, gripped not just by his hand but by the entire erotic round robin of family fucking. Billy was picking up the pace; Julie had her head tilted back and an ethereal look in her expression. 'Had she ever cum with a dick in her?' Mollie had a moment's wondering, before Mary let out an eerie wail of a cry, as her climax washed through her petite body.

Though muffled in his daughter's genitals, Bill's grunts signaled that he had been triggered by Mary's orgasm to erupt in Julie with his own cumming. Julie shrieked in rapture as she felt her dad's sperm shoot deep in her vagina. The throbbing organ was a massive manic muscle of man-meat that she drove down on to take as much up her as she could. Julie's yell, was more than Billy could manage, as the wild scene cascaded in sexual pandemonium from one family member to another and he lunged hard and held his peter in Mollie's pussy. Thus making his mother peak too, as she felt the seed of her son spew within her and the sound of the rest of her family in the throes of ecstasy ringing in a cacophony of cumming, she too joined the chorus of copulation with her own climatic cry.

That moment seemed to hold in a freeze frame of time, like they were statues, cast in plaster, painted in shades of pink and ruddy flesh tones. Then the moment ended with the movement of Mary toppling to the middle of the bed, on her back. She let out a over-sized sigh and said, "Whoowie! That was GOOOD!"

After a minute of silence that followed, Bill said, "Moll, there's something I've been meaning to tell you . . ."

"Yeah," his wife replied, "Me too."

And so, with their children on top, between and beside them, as they kissed and were kissed, and kissing went around with the rest of them as well; Mollie and Bill shared their bedtime stories; which included sordid showers, furtive fucking, stealthy seductions and a covert consanguine couch; appended by an assortment of sentiments from the sisters and brazen boasts by their brother. That Sunday morning, there were no more secrets and their family never enjoyed each other's company more than they did right then, for they were truly one united by the physical fun they shared together. For the next several hours, the whole troop swapped and switched and swung in a multi-menage of kinky kin.

Mollie's Family's Follies Finale

"Mother, I know what you're thinking!" said Mary, now a grown woman of forty five, to Mollie. She watch her mother giving a leering look at Mary's own twenty two year old son, David. "Your Grandson is out of bounds!" They were at a neighbor's pool and the hunky male was dripping wet in a skimpy bathing suit and simply radiating health and hormones; and pheromones no doubt too.

"I was just thinking, he's the same age as Billy was when . ."

"When we began our family frolics. You didn't think the same thing occurred to me, his mother?"

"He's quite handsome and athletic, just like your brother at that age."

"And I know you and youthful males, so don't get any ideas in your head about teaching my David about the joys of . ."

"MARY! You of all of us should be understanding of a young person's budding sexuality at that age."

"SHHSH!, I know, keep it down! I don't want David to hear about his mom's peccadilloes and her family skeletons."

"Pecker-dildos?"

"So I borrowed your toys to do a little jilling, when I was a girl."

"You had snuck that big one, so you could prepare for your debut with your Daddy!"

"Damn it, I waited until I was 18, Julie or Billy did with you and daddy before I got the chance!"

"Uh-huh, to have sex with your father, but you indulged in foreplay with him and your brother too, like they were video games. You were constantly using up your father's stamina. It was a wonder that I, or Julie, got any screwing if you were around, until I put my foot down and made you be fair and share. Bill couldn't seem to refuse his little minx."

"Well once I finally lost my virginity to pop, I did settle down."

"You lost your hymen before that, and when you found that you had a talent for fucking, you made the most of the in-house hunks. Though, I must say, we did all enjoy that night you deigned to make the sacrifice of your sacred virginity to your daddy. We were happy to be present at your bedding bash, though there was never anything bashful about my youngest daughter!"

"That was a night to remember, huh, Mom? God! we did have a family orgy that night, once the main event had been seen to."

"Yeah, it was even better than that morning Julie and .."

"And Billy first fucked you and dad at the same time, on that famous, or perhaps I should say infamous, Sunday morning. That was so funny!"

"And who put them up to their double-trouble shenanigans? The Little Lady of her papa's Lips, who's own lips herself made him 'squirt the white-stuff' so often afterwards."

"The best was when he finally squirted it in me."

"We were all gathered around you two . . ."

They both fazed-out into a reverie of that long ago evening.

Everybody had trooped into Mollie's and Bill's bedroom for the anticipated event. It was the climax, you should pardon the term, of Mary's childhood. The cutie-doll that was the younger daughter had asked that her father take her virginity for her special day. The ride she intended was the culmination of the sexual games she had been playing for the past weeks with the males (and sometimes females) of their household. How she had held out for this long, was a small mystery, since there had been plenty of fooling around otherwise.

For since their frolic of that fateful Sunday, when secrets were confessed, the family had accepted that basically their sex lives had become virtually an incestuous free for all. However, the fiddling and diddling, sucking, as well as jacking and jilling, and generally no-holes-barred-for-fucking life style was not overdone, there is more to life, after all. But now that relationships were out in the open, things were done in loving joyous freedom, and also fortunately liberated from any jealousy that otherwise that would have been a strain on their bonding and boundless affections for one another. Many menages and combinations were configured and gave variety and spice to the sex life of Mollie's and Bill's family.

'All holes', save that of Mary's vagina, that now would be offered to her father for first penetration. But everybody wanted to be present for the big moment. Thus were they gathered, this horny clan, naked and freshly bathed. Not everybody could fit in the stall at the same time, but they did sort of musical shares of the shower, and when somebody left the water they had two others to dry them. It made for many giggles. Now Bill lay on his back on the bed, Mollie next to him to provide guidance and moral - uhmm . . im-moral support to her daughter. Next to the bed, Julie was keeping her pater's peter erect and

ready with light fingering. Billy was down at the foot to film with the new video camera he had gotten at Christmas.

Mary, her hair loose and flowing, her pubic fuzz fine and a small triangle of curls, was smiling as she climbed on the bed. Her perky breasts were capped with pink round nipples that were already hard with anticipation and excitement. She carefully situated her body atop her father and leaned over to kiss him, "I love you, daddy", she said softly and settled her pelvis lower on his torso. Her straddling legs bent at the knees, her buttocks were stretched to open the split of her crotch to the penis of her pop, which was leaking pre-cum already. Mollie manipulated the incestuous instrument that was to be the first male member inside her youngest child's vagina, so that it was at the very portal of her tender femininity.

Mary straightened her back and tilted her hips to feel the bulb prod at her center, it fit between the labia and her lubrication was all but dripping as the first hot flesh of his tip slid in just a smidgen. Bill looked into the eyes of his baby girl and knew she was ready to become a woman. This was her timing and her call, her control and up to her to make the moves. He nodded, their connection was at the point of consummation, but a moment away. Mary closed her eyes then, and with her mouth gaping open and her hand clutching her mother's fingers, she began to sink down. Bill groaned he had waited for this moment; its anticipation has created a heightened sensitivity for his skin that stretched over his boner.

Then the head was in, and he almost lost it, nearly blowing his saved up wad right then. But he managed to not let the pure pleasure overcome his need to cum and concentrated on the further tight cavity

that was engulfing his raging hard-on. Mary opened her lids and looked directly into his face with a serious expression. Then she gave the business of screwing her determined effort and sank down so that she felt the cock in her, touch bottom. Mollie saw her daughter pause and began to say words of comfort, and to advise her to go slow, but held her breath as Mary, with seeming skill of a practiced courtesan, began to ride in a regular rocking motion on her father's dick. She rose and fell like she really knew what it was all about.

Bill was amazed that his prick was being massaged by the nymph that rode him like she was a merry-go-round horse. Her dainty palms pushed at his chest and she seemed to have no pain, only ecstasy at her penetration by his long and thick poker that plunged in and stroked out with her movements. Then she reach toward her mom and motioned for Mollie to give way as she dragged Bill to roll on top of her and to let him ravage her petite body. Bill understood that his work was now to saw her hole with his sword, filling her body with his manhood time and again and again, until he had to blast in her his full load of semen. They had prepared with birth control foam earlier, so that was not a concern, he could safely shoot his seed and not knock her up.

Julie had been smart about the timing of her first experiences, but Mollie had quickly gotten her to the doctor's, in the days after, to insure that there was no danger of pregnancy. Billy's sperm had been viable but Mollie was on the pill herself, and then Julie too, until then they used condoms. But now Mary was being banged royally with the sire's scepter and the family jewels were bouncing on her buns, ready to download the genetic code, even if the ovaries at the welcoming end were not going to be receiving any messages when that mass of jism erupted.

Then Bill was unable to hold off any longer, the stress of that wonderful sensation had saturated his senses as he fucked his youngest girl's cunt and triggered his eruption. Mary cried, "YESS! DADDY! Oh Yess! PLEASE LET IT HAPPEN - Now! NOW!! ME TOO! MOMMY, Me Too!! I'M CUMMING NOOWWW!! He lithe little body bucked and spasmed and strained as again and again she climaxed with the multiple paroxysms of her orgasms. Now she was a woman, truly, and Mollie smiled proudly at her daughter, the most mischievous of the three, and yet the more resolute to have things in her own way and in her own time.

Mollie came back to the present as her Grandson leaned over his bikini-clad mother and gave Mary a kiss on the lips. Mollie's eyes opened wide as she saw him slip his tongue into his mom's mouth, before diving into the pool again. Mollie gasped and had an instant insight. "You little minx! You want to have your son's virginity, for your own self, don't you!!??"

"Duhh! Mom. But you can get him to visit your bed, when I have made sure he is adequately initiated into our family traditions. I bet Julie's daughter has already got her sights on Grandpa, but she to be patient. My sister says that she is going to make her wait until she's twenty one, but we'll see if that can be done. Does Billy have another girlfriend yet, why did the last one dump him?"

"She caught him with his boyfriend, who was also her secret lover too. She wasn't quite as liberated as she thought, I guess. But Billy will settle down one of these days, I'm sure. Meanwhile, he visits us for my home cooking, and eating his mama's other offerings as well!":

They both laughed. David climbed back out of the water and went over and kissed Mollie too, not a French sort, but on the other side from his mom's gaze, he copped a feel on Grandma's tit. But Mary didn't miss the nice size stiffy that David was sporting in his tight swim shorts. She smiled to herself, sighed, and said under her breath, "they grow up so fast!!"

Mom & Me + Alien Abduction = Incest

Human sex had a special fascination for them, the BEMs.

This is a true story. I don't expect you to believe it, however. My mother and I were abducted by aliens from outer space. They were not little green men. They were BEMs, Bug Eyed Monsters, though actually they treated us quite humanely. My mom is letting me write this story, since in this genre and on this site, anyone who reads it will naturally think its fiction. But I wanted to tell the real story. Because someday if the Mother-Ship lands on the White House lawn, and they ask about June and Daniel DeLayne, then our story will be available on the Internet and the tale confirmed.

Our tale of abduction begins not unlike a number of others, though I cannot substantiate the veracity of any but our own adventure. I had finally finished High School in our small mid-western town and just had turned 18 and I wanted to 'see the West' for my graduation present. My folks would not let me go alone, though I did have use of the family's old car I for the trip. Mom volunteered to accompany me, since dad had to work, but he would then join us on the last leg in two weeks for the drive up the coast of California. I wanted to see the Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone geysers, the La Brea Tar Pits, those sorts of geological sites. I was a rock-hound since third grade.

I know you might be thinking that we passed Area 57, and that was where we had our encounter of a close kind. But actually we hadn't even gotten out of our home state, but when we finally arrived at where we were held captive, we knew we weren't in Kansas anymore. Though

it might have been Los Vegas for all we could tell, but that comes later. Mom and I had started out in the morning, and were switching off driving every two hours. Cruise control makes a big difference on long distance trips. We had a nice picnic lunch and ate dinner at a stop on the thruway. It was just past twilight, and we were soon to be at a motel where we had reservations on line. We never got there.

The car seemed to stall in the middle of nowhere, farm fields for miles each way. But with modern communications and the fact that any moment somebody would pass us whom we could flag down, we were not worried. Mom got out of the car; she was the mechanic in our family. I followed her, as much to stretch my legs as for any help I could lend. There was no sound of their ship until it appeared, hovering above us. The only sound there was from the ship was just a low thrumming hum and a light down draft. I looked up at the same time mom did. We both saw the same thing, as we compared notes later. A large round (about the size of a basketball court) silvery UFO From underneath it was round and convex, but I couldn't see if it was saucer shaped with my perspective.

There wasn't much time to get a gander at the gizmo as we each blanked out right then. When we came to, we were in a light blue colored room and were being sent through a machine that could have well been an MRI, except it was silent and had a ring big enough for us to fit through together. We were both without a stitch on, side by side, sliding through this huge machine. There were no beings to see, and when the scan [such as it was] finished, we blanked out once more. Next we woke in a room that might have been a small suite in a hotel, one double bed, which we were laying on. It was furnished with dresser, two easy chairs and a sofa, small table with two chairs; plus it

had a kitchenette area and a bathroom, no door. In fact, no doors anywhere. No way out or in which was obvious to us.

We looked at one another.

We were still only in our birthday suits like we were when scanned We turned this way and that sitting on the bed's edge. Both of us felt slightly wobbily, so neither of us immediately stood up we looked at each other once more and said together, the common phrase our family uses when confounded by things we find confusing or frustrating, or when we didn't give a good goddamn. We spoke as one, "WHAAT THUH FUUCK?"

I know you are reading for the sex and I will get to that, but my purpose in writing this all down is to convey the whole of our experience. The next part actually explains much of what happens, but not the mechanics nor the technology behind the how. If you want to skip to the sex; scroll down to you see "WHAAT THUH FUUCK?" again. But you won't understand a lot, just the erotic parts. That's okay, but come back to this section after the sex section and you've had a good cum. I think that it helps to give the reader a sense of what we dealt with. It happened toward the end, but I stuck it in early.

There was a TV in the place, and it got satellite reception unless the BEMs were piping in a direct feed. This wasn't done until the end. Then this one BEM beamed [he was smiling] out from our television set and had a conversation with me. Mom was relaxing in the tub and missed the original Q & A, but they provided a replay for her, before they sent us back. Not that we had actually left earth, we were still on the planet, but not in their ship it turned out.

It was the morning after mom and I had fucked for the first time. She decided she wanted some time alone to think about what had just happened. She ordered a bottle of wine and munchies from 'room-service' and drew a tub to soak in. Privacy, as much as there could be without a door on the privy so to speak was minimal, so I was out of the sight-line of the lavatory, as had become our custom. The TV came to life on its own, the head-shot of a plain looking guy appeared. This was new. I yelled, "Mom! We have contact with 'them', a man just appeared on the TV!"

"Tell the bastards I want the hell out of here, but I ain't getting out of the tub at this late date, for no son-of-a-bitch alien!" Mom could be feisty. I didn't blame her for being pissed. But since I had just gotten to make love to her and had just smoked some pot I was in a little more of a mellow mood.

The human-looking BEM spoke first. "Danny, congratulations, you have accomplished your goal! Tell your mother that you both will be set free shortly."

I did. A string of scatological language, enough to scald the ears off the toughest ET, if they have hearing appendages, emitted from the tiled walls where mom was.

"Have you been observing us?" I asked.

"Yes, that is a logical conclusion. We have watched your actions with great interest and scrutiny, recording everything scrupulously."

"Then you have been watching us screw, in the last few hours." It wasn't a question.

"Certainly, that actually was the idea."

"Did you realize that we are mother and son, that we have committed incest, which is a taboo -- you're familiar with that word?"

"Oh yes we did come to understand your relationship. That made our vigil even more intriguing!"

"Why? I mean why us, and why watch us having sex, and why should you care if it was incest?"

"Ah. I will explain. It is first a set of scientific experiments that we are running with pairs of humans. Not unlike putting a culture in a petri-dish, but in this case with just two specimens. Or like when humans try to breed animals to produce new strains, or preserve a species, like some zoos do."

"But here you are inbreeding, though I doubt that mom's pregnant."

"Our motives are of course different. And she is with child, but that is not a concern, it won't come to full term."

"I just got done making love to her!"

"Nonetheless, with our advanced science, we can tell."

"Superior science, eh?

"Science is not superior, it is the same if it is a true study of knowledge and understanding of natural laws. But just because one might know more physics, chemistry or biology doesn't negate the real facts that earlier technology discovers. The electron microscope doesn't see different things than an older optical instrument, just sees it better. We have more advanced applications of engineering, but not superior science."

"What were your motives for abducting us and holding us for nearly two weeks?"

Partly it was like a documentary, and also sort of a reality show for entertainment."

"Entertainment?" Their gall flabbergasted me.

"Think of it like an art form, like watching a free-form ballet performed."

"We had sex, that's what you wanted right? That's why our clothes were taken away. Why there was some kind of aphrodisiac in the food; the generous supply of drinks or even providing marijuana. All that was to get us to fuck, right?"

"Think of it like watch human sports, a boxing match, or wrestling. But also it was a sport like dog fights, or cock fights. But in this case, instead of a competition of bodies and a form of combat; it was a contention of wills and striving to have mating. More like the horse races, or roach races are even more apropos."

"Roach races?"

"Where you put two cockroaches in the middle of the circle, and see which is the first to cross the circumference? They use it in New Jersey to predict the gubernatorial outcome. The insects are right seventy-five percent of the time. And of course, we bet on the results."

"You bet? What, on whether I would make it with my mother?"

From the tub, mom yelled out, "ASK WHEN WE CAN LEAVE?"

"Tell your mom you both will be released in about twenty-four hours."

"IN ABOUT A DAY MOM! SO SAYS; What was your name, you weren't polite enough to introduce yourself."

"You can call me, Bemet."

"BENNETT! I called to mom the thing's name. You don't look like an alien."

"Bemet, B E M E T. What you see is an animation for your benefit, produced by sophisticated software, as is the translation and trans-vocalization of my words. My real image would scare the shit out of you. The earth culture had a word for us. BEMs"

"Bug Eyed Monsters."

And also Extra Terrestrials too, so B E M - E T, Bemet. If I were to appear to you it would give you nightmares for years. My real voice would be terrible to hear, like a cross of fingernails on a blackboard and flatulence, but so loud that it would break your eardrums. So we . . uh, tone it down if you will. That way we can communicate with you. I am what you might think of as your handler."

"So we were a dog and pony show, for your amusement?"

"I saw the dog position, which one was the pony?"

"You damn BEMs bet on us? What, how many times that we would do it, how many positions, how long we went at it? What?"

"How long it took you to finally have copulation. The other factors were used as what you would call side bets."

"Mom is pregnant?"

"We will remove the gamete before releasing you both."

"Then what, you breed a race of slaves to serve alien masters, or do you raise us for food?"

"YUK! You humans taste awful. We do make copies of the gamete, clones, and encase them in plastic. They sell as souvenirs. This whole thing of observing humans having sex is a craze in our civilization. It's like the Superbowl, Kentucky Derby, and moon landings all rolled in to one. Everybody who can, watches live, or sees the recording. It's Galactic-ly popular! "

"Souvenirs, That's inhuman!"

"Precisely! But then that's what we are. Do you not have baby chicks at Easter? And you humans eat the meat of the adults. How is what we do so different from throwing away biological waste from abortion clinics or disposing of the millions of strays cats and dogs euthanized at municipal pounds? 'Let he who is without pride of specie's superiority, hurtle the first asteroid.' So our great philosopher, # @ ~ & & %)-(+ # * = <> , [which is as good an approximation to the name he screeched/farted out] has said."

"So where are we? In the mother-ship?"

"No, you are on your own planet, in a secret facility."

"Somewhere, in the desert, or under a mountain?"

"Nah! We rent this big warehouse in Jersey city. We call it 'Arena 75', in-joke, alien humor. Much easier to hide in plain sight."

"How do you knock us out?"

"We have a ray that is focused on a certain part of your brain. Like when the doctor shines a light in your eyes, they dilate? It's a reflex. Well, humans have a part of their gray matter, actually that piece is white matter, that when you focus the right sort of sound waves; they're different than ultrasound, but it's still subsonic to you; it does the trick. Like rubbing an alligator's tummy puts it into a trance."

"How do you BEMs know so much?"

"When we first arrived we stole television sets."

"How long have you been here?"

"On earth? Since }}{}{{ or 1960 your reckoning."

"So the UFO reports were right after all!"

"Oh, we have cloaking devices, we don't know who the Blat those other mothershits are."

"Mother-ships?"

"Mother-shits, like motherfuckers in your language, but much worse."

"You're talking to a mother-fucker you know!"

"TELL THEM THEY HAVE GREAT WINE!" Mom yelled from her wet haven. It sounded like she was mellowed out now too, the liquor and grass were somehow made extra potent.

"What do you put in the food and drink, that made us so horny, and . . uh, inebriated?"

"Trade secret. Wouldn't want the whole of humans to be mellow-heads, Prime Directive and all of that!"

"That's Star Trek!"

"We adopted it in modified form, not a bad idea. Like sex, what a crazy way of propagation! We are trying to see if we might develop sex for our species. Presently we have parthenogenesis. No fun at all. That's why we like to watch you guys, guys and gals that is. Guys and guys, or gays as you call them, are alright but they don't provide souvenirs. Same with the flip side of a double-header coin, or two tails, except that monkeys are the ones with tails. I'm sorry; some things get added with translation."

"Why don't you just watch porno videos, if human sex is so interesting to you? That way you wouldn't have to hold anybody captive. Like us, 'CAUSE IT REALLY WAS INCONVENIENT; HEAR ME? MOTHERSHIT!"

"We have quite sensitive microphones, and your tone of irritation would be noted by our instrumentation as well, so there is no need to shout. I understand that you were put-out by being shut-in. But we need to use live subjects; volunteers are never the same sort of fun. Even if you watch a tape of a ball game, if you already know the score, it's not as exciting, is it. In this case, the balling might be of a different sort, but the outcome is unpredictable. That way we may enjoy our gambling on your gamboling, to make an attempt at human humor."

"We are not amused." I quoted, sarcastically, "Just let us go. PLEASE!"

"OH! You'll be back on your trip. You'll meet your father in L.A. as scheduled. Sorry about missing the other places, but I'm sure the gold nuggets you'll find will pay for another trip."

"Gold?"

"We'll give you the GPS coordinates, you get them as, well, souvenirs."

"Better than a little sibling who's an off-spring also!"

"We would never let that happen! What kind of beings do you think we are? Alpha-Centurions?"

With that the transmission ended, just as my mother came out from her bath and went over to the kitchenette. "I'm still hungry, want anything from 'room-service', Sweetheart?"

"Yeah, mom. But what if it makes me horny like it has before?"

Mom beamed at me and tilted her head, with a gleam in her eye. She said, Well . . ." We said it together, "WHAAT THUH FUUCK!"

Continuing the narrative from when we revived the second time, finding ourselves in what would be our 'cell/petri-dish/sexual race track' for the next ten days or so.

We explored our new surroundings. No clothes, drawers for clothes, but none in them. In the kitchenette here was a little white box that looked like a microwave, but it didn't have any controls on it, just a handle. A small refrigerator, but nothing in it. The bathroom had the standard stuff, but instead of towels there was a warm air dryer thing

you stood under. The temperature was fine for being naked, but we sort of didn't look at one another. Except of course I did, since I have had the hots for my mother for a while. But I had to sneak peeks. Eventually, my mom said, "I could use a drink!" The fridge pinged thirty seconds later and there was a chilled bottle of a white wine in it.

I figured, 'whaat thuh fuuck!' and said, "If I only had a joint!" The microwave box thing dinged a minute later and a doobie and disposable lighter appeared. There were glasses, dishes, and an ashtray in the cabinets already, stainless-steel eating utensils in a drawer. Nothing fancy, standard stuff, but was somebody reading our minds, or listening in? I thought, 'beer' looked in the fridge. Nope, none. "Beer!" I said. 'Ping!' Yup! So they were listening! Mom looked at me with the joint and just shrugged her shoulders. She poured herself a glass of the chilled wine, I lit up. I popped the top of the beer, and took a swallow, then let out the toke.

"Well, if you get busted, then we get busted out of here!" Mom philosophized.

"Where did the stuff come from? The beer is cold, the wine chilled, but they weren't in there a moment ago."

"I guess its alien 'room-service', order some steaks and caviar! She laughed, slightly hysterical at the absurdity of our predicament. Hardly a minute went by, when 'ping' . . . 'ding' the fridge and the white box nearly went off simultaneously. There was caviar in the chiller, and hot juicy steaks, Porterhouse, in the white box. So we served ourselves and ate. It had been who knows how long since our last meal, I found myself hungry, but only the meat appealed. Mom ate some of the salty

fish-eggs on crackers that were on the platter. We put the left-overs in the fridge. The steak leftovers disappeared, but the caviar remained.

Now I was feeling full. So after using the facilities, I lay down. Mom explored a little bit then she lay next to me. Suddenly she was crying and turned to me. I held her as she wept. I understood, the whole thing was traumatic. I did enjoy the feel of her naked body against mine, even though I was not about to take advantage of her in her vulnerable state. In fact, I was determined to be the noble son and manly hero as much as I could. Unfortunately, my manhood had ideas of it's own about being up-standing. But I tried to not nudge mom with my erection. Eventually we both fell asleep in each other's arms.

Life in the alien cage was boring. We watched TV, but had to agree on programs, since there was only one screen. We played cards, but after several days that too was dull. We didn't get books. There was fine food and booze and pot to smoke from the machines. Fresh sheets were supplied in the drawers, the old ones disappeared if stuffed in them. The air temperature and humidity remained constant, comfortable considering we were a nudist colony of two. After a while, it too became routine; though we went around the corner, out of sight-lines when the other wanted to use the john. But eventually, mom didn't care if I watched her shower, since nudity was our common condition.

The third night though, I got horny after having our dinner, which was just burgers and beer and ice cream. We had discussed our situation, early on, the second day. Though we had no clocks, the biological urge to sleep was night, the waking period was daytime. We agreed on our observations from when we had been abducted, by the - flying saucer? And held captive by - aliens? Who else had the technology? It was our

best working hypothesis. We lay down to watch some doctor program which mom loved and as I lay there I got the urge. Hormones didn't stop just because the aliens put you up in the Martian Motel 6, or the only female was your mother. On the contrary, being constantly around her and sleeping with her the close naked contact was exacerbating my incestuous desires.

So I waited that evening until I thought she was asleep, and started to masturbate. But she wasn't.

"Why don't you go and do that in the bathroom, Honey."

"Would you mind if I used the couch instead, it's not like we have a lot of privacy anyway."

"Oh never mind, just get it over with and go to sleep."

I did, but the thought of my mom listening to me gave it an extra pinch of spice. I came quickly. Then I began to doze off. But I became aware of a little motion in the mattress. I held very still and listened. There were faint murmurs and whimpers from mom's side of the bed and little wiggles she was making as she lay on her stomach. We only had a sheet on and almost no light in the place, but I could make out she was making subtle motions underneath the covers. She was masturbating too! Was it that she got turned on by my activity, or were her own natural cycles in play? When she finished, I still pretended to be asleep, and then I was.

The next morning was fine, until after breakfast. That's when I developed my morning wood. Normally it would have been just before getting up, but this was after the meal. Mother said she was going to take a bath. She had taken one yesterday, I just put it down to boredom. I began to play a game of solitaire. If I had been watching the tube, I might have missed the clues of her real reason for her soak. She was masturbating again! She made those same soft sounds and I could hear the little waves slapping on the tubs sides rhythmically. This got me horny, but before I could do anything about it, I heard the 'blow-all-dry' go on and didn't have time to get my jollies done.

After lunch I noticed I was once more getting a stiffy, and mom seem to not to be able to sit in one position for long. Then the need to 'scratch' that personal itch passed. But it returned after dinner. This time I was the one in the tub. Mom was watching TV. But I heard her give a little squeak after a while. I called and asked was she was okay, but she claimed she was laughing. Her ha-ha shriek was a different sort of tone and pitch than the gasping squawk she had made. I guessed that she had had her own time of pleasuring while alone in the other room, just as I was doing while in the tub.

That night, there wasn't much on the TV we felt like watching. Cards were available, but we started talking, swapping stories. Soon we were sharing about our sexual history. We just stumbled on the subject from some other topic, I forget what, but mom told me about losing her virginity the first year out of High School. I had lost mine a year before right after I had turned 18. She was in a car, I was down in a gal's basement. I shared some of mom's wine, but I was more intoxicated by the intimacy of our openness with each other on an adult level. The alcohol made me peckish, so I ordered some cheese and crackers.

'Room-service' had cheddar and Ritz. We wondered about how the delivery system was so prompt. We didn't always get the ideal of what we asked for, but the delays were seldom and the quality always good. Then we decided to retire and try to sleep. Even though I had masturbated once that day, and had not gotten a buzz on, as we lay down the 'dick-at-night' programming was up again. We settled under the linen, but I made an unintentional tent. Mom looked at it, but said nothing. However, she had two little bumps topping the big tops of her chest. I looked at them, which made my lodge pole all the more firm.

We still had a lamp lit on the end table by me. I sighed and said I would turn the light off and go the couch for a while. Mom put a hand out and said in a soft voice, "Wait." She then slowly drew down the cotton covering, and there we were, erectile tissue proud and tall on me, pointy and small on her ta-tas, but we were clearly aroused one and all. "Do it here, let me watch." Mom said in a voice with a faint quaver. I was surprised at her liberated request, but not nearly as much as when she herself began to touch between her legs and rummage around in her own genitals. In silence, like some surreal scene, we masturbated together, viewing one another as we frigged ourselves.

I ran my hand lightly up and down my rod and she flicked a finger over her clit. She broke the quiet with that gasping sound, and then our moans and groans began to gain volume as we lost any shyness. We turned to face each other and make it easier to study the other's technique and rosy flesh that was being stimulated. The rhythm of our meat-beating began to syncopate and then switched eventually to gain harmonics, as it morphed into a common meter; our stroking reaching a simultaneous timing as our hips humped toward our bed partner's body. It was obvious that we were mutually turned on by seeing the other one aroused and rising to a climax.

Mother pulled my trigger by deliberately spreading her thighs and letting me see her ruby labia, puffed and coated with her oil. The thought of her actually showing me her most secret place to help me get off, got me off. I came with a spurt that nearly flew the distance between us with the first glob, a big white squirt of goo that was aimed at her belly. This set off her own orgasm, her pelvis jerked several times and her eyes rolled back before the lids clamped shut and a grimace scrunched up her face in a powerful cum. Immediately afterwards, her look was that of, 'Oh God! What did I just do?' and she put a hand up to cover her mouth. Then she turned her back to me, not knowing what to say.

I scooted over to spoon with her, and provide reassurance that all was okay. Not worrying that my cock still was seeping semen, as it squished against her butt, I stroked her hair and whispered, "Thanks mom, that was special, that was nice. Don't be upset, we are only human, and I love you. It's alright. Let's go to sleep, you'll feel better in the morning about the whole thing." Mom didn't say a thing, but her breathing calmed down. Soon she was asleep. I thought about the terrifically erotic experience that had just happened, then drifted off myself.

In the morning mom acted like nothing had happened, and never spoke of the previous night. She played solitaire while I channel-surfed. I got horny after both breakfast and lunch for a while, but I was so sensitive to mom's moodiness I suppressed those tinglings. I tried to keep my mind on the problem of our predicament, what it was that the aliens wanted of us and how we might escape. But my thinking was just going around in circles. Indeed, I tend to circled the perimeter of our room checking things and making rapping on the walls and trying to pry the furniture loose from the walls. To find a weak spot, all that

for the umpteenth time. Mom hardly seemed to notice, she was preoccupied with her own thoughts.

Finally, after a nice dinner of spaghetti and garlic bread and a good Chianti, I was getting horny yet again and definitely tipsy. I said, out loud, "Whaat thuh Fuuck!" and ordered a couple of joints. 'Ding', quickly the white box sounded.

But then, mom said, "Whaat thuh Fuuck!" too and joined me on the couch, where I was lighting up. She reached for the rolled grass that was smoldering, put it to her lips and sucked in a big toke. Shit! Mom smoked shit? I had no idea; you could have knocked me over with a feather. We passed the pot back and forth until the roach was just a half inch stub. The dope was very good weed and while I was not a novice, mom was clearly getting a great buzz too. She grinned at me and said, "Oohh! You don't think that your parents never ever got stoned? I bet you think that . . . never mind . . . but I was a kid before I was a responsible adult, and I haven't forgotten what those times were like.

"Think what? Mom? Finish your thought. Sure I realize you were young once. What were you going to say?"

To my surprise, she burst into tears, for a few seconds. Then getting her equilibrium back she said, "Whaat thuh Fuuck!" and lit the second doobie, took two huge hits off of it before passing it to me. As I took my toke off of that next joint, she looked at me, as she blew out a big puff of pungent smoke and said, with a sarcastic laugh, "That I never cheated on your father. But it was just once and nobody you know. But it was like what happened last night. It was strange circumstances and just one of those human things and it happened a long time ago. And

NO! I'm not going to tell you about it." She added, "Don't bogart that joint" snatched it back and sucked in another long hit, then passed it back.

I was flabbergasted, this was a side of mom that was . . was alien to me, like she was from another planet. As if BEMs took over her brain, like an old 1950s Science Fiction film. But then last night was strange too, Twilight Zone odd. Any moment Rod Serling's voice would overdub and say, "A journey not of sight or sound but of mind; June and Daniel DeLayne have just entered the place between normality and being freaked out, they're having a vacation in the Twat-lite Zone." My 'man from Mars' was raising the antenna at the middle, straight out from my loins, thinking about the 'mom from Venus', who had watched me play with my penis last night, and just confessed that she had once had a sinful Saturnalia with someone other than my dad. Jumpin' Jupiter! Things were getting quite hot; the Mercury was rising in my ther-Mommy-ter.

Mother looked at my proud prick and her nipples were definitely naughty nips too. I saw a damp spot where she sat with her legs crossed upon the cushions. "Want-ta know another secret?" she said with a giggle of stoned giddiness. I nodded, amazed at the wild woman next to me she had become. "Last night . . . (she reached for the roach and I passed the last inch to her, she toked up and said holding the smoke in) . . I really liked it, us jacking-off together." Out came the blue fumes, and she tapped me on the dick and said, "TAG! You're IT!" then she ran over to the other side of the bed. I followed close behind but she walked over the mattress to the other side and ran to the kitchenette. I chased her and she when around the easy chair then made bounding strides on the sofa pads as I pursued my manic mother. She was giggling as she eluded me, lewdly naked and I ribaldry rampant erect.

I stuck to the floor and caught her coming off the furniture and swiped at her, catching her on her right tit, a glancing blow but I felt the nipple scrape my fingers, a turgid button. She yelped. Then it was my turn to scurry, she cornered me in the bathroom, slapped my ass and then she was off toward the bed. I grabbed her ankle as she climbed upon the mattress and she toppled onto the bed laughing. I dropped next to her. We were lying across the width of the bed. I was crazy with the insane shenanigans that we were in the midst of and without thinking about who I was doing it to, reached between her legs, touched her mons, and whispered "Tag, you're it . ." Then I kissed her.

She kissed back. She even began to French me. When she suddenly broke off the kiss, I was afraid she had come to her senses, but instead she took my hand and murmured, "Tag my tit." I did. I felt her up with both hands as her fingers felt their way down to my fiddle stick and fluted and fluttered and fiddled with the firm muscle. I used my other hand to explore her nether regions. She was sure as shooting wet and my fingers caressed the slit and then found her pleasure nub and rubbed the pearl with tender motions. Back to her soft center and this time two fingers wormed into the honey pot and wiggled. She gripped my manhood lightly and worked it.

I was getting close as I caught her rhythm and reproduced it with my fingers sawing in and out and my thumb on her clit. Once more we matched one another stroke for stroke. Our lips sought each other's, the tongues tangled and we both knew where this folly was headed. But we were fools rushing to get into the sweet madness that had encompassed us, and was taking us on a erotic ride to a joyful peak. The whirling of sexual excitement didn't stop with the first climax, though I gave a healthy cream in her hand, and she gushed on mine, I

was able to keep her roller-coaster ride going for long minutes after my own zoom had landed back down. Finally her energy just seemed to deflate, like a balloon that had flown jetting around, until it was empty.

In the aftermath, she clung to me and I hugged her and kissed her face, eyelids which had closed, smiling lips, cute nose, flushed cheeks and even her chin. She gave little chuckles now and then, that had nothing to do with my smooches, but were more like private little amusing thoughts she was having. Mother's last words as we managed to orientate our bodies to the alignment of the bed and drag the sheet over our exhausted bodies was, "It's been years . ." I barely had time to register those cryptic words before conking out myself.

We must have slept late, though as previously noted there were no clocks were in the place, the hunger and over-due bladder urges woke me and I trotted to use the facilities. The sound of my urinating in the middle of the bowl, still a bit too buzzy to do anything but aim for the center of the target, woke mom, who came in and sat as soon as I was done. She didn't even wait for me to leave. I climbed into the shower, not bothering with the clear plastic curtain and began to shampoo my hair. I was still blinded by the suds when I was surprised and delighted that she joined me. We had the fun of rubba-dubbing each other clean, but while it was certainly sensual, it did not turn into foreplay.

Brunch was anything we wanted and even then we had lots of leftovers. These we casually dumped in the 'dispose-all'; so titled because anything placed in the lidded trash can was zapped away, even faster than the 'microwave/white-box/whatchamacallit' thing or the 'magic fridge' produced them. It took everything but the sheets. I tried putting a pillowslip down there I had used to wipe up a spill, but

the lid wouldn't open. The drawer however made it disappear. I concluded from that evidence, that the aliens were watching us, as well as listening. I figured that they were, but this seemed to be proof. I wondered how they enjoyed last night's naughty games.

During the meal there was little conversation, just small talk about the food or what was on TV for that evening. Nothing spoken about the rowdy romp and raunchy mutual masturbation which we had indulged our cannabis besotted brains. As we were settling down after the big meal and clean up, mom got out the cards and suggested some gin rummy. But then, as we sat at the tabe, she got a funny look on her face. "Stand up!" she commanded. I didn't understand, but was reluctant to do so, since I once more sported a sprouting stalk at my pelvis. "Please, Daniel, would you just STAND UP!" When she uses that particular tone, mother is 'she who must be obeyed'.

I did. Her face showed fury. "GOD DAMN IT!!" I started to stutter, saying that 'I couldn't help it, that it was unintentional and I didn't mean to offend her or suggest . . .', but she hardly heard a word I was saying, then when she realized I was blabbering, she waive her hand in a gesture that dismissed what I had been trying to explain, at the same time, her look got frustrated and she closed her eyes and muttered, "Whaat thuh Fuuck! - They are putting it into our food! God damn fucking bastards!" That confused me. But then she looked me in the eyes and stood also. She pointed to her pussy and explained, "The aliens . . I'm not angry with you, you can't help it. I'm horny again too! . . the aliens are putting something in our food . . some kind of . . aphrodisiac . . that makes us horny, give us the itch in our groins.

"I think it's been happening ever since . . the third day here in this . . room . . or cell, might as well call it what it is, a cage. This is . . ." she mentally counted, but I knew already.

"This is the fifth day."

"God! It seems longer. But don't you see, what we . . what is happening is not us, it's the chemicals they add to the meal; colorless, odorless, but odious nonetheless; insidious sinfulness inserted into our systems inside the very sausages we ate and juice we sipped for breakfast!"

"Oh . . And I thought it was just 'cause I had incestuous yearning for my hot mother, to get her to let me put my sausage into her juicy sex!"

Mom stared at me, then she burst out laughing. But she stopped short and looked at me again. "There's truth to that isn't there. You have had a thing for me, even before we got here. Were you planning to seduce me in the motel room while we were on our vacation?"

"No, but that's a thought, now that you mentioned it. If we ever get back to earth, and we resume our journey, would you like to continue our fun and games? Seriously, mom I have had a hankering for you; but I respect you and never would try any kind of shit like that. Nor would I want to hurt dad. It's just that this whole abduction had been so crazy and we are nude together 24/7. It's almost like the aliens want us to . ."

"They do, of course they do! It's obvious now. That's why they put the -- whatever it is in the food, to make us horny to get us to . . well they aren't going to get away with it! They don't realize that we are mother and son, that we can't . . shouldn't, wouldn't, ought not be doing those . . like we did last night." I nodded like I was agreeing, even though I didn't want the fun and games to be over. "From now on we will be stronger that the aphrodisiac. We are humans and we can beat the aliens, just like Will Smith, when he punched that E. T. pilot, in 'Independence Day'!"

So we played Gin Rummy, even though I was hard again and mom was runny. Eventually, the dose wore off and the day was our normal routine of remake the bed, watch some TV, talk about what the aliens were trying to do with us, why us, how could we escape, did dad realize that we were missing? Would people believe our story? Etc. What to watch on TV that night? What to have for dinner? 'Aye! There was the rub, for in those vittles what creams may cum?' to paraphrase the Bard. We had to eat, but in the food would be the stimulants of erotic erections and titillation for tits and twat. We must be stronger than temptation. We, well she, was resolved that we should do so.

However, while we were in the middle of viewing a mildly interesting game-show pre-prime-time, I asked her, "Mom, what did you mean when you said last night, just before you fell asleep, 'it's been years'?"

Mother looked pensive. Then she looked me in the eye. "I won't lie to you. It's been years since I had that much fun with anyone, including your father. It wasn't just smoking dope, though it's been years since I indulged in that pleasure as well. But I mean that the sheer uninhibited frolic, we let go and just had fun. I used to really crave that kind of

excitement once in a while, and I miss it now that I'm older and . . more responsible. I guess since we are stuck here and don't have the usual sorts of restrictions on our behavior I allowed myself to indulge in that sort of insanity. It was fun. Too bad it has to end."

"Does it? While we are here, can't we be a little wild once in a while?"

"I think they even spike the booze, it somehow makes me woozier. But we can't just act like animals with no morals. Honey, if we did that the aliens would win. They want us to be wanton."

"Okay," I replied. While my thinking went -- 'SHIT! I wouldn't mind letting them have a few points if it meant getting into my mom's pants. Not that she had any. Into her pussy, that would mean the human-male scored!' I tried to scheme while TV was on, but came up short on practical ideas. Though my imagination of scenarios where I did manage to return to whence I came, so that I might cum there the first time, kept me long with longing without a aphrodisiac-laced snack that evening. Thus as it was, my hormones were naturally pumped up when we retired. I lay next to mom, but she gave no indication that any further indiscretions would be welcome.

I don't know why it occurred to me then, except back home I always had a bottle of Astrolube in the drawer next to my bed; that and a big box of tissues. The wastepaper-basket got full often. (Can you imagine, my dad had to use petroleum-jelly; messy!) But have you ever jacked-off (guys I mean) so much without some kind of lubricant that you got a sore spot? Spit sucks for the most part, unless you sucked on a piece of candy. But I was out of luck. Well I suppose I could have tried to order it from 'room-service'. But then, I wouldn't need to 'go to the well'

that I had right next to me in the same bed, would I? 'Nothing ventured . . . etc.!'

"Mom, I've got a little problem -- big problem."

"What, Sweetie?"

"I'm not asking to fool around, but I'm horny and I usually masturbate to get to sleep, when we're home. But I don't have anything to . . slick my willie, if you know what I mean."

"I'm not going down on you, if that's what you're driving at."

"No! I just thought that perhaps if you might be able to loan me some of your natural juices."

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

"Awh . . forget it, I'll go over to the couch and jerk-off there, if I get a sore, I suppose the aliens provide first aid." I sounded my best hurt/petulant/pouty tone, which mother had a difficult time to ignore. She usually gave in when I grumbled that way, if it was a minor issue which she wasn't firm on. It was a weakness which I played upon, though not too often, so as not to use up brownie points. I started to get out of bed.

"Wait!" Mom grabbed my arm and pulled me back. In the near dark I saw her put her hand to her crotch and in a moment she was smearing my cock with her sex oil. It occurred to me that there was already a flow, even before I had asked. If she could dip into the swamp and draw out her lube so immediately, I could deduce what that was indicative of! Interesting! Just the place I wanted to be in-dick-ative of! She gave me one more application. "Is that enough?"

"I think so, I'll try to be quick."

"You do that."

But of course I used it up before I was at the tipping point. "Can I have a little more?"

She sighed, "Here," mom repeated her application of her lubrication. "Would it help you get there faster if I did it for you?"

Now that was progress! "Yeah, if you wouldn't mind. I wasn't intending that you should have to do that, but sure it would feel better than doing it on my own." So she began to stroke my boner and returning to the well every once in a while. "That's so nice mom, I'll come soon. Do you need help keeping stimulated to provide enough for making me slick?"

She grunted a throaty, "Uh-huh", so I began to diddle in her genitals. This was going nicely! Glad I thought of it. I detected her pelvis making forward movements, I was beginning to move my hips too. We were

now sort of turned toward each other and we got closer for better leverage. Our hands were not in sync, but my fingers played in her soft flesh and the middle digit dipped every now and then in her hole. She worked long strokes, then made a swirling around the swollen head of my dick. Her technique was clearly experienced and was really getting to me.

I pictured us in the act of making love, my penis plunging and plugging in her womanhood. The image tipped the balance and I shot into her hand as it caressed the knob just then. That set her off as well, and I felt her jerky movements and the flow of a liberal amount of her own discharge. "Don't expect this every night, young man." She said sternly. But no anger was there, it was a standard line, to indicate that she had no intention of spoiling me. She used it at home often enough, and usually contrary to the words, I got the privilege again as long as I didn't abuse her good will. So, I kept the thought to myself, but wondered what the next few days would bring of this new aspect of our relationship, in these very odd circumstances.

We rolled away and went to sleep after that session, but we woke spooning. Mom loved to cuddle and I had cozied up to her in the night, without any objections. We stayed in bed like that, both aware that we were each awake but enjoying the closeness and being lazy. What else was there to do? It's not like we were going anywhere. Unless we were on the mother-ship, and traveling in hyper-drive at light-years per second, due to arrive at a distant star eventually. But there was still no sense of that. In fact, the gravity was normal, and I suspected we were at a secret base of alien operations still on Earth. Or as the BEMs call it, Dirt. Looses something in translation.

We had eggs and bacon and French toast for breakfast with milk and OJ, and the standard dose of whatever the sex additive was. It was annoying, but we were getting used to the condition. We tried to remember how to play two handed bridge and which eventually evolved to become our own version of a bastardized bridge/rummy, perhaps a cross-breed? Maybe there was an undertone of sex to our gaming because Jack trumped a Queen if you could play an eight (ate) on her, Queens needed an Ace (ass) however to win a hand, and game was 69. Well the rules were silly, but we were bored and horny.

Then it was lunch, I forgot what we ate, maybe peanut butter and jelly. There was a movie on in the evening, we ordered popcorn and lots of beer. Then a couple of joints, since we were on a 'don't give a shit what the aliens want, we are on vacation!' roll. The mood turned ugly toward the BEMs and we got into a screaming fit, yelling out every insult and creative put down we could shout at them. Nothing happened, save we got hoarse, and at last we plopped down on the couch. Then we kissed because we had a mutual admiration for the other's power bursts of energy in hating our captors. We kissed some more because it was nice to have another human next to you. We kissed some more because kissing is fun.

Then we kissed some more because we were getting into it, and we began to make out, like two teenagers. Convenient that we had no buttons or zippers to deal with, birthdays suits had buttons but they were for fun things to do with them. I played with mom's and she worked my joystick. Palms caressed buttocks and chest pressed to breast, and octopi had nothing on us as our appendages roamed all over one another. We slid to the floor and entangled our legs and rubbed our genitalia together, like we were trying to start a fire, though

rug burn was the only thing that was created. So then we clambered on to the mattress to continue our dalliance.

I found my fingers up mom's vagina, waving back and forth, front to back and groping for her G-spot too. Meanwhile, she had a finger poking two knuckles deep in my asshole. That was a new one for me, but everything was a turn-on at that point. She then got me to lie on my back and skittered down to show her talents at fellatio. She was in her element as she plied my pike. The way her lips sucked, the swirl of her tongue; I never felt her teeth, except when she deep throated me once and gagged, but after that she got the hang of my hard-on and gave really fine head. I was soon shooting in her mouth -- she even swallowed!

I wanted to reciprocate, but we were both wiped out and she promised I could save it for the next day. In the morning, we woke and decided to have breakfast in bed, we served each other. There were fresh strawberries and warm Danish, coffee and pineapple juice and ham. Mother said she wanted to have a bath. I asked her if she was going to . . . pleasure herself, since the meal was laced as always. She said she felt the need to bathe, but I was welcome to join her like when I had been little, only now it would be more crowded. But the idea was not for messing around, just water fun, not otherwise. I said I would take a rain-check. She replied, it was a bath not a shower, so I would have to take out flood insurance. I came back with perhaps we could pool our resources. Sure, said mom, dive in, and get into the swim of things.

So I ordered aquavit. It was like when I was very small and the next door girl and I would play in the tub, while our mothers gabbed together. Only it was me talking to my mom, but we played, and

reminisced about the beach and neighborhood Fourth of July pool parties and swapped skinny-dipping bragging rights. Mom said she love to go skinny-dipping, that if we had a pool at home she would do it late at night when I was asleep. I assured her if she did, I would stay awake and look out the window to catch a glimpse of her in the altogether. "Well?" she asked her arms spread, indicating that I had gotten my wish, in abundance.

"Mom, you truly are gorgeous and I adore your body."

"Fine, you can worship at the shrine of Saint June tonight; just make sure your prayers at the sacred shine of her divine juncture isn't just lip-service. She wants you to speak in tongues too."

YES! Promises were made and will be kept! I was a happy camper. Eating that stuff would definitely get me erect and it would be all natural, no additives! I wondered if my sainted mom might saddle a sinner in her center, if my adoration was adequate? Would the oracle of my loving, allow me into her holy grotto? Theology is so difficult to understand, maybe if I stroked her temples too. Whatever it took.

By the time our water sporting was over we were two pink raisins. Being under the 'blow-dry-all' together was an interesting experience. We rubbed each other all over in the warm blast, kind of a standing massage. Then we tried to figure out something creative to do with the cards (couldn't exactly play strip poker!). We eventually propped open the 'dispose-all' and tried to toss them in, going further back as we challenged our opponent. Mom won by two points. I don't know why they couldn't provide us with Scrabble or even backgammon, they were good with food, but entertainment was the pits. Was it mother's

pit and my poker that was supposed to be the fun? And for who's amusement anyway? Did they get off by watching us dabble in incest? Not saying I didn't enjoy it mind you, and mom somewhat as well, was happy when we canoodled.

Mom was quiet that evening. I could see that she was sort of nervous. She only had a couple of glasses of wine, enough to relax her, but not letting it go to her head. I guess it was because she knew I was positively going to give her head, that night. Cunnilingus here I come, and here cums mom. I was positive that she would climax. I was a dedicated muff-diver. She wouldn't even take a toke from the one 'J' I smoked that evening. I was like a race horse at the starting gate, couldn't wait for the bell to ring. I was eager to provide stud service too, if allowed.

Eventually, the programs we watched were over. If things were in sync with outside, this was Sunday, our eighth day in alien incarceration. Thus the episodes we were watching were not taped, that is to say, re-taped and played over closed-circuit. That would take a hell of a set up to handle all those channels. Mom went into the lavatory to do her female ablutions. Or maybe just to get up her courage for letting her son go down on her. I lolled on the bed, already semi-hard. Finally she came, not exactly as a blushing bride, but with a demure grace and appealing shyness, considering what we already had shared. No dainty daisy, I -- I dove into my mom's womanhood like a starving man at a banquet.

I lapped at her labia first, just to open the gap and set the mood. Then some little licks at her clitoris to warm her up and get her liking the sensation and not worrying about the fact that man between her thighs

was her own boy. Next to kisses on the inner thighs and all around the whole area. I went back to tonguing her with fast flicks in the groove moving up to the button and doing arabesques. A series of delving into the cavity as deep as my stretched oral digit could dig. Then I repeated the entire routine, but in a different order, including warm and cool air from my mouth on delicate parts. Every trick I knew, and some I invented on the spot. She started cumming after maybe five minutes of my administrations.

Mother's orgasms were varied; she started with a nice size climax and then in a few minutes had a series of small multiples, then some hard spasms that lasted four to five seconds, with a short recovery time between them. Finally she had one huge clench, her back arched and she almost dislodged my mouth from her clit, but I held her hips and stuck the sucking all the way through the paroxysm. Afterwards, she dragged me up to kiss my face and hug me in a powerful embrace, too breathless to talk, but obviously she had been satiated with my gentle torture. She fell asleep soon afterwards, leaving me happy for her, but wishing that I had driven her to beg for my cock in her cunt. I would have settled for an IOU. Since what I only heard were little snores I went to watch a late movie.

In the morning, our ninth day, I was woken by the sound of mom crying. She was sitting on the divan and had her hands in her face. I went to her and put my arm around her. "Do you think they will ever let us go?" she wailed in a tiny voice.

"Sure, mom, I'm not positive why we were chosen, but they haven't harmed us. I know that the additive, whatever it is makes it hard, sorry, no pun intended; (this got a little smile from her) to control our . .

unnatural urges. Well, I mean sex IS natural, but maybe they don't understand about human taboos. Not that they don't get broken often enough as it is, I mean look at . . all the things you read on the Internet about how odd people can be, and what weird stuff they do. No wonder aliens might be confused about earthling behavior."

"Mom, I understand that you don't want them to control us, that it's har . . uh . . difficult not to give in, to allow them to have their way. But what if we did just what they wanted and then they let us go. Would it be so terrible to fuck me for our freedom? NO, I mean make love, because I love you and I would do anything to make you happy. Anything, rescue you from aliens with my ray-gun like Luke and Princess Leia, or Flash Gorden and what's her face. But all I got is this friendly weapon, and I'd have to use it on you, if that is what, as we suspect, the goal of the BEMs is. But if that's what I have to do, I'll sacrifice my virginity to get you out of here."

"You're not a virgin!" Mom smiled, because she knew I was using hyperbole.

"SSHH! Don't let them hear you; it might spoil their fun when we do it!"

"We are not doing IT! And what the hell is a Bem?"

"B - E - M, that's an old Sci-Fi acronym term for Bug-Eyed Monster. Like 'little green men', but shorter; though they are usually pictured as being larger than the more humanoid type of men-from-Mars aliens that were in 'Close Encounters".

"I'd like to have a close encounter with one of the perverted little E.T.s that wants to watch us having sex!" Now mom had gotten angry, well that was a better mood than being depressed. However, it was not moving us toward our own 'close encounter', which had been my subtle strategy. Mom ranted on, "Just let me get my hands on one of those sonofabitch aliens, I'll choke his scrawny neck so hard he will be both bug-eyed and crossed-eyed, until he turns from green to purple and his God damn eye-balls pop out. If they have balls of any other kind those I'll rip off, so they won't have anymore fun that way either!" Mom's feisty nature was furious.

"Mom BEMs don't have human reproductive organs, and it takes three of them to make a nestling, which is why they are so curious about duo-procreation, when they are tri-sexual."

Mom looked at me with a little confusion. "How do you know so much about them? What? Did you find the BEM porn channel on the TV?"

"No, that was from an Isaac Asimov book I read from the library. I'm making it up. All I know really is that they do seem to want us to mate, and they are watching and listening. 'Cause we are naked and well fed, given intoxicants when we ask for them, so they know about inhibitions. That can be extrapolated, as well as their interest in sex because of the aphrodisiacs. And I know that our having sex would be quite a nice thing, beyond the fact we are mother and son. Because I think you are sexy and I adore you. But I would never do anything knowingly that it would upset you or make you feel bad. However if we did have sex, I know I would make you feel good."

"OH! You would would you? So this isn't a complicated scheme to get into your mother's panties?"

"In fact it is. I traded the Pentagon's plans to defend against alien attack for their help in seducing you. They said it was a good deal, as long as they got to watch the action and I threw in Sigourney Weaver. We would have shaken on it, but their tentacles are rather slimy."

Mom laughed. I had been confident that I could get her to lighten up. She leaned into me and we kissed. Then we Frenched. I lay her down on the couch and just stroked her all over, without pausing at the erogenous zones, but not skipping them either. We kissed some more and Frenched every now and then. Before long, my hand was slowing down as it passed over a nipple or brushed her mons.

"You are trying to seduce me aren't you?" mom murmured languidly as we lounged on the sofa.

"No, just trying to calm you and make you forget about our incarceration with a few casual carnal caresses."

"How slimy are their appendages?"

For some reason, I just knew that was an opening for what I wanted to do. I could tell she was a little turned on by our contact, the tactile touching of the erotic areas. Her nipples were pointy and her thighs had parted slightly. I took a chance that she was offering the 'opening' I was hoping for and dipped my middle digit into the well of her

vagina. It came out wet. I put it in again when she did not object. Then I pulled it out and rubbed my fingers together, testing the slickness, right in front of mom's face.

"Well," I said in a near whisper in mom's ear, "If it was slippery like this, I wouldn't have minded so much, but . ." I took her hand and put it on the knob of my erection which was leaking pre-cum, "it was more like what you came feel down there."

"That's not so bad." mother played along.

I continued to push and pull my fingers in her soft lubricated tissues both deep and around the gash, including the clit. Getting her excited and ready if the moment came, so that she would allow me access. "But their tentacles have suckers too." I added.

"Suckers, like an octopus has?"

"No, more gentle, like this . ." I moved my mouth to her breast and sweetly engulf the pink center protruding from it. Then I spent a few more minutes on the other so neither side would be jealous.

"That's not so bad. What if an alien wanted to have its way with me, would I like it?"

I put a finger in her pussy and wiggled it. "A tentacle up your quim? Is that what you'd want?"

"Maybe, it would just use a sucker on the outside." I took the hint and moved so I could apply oral suckling on her nether regions. Mom spread her legs for my admission to her privates. I stuck my tongue in her gap as deep as I could. "OH! I'm getting tickled by an E.T.!" She giggled as my appendage wiggled in her womanhood. "But what I want isn't a BEM, it's a boy!" I moved up and lay upon her, my cock knocking at her cunt. I could feel the leaking oil mixed with my saliva as it coated the very tip of my dick, the labia began to part.

Mother froze. This was not a good sign, so I froze. "Please mom, I'm horny, because of you; not them, the BEM. I'm the boy you want. Your boy who loves you. Who wants to make love to you. I'm the human, the man who desires you. I don't care if they are watching and listening, or recording or whatever." I pushed the plum of my penis in an inch, it was prepared to slide right into the drenched chute of her snatch. She gasped but didn't relax, her muscles still were tense, but she wasn't pushing me out. Still, I thought that I might need to use subtle subterfuge to fulfill my filial lust finally. I withdrew to just kissing the labia with the piss-hole of my prick, then slowly re-submerged the knob within the warm wet depths.

"OH GOD!" Mom cried out, and with an obvious effort of will power over her own physical desires, pushed her hands against my hips and dislodged me. In fact, the shove was so forceful I fell back onto the floor, though I wasn't hurt. Mom swiftly rose and made for the bathroom. She had her arm out straight and her palm pointing at me to indicate I was not to follow. Then I heard her weeping again in there, but this time I was not allowed to go comfort her. I wasn't sure if she was crying because of what I had done, or if it was because she couldn't bring herself to allow what I almost had done. In any case, I felt frustrated. I

had almost made it into paradise, but not quite past the glistening gates to the heaven of her hole-ly haven.

Her tears soon were done. She came back into the main area, but sat on the easy chair. "Dale Ardent." she said.

"What? I mean who is 'Dale Ardent'?"

"Buck Roger's girlfriend. I used to watch the episodes on early morning Saturdays, when I was a young girl." She gave a little laugh, then explained her thoughts, "There was a X-rated satire of that movie series in the seventies, that your father and I went to see, called 'Flesh Gorden'. I don't remember much except there was this huge six foot penis. I recall thinking; well in this case size does matter! Then there was campy Barbarella, with her orgasmitron, that was more my style."

"I think I saw that on late night TV once. Jane Fonda was hot, still is!"

Mom continued with her musing, "Come to think of it; that scan machine that we were put through, when we first came to, before we were put in here, was not that dissimilar, but it didn't make me feel sexy at all. I didn't get horny until we ate the food. But I want to thank you, for reminding me that a man can make me feel sexier and arouse my desires, better that any alien could ever hope to with any additive or imbibing an inebriate or both even. But speaking of which; let's have a drink."

"Or a toke?"

"Yeah, I could use a good buzz, let's order a couple of joints!" Soon enough, the box went 'ping' and we were in business! I could see mom was getting mellow, and after the first 'J' was passed back and forth, she joined me for the second joint on the davenport where I was seated. "I didn't mean to give you blue-balls babe, but I just kind of got freaked-out for a moment. Not that I wanted to have sex . . . well, yeah I sort of did just then . . . I was nearly seduced by my son! But then, for better or worse, I realized that we were about to cross the line, and I wasn't ready for that, for incest -- for fucking my son. No matter how hot and bothered I was, I couldn't go that far, even though I knew how bad you wanted it. I'm not a cock-tease, but I AM your mother no matter what. If we do get out of here, wherever here is, then we still have to live with the consequences. Understand?"

"Yes, I do, mom. But I hope we are on Vega, the brightest star in the sky."

"Why Vega? So that dad can look up at night and see us millions of miles away?"

"No, because as they say in star-fleet academy, 'What happens on Vega, stays on Vega'!"

That got a good laugh, and a hug and a kiss. But that didn't lead down the garden path again, like earlier. DAMN! In fact, the whole day was one of working on passing the time and deliberately cooling our sexual jets. It was unspoken but I comprehended right then, mom needed her space. Even if we were in outer space, we were stuck inside these

limited environs and though we were provided comforts, it still felt cramped after the long confinement. So we got to bed late, after splitting a bottle of wine. Ironically, that evening we watched 'Enemy Mine', where the alien gets pregnant all by himself, parthenogeneticaly! Then the human has to look after the E. T. kid. Mom said she was glad to have had me the earthling way.

In bed, I thought mom went to sleep right away. Thinking back on the sizzling scene on the sofa, I got a stiffy that was itching bad to be jerked, recalling how I was all set to sock it to mom in her soupy center with my masculine muscle. I figured she was knocked out, so I didn't bother to transfer to the couch. I tried to not move too much and be quiet, but after a little while mom rolled toward me and whispered, "Do you need some grease? 'Cause I'll loan you some of mine, if you do"

I said, "Sure!" and turned on the light to low. Mom flipped down the sheet and dipped her fingers into her honey-pot and spread it on my dick. Then repeated and used her own hand to insure it was thoroughly covered, and then more, until she was jerking me off. I enjoyed the hand job, but soon the air was evaporating the juices, since they kept the atmosphere setting for low humidity.

"You're going dry," mom noticed.

I kissed mom, "I know an easier way to make sure that my cock is coated . ."

"What do you suggest?"

"I could dip my pen in your ink well, once or twice . ."

"You promise to be good and pull it out?"

"I promise, just once or twice, that's all!" God! Was this simple ruse going to work? If I was getting two, maybe three strokes inside her; would she let me do more? Might she let my quivering quill in her quim yet in a little longer if I held out? Could I hold out until more dipping was needed? Or might she like it so much that we simply went ahead and completed the act? Or would I be able not to hold off cumming and ruin the moment with a premature ejaculation, from the sheer excitement of being in mom's pussy? All these thoughts flashed through my brain as I maneuvered my body over my mother's and aimed for the juncture of her legs, which were an opened invitation to place my prick where it had so longed to go.

Incredibly, I was now doing the very thing that the aliens and I wanted to have happen, and might mom make it unanimous? I lowered my arrow of love to the target of lust and thrust; slowly -- gently -- dipping deeper; the hot wetness embraced my member. The bulb parted the flushed flesh. Red puffy petals spoke of her arousal too. The shaft was sliding past the hair into the sheath. The bare skin of my meat melding into her tissues. No friction, but a smooth glide until my balls butted up on mom's ass. The sensation was wonderful. I was no virgin, certainly, but this could not have been more of a first for me, greater and better than when I lost my cherry, such was the excitement of uniting with my mother is this most miraculous way.

I withdrew, almost as sensual a pleasure as entry. I nuzzled the tip in the mushy mouth of her vagina then sank once more into the plush of her femininity, the velvet hollow that swallowed my full manhood. Until one more my hairy sacks were snug on her buns and I felt nubs far within her vagina against the tip of my penis. I could have let go then and shot my seed directly to the womb that bore me. But that would have been far too quick - good sex was meant to be longer; I had to make the most of this opportunity. I pulled back only with the greatest of will power.

"That's two, are you soaked enough now?" asked mom.

"One more time, just to make sure." We both knew that I was well coated, that I was only delaying the moment when I would have to discontinue my penetration of her pussy. The question was, would she insist that I quit, or let me have one or two more strokes, or more, wanting more herself? I dipped. I held it deep. I kissed her. She kissed back. Her legs widened and her pelvis tilted, so that I was stretched every millimeter I could get into her cunt, with my prick.

"Three . . . three . . . THREE . . ." Mom was gasping, but not making any effort to dislodge me. I stayed in, hugging her, my mouth now next to her left ear.

"I love you, mom." I pulled back, but before I was completely out, her hands went to my haunches gripped my cheeks and pulled me down on her, driving my cock back in her cunt.

"Three . . and a half . ." I gave another stroke, up, and then forward with my manhood drilling her hole. "Three and three quarters . .," she whispered.

At that point, counting was superfluous. She was a goner. I gored her gorgeous body with my horn of plenty-of-pleasure. All pretense was dropped, and we went at it with vigor; the voracious hunger for each other we had been denying, now was consuming us. Because of course, we had been coming closer and nearer to this moment, as each day had passed. Now, we just gave into desire, not because of the addled action the additive drove us to, but we were ravenous for the bonding of the intimate incest our sharing of this incarceration incited us to. By having our fates dependent on one another's help, we had grown closer than ever and this physical communion sealed a spiritual union that united us as people, humans, family, and finally -- lovers.

Mom was as eager as I now, for the fuck of fulfillment. I banged her hard; the slapping of our crotches together seemed to echo off the walls. She was wide and opened and moved her hips in counterpoint to my pounding. The breath was being punched out of her as she went "uh . . uh . . uh . . Ahh!" in time to the beat of my meat in her maw. I cooed in her ear involuntary cries of passion going, "ouh . . ooh . . nuh . . Yuh!" with every thrust's concussion. It was brutish and brutal, rude rutting and animal savage sex as we bashed our genitals together. Like demonic possession, our libidos took control and we were overcome with the madness of mind-numbing ecstasy.

But like a wind-up toy that slows after a while, when the first burst of its frantic flailing performance transforms into erratic activity, we eventually calmed, though we continued our coitus. Now like the

meandering river, after the rush of rapids and cascades, the peaceful current that flowed was tranquil, yet powerful, as we carried on screwing, but with a more placid pace. Still my dick delved deep in mom's sheath, the grip of her muscles was clutching my member as it lifted, and her hands still on my buttocks brought me home to her womb. We rocked, we swayed, we undulated; a vertical dance, a rippling double wave of flesh, limbs and torsos in poetic motion as we connected and parted and re-engaged our organs in the timeless copulation of our species' way.

Let the aliens watch! We'd teach them a thing or three! Okay? Is this what you wanted? Well, to HELL with you, we did it because we wanted to! Not for you, for us! For the sheer joy of screwing; for the fun and frolic of fucking. This is what it means to be fully human -- to be sexual beings; and of course we are doing it for the cum . . . Oh God, for the climax, the orgasm, the pulsing peak of our physical pleasure . . . which was near . . it was coming . . soon . . we looked into each other's eyes and saw the start of the electric current that ran through our nerves from her to me and back to her. I picked up the rhythm, the energy was increasing, the urgency was an ominous thunder, a rumbling of the coming stampede, a roaring of the cataract we were about to tumble over. No turning back, no turning around; an inevitable event, an irresistible tidal wave, an overwhelming feeling . . .

Mother's voice suddenly wailed in a climbing pitch of sheer emotion, and my own groans repeated with a klaxon like bray. Then I was shoving my cock in cunt -- hard. Hard; and striving for every fraction I could get in her hole before the explosion of spume. Then with a terrific convulsion of my gut, the stream of semen sluiced through the tube of muscle and out the burning tip into the scalding caldera it was plunged into. I felt my mother tremble and shudder as the frisson of her own

paroxysm thrilled her and swept her along to the final fit of physical satiation. But our carnal carnival of thrill rides was not done yet!

The benefit of youth is that bonus-boner of a second wind; though the turgid resurgence of tumescence is more of a hydraulic nature than atmospheric pressure. Of course, mom needed to catch her breath all the same. Then I manipulated her to hands and knees with me in back, and this pup got the piece of tail that was a second helping. I had my palms on mom's waist moving her to and fro, so that the hot-dog was sliding between the buns. AH! The joys of doggie. The view is wonderful, the hairy twat, the portal of the female's fun-house, with a porthole sphincter to play with, if you're inclined. The different angle is satisfying and the balls can swing free to bump on the soft pud.

While that was a gratifying gait, mom had her own agenda; now that we were involved in doing the dirty deed she'd swore we'd never do. After a while, before I used up my next shotgun shell, she maneuvered our configuration so that I was on my back and she was taking me for a ride. I always favored this position for the opportunity it gave to dally with the double dairy of the gal's mammaries. Be it the twin nips to tweak or nibble, or the delight of having those velvety pillows brush your chest with their special sensual touch. Those gift of God's genius (they could have been udder-ly different!) upon the maidens, were made for man. Not to mention, the lady above is all the while lavishing her lascivious crotch on your length. The belly dance she does definitely can blow your whistle, while your willie is whipping in and out of her wet and wild wanton hollow.

In the end, no pun intended, I brought mom down to rest her breasts on me in a clench, as I punched up using my heals dug in the mattress,

putting my backbone into making us both cum again. I kissed her when we were face to face, but we needed our mouths for air as we rocketed away on the final blast-off. Once more the smacking of our flesh clapped together in an applause of our prurient performance. I felt the arriving jism like the boiling of water that bubbles over, squirting out in several squibs of sweet creaming. The pulsing of my peter in her pussy sent mother over the edge then, and she ground her greedy gash on my prick as she sighed, "OOHH YESSS!"

She simply rolled off me and while we had little strength left after the exhausting workout, we did kiss and caress. Then we arranged ourselves in a tangled hug and fell asleep. We slept late. I woke first and took care of business. Mom never stirred, so I jumped in the shower to get the dried sweat and other bodily crusty-crud off. When I finished mom was awake and stripping the bed. She announced she was going to take a long bath. She wanted some time to think about what had happened last night. But she ordered a bottle of Champagne from 'room-service' and a plate of appetizers. She looked at me with the bottle and hors d'oeurves in her hands and said, "I've been abducted by aliens, gone without clothes for ten days, smoked a lot of grass and screwed my son last night -- so" we exclaimed it both together, "WHAAT THUH FUUCK!!"

I thought she had a point so I ordered a few joints, and lit one. I was getting a nice buzz on and started to make the bed with sheets fresh from the alien laundry, as the 'linen-service' had cycle the soiled ones which had been stuffed in the drawers. Suddenly the TV turned on by itself, and there was this nondescript fella like a generic announcer on the screen.

You know what he said -- or if you have sperm all over your fingers, you can wipe it off and use the find-function to go back to the first 'WHAAT THUH FUUCK' and pick up the replay.

Which is what they did when mom finally got out of the tub and got her snack and more no-pain Champagne, then she came over to where I was and started to ask about my interview. I began with the confirmation that indeed their nefarious finagling with our fates was focused on our fucking. Then the rerun of the whole conversation was played for her. My voice was recorded along with Bemet's part, but just his image was on the screen.

When the tape . . no I imagine it was a digital recording . . got to the part about mother being pregnant, she laughed and said, "Nah . .Huh-uhh . ." But when subsequently he reacted to my "Better than a little sibling who's an off-spring also!" as if the gamete gambit were a done deal for real, then signed off, she blew her top. She turned a bright red and in her most 'she who must be obeyed' voice, mother commanded "Bemet, you get back here NOW, you miserable mothershit of an alien!" To my surprise, he did comeback, or at least the image that was his stand-in. He had that same slightly smug-mug of a face, but the audio was not plugged in so his mouth moved, but no sound came out. I sort of knew how he felt. Both my dad and I can be struck speechless, when mom is in that super-angry mood.

"Bement! Or whatever your shriek/stinking name is, what the fuck do you mean I'm pregnant?"

"A little bit pregnant, yes."

"It is not a matter of degree, like being slightly deaf."

"You caught, we will remove it."

"That's cold, what if I want to keep it?"

"Expectations of babies is against policy for subjects under study."

"It's my body!"

"The contract for the zygote is already sealed and delivered, so the infant cannot be allowed to come to term." said Bemet, matter of factly.

"You inhuman monster!"

"BEM there, done that."

So now that we have allowed ourselves to be seduced into incest, are you done with your wagering, can the game end? Do we get to go free?"

"Yes, the arrangements are already being made."

"Do you put us in those machines again? What were those?"

"Basically goosed up MRIs with noise suppression and a few things you dirt-lings have yet to discover, but you will soon, in the next twenty years we predict. I, myself, placed 50 zilchion on a spread of 15 / 18. After all, we had to make sure you were healthy -- and could have . . . er . . . souvenirs"

Mother seethed for a moment but then regained her self-control. "Where do you damnable aliens come from?"

"No, not Deneb, much further, but I can tell you that cruise control makes a big difference on long distance trips."

Mother ignored the added-in-translation and continued her interrogation. "How did you provide what we asked for so fast?"

"We have a well stocked larder, and we use light to cook with, much faster than microwaves and better texture. The trick is to know beforehand what you will pick. Like a magician's card trick, it's predictable that people order steak for their first meal. Just like they will choose the queen of hearts which the prestidigitator will force them to have as 'their' card. They thought they had picked that very card at random, but that is the illusion!"

"My husband will know we have been missing for all this time."

Mom's voice was heard out of the TV, and dad's, they were having a conversation about seeing the Grand Canyon. Then I got on the phone

with dad and told him about how neat the Carlsbad Caverns were. Obviously, they had sampled our voices, and extracted phonemes and strung them together just like you do with pixels in Photo Shop. Aliens were good at manipulating (tentaclating?) things; data, food, humans.

This got mom so angry she picked up a chair by the table and smashed the televisions screen with a loud scream. She staggered over to the bed and collapsed into tears. I didn't much feel like going crazy, but just kind of let down and dazed. I went over and lay next to mom and rubbed her back, but said nothing. Consciousness just sort of faded away. I dreamed I was on some kind of examining table attended by robotic gizmos and they tickled, but that imagery was hazy. Maybe I didn't dream it, or maybe I was still stoned. It was all blurry until I came to -- next to mom, and we were not where you would expect.

When we regained our senses, we were in our car (don't know how). Mom in the driver-side, I was passenger-side front seat. We saw before us a huge circular structure, with windows around its circumference, high off the ground, resting on four arched legs. It took me a moment to realize what it was. "Mom, do you see what I see?"

"Yeah, but how could that be?"

We said it together, "WWHAAT THUH FUUCK!"

"Do you think we were ever really in New Jersey?"

"Well, I don't know; but I know where we are now, L A X!"

"Yeah, that's the 'Theme' building at Los Angeles Airport!"

"What date does your watch say?"

To neither of our surprise, not only had my watch been returned and was strapped on my wrist, but I was dressed in the same outfit as when we had begun our journey -- I looked at my watch - two weeks ago. Mom was clothed too. "You're right, dad's due here within the hour!" For of course, we knew that it had been nearly two weeks in alien custody, and why here - except to fulfill their promise that we would be reunited with dad as scheduled.

Once you accept the premise, that the BEMs had superior technology and ways of manipulating our consciousness, on / off at least; then not much of what they do to you is all that astonishing. We humans are quite adaptable [if not adorable pets for aliens], though we were not very co-operative when co-opted to be adopted for lab animals. What else are you going to do, when there is no door to exit out? What are you going to be, when captured by Extra-Terrestrials, human or guinea pig? That is the existential question we were faced with. We let human nature take its course and gained our freedom, by doing what we enjoyed; despite the additive, not because of it.

We met dad and continued with our itinerary as planned. Of course we didn't tell him about our adventure, who would believe it? Much less, what we had done finally, that was secret too. We did make a side trip to a place where folks were allowed to try to pan for gold. Bemet had provided an excellent set of GPS co-ordinates, each of us 'discovered'

enough gold nuggets to finance ten times what I had saved for the trip. Mom thought it wasn't enough even so, but it's not as if we had any leverage in the matter. Next summer we can afford for the whole family to go on a trip together.

I did get something else as a benefit from our experience. When we got home, after a few weeks, one afternoon when dad was still at work, mom and I looked at one another, and we could see what was on the other's mind -- same as in our own thinking. Mom said softly, "Whaat thuh Fuuck!", took my hand and we headed for her bedroom. No additive needed now. Thanks Bemet!

Mom & Son do it as Shrink Videos

Many years ago, there was a porno movie shot which starred Barbara, mother of Jimmy,

She watched this film as the Dr. had directed her to. The italics indicate the present day thoughts and feelings as she views the porn for her homework assigned by the Psychiatrist. Later she and her son watch the final scene where it inspires them to copy the incest action on screen.

PORNO MOVIE SCENE: The mother was drunk. She was a good looking woman with thick dark hair, and pale skin. Thick eyebrows, but the eyes were closed. The door to her bedroom was open. She was lying on her bed nude. A youth, resembling her, knocked on the open door. He called, 'Mom?' but got no reply from the unconscious woman. He walked in to the room.

There was an empty liquor bottle and a glass half full of an amber liquid on the table next to the bed. Clearly, she had been drinking, and passed out. The young man looked at her middle age body, still attractive, legs akimbo, breasts with small brown nipples. He called out softly, as if afraid to wake her, but to check to see if she was at all aware of anything. She stirred but did not awake. He rubbed his crotch.

The 'son', or rather the actor in that role, sat on the bed, next to actress in the 'mother' part. He hesitated, then reached out and gently touched the woman's small but pert tits. He grew bolder and began to grasp them and to pluck at the nipples, which grew erect. The youth undid

his belt, button and zipper, so that he was able to fist his member, as he bent, and sucked on the exposed bosom. He placed a hand down on her pubic hair.

The lady did not react to any of this, she was still 'unconscious'. The 'son' discovered the slit of his 'mother', and began to rub his middle finger on that slot. With no waking, or resistance from the female, the youngster quickly divested his clothing, and lay next to her. Then played with himself, and he orally explored her body, from mammeries to bush. He spread her legs, and inserted the middle finger into the damp vagina. The digit went in and out, several times.

His mouth made a meaningful munching on her clitoris. She was spreading her legs even more now, her eyes continued to be shut, but her mouth parted, and she uttered a little moan. The son maneuvered himself, so that he could kiss her lips, and guide his cock to her pussy. He said, "I love you mommy" and pushed in, entering her with his hard-on. Her legs had gone wide, to accommodate his slender hips that moved, to send him into her repeatedly.

Suddenly, she did awake and tried to dislodge him, but it was too late. He was by that time in the midst of his climax, the rutting frenzy in full fury. As he began to cum, she too, was overwhelmed with passion, and came. As their peaks subsided, there was another close up of their genitals; the penis shrank, slipped out of her hole. The fluids of their sexual encounter dribbled out of her. There had been no 'money-shot'.

The 'son' slipped off, then out of the room. The 'mother' turned to the table, grabbed the half-full glass, and downed it in one gulp, then

turned to bury her face in the pillow, and burst into tears. The crying seemed very real, or she was a damn fine actress. The scene dissolved.

ANOTHER MOVIE SCENE in the same film - midway through: The 'mother' and 'son' sat at the kitchen table. The 'son' had a beer, 'mom' had her whiskey, and the bottle was half gone. The 'son' spoke tenderly. "Come on mom, I'll help you to bed, you've had a rough day."

"Your father cheated on me, the no good bastard, is it any wonder I drink? I get so lonely and frustrated, is it any wonder I like my whiskey? I got a shitty job waiting tables, and lousy tippers, on my feet all day; is it any wonder I sit here, and get sloshed?"

"Come on mom, leave the bottle, I'll help you get ready for bed. You need to sleep."

"Okay, but I can walk." She staggered a little, and her 'son' caught her. With one arm around her, he steadies her, as they make their way to her bedroom. Once they he deposits her on the mattress. She lies back, as he takes off her shoes. Then he helps her to sit as he unbuttons her blouse. She makes a poor attempt to undo the sleeves and he does those as well, and then takes off her top. Her lacy bra cups the two small, but firm boobs. He unzips the skirt's side and gets her to stand for the moment, to let the garment fall to the floor. No slip, so now she is only in her bra and panties.

As Barbara watched in her robe on the davenport, and in nothing else. She has not taken a note, she just sits; her right hand is playing with her nipples, as she watches. She remembers what happens next, but it is

like seeing it for the first time. She begins to understand the point of her homework. She is aroused, but she does not see the man on the screen. In her mind's eye, it is Jimmy, Jim at eighteen.

On the flickering flat screen TV the woman reaches up, and caresses the face of the youth. He looks much younger than his twenty-one years. That is why he was cast. He looks like he could be her son, which also was involved in choosing the pair of them for the roles. The mother kisses him on the lips and whispers. "You took me, when I had no defenses, last time. I didn't even know what was happening, until the very end."

"I'm so sorry, mom. I couldn't help it. You looked so beautiful and sexy there on the bed. I just had to look, and then try to touch you, and then I got carried away. Please forgive me. But you did like it, when you woke up, didn't you? You came with me didn't you? You didn't tell dad, or kick me out of the house, or kick my ass. You needed it, didn't you? You wanted me, didn't you?"

"You think I'm really beautiful? You think I'm sexy? Really?"

"Yeah, mom you are beautiful and sexy. And I would love to make you feel good again." He reaches around and unsnaps her bra. Kneeling down before her, his lips go to his mother's small brown nipples, erect and pointed. She is breathing hard at his nibbling.

Barbara slips her robe off. She is nude on the couch. Jim is out, and won't be back until late. She can do what she wants, as her on-screen-self is doing what her 'son' likes.

"Lift up, mom, let's get the panties off." The 'son' is directing the 'mother' to lift her hips. As she is naked before his eyes, he puts his hands to her buns and his face to her crotch. She moans as he goes down on her.

"Baby, we did it once, it was wrong, but it did feel so nice. And now you are making me crazy again, with lust. We shouldn't do this, but I can't help myself. Ah! Like that! Right there!"

Barb had her finger on her clit, mesmerized by the erotic view, the sensuous stimulation that mimics the action, the emotions of the moment which are rising in her body.

"Mom I love you. Dad's a shit to treat you like that. Let him fuck his secretary, I'll make love to you, and bring you even more pleasure than he ever did. Just let me do it, to show how much I am your man now!"

"No baby, not that, we can't. It would be incest, sinful! That would be such a wrong thing for a mother to do with her son. You're my boy. How could I do such a naughty thing with my little boy?"

"I'm not a little boy any longer, mom." The 'son' stripped off his tee-shirt and sports shorts. Now he was as nude as she. He was erect and quite mature, with hairy sacks, and curly pubic hair to spare.

"We'll go to hell for this, but it will be heaven getting there. I don't care anymore, I want you too, son. Make mother your woman, Darling.

Make love to your mother, and make me cum. Cum in me, baby, fuck me now!" She rolled back on the bed, lifting her legs, and the young man took his cock, placing it right at the entrance of his mother's cunt.

"I love you, Mom!" he proclaimed loudly as he entered her slick and steaming hot pussy.

"I love you too, Baby!" she cried thrusting her flesh to meet his hard veined cock.

"I love you too, Jimmy!" Cried Barbara, as her on-screen-self fucked. She stabbed her two fingers in her pussy, and climaxed in big contractions. Waves of convulsions over took her body. Her face was drenched in sweat, and her mind was filled with fear and clarity, from the revelation she had shouted. She didn't need to write any notes, to share. But she would write her honest confession. She wondered how this could all turn out well. It was hell, this way. Perhaps the Dr. knew the way to get to heaven.

LAST SCENE FROM PORN FILM: The 'son' sat on the living room couch, he was in jockey shorts. 'Mother' entered. She was dressed in a robe, partly open to reveal a gauzy nightgown, and spoke to him. "Do you know what day this is sweetheart?"

"What day, mom?"

"It's been one month now, without a drop of booze, thanks to your love and help."

"That's great mom, I'm so glad you sobered up, you seem much happier now."

"I've not had one drink, since that day you showed me how much you truly love me."

"Uh . . Yeah, I'm sorry that I took advantage of you and fucked you, I just couldn't help myself. You do forgive me don't you? I promised that I would never do it again. I kept my promise, and you kept yours to give up drinking. So, I guess . . we are both . . happier. - - right?"

"You don't sound too happy, Baby."

"I am . . sure I am . . I'm happy that your sober and that you kicked dad out, the shit. That we don't have the conflicts and arguments and stuff, like when you were drunk and a . . forgive me, but a bitch."

"Oh! I was, I was a royal bitch, and a drunk, and miserable, and stupid to put up with your bastard father for so long. But that has all changed. All except one thing."

"What, mom, what else can I do, to make you happy I want you to be happy, I love you mom."

"Why the one thing that hasn't changed, since that night, a month ago is this . ."

The Psychiatrist from "The Mommy Dreams Case File" has two new patients.

The Dr. answered the door, to the couple that had answered his advertisement. There before him, stood a handsome pair. Both had thick dark hair and heavy eyebrows, offset by a pale skin and striking blue eyes made clear their genetic connection. Mother and son, they had come to seek his counseling, to explore in therapy the dynamics of their relationship. They were having troubles, issues, stresses; all stemming from incestuous tensions.

He had become something of an expert in the field of mother/son sex. This was due to his first client/patient, whom he had treated in this area. That person had provided both the monetary means, and the impetus of his interest in the subject. But while he did not need to be paid for his services, now being fabulously wealthy, he did want to have subjects to work with. Where do you find such?

He had hit upon the notion of making contact with potential prospects, through websites where there were people interested in sharing of their true incest experiences. The two who now entered, were brought to him that way. He had chosen them after much winnowing of chaff, as real and actual persons who were truly in need of his counseling. In fact, they did not claim to have engaged in incest, but rather, that the desire of the son for the mother was creating a serious disruption in their lives.

"Barbara, James, please come in and make yourselves comfortable." The two entered and significantly took the opposing ends of the couch that

were opposite the psychiatrist easy chair in the wood paneled office. The other items were a broad couch, and a single leather desk chair. No desk, that was in another office. There was a large, flat screen TV and several tables for refreshments and tissue boxes were handy. Also, a refrigerator and several appliances in a nook for food preparations, if needed.

"Now, as I understand, from our initial correspondence by email, the two of you are having issues of sexual tensions, between you?"

"First," Barbara spoke, "I want to understand what this costs, up front."

"Right," the Dr. nodded. "Nothing. I am privately funded. All services, along with any other expenses, are entirely free."

"Everything is strictly confidential, nothing goes past these walls?" She was intensely looking at the psychiatrist.

"Completely confidential, between us three, but I do record for my notes and study purposes. But I am the only one who hears or sees anything of that nature."

"Okay, I read your proposal, but I wanted to double check. I had . . a bad incident with private things becoming public, once before."

"That won't happen here, I can assure you. Now tell me -- either James, or Barbara. Why are you here? I know what your wrote, but it is best that you state it out loud now. To begin our sessions."

"My son wants to have sex with me."

"Okay, that seemed to be part of what you indicated. But there is stress in the relationship, because of this. Right?"

"It's not proper, for him to have those feelings, and make me so uncomfortable."

"It might not be proper behavior, but it is not so uncommon a desire. All boys go through an oedipal stage in their development. A small percentage, do not have that stage maturely passed. Or some revert to it, for some reason, later in life; typically in their early twenties."

"He's had the hots for me since he was eighteen. That's going on for five years, now." Barbara was clearly frustrated, from the sound of her tones.

"Is that true, James?"

"Call me Jim. Yeah, I guess." Not very talkative yet.

"Has there been any counseling before you contacted me?"

"No, it's embarrassing, and there was no need to before. But lately he has . . been acting . . been actively pursuing his campaign to get me to allow him to -- do what he wants."

"Why is that, Jim?"

"Because she is sending signals that she wants it. She wants me to seduce her."

"I don't, that would be incest, sinful. A rotten thing for a mother to do to her son. I don't want to make love with you! You're my boy, how could I think such nasty thoughts? If I did, then I ought to go to Hell, and be tortured!"

The Dr. studied the woman for a long moment. It was a rather strong statement, and she was quite vehement, but her words indicated a reaction to more than Jim's words. What was behind her outburst? Jim calmly sat there, and had made a rather of fact statement, without much emotionality. "Jim what sorts of things does your mother do, which seem to be signals you are interpreting as desire on her part, to couple with you?"

"Well, she is always walking about the house in her underwear."

"I understand that might be provocative possibly, but many folks are casual in their own homes, about their state of undress. It doesn't

necessarily have any sexual meaning, attached to their relaxed dress codes. Is this something that is new?"

"No, but there is something different, lately. I can't quite put my finger on it, but I just know."

"You better not lay even a finger on me, young man! Or you will suffer the consequences!"

Again a strong over-reaction. But something seemed to strike a chord of memory. "Barbara, do I perhaps . ."

"Just Barb, will do."

"Okay, Barb, how do you seem in some way familiar to me? Have we met, perhaps sometime and somewhere else before?"

"Uh . . . I am an actress, maybe you saw the show I was in." She looked uncomfortable for some reason.

"Perhaps, what was it I might have seen?"

"Mom was in . ."

"James! Let me tell." Again, agitation, "I was in a soap-opera for a few years. 'Candlewood By Moonlight', it was a cable production."

"Oh, okay, that doesn't ring a bell, but perhaps I caught an episode or two somehow and just don't have a memory about it. Was there anything else I might have seen?"

"Unlikely, that was my biggest part up to now."

"Let's move on to Jim's behavior. What has he done, that makes you so uncomfortable. Jim, you'll get a turn to talk in a little while, but let your mother answer the questions for now. Barb, what does your son do, that upsets you?"

"Well, to begin with, he always has a hard-on around me. And he wears just his jockeys, you can clearly see the long hard muscle underneath, and that he has a big set of balls. His stomach is flat, and his buns are tight. And he's in great shape, handsome and sexy. He definitely is flaunting it in front of me, being tempting, and it's obvious that he wants to lay me on my bed, and ravage me until . . ." She broke off. "Uh . . I mean, he is rather bold in his appearance, whenever I am around."

She was providing too much information. Speaking more about her own feelings, and impressions, and desires, than just about what Jim was showing as beefcake. "What if you both agreed to dress more like you were in public, than private, would that begin to help?"

"No, I still would know he wanted to get into my pants."

"Jim?"

"No, because I still think she would like me to seduce her." Impasse.

"Is there anything that I should know about, that happened in the past that has a direct bearing on all this stress? Something that is making for your conflict?" They look at each other, bingo! An educated guess, but something was indicated in the emails about an earlier incident.

"Mom, I'll tell, okay?' Barbara looked doubtful, but nodded her acquiescence. "I tried to rape my mother once."

"That's not quite right; it wasn't rape, like he was forcing me against my will. Rather he tried to take advantage of me while I was asleep . ."

"You were drunk and mostly unconscious."

"Yes, but I knew enough of what you were doing, and I finally put an end to it."

"But, you let me get on to you, and start to put it in . ."

"Slow down you two, and one at a time. Barb, you agreed to let Jim share now, so let's let him talk. Jim?"

"Okay, one time, when I was eighteen, mom was drunk and she went to sleep on her bed, passed out really. But she was naked, like in . . .

well she was nude, and I sort of thought that it was just like. . uh . . a . . fantasy of mine. So I got naked too, and went into to her bedroom. I got on the bed and climbed on top of her. I sucked her nipples and fingered her pussy to make sure she was wet. I asked if she wanted me to screw her and she said yes, so I started to put it in. But then she became fully awake and said 'NO! NO!, I mustn't let you. Don't!' And pushed me off. I ran out of there sure I was going to catch hell for trying to have sex with her."

"And did you?"

"No, she just said we couldn't do that, no matter what we wanted. Just to forget it ever happened, and not to try it again. Since that night she doesn't drink that much anymore. I haven't done anything like that again, but I still wish we had gone all the way, and I hope that she will change her mind eventually. I think she is having second thoughts, and I think she does want to have sex with me."

"Barb, is that what happened?"

"Yes, that's the full story." The Doctor wondered if it quite was, there was something going on under the surface with her. The son was bold enough to try that ploy for some reason. It wasn't just out of the blue. "Barb, is Jim reporting your words, accurately?

"Pretty much."

"And you have stopped drinking now?"

"That convinced me I had to get a handle on the problem. I drink very little now. And I lost weight since, so that's was a good thing. In fact, that got me the part on 'Candlewood'."

"What part did you play, if I rent the DVD?"

"Oh, you don't have to do that. It was a small role."

"No it wasn't mom, tell him the truth! She was on every day, Doc. People looked forward to her appearances."

"I guess I was popular, but I was only on for three years. I don't work there anymore."

"What happened? Did they kill your character off?"

Jim spoke, "The script writers sent her to jail for sex with a minor, ironic wouldn't you say?"

"Ironic, how Jim?'

"Uh . . never mind."

"Ironic that my son wants to have sex with me."

"But he is an adult."

"He wasn't when he began to have those feelings for me, he was eighteen."

"You mentioned that age before, how do you know, did Jim tell you?"

"No, I caught him masturbating."

"Just masturbating?"

"To . . a video of me."

"Video?"

"Of me, I was naked . . . and . . . doing things."

"Having sex . .?"

Jim jumped in, "Having sex with a younger man, that's part of the irony."

"Did this video, have anything to do with your being written off the show? You said (the shrink checked his notes) something that was private, was made public and embarrassed you."

"Yes, but the guy was just young looking, he was of legal age, over twenty-one."

"He looked like me!"

"Like you, Jim? Is that why you think your mother might be interested in sex with her son, because of this young-looking fellow, resembled you?"

"Not just that, but it was part of the reason I got on mom, that night in her bed, when she was drunk."

"Well, there is more I think, that you are not telling me yet. But that can wait for now, as our session is nearly up, and I want to have some time to instruct you on homework. For you both. But I have concluded, I will have you as patients, if you will have me as your therapist. Okay?" They both nodded solemnly, but then wry smiles broke on each face.

"I will give you each a video camera, they are on loan. I want you to film the other, when they are behaving in a way that you feel contributes to the issues, creates the tensions that are in play with your relationship. The rule is, you only can tape what you would see, in any case. No going into mom's room, while she is changing, to catch her in the altogether."

"Unless, I do that usually?"

"Yes, but you don't do you?"

"No. but she does run around in her scanties, so I will get some shots of that."

"What do we do with the tapes, Dr.?"

"Bring them back next week to our appointment, and we will review them. Plan to spend at least two hours next time. Then we shall see how best to proceed."

. . . . .

They left. The shrink had a lot of research to do in just seven days. He made some calls. By the time Barb and Jim returned, the Dr. knew a lot more, and had seen the highlights and low points of Barbara's career. He had also spent a great deal of money for recording operations in the counseling room. Not obvious ones, hidden cameras, and sound microphones place strategically throughout the whole area.

All feeding to sophisticated recording equipment, in another room. Continuous recording during a session captured everything that happened in digital format. It was clear to him this was going to be extremely useful, as well as quite interesting; indeed, it feed the

prurient personal fascination he had developed in the subject matter. But the clients need not necessarily know any of that at this point, if ever, he thought.

When they were all seated again, as usual the clients had chosen the same places as they had been in before. The psychologist asked, "Whose video do we see first?"

"Mom's" Immediately replied Jim. Barbara shrugged and handed over her camera. The Dr. plugged the connections to it, and turned the big screen on, then the play button. Jim loomed and filled the screen. There were some shots of his traipsing around the home with just his skivvies on. There were a few candid shots, of his looking at the camera, in a way that would have best been called lustful.

But of course, it was his mother he was perusing. There was a startling shot of his bedroom door being open, and he masturbated, calling out his mother's name, as he climaxed. It was obviously taken with Barbara standing in the hall. Then, it switched to Jim being in Barb's bedroom, filming her. At this point, Doc put the video on pause.

"What is that last thing we were watching? You two were filming each other, filming?"

"Yes," said Barb, "I was doing that to show his, well to make it clear that he had invaded my space, and that I wasn't the only one who . . I don't know -- it seemed like the way to have my point of view represented, at that moment."

"Jim, why were you jerking off with your door open?"

"Passionate aggressive tactic?"

"If you mean 'passive aggressive', that wasn't it. That was aggressive alright, and yes, passionate; but not at all passive. More like showing off, and attempting to be tempting to your parent. Not a nice thing to do."

"Yeah, well she replayed that part three times, since she filmed it!"

"Damn it, James, don't I get any privacy?"

"Mom, that is the problem with you, you don't understand the difference between privacy and honesty! This is the time to be honest, with our therapist. There is a time to be honest with ourselves, and sometimes we need to be honest with each other, or else things get fucked up even worse. That's why we are here in the first place." He turned to the Dr. and addressed him. "Why don't we watch mine for a little while?" So the cameras were switched, and there was Barb.

She was in her underwear, around the house and her body language said she knew she was being filmed, and liked it. She played to the camera, without looking directly at it. She was an actress, so this was something she was practiced at, but evident when you knew what to look for. The Doctor had observed this manner of hers, in watching

hours of the broadcasts of the soap-opera's DVDs he had gotten hold of, and other material too.

Soon, though, the scene in her bedroom started. The same one as had been on her tape, but beginning earlier, and from Jim's perspective. Barb was in her bra and panties, sitting on the bed. Jim walks in, the camera is already rolling. Jim's voice is heard.

"So when are you going to tell him?"

Barb looks innocent, and guilty, at the same time. "Tell who, what?"

"Tell the shrink about your previous career, and that's why you were written off the show. Why it was ironic what they did. How they made the plot twist 'fit the crime' so to speak, when you were canned. What that really had to do with what happened that night I got on your bed. All of it. It does no good to hold back that information. It only hampers him from helping us."

"Maybe we don't need to go to a therapist."

"Will you fuck me then?"

"NO!"

"Then we need to see our shrink."

"So you can get to fuck me?"

"No, so that either you or I, or better both of us, get over our incestuous desires. Or give into them. In which case, the answer to your questions is then, yes."

So James was the more forthright, and open of the pair, thought the Doctor, it made sense. He had not been initially provoked from her cable soap role. But he had been affected, by the previous role she had been in. The Doctor's private investigator had been thorough. The details, and the film and tapes, were now part of the Doc's private files, and an important segment of the materials he was gathering, about his clients / subjects.

James' video continued to play. "Come on mom, look right at the camera, and tell the good Dr. what it's all about. It's easier to talk to the camera, than him face to face, isn't it? So tell the truth, now." Barbara turned to the lens, and turned to telling the tale of her acting career. She let the truth out and the doctor into her secret life.

As she spoke, the psychiatrist remembered the tapes and films he had viewed the past week. One in particular stood out, as being relevant. But it wasn't from the television show.

The Doctor came back to the present.

Barbara was talking into the video, to the Doc, as her son was taping, "So, after I was left on my own, with a small boy to raise, I found odd jobs. Sometimes, I had to keep my job by letting the boss have 'little favors'. A blow job, a hand job, if he wasn't a pig -- I might even fuck him to get a raise. I did what I could. So with those sorts of activities to make a living, the work of doing soft porn wasn't too much different. In fact, it paid better, the hours were shorter, and I could be home with my Jimmy more."

She continued to speak on the tape. "I had always wanted to be an actress, since I was a young girl. So this was a little like my dream come true. Except of course, it was not exactly what I had envisioned. I did one hardcore film. It was called, 'Tabooze'. It was about a mother who gets drunk, and has sex with her son. I sort of looked like that more famous gal, and my film name was Katie Starkers, close enough to the other. Look how many variations of 'Ginger' there were after, she became famous - or rather infamous, I suppose might be a better term. And I don't mean the one on 'Gilligan's Island'.

"I didn't do any more of that, even though the money was tempting. I went back to waitressing, or temping secretarial work. But then . . . then the thing with Jimmy occurred."

The Barbara who was in the room, not on the video, was standing, looking at the therapist. "I'm sorry, could we break for a moment, I'd like to use the ladies room and get some water."

"Certainly," The Dr. turned off the tape, and the large as life image of Barb, in her underwear, exposing her dirty laundry, as it were, disappeared. She was back shortly, and there was a cool tumbler beside

each of the chairs now, for all three. "Do you want me to turn the tape back on now?" He asked, after she had a long sip.

"Doc, how about I tell this part? Okay, mom? Since I'm the one who . . committed that . . transgression?"

"Sure, Honey that's okay just be sure to tell it all, and be accurate, please." The Dr. nodded to Jim, to continue the story in his own words.

"We told you that I tried to have sex with mom, when I was eighteen. There was a scene in the movie . . . but let me go back to something earlier. I discovered an old porno tape, at this place that rented them out. The woman on the box looked so much like my mother, and it was called 'Tabooze'. I couldn't resist renting it. In fact, I kept it, and paid the forfeit fee to have the copy. I had been interested in girls since I hit puberty, though I didn't know the details of exactly how the anatomy fit together, until a few years later."

"After I was 18 [see note] I had the hots for anything pretty in skirts, and that included mom. She was always, what nowadays we call a MILF. Anyway, at eighteen, I discovered this porn tape with a lady that looked like my mother, sort of. In it was a scene where the mother is dead drunk, the son comes into her bedroom, and sees she's totally out of it. So he gets naked, and gets her hot, then gets on top of her, and fucks her. I masturbated to that tape a whole month before I decided it really was my mother."

"I finally saw that the gal on the tape, when I freeze-framed one close-up shot, had the exact same freckles as mom. It had to be her. Mom had

been depressed for several years. Now, I thought I knew why. She wasn't getting any sex. Like when she had made the movie. And she was drinking, like in the movie. And then one night, her door was open, and she was drunk, naked on the bed. Just like in the porno tape. So I thought, here is a chance to make us both happy."

"I thought, I can lose my virginity, give mom the sexual satisfaction she was missing, and solve both problems at the same time."

The Dr. asked, "Did you really reason all that out, before hand? Or was that a rationalization after the fact. You tried to take advantage of the situation, and your mother's vulnerability. If she was unconscious, then she would not have been a willing participant. If she did not wake, then she might not even discover that she had sex."

"You're right. I thought about what I did afterwards, and made up reasons that seemed not so naughty. During it, I was just wanting to fuck her. I got undressed in my room and came back. She was still asleep. I lay on top of her, and started rubbing my dick on her fur. I didn't kiss her; because I was afraid she would wake up too soon, and stop me.

Her breast felt wonderful on my chest as I pressed against her. Her legs sort of were opening, and I was rubbing lower and lower. I put my mouth on her nipples and sucked, like I had seen in the film. I reached down and started fingering her. I could tell that she was wet. It was just like what I had watched dozens of times, and jerked off to."

"But then she woke up! I just kissed her a lot of times on the lips, while I tried to find her hole with my prick. We were looking at each other, and she had this wild look in her eyes. I asked her if she wanted me to screw her, and she nodded yes, and said 'uh huh', and closed her eyes. I found the opening, just at that same moment. I started to put it in. It was hot and wet and tight, and the best thing I have ever felt. A hundred times better that doing it with my hand, pretending to fuck her."

But just as I got in about half way, mom's eyes flew open and she got this terrified expression on her face. She said, 'NO! NO! I mustn't let you. Don't!' and she pushed me off. I ran out and thought I had really gotten her totally mad, when she realized it wasn't a dream, or a memory of the scene in the porno movie, but actually me on her trying to have sex with her. But she didn't punish me, or give me the silent treatment. She just said we couldn't do that. That no matter what we wanted, it wasn't right. We were to forget it ever happened. I was never to try it again."

Barb spoke, "I stopped drinking then, so that I was never that vulnerable or tempt . . uh . . . so that could never happen between us. I looked better after a while, better than what I had back when I had done the porno flick. I went to a local audition and got a small part in a TV drama special, being filmed in our town for a location shot. I guess I made a good impression on somebody because, a guy called out of the blue, and wanted to know if I would try out for this particular role, on a new cable soap-opera called, 'Candlewood By Moonlight'."

James jumped in, "Mom played a town floozy that like to fool around with much younger men. Every week there was a shot of her running

around in her bra and panties. And flashes of even less, as she had her affairs. It was a regular feature of the program, and was one of the draws for the men, to see her scantily clad or get a peek of flesh. She was hotter right then, than she ever had been, even for the porn. So while I had the urge to merge with my mom, I got to see her on TV, constantly making out with younger men. It was driving me nuts. I had blue-balls all the time!"

The Doc interrupted and asked, "And this was fueling your lust, which caused the problems between you, and your mother." It was a statement, not a question, the shrink held up a hand to have Barb not interrupt at this point. "But your mother was acting on the soap. But - was she sending any signals then, as you perceived them, that she had any sexual interest in you - her son, at home, and in reality?"

"Not then."

"Barb, you wanted to say?"

"What you pointed out. I was only acting. My stage name for the credits was, Terry Starr. It was not very well reviewed. The critics, because of the more graphic nature of cable, called it the "Tongue and the Dressless", due to my appearing so much in my undies. And also the over abundance of risqué romantic scenes, with French kissing and so on. I liked some of my co-stars, and it was fun, even if it was a bit campy."

"But then somebody found out about my porno past, and they decided it was cheaper to write me off, than outright fire me. They did keep it

secret from the public, so the taint of scandal would be swept under the rug, After all, that porn was a little too close to my role on the show."

"That's the ironic part. I was mentioning last week, Doc." Jim piped up. "Her porn character was sent to jail, for having an affair with an underage juvenile."

"After I got written off the soap-opera, fired in essence. I didn't get anymore roles. It's been a year now. I didn't go back to heavy drinking, like back after the porno days, but I have a little drink, now and then. I'm several years older than when I made "Tabooze", but I look about the same as I did then."

"You're still a MILF, mom!"

"And you still want to get me in bed. After five years, what makes you think I'm going to say yes, now?"

"Because -- I just somehow sense that you are ready to let me . . make love to you. Not because you're lonely, though I know you are. Not because I can't get other women, I don't want other ladies. Not because you've got to have sex. I mean we all need that, but I don't have the silly ideas I did when I was eighteen. There is something though, that is stirring things between us, and the time is finally right. But I can't really identify it; I just sort of feel it."

The psychiatrist stood. "On that note I'm afraid the time is up. Before you go, I have another homework assignment for you both. Leave the

cameras here for now; I will review them before we meet next week, at our regular time. First, I want each of you, to be modest around the house this week, no walking around in your underwear in front of one another. Secondly, I want each of you to separately watch 'Tabooze'.

Jim, when you do, you are not allowed to masturbate. I want you to watch your mother, see what she is doing, not sexually, but emotionally. Not what she is acting, but what she is really experiencing, as she goes through the whole thing. Try to understand what she is saying with her body, not her mouth. Again don't masturbate, watch like it is a psychology-class film."

"But, Doc . ." Barb interjected, "I took that away from him, when I found out he had a copy, and destroyed it! You can understand why, after his trying to have sex with me."

"Jim, did you make up a back-up copy?"

"Two."

"Then loan one to your mother. Barbara, I don't want you to destroy any more copies. That won't do any good now anyway; he can always order one from the Internet. But I want you to watch it too. You are to look and see yourself in the true remembrance of those things that were going on in your head and heart as you were doing those sexual things on camera. As Jim said last week, 'there is a time to be honest with ourselves'. This is what I want you to do, be honest with yourself, about your emotions, when you filmed those scenes. Both of you are to take

notes on your viewing, and bring them to our next session. Actually, if you can email them the day before, so much the better. Any questions?"

"Yes, Doc, I have one." said Barb. "Can I masturbate, when I watch?"

"Certainly, Barb. I expected that you would."

She left with a strange look on her face, as if she was uncertain if he had meant what he said, or if it was a joke. Jim lingered for a moment. "Doc, it's going to be hard not to jerk-off during that tape. Did you really mean that? "

"Absolutely!" The Dr. interrupted. "I need for you to concentrate on what I told you to do, and you'll need your hands to take notes. Watch your mother's face, which will be the window to her mind. In close ups, the eyes will say much more than any words she recites from the script, they are the real give away to her soul's torment. Treat your mother as nice as you can this week. You will be rewarded for your efforts, believe me. Now go on and remember she needs your help to see this through. Trust me. Go!"

. . . .

Barbara sat in front of the TV, the tape was rolling. She had the remote handy, and a pad with a good pen, in her lap. The second sex scene, between mother and son, was now beginning. She reached for a tissue from the box on her side. A tear rolled down her cheek. She knew in

her deepest, darkest place of herself, what the doctor had wanted her to see, to admit, to confess.

. . . . .

They had faxed their notes for homework to the psychiatrist the day before their appointment, as he had requested, in order to have time to prepare for their session. Both Barbara and James were obviously nervous when they arrived. The Dr. was not surprised at this, having read their reactions to the video, which was viewed in the light of what they were seeing through fresh eyes; as well as the lens of the therapeutic focus he had guided them in being aware of when viewing. All of which helped to reveal their hidden thoughts and feelings; now made clear by the cathartic experience.

Once more they took their seats, as before. But the shrink indicated that they should stand up again. "Now please, would you both get completely undressed, before you sit once more? The room temperature is adjusted for that, and the fabrics are quite comfortable. There are two clothes stand at the end of the couch."

"Doctor! You can't be serious!" Barb exclaimed in shock.

Simultaneously, Jim said, "Doc, what the fuck?"

"Please, listen. I am asking for a specific reason. I will explain as you disrobe, but you may start to do so now. You did agree in the contract to follow whatever I recommend, or you could stop the treatment at

any time, but that would be the end of your issues. It's up to you. I have found that nudity makes for honesty. It is somehow harder for people to lie to one another, when they are without clothes. Especially in unusual circumstances, or unexpectedly."

"Well, that certainly is the case, presently." Said Barb, not having removed a stitch yet.

Jim had kicked off his shoes, and was unbuttoning his shirt. "So, this is an honesty exercise? Like a trust thing that you do, when you fall back, and the other person is supposed to catch you, before you crash to the ground?"

"Similar yes, but this is also about coming clean. Confession is good for the soul, and you two have some revelations to experience here. Which are best done in your birthday suits, if you will. Barb, please?" She began to undress. "You both have seen each other naked. Jim as he watched the tape, any number of times, has seen your body, Barbara."

"And you have seen him nude and masturbating, so, no surprises there. Once you have gotten all your clothes off, you may be seated again. You will find that you adjust rapidly, and soon you won't even think about it. But the nudity will continue to have a subconscious effect on your dialog."

In a short time, both were seated, and sans clothing. "What about you Dr.?" Barb asked.

"What if I get a boner?" Jim queried.

"It's natural that you might get an erection during this session. Don't worry about it. Barb, if it will make you feel more comfortable, I'll strip as well."

"I guess that isn't necessary. The swimming coach doesn't have to wear a bathing suit." she replied.

"Sometimes he will, but not all the time." Spoke James.

The Dr. turned to Jim, and said to the athletic built youth, "Why don't you start us off with what you observed, watching your mother's porno film?"

"When she fucked the guy that was playing her son, the first time, she cried. She really did cry, that wasn't acting. I can tell when she weeps. Why did you cry mom? Was the scene degrading, or did you feel guilty?"

"We'll have Barb share with us in her turn, but I want you to continue with your comments."

"The second time, she didn't cry, she was really into it, not into the guy, but into the scenario, like she was fucking me. But I was young when she was in that film. So she couldn't have been thinking of me."

"And when you saw that, you wrote that you did something."

"Did you masturbate, James? You were not supposed to do that." Admonished his mother.

"No, mom. I cried, and then I turned it off. I couldn't take it anymore."

Barbara was looking a bit pale. "Have some water, Barb." the Dr. said. She noticed that glasses were already by the seats. She took a big gulp, wishing it was booze. "Barb, you have been skirting an issue, to use a phrase that seems ironic at the moment." All three smiled, at the humor of the remark. "In earlier sessions, you protested using almost the exact words of the script, from the movie. You have been rather vehement in your denials, of wanting anything to do with your son sexually."

He continued, "As with the Shakespearian phrase, 'Me thinks, the Lady doth protest too much', if I quote it correctly. You almost said 'tempted' last week, when said same topic was on your lips. What did you observe in that second scene, Barb? You masturbated, did you not? It's in your . . exposition on what you came to understand, in self-examination. Go ahead, now is your chance to come clean, to be freed of your guilt, to unburden yourself to your son."

Barbara knew the moment of honesty and truth was upon her. She could no longer hide her real feelings, or escape the consequences. She understood, now more than ever, she had not been fair to Jim, her beloved son. That she had to face her fears, and herself, and him full on. As one turns into the gale wind, to make headway in that direction, however difficult it may be. She took a deep breath, and spoke. "I saw

myself . . . I knew what I was thinking, and I was ashamed back then when 'Tabooze' was made. But now, I am not."

"I was human and weak, but when the test came for real, I was strong. I am strong. Jimmy, I was thinking of you. As that kid on the set fucked me, as my 'son', I thought of you, doing it to me. It was the only way I could get through the experience, that first time. The second time, I did get into it. I enjoyed the fantasy. The fantasy was us together, mother and son, Barbara and James making love."

"I knew it was wrong. That it could not be then should not be ever. But ever since then, in my heart of hearts, and deep in my lusting cunt, I have wanted to fuck with you. When you were eighteen, and tried to do what you had seen me doing, with that other 'son' actor, I wanted it. But then I chickened out. I have rejected your advances, while still lusting for you."

"That's why; you have sensed me in such a way that has been drawing you to me. Why we have had this tension between us. I hope you can forgive me, but I love you, and, I lust for you. I want you, I need you. I won't deny you. I will revel, when we do it together. Is that what you wanted to hear Doc?"

"Isn't that what you have needed to say to Jim for a long time, Barbara?"

"Yes." She turned to face her son. "Dr. could we have a few minutes of privacy?"

"Certainly." He withdrew and entered another door to an inner space. This was a small closet-like space, which was actually the monitoring room. There he was able to not only watch and listen, but use the camera lenses to get close ups. Everything was digitally recorded, and he had sophisticated editing capabilities. He had the work done quickly, by professionals, after the first session with the pair. It had cost a mint, but the Doctor knew it would be worth it. He watched the continuing drama. Mother and son stood, and faced each other for long moments in silence.

Finally, Barbara spoke. "Jimmy, sweetheart, can you forgive your old mother for her confusion? I don't know whether I have been giving into my fears, or not giving into my temptations. But it has not been fair to you. Not when I discovered you with the video, because I had secretly kept some stills from the porno flick publicity shots, for me to remember, and masturbate with, thinking of you. Then you found the copy of the movie, and did the same thinking of me. I destroyed the still-shots at the same time I got rid of the tape I confiscated from you."

"But I had been doing the same thing too, so it wasn't fair to you. Nor was it fair to let you get halfway into me when you got onto my bed, then I forced you off. Nor is it fair even now that you are twenty-three, and still wanting me, sensing the underlying lust that I have too; desire for incest with my boy. It has not been fair, not from the start. Can you ever forgive me, please?" Tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"Mom," Jim spoke softly, the Dr. turned up the volume on his headphones. "Of course I forgive you. You didn't do anything wrong. Even if you felt that your desires were naughty, you didn't act on them, when it would have been inappropriate. In that, you were strong, and

proper, and responsible. But while correct at that time, when I was younger, those reasons are now past. I want us to move on," With this he closed the gap between them, and they hugged, as bare as Adam and Eve before the apple.

He went on speaking, "We can do what we want, as adults now. Even if we are mother and son, we both want to have sex together. We love one another, and I want to show how much I love and care for you, in a physical way. In a sexual way. Making you feel good, and you letting me feel good in you." His erection was rubbing on her mons. Her legs opened a little, so that her stance was better balanced, against the pressure she was getting from his hips. Her hips made subtle bumps toward him, as well.

"James, I don't know. I want you, yes. I am sure that it would be wonderful, for us to be together like that, enjoying each other's bodies. But I am still unsure, that maybe it wouldn't be right. That it might damage our relationship, ultimately. That you might eventually hate me, for letting you have me."

"Never, Mom." He kissed her. She felt herself melting into his strong arms. Their tongues frolicked from mouth to mouth. Her hands gripped his buns. He began to hunch his hard-on lower. She was responding, they move toward the soft sofa. She got Jim to sit, and opened her mouth to perform fellatio. As her son slouched on the couch, Barb deep throated her boy's penis. A trick she had been good at, on the set of 'Tabooze'. She was wet, and she used her free hand to play with her clit. She wasn't thinking, just reacting to the pent-up lust, which had been suppressed for so many years.

They were both giving into their mutual carnal appetites and seeking to bond in physical union. They had each such deep feelings for the other in love and sharp physical craving of one another's bodies. They forgot where they were and knew only the presence of themselves.

Jim reached down to play with his mother's firm little breasts. The brown quarter-size nipples were quite stiff and extended. He loved what her mouth was doing to his prick. But he wanted to put it inside her vagina soon, he was so horny, it had been long years that he had fantasized about this. Now she was ready, to let him fulfill their most private desires. They each now understood theirs was a connection of intimate undeniable hunger, a craving thirst of yearning which flowed between them; like an electrical current, which charged up their erotic batteries.

The psychiatrist decided that he needed to take control; it was still too early to let them have sex. That would come soon, but the right ground had to be prepared, to protect everyone legally, and get it all recorded. He moved to the door of the therapy room, and knocked. There was a scrambling noise as he entered, even before they were able to disengage. Jim looked smug and excited; Barb was proud and pleased, and not at all flustered. Progress, indeed the Doc thought, as he spoke.

"Good, I see we have had a bit of a break through. But I didn't want you to get carried away yet, and do something you might regret after the emotional tumult, and heat of the moment. You have made the right choice to be honest, but you need cooler heads -- and genitals - to become lovers, if that is what you decide to do. You still have at least one more session that you ought to have, to resolve any remaining issues."

"So this is what I want you to do. We will have another appointment in two days. You are NOT to have sex, before then. You can fool around, but don't lose control. If you can't keep control, don't fool around. You both are able to do that, if you set your minds to it. Do not watch 'Tabooze', either together or separately. Refrain from masturbating. Think, talk, discuss, and meditate, on whether you are ready to take the step of becoming incestuous lovers."

"Plan to have the whole afternoon here. Barbara, I have a written business proposition for you, here in this envelope. You can read it when you get home, and I would encourage you to share it with James, talk it over with him, and perhaps this will provide a solution for your economic difficulties, as well. Remember the rules and homework, and NO FUCKING before you come back. Okay?"

The pair nodded solemnly, but left smiling, hand in hand.

. . . . .

Forty eight hours later, they were all assembled in the therapy room again. The Doctor had his recording equipment already running. Barbara and James sat on the divan together now. Holding hands. The psychiatrist began by having them sign some papers, he explained what each item was, and provide them with copies in a large folder, which they would take with them at the end of the session. This was the last one, unless other issues arose, but the troubles had been resolved, and the tensions would be completely gone, when the day was over.

Doc then sat in his customary chair, and spoke. "Barbara, I was sure I recognized you, when we first met, but not until I heard the title of your porno flick, did I realize that was where from. In my research, for mother/son incest, I had collected all kinds of materials, including erotica and pornography relating the subject. Then I was certain; but I had not realized that you had broken, briefly into legitimate drama, with your soap opera role.

My private investigator discovered that the fellow, who was your initial contact, for 'Candlewood By Moonlight', had seen your sleazier role, and liked the way your sensuality with a younger man played. He was alas ultimately the leak, however inadvertent, in a marijuana-stoned blurting to the wrong set of ears, about your past. But the damage was done and couldn't be repaired. At least he managed to keep it out of the press.

If you are willing to do what we have agreed on in the paperwork, you will be given a chance in a new role, on another drama, on a new cable channel. This time, no one will recognize you, as you will be an alien on a science fiction program. But you are still a seductress, only the earthlings are adults. The special 'sponsor' of your casting is a major investor in the project, so your part and job, and background will be safe. Jim, you can start on the set as a 'best boy' apprentice -- an electrician trainee, in other words.

Your 'sponsor' only asks that if you have decided to become lovers that he might view my tapes of your first fuck, which will be here in this safe room. He will be the only one that will view the material, outside of myself. He had a particular interest in the subject of mother / son

incest, and is willing to use his vast wealth to acquire authentic tapes and such.

The papers you signed were drawn up by a top law firm, to provide a very tidy sum, to pay off your debts, and protect both the sponsor's and your privacy. He will not know who you are, nor you he, unless either party breaks the agreement, nor is there any reason that somebody should. It is in everyone's best interests, to keep things as confidential as possible.

The mother and son nodded their understanding and agreement. Their signatures a few minutes ago had made things official. This all had been in the business proposal, which had been given to Barb, a couple of days ago. "I want the pair of you to sit on the couch, and watch the final scene of love-making in 'Tabooze' now. Do what you are inspired to do, you will have privacy, the equipment will be run from the recording booth, I am the only one in there. I won't interrupt.

I do have a suggestion and one request. Before you begin the tape, the remote is on the table beside the couch, water glasses too; I think it would be easier to get naked, as you were last week, but for more natural purposes."

"And what is the request doctor?" asked Barbara, as she and James began to strip, without hesitation, this time.

"You two are such a handsome couple; I'd like to get your picture, of you two together, eh, in the altogether, as it were."

"You mean nude, dude?" Jim quipped

"Yes, exactly, sort of a formal family portrait, if you will, but full frontal."

"If it's formal, I want to wear my pearls!" laughed Barb, fingering the single strand around her neck.

[The author has a copy of the photo.]

Indeed, that is how she appears in the picture. She stands noble, serene, and proud. Just her pearls, and an emerald cut garnet ring on her left hand, is all she has on. Her expression is solemn, her small breasts firm, the nipples well defined. Her hands are clasped in front of her, modestly, but not hiding the fact that she has not a stitch of clothing on.

James stands behind her, his dark shock of hair, matches her coif. He has perhaps a pout, on his lips. His left arm is over his mother's shoulder, possessive and covering the left breast in a casual manner, as if he is often naked with her. The right is behind his back. His uncircumcised penis is semi-erect, the tip is beginning to peak from the hood. One large vein is popped on the upper length of his tool. His large sacks, which Barb mentioned, hang heavy with his semen, which he will shortly flood in his mother's womb.

They are clearly, mother and son. They are open and not ashamed of their nudity, not for the viewer, and certainly not with each other. They

are obviously lovers, the way James drapes his arm on Barbara. How close he stands, hips touching. The tumescence of his member, her erect nipples. His head leans to her, the chin on her right shoulder, and forehead to her cheekbone. This pair is unapologetic for their sexual intimacy. It is a striking pose.

The Dr. got out his camera and snapped the pair. Then he prepared to leave them alone. "After you're through, you may call to me and I will appear for our goodbyes. You have done excellent work; I commend your honesty and openness. Those are what have brought you to the peaceful resolution, which you are concluding today in our final session. Any questions?"

Jim raised his hand, like he was in school. "Yeah, Doc. When you watch us, are you going to masturbate?"

Barb chimed, "Are you going to be naked too, in the booth?"

"Well, let's just say, that even swimming coaches like to go skinny-dipping once in a while, same as everybody!" With that, he left. Indeed, he was stripped quickly once he was in the recording booth. He did not want to take the time in the middle of filming, and getting close ups, to take off his pants. But he did cum, when they climaxed as well. He, in fact, was the 'sponsor' himself. He would edit the tapes to make an incest porno, just for himself, alone. Better than any that had ever been produced, and real. That was the ultimate kick; it was real actual consanguine concupiscence.

Barb and Jim sat on the couch together, the big television screen lit with the final fuck of the porno video already cued up.

. . . . .

The image of Barb on the large screen bent low and kissed her 'son' on the lips. Barb in the shrink's office picked up the remote and paused the image to kiss her real son beside her. She took his arm and draped it over her shoulder and placed his hand directly on her breast, the nipple in his palm. She kissed him, Frenching, the tongues making squiggly contact. She un-paused the video, the couple on the screen continued to kiss. The 'son' pulled his 'mom' onto his lap and slid a hand in her robe.

Barb reached over and took hold of Jim's erection. On the TV her robe has come off the shoulders and the 'son's' mouth is seeking the brown caps beneath the gown. That garment is just as quickly cleared away so his lips are making 'mom's' mams glad globes. Jim's hand goes between Barb's legs, they part. The shirt and shorts of the fictional 'son' are gotten rid of. His erection is neither as long, nor fat, as the one Barb is stroking for real.

The scene shifts point of view. Now the camera angle is aimed directly at the sofa, TV Barb is now as nude as she is watching herself. The faux 'son' is nuzzling his head between her thighs, and she places her hands on his head, as he licks her thighs. Jim follows the lead of his stand-in, now old enough to do it for himself with his lovely sexy mother. Barb moans an echo of her own pleasure, and the pelvis tilts in parallel, to the twin oral administrations of the youth and his doppelganger. They

kneel before their goddess. Worshiping at her temple of Venus, mom's Mons.

Her knees rise, the same way and her face is a mask of the sweet agony of ecstasy, as she is eaten, and loved in her center. Then and now, it is the same expression, the same desire, but today fulfilled for real. Jim's dick is glistening with pre-cum. He has seen this scene hundreds of times, and wished it were him. Now it is, and he is determined to best the boy in the film, with his honest love, and deeper lust for his mother. He mirrors the moves; he makes the better lover as he knows the taste of her pussy for the first time. He can't get enough, his mouth is driving her wild, and her clit is throbbing with his wet lashings.

The Doc has zoomed in on the action from almost overhead. Barb's labia are showing red and her panting is clear in the microphones. From the side-angle camera's perspective Jim's dick is pointed at his target. The connection is better viewed from behind, though partially blocked by the hanging testicles. On screen, the 'mother' drags her 'son' to her. Jim moves on his own. Barb is wide open and ready for her true son's cock. Her cunt is needy of her son, it was always and ultimately Jimmy's that she is thinking of, both in the past and now in the present.

Doc has all the close-ups, the angles set, and must grip himself as Jim places his manhood at the portal of his mother's sex. They look in to each other's striking blue eyes, in a silent communication. Telepathically he says . . .. 'I'm going to -- I have to.' She answers, . . . 'I know -- I want you also -- I need you too.' He slowly pushes into her cavity. The penetration that has waited five years, takes only a long minute. Then her son is finally planted within her body, to the very root of his solid muscle. She can even feel that vein on top throb!

The movie pair moves with the motion of fucking, and the couple on the couch are copulating in syncopation. But the cries and moans and groans, are a cacophony, which is real passion trumping acting. Barb is clutching Jim to her, while movie 'mom' is holding the hips of pseudo-'son'. Both boys are pounding away, one for a money shot, the other to cum in mommy. It is not a race to cum first, the longer you last in making love, the better. The live action takes the blue-ribbon, as they continue to fuck, after the screw-goo is shown on the TV.

In fact, Barb had already climaxed once, as her child provided the initial thrusts. But now another builds as his orgasm is galloping to the final dash. The tender rocks are bumping her buns, to the beat of his humping hips. The head of his prick swells deep in her, as he locks into the incestuous connection of their union. He blasts the hot jism she had longed for, for so long. She lets out a scream of delight, at he is creaming in her. Her own fluid washes down, and they drench the cushion with the emulsions of their sin.

Thank God, the Doc thinks, I had the fabric treated. He had hoped that he might witness such a wild sight. The preparations paid off, the strategy worked, the therapy was finished, the moment was captured, and the pair were contented and satiated. No, they were not through! But the digital equipment is still taking in the renewed activity. Jim is turning his mother around to be on her knees too. Her torso is planted on the couch and her crack is high and ready for his attack.

Barb feels her man-child plow into her vagina, once more with his member. The meat is still firm and full of vigor. It is reaching different places, at this level of his goring. She laughs at the video pair who has

now parted and are just panting, as the real hero of her hopes has his way with her. She is glowing inside, and his heat infuses her being, and his lunges give her renewed life. She doesn't have to act like a proper mom, she can be her naughty self, fucking her son, and openly loving it with him. He has his reward for his patience, and she for her sacrifices.

Thanks to the shrink, their world had expanded to encompass this love, which had so long been withheld from their relationship. And there would be money, and theater. An alien siren? No stranger than an incestuous mother. The role she had wanted, that was once only pretend, was now come true. Speaking of coming, here they were cumming again. She felt him spurt, her whole body spasmed, in her happy climax simultaneously.

At last, the steam piston of her son seemed to have lost its locomotion. It was time to wind down and wind up this session. But there would be more of the same, at home. She wished her sponsor well; she knew they had given a good performance. It was a part she had been rehearsing for many years in secret. Now she planned to have a long run, with her co-star that was born to the role. They dressed, then the Doc came back in and wished them well. He said that they had more than given the cameras enough, for quite a great show. They left, hand in hand, smiling.

A week later. The Dr. answered the door, to another couple, mother and son, that had answered his advertisement. They had already copulated, but now were wondering how to keep up the excitement. The Doc had some interesting ideas. But that's for the next case study.

Mom's Big Plunge

Playing with his tool in the cool pool was hot!

Jimmy, my step-son, sat beside me in the car, on our trip up the New York Thruway. It was a two hour trip to the lodge, a two week stay we had planned. Our friends, the Jansens had asked us to house-sit their posh second home in the Catskills. It was just going to be Jim and me. My husband, Ted, was tied to his work in the City for the duration, on a critical project he had to supervise. I would miss Ted, but my kid was a fine companion, and Jimmy was eager to come along.

Just having finished a tough freshman year, and turning 20 in a few weeks, he needed a break. So did I, for that matter. I had been run ragged, with my own work as a store manager, for a local shop in our village. When we were offered this opportunity, to look after their property in upstate NY, it was just the ticket. The Jansens were on a European tour, for the fortnight; we were to keep an eye on things. There had been break-ins the previous summer in that area, and they were nervous about their lovely spot, which they called 'Miz-B-Haven'.

I wasn't sure of exactly why the nomenclature, but it certainly had all the amenities for a grand time. They had a pool, Jacuzzi, the latest high tech in audio-visual equipment, video games galore, a well stocked bar (that would get good use), and a wine cellar also. While it was too bad it was so isolated, with a satellite dish, we could have the latest movies. Groceries were a half hour down the road, but the lodge was well stocked, and had a big freezer. The kitchen had everything you could

ask for in appliances. It was going to be "uh ton uh fun", as Jimmy put it.

I noticed Jim glancing my way, quite often, as we flew up the highway. He was a good looking fellow, much as his dad was, but he had my fair hair instead. Taller than me, but then most people were. My spouse kidded about having married 'Tinkerbelle'. I was petite, and still looked like I was the High School cheerleader he had fallen in love with. Only, the magic had lately been missing, from our never-never-land. Or rather, our love life was more never-land. Between his commute to the city, from Connecticut, and my crazy shop manager problems, we seemed never to get a chance for romance, in the last several months.

Which is why it was a damn shame, that hubby was tied up in the Big Apple, for this adventure. It would have been the chance to fool around. Even with Jim along. We could always ask for privacy, it's not like our son didn't know his parents had sex. One time, he even walked into the living room, and got a quite a surprise, when he caught us doing it on the couch. He was supposed to have gone to the movies for a couple of hours. I can't remember what spoiled his plans, what I won't forget is that he strolled in, just at the critical moment.

We couldn't stop, not right then. I was screaming as I climaxed, and his father was in the middle of squirting a huge wad of jism, up my pussy. That was last Christmas vacation when he was home from college. He stood there, and stared at the home porno scene. Then as we finished our throes of passion, he calmly said, "I hope you used protection, you two horny kids." The cheek that boy has sometimes! (I have an IUD.) Then he calmly went up to his room. But that was a facade. As we went past his door, going to our room where we finished, we heard him

masturbating. Smack, smack smack; he was beating his meat. I didn't blame him; it must have been a hot sight.

A few days afterwards, he told me I had the sexiest ass he had ever seen. I let that pass by without any reply. I mean, what do you say to your kid in that situation? 'Thank you, Honey, can I see yours?' My husband told me, Jimmy asked him if I was as good a lay, as I had been when we were first married. I was dumbfounded. "What did you say?" I asked. "I told him - better!" Jim answered. So okay, that was a compliment. However, from that time on, Jimmy looked at me sometimes with, well frankly, lust in his eyes; and a slight smirk in his grin.

The damn thing was, it was starting to get to me. Okay, it's nice my boy thinks I'm sexy. It's good to know, that I still have the physique that puts the wood in men's pants. But my own sweet Jimmy ought not to think of me that way. Even more disturbing, is since the screwing has diminished lately, my teen has become more of a subject for an occasional fantasy, in my own head. I imagine that he catches me masturbating one afternoon, and says he will take care of me, since he knows his dad is not being attentive in that department.

He strips, and comes boldly to the bed. I'm on my back. He gets between my thighs. He is hard. He is big. I am wet. I have no will power to stop him. He places the beautiful hunk hanging from his loins, at my entrance. I put my arms around him. He presses inward, and goes deep. GOD! I'm getting wet sitting here driving, with Jim in the seat right next to me. He is looking at me with that 'smile' that says he wants me. I look down at his jeans; sure enough there is a long lump in the

crotch. I look at the road straight ahead. I wonder if my shorts are showing a wet spot, my panties are definitely damp.

I have on pinks shorts, and a loose sleeveless shirt. I decided the day was going to be too warm to wear a bra. I like to feel the breeze in my blouse, when I am driving in the summer. With my arms up on the steering wheel, Jimmy's angle is able to view sideways at my right boob. He can't peak at the nipple, but if he saw it, it would be like an oversize pencil eraser. As it is, my buttons clearly are poking their perky points, under the thin cotton. I lick my lips, it is warm, but the sexual tension has made the atmosphere, that much hotter. Good thing we'll be there soon!

Our arrival is down a dusty dirt drive, to the meadow setting of the luxury lodge, 'Miz-B-Haven'. A haven it is from civilization, but with all the conveniences. Like a love-shack, at one of those Pocono resorts. Though the Jacuzzi wasn't heart shaped. The Jansens had us all up for the Fourth of July, two years ago. They shut it down between November and March, but this was August now, and the place was left ready for our visit, while they were away. We were on our own if anything went wrong, except they left all the numbers, for plumbers and other repairmen if needed.

After the long drive, Jim and I both agree the first item of business, was to take a dip in the pool. The air-conditioning would need some time to crank up, so we would change, and then dive in. In fact, I had been a diving instructor at one time, at the local Y, and Jimmy had taken lessons that summer too. The pool had a board, not as good as the country-club's, but we would use it to have fun. I had packed the swim-suits in my case, since my step-son had insisted on stuffing his duffel

with his camping gear. We also brought a large trunk for our stay. There was a washer-dryer, but it was a compact one-piece unit, and I didn't want to wear it out.

I took the master-bedroom, and Jim was bunking in the spare room. We left their daughter's room alone. I was changing into my bikini, when the door burst open, and Jim walked in. I was in the middle of just putting my top on. So those firm little apples of mine, with the strawberry centers, were on display to my Jimmy's eyes. We each of us froze, I felt like a deer in the headlights, stunned by the unexpected intrusion. The youth was zeroed into his step-mom's mams, and a look of astonishment was the expression on his face. I was not one for making any big deal about nudity within our household, it happened by accident sometimes.

In fact, I had walked in on Jim, coming out of the shower a couple of times. I kept my cool then, and now. But I didn't let things go for long back then, I didn't want either of us embarrassed. I had merely turned around, and let him grab a towel. I had seen the meat he was packing, nice and long, and thick enough. Semi-rigid, as if he had been jerking-off. That was what I had been envisioning in my fantasies, that delicious sausage. Now, I finally brought my top up, to cover my exposed tits. He had seen his mother's bottom in December; here in August, he got a gander at my ta-tas. He was holding a towel around his waist, I finally noticed, when my own senses returned.

"Mom, I forgot that you had my swim trunks, in your suitcase." I nodded, a little speechless for the situation, and holding my top with my right arm, I plucked his suit out, and tossed it to him. I was using my left to throw the garment, and I flubbed it. Jim's shorts went high

and wide. He lunged for the flying cloth, flung poorly, and caught them. However, in the process, he lost his hold on the towel, which dropped to the floor. His member swung with the motion of his grab. Now I was getting my share of beefcake, to his cheesecake glimpse of my knockers.

"Oops! Sorry!" he said, then he stepped into the swim wear. I expected him to leave, but he rather decided to be gallant, and maturely said, without a hint of leering, "Can I help you hook that up?" I turned so that he could get the strap connected. His hands were warm on my skin. I had a little shiver from the touch, and I knew that naughty thoughts had been at work in my sub-conscious. "I'll get us some beer from the fridge." Jim said in my ear, with his hands on my shoulders, and kissed my cheek. I shook my head in agreement. Not daring my voice to speak, as it would have quavered at that moment.

After he left, I had to sit on the bed for a moment. My legs were shaky; I was so turned on by the chance encounter. I knew I ought to not be so much of a minx, but he had looked so gawd-awful sexy, when he made that catch! I was damp again. I figured to try to get into the pool, before it became evident that I was thinking about things I should not, when it came to Jimmy. I wondered, did he just happen to walk in at the wrong/right moment. Or, was it planned, or did he have a sixth sense of my state of undress. I began to think back over the last few weeks, and other times he had popped in on me unannounced, while I was usually in my undies. It must be luck - what could it be otherwise?

I got up and went to the back sliding-double-doors and out to poolside. Jimmy was there already with a cooler, and some brews with an ice-pack to keep them chilled. I swear to God, he looked at my crotch and

gave a little smile. Well, he was semi-stiff himself for that matter. I dived off the side of the pool, and indicated that he should follow. The cool of the pool should chill our libidos too. He jumped in right next to me, with a beer for each of us. It was very refreshing, and the suds tasted just right, for the late afternoon humid weather.

I downed half the can then put it on the edge, and paddled over to the deeper end. Once there, I did a duck dive, and went tail-up / head-down into the depths, and swam down to the bottom. I turned, and pushed with my legs, to shoot back to the surface. When I emerged from being immersed, Jim sidestroked over to me. His beer, I saw, was next to mine, on the edge of the pool. He had dunked as well; his hair was damp and dripping. I tread water waiting for him to join me. He swam over.

"Hey, mom," He said, "How about we do some diving later on?"

"I was thinking about just that on our way here, Honey."

"While we have the sun, do you want to work on getting tan?"

"Yeah, there must be some lotion somewhere, or I have a bottle in my bag."

"I'll get it!" He swiftly did a couple of strokes to the side, and athletically hauled his muscular frame up to the pavement. This afforded me a good look at his buns, because the wet fabric clung to them, outlining the shape of his haunches. I thought he had a sexy ass too! Even if I was

his mother, I could still admire his body. After all, I had had the nice perk of getting a peak at his pecker, not more than thirty minutes ago! Obviously, Jim appreciated my charms. It would have been a safe bet that he might try to sneak another spying on my body, sometime while we were here alone. Maybe I'd let him even, if it were 'tit for tat', so to speak!

The handsome youth reappeared with the bottle of suntan lotion, and I made my way to the steps, doing the breast stroke. I thought about that phrase, and got a little tingle in my tummy. My! I was being a horny hussy today, even if I didn't let my kid be aware, of his mother's dirty thoughts. I came out of the pool, and went to a lounger. I stretched out on my stomach, and spoke to Tommy, "Honey, will you do my back?" Should I have been surprised when he undid the clasp that held the strap together at the back? Nope!

After all, he had connected it, so now, to properly coat my back, he reversed the process. As long as he was 'proper' with putting on the balm, I would remain calm. Indeed, he did as any gentleman would do. Thoroughly applying the sun-block, he ran his hands over my skin. He didn't try anything. I was sort of disappointed, though I knew I ought to have objected, if he had. Then he did my legs, working up from the calves, giving the movements more of a massaging kind of rubbing. He used both hands to go over my thighs as well. I enjoyed the touch and felt relaxed.

"Do you want any tan lines, mom?"

"No, no tan lines for me, thanks!" I thought he meant the top, to be re-hooked or not. Leave it open I concluded, I was face down. But then I

felt the ties at the sides of my bottom piece being loosened. Before I knew it, my tush was bare! "Jimmy! What the hell?!" I said, half turning to look at him, and show my displeasure. Then I turned back again, when my top dropped to the chaise lounge, leaving my breasts exposed again, to his smiling face, and eyes which went saucer wide. "I didn't mean there!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" there's nobody here, but us chickens?"

'So said the fox in the hen house!' I thought.

Jim continued, "I've seen lots of naked butts before. Pretty as yours is, I'm your step-son, you're safe with me. Besides, I have seen it before, remember?"

"Yes, I certainly do. But if I'm just another 'chick', you are the rooster around here. And that makes this a co-ed swimming hole. My behind is not for public viewing!"

"Mom, you are not just another run of the mill girl, you are playmate material. Your rear is very dear to me, and I would not want you to think I don't appreciate it. But, - no pun intended - we are in private, and if you can't show your derrière around here, you will have a very white bottom, instead of that European all over brown glow. Here is some lotion, to make sure that you don't burn there either." Before I could stop him, he squirted the cream on my pale buttocks and spread it with his palms. One hand on each half globe, and it was a shocking thing, but also at the same time quite sensuous. I liked it. I had not had anybody do that in quite a while, and it felt good!

I let him do it; I didn't want to get the grease on my swimsuit I rationalized. So okay he got a close up of my nether region, big deal - right? Then I realized this was the opening for the tit for tat gambit. But first let my tan start to brown. I lay sleepily, and let the soft sunlight warm my skin. It was good to relax, at last the tensions of the shop and my work, were easing away. I was content, for the moment. Furthermore, he was not going to do anything untoward with his mother; or he would get his bottomed tanned - from a spanking, or some other appropriate punishment. I'd think of something, if it came to that.

I must have taken a little nap, because I realized that Jim was coming back out of the house and had a bottle of wine. I had not been aware of him leaving my side. At least he was not ogling my buns. He poured some into a plastic glass that he had also fetched, and one for himself. He explained, "I found this already opened, and thought it might be tastier that the beer. If you are okay with that. Here, it's a nice fruity Spanish red, I can't pronounce the name. I tilted up to take the cup, and my top dropped. 'Screw it!' I thought, and sipped. It was excellent! Trust the Jansons!

"Hey!" I spoke up suddenly, looking at his reddening face, "We'd better get some suntan cream on you, as well! Help me with my suit back on."

"Mom, what if we went skinny-dipping? I never had the chance to do that, but I know that it's a wonderful sensation to experience. Have you ever done it? I dare you to do it."

"Not in a long time, Honey. That's a bare, dare, darling. But yeah, it is rather neat to do. I'll see your dare, and double dare you, too. Let me slather you up, then we'll take a skinny-dip. But you have to promise, no horseplay. I can't defend myself properly, when I'm buck naked."

"O . . you could fend me off improperly . . ."

"No! You promise your mother that if we do that, you will be a hero, not a zero!"

"What a corny phrase. Okay, no rough-housing, when we are sans suits."

"Good, now, since I am already in my birthday suit, you strip too!" And in a jiffy he was pulling down his shorts, and I was treated to his whole glorious self. I had seen it in brief before, but now I could study it at my leisure. Indeed, I ran my hands all over those strong firm muscles, as I slicked his skin with protective application. All over the front and back, torso and legs, buns and - well I didn't go exactly everywhere - I left that one male muscle alone. Much as I was tempted, and, he was slightly turgid. But if I did that, what would Jimmy expect to do in return, to my body? I couldn't allow that liberty, or could I? Could I?

So with both of us lathered up, to use a double-entendre, we were headed for the water, and who knows where else we might go at this rate. I know I was a bit greasy, somewhere that had nothing to do with the oil from a bottle. As we were protected from the sun (was I protected from the son?) [was he protected from me?] where was I - oh yeah - so we went into the drink again, with our drinks in hand, we

walked down the steps and sat on the next to deepest one, up to our necks. With our heads just above the waterline, we sipped our Sangria, or whatever that tangy tasting wine was. I was feeling the effects nicely.

After a while, I was hungry. II suggested a cold-snack meal, with whatever things we could find in the fridge. Jim and I came up with cold cuts, pickles, two kinds of cheese, crackers, cookies, and we had a couple of beers out of the cooler to wash it down. By now, we were going around nude like we were at a nudist colony. Once you get used to being bare, you stop thinking about it. (Almost . .) We were talking about whether we should save the red wine for later, when Jim said out of the blue, "What about smoking some weed?"

"Oh," I replied, "I doubt we could find the Jansons stash." I was joking.

"No mom, I have some. I brought with me."

Well, I was raised by Woodstock generation parents, so him having grass didn't surprise me a great deal. I had not done it much, but I did like it, when I had been younger. What the hell, we were in the wilderness, who would know? "Okay, go and get it."

He dashed to the lodge, and was back quickly with a couple of joints that must have been pre-rolled. He had a lighter; he stoked a doobie up, and passed it to me. I choked on my first hit, but then the mellow feeling came on, and I could hold the next in longer. From there, we were able to suck it down to a reasonable roach. The sun was low in the western sky, painting lots of colors across the horizon. This was made the more psychedelic, with the buzz I had caught. Jimmy was a bit

stoned to, humming a tune I didn't recognize, and looking at me, then the sunset, and then at me again. He was getting hard, I saw!

Suddenly, he jumped up, "Come on mom, we ought to do our diving before it gets too dark!"

I held out a hand, for him to help me up. "You find the pool lights; I have an idea about something else, before we start." I went down to the wine cellar, and found the refrigerator running, as I knew it would be. I pulled out two champagne bottles. I thought; let's really celebrate our arrival in style. After all, we were on a holiday, and there was nobody to make the rules, but us. We were breaking a lot of rules already, which wouldn't have been acceptable back home. But here it seemed not to matter so much was not so naughty away from civilization. After all, it was happy time, in a happy place, and we were 'Miz-B-Haven'. OH! I get it! Jeez! I was definitely stoned!

When I got back poolside, I showed Jimmy what I had procured. He poured out the dregs of the red, and rinsed the glasses in the kitchen, and then popped the cork on a bottle of bubbly. After a few sips, we went to the diving board. The underwater lights made the water blue, for a romantic mood, even though the twilight was still relatively bright. I was the first of the board, and just did a simple jump, with a little spring to help my legs go up. It was clean, and I surfaced near the ladder. Then Jim did a jack-knife, I think he was showing off. I loved to see how his member bounces with him, on the board. My tits did as well, freed as they were from their usual restraints. This was going to be interesting!

We spotted for each other while we were diving. We both knew we were not just watching out for each other, but watching each other's nude bodies too. Jimmy would stand at the end of the diving board in seeming concentration, and wait until I turned at the pool ladder to watch him, so that I could look up at his semi-hard dick. Sometimes he would bounce on the board, and this made the springy organ itself, a jutting, bouncing thing of male prowess. It helped to stimulate both its erect condition and my growing arousal too.

I, in turn, would in my best Olympic fashion, make measured movements on the board, while Jimmy watched from the water, or sometimes behind me. I decided on the style of my dives, by his position. If he was in the water, I made a swan dive, to show off my breasts to best advantage. Once, I pretended to lose my balance, and went in with my legs wide spread! What a look of surprise and delight he had, staring up into my splayed legs. On his next dive off the board, he could have almost pole vaulted into the water. If he was behind me, I bent over in a simple dive, to show off my shapely buns. Or did a handstand, to grandstand my body for his enjoyment.

I drained the last sips of champagne from my glass, and Jimmy came over and had the roach from the joint lit. We each sucked a few tokes into maintain our nice buzz. Those were the conditions that lead to the 'Big Plunge', as we came to call the event, and its aftermath later. It was a shared, secret term of amusement between us, about what happened. It could have been tragic, I suppose, if Jimmy had not been there. He was there though, and so what began as a poorly executed dive, and led to a dangerous landing; ended in a special relationship. Instead of it being a life threatening accident, it became an enlivening, thrilling event!

I went to the board to take my turn. My darling and athletic swim-mate was treading water, close to the side of the pool, next to the ladder. I knew what his plan was. To wait until I had dived off, and was at the ladder myself. Then, it being his turn next, he would climb out in front of me, with his balls and anus totally exposed to his mother's gaze. He had done this brazen (and to my feminine eyes - delightful), deliberate display twice before. Not to be out done, I had made sure that he had equal opportunities, to gaze up into the mysteries of his mother's furry crotch, by pulling myself out of the pool ahead of him, on the metal ladder. The last time, he had climbed out so close behind me I could feel his pistol poking me in the rear. I swear if I had been slower, or he perhaps a bit faster, he might have hit the bulls-eye!

But I wasn't about to let that happen, no matter how horny the daring, bare diving was making me, or him. Until the 'Big Plunge', that is. The board was rough, but had quite a bit of water on it. I was beginning to feel the effects of the evening's libations and inhalations. I was thus made bolder in my next attempted dive, but less competent too. The combination was not a good one. I decided to show off my diving skills, and do a jack-knife as Jim had earlier. Usually, this is an easy feat at the country club pool, when I'm sober, and there the board is higher. With the better spring setting on this board, it was not too difficult either, and I had done it in the past, on our visit with the Jansons. But none of those factors were working for me that night.

Even before I landed, I knew I was in trouble. I had not opened fully, nor was I coming in cleanly. I did a belly flop. The smack of my stomach echoed in the night. The "whuh", of the air being punched out of me, was clearly heard by Jimmy. I was filled with pain in my mid-section, from hitting the water, as if a giant hand had slapped my midriff. For precious moments, I was senseless. I could have drowned, possibly, if

I was alone, but of course, Jimmy was there. He instantly knew what had happened; what was going through my body, and what to do. Those life guard lessons he had taken at the YMCA, three years ago, paid off. He was at my side, as I came up gasping for a breath I could not take in, the wind being knocked out of me.

In the manner, as if he were a trained professional, his right hand grasped my left wrist, and pulled me so that I turned on my back. (At the time, I was unaware of what precisely he was doing. He showed me later.) Then, with his left arm he encircled my chest, and using a side stroke with his right arm, drew me over to the side of the pool at the ladder. Grabbing the ladder with his right hand he continued to support me, with his left arm loosely around my chest, allowing the gasping breaths that were now beginning to come raggedly. His left leg was under my hips, supporting my small weight, which the water's buoyancy did not carry.

In a few minutes, I was nearly back to normal. My oxygen level was okay, the stinging was a fading sensation, and the initial panic had been replaced by a sense of admiration for his quick action, and continued comforting presence. Then, I noticed that there was a developing bonus to his heroism. His boner was now clearly pressed against my backside! His left arm continued to encircle my chest, but his hand was cupping my right breast, and copping a feel. He was panting too, but into my ear. I couldn't blame him for the erotic position, but the danger of drowning was over. However, our jeopardy of being in over our heads, together in passion, was greater than ever.

Like the shipwrecked soul, who finally gives up clinging to the flotsam that keeps them afloat, and let's go of the hope of rescue; I sank beneath

the waves of lust, into the sea of sin that engulfed us both. Taking hold of the posts of the ladder, like they were giant cocks in my hands, and planting my feet on the rung above the one Jim stood on, I lifted my hips to present an easy target. I felt my boy, no, young man, now 18; and Jim instead of Jimmy, maneuver. He turned to come into position, to load his torpedo into his mother's waiting tube. No words were spoken.

I had surrendered to the mounting desire. He could not keep from mounting me, his mother. I had once delivered my rescuer, now he would deliver release of our pent up sexual energies, by returning to the womb of the woman that had birthed him. I had given him life, he had saved my life. It was a perfect circle. It would be an unending cycle of incest. Once having crossed the line, between the conventions of taboo, and the carnality of licentious pleasure, one travels a different course than before. So it was with us, when I took the 'Big Plunge'. For of course, it was not the treacherous dive from the board that was the risky behavior, that contributed to the more the consequential events of the evening; rather my submersion into sin - by submitting to the lust that my son and I had developed for one another, leading up to and culminating that night, which continues to this day.

I felt the hot prod of Jim's bod', into the liquid depths that awaited him with eager abandoned. Wet? As it can get! He made a good three inches penetration. That, I knew, was less than half of what he had to offer, from the raunchy, risqué display of earlier. Yet it was enough, in that exposed attitude, which was as much mental, as it was a physical access. We both were primed with short fused libidos, and highly charged organs of sensuous, sexual energy. The slipperiness of his smooth skin, against my silky complexion, was incredible! The warmth of his body pressed to my body, contrasted with the water's

temperature. Combined with all that genital display, and provocative teasing, we could not last but several strokes. But AH!! What incredible thrusts they were!

His prick head felt like a full plum, I swear. It was set upon a microwaved fat pepperoni stick. (Well, how do you describe the most fabulous penis your pussy has ever hosted?) He plumbed my depths as far as our geography would allow. But it was enough. I was aching for fulfillment, and he was loaded for 'bare', if you will. One stroke! Two! . . oh God, so good . . Three! . . give it to me . . Four! SCORE!! I could tell that it was a big one for him. He throbbed; I mean the meat inside me pulsed, in waves that a seismograph could have measured! Yes! And when the earth moves, I quake too. My rear end was off the Richter scale of orgasms. DID I CUM!! BANG! - Squeeze & flex - Bang! - shutter/flutter - bang! - sweet glow! I guess I'm mixing metaphors? Did the sea foam? I don't know, my eyes were closed, and I had three to his one. I was a goner!

Of course, the wonderfulness of teens is that they have gonads which regenerate quicker than it takes to microwave a TV dinner! We were just catching our breathe; this was the second time I had to do so in ten minutes, when he whispered in my ear. He told me to relax, that he was going to float me to the shallow end. He then proceeded to put his hands boldly upon my tits (I loved it!), and using just his muscular legs, glided both of us in a most gentle manner to the steps of the pool, in about three feet of water. He disengaged, and I found myself sitting on the third step down, looking into the eye of a one eyed water snake that had rigor mortis, and was heading straight between my legs. It nudged up to my pussy, and without so much of a "how do you do?" it invaded territory that had been inviolate up until minutes ago.

That's right! My kid's prick split his mama's hips, and plowed straight up to where his daddy had planted the seed that made him! He was actually knocking against the opening to my womb, he was so deep! I was stuffed! I was fulfilled! I was in heaven again. Jim started to saw in and out, taking my hips from underneath, using my natural flotation to create the best angle for connection. I helped by using my arms on the steps for balance and tilt, and opened my thighs for greater penetration. In that position, we were at the peak of piscine passion, to get a piece of the action. The water splashed against the sides of the pool, as my hot pussy accepted the overheated shaft of my offspring, now become lover.

Our white foam of cum and sperm rippled away, as we continued to agitate the water with the rhythm of our love making. The hills echoed now with wails of wantonness, the cries of ardor, and calls of cumming. Water is such a turn on! Pools may be swum in by day, but they are for fucking by night. Actually, any time is a good time to screw in a pool, if you have privacy. In fact, there is no bad time to have sex, except when you are exhausted, from having too much sex. One would not want to become sore there. And that is just about what my step-son did to me, on our two weeks of house-sitting.

The saving grace of course, was his talented tongue. That part was to cum in the morning. Then there was the intimate, slow romantic dancing. The frolic in the Jacuzzi. The evening beside the fireplace, on the big sheepskin rug. Each time I had to be a little bit seduced, just to make it interesting. After all, since I had already taken the plunge into incest, I was not all that reluctant to let Jim skinny-dip in my pussy, with his heroic manhood. But as anyone in this neck of the woods will tell you, the thrill of the chase is the best part of hunting game. And I was game!

Mom's Slippery Slope

Progressive humping leads down Mom's slippery mound!

Johnny's mother Rita was a raven hair beauty. A former dancer, she still did some aerobics to keep up her figure. Johnny had his dad's athletic build and was filling out nicely, in every way, as he was growing up. His parents were both two very attractive people. But, truth be told, they were not so much attracted to each other now days as when they had been when they were younger and grew up together.

Rita was quite happy with her husband Greg. Aside from his weekly Wednesday commute to the city, where he spent an overnight due to the distance, he was a good spouse and provider. They had been childhood sweethearts, and had never even thought of any other partner, ever. But now, however, the magic had finally worn thin in spots.

Johnny knew his mom and dad were happy with each other and that made him happy. He was a typical teen that lusted after anything half good-looking and wearing a skirt. But that didn't initially include his mom, though some gals her age did catch his imagination for masturbation. Usually, they would be middle age movie stars or a neighbor like Mrs. Kandel; or his best friend's hot blond aunt, who live across town and frequently was visiting when Johnny was over too.

In fact, she was the reason Johnny had a hard-on at the start of this story. His buddy's aunt had been over and sunbathing by his friend's pool. Her untied top and the skimpy bottoms exhibited the fullness of her curves to the two boys, who peaked from a second story window down on her. Their kid cocks were cocked for action, spying on the middle age woman who displayed her charms unawares.

Johnny went home soon after. The image of the near naked lady was fresh in his mind. She had laid on her front most of the time, but when she would adjust the towel or take a sip of her drink, there was some breast exposed and even once, they had glimpsed her left nipple! This was imprinted on his memory; he only wished he had brought his dad's binoculars. He wondered if next time they might hide in the pool shed and get a closer peak.

When he got home the memory of that flash of mammary flesh that nickel's worth of nipple, the tantalizing tip of tit raised up his erection. So as he came in and was surprised by his mom greeting him with a big hug, his hard-on got squeezed between them. He was just the right height where his head would nestle into his mother's breasts and his dick was level with his mom's mons. Thus, his cock was crushed up against her crotch and his face mushed the pillows on her chest in the embarrassing embrace.

Embarrassing for Johnny, his mother found it amusing that her son had a stiffy. She knew it was likely just hormones, as he was just in the door when she clutched him, no time for that hug to roust his root. He must have come home with it already raised. Still she didn't mind, in fact she found it sweet that her son was growing into a handsome male. Indeed, he had grown quite a man-some handsomely long hard-on as she felt

it mash against her pubic area. She had a moment's curiosity to see it grown; it was many years since she had given him a bath.

Johnny didn't want to hurt his mother's feelings by not hugging her; still he extracted himself quickly, so as to minimize the contact. He knew she had to be aware of his masculine arousal. He blushed bright red and mumbled, "Love ya too, ma!" before he broke the clutch, then sped up to his room. He wondered what his mom thought of his unexpected brush with her pubic area. She hadn't backed away or frowned or said anything disapproving, did that mean she liked it? Would she let him do it again?

Johnny reminded Rita of her spouse at that age, 18, he was almost the same age as when they two began to have sex. It was inevitable that they should start having intercourse early, in love with each other all their lives really, and both with high hormone levels and the intense curiosity of youth. Still, she thought that sex for them even at their tender age had been okay, since they were a committed and loving couple. They had been cautious though and Johnny was born after they had finished college and were married.

Tonight was a Wednesday evening. Greg would be staying overnight in the city as usual. Dinner was just quiet conversation, then Rita went to her bedroom to read and Johnny watched TV until his bedtime. He usually slept in his underwear, tee shirt and briefs. In this weather, you wouldn't need pajamas and only a sheet, if that. Rita left her tank top and panties on too; the thin cotton did little to conceal her fit form and ample bosom. She had left her sheet off as well.

Her novel was a racy one with very steamy love scenes. Those kind did get her damp and in the mood sometimes. If that happened on Wednesday, she would masturbate since Greg would be in the city overnight. Tonight was shaping into one of those evenings of solo sex. Her thoughts segued into thinking about if her son masturbated and what he looked like when he did. Not just his cock, but how his face looked when he came. She always found that expression of a male having an orgasm to be a most beautiful sight. Would he look like his dad when he spouted? Was his cock going to be as substantial as his father's, when Johnny was full-grown? She wondered.

Johnny turned off the TV and thought about the day. The highlight was the spectacular sunbathing display. But almost as good had been the hot hug he had given his mom when he came home. He decided to masturbate to the fantasy of his buddy's blonde scanty clad Aunt, but his thought shifted to his mom. He stopped and considered where his imagination was leading him.

It made him very hot and excited; an adrenaline high surged through his body and made his thinking crazy. If his mother had made no objections, nor resisted his erect and erotic embrace of earlier, perhaps she would not mind another. Perhaps she might welcome it; who knew - only one way to find out! Crazy thinking like that. Then he got and up followed his nose, or rather his nozzle, to his mother's bedroom. He could see by the light that she was still up, well so was he, in more ways than one.

He knocked. Rita heard the tapping and glanced at the clock. "Come in Johnny, but it's past your bed time . . ." She pulled the sheet over her for propriety, though she wasn't usually this shy around her son. She

wondered why she had acted so modestly. Johnny stepped in to the room then went to the side of the bed. Rita realized that he was hard again; her nipples raised themselves with a mind of their own in a feminine response to a male arousal signal. She was glad the sheet covered her breasts.

"Okay, young man, what do you want?" the pretty mother asked.

"Could we just snuggle and huggle? Like when I as little?" Worth a try, he thought, sympathy - mothering instincts ploy usually works if you haven't been caught with the proverbial "hand in the cookie jar" lately.

"You're not so little anymore, I've seen you working out with your weights in the basement, kiddo! Nice muscles, too. But if you want some 'snuggle huggle' for old times' sake come here. But only for a couple minutes, its bedtime remember." Rita opened her arms for her son, expecting a chaste embrace. 'Though with that stiffy, I wonder if it will be as innocent as when he used to do the same cuddle all those years before he had entered puberty,' she thought to herself.

Johnny climbed on to his mom's bed and into her arms, but he surprised Rita by climbing between her legs as well. She had expected a side-by-side clench; this was her baby back in the saddle again, like when he had been very young. Only now he was very hung, but it was not limp, he was prodding her with his rod right where its raunchy rucking had the most arousing effect on her physiology. She accepted the position as a fait accompli and wrapped her arms around him.

"Comfy - cozy - drowsy - dozy now?" Rita used the old baby talk phrases they had used when he was a little boy, still sucking his thumb. Johnny responded by nodding and smiling and then kissed her. They were not unaccustomed to kissing on the lips, but Rita sensed something different this time coming from the body language of her son. For one thing he was rubbing the prominent log of his condition in a very suggestive manner on her, while she was in a position of open legs and open mind to where this was leading. She was positive she knew the target, it was herself.

Rita wondered if she should say something for it was certainly inappropriate for her son to be humping on her, yet she hesitated. First she thought - what if he really is unaware of what he is doing - would she want to embarrass him to death. She realized that was silly, of course he knew - he had arrived with a hard-on. Still she hesitated, because she liked it. It feed the masturbation momentum between her legs. After all, she thought, she had her tee shirt and panties on, covered by the sheet and Johnny was wearing his jockeys and undershirt too. No way could he tell she also as turned on.

On top of his mom, Johnny did know she was turned on. He could feel her hard nipples even through three layers of fabric they stood out so much. Her legs akimbo said that she was accepting of his advance by position and her continued being spread in spite of his prodding prick was also a give-away to her own mood of erotic stimulation. And was there hint of counter movement to a brush of his penis against her pubes?

Rita tried to keep her hips still but the sensation had been too much to ignore. She found herself making fractions of inch shifts to react to her

son's slow gentle pressure, a tiny stroke movement. "What got my baby all excited today, that your little stiffy won't go down?" At this acknowledgment of his erection created a moment of tension in Johnny, in fear to if his mother would finally show a negative response to his 'surreptitious' humping, and he deflated somewhat. He decided to be open about the peep show he had shared looking at his chum's Aunt; after all, they had not done anything terribly naughty. So he related to his mom the afternoon's delightful sight.

"Any other reasons you got a woody tonight?" His mother prompted.

"Y..yes . . ."

"What?" she whispered and smiled at him because she knew the answer, she knew she was the answer.

"You . . . " her son said in a soft breath, and pushed against her pubic bone with his boner.

"I know . . . it's okay, I know about young boys and their needs. You have hormones and get horny all the time, that's natural. You do masturbate don't you? That's the way you should relieve yourself."

Johnny was making his humps longer; his cock rubbed the vee of her crotch. All the adult talk about sex as getting to him. He did his best to answer his mother's question clearly, rather than grunt an agreement. "Yes I jerk off, mom. I do it at night to help me get to sleep. Will you help me get to sleep, tonight?"

The image of her son jacking his meat was an electrical charge to her genitals. She made a mental step toward indiscretion. "Sure Baby, you need to 'snuggle huggle' with mommy and cuddle cradled 'tween her legs 'til you puddle on mommy's tummy and go sleepy bye?"

The baby talk was more than he cared for, but Johnny liked the sound of the term puddling and couldn't help being triggered by her loving accepting tone. His prick gave big ballooning throbs as it gushed semen. Rita felt the tightening of her son's grip and the extra pressure at her groin. This lit up her own loins and she had a little lightening strike of a climax. She hoped that Johnny had not detected that she too had popped off a cum.

But Johnny could tell, her breathing first quickened, then caught, then slowly expelled. He laid his head on her breasts, and she stroked the top of his head as they rested. Eventually they both fell asleep in that position, the wet from Johnny's squirt was soaked though all the layers of clothe to her skin. In the morning, it was a stiff and sticky reminder of a strange evening of erotic interplay between mother and son. Neither regretted the night, but in silence, they returned to the day's routine.

Nothing was said for a week. Rita was silent as she did not want to admit the fun she had had, for fear of Johnny wanting to repeat the incident, not that she couldn't handle him; it was herself she was unsure of. She thought to let sleeping dogs lie. Johnny did not raise the subject for fear of hearing bad news, like if his mom said they should never do that again. But now it had been a week. He thought no news is good news, and interpreted her silence as acquiescence.

He had come home from school and hugged her tight with a hard-on, it was Wednesday. She had hugged him back and let the naughty contact continue. It was Wednesday. At his bedtime, he knocked on her bedroom door. She knew he would, it was Wednesday, Greg as in the city. She told him to enter and opened her arms . . . and legs. Her son saddled up once more, it was Wednesday.

This evening he was wearing only his underpants, the length of his erection making the head peek out past the elastic. Rita had only her scanty panties on but the sheet was already pulled up to her neck. "Wanna cuddle and puddle please?" Her son's plaintive plea warmed her heart and pussy with the thought of another mutual masturbation session. She hadn't thought about it before hand, had not planned to have her son back in secret in her bedroom, with her husband gone to the city. She hadn't dared to hope for an encore, but she instantly welcomed the unfolding replay of incestuous stimulation.

Johnny could tell his mom was more than happy to see him. Her entire demeanor was open and eager and inviting. He clambered between his mom's limbs and arranged himself so that he was aimed at the valley his mother presented to him for hunching. He managed to get the top of the sheet down to the edge of her nipples and felt the cushion of her warm skin against his chest. His thick prick rocked up and down on the delta of her mons. He could feel Rita working her hips sideways to guide him over her clit and then to be centered in the damp groove of her love pit.

Rita was enjoying the pleasure of the moment too much to consider the greater consequences of their actions. It had been a progression of the

evening to a moment evidently both were too hyped to let pass. They were remembering the sweet moment of last week and hoping for duplication this evening. Now the time had come to pass for them to once more come together, when they would pass the time cumming together, and keep secret unto themselves of what passed between them.

Her clit buzzed from the cushioned and indirect drubbing her kid's big hunk was giving it. It wouldn't be long now, not only the banging of her child's body on top of her but the fact that it was her sweet baby boy she was giving such an exquisite ecstasy to was a high. She was sure that this was better than any desert she could ever make for him, this was more his true heart's desire, to cum on her. What better a dish to serve than herself, her delight in the very sharing with him of her femininity; as well as her maternal side at the same time? Then the lightning bolt struck and her body convulsed as love and lust united into her yearning aching hole she had for her son. Her body she gave to her son in surrender as she was climaxing from her son's physical assault.

No subtle climax this, as his mother bucked under him. Unfortunately, the chafing of the waistband had offset the nice feeling and while hard and as long, he was not close to giving any sap from that branch. "Can I take off my underpants, mom? The edge is cutting into my dick." He began to do so even before seeing her nod permission to get naked with his mother. The white shorts slid over the slender hips of the youth, as his member was finally exposed to the eyes of his mother.

Rita was pleased with the appearance of her son's package; he measured up to Greg already, a real pussy pleaser. "Okay, sweetheart,

I don't want you to get sore." She steadied him as he made an awkward effort to divest himself of the briefs. She wanted to help him get his jollies too. She a not a cock tease, and her partner's pleasure was a responsibility she took seriously. Even if she was messing around with her own son! She reasoned that she still had her panties on and the sheet was between them yet as well.

But now the sheet had slipped down and Johnny was enjoying the feeling of his mother's nipples pressing directly to his smooth chest, a sensation his mom was enjoying too. Johnny could tell that his mother was fully into the experience. Her tits felt fabulous under him and his cock's freedom to roam up and down the slope of her lightly covered tummy was a dream cum true. Yes, he was going to cum soon too. She had cum and now it as his turn. He humped and hunched and clutched and rubbed and bumped and finally his backside began to bounce rapidly as the approaching culmination of the night's agitation began to boil in his balls.

Rita loved the feeling of her son's penis throbbing on her belly as he spilled a growing globule of goo on her abdomen. The nastiness made her head swell and a big spark jumped across her thighs as she came again with her darling boy. She looked at the crumpled sheet with a hefty dollop of the kid's cream. Puddled on her stomach was the evidence of their naughtiness. Rita took off the sheet and hugged Johnny to her; they played kissy face, still in silence.

He lay now mid her legs once more, her panties the only barrier between them. But both were made sleepy but the simulated sex, and the late hour. Once more in the morning, there was mostly silence between them. But it a happy silence punctuated with long sloppy

kisses with hints of tongue. They went ahead with the week as customary to all what was typical and expected. But there were long hugs and soft kisses when dad as not around. Yet, nothing more was done until Wednesday night, when Greg was in the city.

Johnny saved the trouble of having to remove his briefs by coming into her bedroom naked. She had left her door open, no need to knock. She wore her panties but no top, no sheet, no shame, but some last will to only masturbate together and not to give into the lust she was feeling flooding her whole being. Now a bit more practiced and agile Johnny climbed to mid-legs and took his rigid meat in hand, ready to mount his momma. Her graceful arms guided him to a point-to-point embrace. Nipples and navels, lips and hips matched up, her legs unfolded to their widest; his penis was a bruiser against her pussy.

Johnny could feel the dampness in crotch of his mother's panties as his peter sought to find the entrance. The fabric stretched but held as the knob of her son's battering ram made like a spear point, trying to rip the cloth and pierce her vagina. He was picking up on his mom's lubrication and was actually beginning to slide on the silky material so that it rubbed all the way up to her clitoris. They kissed in a frantic passion, trying not to break the taboo both wanted to. The whole thing was getting dangerous as their connection got sloppy slippery and their jouncing made their genitals play hide and seek together. His dick was seeking her place to hide in.

Suddenly, the panty fabric twisted together and let the thrusting meat of the lust driven youth gain the rim of her vagina, the hot pink flesh sucked at the piss-hole and underside of the purple bulb. The slick shiny lubrication smeared the length of his sawing tool. It was too

much for Johnny, who had been riding the edge too long to hold back. Rita realized that he had gone over the edge and she felt him contract several times as he squirted the hot jism onto her cunt. This was her cue to cum too. Again the jolt passed through her entire being as if she was being resuscitated after cardiac arrest, only this was a new life of loving her son in a very special and secret way.

Again, Johnny remained in his mother's bed that night. Both took some time going to sleep, thinking about what might happen next Wednesday. Rita contemplated if she would lose control finally, or if she already had and only the premature ejaculation had aborted their incestuous coupling. Johnny was pondering if they had gone this far tonight whether his mom might be coaxed to be naked next time. He was looking forward to having her bush tickle his balls. He vowed to make next time last longer.

How the next six days dragged. She would not risk fooling around on her husband especially when he was in the house. Therefore, the stolen kisses and copping a feel and the crotch jamming hugs were only delicious appetizers for an evening of erotic delving. They dreamed and fantasized as they masturbated though the week, priming their minds to the ultimate act of incest for when Greg would be in the city overnight, on Wednesday. Wednesday, the one evening they had to themselves, alone together, in bed, doing very naughty things with each other; where would it end they both wondered.

Quite to the surprise and delight of the little family the answer to that question was delayed and Rita was laid that Wednesday, but not by Johnny. In the morning, Greg had a call. He reported to his loving sexy wife that the usual trip into town had been cancelled that week and that

after a short day at the office he would be home early and making the most of the opportunity with his patient spouse. It would be a romantic dinner at a fancy restaurant, some dancing at a club then home for "guesses what?" as Greg put it.

Johnny would be granted the choice of rented videos to keep him occupied downstairs while his parents were upstairs getting their jollies. Rita was thrilled at the prospect of a romantic evening with her husband and at the thought of a night of uninhibited sex with her handsome hubby. Yet, still, being aware that it was a Wednesday, and that Johnny no doubt had some kind of expectations for the evening of an intimate nature also. She wanted to not have her sweet boy let down too hard - hard being the operative word - if she knew him, and she did know her son!

She was sure that she could make it up to him in a way that would include him in the evening's ecstasies. With no uncertain terms, though in less than specific details, Rita indicated to Johnny his parent's agenda for the evening. She also hinted that by a happy coincidence the door to the master bedroom would be partly open an inch or so, after they retired and that peeking on his parents would be possible. The show would be grand, the sex on display of a heroic level, an erotic episode of epic proportions, uninhibited lovemaking on exhibition: so she had promised.

They both hoped so. That it would be a fuck to remember, that Johnny would get a better show than any tape could offer - including the ones in the adult section!! And indeed, a hot time in the old homestead was had by all. For this voyeuristic experience, Johnny needed no binoculars. His mom left the door just a crack ajar, but fortified by the

wine with the meal and the focused on the sight of his naked wife, his dad never even thought about the privacy of their intimacy. Secure in his belief that a science fiction thriller held his son enthralled in the basement recreation room with the huge TV, he never suspected that the real show was being observed in their own bedroom.

First, with Rita on her back, Greg ate his wife to several orgasms, until she begged for him to put it in. Which he did to the wide-eyed, bug-eyed, pop-eyed naked son who had opened the crack to three inches to better see the action. The hall was dark and the bedroom dimly lit so unless one looked directly at the door it was not obvious that they were being spied upon. With her legs up and pointed in his direction, Rita gave her boy a direct view of her pussy being ravaged by his father's member. The angle was perfect to see the penetration and all the wet consequences that sex has in the climax of the act.

The second and third positions of intercourse, first mom on top then 'doggie' style was instructive to say the least. The one who came most was Rita, followed by Johnny, then last Greg; but oh! what a hot and horny night was has by all. Greg noticed that Rita was especially turned on that evening and attributed it to the romantic atmosphere, the sudden change of routine and the restaurant and wine as having provided her stimulation.

Rita was happy to be royally fucked by her lover, but her hubby's ardor was equaled by her own heat, knowing that their adolescent son was participating in the erotic night. Johnny was in seventh heaven seeing his mom providing a full view of herself, seeing in live action everything he fantasized about doing to her. Even if he might never be granted the permission to do that which his father had the rights to; by

the very nature of his dad being both sweetheart and spouse of his mom's heart for nearly all of her life in one fashion or another; still Johnny could fantasize about those images for the rest of his life.

Yet, even if he could not compete with the emotional claims or the physical development of a full-grown male rutting bull human man, a specimen in excellent condition as was obvious that night. Still, he hoped the special place his mom held for him in her heart might grant him a visit to slip his hard-on into her hot hole. After all, she had allowed him to see everything about sex and it must have pleased her to share that intimacy for a purpose. Could it not be in preparation for their own impending intimacy? Or was now the schedule switch a permanent one and no longer would there be Wednesday evenings of mother / son adventures of sexual exploration to be expected?

Of course, that randy display was not to be replayed the next week, when once again Greg's job returned to the same old grind and his Wednesday went back to him being away in the Windy City. Twilight approached and the anticipation of both mother and son were taunt with tension, wrought with vigorous emotions and rigorous erectile tissues! The raunchy session had renewed Rita's sense of fidelity to her spouse and the exhibit of parental passion had further inspired the desires of Johnny for his mommy. Yet, both were highly aware of the potential of another of their surreptitious liaisons. Both, both of them wanting to have it happen and each anxious of the outcome, and the consequences being both terra infirma for Rita and terra incognita for her son. Shaky ground and unknown territory for the two respectively.

But, sure as the sunset, certain as the dark came every eve, so too persistently did Johnny knock at his mother's door the next Wednesday

night. He wore just loose pajama bottoms, a signal of his uncertainty. Rita had no doubt they would have their rendezvous, but had prepped herself with the protection of a nightgown, though gossamer and short and protecting nearly nothing. Johnny crawled into bed with his mom but lay next to her, and at first just began with kissing. She responded with her tongue in the French fashion and they made out for long minutes. He groped her breasts; she fondled his cock as they caressed each other eagerly.

Finally, Johnny moved half on her and nibbled, first from Rita's face down her neck, then to the collarbone and lower to the pout of where his mom's mammaries began. Allowing her son the liberty to lick her tempting ta-tas, she loosed the thin strap that held one side of the gauzy nightie so as to expose the full delicious breast that was the intended target of her son's administrations. With the round, brown point of the puffy peak exposed, Johnny's mouth made for the center of attention. Soon he was sucking on what once had nursed him. Heaven gave tits a pleasure in milking and even in the dry periods the action makes women happy.

If that didn't juice Rita up, then feeling the rigid rod, her son sported was as much a turn on as his mouth on her nipple. She nudged his hips with her thigh and cradled him between the lovely lower limbs and at the center of her lascivious libido's love nest. That the gown had gotten shifted as high as her navel made no never mind, when she felt the hard hotdog of Johnny's penis prodding the precincts of her pussy. No barrier remained save her vow of marital virtue, Rita's mental reservation of their ultimate connection. The thin veil of matrimonial fidelity was all that stood between her and depravity, debauchery, and the deflowering of her child by planting his stalk in her Garden of Eden, indeed, paradise for both!

Now that thing of flesh and engorged blood plowed in her furrow, seeking to put the seed of sin in fertile female earth-mother ground. The stroking of Johnny's wand went up and down in the slick groove of seduction. The plum head went from silky field of pubic fur to the spot that his father had so awesomely delved in last Wednesday night. Rita moved her hips in a dance of dangerous rolling rutting. Not allowing the angle of attack to be aimed at just the right spot, frustrating them both in the deviation of lust's desire that lured them on closer to the lurid goal which their libidos would have loved to gain.

Johnny knew he was close to catching the contact that would send his dick sliding into the slathery cleft his mother had so lewdly displayed last week with her legs splayed to show no holes barred. His mouth worked both sides of the chest, first the breast left, then the right one next and returning to the other when sensitivity bordered on pain rather than pleasure. Rita was losing her focus, her moral compass and her resolve to be in control of both her and Johnny, their boundaries, their actions and their union. Rather that there was not to be any union, uniting, nor entry no matter how horny they both got.

She realized that the only way to turn aside the assault of her kid's battering ram, (ram bam - thank you ma'am) and preventing penetration by Johnny's poking penis was to bring him to a swift climax. She reached down and using her middle finger used an old trick her mother had actually taught her when she was a new bride. "Tickle his hinny hole, stick a finger in and wiggle it if hubby needs help to get off!" Her mom had confided. Rita found that it did work if the timing was right, at least with Greg.

Now, 'like father - like son' the unexpected sensation of his mom's digit in his asshole proved too erotic a sensation to resist. Johnny giggled, but he wriggled his erection in her special spot and though he was only in the entrance to his mom's hole'ly sanctuary left his offering of ointment just outside the temple of inner piece, on the steps of the palace of pleasure his love was spilled. But a huge dollop of cream it was. Rita loved the feeling of semen gushing within the walls of her vagina, the sensation of the pulsing, throbbing male member extruding its hot liquid geyser of goo deep in her tummy, at the portal of her gulping womb.

However, Johnny's hose has flooded only the mouth of her womb's well, a sweet spot true, but not the one both longed for. Yet she was satisfied that she had done her duty to not give into the gravest of indiscretions with her son and to not sully her marriage bed with sin, though it was certainly much soiled with the evidence of her sexual injudiciousness as the juices of their transgressions soaked the sheets. Rita hoped that she could contain their passions, so to remain the faithful spouse, but she also wondered if the ablutions of her son's instrument might finally put out the building fire of desire she which she felt. A longing that could barely be contained within her wet yonni that was yearning for Johnny's joint.

That lust had to simmer for another week, the hot desire stewed until the next Wednesday, when wet and wanton Rita waited until the evening came which meant they would come together to cum together. This night she did not wait nor hesitate, after Johnny went to his room she quickly retired to hers. She stripped and then boldly and brazenly and naked crossed the hall, and also the threshold of the last of any propriety by entering her son's bedroom naked, wearing only a smile.

Johnny with pajamas bottoms in hand and still clad in his jockey shorts was delighted at the intrusion of his fully nude mom. He flung the jimmies and drop his drawers his well-hung hunk already at half-mast. In no time, at the sight of his mother's unclothed body, he sprouted a proud lance of love. "I thought maybe we could cuddle tonight in your bed . . ." the luscious lewd lady suggested. Johnny grinned and hopped into his twin bed and patted the mattress next to him inviting her to share the narrow pallet.

Rita lay next to her boy and began to kiss him while she stroked the man size stalk he was nudging her tummy with. Johnny similarly reach for his mommy's neither parts and found her damp already, slippery with the dew of desire and felt her erect nipples prodding his chest. He adored the hard tips leading the cushions of her breasts pressing against his pects while their lips were going at it with tongues, their moans and gasps saying more than words ever could.

At last, his mom broke the intense necking and spoke in her most serious tones. "Johnny, whatever we do tonight, promise me you won't go all the way and put it in me. I can't let you fuck me. You're still my son and while this is great fun for both of us, we just must not go all the way, that wouldn't be right. We are being naughty enough as it is, but that would way too much. Promise you're not going to try to make love to mommy."

Johnny was disappointed that his mom still wanted to hold back from the very thing he knew they both deep down wanted, but he didn't want to jinx his good fortune of getting their weekly session of cuddles and cums. He still held out hope that she might give in, but knew that any inkling of disobedience or iota of force would put her off and spoil

the mood; thus derailing the track they were on to making progress toward that tunnel of love his engine hoped to enter and blow his whistle in!

"Mom," Johnny answered with his most sincere tone, "I won't do anything you don't want to do, I promise, on my honor!" Rita smiled at her little man, seeing that he would be a responsible lover. "Can we ..." Johnny continued tentatively, "get like we were last time, with me in the valley of your vagina with my penis? I really like that position; it was almost like we were doing it. Did you like that?"

Rita gave a light laugh and simply nodded; then they both skooched and squirmed to get so that once again Johnny's log lay in the groove of his mom's ravishing ravine of sex, her chasm of chastity, not at all chaste, as her son chased his orgasm in the heavenly hollow between her legs. The heat from his 'hunk of burning love' was enflaming her desires as it rocked up and down with wiggles to tickle her clit and his balls banging so sweetly, drumming against her crotch. Little by little it slithered a tiny bit lower, even as the pike thrust upwards as well; dipping down to sip at the cup where her nectar gathered, the flower of her femininity, the nether lips that guarded Rita's source of love lubricant.

This spring of mother's sex oil was flowing generously, so that the entire region was smeared as if with cocoa butter. And Johnny was sliding down his mother's slippery slope right into the entrance to her boiling caldron of passion. The sensual sawing of Johnny's sausage, slippery with the condiment of Rita's sex sauce, was beginning to ignite a fire in her loins. The nudging of his tip as it dipped into her nether

lips and then raked high to hit her clit was sweet torture, but she knew she couldn't give in to the terrible temptation to have sex with her son.

Johnny was glorying in the hot action that was happening between his mom's legs. Her thighs were raised and the plane of her pussy was angled so that he rode from the heart of her opening to the middle of her tickly bush. His loaded balls banged Rita's soft buns and his dick head was directly rubbing the nub of her pleasure button as his motion went to and fro. He started to roll his hip just a little as he pulled back, causing the bloated knob of his instrument to sink a tad deeper as it centered at the gate of paradise.

At first the increments were so miniscule that Rita didn't notice. But finally, Johnny got in deep enough that his penis popped its head in her vagina. In a heroic move, Johnny withdrew the fat sausage from out of the pot it was boiling in. He then pushed his cock forward and it plopped down on her mons with a smack.

Rita put her hands on Johnny's hips to try to gain some control of the momentum, which for the moment was much too precarious and unpredictable. Johnny countered with a full on French kiss as his chest went nipple to nipple with her breasts and their tongues played tag back and forth in each other's mouth. His muscles in the butt and back tensed to continue the attack of his dick, to insure that his hard-on's headway was not stymied in its rutting in his mom's groove. The last thing he wanted now was to be derailed when he was on the track to his mommy's love tunnel. He thrust and slipped the ruddy tip in again, then withdrew.

"Darling!" Rita was almost out of breath from passion and the intense kissing. "Please don't get any deeper, it's too dangerous, you promised not to go in!"

"Isn't it good like this mom?" Johnny asked.

"God! Yes, Honey, I almost could let it happen, but we mustn't. We mustn't!!"

"Will you cum like this mommy? I want you to cum for me!"

"Oh, Baby, yes! Lets cum now before we go too far . . . cum on mommy sweetie, give me all your cum on my tummy!"

Rita let herself go over the edge and as her son's cock ran the length of her split, from anus up to clit back and forth several times, her first cum fluttered in her interior. As the spasm peaked her hands on her son's hips now clutched his buttocks and pulled him to her in an instinctual reaction. The timing could not have been better for Johnny as at that instant the very point of his prick was placed at the aperture of his mother's sex. Her clasp on his ass forced him into the swamp of her vagina and his knob went in, the full head enveloped by the labia, enclosed in the sweet heat of her body.

Johnny's testicles erupted in a torrent of white cream. His hips bucked sending the shaft of flesh further into the place he had come from as his cum frothed with the churning of his mother's emulsions she emitted as well. Rita knew that she had caused her son to cross over the line

without breaking his promise. But the emotions of the moment as her love for him overpowered her good intentions and the physical stimulation of his ejaculation within her cunt, even if part way in, overwhelmed her and she climaxed again. Her thrusting hips driving her son's throbbing erection yet deeper into her hole.

Now they lay gasping for air as the aftermath of their unplanned union subsided. "Oh! Johnny, what have we done? It was all my fault I should not have let us get into such a situation. But it can't ever happen again we must not allow this to be repeated." She wiped the sweat from her son's dripping brow and kissed him gentle on the lips. But her son's sex was still half inside her as deep as it had gone when he had shot his jism. Like the youth he was, his virility was rapidly recuperating and the stiffness returned. His mother could feel the growth of his stalk in her pliant pussy.

"Mom, since we did it part way, can I just put in all the way once to feel what it's like?" She was moving her head back and forth in the 'no' gesture but was silent. Johnny continued his argument. "I didn't mean to go in you, but if we can never do it again, at least let me see what it's like to be in you completely. Just this once. You'll like it too, I won't cum in you again, just put it all the way up so that we can know what it means to be united physically as mother and son. Then I'll pull out and never enter you again, if that's what you want. Please mom, please. "

While he was begging his hot meat was stirring the desire of Rita's inner recesses. She realized that this was going to make a sinful evening even naughtier; but to have her son deep within her as a union of parent and child, bodily coming together, and possibly cumming together again was a treat and temptation she could no longer resist. "Just this once,

Johnny, I'll let you this one time only. Then we must not ever fuck again." She hoped she could make her rule stick, as the thickening man meat started to slither inward.

Johnny could tell that his mother was turned on beyond her own self-control. He did not want to take advantage of her, but he was certainly going to accept the offer of her permission to be completely encased in his mom's womanhood. He gradually thrust down into his precious mother's body, feeling the hot flesh surrounding his, the grip of her muscles around his rigid manhood; the wet slickness dampened his pubic hair as he pressed against his mommy with his balls mashed into her ass crack. Her arms went around his back in a hug that held him there.

He slowly withdrew to almost being completely out, but the sensation of his flesh within hers drew him back and he whispered a plea, but it was more of an announcement, as he said, "One more time?" and matched his motions to his words as he entered his mom's sacred hollow. Rita only moaned in response and thrust her hips at him. He rested for a long moment buried within the place of his birth and then repeated the stroke, saying nothing, but both groaning together in the ecstasy. It was too good to stop, he couldn't stop, and he knew too his mom didn't want him to either.

Slowly, the strokes kept repeating, picking up speed and force. Rita was not a passive participant; rather she was an enthusiastic partner in the act of incest, now totally engaged without inhibition. The mother and son lovers banged their bodies together, the slap of flesh meeting flesh a spanking sound that echoed in the room. The moans and groans and cries of lust gone out of control rang out and were a chorus that added

its reverberation to the carnal clamor that filled the chamber. Rita's wail sounded an urgent note of imminent eruption of her vaginal volcano. Johnny's "uh . . uhh ... uuhh" heralded the spouting of his lance soon too.

Now the youth began to bang hard on his mother's butt, the pounding of pure primal need, the racing of animal rutting to finish copulation took over the pair. Rita felt her son hit bottom and welcomed the longed for seed of her child. Johnny could feel the place down furthest within his mother's vagina where nubs bumped the tip of his cock and were a socket for his semen to shoot into. Rita's words lit the fuse of his stick of dynamite, "Take me, baby! Make me yours forever!!"

With that permission, the total admission to her body as well as compete access to her heart, Johnny was jolted to the relief his testicles had been aching for. They jumped with the release of his squirting sperm at the mouth of her very womb. His penis pulsed with pleasure and throbbed with an agony of withheld ejaculation, now finally allowed to gush out into his mommy's pussy. His love flowed out into her as a sacrifice of his whole being. Exquisite and poignant was the climax that shuttered through his dick, finally he had gotten the goal he desired, to demonstrate physically his love and lust for his mom.

Rita burst in to a thousand pieces when she felt her son go off inside her. The mind-blowing pinnacle of physical gratification and bliss, the spiritual contentment of the binding of her son with her in carnal union, the emotional delight of at last allowing herself to give fully to her boy her whole being. These were the overwhelming experiences that she had and which made her understand that this could not be the end of such that the affair with her son would continue for years to cum. They

were lovers now and forever and that whenever he wanted her he could have her. She would not be able to resist him.

The rest is for your imagination to spin out.

May your every fantasy take flight!

Moonshine, Mama and Me

1963, on a side route off the highway from Washington D.C. to Miami

It was one of those hot, muggy nights that seemed to make even breathing a chore. The crickets were playing their little violins and the katydids were joining in full force. I was lying in my bed trying to sleep, hoping that the occasional flicker of lightning off in the distance might indicate that we were going to get some rain to cool us off later in the night.

Our motel, "The Straight Flush" was filled, so mom had turned on the "NO VACANCY" sign out front. The door between my room and the hall leading down to the motel office was slightly ajar so I could hear the mumble of the TV and could just see the dim flicker of the bluish - white glow coming from the darkened office. Mom was obviously watching TV. We weren't rich and only owned the one TV for ourselves, but it didn't really matter as we could only get two decent channels on it and most of them shows didn't interest me.

It was around ten o'clock and it felt like it was still around ninety degrees outside. I was naked and my pajamas were lying in a wadded up heap on the floor beside my bed. It was just too damned hot to wear them.

I was wondering if I would ever be able to leave Deer Valley and find a life of my own. I'm eighteen and I'd made it through the tenth grade before I had to quit school to help mom run the motel. High school graduation, much less college didn't seem to be on my radar scope, so

I went along doing what I could to help mom and I get along. My pa was never around to help out with what needed doing anyhow.

He'd always been a bit of a drifter, a gambler, and a general ne'er-do-well. Amazingly, he'd won the motel in a poker game up in Atlanta with a - you guessed it - a straight flush. But he would avoid anything which remotely resembled work, so that left running the motel up to mom and me. I was pretty good with my hands and did ninety percent of the maintenance and helped out mom with the linen, room cleaning and just about anything else that came along.

Now it was rumored that Pa wasn't exactly monogamous. Monogamous? Yeah, I know, that's a pretty big word for a guy with an tenth-grade education, but I'd decided that if I couldn't go to school anymore, I could improve myself on my own. Every night I'd take my dictionary and look up five words I didn't know the meaning of and commit them to my vocabulary.

Oh, yeah, monogamous? It means like the practice of having a sexual relationship with only one partner. Now my luscious blond mom seemed to know about pa's wayward ways, because I'd hear them quarrelling about it sometimes, but every time I came around they'd stop arguing and start talking about something else. I couldn't for the life of me see what mom saw in pa and I don't know why she put up with it all.

Now the Straight Flush Motel wasn't any Holiday Inn, but mom and I kept the place clean and in good repair. The motel was out on Highway 371 on the edge of Deer Valley and had ten units in it. We rarely

received a complaint and most of the little cards the guests filled out after they stayed gave us an above average rating.

Mom and I were able to eke out a living of sorts. There always seemed to be just enough money to get by on, but it seemed like every time mom was able to put a little aside for a rainy day, that old fart would show up and we'd be back right where we started. He'd take the money and head off on some new get-rich quick scheme he'd come up with.

Now mom weren't no Marilyn Monroe, but she was pretty. Maybe she was a little wide across the stern, and had a bit of a paunch, but it didn't take away from her other good looks. At thirty-eight, if there was any flaw in mom's personality maybe it was her vanity for her big breasts. I don't even know that you could even call it a flaw, but she did seem to go out of her way to show them off. Not that I'm complaining now. She'd wear low cut blouses, tight sweaters, even go braless on occasion which just wasn't heard of in our neck of the woods.

Her obvious vanity wasn't lost on my pop either. Hell, maybe that's why he'd married her as he was always eyeing them and grabbing a groping when he didn't think I was looking. On one of his infrequent visits, Pa had had a couple of glasses of moonshine and we were just finishing up supper. Mom was wearing one of her lowest-cut blouses and the majority of her big; creamy-pink tits were on display as usual. I found myself sneaking a peak at them every time I thought no one was watching me. Now I don't think of myself as a pervert or anything, but hell, they were tits! And they were hanging out right in front of me. What was I supposed to do?

"Look at all that baby fat," I heard my Pa tipsily snicker as he stared at mom's boobs.

"Clarence Hatfield, you watch your tongue. Not in front of Chet," she huffed, shuffling over to the sink with her hands full of dishes.

"Baby Fat, get it, Boy," Pa guffawed. " Baby . . . fat."

No, I didn't get it, but I guess that he was insinuating some kind of connection between babies, tits, and fat.

Mom sure didn't think it was funny and was back across the room almost before the words were out of his mouth. Her arm flew back and she slapped him on the cheek so hard his head went flying back. I was stunned. I'd never seen my mother retaliate to any of Dad's crude, coarse language or jokes and Lord knows there was plenty of opportunities for that.

Angrily shoving his chair back, Dad flew out of it with his hand fisted and arm drawn back threateningly.

"You didn't have no cause to go and do that—" he snarled and I could see the muscles in his arm tightening in preparation to swing.

Reaching over, I grasped hold of his wrist to stop the swing. Now maybe I didn't have any gym to work out in, but I'd made me a set of weights out of cement and pipes and I worked out next to the shed out

back where we kept all the motel cleaning supplies and stuff. I worked out every day if I could and even though if I had to say so myself, I was pretty bulked out.

The moonshine had apparently loosened Pa's tongue and he didn't seem to care what he said as he turned and glared at me.

"You in cahoots with her now?" he barked, trying to jerk his arm away from my hand, but I was too strong for him and held on.

"Just shut up, Clarence!" Mom scowled, taking a step back away from him just in case.

"I get it now," he snorted, straining to pull his arm away from my clutching hand. "You and him, huh? The two of you have something going on, don't you? Hell, I shoulda seen it, the way you're fawning all over him all the time."

"Are you crazy?" Mom shouted, now drawing her arm back for another swing. "He's our son!"

Realizing that the situation was rapidly spiraling out of control, I stepped in between them and spun Dad around until he was facing the door.

"Pa, why don't you just disappear for a while," I told him, giving him a little shove toward the door. "You know, 'til things cool down a little."

Mom said,"Yeah, get out of here—I don't want to see any more of your ugly face tonight," she added from behind me.

"Shit, I'm outta here. I can see when I'm not wanted," the shithead growled, taking a step toward the door. "Probably want me outta here so you two can crawl in bed and fuck, don't you?"

"Clarence, I'm gonna kill you—" Mother screamed out at him as she started around me to get at him.

"Fuck you — and you, too kid . . ." Dad yelled back at us as I threw out my arms to stop mom while he jerked the door open and stepped outside, slamming it behind him. As I flung my arm out, luck or fortune or destiny or whatever would have it, my limb smacked right across mom's big tits as she moved. As both of us stood there staring at the door, I didn't move. Her tits were so soft, so giving as I continued to push my arm against them.

The silence was deafening! Then I heard my mother crying.

"I'm sorry," she blubbered as I watched her turn to face me. "It was the moonshine talking. He didn't mean it."

The enormity of what he had just said came crashing down on me like a ton of bricks. Mom and I? Fucking? The thought of that ever happening was preposterous! It had never crossed my mind . . . until now!

"Uh, okay. It's all right—" I mumbled, trying to wrap my reeling brain around what Pa had just said.

"No, it's not all right. He shouldn't have said that. How could he even think that?" she fumed.

Strangely, pop's remark changed everything between mom and me. I found myself looking at mom in an entirely different and unsettling way. Hell, I told you that I was eighteen and if a minute went by that I wasn't thinking about sex, it was a rare one.

. . .

All that had transpired about a week ago and things had been kind of tense between the two of us since then.

Mom usually wore a flannel gown at night, but with tonight so hot, I'd noted that she'd opted for her little baby-doll pajamas. I'd got just a glimpse of her in it earlier, it was one of the ones she wore when Pa was home and you could almost see right through the translucent material. And what I'd seen was enough to make me want to see more. I'd been sneaking around tonight and trying to catch another peek and mom had caught on, but she still neglected to wear her thin housecoat over it.

So, here I was lying in my bed without any clothes on, trying to picture mom naked; meanwhile she sat in the office next door unaware that I

was slowly stroked my seemingly always-present hard-on and wanting her. I was imagining a titty-fuck. Her sitting on my legs with her beautiful bountiful boobs sandwiching my boner between them and the royal eight inch scepter I sported about to spurt!

Just then, I heard the motel intercom buzz which threw me off my rhythm. I heard mom talking with someone. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but I knew that it had to be one of the guests. It was late for someone to call.

Wondering what was going on, I heard mom hang up. Suddenly the light went on in the office; before I knew what was going on the door to my room came swinging open.

"Mom!" I gasped when I saw mother standing in the doorway staring at me. I was mortified as I jerked my hand away from my cock and grabbed for the covers. I could see that Mother's eyes were locked on my peter as it stuck up out of my groin long and stiff. I was somehow able to pull the covers over and hide my cock as Mother gave out a soft, embarrassed cough.

"Uh, sorry, uh, Chet, uh, one of the, uh, guests called. He, uh, he said that the ice maker is out of ice and he needs some. Uh, could you, could you run down to the Seven-Eleven and pick up a bag for him?" she asked me, timidly stepping over to my bed and holding out a couple of dollars to me. As she did, I could see the outline of her body silhouetted through the thin material of her baby-doll pajamas by the light which shone behind her.

"Uh, sure, mom," I mumbled, leaning forward and taking the money from her. As I did, I saw her glance down at the lump of my cock jutting up against the sheet before she turned and stepped back over to the door.

"Thank you," I heard her say as she stepped out and closed the door behind her.

Damn it, I cursed. I'd never been so embarrassed. Not only had my mother seen my cock, she seen that I was masturbating. I wished there was a hole somewhere to crawl in and hide.

Throwing the covers off, I angrily slapped my cock, trying to punish it for making me feel so foolish. "Ouch—" I snorted, swinging my legs off the bed, standing up and stumbling over to the chair where my jeans were. Pulling them on, I quickly pulled a tee shirt over my head and stepped into my loafers.

Stuffing the money into my pocket, I shuffled over to the door. Taking a deep breath, I reached down and quickly pulled the door open. Stepping through it and going down he hall I saw that mom was sitting at the table. She had the Mason jar that pa kept his shine in and a glass with some the liquor in it sitting in front of her as she looked up at me.

"Be careful—" I heard her tell me as I stepped over to the door leading outside.

"Uh, what number?" I asked her.

"Oh, I forgot, uh, number six," she told me as I glanced down at the outline of her big tits underneath her PJs.

"Okay," I mumbled, backing out through the doorway.

The Seven-Eleven was only a couple hundred yards down the road and I was back with the bag of ice in no time.

Knocking on the door of unit six, I waited for someone to answer. Suddenly the door came swinging open and a big, fat guy wearing a pair of shorts opened the door.

"About time," he grunted as I looked over his shoulder and saw a woman lying on the bed behind him. As I held the bag of ice out to him, I saw that the woman was bare-assed naked and she didn't seem the least bit concerned that I was gazing at her. In fact, she thrust her pert tits out at me and grinned as I continued to stare.

"What's wrong, kid," I heard the guy snicker as he took the ice from me and turned around to look over at the woman. "Ain't you never seen tits before?" he snickered, stepping back and slamming the door in my face.

"Yeah, I've seen tits before," I angrily muttered to the door as I turned and headed back for the office. I'd seen my mother's tits once and they were a damned sight bigger and prettier than the ones the woman in

the room had. As I thought back on seeing my mother's tits, I felt a sizzle of excitement spark up my still semi-flacid cock.

A while back I'd been working on a refrigerator in one of the units and when I'd finished I headed back to the office to tell mom that I was done. Walking back to the office, I'd walked by our bathroom window and saw mom standing at the sink. She had her dress open down to the waist and was running a washcloth over her juicy bare breasts. She seemed to be enjoying herself as her hands moved slowly, giving me time to relish my first sight of a pair of mighty fine-looking tits completely exposed!

My God, what beauty! I had absolutely no frame of reference, but to me, they were the most hottest and heavenly breasts in the world. Pale, bigger around than my hands, they had large dark areolas and big fat nipples. I was stunned as I gawked at them in worshipful reverence. They were stupendous. Whopping beautiful pink melons the size of cantaloupes as she cupped one and then the other to lift them and run the washcloth over them. I'd never forget that day as long as I lived.

Back from my quick chore tonight I stepped into the office, I saw that mom was still sitting at the table watching TV.

"Was he satisfied?" I heard her ask me.

"Uh, yeah, I guess," I grinned seeing that there were two glasses on the table now. One in front of mom and another one placed in front of where I usually sat. "It looked like him and his girlfriend was having a few drinks," I added.

"Good . . . would you like one, too?" she smiled up at me.

"Uh, yeah, uh, sure," I told her grinning as I pulled my chair out and sat down. I'd sneaked a few nips of Pa's shine so I knew what to expect as I took a little sip of the fiery liquor. Damn, it was strong; I tried to hold back a cough when the blistering paint-thinner burned its way down my throat. I put the shot down so as not to spill it.

Fiddling with my glass, I saw that in the bright light of the bare bulb dangling down from the ceiling over the table that I could see right through mom's nightie. I could make out every tiny detail of her big tits from their shape and even the dark circles of the tips. I could make out the image of her long puffy nipples clearly.

I knew that I shouldn't be looking at them, but I couldn't stop myself. Then I became aware that mom saw me looking at them. I was thinking she would say something about my crude behavior, but she just smiled and didn't do or say anything to dissuade me.

"Cheers—" she said, smiling, lifting her glass and tapping it against mine. "To us . . ."

"Uh, to us," I mumbled, picking up my glass and lifting it up to my lips. That was an odd toast, I told myself as I took another sip of the shine. The booze was so potent; I was already feeling it and I'd only had just a couple of sips. I grinned, set my glass on the table and sneaked another peek at mom's melons.

"Do you think your Pa really meant what he said?" she asked me as she leaned back against the chair. As she did, it stretched the cloth of her gown and made her breasts thrust out against it making them even more prominent and enticing.

"About what?" I asked looking up at her face finally. "He says a lot of stupid stuff."

"About us? About you and me . . . fucking?"

"Uh, I, uh, I don't know," I muttered, feeling a blush spread across my burning cheeks.

"I guess that he could think that," she sighed. "We're together all the time and he's never around. So, how would he know any different?" she conjectured.

This conversation was becoming uncomfortably close to the way I'd been feeling about her since Dad had spouted off about the two of us screwing.

"I guess so—" I choked out.

"Have you ever, uh, you know, done that . . . thought about us thata way?" she asked me as I saw a blush darken her cheek bones.

"Mom . . .?" I fussed, feeling the temperature in the room go up a good ten degrees.

"I'm sorry, I was just wondering," she said, taking another sip of hooch. "I never see you with a girl."

"Uh, no, no, I'm awfully bashful around girls, mom," I told her. "Besides, I'm pretty busy around here, you know."

"Well, I guess that's my fault," she frowned. "I shouldn't have taken you out of school. As good looking as you are, I'm sure you would have a girlfriend by now."

"Uh, maybe, yeah, I guess," I muttered, taking another drink of shine and sputtering as it seared its way down my throat.

I heard a distant grumble of thunder as mom just sat there looking at me like she was thinking. Like she was trying to make up her mind about something.

"Uh, sounds like it might rain," I said, breaking the awkward silence, not knowing what else to say.

"Yeah, it does, doesn't it?" she smiled, setting her glass down and slowly pushing up onto her bare feet. Then she turned and slowly stepped over to the window, spread the curtain apart and looked out through it.

My heart was racing as I watched her. The thin gown did little to hide anything underneath it and I could clearly see the long sweep of her back as it swooped down to the round swell of her butt. I could make out the dark crack running down its center bisecting it and dividing it into cheeks.

Then I watched her push the window up. The moment she did, the room was immediately filled with the fresh dampness that always precedes rain.

"I love the smell of rain . . ." mother murmured as I watched her breathe in a deep breath of the charged air.

"Yeah, me, too," I grunted, following her lead and sniffing in a lungful of the moist, humid air. Another musky scent tinged the night air flowing past ma, it was her, it smelled good.

Then she slowly turned around to face me. I couldn't keep from dropping my eyes down to her "baby-fat" globes. Her wonderful ta-tas strained out against the thin chiffon. I could make out everything about them under the gauzy material. Their size, their curve, the large ruddy circles a target for my lips, those engorged nubs protruding out to seduce my mouth. I could see everything. And then I looked down to the vague, shadowy triangle that covered the bottom of her tummy.

I couldn't stop the spark of excitement that arced through my cock making it jump inside my jeans.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" I heard my mother ask from across the room.

She had to know that I could see right through her skimpy, little gown. She had to know, I giddily thought.

"Uh, yeah, uh, I think you're, uh, beautiful, mom," I choked out trying not to swallow my tongue.

"Really?" she asked me as I watched her reach up to her shoulder and ease her fingers down under the neckline of the gown.

"Really, uh, yeah, really, mom, uh, beautiful—" I muttered repeating, unable to take my eyes off her fingers as they slowly pushed the stretchy neckline down over the curve of her shoulder.

What was she doing, my fevered brain screamed? Was she going to take off her gown? What was happening? This was getting crazier by the moment. I thought my peter was going to rip out through my jeans any second now as the ruffle of lace inched lower and lower down her shoulder.

Then she stopped and slowly dropped her hand down by her side. Breathlessly, I watched as she lifted her other hand up to her other shoulder. Easing her fingers under the neckline again, she began to push it down too. The neckline now diagonally stretched across her breasts running from up on one side down to the midpoint between her shoulder and elbow on the other side. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't

think straight. My poor brain was in a fog as I sat watching the bizarre scene unfolding in front of my eyes as I ogled her charms.

More and more of her quivering white mammeries came into full view as mother slowly pushed the teddy down off the curve of her shoulder. Keeping her eyes on mine, watching me, she kept pushing the neckline down her arm until the elastic band was stretching straight across her private pillows with the upper edge of their areolas just showing above it.

"Do you want to see?" she asked me, her voice quivering.

"Yesssss . . ." I hissed. "Yes, Mother, I'm sorry, but, yes, I want to see." I groaned out. I thought my brain was going to explode. The roaring inside it sounded like a hundred screaming jets. My heart was thundering like a bass drum. I could have made a fortune selling all of the cotton inside my mouth.

She didn't move at first. Then I perceived that she was moving toward me so slowly it seemed like she was gliding not walking. With her arms hanging down at her sides, she moved closer and closer until she was standing in front of me, not more than two or three feet away.

I wanted to reach out and touch her, run my fingers over the quivering softness of her incredible knockers. But my arms were paralyzed by fear. Fear that if I did, she would regain her senses and it would be over before it began.

I could smell her perfume now. It was some cheap stuff she had bought down at the truck stop, but on her it smelled like Channel No. 5.

"I can't help myself, Chet," I heard Mother whimper as her arms lifted back up to her shoulders and she began slowly pushing the neckline down again. Covetously watching her, I saw the neckline slip down, exposing the upper half of her pulchritude. Then I saw the elastic band snag on the ripe rigid right nipple, stopping its downward journey. She kept pushing it down until all of a sudden it sprang loose and with a flouncing bobble, her full unencumbered breast flopping out into the open.

"So pretty—" I moaned, staring at the bare bonanza as it hung down from her chest softly quivering and trembling. Moving with a little more impetus this time, she moved her other hand and started pushing the rest of the ruffled band of elastic lower. The elastic duplicated its earlier movement by catching on her other nipple. A quick tug on it and the left popped free as well, now exposing her whole top to fill my focus. OH! . . . the two of them drooping down and swooping out, uncovered and a feast for my drunken dizzy eyeballs. I absorbed the sight with a naughty hunger, my mouth watering with an inappropriate appetite.

"Are they too baggy?" I heard her softly ask as she cupped them in her hands and lifted them up off her chest.

"No—God, no!" I groaned.

"You're not just saying that," she whispered, easing them back down.

"They're perfect—" I praised, staring at them in reverent adoration.

My poor cock was rock hard and caught in such a painful position, I was about to cry. I had to fix it before it broke and left me with a useless hunk of flesh. Watching Mother continuing to push her gown down, I grabbed at my cock and jerked it over to a much less restricted position.

I saw mom pause and glance down at the bulge of my cock as I moved it. She seemed pleased that I was hard as she continued to stare at it for several long seconds. Then she smiled and went back to pushing her gown down her torso.

Now that I wasn't in pain anymore, I watched the neckband slowly crawl down over the rounded paunch of her belly and finally down past the forest of curls covering her sex. Those golden blond locks matched the color of her hair as more and more of the profuse tangle was revealed as she stripped, until suddenly the sheer slinky gown went slithering down her legs to land in a muddle covering her bare feet.

Daintily mother balanced as she slipped the panties off too. Now ma stood before me as naked as the day she'd been born . . . except for the band of gold she wore on her left ring finger. Strangely, I found myself staring at it as it caught the glare of that single light hanging over the table.

Mother saw me looking at her ring. Looking down at it herself, she lifted her hand up fingers splayed and slowly eased the little, gold band off her finger. Then she leaned toward me, reached around me and laid the ring on the table. She was giving up its protection, its message to the world of "Look, I am married. You can't have me." But now that token was gone and she was free once again. The symbolism of the gesture left me speechless. She was forsaking her marriage . . . for me!

"My Baby," she whispered, stepping up forcing my legs apart with her knees as she moved closer. I was astounded as I sat afraid to move. Afraid to do anything that would break the wonder of this moment. My mother's teats were now right in front of my face, her big bloated nipples a hair's breadth from my trembling lips. Then the left swollen nub brushed across my lips as my mother rolled her shoulders ever so slightly and leaned in closer.

Like a nursing baby, I opened my mouth and let the springy bulb slip between my lips. Taking the resilient flesh between my teeth, I gently nipped it as I began to softly suck. As I did, I felt my mother's fingers curl around the back of my head and pulled me towards her while pressing her bosom against my face, squashing it flat as I nursed on the supple bud.

"Chet . . ." I heard her whisper as I cautiously brushed my fingers over the soft, smooth skin of her thigh, just above the inner surface of her knee. Continuing to softly suckle and caress her nipple with my tongue, I let my fingers slowly crawl up the tender smooth skin of her inner thigh working my digits higher and higher. I'd never experienced such excitement. My pounding heart was about to beat out of my chest. I could barely breathe.

Time seemed to stop as I inched my hand closer and closer to her center of pleasure. Then, just a couple of inches below my intended target, I felt my mother's legs brush against mine forcing them farther apart as she spread herself open for my inquisitive fingers.

But just as I touched my goal there was loud thumping on the old roof as the first big raindrop slammed down in a deluge.

We both jumped at the unexpected crashing noise which make mom's spit-drenched nipple pop out of my mouth and sending my fingers slithering against the wet stickiness between her legs.

"Oh, God," I heard her gasp as she thrust her hips forward and mashed her breast back against my face. Like a baby trying to find its mother's milk, I searched with my lips until I once again found the swollen protrusion.

As I sucked and teased her nipple, I gently probed the weeping softness between her legs. This was fucking unbelievable. My mom! I was feeling her up, trying to find her pussy with my fingers. Exploring with my fingers into the giving softness, I felt her flesh as two of them slip up inside the clinging warmth of her vagina.

"Ohhhhhhhhh! Goddddd . . ." I heard her softly groan as she shoved her spongy orb against my face and I felt her pussy squeeze down around my digging fingers. I shoved them in deeper, all the way up to

the last knuckles. Then I slowly pulled them back and softly thrust them up back inside.

"Oh, yesssss, Baby—" I heard Mother whimper as her sharp fingernails dug into the back of my head pushing my face against her soft cushiony chest. Outside the rain was continuing in earnest, beating down with a din which surrounded us, cloaking us in a secret world.

Just then as a particularly-loud peal of thunder shook the office, Mother leaned back away from me pulling her slippery nipple out of my mouth and reaching down to push my fingers out of her pussy.

"I want to see," Mother whispered, leaning down and hooking her fingers under the hem of my tee shirt and quickly pulling it up my sweaty chest, over my head and finally off over my extended arms. I felt like I was going to pass out. I knew that every drop of blood in my whole body had to be inside my achingly erect cock. I could feel every pulsing throb of my heart as it pumped more and more into it.

"Stand up—" she told me as she pitched my sweat-drenched shirt on the table where it landed by her wedding ring with a plop.

I didn't know if my wobbly knees would support my weight as I slowly stood up, hearing the chair scrape on the floor as it was nudged rearward by the back of my knees. Holding onto the table with one hand to support myself, I watched ma as she slowly dropped to her knees in front of me. All I could do was watch on in a stupor as her hands lifted up to the front of my jeans.

"It looks so big . . ." she mumbled, brushing her fingers over the bulge sticking out against my jeans as she found the copper button holding them closed. Swallowing, I tried to keep my heart down inside my chest where it belonged as mom pushed the fastener through its buttonhole.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't know how big cocks were supposed to be. The only ones I'd ever seen were in some old postcards and they didn't have measuring tapes included in the photos, so all you could do was guess. I knew that mine was eight inches long. I'd measured it more times than I could count. Just comparing it with the ones in the pictures I'd seen, it looked bigger, but I couldn't really tell. I guess I'd know pretty soon though I giddily thought as I felt my mother unzipping my jeans.

I hadn't taken time to put my underpants on when I went to get the ice and as the fly went zipping down its track, my cock, primed and ready came springing out into the open.

"My God—" my Mother gasped as her fingers stopped moving down while she stared at my cock in wide-eyed surprise. "It's huge—" she groaned, jerking the zipper to the end of its path and then running her fingers up the swollen underside of my jutting penis.

My chest swelled up with pride for a moment before a tickle of fear crept into it. Was I too big? I didn't know anything about fucking. I'd never done it before. Could a guy be too big? After all mom's pussy had felt really tight on my fingers.

"Is it okay?" I mumbled, staring down at my mother as I watched her hook her fingers under the waistband of my jeans and jerk them down around my knees. As she did, the rest of my cock and my balls flopped out, flouncing up and down right in front of her staring eyes.

"Is it okay? Oh, Baby, it's beautiful," she cooed, curling her hands around it and slowly bending it down toward her lips.

'What is she doing?' my fevered brain railed. I mean, I knew, but couldn't wrap my head around it at that moment.

I could see that the head of my prick was glistening wetly in the glare of the overhead light as mom's lips parted and her little pink tongue slipped out from between them.

"Mommmm—" I groaned as she slowly swirled her tongue around the head of my cock, licking away the copious coating of pre-cum that covered it.

"Yuummm . . ." mom murmured as she twirled her tongue around it again. I didn't know how much more I could endure as I felt Mother's soft, warm lips purse down around the head and gently suck. The fiery excitement swirling around inside my head was pushing me toward the edge and I could feel an eruption building down inside my balls.

"Ma! —mommy! You're going to make me cum . . ." I groaned, trying to warn her of the impending explosion as I struggled to hold it back.

Heeding the warning, mom eased her lips back off the hypersensitive head of my pulsing prick. Then, still holding my cock in her hand, keeping it pointed at her face, she looked up at me with her soft brown eyes and slowly ran her tongue around her lips.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?" she asked. Her was voice soft and sultry, barely audible above the clamor of the rain beating down on the roof above and the pounding roar inside my head.

"What do you want, mother?" I whimpered, not knowing what to do or say. This was my first time with a woman. What did she want me to do? I just wanted to do what she wanted me to do. I just wanted to please her. I wanted to make her filled with joy. I wanted to fill ma with me!

"I just want you to be happy, honey. That's all. I'll do anything you want me to," she smiled up at me. "Just tell me and I'll do it."

My brain was in a fog. I couldn't think. I was torn with so many things I wanted to do whirling around inside my head. I couldn't choose just one. I wanted to do them all at once, but of course, that was impossible.

"Take your time, Baby . . . we have all night," she whispered, kissing the tip of a finger and placing it on my lips. Then she gently pushed me backwards and I flopped back down into the chair.

Still on her knees looking up at me, she lifted one of my feet at a time and eased them out of my shoes then set them back on the floor. Still in a euphoric fog, I sat watching her as she dug her fingers under the waistband of my jeans and tugged them down around my ankles. My steel bar cock was still jutting up in the air twitching this way and that as she wrestled with my jeans trying to get them off over my bare feet.

At last, she got them off and I too was naked.

Supporting herself on my knees, she pushed up onto her feet in front of me. I couldn't take my eyes off her tits as they bobbled and rolled in front of my face. Reaching down for my numb hands, she took them in hers and slowly pulled me up onto my feet.

In her bare feet, mom was about six inches shorter than my six-foot frame. Looking up at me with her huge soft eyes, she stepped in closer and allowed me to clutch those heavenly darlings for a minute. Then she sighed and moved tight against me.

I felt her big tits brush against my chest while I felt her curly pubic hair tickle up against my dangling balls. Not knowing what else to do, I reached out and took her in my arms and gently pulled her against me. As I did, she reciprocated and wrapped her arms around me.

There was something so warm and intimate about that moment as I leaned down and found her lips with mine. Her lips were sweet and supple as we kissed. The kiss started out tender and loving, but it quickly grew more intense as I felt my mother's tongue force its way between my lips.

An explosion of excitement fired off down inside my cock as I felt her hot, probing tongue find its way into my mouth. I'd never French kissed a woman before, I felt like every part of me was going to explode. The tip of my Mother's tongue brushed across my tongue and another flash of excitement ripped through my peter making it twitch again. I was amazed it didn't just cream right then!

Then my ma's fingers curled around the back of my head as she clenched me against her and we were engrossed in our kissing, lovers locked together as one. We were touching from head to toe and where our skin came in contact it was hot like someone had touched a glowing ember against me. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't see as my eyes had instinctively fluttered shut. I could feel every pulsing thud of my thundering heart as it raced inside my chest.

At last we broke for air. Gasping, trying to catch my breath, I looked down at my mother and saw that she was looking up at me. I had never seen such a look of love and warmth before. It made me feel like a little boy basking in his mommy's love. I was lost and I knew that I would never find my way back without my her to guide me, lead me, and show me the way.

"Come," I heard her whisper as she untangled herself from me, leaving one arm wrapped around my waist. Then she turned and slowly stepped toward her room, guiding me as I stumbled along beside her.

As she did, I once again became aware of the roar of the rain beating down on the roof above. The storm raging inside my head had been so

loud it had drowned out the sounds of the wild downpour outside. Then a deafening clap of thunder shook the house and I felt Mother's arm tighten around my waist.

"Hurry—" she whispered, walking faster almost running toward the open doorway leading into her room.

Suddenly we were standing beside her bed. Unlike mine, Mother's bed was always neatly made up. Reaching down, she quickly threw back the covers and crawled up on them. I was a little boy again; a young boy, alone and afraid on a stormy night. But there was hope. Refuge from the thunder and lightning outside. I was being invited into the safest, the most amazing hideaway imaginable. My Mother's Bed!

Smiling tenderly, holding her arms outstretched up to me, she welcomed me onto her mattress. My legs wouldn't move. I was paralyzed again. I wanted to join her so much, but something was holding me back. This was my mother! How could I do this to her? Something deep inside my psyche was rebelling against the thought of committing this horrible crime against nature.

"Ma . . ." I whimpered as that part of me that was resisting tried to tell her that it was wrong.

She seemed to sense my weakness. Sense that I was wavering in a moral dilemma as she gradually spread her legs apart and slowly ran her fingers up the tangle of blond curls covering her womanhood.

"Come . . . Come to Mommy," she whispered.

Those words melted my resistance and I tumbled down beside her.

"Oh, Baby," she murmured as our lips met and we kissed deep and intensely for the longest time. As we kissed, her hands were all over me, touching, caressing, fondling, guiding me and leading me along. Then, without even realizing that I was moving, I suddenly found myself atop her, lying in between her outstretched, welcoming legs with the head of my thick long meaty prick resting against the weeping warmth between them.

I was suffocating in the fiery emotions of the moment. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. But primitive instincts born of millions of years of procreation took over and I felt the muscles in my ass tighten, curling my hips and probing the softness, searching for the opening to my mother's sex.

"Yesssssss—" I heard my mom hiss as I felt the head of my penis finally find the slippery entrance to her vagina and slither inside her hot cunt at last!

I'd never felt anything like it as I felt her pussy clutch down around my cock. It was everything wonderful and good, all combined way deep down inside her accepting wet warmth.

"So big—so big-" I heard Mother groan out as the head of my cock spread her open and pushed deeper into the clinging heat.

Then I felt her ankles curl around the backs of my thighs just below the clenched cheeks of my ass as she pulled me down within her. I could feel the straining muscles in her legs trembling, quivering with exertion as I pushed deeper and deeper into her.

It felt like my peter was being enveloped in boiling liquid silk as she consumed me with her feminine grotto. I was a doomed man and I knew that I would never be able to get enough of the wondrous thing between my mama's legs.

Then I felt the tips of my mother's fingers digging down into the clenched muscles of my ass, pushing on me and trying to get me all the way inside her empty, lonely womb. I pushed and probed, prodded and pounded my pole inside her as I stroked back and forth in her hole. And I finally did reach the bottom. I finally was balls deep in ma. My nuts banged her ass as my pubic bone bumped, even bruised her pubic mound. ALL EIGHT INCHES IN!

Then suddenly, out of nowhere, I felt my mother's body jerk as every muscle in her body clamped down and began to shake. 'What was happening?' my fevered brain wondered. Was she having a convulsion? Had I done something wrong?

"Oh—Godddddd, oh, Godddd, Cummminngggg—" I heard her gasp as I felt her pussy squeeze down around my cock, contracting and releasing with each shaking spasm of pleasure that undulated through it. She was coming! My mother was having an orgasm! I'd made her CUM! Hell, before now, I thought only guys could have an orgasm. I

didn't even really know what an orgasm was, or that women could have one, too. All I knew was when I jacked off long enough, some gooey, white jism would shoot out of my cock. Now mom was doing the same thing? It was fucking wild.

It was all too much and I felt like someone had just smacked me on the ass as my cock twitched and a giant stream of cream came spewing out of it into the clutching depths of my mama's cunny.

"Oh—God—Yessss—" she screamed out, driving her heels into my ass and forcing me into her all the way up to the hilt as our groins slammed together consummating the defilement. "Commminnnnggg . . againnnnnn— " she groaned.

"Sorrrrieeeee—" I groaned out, lunging up, trying to push in even deeper every time my peter kicked and fired off another blast inside her. I couldn't believe that I'd cum so quickly. Sometimes it would take me ten or even fifteen minutes to cum when I was jacking off, but it seemed that I'd barely gotten my cock inside her before I was coming. But she'd had an orgasm, too. It was crazy! I'd never felt anything so fantastic. This was a million times, no, a trillion times, no, a gazillion times better than jacking off. I would never jack-off again, I swore. Not as long as my ma was with me.

I could see she was looking up at me with wide tear-stained eyes and wetness was freely flowing down her cheeks.

Had I done something to hurt her? What? What had I done wrong?

"What's wrong, mother?" I whispered, leaning down, trying to kiss the dampness off her cheeks.

"Nothing's wrong, Baby. I'm just so happy for us," she blubbered, finding my lips with hers as she hungrily returned my kisses.

I knew that I had a lot to learn about women and their ways. About love. About everything. But I had an excellent teacher. And I knew that ma would teach me everything I needed to know . . . I wondered if mom would mind giving me a titty-fuck when I got hard again?

Mother May I?

The double helix intertwining of a family's fixations spirals out of control

Listen, I know that everyone has their own turn-ons. Everybody is kinky in their own way; as individual as is their own DNA, and remember that's a double-helix, in other words, twice as twisted. So, don't blame me, for what I find makes me go all damp in my panties, that's just the way I am.

How did I get that way? I guess it was a long time coming, you should pardon the pun. I explored with my brother, when we were kids. Everybody plays 'doctor' when they're children, right? Didn't you? Be honest! It's natural to be curious about sex, even at an early age. As I grew older, I still like to examine boys. The male body had an endless fascination for me.

When I got married, I had one to play with, as much as I wanted to. Until some other gal took to playing with it too. I never did like sharing. I hadn't worn it out after twenty years, but its novelty had worn off. So I let her have it, him I mean. We divorced. It was quite civilized, I got everything and he got her. I hope they are both happy, not!

But then I looked around for another one to play with. I liked the younger models. The older hairier and hoarier pricks were not as appetizing to me as the newer doodles. With the finer fuzz and smoother skin, they are (to my personal preference) more aesthetic. They also last longer in a tumescent condition. So, I went back to playing doctor; or rather I got to 'nurse' on some fresh new meat. Sweet!

It's not that I'm a girl that can't say no, just that I don't think that gets much fun done. But I do have morals, I have standards, I know right from wrong. But naughty is more fun, don't you think? Come on, be honest! The riskier, the friskier -- right. Forbidden fruit is sweeter, tangier, tastier. I guess that's why I'm a tart. My flavor, if you took a lick, is delicious; but sharp and potent, addictive even.

It's hard to be good, when it's so good to be bad. When he's good and hard, it's easy to be naughty. When I'm wet and horny, hot and ready, I just can't help myself. I tried to be strong, I wanted to be good, I knew better, honest. He was over eighteen, just. He was willing; in fact he seduced me, easily. I resisted, I struggled to do the proper thing, I was reluctant. But everybody has their turn-ons. Like DNA; for me it was Dana, my son -- my own DNA.

Now some of you will want him to make me pregnant, and some will want him to fuck me in the ass. Others want a three way, with a double penetration - or a little lesbian action. Then you have your foot-fetish fiends, and your friends of animals, and the golden shower gang, and the gang-bang bunch, and . . . well, you get the idea. Everybody has their way of getting bent, kinky cocks and coy cunts; when it cums to humping, there's a hundred different ways we humans have of getting off.

But this story is not for anybody else, or about what YOU want. It's what happened between Dana and myself. We did what we did, and that's it. Sorry if you don't get an orgasm reading about us. There is plenty of stuff on the Internet to satisfy every kind of kink. I don't judge,

let she who is without sin cast the first ball to get her rocks off. Something like that. Anyway, this is how it happened.

I don't need to tell you that my boy, Dana, likes to look at girls, women, anything in skirts half-way pretty. I am talking naked of course, the female form; every private part we gals got. So between the two of us, we were sneaking peaks at each other ever we got the chance, trying to see what the other looked like nude. Especially since I gave the old man the boot. I didn't mind, but I was not going to give away a free show to my kid. I have some respect for my privacy . . . a little anyway.

On the other hand he was ever trying to display his physique. But I had to keep up the pretense I wasn't interested. You may ask why. I don't know, just seemed seemly. Like back in the Fifties, ladies didn't let bra straps show. So grandma told me, go figure! This peeking got to be a game. I was ahead, but not by much. Dana would walk out of the shower to his bedroom, without a stitch on, "OH! Sorry mom, I didn't think you were home!" Or walk in on me taking a bath, "OH! Sorry mom, I didn't know, I just wanted a clean towel."

I must say he was a beautiful hunk of manhood. I think he found me attractive too. Alright, I know it! We have good DNA, that way. Then there came the day when we stripped together in the laundry room. That was what really started the affair, the balling rolling if you will. But still, it took some time for the momentum to build. Then it was all downhill, going down, getting down, down and dirty -- you get the idea.

Now the laundry room is off the garage and leads to the kitchen, which has the back stairs to the bedrooms. I had just waxed the kitchen floor,

so that was part of the circumstances. We were out grocery shopping together, Dana's helpful that way. Just as we got to the car, it came pouring down buckets. We got drenched trying to get the food in the SUV. The seats would dry, nothing to be done about that. But I was damned if my kitchen floor wax-job was going to be messed up.

When we got into the laundry room, I said to Dana, "Take off your wet clothes, and put them in the washer right now. Don't you go dripping on my kitchen floor, I just waxed it." I started to do likewise. Dana took me literally, and took everything off. Including his jockeys. Well, I figured -- what the fuck, he's seen me enough anyways, right? I was down to my bra and panties by then, so I shucked them too.

Trouble was, there was only one small clean towel in the room, to dry the both of us. But Dana reached it first, and said, "Let me dry you mom." I knew what that meant. He was going to be up close and personal; with his hands on my person, seeing a close-up of my body. And no doubt, he was going to expect the same service of me. It was his ideal touchy-feely situation. This evened the score on points, for 'peek-a-boo I see nudie you!'.

I don't have to tell you he had a royal woodie. Well, I was damp too, but not with rainwater 'tween my legs. He was so very thorough! Especially on my tits and tush, and he did cop a feel with a few fingers on my bush. Small towel, "Whoops! Sorry mom!" Then, I made sure that his staff was dry, except it kept leaking at the tip. His buns were another spot I made extra sure of. Finally, we were face to face, mano a mom-o; if you know what I mean, I think you do.

I dropped the towel, and any pretense I did know this was an erotic moment, between the two of us. One that was momentous, because it was the first time we were honest about our feelings, though we didn't say a word. Dana reached out and hugged me to him, then Frenched kiss me. I almost swooned, I swear! But next thing he lost his nerve, thank heavens -- or not, he turned and went to his room. I followed up the stairs, slowly, and wondering what was next. Because this thing was not ended. Not by a long shot, and we both knew it!

When he had held me, I could feel the light hair of his chest on my pointy nipples. I felt his hard-on press against my mons. His hands went around and clutched my bottom. His lips were firm; his tongue was knowing and confident. I liked his masculine smell. He was strong and yet caring; sensitive, yet dominate. I wanted him, he was lusting for me. We were male and female, like Adam and Eve; primal, primitive and wanting to monkey around. My mothering instincts were smothered by my mating urges. If he had not backed down, I would have backed up and let him take me.

I vowed that we must never come so close to the danger zone again. I have trouble keeping my promises to myself, when it comes to pleasurable activities. Temptation is something I tend to give into. I don't have a lot of control when it has to do with sex. I like it too much. Don't you? Be honest! Dana is the same way. Must be the DNA.

The next week, I did my dangdest to regain my lead in our game of 'one-oops-man-ship'. I walked in on him while he was showering, to hand him the soap. I had to make sure to steal the bar of Irish Spring, beforehand. At least I didn't have to pick the lock, though I was prepared. I slid back the door to the stall, and gave him the once over

as I forked over the bar. His bare buns were to me when I stuck my head in; they were a sight for savin'. Tight and smooth, glistening twin cheeks that made my mouth water, and other places as well, don't cha know. Then he turned, and I smiled at his look of surprise.

"If you want to lather that lance, you'll need this!" I said. He took the soap, and before I had a chance to withdraw, he put it right to his hairy middle. I hesitated, and as the steamy atmosphere of the shower heated my face, I felt myself flush. But it wasn't the temperature of the water that was doing it. It was the lovely lever that rose in his hands. I stood still, with my hair catching the odd spray, as Dana washed his dick. He understood that I wanted him to display his manhood. He was more than willing to show off. When he started to jerk off, I decided that I ought to retreat, though that would have been a treat alright.

"Have some good clean fun!" I said as I close the stall door.

"Not with my dirty thoughts!" he retorted as I left the bathroom.

I guess with pulling those kinds of shenanigans, I deserved my comeuppance that he provided, three days later. "Mom!!" he shouted from his bedroom, "I gotta go to the Doc!"

I hurried from the kitchen. He's too old now, to be covered on my insurance from work. Neither does he get any with either of his part-time jobs. So doctor bills are not something I want to have to pay, unless needed. "Heaven's mercy, Dana, what's the trouble?" The door was closed, I knocked perfunctorily and entered.

"It's embarrassing, mom." He was sitting on the edge of his bed. As I came in, he pulled the covers over his legs. I could see that his pants and shorts were around his ankles.

"Land-sakes! Dana, I'm your mother. What is the problem?"

"It's my penis, it's green."

"It can't be gangrene that takes a long time to happen without proper circulation in the part of the body affected. I saw your dick the other day, and it looked fine to me."

"Not gangrene, green. It turned green overnight!"

"Let me see." I pulled the blanket off to look at his privates. Sure 'nuf, he had green genitals. I knelt down for a closer examination. I reached for his prick and lifted the limp lump up. It was not colored much on the underside. The testicles looked okay. Then I noticed his underwear also had a green tint at the crotch. A small pill of some sort was stuck to it. It was the same size as the multi-hued candy on his night stand, I observed.

I picked out the pill from the pants. "Dana, did you have those sweets, when you went to bed last night? Did you drop one, and not find it? Was it a green one, my darlin' dummy?"

"Oh . . . is that where it went?" He sounded honest, but it was an awfully slick trick, if he was trying to put one over on me. I couldn't decide.

"Dana, did you really think something was wrong, or were you just playing the 'gotcha game'?"

"No, mom, I was convinced I maybe had masturbated too much, and caused damage."

I chuckled, but in order not to hurt his feelings, I quickly added, "I never heard of a guy's dick falling off, from jackin'-off." Then, because I was right there, "How much do you do it, Darlin'?" I gave it a little tug, and it started to grow.

"I did it a lot more in the last several days, since we . . . you know - in the laundry room. And when you gave me the soap, it made me even hornier thinking about . . ."

"About me?" I started to move my hand, stroking the silky shaft.

"About us, imagining that . ."

I cut off his words, so that he didn't speak about what I suspected was an act of incest. Not that I wasn't crossing some sort of line, right then and there! "I know, Baby, but we are mother and son, and some things are not allowed. I think we ought to cool our peek-a-boo games. Things are getting out of hand. I cupped his balls with the palm of my free

hand, and now the hard-on was at full mast. A clear drop twinkled at the top.

"Don't stop." he whispered.

"You don't want to stop our little games, Dana?" I teased with my sultry tone. I ran my thumb over the tip, swirling the drip around, and down the ridge a bit.

"Don't stop what you're doing, please mom!" He squeaked in his excitement.

I wasn't thinking about much but the beautiful instrument in my hands. It had been quite awhile since I had one to make happy. I wasn't thinking it was my son's, but just that the poor cute piddler was in need of a release. I massaged the eggs in his hairy sacks, and dripped some drool to slick up the pole. I knew the visual was adding to the turn-on for Dana, to view his mom giving him a hand job. I used a light touch as I gave a slight torque to my up-&-down on his cock. I was tempted to use my lips. I don't do well with temptation, as I said earlier. I opened wide, and put the whole head in my hot mouth.

It only took six sucks to have him cum, my squeezing fingers on his balls timed to his spasms. I used the jism to finish, with my hand on his stalk. I looked up at his contorted panting face, and had to grin. "There, now I've cured your green cock and blue balls, both at the same time! Doctor Mom, to the rescue!"

"God, mom that was fantastic. I swear, it wasn't a trick to get you to fondle my dick. But I got to say, you do know how to sent a guy's rocket through the roof!"

"I had plenty of practice in my day, son! Now you go and get cleaned up. And change them green undies! Now that you're feeling better, I have some chores you can take care of. Do all the wastepaper baskets. You can start with the one beside your bed, filled with all those tissues!"

I guess Dana got a 'cum-up-pants' too! Something like that.

A couple days after that episode, it was Sunday. I always take a nap on the Sabbath afternoon, just like momma used to make us kids do, after church and dinner. 'Septin I don't go to services much, anymore. But I do like my Sunday afternoon snooze. Just as I'm stretching out, Dana knocks on my door. "Mom, can I come in and talk for a moment, with you? I got a question that's been bothering me."

"Sure, come in." I was in my house-robe, so though I was on top of the spread, I was decent. No undies though, so I made sure all the snaps were together. "What's on your mind, Babe? Got a problem?"

"Not exactly. I was wondering about something you said the other day. You said that maybe we ought not to play games anymore. Peek-a-boo, or gotcha; whatever you want to call it. But you did it to me in the shower, and then a few days later you sucked me off. And you can't tell me you didn't like our kiss in the laundry room, while we were naked!"

"That's all the truth, Darlin'. Perhaps I'm not as good at obeying the rules, as knowing what they are. But that don't mean they don't exist. I hope that you can behave better than your momma, 'cause I am not the best of examples."

"Well, I was thinking, maybe instead of games, we could be honest."

I sensed a snare, but fell for the bait anyway. "Honesty's a good thing . ."

"Well, mom, then in all honesty; I'd like to return the favor you did the other day, for me. I don't want to have to play games, to see you naked. I know you like looking at me, so you don't have to be coy or shy. And I'd like to give you head, and make you cum. I bet you'd sleep right fine after that. What do you say? May I mom? Go down on you?"

I burst out laughing I was so taken by surprise. "Jeez! Dana! What makes you think I'm going to let you do that outlandish thing to your momma? I know I shouldn't have let the fox get in the hen house when I was naughty, but that doesn't mean the rooster messes with the vixen! He'll get his head bit off that way. She is just as dangerous. You get my drift?"

"She's a fox, and likes to eat peckers."

I howled!

"Mom, if fair is fair, I get to eat you. Think of me as the wolf, and you are the meek lamb I am going to make a meal of." With that, he reached out with both hands, took the hem of my robe on each side of the front, and pulled wide. The effect was that all the snaps popped open, and I was exposed from thighs to throat; pussy, navel and cleavage!

I was so shocked and stunned, I didn't move. I was speechless. Worse, I was turned on. I wasn't worried about rape; he said he wanted to eat me. He hadn't taken his pants off, nor his tee shirt. I watched in a half hypnotic state as he spread my legs, and his mouth made a beeline to my honey-pot. He began kissing my inner thighs before he landed at my labia, and he skipped up to my clit to toggle his tongue on that delicate dainty.

My nipples were instantly hardened. My sauce was flowing, before his oral pursuits returned to the well of my womanhood. I could detect the aroma of my juices steaming from between my legs, as his playtime in my center continued. I was in heaven; I have a real craving for cunnilingus. I should have been slapping him, instead of letting him slurp at my most personal parts.

But he had caught me by surprise, and I was vulnerable to his attack. Because I had secretly wanted it, if I was honest with myself. So the shivers my son sent up through my torso, and the shakes that went down my legs, and the shudders my whole body had - when Dana hit just the right spot; were as much the result of my carnal desires, as my boy's bad behavior. But he was soo goood at it! He could have had me. Save that I was so exhausted, from the multiple orgasms that racked me time and again. It left me no energy to drag him on top, and no

breath left to tell him to fuck me. He was right. I slept real fine after he got through munching on his momma. Whew!

I had to put my foot down, after that; wonderful and pleasurable as his oral assault had been. I made it clear that very evening, when we were cleaning up after dinner. All further activity, of an intimate nature between us, had to be with my express permission -- beforehand. I had to say it was specifically okay, ahead of any attempt to fool around; fiddle with my fanny, cop a feel of my boobs, even get a gander at my gams. I know that took the fun out of our spontaneous spotting of stiffies and spiffies, the peek-a-boob and woodie-ya-know games.

But otherwise, we might find ourselves bed-mates, instead of just playmates. Mother's and son's ought not to mate. At least not without some kind of birth control. That was not an issue with me, as I had had my tubes tied. Right before I found out that hubby was seeing that hussy. I told her she could have his sorry ass, but I was getting his assets, along with his saving and the house. But just because I was protected from pregnancy didn't mean that I was automatically going to have a roll in the hay with Dana. Just 'cause we gave into temptation a couple of times, didn't mean we were going to fool around every time we were tempted to. Kissing doesn't mean an invitation to coitus, and co-habitation don't mean opportunities to copulate.

So now we had a new game in the home. "Mother may I", was a standard phrase, even if he wanted to kiss me. Of course I let him kiss me. But if he tried to French me I slapped him, but not hard. And if he tried to cop a feel, I smacked him, on his butt. He sort of liked that. And when we happened to see some extra skin, I made the punishment fit the crime. An eyeful for an eyeful; he took his punishment like a man.

Isn't that just like a man?! So well, I guess things were more back to the way they had been. Then . . .

It was just a most beautiful Saturday, on a late May morning, I really wanted to get out of the house. However, it's no fun going on an adventure alone, so I dragged lazy-bones boy outta bed and told him we were going on a road trip. "Where?" he asked. I replied I didn't know until we got there, but he ought to pack a swimsuit, just in case we found a nice watering hole. We'd get sandwiches and our sodas at the deli, on the way out of town.

I honestly didn't have any idea where we would land, but I wanted to fly. I headed west together with my son in the SUV. After a couple of hours, we passed a sign that said Hotahmachee Falls State Park, Camp Grounds Entrance. I turned into the narrow road. We went past the little house for information. It was deserted. Further on was a parking lot. I never had heard of the place. It didn't show on the map when Dana looked. I guess it wasn't too popular; in fact we were only one of three cars there. Nobody was in sight, so I guess with the budget cut backs, it wasn't well kept up. Least, not this early in the season.

There was a map painted on a board that showed the trails and spots of interest. We decided to try to find the falls. Must have been named after some Indian chief, with a handle like Hotahmachee. It looked to be about a quarter-mile hike, judging by the map. The path was clear enough, but with branches across the way and ruts. It hadn't been groomed for the summer yet, but at least there wasn't any poison ivy. We had a nice little stroll, I carried a blanket, and Dana took the food in a canvas sack with handles.

It was worth the walk, the falls were not so high but very broad, tumbling over several cascades. There were a couple of picnic tables, but they were in such poor condition, I just spread the blanket on a grassy patch and sat there. I was getting a mite hungry by then; breakfast was a glass of OJ and toast. I don't think my son had even that, before we were gone on the trip. But then I remembered he got a brownie at the deli, and munched it as we drove. We set out the sandwiches, chips and drinks, and feasted.

We heard nothing but the roar of the falls; saw birds and insects and flowers, but nary a soul. I didn't know where any of the folk from the other autos happened to be, but they didn't come by the water. Dana took his tee shirt off, and kicked off his sneakers. I tied my blouse in a knot at the front to shorten it, slipped off my sandals. It was nice and peaceful, very relaxing. Just what the doctor had ordered. After a little while, Dana asked if I wanted to explore the falls with him. I said I'd watch, but he ought to change to his suit.

He had forgotten it back at the car, well so had I. I told him that he'd dry fast in this weather, go on and get wet. He did, I watched him prance over the boulders, and splash in the creek and act like he was ten again. It was good to see him enjoying the unexpected diversion of such a remote location we had discovered. I got distracted by watching a dragonfly, a bright blue darning needle. When I looked back to where my boy had been, he was nowhere to be seen.

I did panic, just a little. Then I had to remind myself that he was not ten, but eighteen. He knew how to swim and take care of himself. There hadn't been any yell, nor fuss, he was just behind a rock or something. I called to him, but he didn't answer. Now I was more concerned. I

stood up. I moved to look up the falls, to see if he had climbed higher. Suddenly I heard him shout, "MOM!!" There he was, back about where I had seen him last, but completely soaked. Had he fallen in?

"Mom! You gotta come see this! Come here!" I picked my way back down the side of the stream. He was waiving me over to him. "Look what I found. It's really neat! Wade over to me."

I nimbly pranced over the stones, until I had to get my feet wet. The water temperature was chilly, but not cold like it would have been a month before. When I reached him, he took my hand, and steadied me. He pulled my arm and took me by the hand, indicating I was to follow. He took three steps and then, still holding my hand, went under a section of the falls. He pulled me through the pouring water. Then I was past the deluge, in a little cave. It was a real hiding place. I couldn't see out, past the water, so no one could see us either!

The floor was sandy or had smooth stones, and a long slab was set like a bench on one side of the stone room. You had to duck, when you walked, but once we sat on the rock couch, it was just fine, if a bit a hard underneath.

"Mom, do you know what this place is?"

"It's a cave."

"No, I mean the historical significance."

"No, what?"

"Give me a kiss, and I'll tell you!"

"Why do you want a kiss?"

"You understand when I tell you."

"You're bein' silly, now. Here." I gave him a kiss, but he started Frenching me. "Hold on there, Mr.! You know the rules, you gotta ask permission!"

"Mother, may I kiss you?"

"Alright, seein' how nobody can see us." I indulged in a nice long French tangle of tongues. It was fun, and sort of naughty, being hidden away. Even though there was nobody about, anyway. "Now what about this, hidden cave?"

"Why, this is where the Indian Princess Pocahontas, lost her virginity!"

I laughed. "Dang, Dana, you come up with the goofiest stories! She lived in Virginia, not around these parts. And she would have rated a much better bed as a princess, for fooling with her beau. This rock's way too hard to mess around on."

"Well, I bet some Indian maid gave it up in here. They brought some deer skins and woven straw mats, for making out in here. So Papa Chief wouldn't know they were doing the dirty!"

I giggled at his imagination, then kissed him again, quickly. "Well this squaw is going back to the sunshine, and dry off.

I exited, and 'Little Big Manhood' followed, with an obvious boner tenting his jeans. My blouse and shorts and underwear were completely wet. I made my way over to the blanket. "We should have brought our suits and a towel, from the car!"

"Want me to go get them, mom?"

"No, Darlin', too late. Why don't you take off your pants and put them on a warm rock to dry."

My brave son decided that I meant both jeans and skivvies. So suddenly, he was 'running bare', through the woods. "Its great weather, mom. Nobody's around, why don't you let your clothes dry too. Come on; get natural, be free, let it all hang out, there's nobody here but us chickens."

"Yeah, well I'm not forgetting' who's the chick, and who the rooster is! Maybe I'll shed my shirt and shorts, but I don't feel comfortable, totally nude. "

"You won't like the damp bra. Your panties get plenty damp around me anyway!"

I took a pine cone from the ground and tossed it at him. It hit him square in the nuts!

"Oh! She got me in the delicates! I'm an 'injured indium'! Squaw must pay for that!" He scrambled over the blanket, and began to tickle. He knew just where I was vulnerable, as we had tickle-wars up until he was twelve. I did my best to counter attack, but he was much bigger now days, and had me down under him in no time. I was getting out of breath, and we were both laughing very hard, when suddenly he got a serious look on his face.

"Mother, may I kiss you?"

I only hesitated for an instant, then nodded okay. He kissed my lips, and then my eyes. But then I kissed him back, and we Frenched. I knew we could be discovered if anyone came by, but they didn't know who we were, and the place seemed deserted. I let caution blow away with the breeze.

"Mother, may I take your bra off?" I didn't object, and he took my silence for assent. I suppose it was. Then he was kissing my nipples, I held his head, caressing his hair. There was something about the primeval surroundings, the water had made a sensual setting, the cave lent a kind of primal privacy to the place. It was an enchantment, I was under a spell. My body was responding to his unclothed form. Just as

in the laundry room, the unexpected exposure created an erotic response to his physical masculinity.

"Mother, may I take off your panties?" My mouth made to say no, but nothing came out, I couldn't utter an objection as he swept his fingers under the waistband and pulled them down my legs, past the knees. Then I was eagerly helping him get them to my ankles, making a little dance to free them from my feet. Now we were both in the buff. I knew better, but couldn't help myself. It was such a hot moment, and I needed a man, - no I wanted Dana, my son! - in my body!

"Mother, may I touch your down there?" I was panting hard, and instead of answering with words, I took his wrist and guided his fingers to my pussy. They parted the labia and spread the oil, making a few rubs on my clit, and then a single digit slid in to my yearning cavity. It poked for a few strokes, then was joined by a second. They sought my G-spot and made it happy, then they smeared the opening in preparation.

"Mother, may I . . ."

"God! Yes! Darlin'! Do it to momma! Put that beautiful cock in my cunt, fuck me good! Don't ask any more, just do what you want, I'm yours! Take me! Dana Darlin', take me now!!"

I felt the movement of his arms and legs position his body over mine, between my thighs. The meat of his hard prick was pressing on my mons, drawing down, seeking the center. I tilted my hips, I spread even more to give him the target. He angled just right, and the tip dipped

into my hot honey-pot. It almost skittered out but I grabbed his hips and pulled him, to slide the meat further, about half way. He drew back, and now sure of the way into his reward, plunged ever so slowly in; to the very root.

WHAT a joy!! To have this handsome hunk on top of me, sliding in his firm, smooth instrument of love. My body welcomed its penetration. I was primed and juicy and eager! The mighty meat made its way deep inside, pushing the tissue aside as it made that intimate slither within me. The pleasure of his member was made extra exciting that this was my boy. Dana was a charming, funny, devil that was doin' it to his momma with abandon. It had the zing of being wrong, but it felt so right.

There we were, out in the open, before the eyes of the Lord lookin' down, and anyone else who happened to wander by. It was so naughty, so nasty, so nice and hot and good. I do love to fuck, I confess. The male who was ramming my cunt with his big cock, liked it a lot too! He was really going to town. I had to hold his hips to slow him down a tad, so we could enjoy it longer. I mean, if he came too quick I might miss my first couple of cums before he blasted. I climax pretty fast on start up, but I like to have a second orgasm, before I let the fella join in and spurt.

Then, when he has done justice to my feminine needs; we have a special, two for the price of one. Cum one, cum all, y'all cum hear?! I had just sailed over the peak of my number three twat-twang, when his hunching went into urgent mode. I knew that pace; he was racing for his finish line. Our balling was silent, for some reason, even though we were panting real heavy; we kept the moans to a minimum. But then Dana gave out with an "OH! Oh oh Oh oh oohh! OOHH!!!"

I always am thrilled to my core, when I feel that throbbing pulse of a male bursting inside my hole. I sense the jism pouring out and I flood at the same time too in concert with the pumping of my son's semen into his momma. I was fulfilled by my man. He had grown up, and we both had very adult yearnings, that finally were released and given free rein to be wild and untamed. He was the stallion, I was the mare in heat, and we horsed around mighty fine!

Just then there was the unmistakable sound of voices, with footsteps cracklin' through the woods, coming closer!

"SHIT!" I whispered.

"The CAVE!" Dana whispered back.

Off we scampered, a pair of buck naked wild injuns, to the Hotahmachee hideout. As soon as I ducked under the water and emerged into the shelter, I realized that our clothes were strewn all over creation for anyone to find. I hope they didn't take them and hide them; like we did when I was a youngster, when we found somebody's duds at the pond. Dana was right behind me. In fact, his still half-hard doodle donked me in the ass as he bounded in through the falls. We sat down on the stone bench. It was hard and chilly, but what were we going to do?

We laughed! I made hushing motions with my hands, but our chuckles got worse. We went into hysterics. I hugged my big goofy nature-boy,

and he held me tight and caressed my soggy tresses. My tits jiggled as I giggled, they bounced on his chest, against his muscular pects. The nipples got more erect, so did my boy's lodge pole. He lay me down on my side, on the flat rock; he was spooning me, and prodding you know where!

I said, in a little squeak, "Don't you dare, they'll hear!" But to no use, I was once more being the victim of my son's lust. A cooperative one, as I lifted my leg so he had easy access. While the position did not allow as deep an entry as when he had been on top, now his arm reached around and held my breast. It was so crazy, and thought that maybe somebody was just a few feet away as we were screwing, add a heightened erotic stimulation. We were cumming again in almost no time.

As we lay there, trying to regain our breath, I said, "Well, maybe an Indian gal got laid here after all. But I sure do miss them deerskins cushions!"

"Mom, you're my native American Princess, my Pocahontas!"

"And you got to poke her Highness!"

"I got to poke her hinny!"

That started the giggles again. Then I couldn't contain myself any longer, I shrieked with laughter at the top of my lungs. Finally, I was able to calm down, some time had passed; I asked Dana if he thought

anybody had heard us, and if they were still out there. He said he doubted they could have heard anything over the sound of the waterfalls. But he would peek out, to see if whoever had been near was gone. He stuck his head through the curtain of water for a minute.

"Nobody around, no sound, no nothin'" He reported. So we crept out and sure 'nuff, nary a soul in sight once more. We grabbed our clothes; they were still a little damp but hadn't disappeared. Thank the Lord! We picked up our trash and put it with the blanket in the bag, and trekked back to the car. Our adventure was over, but not our romance. We snuggled in bed together that night, and made sweet love again Sunday morning. Need I add that Dana joined me for my Sunday afternoon nap? We did sleep, after a while. Wouldn't my momma be shocked! And on the Sabbath too! What can I tell you? Must be the DNA!

OH! One other thing. The next day, Monday, Dana was reading the paper and he had it opened to a back section. He spoke up, "Here's an interesting item, mom. It says that some campers reported hearing the ghost of Chief Hotahmachee, at the falls in the State Park on Saturday. 'It was just the awfulest wail. It was coming right out from the water,' said one girl. 'A very frightening sound indeed', said another youth of the group, 'It must have scared some other folks who went swimming, because we saw their clothes, but they were nowhere around!' What do you suppose they heard, momma?"

Of course, he was just funnin' me. But it started a tickle war, and you know where that led to. Honestly, you see why I love that boy of mine?

Mothers are Only Human

She had to give into the temptation of her son

NOTE: *This story is based on a brief video clip of a woman mounting a well hung male. The close-up shot is from the foot of the bed; the lighting is good as is the sound. The nicely formed middle age lady takes only 40 seconds to start cumming, the man peaks 70 seconds afterwards; the whole film clip is but a minute and a half long. Hence the short length of my tale.*

As I fell asleep on top of my son my last thought was, 'mothers are only human'.

It had been three months since my husband went north to the fracking fields of North Dakota. He was due back in seven days. This was the longest I had been without sex since I was 18, including when hubby was in Service for six months.

I'm only human and always a horny female. About halfway through the time period of waiting for hubby to return my son turned twenty. He lived at home and made a good wage as a tractor mechanic. A week after his birthday there was a heat wave and he was leaving his bedroom door open to have a breeze.

Thus when I went for some ice water one night I heard him. He was calling me. So I thought initially. But at the doorway I then heard him moan, "Mom . . . Yes, mom - like that, just like that!!"

It didn't shock me but I was surprised. I listened as he shot his jism and then retreated. I went to my room. It gave me food for thought the next day.

The next day as the heat wave was continuing two things happened. My husband called and explained that due to some equipment break down he would be delayed another week. 'Damn' I thought to myself and wonder if my old friend and lover from my spouse's military days was still around; probably not I figured as I had not had any contact in years.

Secondly I boldly went by my son's bedroom door about the same time that next evening. It was open wider and the same sounds were being uttered. "Mom . .oh, mom . . . YES! We're doing it! Oh mom I've wanted you so much! I'm going to cum in you. . I'm CREAMING! I love spurting all my sperm in your pussy!"

That got me so turned on I rushed to my bedroom and jilled off myself with a fantasy of my own involving my son.

The next night I rubbed myself to climax under my nightgown listening to the same sort of erotic cries of passion coming from my son as he came imagining me making love with him. I promised my burning cunt that I would at last join him the next night if he was masturbating to thoughts of me again.

Dreams do cum true. Yes the subsequent eve the sinful saga of our affair began.

I waited outside his now fully opened door, naked, no nightgown. Had he left it totally wide on purpose? Did he know I had been eavesdropping? Did he intend for me to hear his sweet calls of lust and physical release of his balls content? No matter I was ready for the fray - cum what may - I was going into his room. And HE was going into me!!

When I blocked to door he looked my way directly. Neither of us said a word as my bare feet padded across the carpet and the bed slightly creaked as I climbed on. His beautiful hard, long, boner pointed to the ceiling. In swift a movement I mounted his dick and after just a couple of adjustments began to ride the sexy saddle-horny-horn. I lifted high once but for the most part I kept half the man-meat in me.

My orgasm was so quick to arrive but it was so intense and fully satisfying I was happy and content. But the fruit of my loins had not been given his reward yet. We maneuvered slightly so that his feet were spread wider and he had an angle to rapid fire his ruddy tip into momma's hole and crank the tension higher in his member. Then his stokes became longer and harder and I knew he was about to have his deepest desires fulfilled. This sent waves of excitement through my whole being and I was poised to peak with him. We did - together. It was spiritual, physical oh my yes, but so much more.

As I fell asleep on top of my son my last thought was, 'mothers are only human'. No . . . actually it was 'if I burn in hell for my sins, I'm glad for my earthly cream-mations'.

May your every fantasy take flight!

Oediplex 2020 8==3~ [sign of the cumming cock]

(aka CverofKnight & TrojanSnake my other 'nom de naughty' IDs)

I recommend these fine naratives:

Oediplex -- "Cum, Ye Motherfuckers, Cum"

"Jennifer's Story" - under TrojanSnake

"Allen's Story

"More Than A Mother and Son"

OTHER AUTHORS

Tom Hathaway -- "Taboo: A Memoir"

Tuballcain -- "Forever We"

My Mother Was Framed!

Based on an illustration by Pandora's Box,

My mother is the "White Lady" Her famous portrait hangs in our living room. In our living room for God's sake! The image itself is arresting. A classic beauty, bending over slightly, twisting her torso a bit and looking over her right shoulder. Her full breast pokes a pretty point in the black fabric of her dress, which contrasts with the pale white skin of her limbs and hip. Mother's face reflecting the pale blue moonlight which lit the pose. A famous painting in my country.

Famous, not just because that my mom's ass, pussy and all, are exposed by the dress being above her hips, the panty-less buns cheekily parted to display my parent's privates publicly. Famous, not because it was reproduced in every form of public media at the time, (some did air brush out the bush and arse). Famous, not because I was the reproduction of the union of my parents, as made notorious by the painting's discovery and infamous by its ignominious display and freely dispersed image. Famous because of my father fall from grace.

But of course all that went into the whole of the uproar. I am a bastard child of a nationally renowned, highly celebrated celibate, revered religious figure, who impregnated a royal Princess of the First House, namely my mother. The revelation of my papa being Pater, and my mater being mixed up with him, in a torrid affair made big headlines. Especially when the evidence of his transgressions, the icon of his indiscretions, hung on the wall of his private inner sanctum of secret

sins. A personal memorabilia of the sordid liaison, painted by 'the stiff pontiff' as he was dubbed by the press. My mother's body for all to see.

My mother's body hung for all to see in our living room. The original art, framed in the same eighteenth century frame, which my disgraced father had set it in. Mother had gotten possession of me, the painting and a small fortune from my cleric dad, who didn't need a vow of poverty after mom got through with him. The lawyers sorted out the financial end, but my mom could hardly go out ever again in public. She was dubbed the "White Lady", though everyone knew who she really was.

But my mother was framed. She did have a night of abandoned with his Holiness. But just one, under his spell, influenced by his well known charm and charisma; seduced by his unknown cunning and careful planning and carnal lusts. He took a photo of her in the moonlight in his private gardens, on a warm spring night. Mother taunted him that he was only after one thing, and the royal rebel raised her dress, no panties, to show him what he was missing and he snapped the pic. She was naughty in her pose; she was indiscreet in bedding the Holy Man.

But, she was innocent of posing for the painting. She had no idea a portrait would be painted from the photograph, by her "one-audience-stand" unrighteous paramour. Many people thought that she had posed for the painting, and since she also had gotten pregnant by the Seer of St. Celelia; they wrongly concluded there must have been a long lasting affair, but there wasn't. It was just on that one and only visit, when he 'knew' her in the Biblical sense. Like I said, my mom was framed.

Why my mother put the "White Lady" picture of her butt sticking out, with her sex exposed, in the center of our living room for any to see; was a mystery to me for many years. Finally, after I was old enough to understand a little of it, my mother explained. Everyone in our country had seen the image. It was an embarrassment (bare ass I meant) unless it was a bold statement, by that sultry maiden, the rebel princess, the wronged woman, the mother of the son of His 'HOLE-ye-ness'. It said, "Yes, I did it. And you discovered us, and mocked us and shamed us and insulted us, and castigated us. But, I DO have a great ass, and though you saw it back when, now the only place you can see it is in our home."

It's in the living room; if you visit you must confront your lust and her past and get past it. Then once people have done so, past the point of awkwardness, people forget the issue and it is as if the painting is invisible. They never see it again. They don't look at it, as if there were bare wall there. Unless they think they are alone. Then, man or woman, all go up and stare at my mom's hindquarters. Amazed at the beauty, agawk at the history, aghast at audacity, mesmerized by their own lust, (both men and some women too) they have to, have to look. I've seen it. And I've done it myself, many times.

Since the "White Lady" 'lives' with me, both of them, in my home, I spend time with her often; both of them. I lust after my mother in my secret inner desires. In my time with her picture, I let the fantasy out, it comes and plays with me until I cum too. I have masturbated to my mother's icon, worshipped her with my body, offered sacrifices of cream - gallons, and used a forest worth of tissue in communion with the spirit of the "White Lady". From the living room wall, she whose scowl cannot mask her beautiful face and whose other attributes were

never in dispute as to their appeal; she, my mother, is my object of devotion and love, my deviant desire.

Despite the bare butt prominently in place in our 'palace', nudity is not usual in our home. It is just mom and I, and a couple of servants who have been with the family for years and some pets. But, casual dress would sometimes provided glimpses of mom's body. As I grew older and interested in what I saw on the wall and in the gaps of mom's robe, I sought 'innocent' ways I could exhibit my growing man-meat to the object of my desires, the "Lady" of my lust.

After all, with a naked lady in the parlor, there was not quite the mystery of what mother looked like beneath her skirt, as in most other households. So an inadvertent exposure was not an unheard of event, nor made much of in our mansion, but they were always pictures I kept stored in my head. Like father like son in that way, wanting an image to drool over when the real thing was absent. I knew when mom would be getting dressed in the morning and I'd try to walk in on her then. Or, when she showered at night and walked around in nothing but a big towel wrapped around her, I would always stick around then hoping that someday the knot would come undone.

Then one day, when the servants were away on holiday and we were all on our own - all alone . . .

I knew mom was luxuriating in the time off and taking her time in getting up. Since I would hear her alarm go off when she roused, that would give me enough time to snatch my pants, the lube and tissues and make a dash the other way before my mom could come down the hall and catch me cumming, as I'm getting off on the picture of her

white ass. A couple of times it was close, but so far so good. So inasmuch as beating off to mom's painting was so good I decided to go so far as to try my luck in getting my morning stiffy his AM jollies, while mom was still in bed, which is where I really wanted to be anyway!

So I got the lube and a box of tissues; with that image to face every day of my earliest adolescence, I always had them handy. I planted my butt in the plush sofa with the red patterned fabric which was so soft. The cushioned couch was both broad and had a slightly reclined back, good for slouching and jacking off. I had my shorts at my ankles, and had taken a few dry strokes to reinvigorate my meat and was about to reach for the lube when I heard my mother calling me. What happened to the damn alarm, I never heard it?!

I pulled up the shorts. They were the ones my mom had given me several weeks ago for Valentine's Day. Boxers, with little red hearts. I usually wear briefs. My mother had insisted that I model them for her when she gave them to me, so I had gone to my room and changed. Just the hearts to hide my hard-on. Mother was obviously amused but tried to keep a straight face.

What she couldn't hide either was the way the rosy nipple of her full breast poked a pretty point in the diaphanous fabric of her nightgown she was wearing at the time. When the head and shoulders of my penis poked out the loose fly, my mother cracked up and I fled, her laughter fading in back of me. I wasn't embarrassed; I had to leave before I came in front of my mother! God how I wanted to sin with her like daddy did!

Now, with her calling me, I stuffed the tissues and lube bottle under the couch, their usual spot. Mom called again. "Honey, bring me a towel!" Rita our maid had forgotten to replace the towels before leaving. Well, she was only human, besides this might work to my advantage. Who knew? I went to the main linen closet.

There were big fluffy bath towels a plenty, but on a whim of humor and whiff of lust I took a mid-size hand towel instead and went to my folk's bedroom. They had a private bathroom and I went to the door and knocked. Mom poked her head out around the door careful not to expose too much. She had a large towel wrapped around her head to dry her long black beautiful hair.

I handed her the skimpy terry-cloth I had brought. She took it and disappeared back into the steamy toilette. I heard some unidentifiable noises from my mother's throat. The she spoke to me in a very odd tone of voice. "Please go to the living room and wait for me, I will join you in a moment. There is something we have to talk about." I expected laughter, or anger, but this was not something I was not prepared for. Was I finally going to catch hell for all those peeks? What was going to happen? I hate this kind of anticipation.

My mother walks in wearing the big towel . . . still on her head. The one I had brought was tied around her chest, but the knot was just below her lovely cleavage. The inadequate closed edges gaped to show her navel and the bottom hem was higher that the neatly groomed brown bush that ascended from the aperture between my mother's legs! She wore it and it covered nothing! It occurred to me in the midst of this wonderful and strange joyous vision to my horny hot eyes, that she could have used the bigger of the two towels to cover herself with. She

was displaying herself to me, I knew my mother, she was up to something.

I know myself, and I knew I would be up for whatever she had in mind, as long as it had to do with her body. Her body and mine, if you know what I mean! "Look!" she pointed to the towel, "it fits!" Of course my eyes could be nowhere else at the moment, but at her fit figure. "Do you see what you want to see? Take a good long, hard look!" Her left eyebrow raised as she gazed at my stiff pecker pocking the heart covered fabric of my Valentine's Day underwear.

Then she startled me by barking a command. "PULL DOWN YOUR PANTS, NOW!" Talk about being scared out of your pants! I pulled the boxers down to my thighs, that way I could still run if I needed to, though where would I go? "I knew you had an erection!" (And I had a good one at that, you can well imagine.) "Well, DO you see what you've want to look at all the time? Better than a pale and flat imitation of the real thing, don't you think?"

Mom flopped down in the couch before me. She took the two white throw pillows and put them behind her back for support. She took my hands and drew me close to her. I stood between her two legs and looked past the eye of my purpled headed mast down to spy the pink slit my mother. "You have 'The Devil's Tool' same as your father!" the flesh and blood Lady exclaimed. 'Satan's Crowbar', call it what you may, was bobbing at the door to heaven. "I know what you hide under the couch," she continued, "I know what you do in here when you think you are alone, I know!"

"Baby, Honey, Sweetie, don't you yet understand? Like everyone else, you must confront your dirty urges and my past and get past it. You can't go on the rest of your life having a pent up passion to make love to your mother. I am going to take 'The Picture' down. It is too much for you, too tough to have to your mother's pussy shoved in your face every day.

I shook my head, "Mom, I would be glad to have my face in your pussy any day." She laughed at my joke. "Mother, you have had so many men in your past. What would one more be, even if it is your own son?" Please let me try what so many have enjoyed?" I had another thought. "Surely, you don't think it would be a sin?"

This made mother laugh. (I later learned that laughing is an aphrodisiac if used in combination with other things which also lighten the mood and loosen inhibitions.) The little brown nipples on her breast had puckered up to be hard like a kind of chocolate candy to be kissed and sucked on and eaten. Mom's neatly groomed delta of delight I so wanted to delve into, showed a rosy gash which looked moist. But not from the shower, as the aroma of female desire as wafting in the air.

"I love you, mommy!" I leaned forward and kissed her lips. "If it is a sin, then it would only be a little one since we love each other . . ." I tried to use a warped theology since the whole idea of incest was out in the open between us, but the subject of consanguineous relations is inherently a non-logical subject. "Please Mommy, let me make love to you, pleeasse! If you liked being penetrated with 'Lucifer's Lance', then why wouldn't you like being drilled by my 'demon dick'!?

Her throaty chuckle was interrupted as I kissed her again and slipped my tongue between her lips. She hesitantly the returned the kiss with tongue of her own. Her breathing got heavy and deep. Her thighs seen to relax and spread wider as I stood between them with my cunt-compass pointed to true home. My mother was clearly turned on. I didn't know what was the catalyst which was creating the opportunities for such liberties, but I was determined to make the most of the moment.

I leaned forward once more and touch my mom's nipples. She shivered and placed her right hand on my left shoulder to steady me as I hovered over her and her left reached down and began to stroke my cock. She looked into my eyes. She saw more than me. She gazed as if viewing another image, then she looked up at the picture of herself. Lewd, lustful, licentious, luscious, lascivious, lurid; the 'White lady', looking down on her next sin.

Sin with her son, it was a conclusion which was inevitable, a completion of the cycle of sensual abandonment to the carnal connection with Cardinal's seed once more, now grown to young manhood. Her gentle pull on my peter drew me toward the holy of holies, she place the tip of my penis to the dewy nether regions of her open crotch.

She looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Sin in me son. Let your dirty demon deluge flow into the vessel you were born from. Plant your wicked seed where your evil father planted you. Sin in mommy, Baby! Sin with me . . . " With that she removed her digits from my dick and made her whole body an open object for my long held-in and hidden lust.

I felt the slippery slit oiling the tip of my peter. I mashed the shaft along the gash, widening the groove as it nudged mom's clit. She moaned and thrust her hips upwards to bring my cock head lower on her mound again, seeking our union. The fluids of pre-cum and her drippings mingled in a soup of passion's anticipation. Her movement centered the end of my poker at the place of pleasure, the entrance to ecstasy.

Mother's eyes closed as the bulb of my boner bit by bit crept into the spot my gonads had desired for all my adolescence. The ring of her pussy swallowed it with the hot heat of burning desire. I savored the moment by repeating the 'key unlocking the vestibule' movement. Mother's hips rose for deeper incursion and captured another inch inside. I drew back and thrust more confidently and now I was half in, I stretched over her as the shaft sank further. I felt her pussy fur tickle my balls; her soft tender breasts were squeezed against my chest now. Mom's eyes popped open in realization that full penetration was seconds away. I pushed my tool forward.

Then I was all the way to the root. I had my cock completely in my mother's cunt. I shoved even harder and pressed her flesh for the last half inch. I felt the nubs of her womb, as my knob probed the final frontier. I began to stroke as mom's torso flexed to hump her hips in time with mine. We had the rhythm right as the 'Devil's Ancient Dance' was beat out with the slapping of flesh on flesh. Flesh from her flesh returned to merge in an incestuous orgy of unbridled wantonness, the wedding of our flesh in sin.

The feeling in my cock as the best I had ever in my young life experienced. Every square millimeter was hyper-sensitive. The skin

seemed to be drum tight and the head was a knob of raging red-hot steel. I could feel the rising river of semen pooling in my banging balls. My scrotum tightened and even my little asshole as tingling. I was getting close to climax, but I wanted to make this as great as I could make it. Either to remember if there was never another time, but better yet to make it so good mom would want to do it again too.

She must have really been enjoying our illicit liaison. She drew up her knees to widen her crotch and get me as close as possible. Her arms held my back, as her hips humped in horny abandon. She grew increasingly verbal, moaning and saying "Yes!" . . . and lots of "OohH!"s . . . Uh-ahh-woo-eeh!" Her lips sought mine and while we worked on the wild wiggling of wanking we communicated our love

as we kissed, though the undulations impaired our osculations. Her body began to perspire and made her whole skin slippery and extra sensual and especially sexy.

Then our panting and grunting and moans and shouts and squeals reached crescendo. I slammed as hard and in and as deep as I could go. I could feel her uterus seeming to clutch at my dick as if to slurp up the coming cum. The whole of her vagina began to contract around my cock and that pulled my trigger. I let loose a fire hose. The jumping of my balls was bouncing against mother's butt cheeks.

The heat inside must have gone up to boiling as that is just what happened. My testicles released a torrent of frothing semen, even as the gushing cum of mommy's cunt bathed it with her own suds. The white river of our spume poured out of her vessel, proof that our love had been consummated, that our sin was baptized in lust that our

immorality was now and for always an act that had happened and could not be taken back.

What a picture that was. The 'White Lady' and the scion of her indiscretion had now succeeded in repeating the sacrificial act of intercourse, giving their bodies to one another. Unholy? Wholly pure love? I'm no religious authority; I only know I got to fuck my mom. It was good, hot, sensual, fun, - way better than masturbation! This sin was secret, though. No painting to memorialize our passion, no public humiliation. The 'White Lady' is my mom, and my lover. She was framed, before, but now the only thing encompassing her are my arms!

My Three Moms

He had three mothers, and he had all three!

My name is Pete, not Peter; it's a joke, because I almost was twins. However, something happened early in the pregnancy and it turned out that it was just me that made it to full term. Supposedly, that is the case that twelve percent of us start out as two, and the one is lost early. I guess you could look that up. The point is that my folks were informed by the Doc the ultrasound showed two fetuses originally. While there were some medical concerns, I was born healthy and mom was okay. But my father had a sense of humor. The other kid was 'RePete', I know, bad joke.

Most everybody has forefathers, I'm the only guy I ever heard of that has three mothers. Now, of course, I have only one biological mother. That's Danni, or more properly, Danielle; my step-mom is Susan, everybody calls her Susie; and Danni's partner is Shannon. They've all raised me since I was three. Danni and Shannon live just a block down from Dad and Susie. Me, I live in both houses. Everyone gets along with each other. All the drama was over before I went to kindergarten.

Dad had an affair with Susie when I was just past two. Danni found out about it six months into the relationship. She was pissed and about more than just dad cheating. But then she was seduced herself by Shannon, who she knew from work. Shannon was a lesbian and Danni discovered that she was bi-sexual. She was happier with Shannon, Dad was happier with Susie. It was a friendly divorce; an amiable custody sharing.

I wound up with four parents and two bedrooms. They had the details worked out on everything, long before I learned to play one off the other. Thus, I usually had the best of both worlds. Except on importation issues, and then Dad and Danni would confer and come to an agreement. Susie and Shannon were my allies, unless I really screwed up. In that case, I had four angry adults to contend with. But that was seldom.

Each of the three gals was like a mother to me. They had their strengths and weaknesses, like anyone does. But they were all 'moms', mothering women, and that's what I called them; Mom, or mother, sometimes mommy, when I was little, or got emotional. When any two were in the same room, to avoid confusion, I called each by their first names. If I skinned a knee, I ran to the closest mom. Any of the three would comfort me, and I loved them all, each in their own unique way; Just like a parent loves each child, though they have several. Only I was the single son, to the four parents.

I wasn't pampered, or spoiled, but I learned to get my way. It was learning family politics, that and my natural charm, which made for a smooth childhood. Those skills were the same things that helped me seduce all three of the ladies who mothered me. I turned twenty-one a week before Easter. Not that I hadn't lusted after each of them long before then, since puberty, really. It was only happenstance that things started to fall into place right then, which provided the opportunity to make love to the trio. One at a time, no orgy, just your ordinary seduction, times three. Sometimes I was doing the seducing, other times I was seduced sort of; and there was all kinds of fiddling around that went on otherwise which I'll mention, since they were part of the dynamics behind this story.

Now sometimes the odder things are, the more apt they are to be the foremost to fall. Think of it this way, the more unbalanced of items is the most likely to topple first. So it was with Shannon (I don't mean that she was unbalanced in any way); however, she was the woman's woman who turned out to be this man's first mom to be enticed into incest! That's right the lesbian. Now I don't want to get into a politically-correct argument with any ladies reading this that may take issue. The facts are as reported, the feelings told as they were related to me in conversation with the females I had sex with, my three mothers. Just accept at face value the narrative; you are welcome to argue any philosophical points with which ever was the mom of the moment in question. Shannon, though committed to same-sex desires was perfectly capable of fucking a male, just as a gay guy could screw a girl. She better than proficient; if you consider motivations, desires, and mechanics.

I was her first guy. Not bragging, just a happenstance. It might have been dad, except that he was wiser than his son. Pop knew better than to stir up a hornets' nest, sexually speaking. Once stung, read caught cheating; twice as shy of . . well technically he had the stinger so to speak; let's say he learned to keep to the honey-pot at home. Shannon, as she shared pillow talk with Danni about former lovers, in grew curious of what it would be like to be with a man. Not that she especially wanted to. Bluntly speaking, some guys may wonder what it's like to take a cock up their ass, but are not about to go experimenting under normal circumstances.

But sometimes, under special conditions or with extenuating developments, when with a particular partner or in close relationships, those kinds of encounters may happen. The unusual or strange or even

bizarre behavior of humans from cannibalism to self-immolation to mass hysteria is known to happen from time to time. So is it so wild, that maybe a little incest and perhaps a heterosexual encounter with a lesbian might occur? What are the odds of those odd things taking place? Who could predict that Shannon would be bit on the ass by a horsefly while sunbathing? While I happened to be the only other person in the house that day?

Those buggers are big, and their bite is bad; very painful. Her bikini was quite tiny, and the spot was right on the rump, very close to the thigh. She was on her stomach at the time, her top loose, and the yelp she let loose, a scream really at full volume, brought me running. Shannon is a statuesque redhead, Irish grin on an elfin face, pin-up body; temper terrible when angry, but temptress when she wishes to get her way with men. Of course, they never do get any compensation they may have hoped for, as she is orientated toward the females, to her own distaff side of the genders. But she can turn on the appeal to either side of the aisle when she wants, claiming it to be her heritage from the Emerald Isle, that certain Celtic charm. As I came scrambling out of the back-door onto the low deck, she was fit to be tied!

Her top wasn't tied on though; it lay where she had been stretched out. Her rosy nipples and bodacious bust were bare and there for my eyes to capture in a mental snapshot, even as I was trying to discern what her stress was all about. "THAT FUCKER BIT ME ON THE ASS!" She turned so that I could clearly see a big red spot on her very shapely derrière. She looked back at me over her shoulder; it was a pose right out of one of those pin-up calendars of old. My brain imprinted the sight. Hey! I'm only human and male and a horny youth, what do you expect? I told you that I had a thing for my moms. Just at that moment, the big bad bug buzzed me. Only I saw him coming, and WHAM! I

slapped the fly flat onto the ground and stomped on him. He was a grease spot on the boards of the patio.

"Good for you! My hero!" cheered Shannon, "OW!" She added as she tried to sit on the lounge chair where she had been sunning. She didn't seem to notice she was topless in the midst of the action and with the punishing pain.

"I've got the perfect thing for your sting." I said, realizing my supplies from camping, up in my room, had a first-aid stick that contained a neutralizing /anesthetic ingredient designed for just such insect injuries. "I'll bring it down!"

"Meet me up in my bathroom, instead." ordered mother Shannon, as she grabbed her sunglasses and bikini top and headed inside. I followed and sprinted up to my room and dug out the 'Sting-Stick' medicine tube. I proceeded to the master bathroom off of Danni's and Shannon's bedroom. Shannon was running cold water on a wash cloth. She was dressed in an over-sized towel, wrapped like a sarong around her, held up by a twist and her tits. She took the cold cloth and pressed it to her butt.

"This will do better than that." I assured her. She turned so that I could apply the ointment to the bright red spot on her lower buttock. I took off the cap and bent down to get an angle to smear the waxy balm. I didn't bobble, but I got a shock. I was looking straight into the split of her buns. She had taken off her swim suit bottom and she was bare under the terry cloth. I pushed the stick on the bite mark lightly and smeared the cure on her hurt. I could see her red fuzz. As she was bent over providing her rear for first-aid and my inspection, I saw the labia,

the pink slit, even the puckered ruddy anus! . . Jeez-Louise! .. I didn't know what to make of the spectacle. Was this on purpose, my getting to view her womanhood, or was I to be like a physician, strictly clinical in perspective?

Or was her familial nudity a non-sexual necessity, like when you change a baby's diapers. Well, she was the babe, and I wouldn't mind playing doctor. Even if I did know of her orientation, that didn't make me less heterosexual in my reaction to the beautiful woman on such intimate display before me. Surely her nakedness was not meant to arouse me? I couldn't help the erection her exposure evoked, but certainly she was not coming on to me, was she? She had not invited the freaking fly to bite her in so painful a place in order to play the temptress. Surely not Shannon, the lesbian lover of my mother, poor injured lady I chivalrously was administering to. I shivered with nervousness even so, as my hormones made madness in my mind, as my nose was inches from her center of erotic scents.

It was summer. She had been sunning herself; I was in my shorts and a tee-shirt and flip-flops. My shorts were as tented as the canvas we guys had erected on our camp-out, earlier in the season. If I had not been crouching, she could have seen the lodge-pole at my crotch. But now the medicine had been applied and it was time to stand. I did. She turned around. I knew from the look in her eyes, she knew of my condition, it was a look of understanding and one of sympathy and one of... of...?

"What would my hero, the slayer of the flying monster that attacked me, like for his reward?" I knew that sultry tone of voice. It meant that you were going to get what you wanted, but would have to pay a price.

Like when I was a kid and she had asked, "What would you like to be paid, for shoveling the snow from our driveway?" Yeah, the treat was a couple of beers and a back-rub from her. I was a couple of years younger and she knew what I wanted back then. She knew what I wanted now too. So she was using her sexy body for my enjoyment and her purposes. But why? Not that I really cared much at the moment, my male mind having gone stupid at the sight of her gorgeous ass. "Would you like this?" she asked.

With a flick of her fingers, Shannon undid the towel and it dropped. There she was in ALL her glory! The burnished muff, like copper Brillo. The round bright pink nipples popped out like push buttons, the best tits of the six that graced my three moms; their shape, the classic upslope and swelling down curve. Her flat taut tummy, which those exercises at the gym maintained; the legs that were two sculpted pillars of perfect proportions. Even her petite feet were a turn-on. My gaze zoomed up and down in seconds trying to gather it all in, focusing on parts and compiling the feminine form as a complete whole.

How could I blame Danni for falling in lust with her, discovering the beauty of bi, with a babe as ravishing as she? Certainly there was love too, I mean we all loved Shannon, she just had that kind of magnetic personality. She was certainly attractive physically to my biological mother, Danni; and to me obviously, and I had long admitted it. Maybe dad too, though he dared not ever indicated it, except in the chastest of compliments, if he wanted to keep his head (and dick) from being chopped off by Susan. Even Susie admitted the stunning glamour of Shannon. In fact, I'm pretty sure that there might even be a curious inkling in Sue as to what Danni gets from her sexual relationship with Shannon.

So you get the picture, super-model redhead naked, youth having hard-on right next to her. THEN she pulls me into her arms and kisses me. Not a mom kiss, not French either, but a big juicy lip lock so hot that it would melt steel. My bar pressed against her abdomen was oaken and it just ignited. She breaks the kiss and whispers in my ear, "You'll have to come back later, and see if I need to have a poke in the ass with your stick again."

Of course my 'stick' was actually poking her front, but the double entendre is obvious in its meaning, even if the shift in the needle of her sexual compass is confusing. But who am I, horny guy, to question another opportunity to have even a passing perusal (if not an actual 'poke') at any of her anatomy? Something was up, and I don't mean my meaty member which certainly was. But what Machiavellian machinations Shannon was hatching, I wasn't concerned with at that point. I simply asked, "When"?

"Tonight, after Danni goes out for her yoga class."

I actually cooked dinner that evening for mom Danni and mother Shannon, as I was staying in their house for a few days. Momma Susie was doing some redecorating and I was best out of the way for that three ring circus of craftsmen, carpenters and furniture movers. Dinner was a stew that they had taught me to throw together, when they both had been busy and had 'custody' of me for the evening. I like to do things for my mothers, it made them happy and had its rewards, usually some privileges or relaxation of rules, or perhaps an extra treat or small gift, like a new CD or gas money. But it's nice just to do stuff for people you love, even without the return of some kind of reward. But tonight, my hero's reward might just turn out to be something

special. I was hoping, but didn't have too high of expectations. After all, Shannon was one of my moms.

In any case, I did bring the medical 'Sting-Stick' with me. The front door slammed shut as mom Danni rushed off to her two hour yoga session. Almost immediately I heard Shannon call, "Pete, I'm in the bedroom!" I took the stairs two at a time. There she was stretched out on her stomach on the bed, a towel draped over her torso. But her tush peaked out, without panties. She spoke, "I told Danni about out my bug-bite and she looked at it. She recommended ammonia and ice, but I told her you had an anti-sting thing from camping, I could use. But I think that it's easier for you to put on, since you can see the bug bite better. CAN you see where my boo-boo is?" She pulled the edge of her covering up to expose more of her buns.

"UH . . uh-huh.." I was mesmerized. And getting tumescent too. I moved closer, the swelling had gone down on her injury, but bulge in my loins was returning. I moved next to her on the mattress, I took the cap off and again applied the balm; my personal stick wanted to touch there as well. She removed the towel, I shucked my shirt. She put her head down on her folded arms and raised her bottom a bit and spread her legs slightly.

"Go slow, be gentle, I'm still tender there."

I didn't have to be told to get rid of my shorts. I had wondered, I had hoped, I had not worn my jockeys-undies just in case. I knelt and straddled her legs; the target was clearly sighted and open, ready, glistening. Even though she still had her feet only about a foot apart and my knees were on the outside of her thighs, the opening at that

angle was an easy mark. I placed my hands on each side of her buns and moved my hips forward. I leaned over a tad and the tip made contact with the cavity that it sought. I pushed and with some small adjustments on both our parts it dipped in. It slipped in and slid deeper. Once I was sure of the aim, I let the full length drop slowly down, until I was balls to butt, encased in the steamy vagina of my mother Shannon.

Then with great deliberation I began to move, I drew up and pushed in, I pulled back and hunched forward. I used my pelvis to create the motion, and with every entry and half exit it was better and better. We began to be partners, her hips rocking to match mine and our coordination had rhythm and syncopation. Shannon made little 'u h - u h' sounds as I was going 'ah - AHH!' Her noises grew higher in pitch, while mine went lower. In and out I went, in and out and quicker and harder now! I couldn't last much longer I was so strung tight with the erotic tension. She started with, "Yes! YES! YYEESSS! Now N O W W!" and I let out a quiet cry, almost a silent sigh, exhaling a gasp of gob-smacked convulsion. My cock gushed the wonderful load I had saved up since that moment she kissed me in the bathroom. I jammed it in as deep as I could and let loose!

I let myself down on her back. For a few minutes we just lay there. As I softened somewhat, she moved and with gestures she indicated she wanted me on my back. Turning our positions topsy-turvy, she now was riding on my thighs, playing with my mast that was getting a second wind, working to cock my pistol which was reloading. In short, my putz that was putty in her hands was rapidly becoming a solid length of Pete's peter. She looked down at me and a sly smile came over her features, "You just became my first man. What do you think of that?"

"Jeez, Shannon, I'm the first dick you've ever had in your cunt?"

"First live one. I've had dildos of course. I wondered what it was like."

"So, did you like it?"

"Yeah, but I want to talk about something else for a moment. She moved up so she could mount my saddle-horn. As she slid down and I slipped up her pussy once more she placed her hands on my chest. I reciprocated with my fingers grasping her tits. "I know what you waannt, what you reealllyy waanntt!" In the sing-song of teasing, her voice chanted and taunted, as she was screwing with a rolling motion. I was having a great time, so I took the bait, which of course was her plan.

"What?" I grunted, trying to thrust up and have some input to the action.

"Yoouu want to fuuckk Danni! Don't you naughty boy? You want to fuck your mommy!"

(Yeah, no duh! What's was new?) "I love fucking you, mother Shannon." No fool I, to not compliment the lady on my prick at present.

"But you got the hots for your real mom, don't you? I know you do. Maybe I might help, if you do me a favor. We could help each other.

Think about having your big cock in Mommy Danni, darling Pete. Doesn't that turn you wild; wouldn't you love to put it into her?" My answer was in the bucking I was doing, as the turn-on of getting to make love to mother-prime was filling my imagination. "That's it, fuck Danni, put it in your first mommy, let her have your seed, cum in Danni, Pete, come on, C U M in her N O W W!"

Zoom! Did I ever blow my wad! I didn't think I would cum as much as the first time, but that second climax was spectacular as well. All because Shannon had played hob with my lust and I had let myself enter the fantasy. She seemed to have another orgasm too, but not as shattering as her first time when I balled her initially.

"Mmm," mother Shannon murmured as she bent and rested her wonderful pillows on my furry chest. Then she rolled off and said, "I want to be in the kitchen when Danni gets back. Get dressed and meet me there. I'll get a couple of cold beers from the fridge. With that she bounced off the bed and grabbed her robe. By the time I got myself clothed again and down there, the brews were opened and she was sitting at the kitchen table. I joined her.

She spoke after having a long pull on her drink, "To answer your question, about how well did I like fucking a guy? Well, first of all, you were fine, very nice and considerate, especially taking me the first time. I admit I was a little nervous, just the same. But I trusted you. That's why I picked you. Danni has talked about what it is like to be with a real male, the heat and the difference that no dildo can truly imitate. So, I was curious. I didn't plan the bug bite, that was serendipity, but since we sort of got intimate with your first-aid, I decided that you could be

my first that way too." She paused. "Did you ever see the movie, 'The Graduate'?"

"On TV, a long time ago."

"Well there is this line, which compares shaking hands with fucking." I looked confused. "My point is . . . well how would you feel about shaking hands with . . u h . . Angelina Jolie? I only mean just shaking hands?"

"Yeah, that would be really cool!"

"Yes, and she's a hot sexy babe, as well as a big star. Have you ever shaken hands with the minister after church?"

"Yeah, I've shaken Pastor Rogers' hand on Sundays."

"Okay, compare the two."

"I'd rather shake Angelina Jolie's."

"Now, the pastor has a nice firm handshake, it's not bad, but not nearly as exciting or as a sexy star right?"

"Absolutely!"

"So, okay, I'd . . I'd rather shake hands with Angelina Jolie myself, and I've heard rumors that she might have sometime earlier. . 'shaken hands' with some gals herself. Now I'm talking in the symbolism of 'The Graduate'. It's not that your 'handshake' upstairs was in anyway unsatisfactory; just that my druthers, if you will, are much more excited by the ladies that I am intimate with. Now, of course, I'm committed to being Danni's partner."

"I think I see what you mean. But what did you mean about my getting to fuck mom Danni? And are we, me and you, ever going to . ."

"Fuck again, you and me? Well, we'll see. But first you want to conquer Danni, right?"

"Uh . . Yeah!"

"Okay, then as I said, we can do each other a favor." She looked at my face and added, "Yes, you did me a favor, but that was a different sort of . . . well, kind of a mutual benefit. You want to get into Danni's panties and I can help; but I'd like you to help me get into Susie's knickers!"

Shannon had to pound my back as the beer I had just swallowed went down the wrong way. "You want to . . you want me to help you seduce Susan?"

"If you manage, I'll get you into bed with your mom, Danni."

"Uh . . can you help me get Susie into bed, after you get to make her? Wait! What would Danni say about you and Susie? I guess you are going to keep that a secret, like you are keeping us a secret. Right?"

"It's too complicated to explain right now, but some secrets are temporary and some are long term; but trust me, nothing in this family stays secret forever. Do we have a deal on Danni for you, Susie for me? - Susie for you, I don't know if I could help with. Let's stick to sticking it to one mother at a time Okay? Deal?"

I saw mom Danni through the garage door about to come into the kitchen and nodded my head vigorously. I took up my bottle, Shannon clinked hers to mine to seal the pact, and we both knocked back and had a long sip as Danni entered and called out, "Hi you two, what ya been up to?"

"Just talking about some old movies, replied Shannon. I rose, kissed Danni on the lips chastely and smooched Shannon on the cheek and went to my room. Talk about wild thoughts, I had a bunch from reviewing the events of the day, and educational evening, and thinking about the future. When I slept, I dreamed of all three moms as being my harem, but all I was allowed to do by Rev. Rogers was shake hands with them. Yet, Angelina Jolie was making out with all three! At least I got to watch that scene. In the morning I jerked off thinking of Danni. I wondered what Shannon could do to get us together, and how the hell was I going to facilitate Shannon getting her licks in with Susie?!

It was a complicated, convoluted, and thoroughly maniacal sort of strategy, but when Shannon got me alone several days later she let me into some of the family closets and be privy to assorted bones of the skeletons therein. It seems that the way that Shannon had seduced Danni was through cunnilingus. Because dad was not very good at that, and he didn't really like to do it. Go figure; I love to, and I wasn't bad at it so I was told by my dates. Mom Danni had been really pissed at discovering about pop and Susie, so she was vulnerable both emotionally and really turned on by Shannon going down on her. Her having an affair made Danni more understanding of my father's peccadillo; since she liked sex with Shannon and they had their own pecker - dildo as well. Thus Mom Danni discovered her bi-side.

Then something really made Danni really hit the ceiling. But she wouldn't even tell Shannon, not even to this day, what it was. But that was the last straw. She told dad that he was welcome to Susan, she had Shannon. Pop was shocked, but what could he do? Then he realized that it was all for the best, and agreed to a divorce. They decided to bury the hatchet, after all everybody was getting what they wanted, right? Except, of course, there was me. They both wanted me, in fact all four wanted me. So luck of the Irish, Shannon saw there was this lovely house down the block for sale. No tug of war, no worry about visitation problems and guidelines were established for the decision making process about how to raise me.

It was a friendly divorce, an amiable custody sharing. No complaint here, as I said I usually had the best of both worlds. But now I was educated to the fact that these rather liberated adults were evidently not the innocent souls I had earlier thought them to be. Example one, Shannon and I. I was learning that sin may blindside you. Nor was I so blinded anymore to the faults and foibles and failings of my four

parents. Example two, Shannon informed me that while she and mom Danni were a committed couple, they were not without the occasional outside liaison. Danni was bi, so once in a while she had a one-night-stand with a man, with Shannon's foreknowledge and permission. There is 'nothing like a 'm a n',' goes the Broadway song the other way sometimes, I guess.

Likewise, Shannon might have a special tryst with another gal-pal which had aroused her libido. With Danni's knowing about it up front, and her okay. They did not let the sideshows spoil their main event. Danni had never wanted to hook-up with my father; that would be too weird. Besides which, Shannon and Danni each respected Susie and were supportive of her. Nor did they want to queer the deal, if I may use that old fashioned term, with the stable environment I was being raised in; one dad, two homes, three mothers, four parents to obey, but one happy boy. But now that I was grown, well . . . It's not like Shannon had never suggested to Danni that she might like to do Susie sometime. In fact, the revenge factor, on my father - not Sue, was delicious for Danni to contemplate.

But it was not to be, because while Shannon was lesbian and Danni was bi, Susan was obviously hetero. But now, many years had gone past, and Shannon thought that perhaps . . . Susie might miss cunnilingus, as much as Danni had back in the day that she and Shannon had their first flirt and fling with one another. With the seduction of myself, (inadvertent though it had been, and not so bad in bed) well, was there an Angelina in the wings, in the house up the block, that just might be willing to 'shake hands' with the other side? Try-out what she was missing, that Danni had discovered as delightful? "Mmm?" went Shannon, "Maybe? What do you think, Pete? If you could get the message to Susie, maybe she might figure that a little action on the

other side of the street could be fun. You think? In any case, I want you to try." So Shannon put it to me after the long history lesson of my parents switching partners, switching sides, and swinging ways. Danni both ways.

It was Danni now, which had captured my focus and interest as my next mom to make love to. "How are you going to get Danni to commit incest with her own son? That's a bit of a ways off from just a casual fling with a male who's got a real live ding-a-ling."

"I have my ways with her, it just takes some . . imagination, if you will. Trust me; I'll get you with her, if you can hook me up with Susie. But to quote another old movie, 'These things must be done delicately!' heh - heh - heeah." Shannon imitated the voice of Margaret Hamilton, one of the green Wicked Witch of the West when she was scheming in 'The Wizard of Oz'. "So look for an opportunity to drop a broad hint about the delectable delight of a feminine tongue on a neglected cunt. I don't think you want her to get the impression that you could . . fill in the oral ministrations that your father is inattentive to. That might get you her, but it wouldn't get you Danni, get me? I'll have a better idea how you can bag mom three after I get her into my sack, So does that give you something to go on for our joint mission to make mom and momma?

"Yeah, that's a start." Quite an interesting insight to the love lives of my three moms too!

Two days later I happened on Susie out in her garden, she had some tomatoes she was harvesting. I helped her do a little weeding before I made an off-the-cuff remark about watching out for horseflies. That led

to a bowdlerized version of my administering to Shannon's bite. Susie mused that Danni's mate was mighty attractive. 'Don't you agree?' she asked. I realized that this could be just the opening I needed to broach the 'delicate' subject I wanted to discuss with her somehow. I replied that, in fact, Shannon had recently remarked, in my overhearing, something similar about Susan. Susie held up a red globe and asked in a Mae West bawdy tone, "Does she think I'm ripe for the picking?"

I did my Groucho Marx and wiggled my eyebrows, "I don't know, I'll have to ketchup to her and see!"

Mae/Sue said, "Well, get the two of us toe-mate-tahs together and we'll see who's the saucier!"

Groucho/me, "Would there be linguine with wine?"

Susan in her own ironic voice, "I bet 'Red' could make me whine, with her linguine, if she knows how to use her noodle."

I took a moment to make sure that I got the 'gist' of the double entendre, then cautiously, as my own self, inquired, "What about the Man-icotti your marinara'd to?"

"What? Doesn't a person sometimes want to go out for a pizza . . ass, once in awhile? I mean, bread-sticks are fine, but sometimes I think I might like to try . . . uh, calamari? Some dish that's a bit squirmy and covered with fragrant oil. Or maybe, clams she food, if you catch my drift." Susie is looking me in the eye. She knew what she was saying,

she understood the real underlying meaning our innuendos were implying and she was communicating back to me that she got it.

S H I T! She was letting me know that she was aware that Shannon had the hots for her and she might be willing to take her up on the offer. Damn! Great moms think alike . . . L O L! That worked out well. I was halfway into mom Danni's panties. I nodded to Susie. She put the ripe tomato to her mouth and bit the bright round veg; juices ran down her chin, it was a sensual declaration of her readiness to get messy. Christ that was a turn on for me too!

I stepped up and kissed her with all the goo still on her lips. I hugged her and whispered in her ear, 'I'll make sure your appetite for 'she' food gets to the gal who cooked up this whole thing. She looked surprised at my bold move, but didn't pull back, rather let her breath fill her chest and pressed her breasts against my torso instead.

She gave me a quick peck back. "Ask your dad about my herbs sometime," she sighed, "no more weed." as her hand swept the air, indicating her little garden. I wondered about her enigmatic response to me. What that was about? But now was not the time to be tempted by a tangent. I left to clean up and go over to the double mom's residence. Susie - saucy spaghetti - was ready to be eaten!

When I got to mom Danni's and mother Shannon's, they had ordered in pizza and had a cold six-pack out on the table. They had gotten three big pies, what wasn't eaten was frozen for later and always came out crisper from the toaster oven than when delivered, or if picked up even. That's why they always ordered extra. Shannon liked beer better than Danni, who was more of a white or rose' wine lover. It was just

coincidence that they had pizza, but my thoughts went to how I could get Shannon alone to mention the progress with Susie. We polished off nearly half the pasta and all of the beer. This prompted Shannon to remark they were out of her 'Bud's-suds' and there was just time to get to the package store for another 12-pack. Danni said she had some work to do on her laptop. Shannon asked if I wanted to go for a ride. Perfect!

I gave a short review of gabbing in the garden with Sue, and Shannon was pleased that things were humming along. When she had gotten a 'date' with Susan, she would then engineer the tryst with me and Danni. She saw my eagerness and the disappointment at waiting, in my expression. She patted my knee, and then ran her hand up to my crotch. Thank God I wasn't the one driving! She assured me that she did have a plan, and that I might get a preview of what my assignation with Danni might be like if I could come up with a computer cam. I told her I had a good friend who could loan me his when I needed it.

"Okay," Said mom Shannon, as we came out of the liquor store with supplies, including some Peach Tree for me. "I'm going to get Danni to play 'four - N' with me."

"Foreign?"

"No, but that makes a good pun, because the game is played with 'foreign objects' if you will. The game is 'four - N', she spelled it out, 'objections'. Those being: naughty, nasty and never-never. Did you ever here the dirty joke of 'no, no, never never'?" I hadn't. She continued, "It's one of those shaggy-dog stories, the girl in every step of the progression of getting seduced says 'no, no, never never', finally when the guy has

screwed her, he asks if he can take his dick out of her pussy now, and she says . ."

"She says, 'No, no, never never', okay, that must be an old chestnut from way back, but how does that relate to your game with Danni?"

"Well, we play a version of twenty-questions. One person is the 'victim', who is blindfolded. The other partner, slash-player, has a dildo, or boy-toy if you will; girl-toys are most anything else. Toys are 'foreign objects' so to speak; they could be beads, a tongue substitute, feathers, all kinds of fun items. The object of the game is that the 'victim' is being seduced by somebody and they have to guess who. It's fantasy role-playing, and lets us imagine a scenario, which we might not ever want to have happen for real."

"What are the four N's about?"

"Well, a situation might be Naughty, that's not so bad and not outside the realm of possibility; even if we don't seek that sort of action, it might be interesting under certain conditions. The Nasty is bad and likely we would not want to do it; except that this is just a fantasy with a safe partner and so it's safe to dream of those, to imagine the danger or really sinful sex. The Never-never is very way out and it might be a rape or having to do it with a stinky ugly guy, or even an animal. We don't go that route often, but once in a while we will test the limits, and we can always call it off. But sometimes, you let the terrible thing take over and you are over-cum with abandon and primitive urges that no self-respecting woman would do, but it is shocking what a thrill it can be. Think Fay Wray and King Kong. Did you know that in the original uncut film, the ape pokes a finger in her crotch and smells it? The

female sexual odor, pheromones, that's how he finds her in New York City, by her scent!

"Was King Kong un-cut?"

Shannon screamed with laughter at my joke. "I'm sure that the monkey was uncircumcised, and certainly he had to be a few sizes too large for Fey under the circumstances!"

"So, would Danni consider incest with her own son, as naughty, nasty or 'never-never'?"

"Well, when it cums to sex and being naughty, or even nasty, with Danni, you never-never know. It just might be that she would be willing, but you have to do something to prime the pump, if you understand my meaning."

"Just tell me what I need to do."

"Somehow we have to get your mother Danni to see you naked and erect. That one I'm still working on. If you have any ideas in the next few days, discuss them with me. Don't want to blow an opportunity with a poorly executed exposure and turn her off, or get her angry."

I agreed to talk over with her any ideas I thought of, to be suggestively nude, with my flag-pole raised high for Danni's inspection. I meanwhile contacted my buddy with the camera and borrowed it. I

gave it to Shannon and we made the necessary arrangements to cue me when to go on line, so getting her feed of the video, when she was going to play the game with Danni. I would log in and watch. I expected that would be a very wicked program! I was going to learn if mom Danni might actually find sex with me to be merely nasty as opposed to 'never-never'; and what might be the best approach to seducing her, or with Shannon's guidance to bed her somehow. That still left mother Susan to figure out what the key to her cooze was.

But the games had to wait until after Susie and Shannon had their rendezvous. I unfortunately, don't have the details of that 'tete a twat' lark. It was a one on one, not a three way with Danni, though she of course knew of the date. As with all their 'side action' the other partner was informed and approved of the deal. This was especially sweet for mom Danni that my dad was being cuckolded by the 'other other' woman in the change-partners-and-dance / dosie-doe of the double duos 'switcheroo'. But I think she may have also gotten to watch with the borrowed camera, I couldn't be sure at the time. And afterwards, well, you'll see how complicated things got later on.

I was batting zero for ideas on how to expose myself to mom Danni, with my stalk standing straight and stiff to boot as well. Meanwhile Shannon figured out that it was not as difficult as we thought at first. It had to do with timing, and attitude and motivation. It needed to be timed so that Danni would have to be confronted with the image. I had to have the attitude that I was trying to hide my manhood, since it was in boner mode. Besides which I was to have behavior apparently innocent in my (seemingly) motivation; but ultimately accomplished what need to be done.

Shannon and I had always played a rough and tumble tag game since I was little. It was a bit of 'Gotch-ya!' and some of 'swipe-and-swat' with a good dollop of general mayhem. As a kid, I'd steal her cookie, candy, some sort of treat and run. Then she would chase me and try to swat me for being a 'thieving knave'. If she caught me, she would tickle me until I gave the purloined treasure back, but if I was able to consume the item before being captured then she would pretend to spank me to teach me a lesson. I always ended up in gales of giggles as a consequence no matter what. All done in fun. Now we would regress to that ploy and rig the results to be rather risqué.

One day, as mom Danni was coming in from her work, just as planned I flew past her with only a towel on, twisted around my waist. Shannon was hot on my tail chasing me. "Come back here you damn little thieving knave, that's the last cold beer in the house!" Indeed I carried a sweating beer bottle, as I was scampering and dodging mother Shannon, who sought to grab me and reclaim her chilled brew. Shannon was also using a towel for her only article of clothing. Prior to Danni's arrival she had been massaging my member and talking dirty about our memorable first time. She tried to grab my beer. Shannon explained to her partner, as I used Danni as an obstacle to block Shannon's grasp, that I was up to my old tricks.

"Serves you right for taking all the hot water for the shower, leaving me none!" I defended my actions, as I feinted one way and scrambled the other. Shannon at a disadvantage, with one hand to hold her single garment in place, had a hard time changing directions. But then at a pre-arranged signal, the swig of beer that I took as I stood still for a moment, she clutched at the bottle, missed (on purpose) caught the knot of my own terry cloth skirt [kilt?] and OOPS! off it came! There I was naked and erect in front of the both of them, one surprised, the

other not so much, since she was in on the gag. Now to cover up the scandalous scam, but not the scamp and his rampant rod and scrunchy scrotum.

Holding the towel as hostage, Shannon in her most serious warning tones, proclaimed, "Give me my goddamn beer or you're not getting your lion-cloth back. I swear I will smack you so hard on your bare butt that my imprint will last past dinner!"

"Just teasing momma Shannon, tasted good!" I said handing her the brew. I turned to mom Danni, like I was naked before her every day, "Jeez! I was just having a little fun. She didn't have to be such a bitch about it." and walked back toward the bathroom without a stitch on. Mom Danni got a good gander at my stanch man-stander and gonads, then a vista of my muscled buttocks. Now it was planned, but you don't use the 'B' word in the home of the double moms and get away with it, especially if you're applying it to one of them.

"You are a mean male pig!" Shouted Shannon, who used an insult that was at least thirty years out of date, and she did slap her hand on my retreating cheek, leaving welts. It had to look real, like we were not play-acting. It stung, but I laughed and ran to the shower. Mission accomplished! An eyeful of my Eiffel Tower and an added bounty of buns for mom Danni. So now she had to be well aware of the maturity of her son and how he had grown into a man, and what his manhood looked like grown large as well.

In the meanwhile, I thought some more about the enigmatic last statement Susie had made in the garden to me, but I was not really clear of what had meant by it. She said to ask my father about it, so on the

night she was out; 'to the movies with some gal-pals', but was actually down the block with Shannon going down on her; I was sitting and watching a ball game with dad and I quoted the remark, or close to it, to him and sought his input. It turned out that was a smart move, one that had been planted as a seed by Sue, to lead me into more than just that messy kiss and sexy squeeze. Thus I came to acquire the secret that she had deliberately hinted at and she was hoping would open the door our connecting, in more ways than one!

"OH! God, that. . well. . you're old enough," said dad "When I met Susie, of course she's younger than me as you know, and way more hip. She was into something's that I hadn't ever tried, pot. She had this little plot of land on an old farm; she had charmed the fella who owned it into loaning to her. I think she might have screwed him once or twice, to get him to go along, but she never actually said so. Anyway, she grew veggies, tomatoes, beans, corn; in the corner of the field far away from the road, 'bout a quarter of a mile, you had to walk to get there. But between the rows of corn, she raised weed. Not weeds, weed, grass, pot; and she had a private stash just for herself, didn't sell, just smoked her own."

"She loved to screw when she was stoned. You remember that I met her when I stopped to buy a few ears of her fresh corn at the little stand she had. Well, she was buzzed from coming back from the field, where she had smoked a joint, and she was horny just then. I looked pretty good to her and she offered me a roll in the hay. Literally, since she took me back to the farmer's barn and we did it the hay loft. I admit that a quickie with this pretty little blond cutsie was too tempting to pass up. Then she turned me on to dope the next time we hooked up at a motel, and that opened my eyes. I was hooked on stoned sex with Susie, and

had no self-control when it came to my infatuation and my habit of getting high on marijuana."

"It was bad enough that I was having an affair, but when I also was risking everything by possibly getting busted for drugs, and when your mother Danni found out . . well shit hit the fan three ways from Sunday. The rest you pretty much know. Shannon turned your mom gay or bi or anti-guy, whatever, and then we settled out our affairs; you should pardon the pun, but it fits. So, here we all are in our respective homes. Susie has a garden in the back, but it's too uncool to grow in the neighborhood, much less she was afraid Danni might blow the whistle. I don't think Danni is as militant on the subject as she used to be; but we still are not in the 'back-forty' somewhere, and there was you to raise, so it sort of petered out. Besides, now that we are older, our contacts are middle-aged and don't have the connections they used to have either. That's why we don't have the chance to get high anymore. We both miss it though."

Ah-Hah! Eureka! If I could hook up Susie with some dope, perhaps I could get her to hook up with me? That was what she meant, what she had hinting at. THAT is what would work to let me get more than a quickie with my pretty little blond momma, who was too tempting to pass up, for this boy as well. Like father like son, and I liked all the women in my family. But Danni was next I figured. I wondered how Shannon was making out with Susie. Pun intended!

Evidently, that female fandango of frolic went fine, which motivated Shannon to get Danni into a play-time scenario soon to make sure that her partner didn't feel neglected. So three days hence, a Sunday night, I was given the heads up with a text message that I ought to log in at

8:30 and not to get discovered by dad or Sue. I locked my door, put the headphones on and waited. I had Astro-Lube lotion handy and a box of tissues too. Shannon must have pre-arranged the evening's agenda with her lover. She at first blindfolded and stripped Danni; laid her on the bed nude, but for the black cloth covering her eyes. When she lit a scented candle, she also uncovered the undercover camera and adjusted it to view the bed.

Then she got out the dildo. Shannon had not exactly measured me, but she got a very good 'handle' on my dimensions when she had been on top of my thighs. The new boy-toy she had bought, having had the . . er . . balls to walk into the local adult shop and choose a model that very closely matched my dong, was my . . uhm . . stand-in, if you will. So the experience would be simulating my physical presence during penetration. The image I was getting over the net was alright, though I couldn't control the focus or zoom, it still showed what the action was and the sound was clear.

Shannon positioned herself on the bed beside Danni, but so that the camera's view was not blocked. After a little cunnilingus for warm-up, she started moving the dildo up and down the slick slot of her partner's pussy.

"It's a boy-toy," declared Danni.

"Yes," said Shannon.

"Kind of more slender, is he young?"

"Yes. A small push between the labia, but not quite going in yet."

"Is it, someone I know?"

"Yes." Shannon played the shaft up and over the clitoris, in a teasing fashion.

"Is it someone I see often?"

"Quite often."

"Someone at work?" Danni spread her thighs a bit.

"No." The dildo went to the abdomen and rocked sideways on her naked tummy. I guess to let Danni get the feel of the length and breadth of my 'stand-in'.

"Umm... the pizza-boy?

"Noo... and that's five questions down. Do you want a hint?"

"Okay is he naughty or nasty?" asked Danni.

"Definitely more than naughty!" Shannon worked the tip in Danni a little again.

"He seems eager and hard. Have I ever thought about him?"

"Maybe, but you never mentioned it to me that you considered him as a potential lover. But to be honest, you did comment that he was well equipped."

"His package was discussed by us? Then I must have seen him in his swimsuit!"

"And in his tux and in his underwear, and . ."

"Brad Pitt! He's been in a tux and swimsuits and underwear in all kinds of movies. You know I have a thing for him. Are you sure his dick is that skinny?"

"Not Angelina's hubby. I was about to add that you've seen him in his birthday suit too."

"Is it a movie star or celebrity of some sort?" Her knees were going wide and her pelvis was tilted up, as the male substitute was dipping deeper but still not penetrating more than halfway. The blindfold on her head made the entire game more erotic for me somehow, even though I was just watching on my computer screen a block away. I had to start rubbing my prick, it was hot seeing mom even if the image might be

slightly blurry, too bad it wasn't a close up, and the lighting was dim. Still, this was going to be instructive for when my turn came for real, with Danni.

"Remember, it's someone you know."

"If I see him often, and he's not from work, young . . . a neighbor? Jeff Thompson, from down the block that delivers the paper, isn't he kind of young?"

"Ten questions to go, want another hint?" The dildo was regularly sawing in Danni's cavity, but still just teasing, it came out and moved all over the surrounding area spreading the lubrication it had soaked in. I could see a dark center where it had been moments before.

"Hint!"

"He has the hots for you. Had them for a long time!"

"That does sound nasty, like maybe . . have I ever seen him . . uh . . hard? Have haven't seen that many men hard since you and I . . ohh! - put it in again! . . . since we became a pair."

"I believe you said that you have . . seen his rod rigid." Shannon went back to working the dildo in and now she was making it more a serious fucking motion.

"God, I'm stumped. It can't be my ex. Haven't seen him since before the divorce. My last liaison, the guy was thick and not as long. There was that guy that lost his swim suit at the gym's pool last month, but he wasn't hard. Cute, and a nice piece of meat, however soft, so that leaves him out. The only male I've seen naked and hard lately was . . . waass . . Shanni! You can't be . . not . . that would be a 'no-no-never-never' . . not Pete, my own son? You couldn't be meaning . ." Shannon pushed the boy-toy deep into Danni's cunt and started a slow in and out with full strokes.

"He has the hots for you, has for a long time. You knew that, you once discussed his incestuous cravings for not only yourself, but for Susie and even me as well. The boy is quite the handsome lad! You saw his dick upright the other day, wasn't it nice and long and slender, but very stiff, and mouth-wateringly sexy. That's what you said. You can't deny that you haven't wondered what he would be like in bed. Susie and I have, you too, right?" The dildo was thrusting with authority, as if I was taking mom Danni and nothing would stop me - us!

"Ohh! Shanni . . " She called her partner Shanni? in bed, Danni and Shanni . . I had never heard that nickname used before for Shannon, not by my mom Danni nor anyone. Danni was continuing to protest even as her hips jerked in response to my 'fill-in-fella' fucking her. "Not Pete, he's not . . I would never . . GOD! My own son, that would be too nasty, that is a 'never-never-class' type of thing. I couldn't fuck my own kid, Uhooh . . Shanni, oohhh! That's good, like that, Pete! . . I mean . ."

"AHH! You are thinking about him, aren't you? That peek at his erection was erotic, wasn't it? Admit it, that handsome young rogue would be a great lay, even if he is your own son. And he wants you; he

really has a full-blown Oedipus complex for you. He wants to screw with his mother Danni. He wants to make love to the woman that gave him birth. Wouldn't you like to love him back that way? Take him in your arms and between your legs, and inside your body; let him complete the joyful union that he has always desired? Because that is what you secretly have yearned for too, since he started to get to be a man? Admit it to yourself Danni, love and let go, let his cock conquer your cunt!"

Danni gave in with this pressure from her partner and let her body take command; started to buck and the fake-me went to town in her vagina. "Yes! Oh baby! Honey! Pete! Fuck your mother, Pete. Make me cum, cum in me, my sweet son. Give me your hot seed in my pussy; fill me with your jism, NOW! NNOOWWW!!"

While I watched, my mom Danni climaxed pretending it was me cumming inside her which was making her have the aching orgasm that was racking her body. DAMN! I wish I was there, but with this game finishing like that, I knew my time was not so far away! It came to me then, this is what Shanni, er . . Shannon had meant when she had said, it just takes some . . imagination. Mom Danni had been imagining she and I doing the dirty-deed. From there, the reality was not that big of a step away.

As it turned out Susie was my next mom to make it with me. I was able to connect with a girl who had a regular supply of product for sale, pot in other words. This was very good stuff and cost a pretty penny, but I had an important goal to use it for. Bribing and bedding Susan, mom three, or two depending on how you counted, chronologically, or who became the stepmother first. Technically, Danni and Shannon moved

in together before dad married Susie, but Susie moved in with Dad before Shannon became my step-uh . . can't say step-father, step-partner? Step-mother in a way too. But who's counting?

I cleaned the grass, and bought a smokeless pipe from the local head-shop, and waited until I could get Sue alone. She came in dusty and sweaty from her garden the next day. Dad was out on a golf game, so the timing was fortuitous. I hurried to my room to get the marijuana in a glass vial and the new pipe. I knocked and entered the master bedroom. But I was too late. Or too early, depending how you look at it. What I was looking at was a Susie in her bra and panties. She had stripped her dirty duds and was about to take a shower, just going into the bathroom off their bed room when I arrived. She squeaked an 'EEK!' Grabbed a towel and held it in front of her.

"I'm sorry, Susie. I should have knocked but since you were done weeding I thought you might like to get rid of a different kind of weed. That is to say, by burning it. Or if you will, the herb you can't grow in your garden anymore. I have a supply of it I wanted to give you, as a gift because . ." [I had to think fast because I was winging it at the moment. I needed to come up with a believable excuse. I mean, you don't say, 'I got you some dope because I hope to hop in bed with you by getting you stoned!' which of course was the truth, but too bold to be stated outright. My motives would soon enough become obvious. So what to - I've got it! . .] "Because I know that is what you were referring to when you suggested I ask dad about what you meant, with that broad hint you made the other day."

"When you propositioned me for Shannon, and kissed me and held me tight so you could feel my tits against your body?"

"Yeeaahh, that time. Pop told me about your . . earlier vegetable garden with the special herb you grew that you turned him on to. So I thought that you guys might like to . . mm . . relive old times, revive those fun days of buzzed love making. Dad said he missed it. [SHIT! Now I had blown my chance, I made it seem like it was for her and dad, without her and I having a glow-and-go at stoned loving.]

"Well, that is really sweet of you! First you act as a go between for Shannon, and now you get some grass for your father and I to share and perk up our staid sex-life. I hope you got some for yourself. Pot I mean, I don't expect that Shannon's kind of kink got you any of her tail. I suppose that you might have played match-maker out of the sheer goodness of your heart. But knowing Shannon, I'm sure that she had some sort of incentive to provide an extra benefit one way or another."

"I won't say that I didn't have a motive of some kind of gain promised, [which cannot be revealed at this time!] But naturally, I was glad to make my mom's happy if things went well. And I hope they did."

Susie relaxed a bit and leaned on the door frame to the bathroom, she let the terry cloth droop a bit. "OH! It certainly went well. A well is a deep and wet hole, and that is what she discovered with me. I was certainly satisfied, and it satisfied a long standing curiosity. Though, I wouldn't want it as any kind of regular . . diet, eating or . . being dinner. But getting stoned I never tired of. "You got it there? Come in the bathroom and let's get a buzz on. The fan can exhaust the smell."

She led the way and I followed, as she tossed the towel on the toilet and turned with a huge grin on her cute little blond face. Like a naughty angel, so petite, almost like she was still in high school. The perky imp that had seduced my father stood in her demi-bra and scanty low-cut briefs. I had seen her in her underwear, on occasion glimpsed her so, and once even nude. She wore the tiniest of bikinis at the beach or out in the backyard for sunbathing, but never hinting she would be less modest with her stepson. That was certainly quite enough skin to stir my fantasies of her for masturbation sessions.

Now we smoked a bowl, passing the pipe. She declared it primo (the cleaning always helps that of course) and wanted another bowl before taking a shower. She said that she loved to be high and wet, any kind of wet. Including, as she put it looking me directly in the eyes, 'where my dirty young mind was thinking about'! She smirked and held the smoke in. Finally, Susie blew her last toke into my mouth and made it a kiss as well. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she asked, "Want to watch me take a shower?" Since the answer was obvious, as witness the large bulge in my jeans, she stripped off her top and bottom. Naked as a water nymph she stepped into the shower stall, but didn't close the door. I was pretty sure that she was not expecting me to share the enclosure with her, nor had she indicated that I would be welcome. She sudsed up her torso and legs, then washed her hair. The yellow tresses darkened and collected like a horse's tail trailing down her back, the long tresses she took pride in.

Susan made clear her intention to be singular in the spray when she said, "I'm so horny, Pete, I just have to get myself off. Make sure I don't slip and hurt myself, so you keep watching." Like I could tear my eyes off her pink nipples capping the perfect small breasts and the golden fleece that was now host to her delicate fingers rubbing gash that ran

down and around the firm tight bottom of her tush. Her face, open mouthed and closed eyed was turned up, though out of the direct spray, and was a vision of a girl in the throes of happy frigging. It didn't take too long, and she had a nice little shuddering peak. I was leaking pre-cum from the shower show she had shared with her youthful companion. ['But what about me??!!', Mr. Pete's peter asked.]

Not to worry. Susie rinsed once more and stepped out, grabbing the towel and handing it to me. Obvious I had the pleasure of drying her, even if I didn't get to run soapy hands all over her, and use my fingers to fiddle in her middle. Then when she was dry, only damp down where I had foregone to touch, she led me to the bedside and began to strip me. When we were both nude, she got the pipe and we proceeded to smoke another bowl. ['OH-BOY!', I thought.]

Her nips were sticking out and my dick was sticking up, as we sat side by side in the altogether. She blew out the last toke, and grinned a wicked little smile at me. "Your turn!" she said, as Susie pushed me flat on the mattress. She leaned over and put her mouth on my dick. Turning so she was T-'boning' me as she performed an expert job of fellatio, I saw her boobies hanging down and reached out to fondle them. They were firm and yet still full for her figure, the points were berries to be plucked, and I made sure they got their fair share of attention.

Her mouth was this wonderful 'O' that ringed my cock and worked up and down three quarters of its length. You wouldn't think that a small woman had that depth, but it must have been technique. But this wasn't going to get me off inside her vagina, where I really wanted my hard-

on to lose its load. I asked, "Would you like me to reciprocate? I eat pussy very well. I bet you don't get much of that from dad."

Susan looked up at me and gave a little laugh. She said, "He didn't used to, I had to teach him; but now he does just fine when it cums to cunnilingus. You know, Shannon hinted at something similar. I guess that was the case with your mom, Danni, but I knew some tricks she didn't. He has enjoyed going down on me ever since. I let Shannon have her 'lunch', and I had 'snacked' on her snatch to see what it was like with a woman. I never had that college-dorm opportunity, like some girls get a chance to experiment at that age. I've been feeling adventurous lately, middle-aged restlessness I guess."

"Also, I think that I was secure enough with my relationship with your Father by this time, and comfortable enough in my own skin as to my sexuality, to try a walk on the wild side. It still was in the family so to speak, and it wasn't going to turn into a complicated jealousy sort of thing. After all, Danni knew beforehand what was going down; pardon the pun, though your dad didn't have an inkling. Nor do I want him to learn about this little . . 'dabbling on the side'? Would you like to see how I converted him, it still makes him happy and I have the fixin's right here?"

"Yeah! What's your secret to converting pop into a 'muffin-muncher'?

"Nothin' that was earthshaking. Just sort of a 'birds and bee's' kind of thing. Question? What do hummingbirds, and bees, have in common?"

Yeah! Right! Like my brain worked well with a golden naked nymph noshing on my salami - not! I had no clue at the moment.

"Nectar!" she said looking up from my dripping lollipop. "And how do flowers attract the birds and bees to help them spread their pollen?"

"Their perfume?" Not entirely stupid, I could figure out that girls wore perfume to attract guys, and I definitely wanted to 'pollinate' this elfin creature even if she was deflowered many years ago!

"Right!" The perky pixie beside me rolled over to her end-table and opened the drawer. She took out a tiny little glass phial with an ornate stopper in the top. She shook the vial and dabbed a drop of the amber oil on her bush. Then returning that to the stand, she withdrew a small jar of a honey-colored thick fluid and smeared that on her labia and clit. "Lick me lover!" She commanded. My pleasure, this was exactly the best next step in seducing this lively and lithe tease I wanted to make so much I could taste it. Now I was getting to taste the place I wanted to pleasure with my pole.

The perfume was a heady sweet flowery fragrance that wafted up from the heated loins of the lovely lady I was lapping. A musky over-tone was mixed with the blossoms as her natural scent gave an aromatic note of her arousal. As I slurped the syrup of her sex, the other flavor was honey. Yes, honey and Jasmine were the simple things that had turned my father's taste in women, from Danielle to Susan. Maybe things might have never . . well, speculation of that sort is useless; the point being - so now my father was fine with eating pussy. Nor did he necessarily need the sensory enhancers anymore to get him over the hump, or mons as it were. So Sue explained, but added that they were

still a nice romantic touch, so she kept them handy for the occasional evenings when she wanted to encourage his lips to linger longer down at her labia.

Now I was being allowed to work my magic at her womanhood, with talent of tongue and lots of lip-smacking smooches and even my nose got to tickle her nookie; as I inhaled the heady mix and savor Susie's sinful sauces. She was beginning to have her hips rise and her moans were more and more like she was approaching climax. But again, not the in the mode I desired as a gratification which would be for us both. It was almost time to make the move to between her thighs. I was sure she was more than slick enough for me to stick my stinger in her honey-pot. She had enough pot and this honey blond was open as a blossom in the bright morning. I was the son who wanted to shine on her petals, only one thing kept us from the consummation of our growing desire.

As I had learned from Shannon, these sorts of seductions had to be handled 'delicately'. Delicious as the moment was and as licentious as our liaison was, it need to be an inevitable moment of incest. Even though technically it wasn't consanguine, it was unsanctioned, and I would not rape any woman, though gladly would I ravage at her request. Thus I needed her to ask, beg or somehow confess 'that she couldn't stop herself, nor me, from the spiraling coil of coitus that carried us into compulsory copulation; the urgent stirrings that overcomes the conscience, the physical craving that makes mincemeat of morality, the burning lust that sweeps all rational thought and emotional inhibitions aside. That flood of need for the two of you to unite, and rejoice in each other's rutting revels together.

But I guess it wasn't such a delicate moment when Susie suddenly cried out, "Fuck me, FucK Me! FUCK ME!! FUUCCKK MMEEE!!" But it was certainly the go ahead point for our genitals to be hitched in tandem. Like the pistol into its custom holster, I socked my loaded weapon into her sheath. 'And away we went!' as the saying goes. Like rabbits, hunching in rapid motion to make the most of the time we were having fun. After I had brought the first of her pent-up cums to fruition, I concentrated on making my banana last as long as possible, so that her split was not creamed too early. Having tasted her appetizer, before the main course, I wanted to make sure that she got all the desserts she deserved. Then I could be allowed to cream. Bad jokes, I know but great sex!

Perhaps it was the grass, or my youth, maybe the naughty (or was it nasty) sin of having her step-son in her bed; possibly the return to the heterosexual side of the street, or the just novelty of another man - like the new experience of making it with a woman; or the whole weirdly insane scene that these blended into, within only just a few days of each other. Whatever the combined effects of the factors that went on inside Susie's body and brain and heart, she really was rock-&-rolling, after that first orgasm; her climaxes kept on exploding, chains of cums and big bombs blasting off, she was multi-O'd to the Nth degree!

She wanted it from all angles, every several minutes we would switch to a new position, after she had had a cum or two. I was on top, then she scissored her legs around to doggie; flipped over to be on top with her riding me, then we went back to missionary. I had never realized that she was so gymnastic! Like having the tiger by the tail, I had to hang on, so that I would survive the experience with this wild pussy! Finally, having lost and regained my tumescence once or twice in the merry melee, as I floated on her form while fucking the manic minx

who I was making love to, I managed to get my own climax accomplished. I pressed deep and felt my tip bump her uterus nubs.

So beautiful to release your semen into the warm, wet cavity that accepts your love lotion as an offering of worship. It feels like part of your soul is spewed out in a gush of rushing liquid. With the urging of her body to connect with yours, as you both pound together in a final tumult, clapping clashes of tympanic genitalia, your grunts and groans are echoed by her cries and wails. Sex is wonderful and special, and raw and raunchy, spiritual and earthy, human and animal, the most miraculous and most common of phenomena, all at the same time. It is the physical way that I demonstrate my love to females. Who do I love more than my three moms? Why wouldn't I want to make love to those three desirable ladies if I could? It turns out that I was able to, and did. At least, two down and one to go!

Four days later, I was going into my second home, that place I was equally happy to dwell at, though as of late I actually spent more time there. It was sometimes referred to by dad as 'lesbian's lair'. He still had a little resentment to having lost mom Danni to mother Shannon. Even though he had been the one who had cheated first. On the other hand, earlier, before peace was made between the two couples, Dad and Susie's home was spitefully dubbed 'The Hovel of His and Whore's' by the double moms. When I entered I called out, but neither mother Shannon, nor Danni answered. I was going to my room to get a video game, when I heard crying.

It was very soft, coming from their bedroom. I knocked. Mom Danni said in a small voice, "I'll be out in a little while." I normally would have gone about my business, but it was unusual for her to weep. I tried the

knob and it was unlocked. I opened the door and went in. Mom was on the bed in a robe and she had a box of tissues next to her. Her face was a bit puffy and her eyes red. I went over and sat next to her and began to rub her shoulder. She whispered, "I'll be okay, it's nothing."

I felt protective. "What is it, can I help? Don't feel bad, Shannon and I can make it all better, I'm sure."

With my words, she burst into a new set of tears. I was unsure of what was going on. "Just hold me, Honey." I stretched out next to her and took her in my arms in a comforting hug.

"Tell me, please mom? I want to share what is bothering you and be there for you." Having three mothers makes you sensitive to the feelings of others and helps one to know how to get them to open up. I empathized with her even if I didn't understand yet what was upsetting her.

She took a new tissue from the box and had a big blow of her cute little nose. "I didn't think that I would feel this way."

"Which way?"

"It's complicated . . and . . private."

"I'm not old enough to know all about the secrets of this family of mixed nuts?" That got a little laugh from her, because of course there were not

many secrets left to hide, after all these years of living with all four of them.

"It's not my secret to tell."

"So where is mom Shannon? I'll ask her; does she know you're crying?"

"She's not here right now. She had to go to get something for her job at a place that was hours away. She'll be gone for the evening, back late."

"I'll phone."

"NO!"

"Then I'll get Susie and we'll cheer you up in no time. Come on mom, you can't be 'Miss Misery', and not love some company?" A paraphrase of her 'Mr. Misery' pep talks from my childhood. Instead of getting her to giggle as I expected the remark drew a grumble-mumble I didn't catch. "What? Say again."

Still a grumble-mumble, but clear enough the second time she voiced, "I don't want Susan, either!"

I thought I was beginning to catch on now. "Is this about Shannon and Susie's . . date?"

She looked up at me surprised. "You knew about that?"

I didn't know if mom Danni knew about my being instrumental in the arrangement, so I went low key for the moment. "I sort of gathered that dad got . . a second pair of horns from your partner." Now the humor worked and I got a chuckle.

"Yeah, but while I knew about it before hand, and even gave my permission, I didn't . . I didn't . . expect to feel jealous . . AND I DOOO!" Back to weeping as she burst into fresh tears with her outburst of a pitiable wail. I held her and shushed her and rocked her a bit. Kissed her forehead and caressed her hair, trying to calm her.

"You wanted to mess around with Susie too?" Now I knew this was not so, but it was a tactic to get her to open up about the dynamics, it wasn't meant to be funny, and I immediately followed with, "No . . You don't want Shannon to have temptation living up the block, too close to home. Huh? That it? Afraid that you will have to share Shannon with the woman that was your rival for your husband, back in the day. And now you are afraid another triangle will make things complicated again. Right?"

Mom Danni hugged me tight and kissed me on the lips and looked into my eyes and smiled, even. "How was I ever so lucky to have such a smart son, who sees right into the very center of things and identifies the heart of the matter?"

"Mom, you are just blessed, 'cause God loves you, and She sent me, then Shannon to love you and bring you the joy that you deserve. You

helped me so many times when I had romantic issues and teenage angst. I learned from you about hearts and love and happiness. Now listen and pay attention. I know for a fact that was a special sort of, how does Shannon put it, that British expression she uses . . ."

"One off"

"Yeah, just a onetime only happening. Susie is not going gay or bi, she just wanted to see what you have found to be good, and now that she has gotten to try, she doesn't have to wonder anymore. And Shannon, well, she had her own curiosity all these years, and now that has been taken care of. Curiosity may have killed the cat, but I think that a taste of the milk dish on the other side of the fence has satisfied both pussies in this case."

"Jeez! Where the hell do you come up with those awful puns? You get that stinky shit from your dad."

"Speaking of eating and dad. I happened to know that he has since learned to eat pussy! So Susie doesn't lack for licking, if you will pardon my tongue in cheek," mom Danni slapped my arm for that one, "to motivate her in jumping the fence like you, she gets the lapping at her lap all she wants now days."

"How, young man, do you happen to know such intimate things about their love life?"

"Uh . . . it's a secret?"

This was the sort of thing that started my mom Danni to tickle me when I was a youngster, in order to get me to tell something. It usually worked because it was a game we played and I love teasing her so that she would do it. We always had lots of fun, though it was a bit of rough housing, and as I got older and bigger she did it less and less, because she no longer had the physical advantage. But as I had hoped, the phrase changed the mood and she reverted to the old strategy to get the secret out of me. She started to wiggle her fingers in the spots she knew I was vulnerable, and I tried to defend myself. We rolled around on the mattress for a few moments.

I came to realize that she didn't have on anything underneath the robe, so her thighs and breast would flash the tantalizing view of her pale skin, furry patch and dark nipples. I couldn't help the arousal the wrestling created in my groin and her belt began to loosen. I wasn't the kid anymore and with the weight and strength of a male I soon pinned her beneath me, instead of her being above me like when I was a child. I was pressing my manhood into her middle and making no effort to conceal my body's interest in her form.

"Mom, Shannon doesn't get jealous of your occasional foray back into heterosexual encounters, does she." It was a statement not a question and there was no denial either on Danni's part. Her eyes got wide though, as she realized that I was hard and on top and male, and that I might just be more than hinting at an incestuous coupling. She looked up at me, not struggling any more, not making any come hither looks, but neither was she making any indication that what I might be driving at would be out of the question. Indeed, I knew from the show Shannon had arranged for me of her and Danni acting out the fantasy of Danni

and I; that mom would very much consider the possibility of her son fucking her.

Yet she had always been a good and responsible mother, she said slowly, "Pete, I don't think that that would be the solution to the issue of my dealing with being jealous of Susie and Shanni. Two wrongs don't make a . . . I'm not saying that what Shanni and Susan did was . . . but you and I are . . . I'm . . .it would be . . . you really would like to?" It was like watching a locomotive slow down and then begin to back up, there was a lot of weight to stop and inertia to overcome, but the forces were powerful and steamy and when the wheels began to turn the other way, slipping at first then the direction was the exact opposite, even though on the same tracks.

Those tracks were the physical guides for the train which could run either way, like the ones with an engine at each end. Not to mangle the analogy, but right then I wanted to stoke her to full pressure and get my piston pumping and make her whistle blow! Mom was bumping her pelvis against my hips even as her mouth was saying, "No, no." I put my lips to work silencing that protest as one hand finished the undoing of her belt tie and the other was cupping the side of her ribs, then sliding over her soft cushiony mammary. She was murmuring, "Baby, we can't do this", as she pulled my tee-shirt off over my head. "You're my son . ." as Danni undid my buckle and pant's button, then drew down the zipper, all the while whispering, "This can't be happening . ."

I extended an exploring middle finger and found her damp at her juncture. I bent to suckle her buds, and then peppered her face with kisses, before giving attention back to those ruddy round caps. She was

sighing and making weak protest with mews of "mm'mh" and "nn'uh, uh-ahh . . . oouh, noo." I moved down to make my own homage to her nether region where Shannon had, but dad not so much. Now I did the honors and her legs parted involuntarily as my face prayed and preyed and played; I worshiped, I feasted, I frolicked. Oh the fun we had with tickling of another type!

She with her secrets revealed and opened before me, and I my confessions made with silent tongue which delved into them. As I came back, climbing the bed like it was a cliff, making for her cleft with my prick-ax, the cliffhanger of whether we were going to have sex was no longer in question. I shucked my loosened trousers, like a snake shedding its skin, flipping the shoes off as the garment sloughed to the floor at the foot of the flat expanse that was now our passion's pleasure platform. My birth mom's thighs cradled me as I prepared to return inside her, my baby-maker member probing at her crotch.

I rested on her chest, her bosom pressed so soft against my chest. Our lips engaged in serious mutual eagerness, to mingle, as if to consume one another. Her hands roamed my back, squeezed my butt cheeks, went to tangle in my hair. I clutched her shoulders, to hold her to me, for leverage of my hunching hips, for the love of being so close physically and emotionally in this wonderful moment. My knees found purchase in the mattress; I made the movement which brought my instrument of overflowing love and burning desire to the damp crack - that held the slick slit - that opened to the hot hole - that led inside my mother. I pushed at that place of feminine mystique and went into the world of wonder and maternal welcome.

I could feel the entry, a sliding of super sensitive skin stretched tight over the straining phallus that my rod was. Like a probe of advanced scientific development, every square millimeter was aware of its surroundings. It broke through the initial outer entryway, the portal petals parting to allow the blunt bulb to bull its way past. Engulfing heat and wetness swallowed the meat, cooked the sausage that soaked in it, boiled the beef in the pot of Danni's carnal cauldron. For long moments as I sank into her body, when I reached the full length of my cock in her cunt, I just held it there. But soon the urgency to rut and ram and run my prick in and out of that most exquisite of places invented by God took over, and I was doing the rabbit.

Huma-humpa-humpa-hump, thumpa-thump, the bedsprings rocked and twanged with my pounding. Mom Danni just lay under me taking my driving prick in her pussy with no protest. Just accepting of her son's heaving hard-on as it sawed her sex in sweet excitement. But then she approached her first climax, buckling her body, banging her pelvis to clap at the loins of her boy. Slap-pap-slap-pa-pap-slap, the smacking of middles clattering to join the creaking of the wood frame. The whole bed shook so much it seemed a wonder that it didn't fall apart, so agitated were the jumbling gyrations of our furious fucking.

If we had any time to worry about such trivial things in our mania, if we had not been so intent on our passion, so focused on the intense feelings that flood our entire beings; the whole image of the shaking bed from the over the top screwing might have been funny. But the time had arrived for our enthusiastic union to be infused with the full force of our galloping gonads going at it. Mom made a strong grab at my ass and like she was holding me from falling back down the high cliff, pulled me to her as she hooked her heels around the back of my legs and pressed her hips hard to my groin. She had an orgasm of

profound power. This triggered my lock-in-and-fire mode, I thrust as hard as I could, as my own genitals finished their jousting and ejaculated several jolts of jism.

Even as we lay gasping in the aftermath, my penis made short slow moves in mom Danni's vagina and was on the road to reviving. Soon the tumescence was being renewed and our energy got a second-wind. At this point mom Danni had ideas of her own for the next phase of our coupling. Once having given into her incestuous urges, she was now the leading lady of engaging in sinful high-jinks. She had me move off her and she turned around so that she was facing the head board on her knees. She looked over her shoulder and explained, "I once saw this in a rented porno tape with your dad, but by the time the scene came on he was too tuckered out to try fucking this way. The next week I found out about him and Susie and we never did it, and I haven't ever had a partner athletic enough until now to service me this way."

With some hand gestures and a series of instructions, this is how we began our next intercourse, it was a real lesson. She put her hands up against the wall and spread her knees, not unlike she was being frisked by the cops, only she was on the bed, not standing. I got up behind her, between her knees. My hands went on her tits to hold and manipulate, while I penetrated her pussy from behind. I had to bend at the waist and rise to slide in, almost a kind of vertical doggie position. It did take a good deal of agility and energy on my part, but evidently it put pressure internally on her G-spot, and I had my hands on her swell tender ta-tas. I couldn't cum like that but she did, twice in a row!

The second time she climaxed she folded in to a supplemental posture with her ass in the air and holding on the top of the high headboard for

support. I was still rampant and ready for my second spurt. The target her bottom framed was a red maw of inflamed tissue, quite messy with juices from our love making. My arrow had no trouble hitting the center bull's-eye and it sheathed easily and solid. I held her hips and pumped away, my balls bouncing off her mons, the clit getting its fair share of the buffeting. I was ready to shoot quite soon as the previous position had primed me. I speed up as the urgency of my drilling made my tool begin to buzz with the onset of the arriving peak.

Then I was once more blasting my seed in my mother's womb, striking the nubs of her uterus so deep was my shaft shoved, my love-lance lunging in Danni's center. As she felt me spew my goo in her, mom had once last paroxysm and her own froth joined mine as the milky mix spilled out of her like melted vanilla ice-cream. We settled into a cuddling huddle, my arms around her and our faces together making little kisses and whispering endearments. Thus we told each other how we had wanted to do this for a long time, but she couldn't admit her desires, and I couldn't figure out how to get her into bed with me. But now that we had broken the taboo and finally made manifest our inner yearnings, this wouldn't be the last time. We promised one another.

IF Shannon had no objections. Danni thought that Shanni wouldn't mind her partner having a once in a while tryst with me. It was better to keep it in the family and less complications to deal with. After all we had been in love all our lives, so now that I was an adult, being in lust was not too far removed from that feeling, right next to it as far as I was concerned. In my private contemplation, I was sure that Shannon would not mind. Considering her recent 'experimental experience' with me, she might even entertain the idea of a three-some - I hoped! I didn't mention that to Danni, nor about what had transpired with Shannon's Machiavellian bedroom mix and match. As well, I knew better than to

admit the fact that I had banged Susie too, and was hoping of an occasional assignation at the other end of the street also!

For a few weeks things went back to normal, though our odd family set-up wouldn't be considered the norm even so. Momma Susie and dad smoked the weed, got high and had great sex. I could tell, because they were so noisy when they fucked stoned. That and they made a lot of late night trips to the fridge for snacks. Mom Danni and mother Shannon, she who instigated all the recent round-robin of naughty bed hopping, were getting along fabulously and never seemed happier or more into each other. SHIT! I was the only one not getting laid. (Not counting the co-ed from college I picked up at the pizza parlor one night. She liked that vertical doggie position mom taught me!)

The one day I got a text message. '911 come home now & see me 1st Shan'. Oh Boy! I wondered who had died, or been shot by an angry partner maybe, something was up and what had gone down was definitely not good. Shannon was never the one who broke bad new to me; it was always mom Danni or dad. I got a sick fear in my stomach that maybe one of them had cancer. Mom was who'd tell me if it was about dad, so that meant . . . Oh! Jeez! Don't let it be so! I grabbed my keys, jumped in the car and rushed home from my buddy's house. Thank God no cops saw me run three stop signs!

I pulled into the driveway and saw that both Danni's and Shannon's car were parked there. Was that good or bad? I found Shannon in the living room. She was in her flannel 'misery robe' and had a glass that looked like Scotch whiskey, a very bad sign, since this was the same set up as when her own mother had died. 'AW DAMN!!' I thought.

"Coommee heerree, buh bab-by" she blubbered. Mother Shannon, never called me 'baby', only mom Danni, where was mom Danni? I want my mommy! "I have to tell you something, and I didn't want you to go to your father's house and discover it."

"Is my mom . . is" I was petrified with terror. "Is mom Danni okay?"

"She'sh - fine, fine - I hope."

What the hell was going on? Then I figured it out. "Dad and Susie got busted for pot, didn't they? Is it bad, do they have a lawyer yet? They didn't rat me out did they? Shit! That's it. I'm going to be arrested for selling them the dope. But I gave it to them. How is that selling? It was only an ounce. How much trouble am I in?"

Shannon waived both her hands, palms out, fingers spread and pointed toward the ceiling, "No, no, it's nuss-sin like sat. Sid dow ness to mee." She sounded tipsy, slurring her words a bit. She had been drinking the hard stuff for a little bit, it seemed. "Your father foun doubt."

"What?" I sat next to her on the sofa.

"Your dad dish covered bout you and Shusie!"

"OH! OHH! How did that happen?"

Shannon went to take another sip from her glass but I waylaid it and gulped the rest of the tumbler myself. Then choked on the liquor, remembering that I hated the taste of Scotch. I preferred Peach Tree on the rocks. She pounded my back and said, "Your hippie momma Shusan, blurted out your name wild high and ballin' your hold man, when she wash cumming real hard."

"How did you find that out? What did dad do?"

"Shusie told us, Danni and me. He wast really angry, I mean reeeally bad mad. She came and told us today, he didn't speak to her all lass night. Thenz thish morning he made a shugest yon . ."

"This morning he made a suggestion?"

"Mmm . . She came and told us, all in tearsh."

Shannon lay down on the couch with her head in my lap. I caressed her red tresses. "What did pop suggest?"

"He wanted a three way."

"A three way?" Maybe the soothing was helping, she sounded calmer.

"Susie didn't want to get another woman involved, and she wanted to have your father mita . .mitagash . . so he was not so angry at you for cuckolding him, like I did."

"So what did Sue think of, to mitigate my father and not have the three way?"

"Oh, they're having the three way. Riightt nooww!" And Shannon burst into tears, something that very rarely happens. Like when her own mom, died or - if her partner had something awful happen to her - I was starting to get a glimmer of the picture.

"Tell Pete what's going on in the other house, Shanni. It will be all right, I promise."

"Duh . . Duh . . Danni's up there and she . . they . . the three . ." More weeping and gnashing of teeth.

I lay next to her now to rub her arms and cuddle with her in spoon fashion. She really was bad off. "Why, Danni?"

"'Cause that's what your dad's fantasy was, to have both of 'his women' at once. Susie knew it was a thing he had a dream of doing someday. But since Danni was with me, there was no way any of us would let that happen. But your father was so angry, and Susie was scare what might happen. She didn't want to ruin your relationship with your dad. She didn't want him to be pissed off at her. She didn't want to have another woman in their marriage bed. She didn't think Danni would ever want to screw with your dad, nor that I would let her do it. But she didn't know what to do, so she came to us. She was scared. But Danni said, that she would, this one time; to protect you and to get

Susie off the hook. So they are up there right now. I couldn't let you walk in on them and discover that scene, so I texted you to come here first."

The thought of my pop porking both women was actually quite an arousing image. After all, I had fucked each, all three of my moms in fact. A three-way sounded kinky, but cool. I had thought of a three-way with Danni and Shanni, I wondered if I could get all three moms with me and . . . Well, that might be a fantasy beyond the realm of possibility. Still, look what I had been able to manage so far! Fucking all three of my moms. Including the lesbian that was lying next to me here on the divan. And her hot bottom was up against my woodie! I wondered if the Scotch and her tears might mix and make her mood open to some more nookie with yours truly.

"Are you worried that Mom Danni might like it with my dad and want to do him too, like she had the fling with me?"

"Uh-huh, a little." In a little girl voice, sounding vulnerable.

"But it's not just the sex that draws us together, it's the love. Danni doesn't love my father anymore. Not like that. And you and I had a fling too, one time. That didn't disrupt your relationship with your partner, did it?"

"Uh . . she doesn't know . . . yet."

"Were you going to tell her?"

"Eventually, when the time was . . right."

I poked my stiffy in her butt. "You also said you might do it again with me. Maybe this might be as good a time as . ."

Shannon interrupted, "YOU are such a naughty boy! You got all three of us in to bed and now what; you're going to do another round?"

"Shanni, you did Danni, me, and Susie, and are not exactly as pure as the driven snow."

"Well, I think it was Mae West's line, - 'I drifted'."

We both laughed, but I put my hand tentatively inside her robe. Yup, nothing under there but skin, and her nipple responded.

"Shanni," I whispered in her ear, "Would you like to 'shake hands' with your son once more, for old times' sake?"

"Oh, we couldn't not while they are up there, doing, you know."

I took my hand out of her robe, but put it on to her rear and slid it over the buns covered by the soft material. I found the divide and ran my fingers up and down lightly. She sighed. That was a good sign!

"Danni and Susie and daddy are having fun, why shouldn't we? Everybody is doing everybody, except you and pop. ."

"THAT will never happen!"

"Yes, I never thought that it would, my point is . ." I lifted the flannel high to reach under and touch her tush.

"I think I know what your point is. Or where it is. That is to say, I'm sure I know where it wants to be. That plum capped pointer that has fucked three mothers."

"One mother, and my other two moms. Each of you were happy I did, and willingly gave yourselves to me. You helped me seduce my own birth mother, your partner, which you seduced as me, even before I did it for real and with your blessing. It is good, it is nice, and it is okay, to have a man once in a while, even if you would prefer Angela Jolie to Brad Pitt." With that I found her slit and hot damn! She was wet, what do you know?!

"Did you like your date with Susie?" My finger was wiggling its way inward.

"Yes, she was fun, and delicious. I wonder if she and Danni are tasting one another tonight."

"Would you like that?"

Shannon pressed her bottom toward me opening more and her robe was getting looser. "I think it would be cute to see, but even better to have my own three way with them!"

"Now who is the naughty one around here? Come on . . lets you and I be 'naughty - nasty'? Don't say "never never", at least until I'm done!"

That got her to chuckle and I knew I was 'in like Flynn' with this lez-colleen. I unhooked my belt buckle.

"Wait, I want to do it so I can see the heterosexual action this time." She sat up. "Get on your knees before me." She shucked her robe off her shoulders. "Strip first!" She ordered me. I did with all dispatch. "Use the pillows." She tossed down a couple of throw cushions from off the sofa. She could have been directing a porn flick. Too bad I had returned the camera; maybe we ought to get one? That would be a kick, perhaps everybody could get their action recorded and we could watch each other's videos. I would have to make a proposal, but only after all the brouhaha settled down.

I did as I was instructed and we both watched the proud prow of my prick plowed into her pussy with her hips hanging nearly over the edge of the seat. Her legs were wide and her sex glistened. I put in just the head and withdrew to just touching her labia. Shanni nodded and I repeated, pushing more in then retreated, again and each stoke going deeper, until at last I was socked right into the root and held it there for her to feel the sensation of a man. "That is good; I do like it, the feel of

flesh instead of plastic. No matter how realistic, the warmth and texture are not the same, are they? Still, you're not the great Ms. Jolie"

I began to stroke, "But I am jolly, 'cause you've got a great pitt!"

"I'm glad I'm being had by the 'Brad' and not some cad. That's one thing a dildo doesn't have, is a sense of humor. Thanks for cheering me up." she said, clamping her Kegels.

I moved my pelvis to make the 'motion of the ocean', the waves of the rocking boat, the tide rolling in. We watched the disappearance/appearance of my peter in and out her cavity. I was again amazed at her acceptance of my male member in her womanhood, with such grace and enjoyment. I'm not as open minded, and I was certainly not bi. But I was definitely not adverse to incest or family 'relations' when it came to my moms. Shanni was getting too good for me to last much longer. She had great control over those internal muscles. I began to make more vigorous movement and she slid lower a bit and wider to take my robust rutting. Then like a surprise to both of us the moment rose and steamrolled over our coupling, and our copulation became uncontrolled sheer ecstasy.

""OohH!! YESS!!" She cried out, wide-eyed as the blooming cum swept over her body. "That's the ticket! Pete! Bang your Shanni momma! Darlin', fuck me, FUCK ME!!"

"AHH! GOD! SHANNI! I love you! That is so good, inside you, uhh, here's some more!" I squeezed out another spurt inside her. I don't think I converted her, and I wasn't trying . . but I wanted to show her

that a guy, a nice gentleman, could give her a good time too. I gave it 'my best shot'! It also helped to have a sense of humor, as that did help to relax things, so there was less tension. That works well with all women. In fact, people in general actually. I wondered how my dad had made out, or if he was put out if the two gals made out and he was a bit left out. 'Twould serve him right, if so. So what, I bagged his wife? He got his pot and stoned sex again, didn't he. And it's not as if I planned . . oh, yeah - I sort of did, didn't I!

Anyway, I still want to go back for seconds with mom Danni. And Susie might not mind a 'rePete' round with the cum back kid, I would wager. Then perhaps I might see if I could get Danni and Shanni in the sack with me. But these things must be handled . . . wait for it . . . (all together now, everybody say it!) "DELICATELY"!

THE END?

OEDIPULSATION: Throbbing for Mom

Spasms of ecstasy, contractions of rapture, spurts of sperm - all for her!

The best spasms of pleasure when I masturbated are when I fantasized about my mom. Thinking about fucking mother makes my engorged member extra sensitive, and I cum with big loads of spume. Those jolts of jism shoot out harder for her than for any other female I could imagine. The cream literally jets out of my dick. You can visually observe the oscillations of my cock's pulse from the pounding of my heart, the blood pressure in waves making my meat bob, throbbing from the passion I feel for her.

Those spasms of ecstasy, the tightening contractions of rapture when cumming, the special spurts of white gooey sperm that erupted and shoot into the air; as I make love to mom in my mind, were the best orgasms I had - ever - until we actually did it. Yes, we did it; thanks to the great convulsive orgasms she inspired, and inadvertently witnessed one night. It might be as old a plot as that of the ancient Greek tale, but this was no tragedy. Oh, it had plenty of drama, and while not a comedy, had its humorous moments. But most of all, it is a love story.

Naturally, mothers and sons love one another, but that type is filial. Eros is an altogether different sort of relationship. Especially when relatives have relations, those experiences can be considerably intense, very heightened indeed!

You could say it was Snoop-doodle's fault. Who was our Beagle/Poodle combo, curious and inquisitive as any pup, sticking his nose wherever he wanted. So it was that he nosed open my bedroom door one day, but as I was practicing my favorite form of self-pleasuring, he got no attention and wandered back out. Since I was engaged in important matters at hand, and knowing I was all alone in the house, I didn't get up right then and shut my door again. My assumption was faulty.

So that incidental incident, of mom espying my esprit de erotic, which was erect as the Eiffel Tower, was not my fault. Nor, was she to blame either. And an 'eye-full' of my tower did she gawk at. She heard me call out her name loudly as my climax built, and (timed according to Murphy's Law) as I was nearing release. Naturally, hearing me cry her name in a stressed tone caught her attention. She peeked in on her boy as a matter of course - the door was open. No youngster, but a youth all grown-up, who is flaunting and flogging the manhood of her dreams.

She had a secret yen for 'big-meat' as she and her sister liked to call large dicks. Their pop and bro qualified, mom's hubby did not. Now she discovered that her son was a member of that 'club', the one which consisted of guys with extra girth and length. The 'pussy was out of the bag' on that, when unable to help herself, mom came into the bedroom and sat on my bed to watch the show.

She was no wallflower, but began to take off her blouse then and there. While I was still in shock from her entrance, I was drawn forward by her breast being bared, nor did she stop with the shirt, but continued to lose the bra. Those awesome nipples, like twin sunrises in the clouds, peered over the white cotton being lowered.

She plucked at both red nubs as I stroked my cock. The stake at my crotch was looking like a fat red fire-hydrant, ready to spout. I whimper out the syllable, "Mom!", as my load ejaculated a geyser of cum in waves of clenching muscles, and jumping balls, and heaving hips. I perceive, in the dim intellect that remained in my mind, after that unprecedented paroxysm, that mom had not had an orgasm, simply gotten topless as she watched me. So I boldly reached over between her legs and felt under her loose dress for her panties. Her crotch was soaked. I grabbed the elastic in back and pulled down.

Mom lifted her hips and helped, hooking her thumbs in the undies and wiggling out of the briefs. Simultaneously, her thighs opened and my hand, still dripping semen, dove for her center; to wriggle first one, then quickly a second digit as well, into her hole. They sawed and my thumb was doing metronome passes over her clitoris. Mother's hips bucked hard as she was provided with an enormous release from the highly charged tension of the serendipitous moment. My palm was flooded with the deluge of her fluids washing down with her spasms.

Before I could say a word, Mom kissed me, a nice smush mouth smooch that lingered with a hint of tongue. "We'll talk tomorrow - this is our secret - we'll have more fun later on!" Then she dashed out to her own room and I was left stunned, dripping, happily surprised, and hopeful for more of the same shenanigans!

I confess to using Snoop-Doodle the next morning to gain admittance to mom's bedroom. He will sniff out kibble and search for more. It's a sort of game we've played for quite a while. The next morning, I popped a bit of doggie treat under her door; I cracked the knob a

smidge. The pup pushes the door open, wanders in, finds the nibble, gobbles it and begins to hunt for more. I was clad in only my boxers as is my custom when it's just mom and me in the place. I followed the dog in, making like I was trying to get him to leave and not disturb mom's beauty sleep.

Not that the MILF of my heart needed any more natural adornment. Of course, my playing hero was what woke my queen-of-carnal-desires. Mom likes dad's old dress shirts for nightgowns. Sometimes she wears panties underneath, sometimes not, I try to guess. It's a sort of game we've played for quite a while. I can't exactly sniff at her, like the hound has liberty to. Once in a while there is a flash of silky white or brown fuzz. Once some pink, I swear! The one she wore presently had but one button closed in front, and the divide of the flaps displays the fur of her feminine delta.

HOT SHIT!! Beaver shot! As if I didn't all ready have reason for my solid prow of meat poking out of the fly; like a fucking puppet peeking its head through the curtain! Be it the sight of Snoop-Doodle's wagging tail or my swaying lance, whatever reason, mom smiled. She indicated that I should join her in bed, lifting the sheets for me to slip in next to her. This was a ritual that we hadn't shared since I was a small.

She gave the old signal, but I was now no longer a lad. Indeed, I was longer for sure, and glad to have the opportunity to be intimate again, if that was what she had in mind. If not, I was certainly going to try to put some naughty ideas in her head. Like what she must have been thinking last night, when she gave me the full gander at her breasts while I jacked off. Like when she came in my hand. Those sorts of incestuous ideas, consanguine concepts, nasty notions about doing

dirty deeds with her kid. If I could put those in her head, might I put something else in her bottom?

To my relief, mom said, "I suppose you've come to have our little talk?" Further reassurance was the grip mom put on my hard-on, still a heat-seeking missile of muscle, her thumb swirled the clear slick drip at the tip. My mother's voice whispered in my ear with low and breathy tones - "You're much bigger than your daddy; you're even bigger than my daddy - and Bubba too! (So I discovered her family jewels had been observed, and perhaps fondled as well? As she was with mine right then.)

The pride of genetic virility blinded me to the question of where and when she acquired such statistics on her male relatives. Perhaps firsthand knowledge, as she obviously was doing with me, as she fisted my dick.

"Can I feel it when you blast-off? I love to see a man cum. I love the sensation of a guy's member throbbing and shooting while I stroke him. Especially when it balloons-up, and spouts like a fire hose. Like when you came yesterday - looking at mommy's tits. Did that help? MMmmm?"

I didn't need any more hints. I scrambled to get my shorts off, thank god they weren't jockeys! Mom laughed at my antics. She doffed her top at the same time and both items were flung to the side. My pants landed on Snoop-Doodle's head and he exited with it cock-eyed on his ear.

Now we were naked and she resumed stroking my erection, while I returned the favor to her nipples with my fingers 'working the dials'. "You didn't answer my question yet. Can I see you squirt your jism? Can I hold it when you climax?"

"God, Yes! Mom, of course, all you have to is - yes! LIKE THAT!" I usually don't have a hair trigger, but this was morning and I had a load of hormones. Mom got a load of cream on her tits. She laughed a trill of joy, for the orgasm of her boy. "Sorry . . ." I tried to wipe the goo off her pulchritude.

"Never mind," she murmured, "Momma's got better use for it." She scooped it up on her finger and slurped the dollop of pearly spunk into her mouth, her lips sucking in an obvious seductive gesture. I didn't just kiss her right then, I Frenched her. My mouth continued its assault on her by nibbling down to the nipples and providing advanced sucking, having been adept at suckling since I was an infant.

Then I was descending into paradise as mom's pair of legs parted and my tongue began to part the folds seeking the pearl of pleasure. Discovering it evoked a gurgle of laughter from her throat, a lusty version of the trill of before. There is a wonderful way the female genitalia flesh swirls and flips, and even bounces, as cunnilingus is administered. The taste of mom is delicate, almost like a light olive oil (not virginal though!).

My eyes are memorizing the shape of her labia, my cheeks the feel of her fur; the length of her clitoris, the flavor of her flower; all are on imprinted on my tongue. Mother rolls her hips and bucks her tummy as my skill in licking ladies is demonstrated. Mom is convulsed with

ecstasy and writhing with multiple orgasms; I use my weight and legs for leverage to hold her while I munch on her muff,

At last she subsides, the pleasure ebbs, the quiet time of peace and contentment stretches a small while. We kiss, as I scoot up and cuddle next to mom. Even though I've blown my wad once this morning, - well, it is morning and I am eighteen - I had another round loaded in the barrel. My cannon was primed from the excitement of having brought mom to a series of climaxes that guaranteed we were not retreating from our advances in intimacy.

OHH! YYEAHH!! Mom gave the next volley of love for bat and balls by countering my move-up with her sliding-down, to my middle, making my lollypop her sucker. My nut-sack was tenderly massaged and she tickled that section of scrotum that gets extra sensitive during arousal. But her lips were skilled and her throat wide. Then, as I was passing into the final phase of our fun, as my spasms were gathering on the brink of jack hammering . . .

My eyes went wide with wonder as the woman with me put a digit up my wazzoo. This was no painus-in-the-anus, but her slender finger slipped in, up to the middle knuckle she prodded, withdrew half an inch then wormed in again seeking the prostate. That had a dramatic effect. Credit due, she swallowed the protein like a pro. Mom had both hands on my cock now with the tip plunging between lips, tongue adding follow through.

Once more the visceral vibrato of my instrument was happening. She was strumming me, the rhythmic pulsing of my dick thrumbed in pitch, rising like the teakettle's whistle, ready to blow. Mom's smile

shown around her face even as she stuffed it with my swelling organ. Then came the sweet release, the gush that comes from the whole butt, ass through to piss-hole, the rush of semen as it burst out, shooting straight into her . . .

They say 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach'; i.e. guys love those who cook for them. Which is why when we 'bring home the bacon'. We also want our cave-mates to eat the 'another kind of meat'. So is the way to a woman's heart through her vagina with cunnilingus? Eating works for both genders. Or, is oral dosage an avenue for access to the recesses of the feminine physique? Personally, I favor vaginal injection by ejaculation as the means to her end, and emotions. Then she is yours - body and soul.

And make no doubt - she owns you.

So when you are having a love affair with your mother, she is both your parent and girlfriend. What she can't order you to do; she can seduce you into doing. However, the good news is that much of what she wants now is fucking her brains out. I was ready to do my mother's bidding in that, except she had used up my current supply of spume. She kissed me and kicked me out of bed.

"Mow the lawn today and tonight I'll make a steak dinner. Would you like cheesecake for desert?" She spread her arms to indicate her charms. "Then maybe, you can score some grass and I'll get me some beefcake for an evening treat!" (WHOA! WOW!! MOM does dope too! Way cool, my mom's a stoner-MILF!) "I'm sure by this evening; you will have had enough time to refill your tank."

Right that!! Hot damn! Tonight I finally get to fuck mom!!

Okay, so I cut the grass and hooked-up with a baggie of weed from a kid I knew in the neighborhood who deals a little pot. Mom had gone out shopping, and by when she returned I was showered and shaved. Dinner was very grown-up, wine and adult conversation, excellent food, mom even made pop-overs! Over dinner she told me how she and Aunt Beth had messed around with generously proportioned members of the male members of her family.

Beth had banged Gramps, so mom did bro, and there was occasional mutual masturbation in varying combinations. Grandma never knew, or turned a blind eye, since she seemed to have had her sex drive dry up after three kids. Poor Grams, missed lots of great fun, here tell. At least mom was thrilled with what I had in my jeans from my maternal genes, and willing to resume her messing around with a generously proportioned member of this male member of her family.

After dinner we sat on the couch and toked up. Mom explained that she started in partying in college and never quit, but had a harder time to acquire marijuana nowadays. She hadn't felt comfortable asking me until I was legal. So now we sat and mom wanted to play a new game. It was a combination twenty-questions / strip poker / truth or dare thing; which being buzzed was hilarious. It had exceptions to every rule and was impossible to remember it the next morning - but OH! It was fun!!

Eventually we were totally naked and thoroughly high and completely turned-on. Mom wanted to get into my head about my lust for her and I was all too happy to share about my long standing desire for her. As evidenced by my long, standing upright, boner. I mean that solid hard - stretching the skin, ruddy helmeted, stout shafted erection; that wanted nothing more (or less) than the gaping pink flesh of my mother's hole - that yearningly yawned open directly before my face.

Yeah . . . That hole . . . My penis . . . The moment was um? A pregnant pause?

Then mom grabbed my . . . . . hand.

And dragged me to the bedroom.

Seduction is swell, and has a place in romance. But there is just something about a good-old-fashion-fuck that makes the straight forward process of getting it on so exciting. Not that I didn't have the presence of mind to admire the view as mom climbed on the mattress ahead of me, her derrière a delectable distraction. She turned and lay back, spread-eagle, a woman ready and willing to be sacrificed to the male spike aimed at her center.

The pink pussy looked tight and slick, it all but steamed. Now was the moment I was going to take her - there was no going back - mating was commenced. Face to face, my chest on her spongy tits, we kissed with lips, tongue, echoing the action at our loins. Both of us were wanting this wanton lust, the sinful, the crazy passion for our physical union.

Pleasuring each other until the universe dissolved in a cosmic cum, the climax of our incremental incest. My cock made contact with her cunt.

The tissue parted, the underside of the tip skidded across the oiled groove and nosed in to the depression amidst the petals. In my mind's eye I had seen this in my fantasies, hundreds of times. Now I looked past my belly-button and saw it for real. The warmth engulfed my dick-head, softly parting like a thick gel; mom's vagina let me sink/slide (slink?) deeper inside her body. Now we were one, again, forever, and always, at least until we couldn't cum any more.

Then we'd take a break.

But that wasn't yet! As mom predicted, the tanks were topped off and the pounding was full throttle. This was the moment as the T-H-R-O-B-B-I-N-G peaked, just as it was meant to happen. This was the point that the big pulse, like a shock wave traveling from my peri-whats-iz down there south of my nuts right through to the spurts of jism that synced with the jumping of my balls, was created for. The finest orgasm for a guy is accomplished with a greater than average volume of seminal fluid. I flooded her pussy with three really good shots of the milky offering squeezed out.

Mom frothed as well, the sheets were sticky with the overflow. I lay on top of her, my chest heaving gasping for breath, mom too. I shifted back and gave mom a hand to sit up. I indicated that I wanted her to turn so I could bang her from the back. I plugged into the rosy target of her quim. This angle gave me even more depth it seemed. I really loved the way my testicles swung and bumped mom's Mons. The slap-slap of the

smacking flesh was a turn-on, and then mom began to moan, an even more erotic sound.

"Yess! Give mommy your big cock baby! Plant your seed in mother, give me a baby! I want it! NOWW!!" She pushed back in counter-move to my thrusts, my nuts were getting squished, but I was triggered to blast another dynamite stick. I locked in and had one almighty clench; the nubs of her womb welcomed my sperm. We seem to freeze for a moment, a statue, tribute of art to love and lust, then we collapsed into a tangle of limbs and groped to cuddle and kiss and call it a night.

One Wonderful Sunday in Suburbia

A mother's intrusion on her son's privacy happens once too often

I have always found the scene in "American Taboo", where the son fucks the mother in the bathroom, to be hot; though perhaps not as well shot as it might have been. I liked the impromptu position however and that has inspired this story. I imagine it in the home we lived in when I was going to college. I always returned for the summer and mom was in her prime during in those days.

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It took me three times to catch on. The first time mom came into bathroom to use the toilet; she said she didn't realize I was still in the shower. Now the shower stall in the master-bath off the master-bedroom was one of those glass deals where you can't see anything but a blurry outline. But it was more convenient than the tub with a curtain in the other john. I didn't think much of the incident at the time.

I always cut the lawn after Sunday dinner. Dinner was a big meal / important deal for the whole family, attendance mostly mandatory, unless you have a very good excuse. We always had Sunday dinner after getting back from church. That ritual too was an expected thing of our family routine, a "sacred cow" if you will. One of my chores was to mow the lawn, a job I really hated with all my heart. But Sunday was better than Saturday, when I hung out with my friends. I always took a shower after a hot summer day's of cutting the grass, which took over an hour to finish our acre, even on the rider.

This entire suburban regimen was almost traditional. Including the fact that I would be ready for a nice jack-off session under the refreshing spray. It was my habit to enjoy a leisurely wash in my folks' quarters, as they were usually elsewhere those hours. Mom reading or sewing, Dad in his den/office or workshop. So, I had the place to myself. My younger sister, by just under two years, would be in the rec room or her bedroom. The summer after my sophomore year at the university followed this pattern like a sitcom's script.

I had no reason to assign ulterior motives to my mom's intrusion the first time. I took her excuse at face value. I couldn't see anything except her sitting down on the toilet, next to the shower-stall as she pulled up her skirt. She was just a splotchy jumble of color. She didn't stay long, the shower drowned most of her tinkling, and a flash of movement as she wiped herself, the flush was still gurgling as she exited. No big deal. The fact that I was hard with a soapy fistful of cock must have never been known to her. So I figured. I forgot all about it.

However, the next week, in the midst of my self-gratification, I was once more interrupted by my mater materializing. This time she provided the story that she had been searching for something in her closet, when the urge had strongly come upon her without warning and not considering the possibility that I was inside, she had hurried to use the nearest facility. "Thank God! You didn't lock the door, Freddy, or I might have had an accident!"

That was believable, mom had one of those ladies' bladders that 'when you have to go - you HAVE to GO!' Now days they have pills for that, but not back then. Still while this occasion was not quite as brief as the

last, nothing was much different. I did have to restart my engine and get up to speed before my recreation session came to its finish line. I came with quite a groan, then wondered if my mom was still out in her room, and if so, had she heard me? Well, it was not like I hadn't heard my folks, since we moved to this new house a couple of years ago and my bedroom was now adjacent to theirs.

The third week in a row that she barged in on my shower hour, I began to wonder. She claimed that my sister was taking a bath in the other john and had the radio on so loud she didn't hear mom knocking. That didn't quite have the ring of truth. Even with the music blaring, the other was a small space and the doors were hollow, they carried sound easily. My mother took her sweet time too; I could see that her head was turned to stare at the glass panel. Was she trying to get a gander at my youthful physique? In those college years I was a bit athletic, intramural soccer during the fall and played shortstop on the Jr. varsity team in the spring.

What was up? By this period I had a nice collection of dirty books stashed under the mattress. A few were incest, mother/son; had mom seen them? Read them? NO! It couldn't be - my straight-laced, church-going, conservative Midwestern values mother? She would have thrown a fit if she found them. Yet, she did change my sheets still. Whoops! I hadn't considered that she might find the evidence of my fetish for family fun. But if she had, and the shit had not hit the fan . . . what possibly might be going on? I'd ask my sister, 'Miss Snoop' knew everything going on in the house.

Imagine my surprise, when I got the scoop from 'The Snoop'! She told me that mom had been listening to me masturbate, every summer

Sunday this year, possibly it started last year. One time the door to my parent's room had been open, as my sibling passed by. Sis noticed that mom had her ear glued to the bathroom door. I must have been in there as the mower had been quiet for at least half an hour. As soon as mom saw that she had been observed she acted guilty and left to go downstairs. My distaff-counterpart had not put two and two together for a while, but eventually did.

She found it all highly amusing. And by the way, did I realize that the intercom base in the kitchen was even better for listening to our parents screw, than through the wall in my room? "Miss Snoop' had been doing her own spying while I was away at school. By the way, she had borrowed some of my books, but could I get her some that were about girls hanging out with motorcycle gangs? She wasn't into my fantasies, but since I knew where to get the porno . . . She would pay for the material of course. The little minx!

My former family rival, now turned ally, suggested that having discovered my stash of erotica, perhaps mom was trying, in her own shy way, to provide opportunities for me to make a move. It seems the home action had taken a definite down-turn in frequency the last six months. Mother had been getting zilch from dad, since the doctor had put him on the new blood pressure medicine. No Viagra back then either. So if mom had the gumption to once more venture into my private rubba-dub time, I might just get the chance to test the waters, if I had not already blown it, by being boneheaded. Three times in a row - duh!? Bro? . . . good luck, she concluded, handing me a $20 for her kind of books.

Well, if that was the case, perhaps I needed to insure that I got interrupted one more time, to see if my maternal lust interest would respond to less subtle things than a blurry body next to her pantyless potty person. But I was stumped for an excuse to draw mother into the situation again. My sister had an idea how to help, when I delivered her paperbacks of porn. She would ask dad to drive to her friend's house just as I finished mowing. That was a good hour's round trip. He never refused his protestant princess her wishes when she used her winsome smile. Meanwhile, she'd 'borrow' the shampoo, and I would have to call for help, when I discovered none. Mom to the rescue, open the door and see your son rampant! My sister embodies the term, Machiavellian.

There was only one catch, mom brought the shampoo from the other bathroom alright, but then instead of opening the door and seeing my sudsy boner, she called, "Catch!" and tossed the plastic bottle over the top of the stall. The best laid plans of mice and men; I wasn't getting laid though, with that tactic outwitting the bright idea of my sister. Then mom said, "Well, while I'm here . . ." and sat on the pot. Okay, change of game plan. Go for the bold move. I rinsed and place my erection right up against the glass pane. At eye level to my seated mother, she could not help but get the full measure of my member.

"Fredrick Harold Ferguson, just what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Okay, perhaps the bold move was out of line. But wait? Sis said she had been listening at the door - could I use that? No, not without making mom defensive. She had to have seen my dirty books - same shaky ground. How about the 'old standby'? Maybe . . "Mom I was just going

to ask you a question! Am I as big as dad?" Lame, but the best I could think of under pressure.

"Oh . . Uh . . Well, let me look again." (Wipe motions through the blur.) I placed my hard-on smack dab on the glass once more. "That's might not be the best way to tell. Here's a towel . . ." She opens the stall door! And hands it to me. I see, that she is wearing her white silk robe, unusual for this time of day, but not unheard of on a Sunday afternoon. Still . . . I begin to dry myself. "Would you like me to do that? Give me the towel." I step out dripping on the rug. This is more like it! She uses it on my head, but then steps back to survey my form. "Mmm . . you've lost a bit of stiffness; I'll help buck it up."

Mom uses the terrycloth to rub me on my genitals, but then simply drops the fabric and begins to fondle me. I am amazed at the turnaround of her attitude and the turn of events, but know I am still tiptoeing on eggshells, as she is 'choking my chicken'. "Why didn't you ask your father what size his dick is?"

"Because I didn't want to seem to be queer. You know how it is."

"Well, I thought you asked me, because perhaps you wanted to have me see what you've got. Bragging rights and all that manly pride stuff. I haven't seen you since you were ten. You have grown, of course, but now that I have got a 'handle'" she smiled widely, "on the length of your 'louie'" (mother always had an astonishing range of euphemisms) "I am pleased to report that you are . . exactly the same size as your old man."

Okay, where do we go from here? How do I take the next step in this floundering seduction? Wait! Her robe has parted some and I see nothing underneath - that is encouraging . . I think. "Mom, uh, when you change my bed-sheets . . do you ever . ."

""Find your naughty literature?"

"Yeah . ."

""Uh-huh. You have a dirty mind, when it comes to your mother." She pulled me close to whisper in my ear. I could feel her breasts pushing against my bare chest, and damn! The nipples were hard! "Do you think about mommy, when you pull your pecker in the shower on Sundays?"

I put my arm around the small of her back and hug her, increasing our body contact. She was still holding my cock but she had begun to jack slightly, I was soo HARD! "Mom, I think about you, you and me, all the time." The hormones raging through my system are making me think and say wild things. I speak, but have no idea where the words are originating from, not my frontal cortex, that's for sure! "I can think of a way to see how I measure up to the family standard, by putting it up-"

Mom stops me with her hand on my mouth, the one not grasping the item of discussion. "That would be a very nasty thing to do to your mother. Maybe I won't measure up to those college girls you bed. I wouldn't want you to be disappointed."

"Mom, I love you though!" I am speaking very softly, and then kiss her on the lips. Her tongue meets mine, she is no novice. "You know what I need; I want to show you how much I love you." (Good tactic, a voice in the back of my brain comments, limbic system? Who remembers now??) I reach down and untie the loose belt of her gown; it parts to reveal her naked curves beneath the silk. My mouth kisses its way down to her nipples. They are almost perfectly round brown circles with crinkled buds on the full milky pears of her mammeries. I suck on each as my hand slides down to her mons seeking the slit. She lets go of my dick and puts her arms around my shoulders.

"We shouldn't. Oh! Freddie! (pause) What are we doing? OHH!" I have found her clit and use the lubrication from her center to allow me to rub it without friction. "What if your father comes back? (pause) I think we ought to stop. (pause) I'm not a bad girl. (pause) I get so horny. (pause) It's not fair." She is making protests but her legs are going wider and her hips are thrust forward. I am certain that I have control of what is going to happen. I take a moment to get the garment off her, it slides to the floor and I place my hands on her ass and lift her petite form on to the counter's edge. I move forward between her thighs. "Baby, are you sure? I know you have wanted me for a long time. Me too. I want you too, it's wrong, but I can't help it! (pause) Please, put it in. (pause) Yes!"

This last as my raging rod of fire touches her labia, pushing in, seeking the hole I was born from. "OH! MOM!!" I have found it, by some miracle of fate, without having to bang against her in frustration. My prick is slipping into the warm wetness of her pussy like it was guided by the devil himself. I move to be all the way in her sweet depths, my chest expands to feel the cushions of her breasts, her legs wrap around my waist as our motion begins to find the rhythm that makes the fucking

just right. I can't last long, but I didn't have an orgasm while I was under the spray, so the second effort of my youth will be available as well.

I hear her siren begin to climb, just as I have heard it through the walls, but now I am the instrument that brings on her wail of cumming. It rises in both pitch and volume, a continuous sound punctuated only by gasps for breath. And then the "Yes! YES! Ahh . . Ahh! YEESS!" Of her spasms signaling her peak. That triggers my own squirt inside my mother's body, as I fulfill the fantasies that have made my cock cum a thousand times. But I know I can best my old man in seconds, if not in inches. I cautiously ease mom off the edge and on to the soft carpeted floor. (Thank God there is padding underneath!) I place my penis back into the precious vagina and make the missionaries blush for having invented this way of screwing.

I am plowing into mom like I might never get to fuck her again. (For all that I know -) But I'm figuring to make it the best she has had in a long time, not just six months either, and if so, then there damn well ought to be more of the same, all summer long! This was going to be a Sunday regular event, if I had my way. Mother was simply hanging on and having multiple orgasms silently with an open mouth and wide eyes and the happiest grin on her face I had ever seen! Like she was on a roller-coaster ride that scared the hell out of her, at the same time delighting her beyond her capacity to absorb all the sensations. Then we were both blasting together our utter most profound physical contractions of paroxysms.

Every blade of grass I ever cut was worth it! I love my mom with all my heart and all my hard-on now too!

Pandora's Box Got Me Mom's Box

I walked into my apartment and found my mother crying in my living room. Now, mom has a key to my place and sometimes she lets herself in to surprise her divorced son with a dinner, which I always was grateful for; though I would have eaten another sort of 'dish' of my mother's if my fantasies ever came true.

So, I wasn't too surprised by her being there, but I was most concerned by her tears. I thought my father had upset her. I sat next to her on the arm of the easy-chair and went to hug her. But before my action was completed, mom slapped me, hard. Then burst into more weeping, with her hands in her face. I stood and put my hand to my face speechless. Mother mumbled something. "What?" I asked.

"How dare you! You have no right to have invaded my privacy that way! You should be ashamed of yourself! What do you have to say for yourself?"

I was now an adult and didn't rise to the mother/son conflict of power and judgment; so I calmly said, "Mother, I have absolutely no idea what you are talking about."

"You HACKED my computer, to look into my personal files. Then you down-loaded them to your computer. Don't deny it!"

"Mom, I didn't hack your computer. What the hell are you talking about?" To maintain my 'not your kid to boss around anymore' position I added a laugh the end of my reply.

"I went on your computer to check on a recipe for the dinner I was going to cook for you, and I found a picture that I know you got from my computer. It was on an imaging program which you left open and when the screen-saver disappeared, there it was, there we were, I mean the image looks like... You know the one I mean! How could you do that to your own mother?"

Now, things started to become clear and more confused. I knew the picture she was referring to. I had masturbated looking at it last night and must have forgotten to clear the file, not expecting company. But it was not something I had copped off my mom's Dell PC; it was a drawing that I had discovered by myself, well, with a little help from Joss.

It was of us, that is the lady and kid looked like my mom and I, of say ten or so years ago, when I was in seventh grade and Mom was a housewife with a comfortable life. Indeed I knew the picture well. It was by my favorite erotic painter, Pandora's Box. I have never seen more realistic illustrations (or should I better say il-lust-ration) of sex. But not just sex, mother/son sex, oh no. Youths and women; mothers with moist yearning pussies open to the touching tip of their son's horny hard-on. Pandora always made me cum.

The picture my mother was in tears about; the one of us (almost), on the very verge of my virginity's lost and her sanctity violated; was my favorite portrait by Pandora's Box, the world's finest incest artist. That

painting was the picture that she admitted was on her computer. So I knew what she had thought I had snitched off her computer files. What was confusing was why my mother would have a picture of a mom and son, who looked liked us, and about to commit incest, who were close to full penetration - which was but moments away in the drawing. Why would she have that same image?

Unless of course, she had interests the same as I, interest in incest, mother/son incest, fucking me??? incest. Too good to be true. I decided to try to defuse the anger before exploring this revelation to a possible new facet of our relationship. "Mom, you're not the only one who knows about the beautiful il-lust-rations which Pandora's Box produces. I found that picture on my own. It is pure coincidence."

Mom looked up from her quiet weeping, anger flared anew. "There is nothing pure or coincidental about it. You can't deny the stories I found under folder name of 'Mother's Lover'. Once I discovered your perversion, I used the find-file function. How do you explain all the stories by Oediplex? Is he so well known? He writes some good stories, God knows he's made me cum, but he's rare enough that it can't be coincidence. You have every one of his stories as I do, even the funny poetry he writes. You had to take that from my PC!"

Now I laugh for real, (you know why). "Mom, his stories turn you on; make you cum? You have a picture of Pandora's that shows us fucking..."

"Not us, close, but not us, we never did anything like that. But it is uncanny."

"You read pornography by a guy that obviously is into mother/son incest, and admit to having an orgasm masturbating while reading it. Are you really bothered by the thought I got those files from you, which honestly I did not, and I will prove that to you; or are you more bothered by something else?"

"Like what," Mom's face trying to a simple sniffle.

"Like now you know my secret. My secret Oedipus Complex."

"Oh God! Sweetie, I've known about your fetish for years. You didn't think I wouldn't notice all the Beeline and Greenleaf books about motherfucking, conveniently tucked under your mattress for masturbation? I changed your cum stained sheets several times a week, after all. That's why it's your fault."

Now I was confused again.

Mom explained, seeing my expression. "It's no coincidence that I came to enjoy mother/son incest stories too. I read the books, well... the dirty parts you had the pages marked for, and I got turned on by your thinking about screwing me. I got turned on then also, thinking about me fucking you, and I haven't been able to stop fantasizing about it ever since. So it's your fault."

She continued, "It's not my finding out that my son has the hots for me that got me angry, because I've known since way back that the thought

of doing your mother had energized your libido. Nor that you copied private stuff from my computer, though that was not nice. But what upsets me the most is that now you know my secret, from your sneaky snooping and underhanded theft of files. Now you know that your old lady is Jocasta to your Oedipus."

"Oediplex."

"Yes! What about him, huh? How do you explain that?!"

"I am Oediplex. Mother, I... AM - Oediplex, I write those stories."

"You can't be! He's good! You failed Senior English in High School; you can't spell worth a damn. I've read Oediplex for years, he's my favorite author [note to reader: don't you cringe when authors do this?] just as Pandora's Box is my favorite erotic artist. The two always make me peak every time. That would mean that I... - ", her voice trailed off.

She drew out her conclusions in pronounced phrases. "That I have been turned-on to incest with my son... by reading my son's pornography... and then, I have been turned on by my son's own pornography that he wrote... I have cum imagining have sex with my son while reading his fantasies of having sex with me." She took a deep breath. "So you see that you can't be Oediplex. That would be too ironic, like some plot twist in one of your stories, I mean his stories."

"I can prove it to you, and I have a surprise for my number one fan too!" I knew that my proof would give her a thrill. I hoped it would lead to

me giving her a thrill in a very special way as well. "Here, let me show you," I went and sat the computer, which was over on the other side of the room, "Look at this." Mom rose and came over to look over my shoulder. I brought up the rough drafts of three of my major stories. Then I showed her the Hotmail email responses which had sent in (praise mostly, some complained about my grammar and punctuation, mother was right).

"O God! My son is Oediplex!" she looked a little shaky so I got up and drew mom over onto the desk chair. When she was seated, I turned her back to the monitor.

"And now for your surprise!" I clicked on the link to my website and went to the pictures section. There my collaborative story, il-lust-rated by scores of Pandora's Box drawings and paintings on view to be read. I clicked on the title page: 'Slipping Into My Sleeping Mom' by Oediplex, il-lust-rated by Pandora's Box, layout by Joss; the words and art had the desired and expected effect on mom. She sat perfectly still, like she did every time something stunned her.

"You... you know Pandora? You're working with Pandora's Box? You and Pandora wrote a story together? Shit! Is that a hot ticket! That's a ticket I gotta ride. I can wait to read this when I get home!"

"Why wait? Read it now and tell me what you think, mom."

"No, silly, I want to read it in private so I can... enjoy... it... thoroughly. You know what I mean." She actually blushed.

"So you can masturbate, I understand. But mom, think how much more you would 'enjoy' the story if I, your own son, played with you as you became aroused, and who better to masturbate you to an orgasm as you read a story by both your favorite erotic author and favorite erotic artist, about the subject of mother/son incest? Who better to get you off than the author himself? Why not have some fun right here, right now, with me?"

"God! No! Sweetie, I'd be much too embarrassed!"

"Well, I would never want you to do something you didn't want to do. But how about just looking at the first few pages and telling me what you think." {'Tell me if it makes you hot mom', I thought to myself.} "We put a lot of work into the project."

"Okay, baby, that's fine, you can show me the first pages." I clicked the mouse. As she started to read I put my hands on her shoulders and started to rub slowly. Mom had one hand on the mouse and her left reached up and patted my hand. She flipped through the first to pages, then slowed as she got into the action. My hands slipped down her front and my fingers encompassed her breasts tenderly with a light stroking.

Mom made no objection to this and I could feel her nipples harden beneath the blouse and bra. I took the next step and began to unbutton her shirt. Her bosom heaved with a deep sigh as the parting of the material exposed mom's lovely mammillae. I gave a cursory caress to her pillows through the white harness that contained them, then undid

the front hook to release them. The pale pink skin was capped with strawberry nipples that pointed slightly upwards in their erect state.

Mother's eyes were locked onto the pictures and words before her as she went from page to page, the words giving the feelings and emotions which the il-lust-rations depicted. She had to stop when I began to remove both upper garments from her, leaving her bare to the waist. She gazed into my eyes for a moment, then her lids closed and her head dropped back as she saw I was about to kiss her ruddy ripe points. I gave each a little suck and kiss to sensitize them even more.

She turned back to the naughty scene shining out of the screen. I knelt at her side and began to rub her legs, pushing her skirt high on her thighs. The pages progressed, as did my seduction, my hands went higher and rubbed her thighs, her legs opened another ten degrees. I felt her crotch through the thin cotton panties and confirmed she was seeping. I waited until she reached the part where the mother is discovered sleeping.

I undid the snap and zipper at the side of her skirt. She knew what I wanted and stood briefly as I exposed her beautiful derriere and curly brown pussy. She returned to the seat and began to read again as I removed her shoes and the clothes puddled at her feet. She made her legs at a right angle and scrunched forward giving me better access to her pleasure center. My playground was open.

My fingers rode the slide of her slick gash and dribbled her rosy nub. I explored the opening of the tunnel of love, it was awash in juice. Now she was where the youth in the story entered his mother's hot hole. I gave the desk chair a slight turn so that I had an angle of attack at her

crotch. Mr. Milf Muff Diver, I, as I put my tongue in her twat to taste my mother's elixir. My lips nibbled the labia, my oral digit sought her entrance, my nose Eskimo'd her clit; baby needed a bib!

The furious assault with my mouth on mother's muff made it happen. She orgasmed at the perfect point of cumming with the characters in the il-lust-rated story. The desk chair got soaked, as her nectar spilled out. Mom's head was thrown all the way back and her beautiful breasts heaved in ragged gasps and her limbs went rigid as the ecstasy hit. Her thighs clamped on my ears, the hips thrusting, seeking to be filled. She shuddered, and then let out a long moan.

With perspiration still on her face, I lead mom back to the easy chair in the corner. I sat her down and then stripped myself. I paused for a moment to let mother take in her grown son's naked body, including the handsome package between my legs. She smiled and lifted her arms in a gesture asking for a hug. I knelt down and pressed my chest into the soft, velvety skin of her lush breasts. We did tongue dancing for several minutes.

Then mother leaned back and held my shoulders to look at me with an amused smile. "I just put two and two together and realized something!" she exclaimed. I used two fingers to slide into her pussy as we talked; I was on my knees between her parted thighs. Mom reached behind her and gave me a throw-pillow to spare my joints. "I know you remember when you used to try to catch me and your father making love. When you would sneak downstairs and peek at us in the family rec-room, while we did it."

"You dad was kneeling then too, just like you are now. Just like Billy did in your story about when the parents taught their son about sex. I read that story a dozen times and cum every time! But Darling, exciting as this has been, and as hot and horny as we both are, and as much as a mother/son screwing is a turn on for both of us; we still can't have sex. It would be wrong, no matter how much we both want to consummate our lust. We can't open that can of worms, Honey, we just can't.

The look on my face would have been a classic photo of a forlorn, dejected and disappointed man. But then I decided to not let the moment pass, this was too good an opportunity to have and let slip by, an opening which I might not get again in so favorable circumstances. I sawed the two fingers in and out. My head bent and instead of an argument of words to her refusal, I suckled her nipples.

"No! Oediplex, don't seduce me, I'm too vulnerable!" My mom had called me by my incest name. My mother had said she was vulnerable. My female parent had told me that she had the hots for me and she was sitting in front of me without a stitch. Her words said one thing but her signs pointed toward a different conclusion. She needed to be seduced to reduce the last of vestiges of moral hang-up. I was more than willing and 'up' for the job.

"Please mom! I didn't cum yet... can't I just put it in once... you'll like it - you know you would."

"Yes I would. But no son, that would be going too far. We're already are on dangerous ground. You wouldn't be able to control yourself."

"I would, please let me, I have wanted you for so long, ' long and hard' I have wanted you, mom. You have wanted me too, just this once, this one time, just one time in you to see, to remember all my life. I want to know what is like to have my cock enveloped by your sweet pussy. Please!"

"Maybe you would have the strength, the control, to only put it in once, but I don't think that I could stop you if you got that far, so going that far is out of the question." My fingers were still ravishing in and out of mother's slick snatch. I was silent. "Honey, why don't I suck you off?" said mom, trying to avoid the ultimate intimate act.

Well that was better than nothing and a step in the right direction. I stood up and leaned toward her. "Okay ma, slurp on my love tool that is so hot for you." Mom bent forward and began to work on my cock. She slid her luscious lips over the crown and her tongue flicked on the skin ridge on its underside. I knew something though that my mother was unaware of, that it takes me a very long time to cum by mouth. This would work to my advantage.

After a while of her finest administrations to my member, my mother looked up. "Sweetheart, are you close?" I imagined her jaw was getting sore.

"That's all right mom, I guess I won't get off with you after all." I sounded as sorry and tragic and heartbroken as I could. I even managed a tear. I am a ham actor, I admit.

"O! God! Baby, don't cry!" On cue, I burst into real tears, went to my knees and hugged her. "Sweetie, my poor Oediplex, how can I help?"

"Maybuh... be, I c... could just put it on your tummy and rub? I might get off that way..."

"Okay, but only on the outside, no penetration, promise?"

I nodded. Progress! I positioned us so mom's hips were hanging almost of the edge of the big chair and I was flat on her, nipples matched to nipples; with my dick pointed at her belly-button and my balls tickled by her pubic hair. I hunched, she gave little humps, and slowly the position transitioned lower and lower, until the tip of my of my penis was brushing aside the bush and buzzing her clitoris with each stroke. She lay there like she was in a trance, breathing hard and making little whines and whimpers.

I whispered, "Just the tip in, please mom, just the tip, that will make me cum. Please, just the tip, please mommy, your boy needs his mommy's warm love surrounding me. Help me cum momma; let me put the head of my cock in, please!"

"Okay, but only the tip, like in our picture by Pandora, just the tip to make you cum, but just this once, and no more than that."

With the green light I preceded, still unsure I could complete the seduction. The plum bulb of my dick nudged the glossy lips open, and nestled in the radiant heat that felt like heaven. I was now an inch into

paradise. I let it rest there for a moment, then began to slowly and slightly withdraw, but before it actually was out of contactor lost its aim I thrust it gently in again and repeated; then once more. The forth stroke pushed the rim of the head so as to be fully seated in mom's pussy.

Mother's cunt seemed to get even hotter and wetter. She was shaking her head and murmuring "No, nooo, oohh nooo, Oediplex don't fuck your mother!" Her hips lifted a touch, the legs spread a bit, her breathing was increasingly deep and rapid. I knew we were approaching a momentous and critical point in our relationship, which had taken an unexpected erotic twist. I paid attention to her physical signals and none to her plaint and with the next press of prick was a tad deeper; then, without pulling back, another half inch was advanced.

Mom's eyes popped wide open and she tensed. She looked me with an expression of both dread and lust. Her mouth open as if to speak, but no sounds came out. I looked down at our connected bodies, her gaze followed to our united genitals. The second stretched. We both knew what was going to happen. Then I heard my mother's voice say words an hour ago I could never imagined her saying, save in my stories that is. "Oediplex," she called me, "say the words, tell me the description, speak the narrative. Tell me about doing your mommy, while you do it to me." Green lights all the way down the avenue to home!

I spoke of making love to my mom like I was writing one of my stories. "My mother has her legs spread for me. However, she is unsure we should be this intimate. Her pussy is wet with ardor; her motherly instincts have been over shadowed by the hot lust she has denied for

so long. Mom has let me put the tip of my dick in her vagina, yet she hesitates to complete the union with the last vestige of conscience and morality holding her back from depravity. But is it too late to stop her son and herself from committing the incest they both have lusted for?"

"Yes!" said mom.

"Yes... to which?" I asked, "do you mean I got your feelings right, or it's too late to stop?"

"Both!" as her reply.

As I spoke I suited my actions to the words. "Yes, it has gone too far between them, too far gone with passion, too far into her cunt to turn back, they can't help themselves. I'm going to put into you mom. I'm withdrawing just to the very lightest of touches at your sweet cuddle-hole. Now in, slowly - so - slowly... a fraction of an inch at a time. It feels like every square millimeter of my penis is super-sensitive as it slides down the gripping channel of your vagina."

"You feel filled and fulfilled by your son's thick long dick in your canal. The returning of his physical self reconnecting to where he came from, inside you; there to repeat the poppa act of inseminating momma. This approaching of your son's impending orgasm and flooding you with his sperm is what really turns you on. It is naughty and nasty and not-natural, but oh so steamy and sexy and exciting. You know that his splurge will send you over the edge too." Mom was nodding her affirmation.

"I'm half in you now, involuntarily my slide hastens, and now I am almost all in." I was and we both moaned in unison as my cock was swallowed by her cunt. "Now I am all the way in you. My balls are snuggled up against your bottom. Our pubic hairs are crushed together, the crinkly hair a kinky tactile sensation in itself. The knob of my pole is plugged hard into your deepest spot mom; can you feel it bumping against the mouth of your womb? That is where I am going to squirt my baby-making juice into you!"

"Oh, yes, Baby, fuck me, fuck your mommy, Oediplex, and cum in momma's cunt! Do it to me, Sweetie, make me climax too! I've waited so long to have you back within me, now my dream has been realized, my fantasy come true! O God I love it! Fuck me, screw me, do me, love me, love me Honey; make love to your hot, horny mom!" She was totally gone, and I followed right along as I began the long slow strokes from head to root of my boner.

I continued to tell my mother about the dirty things we were doing. "Yes I'm fucking my mommy! Hard and fast, rubbing your clit with my thumb, touching the G-spot as I penetrate, poking at your uterus with the knob of my wicked wand. My nuts are close to pouring your chalice to overflowing with the spume of my love. I can't hold out much longer, the banging of my balls on your soft buns is making them ready to release a torrent of cum in you mommy!"

Then I stopped talking all together as the peak hit me and triggered hers. I could feel my hairy orbs jumping in time to the clenching of my asshole, as the swelling and pulsing and throbbing, almost to the point of pain, of my penis pumping in my mother's vagina continued. I could

feel her treasure box vibrating with the contractions of mom's special place, the home of all homes, the sacred spot of sanctuary away from the world's problems and cold cruelty. And I had been invited into that holy hole of my sainted/sinner parent beneath me.

What was the best cum you ever had? How great did it feel? Do I need to heap superlatives about the mutual orgasm my mom and I had? Okay, it was rockets and dynamite, volcanoes and earthquakes, shooting comets and supernovas. We bucked as we finished our fuck, then with the stretched moment of socking it to her solid, next the rapid fire raw ramming, plus I added the swiveling motion to make my hard-on hit every spot. The wild dance of hips was echoed in the ballet of tongues and lips. We were in lust and love, living our fantasy out. Finally, the flow of fluids gushed on my balls as my dick started to soften. What a rush!

"Well, Oediplex? Was it as good as in your stories? Did reality live up to fantasy? You certainly lived UP to your name and reputation in fact and action!" Mother continued to hold me in our hug of love.

"Like it?, boy did I ever Mom! Oh wow! was that spectacular!"

"And did you like the fact that I was reluctant and resistive, did I play my part well?"

"That was acting?"

"Sure, Babe, I read your stories; I know what turns you on. So I decided that I would make your fantasy as close to perfect as possible. Since you knew that I have been hot for you for nearly as long as you've had a yen for me, I was hard press not to be totally round-healed. My fantasy came true when I felt your cum in my cunt."

She continued, "You can thank Pandora's Box for getting to finally fuck your mother. If we both hadn't like that same picture of his, with the mother and son who look like us, I might never have spilled to you my own Jocastic desires. But now we have gone all the way, there's no going back. You won't have to wait so long, Honey, until we are once more making love, because I know we won't be able to resist the temptation to trespass the incest taboo again."

"That's so true!" I said prodding her tummy with my res-erection. But first do you know what the translation of Oedipus means from the Greek?"

"What?"

"Ate her puss..."

She laughed, and then giggled as my lips nibbled down her tummy then up her thighs, then she sighed as my mouth made contact with her genitals, she groaned as my tongue touch her pink pearl of femininity, she gasp as it tunneled into her love haven. What followed . . . is yet another steamy chapter!

Perfect Air & Perfect Heir

She believed in things being natural, as it was in nature; but, was what they did at their secret beach a natural sort of activity between a mother and her son?

It was one of those days where the air was perfect. It was the right temperature, the right humidity, a slight breeze, perfect. You know how that feels, when the atmosphere is just exactly at its most comfortable. It is a sensation that makes you want to be nude, shed your clothing and have the air touch every square millimeter of your skin. The senses are alive with a heightened sensuality from experiencing that light touch of air on your whole body; your very pores seem to drink in oxygen and energy.

That must be the way we came out of the trees, but now we are the "naked ape" to use Desmond Morris' phrase. And so much the better! To have the full contact of air with bare hide, with nothing to hide our epidermis, neither fur nor fabric to hamper our frolic, to stifle our freedom of being uncovered to the elements is certainly the excellence of exposure. That day the air was perfect, sun bright, water cool, stones warm and smooth, the sand soft and fine like sugar.

In their 'secret beach' Jenny, and Joey her son, took advantage of the day to be natural. It was a hidden cove that Jenny had come to for many years, though not since her husband had been killed in the war. Now the young widow returned for the first time, at last thinking she could handle the emotions of the memories the shore held. Here they had first made love, her first time too. Here between sheltering rocks they had

conceived Joey. Here they had said good-bye before he was shipped off to die, a day of intense passion and racking grief at parting.

Yet Jennifer Dalton thought she could handle it. She had a smile on her face and she knew what a perfect day it was for being a naturist, an interest her spouse had introduced to her and which she joyously embraced. They could not afford an expensive camp on Army pay, but they could borrow a jeep. One day while exploring they had found this hide-away tiny bay, accessible only by an all-terrain vehicle. Where could somebody get one of those back in the forties but from the armed service? Thus jeep-ers (so to speak) were able to hide from the 'peepers' in private at this their secret beach.

No trash was ever left nor did any other evidence indicate that others had been there beside themselves. By the end of the millennium the spot was over run; but now, mid-twentieth century, it was isolated and as devoid of humans as any place had been since creation. Here they were Adam and Eve, not in a garden of innocence, but at the shore of knowledge, carnal and otherwise. He had given her an Ankh, the Egyptian cross of eternal life and promised to return. He didn't mean to break his promise, she forgave him, still she grieved for a more than a year.

Her heart finally could no longer bear the burden of his death and so she had looked to the renewal of life, hers; and his - for in her son she saw the perfect heir. Joey was the splitting image of her husband, David. Jenny could not help but bear up to the responsibility of raising a carbon copy of the man she had loved so totally. This new man, a grown boy, now just turned eighteen, had become her new purpose,

the resurrection of her beloved and the being that gave life a vigor and vitality that burst from her like the dawn's rosy rays.

So she had brought Joey here. It wasn't that he hadn't ever been before; but now as an adult, it was time to become acquainted with the naturist tradition his father had shared with her, which she had come to enjoy as well. He would be taught by his mother that it was not just fun to go naked, like running around the bedroom as he had done as a child, waiting for the bath to fill at home; but that it was special to be in the open on a warm, soft, perfect day, outside and nude. Jenny could bear that responsibility to educate her son about being bare. To convey to Joey the raw truth of the matter, that we are born without clothes, that it was natural to be undressed.

Joey loved to come to their secret beach. Kid at heart he relished the rumbling ride across the rough region between road and rocky seaside. There the water was cool, but not cold, the sun heating the shallows to make the temperature of the inlet comfortable much of the time during the summer. The waves were wonderful, but the topology prevented unexpected undertows and discouraged dangerous wild life. The spot was a paradise as his parents had proved.

When he was last here, some time before his dad had died, the whole family had skinny-dipped. At the time he thought it was because they had somehow forgotten their swimsuits. Innocent back then but more knowledgeable now, today he understood from talking with his mom on the way to their special spot, that this was a philosophy of living, a way of life - at least when in private and when here, at their secret beach. Jenny had instructed him that they would leave their clothes at the Land Rover. She had bought the vehicle for practical - as well as

sentimental reasons. They disrobed and followed the path down to the isolated beach.

Oh yes Joey knew this was a special moment, the first that they had been back in a long while, since his sire had died under fire. It'd also be the first he and his mom would expose themselves to each other since his pop was killed. He understood it was a rite of passage, even if the term was not consciously thought about. He comprehended that today he would become a 'naturist'; which his father had believed a birthright of every human being. Nonetheless, Joey was eager to be risqué, to prance on the stones like a monkey, devoid of civilization; to romp with his rump bare-assed and flounce his cocky dick in the salty sea air.

AND SEE HIS MOM NAKED! Jenny might think he was mature enough to distinguish nudity from sexuality, but he was a youth with hot hormones and curious about the female form, reproductively and the fun of playing with the opposite sex and of course intercourse. He would do his best to act grown-up, but the thing most grown was the pointed prow of his peter. He took every chance to steal a glance at his mother's body at home, not wanting to be too obvious about it. She was beautiful, not like a movie star with a large bust, but like a pretty college girl more his own age rather than 'old enough to be his mom'. Today he intended to get a gander at her charms without having to be so shy about looking at her body.

Jenny was, in our modern parlance, comfortable in her skin. And comfortable to be only in her skin, even in front of her son. She didn't mind him looking at her; the youngster had to learn about females sometime. Nor did she mind looking at the image of what her hubby must have appeared to be like as a teen. Joey's erection didn't bother

her; it was a natural reaction to being out in the open, with the draft across his fluff covered balls and cute tush. He was only being male, after all. Jenny liked males, and she loved the memory of her husband, her lover reincarnate in their son.

It was okay with her that her breasts were smaller than the voluptuous cover-girls. David had taught her not only NOT to be self-conscious about her physical self - but to be aware that her physical attributes WERE just as attractive as any other gal. She knew that her nipples had just as many nerve endings as the big busted bathing beauties in the magazines. She had a flat tummy many women her age would give a tiara for, and it was crowned with a magnificent bush she trimmed to keep from being too tangled. Her navel was a setting for a jewel and her hips the slender girlish figure so many ladies lost with middle age.

She wore the looped cross of eternal youth, the Ankh, ancient pagan symbol of everlasting life, draped from her neck so that it hung directly over her heart, as a reminder of her connection with the male virility that made this place special in her life. It stood too, in her mind for the female fecundity that gave birth to the offspring of Jenny's and David's union, the youth with prick now proudly piking toward the blue sky. It was all natural, the way it was when humans were first coming to understand their place in nature and how the world was also changed by the forces of creation and life. Pregnant Venus figures appeared as early art and were venerated as the mother-earth goddess back then, nude statues of fertility.

Jenny felt a connection with that primitive sense of being one with the natural world when she was naked - no - nude. As she had explained to Joey on the way to the seascape of serene privacy and secluded

sensuality, being nude was being natural, unclothed and innocent. Nakedness was naughty, Adam and Eve had realized they were naked after having tasted the apple. Before they were simply nude like the animals, but when lust came into the world and sin entered peoples' hearts, then divesting of modesty was associated with animal behavior - indiscriminate appetites for all things lascivious and licentious.

Joey had the hots for his mom and almost any nice looking gal for that matter, but especially for his mother because she was so lonely since his father had left. Now they were here once more at their secret beach, alone, nude - well she was, but he was naked - and he knew the difference. He was unsure how he could take away the pain, but if it was to be in a physical sense, there would be no better time than this day to do it. No wonder he had a stiffy, and his mother made no pretense of not seeing it, in fact she gazed at it longingly, as if she was looking at an old photo of his father.

"Joey", his mother broke the silence, "It's okay if you want to look at mommy's body, I don't mind. And I will observe yours too. You look so much like the photos of your father when he was your age. Handsome and masculine and with his sweet smile." Jenny sighed.

"Gosh! Mom you're so pretty, I can't help it, it8s really all right?"

"Yes, darling go ahead, look all you want, this is your chance to see that there is nothing wrong with being without clothes; that the human body is beautiful. A wonderful creation, special and unique among the animals on earth, because we alone know we have the choice to be covered or not. It is our brains, not our bodies that lift us above the beasts."

"And it's okay with you that I have a hard-on?"

"An erection, yes, that is a perfectly natural phenomenon, for young males to sport their potency. But let's go for a swim. That will cool us down and shrink that nice looking lance." But somewhere in the back of her mind, she sort of wanted his manhood to continue being displayed in rigid arousal. But she did not want Joey to feel at all embarrassed about his butt being buck-naked, nor cocky of his endowment, nearly as large as his father's had been, and with his final growth spurt still before him.

She tried to put aside her thinking about his member - arousal, cock, rigid, spurt; goodness she thought to herself, that was getting far too sexual. But then she realized that she was only human too, and had buried her sexual needs since the crushing news of David's demise. Even if it was her own son, a naked - no, nude - male, handsome and well hung, had to have an effect on her, naturally!

Joey took her hand, interrupting her musings and pulled her to the water. The sea was a perfect contrast to the heat of the late afternoon sun as they bathed and splashed and played, skipping stones and dipping into the deeper part where a pool beside a low flat rock made for a natural spot to plunge into the wetness. Even in the ocean, Joey's flagpole did not become entirely flaccid. Contrarily, her nipples hardened and pouted with the dripping of the chilled water off them.

Eventually, they had their fill of aquatic amusement and stepped ashore to dry off. Joey took his towel and with a gallant air began

drying her back, starting with Jenny's shoulders and moving down her back to her backside where he brazenly patted her buns. She smiled at his little examination of her posterior. Mother turned to son and as his eyes zeroed in on her aureoles, she used the towel she had been drying her hair with and flipped it completely over his head, effectively blinding his sight of her charms, and tousled his hair to get the excess dampness out.

Joey giggled at the sensation like he had as a tike, and pushed the terrycloth in his hands forward to try to sponge the droplets from her front. This was poorly managed as he was sightless, his head being covered, yet with the fumbling he still managed to mash her chest with his palms, the fabric the only barrier between her bosom and his fingers. They firmed again with his bungled bumping. She slipped the towel from his head to his torso to protect against his clumsy attempt to cop a feel of her tits.

As she stroked the cloth downwards she encountered his cock and dangling nuts, her light brush renewed the boner to what seemed like its natural position when exposed. Jenny smiled at the sneaky touching both had delighted at. But now as evening began to approach, with the sun low, the wind picked up and the evaporation made their skin tighten with goose-bumps. "Let's watch the sunset from our blanket before we have to go," She suggested to her son.

They walked hand in hand to the sheltering cliff where sand had collected to make a smooth pliant flat section. The higher rocks acted as windbreaks, but their view of the horizon was open and the sky was beginning to take on a ruddy hue. They settled side by side, silent for a moment. Jenny remembered this very spot. She had gained a spouse,

lost her virginity, conceived a baby, lost her husband exactly there; where now she and that son, the perfect heir of his father's physique, sat. She lay back as the memories and emotions washed over her in waves of love and lust. The surge of feelings were like being drowned in the pain of loss and the sight of her boy next to her was like the air her heart was gasping for.

Joey stretched out next to his mom, quiet, understanding that her mood was reflecting the many associations she had for their location. Jenny realized that her son was looking at her with concern. "Don't worry Honey,' she reassured, "I'm okay. Do you want to know a secret?" Joey naturally did. "This is where your daddy and I made you, we started the baby that became you, right here on this very site, I remember those rocks looking down on us as we made love and made you!"

"Gosh! Mom! You guys screwed right here?" It was not quite the direction Jenny meant the conversation to go but she affirmed the fact, nodding her head. "How many times did you do it?" Joey was wide eyed and eager to hear as much as his mother would share.

"It only took . . . well, it just takes once to become pregnant, but I think we made three efforts that day, once in the morning and just before our afternoon nap, but I'm sure that the third time - right at sunset - was when I got pregnant with you."

"No, I mean how many times did you and Pop have sex here at our secret beach all those years."

"Oh! Heavens - it was every time, usually twice a visit, at least. I think we came any time he had liberty and the sun was shining. That had to be almost twice a month in the summers, for let's see . . . SAY! Why do you want to know that?"

"Gee mom! I think that fucking outside must be really cool, I mean hot - you know - very exciting."

"Yes it certainly is, and your father was excellent at it. But don't say that four-letter word when what we were doing was making love and a baby. You wouldn't say, 'My mother fucks a lot.' would you?"

"Well, I couldn't right now because you don't have a boyfriend, nor married, but you and daddy did do it right here, dozens of times?"

Jenny laughed, and pulled he son close to whisper in his ear, "Yes and mommy liked it every time, but that is just between the two of us. We want to keep that in the family. She suddenly realized that her hug had brought them together so that her breasts pressed against his chest and his peter poked her tummy. The twist of the conversation from baby making to love making to her admission of liking sex had begun to turn her on. Joey was her son, but a male as well, and the setting was rousing old feelings with this perfect copy of her only lover.

Jenny slowly rolled back away so as not to appear to be negatively reacting to their touch. Actually the opposite was true; she had started to dampen between her thighs. A natural thing, considering everything that this emotion laden place stirred up, she reassured herself. But Joey had other ideas about continuing the bodily contact. He turned toward

her, so he wound up half lying on Jenny, one leg over hers, his respectable root on her thigh where she could detect a hint of pre-cum which dampen her bare skin. Why shouldn't he be like his father in that respect, she thought to herself, for that matter as horny outdoors just like both his parents, truth be told?

It came to her she was horny now too. The seaside paradise, the hidden haven of a little heaven on earth beside the sea was ideal for temptation. That is why so much had happened here. She felt safe and protected, private, and secure enough to give herself freely to nudity, to her husband, to losing her maidenhead, to making - no, she'd use Joey's vernacular - to fucking. Only they knew what went on, what came off, what went in and how many times they came. And what came out of it all was this perfect copy of the man she loved.

Jenny was lost in a moment of memory and clutched her son to her as she had her husband that last day of passion, before the shock of grief. Spouse and son were for an instant one and the same, she kissed him and called, "David . . ." Joey, confused but game for a sexy kiss, even - no, especially from his mom, bussed her back with enthusiasm. His warm lips made Jenny's mouth naturally open up to a French kiss, and for long moments their lingual digits danced the duet of lovers. A splash of spray from a strong wave bursting on a nearby boulder brought her back to the present. She lifted her brow in surprise at what they had just done and she put her hand up to cover her mouth in shock.

Jenny gasped, but Joey knew that she was not upset. They both laughed, the tension broke. "For a minute there, I thought I was back in

your father's arms and making love to him!" The mother smiled to make light of her inappropriate action.

"That's okay mom, I know I look a lot like dad. I know you loved him a whole lot, and I'm glad you love me too. It was fun and I didn't mind. After all, this is our 'secret beach' and no one knows what goes on here, it stays in the family, just between us. And just between us, I wish we could do it again." That made Jenny's eyes go wide, but she didn't move and they remained in the clench. "And just between us," Joey now was the one leaning close and speaking in a breathy soft voice, "I wish I could do what daddy did." With a not too subtle hint he pushed his stiff dick higher on her leg and gently cupped a nipple with his palm.

Jenny thought about the youth's proposal, but she knew that would not be what should normally happen with mothers and sons. Still her pussy was damp with erotic fluids, as dirty thoughts flowed in on a tide of lust. "No Joey, you can't take daddy's place, Sweetheart."

"Not in your heart, but I could in your body!" Joey maneuvered himself higher on her prone form. "Weren't you and dad planning on another baby when he got back from the war? Don't you want another baby?"

"Joey! We couldn't, it would be right, what if someone found out?"

"Who's going to find out - since we are here, no one will know!"

Jenny threw her head back and laughed at her child's lack of logic. "Babe! If I have another baby, everyone will know I got knocked-up,

and since - as you pointed out - I have no boyfriend or hubby they will wonder who the father is. When he comes out looking like a carbon-copy of you and your dad, they could pretty well guess who the father is then. That would be a scandal that would haunt us all our lives!"

"If we move, you could say dad did it before he went off overseas."

"It is the right time of the month for me to conceive, but darling, making a baby doesn't happen every time people - fuck. Besides, I don't think that I should be the person to take your virginity either." She interrupted their conversation that had concentrated their attention on each other. "Oh! Look at the beautiful sunset!' The sky was a brilliant glowing cacophony of color, orange mixed with red that blended into purples, the blue dome framed the varied hues and puffy white clouds overhead contrasted the tints with their highlighted linings glowing gloriously.

The moment made it a special juncture of mothering love and romantic lust. Jenny found her lips seeking Joey's to celebrate the spectacle. Joey instinctively responded by now kissing his mother back in a seductive way as he crept over her to spread his legs on each side of hers. His weeping penis pushed its clear ooze into her open navel. Their arms entwined as the glory of that place and the memory of their dearly departed raised the specter of incest. Jenny's brain was becoming fogged with the chemistry of sexual arousal.

He's only doing what comes naturally, it echoed in her head. He is a naturist now, after today, just like his father. Just like his Father made me a naturist. Just like his father made me. Just like his father and I made him here. Just like I lost my virginity here. Wouldn't he be just

like his mother to lose his virginity here at this sacred site? He was heir to the perfect spot to do things in privacy, in secret. Who would know if I taught him about sex? Let him take his daddy's place inside my body, they are both inside my heart, I love them both so much.

Joey could feel the loosening of his mom's thighs; the kisses were now tongue tussles and sweet smooches all over each other's face. He brought his feet together, a wedge to part the limbs that guarded the canal of love. Still he did not force things, but let the natural course of events unfold. He knew that soon he and his mother would be fucking. He broke from the lip lock and whispered, "Do you want to know a secret?" Jenny nodded affirmatively. "Mommy, we are naked, naughty naked like Adam and Eve after they tasted the apple!"

Jenny realized he was right. They had gone from nudity to nakedness, and with that transition from natural love to unnatural lust, from the blessing of togetherness to the sin of incestuous sexual union. But she didn't care anymore, David was coming home. She now spread her legs wide to welcome him, to give her man a natural spot to plunge into the wetness of her womanhood. The shores of carnal knowledge were awash with the waves of desire that flooded them, Jenny and Joey both.

Jenny was mother-earth taking in the seed to produce the fruit of her loins. The fruit of his father's loins was plowing at the gates of heaven. She stopped thinking then and just allowed the exciting sensations to cascade over her. Joey moved down so that his mouth could suckle on his mom's nipples. The youngster's hips humped his hard-on through her pubic hair in a search for his place of origin. This prompted Jenny to raise her knees to guide her son home as her back arched to angle her dripping cove for his harpoon to thrust in.

The plum colored head of Joey's spear, a match for the fading sunset, pushed through the portals of his mom's secret petals, the bay of birth was private no longer, as the perfect heir pierced where only before his pater had explored. It sank into the warm liquid depths, stone solid prick of pride in putting it to his beautiful mother. He withdrew the shaft and thrust again, it felt so good; again, again. The rhythm of the rucking couple repeated and echoed off the rocks. The slapping of flesh a clapping unheard other than by gulls overhead. The birds' cries were nothing to the cries of ecstasy issued from Jenny as Joey fucked her.

The splashes of sea-spray cooled the steaming pair as her climaxes rose and fell and peaked and rolled over her entire being. Then she sensed the urgent tattoo of Joey's taboo taking of her, his impending orgasm now on automatic. She felt the hot seed of his semen squirt deep inside her womb, the delicious throbbing of his male member within her; no memory of love lost, but now the proof of lust discovered as a force of nature.

In a profound rush, her brain began to function once more. Yes! Sex was an irresistible force of nature. The monkeying around that naked apes did was only natural. Didn't she read about incest among the Bonobos, the pigmy chimps, in an issue of National Geographic? And the natives in hot climates were always almost naked. Did they have any incest in their culture? Of course the magazine would never mention anything like that, any more than it showed them fucking - no making love, and they were nude, not naked. They must have morals too, like any human culture.

But what had happened here at their secret beach might be immoral, but it was immortality too. The perfect heir taking his father's legacy and carrying it to the next generation, Jenny knew that she would get with child from this intercourse. Yes they could move north to a different community, closer to their special cove. And here, thought Jenny, as Joey's penis slipped from her vagina, on this perfect day, when the air was perfect, and her body was ripe, they had made another perfect heir. In the sky the sun had set, but on mother-earth the son was just rising again, naturally!

Pumaville

Horny Florida mom has fun with her son

A Romantic a' clef: For images to keep in mind while you read this Courtney Cox; or better yet, check out Diane Webber for nude photos

The Situation

She was old enough to be his mother, but she looked ten years younger. He was old enough to go off to college, but still seemed a youth as he returned home at Christmas time. His mom looked at him and saw her boy. He looked at his mom and saw a beautiful, sexy woman with open arms for him. She greeted him with a hug. He loved the feel of her breasts against his chest as she embraced him. She felt the solid member that rose in his pants as she clasped him tight.

It reminded her of the night before he had left to go to the University. The night she had . . . they had . . . she blushed remembering, and at the feeling of arousal in her loins the recollection stirred. Her son was also thinking of that night and the wonderful events that had happened between them. He was certain there would be the same chemistry and similar results during this visit.

The Night Before College

He was wearing only the silk boxers she had given a month ago on his eighteenth birthday. She was dressed in a long over-sized shirt that was made of a clingy fabric which left little to his imagination. Though he knew she had to have some kind of panties on underneath (she would never be that audacious with him around). Still, he could fantasize about her being sans undies. This was ironic, because all through High School he had been embarrassed by his mom's vibrant sexuality.

She had her occasional lovers over; one was a neighbor no less. She had made the top of the town MILF list with her publicity for her decorating business. Her signs had a sensual image of her with low décolletage and the slogan, "Paradise Palms Interiors: Your Inner Beauty Made Visible". But her exterior was definitely gorgeous; his protestations of her scantily clad body at home, or her private scandalous behavior were merely defensive cover-ups to his latent attraction to his mom.

The last night of August, before his dad drove him to the University, it was sweltering. Humid, steamy and the air-conditioner was on the fritz again. His father might have tried to fix it if he were around, but dad lived on the other side of town and was likely keeping company with a tub of iced beer and bedding a hot bar-babe he had picked up. He hoped his pop wouldn't be too hung-over to get a start on the road by mid-morning. It would be a drag to arrive at night when the dorm was already getting into party mode and he still had to unpack.

"Trent!" His mom's sultry voice called up to his room and interrupted his thoughts. "Come down, so we can spend our last night together.

You're not going to see me for three months. I've got your favorite beer in the fridge, Hon!"

He walked down the short flight of steps from the split-level where his room was. As he descended, his mother, Julie, waited at the bottom. From that angle he could almost look down her half-unbuttoned shirt and see the full curve of her ample breasts, nearly to the nipples. She was holding a can of suds with one hand and her ever present wineglass in the other. Jeez - her nips poked out like the adjustment knobs on an old radio he used to have. His cock twitched as he thought about tweaking those twin protrusions. The sweat that drenched her torso from the tropical heat was making the fabric partially translucent in patches. An 'Oh! Yes mother, I'd-love-to-fuck you' thought flooded his body with hormones; his male organ grew fatter at the vision.

There he admitted it. Not that he thought there was any chance. Trent took the dripping can and clacked it to her stemware of vino as he declared, "Here's to us tonight, mother and son; no fights, no feuds, no fuss and no fu . . uuhh . ." (Shit! he almost said no fucking! 'Freudian slip dick-brain', he mentally chided himself) "and no father to be a wet blanket." Trent saved the moment from being awkward. His mom knew what he meant by that, their relationship was sometimes strained by his pop's butting in where he didn't have any business being involved. But since she had kicked her big ape of a spouse out for his philandering ways, the paternal parent was less of a monkey-wrench; not that his 'tool' was any less promiscuous than some primitive primates. Now they were closer than ever, his mom and Trent.

"Yeah!" Said Julie, "Just the two of us, alone and intimate - I mean no interference, by the old man." (Was that a Freudian slip on her part, he

wondered.) "Let's have a dance, let's party hardy, it's too damn hot and we don't have a pool, the AC is shot and I'm going to miss you - sooo muuchh, Babe! I mean Trent; I know you hate that nickname."

"It's all right mom, tonight you can call me Babe, or Honey, or any of those silly names that you use. It's our last night for a while and I know you love me. There's no one to hear you mush, so I won't get embarrassed. I'd love to dance with you. What shall I put on the stereo? Something to rock to or a mellow piece?"

"It's too muggy to do much exercise, let's just sway and go slow - okay?"

The teen put on a selection of his mom's favorite romantic tunes, not his generation's, but tonight he'd cater to her tastes. He set down his beer and took her glass (after she gulped the last sips down) and they assumed the standard position for ballroom Terpsichore. Trent put his hand in the small of Julie's back and held her firmly to his body, trying not to let his dick stab her in the crotch but enjoying the buttons of her double pillows pressing against his chest. After a moment, Julie laid her head on his shoulders and he realized that he had grown to a height that he was now as tall as his dad. He had always thought of himself as smaller than his mom, but now he was lanky, and muscular and 'manly'. The perspective gave him a sense of having matured and he truly had become 'the man of the house'!

If he was as rangy as his father, he was also as randy as his pop too. A nice combination of his dad's handsome surfer good looks, and his mother's beauty queen attractiveness, he had inherited their strong sex drive as well. Trent had done a fair amount of dating. His girlfriends were always pretty and oft succumbed to his attempts to get into their

panties. No virgin he to enter college a tyro, though he made sure to use protection if needed, many of the gals he dated were already on the pill. As he contemplated his maturity and experience with the opposite sex, he idly wondered about his mom, he figured she was on the pill. Did she have undies on tonight? He tried to discover whether she did, or didn't, by putting a hand low on her hip. He felt no evidence of anything underneath her shirt.

They glided around on the hardwood floor, a small space but enough for a few steps. Much swaying in place made the time they clung to each other sweet long moments. Julie whispered in his ear. "Trent, Darling, don't get flustered and pull away - but . . I feel your member against me. I have to ask you a question." Her arms tightened around him in a hug to hold him next to her. He didn't resist her clutch, but was a bit flustered all the same, as he had forgotten to not let her discover his arousal. "Do you . . (she paused) . . find me attractive, like you do the girls at school or at the beach? Tell your mother the truth for once, what you honestly think . . . and I'm not fishing for a compliment, I really want to know. Do you think I'm sexy? Trent . ." her breath was warm in his ear; her tits were hot on his front, her voice a seductive tone he had never heard her use with him before.

"Trrennt . . Dearest, do I turn you on? Would I be on your MILF list? Do you fantasize about mommy?"

"Jeez . . mom!" He pulled his head back to look at her, but her arm held his body tight in a clench.

"Well? It's okay if you do - I think you do - but I want to hear it from you. After all those years growing up in this house and acting like you

wished you didn't know anything about my sex life; much less my healthy body and good looks - if I do say so myself - what is the truth? You're going to be away from your old lady for quite awhile and you're all grown up, a man now - twice the man your dad is, and every inch the stud he ever was in his prime. So tell me - just exactly what do you think of your mom?"

Trent looked into Julie's eyes as blue as the deep ocean, put his hand under her long raven locks, then put his face right next to her stunning features and nearly touched her luscious rosy lips as he spoke. "Mom, you are the most beautiful, sexy, wonderful female I have ever known. And yes, I get horny thinking about your body and what happens in your bedroom with guys. I'm a bit jealous that they have the opportunity to show you their lust, but I can't 'cause you're my mom and I'm not allowed to fool around with you; even though I do fantasize about it sometimes, especially when I hear the noises from down the hall when you're screwing. There are you satisfied, is that what you wanted to hear? It's the truth and it comes straight from my heart and groin."

He ground his hard-on against her lower belly and pulled her even firmer to himself with a strong hand on her backbone and pressed his lips to hers. When she did not resist his amorous moves, nor pull away from his kiss, even thrust her hips to better have his meat mash her pudenda; he made bold to insert his tongue into her mouth and they passionately Frenched. Her hands dropped to clamp on to his tight muscular buns. He reciprocated by the same move so that his fingers spread and encompassed her soft fleshy globes. He felt no panty seam, so she was either wearing a thong - or could it be? - nothing at all!

The moment seemed to last an awfully long time, the temperature was like the middle of a fire, they could burst into flame at any time it seemed. His cock was like a big match, the red knob the part that was going to scratch and ignite. The kettle was going to boil over, the whistle - her scream of ecstasy; as the cauldron of her sex was blasted by the exploding geyser of his . . .

Julie broke them apart. Like the dividing of suction cups being unstuck from one another; a powerful connection that needed robust and brawny forces to overcome the intensity of the clinch. She was panting, wild-eyed. His lungs heaved to suck air for oxygen starved lungs. He looked at her wondering if that was it - it was over and done, the moment ended and had he, had they, gone too far? Was she regretful, come to her senses? What was she thinking right now?

Julie gasped, "TOO HOT!! This fucking damn weather is too damn fucking hot." She seemed to be talking fast, speaking more rapidly than normal, to try to break the strain of the previous moment's heightened erotic tension. As if 'too hot' were more about the sexual heat they were feeling than the thermometer. "I'm going to melt into a puddle of goo right here. I need more wine, get the jug, it's in the fridge, and I'm having sangria tonight. Bring a brewsky for yourself."

Julie continued, "How can we beat this heat? I'm dripping all over; I've soaked through this shirt! Why don't you fetch the fan from my bedroom when you've brought the drinks, the ceiling fan is on full speed but hardly seems to provide any relief. Can you come up with any ideas how to cool down? Fucking goddamn air conditioner anyway, shit!" Reluctantly, not wanting the contact to end, but obedient as usual, Trent left to do his mother's bidding; wondering if in a little

while he might once again be enfolded by his mom's amorous hug, and if that might possibly lead to more.

Recollection and Reflection

She held the cuddle of her welcome home embrace, her mind going back three months to the moment of that first French kiss between them. She had been overcome by the heat of the moment; as much feeling faint from their blistering sexual desires as the broiling temperature of the tropical night. She had not meant to end their first dance of romance like that, but just to come up for air, both literally and figuratively.

She had not expected things to get that intense so quickly, but she had accepted it as a natural intimate point of contact between a male and female. It was the release of the growing tensions that had been developing over the years of his youthful maturing and her developing liberation. The mutual attraction, despite the taboo nature of their lustings, had finally overwhelmed them both.

What was going to happen next? That was what she had wondered back on that night of incestuous bonding as Trent went to fetch fan and refreshments. She was surer of what would happen during the time of their present reunion. It would be a uniting once more in naughty urgency, horny intimacy; the sexual engaging of their bodies together in secret privacy; a satiating of their needs, interrupted by their separation, so long anticipated physical fulfillment.

That eventful eve of months ago was the gratification of their love on a carnal level, which had been building to a climax (ironic term that) which turned clashes into clenches, confrontations into comforting, and companions into paramours cumming together. But while they had been cohabitating all those years, now they were separated due to his education. Just when the incest had happened, the schooling had inserted distance to their relationship. At last, now they were together again. She held him tight tonight and they kissed, with tongues and thrusting hips communicating sinful stirrings, and longings which could wait no longer.

The Night Before Grows Even Hotter

Trent brought in the pitcher of Sangria for his mom, the glass jug already beaded with condensation on the short trip from the kitchen. He had chugged half a beer and it along with a second occupied his other grip. He set everything on the end table on some magazines, makes shift coasters, and with the open can bounded up the steps to retrieve the fan from his mom's room. As he was unplugging the appliance he looked over at her bed, the sheets pulled up neatly. He briefly fantasized the two of them squirming together in squishy screwing, Julie squalling as he made her cum with his ramming cock in her cunt. Then he was rushing back to the living room, nearly tripping as he tilted his head to finish off the cool drink.

"Easy Tiger!" his mom admonished, helping to steady him from the stumble. She took the fan, set it on a chair and plugged it in. After adjusting the setting to high she stood in front and let it blow directly at her torso. She held open the sides of her shirt for better ventilation. The angle of where Trent stood was excellent for the titillation of

viewing her right breast and the brown rosette of the half-dollar size nipple topped with a pink gumdrop. As she bent into the breeze her bun-cheeks were exposed half way and nothing but her tan line was showing. Trent's erection again tented his silk shorts. He made a move to get angle on her ass after a last peek at her pert tit. But as he took a step she turned toward him.

"Well, what do you think?" The question she purposed seemed too ambiguous for his brain to formulate an answer, he was momentarily confused. Was his mother asking about his liking the glimpse of her nipple, what he thought about the shape of her ass, the experience of the erotic moment of earlier . . . what was she referring to? She stood there, the damp shirt clinging to her skin almost transparent from her perspiration. Jeez! What a beautiful woman she was, and he was alone with her. Her hair a dark lustrous mane of silky waves made slightly curlier from the humidity. The long legs of sculpted pillars went from delicate feet to shapely calves to narrow thighs to a shadowed region which the fabric of her (only?) garment gave a sexy mysterious allure to.

"Well, what do you think?" she repeated, "How can we beat this heat? Any ideas . . (pause) . . any . . ideas . . at all . . humm?"

It was a dumb idea, well it was obvious really, but she would never go for it . . . or would she? Then a second idea also came to him, and that would go along with his proposal as motivation for the first suggestion, and he also had the perfect lead-in to the strategy. Brilliant! You couldn't just blurt out - 'get naked' - too crude; too rude, like what dad might spout, the insensitive lout. But if he reminded her of when she

did the same trick for him, back when she was being motherly . . .? It just might possibly work. Nothing ventured - etc.

"Well, remember when I was young and had a real high fever?"

"Yeah, you were burning up even though it was January. We were worried that you might have to go to the hospital."

"But I didn't, because the doctor recommended that I lay on the bed and you bath me with cool washcloths, every fifteen minutes. You did that for over five hours."

"I was so glad when the fever broke finally."

"Let's get some wash-rags and put them in ice water. Then used the damp cloths to wipe each other down that ought to help."

"You were nude on the bed back then, remember?"

"Yes, and going naked now would help the evaporation to cool us down, with the fan blowing on us."

"Smart kid - I see why you're going to college."

"It's just basic science."

"Well," said Julie with a smile, as she began to undo the few remaining buttons that were left on the lower part of her shirt, "I think you'll get an anatomy lesson that they don't teach in biology class." She had finished with the unfastening, but held the garment closed for the nonce. "You first."

Trent didn't hesitate; she was going for the idea! He dropped his drawers and out popped his stiffy as the shorts slid to the floor. He looked at his gorgeous mom as she slowly opened the sides of her covering. Her son's eyes were focused on her middle as the triangular patch of pubic hair made its appearance, like the curtains parting to reveal a star performer. NO THONG! The song rang in his brain like a gong, no panties, no undies of any sort; nothing but the finest fur of pure pussy!!!

Eventually his eyesight rose to the twin mounds of his mother's mammeries, the left matched what he had seen earlier of the right. Like a Venus statue in the museum, but in living color and loving display and with luscious lasciviousness, this divine lady who was his own Madonna of MILFdom, stood unashamedly completely unclothed before him. His penis was stone hard, a phallic statue of flesh turned petrified by the beauty of his companion and the eroticism of the moment of their mutual nudity.

"Trent?" He realized with a start his mother had called his name twice before he had heard her. "You go get the washcloths from the linen closet and I'll get a big bowl of ice water. Okay?" His voice didn't seem to work, which might have been just as well he thought, as at best he would have emitted a squeaky sound, his voice cracking from the

nervousness he felt. He comically backed up the stairs never taking his eyes off his naked mom. Julie made a concerted effort not to break down and laugh as she watched him exit, then she zipped to the fridge, and once out of sight and earshot just had to giggle. But none the less, she realized that her lubrication had dampened her crotch from looking at the rigid member her boy - no, a man now for sure! His stalk was fully grown, and fully turgid too!

She remembered, but wondered if he did, that even when she had given him the sponge baths for his fever, he had gotten boners. That was a secret joy for her to observe, and even rub with the cloth over the swollen muscle. It had gotten her so horny that the very memory had been a fantasy turn-on for many years. Was that why she was a 'cougar'? That lusting for younger men, a reflection of her aroused reaction to her own son's erection? That might explain it, aside from the fact that younger guys could be harder, and last longer, and cum more often, and were more adventurous in bed, with more energy and attractive bodies. Demi Moore knew that, and other gals were onto it too. Colette's novel "Cheri", recently made a film with Michelle Pheiffer, was about an older woman with a younger man. Julie remembered reading that it had been written even before Colette had her affair with her own stepson!

Trent and his mom met back at the living room. She set the bowl of water, with a whole tray's worth of ice cubes floating in it, on the glass-topped, square coffee table. Trent tossed in the four clean squares of terrycloth. He poured more wine for his mom and opened the beer waiting for him from earlier. They sat on the salmon colored couch, (thankfully well Scotchgarded, Julie mused) their bare feet on the cream colored rug. Trent in a playful mood, but still somewhat keyed up, touched his mother on the arm with the cold can.

She let out a shriek at the unexpected sensation. "Sorry, I guess that wasn't so kind." the prankster said.

Julie chuckled and nodded, "Thank God you didn't do it down at my ass, like you father used to do. I banged my shins on the table top from jumping straight up a couple of times. He wasn't being mean exactly, but he knew that I really didn't like to be goosed with an icy can, yet he still got a chuckle from doing it. I got even with him one day, he was barbequing on a Sunday afternoon a few years ago; I grabbed his belt and poured a huge glass of ice tea down his pants. We had the neighbors over too. It was hysterical seeing him dance with the ice cubes in his pants freezing his nuts. He finally just turned his back and dropped drawers to shake them out, then pulled up his pants and went to change.

"What did dad say when he came back?"

"Oh he has a pretty good sense of humor about things and doesn't take himself too seriously. When he returned he said it served him right, but if I wanted to get laid that night I'd have to thaw out his hotdog. She took one of the wet rags and wrung it out. "Here let me start with you."

But as she was doing Trent's chest he fished another from the bowl, squeezed most of the excess water and began to wipe his mother's face. Her cloth went lower and so did his. She brought hers down to his crotch and he swept his over her boobs. This was obvious as sexual as it was a way of beating the heat. They didn't speak except to murmur 'yes' and 'good' and 'mmm' as the pair began to bath each other. They

would switch off the terrycloth for another in the chilled water. Trent took the initiative of working from Julie's feet up her legs and then right into her crotch, dampening the delta which was already juicy at her juncture.

After that she pulled her son toward her to do his back, and he did hers also, that way they were torso to torso, her ta-tas mashed against his pects. Their faces looking into each other's eyes with love and lust and they began to kiss once more. Tongues went exploring and fingers caressed through the fabric on spine then tush, sides then front. By then the terrycloth had been abandoned and it was a field day for fondling the forbidden fruit of incestuous flesh, apples, banana, etc.; feeling the places that were once private, but now were freely explored by dexterous digits.

Then Trent slid down to the carpet and pried wide his mother's thighs. Julie moaned and surrendered to the oral administrations of her son's tongue.

Unwrapping Her Presence

Julie felt her son's fingers in the belt of her house dress, a simple wrap she had thrown on when she heard him at the door greeting the neighbors as he returned. Wouldn't they be surprised if they could see what was going on - or actually coming off, as the gown slid to the floor? Just her brassiere and panties were left. Had she had time, she would have divested these before meeting him in the foyer, but his nibble digits managed to pop the snap in the back easily. She switched from hugging to tugging, working the sweatshirt off his athletic frame. He slid his palms along her ass and his hands went under the elastic of

her brief low-cut scanties and leveraged them down her hips. The demi-bra fell between them.

God! At this rate he'd ravage her right there on the floor, but a few feet from the door! She wanted to make it to the bedroom at least. Nonetheless, mother worked to strip her college kid of his jeans. The buckle gave her little trouble, a western style simple post-in-hole; as she shoved the denims down she saw he was commando and his bayonet was at the ready. Trent kicked and stamped until he was free of both Levis and sneakers. He swiftly squatted to yank Julie's undies to her ankles and straightened to mash his manhood against her Mons, as chest and breasts had happy reunion. They resumed their French lip-lock smooching with renewed passion.

"Oh God, Mom I missed you!" Trent all but squealed in his high strung emotional state.

Julie choked up from arousal and overwhelming love for her boy, the Adonis male that she had raised and who now held her skin to skin, flesh to flesh, could only manage a husky whisper, "I need you, Trent, I need you!" She stepped out of her silk puddle of fabric and with his hand in hers turned to go up the stairs to her room, with the broad mattress and the fresh sheets she had put on this morning, just for their anticipated romp. She had another set ready since these would be well soaked with perspiration and cum stains before midnight. She got up to nearly the top of the short flight before tripping.

Trent saw his mom slip and fall forward, landing on her hands at the top but her knees two steps below. Her nudity was erotic, but when the bare tush was presented in that fashion, thrust back at his prow of a

prick that was prodding her already as they ascended, he couldn't resist the tempting target. She gave a short laugh, clearly she was fine. But she was exposed so openly, her sex a red gash, shiny with her lubrication, perfectly framed by the twin globes of her tan bottom. What man could do otherwise when confronted with such an awesome sight and so horny a hard-on?

They didn't make it to the bedroom.

Oral Exams and Good Marks

With her thighs spread before him Trent could have dived right into the steamy split that came so obscenely into view. But he was more experience than that. A seductive senior co-ed he dated a couple of times had taught him that contrast was an excellent way of making foreplay fabulous. His mouth's warmth would be that much more sensuous if her center was cooled. He reached back and took a wash cloth from the table. It was damp, but not soaked and chilled. He rubbed it first over her tummy, so as not to startle her with what he was doing, then on her thighs to bath even more sensitive skin, finally the fabric swiped the furry triangle and then slipped down the groove of her sex to prep the slit.

Funny little moans and pants issued from his mom while he did this. But the wavering cry she made when his tongue made contact with the rosy gash of her womanhood was most satisfying of all, and energized his libido with extra oak in his woodie. He made the most of this surrender, lapping all the way up to her clit. Repeating the action several times before using his lips on her inner thighs, his thumbs widening the division of flesh as his mouth descended to the tissues

defenseless before his oral assault. The sucking climbed to clit to have his wriggling digit dance with the protruding nub of pleasure, jitterbugging and tangoing.

Then scooping and swooping along the trench of love, digging and tunneling in the hole of her heavenly hollow. Patience was the important virtue for cunnilingus, that and a tongue which could last longer than what it took to bring the lady to three orgasms. Julie achieved one more than the standard triple Trent tried for, her hips and abdomen heaving with each climax, but he hung in there, never losing contact or control. Her breasts were like the undulations of earthquakes as she shook from the concussions of her cums. His mom made the familiar sounds that had echoed down the hall, back when he was not the one bring her off, but these were now his accolades of proficiency.

She needed a break to refill her lungs and regain her senses which had been sent into the clouds by the successive set of sensational bangs her boy had provided. Julie looked at her kid kneeling between her legs in amazement at the level of lewd loving he was capable of. 'Talent will tell!', she thought. He half turned to secure another rag from the bowl, wringing it out and began to wipe her face and down her collar bones to the tits and then her pooched tummy. She was still remaining silent as he quietly progressed to her arms, first the right then left. At last she had to express her admiration.

"Jeez! Trent, with a tongue as talented as that, I'm surprised we didn't have half the girls from your school knocking at our door to hang with you and get you in their panties."

"Mom" he replied, "Aside from my last girlfriend, the blond you chase off because you thought she was cheating on me? Remember?" Julie tilted her head side to side even as she nodded she did - meaning she acknowledged her overly protective faux pas by sticking her nose into Trent's business where it didn't belong. She realized that in some areas she was as butt-in-ski as her ex. "Aside from her, and one of your - don't get mad, and I'm not going to mention her name - close female friends," Julie was sure that it was a certain slutty, but dear, co-worker; however she was wrong, it was an otherwise faithful wife who was a best friend next door! "Aside from those two gals," Trent continued, "I haven't really gone down on any girl . . er . . woman so intensely and with as much inventive investment as I did just now. You inspire me!"

"Listen, Sweetie" his mom advised, "You have a wonderful technique, invest wisely, and it will pay off handsomely. What do you say we -" she stopped mid sentence as her son's move caught her off guard. He was still situated on his knees between her thighs, as he had been while he sponged her down to cool her and provide a momentary break in the erotic action. But he had leaned forward, his pole nudged now into the grotto of her most private parts, indeed the tip was exactly at the most dangerous of spots and the greasy fluids of her cavity had continued to seep.

"Trent . ." it wasn't a question, it wasn't a warning, it wasn't anything but a recognition that they had touched in the most intimate way possible of a man and woman; and that since they were mother and son, they were about to embark on a journey into incest and there was no turning back at this point. He tilted more toward her and the angle made his cock skitter up the puffy lips of her crotch. He bent over to kiss her lips and as he did so, hitched his hind back and the tip mashed down the raw maw of her femininity and burrowed in the soft opening

of her vagina. She aspirated a little 'ahh!' as the whole head of his penis was engulfed within the clinging cleft. It slowly slithered up the void, becoming the rigid core that her liquid chamber melded to.

Deeper and further the invading pleasure probe penetrated her interior, greater and more wonderful it filled her, wilder and more wanton her brain was converting emotions into ethereal flights of ecstasy. There was a transcendent quality to the rapture his phallus was delivering as it ravaged her, the spiritual nature of having intercourse with her own son, the true love of her life, her whole life since his conception, was beyond words to describe. But even as this effervescent mental trip took her to the highest airy peaks, the real lowdown dirty physical copulation of bawdy balling, banging, bestial fucking was just as thrilling. She needed, loved it, craved it hard and fast, and pounding strong when she was ready for the time of solid screwing.

Trent had a firm grip on her hips and he socked it to his mother in the frenzied carnal lust he understood was her first stage of making love. He spared no energy in driving his spike into her delicate flesh, giving her all he had; to send his mom over the mountaintop, sailing into the sky, rocket to the moon paroxysms. She bounced like on a bucking bronco, though she still was on her back on the sofa. Like some runaway machine her new man crashed again and again into her saddle, a wild and wooly wedding of genitals out of control. After her next three cums, like the calm of a river runs past the cascade of exciting rapids, her son began the gentle stokes of a gentleman's fornication.

Julie looked at him almost not recognizing the male who had so savagely granted her a truly unprecedented frigging. Yes, he was her

son but he was a man who was demonic in his desires for her body. And now this crazy creature yet transformed again to her son, but a tender and most tempting of seducers as he glided in and out of her maternal refuge. Her nipples were pinched to rubbery points that swayed with the rocking of her boobs, as they continued to make sweet love. Then unexpectedly another cum washed over her like a frisson of a hot flash and chill at the same moment, a magical orgasm of sparkling excitement. So different than what had passed but minutes before and yet special in a fabulous way.

This was the doing of her boy, her son, her young man, her offspring, the child of her loins returning to that place to repay the pain of birth with the pleasure and ecstasy of passion, the awful with the awesome, and the joy of new life with the ecstatic revelry of renewed energy as a sexual being liberated to enjoy time and again the peaks of climaxes. Speaking of which another was climbing, approaching the apogee. When upon reaching that plateau from where the plunge was, she took a dive into the zest of tingle and electric trigger of contractions in the most terrific of experiences.

This time she wanted Trent to join her. She spoke the words of encouragement she knew he had long to hear her say to him all those times he had listen to her from down the hall. "Oh God, YES! Just like that!! Do it, Honey! Fuck me . . FUCK ME . . make me cUM! Yes, Trent, do it to your mom, cum for mother, shoot in mommy, Baby, yes with me! . . cuumm nnooww!!!" And he did, even as her shuddering, shivering, shaking climax flooded her nervous system; his pulsing, pounding, lock in and blast off lust driven dick did the same in her ruddy receptacle. She could feel the flow of his semen spill out, and it was the naughtiest, yet neatest, squirt of sperm she had ever experienced.

Trent lay on top of her and planted a kiss on her right breast, just to the right of the nipple, where her bikini would hide it. He sucked and when she realized what he was doing, gave a bark of a laugh. An incestuous hickey was what he left on her hooter. She was not to be out done. She wrapped her arms around him and rolled so he was almost under her on the couch. Julie kissed her way down his taunt muscular belly and to the left of his pubic hair; high on his groin she gave him an equally rosy love mark, his own hickey to remind him of their night of sin. Then she took the fat worm of his whopper and let her lips suck the whole head into her mouth. Using tongue and techniques she had practiced to perfection, she coaxed it to swollen tube steak, stiff and studly and sturdy, ready for round two.

Stairway to Heaven

'The Naked Ape' was an anthropological book Trent had taken out of the library at the college. It was not part of a course, just his curiosity on things in general. That was exactly how he felt about the immediate situations on the stairs, with him and his mother both nude and in heat. Her hind end rose to him, the red sex a flag that she was in estrus. His penis primed to monkey around in her vagina and mate in animal rutting, breeding with her in untamed coitus. Thus the thrust of his simian lance stabbed her sheath and buried itself in her wet furry quim, and with a single stroke slid all the way up his mother's snatch.

Julie froze in the pose of her stumble and the perfect exposure of her maidenly charms to the prince whose prick invaded the chamber of her fabulous fanny. The thick meat felt so right in her tight twat, gorging her honey hole with the beefy member of her son's cock. She felt his

hips begin to make the in and out motion that was the sensation she had desired during the long wait for his return. Not that she hadn't had lovers, but the magnitude of the licentious incest that penetrated her liquid center was so much hotter and of an incredible intensity beyond the range of those who had cum between that night before he left and the time her teen returned.

Mother and son's pubic hair tangled and mashed and pulled apart in a mucky mix of gooey kinky connection, as their juices slopped their crotches and ran down their thighs. She had cum with just three stokes and her boy was not far behind in his first orgasm, but the action did not slow as his piston continued to shove and withdraw in rapid pace. His balls swung up and even bounce on her clit a couple of times; he was hung like a stallion she realized once more as he mounted her. Julie began to rock her haunches in time with the pounding, which made the slapping noise of their impromptu orgy echo down the hall as their fucking got more physically intense.

Suddenly Trent grabbed his mom's tits and pulled her back to him to halt all movement. She knew what he was doing, it was the male stab of climaxing, the drive to be as deep as possible, to make the tip poke the cervix and blast the sperm of his testes into her very womb. She waited for the moment to happen and when the throb of the cock came, so did she, her Kegel muscles gripping him for maximum pleasure as son shot his wad in mom. It was mind-blowing baby-making (if she wasn't using - thank God she was! - the pill) a spiritual reuniting that they had needed and craved for all during the acutely-aching stretch of separation. But with this unplanned screw, but serendipitous nonetheless, they had reconnected both their bodies and hearts.

The Puma Pounces on Her Prey

Julie spoke once her mouth took a rest from giving Trent her oral treat, "Get on the rug, Sweetie, over here where we have a little space. On your back, Babe!" Her son was game for anything his mom wanted. He was sure that she was planning on more naughtiness and that was fine by him! He stretched out, his arms above his head, feet pointed toward the divan, but far enough to the side of the coffee table that it wouldn't be a hazard. His expectations were confirmed as his beautiful brunette mother mounted his body. On her knees, with long thighs straddling his middle, she prepared to place the phallic pole of his dick into the depths of her wet haven.

Julie aimed the muscle of love her handsome son sported to the spot she had for such a wonderful instrument. She began to sink so that the tip slid in always, but not far; she rose slightly, not because the angle was off, but because she wanted to build his anticipation of penetration. The mother removed her hand and then dipped again, but just so that the penis did not enter her burning cavity but half way. Then she lifted her hips, before once more driving the male spike into her hole a bit further than before, but still not all the way. She rose, and Trent moaned his frustration, but he let her have her way with him, not grasping her and nailing her good as he so wanted to do. At last she did allow his cock to be plugged all the way to the root and held it socked to her with the weight of her body.

They were once more interlocked in intercourse, a sexual congress sinful and incestuous, but not a whiff of guilt crossed their minds. Julie was the cat playing with her prey, Trent the willing victim, at her mercy, happily so. His mother ground her clit against his pubic bone,

as his boner was piercing her vagina. She leaned forward and began to sway her hips with small but firm rocking motions. Her tits swayed and brushed along his lightly furred chest, the nipples like rubbery bumps that scrapped his skin gently. He reached for the double melons, but Julie caught his wrists and pinned his arms next to his head. She was in charge, and was doing this fuck her way.

Still he wanted to aid the screwing, could not help clenching his buttocks and giving thrusts to assail her cunt, as she began to pick up the tempo of her balling her baby boy, now rampant man inside her cunny once more. What was it about this kid that his cock could drive her so wild, made her want him in the most wanton of ways? She would not have conceived of fucking him a year ago, even though she was aware of how attractive he found her and how much she could see with him same sexiness his dad exuded. Yet now she just had to have his manhood inside her body, and wanted to experience his pulsing cum, the flow of his semen welling within her womb. It was a crazy craving, but a desperate urgent hunger to have him and bond physically with her child.

She was driving the pace even faster now; she sat up for better balance and released his wrists. Her son's hands went to the breast he had wanted to feel earlier and now made the most of their opportunity to hold and fondle the pair of knockers that had been so teasingly half hidden in the tee shirts and bikinis she wore in the tropical climate, oft without any bra. Those darling pillows he long to grab and palms on nips squeeze to his heart's and hard-on's contented delight. Now his fantasy was come true and he made the most of the chance to feel up his mom's ta-tas. Julie gave her blessing to her kid's clutching of her bosom by placing her hands over his grasping fingers and pressing them even tighter to her body.

"Pinch my nipples!" she cried, needing greater stimulation in her throes of passion as she banged atop her youthful offspring. He did so and this was her trigger, the last little push to get her over the edge to another orgasm. She leaned back for the deepest penetration and went into the back/forward/back/forward motion which flexed the stiff cock in her cunt like a meaty metronome, hitting the G-spot and creating an exquisite sensation that culminated in her greatest climax of the evening yet. Trent could tell that his mom was peaking and this brought hum to cum in her, shooting more jism in a wonderful spurt inside the swaying torso of the most marvelous MILF in all Florida.

Julie collapsed onto his heaving chest as they both fought for breath, the exertion having depleted energy and oxygen from their whole beings. But a sweet cuddle it was between mother and son. They held each other and managed tiny kisses as they grinned and giggled over the extraordinary sort of way they had come to connect and cum together in a spectacular release of lust, and special love that was consummated. Eventually they helped each other up and stumbled/staggered to the shower. They got under the spray together but while the delight of slippery skin was a pleasure to both, neither had the energy left to do more.

They slept in her bed together, arms and legs entangled, with smiles that wouldn't even be relaxed in slumber. In the morning, the noise of the rattle-trap her ex drove woke Julie and she got Trent back to his own room just before his father opened the front door calling out for the 'college-boy' to hurry so they could beat the traffic. Fortunately, Trent was already packed the day before and Julie had fixed a sack lunch for the guys which waited in the fridge. So with quick kisses, they parted, mother and son, lovers now. A sad sort of goodbye considering

the evening before. But as she began to close the door, and to tear up as the motor cranked to life, suddenly Trent pushed his way in and shut it behind him. Julie was started, but stifled her sniffles.

"I told pop there was something I forgot."

"What? I thought you had everything." said his mom, not catching on.

"I forgot to give you a real kiss. Not a goodbye kiss, but a thank you kiss for last night, mom!" He took her in his arms and gave her a great and deep French kiss, his hands on her ass and his prick hard and mashed against her belly. She thought he might just rip her caftan off and ravage her right there. But it would be too dangerous with the old man waiting just outside.

She gave as good as she got and made sure he could feel her tits tight against his chest as they hugged and tangled tongues. She pried him loose finally and reached down to grip his erection. "Trent, I promise that you will have just as warm a welcome on Christmas break as we had a hot time last night. You don't have to be faithful to me, I'm not going to give up sex for the time we are separated either. But the day you come back it will be just you and me, together in the sack and having a ball together, pun intended."

"Mom, you are the greatest!"

"Go get 'em, Tiger! Just remember that you have a hot MILF to return to." With that she shoved him back out the door, and wondered if there were any sangria left or should she open a new bottle of wine.

The Cougar's Clause Keeps the Cub Close

When the fat worm of his dick began to soften and withdraw, Julie finally made it all the way up the stairs and on to her feet. Trent crawled up and stood next to her. "I couldn't help it mom, you just were too tempting a sight!" Her son exclaimed as an explanation.

"That was a wonderful home cumming, pun intended," she rejoined. "But I've got cold beer and champagne on ice in the bedroom, whatever you want. Fresh sheets and romantic lighting and scented candles lit and some other nice surprises for our reunion. Let's go in there and relax and enjoy our evening alone, okay?"

"Sounds fine, mom. As long as we can do more of our private games, I'm all yours!"

They entered Julie's boudoir and it was as she had said, prepared for a night of romance. They help each other off with their clothes and lay on the bed naked fondling each other affectionately and kissing, sometimes Frenching, sometimes sucking nipples or licking genitals, but just light foreplay, bidding their time, waiting for the passionate action to begin in earnest again, but savoring these moments of sweet quiet tenderness.

"I missed you, so much Trent, more than I ever thought I would. Nobody turned me on that way you did when we had sex the night before you left."

"Yeah, mom, same here. That was just so special and super, not even the cheerleader I dated came close to making me so horny and fucked anywhere near like you did with me."

"Babe, I mean Trent . ."

"When we're alone, call me those gooey names, I kinda like it now."

"Good, - Okay, Honey . . . I have a proposition for you. I'm sure you liked going to that school you were at, but you could transfer to the other one that accepted you, the one that is closer, only 20 miles from here. If you did that, well, see I closed a really really big deal last week and got a huge commission - I'm trying to say, that if you were closer, I'd be happy to buy you a car . ."

Trent interrupted, his voice going to the excited squeaky pitch like when he had been in high school, "A car? A mustang, like I always wanted? Oh mom you ARE the greatest!!"

"I didn't say Mustang, well maybe not a brand new one; it wasn't quite that big a fee. However you could then live at home again and . ."

"and we could have more of our private fun and games, huh?" he finished for his mom.

"Yes, but we still would have dates with other people, not be exclusive, especially we wouldn't want to get your father suspicious or the neighbors of our new intimate relationship. I wouldn't have to pay for your room and board so we save money that way, which would help to pay for the car . ."

"But a mustang, right?"

"Yes, a mustang, okay; maybe a 2008 model, alright?"

"OKAY! God! Mom I love you! And I lust you too!" He rolled on top of her as she spread her legs to accommodate him. His was dick nudging her pussy, ready to get back into her wet hole. Julie smiled and raised her hips to let her son fuck her again. This was just the way she planned, to have him excited about the car, about coming back to live at home, about cumming in her body once more. She was the top MILF in town, and her son was going to be one fantastic motherfucker. 'Cause she just couldn't keep her paws off him!

END

Satin & Skin = Seduction & Sin

It was autumn. Not just the fall, but Indian summer too; one of those perfect set of days, when it was not too cold and the humidity remained low. It was my favorite time of the year. Mom's too, and since I live in a pretty part of New England, with the foliage in full flourish, I invited her out to my place.

I wanted to get her out. Not just out to visit me, but out of her apartment, out of the City; and out of her depression about dad dying of bone cancer six months ago. And I wanted to get her in. Into my new digs, into my bed, into the satin sheets I had bought for her coming. I wanted to get into her, into her body. Yes, I had planned to seduce my mother.

The satin sheets were just part of my master plan. It was not nefarious, not too much anyway. I had prepared everything for her stay, as if the Queen were making a regal visit. Her favorite foods, wines, (and another intoxicant she had not experienced in some time), a royal treat of a super bubble bath, a new gown for dining out and matching shoes.

It wasn't her birthday or any special occasion. These were just my machinations to lift her out of her funk and into a romantic mood, out of her shell and into my arms, into my bed and out of her skull with ecstasy. My older sister advised me on some things, but she had no idea I was making ready to turn mom's world on its ear and spin her on a different axis. It might have been an evil plot if it was not done in love, but love and lust were my motivations; so while it might have been

naughty to contemplate, it was noble to provide happiness again to the woman I loved most.

Not that I hadn't wanted to have sex with my mom since I was at least out of junior high. But with one thing and another, pop's illness and some distance between the City and the cottage I rented on an estate in the ritzy area of the Connecticut suburbs, her schedule etc., I had to wait for the right time. When dad died, she stopped most of her clubs and other organizations, events, charities. She was well off, but the empty nest in the high tower was lonely and she grew more insulated and withdrawn.

This was to be her new coming out gala. Though it would be only herself and I, I wanted her to come out of her hiding. The way I thought I could crack the shell was with a good old fashion screwing. But to instigate that intimacy, that incident of incest, I knew I had to prime the perfect conditions for that outcome. Thus Operation Satin Seduction was set in motion.

I picked her up at the Cos Cob train station, about a ten minute drive from where I lived. I had the guest cottage on a water front estate. The place was set back from the road, lovely grounds which had a caretaker to see after the property. The owners were in Europe and they would winter in Palm Beach, so I wouldn't see them until after Easter. The caretaker had a home about a quarter mile away. Fortunately he was good about plowing snow, so I was told. I had only been there about two months.

I presented mom with the new dress for going to the restaurant that evening. She was delighted, the shoes made a big hit too. Her Highness

was wearing the low-cut gown I had bought, an orange and yellow and tan pattern that went with the season. After a changing at my semi-posh digs, we dined at the Hound's Tooth. An establishment with an English club atmosphere, refined decoration and prices fit for a king. Princely sums were needed to pay the check; I hocked the crown to take her on the town. The 'family jewels' would be needed for other pleasures later. We made the meal leisurely and relaxed and laughed a lot as we shared.

When we got back it was a bit late and mom was tucked out, so she decided to turn in. I explained that I would sleep on the couch and she was to have my king size bed. With the golden satin sheets. I explained to her that they were brand new and had just been put on that morning in her honor. There was one caveat, she had to sleep 'in the raw', nude in other words. That was the rule, satin sheets were meant to be slept in naked, no exceptions. It said so, I claimed, in the small print on the linen tags. Mom didn't dispute my authority on the matter, even though we both knew I was spouting malarkey.

That was a good sign, that I seemed to have the dominate role in my own domicile. I also didn't intend to sleep many nights on the sofa while mom was up for the week. But that I kept to myself. I arranged everything for her convenience, made sure she was taken care of, with towels and all the amenities that I could think of, like at a fancy hotel. No mini-bar, but the liquor cabinet in the kitchen was well stocked with her favorite booze. She chose a glass of sherry to have for her nightcap. Then she went inside the room and closed the door.

Myself, I usually wear sports-shorts for a robe, as was my habit for years, since I was fourteen. (However, I sleep au naturel.) When I heard

no more of her moving about, after a few minutes, I knocked on the door. "Are you under the covers?" I called out. She replied in the affirmative. I entered and went and sat on the edge of the expansive mattress. Mom was covered from her neck down, swathed in shimmering bronze, a sea of satin. "How is it?" I asked.

"Ooo! It feels like I'm in water, but I stay dry. It's so slippery and slick and smooth and cool and sensuous! God I love it! Why didn't your father and I ever get a set? Never mind that, it's very thoughtful for you to have made the special effort to make the bed with your brand new sheets for me. Have you tried them yet?"

"No, mom. You're the first to be in them. You might say they were virginal until you slipped in."

"So a naked lady has taken the innocence of these erotic bedclothes?"

"So you are in the altogether under the linens, like I told you to be?"

"Mmm hmm," she murmured.

I leaned forward and whispered, "Good! I wanted you to have sweet dreams and a wonderful restful time while you're here. Would you like me to give you a back-rub before I go?"

"That would be delicious! I'd love one."

Mom turned toward me as she rolled over to be on her tummy. In doing so the sheets were raised slightly and I got a glimpse of her breasts. The sweet teats of my maternal parent, who had suckled me as an infant, were full and firm with surprising small bright pink round nipples, for such a buxom bounty. But it did prove that at least she was topless, though I took it on faith there were no panties either on her flesh.

She settled on her stomach and I ran my hand over her back on top of the sheet. The satin made my hand slide easily over her muscles and I kneaded some of the places I was sure were tense. She moaned her contentment, like a cat purrs when stroked. I didn't try any hanky-panky that evening, just allowed her to drift off. The next night the seduction would be in full swing.

I retreated when I her hear breathing soft and regular. I didn't masturbate, as I wanted to keep my spunk for the following eve's enjoyment. But I did review what I had seen of mom. The quick glance at her ta-tas was excellent. The form under the slinky coverings was still svelte and her hips while wide were not fat, just mature. Her legs had been shown to good advantage in the dress and heels I had given her, she was still the glamorous bride dad had married twenty-five years ago.

The next day was bright and sunny and warm, perfect for foliage sightseeing. I took a personal day from work and we drove north along the back roads that were a spectacular riot of multicolored leaves. The windows were down and occasionally the perfume from burning leaves scented the air. Mom suggested that we take cameras, and we bought a couple of disposables to snap scenes for our memories later.

We lunched at a park in Litchfield on sandwiches from a deli. I warned her that I was cooking that evening, she should save her appetite.

As we walked along the edge of the park's pond, we held hands and acted more like a pair of chums, than mother and son. Mom expressed her joy at being in the country and with my company. I hugged her and gave her a kiss. Our family lip-kisses between members, it only meant that we were close, nothing sexual; until I gave her a squeeze and a smooch there under a brilliant red maple tree. Testing the waters, I Frenched her.

She laughed, afterward, "Watch it mister!" she admonished, "I might get the wrong idea and think your father's ghost has come back!"

"Do I remind you of dad, when he was my age?"

"The spitting image, right down to your feet. He wore those same sort of Wallabies shoes."

"And what would you do if it was dad, in ectoplasmic form?"

"If he could kiss me, he can touch me, like in that old movie with Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore? If that was so, I'd drag him behind some bushes and make him ball me until I almost couldn't walk. I haven't hit menopause yet and I'm totally horny!" she laughed some more. Our family was never shy about sex, we believed in open and honest talk about our feelings. While this statement was neither out of line for the direct approach we took to discussing such matters, nor could it be

interpreted as a come on, obviously it was of a great deal of interest to me considering my plans for the week.

When we arrived home mom sat in the kitchen with a glass of white wine and watched as I made baked squab, buttered baby beans, and made our family's 'Special Tators' (mashed potatoes with sour-cream and cream-cheese mixed in). It was a novelty for her to see her son cook. I enjoyed the companionship as I puttered about with the pots and pans. Mom was loosening up, and I had a special desert already made that would be instrumental in completing her relaxation.

We went to the living room to wait for the timer to ding and dinner to be done to perfection. After some small talk about the wonderful day we had, I broached the topic of my next surprise. "What do you think of the bathroom?"

"BATH-room is right, I'm astonished that they found space for the toilet, the tub is so huge! For a small cottage, though it is more of a house than cabin, it is quite unusual to have such well appointed facilities. What's with that?"

"The original owner was a plumber and liked to have his professional creative flair on display. Not unlike the masons who do their walls, sidewalks and gardens and driveways all in brick. Also, there was something to do with this building having been the honeymoon and getaway lodge for several of their friends and family during the summers. The place has been winterized now though. That humongous tank surrounded by the blue tiles is going to be another treat I have planned for you tonight. I bought your favorite bubble-

bath, lilac scented, and after dinner, you are going to soak until your skin is like a raisin!

"Can I have a glass of sherry too?"

"Absolutely! I am planning to wait on you hand and foot."

"There'd better be plenty of suds, if you are going to be the lavatory butler!" We both laughed. But did that remark mean I would be allowed in the room to bring her a drink? That would be unusual; the only time our clan generally invaded another's bathroom time was to bring a fresh towel from the linen closet for somebody if they forgot. That might afford me another peek at her ta-tas perhaps. I decided that I would take it as a casual invitation, I could always retreat if indicated, and I certainly would knock first before entering.

DING! Went the bell and dinner was ready to be served. I did a fair job, the birds were only slightly overdone and the beans just needed a touch of milk to moisten them up. But the piece de resistance was the mousse. Not just a chocolate mousse, but a choco-mocha concoction with cinnamon (a touch of melted red-hots) and a special secret ingredient. I warned mom before she had a bite.

"Mom, I know you smoked pot when you were in college . . ."

"Huh! Those were heady days, when I was a like the "Banger Sisters"; a 'head' - of my times, so to speak." She chuckled at her pun.

"Well I have taken the liberty of spiking the mousse with hash-oil. You won't taste it, but you will get buzzy in time for your bath. I had to make a special trip to the Village to make the connection."

"I hope you didn't buy it from some street kid!"

"No, I know a guy, grad student, who lives near Washington Square. He can get most anything, but this took some doing as it is not so available as it was twenty years ago."

"And you made momma marijuana mocha mousse because?"

"Things of a sensuous nature are more sensual stoned on pot, don't you think? Since you don't smoke anymore, I figured this was the best way for you to ingest the THC to get high before you luxuriated in the warm water, until well raisin-ed."

"I have enough wrinkles on my old body, but if I'm stoned I won't care."

You're not so old, you're young at heart, and your body is still a hottie. As for wrinkles, I'd have to check that out thoroughly before I concurred."

"How complete an examination do you want to do? Are you a licensed wrinkle inspector? Is that service complimentary?"

"Totally free for our first class guest, I'm confident that after studying your skin in detail, I will be quite complimentary about the beautiful sexy physique you have."

"STOP!" She barked out with a laugh, "You'll turn my head before I'm even buzzed! I'm anxious to try your dessert; I want to be really mellow for my bubble-bath."

We ate the dark wild pudding of my unique recipe, it was very good, not too bitter, but to cut that I had a raspberry liqueur in small glasses and ice water was at hand. Afterward we cleaned up and stuck the leftovers away, the dishes and pots in the dishwasher. We retreated to the living room for more liqueur, awaiting the buzz to kick in. Soon mom began to giggle. I raised my eyebrows in a questioning expression.

"I was just remembering the last time your father and I were stoned. We had that trip to the Poconos?"

"The second honeymoon trip?"

"More like a third or fourth, but who counts after the second? Anyway, your dad scored from the office gopher. Actually he confiscated the kid's joints when he found the guy on the roof doing a doobie. The kid was scared he was going to be fired. Your pop told him that if he gave up his stash and promised not to do it anymore on the premises, he would keep mum. We were going on the trip in a week and he knew that I would get a kick out of doing a few joints in a safe environment.

We sucked a couple of jays before getting in the heart shaped hot-tub and then we proceeded to fuck our brains out."

I had surmised that was the circumstances from the conversation's parameters, but it was interesting to hear the details, or at least a summary of them. OH! To be a mini-cam in that plush place of erotic activity when they got busy, a fly on the wall if you will. In fact, just imagining it was getting me hard. AHH! The dope was beginning to affect the head and gonads. I hoped that mom was getting the same reaction.

"Thinking of that time makes me smile . . ." she paused ". . . and horny too!" She snorted a guffaw, "I'm catching the buzz now, I guess." She turned her head slowly to the left and then the right. "I always have the most interesting sensation in my neck when I get stoned, it doesn't want to be straight, but to turn to one side or another. Do you ever feel that?"

"Well, PART of my anatomy actually wants to get - straight, if you catch my drift?"

"Is that log - driftwood?"

"It would be a floating woodie in the bathtub."

Mom nearly choked at that while sipping of the last of her alcohol, "Well don't let it drift toward your old mom!" I was unsure of what that meant, exactly, but it sounded like an interesting situation, if we were to bathe together. But that was for later, maybe - still, I would not turn

down an invitation tonight if mom asked me to join her for a wash (and maybe more?).

"Mom, let me draw your bath. Why don't you get changed into your robe, pour yourself any libation you care for and come to the 'palais du lilac' when you're ready." She nodded and fifteen minutes later arrived with a tumbler of her sherry and dressed in a satin dressing gown. The tub had a little ways to go though it was filling rapidly. That plumber knew his water pressure! She sat on the little chair that was in the room and I on the lid of the john. We were close in the crowded quarters. We chatted about the next day. I would be dropped off to work so mom could have use of my car. She wanted to see if Greenwich Avenue lived up to its reputation as the 'Rodeo Drive' of the East. As if she couldn't go along Fifth Avenue in NYC anytime she wanted to descend from her Park Ave address!

Then the water was ready. Deep, warm - but not too hot, suds as high as half a foot across the whole expanse of the oversize tub or small swimming pool (I don't think you could quite do laps). Mom raised her eyebrows at me to signal my exit. As I did a thought crossed my mind, I dearly wished I had the idea of hiding a mini-cam for the event. I admit, even if I succeeded in my seduction, it would be something to have as a keepsake of her visit. And I could watch it after she had gone back home. Outside the door I was struck by another thought of how to return and maybe get some glimpses of her creamy skin.

I secured the bottle of sherry and knocked on the closed door. "Bathroom butler, Madam, freshen your drink?" I called. She said yes, I could enter. She was already in the water, bubbles nearly to her chin. I went in, closing the door quickly to prevent any draft. I reached over

and poured the ruby liquid so her glass was three quarters full once more.

"Thank you, Jeeves. Please give my compliments to the chef for his delicious dinner this evening - especially for the most unique dessert!"

"He will be pleased it met with your approval, Madam." I turned to go out, slightly disappointed that I had been so enthusiastic with the suds that nearly all of mom was hidden by bubbles.

However, before I exited she said, "Your father always loved to wash my back, when he was . . ." she turned and presented her back to me, rising slightly out of the water, hardly trying to cover her full knockers with her arms, "Well, would you like to take over your father's duties?" I nodded casually, as I thought to myself, ('In more ways than one, mom!').

But I was chaste in my soaping of her shoulders and down her back. I even was a good boy, stopping before the crack of her ass. Not even straying to the pout of her tits that bulged out under her crossed arms. I realized that by looking at the mirror I could catch the twin beauties from a better angle, and see more flesh. Suddenly I became aware that mom was looking at me checking out her charms. She smiled at my obvious voyeurism, "Boys will be boys," I heard her murmur under her breath. A bit embarrassed at having been so blatant in my ogling, I finished my lathering and went to prepare the next little benefit for the monarch of my heart.

There were no towels in the lav, I had set some out in her room, but none were stocked in the place they were needed. Well, after all, I was trying to seduce my mother. But it was a devious plan, since I put her towels in the clothes dryer to warm them up. Hence, when she was ready to dry off (though I was working on getting her wet between her legs and getting her off) I would be there with toasty terrycloth. Another perk at the Sonny Motel and Spa, what would I think of next? I changed finally into my sports-shorts and a tee shirt.

What I hadn't anticipated was mom's thirst. "Babe! Darling!!" she called. I knocked before entering, but without waiting to be asked in. After all she was calling me, and I did hope to catch a glimpse of some skin - of a personal nature, mom's mammeries or more! No luck as her titties were well covered by the froth. "Sweetheart, could you bring your wrinkly-raisiny mommy a beer, dear boy? And bring something for yourself, this is nice, but I want some company."

Having entered, I immediately withdrew to fetched a brace beers. Back in a jiffy, I simply walked in and got a terrific view of mom's bottom as it re-immersed in the foam, now which was now considerably reduced to less than half its original height. Evidently, she had decided to switch positions in the expansive tub and had not expected me to return quite so soon and without a pause at the door. Or maybe that was her way of giving me a thrill. Perhaps so, for as we made small talk about the joys of being naked in water and the happiness of slippery skin and feeling clean, she adjusted every now and then to be comfortable, this made her bosom play peek-a-boob. She did nothing to gather the rapidly disappearing floating effervescence to her for modesty.

I sat on the decorative chair that was not so comfy, but closer and a bit higher than the commode. I didn't know if the flashes of flesh were intended, but they were definitely appreciated. I could see down into the water when the rafts of soapy fluff drifted away and espied some leg and a dark delta once. I was high, and my manhood had risen with the erotic setting of being in the same room with mom when she was nude, even if mostly covered by the lather's spindrift. Mom moved a knee up, above the waterline, in a little while she switched and now the other rose. Her thighs were visible and the motion stirred the water so that the waves exposed her nipples sometimes.

Mom kept glancing at my middle now and then. Was she checking out my package? I was stiff; it showed a tenting in my shorts. I realized that since I had no jockeys on, she could look up my pants legs from her angle and see my balls! Then I noted another fact. The water level was getting lower, and had been doing so for awhile during our chit-chat. Finally, she saw that I had noticed the drainage. She laughed a little wicked laugh.

"I pulled the plug while you were getting the beers. Now, not only have I had a bubble bath in the lavatory, but I have had suds in the can too!" She raised the beer container and went into hysterics at her bad pun. Yup, mom was wasted, buzzed, stoned; as was I. "Okay, it's getting a little chilly now, could you hand me my towel?"

"I'll get the towels, mom."

"Oh so you remember now? I thought I'd have to drip dry." The smirk on her lips let me know she was pulling my leg.

I held up a finger to indicate I would return in a moment. I went and fetched the couple of over-sized swaths out of the machine where they had been tumbling, not bothering to fold them. I reentered the humid bathroom and held out one. "They're fresh out of the dryer!"

"Mmm, that is a treat!" Then to my amazement she stood, Venus rising from the sea foam. The soapsuds, what little remained, slid down off her parts; thus giving a sort of striptease as first a breast then a tummy, then a patch of fur was briefly exposed to her son's stare. I had no conscious thought as to my rude behavior; I was just mesmerized by her naked body. She reached for the towel slowly as if to let the image of her buxom and bodacious body linger in my eyes, and then she was wrapping it around her torso. "Mmm, warm!" she sighed. I used the other to tousle her hair and she let out squeaks and squeals of delight as I mussed with her head. Then she led the way into the bedroom.

I followed, wondering if she was still buzzed enough to be horny, like I was, or if I should offer her more mousse - no wouldn't work fast enough - do I have any joints rolled? I couldn't remember. Mom said, "Turn your back." I did and found myself looking into another mirror on the dresser and mom's eyes as well. She looked directly into mine, "No peaking, little man!" she pronounced and then dropped the towel and in one fluid motion slid into the turned down covers and pulled them up to her chest. But we both knew that was a freebie peep, from her to me as a thank-you for the marvelous day, and delicious meal and sensuous soak.

"Have you ever slept in satin sheets?" she asked.

"No, I just got them especially for you. Remember they were virgin sheets."

"Well, they haven't been baptized yet." I was unsure if I understood her analogy precisely. "Why don't you slide in here with me and try them out?" Mom made her suggestion in a sultry tone. I started to crawl in next to her. I had just begun to lift the corner of the covers, when she barked, "NO!" I stopped mid motion. Had I miss understood? Did she get cold feet and change her mind about both of us being in bed together?

Mother said with a lilt of amusement, "Aren't you forgetting the fine print on the label? You have to be bare to climb into these linens, remember, hmm?" Get into bed nude with my naked mother? Could it really be that easy? Had my seduction already come to fruition? Were we going to do it tonight?

"You don't actually want to sleep on the couch do you?" she asked. "This bed is big enough for the both of us. Just try not to poke me with that friendly weapon you're carrying at your groin and we'll be fine. Now give your old lady a kiss and let's get some shut-eye. Too much booze and marijuana tonight. Tomorrow evening just the dope, mousse or joints, or I prefer a pipe if you have one."

Oh well, perhaps the next night might prove to be the golden opportunity in the gilt-colored satin bedding. But it was clear I would not be screwing mom just yet, even if I had bedded her - or had she bedded me? Later that night I awoke, you guessed it, with a boner pressed to her ass-crack, but before I could muster my member to do a rubba-dub on her backside, I fell back into dreamland. When I next

awoke I felt a slight chilly draft. Mom was holding the covers up and getting her fill of my morning hard-on. Since she was holding the sheets high I could look over and clearly observe close up the teats that had suckled me. How I wished I could resume that activity just then!

"Well, sleepy-head, I think that I have a slight hangover, but you have got work today and I have shopping to do. You look just like your dad, he was that size too. I hope you don't mind that I took the liberty to get your measure, while you were dozing. After all, you got some nice gandering in yesterday and momma likes her beefcake, just as much as her horny son goes for cheesecake." Then she leaned over and Frenched me!!

I rolled out of bed and let mom admire my buns as I strolled into the lav and turned on the shower. I washed by rote, trying to remember where my dope pipe was tucked away. Mom was certainly molting her shell of mourning, the isolating defenses that she had erected. The effective widow's weeds of a grief-stage stuck on hold were now dissolving in the treatments I was dispensing. Soothing baths, special foods, satin sheets - wait until I was able to give her the ultimate therapy - an injection of the love lotion of my loins. Sex is a great cure for many ailments, especially emotional ones, when administered in love.

By the time mom picked me up from work, I had remembered the pipe's location, scored a double-dime baggie from the janitor of our building, and thought of the next steps to continue my campaign to perk mom up and bed her down. I had bought a box set of Jimmy Steward movies on DVD. He was her favorite actor; she could choose to watch whatever she was in the mood for. The way to a man's heart

is through his stomach? - Well, the way to a woman's vagina is through her heart, i.e. you want to provide romance, plus pamper the pants off her. She chose 'Harvey', you know about the six-foot alcoholic rabbit?

Not romantic in first consideration, but with the grass (mom had no problem toking with the pipe!) to provide the recreation boost to the evening's festivities it turned out to be an excellent aphrodisiac of a film! Mom had the remote and as the film made some plot twists she talked about her childhood and teen years and college. The reminiscing got her mushy and she cuddled up to me and let me put my arm around her. Then she sighed.

"I guess I'm getting old, becoming so nostalgic."

"Mom, this is my house, and I will not allow you use that bad nasty three letter word again. That is the rule."

"What? You mean ol.."

Before she could finish the last word I interrupted her, "I said that word is band, banished, verbotten! not PC around here at all!"

"You want to see my wrinkles to prove my point?"

"Yes, you promised to let me inspect. I don't believe I will find a single wrinkle on your delicate skin."

"Well, what do you call these then?" she pointed to her crow's feet, next to her right eye.

I was prepared for that very opening, "Those are laugh lines, from all the tears of joy you have wept. Like the water makes in a gully, only from your heart to your face, those marks were produced as happiness poured out."

"Bull!"

"Now stretch-marks are another sort of line that ladies have sometimes for instance, but they are not wrinkles either." I made my argument.

"How do you know if I have stretch marks?"

"I don't, but that is part of the inspection."

"You want to get a good look at mommy's tummy?" She opened her robe and flashed me! She was in the dressing gown; I was in a sweatshirt and athletic shorts. I had wondered if she had undies on, I thought maybe not - no panty lines, and of course I didn't, but that proved my supposition with indisputable evidence! She quickly closed the garment, but she had definitely given me a deliberate peek at her figure top to bottom, thighs to boobs. A few faded marks on her abdomen perhaps, but the flash had been too quick to memorize details.

That was the next step in our voyeuristic teasing, a dance that was getting rather risqué, to say the least. No complaints from me! How to reciprocate? Or turn the situation even more daring? Ahh! The old . . . - whoops! I mean the reliable back-rub ploy. It was good the other night for putting her to bed and getting her to sleep; would it be useful this eve for getting to her into bed, not for sleeping, but for put it to her?

"That's fine for that side for now - but how about I give you a back-rub and I can examine you for evidence of these mythical wrinkles you claim to have?"

"Deal!" Bring in the wine coolers I bought today, they're in the back of the fridge, top shelf." She popped up to go to the powder-room to take care of business, while I fetched the bottles. I refilled the pipe's bowl and brought that as well. I deposited the intoxicants in the bedroom on the dresser and switched with mom for the facilities. Not ready for sharing things quite that personal yet! When I returned to the pliant plateau of golden satin, mom was stretched out on top of the bottom sheet face down, without a stitch. She held her legs closed, not however in a clenched way, but relaxed and ready to be massaged. It only took me seconds to strip.

"Hey! I didn't think you were going to be bare as well!"

"Remember the fine print?"

"OH! Okay, get your drink and come into the pool, the water's wonderful. This satin is so fine against the skin; it almost makes one feel sinful." She wiggled squirming to feel the fabric with her naked

flesh. This moved her thighs back and forth, and provided tantalizing windows to the nether regions, briefly lit by the dim lighting, but very titillating!

"What sort of sinful? Sloth? Pride? Envy?" I queried my mater in the buff.

"Promise you won't tell?"

"Promise!"

"Lustful!"

I reached over and ran my middle finger tip down her backbone, then used the palm to move the touching back up the spine, then round to the shoulders and to the blades, next the small of her back. "I'm not finding any wrinkles, yet!" I changed the subject abruptly.

"Check the bottom, Babe! There's bound to be some down there!" She was chuckling.

I took her up on her offer as an opportunity not to be wasted. I separated her thighs a little, then parted her cheeks slightly. "Sphincter, buns with the standard division; nothing on these beautiful globes; back is smoothly muscled, and the neck has no folds that make you look . . ."

"Don't say the 'O' word sweetie!"

"I was about to say, 'like a turkey'."

"How are my legs?"

"Betty Grable would be jealous."

"That old - oops! That antique broad? What about say, mm . . Angela Jolie?"

(This story was written before recent events.)

"Yes, especially her. Brad Pitt would be lusting after your legs."

"Oh? I could teach him about lust tonight! That's my secret sin, you remember I swore you to silence about it?"

"How could I forget because that is my secret sin too!"

"My! We have something in common. Who do you secretly lust after?"

"If I tell you mine, will you tell me yours?"

"Deal! But first, fire up the pipe." We took a few hits and a swallow to cool our throats.

"Who goes first? Why don't you, mom." I asked, suddenly getting cold feet about being completely forthright about my lust for my parent present and presented in the altogether. What if it skewed the seduction? Screwed up any chance I had to make love to my mother?

"Okay, I love; I mean I lust after . . . a doppelganger."

"A what?"

"A doppelganger, a double, a clone, a copy, an offshoot, or even an offspring in this case." She said looking me directly in the eye to make sure I was paying attention and didn't miss the point.

She had my undivided attention and my soldier, the private, was at attention too. Okay, let's see how bold things will get tonight. "Now it's time to turn over and let me do a thorough inspection of your front for wrinkles."

"What will you do if you find any?"

"Like you taught me, when ironing clothes, I'll just have to press close and hard against you until they come out," ('or I cum in you.' I finished in my mind's ear.)

"I'm sure you will be hard and firm, but you need to be hot also to get the wrinkles out."

"I will guarantee, if my services are needed in that area, it will be all that and more."

"More than your father gave me, I think," she softly muttered to herself, but I caught the words nevertheless.

Was she gaming me, while I was playing her? Or was her natural little streak of sardonic humor peeping out. Thinking about her words in a quick retrospect, the implication of mom's mention of the size of my member in comparison to dad - did she really express what I think she was commenting about and gave me a complimented too? WOW! That was progress in the right direction. I started with her toes. When I reached her knees, having declared everything southward wrinkle free, I made a tickle on the back and that set her off into a burst of giggles and wriggles that gave me prurient peeks at her pussy.

"I shall leave the best for last," I said moving up to look at my mother's teats close up and without having to be sneaky about it. It was the most time I spent with them since I was breast fed.

"They're crinkly and hard, I can't help it."

"Is it too chilly, mom?"

"More like a heat-wave."

"Crinkly is not wrinkly."

"My neck is going to be the giveaway. It's like counting the rings on a tree, just in dog years. So that's seven times . . ."

"Unless you count the leftover vampire hickey, you throat is flawless, wrinkle free. There are just one or two smile-ripples, don't confuse the two."

"Smile-ripples? What are they?"

"You know what laugh-lines are - they are not to be confused with crows-feet. They are not at all wrinkles from worry or pain or heartache, or even simple Ohh ... -ver the hill stage of life. But we covered that already. Well, so too are smile-ripples. They are lines that are like the ripples in a pond, when a fish breaks the surface; when a grin breaks upon a face and the glad oscillations travel up the face and down the throat. Like the ripples of water are sometimes patterned in the sand, so too the waves of joy are manifested in the soft tissues of the neck. But they are certainly not wrinkles."

"Okay, smile-ripples, that's a nice way of thinking about them. Still, you can't come up with a silly way of explaining each of the weathered cracks that my face has etched in it. I concede the 'laugh-lines', but I think you have met your match."

"Actually that's not on the inspection sheet."

"It's not? Why not?"

"Technically, it's on the pillowcase, not the sheet; besides that, it was a full body inspection, so above the neck doesn't count. Besides the biggest sex organ you have is blessed with lots of wrinkles."

"You haven't even looked down there yet, aren't you going to look for evidence yourself?"

"I'm talking about your brain. That is the largest sex organ you have, and it has lots of wrinkles (if you opened the skull) but those are what make you smart."

"Nonetheless, you still have to conduct an examination the last area of your tour of my torso. Chicken?"

"No," I said lifting slightly so mom could see the erection that had been hanging from my loins, "more like tube-steak!" I maneuvered to where her legs joined and did what any good gynecologist or lover would do, I parted her thighs. As unique as each gal is in the crotch; some are like a sunset, - no make that a son-rise at the crack of Dawn, and some are a dusky mysterious abyss of magic; I prefer the light pink and rosy highlighted scenery mom concealed in her labia. I poured over every nookie and cranny, each fold and flap of flesh. I raked the pubic hair and stroked thighs, invoking sighs from my bedmate (mate?).

"Nary a mark that isn't appropriate for a wonderful lady, not a wrinkle to be found anywhere."

"Careful! Flattery will get you . . places that you might find it hard to resist."

"If it was hard, would you resist?" I can't believe we are flirting like this in so blatantly a sexual manner, without some sort of truth being exposed. We were totally without a stitch on, but also our souls, or at least our lust had been exhibited, physically if not confessed outright. Mom said she had lusted after a doppelganger, who could be an offspring. Her words were once more in my ear, 'the spitting image', save for the comment 'more than your father', when she was checking out my package under the covers the other day.

"Your turn!" Mom broke in to my thoughts; I had no idea what she was referring to. Was she going to inspect my genitals now? "You never told me who you lust for. I told you mine. You gotta tell yours now! Come on, out with it, who do you want to fuck?"

"I . . ." (God! - Could I say it and not get slapped?)

"You." There I said it, now let's see if it hits the fan or hits the sack?

"Yeah, so what's new?" Mom was blasé, as if it was an everyday thing for me to declare my desire for her physically. She laughed at the expression on my face. "Well, Honey, It's not like you have never gotten boners hugging me and made long looks when you see me in my slip,

and so on. I noticed your interest years back. I've just been waiting for you to come out with it eventually. But it wasn't a surprise. Did you puzzle out my object of infatuation?"

"Uh . . . You meant me, right? Off-shoot, a clone - right down to my Wallabees . ."

"Yes, but that doesn't mean, that just because we have mutual lust, that we should give in to our lascivious cravings. That is not an automatic green light to having an affair between us. That would be incest, and even if we both want to make love with one another, that doesn't make it right, no matter how hot it would be. It would turn that bubble-bath into a steam-room! So don't get any ideas, and especially not the kind your dirty-minded mom is thinking. Do you understand young man?" The last phrase was used as when she had disciplined me as a youngster. But as an adult she knew I could catch the backhanded nuances about the fact that her condition was as turned-on and aroused as my own!

She continued, "Now, I know your . . manhood is . . turgid, and that condition is manifested several times through the day, even when the male is in deep sleep. If you are asleep, even if erect, then I don't expect you will be conscious enough to ravage me. If you are awake and have a poker of a peter, just role the other way and go back to sleep, no prodding momma with that porker!" With that she turned on her side, with her back toward me, pulled up the covers over her, getting quiet and seemed to settle in.

I slipped under the sheets as well and mirrored that position and with my back to her. I let out a sigh. Progress was slow and sometimes

painful, as in blue balls? She sighed too. It was the sound a sex-kitten makes when she wants something, but can't have it. The tone triggers a chemical reaction in males that puts them into a servile mode. "What can I do for you mom?"

"I miss cuddling."

"Do you want to cuddle?"

"Yes, please." Spoken in a little girl timbre.

"I still have a . ."

"I don't care, just come here and hold me, it's been so long!"

We rolled together to be face to face. So I wound up hugging my naked mother to my nude body, with the six plus inches of pulsating meat mashed between us. This was more like it!!

"Mom?"

"Mmm?"

"Your nipples are hard. Does that mean you're enjoying . ."

"Does that mean I find our clench quite stimulating? Yes, of course, what did you think it would do to a naughty girl like me?"

"How naughty are you?"

"Naughty enough to help you get rid of that pesky telescope you keep between your legs. Or at least help you fold it up."

"How are you going to do that? (Inside my head I'm going, 'Hand job, felatio? Any way you want to get me off is good, but how about the missionary position to start?') My imagination was creating a dozen scenarios of our foreplay, much less consummation.

Mom didn't say a word, but began to hump her hips to my abdomen, so that the underside of my penis was rubbing against her patch of pubic fleece, soft as lamb's wool and the heated flesh beneath was pliant and damp. Could I nose into the outer courts and then gain the inner sanctuary of the hallowed place of my maternal divinity, of this gorgeous goddess? Could the snout of the one-eyed-snake I was hunching on mom's tummy invade her temple? Could I sneak inside that holy haven, where once my father had sired me, with my own princely scepter of love? I worked my way down lower with my tool of temptation.

Mom was grabbing my buttocks. I was unsure if it was because she liked to have a handful of buns, or to keep my pelvis from dropping lower, or to aim my wicked widget at the tender target of her womanhood. It only enhanced the pressure, which was hard and firm and hot on her as my rolling-pin pushed across the delta and dipped

closer to the divide that was sin to enter. So close. This seduction was ahead of schedule. . - WHOOPS! Mom had snuck a finger tip into my anus. Why that triggered my cum I have no idea. But it did.

I discovered later that it was a trick that mom had used with dad, if needed. Chip off the old block; I was born with the same button located there. So after having wasted a couple of days of stored semen on mother's stomach (she had to use a wad of tissues to wipe the goo up), we turned to a more comfortable cuddle position and fell asleep.

The next morning, I awoke suddenly aware of the unusual phenomena of having a second body in bed with me. That it was the delightfully naked feminine form of mother was a treat. My morning woodie was hard at work already, cranking up the hormones to feed a hungry libido, or perhaps whet its appetite? I rolled to the center and took mom in my arms. I snuggled under the covers and bridged over her with my knees and elbow taking my weight. My penis was giving a good-morning nudge to her abdomen, rocking along the pooch and providing proof that last night's confessions were not forgotten.

Mom hugged me back in return, her hips responding to my pelvic motion. We resumed the hunching, butt grabbing sort of dynamics of last night, except that my legs were outside of hers, and she was not spread with my member dangerously close as previously. Still it was a stimulating and sexy clench. I kissed her, she Frenched me back. I felt like it was getting a bit steamy warm, so I kicked the covers down a ways and they slid off to the floor. A slightly cool draft wafted over us. It had a very stimulating effect on mom.

Of her own accord her legs parted and I did a vertical shuffle and then I was between her thighs. Mom didn't seem to be threatened by my imminent penetration with the gates open and the ram just lightly politely tapping at the portal of her heavenly haven. The center of her crotch was slick with her lubrication, as the tip of my eager instrument was ever so gently and cautiously seeking the passage I knew was there. Perhaps a slip into her for just an instant? Might she be still so fuzzy-buzzy as to let the cap of my member sink an inch into her heat?

"Babe?" Mom whispered.

"Mm?"

"I'm straight now, this morning."

"No hang-over?"

"None, but I want you to know I am in full control of myself and my senses. Therefore, anything we do is done not because I'm still tipsy or stoned, but because I want to. As a reward for all of what you have done, all the trouble you went to, on my account; just this once, just once and that's all. Okay?"

Without waiting for an answer she tilted her hips and spread her thighs a might wider and . . . Jeez! I was going in! My piss-hole was damp with pre-cum and mom's lotion coated the very tip of my stiffy. It was pressing on a soft spot that went deeper and deeper until the rim had snugged into the vagina. I almost came with the feeling of being

engulfed in the sweet swamp of mom's pussy. Her son's shaft was continuing to sink down to the very womb. I felt it bump the uterus; the pressure was on high in my balls and in my skull. Damn! I was in and already cumming!

I whimpered like a little boy, and held on to my mother, as my orgasm involuntarily shot its load. Not as much jism as last night but it was exquisite nonetheless. Mom kept holding on to my rear and clawed my buttocks as she socked me to her to get all my seed into her receptacle. Though my spasms were still quivering from the powerful spurt, I ramped up the ramming and went for making mom peak too.

Mom's face changed from the happy smile she had, from having provided her boy his treat, to one of consternation. She began to moan, "NO! No! Not me, just you. . uuhh! OOOH! No, oh no, OH! YES! UH! YEH yeah! Oh, I'm going to come too, don't make me cum, but don't stop, . . . I'm not allowed to have sex with my son, it's a sin, . . . harder! Faster! No - yes - YESS!! Now! I'm cumming NOWW!! With that a series of shrieks and cries of her paroxysm issued forth, as I banged her cunt with all my cock had to give before it deflated. I had a very quiet sort of second orgasm as she finished.

Not planned, but wonderfully spontaneous, we had had sex for the first time. But was it to be the only time? Mom's words indicated that perhaps she had not intended to cum with me, but just to get me alone off. However, best laid plans, she had been unable to resist the physical stimulation, and had been aroused to the point of her own pleasure being undeniable. But I needed to lay the ground work for more of this type of fun. I wanted to convince her that it would be good to continue

with full operations amidst the satin sheets of sensuality and skin, of seduction and sin.

"If you're late this morning, you'll lose privileges!" Mom declared. I looked at the alarm clock. If I did a my quick short routine I could be out the door and off to work; with mostly green lights I would make it on time. Not that the office cared, but the last time that phrase had been heard it was high school and not the job. I knew that mom had a compulsion about being prompt and on time. Not just herself but it extended to the rest of the family. I won't say it drove my father to his grave; let's just say he wasn't late for his own funeral. So with that kind of motivation, I scrambled to get launched.

Of course that left me no time to cuddle and snuggle and connivingly convince mom to have more fun with me, such as that morning had been for us both. Unexpected and thrilling as it had been, surely we ought to explore the many possibilities there were in that connubial combination? It should not be just a onetime thing / fling / bada-bing bada-boink, gone-with-the-wind screw. We would be very happy sharing the physical pleasures; we were just beginning to connect on that primitive, but essential, level. But I had to leave before I could make a case for our continued carnal knowledge, or lose privileges.

Now there were no actual privileges mom provided anymore for me as an adult; except the one she had just granted that morning. If she got irritated by my being late, even though it was her that allowed our little AM liaison which put me up against the deadline, might she decline my further advances? So, if I wanted to stay on her good side, I best scoot and fly to my employment, thus to keep options open I hoped. I certainly could use some recuperation time to for the instrument of love

to be rejuvenated. I wasn't sixteen anymore. I ate a steak for lunch, and a baked potato; protein and carbs, good for the groin-grinding I wanted to resume with mom, if I could find the proper persuasion.

When I got home, I was in for a surprise. As I got in the door I found a note taped just where I hang my coat. It instructed me to find my mother in the bathroom and join her in the tub. A chilled six pack of beer was already on hand in my small cooler on top of my dresser. Well, while I had done a number of intimate activities with mom, this was a new one. I wondered, as I got undressed, if this was a 'privilege'. I would consider it as such, certainly so! I grabbed a brew, popped the top and quaffed a couple of swallows. Then with can in one hand and cooler in the other I walked stark naked to where my mom was soaking in a different sort of suds.

An eerie sensation sent a frisson of thrill up my spine, as I had a memory of walking naked to have a bath as a child, my mother coming along behind me to scrub the dirt from the playground off my small boyish frame. Now I was nude, headed to a bathtub where my mother awaited to do dirty things with my full grown manly physique, our 'playground' the soapy water we'd share. The excitement of that thrill traveled around my crotch and put spring into my growing manhood. As I open and swiftly closed the door to what dad had termed in polite company, 'the facilities', I smelled a combination of lilac and maryjane in the steamy atmosphere. I spied the pipe close to mom, in one hand she held a tumbler with the dregs of what I presumed was sherry.

"Time to switch to beer, Babe" she quipped, "The grass spoils the taste of the wine. Grab me a can." she laughed, "can in the can - get it?" Somebody was feeling a buzz already; she didn't remember making the

same pun yesterday! "Wade in and keep the cooler close, the water is warm and I'm hot and I see that my boy's beefstick is ready for a wiener roast!" More snickering.

"If it's cooked in a liquid that would be boiled."

"Hotdogs belong on buns." she retorted.

"Does that mean you're going to eat my bratwurst?"

"I could do worse than swallow my brat's fat sausage. Come here and let me get a gander at that gorgeous banger."

Holding my brew and hers, I waded toward her like a satyr after a water nymph, the kielbasa of my loins now standing out like the prow of a three-masted schooner. When I got to where she was sitting, the long dong all but dinged on her lips. "Frank-ly, my dear, I don't give a damn what you may call this salami, I've been hungry to do this all day!" With that declaration mom gulped a good third of my full length of six inches (and a half for the intensity of the situation) and did her best to deep throat the rest, then made several more going-down strokes before coming up for air.

She took her can and chugged, belched, and grinned up at me. "Sit next to mermaid and fire up the pipe, there's still half a bowl and you need to catch up with your paramour!" I obeyed, as any good son should. The lighter was tricky to handle with my wet hands, the beer rested on the broad side of the tub. I passed her the pipe after my second toke.

We sat and smoked. But it was a small bowl and quickly finished, so I bent over to where the stash was to refill. My ass was turned toward my mother and she goosed me good!

I let out a sound like a shriek that warbled into a yelp and ended in a chortle. "Careful, mom, or I'll spill the baggie of grass!"

"Couldn't resist!" She giggled. I sat back down, but now mom arose and sat on my lap, her hips moving slightly back and forth, with my cock most delightfully captured in the crack of her derriere. She tilted her beer and finished the drink, flipped it over the side making a clean shot right into the wastepaper basket. "Need a few more tokes, Honey." I fired up the stoker as we soaked and her split stroked my stalk. I was getting very turned on in both head and libido. The pot was finished but mom was just getting started as I put the pipe on the floor, she flexed and reached under her legs to grasp my dick.

She aimed it well, for as she settled lower again it sheathed smoothly in her vagina like we had practiced the move for a hundred times. Our pubic hair meshed, and I could feel her tightness and the inner muscles gripped my penis with the clutching of her experienced pussy. Her hands went to my kneecaps for bracing and with just a slight rocking she accomplished a sawing motion that never disengaged our organs but granted long strokes of in and out, nonetheless. I was building to an orgasm but she was ahead of me that way too. She shuddered and climaxed, and climbed off my prick before I peaked.

"That's the advantages of being a mermaid without a fish-tail; you can get hooked on a fisherman's pole and have a whale of a time."

"Are we going with 'naughty-call' terms this evening?"

Mother was reversing to face me and remount my mast. "Well, I'm not "three sheets to the wind" yet, but I'm well on my way to a voyage of 'sin-bad'. Do you like my water balloons?" She thrust a nipple to my mouth, and between alternately sucking on one jug or the other, I didn't say much. Mom's moans were the main sounds she was making now and conversation was not the way we communicated for quite a few minutes. This time I was primed and blasted first, a good flood of jism within the scalding grotto that I was plugged into, however the forceful ramming was plenty of stimulation to bring my Lorelei lover to her licentious culmination.

"THAT was . . . thaat wuuzz . . . tthhat wass . . ." mom's voice trilled, "Fantastic!!" she cheered throwing her arms high in the air, fingers spread wide, tits bouncing and then she toppled backward in the water; by design or accident I couldn't tell. She rose back out with her hands bracing behind her and spouted a huge mouthful of water right in my face, then gave a quick bark of a laugh. "You're a dirty boy indeed, fucking your old - make that mature - mother in the bathtub! You ought to be spanked! YES! Turn around so your mother can slap your caboose until its pink!"

I wasn't into masochism or any type of S&M kinky stuff, but I wasn't about to argue with my maternal parent who had just screwed me royal; so I turned my buttocks to her once more not knowing if I would get a good whooping or a whoopsie goosing again or what. I sensed her move up behind me. I held the edge of the basin, not daring to look back, my anus subconsciously slightly clenched in suspense of

anticipating the sensation to come. 'Pat-a-tat-pat-tat' the palms of mom's hands beat out a slightly tingling tattoo rhythm on my bottom like she was playing the bongos.

"What ta know somethin?" she said in 'baby-talk' fashion, as she rubbed my hindquarters. "I always loved your fanny cheeks. I always thought they were cute, and when you got to be older they were sexy, a turn on, I'd peek at you when I could and then go and make your dad ball me hard. He never actually knew what set me off on a horny streak, but it was these scrumptious buns, I almost want to bite them!" She bent down, but instead of teeth, I felt her lips place a smack on each side. Then she gently took a testicle in each hand and rolled them. "What your pop did know was that I like to play with a guy's hairy nuts. I'm always very careful, because they are so delicate and a lady doesn't mistreat the equipment that she'll be having fun with soon.

Indeed, the pair of balls was now in one hand while the other went along the ventral side to grasp the fully turgid phallus I was once more sporting. "Kiss me, son. Turn around and hug me, hold me and kiss me. I love you, you have set me free and I'm so grateful for our being together like this, in liberated libertine lusty love!" I didn't think about how well my plan had worked, or what came next, or when she would leave to go back to New York City, of if she would stay longer than planned; I just clutched her to me and kissed her face, and Frenched her mouth, and ran my hands over her breasts, and down her abdomen, and through her pubic hair, and fingered her clit, then slid them into her cunt, and loved the marvelous woman in my arms.

Her hands roam me as well. Her fingers combed my chest hair and the back of my head. She fondled my genitals keeping the eroticism stoked

with her strokes. After this wild foreplay, she moved and in a reversal of how we had been a little while ago, now her tush was presented to me, the crack of her divide wide and waiting, wanton and willing, wet and womanly lubricated. I knew what she wanted and waddled on my knees to place my harpoon in her poontang. Even with the double drubbing of earlier she was still a snug fit around my boner. I made waves as I speared her again and again. This time I was definitely touching bottom as I felt the head of my meaty shaft beating against the prongs of her cervix.

Mother was having multiple orgasms, like Roman candles shooting on the Fourth; I was building a good head of pressure that would explode a wad like a bullet from my sex pistol. I was banging my mom; the slap of flesh rang off the tiles, the moans and grunts mixed with the cries and calls like animals in a zoo. But it turned very human again as I began to shout in my frantic haste to cum inside her. "MOMMY!" I yelled, "MOM, Oh God! I love you, I'M going to - YES, nooww! CUMMINGGG!!" I gave my lock-in / fire the cannon / dynamite-dick going nova / blast within the womanhood of my dear and most sexy mother. Nothing could be better; no female ever got me so totally pleasured with paroxysms as dearest, darling mom.

After that we leisurely washed each other and climbed out. We dried one another off, that was a lot of laughs. Mom had made a favorite casserole of mine, 'Cincinnati Chilli', a pasta and chili combo with green peppers chopped up and mixed in for added zing. Which made the left over marijuana laced mousse a perfect desert. Then we retired to the satin sheets in only our skins and settled in for even more of our incestuous sinning. After all, I had yet to go down on her. But during our pillow talk, when mother found out sis had helped with planning her seduction (even though unknowingly), she thought that I might be

interested in getting my sibling in bed with us, "See," mom said with her girlish giggle, "I bet you didn't know that your sister had a bi side to her; and I could be tempted to try that with her and you. Now here's what we do . . ."

But, that's another story.

Some Things Were Mint to Be!

A remote lake brings mom & son closer

This story is for Cassie and Danny, mother and son who shared their private, personal, and true tale of incest in the letter, which I have reprinted/posted under the title of "Blame It On The Author". It is written at their request, and is a fictionalized account of what might have happened, before they actually initiated their adventure into incest, thirteen years after the start of when they both began to have desires for one another. They told me that they enjoyed it, and hope that you will too.

"OH! Look!" I exclaimed to my son, as I pointed out a plot of low vegetation, colored a bright jade tint, growing next to the building. "They have a patch of mint!" I plucked several sprigs of the aromatic plants. "Here, put a leaf in your mouth, you like mint, don't you?" Danny didn't have a chance to answer anything but a mumbled 'uhm-humm' as I popped a spear shaped piece of greenery in his pie hole. "It freshens your breathe and improves your mood and cools you down." I passed on the folklore I had learned about the herb, as I stuck a big leaf onto my own tongue.

"Don't chew, suck." I instructed. The flavorful foliage was already dispensing its succulent, sharp oil in my orifice. The place where we chanced to encounter this unexpected piece of gardening was an isolated fishing cabin by a small lake. We had stumbled upon the idyllic spot while hiking in the woods, some distance from our camp-site. It was just my son and myself, out on this expedition. My husband and I

had divorced when Danny was sixteen, over two years ago. I was an active forty, my figure mature, but I could still turn heads if I was dolled up. My son had wanted to go on this trip, and I agreed to accompany him. I like the outdoors too, and was a bit of a tomboy in my time.

The sun was scorching hot, bright even in the mid-afternoon. We were both sweaty from the hike up hill and down dale, and through the thickets. The lake looked awfully tempting, but of course we had no suits. Well, we could take a splash in our underwear. There wasn't that much difference of exposed skin than swim-wear. After all, we had seen each other in just such a state of undress at home on occasion. Furthermore, we were mother and son, family - nothing to be shy about with each other. I had seen him lots of times when I gave him baths. Once he walked in on me while I was changing clothes. He caught me completely bare assed, but I wasn't embarrassed, he was just a kid. What does a youngster that age really know about sex?

"Danny, let's go for a swim!" I purposed.

"No suits, mom. Unless they are in your backpack, I didn't bring them."

"Think outside the box, boy. We can skin down to our skivvies." I decided to lead by example and started to pull off my tee-shirt. Dan looked at me in slight amazement, then shrugged and did likewise. I went for my jeans and undid the button and then the zipper. Kicking off my sneakers, I hooked my thumbs in the waist band over my hips and dragged the pants down to my ankles. My son followed his mother's suit and shed his long hiking shorts. But all the time his eyes were on me. I didn't mind, I was sure of my figure, and comfortable

with my body. On the other hand I was being treated to some very fine beef-cake myself. In fact - - "Hey, don't mind your old mom; you can go skinny-dipping if you want. You ain't got nothin' I haven't seen before."

"Really? You wouldn't mind?"

"Sure, once you're in the water everything's hidden, so what if I see your buns."

"Well, the same goes for you, once you're submerged, I won't see much. Why don't you get nude too?"

"I know you look at Playboy, and all; but I think I'll keep some modicum of modesty."

"Okay, but then you'll have to wear wet undies to hike back to camp in. That could be very uncomfortable, I'd think."

That gave me pause. He did have a point. It wasn't as if the female form was any mystery to the youth, when you considered. I decided, what the hell, so let him see my stuff. It wouldn't harm him. I mean, it's not like I was in any danger of being sexually assaulted by my own son. What the fuck, right? "You know - your argument convinced me. But you look away until I get in the water."

"Mom, don't be so much of a fuddy-duddy, I don't care that much about being naked in front of you, or about you being nude with me. Let's just get in the water and get out of the heat, that's the idea right, and not worrying about being bare. There's a ladder into the water at the end of the dock, I see. That way you can get in without having to wade through the muck." With that nonchalance speech and having stripped completely, my handsome son hobbled down the dock, and turned to climb down into the lake.

First, I was treated to the sight of his hind-end. I realized viewing the firm haunches, that he had a terribly sexy butt. However, I admit I was unprepared for the swinging piece of meat he gave me an eyeful of, as he turned and lowered himself into the water. He was nicely hung, even if he was my son! It had been a while since I had gotten a gander at a guy's equipment. I always liked to look at male members, I found them fascinating, especially seeing them swell and get hard. I found erections erotic. I was a gal with natural inclinations toward the opposite gender, so of course I was thrilled by the sight.

Only - that flash of my kid's instrument was a highly charged moment. I shouldn't have reacted as I did, but I suddenly felt a tingle in my tummy and saucy sensation in my loins. I decided I'd better get into the water and chill out, and I meant more than my body, I was thinking that my libido also needing a calming down too.

"Coming, mom?" My offspring's voice brought me out of my un-motherly musings.

"Right behind you!" I called out answering him.

We swam out about a hundred yards into the lake, perhaps half way, and treaded water there. We talked about the hike and how good the water felt in this heat, and about what we might do when we got back to camp. But while I work out at a local gym in town, this exercise was not the kind I was used to. Besides we had hiked for a couple of hours prior to arriving at this deserted hide-away we discovered. I was quickly becoming tired. "Dan, I need to get to shore. You wouldn't want your dear mom to drown would you?"

"Don't worry, mom. I took a lifeguard course last summer at the Civic Pool, remember. "Here," he took my arm gently and turned me in the water, so I was facing away from the cabin, "let me show you how I learned to pull somebody to shore." He turned on his side and had his arm over my shoulder and across my chest with his hand in my armpit for a grip. Then he began to sidestroke with me floating on my back and having myself drawn through the water. It was relaxing, and if his muscular limb wasn't compressing very sensually against my boobs, I would have been fine.

But now, here I was naked, with cool liquid directly against every pore of my skin, my body in contact with a nude masculine torso, and he was pressing my breasts. I was flooded with sensations of a very arousing sort of nature; I was enjoying it too, perhaps too much, considering who my companion was! It had happened without planning, but the circumstance that I found myself in, was actually quite a romantic one. Despite the man being Dan. Then my little adventure was over.

"Here's the dock. You go up the ladder first, mom."

I turned and grabbed the wooden rung of the structure and began to climb. As I rose dripping, I realized that this action gave my hero below me, a close-up of his mother's pussy. It couldn't be helped. But I guess that was his reward for the champion efforts, sparing me any leg cramping from over exertion. Yet, why did I get a buzz in my groin from my own son catching a glimpse of my privates? Was I perverse, or so horny from too long without getting laid? What was with me, I wondered!?

As I trundled down the boards to the lawn, I was aware of my boy in back of me, and somehow I just knew he was studying my behind, as it wiggled its way before him. Okay, so let him ogle. I had my turn, hadn't I? In fact, as I reached the soft grass, I did a slow about face. Now we both got full frontals vistas to make memories! Sure enough, as Dan pranced the planks of the pier trying to avoid getting splinters from the boards, sort of an odd dance down the wooden walkway which was not so comfortable on bare feet, it was making his dick dangle and jangle as he moved toward me. It was a wet doodle of a noodle, with the hairy sacks of his scrotum drawn up to protect them from the cold. Yet still, a delicious sight for a lonely lady nonetheless!

My body suddenly felt the chill of the H2O evaporating off the skin, and I shivered. My son noticed and he was trembling to. He called out, as he traversed the end of the pier, "I think I saw an old blanket hanging on the clothes-line on the side of the cabin. Let me get it." He was back in a minute, with a soft quilt with frayed edges, but clean and dry. Danny wrapped it around me, but I hugged him and made it so that the bedding enclosed us both, in an image that reminded me of a picture I once saw from Woodstock. We stood stark naked next to one

another, using our body heat to warm us in the soft breeze of late afternoon.

Then, as we became more comfortable, and we dried, my comrade-in-charms, my accomplice in surreptitious suit-less swimming, lay the spread on the ground and we lay down to do some sunbathing. That's all I thought was going to happen, honest! Close by were the few sprigs of mint I had plucked earlier. I stretched out and gathered them and handed a leaf to Dan. He put it in his mouth, I also had a blade.

"Freshens your breathe, huh?" said my progeny.

"Mmm . ."

"Let's see." He said, then he gave me a peck on my lips. "Well, the real test, would be to swap spit, right?" He took out the green from his mouth and then reached and plucked mine out as well. Then He slowly closed the distance between our faces and Frenched-kissed his mother. I was surprised, but it was like I was hypnotized, there was no power to resist in my body. I closed my eyes, it was soo nice! His tongue did little swirls with mine, as we played oral tag.

I was having fun, with this luscious smooching. I wasn't thinking, just reacting to the excitement of an unexpected make-out session. I lay back on the blanket and Dan rolled half on top of me, his leg between mine. I might have let things go even longer with the sweet smacking of our naughty bussing, when I felt his hands move on my ribcage, upwards. I knew what he was about to do, what girl doesn't?

That broke the spell. I put an arm up to his chest and pressed lightly, so as not to hurt his feelings but make a sure sign that we needed to break. In order to dispel the look of disappointment that appeared on Danny's visage, I took the sprigs in my other hand, and as he rolled giving me space, I placed one on his stiffening extremity and with an eyebrow raised and a big grin on my face, I asked, "What's this called?" pointing to the adorned dork.

"Uh . . . a wood-sie, - no. Hmm . . a green stalk?"

"No! Silly! 'spear-a-mint'!!" and we both burst in to hysterics.

He reached for my free hand and took it. Then he gently brought it down to rest on his hard-on that was now nice and solid. The turgid flesh was hot in my fingers, and they curled of their own accord around the boner before me. "Mom, you are so beautiful. I think you're so sexy. I can't help getting aroused when I look at you. Don't be upset. Could you just give me a few strokes? It won't take long."

God! My son wanted me to masturbate him. I was tempted to. My nipples were cherry stones, and my nether region was getting moist. This was dangerous territory that was for sure. I removed my hand, but only to take his and place it on my tit. "Would this help?" I heard some woman ask in my voice, as my manipulation of my son's manhood resumed. Holy shit! What was going on? What was going to happen next? I had to stop this crazy cuddling before things got out of hand. Yet the things that were being handled were erogenous and our

coddling, of his member and my mammeries, was driving me mad with desire!

But instead of separating, we were once more tenderly locking lips and tangling tongues. Jeez! Could my kid kiss! I was having a great time playing with his instrument, as he was equally happy to kneel at my knockers. Our adolescent-like mutual stimulation session was turning into serious foreplay. I understood that we needed to come to our senses, but I was in a little dream world. I was disassociated from the fact that we were mother and son, in a clench of highly inappropriate behavior. I was not really caring about that. All I was concerned with was what he would be doing to me in a moment; it was going to be something good I was sure.

Oh it was! I felt Danny's fingers fumbling down to my tummy. They crept, reaching for the crinkly thatch of red-gold pubic fur covering my pudenda. They slid over the smooth skin and into the slit that was slippery with love's dew. The middle digit defined the divide and rubbed the length of the labia several times, spreading the oil, before seeking the well. Once having detected that center of my sex, it sought not to invade but drew up the lubricant to my darling pouting bud of pleasure, mom's most joyous point to be tenderly touched.

He strummed the yearning bit of tissue, then sent the playful finger to plunge slowly into his mother's hollow. The delving was a teasing exploration of where he had once been, longed to return. And I also wished him back in me, my own son sharing myself again, and this time I his physical presence also. We would bond, body and soul. A peak of sexual frisson passed through me as Danny diddled my clit

once more. In an instant of insane inspiration, I kissed him hard and broke out of our clinch.

His look of confusion was understandable, but what I said next with a huge smile and shining eyes reassured him that our intimate amusements had not ended, not by any means! I was still clutching the remaining stem of mint. I snagged the biggest leaf off and tossed the remnant away. Very deliberately, I spread my thighs and took that aromatic flora and placed it at the opening of my vagina. "Did you know that mint is also considered to be an aphrodisiac? Don't chew, suck!" I couldn't have been clearer of what I wanted. I detected the astringent cooling, a wild sensation to have on your pussy.

Of course, the leaf fluttered away with the first lick of Dan's tongue, but it had done the trick. My boy was performing cunnilingus on my cunny. My honey was tasting his mother's sweet nectar, and nibbling on my nether nub. Hallelujah! How I love having head! Well, that was the point of no return, because no way was I going to recover my moral balance. I was tipped to fall into the pit of passion; I was on my way down, just as surely as Danny was going down on me! We both were aware of where we were headed, as he sucked and slathered my sex. My son flicked my flesh, lavished my labia with long laps of textured tickling, did things I never had done between my thighs.

I had several small cums culminating in a humongous heaving of my hips and overriding climax so big that had Danny hanging on to mommy for dear life as he hit my sweet-spot to bring me to multiple orgasms, one directly after another. But rather than satiate my sexual appetite I had a craving for more, and this time I wanted that man-meat slamming in my pussy like there was no tomorrow! I needed him in

me, right then. I struggled to haul him up to be at the proper position to do improper things to his mother. I wrapped my legs around my son and aimed his hard-on at my crotch with my thighs. I hugged him to me and hunched to have that kid's cock in my cunt. He plowed through the furrow of his mommy's gash and pointed the penis to be poised at the entrance to my womanhood.

The bulb of hot flesh filled my hole; it popped in like it was sucked. Then the vagina that abhorred a vacuum, gulped my son's scepter, and the crown prince made me queen mother of the day with a royal drubbing! Oh! Yeah! Did we fuck! Danny pounded into me with every ounce of energy he had. The penetration was deep, but his speed varied, sometime in slow-motion the gliding gonads went, then they picked up the pace to a blur of blows hammering my hinny. My son was touching bottom and bumping upon the very place he was conceived. I was blubbering, "Yess, YES!" And. "now, NOW!" as over and again I came. But still he held off his own explosion.

Then, like he was making a wrestling reversal of positioning, instead of being on top of me, he flipped me over to be on my hands and knees, classic doggie style. He entered me from the behind hitting the open target clean. With one smooth movement, he was home again in momma's middle, making me squeal with delight. He howled his satisfaction at having his mother's pussy. We sounded like the jungle scenes of some Tarzan movie, the calls of wild animals echoing through the forest. I was his Jane, he my ape-man; our primitive nature having taken over all civilized restraints, our base desires now gained free rein of all inhibitions, our moral remnants shredded by the rutting frenzy that was in command.

The slapping of our flesh, the smacking of pelvis against ass, the banging of our bodies was a drumming which filled the air, the staccato of clapping clamored continuously. Without warning, I felt my boy buck and bounce one last time, and Danny then fired into his mother's sanctuary with his loaded cannon, and offered the throbbing sacrifice of his spurting seed, flooding my chamber. My own powder keg of cumming followed his, as lightning struck my brain and convulsed my whole. Then, like a comical cow being tipped over on its side we collapsed on to the quilt, still connected but completely wiped out by the manic coupling we had committed.

What is it about incest, when entered into willingly, wantonly, by two consenting members of the same family, that has this heightened excitement - that so sears the senses and muddles the mind that only the surrender to lust and the conquest of love in physical pleasure makes the connection complete? No, I didn't come up with that question after just cumming a dozen times. I pondered that incestuous inquiry much later. I can't answer for anyone else; but I guess, for Danny and myself, some things were just 'mint' to be!

Sonnymoon Cruise

I gave him birth, I shared his berth

She left him at the altar, she altered him. I gave him life at birth; I saved his life, and then shared his berth. It was supposed to be their honeymoon cruise. It turned into my sonny-moon cruise. It is our story, of our voyage; on the high seas, and our discovery of a new world, the land of incest.

I don't expect you to believe this. I hardly do myself. But this is the tale of what happened, and how what was a near tragedy, became a break-through to a new understanding between myself, and my dear son, Samuel.

The wedding hall had been rented months in advance, and we were there with the rabbi, waiting for the bride. I had footed the bill for everything. My husband left me very wealthy, but what good is money, if you can't provide for your loved ones? Sam's older sister, Janice, had an even more elaborate blow-out. This was nothing to thumb your nose at either. But since it was not quite the costly ticket for the ceremony and reception, as with Jan's, I splurged on the tickets for their honeymoon cruise. You only get married for the first time once, right?

Of course, right. So next time Jan gets married, (she found the schmuck cheating on her - even within the first year), it won't be such a big shindig. At least not on Mama's money!! Anyway, there we all were, the bride's limo pulls up. Out gets the Maid of Honor, but no Madeline the Bride-to-be. And Betsy isn't wearing a gown as she gets out of the

car and comes slowly down the aisle. Not a good sign. The Maid of Honor goes up to Sammy. He asks, "Where's Maddy? What's going on?" Betsy hands him an envelope of purple, pink and green, Maddy's personal stationery. All her notes to me about the service and reception were on it, so I recognized it. I had a bad feeling.

Sure enough Samuel takes out a sheet of note paper, same colors, I can't read what is on it, but her lavender pen has scrawled some hand writing on it. The engagement ring drops to the floor out of the envelope, as Sam takes out the note. SHIT! That girl was the love of his life. He reads the note, silently to himself.

He looks at me, then at Jan, then at Daddy in the sky, though I am sure that if he is a ghost, Jacob's sitting next to me. Samuel looks to the crowd and says in the softest voice (if the place hadn't been dead silent I doubt he would have been heard), says Sam, "The wedding is off." Then his eyes roll up, and he drops to the floor, like the ring did. Fainted dead away. He lived; but when he came to, he was in shock.

Dr. Schwartzenburger, our long time family physician, (of course he was there - everybody was) had somebody fetch his medical bag from his Mercedes and gave poor Sammy a shot. A sedative, then wrote a prescription for a few pills of a lesser dose. Jan volunteered to run to the pharmacy, but I sent one of the ushers instead. The Best Man, and another of Sam's friends, helped him into our waiting limo. I needed Jan with me, when we brought her brother home.

We got him to bed, with a couple stiff scotches, since the pills were not there yet. He went to sleep. I started making a bunch of phone calls, Madeline wouldn't answer, but I got hold of everybody else I could

think of, to handle the crisis. I sat with Jan in the kitchen. Jan spoke, "Ma, what now? What is Sammy going to do? He ought to go somewhere else for a while; this neighborhood will be too painful."

See, Maddy was almost the girl next door, in our suburban community on Long island. Samuel and she had grown up together. What Jan meant was that there would be too many painful memories, being here in this place. He ought not to go back to his new condo in New Jersey alone, but what's to do?

I snapped my fingers, having made a snap decision. Not for nothing, had I run my husband's company after he had had his massive stroke and left me with everything to do or to sell. I had built up the business even bigger since Jacob passed to the big deli in the sky - or where ever they had the best lox. I was used to making executive decisions, nu? So, I did. I made one more phone call to my trusted travel agent, a cousin, and told her what to do. I didn't need a confirmation call back. She had been at the wedding, make that disaster as in Titanic; need I say more?

I said to Jan, "He gonna be elsewhere, he'll be out of the country."

"Mama, where are you sending him? Should I go along, and keep him from doing himself harm?"

"You think it's that bad?" She nodded, I thought maybe so too, but I had another arrangement in mind. "He's going on that cruise."

"Okay, I like the Caribbean, I'll pack."

"No, Sweetheart, you don't have to, I'm going! I paid for the trip, and can't get my money back at this late date. But I will go with Sammy. Besides getting my money's worth, I haven't been to Jamaica, or the Bahamas, or anywhere down there but Miami, when I go to see your Aunt Sadie." (That's Jake's sister, we are very close.) "You've been all around that whole area three times. My turn."

"Right, Samuel goes on his honeymoon with his mother!"

"He should go with his single sister? It won't be his honeymoon; it will be a relaxing vacation. He doesn't have to hang around me, just as long as he doesn't mope in the cabin. I'll make sure he has a good time, if it kills him!" How prophetic those words were, in a way.

So we did. How did Sammy deal with it? Well, the trip was two days after the wedding. He would have had to make a huge argument with both his big sister and his pushy mother. I didn't raise any stupid kids, they might be meshuggah, but not dumb. It was easier just to allow us to steer him into steerage. Not third-class really, we had a tip-top first-class cabin suite. I don't skimp, when it comes to my babies' happiness. Jacob always said, "Money can't buy happiness, but it can make the way clear for it to arrive."

Besides Sam was so doped up on tranquilizers from those pills, he didn't know we were going to port until we arrived at the dock in Florida. Maybe he thought I was taking him to Disney World. I had always promised, but never quite got the chance. All three of us flew down. Then Janice went to visit with Sadie, and Samuel and I, we

boarded the newest ship in the fleet. Boy! was it large, something for everyone. We found our room, and there was champagne and roses waiting, like I had ordered months ago.

He didn't even know I was his cabin-mate, until the lifeboat drill alarm sounded.

"Mama, isn't it time for you to get off the boat?" Something was registering finally; the double pills that morning were wearing off.

"Sweetie, that ship has sailed! I'm your berth-mate! Welcome aboard a two week cruise, all around the Caribbean. Let's get to the deck for the drill, in case we have to be stranded on a desert island."

He looked at me, and then around the cabin, but before he could say anything more, the steward knocked on the door. He asked we get to Deck C, lifeboat twenty-two, as quick as possible, please. So we did, and got the life vests on, and all that stuff done with. Then I took him to the stern, found a cocktail lounge, and poured scotch in him until he was ready to crash. Reality could wait until morning.

There was just one hitch to our accommodations. I mean it was a beautiful suite, lovely little balcony, nice furnishings, first class alright, who could complain? Just, it was for a honeymoon couple, it had a queen size bed, one. Not one you could split either like some of the cheaper rooms. And they were booked to the gills. We were stuck sharing the bed, unless one of us wanted to bunk with the crew. So we change in the bathroom, and the bed was plenty big. What could happen - what, my son would molest his own mother?

So Sammy woke up next me the second day of the cruise. I told my boy the facts of life, so to speak. I explained that I had talked to the head steward, but he could do nothing about the situation but bring in a folding cot. I mean, the place was spacious, for a ship, but the cot was not kosher, as far as my money was concerned. If we shared a bed, it would be like old times, when we roughed it in the Catskills, at that motel one night when there were car problems. Two beds, and Jacob slept on the floor. Samuel was ten and Janice was a big sixteen, and I was my dainty self, so it made sense, right?

So we would not be much in each other's way, all things considered. Sam was still depressed; I had run out of tranqs for him to pop. He wasn't that much of a boozer, so he moped, just as I feared. The second evening, I heard him crying, after he thought I had gone to sleep. But I'm a light sleeper, and I could tell that he needed comforting. I was right there. I held him in my arms, and he cuddled right to me. Just like when he was eight, and his puppy had gotten run over in the street, in front of our house. Jacob had carried the pooch's body into our home, and Sammy came upstairs and broke down.

His heart was broken now, that was for pity sure. Mama held her big boy, weeping his eyes out, until he fell asleep, finally. The next day, I had us signed up for a sightseeing tour. He didn't want to go, but I have my means. I threatened to tell some pretty single girl that he was on the rebound, and have her after him. Of course, I didn't know anyone who would fit the bill, but he decided that me getting my way was better than some stray gal getting in his way, so he went along without fussing. We did have a good time, but when we got back to the boat, "Mr. Moper" returned to his sullen ways. I did get him to see the

comedian's act at the lounge that night, but Sam never laughed once. And I tell you, the guy was FUNNY!!

So we settled in for the night, changed in the washroom, and I took the inside of the bed, he the outer half.

In the early morning, I awoke and Samuel was gone. His side was warm, so I knew it hadn't been very long since he got up. Call it mother's intuition. I looked, and the bathroom light was dark, the door open, I didn't hear a sound. I turned around; he was not out on the balcony. I got up, not even putting a robe on, just hurried out to the deck, closest to our cabin.

There was no time to think, as I saw my son putting a foot up on a storage box, next to the railing. He was gripping the bar, and about to hoist himself up. There was nothing between him and the water, fifty feet down. The ship was under full steam, full speed ahead to the next island. I just reacted. I raced over to Sammy, grabbed his shirt, and yanked back with all my strength. I caught him off balance, and he floundered back; then staggered backwards more, trying to get his balance. He finally slammed into the wall far from the side of the ship, and safe from being a man overboard, which he almost was.

I was filled with rage and fear. I took two big steps right up to him, and slapped his face so hard I left red welts on his cheek. I screamed at him, the words I had commanded the little boy with, so many times in the past. "Samuel Moishe Covey! Get to your room this instant! Move!!" Like he was a child again, he held his cheek, nodded and scurried back to our cabin. I was right behind him. I locked the door. I turned, the fright and the anger still flooding my emotions. I yelled, "How dare

you!? How dare you take the life I gave you, and throw it away. Over some girl, the whole rest of your life, gone . . ." the realization hit me then; and everything melted inside myself down to a puddle of grief, as if it had actually happened.

I burst into tears, and managed to say through great sobs, "Sammy, how could you leave me here? Alone, with you overboard and dead? Don't you think that would kill me? How could I live, knowing I brought you here, and you took your own life? I wouldn't be able to take it . . . Oh! God, Sammy, my baby, I love you so much, to lose you now . . . Doonn't die, sweetheart, mama promises she will make everything . . ." I was struck with the realization that I couldn't fix this problem, it was way beyond a dead puppy. It was a wreck, and I felt so bad for him, so sad for my dearest baby. I was overcome with more tears and sobs, and dropped in near hysterics on to the floor.

I wasn't trying to guilt him. I wasn't faking my grief. I was washed out of wrath, and reduced to a weeping woman, weak and sorrowing. I felt his arms raise me, and help me to bed.

He was saying, "I'm so sorry mom, I wasn't thinking, but you don't understand. Please, don't cry, I'm not worth it, you don't know what I . . . I won't, I promise I won't try do anything like that again. I just was filled with . . . I couldn't take it any longer, You don't realize what I . . . It's okay now mother, it's all over with, I won't leave you, I won't ever hurt you. I love you so much . . . I . . . I . . ." We had reached the bed, and I was stretched across it width-wise; Samuel crawled up beside me, and began to bawl, like when his dad had died. It was the deepest and most agonizing pain of loss that tore out the soul of a person.

Then, it was my turn to come round, and comfort him. I just cooed, and made little hush sounds, and kept repeating, "It's okay, it's okay, mommy's here, it's alright, you're going to be okay" saying those kinds of things over and over again. We held each other in a mutual embrace, and drifted back to sleep. The boat rocked, and the engines were a soft distant thrumming, and even the sun was dimmed by clouds, to let Morpheus spread his mantle of forgetfulness, if only for a little while.

When I awoke, we were still in each other's arms. Nature has her cycles, and this was a male's time of hormone levels rising. By rising, I mean my son had risen, but just one part, his penis. I wasn't shocked, I was married to Jacob for seventeen years, I knew a morning stiffy, when it poked me. It was nothing personal, Sam was still asleep. But it was a nice way to wake a man. I thought about it, and decided, well, why not? He was supposed to be on his honeymoon, right. A little wank on his woodie wouldn't hurt, even if it came from his mother, making him cum. Perhaps it would release the tension he was under. Worth a try.

I fingered the erect member through his shorts. His shirt was half ripped off, and his handsome hairy chest was showing. The tight belly of a youthful man was beautiful to see. I was in my nightgown that was half up my legs, from having slid getting onto the sheets. Even if it was my son, I derived some erotic feedback from what I was doing. I had almost lost him for good, now I was determined to make his trip as good as it should be, but not if it killed him. If he wanted to mope the whole trip, stay in the room, so let him. But he was responding to this stimulation, and I was sure I could find ways to rouse his spirits, as well.

Suddenly, Samuel murmured, "Mom!" and rolled toward me. His leg dropped between my thighs, I lost hold of his dick, but now it was rampant on the crease of where my legs joined hip, and it was humping. Within seconds, I felt it pulse, and a small wet spot seeped though the clothing to my skin. At that moment he opened his eyes, and I knew he had just come awake, as he came. His eyes and his whole face showed that he thought he had done it on his own, and was horrified, thinking that I would be outraged. He began to apologize, and was humiliated with himself.

I had to nip that bad thing in the bud. "Please forgive me, Sammy, I just wanted to make you feel good, in some way. I thought that perhaps a release . . . please forgive me sweetheart! PLEASE!" I pleaded. I could see that gave him pause.

"You mean . . . that I . . . that you . . . I wasn't . . . you were . . ."

"I was massaging you, down there, and I made you cum. And I'm sorry, but I thought that it would help. Did it?"

"Yyeess, and noo, that's the problem. That's what I meant, when I said you didn't understand. Why I was so depressed. You don't know what I'm going through."

"Darling, I have lost a husband, and been racked with grief of all kinds, there is little I wouldn't understand. Try me. Communicate, don't keep it bottled up inside. There isn't anything that you can't tell me."

"Mom, . ." He opened his mouth but nothing came out, he tried to start again, and failed. The third time he said, "Mom, do you think you can love two people, at the same time?" He held up his hand to signal there was more. "I don't mean like you love me and Jan, at the same time, not that, I mean - have passion for two persons at once, desire both, though you can only have one. Should only have one, that is."

"Of course, you can. I can, I mean, I understand. Did Madeline have an affair, did she fall for some other guy, and that's why she left you?"

"No. God! this is so hard, especially after . . . listen, it was me."

"You had an affair?"

"No, I didn't, but I have been in love with . . this woman my whole life."

Now I was confused. "You're whole life? But you haven't known anyone your whole life but . . ." A horrible thought suddenly hit me, "You don't mean . . your sister! Not Jan - I don't believe it! You have a thing for Jan? Samuel, she wouldn't, I mean, that's ridiculous."

"I agree. It's not her."

"Who then?"

"I slept with her."

"When??"

"Last night."

"Is that why . . . you . . . how did she get aboard the ship? Did you make reservations, on your honeymoon! You were going to cheat with another woman, on your honeymoon? It's like some bad plot in a soap opera, incredible!"

"She made the arrangements after Maddy dumped me. I slept with her the other nights too. Mom, don't you get it, it's you! I'm in love with you."

"Sweetheart, I know you love me, but . . ."

"Here, mom, read Maddy's letter." He went, and pulled a wrinkled piece of stationery out of his suitcase. It was purple, pink and green, with lavender script. He gave me the note. I read, it went:

"Dearest Samuel,

You know I shall always love you. I have since we were in sixth grade. But I realize now, that I can never compete with the other woman in your life. I know she is unaware, but that is between you and your mother. When you make love to me, and call to her when you cum; I feel that I am a third party to the sex. It's not fair to me, and though it

breaks my heart to break off our relationship, you know that ultimately, it is for the best. Perhaps you'll find a woman that doesn't mind being a substitute for your mother, but I am not that girl. Goodbye, I will not see you for a long time. Please don't try to find me. If we ever meet again, know that I don't hold anything against you or her. But I won't be her for you.

Love always, Maddy"

I was stunned. I wasn't sure of the whole meaning; I was still trying to wrap my mind around it. But I started to get a hold of it, when I recalled that Sam had called "mom" when he came this morning, before he was awake. I looked back at the note. "When you make love to me, and call to her when you cum" . . . more . . . " that is between you and your mother" . . . "I know she is unaware" . . . "find a woman that doesn't mind being a substitute for your mother" . . . "can never compete with the other woman in your life".

I looked at Sammy, and remember his words. "do you think you can love two people at the same time?" . . . "I have been in love with this woman my whole life." . . . "I slept with her." . . . "I slept with her the other nights too." "Mom, don't you get it, it's you! I'm in love with you." . . . "mom!" and he had cum.

Sam could see the understanding, and yet bewilderment spread over my features, like sunlight creeping over the morning horizon illumination a baffling vista. "Mom," he said softly, "Don't you see what it means, that here I am, on my honeymoon - what was going to be my honeymoon - with the woman I have loved all my life, and lusted after since I had pubic hair begin to sprout, and got Bar Mitzvahed. I've lost

my childhood sweetheart, who I was going to marry, and now I'm on a cruise for nuptial sex, with the one woman I can't have."

"Not including Jan," he added, "because if Jan was horny enough, she'd have let me pity-fuck her. She told me that, but she was always able to find an outlet of some sort, so that was never an issue. That's beside the point. That's why I was so in the dumps. I'm glad you saved me, I was just so crazy with the irony, and frustration, and grief, and lust. Sleeping with you! God, my dream come true, but not. But then this morning you bring me off! I am totally flummoxed. Flabbergasted. But I guess its best out in the open, finally. I mean, just between the two of us. Though I think Janice has her suspicions, that I have an Oedipus Complex."

I thought hard for a moment, there had been something earlier which I was half a mind to confess. Oh! Yes! It came to me. "Dear, do you remember a little while ago, you asked me, if you, or someone, or . . if I could love two people at once?"

"Yes, you see what I meant."

"I do. And I did, love two persons at once. I . . . cheated on your father. I had an affair for a year, with someone you don't know. I had met him, and we had coffee, and - well the details are not important."

"Did dad know?"

"He knew I was somehow troubled, and a bit more distant, sometimes. But I loved him too, and that love was still strong, even though the other love had . . its own passion. Eventually, my other man move to California, then we said farewell. And your father and I lived . . happily until he died. 'Till death do us part. I was married to Jacob. I think he never strayed. But I can relate to something of what you are experiencing. And I do love you, but the sex thing . ."

"I know, can never happen."

"No - I mean, I don't know. I did bring you off this morning, I wasn't aroused . . no actually the truth is, I was slightly. But I never thought about it, with you. About having feelings that way, with you. About you having feelings, that way for me. It never ever occurred to me. It's kind of complimentary, if strangely also. Since you were twelve, eh? Huh!"

"Mom, see, I save up for the honeymoon. I . . that is Maddy and I abstained for the past month, to have lots of passion for our wedding night, and for the trip. I even didn't masturbate for the past week. That's one of the reasons I was so, so ready to cum this morning. But the other was sleeping with you, and this morning, when you were stroking me, I was dreaming of you. And . . . I'm still horny, could you . . do that again while I'm awake to enjoy it? If it wasn't something that grossed you out, maybe you wouldn't mind."

Even the asking, without getting an answer yet, was making him hard again; I could see him rising under his boxers. I felt strange, like there was . . . what was that term they used way back in my college psych class? . . . oh yeah - disassociation. I was floating on a sea, somewhere

in a different universe. All the normal laws of physics, and morality, were shifted - or turned over, or cockeyed. Cock-eyed. I wanted to see what I was going to be playing with. "Take off your shirt, take your pants off, get naked. Let me see how my boy has grown into a man!"

Sammy was swift to obey. He looked at me. My tits were easily discernible through the thin fabric. The hem had hiked up to my thighs. I decided to give him some visual aids. I began to strip, and he helped. Moments later, we were both nude on the broad mattress. His manhood stood upright, and my delta was definitely damp. I reached out and began to fiddle with my son's flute. I could see the cock eye, with a drop of pre-cum dew. My nipples were little dark red berries. They wanted in on the action.

Without being told, without permission, without any objections either; Samuel reached out and gently began to pinch the points, in a very tender way. They yearned for even more. But I was not going to let this go too far. I was his mother, and these were extraordinary circumstances. He had almost killed himself, if I hadn't come in time; if I had missed him too late . . . I didn't want to go there. Just be in the moment, I told myself. Just allow this little thing to happen. It had already happened once before earlier this morning, and so now it was again. But this time we were undressed, and both of us awake and . . . and God! that felt good on my tits, no one else - besides myself - had twiddled with them for years!

I could tell that Sam was getting near his orgasm. His hips thrust, and he was making funny faces. I must have looked just as silly, because my face was scrunched up too. Then again, as with the first time, Sam rolled on to me. But this time he was between my legs, they spread and

his prick rubbed up and down on my abdomen. His lips went to my breasts and sucked the caps completely in. I felt him release the hot goo on my tummy, and the moment was so wild and erotic, I had a little climax too. Then he rolled off, and we spent a moment, after spending, to catch our breath. The tropical heat made the sweat pour off our bodies.

Time for a shower, before lunch, we had missed the launch to the island; there would be another in the afternoon. We were moored at this piece of paradise for another day, before moving on. I was glad I didn't have to change the bed, or wash the sheets. I looked over at Sam; his "Mr. Moper" mode was nowhere to be seen. "Will you come to the island with me, after we eat?" I asked.

"Cum with you, eat you, anything you want, mom. I'm up for it!"

"No, you're not." I took his limp lump, and wiggled the fat circumcised worm. But if you're willing to take a tour this afternoon, perhaps you might get a tour - of a more special sort this evening . . . after the Broadway review show, which I want to see tonight at eight. This is my holiday too, and I am going to enjoy the sites, and the shows. But good boys get their rewards, okay?"

"Yes, mother."

I hit him with a pillow, then ran, to get to the bathroom first. But not before another pillow hit my butt, and I laughed. This was going to be even more fun, than I thought it would be. But I had to set limits; we couldn't simply give into his lust. What I was more concerned with,

were my abilities to keep myself within my own boundaries, without the line creeping further into the land of incest.

On an ocean, there are no demarcations of territory. It is all too easy to cross the equator, and not know you were now in a different hemisphere. If you were at sea about your feelings and emotions, it was the same. How do you know, if you have crossed the line? Was there a moral compass, a sexual sextant to tell you where you were headed, and if you were in uncharted waters, then what? Perhaps we were already? But this voyage of discovery had only just begun. It was a brave nude world.

Our tour started at an old fort. Overhead was a beautiful rainbow. The Lord said it was a sign of His covenant with Noah. Our arc was symbolic of our coupling this morning. It might have been mild incest. It was between two adults. We were over the terrible flood, the danger of drowning; the waters of tears were receding. That was the arch, the arc that bridged heaven and earth, surviving the cleansing deluge of emotions. Now we were on a boat, a ship that was the ark that carried love. When would the dove return? Where would we land? The old fortifications were crumbled; the defenses were ancient history, as were ours too. We knew now, each other's secrets.

The beautiful landscape was a garden of flowers, with hummingbirds and sandy beaches. It was paradise. When would our nakedness be discovered and we be cast out? There was another twelve days to go. The world was made in half that time. How long does it take to destroy creation? Why was it that every time that Sam looked at me I got a tingle in my pussy? The fruit at the market was lush like the proverbial apple. Temptations abounded like those little lizards which skittered

everywhere, not serpents, but more sneaky and numerous. Oh yes, I knew where the snake hid. I knew the hole it wanted to slither down (or up was perhaps more descriptive). Am I Eve? Want a nibble on my apples? My son had, and it was good!

"There is nothing like a dame!" "I'm just a girl who cain't say no." "Young At Heart", "Some enchanted evening." Who knew that so many loves songs were on the program? Was this the "Love Boat", like that old TV show? Evidently, this trip had set a new record for newlyweds on one cruise. There would be a drawing for a prize, for all the love-birds later in the week. I was sure we qualified, though an odd-couple compariedly.

We ordered some wine when we got back, and sat on the little balcony and looked at the stars. The breeze was like a caress, the wine - a kiss, the stars like . . stars. I ain't that silly; metaphors had been going through my head all day, thinking about what had transpired this morning. From near tragedy, to soap opera, to a love scene. Quite remarkable series of events. The day had been a fine one, the evening delightful; my son a gentleman, and a rogue in plain sight! Now, the naughty side of Sammy whispered an outrageous proposition in my ear. No, not that. We had privacy on the balcony presently, the lights were off, other folks to each side were not in, or had gone to bed. I thought his suggestion over. I nodded; it was too tempting this night, and who knew if we would have another chance to do it, for the rest of the trip.

I stood up and dropped my robe and slipped my gown over my head. All Sam had to do is lift his hips briefly, and the swim trunks he had on, were off. Then we sat down again. Like Eve and Adam, before they

were in trouble, we enjoyed the delicious sensation of being naked in paradise. Now the stars winked, the wind was our lover with zephyr caresses all over our naked flesh. The kisses were just lips to lips, as we held hands, and smooched occasionally. Nothing was said about what would happen, when we went to bed. I was too afraid to bring it up. Sam was thinking about it, as his dick was at full mast.

Finally, a huge yawn signaled to me I was very tired. We gathered up our clothes. Should we put on something? Or not? Sam climbed into the inner side of the pad, and lay face down, sleepy eyed and drowsy. I knew the signs well. So I lay down, without a gown. He rolled toward me, and we hugged and kissed for a minute. Then I fell deep asleep. Sam told me the next morning, that he had dozed off too. And there was evening, and morning was the fifth day.

The sun was in my eyes next I knew. It was morning. We were naked. In bed. I stretched, and looked at the attractive male body next to me. Was this my son? Yes. Had we done something naughty yesterday? Yes, and I had saved his life. Maybe the little necking had been a part of the reclamation of his soul. A freeing of his spirit, a liberation. Freedom found in telling the truth.

Truth be told, I was a little horny this morning. Sam was stirring lying on his side, facing me, but his stiffy was not evident. But I knew how to deal with that, but - should I? He rolled on to his back, his penis lolled. I reached over and took hold of it, always a sucker for a fat dick. In fact, now that I had that thought . . ., so I bent down and opened wide.

Just a little I told myself. The soft flesh was like a huge wad of bubble gum in my mouth. But of course, I didn't chew. I did that thing you do with a tootsie-pop, to make the sucker last as long as possible, and get all the flavor. This tasted slightly salty, like the sea air last night, but nice. Soon it was getting meatier. I felt Sammy's hands run gently through my hair. So sonny was awake!

"Mom, that is so good!" He whispered. Now I was making some bobbing, to added inches to my engulfing. He was getting quite long indeed. It looked different from up close. I scooped the fuzzy sacks, in my free hand and played with the two eggs, therein. I decided I wanted to see it cream. It had been a long, long time since I had gotten to witness an eruption of male virility. I lifted my mouth off, and used my hand to do 'the barber-pole'. You know, where the stripe twists, going up the phallic symbol. I added some saliva as needed, but by keeping my touch very light, the motion was delicate, the skin slick enough to not cause any discomfort.

I gently squeezed the testicles in a rhythmic way, the softest of pressure. I said in a little breathy voice, "Cum for mommy, Sammy, let mommy see you spurt. You're allowed, cum for mama, let all your jism flow out. Cum for mom, that's it my little man. Show your stuff, cum for ma . ." and then he did. I watch in fascination as the first shot popped a good six inches in the air and landed in my coif, shampoo! Then, another ooze of white milky semen dripped down over my fingers. Like some kind of ice cream melting, and dripping from a cone in the heat. Yes, this pepperoni was hot, but it too melted, as the climax waned the wand.

But what fun! Then his hand nudged me back to lie flat, and I felt a hand glide down my tummy. More fun to cum for mom! I was just enjoying the play, not thinking, only letting the happiness have its morning romp. The fingers were combing through the fur, rubbing the mound, seeking the slit. 'Yes, there!' went my brain, as I raised my pelvis to give the digits the angle they needed, to make my clit protrude. My thighs widened, I was in need of a good cum. My son was going to make sure I got it.

He obviously was no novice when it came to making a woman cum with his hands. The fingers stroked through the folds of femininity, and parted the labia seeking the well of my womanhood. He dipped and drew the moisture along the groove and used it to wet the bulb of my clitoris. He sent two strong fingers probing into my cavity finding the G-spot easily. His mouth once again suckled on my breasts, the nipples were turgid in his lips. I just settled on my backside and let my boy do all the work. After all, it was my vacation too, I should be able to lie back and drift with the tides of touch that washed over my body which was floating in a sea of sensuality.

But soon enough the surf was rolling in, the waves of wanton lust were crashing into the breakwaters; the jetty of inhibitions was no match for the storm of the climax that swirled in my body. Eroded by the desire for release, all my motherhood instincts were submerged beneath the tsunami of my orgasm that carried all cares away. My call was piercing, as my torso arched up when the peak of passion hit. I gripped Sam's hair and held fast, as if I was drowning, and I was in the ecstasy of physical contractions, and spasms of primal paroxysms. His head began to move lower. I knew exactly where he was headed, 'to go down to the she in sips'. I pulled, and cried out, "No - NO! Not that, I don't

need it, I couldn't take it, I wouldn't be able to stand any more. That's plenty, that's more than enough, for this morning."

God! If he had done that, I would have been totally lost. He could have done anything. Taken me, anyway he wanted, and I would have begged for it, again and again. I had to stop him, stop it, stop us, before that happened. He had his heart broken once already, this week. No need to get him any deeper into the mess; this tangled of psychological tribulations from a mommy-complex. No need to get him into mama any deeper. Neither his six (seven?) inch prick that far, nor his mother any further in trouble with her conscience either. That was enough for the moment. We both had had our fun, now it was time to enjoy ourselves in tamer ways. Lest we hit an iceberg, we were in the tropics, but there were serious dangers in the wetness where we played.

While Sam was in the shower, I insisted he go first, I phone the booking steward and made some arrangements for the next day. It cost some extra, call it bacqshish, but where there's a buck you can usually get your way. I hummed 'Here comes the bribe' under my breath as we switched off for the powder room. I took care of the usual business, and dressed in the simple skirt and blouse I had carried in with me. Today was marketing in the AM, and gambling at a casino in the PM, back on the ship was a magic show for the evening. I bought a nice straw bag and matching hat for our day trips. Samuel got a wood carving of a porpoise, and a wicked looking knife, for a letter opener, he said. But I knew my boy, the blade just looked too cool for him to resist.

Of course there was gambling on the ship most of the time, but it was interesting to see how gaudy and kitsch the casino was. The drinks were free. We won $20 between the two of us, in the three hours we

were there. The place was quite slow, almost deserted, we had any slot machine we wanted, but I like the blackjack table, and Sam tried the roulette wheel too. As luck would have it, we were up $120, and Sam said I should place a hundred on whatever I wanted, he was feeling lucky. I put all five chips on red, won, let it ride, and lost. So we quit while we were ahead.

Sammy leaned over to me and whispered, "I got lucky this morning, but I didn't want to quit until you got 'head'." I guffawed very loud, the croupier looked at us and smiled. He couldn't have overheard, but he knew a risqué remark when he heard that kind of raunchy laugh from a lady. I tipped him the twenty, so we were even, coming out the door.

The magician was nothing special until the blow-off, the last trick of his performance. He invited a young couple up, a bride and the groom, dressed for dancing later, she in a lovely gown and he in a tux. The Great Zolotraxan, as he titled himself, placed a scarf around the fellow's eyes, so he couldn't see. Then he placed the gal in a cabinet, and latched it securely. His pretty assistant turned the box once, and when the door was opened the girl was in her slip, the gown gone. The door was closed, "Oh we have to return that clothing, what would your husband say?" The spouse is standing by the side of the stage still blind-folded.

Turn of the box again, and now she is just in her underwear, she squeaks, and covers. "Honey," hubby calls, "Is everything alright?" Zolotraxan quickly shuts the door and says, "That will never do!" the box turns the third time, the door opens, and there is the husband, dressed only in heart covered boxers, he yells and runs off stage. I never saw him disappear, and where did the bride go? The Great Zolotraxan addressed the crowd. "Well, when they get back to their room, at least

they'll be ready for the next session of their honeymoon!" says the master of the magic wand. Big laugh from the audience. Of course the couple were shills, and the audience were several drinks happy by the end of the show. But it was a cute stunt, I had to admit.

Meanwhile my own master of a "magic wand" was looking to get back to our cabin for tricks of a different sort. However, I had a slightly different agenda in mind, because of the plans I had made for the following day. When we returned, I gave him the parameters of the evening. I finished by saying, "Samuel, you must play by these rules, or you will spoil my surprise for tomorrow." He nodded, but had a hard time keeping a straight face. "I mean it! You can look me all over, touch me only to examine me, like turn me over, spread my legs, lift my breasts. But no sexual fooling around. Play doctor, with mommy. But no poking, kissing, rubbing, no licking or sucking, fingering, and especially no fucking. Promise me!"

He raised his hand in a solemn vow, and nodded. He got the point, I was very serious. I took off my clothes and hung them up, save the undies which went into the laundry bag. After a quick shower, I dried off, and powdered up. Then, I lay on the bed, on my back, without a stitch on. Sam divested his clothing as well, and knelt beside me. I could see that he was erect, but that was going to have to wait for about twenty-two hours. He began with my arms, he held them, and studied their form, like he was a sculptor. He looked at my pits, poked his nose there, and took a whiff. "Lavender talc, like you always use," he commented. "I remember that smell, ever since I was a toddler." What can I tell you? Tradition!

Then he spent long minutes with each breast, I felt like he was looking for lumps. Or maybe buying melons? The nipples were viewed so close up; I thought he ought to get a magnifying glass if he wanted more detail. I can't imagine what navel gazing did for him, with my pipik button, but he found some kind of connection evidently. I mean, there was an umbilical one originally, right? Then he went for the toes. No foot fetish though, just a careful look. I had a pedicure a couple weeks back, so they were not too bad. They could have used a bit of polish; the sandals were making it tough to maintain the lacquer.

He rolled me over and had me spread my legs, then he opened my cheeks. I doubt that he was memorizing the shape of my asshole. I hope not! But I think that he was gauging the angle for penetration, if he was going to do the doggie-position, or possibly during a back-rub, to enter my vagina. Jacob always loved doing that, so did my lover, way back when. I think it's because I have small buttocks, my tush is tiny for a woman my age. But then I'm short too, thank God I've stayed thin. Grandma was a roly-poly Pole. I dodged that genetic bullet. "DAMN IT, Samuel that tickles!" Fiddling with the back of my knees, he should know better, at his age!

He rolls me on my back again, spreads my knees. I maybe could use stirrups? Maybe he will want a flashlight, is there a bear in the cave, or is it just a bare cave? He is leafing through the labia, despite myself my clit swells, and I lubricate. But this is strictly clinical tonight, tomorrow is play-time, a surprise for you too . . . wait and see, or . . read. I got an excellent examination of his genitalia the other day, when I had him squirt. The rest, not so interesting. After all, for most women it's more what's in the head and heart, than shapely calves. Still, a great set of buns is fine beefcake to contemplate, right ladies?

Finally, he was done. I raised my arms, and we hugged. His peter was poking, but I wasn't offering any refuge to the beggar at the door. He would have to stay hungry for another day. I got him on his tummy and rubbed his back. Soon he was softly snoring. Then I drifted off, and dreamed I was a young girl, running along a sandy strand, chased by a dozen boys. They were all naked as Adam; I wore a gossamer diaphanous flowing long dress that billowed with the warm sea breeze. I never let them catch up, but never got too far ahead. I knew how to keep their interest. They followed the scent from between my thighs, which wafted on the breeze. One young man led the pack. I turned to see his face. It was Sammy.

We needed to get going early for our day's adventure. I ordered room service as soon as I awoke, nothing elaborate, in fact, the fruit we could take with us. This was our third day at the second Island; the bus was waiting to take us to a special spot. I let my eyes sparkle with amusement, as Sam tried to guess where we were headed. When a sign said 'Dolphin Bay', it was a giveaway. Being in the water with those animals was a thrill I will never forget, nor regret the extra it cost to bump another couple to the submarine ride.

Maybe not nice, but they were promised another chance at a later port. Dolphin skin is tough, but so smooth, muscles hard but supple too. Much like a mammoth penis in a way, when you think about it, and of course, they are always slick with wetness. They have a sense of humor, and personalities. They are fast, but will also come right up to you, once you have been properly introduced. That was one highlights of our trip for both of us, one from the tours we had. There were other highlights as well, but we will cum to them later on in this narrative.

When we got back to the ship mid-afternoon, I was starved. We got oversize sandwiches from the snack-bar. Then, we had our picture taken for the souvenir shot they sell at the end of the cruise. There wasn't a line yet, like there would be later. Janice had clued me in on that trick. Samuel and I played shuffle board with an elderly couple, on their 'third honeymoon'. I mean shuffle board is required at least once, right? Tradition! Then we did a little gambling, lost $50 between us. Keep away from the 'devil's wheel'! I told Sam, as he was the big loser of the day; I only dropped $15 at the slots. Then dinner was nice, with a regular group of folks at our table, we had grouper, or some big fish cooked 'Island style', which meant pineapple and spices. But tasty.

We decided against the vaudeville show. We had seen plenty in the Catskills back in the day. Instead, we opted for catching the early show of a little romantic comedy film, recently out, that neither of us had seen. Then it was time for my surprise to be sprung. I hustled us back to the cabin and told Sam to change into his swim trunks, a tee shirt and flip-flops. (If you get them on the wrong feet are they flop-flips?) I had a similar outfit. I had reserved one of the private hot-tub rooms. They were hard to get, there was a waiting list. Lots of honeymooners, of course. But I knew the booking guy had a family that could use . . . let's just say, they were going to be a few car payments ahead of their regular income. Nobody got bumped this time, just a room that was allowed to be used past regular closing time.

I had specified the temperature being about the same as the shallows at the beach. Nowadays, the chemicals are not so harsh, and the water was very nice. The jets were easy to control; I put some on but not all. I had Samuel make sure the door was locked. I turned the lights as low as they would go. Then I stripped. Sam followed suit, un-suiting himself. Not a word was said, as we got in the pool. He was rigid! I

wasn't going to let him fuck me, but when we were done, that pole wouldn't be a problem for a while. I mean, I was his mother, and while we had been doing some rather unorthodox activities together, I couldn't allow that to happen. I hoped I could keep that promise to myself. I'm sure that 'Oedi-Sam-son' had strong feelings, in the opposite camp.

But I was in charge, so far at least. "Tonight, in this tub," I said to Sammy, "which is a tidal pool for our purposes (or maybe porpoises) we are not people at the moment, but dolphins. You must close your eyes and find your way around by sound, using echo location. If you find another dolphin, you may frolic with her, but she might not be in heat, you'll just have to discover what she will allow. Do you understand?"

"Eee . . Eee . . Eee" squeaked Sammy, in a poor imitations of the dolphin's call we had heard this morning. His eyes were closed at least.

"Eeee . . Eee . . yourself!" I said and closed my eyes. With my head close to the water, I could hear my son splashing as he sought me. No doubt with mating on his mind, and other parts of his anatomy. I held still, then moved away, as he, not so quietly, sought me. But it was a small pool, and eventually he found me. I went, "Eeeee . . ooo . .eee!" as his hands - flippers - floundered around my torso, and between my legs. I swam away, but he was listening closer now, and followed. I could feel his ventral protrusion, like a rude rudder. My female center was heating the water. We circled, and did a kind of grappling, grasping exploration, eyes still closed.

Occasionally it got awkward, as aiming is visual for humans, but soon enough, we got the hang of finding our way around each other, by touch. He got to move his flippers all over my mammeries, and down where he was only allowed to peer at, last night. I handled his stick, and ran my fingers all over his hind end, and through his chest hairs. What a sensual exhilaration to use only tactile, rather than visual means, to explore another person's body. In water, it was sliding and slippery and smooth, and the muscles were defined in a different way, even that special one that stuck out from his loins. I kept playing the coy female, squirming away, before any overt, or even covert, connection was made.

Finally, I took pity on the poor frustrated fella. I made know my instructions, by guiding him to the place I wanted him to sit. Then I sat on his lap, my back to his chest, my bottom on his boner. I took his hands, and brought them to my tits. He immediately began to caress them. I worked my backside, so that his dick was being masturbated by my ass. The divide of the cheeks nestled that male muscle, and I tried very carefully to make sure that the 'sweet-spot' was never in range of his ruddy helmet. I thought sure I could bring him off that way. My voice was a high pitched "Eeeee . . Eeeee . .Eeeee . . Eeee - I cried with pleasure. then - "Eeek!" I squeaked as his dick's cap skidded along the gash. His lips at my neck and hands fondling my breast had distracted me so much that I didn't immediately notice that his little diver had found my underwater cave after all!

I lifted up like I was poked with a much sharper instrument. I had been spared being a sheath to his dangerous dagger by an awkward angle. I immediately turned around however and sat down again facing him. "Don't fuck me," I whispered as I ground my mons on his man-meat. "But I do want you to cum on mommy's tummy." He responded with

back and forth sawing, on my lower abdomen. It was more dangerous, but I had more control of the situation, at least an early warning system. The other way, I realized if he had found the exact spot and right orientation, he would have been up where only his father, and one other man, had been in the last twenty years. And I would have had no defense, perhaps even allowed him to . . . how did Auntie Mame put it? Allowed him "to do what little boy fishies do to little girl fishies." What would that coupling spawn? More incest that would be certain. With that channel marked by his buoy, I would be a long gone gull!

I was going to get off this way with him, as the head of that pike pushed against my clit and raked along my labia. I sensed it getting lower and lower, but the strokes were longer and longer. I figured he would cream quickly this way. For me it felt soo goood, it had been soo loong since last time. His cock was so hard and long, and just exactly in the right groove. I grabbed him with my arms around his back; my boobs were mashed against his chest. My head was next to his, I whispered moans of encouragement in his ear. His hips were pushing on the built-in molded bench. It was getting too. . Oh my God! It touched the hollow! It dipped into the cavity of my sex, a fraction. I froze. I clamped him, to try to stop any more motion. NO! Oh Please! Not. . We can't. . My brain was racing with wild thoughts, I remembered my dream. Sammy leading the pack, my gown was suddenly gone, and I ran down the beach naked now, and Sammy was gaining on me. He caught me.

I could feel the tip was wiggling in the worm hole; the snake was nosing into the nest. . I succumbed to the temptation to accept sex with my son as a sacrifice for his sanity . . I could sense the bulb press open the mouth of my sex . . Oh! Yes I wanted it, I wanted him . . I admitted it . . I can't help myself . . my boy . . almost died . . it was going in, it was just right there, almost into me . . what is he waiting for? . . I gave him

birth . . life . . now he is returning . . to the womb . . the tip is pulsing at the soft spot, the place I need him, the . . Oh God! my clit is . . I'm cumming! . . come on Samuel come into mommy, and cum in mommy! He's cumming . . just at the . . outside . . almost in, not quite . . half the tip . . The only muscles moving for either of us are the involuntary ones, that are spasming with our orgasms . . the climax is so good . . but not what I had in mind. Not the more innocent fun I had planned earlier, not what I craved at the peak of our intimacy.

I was filled with relief, but with a sense of loss, as well, for what might have been. The rational is mixed with the emotional, and they won't meld, they just swirl. Like the water that flows around us, washing the fluids of lust away, and reminding us we are in an artificial environment, and our circumstances are not natural. Neither are our desires, nor the reserve we have shown, (Samuel has shown, I was a rutting slut at the last). Neither of those two forces are what would be the usual happenings. We wouldn't normally have mated, nor ever been attracted to one another. But we were and almost did and we are kept apart by respect. What truly odd creatures are humans? That was a close one. But I feel all the closer to Sammy, for the almost fuck, the being right there at the entrance to his mother's core. Closer to him as much for his strength to have resisted going inside, not making love to me the way he - we - wanted to. I don't know where this goes from here, except back to the cabin. We dressed and walked back in silence.

I order a bottle of that nice wine we had the other evening. We sit on the balcony. In our swim suits, which are dry. The stars stare back. No breeze to cool tonight. I finally let out a long sigh, and look at the man who is my son, who would be happy to be my lover. I smile, and say one word. Ever so softly my voice uttered it, "damn".

"Damn", comes his echo.

That night we sleep naked in each other's arms. Not with any erotic intentions, but sensing that we both need the physical closeness which will bring us the comforting of mutual love and tenderness. I wake, but Samuel is not in bed, immediately he calls from the balcony, "I'm here, mom, everything is fine. We are underway. There's a big storm headed toward the south of the island, and we are going north. The captain decided to switch our agenda around to have good weather for the week. They have a running announcement at the bottom of the TV screen, on all the channels." We not only get satellite, beamed in, but the boat has its own series of programs. How to gamble, what tours you can book, fish you might see, shells you might find, etc. But who has time for TV on a cruise?

"So, sweetheart, what do you want to do today?" I ask, no tours ashore, when we are underway.

"Well, I looked at the 'what to do aboard the ship if you're bored' channel, and picked some things for us to try. There's bowling, bike riding, tennis, we did shuffle board, scuba lessons in the bow pool at eleven, and a diving pool at the stern, skeet shooting off port side at one, and golf practice on starboard at three. The rock climbing wall is open all day today, but you need to make reservations."

"Sam, I hate bowling, bike riding is okay, but on a track I'd be bored by the third circuit. Tennis is not my cup of tea, remember my weak ankle. We did shuffle board, I am not going scuba diving, or any kind of diving, except night clubs, those are my kind of dives. I don't shoot,

guns scare me; and I don't golf, except putt-putt. Rock climbing; are you out of your gourd? You can try, not little old me!"

"Well, I think rock climbing might be interesting, but I was hoping to do something with you." He pauses, the rat! "Of course there is ballroom dance practice at ten AM, the sun will be out by one, they think, and the bow pool has a complimentary drink served after two. We could lounge and get wet every once in a while, to keep cool. Work on getting that nice tan that says, 'I was on vacation in the Caribbean!'"

"You scamp! Why did you go through all the rest of that crap to begin with? Is that the way I raised you?"

"Why, yes mother, I learned from the best, yourself!"

"That's my boy! What time is it, now?"

"Half past eight: we can dress for the ballroom, informal skirts for gals and shirts for men. Sneakers and sandals discouraged. Leather twirls better. After breakfast, promenade around the decks for a little, and then head to the dance floor on deck D. After a light lunch, change and go sunning and swimming, until dinner, or a nap, whatever comes first. After dinner, there is a choice of a play, a comedy, or the musical stylings of a troupe of folk singers and musicians from the area."

"Sounds like a plan!" and that's what we did. When it came to changing though, I no longer bothered with the bathroom. Sam had seen every inch of skin, no reason to be falsely modest now. But that was not going

to be common practice when we got back home, when he came to visit. Especially, if Jan was around! Dancing with Samuel was wonderful, and quite romantic. People acted like we were a couple, even though there was clearly an age difference. So maybe it was a Decem . . uh, September-May romance. What did they know? We had the same last name, I was Mrs. Covey - it could happen, right? He was light on his feet, and never on mine (maybe that's why no sandals?), and led firmly just like I taught him when he was in seventh grade.

After the play, (Sam laughed so hard, it made up for the comedian) we went back to the cabin and ordered our new favorite wine again and just sat and - watched TV. But we channel surfed. I made Sammy watch a twenty minute lesson on roulette, then he vowed to give it up and try chuck-a-luck, go figure! The wine came, we got naked and went out to the balcony. The neighbors were not in evidently, I guess they like the nightlife, maybe they were at the casino area on board. The weather was sweet, the ocean had swells, we were feeling swell and like sweethearts. It was a great day. The night was about to get very good too, it turned out.

After a while I felt like stretching out, I wasn't sleepy, but just wanted to relax on the bed. Sam followed in a couple of minutes. He got next to me and whispered something naughty in my ear. I grinned and nodded. That was an activity that I would be very happy to have happen. That was a diving I hadn't thought of, muff diving. I spread my legs, and angled my knees wide. My muff was his for the diving. My pussy was ready to be eaten, late night snack buff-et. Cunnilingus here we cum! His tongue was as nimble as his feet, but I hadn't taught him this way to treat a lady. He certainly knew how to give a lady a treat! His lips made my nether lips smile; his attention to my clit was masterful. Just when I thought I was done, he would switch to a

different area, and make me grab the covers building to yet another orgasm.

I loved when he would kiss my thighs, then lick them. I never knew I could be so sensual there. He made long laps on the outside of my pussy, then stuck the squirmy-pink-thing as deep as it would go in my cunt, and wildly wiggled. He strummed and hummed the pleasure bud of my most sensitive flesh, until the clit seem to vibrate on its own. Sammy used his breath to both warm and cool the damp folds, the alternating temperatures contrasts making for a unique turn-on.

Every once in a while he would rise and pay attention to my nipples. They appreciated not being left out of the fun. Most of the raunchy recess was devoted to making my crotch a playground for his mouth. My entire womanhood was a romper-room for my child's face. He had somehow shaved before this happy-meal, I wasn't sure when, but the smooth cheeks left no beard-burn. All I had to do was keep from smothering him, when my orgasms made my legs clutch in involuntary clamping.

I climbed to climax after climax. I was exhausted by the time his face gave out and he could no longer lick, lap, suck or hold his neck in position. God, he even used his nose on my nubbin! I hauled him up to me, with what little strength left, and kissed him profusely, Frenching and letting his rod nudge my pudenda. He tasted of me, but it was good; it was messy, but I didn't mind. It was to be expected, after he had made a fabulous effort to make his mama go floating to cloud nine. But it had been a long day, and before anything else happened, before we knew it, we were both asleep. It might have been because of all that sun, it more likely had been all because of my son.

The ship's horn blasted me awake. I was half-asleep. Great, I thought, we've hit an iceberg. I hope they have enough lifeboats. Where are the life vests? Then I realized, it was daylight, you don't hit icebergs in daylight, they only come out at night. I certainly came last night! I cranked my head, and saw mountains in the distance. Was that one of those floating islands? We were at sea; can you hit floating islands in the day? I then came fully awake with the next blast of the horn; we were coming into the new port. A sister ship was passing us on our side. Were we port or starboard? Maybe starboard 'cause we saw lots of stars at night. Not port, port was a wine, but we had found a better one to imbibe. I looked in the mirror. My hair was a mess. And my hair-do too. The delta was a sticky sodden mess, and my coif a rat's-nest. Better to just wash and rinse. What the hell, we were on vacation, right? I was on my son's honeymoon, and the poor guy hadn't gotten laid yet!

Should I fix that? Actually, that was something I could fix, if I wanted to. Dead puppies, no; broken engagements, no: live pussy, yes, - mend his heart, yes, - save his life, YES! Give him birth, give him life; share his berth, share myself - - that was the question wasn't it. The horn sounded yet again, like God blowing his nose. Samuel slept the sleep of the just - or just plain exhausted. He had really given it his all, last night. I never had that it like that from Jacob, or my lover. But my son had made me see stars last night. Cum an ocean of orgasms. Tasted my wine, and made me drunk from climaxing so much. And yet he had not taken me, or even tried to, he had respected me, even when I was at my most vulnerable.

I was proud of him. I felt sorry for him too. And for me. I asked myself, what bit of virtue did I have that was so valuable to hold back. I wouldn't do it for wealth, I'd spend it. I wasn't married, he wasn't

married. What was the difference between what we had already done, and actually doing it, except one of degree? There wasn't going to be any need for birth control. Nobody was going to know. Why not, we both wanted to - yes I wanted to. Samuel had wanted to for years. Now I had warmed to the idea for a few days, and I wanted to too!

I admitted it, to myself, I admitted it. But it had to be special, it couldn't be by accident. I mean, it almost had been, but it shouldn't be. It should be by mutual consent, and a special occasion, like the first time you do it with a lover. He was my lover, really, now you have to say he was, after all we had been through. It should be like the first time you . . . you do it on your wedding night! This was my . . sonny-moon! I was Samuel's, not his consolation prize, rather his surprise consummation! "Mom, don't you get it, it's you! I'm in love with you." Only, now I got it. I was certain that this Sammy-moon would be a new chapter in our lives. What's a little incest among family, anyway? Right? Even though it might be wrong for some, it was going to be good for us. LACH HYMEN! To Life! You should pardon the pun. No virgins in this bed though.

I certainly wasn't innocent; I had bitten the apple of temptation long ago, and tasted the sweetness of forbidden fruit. I knew Sam wanted to nibble on the 'fruit of the knowledge of good and Eden', also. God knows, he had tasted all the places I had to offer, except that which was sampled not with lips and tongue, but with carnal knowledge. So be it, amen. Thank heavens, I didn't believe in hell, 'cause I think this was going to need a big redemption, to make it kosher with the Almighty. On the other hand, look at all the in-house fiddling that went on in the Bible. If they were made righteous, in the sight of the Lord, maybe there was hope for the rest of us sinners. Who knows, right?

My son the innocent, who wanted to sin with mama, stirred. I was suddenly famished. I got us dressed, and to the breakfast table and we spent an hour sampling everything they had. Jacob would have loved the salmon. They had run out of onion bagels though. We went into port, and did gift shopping for Janice and others. I got a lovely duty-free amethyst pendant. Sam picked up two bottles of a favorite liqueur he loved, but was very expensive back in the States. In the afternoon, we hopped one of the sightseeing buses, and toured the north side of the island, famous falls and old forts, and the Governor's mansion build for a buccaneer originally. Did you know that they made more money from making and selling bacon, than being pirates? It's true! Who knew? Of course Caribbean cooking wasn't kosher; otherwise maybe they might have become caterers. Less bloodshed, more profits.

In the evening, a Big Band orchestra was playing, and we danced the night away. They had a fabulous midnight buffet smörgåsbord. We could have been rolled back to our cabin, we were so stuffed. That's one thing I learned about cruises, they feed you and feed you, everything is four star cuisine, and costs twice as much. You gain twenty pounds in two weeks, and nothing fits when you get home. So that's why you have to go naked, or go shopping when you get back. Trust me, it's true, ask anybody that's ever gone on a pleasure cruise. We didn't even want wine that night, just fell into bed, and fell asleep. Well, we managed to strip, tradition.

The ship traveled south again, and there was so much to do, even at sea. Sammy did try rock climbing, but I couldn't stand to watch, even though they put a harness on him. I kept remembering the sprained ankle I got, so I went and found a bridge game. We swam; it was our turn to dine with the captain, a charming Scandinavian gentleman who had been a commander of ships for twenty years. I asked him if that

made him a Scandenavel officer? He replied that that he never had been involved in a scandal at sea, but if I was interested, perhaps he might make an exception for a woman as beautiful and alluring as myself. Of course, though, he pointed out I already had a handsome escort, to squire me around. I told you he was charming, and the very picture of the good-looking dashing Captain, white beard and all.

Then they made the announcement of which newlywed couple had won the lottery prize of gifts. That's right, we did; we won! I mean, it was nice, and it's not as if I couldn't afford all those little luxuries if we wanted. But how do you explain, sitting at the Captain's table, the name change from Madeline to mine, I was still Mrs. Covey. How do you turn the gift basket down, without embarrassing Samuel, and admitting that he got dumped at the altar, that he was on his 'honeymoon' with his mom. Plus the fact, that we had been taken for a romantic couple all over the ship by now. We had a rep for being rather lovey-dovey. What do you say? Samuel looked stunned, and was about to give it back, but I elbowed him, and said, "Thank you very much!" And took the prize basket, with all kinds of certificates and goodies. Easier that way, and less to explain. Especially if we got caught on the balcony in our birthday suits. Nu?

Among the prizes was a gift certificate for two at the ship's spa. Massages, make-over, hair, nails, and a private session in one of the whirlpool/hot tub/love-nest baths. For three hours. Private. Sound proof? Well, it was for newlyweds, it had better be, or at least next to the engine room, where loud cries of ecstasy could not be overheard. It was going to be noisy. I am very vocal, when I cum in private. I was curious to see if Samuel took after me, in that. So far, with our suite, we knew we had neighbors, and had been discreetly whimpering, when

we went over the top, as we climaxed. But this was going to be a whole other 'ball' game.

After dinner, the Captain invited his table guests to take a private tour. We got to go to some areas of the ship which were not open to the public usually. Except that this was a standard tour, for the first-class passengers when they had dinner with the Commodore. We were shown the engine room, and the kitchens, the some of the crew quarters, and even the laundry (fresh sheets and towels everyday for 976 persons!). Of course the bridge was included, and I even got to steer the boat with my hands on the wheel. Though I doubt I actually had anything to do with where the vessel was going, still, I managed to miss any icebergs that were out there! We were underway to a new island, and yet more adventures, both on land, and at sea, and even underwater. Back at the cabin we snuggled in bed, and caught a program on the tube about tropical fish, then drifted off to dreamland for a well needed rest.

The morning of the tenth day, we had reservations for a submarine trip. This had been suggested by my cousin, the travel agent. She said it was something not to be missed, but was best booked in advance. She was so right! You go in this small sub, about thirty passengers, and the pilot. You're maybe 60 - 70 feet down, but the water is so clear there is plenty of light. There's coral and rocks, and shipwrecks (for artificial reefs), and fish and fishes. Schools of tropical fish, which were on the program the night before, others I didn't recognize, but all were dazzling in bright colors. Animals you otherwise only see at the aquarium were pointed out. Only down there, they are harder to spot, camouflaged. The pilot was our guide. There were sharks of several sorts. Not too scary, when there is a two-foot porthole, three inches thick, between you and those teeth. We were treated a nice size moray eel, and chanced

on a small octopus. Octopi, we learned, like to hide when they heard the sub coming. And there was a large squid on the other side, but I missed it.

After lunch we had put in for our 'honeymoon' spa time. Samuel got a haircut, and I had mine trimmed and given some highlights. We both got manicures, pedicures, facials and massages together. I gave the masseuses a fifty dollar tip each, to leave us alone with the bottles of body oil, and not check back for 30 minutes. Then we gave each other some more naughty kinds of rub downs. No place was off limits, so not only did we play with each other's genitalia, but even the anus got a goose or two! Then, I took a bunch of towels, and laid them over the broad couch. It had no back, but one end was slightly raised, you know the sort. I told Sam to stretch out. I got next to him, and poured a half bottle of the oil over our already coated bodies.

Then we slithered together like to eels, mating. But we didn't screw; we just had slippery fun, rubbing against each other like those Turkish wrestlers. But we were not having any kind of conflict, just the opposite; we were involved in a mutual grappling of a love-feast. With lots of French kissing and feeling-up, but no climaxes were allowed. I promised Sammy that was for a little later. Thank goodness the masseuses knocked when they came back!! Then, as if we hadn't enough of indulging of togetherness, we showered together; the soap and shampoo were scented. I chose lavender for me, Samuel had spicy-lime. We smelled good. After a bite to eat, and a couple of drinks at the closest bar, we went back to the spa for our three hour reservation, in what was called the "Honeymooner's Deluxe Water-Nest".

It was a huge hot tub, a small heated pool, really. It had jets, and water-whirl effects, and padded broad benches, so you were up to your neck if you sat. You could stretch out on the side of the water too, on a six-foot pad that also was good for floating on the water. There was a full-sized fridge, filled with fruit drinks, and cheese and soda, and all sorts of snacks of that kind. And while no wine or booze was allowed, they had a variety of cold beer too. There was even a little floating table for drinks and food! The door had a lock; a sauna was situated on the side, the toilet and a shower on the other.

The place had all that you could ask for. Including time and privacy, and (I checked!) sound proofing. It was time to consummate our sonny-moon; the mommy-son coupling that had been gradually gaining ground, while we were voyaging at sea. I had come to accept it as inevitable. Sammy had waited for it for much longer, but never thought the day would arrive. Samuel's dearest desire was to make love to his mother. I loved my dearest son and wanted to make his desire cum true.

I reached over and took off Sam's big fluffy terrycloth robe, which they had given each of us. We got to keep them; they were part of the deal. Sammy relieved me of my robe. He hugged me, my mature breasts were full, and the erect points pushed into his chest, as he reached behind and undid the ties of my top. The strings at my neck and at the back came loose. The pressure of our bodies was the only reason that it didn't land on the floor.

I hooked my thumbs in his waistband and worked his swimsuit over his hips to fall at his ankles. Likewise, he then loosened the knots at the sides of my bottoms, and they landed next to his, as well. Sammy

released his hold for a moment, my top dropped, then we were sans suits, and in each other's arms. The garments puddled at our feet, white icing with floral swirls. Sam bent over, scooped them up and tossed them into a corner. They were superfluous fig leaves, in this, our Eden.

There were steps, but we just jumped in. The lights were on, but it was soft indirect lighting. Sam found a remote on the floating table, and discovered there was mood music available. We agreed on a kind of a new-age mellow melody, that was a duet with harp and piano. Sammy took me in his arms, and sort of swayed me - swam me, in time to the music. As if I was Esther Williams, doing ballroom. And that's what this place was, a water room for balling. A bathtub for boffing. It was time to make our connection, to rejoin in body, mother and child, now man and woman.

Male and female, the Creator made them. He made them to mate, cleave; I could feel my son's manhood at my womanly cleft. I was lubricated and ready. He swung me over to an underwater seat, and lined up his shaft with my submerged cave. The Samuel eel swam in my sea-weeds, then retreated, and darted again. This time the head found the crevasse it sought, and his blunt front nudged through the portal. We both let out a sigh/gasp sound of pleasure.

But there was yet much more, to delving in the hidden depths of heated wetness. So this masthead, the prow of Sam-son's muscle, full strength, with pubic hair unshorn, entered my temple of sin and lust. His pillar pushed at the place, where Delilah delighted to entertain. He plowed where his sire had sown; he lunged into where my lover had stabbed. He went into where he had come from, and where he was going, he would cum, too. I opened for his harpoon, the spear penetrated flesh,

and went deep to the heart of my center, touched bottom, bumped my womb.

For a long and sweet moment it hesitated, then began the ancient rhythm, the beat of love, the cycles of sexual swaying to instinctual intercourse. Of course, this was incest, this above all else was the lowest we could go in our base cravings, the highest of crimes of this kind. Yet it seemed to me the most sacred of loves, and the most pure of unions. Because it was a spiritual reuniting.

But the physical sensation was heightened by the forbidden nature of our passion. I was a hole, to be ravished by the peg of hardness that plugged into it again and again. Sammy's prick plied my pussy, making everything in my body feel good. My son's cock jammed in my cunt, and concentrated on making his mama cum. Our torsos were slipping together, as if still oiled. My legs were cantilevered up, supported in Samuel's gripping palms, which hitched under my knees.

We were so primed from the days of foreplay, leading up to this, that we were ready to reach the cataclysm early. Indeed, the paced quickened in a short time. I could tell by the signs of our impending boom, it was near. I felt my vagina tighten, and his strokes became erratic, with the head only going half way. Then banging, and holding it socked against me to the very root, sacks squashed on my butt. Then pounding, as the mad urge of rutting took over.

I now gave full voice to the crazy flashes that filled my brain, and radiated from the center of my entire being. "Yes! YES!! I Needd It!! I have to HAVE YOU! . . Sammy, SAMMY! OH! GOD!! MY SWEETY SON - Fuck ME . . . FUCK MOMMY, BABY, YES YES YES!! NOW . .

UH, Uh NOOWW . . . I'M CUMMING I'm CUMMING on YOU, SAMMY! I'm cumming AGAIN . . AHH! Yes again, MORE, MORE . . Mmmmm . . Uuuh ooh, yes, yeess baby, ooh! that was soo good, Sammy, sweetie!" I smothered his face in kisses, and hugged him as tight as I could.

His penis was pulsing as his prick experienced the aftermath of his completed orgasm. He told me later that he had grimaced and squealed, 'I'm cumming, too, mom!', but I hadn't heard it, over my own echoed shouts of ecstasy. Still, it was obvious, by the copious flow of jism that dribbled out of my pussy that he had been equally pleasured with our screwing.

The first time had been special, planned, and mutually consensual. And Ooh-Soo-Blissful for both of us! Not a surprise exactly, but not a consolation prize, either. A sonnymoon prize that wasn't in the basket, but it was in the cards, though it was no fuck-by-luck. This was an amazing adventure that was also a journey home. It became a voyage of discovery of each other as sexual persons, people with secrets, hidden lusts, and concealed feelings. Madeline had left him at the altar (okay, canopy), she had left him altered - changed, (not 'altered' as in castrated). That had freed him so that he had finally been forced to be open about his desires for me. That was lucky, look what he would have missed!

Well, he wasn't going to miss any more chances, to make love to his horny mama. Because after a beer, washing down some cheese and crackers, we got up on the long mat, and with me kneeling, he got behind me. Then he put his long schlong in and began schtupping his mother once more. Oh YES! I loved it! I can't choose my favorite

position for sex, anymore than I could choose between Janice and Samuel, as a favorite child. They are each special, and unique; precious and loved for their own selves. But, I do like doing the 'doggie'.

There is something primal and primitive about getting taken from behind. Like monkeys, rather apes; the Bonobos in this case, as they too commit mother/son incest. Animals we are, as well as being human; the raw sensation of being reamed in my cunt, by a hard cock, was positively primordial. With my asshole open to the air and his testicles banging against my clit that is so lewd, rude, crude, and naughty, nasty and nice a vice. His tool sawed in me, we were the breeding pair on the ark.

This time I was quieter, I wanted to hear my boy cum, while he squirted into his mother. It wasn't easy, because at that angle, Sammy was hitting my G-spot. I had that zing-thing making my cunny flutter, and the lotion was flooding, as the contractions overwhelmed all thinking. But clear as a bell came his voice, as he was cumming. "Oh, Yeah Mama!! I'm in, in you, I'm cumming in you!! CUM WITH ME MOM!!, NOW - NOW - NOW!!"

Pow-pow-pow the shot was spewing in my pussy, and triggering a secondary climax for me, as well. We collapsed into a spooning position. Both out of breath, and orgasms for the time being. Soon, it was nice to slip into the water, to wash off the sweat and secretions, and cool down. After, we both used the facilities to relieve our bladders; Sam got two more beers, and returned to my side. We sat on one of the benches that had jets bubbling around us.

He had to make another trip in a few minutes, as those brews went down fast. Sex is thirsty work! I had forgotten that. Had it been that long? Yes, but it wouldn't be all that long again! Not with what Samuel had confessed, about his feelings for me. Not with what had happened in the last week, and the past hour! In fact, I could see that he was regaining the wood in his lance of lust, even as we were on break. I didn't want to get sore; after all we still had - was it really only four days left, until we were back to . . - four days until the real world again.

Then what? For the moment, I wasn't going to contemplate that fate. I just swung my leg over Sammy's lap, and straddled his saddle horn. I reached down and pointed that proud pecker to the place it wanted to be, and sank upon it, in happy surrender to my lust and love. I moved up and down, Samuel let me do all the work. He stretched out his legs to provide anchoring to our docking, and mama rose and fell like the tide. My boobs were like boat-bumpers that bobbed against his chest.

Our calls were echoing off the walls. Our cries echoed each other's wails, as their pitch rose. The water became choppy with the churning of hips, splashing the sides of the pool, as the agitation of our passion became more and more urgent. Then I thrust forward my pelvis, to capture his dick all the way up in me. My arms straightened, as my hands gripped his shoulders. He grasped my haunches, to hold me in place, as his orgasm pumped in spasms.

My vaginal muscles clamped on his hardness once more, and I shuddered in the last paroxysm of the evening. At last we were done, at last we had done it. At last we were past the barriers reefs that had held us hostage on the island of isolation. Now we could sail with the tide of intimacy, into the intrica-seas of our incestuous involvement. I

have no idea what I just was thinking there, with all that nonsense. My brain was scrambled eggs, after having his sausage in me so many times. What can I say? Getting porked by your son isn't kosher. But it is a hell of a lot of fun!!

Yes, we ordered wine when we got back, and sat on the balcony nude, and slept in each other's arms naked as well. Tradition? Bad habits? We were lovers. Those are the sorts of things new lovers do. I dreamed Sammy caught me on the beach, and made love to me in the surf, like Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr, in that movie. Only, we didn't have any swimsuits on, and the director didn't yet "cut!", before the action got even hotter. It was no coincidence that the next island was a private one, owned by the cruise line.

If you had made the reservations, or knew who to bribe, you could get a couple of bicycles, and ride down the paths to an isolated spot where you could spread out your beach towels and go skinny dipping. Or whatever your heart desires, or your sweetheart desires. But it wasn't a deserted island; this was a much better deal. We had a picnic basket, and sunscreen, and dinner aboard the 'yacht' waiting for us when we got back. We got some sun where 'it don't normally shine', and my son shone in places sons don't usually go.

What did we do on the beach? What didn't we? I had his salty dog; he tasted the sea in my shell. He played pirate, and found my buried treasures, I was a mermaid and seduced the sailor. We were dolphins again, we startled the fish, I was harpooned by the 'Mo-bay Dick'. Sand was everywhere; I mean everywhere, when we showered back in the cabin. That last was the best island of all.

The comedian was making another appearance in the evening, and this time, Sam almost burst his sides. I laugh too, because it was like hearing the jokes for the first time, sharing them with my mate. Aye! me mate, I say 'ta ye, sailor; he's me ship-mate, bunk-mate, and mating-mate! Sam, sun, surf and sand; and son and sailing, the stars - with wine and wind, and mating and mating and mating!, make for a mighty fine holiday; - no - for a great sonnymoon!

Now it was the slow boat, back to home port. When I awoke in the morning, the sun was high on the horizon already. The son was up too. We were spooning, when I woke. I could feel his early stiffy between my cheeks, making little to and fro movements. Sammy had his top arm around me, and was fiddling with the handiest nipple. Which was turgid, and I was damp. He must have been working on my subconscious, to make it think about coitus. It had worked, and now that I was conscious, I was happy to cooperate and copulate.

I put my hand over his fingers, in a gesture of encouragement, and pushed back with my butt. With a little adjustment, he slipped in, and began to make morning merriment. He didn't get as deep as penetration as some other positions, but that was not the point of what his peter was pursuing. It was a sweet and tender kind of humping. We didn't have to work hard at the connubial connection, but the shivering climax that over took us in just a few minutes of this syncopated motion was both quiet and quite satisfying. As much a bonding, as any of the other more athletic engagements, when we had sported together.

After a brunch at one of the restaurants, we did do some cycling. Then, just sat on deck chairs watching the sea, and chatted. We reminiscing about family trips, and comparing sightseeing on this voyage, to those

memories. Or sometimes we just were quiet, and held hands, enjoying each other's presence and love. With evening, we gambled at the ship's casino once more. I broke even at the Blackjack table, but Samuel won $500 at Chuck-A-Luck, his luck had turned around alright, or bad luck over-turned - if you will. Go figure!

We decided to use the cash to leave generous tips for the maid, room-service guy, our waiter at the dinner table, etc. When we got back to our cabin, we got a nice surprise. A bottle of our favorite wine was on ice, in a bucket, already waiting for us. Along with a little selection of cheese and crackers, for a nosh at night, under a covered platter. Somebody on the staff, had anticipated our desires, a note said it was 'compliments of the cruise line'. Wasn't that so thoughtful?

It wasn't our last night there, but the balcony beckoned and once more seemed to be providing privacy. I doused the lights in the cabin to their dimmest setting, the moon was bright on the water as we cut through the small waves that rolled by. I took Sammy by the hand, and sat him down on a chair, then sat on his lap. I'm not too heavy, but I wasn't putting a lot of weight on his poker; because I squatted down, and aimed it at my hole. When I felt it prod the right place, I sank down, and bent forward, grasping the little railing in front of me.

Then we tried to be quiet, as we screwed in as public a place, as I had ever had the nerve to do. There is something about doing-the-dirty, and possibly getting caught inflagrente delicti, that adds a spice to fucking. Just as incest is the more exciting, for its forbidden-fruit naughtiness. So too, the possibility that somebody might catch you in the embarrassing compromise of public nudity, lewdity, screw-ity, had its thrill. We were completely discreet however, right until my climax.

Then I couldn't help myself. I let go with my full contralto cum call. "OH! YES, BABY, LET ME HAVE IT, FUCK ME GOOD, I'M CUMMING, CUM WITH ME NOW, YES!! NNOOWWW!!" My climax must have been heard up and down our side of the whole ship. It seemed to bounce on the water, and reverberate off the steel, and lose most of its directional clues. But there was no doubt what they were hearing, if others happen to be listening! As soon as we recovered we scrambled back in, and collapsed on the bed in hysterics. We both had a great orgasm with the 'balcony boffing', as we dubbed it in later conversations, but the laughter was even better. We went to sleep with still a giggle slipping out of one or the other of us now and then.

The final full day was something of a downer, to start. There were last minute details to be taken care of, and the realization that our romantic trip was coming to an end. Back at port, we would become again the persons who had arrived from New York. Our new secret identities, would have to be hidden, and we couldn't be the pair we had transformed into, when Sadie and Janice met us at the dock. We had to pack, and make arrangements for a few items to be shipped north, to home. Others had to be declared to customs, though we were within the limits of duty free items allowed. The bill was settled, that was not so shocking, since much of the cruise had been prepaid, in a package deal. Really, it was not as bad as going to Los Vegas, for the same two weeks, in comparison.

One good thing was that our ship-souvenir picture was quite nice. It showed the both of us together, in an affectionate pose. That was still before things had gotten serious in the affair. So it was both a memory of the voyage, and yet one that could be framed, and displayed on the

mantle. Without giving away the bond that had come to unite us from cumming in incestuous sex so many times together.

We didn't talk about the future. Would Sam go back to his condo in New Jersey? He bought the place, thinking it would be for him and Maddy. Would he move back home? Or buy another smaller condo, near me? I wasn't going to move to New Jersey. I still kept a hand in the overall management of Jacob's business. Though in the last couple of years, I had disengaged from the day-to-day running of the operation. I wasn't quite yet ready for full retirement. It was something to do, and made me feel needed. But Sammy's love made me feel special too, made me feel wanted as a woman. I didn't want to give that up either.

So we took care of the mundane things we had to do, that last day, ate a few more scrumptious meals, and went to our cabin suite right after dinner. Now there were plenty of people out on their balconies, this last evening. Though I doubt none were having the fun we had the night before. We sat on the bed together, still dressed up in the formal wear, from the last dinner. There was silence for long moments. "This suit reminds me of the one I wore, for my Bar Mitzvah," Samuel said.

"Back then, all the way back then, you wanted to get your mama in the sack? I hope I was worth the wait!"

"God! Yes! Mom, most certainly. I wouldn't have been the experienced lover I am now though, just an awkward virgin."

"I was happily married to your father, and hadn't even had my affair with the other man yet. It would never have happened, back then."

"I know, but I fantasized about seducing you. I was going to appeal to you, 'Mama, today I want to truly become a man, in every way. I know what it means to be a man, in the synagogue. Show me what it means to be a man in bed as well, please-please-please!"

"Oh, Sammy, I'm sorry, but I'm your mother, and I could never, ever, have sex with you. Don't worry, you'll get to experience that part of life, in due time."

"What if I were dying, would you let me die a virgin?"

"If you were about to die and I could save your life, by taking you to bed; I would do that for my dearest son, I love you that much."

"Could I just see your breast then mom? As a sort of special present, for this joyous day. If I'm a man, I ought to be able to see a woman's breasts, right?"

"Why my breasts though?" I thought I knew where this role-playing was going, and I was willing to play along. The ending might be a lot of fun. In fact, I was certain it would be.

"Because your breasts are the ones I love most. I nursed at them when I was an infant. I have admired them as a youth. And now as a man, I wish to see them again."

"If you really insist then. Lock the door, because some people might get the wrong idea, and accuses us of incest."

Sam got up and made sure the door was locked. He took off his jacket and laid it on the chair in the corner. "Mama, we have privacy now. No one will bother us."

"Okay then, but you must come over here to the bed, and take down the top of my gown yourself, if you are to be a man with mama as your woman."

He sat next to me again. Then he unhooked the top of my dress, pulled the zipper down all the way, so my back was bare, save for the bra strap. "Now undo the bra." He managed to do so, even though his fingers were a little shaky. From excitement I figured, not from nerves, like he might have had back then. He was getting to live out a youthful fantasy, experience it in real life. Sixteen years later, but still with the object of his lusting desires, his mother. I was having an adrenalin high myself, acting a part I never would have done then. But in light of this cruise, I was quite excited to star in this theatrical production as this soap-opera drama / sex-scene unfolded.

"Okay, it's undone. Can I see?" I let the front drop, and my boobs were displayed. The tips were very erect. "They are so beautiful, mom. Can I kiss them?"

"I'm not sure that would be right, you only asked to see them."

"But if this is the only time I get to see them bare, then I ought to be able to kiss them too. That would be the right thing to do, to show how much I love and adore them."

"Well, when you put it like that, I guess I couldn't refuse you that little present as well. Go ahead, you can kiss them." Samuel bent down and kissed them, and then gave each one a suckle, as well. "Oh! I didn't say you could suck on them!"

"Doesn't feel nice? Didn't I suckle on them when I was a baby?"

"Yes, it feels very nice. But you aren't a baby any more, today you are a man!"

"If I am a man, then I ought to suckle them, to show you the manly-type of love I have for them." He latched onto them with his lips again.

"Okay, but I said just once." It felt oh so very good. I wondered how he was going to try to get into my pants.

"I want to see where a man puts his penis in a woman, for when that experience happens, later on. You wouldn't want me to put it in the wrong spot, would you, mom?"

"NO! That would be very upsetting to the girl if that happened. Didn't they teach you this in health class?"

"They only showed pictures of the internal organs, and cut ways diagrams. Not the real thing. Let me help you take off the rest of your dress." It was easier with a cooperative woman now, than if he had tried the ploy back then. But this wasn't really back then, and we were here and now, acting in his fantasy. I stood up, and he helped my gown shimmy to the floor. Now, I was just in heels and panties. I stepped out of the dress, crumpled on the rug, and then I kicked off my high-heels. My undies were all that were left on, and they were damn damp.

"Mom, why don't you lay on the bed?" Sam suggested, and I obeyed.

"If you are a man, now, shouldn't you show me how much of a man you are? Let your mother see how much you have grown to be big and strong, and handsome?" Sam nodded and quickly divested everything but his boxers. I wouldn't mind a masculine striptease someday. Maybe in the future sometime we could play out my fantasy. Right now though, this was totally titillating enough.

"It's time to see what my love looks like between her legs." He reached for the waistband, and slowly pulled my scanties down, and then right off my feet. I squeezed my legs together coyly. I didn't want to be too easy. Getting there was half the fun, right?

"Now you, Sammy." He took his undershorts off, nearly as slowly as mine had been skinned. "Oh! You're hard, and big, and strong, and long! You are very much a man!"

Sammy put his hands on my knees, and gently pushed them apart, until my thighs separated. But he wanted them wide, so he brought them up a bit, and separated them even more, exposing my crotch completely. He looked at the expanse of my womanhood, like he was seeing one for the first time. As if he wanted to memorize it, in case he didn't get another opportunity for ten years. Though in the last week, he had gotten very intimate with that part of me. Had his face in it, a number of times.

But he was staying in character. He reached out his fingers toward my center. "Oh! I didn't say you were allowed to touch, did I?"

"I have to see what it feels like, if I am to get my manhood education, from the woman I love most. You're moist, I won't hurt you. It will feel good, won't it?"

"Yes, but just one finger, no more." He extended the middle digit, and very cautiously slipped it in. I realized that this was something that for some reason we hadn't done much of, since we had became lovers, and wondered how we missed doing more of that part of fooling around. Well, we were experimenting with it now! "Mm, that does feel nice. Have you had a manicure lately?"

"Uh . .Yeah," he was moving the finger in and out. "So, it might be even better with two, you're very wet."

"Just two, no more!" The more he did it the hornier I got.

"Could I see what it's like?"

"Okay."

He moved back, I thought he would put his face where his fingers had been. I closed my eyes in the anticipation of getting eaten again. But instead, I felt a blunt hot bulb, push its way into my vagina. It didn't hurt, but it startled me, when I was expecting a tongue. "Eeek! What are you doing? You're not supposed to do that! Especially not to me, your mother. Get off me, this minute, Samuel Moishe Covey!"

"Oh! Mommy, that feels so good, let me become a man in you. Let me put it all the way in, please?"

"God! Sammy, you said you wanted to see . ."

"Yeah, see what it's like, to put my dick in you. You said, 'okay'! You like it don't you? I feel good don't I?"

"OH! Baby, too good! Take it out, before mommy wants it all in."

"You want it all in? I'm going to put it all in. Then I'll really be a man, in every way!"

"Noo! Sammy don't do, ooh .. oow . . Yes . . like that!" He had made his move, and was packed in me, as far up as he could go.

"I'm in you mama! I love you mom, I'm going to have to cum, cum in you. That's what men do, they cum in the vaginas of the women they love. Do you love me mommy? You cum too, cum with me!" He started with rapid strokes now; I could tell that the fantasy had completed the cycle. He really was ready to cum, just as if he had been a youth, and was prone to a quick ejaculation. But I had been primed by the fingers, and the naughty nudge of his dick head going into the mouth of my pussy, and then the cock deep in my cunt. The smooth strokes were urgent, and they increased my own crisis to build at an accelerated pace.

Then I was over the top, I said in a little voice, which was none the less insistent, "Yes, baby, that's it, cum in mommy, mommy's cumming too! Let's cum together, and make you a real man! Be a man in mommy, cum in me. I'm cumming now, now, baby noowww!!"

From Samuel I heard this kid's voice say, "Mommy, mommy, mommy, I'm cumming too! I'm cumming in you mommy, right now, me too." I felt his spurting and pulsing, driving his big meat in my flesh hard, as the convulsions of his climax shook his whole being. Then he looked into my eyes and said. "Today, I became a boy again, becoming a man, in my mother. What more, could any son ask? Thank you, mom for that gift. I know it could have never been, back then. But having you now, in this way, was even better. Did you have a good orgasm too?"

"That's mama's good boy, such a polite son. He learned to be concerned about his partner's pleasure too. You're going to grow up, and make a

wonderful lover for some woman. I hope she appreciates the lesson you learned here between mommy's thighs tonight."

"I think she does. Of course, when I get older, you could always give me advanced lessons."

"We'll see. Just don't go overboard, about having a thing for your mother, okay?"

"I promise, mom. If you will allow me to continue to love you, and show you my loving, like I just did, there never will be any danger of that!"

"Good! Then let's try that from the back, shall we?" And I rolled over on my tummy, and spread my legs. Sammy got in position. That anatomy lesson earlier paid off, because he entered into the cavity with an easy clean thrust, and we had some more mommy - and her little-man lessons. Until he fell asleep on top of me, rolling to the side when I couldn't breathe. Then I dropped into the land of Morpheus as well, and dreamed of beaches and kisses and coitus with my son.

In the morning all I needed was a couple cups of coffee, and toast. I was too nervous to eat. Sam had OJ, a bagel with smear, and fruit salad. We got our debarkation number, and the bags had already been picked up, as we wandered the ship waiting for our section to be announced to go ashore. We were going by the purser's office when Samuel stopped to read a poster. He turned to me, with a glint in his eye, and a huge smile.

"Becky," for the first time I could ever remember, Sammy called me by my name, instead of by mother, or mom, or mama, or mommy; "Rebecca, would you like to sign up for an 'anniversary' cruise for next year? The first twenty couples get a ten percent discount on first class tickets."

I looked at my son's smiling face, so different from when he had come aboard ship. I looked at my Sammy's crotch; it was tenting in anticipation even now! There was only one right and appropriate answer I could give, though to the world it might seem improper and inappropriate. But then, nobody knew what was between the two of us - nu? I looked at Samuel, and smiled back. "Ahoy Vey! Would I!!"

The Kincaid Family Kink

Their son's lust first turns dad on, then mom, and turns into a complex ménage of obsession.

Part 1: Secrets are revealed and lusts surface

Mandy Kincaid was pleased with how her husband Harry was fucking her. It was hot and heavy, hard and sweaty and she had cum twice already. Harry was verging on his eruption, and was going to take her with him, into a glorious third time. His pounding prick drove her into her, as he hadn't done in years. It was wonderful. But it made her wonder, what had released the demon lover in her spouse? Then Harry blasted into her, with a great throbbing cum, and she sailed over the moon in a wonderful peak, that drove every thought from her mind, and filled her brain with the electrical storm of sexual pleasure.

Only afterward, as her husband lay beside her snoring, as she was drifting off to sleep, did the question resurface. But by then, she was too tired to hold the thread of the thought. She dreamed a stream of wild, but happy scenes; until her mother popped up from somewhere in her subconsciousness. Just like when she was a young girl, her mother took a lecturing tone of voice, and repeated words that had been heard in real life, except that her mother was gone, and Mandy was herself now older. Still, the strident tones were almost as if Mandy's matriarch were present in the room, and making another of her warnings about men.

"Amanda, you listen to what I'm saying, and remember it! If he brings flowers, or a present for no reason, take heed. If out of the blue he gets frisky, when he was more sedate of late, then there is another woman for sure. Just like your father. If he is up for making whoopy, when he comes back from being away, he's been up to no good, and cheating on you. Sure as the sun rises, he has some floozy fiddling with his stalk, and you're getting the left-over energy; until he leaves you for her, and you don't get nothin', not even support. Men ain't to be trusted, especially when they act out of character."

And that was when she woke up. The morning light filtering through the curtains, and uncertainty seeping into her mind. A niggling little doubt, made the pondering in her waking awareness, become a creeping insecurity in her heart. Harry had recently returned from a trip. But he had taken their son, Jack, with him; so her brain countered the doubts. Surely he wouldn't have been seeing a mistress there, that was the first time he had ever gone to Schenectady. But, what if he got a prostitute? Not with our eighteen year old boy, Jack, along; the debate was made in her head. Had he gone off with a hooker, to a sleazy room? This whole line of thinking was crazy, Harry wasn't like that. Her hubby was nothing like her father had been, a womanizing, no-account, who had left them for a redhead, and never sent a cent back, of financial help.

But still, he hadn't been gone but four days, what was up? Beside that thick dick of his. Not that she was complaining about the royal drubbing he had given her pussy. But it was like he had taken Viagra, or some aphrodisiac that sparked the sex drive into high gear. Should she ask him, or leave well enough alone? Men were so touchy, about their manliness. Fragile egos might be bruised, and then no more 'Mr. He-man' in bed. She had read it in Cosmo, and they talked about that

on "The View", her morning TV show, just the other day. But Dr. Phil said the key to good relationships, and indeed good sex, was communication between spouses. So she determined to ask him. Right after she fixed him his favorite breakfast. After all, the way to a man's heart etc., and a full stomach couldn't hurt, when it came to wheedling the truth out.

So when her two men were well fed that morning, and young Jack had gone off to see a friend of his, Mandy began to question Harry. "You were a tiger last night!" Start with a compliment, men were susceptible to flattery, even more than gals, she knew. "What got you turned on so hot? Was it my new perfume?" She in fact had put on something she hadn't worn in a while, but was a birthday gift from a couple years ago.

"Yeah, Babe, and I hadn't seen you in days."

Okay, that was not what was going on. "But you were really on top of your game. You made me cum and cum, did you get Viagra, or something from the doctor, and mean to surprise me?"

"No, I didn't need a pill. I was turned on by you, darling, you are so sexy and beautiful; I couldn't help myself."

Enough of this pussyfooting about furious fucking, thought Mandy. "No more than what I have been for the last two years. So what is it Harry, are you having an affair at the office?"

"Jeez! No, Mandy, what the hell gave you that idea?"

"Tell me the truth Harry Kincaid! What's going on? Did you rent a call girl in Schenectady, and with our son there too? Did he know?" A horrifying thought struck her. "You didn't share a whore with Jack, did you? Tell me our child is still a virgin!"

"He is, as far as I know. But really, Honey, nothing happened on our trip. I was in conferences most of the day, Jack went out to the movies in the afternoons. At night we went to a nice restaurant, and then back to the hotel, and watched TV. I had to get up early for the business lectures, and Jack slept late. Ask him, nothing naughty happened, I was - I am faithful to you. I always have been, I always will be. You're just insecure, because of your lousy dad."

He continued, "You know I love you with all my heart, and I worship your sexy body. Honestly!!" He came over, hugged her and kissed her, then kissed her some more, then Frenched her. She could feel him getting stiff. "Jack's gone for a while to his buddy's, you want to have some more fun? How about on the couch?"

"What if Jack comes back unexpectedly? We wouldn't want to shock the kid."

"I don't think that would phase him, to see his folks fucking, after all, he listens outside our door every time he can, to hear us screw. But I know he won't be back for hours, they were going to work on some school project, which they have to finish in a few days." Harry bluffed, about the security of their not being interrupted. Actually, he would

not be all that unhappy, if their son caught them 'in flagrante delicti'. But he couldn't confess that, to his spouse.

Mandy was lured into the lurid proposition, by the spontaneity of her hubby's romantic idea. To make love like they were newlyweds, without concern for their whereabouts, or being interrupted by their son. And what if he did come home? They would hear him come in by the kitchen, as he always did. They would have time to scurry upstairs, before he really saw anything. So what if he found a pile of their clothes, on the living room floor? He knew his parents had sex, didn't Harry say he listened outside the door? Though, she wasn't sure she was comfortable about the invasion of privacy, after all, she was rather vocal much of the time when she climaxed.

Even as Mandy was mulling things over, Harry moved her toward the door to the hall, and pulled her robe open. Her hormones flood her body, and she was suddenly damp, and in heat for Harry's hard-on. She got into the spirit of the impromptu raunchy romp, and tugged at his shorts, to make it an equal contest. They stumbled to the living room, boxers around his ankles and her gown nearly tripping them, as it slid off her shoulders to their feet. Now she was naked, and Harry was clad only in his tee shirt, as he suddenly picked her up, and laid her on the sofa. He stripped the last garment in a flash, and dove head first between her thighs, his tongue extended.

She was all for that action, and laughed, until she began very quickly to moan. Harry knew what she liked, loved. He only got her primed though, then moved up speedily to enter her, and began to saw his saber in her already shiny sheath. It was getting really good, when she

hear what sounded like the kitchen door opening. SHIT! "I think Jack is back!"

"No, that's not him, gotta be the neighbors." Harry made to misdirect her. He kissed her to take her mind off the noise. But his rhythm picked up, and his grunts were more intense.

"Was that the refrigerator?" There was something that made muffled rattling. But Harry was really banging at Mandy's cunt now, and it distracted her.

A can's pop-top was soft, but clear. Dear God! Jack was home, he would be seeing them any second! Mandy wanted to break, to scramble up the stairs, but her spouse was at full intensity in his plugging, and began to blast her vagina with ejaculate. Despite her fear, of being caught in the act by her son, Mandy felt her cunt clench, and spasm in a really good cum.

"Mom? - Dad?" their boy's voice hailed from the hall.

In a shriek, she pushed off her husband, and ran for the stairs. Harry followed at a slower pace, and found her standing in the bedroom nude, and dripping cum from her crotch. Without a word he turned her, and made her lay on the bed, on her tummy with her legs hanging over and her hind-end raised. He plunged in a frenzy plugging to her vagina, with a boner which seemed like hickory. He was a ravishing beast, not rough but firm, and taking her. She was more than willing, but he was certainly rutting his engorged penis in her heated haven. It was almost as if - but she didn't finish the thought then, as the onset of

a huge cum rushed over them both, and she was transported to another plane of existence, for the duration.

Only after the panting, and they crawled on to the mattress, as she was listening to the hoarse gasping of the man she had married for better or worse; and that had been better sex than they had had in quite some years, last night and this morning; did Mrs. Kincaid return to her unfinished thought. It was almost as if . . . what? . . . as if . . he got off on Jack almost catching them. Was it the spice of getting caught? Or some kind of kinky thing about Jack's voyeurism? Definitely something, and Harry was going to come clean with her, before he would cum in her again, she vowed. But now it was time to pop into the shower, and get clean herself. She was messy with sperm, and her own emulsions and sweaty. But her husband was dirty in his thinking, and soon enough, she would get that naughty laundry hanging out!

* * * * * *

True to her resolve of the morning, Mandy insisted on more talk, and persisted making her inquest into hubby's hyper-horniness, before he humped her that night. What he finally said that evening in bed with her, she found alarming.

"It's a secret, Babe."

"You're not allowed to keep secrets from your wife!"

"Tit for tat! What did you and Charlotte discuss, when she came over in tears last week?"

"That's different. It's her secret, and she made me promise not to tell a soul."

"It's not that different, it's not my secret to tell."

"Well, who's secret is . . . wait, you took Jack along with you, and came back to be 'Johnny Wadd' in our bedroom. Do you mean to say our son had some kind of secret that makes you a super-stud? How does that work? But that's it, right? It's Jack's secret? It is Jack's secret . . . , but you already told me that he listens at our door when, we are screwing. By the way I think we ought to put a stop to that. What would be something that would affect you so powerfully? Not that I'm complaining, mind you. I like it, even if you almost got us to put on a show that would have blown the kid's mind, had he taken two more steps in another few seconds, in the hall this morning."

"It's complicated, and I wouldn't want to violate Jack's trust."

"No, of course not. Well thanks for sharing, though I have more questions now than before." She reached out, and began to stroke him. He put a hand on her breast, and from there they were engaged in the action of marital fun, which both very thoroughly enjoyed. On the other side of the door, Jack too, was enjoying the sounds of their love making. When his mom groaned her pleasure and cried out loudly, as ecstasy overcame her inhibitions and she squealed, climaxing; Jack came too,

spurting jism on the floor. He returned to his room. They all slept soundly, after a great night of sex.

Mandy loved secrets, finding out secrets that is, especially dirty secrets, as clearly her son Jack had. After all, she rationalized, if she discovered what it was, then she could use it to turn her husband on, and keep up the sort of spice that had invigorated their love life suddenly. But how to get Jack to tell, since Harry wouldn't, and rightly so. Make his favorite meal? Get him a new electronic gizmo he wanted? She considered her options, as she puttered about in the kitchen, and her son sat eating a sandwich at the table. She notice him ogling her in her shorts and halter top.

Typical teen male she thought. Then she had an inspiration. But it was better done in the evening, as they were all going to bed. She would use one of the oldest tricks in the book, 'the carrot, and the stick'. Or, in her case, the strategy was 'the rod, and the reward', and maybe a little blackmail. But it had to be 'handled', with a delicate touch. And Mandy knew her mothering touch, was just the thing that might open up her boy's mouth, and spill his secrets - and maybe something else? Was she thinking too naughty a plan? Well, after all, Jack wasn't entirely innocent, the ease-dropping scamp!

Harry had gone to the office for the whole day. Jack was gone heavens knows where, for the whole afternoon, school being done since he graduated a few weeks ago. In the evening they had ordered in, Oriental, because Harry had bought a couple bottles of Saki. Warmed as it should be, by the time to turn in rolled around, it had made her a little tipsy. So perhaps she was a bit more relaxed, and uninhibited, than she might have been otherwise. It gave her a feeling both mellow,

and sentimental toward her son, and his adolescent secret. It gave her the courage to face her boy, and put her daring plan into action. Otherwise, she might not have been as bold, as she got with him.

That night she told Harry, she would be with him in a little while. She had already put on a sexy night gown, in preparation for her interview with her son. She waited until he had gone back to his room, from brushing his teeth, and then knocked on his door, and entered. She was surprised to see his naked butt hop into bed, and pull the covers up. He had been wearing pajama bottoms, just a moment ago. His nudity reminded her of how athletic, and fit he was. She was proud of her handsome, and mostly well behaved, son. He had stayed out of any serious trouble as a teen, and was conscientious about his chores. His grades were okay, mostly B's.

Mandy sat down on the side of his bed. Her gown was diaphanous, it was warm enough not to need a robe, even so she wore it because she wanted to titillate her son as part of her strategy to get him to spill. He was a bit saucer-eyed, looking at her charms. "Jack, sweetie," she began "I need to know something."

"Sure mom, anything."

"When you were with your father in Schenectady, on his business trip, did he . . . did he bring a woman into the room?" She believed her husband's story now, but this was a ploy. "Did he send you out, while they were together?"

"Jeez! Mom, nothing like that happened! You know dad would never cheat on you. God! He loves you. I love you - I'd beat his butt with a bat, if he pulled anything like that!!"

"Well, that's nice that you would be so defensive of your mom's . . uh . . honor. But what I'm really trying to find out is, why your dad is so . . er . . ferocious in bed, since he came back home. Not that it's not exciting, just that if I knew why, I could - keep the fire stoked, if you get what I mean."

"Yeah! Mom, you guys have really been going at it like gangbusters!" he paused, realizing that he might have let the cat out of the bag, about his nightly surveillance at their door.

"Uh-Huh, your dad did mention, that you were getting an earful, when we were being intimate. I thought we taught you to respect people's privacy?"

"Ahh, sorry mom. I understand, but the temptation was very strong, and you . . you guys sound like you're really having a lot of - fun."

Mandy, could see the turn of conversation had created a tenting in the sheet, at Jack's middle. Her little plan was 'shaping' up, nicely. She decided to use that to her advantage, perhaps in an inappropriate way, but all was fair in love, and getting what she wanted. Now for the rod's 'reward'. She reached out her hand, and her fingers lightly clasp the pole beneath the fabric, that obviously was her son's erection. His eyes now bugged, but she couldn't smile if she was to jimmy the boy's secret out. Her hand made small motions up and down. "Well, Honey, I guess

a young man has a natural curiosity. Maybe I might not think it was so bad, if you helped the hot stuff continue, by sharing what went on, that unleashed your father's libido. Won't you help mommy? Mommy is helping you at the moment, aren't I?" Not quite blackmail, but certainly an unethical tactic.

"Yess, mom! Don't stop. I'll tell you."

"Good boy!" she increased the length of her strokes a little. Her fingers gripped a bit firmer. "Tell mommy, all about what happened."

"We, that's nice mom - like that, we just watched a porn movie that was on the TV. We masturbated together, while we watch."

"You . . . masturbated each other, while you looked at a porno tape?!"

"NO! I found this porno channel on the hotel's cable television, it was on an upper channel. I guess they didn't realize that it was accessible, without having to put in the code. It was late after we got back from eating, dad was taking a leak, and I was changing the channels looking for a movie or something, and hit the buttons by mistake, and there was this couple fu . . screwing. So dad came out and lay on the bed, I was on the chair. I pulled down my jockeys, and asked dad if he minded. He said no, and took off his briefs also. Then we watched for about a half an hour, until the folks on the screen came, and we did too. It was like listening . . to you guys, only better, because I got to see the all the action, as well. I haven't ever seen a sex video that hot before. So that's the truth about what we did. I suppose that tape did something for dad's imagination. That's why he came back all hot, and bothered."

Quite a story, kind of sexy too. Mandy saw in her mind's eye her two men jerking off, and simultaneously spurting their white jism. Speaking of which, the story had done the trick for Jack now too, and she could feel his prick pulsing, a wet spot appeared at the point of the pole, which was being manipulating. "That's mommy's little man! Happy, now that you came clean about being dirty, and masturbating with your dad - - and came with your mom tonight as well, you naughty boy! Mmmm?"

"Not so little!" He replied, and as she released the seven inch tube-steak, which was Jack's member, he abruptly whipped off the sheet to expose an awesome display of manhood, between his legs. Mandy stared at the handsome hunk of meat, not thinking but just enjoying the visual stimulus. In a flash, she realized that she was very damp, down in her feminine region. It was quite an erotic moment. For a moment, she was tempted to take the kid's cock in her mouth, but then Mandy finally remembered that it was her kid's dick. That to do so was more than naughty, deeper than dirty, it would be downright sinful. Not to mention, cheating on Harry. 'Hah! And I was the one worried about hubby's morals!' she thought to herself.

The sexy mother smiled at her young man, who obviously was proud of his penis. "Well, I guess you won't have to listen at our door tonight, since you got your jollies this evening, Huh?"

"No, I guess not, thanks mom. You understand about Schenectady, it was just a porno movie, nothing else, Okay?"

"Scandal-ectady case closed. No harm, no foul. I hope that the spell won't wear off your father for a while, I'm enjoying the Renaissance of romance, that we've got going."

"Me too. I mean, me three. Hey! I got the name of that film, why don't I order it off the Internet? Uh, you pay, okay?"

"Good idea, Master Jack the masturbator extraordinaire!"

"Jack, the jack-off king, that's me!"

She laughed, and he also. It was time to go jump her husband's bones. Having already taken care of her son's boner for the night, or so she thought. Mandy went into her bedroom, and Harry was in bed, sans PJs. She stripped off her nightgown, while he raised his eyebrows in a questioning expression. "Don't say a word," She said pulling the sheet down and off, and climbed on his lap. She speared the hard point of her left nipple, her favorite, in his mouth, and made sliding motions upon his rapidly growing erection. Not long afterward, the randy wife reached down, and guided him into her, and rocked that rocket until it blasted off inside her vagina. She had a small, but nice climax too.

"I got Jack to tell me, what happened on your trip." Mandy whispered when she slid off, still in need of another orgasm.

"And you aren't upset?"

"Nah! Why should I be? It's not that far out. Come on fuck me again, or eat me, I really need a big cum tonight!" She decided not to mention to Harry, about making Jack cream, unsure if he might be jealous. She was really turned on by her own secret sex-capade with her son, however. Harry was inspired again, and brought his renewed vigor to plow on her pud, then sank in deep, to give her what she craved. The woman was primed, and when his dynamite stick went off, it triggering her own explosion. "That's it, just like that!" Mandy cried out, "I'M CUMMING, CUMMING," she yelled in the moment of freedom, of her body's physical liberation.

I'M CUMMING TOO, MOM!" she heard from through the closed door. But somehow yet, was glad that he had joined them, at least in spirit that evening. She loved both her sexy men. It felt sort of odd, yet Mandy was pleased that she could bring pleasure to both. It wasn't going any further, but it was kind of exciting none the less.

Harry rolled off and grinned at his wife. "So you know about Jack's secret obsession, about his mom?"

"Not so secret to begin with, he strips me with his eyes sometimes, I swear. I don't mind that he finds his mom attractive."

"And you don't mind, that I get turned on by his having the hots for you?"

She was silent for a moment, as she realized there was more to the story. 'My husband was 'turned on' by my son desiring to fuck me - was that the other part of the dynamic, going on between this messed up

ménage?' she wondered. "What was on that porno tape anyway, Harry?"

"Didn't he tell you? You were!"

"I never made a porno tape, you know that!!"

"Not you, an actress that looked very much like you. Jack said, 'That woman reminded me of mom.' I studied the tape closer, and sure enough she looked like she might have been your younger sister, if you had one, that is. 'I'd like to get it on with mom.' Jack confessed to me out loud. And then he said, 'It's really hot, listening to you guys fuck. This is like watching! Could I watch you guys too?' I understood then that he wasn't just listening to us, like any old dirty movie, but he was thinking about screwing you, while we were balling on the other side of the door, only a few feet away."

"It came to me, that my son wants to fuck his mother. Just like I had wanted to do it to my mom, I thought to myself, but I didn't tell him about my own oedipal desires. So now you know, that's what made me so excited, watching Jack jerk-off to an image that was the vision of his sexy mom balling some guy. You really don't have a problem that I was thinking about you and our son, getting it on?"

So they both have a thing for their moms. She never knew that about Harry! What a revelation! He went on with his disclosures.

"God! It made me so hot, that I began to masturbate, while I watched him jerk off, looking at the image of his mother, fucking on the screen. When he came, I came too at the same time; thinking about him cumming in you, squirting his hot jism up your cunt. It makes me so horny, every time I remember it. I think you're fantastic, to allow Jack and I to share our fantasies with you, and not be angry. God I love you, Babe!" He gave his wife a big kiss, then another, but then he lay back, and was asleep in no time.

Mandy was stunned at the full disclosure. She didn't know what to think. 'My son wanting me, okay - Oedipus complexes were nothing new, just ask the ancient Greeks. But Oedipus, killed his father, not made him a 'partner-in-crime.' her thinking went. She was involved in a real manage of mixed fantasy, voyeurism and incestuous feelings, of both the males in her home. What did she feel about that? Mandy wasn't sure, but it was kinky alright. She reached down, and began to diddle herself. Her mind blended the two men, and she was not quite sure who made her cum, son or sire - but it felt really nice, oh so naughty, and mighty good! Then, she too slept. 'What the hell was next?' she wonder, her last thought before entering dreamland.

Part 2: The kinky fantasy begins to be entangling

The following evening though, as the family settled into their comfortable preliminaries of foreplay, Harry seemed a bit distracted, and a mite off his enthusiasm from the prior nights. Mandy was afraid the party wouldn't last long, and that her worry was being fulfilled as she had feared. But now the lady had the key to unlock his inner sanctum, push the button to boost the octane of his hormone mix, and make his motor run full throttle. But perhaps he was also a bit shy, uncertain of how his spouse would handle those deepest of secrets; that only now, after some twenty-odd years of marriage, had just surfaced. Mandy decided that she would be sweet, and understanding, and solicitous.

After all, she considered, what did she care if he had a thing for his mom? 'Mother Kincaid' was several hundred miles away. As far as his turn-on about Jack wanting to screw his own mom; Mandy thought that was a stickier sort of hankering, but nothing they couldn't work out, if everybody was open and honest about it. 'I mean,' her mind reasoned, 'it's not as if I was about to bed my son, for the sake of my husband's horny dreams. And surely, Harry would not want to share me with another man, even if it was his son. Somethings are beyond the pale, after all.' Mandy's musing went further, 'But on the other hand, why not make magic with a trip to fantasyland, and take a ride on the kinky carpet - [a-lad-an'] his mom, if you will pardon the poor pun!'

"Darling?" She opened her coy ploy, to play on his complex with an Oedipus play, staring 'Kid' Kincaid, "Would you like to pretend to be the son, and I'll be your momma?" Immediately, his face lit up, and his

penis raise higher. "Shall I be Libby? (His mom, Elizabeth; a petite, and still handsome woman even in her sixties). And you can be the teenager, who seduces her to have incest, and make her like it, and want more?" Harry hesitated. "Or not, if you'd like another scenario, do you want to be the 'milkman'? You found that a fun fantasy in the past."

"Uh, I like the incest theme, but what if, uh . . I was - Jack, . . with you. See, I, I mean me, gave permission for the two of you to . . get together. Would you be uncomfortable with that? I mean in our fantasy tonight, not that I would ever ask you to do anything you didn't want to do - I mean for real, but if you role play that would be hot. Get my blood flowing, if you know what I mean."

Mrs. could see the turgid erection of Mr., bobbing with anticipation. "I would be happy to be Mandy - to your Jack, for you darling. Knowing that it would please my faithful husband; in his head, in our bed, in the moment, and in fantasy only, dear." She wanted to make it clear that she was not going to be allowing their son to fool around with his mother, in real life. That would be a whole other kettle of fish, or horse play of another color, or can of worms, (barrel of monkey business?), some sort of mess at any rate. Though she dimly was aware that she herself had dabbled in the dirty with Jack, the other night, muddying the waters.

"Jack," His wife said to hubby Harry, "I think it's very open of your father, to let us fool around. Are you a virgin? Have you ever made love to a woman?"

"No, momma," Harry, as Jack, came back, "This is my first time, and I'm glad it's with you. I love you, momma. I think you're so sexy, and I have wanted to do it with you for years."

"Then, come to momma, and you can cum in momma, 'Honey-Sonny'" (Libby's pet name for Harry when he was a boy, and sometimes when she was wheedling a favor now days, as well.)

Sure enough, Harry was youthful in his vigor and rigor, but timid and tender in his manner, as he affected an awkward adolescent arrangement of angled limbs, and imitated inexperience in the ways of intimacy. He had Mandy almost believing she was in the sack with a teen, with Jack, with their lusty boy. It made a surreal sort of illusion, having her son suckle her breasts, and poke at her pussy with a nice fat boner. But it was her hubby too, and safe, not the insanity of incest; yet it had the tension and tingle, of the naughty. She felt the lubrication flood the nether chamber of her sex, but in welcome of whom? Was she in heat for hubby or her own 'Honey-Sonny'? she questioned.

Then Harry hit the mark squarely, putting his round peg in the honey-hole. From there the sensuous sensations of sweet sex, were sweeping her away, and Mandy was more into cumming with the male in her, that concerned about which of the men it was. As long as his dong was coming into her cunt, to bring her off, he could shoot his cum in momma, meaning Mandy, and make both complete. As flesh slapped together, and they did the dance of the two-backed beast, she was crying out in ecstatic joy. But at the last, as she needed the muscle which had penetrated her pussy to pulse, and purge its creamy load in her woman's womb, she cried out loud, "Yes! Jack! Give me your hot cum in mamma's cunt, fuck me Sweetie, fuck your horny mother!!"

Instantly she wondered if their son was outside our door, and listening in on the fantasy to which he could only dream of, but was being played out by his parents. Was it fair to make the sounds of temptation in his hearing, with no possibility of his being involved? But how could they allow that to become actual action? Surely, they could not, Mandy was certain. Parental prerogatives were denied children. But, he was a young adult now, would he expect that the privileges of maturity, be inclusive of our incestuous experiments in imagination. But still, her rationalizing went, it was just creative play, not genuine hard-core, outright, raunchy rutting of grown-up intercourse, between progeny and parents.

Then Mandy's mind was made a thick fog, forgetting whatever concern and care she had, as the concussion of hairy balls, and hammering pile-driver blasted everything to kingdom cum. The invoking of his son's name, had Harry-as-Sonny socking it to momma, in the manic-panic of pounding paroxysm, in need to empty his sacks of pent up passion, in the womb of the woman that had given him life. Which Mandy-as-Momma was the surrogate, of this evening's therapy for her husband.

She was confident that in the hall, she was being the vicarious vessel of their offspring's lust as well. She was satisfied, had had her own wanton wants fulfilled, flooded, and thoroughly fucked. So every Kincaid was taken care of for that evening's session of naughty nookie. The lady of the house always slept with happy dreams after hot sex; a double lady of lust lately. So it was the pair parted, and dropped off peacefully. Jack crept down the hall, back to his room with a smile and sigh also, leaving a puddle of jism on the floor behind, again.

The next night, Harry was not so reticent, when they retired to their bedroom to romp. (Or was it the romper room to bed?) He said, "Momma, could I be allowed to explore your body? I'd like you to teach me all about what men and women do, when they have sex. I don't really know much. Could you show me, let me touch you, maybe let me fondle your breasts, and feel your vagina, and you hold my peter? Please momma, I think you're so pretty and beautiful. Won't you let your boy find all about what it's like, to be with a girl?" Honey-Sonny wanted to go at it, hot and heavy!

Mandy, was more than game. She took up the theatrical part she was cast in, and acted the role of maternal guide to male-female relations, for her man/child's introduction, and instruction to the art of love. "Yes, dearest, cuddle with mommy, I'll show you everything. All my secret places, and what to do there. How to make momma feel good, and how your mother can make you feel real fine too!" She reached for Harry's prop, prominently protruding at his loins. "I can see my boy has become a man! Such a big one too!"

Harry grinned, and said in a little higher voice, than his normal baritone and with a softer timbre, "It's hard for you momma, I want to put it in your cunny. Will you let me do that? I think you are soo sexy, momma!"

"It sounds like you already have some idea of what to do, but I'm going to give you advanced training!" They began to dialog the script, and to pet and paw, and grope their way to the drama's climax. As Harry/Jack Sonny-boy entered Mandy, as mother to both males, in one unified persona, she had a vision of her real kid's cock that she had fondly fondled for stolen moments. The tall, straight stiffy was an instrument

of intricate veins, and smooth skin, with a nicely pointed cap crowning the soldier at attention. A helmet, ruddy and ready to please a gal's pussy. With a crossover from Hubby's fantasy to her own, now she was really imagining it was Jack thrusting his penis inside her vagina, and she loving the excitement of fucking her very own son. Indeed, she welcomed the simulacrum of him, into his mother's body, as a virile member penetrated deep into that womanhood of randy Mandy/mommy to horny Jack; Harry was simply subbing for his son, for her, as well as himself.

What was this? Mandy had the realization, she had gone from being Harry's surrogate, to having him be hers. The incest roles had not changed, but what had altered was her perspective. Now she was getting off, on the incestuous daydream of mother-son sex, as much as her husband was. Not the nightmare of a mixed up manage of mangled feelings, but a bonding of family; in a way that was outrageous, but out in the open, no secrets to their three way sex life. She could tell Harry was getting to the end, as he was panting and grunting and making 'I'm going to cum big!' noises, so familiar to her. In Mandy's delirium of sinful scenario of son and mom making it, doing the dirty deed, whether daddy like it of not; they were fucking each other. Fucking like there was nothing the two of them wanted more than to cum with one another, over and over again, as the scene played out in Mandy's imagination, and took hold in her body's responses.

She was crying aloud now, loudly verbalizing her own sounds of impending climax. "UHH! . . Uhn-gah, Yeahh! Oh God! Baby! Mmmm, do it to mommy, make mommy cum, YESS NOWW! I'M CUMMING JACK! . . cum with me, ohhh I can't help it! I'mm CUMMMING AG_GAINN!!" Then she caught a movement in the corner of her eye and looked in that direction. Their door swung open, and a naked Jack

was standing there, his hand on his dick, shooting a long rope of white goo like a streamer.

Mandy heard her son bawl out, "I'm cumming in you, Mom! I'm giving you my cream inside your sweet pussy, right nooww!

Mandy banged her cunt up against the striking prick of her spouse, but it was the son that she was uniting with. Immersed in the moment of incest, involved with their son totally. Even though mother and boy's physical selves were separate at the moment, their lust was connecting them. They locked eyes in the knowledge that what couldn't be done with their bodies; in spirit, had just been. Harry didn't seem to be aware of anything, but the racking shutters of his own orgasm. His shank shriveled inside his wife's vagina, and slunk out, the spunk followed, dribbling down Mandy's ass. She thought was incredulous that he had not heard Jack cumming, but Harry seemed to be oblivious. She mouthed silently, 'GIT TO YOUR ROOM NOW!', and raised eyebrows trying to communicated to Jack, not to let his father see him. Jack got the message in any case, and disappeared down the hall.

Why it should be secret, she didn't know, but somehow it seemed that moment was just hers and Jack's, and not to be discovered by the father. Of course, it would have delighted Harry, but Mandy was not in the mood to have a surreptitious encounter, to encumber relationships any further than the kinkiness had already claimed a hold of. Call it compartmentalizing, call it denial of lustful desires which she had for her son - stirred up by her husbands' own lascivious proclivities, call it what you will. She just didn't want to provide an excuse for Harry to further involve Jack, and herself, in this journey of sordid sexual perversion, and certainly incestuously intertwined family dynamics.

Of course, snowballs in Hades stood a better chance of surviving, than any hope of holding the line against the slide into the kinky manage, that had begun to triangulate, as the three merged in lust, and converged toward a mingling of fantasy with fact.

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Harry was at least worn out from the last week of frequent fucking, so no morning nookie. Perhaps that was for the best, as she didn't want to get sore, Mandy ruminated. More to the point, performance falls off in middle-age men if they are not given enough time to recuperate between love bouts. The penis is a muscle after all, like the rest of the body, it needs a care not to be over-used, but kept in good condition and peak operating form. Didn't she read that in Oprah's magazine or somewhere; 'How To Get the Most Out Of Your Man in Bed' something like that? And it was true, she knew from personal experience with Harry. You need to pace the male, like a race horse, if you want to be the filly he is providing stud service to!

The succeeding few evenings they also skipped, as Mandy had started her period. While she got extra horny, when having her monthly time, the early part of the menstruation got really messy if they did it, and sometime her abdomen was not in the mood, if the cramping was at its height. So it was actually a little over a week, since getting back from the trip, that husband and wife were having a frolic in the sheets once more. For several days, nothing had been said about what had happen on that stay over, or the nights right after the guys had returned.

Nor were the activities on the other side of their bedroom door, made mention of. Things were mostly normal, save that now Jack's looking

at his mom had a much less subtle longing in his puppy-dog eyes. He might as well had his tongue hanging out, he was giving such drooling stares. His dick was always rampant around her too. That got the dame damn damp, and yet sex was put on pause, the holding pattern persisted several days. So Mandy was much in the mood for love, lusting for a lewd roll in the hay. Harry was happy to oblige her, finally, as mommy's flow fell off to minimum.

In the midst of their foreplay, both heard a thump against the bedroom door and a grunt on the other side. Harry, without thinking about what would be the consequences leaped out of bed and pulled the door open wide. There was sonny, naked, holding his toe, which he had obviously stubbed against the door and sporting a wicked woodie. Suddenly Mandy understood why he had been undressed the evening of their little naughty encounter, he had been ready to listen to them making love - nude at his folk's door, as he masturbated.

Once again the ménage had gathered, with all parties without a stitch. Mandy snatched up some of the sheet and held it in front of her in an instinctive gesture of modesty. "I don't think this is what we agreed on, Jack. You were going to discontinue your spying?" she said, annoyed at having her fuck-fun rudely interrupted.

"Uh, no, I actually didn't promise anything about that. I just said I understood your desire for privacy, not that I was going to stop listening in. I can't help myself, especially after our little talk the other night. You were so . . . nice to me, remember?

She did, and his bare boner, jutting out of his loins, was putting the exclamation point on the subject.

Hubby spoke up, his spoke was up too. "Maybe we should have a family discussion on the issue? Jack why don't you come in and . ."

Mandy jumped in quick. "Harry Kincaid, if you expect that we are going to have a conversation, with all three of us in the nude, about our son's ease dropping on our sex lives, you have another thing coming. But it won't be your dick cumming in quite a while, I guarantee. So if you want to get a piece of ass tonight, send the kid to his room, and close the door and lock it. Jack if you want any more of the 'mother-son chats' like we had, and you know what's good for you, you'll get to your own room, and stay there the rest of the night!"

"Does that mean you'll give me an encore of that some other time?" Jack asked, astutely.

"Maybe, if you're a good boy, just now." she hedged.

"What's he mean?" Harry was picking up that there was something that he was not in on.

"Harry, do you want to fuck, or do you want to fight?" The female partner used an old ultimatum she had relied on before, to drop the subject, before the couple had a tiff rather than a tussle.

"I'm not starting an argument. All I did was ask an innocent question, Honey."

"In this family, when it comes to secrets, there are no innocent parties, nor any privacy either!" she replied in exasperation.

"You and Jack have a secret?" Harry probed. Jack began to back down the hall looking guilty. Harry didn't miss that sign. "Jack, wait a minute. Mandy? What is going on between you two? I told you all about my most intimate stuff, and Jack has confessed to you what you were so intent to know. Can't you share likewise?"

Harry was too close to the mark. Mandy knew she had better come clean about Jack's and her dirty laundry, before her husband got the wrong impression about his wife and son. And after all, she rationalized, hadn't they sort of done something similar? There were no innocents in this family she kept in mind, so she retorted. "Okay, it's no big deal, I sort of jacked Jack. When I was prying out his private business, I plied his prick and let him . . .uh . . . do his business, if you will."

"Mom masturbated me, while I was telling her about us at the hotel, and the porno flick."

Harry looked first at her, then his boy, then back at his wife, and then a huge grin spread across his face. "That is so hot!!" he exclaimed.

"I should have known! Instead of you being jealous, of course, you're turned on! You didn't get mad, you're only getting horny!" Harry was beginning to move closer to Mandy with that glint in his eye, which

meant she was going to get wildly screwed. She was all for that but not with Jack at their open door, again!!

Jack sensing an opening, to an open-door policy to his parent's privacy, pleaded, "Can't I watch this once. I've seen the lady that looks like mom on the tape. I've heard you guys doing it lots of times. We all have masturbated together - sort of. I mean, I'm old enough to go to a live sex show, so what's the harm? I won't get a warped personality, because I happen to see my folks making love. That's a beautiful thing. Lots of cultures have the kids in the same small hut, while their parents are shacking. ."

"Quit while you're ahead, son." Harry stopped the prurient plea, mid-sentence. "Why don't you take the chair over there in the corner, and just be quiet while your mother and I continue what we were in the middle of."

"Now, Harry . . ." Mandy began to protest.

"Mandy, you wanted to know how to keep the spark going, that started in Schenectady? Well, you now know what happened, why it happened, and what your two men have in common. We both love you, and while only one of us gets to display that affection physically, you have the power to grant gratification to both, one directly, and the other vicariously. You also get to have the benefit of this odd, but ultimately intense, intimacy. So, 'Do you want to fight, or fuck?' What do you say we let Jack be an observer of our passion? Set an example of what devoted partners do with one another, and how these dedicated parents of his, allow their adult son to know about the joy of sex, second hand at least?"

"I think - ," Mandy began, but then stopped, knowing it was two against one and she was out voted, "I think that you ought to quit while you're ahead, and give me some head instead!" She smiled at Harry, and then at her son.

Harry smiled also, Jack had a shit-eating-grin on his face. Mother had a wide smirk, she was going to entertain the troops of the Kincaid household guard, and their lances were raised in readiness!

Mandy had been kneeling on the mattress all this time, clutching the sheet to her torso, to prevent her child from seeing his mother as unclothed as Eve. Lucky him, tonight the lamp was on. Now, she dropped the pretense of modesty and let go of the bedding. Raising an eyebrow to Jack, as he got an eyeful of his mom's body. Clearly he was pleased with what he was viewing. His mom got the big ogle, it was definitely approving. Harry eased her down on her back, with her long legs stretched in the direction of the chair Jack was seated in, and spread. The youth couldn't observe much though, as a balding head in her crotch was blocking the best view, but Harry's tongue was where it did the most good. Mandy let loose, to go with the flow.

Soon enough the face in the crotch was quickly replaced with hips, as Harry, his fantasy cumming true in part, played the role of the kid. He was eager to unite their genitals, in galloping gyrations of a gynecological lesson for the youthful pupil; whose pupils were quite locked like radar to the action. Mandy was being boffed by 'big boy', while little boy played with his toy. She was very content to being stuffed with her spouse's stiffy. She felt her orgasm rise and crest, more like a rolling hill, rather than a mountain peak. It was nice, but not the

sharp spike of a climax she had been having of late, Harry had seemed to be holding back a bit. Neither did she hear Jack ejaculate.

"Give him a hand job!" Harry whispered in her ear.

"Now that's taking things too far!" She protested.

"I want to watch you make him cum. You already did it before, what's the harm in bring him off again for my benefit, as well as his? Neither of us have cum yet, tonight! Help us to get off, Babe. You won't regret it. I know you'll have fun!"

Mandy knew in her heart and womb, her hubby was right, as some part of her said inside her head, 'this is kind of kinky fun, a mad manage, an in-house orgy just among us Kincaids.' She moved over to her son, on hands and knees. Harry crawled over too, to get a good view. Now, mother took son's tool in her palms, and started a milking motion on his member. He nodded in encouragement and made soft sighs, as she gave Jack special attention. The boy's hands went to caress Mandy's hair, as she massaged his prick.

Harry suddenly left his place where his face was getting a close up of his wife doing finger exercises on his son's flute, and cradling the kid's balls with her other hand. She felt him hunker up behind her, and take hold of the well-shaped hips, and spread her buns a bit. His hard-on invaded the hot hole of her sex, and then they were doing the doggie, while her digits pumped on the hunk of flesh before her. This time it was certain that a shooting rocket was in Mandy's pussy pocket, and she was also lighting the fuse on the roman-candle she was handling.

Mandy herself was a powder-keg set to blow, the fuse was lit on all three of them, and the sparks were spreading to all parts of the family fireworks factory, in an erotic frenzy of lust.

It was only a matter of time before one of them went boom. It was Jack. The son's cock came in a fountain of milky cream, all over mother's fist. His sacks were jumping, as each clenching spurt erupted. With a loud cry of, "OH! MOM Yess, . . . THAT'S IT, Ahh, . . . I'm Cummiinng SO GOOD!!"

This triggered the rush of Harry, in pounding hard, and then with a locked-in lunge, he unloaded a huge release of sperm to flood his wife's cunt. That was her cue, to wash his wild willie with a gush of her own deluge. As it poured out, she felt like she was climbing the climax to a soaring pinnacle, and topping out so high she was gasping for oxygen. All three were out of breath, and sweating like in a sauna, moaning in the aftermath of their three-way cluster cum. Mandy stretched forward, and hugged Jack, Harry put his arms around her and held tenderly. They stayed like that for several minutes.

Finally, Jack spoke softly, "Thanks mom, thanks dad, thank you both for sharing your love with me, and allowing me to be part of that special way, of showing how deeply you care for each other, and me. I really mean, thanks so much."

"Yeah," Harry chimed in, "Thanks Mandy for letting us join in a wonderful time of togetherness. You gave both of us all a night to remember, always."

"Okay, guys. I love you each with all my heart, but that is not going to be something we do regularly. It was great, but I don't want things getting weird, or of anybody getting jealous. Understand?"

"Uh-Huh, right . . ." went Harry.

"No problem, mom" chimed in her son.

She thought to herself; if only she was as confident as they sounded, that they were going to have smooth sailing ahead. But she suspected things would not be so uncomplicated. Harry lifted Mandy up and she in turn pulled Jack to his feet. Without any discussion, but with arms around each other, the trio staggered to the broad bed and collapsed in a heap of tangled arms and legs. Three naked bodies cuddled together, the kinky Kincaid kin, united by their cums and communion of spirits, were asleep almost as one.

Part 3: What happened when all three view the video

A sort of unspoken agreement of a sexual truce was in effect over the next couple of days. It was not as if they regretted anything they had done, nor were the Kincaids burned out or shy. Now that the hot action, which had crossed certain boundaries of intimacy had happened, they were willing to not press for any more testing of the lewd limits already stretched. More like, letting the tide ebb out before it rolls back in, allowing the pendulum of events to make its natural swinging cycle, they waited for the natural cycle to come (cum?) full circle. All of them could tell, by looking at one another, from the way no one brought up the subject of their foray into the outskirts of incest; (which spoke volumes about everybody's suspicions that they would be engaged in the mangling manage once again) that it was just a matter of time and temptation and opportunity.

Harry and Mandy even refrained from hot and heavy huddling that the pair held so dear. All was respectful and relaxed among the family threesome. Then Jack was a bundle of nervous energy one afternoon. Mandy could tell something was in the wind, but she waited for Harry to be home and for him to be the one to investigate the matter. As the two men came into the kitchen after a conference in Jack's room, she overheard Harry say, "Well, I think it would be alright to tell your mom, she knew you were going to anyway."

"Knew what? What are you two gabbing about?"

"Ah . . . Mom, I got a package today - in the mail?"

"I saw, was it a new game disk?"

"No, it was a DVD."

"Yes?"

"The video." Mandy had a blank look. "The porno video that dad and I saw at the hotel? I suggested that I order it and you agreed, remember? You even said you would pay for it, it cost thirty bucks by the way. But it's worth every dollar. Wait till you see it, you look awesome! Uh . . . I meant the woman who looks like you is awesome - you're awesome too, you're both sexy and hot, real MILFs!

"How do you know if the gal in the video is a mother? I know I'm a mother you'd like to fuck, but that porno flick is the closest you're going to get to doing it to your old mom!"

"As opposed to watching us the other night, Mandy?" Harry had her there.

"Ah . . . yeah, he can watch the video as many times as he likes, but our . . . uh . . . encounter - isn't something that is going to be a regular thing. It just sort of happened by - happenstance, for lack of a better term, and now that Jack has his video of my clone fucking, he doesn't need to invade our privacy, or horn in on our love life, no matter how horny I make him." She smiled at her son.

"Does that mean you're not going to watch the video with dad and me?" Jack was obviously disappointed by his tone.

"Well, are you and your father going to do what you did, when you saw it at the hotel?"

They both looked at each other, then turned to face her. As one they chimed, "Of course!"

"Let me think about it over dinner." Mandy equivocated. But she wouldn't miss the show of her two guys pulling their puds for anything. However, she didn't want to seem too eager. Not to have them think she was expecting any repeat of the other evening, fun as it had been. After all, as any good 'poke-her' player knows, you don't tip your hand, nor lay all your cards down until the round is over. Mandy's bet was that it would be Jack's gonna' be wild and the King would kinky; but this Queen intended to trump any try to get her to do something she was not ready for, and she meant that with all her heart, in spades!

Dinner was simple spaghetti and meatballs made earlier. Harry opened a very nice Vapolicelli, they killed the first bottle of wine and left half of the second one to finish with the movie. Each of them changed into robes. Just robes. Somehow, it didn't seem fitting for everybody to just saunter into the living room nude. On the other hand, nobody was kidding themselves or one another either, they were there to masturbate to porno, not make polite small talk! So each of them had only their birthday suits on underneath. It was an erotic kind of atmosphere as they all sat down on the couch. Harry on Mandy's right, Jack on the other side of her. Hubby had brought in the glasses of wine

and sonny had slipped in the DVD and had the remote handy on the end table by him. Momma was sure she would have plenty to do later on.

Harry popped up again to turn the lights down so that just the one in the far corner was on. When he sat back down, Mandy gave him a quick kiss. Then she turned and gave Jack a little kiss. But got a surprised when her son Frenched her as she was smooching him, yet it was allowed it as it didn't seem inappropriate, considering the circumstances. She told Jack to start the movie and gave Harry a sloppy tongue-tangling as well. The TV went from news to nudes. Right off the bat, some couple was doing sixty nine, but clearly it wasn't the broad who doubled for Mandy. They were interrupted by another gal, still not the mommy-clone, who was obviously pissed off at the guy for cheating on her.

Then the scene shifted to an office building, followed by a shot of a door with a sign saying 'marriage counselor'. The second gal and her guy walked up and knocked. It was opened up by a lady in a suit. She wore glasses and had her hair in a tight French twist at the back. It was momma. It was a Mandy look-a-like, maybe twenty pounds lighter and ten years younger, but still. If she had a younger sister there would be no doubt that they were related, Harry had been intuitive about that. Even she could clearly see the strong resemblance to herself. It was uncanny. Suddenly, Mandy had to pee. "Keep watching I'll be right back." she excused herself and dashed to the bathroom.

When she got back both the fellas had their robes open. However, their doodles were still dinky, so Mandy guessed that the action on screen had not yet begun again. The dialog was pedantic and she didn't listen

closely, but studied her doppelganger that had gotten the Kincaid guys so gaga. Yes, she did have an eerie resemblance to their woman who sat between them. The babe on screen had let down her hair, she had the same color of hair as Mandy too. The other female actress was somewhere out of the room by now. The couple each took off their own clothes, but kept separate for the moment. Mandy guessed this was part of the treatment for the character's problem. Some therapy! Cure a guy's infidelity by fucking him yourself. How's that going to help? Well, most porno is male fantasy, and not too realistic. Harry and she had watched some together on occasion, when he was in the mood to rent something, but Mandy never found the plots to be anything a woman would have scripted.

But that was beside the point here. Now that the double for her was stripped, Mandy noted that the woman's breast were not quite as full as her own, but the nipples were as if she was looking in a mirror. Mandy was a little jealous as she saw the flanking male genitalia stiffen at the sight of the film fem's pulchritude. "I got better ta-tas!" she proclaimed and undid her robe's cinch and opened the sides to prove it.

"Yeah, Babe, you certainly do!" Harry was quick to back up his wife's claim.

"And you got a hairier bush, mom." said Jack, who was looking at his mother's privates closer that he had ever been. "I like yours better!" Mandy blushed but she was silently pleased at the complimented. Of course she realized they might have been buttering her up for ulterior motives, but didn't think they weren't sincere either. She took the last swallow of her wine. Jack eagerly finished his, Harry handed him the

last of his and Jack downed that too. Mandy reached out to the crotches of both males and took each hard-on in hand. She stroked their cocks, as all watched the foreplay on the glowing screen. Harry turned slightly and rubbed the nipple next to him. Then Jack copied his dad. This was warming mom up nicely. In fact, she felt quite warm. (She later discovered one of the scamps had turned the thermostat high, on a summer's night!)

So she let go briefly to shrug her robe off her shoulders, as did the gentlemen, following the lady's example. When they returned to their triangulation of manipulating each other's erogenous parts, Harry began to pet his Mrs.'s muff and Jack squeezing his mom's mams gently with his fingers. Hating to interrupt such nice fun, but knowing something of what was ahead, Mandy got up for a moment and gathered her robe and went and laid it over the easy chair. Jack collected his dad's and did the same for theirs. The divan's fabric had a stain resistant treatment and was a nice soft fuzzy kind of velour. It felt good on bare skin, that's exactly why it had been had picked it out, because it was a place that Harry and his honey would fool around on, like that action which Jack almost walked in on, not so long ago.

As the action on the tube heated up with the two actors kissing and running their hands over each other in a tight clench, Mandy turned so that she leaned back on her son and presented spread thighs to her husband with right knee bent and the foot up on the sofa. This allowed her young man to wrap his arms around and now to use both hands and do double duty to momma tits, while at the junction of the legs her spouse was fingering the slippery slit. This was more than she had expected to happen, but it was very romantic, being pawed and by one and diddled by the other. Girls have fantasies too, one of Mandy's as a teen had been to have two guys be attentive and pleasure her. Though,

never at that age would she have actually ever allowed that sort of thing; unless it was both the captain of the football team and the handsome baseball hero of senior year. That would have been way cool!

Suddenly there was a scream from the flickering box, the guy's girlfriend had re-entered and discovered that he was again being bad with another woman. The enraged 'lady' stormed out of the office in a fit of furious anger. Mandy was a bit surprised the broad hadn't joined them. Maybe that would happen later. The shrink, stand-in strumpet for Mandy, merely shrugged and began to go down on her co-star. This gave Mandy mouth-watering ideas, she was already wet at Harry's end, so she twisted around and put her mouth where her money - that is her Honey-Sonny's prick was. She couldn't see the expression on Jack's face with hers in his crotch, but she knew it was one of happy surprise.

Harry of course was pleased and encouraged his wanton wife. "Yeah, Babe suck your son, show him that porno pro has got nothing' on you!" He hefted her hips to provide a better position so that Mandy's bottom was toward him now, thus he was able to get on his left side and prod her posterior with his prick. It was not the best of positions, but he managed to penetrate and began to screw her, as he watched his wife perform fellatio on his boy. Jack ran his finger in his mother's hair and made wheezy gasps of delight, as his father grunted in ecstatic heat, moving in jerky thrusts. Mandy was concentrating on engulfing the penis in her mouth with gliding motions, but the punching at her hindquarters was making it difficult to maintain that smooth rhythm.

"There they go, mom, they're getting it on!" Jack announced. Mandy paused her oral puckering and turned her head to look. Sure enough, lady psychiatrist and her patient were putting her couch to a use that the AMA would never have approved of. Everybody all sat up to watch the scene of the surrogate (both sexual healer and substitute for mom Kincaid) and her client lover, balling to beat the band. Mandy had to admit it was a hot few minutes, as on the TV the woman took her customer's dick, had her titties sucked and rode the chap for all he was worth. The camera provided close ups.

Mandy looked at their kid, "Wanna see that for real?"

"Could I? - WOULD I!!" was her son's answer. The slut on camera was no competition for his mom!

Mandy knelt on carpet in front of Harry. Why was she so much of a hot-to-trot-trollop after drinking she wondered? Then she grasped her hubby's tool and after a few pulls did her best 'Linda Lovelace technique' so that she was nearly gagging, he went so deep in the throat. If this was an adult film, Mandy mused, Jack would be getting behind me and doing the 'dog and pony show'; herself as the bitch in heat and boy-toy doing the stud service as stallion. This prompted another thought, in her head, they could make an intimate tape of themselves, Harry and her, Jack could be the camera-man, she bet he would watch it more than his folks ever did. Then again, she realized it could just as well be the reverse as far as her kinky husband would have it. He would be the photographer, with Jack and herself the screwing pair, and Harry would wear that video out.

Mandy sensed the approach of her son behind her, as much from the extra arousal of her husband's erection, as for seeing movement out of the corner of her eye. Jack was now on hands and knees and licking at his mother's pussy. That really raced Mandy's motor! She could tell that all systems were go, so she climbed aboard Harry's rocket, straddling him while he was still seated on the davenport, just as her screen double had done. But unlike that gal, she had a helping hand as their son guided dad's dick to mom's labia. With a tilt of her pelvis and a swing of the hips she had hubby high in her hole and the trio's own hot action began.

Mandy looked back over her shoulder to see Jack with his eyes glued to the joining genitals of his parents. She was joyous that she was getting a solid drubbing to her pussy at last, this evening. The whole room seemed to be filled with the scent of sex and the odor of sinful lust. Everybody was totally turned on and ready to have anything happen. She looked right into Harry's eyes, and communicated her love and passion, which was coming from her heart and very soul for him, and indeed for Jack too, she realized.

As if she had projected that thought into the brain of the youthful hunk at her back, Jack crouched behind his mother and placed his boner between her humping buns. He reached around and cupped Mandy's breasts, his palms were placed squarely over her erect, rubbery nipples; he said softly in his mater's right ear, "God! I love you, mom! You are the sexiest woman in the world. Fuck daddy! I want to cum with you both. Fuck us mommy, make us all cum together!"

Mandy could feel Harry straining even greater, with more powerful pumps. He was close, he was peaking because Jack was humping her

hinny and joining them in a kinky three way. She was glad he hadn't tried to go in the back door, she wasn't that kind of girl, at least she didn't think so, but look what was happening now! It was fantastically erotic and she was more excited that she had ever been. It as close as to sex as a mother and son, Mandy and Jack, could be without actually making love. She was going to be climaxing soon, it couldn't be stopped! Nor did she want anything to derail the coming orgasm. She took up the pace a notch and began to verbally cue the impending chain reaction, atomic bomb cum-boom in the Kincaid living room!!

"You're fucking momma, baby, you're putting it up my cunt and you're going to make you mother to have a super orgasm! Aren't you?! You're going to shoot all your hot sperm in her womb and show her how much you love her, yeah Honey? You're such a good son to give mommy your big prick in her wet, tight, needy pussy. You're so big in me, so much a man I can't help myself! Give it to me right now! She played on both her men's Oedipus obsession. Jack's wanting to have his mother, Harry's wanting Jack to have Mandy. And of course she too wanted to have Jack,as well. The family kink.

CUM FOR ME, JACK! . . . CUM IN ME . . . OH! GOD I"M CUMMING! CUMMIINNGG! And she was - CUMMING! So was Harry, in big expansions and contractions of his peter in her vagina. At the same time, a three way tie, Jack sawed quickly on his mother's buns, his sweet manhood squashed between her ass-cheeks and his tummy, both bodies enclosing the meaty pole. Then mother felt son spray his seed on her backside, while Harry squirted semen inside and Mandy let loose with her own copious flow down the channel of her feminine center.

On the television the lady who had started their family's kinky carnal carnival, was on her back and being plugged by the man. Mandy was one up on her, so to speak since she had brought off two guys at once. A stray thought and another, that spiraled each other, came together as a joke which popped into Mandy's mind. "Hey guys!, see the shrink getting screwed? She has a college degree, She graduated with honors, magna-cum-laude, but I can even do her one better, I'm 'mama-cum-loudly!'" It was a dumb joke, but they all laugh until their sides ached.

That night again all the Kincaids cuddled on the master bed. Having masturbate and fucked themselves to exhaustion once more. 'Oh well,' thought Mandy as she drifted off to slumberland, 'you might say - it was in the cards!'

Part 4: When many fantasies are finally fulfilled

When she awoke Mandy could see by the clock it was well past time for Harry to be gone to work. Sure enough, it was just Jack and herself in their big bed. She looked over at her son and saw in the youth, both the boy he once was, and the man he was now becoming. Her heart was simultaneously filled with sentimental nostalgia and maternal pride, and, she had to admit, unladylike lust for the lad.

At that moment, as if sensing her third more base emotion, Jack rolled over on to his back. A morning woodie tenting the sheet at his middle. "Morning, mom. That was some night, huh?"

"Had fun, did you?"

"You know I did. How about some more? See what cock the son-rise brings crowing?" He drew back the covering and both bare bodies came to light. There was a resplendent erection exposed and Mandy's eyes feasted on that sausage of her son's.

"You have the awfulest puns, but an awesome penis!"

"I need to have an orgasm awfully bad, mom. Would you be good enough to help?"

"You want me to be bad and give you a good cum, is that what you're asking?" she answered with equally raunchy repartee.

"I'll make sure you are handsomely rewarded for your efforts."

"Well, you are handsome, are you my reward?"

"If you'll let me be."

Danger! Danger! The little voice said in her head. "Jack, I'm NOT going to let you have me. That is forbidden . ."

"By who? Not dad."

"Jack! By your mom! And society and God and everything that . . . OH FUCK! At least not without your father being here, and I'm not sure if I'm comfortable with us doing it even then. But that's not going to happen this morning, no matter what else occurs in the future."

"So, you might let me . . . I mean allow us - you and me - to make love some day? Really mom?"

"Well, all three of us want it, no denying that now. But - it still is a big step and it's not something to be done lightly or rashly. But, yeah . . it might happen. Until then, NO fucking mommy! Your father and I will let you know if we decide on that, so nothing before. You understand?"

"Sure mom, I respect that's it's yours and dad's decision. But what about my morning stiffy, can't you help me out? I mean without stepping past the line, even though dad's not here at the moment?"

"Mmm - I have an idea, get on top of me, missionary position. But keep your peter high on my tummy, okay?"

"You got it!" Sonny climbed on board between her legs. His chest wasn't as furry as his father's, and his beard not as rough, but he was a full grown male above a worldly woman. The potential for being ravaged was not lost on his mom, as he covered her body, yet she trusted him. Herself was another matter, since his turgid prick was a temptation Mandy was going to find difficult to resist, she was now horny too!

She began rocking them, as her pelvis rolled her hips so that his dick dipped and rose on the pillow of her stomach. "Let's review your recent sex education lessons." She whispered in a breathy tone, lips close to his right ear. "First you were listening at your parent's door while we were making love."

"And masturbating."

"Yes, and then you watch a porno film with your father at the hotel."

"And masturbated."

"That's what you both did. Then mommy discovered your secret, that the woman in the video reminded you of your mother."

"And you masturbated me until I came" Jack was rubbing up and down on his mother's smooth abdomen.

"Umm-humm, I did indeed! You continued to listen and one time you even saw us through the open door!"

"I was masturbating and you saw me having a great big cum!"

"You were naked and shot all over the hall rug."

"Then next time, dad caught me, masturbating outside your door again."

"He made you come in and sit in the chair."

As her son was getting into the swing of this trip down memory lane his dick was slipping lower and his balls were now combing through Mandy's pubic hair. "You sat in the chair while your mother masturbated you," she intoned.

"And daddy was fucking mommy from behind."

"Then we watched the video together on the couch." Her idea was working too well, as now his manhood was making more enthusiastic motions and coming closed to the fuzzy delta.

"You masturbated both dad and me."

"Then I went down on you, while Harry put it to me, while watching part of his fantasy actually happening before his very eyes."

"We wound up in a three-way, you rode dad while I masturbated on your ass. And now I'm masturbating on your pussy, mom!" He was, his cock was stroking through the labia. She was thoroughly soaked, and this was going to wind up with them screwing any second, she feared. But she had no will to stop him. The erotic dialog had done its job on her as well! Mandy was so turned on that she was beyond caring, caring about what but minutes before, she had proclaimed would not/could not be, but was about to.

But it was not to be. The very moment he sipped at the lip, of the cup of her vagina, with the tip of his super stiff schtupper - he popped the gun, and came on the outside of her thigh with a thick, warm dollop of jism. The potential disaster had been avoided, but frustrated Mandy, as she wanted to get off as well, but was denied fulfillment.

But her son knew the score, even if he hadn't scored with mom that morn. He immediately bent double to bring his face to his mother's pussy, and began to kiss her cunt. 'Well,' she thought, 'If I can't have his dingus, at least he's going to give me cunnilingus!'

Jack's tongue was a sinuous wet worm that wriggled among the folds of her womanhood. It slithered along the labia. It licked clit and slid up and down her slit. It taunted her flesh and flicked the flaps and flexed in ways that left her breathless. She delighted in his pulsing pushing into her pudenda, the stretching of that pink digit of rasping texture which explored her weeping hollow, her cavity of depravity. For surely no decent mother would have allowed her child to suckle at her vagina, to slurp the seeping fluid of feminine arousal. But she had no modesty, no sense of moral propriety, no inhibitions to bar the assault at the gates of her sex. As long as the battering ram of his boner was not being used, she was open to his oral attentions, as a well to a bucket.

The 'well' she suddenly realized was about to become a geyser, a hot spray of steamy flow. A spout and shout of cum, which was overtaking her body, overwhelming the brain, overpower all control. It blasted right in his face, a stream of some sort of liquid jet shot out and coated Jack's face. Mandy had never ever cum that hard, no orgasm had been so gripping, and been so high a climb, nor peaked so forcefully. It was phenomenal, it was a reaction which she had not had in her whole life. Where had the substance that dripped off of her son's smiling visage originated? Was it the mysterious female ejaculation, somewhere she had heard of? She thought that was a myth, until now. 'I certainly didn't know I had it in me', she mused in amusement. But it was out now, spunky spume spewed right in the kid's kisser!

Jack was laughing (thank God!) "Jeez, mom, you might provide flood warnings next time!"

"Listen, you tickle with your tongue in mommy's muff, you're going to covered with mom's stuff, so tough! I hope you've had enough?"

"Talk about wet spots!" That made her burst into giggles. They chuckled and hugged, and (after she wiped his face with the bedding) kissed and cuddled. Then drifted off into a dozy nap. She, holding Jack's dick, his hand covering her pussy, legs intertwined, and arms encompassing each other. A tender twosome, a sated pair, dreaming of pleasures yet to cum.

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Mandy thought that with the 'as good as a ticket of admission' which she had made confession of, to her own boy; that with the presence, and assured permission of his dad, she would screw him; that with those conditions Jack would be fucking her that very evening. She had to be honest with herself, she was looking forward to it. But it didn't turn out that way. Harry phoned from the office saying he was getting ahead on some of his work in anticipation of a trip he was planning to take on the weekend. This was not entirely something new, he was conscientious of his position with the firm; late hours and travel were part of why he had been given promotions, and climbed the corporate ladder in a steady progression up the rungs. Still, it was a little bit of a disappointment. And, she was only too well aware, a mite sticky.

She didn't want to be alone in the home, with just her and Jack and their lust. Temptation was a very powerful force, and while Jack might be trusted to be the gentleman she had raised to be respectful; she was unsure of her own self-control. Now that the 'cat was out of the bag' about her dark incestuous desires, (or should that phrase be more like

'pussy in the sack'?), she to needed be a bit more circumspect in these circumstances. She decided to play it safe, and suggested going out for pizza and a movie - Jack's choice of film.

To her delight, he suggest an upscale French restaurant and a chick-flick she had been wanting to see. By the time they returned home, it was late. Harry was back, sound asleep on the couch, the television news on, but the sound muted. She remoted the set off and took her hubby to bed. Herself as well, after giving Jack a very promising French kiss, and leaving him to retire too. Nobody was messing around that evening, their sinful sex would save, and be the sweeter.

The next day was as normal as baseball and apple pie and traffic jams. Harry went off to work, with a promise to be home for dinner. Jack went off to play a game of softball with his buddies, and Mandy baked apple pie for desert. As she pealed the apples, she thought of Eve and the Garden. Okay, her spouse was Adam, but Jack was the good child, Able - with a cane stalk stiffy that rivaled his old man's. Everybody was going to be eating apple pie, they were both going to have her pie, indeed have her. The threesome were going to leave their leaves on the ground, and taste forbidden fruit. She felt like taking off all her clothes, and serving dinner in just a tiny apron. That would be a tasty surprise, when she came out of the kitchen. The guys would cum in their pants. She laughed out loud, at the image in Mandy's mind.

She chickened out of that costume caper, but baked a capon chicken to serve as the main course. Along with that was stuffing from a box, ('they will be stuffing my box!'), gravy ('slurping was alright too!'), and carrots. ('Why do rabbits have more fun than people? - There are more rabbits than people. - - And why are there more rabbits than people? -

Rabbits have more fun than people!') 'Tonight, I'm the bunny and we are going to fuck like rabbits!!' Mandy let her mind go places that no wife and mother ought to wander off to. Heated rolls completed the menu from the lusting hausfrau. Her imagined table talk went, "Jack, would you like some breast? Harry, how about a thigh? Bite on these hot buns, boys!" She picked out two bottles of a nice, dry Suave Blanc for dinner and put them in the fridge to chill. Mandy took another sip of cooking sherry. If she got tipsy, she developed round heals, and was a push-over, landing with her skirt up, and her knees spread. Her thoughts continued to think of the evenings escapades.

Would Harry have her first, and Jack get sloppy seconds? Or would he give their son the honor of humping his mother first, and then hubby hop on, and have his way with her then? Or was it up to her? Mandy took another sip. Definitely her choice, Harry's vision was Jack and mom, let him watch the fantasy cum to life. Sip. Now, did she want to ride their boy, or have him take her from behind, or do missionary? Nothing fancy the first time. Jack on top. Sip. Or, what if things got wild after that, and they teamed up to do her, both at the same time! She gulped the rest of the glass. She wasn't quite ready for that. She would have to be pretty soused for sure. Or better yet, really stoned. Of course she and Harry hadn't smoked the stuff in years. Bet Jack knew where to score a couple of joints, though! Some other time - maybe not both intoxicants at once - but some grass might be nice once in awhile.

Ding! Went the timer. Almost cocktail hour. NO! After the meal would be cocks and tail!! The front door opened.

"Mom! I'm back."

"Great honey. Wash your hands and set the table."

"I'm going to take a quick shower, I'm all sweaty from the game. Then I get to it."

('And then I'll get you all sweaty again, after supper!') She said to herself under her breath as he bounded upstairs. "Fine, Sweetie, good idea!" she called to his retreating form. A few minutes later, the sound of the garage door going up, was heard distinctly.

"Juicy! Hy'm 'ome!" Came the voice of Harry in his best Dezi imitation, coming in the side door. "Mmm, it smells great! 'Coq a vin'?"

"You're getting chicken this evening, but I'm having a couple of cocks tonight, I hope!" She gave her hubby a big hug and kiss as he came into the kitchen. She loosened his tie, then undid his zipper and stuck her hand in to fondle him thru the silk of his boxers, he thickened quickly.

"You can't count on it, Babe! Are you going to be juicy, lover?"

"Yeah, you and not-so-little-Ricky are going to play with my bongos and get me into big trouble. We are going to have a very memorable episode!"

"Ay-yai-yai-yah-yai!" He left to change out of his suit. Jack came back and did the table up right, with linen and the good silver, even candlesticks. Harry got flowers from the garden when he returned and

arranged them in a vase. It was romantic, Mandy was being wooed. Dinner was a big success. After pie, they were a bit full, so they agreed to play some cards, once things were cleared. Jack got a deck and they sat down around the table again.

"Gin Rummy, Hearts, Go Fish?" Mandy asked innocently. A short pause of silence, for a moment.

Then both males said almost simultaneously, "Strip Poker, of course!"

In a little while, everyone had lost all their clothes, and they all were bare. Then they lost interest in the diversion, and retired to the master bedroom to play a different sort of gambol, an even more adult form of recreation. Harry to masturbate, Jack to bed his mom, and Mandy was game. She had put fresh sheets in the morning, tomorrow they would need to be changed again, she was sure. Harry dragged the corner easy chair, which Jack had occupied several night before, to bedside and sat, a ring-side seat. Mandy moved the middle of the mat and motioned her son to join her. Jack clambered up next to his sexy mom, his erection already weeping pre-cum. They kissed. Harry nodded his approval and touch himself. The fantasy, the Kincaid family kink continued.

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Jack was either a natural, or had learned about being gentle from watching them earlier. His sweet smooches started with eyelids and roamed the face of his mother. He did not neglect her ears, but no wet-willy stuff. Continuing down her neck to Mandy's cleavage and mounting to the nipples with nibbles. He ventured down her tummy,

into the pubic tangle. Mandy's felt a happy tingle inside, as his lips sweetly clamped on her clit, and suckled her nubbin. Her son sipped at the lips of her engorged labia, and the wild tongue wiggled in between those fleshy gates, making his mom gasp and sigh. Harry was all eyes, and slowly rubbing his erection. His wife would send him an air kiss or smile once in a while, but mostly her attention was on the succor Jack's mouth provided, to her body's desires.

Then, in a carefully executed maneuver the athletic youth scrambled around to continue munching on Mandy's muff, but in the ying / yang of the sixty-nine position, presenting his hard-on at her oral opening. She was a sucker for this kind of action. Reaching to direct his boner to her grinning orifice, she gulped the plum head of Jack's prick like a fish taking the bait whole. Harry made a hiss as he inhaled, obviously thrilled, by what he was watching. He bent forward to get a close-up. For several minutes the only noises in the room were wet, moist slurping sounds, and gasps for air from mouths engaging genitalia, and the wheezing from the middle-age father in his excitement at the lewd scene.

The foreplay reached a fevered pitch, but Jack wanted their first time of fucking, to be the first of their orgasms of the evening as well, so he swung around again and brought his orientation face-to-face with her, once more. His mother understood the tactic as preparation for the main event, spread her knees, and lifted her legs to cradle her boy between her thighs. Mandy's young man made to manipulate his manhood at the juncture of her limbs, the center of her craving, the cavity of her lust. He placed his pole close to her hole, but failed to dock after several attempts. Harry lent a hand, and guided his youngster's missile to the soggy silo of his wife's sex. Then, with the young squire's

prick properly pointed and placed at the damp entrance of his dearest damsel's delights, her husband let his son sink into mother's depths.

Mandy didn't just feel the press of her baby's penis into her vagina, she saw its push in her mind's eye, like watching a porno video with both of them on the screen. The length of his cock was posed at the gash of her cunt, then, it disappeared into the encompassing flesh. An offering of her son's male endowment delving oh-so-slowly upwards into the accepting womanhood of his mom's worthy reward. His instrument of love, making music in her chamber. Mandy gloried as the wand of muscle made magic, millimeter by millimeter, as it slid forward within the gripping clasp of her pulsing purse of blood filled tissue. They fit exactly; his thick, long fuck-digit thrust in lust to be enclothed by her singlet covering, sex glove of love.

So went the son's seven, into his mother's heaven, satisfying her pussy's longing for his luxurious velvet covered scepter. All the way, completely sheathed, poking to the top of her hole, banging on the bottom of her center core. Mandy was dimly aware that Harry pressed Jack's haunch to hold him firmly against her hips, their pelvises pushed to maximum contact. She was concentrating on the power of her boy's tower, touching the mouth of her very womb, the origin of his being, the place his life began. Her love for him had always had the physical element to it. From his growing inside her uterus, to his suckling her milk, to hugs and kisses, putting bandages on his scrapped knees, rubbing his sore muscles from a sports injury, to now sharing with him the joy of sex. It was the last step, and the circle of life. Their first fuck and the completion of their reunion.

Jack gave his mom what he had long to, to take from her the gift of herself, to offer proof of his love. He had ever wanted to please her, the drawings as a child, the ceramics made at art, his good manners, the flowers on Mother's day, the grades and the trophies from school - as she took pride in his successes. And now, with his skill as a lover, his creative pleasuring of her body, he sought to raise her to heights of ecstasy; to show that the son she had brought up, was a man that would make her feel the sexual energy she inspired in him. He knew that his father was there, in the chair, cheering him on, always had ever been his supportive parent, made him feel like a champion. So he put it to his mom, to make the old man burst his buttons, socked it to mother and did dad proud.

Harry was happy, his most deviant dream was cumming true, his wildest fantastic fantasy unfolded before him. Jack was completing the culmination of that hotel ambition, born out of Jack's confession, and Harry's own Oedipal desires, long suppressed. This was the moment it had all been building to, the maypole dance that had wound its way around a carnal pillar, an intertwining of longings and lustings that had captured the three of them in an incestuous manage a trois. Mandy's twat was managing to catch Jack's column, and give as good as she got. 'God!' thought Harry 'is that hot!' But Harry suddenly realized he was missing out on something he wanted too, now that it was out in the open with all of them, everybody knowing what each other's lewd cravings were. It wasn't his wife's body, nor his son's screwing her royal, nor this scene straight from his lascivious imagination, that Harry was discovering as a deficient. But he had already set in motion a plan, to take care of that naughty need. Soon the circle-of-sin would be enlarged, he was certain.

Now the languid pace of sex picked up. Where there was once the to and fro like a violin's bow, as son sawed into mom's maw; now Jack no more fiddled, but put his efforts at long, strong strokes of real rutting passion. He began to punch his prick to her pussy, to pack it to her with firm force. It was driving the nail home, Jack hammered his hard-on to pound against her pud and she lifted up her hips to meet him in her own pelvic bumping. Pistoning in his mother's chassis, the kid threw his cock, battering her cunt in countless clashes. The slap of loins was echo by the smack of flying fingers, on the father's erection. The fucking was building toward a crescendo, the banging of bodies, and organ-fisting, of the Kincaid clan was nearing its climax, finally. In a frenzy of physical activity, the three were impelling the impending peak, to push their nervous systems the limit of uttermost intensity.

Then the dam broke, the ground heaved, the sky cracked, the atomic explosion flashed. Mandy was transported to another plane of existence. Jack felt like he had grown a pumping fire hose. Harry swore he was struck by lightning. The flow of cum was copious, the fluids flooded out, coating loins with frothy lotion. Sweat dripped off of each like they had been in the rain. They groaned as if in woeful mourning, their breathing trying to suck enough oxygen in, as if at the top of Everest. Exhaustion drained energy from them, like water poured out of a tipped bucket. They feebly reached out to caress each other and whispered hoarsely, "I love you" and "I love you, too". Three kindred souls, their bodies bound together in kinky lust, love binding their hearts, in a kind of intercourse of spirits. The Kincaid family fucking their brains out, living their fantasies, finding fulfillment in incestuous sex.

Part 5: Mandy and son are alone at last

Morning was a slow dawning of consciousness for Mandy. Her pussy still had a tiny tingle of warmth from the drubbing Jack had treated her to the evening before. Speak of the not-so-little devil, he still lay out of it, next to her. Like he had passed out from having run a marathon, which sort of was the case, she reflected. She looked to see where Harry had landed. He was not in the bedroom. A note was in his place where he had sat, the chair still close to the bed. She rolled over to the side and plucked the sheet of stationary. She had to take a minute, to get her eyes to focus on her hubby's scrawled writing, but it came clear in a moment. Though not all of the message made sense to her.

"Mandy, Darling," it read, "You and Jack have a great weekend. Had to leave on that trip I mentioned, have to catch-up on something. I'll be back on Sunday, in the afternoon. Everything is fine, I have no regrets or problems with what happened between the three of us. You and our son were fantastic! Have a ball - go ahead and ball without me while I'm away, I won't be bothered, I'm not jealous or threatened. I know you both love me, I understand that your desire for Jack does not lessen the love we share. In a wild way, it now strengthens it, especially since I was the one who put ideas in your head, and him in our bed. I hope that you will find that such a branching of family ties, has advantages elsewhere too. By the way, please make sure the guest bedroom is ready, just in case. All my love, to you both. Harry"

She thought he was getting ahead in his work load, but now he was 'catching up'? What kind of work did he have out of town - on a weekend? That had never happened before. He still hadn't told her

where he was going. Nor was it in the letter. Well he had his cell phone, if she did need to get hold of him, but she tried not to bother him when he was on a business trip. What on earth did " branching of family ties has advantages elsewhere" mean? And why make up the spare room? If he was okay with the triangle of their three-way kinky love-knot, then he wouldn't be moving into other quarters would he? Mandy hoped not. She was glad though, that she and Jack had permission to fool about with one another, while Harry was absent. The temptation would have been huge, and if they gave in without permission to do so, she would have felt somewhat guilty, otherwise. But her husband was clear that it was fine, if his wife and son messed around. No doubt they would, too.

Jack was still snoozing as she pondered the scribbled communique. She looked over at him lying on his stomach. The sheets were thrown off, and she could observe the muscled back and his great ass. She liked a grand set of male buns, like many a gal, but Jack's were especially scrumptious. They were firm and had a well-defined curve back to his legs, rounded and globular. The crack was deep and hid the anus, not a favorite part of hers. However, his legs were slightly akimbo, and his scrotum was nicely displayed. The curly pubic hair over his testicles did not hide the oval nuts of his virility. She found herself beginning to moisten. Mandy shook her head to shake away the naughty notions, creeping up from her libido into her loins. She had things to do, there would be plenty of time to screw later, she was sure.

An hour later, after having had a cup of coffee, and some buttered toast; she had begun a load of laundry, made a shopping list of groceries, put in an order for the new drapes she was planning for the living room, and was ready to change the sheets in her room. Jack was still sleeping. She went in and woke him, with a little spank on the sweet cheeks she

adored. "Get up sleepy head! I want to make the bed! Up-and at-'em Adam, time to milk the cows, feed the chickens, and slop the hogs!"

"Whaaut?" came Jacks grunt as he rolled to his back, and the sausage of his tuber lolled at his groin, like a drunken sailor.

"I mean, how about a breakfast of milk, eggs, and bacon? But first I'm going to make this mess something like a presentable picture from 'Beautiful Home Living Magazine'. Your help would be welcome, kind sir!"

"Right Maah-ahw . . ." He yawned in the middle of his agreement, scratched his butt, and rubbed his face as he stood, and turned to look at her from the other side of the broad mattress. He was naked as the day he was born, but was a full grown man, yet he had the goofy look of a youngster of fourteen.

She picked up a pillow, and threw it at his head. He was still groggy, and before he could react and duck, it hit him square. He laughed.

"You want to plaayy?" Jack said, with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

"No. You go and get cleaned up instead, and dressed. I'll make your breakfast, and then we can make the bed."

"And then I can make you?" he leered, his smile was a huge grin.

"Save your energy, Buster! You'll need it tonight! No, after that, we are going shopping, and then cleaning house. I have an inking from your dad's letter he left that we might get company." She took the note off the dresser and showed it to Jack. Why else, she thought to herself, would he have mentioned the guest room? But who was he bringing? For one weird crazy moment she thought of the woman in the porno flick, as if they would wind up a foursome. But instantly she recognized that as nonsense. How would Harry know, or even find that film floozy?

The rest of the day went as she had outlined. Jack was happy to be her helper. Not like when he had been just an adolescent, common-ordinary off-spring, trying to avoid chores, or being seen out with his mother carrying the groceries. Now, he acted more like the man of the house. Of course, he was one of two that had that title now! She took a shower, half expecting her son to try to share it with her. But he was taking out the garbage, and a few other odds and ends. She thought she heard the phone ring. When she was getting out, Jack popped in on her, he had a towel, fresh from the dryer. She was touched by the thoughtful gesture.

"Who was that on the phone?" She queried. Jack replied it had been for him, and that he would tell her about it later, nothing to worry about. Would she like him to go with her to do the shopping? Now that was a real treat. Even Harry, hardly ever helped with that chore. With the two of them, it only took half the time in the store. It got to be late afternoon, and a silly romantic idea had taken root in Mandy's mind. She and Jack were at the kitchen table, having ice-tea, after having put away the food, and finished filling the dishwasher.

"Jack, sweetie . . She began, "I've been thinking . . . since tonight is our first making love together, alone - without your father being around, I mean . . . and it's going to be kind of special for us . . . I know, we did a bunch of things before - very adult and intimate sort of things . . ."

"For sure, mom!"

"Well, I would like to . . . if it's okay with you, if you wouldn't mind . . ."

Yeah, anything, for you mom!"

"How about we kind of pretend it's like a date, I mean you'll get past third base and tag home plate eventually; but I think that it would be a neat idea to go out on a date with a fella like you. I haven't been on a date since - well," she had to laugh, "since your dad and I dated in college!"

"I get it, we . . make out . . uh, on the couch, and I get you so hot to trot that I get into your pants, and we wind up-"

"In your bed!" Mandy finished.

"Good thinking, mom. By the way, could I have an advance on my allowance? I got this really heavy date tonight, with this gorgeous chick I just started seeing, her name is Mandy!"

"That can be arranged, but I want you home, and in bed by twelve, no later!" Mandy was smiling at their silly dialog.

"Mother, I promise!" With that he went and got ready for their 'date'.

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Jack wanted to take Mandy to a fancy restaurant, but didn't quite have the budget. So they wound up at an Italian eatery that had tables and wallpaper of Rome's countryside with ruins in the distance. They served more than pizza and had a beer and wine menu. Jack had ravioli and Mandy ordered manicotti. A half carafe of Chianti accompanied the antipasto, and several beers washed down the main course. Real spumoni ice cream was a treat for dessert. They laughed and talked about the TV shows they liked, old movies that both had seen. About what they would like to see if they went to Italy, museums for her, famous ruins for him. Both thought Venice would be a must, the canals were so romantic. Mandy was charmed by the suave man her son had grown to be.

Jack thought that he never had a more attractive and delightful date with anyone. He tried to remember all his manners and how to treat a lady right, which his dad had given advice on through the years. After the meal, they drove over to a park with a small lake and walked in the twilight, spotting a pair of swans. They stopped under a willow tree. The hanging branches formed a green curtain of privacy and they kissed like new lovers. Which of course they were, and they held hands as they strolled in the evening, it had just become dark as they were leaving. They looked up at the near full moon.

Just as they both had gazed skyward, a bright falling star, streaked across the heavens. They both "ooh'd" at the meteor, pointing at the glowing trail that lit so bright it was reflected in the still waters of the lake. "Make a wish!" Mandy urged Jack.

"I did." He replied, "Do you want to know what for?"

"Not yet, save it for a little later." She said and pecked him quickly on the cheek. They drove home, Jack at the wheel, making the trip last, by going a comfortable speed, not rushing things. Just like he was not going to rush things when they got home. The destination was certain and they would get there in due course, just as the evening was assured in its outcome as well. The journey was to be savored, as was the course of love's passion was best a gentle progression too. They had the night to themselves, nothing had to be rushed, nothing would be an obstacle to their dance of romance. In fact, having a dance or two at home to some old time slow tunes was a great idea. Jack began to plan that wooing, on the way back.

When they got home, Jack took his mother's coat and hung it up. He led her into the living room, put on some mood music and inquired what she wanted to have as refreshments. They agreed on a glass of a light rose wine would be just the thing. Jack returned from the kitchen with two half-filled goblets of a white Zinfandel. He put on some music that could be swayed to and drew his mother up from the sofa into his arms. She came readily, and he put his arm around her back, nuzzled her cheek with his and they began to move together in time to the orchestra's tune.

Mandy was relaxed and felt like this was a special night. Almost like a prom or a something. She hoped Jack like the perfume she had worn. He had been the perfect gentleman. Not that she expected any less, but it was good to know that his up-bringing had paid off in his knowing how to be such. She knew that whoever he dated would be given respect and kindness. It made her a little jealous, until she remembered that she was his date tonight. And that he was going to make her quite happy indeed in a little while. Her pussy had a bit of a glow of anticipation. She wondered what his approach would be.

Jack mover his mouth to her lips and kissed her lightly. Then he whispered in her ear, how beautiful she was, that he didn't want to be with any other girl but her. He told her how special she was and how talking to her was wonderful and interesting. He continued that he truly loved her and how she made him feel strong and handsome, just being in his arms, dancing. He said all the warm and comforting things that a date should say to make his escort feel like she was cherished and that she was best thing which had ever happened to him, since she had accepted to go out with humble him.

Then a new CD with up-beat tempos came on, and they did a tango, cha-cha'ed and the fox trot. Dances she remembered from when she was young. It made her feel young. But on the other hand, she tired more quickly than she had back then and soon they sat down on the divan. They had some wine and talked about the lovely time at the park. Jack asked if he could then tell Mandy what he had wished for, on the falling star. She nodded, yes. "I wished that you would be my steady girl, and that we could have lots of kisses as we sat on the couch."

Mandy knew that Jack was role playing in the spirit of the 'date' tonight. Obviously, Harry was hubby, and Jack, though now an adult part of the household, was still their son. But in the silly retro fantasy she had requested, she was the coquette, to Jack's swain. "I'd be honored to be your girlfriend, Jack. I think kissing on the davenport would be loads of fun, as long as we don't go too far. But what if your parent's come home, and catch us?"

"They went out to a party, and won't be back until late. I have a curfew of midnight, and I promise that you will be in bed by then." Mandy didn't know how they both kept a straight face, but somehow they did. Jack continued, "I promise I will respect your limits, and not do anything you don't want to do."

"Well, okay. But sometimes I get carried away, and can't say no. What will you do if that happens?"

"Then, I'll make sure you enjoy yourself, and won't regret anything that happens. Okay? Now let me taste your sweet lips, as we did in the park." Before she could respond his mouth met hers and they were kissing. His lips were luscious and soft, but the jaw was firm. He soon used his tongue to French her, and he was no novice.

Mandy put her hand up to cup the back of his head and his arm came around her to press her closer. His other hand was stroking her side, from thighs to just under her arms. The thumb was brushing the outside of her bosom, as if he were testing the waters. As if he hadn't ever had his hands on them. Which of course, given the recent history of family fooling around, was not at all the case. But still she thought, it maintained the illusion that they were high school sweethearts. After

a little while, he began to unbutton her blouse, then pulled down the bra strap and leaning to her, he kissed the top of her boob.

"Oh, Jack," Mandy expanded her chest, to show she was enjoying the tribute his lips were making to her charms. Jack deftly reached under the top, and with one practiced hand undid the three hooks. As his mouth suckled her nipple, the bra was coming off her shoulders and somehow the blouse and undergarment just slid off, as he provided the sensitive tip with a warm wet strum of his tongue. He switched to the other side as the clothing fell to her waist, the caps were happy erect, and her breathing became heavier. She felt herself get moist, below.

She reached out and undid his shirt as well, but once the three top buttons were loosened, she got impatient and tugged it over his head. That provided a break, which Jack used as a reason to lay them down length wise on the sofa and then they were kissing again. Chest to breasts, nipples to nipples they clenched. Jack supported his weight on one elbow, the free hand found her skirt's zipper. Mandy felt her waist-band become open. Then Jack's hand was on her leg, going up the limb, and massaging it, higher and higher.

Like he was making sure she knew his target, and giving her opportunity to object. Not that she was going to, in fact, she was more than ready. Still he took his time, working his way closer, ever nearer to her juncture. His fingers slid first up one, then the other thigh, then back and higher, until at last, he touched her pantied pussy. She felt an amazing turn-on with that simple brush. It was like she was a girl again, new to making out, with a boy who knew his way around a girl's body. But he did not want to move too quickly, so that she was put-off. Jack gently rubbed the damp, but covered Mons.

Mandy pushed her hips up to meet his fingers as they found the slit and dug the fabric into the divide. The palm pressed against her clitoris, and made a sideways scuttle to stimulate it. She reached down, and after a clutch of his manhood through his pants, frantically worked at the belt, button, and finally zipper to free him of his pants. This was accomplished, then they made those awkward moves, where he stood momentarily to shed his pants and jockeys; then with both hands on the double waistbands, stripped her of skirt and undies. Now with both naked, he dropped down atop her. They clenched again as lips made more of mushing, and used lots of tongue. His hardness was pressing her leg, while his hand went to her labia. He smeared the lubricant that flowed from her body, spreading it around her parts, especially up the crack to her joy nubbin.

Mandy felt her son, master of make-out, with the lightest of touches, play with that bud of flesh that sent thrills through her body. There was an extra thrill, like it was naughty because they were just learning what sex was all about. The rougher material of the divan, compared to sheets gave the foreplay a contrast, which enhanced the fantasy. Mandy was emotionally thrown back to the virgin she had been so long ago, trusting in the boy, yet wanting to experience the act of sex finally, and find out for herself what it was all about.

Jack loved the feeling of Mandy's body beneath him. She was petite enough to be a girl of his own age, yet her full tits and furry bush were of a mature woman. He knew she was getting turned on by the fantasy, and that was fine by him. He was excited by the femininity of her form, and the submissive role she was allowing tonight, letting him lead in the kisses and caresses, like she was his girlfriend, instead of his mom. Yet the fact that it was also his mom, letting him have his way with her,

was part of the thrill for him too. He was the dominate male, not in a mean way, but a protective and gentle manner, that was happy to pleasure the female in his arms. His fingers moved down, from where lately they had been briefly playing with her nipples, again to comb her pubic hair as they sought the opening to her womanhood.

Into the hot wet depths, first one, then two digits dipped. Curling up to rub the G-spot, and then pushing as far as they could. His thumb worked the clit as the fingers pulled back some, then they plunged through the labia again, making Mandy begin to ache with fuck-lust. Her hand was on his prick, keeping it hard, but not creating any more friction than needed. She knew she could rub him raw, if she were not careful. That would make things difficult, and she did not want anything to spoil this special night. It was their first night, alone, together as a couple, and it was having a sweet sentimental flavor already. But she was ready, her legs were spreading out, and her pelvis was hunching in desire.

"Let's go to my room." Jack whispered as he rose to his feet and pulled her up from the davenport. It wasn't a question, it was a directive, Jack still being in the dominate role. But Mandy was all for the change of venue and the sofa was not the best of places to have a good roll in the hay, despite her and Harry's earlier escapade. And now instead of worrying about Jack catching them, it was she and Jack, that were messing about. As they moved to Jack's bed, she remembered the last dalliance she had with her son, in his room. Even though they had made love in the master bedroom, just last night, tonight seemed like it was an event that was taking place somewhere in time between the two occasions.

For Mandy, the laying down on Jack's mattress with him, both of then nude, and in heat, was an erotic encounter, out of sequence with what had gone on before. It had the taste of being illicit, and a loss of some kind of innocence. It was at once the excitement of a new love, and the chill/thrill that they might get caught. Even though they were safe, as Harry had given his permission, and she was the parent in real life. But it felt like it was slightly dangerous, with the zing of doing something you know is naughty, but are going to do anyway, because it just feels too good not to.

Jack threw off the covers and they lay together. The cool of the sheets, the warmth of their bodies the smell of their charged groins, gave each a heady sexual high. Jack had left the lights on, so they could see each other clearly. After some more kisses, and preliminary petting, Jack rolled between Mandy's legs. Her thighs spread in welcome, his dick nudged her center, but skittered up the slick split not quite on target. Still it felt wonderful to them both, as it plowed through the crinkly bush, and bumped the clit, before delving down. Yet again, it went wide the mark, and mashed the gash, and knocked the nub, before it withdrew to correct the angle, without quite ever losing touch.

Then it was just right, in the exact spot to enter, but Jack hesitated. Mandy knew what he wanted, "Oh, Jack, we shouldn't, I don't want to get pregnant!"

"I promise, you won't. I'll be gentle. We have too, you know we can't help ourselves."

"Yes, but I'm scared, will it hurt?"

"Just a little at first, but then it will feel better than anything has ever felt before."

Mandy almost had to laugh at the cliché dialog, but she suppressed it because she was eager to have his tool in her. "Okay, but go slow."

And he did, almost too damn slow, and gentle. His firm meat gradually eased its way into her vagina. The head was quite distinct, as it plopped through the ring of muscle she used to resist its progress. But once past that barrier, it gained a little momentum, and made several inches more penetration. They both gasped at that rush of pleasure, which the joining of cock and cunt provided. With a look straight into his mother's eyes, Jack pushed the last few inches in, deep and firm. Mandy could tell he had touched bottom. She gazed at him with a smile, she hugged him to her, and tilted her pelvis to meet his next thrust. And the next, like a horizontal dance of flesh, their bodies meshed with a floating motion, waves of fucking, merging in sync.

Presently, the pretending was gone. They were two lovers, busy with the job of sex. The work of giving each other ecstasy, the labor of love. Sweat was making their skin slick, and dripping off, as their crotches seemed to steam, things were so hot. The slap-slap-slap of their bodies, marked the beat of genitals crashing together. Mandy dug her heals into Jack's haunches, to spur him on to harder thrusts. He pounded into her with all his might, his balls bouncing against her butt, and his chest riding on her tits. They couldn't get enough of each other, nothing could stop them from this great passion, and mad desire for physical union.

It was a partnership to bring the magnificent cum, that was climbing to peak. They were one in their needing to be each other's giver of the ultimate joy. They were racing to the finish, and hoping it would never end, but craving the climax that would burst upon them any moment now. Like an avalanche, like a run-away train, like a spreading mushroom-shaped cloud, the orgasm of this furious fuck was an unstoppable force. The blast shook the bed. It ripped through the consciousness of their brains like a snowplow, pushing every other thought aside. It jerked their bodies like puppets yanked on strings, the limbs being pulled in uncontrolled motions. Somehow, through the cataclysm of paroxysm's pinnacle, they managed to stay connected, conjugally coupled.

Then they collapsed into a puddle of flesh, a tangle of legs and arms, soaked torsos, and matted hair. Their breathing was still panting, raspy and ragged, heaving to gulp air, oxygen depletion, nearly suffocated by the exertions of sex gone out of control. Slowly they regained their functioning. This was truly a mutual mating, a sensory fusion of souls. Their experience had been almost telepathic; transcendent of just the physical blending of bodies, and the emotional bonding of pairing, it was a communion of spirits. They had been as one, more with this act of making love, than ever since she had given birth to him. It was only fitting that this had their first time alone, because it was their time to unite completely in that special symbiotic way. Their attachment was a reconnection, of what had been separated when the umbilical cord was cut, now there was a tie between them that would never be severed.

They fell asleep in each other's arms, the lights still on. Mandy awoke sometime in the middle of the night. Jack's penis was erect, and poking her in the rear. It felt good. She wondered if he was awake, or if this was just a sleep-stiffy guys got during the night. She pushed back, and

it was prodding close to the target. She made little motions to try to get it aimed correctly. Perhaps the bed, being narrow, or her movement were not quite the accurate adjustment needed, but it wasn't working. But then a hand came around to grasp a tit, and her son rolled her on her tummy.

Mandy hiked her hips up, and Jack still laying on her, nudged his dick into the sweet-spot, and entered her. His hand shifted down to her clit, and he plunged up her channel, with his lunging lance. Face down she opened to this unexpected bonus, of his boner boffing her from behind, with her buns being spanked by his groin. Smacking sounds, and moans were all that was heard, as they screwed. Then with quick movements, as he gripped her hips, Jack's prick swelled, and spilled in her cavity, once again. This set off her own little cum as well, right as she felt the squirt of jism inside. "I love you, Mandy!" cried Jack. The first time he had spoken her first name, when they had made love.

"Oh, yess! I love you too, Jack. I love you too, lover!" She said. And then they once more drifted off. Their dreams were lovely, as they cuddled together, on Jack's bed.

They slept late, not waking until there was a loud knocking at the door. Mandy at first thought it was a dream. But it came again. Then once more - the person was not going away. 'Who the hell could it be?' Mandy wondered as she staggered to her bedroom, grabbed her robe, and stumbled to the front door. She looked at the clock on the way. 'Jeez! It was almost eleven!' The knock came again. She opened the door, expecting a neighbor wanting to borrow something. But who was standing there, shocked her awake.

It was Libby, Harry's mom, Jack's grandmother. What she said, instead of, "Sorry to surprise you, dear." was like a nightmare instead. Libby looked her daughter-in-law up and down, then right in the eye, and said, "You have been fucking Jack, haven't you Mandy!"

Part 6: Harry's mom arrives with a story to tell

The memories, of the last things she remembered, replayed in her head, like a flashback in a 'B' movie.

"I love you, Mandy!" cried her son, Jack. The first time he had called her by her first name, when they had made love.

"Oh, yess! I love you too, Jack. I love you too, lover!" She said. And then they once more drifted off. Their dreams were lovely, as they cuddled together, on Jack's bed.

They slept late, not waking until there was a loud knocking at the door. Mandy at first thought it was a dream. But it came again. Then once more - the person was not going away. 'Who the hell could it be?' Mandy wondered as she staggered to her bedroom, grabbed her robe, and stumbled to the front door. She looked at the clock on the way. 'Jeez! It was almost eleven!' She and Jack had slept quite late. Harry, her husband, wasn't due until the afternoon. The knock came again. She opened the door, expecting a neighbor wanting to borrow something. But who was standing there, shocked her awake.

It was Libby, Harry's mother. What she said, instead of, "Sorry to surprise you, dear." was like a nightmare instead. Libby looked her up and down, then right in the eye, and said, "You have been fucking Jack, haven't you Mandy!"

Then before she could respond, Jack walked into the living room, still nude. "Oh! Hi Grandma!" He exclaimed. Mandy, felt faint, her knees wobbled. Jack seeing her begin to sway, rushed to her side, and helped her to the sofa. Their clothes from last night were strewn on the floor. Libby walked in, shutting the door as she did, and sat down across from her. Concern showed on her face. "Jack, go and get us some coffee, please. Make it quick."

"Mother Libby . . ." Mandy was at a loss, as to what to say. The evidence of their sins, was clearly all around. And what was Jack doing, naked in front of his grandmother?

"Sorry to surprise you, dear." Libby said. "Didn't Jack mention that I called yesterday, and said I might drop by today? Clearly not. He ought to be more thoughtful for his poor mother. Especially now that you two have been screwing around. Don't worry, Harry told me all about it. I didn't believe it hardly, until I talked to Jack, yesterday on the phone. That's when I told him, that I likely would be coming up to pay a visit. I wasn't sure of the time. But I wanted to speak to you before Harry got back. I have to beg your apology, you see."

Jack came back, still without a stitch, but with two mugs of coffee, steaming. "I used instant, and nuked it. But it's a fancy brand. Cream, I remembered for you, Grandma. Black for you, mom."

Libby accepted a mug, and got a good gander at Jack's genitals. "Jack," she said, matter of factly, "don't be rude, or are you just showing off? Be a dear, and go to your room, let your mother and I chat a bit. Put some clothes on, for heaven's sake. Just 'cause I know your secret,

doesn't mean that I want to see your equipment. Well . . . maybe later. Now be a good boy and skedaddle."

When Jack had left, she continued. "Harry came to see me yesterday morning. He told me he had a confession. I wasn't shocked. I had long known he had a thing for mommy. But I wasn't going to go there, especially while his dad was alive. Nor did I wish to have anything to do with such shenanigans, since he was married to such a wonderful girl as yourself, Mandy. I didn't want to let his fantasies turn into a nightmare. As I expected they would, if you ever found out. Nor, would I ever want to hurt you that way, dear."

"But when Harry confessed, I told him as much. Then he told me the whole story of what had been going on lately, here. At first, I didn't believe it. I called his bluff, so to speak, and phoned here to get the truth. Jack answered. I asked cautiously, if anything unusual had been going on in the home, as of the last several weeks. Jack guessed then, that Harry had come to see me. When I confirmed that his father was there with me, he opened up about the video, and the general gist of things. After that conversation, Harry and I talked a great deal more before I consented to . . Well, that's what I have to ask your forgiveness for. It's been quite a while, and I'm afraid, I gave into temptation with my son as well!"

Mandy was not getting her mind around the whole thing yet. The coffee was helping, but still it was a lot to take in, all at once. "You, . . and Harry?"

"Yes, dear. I was still reluctant, even though I had the complete details, and Jack's confirmation of, well, the . . . the uh . . new dynamics taking

place in your household. Harry told me that when he got to see you and Jack, doing the . . having each other completely, that he realized that he really had to try to have . . relations with me. He evidently, had planned to approach me earlier, since he phone to tell me he'd be dropping by on Saturday. That he had something special he wanted to share with me. I never dreamed it would be sex. Not at my age."

Mandy studied her mother-in-law. Petite, with a still handsome figure. Her face was lined, but she was only . .?

"Sixty-five Said the elder woman, as if reading her mind.

"Libby, I hope I look as good as you when I get . . to that point."

"Thank you dear, it's just genetics, my mother was of the same good stock. She called us minxes. But that was a private joke, as we both were rather wild in our youth. I rather think, perhaps Jack has that side of the family. Anyway, back to Harry's bold plan. So he arrives, and makes this big confession, about he has been horny for me all his life, and what it has recently led to. The three of you mixing and matching in bed, so to speak. After I confirmed that outlandish story with Jack, we continued to talk."

"He wanted to get me to bed. I was reluctant to do so, without your permission. I mean, I have been widowed for five years. It's been even longer since I had sex, since Harry's dad wasn't up to it, the last couple years when he had been ill, and impotent. Harry has always been able to charm me into getting his way. It's not as if he isn't a handsome devil. Takes after his dad, and Jack's part of that linage as well. They all three

look like the Lord saved the mold, and Jack could almost be his grandpa at that age."

"Harry said he understood. But perhaps he could just give me a back-rub, and then take me out to dinner afterward. I used to love back-rubs. I mean, I still do, but there is nobody around to give me one. Unless I pay a masseuse, at the senior's health club I go to. So I felt that was a compromise, for the moment. Harry went and got the talc, and some towels. He had me lay down on the bed. I was just in my bra and panties, but Harry had seen me in that outfit for years. We were never overly modest, in our home."

Mandy interrupted. "Libby, do you need more coffee?"

"Actually, would you have some sherry? I know it's a bit early, but this caffeine is not doing anything but jangling my nerves. Or brandy, even better." Mandy went and poured two large brandies, in snifters and they sat together on the couch, as Libby continued.

So there I am, in my underwear, and Harry starts to work on my shoulders. Mind you, I had no intention of anything but to get some relief for my old bones. He works down to my strap on my back, bypasses that, then makes great things happen to the small of my back. I'm in heaven, and half asleep, I'm so relaxed. He moves to my feet, and starts to work up from my toes. He's is so good with toes."

"Yeah, Harry's good with toes alright!" Mandy nodded in agreement.

"Then my soles, he has an amazing touch, like he just knows where the aches are, and what you need to make them go away." Mandy was nodding, she remembered how Harry had always had a special way, of making the most from his hands, on her sore muscles. "Then the calves, and the back of the knees. I was completely disarmed, and rather in some la-la-land, by then. So when his fingers went to the inner thighs, I had no idea that he was doing anything untoward. Then back up over my hips to the small of the back, and worked the sides, as well as the shoulder blades. I hardly knew when he undid the strap, but then these long strokes up and down the full length of my back, were just what the doctor ordered."

"As his hands went up, they slid along the sides, and touched just ever so lightly the pout of my breast. It felt perfectly natural by then, for his hands to be moving that way. I thought nothing of it, at the time. Then he worked at the small of my back again, but pulled down the top of the panties to get at the muscles with a deep massaging. Before I considered that becoming perhaps a little naughty, he worked his way down my thighs, on the outside, all the way to my feet, then up again, but now on the inside and higher. This is a very nice brandy, Mandy."

Mandy poured her some more. She was fascinated by the tale of her husband, and his obvious seduction of his mother. Who would have guessed? Well, maybe she might have, considering the recent confessions and events in the family.

"Well, sometime about there, Harry got out of his shirt and pants, saying he was getting a little warm and he wanted to keep the clothes fresh for going out to dinner, as he hadn't brought a change with him. I was so relaxed, I just murmured 'Okay'; then his hands were back,

making that magic tingling over my body. Things kind of blended and blurred for a while. His hands were along the side of my body, up on my thighs, on my bottom. I realized that somehow my panties had gotten all the way down to the base of my ass-cheeks, they were binding a little, so I said okay, when he asked if I wanted them off."

"At the same time he got rid of the bra, out from under me. So, without actually making a direct decision to, I was then naked. He was still rubbing me all over, but now I was starting to get turned on. I was wondering if he planned to seduce me, when I felt his fingers brush my pubic hair, and I went instantly damp. By then I was hoping he was going to seduce me. His hands came up, and cupped the bulge of my breasts, which squashed out the sides. I raised up, and they went seeking the nipples, which were stiff. He found them no trouble, and tweaked them, then rolled them. I spread my thighs, involuntarily. I was getting hot, it had been seven years, and I'm only human."

"I understand, Libby. You couldn't help yourself."

"I could have, but I didn't want to. You and Harry and Jack, were all having fun. I wanted to, as well. If I couldn't help myself, then Harry would owe you the apology. But I wanted in on the action. I raised my bottom, and felt my son's hard thing jutting in his boxers. Harry knew that his moment with momma had arrived. He pulled and kicked off the shorts. Then I felt his dick on my bare skin, right between the cheeks. I was practically dripping. My tits were aching for his hands, and my vagina had never felt so empty, and in need of a man. We didn't have to say a word, it was understood what was going to happen. Then Harry was on his knees, he pulled my ass high, and took me. His hands grasped my tits, then went back to my hips."

Mandy was mesmerized by the erotic narrative, of her husband ravishing his mother.

"My son, he stabbed that big prick into his mother's red, raw middle without a how-do-you-do, and went to town. He banged my hole to beat the band. I stared cumming about the third stoke, and I couldn't stop for several minutes after. Just when I though I couldn't spasm anymore, he would try another angle, or another rhythm, and I would peak again. I had to finally beg him to let me catch my breath. My nipples were too sensitive from rubbing on the sheets. It was more than enough."

"But once I rolled over, and cooled off a little, he got between my legs, and this time, he came too, that last screw! He was even bigger, and deeper fucking me that way. I really got to feel the full girth, and length of his big cock. So Mandy, I apologize, for not checking with you first, as I had intended to do. To ask if it was alright, if we had your permission, for Harry and I to make love. But you know how it is with the Kincaid men, once they get their hands on you, it's tough to resist."

"Its fine, Libby. I just wish that Harry had let me know what his plans were. I would have been glad to allow that particular indiscretion on his part, to be permitted. Since it was all in the family, so to speak. How did you like having your son fuck you?"

"It was terrific, he had such passion, and lasted so very long. Like he wanted to make it go on forever. I was so turned on by the sin, though of course, it wasn't so naughty as it would have been ten or twenty

years ago. Back then, I certainly would have said no. But of course it's different for you and Jack, with him a grown young man, and Harry wanting to see you two screwing, and all. How . . is he, Jack I mean, in bed that is? Like Harry?"

"No, it's different, Harry is a great lover, and I really enjoy making love with him. But as you said, there is something that has a . . spice all to its own, about fucking your own son."

"I . . wonder . . what it's like with a . . grandson?"

Mandy laughed, at Libby's shy suggestion. "Well, why don't you tell me, when you do. I bet that Jack would be willing to make it with his grandma, he is such a horny little demon."

"Like father like son? Wanting to fuck their mothers, and any female in the family?"

"Why don't we get him out here, and see." said Mandy, with a twinkle in her eye. "JACK! Grandma has a question. Come out to the living room."

Jack came out, he had an old tee-shirt and a pair of sports shorts on, but was barefoot. "Grandma, did you and dad do it?"

Libby reached out, and felt for Jack's dick, she found it easily. "What do you think, you little motherfucker?" She stroke her grandson's meat.

"I think that you had a good time with my father, who is now a motherfucker too!"

Mandy pulled his pants down, and as she suspected, from watching Libby's manipulation, there was no underwear on her son. She reached up, and pulled off his shirt, he bent to make it easier to strip off. Then he was once more displaying his proud prick before the two women. Nude, he was like a Greek statue.

Libby put her mouth on his cock, and sucked. Mandy looked up from the couch and said, "Grandma wants to know how good in bed you are. I told her she ought to find out for herself. How does that sound to you, sweetie?"

Libby lifted her head, and looked at Jack. "Will you be you be my Honey-Grand-Sonny? You want to give me a try?"

"Yeah, grandma, I wouldn't mind . . . if it's alright with mom . . and dad." Jack thoughtfully allowed that his folks ought to be part of the decision-making process, though he was sure what the outcome would be, all things considered.

Just then, Harry walked in the side door to the kitchen. Mandy looked up and called out, "Darling, we're in the living room."

Harry walked in on his son naked, before the two women he loved most, and began to laugh. "Not now, son, I want to take us all out for a

big Sunday dinner. I think tonight we will need all the energy we can pack away. Mandy, I promised mom a dinner last night, but we . . went to bed early. I was up at six yesterday, to make the trip down to her house. I just sort of collapsed after giving her a rub down."

"Rubbed her down, felt her up, made her feel good inside and out, and all over; is what I heard, you romantic motherfucker, you!"

"Uh, yeah," Harry laughed again at his new status. "How did you and . . motherfucker-junior do?"

"Oh! We had a dinner-date too. But we ate before we messed around and had our fun. We stayed up late. Libby, had to pound on the door for a long time to wake us. But I haven't eaten any breakfast, yet, I doubt Jack has either, and Libby had two brandies already. I think Sunday dinner, sounds like just the ticket!"

"So Okay! Let's have a blow out, at that new fancy new place that opened up. I've been meaning to take you there anyway. Mom will be staying for a couple of days at least, in the guest bedroom. Libby, I'll bring your suitcase in, and your garment bag. We'll make this a terrific family reunion. I'll call in tomorrow, I'm owed a day off at least, since I closed that big deal last week."

Harry had hardly been happier, than Mandy had ever seen him, his face beamed. She felt glad that he was back, she had missed him, even though the time with Jack had been wonderful. This evening was going to prove interesting. She wondered, just who was going to wind up sleeping where, and with whom. The Kincaid family kink was going to become an even naughtier knot, with this new twist!

Part 7: The kink becomes a naughty knot; conclusion

The restaurant that Harry had made reservations at was situated in a luxury hotel in downtown. All of them quite liked seafood and that became the theme of the meal. Clams for appetizers, with the small talk touching upon the symbolic and reputed aphrodisiacal properties of the food. Harry had a rainbow trout, Jack opted for salmon as always. Mandy decided that she wanted lobster claws and Libby followed suit. The champagne flowed as several bottles of the establishment's finest were uncorked. Dessert was chocolate and cinnamon mousse, with a snifter of Grand Marnier all around the table of the four.

As they were rising from the table, Harry revealed another surprise. Being a thorough planner, he had made reservations for a suite of rooms in the hotel itself. They would not need to go back home this evening. So much the better, thought Mandy, as none were quite sober, so no driving while inebriated was necessary.

A thoughtful son, was Libby's conclusion, since that would provide a quicker retiring to the activities which would be family playtime of passionate engagements. She lustily anticipated the entwining entanglements and erotic entertainment for all four of the Kincaids; father/son/husband, mother/mother-in-law/grandmother, daughter-in-law/mother/wife, son/grandson/original instigator of the family's kinky fun.

When Jack saw the accommodations he understood the potential dynamics instantly, and admired his dad's inspiration in making the reservations there. The suite had a combination dining / parlor area with both table and chairs for meals, it included a wet bar. On the other

side there was a couch, two easy chairs, TV - DVD - stereo setup; a door led to a half bath off that side. Then the large bedroom was furnished with two king-size beds, and big walk-in closet, and a plush bathroom with a huge Jacuzzi, shower and even a bidet.

Harry tipped the bellman generously and said that their luggage would be sent up later. He grinned at his family as he went to the bar and offered to serve drinks, "I suppose that it might seem curious that we arrived without a suitcase, but clothing is likely unnecessary, considering what I predict about our expected agenda!" This got a chuckle from the other three. Libby had a sherry, Mandy a brandy, Jack a Heineken, and poppa popped a split of bubbly and drank from the bottle like it was beer. They settled on to the sofa and cushy seats, Jack used the remote to bring up some mellow music. After a little chatting about how wonderful the meal had been, Harry asked his mother if she would like to dance.

Jack followed his father's lead and stretched a hand to his mom Mandy and the two couples swayed to an old time standard, with a slow and romantic beat. Then as they glide close to each other, in an unspoken moment, but done by some mutually recognized cue, they switch partners, Harry with his wife now cut the rug and Libby with her grandson tripped the light fantastic. The married couple kissed and wrapped their arms around each other, obviously very much in love and lust still, though the events of recent days might have undone less liberated pairs.

Jack and his grandmother were tightly clenched as well. Their legs were such that their thighs mashed against each other's crotch, Jack's erection obviously evident and his pressure was making her wet. He

kissed Libby, Harry was Frenching Mandy. They exchanged dance companions once more and by the time the music ended it was almost a standing make out session for the foursome. Harry headed toward the bedroom hand in hand with his sprightly and still spry mater, scion and his paramour close behind.

As they crossed the broad boudoir, Libby led the way to the over-sized closet and all the Kincaids wound up in there undressing, though they helped one another to get pared down to their birthdays suits, the garments hung with less care as the frolic got a bit rambunctious with pricks poking butts and tits tempting lips and fingers groping crotches and grasping cocks, even a goose or two was given. It was almost a free for all foreplay on their feet, as giggles and chuckles and squeaks, shrieks and squeals were emitted from the rollicking family.

They nearly tumbled out of the confines on to the nearer of the expansive mattresses, altogether, where in a tangle of limbs and hunching torsos and kissing faces they provided affectionate proof to each of the amorous mood by touching and orally stimulating every and any erogenous zone on one another. Even Mandy to Libby, and Jack to Harry; inhibitions were swept away by the heat of the fire in their loins. All the caresses and kisses they shares were living demonstrations of their love and abiding lust for this sort of sordid swinging incestuous soiree they were engaging, a carnal and consanguine lusty lineage.

Then Mandy said in a clear voice, "Harry, you got to watch Jack and I doing it. Ever since Libby told me about your seduction, I pictured the two of you. Right now I want to get an actual live view of my husband having his mother. Making her feel as heavenly and horny as I get

when Jack balls me. Show us the true motherfucker you are, don't be shy, bang her your best, Babe!"

"Not on these stiff bedspreads!" exclaimed Libby and the family made short work of stripping the beds down to the sheets. Then Harry manipulated his parent to be on her hands and knees, facing away from the other bed, so that Jack and his mom could sit on the opposite mat and view the doggie-action from a 'behind-the-scenes' perspective. Mandy could see that her mother-in-law was indeed a bit hirsute in the privates, as hubby Harry hammered at her center with his own furry bushed woody. The pornographic display was too erotic for her to endure without a healthy helping of hard dick from the son who sat beside her. Motioning that that they also ought to join the orgy in similar fashion they assumed the same position observing son and mother as grandson and his own mother made the same movements in mimic of the other's coupling.

Soon Libby turned her head back and saw the younger man pounding the pud of his live-in lover. She said, "Look!" to Harry. He turned also to see his wife and son engaged similarly. "I got to get a closer gander at them gonads going at it!" Libby declared and they disconnected to come round the far side of the other bed and gained a good look at the pair, son sawing into his mother with unabashed enthusiasm. The hell of a humping Jack was pumping to Mandy soon had his dad's dong long again and Harry pushed Libby up on the bed to resume their boffing again. Now both couples were on the same bed, like a horse race, neck and neck - in fact Mandy turned to Libby and started necking with her, Frenching her and reaching over to tweak a nipple. Then Libby returned the physical pleasuring.

Jack looked over at Harry and spoke one word that finally tied the family kink into the knot it was twisting and turning and the complex turn-on it was turning out to be, a twaining of the double duo, a quad tandem tangle of epic Oedipal proportions, passions past the point of no return in a fevered forever the filial fucking of female parental paramours. Harry heard his son speak and obeyed with joy and vigor.

Mandy's ears absorbed the sound but in so hot a heated moment it didn't register, until the gents, the ladies jockeys in the pony sporting of the dueling doggie position jointly moved. Libby did too, but she anticipated the moment, so when her grandson said, "Switch!", she was gleefully in favor of the outcome, as the two men exchange partners, as on the dance floor - now on the platform of love. In a few seconds she felt the slimmer longer penis of her child's child enter her body, and she laughed at the sheer salacious rapture that thrilled through her body, radiating out from her vagina like a burst of light, flaring a flushed rush of blood surging in her veins.

Mandy reacted with renewed energy to the sensation of her husband's stout stalk spreading her cunt with its randy bulk. It felt terrific to have him back inside her, proving his love and desire again for the woman he had married. It both reassured her of his fidelity (abet, within the family circle) and created that same magic that had been theirs at the earliest, lately reasserted through the incestuous interest of their prurient offspring, reinvigorating and revitalizing their sex lives.

Said same son was banging his grandma as heartily as he had fucked Mandy, and his mother loved her son for his brave and lewd audacious desires which had given his dad the lecherous courage to turn his lust for Libby into this licentious family orgy. They were all liberated now

to allow their lust to be unbridled, uninhibited and unrestrained by any conventions of society's ideas of propriety.

Libby turned around to have her Honey-Grand-Sonny get on top of her to be face to face, nipple to nipple, missionary method in sinful coitus, hips bumping, crotches slapping, smack-dabbing, lips smooching, plain old-fashion fucking. Mandy and Harry followed suit. The bed rocked with the synchronized ramming of the raunchy family. It was a sturdy structure however, and hardly groaned in its joints from the punishment that the double drubbing upon it produced.

But the same could not be said of the four screwing on the sheets. They were now moaning and making all sorts of verbal cues to the approaching paroxysms. It was going to be multi-orgasmic-orgiastical fantastic, simultaneous, full frenzied cascade of Kincaid climaxes; the calls and cries signaled the dramatic cums of each, as the timing swept up the dynasty of swingers in their wanton wild kinked-up cums. Then the cataclysm of orgasms crested with a crescendo of copulation. Jism flowed, quims gushed, contractions clenched and spasms throbbed; the fulfillment of every physical manifestation of rapture erupted and washed over the four fuckers.

Libby felt the thrusting of Jack to her deepest inner self, right to the cervix and the throbbing of his pulsing penis produced exquisite ecstasy in her entire being. Jack felt the spewing of his semen down to the very root of his dick, the flow of his seed spurting in hot geyser flows, wishing that his grandmother was not past childbearing age, what a thrill if he could have impregnated her! Harry was nearly delirious with the pleasure and joy of the moment, to be fucking his beloved wife, who had fucked their son before his eyes, to have made

love to his own mom, and now his son share that bond too. It was beyond any fantasy, more than a dream cum true and the reality of their family finally united in licentious carnal union was an overwhelming exaltation.

Mandy Kincaid was pleased with how her husband Harry was fucking her. It was hot and heavy, hard and sweaty and she cumming so hard she actually about fainted. Her brain was filled with the electrical storm of sexual pleasure as her husband blasted into her. Her son, her other lover was making his grandmother peak and she knew that the blessing of his semen presently spilling in Libby's womb was a delightful squirting she would soon experience again. This was a paradise she could hardly have conceived of a few weeks ago, when the guys returned from their trip. But it was so, and the wild family kink the Kincaid kin carried secretly had been brought to light as that fire of fuck-lust flared to roaring arousal. She had caught alight from the burning lust of her two men, and its flame had spread to Libby too.

Now they were engaged in a ménage that put any Gordian convolutions of a lover's knot to shame. Not that she felt any shame or regrets, rather she was exhilarated that these things had come to pass, but she knew that these cums would not become passive but grow ever more passionate, and thrive amidst the deep love her family had for each other. There would be plenty of sex for all from now on. Where just a pair could become complacent in their lovemaking, the dynamics of this mix made for a renewing zest and revitalizing zeal that would forever be a fresh and fun family fucking folic, and their Kincaid kink could be counted on to kick their sex lives into high gear until kinkdom kum!!

"That would be totally unethical!" said the psychiatrist before me, behind his large oak wood desk. "I could be banned from practice. I would be shamed in the eyes of my colleagues, shunned by the whole world, if I did such a thing!"

"If it came out, yes, I'm sure that would happen. But this will remain secret; neither of us would want anyone to know. Least of all me, consider my position, if this were to become public. But it won't."

"I'm afraid that I won't be a party to such an abuse of ethics, nor would any reputable professional in the field."

"Doctor, you have a great deal of debt. Don't bother to deny it; I have had you thoroughly investigated. I cannot only cancel those IOU's, but see to it that you will never have another financial worry again. Additionally, I'll throw in a little something extra – not to blackmail you but, rather, to sweeten the deal, as it were. I'm aware of an incident that occurred last year, in Vegas. It seems that a certain indiscretion on your part has imperiled your family life. That is, if the 'lady' in question should carry out her threats. Accept my proposal, and that whole thing would go away, permanently."

"Wha . . . What would you do, have . . . her killed? I know you're a powerful man, with all sorts of connections, but I wouldn't want that on my conscience. No matter what she tries to do. She is blackmailing me, but even that doesn't deserve murder."

"No, doctor," I chuckled. "Don't worry about that. She won't be killed. When one has the sort of massive wealth I have, one simply pays more than the blackmailer could ever use, and sends them to somewhere they will be happy to live. The only threat and string attached is that the blackmailer would lose the sweet life if he or she reneged. Such a solution is quite easily arranged with a trust, and payoff funds only come out of the interest of an investment; the principle is never touched. It costs very little, really, in the scheme of things. On the other hand, you, yourself, become rich outright with my gift; and perhaps we set up a clinic to keep you happy, too, doing what you love. I get what I want – everybody wins. What could be better? Since there are no time machines available, I will have to settle for your skills to accomplish my scheme."

"Your dream of having sexual intercourse with your mother."

"Yes." I responded.

"Your mother who died when you were twenty. You're now sixty."

"And I have had an Oedipus Complex for over forty-five of those long years. However, I now am finally in a position to rewrite history, in my head, at least. I intend to do it with your help, as you are the best in the field of recovered memories."

"But, you don't have any memories of having sex with your mother. You said you were absolutely certain that nothing untoward ever

happened between the two of you. Is that not what you told me about... thirty minutes ago, when you explained what you were asking me to treat you for, I mean to help you deal with, uh-mmh. That is to say . . ."

"Yes doctor, that is correct. It is a bit awkward to express a case where you implant false memories on purpose, but that is what I purpose. I want you to create the retrograde images so clearly, that they were as if yesterday, of my mother and I having sexual relations. We know that has been done to some women, with the labors of unethical quacks who gave them fictitious histories of mistreatment that never truly occurred. They thought their fathers abused them, but it never happened and it was proven to be implanted memories, entirely false. In this case, I want you do the same, to me, about my mother and myself. Only, you and I shall both know those remembrances will be artificial. There will be no one harmed and no lawsuit. Perfectly legal with waivers and all the paperwork protection you could ever need. Complete confidentiality for me, for us both. What do you say? Have I made you a deal you can't refuse?"

"It's madness. Sheer Faustian! A deal with the devil. . ."

"I'm not the devil, nor am I crazy. But, playing mad scientist, it has a seductive lure, does it not? Only those with a touch of genius can see wild ideas for the opportunities they might actually become, as innovative advancements in their field of science. I believe you are such a man. And I can protect you from the harm of your current potential private humiliation, due to your own past injudiciousness which jeopardizes you presently. I can also insure against future negative publicity which would otherwise be professional suicide, should word of our...escapade escape. Wouldn't you like to try to create something

that might be a tool for healing? Dare to be great, Dr.! Or else this Jezebel of a woman will bring you down. You will find yourself isolated from everyone and everything you have loved, impoverished and alone. It is your choice."

"That is a vague threat, you are making, is it not?"

"Let us call it...the 'Vegas' of threats. But really, I need not pressure you, good doctor; quite the contrary, I stand ready to relieve the pressure which has already menaced your marriage and endangered your reputation. I offer an irresistible incentive and unparalleled chance to experiment with a willing subject, not an innocent victim of malpractice. If inoculation was confirmed as effective by the test of infection, then this is similar in repairing broken brains."

"No, no . . . not for a million dollars."

"Eighteen."

"Eighteen?"

"Yes, eighteen million dollars. The same age I will be, when I first seduced my mother, in the manufactured memories you will be instrumental in helping to construct."

"Wouldn't if just be easier and cheaper to hire a beautiful woman who resembled your mother, and act out a fantasy role-playing scene with

her? Surely, you could find someone who would fit the type and, for even a fraction of that money, be happy to be your mommy?"

"I have. It's not the same, no matter what, they're never my mom. There was only one of mother; she was both unique, as well as incomparable. AND, I want the memory of doing it when I was a teen. Eighteen . . . million, doctor."

"It will take months, many sessions, meeting several times a week."

"That is to be expected; it will not be a problem. How about a new suite of offices, in a swankier building, with posh furniture? That way, we can have a comfortable setting and insure your private work remains so?"

"Well, I have admired the Swinsall Building which they recently renovated."

And I knew the Dr. was on board for my adventure into incest!

* * * * * * * *

The multi-billionaire, who was once more a boy of eighteen again in his head, gazed fondly at his beautiful mother. She was a stunning woman of movie star looks and with a Playmate centerfold body. She was a bit aged, it was true, but in a maturing fashion that only increased her attractiveness for the infatuated son that fawned over her. The benefits

of future wealth were years ahead, she would die before his spectacular rise to riches happened. Today they enjoyed the relative luxury of a small above ground pool in their backyard, which provided their only relief from a heat wave. The air-conditioner needed repair, and money was not available for that, currently.

This remarkable woman was raising her son by herself. The father had simply vanished, a handsome rogue with neither roots nor sense of responsibility for his family, never to be seen or heard from again. They were not that sorry to be rid of the rotter. She did well enough with modeling for some catalogs, local television ads, occasional collage art class nude posing, and the rare but more lucrative 'art' photos for men's calendars seen in auto-mechanic garages across the county. She was no prude; in fact she was proud of her body, gift of God to male eyes everywhere. This included home and the man-child whom she knew peeked at her physique when he thought she wasn't aware of his growing curiosity. She was though, and it amused and pleased her and even had a little titillating effect on her libido for reasons she never bothered to analyze.

Perhaps it was that he combined the brawn and well-favored features of his father, with the more sensitive nature she sought to instill within his spirit. His winsome charm and easy going character, along with a wicked sense of humor, made him irresistible to one and all, but especially women, even his mom. So the interaction of these two charismatic creatures and the interplay of their magnetic personalities were as the mother-earth and orbiting satellite: he mooning about her and thinking biological thoughts in relation to his mom, she feeling the tides of desire, aware of the gravity of falling for those waves of lust that could cause a sea of trouble, if allowed to erode the breakwaters of

propriety. The pool was cool, but the heat in the backyard was from more that the sun, it was from her son too.

The high fence gave them the kind of privacy they needed to dip with the maximum of skin exposed to the brilliant light, but her bright son had created an awning for shade to protect from the damaging rays. She saw no harm in his seeing her in the tiny bikini she wore, and his thong was just enough cover to be decent. Lush palms and plenty of bushes and flowers were cultivated in the small enclosure that was their backyard; they were in their own Garden of Eden. She was an Eve with no Adam, and he was a Cain who was able to be tempting on his own; fruit of her womb, at his loins hid a snake. And so the origin of their sin was set, the immortal moral dilemma made more original for the fact that it was the mental creation of a sixty year old man who wanted sex with his mom.

* *

I became aware, not like waking slowly from a dream, but with a momentary sense of disorientation none the less. I was on the recliner chair I had furnished for the doctor's new digs. He was in an easy chair slightly to the side, facing me, about five feet away. It had taken us six months of bi-weekly sessions to progress this far in my regression. Gradually, we had reconstructed the home environs and the complex circumstances of my relationship with my mother. The dynamics of the sexual tensions between her and me had been layered over that. The timing and conditions that were needed to provide the preparations for my opportunity to proposition my mom had been the step we had worked on today.

"Where do we go from here, doctor?" I addressed my therapist. "Am I going to put suntan lotion on mom, and get to feel her up? Will we shed our skimpy suits and skinny dip? Does she get sunburned, and need me to slather her body in balm? Or, do we hop in the shower together to rinse off the sweat and wind up lathering more that the soap? What do you think the next step of my seduction will be?"

"Since this is the product of your vivid imagination and lascivious ego I have no idea. When you are under hypnosis, I am only a guide to channel where you want to lead your lusting desires, as they devise how to get in your mother's pants and screw her. It would certainly seem that any one of those ideas or perhaps a combination of two or more might be woven to make the fabric of your dream be realized as implanted memory. Let your subconscious work for a few days on being creative, before we venture into the area of actual contact between you two. We are almost done with our three hour appointment anyway. Why don't you come back in, say four days, our regular time in the morning, when hormones levels are highest, and see what we develop as a strategy?"

"Have you heard from your Vegas vixen?"

"Not a bitchy bark, not a whimper or yelp, no begging for another bone."

"Nor will you, she has gone to paradise – on a long plane trip to a tropical destination, I mean. She needed no muzzle, not when her mouth was so full of all the ambrosia her new-found money could buy."

"Paradise. . . ambrosia – food of the gods. . . Eden. I'm sensing a theme to your thinking."

"Doctor, you are getting me the only reward in this world – or the next - that I crave: the promised land that lies between my mommy's thighs. Of course I am fantasizing in symbolic imagery of heavenly places. The Shangra-La of my mother's womb is my ultimate Nirvana!"

"What if it turns out to be hell instead, psychologically it's just as likely an outcome; or cum, if you will, you know."

"Styx and stones . . . Dante described the underworld as a series of circles, the Greek Hades had Tantalus. If I... no, when I make love to my mother, albeit in my mind and memories, then my infatuation and frustration will have ended. That is the end of torture, the release from torment, the freeing of my psyche from the damnation I have suffered in this existence, the very liberation of my incarnation, the transcendence of my soul. I will have come full circle when I cum in the cunt of my goddess and we become one – completing our unity of being."

"If the Divinity is defined as love, then you're saying the love you share with your mother is sacred, the carnal pleasures are but the physical manifestation of the melding of your minds and binding of your hearts to one another, the true communion of spirits. Like the yin and yang, male and female forming the eternal pinwheel. Thus, this ravishing of your own Madonna is the 'Rapture', both bodily and mentally, for your life, the end of all you have hoped for, longed for, lived for."

"Wow! Doctor, you do understand!"

"No, I took a course in comparative religions in college. The professor liked a lot of bullshit in the papers we wrote for the class. I was good at it, got an A. What I do understand is simply that you've always had a 'jones' for your mom's pussy. Time's up, see you next Tuesday at nine!"

* *

I guess getting there is more than half the fun. I never expected my mother to reject my advances. I discovered that even in my imagination, the fact that it was all happening inside my head, while it was my brain that contained the memories; mother still had a mind of her own. I guess it wouldn't be seduction without her being reluctant to fool around with her prodigy. She was always a responsible parent and, while playful, still had boundaries and barriers that barred my baring her charms easily, and I had to bear with the naked truth that full nudity was not something that she felt comfortable with altogether. To get her to be 'in the altogether' took a clever trick. Doc and I worked on that for the next month. However, for my dreams, the passing of this was but an instant. I picked up on that hot afternoon and heated up the situation to a sizzling, simmering summer night.

* * * * * * * *

Twilight brought no respite from the soaring temperatures and high humidity. They now spent almost the whole time immersed in the pool, like the famous photo of the monkeys in the warm springs to avoid the cold of winter, so in reverse the pair plunged in and only had their

heads above the rippling waterline. Half floating they crouched, then used an aluminum lawn chair to sit on. Both of them, as there was only the one, the lounger was cedar. In a reversal of earlier times, mother sat on sonny's lap, somewhat crosswise, his manly chest hairs brushing her back like little seaweed. They achieved equilibrium and rested for several minute in that position. They chatted about nothing, but something else was on their minds.

Her bottom was hardly covered by the thin fabric of her scanty panties. His thing was protruding and prominent in the pocket of his thong. The oblong bulge didn't belong between her buns, but it was. There was no denying the effect she was having on his penis, at least she was wet and that was camouflage for her wetness. She couldn't help being stimulated by the manhood under her behind. Her womanhood was having a delightful time getting dicked by the prick that had been princely parading, while her son sunned. She had been a bit of a primping princess too, adjusting the strings of her few scandalous triangular pieces that covered only the two most vital points and one low fuzzy patch and her dainty derrière.

Those points now were quite erect, the labia nearly engulfed the front material and her derrière was all but lap-dancing on his hard-on. Well, she thought, what did she expect with an eighteen year old whose hormones were at their height of masculine prime? Or the 'whore-moans', of a woman too long without getting any? She moaned, and couldn't help wiggling her tush on his meat. He laid his head sideways on her shoulders and reached around her in a hug, but his hands sought to cup her breasts. She couldn't speak; it was too good, it was too naughty, she ought to object, she loved the excitement. The boy had made it safe to first base, but then the man made his move and the fingers slipped under the garment and slid over the hyper-sensitive

tips. She slipped the shoulder strings down and he pulled the top to her waist.

His gentle mauling of mom's mams resumed. The chills that went thru her had nothing the do with cooling. He began to kiss her neck and shivers went up and down her spine. This was getting out of control, a flickering thought skimmed over her mind, but then he was taking charge and undoing the bows on the side of her hips which held the rest of her bikini together. Suddenly, both items of clothing was dragged off completely and floated away in the moonlight like a languid fish. Naked in his caressing arms and exposed to his exploring hands she was vulnerable, but she felt safe and loved in the muscular embrace. His cock was in contact with the center of her femininity, except for the cod piece covering the erect boner. A lift of his pelvis and that disappeared too, somewhere. His right hand lowered to pet at her juncture, a finger felt through the tangle of pubic fur and found the bud of her clit.

Now there was nothing separating their sexes. The water was slicking up the skin as penis and pussy wriggled around. His pole's polka was matched by her hiney's hula as their lap-dance beat to a bouncy tune. She shifted to more of a spoon-like connection and now the crack of her ass captured the rod that rolled over her rear. The thickness of his manhood pushed with urgency at the divide, seeking the grotto from which he had long ago emerged. Her legs spread a bit and the exploring digit dove to seek her slit. She was having a storm of lust rage in her head. An impulse to have a full frontal embrace encompassed her like an electrical charge that crackled all over her body. She jumped up and turned to face her son, the man who was driving her insane with desire. Mother held out her arms to her son, imploring in her look for him to hug her, hold her, squeeze her, gather her to him and make her his.

He came out of the chair and into the clench. His pride plowed into her abdomen, a massive missile of passion. Her pulchritude was pressed to his chest in a wonderful squash of female cushioning. Water sloshed as the soon to be lovers swirled and twisted and gyrated trying to get as much of their skin's surface touching as possible. Legs entangled and arms swept up and down and around in wrestling motions, but loving clenches. With kisses they covered each other's faces in a frantic-ecstatic feeding frenzy. Loins were slithering to make a meeting of parts, but somehow never aligned to quite the right angle. It was soon apparent to both parent and son that their union would need to be on land if their groins were to couple, if they were going to copulate, if they were going to have coitus.

He lifted her up like a honeymooner and lofted her in one smooth motion over the side of the small swimming pool and set her down on her feet. Then swiftly, an athlete to his Athena, an Olympiad vaulting to Venus, he was up the little ladder and landing by her side. The lad again lifted his lady and headed for the house, made it to the master bedroom, moved to the mattress, and then he was on top, between her thighs, and his entrance of his mother but a moment away. She was ready, she was willing, she was open, and she was his. It had just happened. Nothing was planned, no discussion, no thinking; only feelings of overwhelming love and trust and desire had burst forth in her bosom for this fabulous son of hers, the man of the house, the male of her dreams. It was like a dream, a dream cum true, a fantasy coalesced into reality.

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"I'm afraid our time is up."

"Oh! Sweet Jeez!!, Doc, why did you stop, I was just about to . . ."

"I know, but that is precisely the point. We have nearly reached the moment which you have striven for and worked at and wanted so bad. It is not to be done hastily. You want to remember it and you want it to be perfect, in your fornicating fantasy, in your made up memories, in your remembrances of rutting with your mother. Next week is time enough to complete the timeless seduction you will have and cherish until the day you die. We have taken over half a year to construct what is less than a day in your artificial fabrication of imagination. A few more days won't be interrupting the consanguine concupiscence."

I looked at him incredulously. I never had such a raging hard-on in my life. Then I notice the good doctor was tenting in his own pants too. So Doc was getting nasty kicks out of my kink also!! "Damn it! Doc, you're enjoying this as well, aren't you? You don't have as much professional distance from the patient, as you had when we began this process. You're getting off on my fantasy, too! Tell me, do you have a vision of my mom, or is it your own when you jerk off to the tapes of our sessions?"

He looked at me chagrined. Then he said in a shaky voice, "Sometimes . . . it . . . used to be yours, but lately I've begun to project the image of my own mommy into the narrative. I'm sorry, but I had to stop you before I came in my pants."

"A clear case of reverse transference, I'd say!"

"Now who's playing the mental health specialist? Speak of role reversals!" Doc laughed.

"Well, do you have any other people with appointments at this moment?"

"I stopped having anyone come following your treatments. It's not as if I need the fees, thanks to your largesse. The rest of those days I spend on the Internet going to incest porn sites and looking for mother/son sex material and masturbating. You've done this to me, and now I can't stop. God! I've even invited my mother to come and visit while I'm sending my wife off to a spa. Mommy's not been with anybody other than dad, and he died over four years ago, she must be hot-to-trot by now. She's little heavy, but I don't care and I don't need to be a teen. Right now is fine with me, if I can have her sweet pussy fucking my long cock!"

"Well, that is some confession, and look who was converted from our therapy! I tell you what, Doc, let's get stripped, get out your Vaseline, lube up and put me back under. We both need to fuck our moms. I want to hear all about your adventure when you get to ball your own mother, but right now I can't wait to screw mine!"

We made the arrangements; towels from the wash room, tissue boxes, little packets of petroleum jelly from the first aid kit. We each got comfortable in our respective seats, dropped drawers and nodded to each other that the moment of break-through had come. It was time to bust the cherry. I was ready to ride to Valhalla and raring to go. Then

he took out his pocket watch. I know it's a cliché, but it worked. Once more I was back in bed with my mother, about to enter heaven.

* * * * * * * *

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bubbled over in passion that splashed a psychic wet spot which soaked the very fabric of existential existence.

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* * * * * * * *

The doctor opened his eyes after long minutes of recovery from his masturbatory orgasm which was simultaneous with the narration of his client's creative dream/ self-delusional memory/imagined tryst with his long passed mother. A dribble of white cream trickled down his gripping fingers around his now wimpy-wormy stump of a member, compared to the fine phallus of the fellow in the other chair, which also had spouted a rich and copious amount of goo. The psychiatrist took long, slow, deep venting inhalations to replenish the oxygen his lungs needed.

He looked into the open eyes of his patron. His friend really, for surely with what they had shared all these months made them more than

doctor and patient. But his buddy did not blink. DID NOT BLINK!! Was not breathing! The skin appeared gray, lips were bluish! MY GOD! He rushed over to the billionaire and could not find a pulse. He pulled him to the carpet and began CPR. But it was no use, the man was gone. Had it been a heart attack? Sudden stroke? An embolism, perhaps? The shrink had no idea. He managed to pull up his pants and then the corpse's before he called 911.

He was protected; there would be no legal repercussions. The rich son-of-a-bitch had insured that. No – she wasn't a bitch, she was a sweet loving, giving mother while she was living. Her ghost, such as her son had invoked/invented in his own head, was the paragon of femininity and the promiscuous promise made manifest in his incestuous incarnation of his mommy. That reminded the good doctor that his own mater was on her way to visit and be violated – if she was willing, of course. He was certain she would gladly be bedded by her devoted and loving son. So he hoped. If not, there was always self-hypnotism; the technique was developed. He could put what he had learned from the deceased at his feet to practical use. But had this manic man been damned by his demented obsession or blessed and saved by his achieving the transition from fantasy to realized dream?

There was a knock on his office door; the paramedics had arrived.

* * * * * * * *

But they were not through yet! He gathered his strength and helped his mother to sit up, and then turn over to be on her hands and knees. Her gorgeous ass was presented to his view. The opening of her sex was glistening with their mutual secretions and presented the most erotic

of targets. He plopped the semi-limp sausage of his satyric unsatisfied lust on the pillows of her hind end and sawed to raise the horn of porn that would be ramming in that raw maw of ma's in moments. Just the visual of pink folds and the carnal odors that wafted in the air were enough to stiffen his stopper. Boy popped mom in her vagina, son sunk his manhood into the woman of his dreams. He was in heaven, he took her to paradise, they gamboled in the garden of earthly delights and divine pleasures. Sinning with every stroke, each orgasm a prayer of praise to the physical joy of their union, every cum a happy reaffirmation of their bonding. Their lust was everlasting, their love lived eternally, their spirits were one soul unceasing. He could fuck his mother forever.

The end and endless none the less!

Coda cum copious

The good doctor, alone at last again in his inner sanctum, rewound and turned on the tape once more. He now sat naked and his ego was stripped bare, as he listened to the voice from beyond the grave, recount the vision of incest that had possessed his client's/patient's/friend's soul, haunted his living and taken his life.

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The multi-billionaire, who was once more a boy of eighteen again in his head, gazed fondly at his beautiful mother. She was a stunning woman of movie star looks and with a Playmate centerfold body. She was a bit aged, it was true, but in a maturing fashion that only increased her

attractiveness for the infatuated son that fawned over her. The benefits of future wealth were years ahead, she would die before his spectacular rise to riches happened. Today they enjoyed the relative luxury of a small above ground pool in their backyard, which provided their only relief from a heat wave. The air-conditioner needed repair, and money was not available for that, currently.

This remarkable woman was raising her son by herself. The father had simply vanished, a handsome rogue with neither roots nor sense of responsibility for his family, never to be seen or heard from again. They were not that sorry to be rid of the rotter. She did well enough with modeling for some catalogs, local television ads, occasional collage art class nude posing, and the rare but more lucrative 'art' photos for men's calendars seen in auto-mechanic garages across the county. She was no prude; in fact she was proud of her body, gift of God to male eyes everywhere. This included home and the man-child whom she knew peeked at her physique when he thought she wasn't aware of his growing curiosity. She was though, and it amused and pleased her and even had a little titillating effect on her libido for reasons she never bothered to analyze.

Perhaps it was that he combined the brawn and well-favored features of his father, with the more sensitive nature she sought to instill within his spirit. His winsome charm and easy going character, along with a wicked sense of humor, made him irresistible to one and all, but especially women, even his mom. So the interaction of these two charismatic creatures and the interplay of their magnetic personalities were as the mother-earth and orbiting satellite: he mooning about her and thinking biological thoughts in relation to his mom, she feeling the tides of desire, aware of the gravity of falling for those waves of lust that could cause a sea of trouble, if allowed to erode the breakwaters of

propriety. The pool was cool, but the heat in the backyard was from more that the sun, it was from her son too.

The high fence gave them the kind of privacy they needed to dip with the maximum of skin exposed to the brilliant light, but her bright son had created an awning for shade to protect from the damaging rays. She saw no harm in his seeing her in the tiny bikini she wore, and his thong was just enough cover to be decent. Lush palms and plenty of bushes and flowers were cultivated in the small enclosure that was their backyard; they were in their own Garden of Eden. She was an Eve with no Adam, and he was a Cain who was able to be tempting on his own; fruit of her womb, at his loins hid a snake. And so the origin of their sin was set, the immortal moral dilemma made more original for the fact that it was the mental creation of a sixty year old man who wanted sex with his mom.

Twilight brought no respite from the soaring temperatures and high humidity. They now spent almost the whole time immersed in the pool, like the famous photo of the monkeys in the warm springs to avoid the cold of winter, so in reverse the pair plunged in and only had their heads above the rippling waterline. Half floating they crouched, then used an aluminum lawn chair to sit on. Both of them, as there was only the one, the lounger was cedar. In a reversal of earlier times, mother sat on sonny's lap, somewhat crosswise, his manly chest hairs brushing her back like little seaweed. They achieved equilibrium and rested for several minute in that position. They chatted about nothing, but something else was on their minds.

Her bottom was hardly covered by the thin fabric of her scanty panties. His thing was protruding and prominent in the pocket of his thong.

The oblong bulge didn't belong between her buns, but it was. There was no denying the effect she was having on his penis, at least she was wet and that was camouflage for her wetness. She couldn't help being stimulated by the manhood under her behind. Her womanhood was having a delightful time getting dicked by the prick that had been princely parading, while her son sunned. She had been a bit of a primping princess too, adjusting the strings of her few scandalous triangular pieces that covered only the two most vital points and one low fuzzy patch and her dainty derrière.

Those points now were quite erect, the labia nearly engulfed the front material and her derrière was all but lap-dancing on his hard-on. Well, she thought, what did she expect with an eighteen year old whose hormones were at their height of masculine prime? Or the 'whore-moans', of a woman too long without getting any? She moaned, and couldn't help wiggling her tush on his meat. He laid his head sideways on her shoulders and reached around her in a hug, but his hands sought to cup her breasts. She couldn't speak; it was too good, it was too naughty, she ought to object, she loved the excitement. The boy had made it safe to first base, but then the man made his move and the fingers slipped under the garment and slid over the hyper-sensitive tips. She slipped the shoulder strings down and he pulled the top to her waist.

His gentle mauling of mom's mams resumed. The chills that went thru her had nothing the do with cooling. He began to kiss her neck and shivers went up and down her spine. This was getting out of control, a flickering thought skimmed over her mind, but then he was taking charge and undoing the bows on the side of her hips which held the rest of her bikini together. Suddenly, both items of clothing was dragged off completely and floated away in the moonlight like a

languid fish. Naked in his caressing arms and exposed to his exploring hands she was vulnerable, but she felt safe and loved in the muscular embrace. His cock was in contact with the center of her femininity, except for the cod piece covering the erect boner. A lift of his pelvis and that disappeared too, somewhere. His right hand lowered to pet at her juncture, a finger felt through the tangle of pubic fur and found the bud of her clit.

Now there was nothing separating their sexes. The water was slicking up the skin as penis and pussy wriggled around. His pole's polka was matched by her hiney's hula as their lap-dance beat to a bouncy tune. She shifted to more of a spoon-like connection and now the crack of her ass captured the rod that rolled over her rear. The thickness of his manhood pushed with urgency at the divide, seeking the grotto from which he had long ago emerged. Her legs spread a bit and the exploring digit dove to seek her slit. She was having a storm of lust rage in her head. An impulse to have a full frontal embrace encompassed her like an electrical charge that crackled all over her body. She jumped up and turned to face her son, the man who was driving her insane with desire. Mother held out her arms to her son, imploring in her look for him to hug her, hold her, squeeze her, gather her to him and make her his.

He came out of the chair and into the clench. His pride plowed into her abdomen, a massive missile of passion. Her pulchritude was pressed to his chest in a wonderful squash of female cushioning. Water sloshed as the soon to be lovers swirled and twisted and gyrated trying to get as much of their skin's surface touching as possible. Legs entangled and arms swept up and down and around in wrestling motions, but loving clenches. With kisses they covered each other's faces in a frantic-ecstatic feeding frenzy. Loins were slithering to make a meeting of parts, but somehow never aligned to quite the right angle. It was soon apparent

to both parent and son that their union would need to be on land if their groins were to couple, if they were going to copulate, if they were going to have coitus.

He lifted her up like a honeymooner and lofted her in one smooth motion over the side of the small swimming pool and set her down on her feet. Then swiftly, an athlete to his Athena, an Olympiad vaulting to Venus, he was up the little ladder and landing by her side. The lad again lifted his lady and headed for the house, made it to the master bedroom, moved to the mattress, and then he was on top, between her thighs, and his entrance of his mother but a moment away. She was ready, she was willing, she was open, and she was his. It had just happened. Nothing was planned, no discussion, no thinking; only feelings of overwhelming love and trust and desire had burst forth in her bosom for this fabulous son of hers, the man of the house, the male of her dreams. It was like a dream, a dream cum true, a fantasy coalesced into reality.

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Click

Wrote the po' wit, 'Quoth the Craven, "Evermore!"'

The Rest is Fantasy

A mom, her son and his dirty books

It is 1973. I am 19, my mom is 42. I was still a virgin. The rest is fantasy.

I'm now 66 and it is time to make my confession. It was a time when censorship was loosening its grip on erotic media. In New York City's Times Square area dirty book stores are around every corner and porn movie theatres line the boulevards. Since I turned 18 I have been allowed to go to the city on my own. I see the porn, even live simulated sex. I peruse the many small dirty books stores searching for mother / son incest stories. Authors such as Grace Wilkerson and Peter Jensen provide the tales my brain devours and the words that make my cock cum in spurts so strong the jism almost flies to my chin sometimes.

I put my naughty novels in a shallow open box under my bed and my magazines of totally graphic photos of mature ladies under my mattress. Somehow I was too dumb to realize that my mother changed my sheets and would find the private stash of sex stuff. She must have done so from shortly after I brought home my NYC carnal carnival of cock creaming material.

My mother was a model who kept her figure with lots of tennis. She had been on the covers of many women's fashion magazines; I wished she would get under my covers or at least model naked for porn, that I would be most eager to acquire! She also had an amazing mind. One of the things about her brilliant brain was an eidetic memory, commonly known as photographic. It was useful in many ways, but sometimes it

caught me out and there was no arguing with her when she knew what the truth was.

One day, when dad was gone for a long trip, mom said to meet her in my bedroom after I finished watching my TV program. She said we needed to have a serious talk. I was unsure of what trouble I was in now but it bothered me so much I could hardly focus on my favorite show. Finally the episode ended. I walked up the stairs like ascending a scaffold for my execution. When I opened my door there was mom . . . she was dressed in a diaphanous nightie to my surprise. She seldom wore it outside of her own bedroom.

She was sitting on the twin bed that paralleled my own bunk. Mother spoke in a firm voice and said, "Strip down to your shorts and sit opposite me." I was not about to disobey, condemned men do not do so. I threw my clothed on the chair as usual and sat on my bed facing her and my doom . . . or so I thought. I was even more convinced of my impending punishment when I noticed a short stack of my dirty books on my bed table that was between the beds; to make things even more intense one of my porn mags was open to the pic of a woman who was close to being a double of mother! It was obviously oft looked at by the fingerprints on the page.

My mother had a serious look in her face and she asked me, "Honey, do you have the hots for your mother?"

I felt my face go cherry red with embarrassment. My mouth gapped but nothing came forth.

"Stand up!" she commanded. I shot upright. Mom reached over and with one smooth motion pulled my jockey-shorts to the floor. She pushed me to sit again and dragged my jockeys off my feet and tossed them over her shoulder. "Sit and try to relax and I will explain what this is all about." With that she opened her translucent negligee, shrugged it off and spread her legs somewhat. But there was no way could I relax and my head had exploded. I knew I had lost my mind because with all of the past minute my dick remained limp.

"Okay, here goes," she began. "I became aware of your pornography collection soon after you began making trips to the City. But I felt that I didn't want to invade your privacy so I just sort of worked around it when I did the sheets. But one day I saw that there was a book left out on your nightstand entitled "Mommy Lusts For Sonny". Now I know I'm a beautiful woman and many guys have lusted after me. But I have been mostly faithful to your dad and happy in our marriage.

"Mostly?" I asked in surprise.

"Later Kiddo" she replied and continued. Well that book was an obvious sign of your interest in me and I could not help being intrigued, my curiosity being aroused. And when I say aroused I mean that there was an unexpected tickle in my tummy, a little oo-la-la in my loins. So I decided what the hell and pulled out all of it; the good, the bad, and the shockingly graphic. Maybe later I will give you a gander at some nude shots I did in college for an art class modeling class. Stay with me. I read the favorite parts of your books. I could tell by the Vaseline stains on the pages.

I got horny myself reading those passages. I masturbated to the same words you did. It was a fantasy that could never, should never be; yet I came quick thinking of you shooting into my vagina, orgasming to the thought your cumming cock creaming in my womb. What a rush!"

My boner twitched, okay, NOW I was getting hard! Mom pushed my 'ever-on-the-night-table' jar of Vaseline toward me. "Jack-off for mommy, baby; do it while I quote the juiciest parts of you favorite story. It's your pick; I have them all in my head. Which shall it be?"

Eidetic, I am indebted.

It was a fantasy cum true. I asked for "More Than A Mother". Start on page 155, in the middle. (Mother's brain was that good!)

[Not the same narrative as my tale "More Than Just A Mother" under my 'nom de naughty' CoverofKnight. I also post as TrojanSnake too. 8==3~]

Mom began to quote the familiar passage. "Jillian and her son Tom found themselves in the secret chamber of Professor Photo as he called himself. They had first discovered the room in his strange mansion decorated with the dozens of pictures of themselves including a great many when they went to the local public pool. It was bizarre and chilling to have this oddball stalker focused (pun intended) on them, a lonely youthful widow and her athletic son. True they were a handsome pair; she had done modeling in her college days {"Like mommy", mom momentarily interjected} while Thomas had been

awarded a football scholarship at the university he was about to attend."

My mom continued to spin out the narrative while I jacked my dick with the greasy lubricant. "'I'll protect you from that nut-case' Tom reassured his parent. Jill found the light switch and flipped it on. They were confronted with large poster size paintings of themselves naked and coupling. There was a single swivel office chair in the middle of the room. The lair was decorated with six works of erotic art, two on each wall, none on the entrances side. It was obvious what the room was used for by the batty Prof. Photo. The floor was icky-sticky in a semi circle around the seat."

"In uncanny realistic il-lust-rations the mother and son were posed in positions of fornication. They were both half mesmerized by the freakish spectacle, yet it was an erotic turn-on despite these were not being feelings either would have admitted to even though they had both previously several times masturbated to the fantasy of mother / son sex. The beauty of the feminine and masculine nude figures was objectively undeniable; subjectively it aroused both of them to uncomfortable physical stimulation."

"They spoke not at all as they studied the three sets of sex pix. The air was becoming pleasantly pungent with an odor both musky and fragrant in pheromones. The paintings left nothing to the imagination. In each pose there were definite penetration, nipples erect and juices lubricating the copulation. After the time of wonder, as they were coming out of the shock and their lascivious leering at the action on the walls, more light flooded the chamber and the overhead and until then hidden bulbs began to flash in unison. Strobes! realized Tom."

"Jill cried out in terror 'what's happening?' Thomas pulled his mom to him and hugged her."

But I, listening to my mother providing the author's writing aloud, knew what was next - this was getting to the hottest point in the whole book. I waxed my wanton willy with slow strokes so as not to pop the cork too early. Mother was also jilling her clit and had her eyes fixed on my big boner like the pair in the story viewed their images in the art.

Mom recited without interruption, "Jillian returned her son's hug and squeezed tight. The strobing became brighter and at a dizzying pace. A voice from unseen speakers spoke, 'Take off your clothes and you will not be harmed.' Tom took Jill by her arm and went for the door, but it was locked. The voice repeated the absurd and fearful command, 'TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!' It nearly shouted, then added in a more controlled tone, 'Get naked and you won't be hurt.' It was a battle of the couple's wills against their jailer's."

"But finally Tom said to his mom, 'Why don't we just do it? This madman likely just wants some live models for his perverse prurient canvasses. He will take some stills to utilize his crafting of more self-produced pornography, then let us go. Tom could see the panic deer-in-the-headlights look in his mom's eyes. Then the Prof. played an earsplitting hum that made their already bewildering experience much more unbearable. 'DO IT NOW!!' boomed the voice of the cruel captor. And finally they shuck their garments and piled them on the chair to keep them from the putrid goo on the floor."

"The voice echoed 'There is a Morris bed next to the door. Open it up and sit down.' Both mom and son sort of sensed where this chain of orders was headed. They were not shackled but they were yet manipulated by the insane mind of he whose house they dared explored. The whole set-up was designed to condition them to do his bidding. So Tom decided to let his mother and himself to rest their legs by sitting on the bunk. He searched and found the strap handle high up the blank part of the wall with the secured portal to their Twilight-Zone meets Hustler Magazine loony lockup. He eased downs the mattress on hinges until it stretched flat."

My mom spoke and said, "How are you doing - don't go premature on me!"

I asked, "When do you want me to go on you?"

"I'll tell you when, now back to our drama of Tommy and his mommy. They sat on the surprisingly soft mattress. The lights slowed but were still flashed. The beams became an odd color and the sounding hum coordinated with their rhythm. The captives looked at each other wondering if the other had a clue to what was going on. Tom noticed first. 'Mom, look at the paintings . . . the paintings are moving!' Jillian looked from one dirty scene of her and Tom screwing to another and gasped. For the art work did appear to flicker in the weird pulsing glow."

"The half dozen pairings of themselves were making subtle but distinct shifts so that cock stirred in cunt as the flux of light flitted and the buzzing hum enhanced the effect. A strange happening took place in their bodies. Professor Photo had not only experimented on people

(volunteers or sometimes others not so willing) with strobe hypnosis; but also the little known infrasound, frequencies so low that you simply could not hear the vibrations. There were physiological responses to such oscillations and it could be used along with the strobing illuminations to make the subjects obey the suggestions of the manipulating puppet-master. Using fluorescent paint and alternating the lighting allowed him to create the special effect of moving. It was just a sophisticated way of what those grooved square plastic toys having double images do."

The narrative was close to the moment of ultimate consummation, but I remembered mom's caution.

My mom's voice itself took on a hypnotic trance inducing tone. "Jillian felt her son Thomas laid her on the bed. She returned his ardent kisses, was cognizant of his considerable cock's girth and length. Her pussy was soaked and eager for the mighty meat her boy Tom sported that was knocking at the hole that was her most vulnerable place. Her slick moisture making the entrance an easy passage."

Mom interrupted and spoke to me, "stop masturbating for the moment." I wanted to cum with the characters but perhaps mother had an even more licentious way of reaching my release, 'go on her?' Cream on her . . . tummy? Up and down her slit?

Mom spoke the last of the totally erotic read she had brought from under my bed. "Tom could tell he was at the gates of paradise, the heavenly hole of his beloved mother. As their mouths mingle tongues in French kisses sloppy and delicious, he whispered, 'I can't help it I have to, please forgive me, I just gotta do it OH MOMMY" he cried as

his rod thrust and began ravishing her inner passage. She cried out, 'It's okay, baby, that's so good for me too, I need it too, do me, take me, pound me hard, yes yes like that, don't stop . . .', Thomas moaned, 'I'm there I'm cumming!! 'Mommy I'm cumming in you!' His flood of jizm spewed as her torso jerked in spasms uncontrolled. Jill felt his injection deep in her canal and it sent her sailing over the cliff to her own climax, as his thrust reached bottom and the sweet hot love offering exploded in her."

I looked to my mom in desperation I was SO primed. Sitting on the other bed she spread extra wide her entire nether side on full view to me. "Come closer, I want you to spill you semen in my slit. Stroke now once again and shoot at my rosy ready target, don't miss get as close as you can. Don't go in but I want your seed to spurt into my opening, get it right there; you can touch the tip to my pussy. I did as she asked. My head was so ballooned with lust for her body I really didn't know what I was doing.

I bent over her prone form from knees to top and placed my mouth to suckle on her nipples. This was suck-cessful but the trajectory made my member slip in a bit, the head of my dick ducking into her channel. Mom spoke waveringly, "you didn't cum yet did you?"

I squealed, "Huh-uh!" My high pitched voice indicating that my self-control was about to vanish, my resolve to dissolve.

"Just the tip, honey. Just the tip." Mom said soft in my ear. "Let mommy do the moving, mommy will get you home." Her hips tilted, my plum-shaded bulb on the end of my meat-rod was an M-80 due to make a huge bang. Just when I was about to pull out and paint my mom's

abdomen with my milky spunk - she grabbed my hips and pulled me fully into her vagina. VIRGIN NO LONGER!!!

Oh my God! I didn't expect the heat of her inside. Ninety-eight point six? - wow! I had felt the slickness of her entrance but the engulfing of my seven inches was like being dunked in a freezing lake only instead of awful and painful it was wonderful and more than just pleasant. It was heaven and my balls jumped for joy as the jism pour out in great gushes of release and spasms of biological imperative. Mother came with me hooting and making like a fire-siren as she peaked.

She still had hold of my ass-cheeks and she pulled and pushed saying, "Baby keep pumping and you won't lose your hardness." I followed her lead and my tumescence rose to its original rigidity. "Good, good," she murmured, "ah! youth. "Okay," she called out, "let's do it doggie style and pump me for all your worth. Mommy needs it rough!"

We switched positions like we had rehearsed it. I took hold of her wonderful tits and squeezed gently while tugging at her nipples now and then. I made stallion to her merry mare and elicited sweet cries of pleasure from her lips. The friction was awesome as I sawed in and out of the ruddy, raw cunt of a real woman who was my mother and now my lover. Then she began to WAIL! She moved her hips back and forth in a bucking fucking that told me it was okay for me to climax as well a second time. I did the rapid plunging you do when you are on the verge of blowing your big wad.

I took firm hold of her hips and held on for dear desperation as I locked deep and let go of a still respectable amount of spill inside her tighten pussy. We broke apart falling onto my extra bed and squiggled up to

lay full length and hug each other. Gasping for air we whispered endearments to our newly found sex partners as we drifted into a nap.

NAH!!! It was my mom . . . I wasn't about to let the frolicking end. After just five minutes of getting our breath back we scrambled into the cowgirl position with me playing with her milk-jugs and her riding my saddle horn for all she was worth. In other words, the 'rest was a fantasy.'

*

[For more hard and horny happenings read my "Family Road Trip" or "I Remember Mom".

For daughter / dad sex check out "It Was An Accident, Honest!" under another of my 'nom de naughty' postings using CoverofKnight. For brother and sister go to "Incestor Sister Sister" posted under my TrojanSnake identity or "Red, Ready and Freddie" - CoverofKnight; "Lessons My Granny Taught Me" - CoverofKnight.

May your every fantasy take flight! 8==3~ (sign of the cumming cock)]

The Sno' Ball Effect

"God! I'm so horny!" I just came right out and said it for everyone to hear. In the airport! Of all places to blurt that out loud. I don't know what prompted me to be so blunt, in so public a place, but the damage was done, so to speak. I had just gotten in for Christmas vacation from college, a sophomore doing well enough. But I hadn't gotten laid since summer. After starting in a new school I had transferred to, my social life had been the pits. Thus, my hormones were running rampant. So Mr. 'Blabber-Mouth' was speaking from his gonads, rather than with his brains.

What startled me even more than my untimely outburst was my mother's unexpected response. She who was Mrs. 'Not-in-Public-Please' said, abet sotto voce, "You ain't the only one . . ." I looked at her. Rather than chide me for my rude remark, she seemed sympathetic, and if I got the gist of her tone, admitting to being in the same condition! Beyond her, I could see dad making towards the baggage claim area, he hadn't heard, too far away.

My sister, on the other side of me, didn't react to what our maternal parent had quipped, so I didn't think she had caught the remark mom had made under her breath. She did say, "Would you like to make an announcement of that on the PA system, big brother?" So she had gotten what I had inadvertently confessed to.

I was unsure if even I was supposed to have even been privy to my mother's mention of her lack of sex life. But I was sure, that she had spoken the phrase. I wondered about that little statement, all the way

home. Had mom meant for me to have gotten a message, or was she even aware that what she had spoken was picked up by her son's ears?

Anyway, that was the first 'sno' flake if you will. The beginning of something that would develop with increasing scope, grow to surprising dimensions, and culminate in an overwhelming, irresistible outcome.

My dad had to go to work the next day, so soon after we got home, he retired to bed. My sister who was only two years younger than me went to her room to IM her pals on the Internet, but mom stayed down in the den with me watching TV. There was some sort of show about housewives, a reality program that chronicled the desperate conditions they dealt with, like the series on Sunday evenings, but with less plot and no humor. One of the ladies bitched about how she was a golf widow and couldn't remember the last time her spouse had bedded her. Mom nodded her head and said, clearly this time, "Commuter husbands are even worse!"

We were splitting a large bottle of Rhine wine and the mood was very informal tonight. I was still unsure if I was actually meant to be paying attention to these remarks of mom's, or if I should just politely ignore them. That choice was decided for me when she turned to me, and looked at me for a few minutes during a long commercial and then said, "Well how's your love life at the new university?

"Between my new classes, and the dorm rules we have to follow; I'm not getting any . . uh, having any chance to be - lucky with the gals there."

"I thought you were in a co-ed dorm building."

"It is, but every other floor are girls and there is no visiting of the opposite sex after ten o'clock. No possibility for any hanky-panky."

"You mean no opportunities to fuck." Mom took another sip of wine, then replenished both our glasses.

"It doesn't matter what the term you use is, there is no socialization after hours between sexes. If you get caught, there's an automatic two week suspension. Nobody wants to risk that."

"Hell! Where there's a will there's a way! Your dad and I always snuck off to find a good spot, but in winter we would do it behind the upright piano in the sorority house, and several of the gals would act as lookouts for us."

"Mom, you naughty girl, you!!"

"Just horny, like every other college kid, making the most of every opportunity. Not like now days, Jeez! I tell yah, nothin' ruins sex like marriage!" She polished off the goblet and poured herself yet more vino. She was feeling no pain that was for certain!

"So . . . you and dad are . . not intimate as often as you used to be?" This was interesting; mom had seldom been as open about private matters

as she was now. Did that mean she finally considered me to be adult enough to discuss these matters, at least within a personal family conversation?

"Ever since the doctor put him on that new blood-pressure medication, things have been zilch in the bedroom. The 'ball-park' as we used to term it has been instead, the snore-zone. I have to sleep in the spare bed in your room some evenings, if I want to get any rest at night. You just might have a co-ed dorm at home; if I can't take you father sawing wood some night."

"Sure, mom, anytime, of course. I wouldn't mind." But then I thought, wait - what if I want to masturbate, that might put a damper on that activity. I mean, you can't jerk-off with your mother in the next bed.

"Don't worry, Honey, I won't intrude on your space, I can always sleep on the couch, I'll just get a pillow and extra blanket."

Now I felt bad for her, I didn't want to have her be on the sofa, comfortable as it was, even so. "Mom, you're welcome to share my room if you need to. I don't snore."

"But I bet you do other things."

"You mean, other noises?"

"Noo, . . other - things, you know, guy stuff."

"Eating, reading?" I wasn't being dense, but I was still a bit naive, when it came to my mother talking openly on sexual matters.

"Silly, beating your meat, masturbating. I bet you do it quite a lot. I remember all the yellow stains on the sheets I had to bleach out, when you were younger. At least now days, you take out the trash-basket, with the sizable pile of tissue you use."

Okay, I got what she was implying this time.

She was still speaking, "Of course, if you did, it wouldn't bother me. As long as it was quiet, I would be asleep, or pretend to be, so I didn't interrupt your . . . train of thought." She giggled.

Yikes! Was that a come on, or her just trying to be humorous? "I don't think that I . . . I mean, if I needed to . . I'd go to the bathroom or down here to the den."

"Well, what if your sister had to use the toilet, or came down to the family room and discovered you jacking-off? Wouldn't that be a fine-how-do-you-do? Better you stick it with your old mother, whoops! I mean stick it to your old mom, damn!" she laughed, "Jeez! I meant to say, it's alright to do it when I'm around, if you have to. You said you were really horny. I wouldn't want to put out, . . eh . . put you out is what I am trying to say."

Was she making Freudian slips, or was the wine making her woozy, or was there a more direct message being not so subtly communicated from a frustrated housewife to a randy twenty-year old? I could hardly believe the last, so I decided that it must have been the middle option. Best to play it safe for now, and not play with fire. If I guessed wrong, it would blow up in my face, and could spoil the whole vacation.

I didn't want to ruin the holidays, just because I got hot-to-trot and made a play for mom, when she was not at all meaning that we should. . could . . I didn't let my imagination go there, right then. Even though, in truth, it had a few times in the past. Mom was definitely a MILF. She would give the TV babes a run for their money in a beauty contest. I copped-out as my folks would have put it - no! not wussed! - I simply bowed out of the conversation gracefully and said, "Well, I'm tired after the trip, so I'm going to hit the sack. If you want to use the spare bed, that's fine, mom." I added without thinking, "I won't jerk-off without you, I mean, with you there, I'd behave." Damn, she had me doing it now!

She laughed very loudly, and just waved at me as I left. I went up the two flights on our split level, to my room.

The 'Snow-Ball' is often a term for a holiday prom at some schools. I was out of school, between terms. However, this holiday dance which mom and I were engaged in, was just beginning. I had to be careful not to step on her toes. On the other hand, if we swayed too close together, she might feel my manhood poking at her. What the fella can't tell, under that gown, is how damp his partner's panties are. Wasn't there something they once called 'balling the jack', and wasn't that name of the dance sexual innuendo? But who thinks about their mom as their

date, or mate, and admits it, even to themselves. I found that I was doing just that, after the chat we had. Ringing in my ears were the words, "You ain't the only one . . .".

Sometimes, fortune lends a hand to the inertia of the way things are going. In other words, it gives a force to how the ball is rolling and keeps it in the direction it was already headed. Something might change the direction of events, perhaps an impetus sideways, but did with us. On occasion luck sometimes makes things worse - or better, as the case may be. In this circumstance, fate provided the slope the sticky cluster of carnal crystals was beginning to tumble down. In my hasty retreat, from our erotically stimulating dialog, I had left my half-finished glass of spirits down in the den. Never one to waste wine, I went back after it, once I had brushed my teeth and used the toilet. I stopped on the steps, still in the shadows, as I heard an unusual sound.

In all honesty, I knew what it was; but I was surprised that it was coming from the family room. It was coming from my mother. It was my mom, cumming. Or at least it was her diddling herself. As she had said, 'a fine-how-do-you-do'. Except, I was not about to say 'how-do-you-do' to my mom when I knew what she was doing, which was - doing it to herself. While I was partially hidden by the solid railing, I had a clear view of my mother, and her private activity. I should have crept up the stairs, but I was mesmerized by the sight. Her knees were lifted and the hem had been hiked up to her waist. The top of her gown was pulled down and both beautiful tits were exposed to my gaze. One hand was on her right breast, tugging at the nipple.

Even hotter, and more intimately exhibited, was her hairy delta. The ruddy labia, the dark crevice of her slit, there her fingers were rubbing

the whole nest of her sex. The middle digit was delving into her hollow, sometimes joined by a second. It was like a porno scene from a video. Only it was live, my mom, and ten times more sizzling than anything I had ever seen. Mother had her eyes half shut; she was moaning with excitement, and oblivious to my being a secret spectator to the revealing of mom's juicy genitalia, and her auto-erotic manipulations. I was harder than a Billy-club and my balls were as blue as a cop's cap.

I watched as my parent showed me how a female went about self-abuse. She was seriously scratching the itch between her thighs, and pinching the rosettes of her boobs, alternating left and right. Things were speeding up and mom was clearly close to her climax. Her sounds had become higher pitched, rising to a whine, and her panting gasps were getting faster. Now her fingers blurred into her hole, and she stared to vocalize words. I heard, "NO! Oh, no! Noo . . . uh, uuhh, oh God yes, Yes, YES, Baby do it! Do it to me! Fuck me! It's been so long, I need it, AAHH! YEAH! BABY FUCK MMEEE!" I don't have to explain that she came. She had a huge cum.

I was awe struck, by her scrunched up sweet face, and the powerful aroma of woman-sex-odor, the way her body contracted, her legs closed and opened involuntarily, and how her hips thrust up as if to take in a man's big member as it plunged into her center. I wanted to be that male, that pounded into this gorgeous female's vagina. I was shaken by the urge I had to go down the few steps, and ravage her. Give her the fucking she wanted, needed, desired, deserved. But instead, I beat a hasty retreat once more.

As I withdrew up the stairs, I slipped on a step, my knee caught the edge, I let out the tiniest of oaths, "sshitt!" I kept it in my throat, only

the faintest sibilant escaped. I didn't think she could have heard it, or the thunk of my knee on the carpet covering the stairs. In any case, I scurried back to my room and into my bed and held my breath, waiting to see if she followed me, confronted me for invading her privacy, and boldly looking on as she brought herself off.

But there was no barging in, no sound of her coming up the stairs. It was silent. I waited a few minutes, and then had to take action on my own. I skinned down my jockey shorts and gripped my woodie and pumped it only a half dozen times before I shot a spout of sperm into the air, a foot high, I swear! And, I was unable to hold my tongue, as the words I knew were so dangerous, yet so true, escaped my lips. "OH! Yes mom! I love you, fuck me, fuck me mommy, I'm cumming!" At my door, I heard a rustling as someone moved away and they went up to the top floor. I heard a door open and close. Was it mom? It might have been my sister, whose room was on that level too. But I bet it was mother. The ball was rolling.

I expected that if there were to be negative consequences from my inadvertent spying of my mother's frantic frigging, that it would likely be after my father had gone to the office, as he always did car-pooling early to catch the 6:35 to New York City, and after my sister was out of the house to her VBF's Angela's home. But nothing was said. That was fine with me. I did not want to open that can of worms, especially since my willy was one of them, a big one at that, and long too! Rather, mom fixed me some bacon and eggs, and asked if I wanted to go shopping with her, maybe get some new jeans or sneakers. I declined, and said I wanted to see if some of the guys were around. We usually met up at the local donut shop, when we were in town, on break from school.

So the day went by on a normal basis. I did connect with some pals, and we hung out at the mall. Then we went and played video games at one of the guy's house. Eventually, my sister and I came home to dinner cooking, and when dad was in I picked him up at the train station at 7:45. We ate at half past eight, which was a typical commuter supper hour. Then, all four of us settled in for some prime time television programs. Mom and dad retired about eleven, and sis and I finished an old movie at twelve-thirty. End of day, all to bed and to sleep. Only I couldn't get to sleep.

I lay in bed, awake and thinking of the evening before, and what I had witnessed. As I like to sleep in the raw, I didn't have to strip off anything to begin to stroke myself. Just then there was a little knock and my mother came in, closing the door behind her. I just had time to pull the covers up and hide my hard-on. She was in her pink nylon nightie, and she slipped into the other 'spare' bed. 'Hi!" She whispered, "Your Father's sawing away, and I thought I'd take you up on your offer, since tomorrow I have to get up at eight to go shopping for the rest of the Christmas presents."

Great! Just as I had thought might happen, 'masurbatus-interruptus'. Oh well, it couldn't be helped. I had made the offer, hadn't I? So I could survive a night of horniness. But then a thought occurred to me. Mom had cried out, 'Baby do it! Do it to me! - fuck me Baby!' However, I was the only one in the family she called 'Baby'; Dad was Darling, or Dearest. Sis was Sweety, or Sugar. We all were Honey, at various times. But only I was Baby, and also Kiddo as well. Had mom been thinking of me when she had fiddled her fandango last night? Had our rather forthright and titillating conversation been the tantalizing temptation to pull her trigger with me in mind, and did she imagine my plunging in her pussy with my prick?

Suddenly, but not at all surprisingly, I was rigid with desire for her. A vice was clamped to my head above my ears, and my heart was having palpitations in my chest. Mom seemed to have gone to sleep right away. How sound a sleeper was she? Could I just quietly just wiggle my snake until it spit goo, or should I not risk it, and move to the bathroom? I looked at mom, her breathing seemed regular, her eyes closed and her demeanor of a dreamer in repose. But the bedding was down to her waist, and I could clearly see the outline of those wonderful wonder-braless breasts, which had been bared to my delight, last night. I saw them again in my mind's eye and my hand began to handle my hard-on. It was too hard not to.

I swear to God, there was no way she could have heard me wanking my woodie. But mom opened her eyes, looked right at me, I saw her smile, and then she said, "Did you like the show last night, Baby?"

I froze. I was even more turned on by her remark, but petrified that now the tables were turned. I was stuck by living rigor mortis; I was on the cusp of the need to continue shining my bat, as opposed to abjectly apologizing for my previous sins of sight and turgid transgressions of tonight. What came from my tongue, which had a mind of its own since landing at La Guardia, was, "You knew I was there? Jeez! Mom that was so hot! I can't help thinking about it. That's why I'm stroking, even with you in the room, because you turn me on so much!

"I do?"

"God! Yes!"

"Can I see?"

Like a hypnotized man, I drew my blanket and sheet off, and allowed my mother to view my hunk of manhood at full attention.

"You're beautiful, Baby! Do it for me, show me how you would do it to me. That's what you're thinking isn't it, about balling your mother? Go on, call my name and tell me that you love me, like you did last night, when you went back to your room and had to cum!"

"That was you, outside my door! I thought I heard you. How come you let me watch? Why?" I started to move my fingers on my member as she had requested, I was more than happy to oblige.

"I knew you'd come back for the wine. I wanted to give you something, to help your horny condition be relieved. And, I had to relieve myself too. I haven't had it for so long, and the thought of you thinking of me got me so hot, that I was overcome with desire for my own son. We couldn't ever do anything about it, we must never cross that line, but we can look and not touch, we can fantasize and have fun can't we?"

"And this is for your horny condition, mom? Why don't you take off your nightgown and do it with me? We can watch each other as we touch ourselves and bring ourselves off!" I sat up and swung my legs down, to sit before her with my penis pointed right at my mother. I couldn't believe this was happening. It was like a fantasy, a dirty story I would read, but it was real. My mother was lifting up her shift and

showing that she had no undies on, she whipped off the wisp of fabric and was now as naked as I. She sat on the edge of the bed, one arm in back supporting her. She spread her legs and fingered her cunt as I cranked on my cock. We fell into a rhythm, our movements in simpatico, our eyes looked into one another's, and then to each other's genitals. Her tips were points of pink topped with red berries. My dick head was a purple plum.

I felt my head burst, like a melon smashed to the pavement. My shaft began to shoot an arch of cream toward mom. Her hips humped in my direction and we echoed our cries in a ragged duet of mews and groans, "Yes mom! - Yeah Baby! - I'm fucking you mommy! - I'm cumming with you, Baby! - Yes! -Yes! Now! - I am! I'm cumming!!" I don't know where my squirt landed, but I could see a big wet spot where mom sat. I held out my arms for her to be hugged, she closed the gap, and I stood and we clenched our nudity together, like we were Adam and Eve, before the Fall - and the conception of sin. But of course, sin was very much in the middle of our clinching.

I took her into my bed and covered us up. Mother said to set the alarm for five, so as to be back in her own bed with dad, before he woke. If he discovered her missing before that, she would cover by saying she was in the kitchen getting warm milk, to try to get back to sleep. We snuggled like two children, though our adult bodies were very much aware of our being unclothed. But I was aware mom had set limits to our physical contact, and I intended to respect those boundaries. But destiny had its own momentum going now, and the 'no-balling' rule wasn't going to stop the snowballing down the hill of our long yearning for fulfillment sexually, and shared incestuous inclinations.

That next day was much like the one before, except that mom brought home lots of packages and stuffed them in her closet with strict instructions for everyone not to peak. The holiday was a week away. We, both of us, knew we were skating on thin ice; our mutual masturbation session had banked the fires of frustration only for the time being. The weather was iffy too. It was to be seen if we were going to have a white Christmas, it had snowed in early December, but that had all melted, for the most part. Mom sometimes took a sleeping pill the in the evenings, something she didn't like to do, but resorted to when necessary. It was my fifth night home, I was unsure if mother had gone to sleep with the help of a little tablet. There came another tapping at my door. I was surprised that it was my sister that entered at my whispered 'okay!'.

"Hi! Sis, what's up?"

"I want to talk to you about mom and dad."

"Is everything alright?" What did she know - suspect? Why approach me now? I was worried the cat was out of the bag somehow, about mom's pussy being in my sack, so to speak.

"Since you've been gone this fall, I haven't heard them fucking once. They used to do it at least once a week, usually on Friday nights. But, nothing for the last several months. Mom's been moody and dad has been less attentive to her, like he doesn't get that she ought to have her needs taken care of. I don't want them to get a divorce. Do you think maybe dad is having an affair?"

"No, I doubt it; he was never the skirt-chaser type. I think that it's his blood pressure pills, the new ones that he got. They reduce the libido, evidently. How do you know about their sex lives?"

"Oh . . . I used to listen on the intercom. Quite an educational experience. Mom really likes when he goes . . used to go down on her. You don't think she would stray, do you? Like Gabriel, on that show mom likes to watch, Sundays? Me, I want to see the action shows, or a movie if it's one I like. Mom wouldn't cheat on dad? I'm worried that their marriage is failing."

"I think that if mom is having - difficulties - I'm sure they would find a way to work things out. She will hit menopause soon and then her physical desires will not have such an edge on them. Meanwhile, you might cue our father in, about his making mom happy in bed, even if he can't raise the old horn high, he still can provide cunnilingus."

"Why don't you talk to him? I don't think a daughter ought to instruct her father on his marital duties!"

"Because you are his daughter and he will listen to you better than me. You can present the female perspective and perhaps reassure him he is still viral and attractive, and able to be a satisfactory mate to mom. He always liked you to butter him up; you used to wrap him around your little finger. I bet you still can." It made sense, besides; I wouldn't want to have him think I had any designs on mom myself, which of course I did. And if I started sharing that she was frustrated, he might wonder what she and I had been sharing. I didn't want to get near that with him. I might blab something inadvertently. Me and my big mouth - need I say more?

My sister thought about what I said. Nodded her agreement as to what I had purposed, and then she blew my mind with her next words. 'What if you helped mom out? Wait, let me finish. I know it sounds outrageous to begin with, but think for a moment, about what I'm going to say. You've always had a little thing for mom, don't deny it, I'm your sister, I could always read your mind since I was six."

She continued, "You're family. It's not like she would be having an affair outside the home, and I think she might even be open to trying something with you, nowadays. When we talk about you, she goes on about how handsome a hunk you've become, and that you reminder her of dad in his younger days. She asks about if I know what is happening with your love life, if you have any girlfriends at college you mention, when we talk on the phone. Of course, I don't know if you are getting any, and you've haven't brought up anybody lately. You're only here for the holiday, maybe you might give her a little . . bop, you know, boff her a couple of times. I think she'd be a lot of fun!"

Jeez! Out of the mouths of baby sisters! Most certainly, I could not let on that things were warming up in that very way she was suggesting. That would be dangerous, extremely. I nearly squeaked when I spoke responding, "Don't you mention that to either mom and especially not dad! If they got any inkling that I had ideas of that sort, I'd be dead meat for sure, if dad didn't kill me, then mom would beat my ass with a frying pan."

"Maybe not big brother; if I was a lonely housewife, I might take you to bed myself. But I'm already banging somebody, so I'm not horny - like you and mom are. Think about it. I promise I won't say anything. I'll

talk to dad after you go back to school, just in case your hormones have second thoughts about mom. Sweet dreams, and don't stain the sheets, okay?" She laughed as she left, the vixen. But I had the last laugh, as I was ahead of her on taking care of mom. Still, if going down was a favorite fun activity for mom, I should not be surprised. I would put the hint to good use, as soon as I could. If I was granted the privilege. Knowing a little more now, about what was in mom's head, I was pretty sure she would let me give her head. Cunnilingus here we cum!

However, that visit from of my sibling setback our next rendezvous for another day, as mom did not want to be seen by her daughter entering her son's room at night. But the next day was Saturday and that was an ideal situation set right into our laps. An ironic turn of phrase, if you may allow. Dad was off to one of his co-workers house, an hour away, to watch a big game on their jumbo screen and soak up suds and munch pizza until late. Sister made plans to go out to the movies, and bowling after, with her crowd. Mom and I had the house to ourselves. I had a definite goal, but no plan of action as to how to take things to the next level. I needed a strategy to get us naked and in bed.

It turns out that what I had avoided doing many years when living at home was the key. Help mother do the chores! That gave us time together. Made me seem domestic; as well as, believe it or not guys, romantic! - Who knew? Then as she got tired, I volunteered to give her a back rub. A trite, but truly practical ploy. I didn't try to get her naked, just having her back available to my hands was enough to get the ball rolling. She said, 'sno-balling', but a little slide down the slope would be fine I thought. Sis had said so, and I believed her. She was on the money about mommy and her love of tongue tickling on her ta-tas and in her tangle! That prediction proved to be provocative, and the circumstances were providential, so I promoted a promise to mom to

provide her with a lovely relaxing massage when we were done with the housework.

Now a painter may sometimes wish to work with a broad canvas to create his work of art. A nice expanse of mattress is the equivalent for a lover. The regal region of my parent's queen size bed was the perfect pad for my particular creative carnal conniving. I had no trouble swooping off the tee-shirt mom had on, nor was unfastening her bra any obstacle, once she was on her tummy, and primed to have her rub-down I had pledged. I took it slow, and did a professional job on making her muscles loosen, and permitting her body in general to release the tensions of the day. I hardly flirted with the pouts of flesh along her ribs the mammeries made. The idea was to ease her mind by allowing her body to unwind. With that accomplished, I then kissed her cheek and worked my way to her lips.

Naturally, she turned her head to smooch me back, and this led to her rolling on to her side to let us do some sweet necking. I divested myself of my own shirt, and she in tandem pulled off her unhooked brassiere. We held one another, bare breast to naked chest. The warmth and softness of her cushions was both mothering, and arousing in a very unfilial manner to my incestuous urges. I let my hands roam over her strong shoulders and spine. They caressed her skin and then glided down over her short skirt that covered her bottom. I made gentle squeezes on her firm haunches, and then let my stroking skim down to the back of her legs and up again. Eventually, my fingers went under the fabric to her panties and became more familiar with the curves of her hinny. This was preliminary for a frontal fondling of her ample pulchritude, and the rosy aureoles that capped the twin pillows.

Now we were in make-out mode. Our mouths fencing with Frenching, my hand making merry with mom's mams and her palm was working on the boner in my jeans. It was time to make my move to lip-smacking ministrations to her sensitive sensual places. I began to kiss down her neck, headed for those heavenly hooters of hers. She knew the drill. Mom lifted her chest and threw back her head with a little approving chuckle, and an 'Mmm' in anticipation of delight. I did not disappoint. I paid homage to the source of nourishment that I had suckled on in my infancy. However, now Baby sucked with equal ardor, but with a much more adult purpose than when I was a papoose! While this was happening, I milked the liberties she was permitting to drift into fresh territory. My hand now mirrored her crotch clutching and went to the juncture of her legs.

Her pudenda was still clad in her silky scanties, but they were damp. Her thighs opened easily and my fingers found the groove that was the way to her womanhood. After several minutes of running my tips along the crack, I slipped my hand into her undies waistband. I pushed down on the gusset and the garment gave way to provide plenty of space to play. I sought the slippery oil at her secret recess and traced upwards to coat the length of the feminine divide. Dipping once more in the well of love's liquid I drew it to her little nubbin of tissue, where I intended my tongue to be in a short time. This I toggled and teased, re-coated and canoodled with, petting my mother's most intimate flesh in the finest fashion I knew how.

Then I made the next move to nibble lower and lower. I had reached her navel when mom made to rid herself of the skirt, and I stripped the panties in a nonce. Now I had her naked again, on a flat soft platform for my oral maneuvers. She was panting, and letting out little whimpers of eagerness as it was no secret what my lips were seeking.

She rolled completely onto her back, with her legs wide, and her pelvis tilted to press the tangy target to her son's mouth. Mother's cry at my contact with her clit was almost one of pain, so great was the heightened expectation of that instant. My most creative moves were now put to good use as I swirled and lapped and blew and vibrated that pink pearl of lust. I paradiddled and twiddled with my flexing muscle that snaked out of my orifice. I licked the labia and thighs, and the crease of the limbs where they united with her torso.

My saliva mixed with her womanly juices to soak her nether region, swamping her sex with the love my mouth made to my mother. All this had the desired effect. She bucked and bawled and screamed, finally collapsing when she came. It was truly an amazing thing to do, to give your own mom a maximum blast of cumming with cunnilingus. I was proud and pleased that I could provide her such; give to this lady I had loved, my whole life, and who loved me with all her heart, and now with her body as well. I didn't know if we would finally have sex, but if this was as good as it got, then she deserved that for everything she had done for me. I was happy she had let me go down on her. I figured that perhaps we might go 'head to head' next in a 69 position, but just then, we heard my sister's car pull into the driveway. I pulled up my jeans and grabbed my shirt and scrambled downstairs to my room, in the nick of time, before sis entered the house. But what an afternoon!

Isn't incest the oddest thing? I mean, when you think about it. Family members are the most intimate of our social groups, generally. They know the most about us than anyone else, often perhaps more than we know of ourselves in some aspects. If they are that close and loving, we do so many things for them physically. Wash them, feed them, care for them when sick. We stroke them when they are tired, or sore; foot rubs, leg rubs, back rubs, scalp massages. Of course certain touching is

inappropriate. We ought not to take advantage of the young and innocent. Never force unwanted contact upon any of those we are responsible for, or on those who we are accountable to; as it creates the direst of stresses in our most cherished relationships. It can ruin lives.

But yet, there are so many instances where, adult relatives have relations, cousins, brothers and sisters, aunts and nephews, uncles - nieces, even parents and off-spring. Grown-ups mind you, are whom I'm talking about, mature individuals of blood ties, which connect sexually, for some reason. It happens, more often than most folks realize, or would admit to knowing about in their own family. Shocking? Maybe, but in all honesty, considering human nature's capacity to rationalize, (not be rational, that is something else entirely), it shouldn't be all that surprising. Who better to seek to the solace of sex with than someone you trusted your whole life? Who more tempting of forbidden fruit? Who more attractive than your own genetic material? Who's more willing to provide for a person's physical needs, than family? I know that arguments can be made for all other alternatives. But even so, while incest might be odd, it is often committed, and when done by consenting adults together, the world doesn't always end.

Thus my thoughts went, as I lay in bed that evening, thinking about what mom, and I were involved in, speculating on what my sister had said, and wondering if the night would have another episode of sexual escapades with my mother. In the dark, I found no illumination to my contemplations. But a light did shine for a moment under my door, then was doused again, and mom came in. She was in a terrycloth robe, her hair brushed out and in the dim light of the moon through the window, looking even younger that her years. She sat by my side on the bed, put a finger to her lips, signaling I should be silent. I heard the

toilet flush and the soft padding of what must have been my sister's feet returning to her room.

The bowling alley had been packed, and the gang my sibling was with had decided to grab hamburgers, and come back to eat them here. They chatted and clattered for several hours before leaving. Mom had napped, her door locked as she was much mussed by our messing about. I had taken a shower after a little while, then surfed the web. Supper was left-overs, and dad came home in a jolly mood, and declared that he won the betting pool, so tomorrow we would be going out to dinner at a restaurant, to be chosen in the morning. When my sibling was safely ensconced back in her habitat, and likely dropping off to a sound sleep, we were once more free to converse.

Mom did not say much to begin with, but her hand rubbed along the rail of my erection, which she had discovered as she coasted the folds of my blanket. It was intentional and it was very nice indeed. She smiled, and I saw her lips part, her teeth reflected the lunar glow. "You certainly discovered mommy's weakness, didn't my naughty boy? I told you we could 'look but not touch', but I couldn't resist that kind of temptation. You are most talented when you give head, Honey. Baby, who taught you all those moves?"

"You inspire me, mom!" A line I learned somewhere, which would always compliment the gal who asked, without going into the history of liaisons with other ladies.

"Well, in any case she was a good teacher. Unless she was one of your teachers?"

"No, mom. The only faculty member I ever had the hots for was the girl's gymnastic coach at my old school, last year. Later on, a buddy of mine emailed me, and told me there was a rumor going around, that she and Mrs. Tompkins, a linguistics professor, were having an affair."

"Well, I think you could have taught her a thing or two about 'linguistics'! You have a cunning lingual genius, as far as I'm concerned." We both laughed at the old pun. It was even used in the latest James Bond movie, I remembered. "I'm not going to stay long tonight, but I'm here to reciprocate your pleasuring me this afternoon so fantastically. Do you fancy some fellatio? Can your new playmate lick your lollipop?"

If that was on tonight's menu, I was more than willing to serve her my sausage. "Yes, please, that would be excellent!" I drew back the bedding, and uncovered the tuber she had been touching. My private stood at attention.

Mother bent down and sucked the head of my dick into her warm wet mouth. She bobbed several times. Then she rose for a moment, shed her robe, and I was able to tell there was not a stitch on underneath. The dressing gown dropped to the floor and mom knelt beside the bed. Her one hand cradled my balls and the other was a guide to keep my prick pointed at the slant that made it easier for her to swallow. Her lips aligned like they were labia, it felt much like I was slipping into a female's vagina. Except, once past the entrance, there was no encompassing soft tissue, but a variety of surfaces, slightly raspy with the tongue, smooth for the inside of her cheeks and hard but with slight ridges at the top of the mouth. Yet with the small gyrations of her head

and shifting of angles it was a quite an exciting event. Mom had experience, which was evident in her expertise.

The whole of the session was making my brains crackle with lust-rush. My penis pulsed with electrical charges from my nuts to the tip, as if it were a battery giving off zapping sparks. With my mother completely nude and lewd, and doing incredible Oedipal things on my tool, it was not long before I exploded in her mouth. My cock went off like a Roman candle, pop - pop - pop the sperm spewed in the special place that it was being plied by. I tried to keep quiet, so as to maintain our surreptitious tryst from becoming known if my sister was still up, but I still was racked by raw hoarse gasps as I came in mom's mouth.

She leaned up to whisper in my ear, I don't swallow, but you tasted good! If you see a ring tomorrow around your dingy, you don't have a 'tooth-rash', it's just lipstick!" She tittered in her palm to stifle the sound of her laughter, picked up her robe and put it on without tying the belt and started to leave. She turned back as she reached the door and said softly, "I love you, Baby. I haven't had this much fun in a long time, too long. Goodnight, Kiddo. I'll be dreaming of you, and maybe I'll back here again real soon, as well. We'll just have to see what the next couple of days bring!"

Sunday was a full day of family time, dinner at a posh eatery serving great meals and expensive wine. Afternoon we revisited some favorite board-games we use to play, a nostalgia trip for each of us in a number of ways. Then we watched TV, including the one where housewives made the best of their troubles, but mom didn't seem so melancholy viewing their shenanigans now. She and dad retired early, but went upstairs hand and hand. Good for dad, I thought. I wondered if my

sibling had gone ahead and spoken with him. But neither of us brought the subject up. My sister did inform me she was leaving with dad in the morning to take the train into the City, to see the holiday decorations, meeting him for lunch, and then they would take the 4:05 back. But, since her car would be parked at the station, I wouldn't have to pick them up. Supper could be earlier too. I wondered if I should plan on doing more chores. But as I heard them leave in the morning, I got an even better idea!

I looked out my window and made sure the car was out of the driveway and down the road. Then I made a quick trip to the bathroom to piss, and do a once over with a washcloth to clean up. Then naked as a jay-bird, I snuck into my parent's bedroom, and in their bed, under the covers with mom. She had a shortie nightgown on. However, I could tell as I snuggled up to her fanny, no panties. I was wearing only my morning woodie, and it pressed into her bottom along the soft split. She didn't stir yet. I began to nudge my hard-on into her tush. It made slight sawing motions, and felt great, but I was after the other side of the erotic hips I was humping.

"Huh . . .Honey?" Mom was unsure who was bumping his manhood on her rear.

"It's me mom, they've gone for the day."

"Don't fuck me, Baby!" I told you we can't do that. I know you want to, so do I, but we wouldn't want to hurt your father, would we? We can play today, but no intercourse, you understand? I mean it!"

She sounded scared that I would take advantage of her. Even though I hoped to push the envelope of our sexual adventures, I wasn't about to do anything she didn't want to do. On the other hand, if she seduced me, or changed her mind, or perhaps couldn't help herself, and I lost my 'will-power' to resist her charms . . . well things can happen unintentionally. At least I was there with her, we were naked, flesh to flesh, and our privacy was not going to be interrupted. I had the foresight to take the phone off the hook. My cell was in my room. If nobody called mom early, we had some time to get really cozy. The way things had been escalating, anything might happen! But I needed to reassure her of my 'honorable intentions' which I truly believed were well-meaning, at that point.

"It's okay mom. I just thought we could take the opportunity to cuddle without having to worry about falling out of my narrow bed."

"Okay, but you mustn't try to get into my pants."

"You're not wearing any."

"'Then, that won't be an issue will it?"

"Will you promise the same?" I was willing to go along with the crazy logic mom was spinning.

"Of course!" She said with the tone of utter innocence and the barest hint of a giggle. She was trying hard to suppress a smirk. She turned

over to face me and my boner poked her bush. Her nipples were hard and crinkled. I bet she was wet too.

"If I can't have your scanties down, can I get that baby-doll top up?"

"Help yourself!" I did and the silk and lace lifted, and then drifted off the side, as I drew it from her beautiful body. "You don't have anything for me to steal from you! No fair!"

"Mmnh . .how about I let you take . . (think quick!) . . my . ."

"Your . .?"

"My, kisses, I have plenty to spare." I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her tight.

"Then they must not be worth much." Mom encircled me with her arms, as well. She raised a leg and hung it over my hip. My peter was now prodding her pussy. This game was getting dangerous if we were trying to keep to the rule of 'no-balling'. In fact, the rounds of touching had picked up the pace!

I replied, "OH! They are the most valuable kisses in the world!"

"How so?" She made little movements with her abdomen to graze the helmet along the slick channel of her vulva. Did she realize? Was she talking the talk, but not walking the walk of having sex? I was being

driven mad with fuck-lust, with her intricate entangling of our limbs and loins.

I said as calmly as I could, under the conditions, "See for yourself how sweet and loving they are, and they are only meant for you, the woman I love and adore."

"Let me taste them. I liked what I sipped the other evening. Your semen is sweet."

I rolled on top of her. Her legs spread and I was between her thighs, my cock was centered in the cup of her cunt. It was swimming in the grease of her lubrication. Jeez! Was this it, were we about to have sex, after she had said no, and I had promised to be faithful to that? Were we about to cheat on my father and fuck? We continue to kiss, and we Frenched, and our genitalia continued to mingle and muddle. All it would take was a small thrust of my dick, or a tilt of her pelvis, or even just a hint of both at the same time, and my bulb would be engulfed in the cavity of her womanhood. If that happened, I would not be able to stop the inevitable. Did she realize that??!!

Mom hugged me even closer, my chest squashed her breasts. Her face was aside mine and her panting was soft in my ear. I could smell her perfume from yesterday that lingered on her shoulders. She put her hands on my hips and clutched them but did not pull. My legs were stiff making sure that I did not sink into her pussy, as much as I desperately wanted to. My toes dug into the mattress, my knees pressed her thighs which were widening. Any second I would give way, my arms trembled trying to steady myself. Then my mother, breathed, almost inaudibly, "Don't move a muscle! Especially, that big

one you have knocking at my pussy's entrance. I need to tell you something very important!"

What a time to play a game of 'mother may I?'! She continued in the same controlled mild but wild whisper, "I can't refuse you. I can't help myself, I want you in me. It's okay, you can fuck mommy now, I need it too bad, soo much, I can't say no. I won't regret it. Just FUCK ME NOW! BABY! . . . OH! GOD!" Her last two words - were as I, with ever so gradual increments, pushed into her vagina. The hot tissue had almost no resistance, the head of my penis sliced into the pulpy mass, and then I felt her muscles grip me and grasp my shaft as it advanced deeper, almost half in. I wanted this to last; there would be only one time I would be making this first plunge. Many more would certainly follow in the minutes and days ahead but this was the preeminent penetration.

Then it was all the way in, I was smack up to my balls in my mother's channel. I held it there for long moments. I thought I might even be touching the opening of her womb, some rubbery bumps down in her depths. But I couldn't hold it for very long and the urge to stroke overcame the keening critical necessity for my sex being surrounded by my mother's body. The son had come home, the mother welcomed his return. And again I socked it in the vital hole of her love, withdrew and pushed, pulled back and drove inward, backed out and plowed up once more; to and fro I rammed and raised my hips to take my meat out of her heat. But I had to poke into heaven again, and the cycle kept repeating, the instrument of my passion was put to her place of hunger, the insane incestuous intensity was increasing as our fucking climbed by leaps and bounds to heights of magnitude I could have never imagined.

We were a run-away train, a roaring whirlwind of lust swirling and sweeping all thought away, only rapture was left in the wake of our destruction of consciousness. Just ecstasy remained in our brains, as a burning of the exquisite physical sensation of pure pleasure, concentrated to a point of light, which flashed ever rapidly. Then the pulsar finally went supernova, with our cumming together. Mother screamed so loud I had ringing in my ears for a while. I shouted at the top of my lungs as I blasted in her. She froze in the thrust of her paroxysm of climaxing. I flooded her chamber with my pent up lava of sperm. She washed out the chasm of her cunny with a spume of froth. Our orgasms went on and on, in a suspension of time and space.

She called, "Yes! Yes! Baby! Let me have all your hot jism. Give me your sweet seed, my son, make mommy cum NOWWW!!"

I answered my lover, "Uhuh, mom here it is! I'm cumming in you, NOW! God! I feel your cunt clamping on my cock, I have to let it all flow into you, my sperm in your womb. I LOVE YOU! MOM! I LOVE FUCKING YOU MOMMY!!"

"Oh yes! I love you too, Baby, My sweet boy, made mommy cum so good! It had to be, we couldn't help ourselves. Two horny people, and now we have given each other what we both needed for so long. Maybe we were bad, but it was soo good!"

After a few minutes went by, and I was able to get my wind back, I spoke with a great love in my heart for the woman under me, and with a huge lump of lust beginning to revive my rod. "Mom, I guess the 'no balling' rule snowballed out of our control. But, I think we are both

happy about that. So, do you want to build a snowman, since we made such a grand start?"

Mom hunched her hips to my recovering stiff staff. 'Yeah, Kiddo, it's going to be a real white Christmas inside and out!"

I saw she was right, outside the window it was snowing; and in her bed, we were reconnecting once more in the incestuous copulation that had become our favorite dance. The sno' ball effect was rolling again!

The Sounds of Incest

My name maiden name was Mona Coit; a moaner during coitus. That's an unintended pun my parents made, because I have always been vocal during sex, even when I masturbate. I guess it runs in the family, I remember hearing my folks making love on occasion. Though, that was rarely and even then they tried to mask the sounds with music or a fan going or some other noise. It didn't work, but I respected their privacy and their room was at the other end of the house I grew up in, so I seldom listened in.

But both were making those primitive sounds we all make when screwing. Mom especially would tell dad how she wanted it. I don't know if it's from hearing her or just genetic that I do that too. But this story is not about them, it's about my son and I. Maybe if I had been the silent type, what happened would not have. But I'm not, and it did, and we did. Yes, we fucked – committed incest. I didn't intend for our actions to lead to our relationship, however since we crossed the line, there is no going back.

I'm now forty-two; we have been intimate for just under a year now. It happened last summer, when Jeff, my son, returned home freshly graduated from prep school. Ready to go to an Ivy League college in the fall. So he took the summer off, no camp counseling, no summer job, lazy bum time. Why not? We didn't need the money; his father's insurance had left us well off, that and the investments we had made. I worked high end real estate in a fancy community of Connecticut and made damn good money. On top of all that, the house was willed to us by my folks, and we had lived in it since they retired to Florida, so finances were not any problem.

Both my folks were gone now and my husband too. Dad had a massive stroke and mom and my husband both died of cancer. My spouse most tragically three years ago. He would have been 45 in September. So it's just Jeff and I, in a big house, all by ourselves. Except that he was gone for most of the school year, of course. Therefore, I wasn't used to him being around the house. That summer I forgot sometimes that he was home and several times walked around in just my panties and bra. When he came upon me in such a state of undress we didn't make a big deal of it and I would go and put on a robe.

On the other hand Jeff would parade in his jockeys in the morning for breakfast or at night going to the bathroom. It didn't bother me, except when he had a woodie in the AM. The damn thing nearly would pop the tip above the waist band it was so long. One time we even had an encounter when we both were nude. I had been taking a shower and had neglected to close the door all the way, so as to let out the steam. Just as I got out of the shower and was reaching to grab a towel - in walked my son – naked as a jay bird. With a full blown erection.

Now I know the natural thing for a gal to do is to cover up the best she can and snap up the nearest towel for modesty. But I didn't. I was like a deer caught in the headlights; I froze at the sight of his gorgeous cock. I admit that I had been curious at what lurked beneath the briefs. I had always found the male member a thing of fascination. He stood there, an Adonis, a Greek statue, but at attention like the ancients didn't ever carve. It was more like those on the Hindu temples showing sex acts. However, this was not stone but turgid living flesh. I hadn't seen a man's dick in three years, and this was a beaut of a boner.

For his part he made the most of the long minute we stared at one another. My body was still in fair shape having played tennis with my gal-pals, and gone to the gym in the mornings for one exercise group or another. My husband used to compare me to Tinkerbelle, a spritely blond with a good bust and slim hips. Jeff made a direct survey of my charms, the pink tipped melons and the wispy golden triangle of my pussy. I felt myself getting strangely tingly between my legs - as my nipples hardened and I blushed. If it had been his dad, I would have jumped his bones right there and then. It was a hot moment.

But Jeff finally retreated, saying, "Sorry, mom, I didn't think you were in here, since the door was open. I was going to take a shower." (Our home was 2&1/2 baths but this was the only one that had an enclosed shower equipped with a big adjustable head. It was off my master bedroom, the other downstairs just had a tub/shower and no frills.) "Unless you want to share one?" he offered.

"No, Jeffy!" I replied. "I'm finished, thank you very kindly . . ." I said with a tone indicating I would not go for that. The very idea of taking a shower with my grown son!!

"Nice bod!" The young rascal called back through the door he closed behind him. The kid was getting more smart mouthed as the summer progressed.

"Remember, I used to change your diapers. I've seen your butt naked more times that you can count!"

"Yeah? Well how's it look now?" And he stuck his hind-end back through, mooning his mom. I looked at the ass that poked out from

behind the door. I couldn't see his face, but I knew he had a big silly grin on it. I had to admit, he always had a great set of buns, and now they made my mouth water – or somewhere else on my body moisten!

"And if you don't want that thing paddled, just like I did when you were little, you'll get gone and give me some privacy. I'll let you know when it's your turn." I said with a laugh. But his buns were scrumptious. "Stop being so cheeky with your old mom!" I said as I heard him leave finally.

"Ta ta to the ta-tas," he called

Later I wondered if that incident had been so innocent; if it had been merely accidental or more of a deliberate attempt to get a gander at me stripped. Well, he certainly got what he came for. To ogle me, and show off his prick and muscular physique too? If so it worked. If his purpose was to get his mother interested in his body that had done the trick. I wasn't warm for his form right then – but in light of subsequent events, it had the desired effect.

I came home early one day from work. My schedule varied; as showing the properties was on the clients' available time, so my hours were not regular. I arrived and entered the house, as I passed Jeff's room on the way to mine; I heard something through his door. I try to respect his privacy, but this was something that stopped me in my tracks. It was a female's voice. At first I thought he had a date over and they were making out. But in a moment I realized the gal was having an orgasm! I kept listening, out of motherly curiosity – don't want the kid to get some girl knocked-up. However, as I listen for a moment, I could tell

that it was not live but recorded on tape. 'Ah-Ha!' I thought, 'He's got a porno tape on.'

But then I heard the woman cry out, "Ooh! Yess!! Deeper, harder . . . hard and deep" I know just how she feels, I thought to myself. Then I had the psychological equivalent of a bucket of ice-water dumped on my brain. I knew how that felt because – IT WAS ME!!

That was me; that is, a recording of me, cumming! The tape played on even though my mind was completely stopped. "Deeper, deeper . . . I want you deep, give it to me as hard as you can – oh god fuck me . . . fuck me now with your hard cock . . . pound my pussy, make me cum, make me cum nooww!! Yes, yess, YES I'M CUMMING . . . UH UUHH!!" I listened to myself finishing my orgasm with heavy panting; giving way to little coo's and murmurs. It had been a good one!

I acted without thinking. I grabbed the knob and swung the door open. There was my son, naked on his bed, his hand on his dick, his penis oozing white goo, his eyes closed, his breath ragged, his climax obvious, his oblivion complete – he didn't know I was seeing him in the aftermath of masturbating. I immediately realized that any confrontation would be totally embarrassing to us both, that I didn't have the slightest idea of what to say or how to deal with the situation. I closed the door silently and went to my room.

I locked the door to my bedroom – not that I expected him to try to come in, but in an irrational reaction to protect my privacy. When to think of it – I had invaded his. I couldn't imagine where he had gotten a recording of me having a climax. I sounded like that often enough when his father had fucked me – had his dad made a tape of our love-

making? I didn't think so. Why was he listening to his mother's orgasm, didn't he have any video pornography? How often had he done this? My head was filled with questions.

I took a couple of aspirin in the bathroom. I lay down and tried to sort things out in my head. It must have been when I masturbated one night. Perhaps a couple of weeks ago when I thought he was out and had given myself a real workout with my dildos. (Hey! A gal gets horny too!) But how? A micro recorder under the bed? A wireless mike hooked to a receiver? Then I realized the simple answer. Whatever the mechanism the tape was on, it was by way of the household intercom that was able to be either a baby monitor or call everybody to dinner or play the radio in any room. Seventies technology – true, but still in working order and effective enough to do the job, as I heard for myself.

Other questions arose, how often had he done that? Was he thinking of me – or was it just the sound of a female climaxing that was his turn on. How many recordings of me did he have? Should I confront him, or not? How should I handle this, ought I to put a stop to it? How would he like it if the tables were turned? Stupid question – he'd like it. Well, I had sort of, hadn't I? There was Jeff, with his nice big (seven incher?) cock stroking and jism running out. I had always liked to watch a guy jerk-off; my boyfriends, my husband, once I even caught my brother and he did it while I looked on. Sure fellas didn't mind a girl watching, it fueled their fantasies.

I used to even get my husband to do it as a form of foreplay, then before he would blast, I hopped on and finished him off; cumming myself with a nice explosion. I was one of those gals that liked visual stimulus. Jeff's image reformed in my imagination and I saw him in my mind's

eye stoking the pink tower of power. I unconsciously reached between my legs under my skirt and stuck my hands into my panties. "Yes, Jeffy, do it for mommy!" I said softly. The words said out loud startled me. Was I thinking about my own son? Yes I was – well who could blame me? When I realized that I was diddling myself, I didn't stop – it felt too nice being nasty.

The image of his body that time in the bathroom floated up. I thought about what if he had started to masturbate while looking at his naked mother. And what if I had also touched myself too, in front of my sexy son? God I was wet, as my finger rubbed the nub of my clit. I lay on my bed and the fantasy continued. I saw him reach over and stroke my nipples, he was getting close, I knew the signs. My finger entered my vagina, both real and his digit in my dream. He began to spew thick cream, and my spasm over took me as I lifted my hips off the bed and ached for a man to fill me, fuck me, make me – take me over the brink into ecstasy.

I lay there panting for long minutes, sweating and astounded at what I had just done. I felt slightly guilty for my lascivious thoughts. At the same time I wondered if I could use the same trick to listen to my son on the sly, while he masturbated. Wouldn't that be naughty? Wouldn't that be delicious?

Not that night, I figured we had both gotten our jollies, but the next night I set up the intercom to listen in on my son. It took a couple of evenings though before I once more heard sounds that were him getting into bed and then begin to listen to his secret tape of his mother. I had my dildos ready; I have several, vibrating ones, one that fits on a finger, etc. That evening I chose the one molded from a porn star with

the 'natural feel'. It reminded me the most of my son's cock, it was almost its twin, all seven inches. The surreptitious nature of the spying and the eroticism of a forbidden foray into incest fantasy gave my libido a zing. I lay naked on my bed as I knew Jeff was on his, and as he listened to me on the recording – I listen to him on the intercom.

I could hear me moaning on the tape and my son saying, "Please mom, you're so beautiful, just let me see you again, like that time in the bathroom?" I got wet remembering that too. I moved the dildo on my clit. "Yes, mom, let me kiss you; I can make you feel so good . . ." So he was thinking about me! "Just let me put the tip in? Just to see what it's like . . . I promise I won't go too far, just the tip mom?" I moved the dildo, which I now thought of as 'Jeffy', down to my vagina and slipped the tip in – following Jeff's fantasy. "Oh you're so hot and wet, mommy!" Indeed, I was! "Does it feel good? Maybe a little more, just half way, Okay?" I knew he couldn't resist his mommy's pussy. I used 'Jeffy' to put another inch in. I amazed myself; here I was simulating fucking my son, while I simultaneously listened to him pretending to screw me.

I could tell by the sounds from the speaker that my son was beginning to make long strokes on that sweet meat tube at his loins by the slap-slap of his fist beating a steady rhythm. I use the artificial penis in my vagina in like measure. Then I heard myself crying out, "Ooh! Yess!! Deeper, harder . . . hard and deep" The recording had reached that part where I was about to climax. And I was right there too, I was ready for him to thrust strongly and fully, the 'Jeffy' prick pushed up to my womb again and again. The tape said the words for me. "Deeper, deeper . . . I want you deep; give it to me as hard as you can"

Jeff himself was now crying out, "Yes mom!! I need to fuck you – oh god! Fuck me mommy!!

"Oh god fuck me . . . fuck me now with your hard cock", the tape played, I whimpered softly, "Yes . . .yess – oh do it to mommy!" I heard, "Pound my pussy, make me cum, make me cum nooww!!

Jeff said in unison with my pleadings, "Yeah mom! We're doing it, I'm making you cum, I'm cumming with mommy. Jeffy is cumming in you! Ahh! Uh . . Uh . . . uuhhh!!!

And I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Yes Jeff, Yes, yess, YES I'M CUMMING Cum in me sweet baby, Oh Jeffy. . . UH UUHH!!" The dildo was making me froth with action as my hand moved it in a frenzy to and fro in my cunt. I came so hard that my back arched and my feet clenched, as I pictured my son over me and pounding his stiff staff deep into my vagina and letting loose a big, hot dollop of jism.

Then all that I heard was Jeff and myself (both live and recorded) panting heavily and making those little cooing sounds and soft murmurs. It had been a good one! For both of us. - But - Had he heard me down the hall? I had screamed - had the recording drowned out my real orgasm, had Jeff been so preoccupied with his own climax and calling out that he missed the fact that I was participating in his imagined screwing of his mommy? Or did he detect that there were two people in the house masturbating to the same fantasy?

Oh god! What if he had heard me? Would he come and find me in my bedroom, on the bed, with my legs spread wide open, with a fleshy dildo still up my pussy? He then would know I also had been guilty of incestuous desires. That his mommy had the hots for him too! Would he pull out the 'Jeffy' fake dick and plug in the real one?

I couldn't let that happen . . . now that the heat of the moment was over . . . I realized that letting my son fuck me for real would be a disaster. At least a development I would have no idea how to handle. No, I would not let that come – cum – about. Fantasy was one thing, but actually crossing the line was completely something else. I listened intently. But I heard nothing from the intercom. Did that mean he was coming down the hall even now? Then I relaxed as I heard the soft sounds of snoring. Wasn't that just like a man? To fall asleep after sex – no cuddling, no after-play, no going down to finish me off. Even if it was imaginary. Well, I had my vibrator – I switched it on and gave myself another little cum before falling asleep too.

In the morning, I got up and took a quick shower, threw on the first night gown that came to hand out of the dresser and went downstairs to the kitchen. A little while latter Jeff appeared, but he said nothing to indicate he had any suspicion of what had been a mutual - abet in separate rooms - masturbation session. He was in his underpants as usual. No morning woody, I was a little disappointed to observe. I guessed he wore it out the night before, thinking about being in his mom. I poured him a glass of orange juice and got him out the jelly for his toast. He followed my movements, a peculiar look on his face.

As I fixed him a poached egg I could feel his gaze on me as he ate. I put the plate in front of him, bending down to see if he would steal a gander

at my breasts. Sure enough, he did. As I was placing the dish I glanced at his crotch, my prince's scepter was bulging prominently in his drawers. And Jiminy! It was now poking the tip above the elastic, a bright russet plum with the hole glistening with a drop of clear pre-cum dew. What had gotten the boy so worked up about, since he sat down? The thin fabric outlined the straining staff; I was mesmerized for a moment.

Then his voice brought me back, "Gosh, mom you are so beautiful this morning!"

I smiled, "Thanks, sweetie. Have a good sleep?"

"Yeah, I did. You?"

"Oh I had wonderful dreams last night of a handsome knight who came and ... ('boy did he ever come', I thought to myself) "and he . . .", I stalled as I saw Jeff smirk at the word 'came'. I wasn't the only one of us thinking in double entendres this morning. "And he carried me away to an enchanted kingdom where we lived happily ever after." I finished. ('I certainly got carried away by your fantasy', went through my risqué brain.) But I didn't dare say such a thing out loud and give my son the wrong – eh, the right but naughty impression.

I sat down to take a sip of my coffee and for a moment had a little fantasy of my own. I pictured going over to my athletic son and pulling his skivvies right off, exposing the rude rod that was already rearing

its sexy head. In a single motion I divest myself of my nightgown and high stepped over his seated naked form. I offered one tit to his lips, the left, my most erogenous of the pair, with one hand and with my other hand deftly guide that burning log of manhood to the lubricated fireplace between my legs. As I sink gently upon my son, Jeffy sucks in my nipple and squeezes my buns with both strong hands. He goes all the way up, and we stay like that for a whole minute. Then I begin to do a lap dance like no other gal has ever given her guy, a hula girl has nothing on my hips . . . . .

"Mom?" Jeff's voice breaks the spell and I crash back to reality. "Are you okay? You got this funny look on your face all of a sudden – like you were thinking about -"

"I'm fine!" I interrupt him before he suggested something too close to home. I abruptly pick up his plate and carry it to the sink. After a brief moment Jeff gets up and comes up behind me.

"Mommy?" Jeff says in an odd voice, did you," he hesitates, "did you wear that nightgown down here to breakfast for my benefit – because if you did I really do appreciate it – a lot." I suddenly become aware that I have on the sheerest gown I have, practically see-thru, and no panties, much less no bra or any kind of top. I'm nearly naked. "A lot . . . " Jeff repeats and as if to emphasize his point he pushes his erection right between my cheeks. I can even feel his hairy balls rubbing my ass and – GOD! I've gotten a wet spot from where I was sitting thinking about fucking my boy and he must have been able to see it. To make things worse I moisten again, so much so I must be dripping on the kitchen floor and I feel like I'm about to swoon into his arms. And he

could do to me whatever he desires, because I desire – lust for – the same!!

"Jeffy", I say to deflect what I had resolved last night to avoid, a consanguine coupling with my kid, "why don't you go and take your shower now?"

He says in my ear, half serious, I can tell, "Want to join me?"

"JEFFY!" I turned a mistake because this puts my pussy and his peter in close proximity, brushing up against one another. His arms go to my back in a tender hug. "I'm . .I'm your mother, you . . shouldn't think about me that way." ('You're one to talk!" pipes up the naughty girl in my head).

"Too tempting – aay mom?" He teases, pushing toward me with his hips and I feel his hard-on against my mons. Little does he know, or does he suspect? Or does he know??

"If I was to take you up on your offer – I don't think you could handle it. I'd eat you up!!" I try bombast to make a joke, and laugh.

"Is that a threat or a promise?" he tosses back at me and then to my surprise and delight – but I dare not show it – he gives me a huge kiss, right on the lips. It last longer that it should, but I am loving it so much that I let it linger, until he tries a bit of tongue.

At that, my maternal instinct makes a weak return to some semblance of sanity and I break it off and gently push him away with a tap on his chest. "Fresh! You're asking for a paddling on your behind, mister!"

"Well, okay, but I could handle you if you took up my invitation; in fact, I would love to handle you all over." Before I can express my shock, or say 'I know you would' and follow him; he turns and quickly exits. As soon as I hear his door close, I dash to my bedroom and throw myself on the bed, tummy down. I pull my diaphanous shift above my hips and thrust my fingers into my soaking, burning pussy. I stroke the clit furiously and my climax rises like a skyrocket and I am about to burst into a spectacular explosion, when the sound of my door opening penetrates my dim awareness.

I say, "OH! JEFFY!" both as I was thinking about him penetrating me with his big cock and as a protest that I have been caught in such a compromising position. He can see everything, I mean everything; cunt, anus, mommy's orgasm as the clutching nether lips flutter and the asshole contracts, my gasps and groans at the spasms which are racking my body.

"Jeez! I'm sorry mom . . . I didn't mean to – I was just going to take a shower in your bathroom." he sounds apologetic, but he doesn't withdraw.

In some back part of my mind I realize that this is turn-about-fair-play but I am too embarrassed (bare-assed) and too much in shock and too much in the aftermath of a humongous cum to do much but mumble, "Jeffy, just go to your room, Sweetie." He finally withdraws, shutting to

door behind him. '(I must remember to hit the button on the knob for privacy'), I resolve silently, out loud I say, "SHIT!!!".

I didn't see Jeff for the rest of the day. I guess he went out after he got dressed and was too unnerved to face me. Just as well, I had no idea what to say to him. I did a bunch of chores around the house, watched a soap, perused a magazine, but I was getting bored. My motor had gotten running and I was full of sexual tension and erotic energy, more that I had in me in a long time. I figured, what the hell, Jeff is out of the house, I can play without fear of being interrupted – play with myself, play with my dildos, play with forbidden fantasies, play with 'Jeffy' the joy toy that subs for my boy. Boy, oh boy! I got naked and shut the door and made myself comfortable on the mattress.

Now, let's see – what does 'naughty girl' want to daydream about? How about the ravishing of the mommy? Hmm . . . yes, Jeffy surprises me again, but this time he can't take the sight of his mom naked and writhing on the bed in sexual heat. He strips down his jeans – no undies, he's commando, and his shirt comes over his head in an instant. As I create the scenario, my hunk of rubber is working its way into my center. Nude, my son climbs in next to me and firmly grabs my legs and spreads them. His penis is bobbing with eagerness and the prow is a purple plum of swollen lust. I dream on.

He begins to thrust in, smoothly, as his aim is sure and my cunt is soaked. He presses me down with our bodies contacting at the nipples and arms hugging one another for better leverage. Our lips are going crazy as our tongues dance and the smack-smack-smack of our loins clapping together echoes off the walls. He is grunting and I am crying his name, "Jeff, Jeff, oh Jeff, Jeff!!" My 'Jeffy' is flying in and out and

pounding against my deepest inner being, my other hand is slapping at my clit like a tom-tom.

"Fuck me, Jeffy, fuck mommy!" I am at full volume. "Hard . . . deep, harder . . . deeper, deeper, yes . . yes, make mommy cum, Jeff, Yess! Now, cum in me, Cum in Mommy sweet Jeffy!! fuuckk mmeee JJeeffyyy"

And as I sail over the moon in a peak spasm pure of pleasure I hear from somewhere, "Yes, mommy, I'm cumming too! I love you, mom, uuh! Uhh uuhmm. Ohh, mommm."

Did I leave the intercom on? Was that from his room? Was he listening to me again? I get up and rush to the door. It's lock. I open it. I step out into the hall. I don't see anything, but I stepped in something damp. I smell sex. Jeff was in the hall! God damn, was he spying on me again? I have to put a stop to this right now, I make a vow. I turn back in grab my terrycloth robe – no see-thru this time – and march out in the direction of his room. I throw open his door and there he is, sitting on the edge of his bed, pants down, dick dripping semen, and tears in his eyes and a face about to break a mother's heart as he burst into bawling.

Of course this is totally unexpected on my part and instantly I go from anger to pity.

"I thought you were calling me when I came home, so I went to your room, the door was locked and then I heard you . . . you cumming and saying you wanted to me to fuck you and I love you and I think you're so sexy and I have wanted to . . to make love to you for so long and . .

and first I saw you in the bathroom and then I heard you last night over the intercom as I was thinking about you and you were thinking about me too and you didn't stop it but you came too and this morning when you looked so hot I thought maybe you were sending signals to me that you wanted us to . . . and then I didn't mean to see you doing . . . masturbating and when I heard you through the door just now I couldn't help it Mom. Oh, jeez, don't be angry at me . . . I love you. I love youu . . ."

All but the last was said in a rush, gushing out like a pot boiling over, but the last little three words were said so softly and with so much yearning that it made whatever anger I had evaporate and what flooded in was compassion for my boy who was no different from his mom in having incestuous desires and fantasies. I decided I needed to make it up to him and I could see that the object of my desire was close at hand. So I motioned him to scootch back on his mattress and pulled his shoes off and pants down. I then got him out of his shirt. Nude my boy looked up at me in wide eyed wonder and a shit eating grin beginning to spread across his face.

"Let me tell you a little story," I began, sitting next to him. I took my hand and wrapped it around Jeff's cock and began to stroke. "When your father and I were a young couple, just after we were married, we went on a camping trip with another couple whom were our best friends at the time. We shared a big tent, we had one side and they were on the other. We respected each other's privacy, but there were no secrets between us. Being married of course your dad and I put our sleeping bags together, as did our companions since they were engaged." Jeff's love muscle was firming up nicely with my ministrations.

"It happened that one morning, the other folks were feeling frisky, hell they were horny just like us, and they stated fooling around." I adored the smooth skin of my son's penis; I gently pulled up and drew down. "Well, we could hear them and see them moving under the bags, humping – literally. That turned your dad and me on and we began to make love as well." Jeffy's eyes closed as the swollen flesh was hot in my hands. So there we all were, fucking our partners on the opposite sides of the tent, sleeping bags bumping up and down like caterpillars and everybody moaning and groaning and whispering as we were cumming."

Jeff reached out cautiously and put a hand inside my robe and began to caress my breast, the left one. "We made each other hot, listening to one another. Later when we talked around the campfire we agreed that it was one of the most erotic points of our lives. Back then there wasn't so much access to porn tapes or the Internet." My nipple was in seventh heaven as my son stroked it. "It was better though, because it was live and so near, so personal and so free." We both were in sync now with our playing with each other's bodies, almost like, not quite making love.

"Did you ever listen to Grams and Grandpa?" my man-child asked as he switched tits.

"Sometimes," I confessed.

"Did you masturbate when you listened?" He asked his voice husky with sexual arousal.

I gave into temptation and bent my head down to mouth my boy's dick. "Umm-hmm" I confessed that I had to my kid, as I sucked on his boner and gave him a hum-job at the same time.

"Did you ever want to do it with Gramps?" Jeff gasped, but before I could respond, he erupted in my mouth at the thought of incest between his mother and her dad. I had all that I could do to deal with the copious flow from my son and could not respond. After he had calmed down I smiled and told him, "No not really; I found it hot to listen, but a little embarrassing too, so I didn't invade their privacy much. I had fantasies about some older men, movie stars mostly, but I understand where your coming – cumming – from." Jeff smiled at my pun, but he then loosen the belt of my robe and began to fill both hands with my tootsies. What fun!

"Okay, now listen young man!" I sounded stern, but he knew I was being only semi-serious. "We have done more than we should, more than I intended for to happen and as much as we ought, without going past the point beyond which we might not be able to control ourselves and do something that would be regrettable."

"I wouldn't regret it," my less than innocent son said.

"Well, I might, and if I did have guilty feelings and remorse would you want me to feel bad?" I asked looking him straight in the eye.

"No mom, I wouldn't. I see your point. I love you and would never want to do anything that would hurt you."

"Okay then, let's just quit while we're a head." I saw the disappointed look in his face and modified my proposal. "Well, I guess we could leave the intercom on and stay in our rooms, but no fucking for real, just fantasy, just in your imagination – okay? Wait a minute!" Something he had said before about the intercom finally struck me. "What do you mean – you were listening to me as I listen to you?"

Jeff laughed, "Mom! It's an intercom, not just a baby monitor, there is two way talking. .moaning. . when you set it on intercom mode – intercommunications - both talking and listening!"

"Damn! So you heard everything last night?"

Jeff nodded. "Mom, you do have the hots for me. You can't deny it now. We can have the intercom on, but why don't we just watch each other in the same place and cum together talking to each other and telling what we really want to do?"

"Because that would be like smoking in a shed full of fireworks. As dangerous as playing with matches in a dynamite factory. The temptation would be greater than we could handle and it could be very explosive."

"I like skyrockets"

"Enough! I'm going to shower, you can start dinner, buddy, and get out the good wine, we deserve it!" And then I went to my own bathroom and turned on the water. But in truth I was still turned on too. But I did lock the door.

There followed several busy days where there was no convergence of Jeff and I in any intimate way, either intentional or inadvertent. I was beginning to suspect what had at first appeared accidental on my son's part had been careful calculation. That he had intruded not so innocently in order to pursue where his prurient interests could be satisfied. Then again, neither was I entirely guiltless when it came to lustful listening. It wasn't that our libidos were dormant; just that it seemed that a bit of space defused the waiting skyrockets for the time being.

I had a regular tennis date with one of my gal-pals on Thursday afternoon. She had to cancel because her youngest was sick with some virus. I didn't think I could find another partner at the last minute, so I planned to work in the garden instead. Jeff was hanging around, so I asked him if he would like to do some weeding.

"I've got a better idea, mom. Why don't we play together?"

Immediately I began to say, no, that I needed to do flower sort of activities and fooling around was not just a casual thing that we might do when there was time to get other things accomplished. Though in truth, at the thought my panties went damp.

"No, mom, I mean why don't we play tennis together. I might be a bit rusty, but I'll give you a run for your money. What do you say?" What could I say? I said okay. A few hours of exercise would be good for us both. Jeff was out of practice but he got better after a couple of sets and I had to be at my best to counter his stronger serve. Finally, we were down to the last game before our court time was up at the club. Jeff suggested, "Why don't we make it interesting, mom? How about a bet?"

"Okay, what are the stakes?"

He smiled a foxy smile and replied, "How about a carte blanche treat, the winner's choice. The loser has to do whatever they ask – within reason of course."

"I know what I have in mind, already – but you won't like it, weeding. So you better be on your best game!" I called across the net. "What are you scheming?"

His grin widened. "Ohh . . . I'll think of something that you'll like doing." I could guess that it had to do with beds and bods. I determined that I wasn't going to let him have his way and keep love strictly a tennis term. But I think I was hustled, or he was very motivated to win the prize. I lost. But he wouldn't tell me what favor that I was obligated for, just then. We drove home. I was glad to get back to the house and air-conditioning after the hot summer sun and workout.

"I'm going to take a long shower and get cool and clean." I announced.

"Me too. In fact that's the thing I was going to cash in on. Let's shower together, okay?"

I should have known! 'Well, what's the most that could happen in that small shower stall, anyway?' I thought to myself. ('Just don't bend over with your back to him!') Naughty girl quipped. 'And make sure that he goes straight back to his own room afterwards,' momma Mona added. 'Or the sheets will get more soaked than the towels!' mother and minx chorused together. Sharing a shower would be fun with this lithe, attractive young man I thought to myself, just you don't get carried away, keep control, you're the adult. But at the same time I felt like a kid with a ticket for the merry-go-round.

I answered, "Okay, but you have to behave yourself. You said within reason and we aren't going to have a lot of hanky-panky, we are just having good clean fun, nothing naughty!"

"Right you are, a wash and nothing dirty!" he declared. Right, who was kidding who?

As we walked into my bedroom on the way to the shower, Jeff said, "Let me help you off with your top." He caught the bottom of my Tee shirt and swept it up and over my head in a single motion.

"Thank you, honey but I can strip myself," I said casually, as I kicked off my shoes.

"But it's more fun to do it my way . . ." he came back in a suggestive tone and tugged at my tennis skirt, getting it half off my hips.

"Oh, yeah?" I exclaimed as I grabbed his waist band and yanked down his shorts to his ankles so that he toppled backwards with his butt landing on the bed. I followed up with his jockey shorts with the same maneuver and now he was helpless with his feet raised high as I pulled both articles awkwardly off his legs over his shoes. He sat up then on the edge of the bed and divested himself of his sweat soaked shirt, as I drew down my sports bra to my waist exposing momma's pair of pear shaped mammaries to her son's eager eyes. I stepped between his spread legs, which were still shod with sneakers, and took his hands and very deliberately placed them on my waist.

My son hooked his thumbs in my spandex sports bra and slid it down slowly, catching my tennis skirt and even the panties in his dexterous clutches and dropped them down to the floor in a puddle of cloth covering my feet. I stood still. Jeff put his hands on my bare ass-cheeks and leaned forward drawing me slightly to him and kissed my lower tummy, and kissed lower and kissed lower again just above my bush. Talk about erotic! Romantic even. I got his wrists and moved his hands to my chest where they caressed my bosom with the gentlest of fondles. If I didn't get us into the shower right then we would wind up on the floor with my kid between my thighs and his cock knocking at the gates of paradise.

Indeed, I was lubricating from his kisses and the heady scent of male animal rising into my nostrils. My own womanly muskiness must have been in his face too, so close to my sexual center. I broke the spell of smelling each other's pheromones by turning toward the bathroom and

said, "Last one in the shower makes supper!" and skipped over the carpeting like I was a schoolgirl, but this playground was adults only. Jeff got rid of his shoes and socks as he hopped and stumbled after me in his eagerness to join in the game of rub-a-dub-dub with mommy.

I turned the water on to lukewarm, a pleasant temperature for rinsing off summer grime and stepped into the stall. Moments later, Jeff opened the door and as he did I squirted body-wash gel on his hair and began to suds up his whole head. Since this effectively blinded him I had the advantage for the moment. I made my way down his shoulders to his chest and enjoyed caressing his pects. Then I got more gel in my hands and hugged him to do his back, our nipples rubbed against each other's torso in soapy stimulation. I could tell that this aroused him as his cock was ramrodding my abdomen.

I turned him so the water rinsed his top half, but now I used the suds to wash his privates. His was at attention as I stroked it and clutched the two delicate eggs in hairy sacks, making sure to play with his balls before going under his scrotum to get the crotch. I manipulated Jeffy so that the shower rained down on his front, rinsing, as I goosed him with a soapy hand to do his anus. Squatting down, I used more gel on his legs and turned him about-face so that I was "eye to eye", if you will, with the one-eyed snake that was proudly pointing in my direction. I opened my mouth and took it in, mouthing several inches, and I sucked and bobbed as my son held my head and moaned his appreciation.

Then I stood up and handed him the gel. I didn't need to say what was expected, and he kissed me full on the lips before starting lathering up mommy. He washed my hair and gave me a scalp massage. I love scalp

massages. He did my back and legs, his firm hands turning me as he needed to gain access or get me rinsed. Then he had me face him and kissed me again on the lips and his tongue slipped into my mouth like it was something we had always been doing. It felt natural to embrace him, as if our slick bodies and our Frenching were all part of a wonderful sort of slow dance, intimate and erotic as our arms snaked around over both buns and backs.

We were one of those couples intricately entwined on a temple in India, celebrating our sensuality as part of the way we worshiped. It was sacred, it was love, it was a uniting. Water sprayed over us bathing us in a baptism of arousal as my son's hand went between my legs and explored the folds of femininity he found. My clit felt his stroke and my labia his digits, strumming through them as if he were making music. Then, I exhaled as one finger went inside his mother's pussy. I sighed as the second joined it. I gasped as they began to move, not so much in and out as back and forth, front to back, G-spot to the rear of my cavity; crooking his middle and ring fingers, waving within my empty place and seeming to fill it up.

My legs went weak. His muscular arms steadied me as this crazy drubbing inside my cunt continued. I was holding my breath, my head was thrown back and my eyes were closed in ecstasy and my nipples were cherry stones. I was on the brink before I knew what was happening and then it WAS happening. I skyrocketed into the stratosphere, as somehow my boy with his fingering made mommy contract again, and again, and again, in paroxysms of pleasure as multiple orgasms rack my whole being. I had never cum quite like it, standing and with just a hand job bringing me off in a jolting succession of climaxes. WOW!!!

After that, the soaping of my boobs was almost anticlimactically – you should pardon the expression. It was sweet though, as he washed them and then sucked them and fondled them like they were his favorite cuddly toys. We looked at each other as the water rinsed sex off and still did not cleanse our minds of lustful thoughts, quite the opposite in fact.

"I told you that you'd like what I had in mind!" my randy housemate ('mate'?) crooned in my ear.

"God! Did I ever! I think that I could only stand a session like that but once a week!" I confessed, making an invitation to more water games in the future. "Hold on to me, I'm still shaky from cumming so much. Where did you learn that?"

"You inspire me, mom."

"Get us some towels from up on the shelf honey." I instructed. We proceeded to dry each other with the fluffy terrycloth and a little bit of touchy-feely along with the process. He remained hard. What was I going to do about that? He had not cum and surely I owed him at least a mighty fine blow-job?

"Mom did you have any other family . . uh . . encounters?" Jeff asked. AHH! I knew what he was after, more incestuous dirt from mom. That was his secret turn-on, not so secret to me any more though. Suddenly, I got inspired myself on how to provide Jeff's jollies without risking a ravishing from a randy son. I led him to the bed and gave him the bottle of hand cream kept on the night stand.

"Let me tell you a little story . . ." I began. I lay on my tummy and instructed him to slather the lotion in my butt crack, then stretch out on me with his boner between my soft cheeks. As he listened to mommy's naughty tale he enjoyed her nice tail, hunching his haunches, humping my backside's valley.

"Once upon a long time ago – before I met your father," I started. "I've always liked to watch a guy jerk off, it was a big turn on. It still is"

"Did you finger yourself too, while looking at them?"

"No, don't interrupt, just listen. I usually could get my boyfriend to do it for me, and after I became involved with your dad he would spank the monkey for your mommy. But before that; one time I came upon my brother, Rick, doing it in the family room. Our parents were gone for the weekend and he thought I was sleeping over at my friend's house, but that was going to be the next night. So there he is in the nude with a couple of his girlie magazines, a nice big prick in his hand and nowhere to hide – but he didn't even try to cover up."

"Rick looked me in the eye and we didn't say a word to each other. It was like we had mental telepathy." Jeff was into a serious rhythm on mommy's ass now. I continued, but embellishing the story for the sake of sonny's impending spurt. "I don't know what came over me, but I stripped down too. I sat beside him and watched as he slowly stroked the big totem pole between his legs. His balls were red and swollen with pent up jism. I could tell that he really needed to spout. I spread my legs wide for him to see his sister's cunt. My clit was poking out of

its hood and my labia were pumped with blood like a flower blooming. I was making a wet spot on the sofa I dripped so much."

Hunch, hunch my boy was sawing away at my hinny. I could tell he was beginning to get near his peak. I continued my narration, "Then, I reached out and took it, my brother's penis, just as he extended a finger to my hole and dipped into his sister's center. We did that for a few minutes and then he pushed me back on the divan and got between my legs while his . ." I stopped speaking abruptly as I felt Jeffy's penis prod my well greased grotto and begin to enter my well of love juice. Jeez! He was going in – that wasn't supposed to happen! "OH! Jeff! Noo, don't go in mommy!!" Yet it felt so good, so hot, so tempting to let it happen. I raised my hips in anticipation of illicit coupling with my child. How could I control him when I couldn't control my own body?

"Did he do it mom? Did Uncle Rick fuck you? You guys couldn't help it, could you? You both were too hot to stop, he thrust it in you and came, didn't he. And you came too, you both came together, creaming and squirting and . . . "

Luck was on my side, as Jeff hunched and as he humped he changed angles, and so slid up the alley of my ass crack. Then he drew back too far, so that when he thrust again he buried his throbbing dick between my thighs, striking my clit obliquely and thus soaking the sheet beneath me with a generous dose of jism. Mission accomplished. Crisis averted, no thanks to my lustful cunt; simply due to the mostly fictional story of mine and the depraved longing for all things incestuous of my son's sinful imagination. Thank God he didn't have a sister I thought. But he had been far too close to fucking his mom. To my relief, but in a way, to my regret as well.

As I lay there in the aftermath of bring my boy off once more, he got up and got a wet, warm wash cloth to wipe up my messy tush. Well, I'm glad to see that I raised the youngster with some manners, I thought humorously to myself. But seriously, my thinking continued, he's going to make some girl a fine lover. For a moment I was jealous of the woman who would get to have him as her paramour. But I realized that was silly, and I realized that I could have him if I wanted that privilege.

After I taught him the finer points, she could enjoy his attentions, as long as he came home to cum with mommy once in awhile. Cry-min-net-ly!!' as Rick used to say, who's has depraved longing of incestuous feelings now?' That was naughty girl lusting after her sexy son. Mona momma asked 'How you going to get grandchildren?' At once Mona thought I'm too young to be a grandmother! Naughty girl wondered if her son would knock her up. Mona slapped naughty girl, but then laughed remembering she had her tubes tied ten years ago, so no worries there. 'Yes!' naughty girl smirked, 'We could screw all we want, if we wanted to, and I do want to fuck my son, as much as he wants me!'

As if he could listen in to my internal dialog, Jeff said, "Gosh mom we almost did it. I didn't mean to, but I was right there, I was in you, a little bit – wasn't I?"

"Yes, baby, but its better we didn't have that happen. Remember what I said, don't forget our limits. I know it was exciting – to me too – but still it can't happen. And speaking of which - I only watched Rick, I

never got naked, we never touched each other. I made up the rest of it to help make you cum on me."

"Well, it worked alright. Almost too well. I wanted to put it in so bad right then. I love you mom, but I want you. I know you want me too, even though you drew the line at having sex. Maybe someday you'll think differently, but until then I love you too much to ever do it to you – unless you beg me or unless it's an accident like tonight – or unless-"

"NO, Jeff. Under no circumstances are you ever allowed in your mother's pussy, not in my life-time ever!"

"Well, I was once, you know. I don't mean tonight."

Did he do it when I was asleep? How could I not know if he fucked me? What did he mean? Was I passed out with too much wine one night? My mind reeled with confusion. I looked at him with concern.

"But of course, I was real young then, really only just a baby!"

I almost slapped him for such a bad joke. "Yeah, you were totally into me, back then!" I crack one myself and we both burst into gales of laughter that went on for minutes and every time we looked at each other we broke into fresh giggles. Finally, out of breath, I said, "Go to your room now, young man, you've gotten your bet paid in full."

"I'll help you with the weeding tomorrow, mom. I'm good at doing dirty things with my sexy mother – aren't I?"

"Yes you are indeed, sweetie. Yes indeed!" With that he exited and I rolled off the wet spot and fell almost instantly to sleep, 'some day it turned out to be' I thought as I drifted off and somewhere dimly I heard too inside my head, ('just wait until tomorrow!!')

I slept late. Who could blame me? Then I had to run to get to work in time for an appointment with a client who was hosting a big open house the next day. I was busy, but still thoughts of the erotic home life that had developed in the past week surfaced now and then, giving me a tingle in my twat. I made no thought of what was next, just knew that I had keep from letting things go too far, but still understood that we would continue the delightful dalliance that defied convention and moral standards. Well, those be damned, the hook was in and I knew this strange twist to our relationship was going to continue.

When I got home that evening Jeff said he was in the mood for pizza and beer. Fine, I was not in the mood to cook. No hint of any sexual agenda on his part but I did get a wonderful big hug and kiss when he greeted me. I changed into a modest robe and we ordered pepperoni for delivery. After our meal, we settled into the family room for some sitcoms and had a bowl of ice cream each. Just a typical evening at home, with no overtones of what had to be on both of our minds. Until the late news came on, then Jeff turned to me.

"Mom, you said that you like to watch a guy masturbate. Would you like to watch me? I mean . . I'd like it if you would. You don't have to

do anything if you just want to sit there, but it's okay if you'd like to . . you know, get naked or whatever."

I looked at him for a long moment. Not because I had to make up my mind, of course I wanted to watch him wank, but to decide what I was going to do myself. I decided that I would just like to watch him; see the tool become aroused, look at his face when he climaxed, observe the eruption of sperm that spouted and to have a memory to cherish the rest of my days of my boy being a man in front of his mom. I answered him, "I would. I would like you to do that and I want to do it here, on the couch. I am not going to suck you off like the other day because I wish to see the whole thing from beginning to the end, as you cream for your mommy.

"Can I look at you, as I'm doing it?"

"Sure and we can talk, about whatever you want. But for this time you just touch yourself, those are the rules tonight."

"Will you touch yourself too?" He made the inquiry hopefully.

"No, not until you cum initially. I want to see it all and not be distracted in any way. This is a special treat for me and I don't want it spoiled. But I'll let you watch me do it afterwards, and I'll give you a show you won't forget!!"

"Deal! Wait here while I get some stuff."

Bring a couple of beers too!" I called after his retreating form.

When he came back in about ten minutes he was loaded down with cans, tissue, lube, a towel and dressed only in his underpants. He handed me a beer and set the other on the end table next to his side. I popped the top off mine, took a swig and set it on the TV tray next to me by a plate of pizza crusts. Jeff put the box of tissues on the floor where he was going to be sitting, draped the towel doubled over on the cushion and sat on it. He looked at me and smiled. "Ready for your little show, Mom?" He then shimmied off his white jockeys. I saw a big pink doodle dangling down from a brown tangle of hair over two testicles that hung loosely from below. A very handsome sight, if I do say so myself.

I loosed the belt on my robe and shrugged it off my shoulders; the terrycloth would absorb my wet spot, as I was sure there would be. I was bare underneath; I guess I figured that we would be fooling around somehow that night. "Fire when ready, Gridley!" The quote seemed appropriate.

My son poured a little clear fluid on his left hand and coated the rosy knob. "Do you use both hands on that thing?" I asked.

"Just the left, I don't know why. The right seems to be foreign, and I use it to hold a magazine or book or . . " (a sly smile broke on his lips as he looked me in the eye and finished) "to turn on the tape or press rewind."

My hand stroked my left nipple unconsciously as his penis began to swell. My mouth felt dry as I gazed at my son stroke his cock, I took another sip of beer.

"Mom, what did you think, when you saw me nude in the bathroom, that time I came in, remember?"

"How could I forget? You certainly surprised me! I was kind of stunned, I couldn't think real well. I was frozen in place, like a prey that is spotted by a dangerous predator, and all I could see was this beautiful manhood standing long and tall and tempting as hell!" I laughed at the memory.

"You liked what you saw?"

"Oh yeah! I had wondered what you had in your pants, if it was anything like your dad's. It's a duplicate by the way, like father like son, and a package that you should be proud of."

"Tempting?"

"That's what I was thinking about when I was listening over the intercom. How good that would feel in me – not that we can ever . . .; but I was fantasizing about you, listening to you thinking about putting that gorgeous cock up your mommy's pussy." Jeff's boner was bright and shiny as he added more lube and the skin stretched taunt over the straining staff.

His hand began to quicken. "We made each other hot, didn't we; we got each other off imagining that we were fucking. I know we can't, but it's so hot thinking about being in you. Spread your legs mom, let me see where I'd put it."

I complied and he obviously went up a few notches in excitement. I was slick with my own juices and flushed in face and glowing with the bloom of arousal down there. My finger rubbed my button and then I used both hands to spread the labia wide. We sat there focused on each other's genitals for several minutes. I urged him on with little whispered encouragements and moans of my own in response to his soft groans.

Then, I made an overt try at verbally getting him off. "Here's where you came from, baby. There's where you want to get back into. Deep into mommy and let loose all your incestuous baby making cream, right at my womb, don't you sweet Jeffy?"

"God! Yes mommy! I want to be inside your hot cunt and fill you with my jism and feel you cum on my cock. Fuck me! Mommy!! I want you so bad! His fingers were a furious blur as he became totally engrossed in the imagery of our imagined coupling.

"Yes, Jeff!" I encouraged him, that's it fuck me, Honey! Give it to me, cum in mommy, baby!!"

"Uh! . . Yeah! Oh, Yes, Mom, . . Uhh . Ah-hah! NownowNOWWW!" His face made a contortion, scrunched up in a grimace which expressed the almost painful pleasure of male sexual discharge. A geyser of white ejaculation streamed out of the blow hole. It covering his fingers like a sauce was poured over a dish. So much! I was surprised. He out did his dad in volume, that was for sure. I had a little contraction inside my vagina thinking about what it would be like, feeling that gusher deep up me. Wild!!

"Good thing you thought of the towel, babe! Otherwise we'd have a cum stain as big as a saucer!"

"I love you mom. Did you enjoy my performance?"

"Worthy of a . . . what do they call those porno film awards?"

"I don't remember right now, but thanks. Like I said, you inspire me."

"Well your 'spire' was a divine steeple. Would you like to pray at the temple of Venus now?" My palms framed my bush and female parts.

"I will offer more than lip-service, I shall speak in tongues as I worship in her divine divide, the holy of holies, the sacred grotto of my mother goddess, the . ."

I interrupted, "Actions speak louder than words, Sonny! Just eat me right now, for heaven sake! I'm so hot I gotta have a cum real soon!" I lay back, spreading my legs wide.

Without another word, Jeff got off the sofa and on his knees taking my legs in hands. His face zoomed in on my center and he nibbled at my labia, then his oral digit did curls around my button of love. It was exactly what I needed. He caressed all over my pelvis with his fingers, as his mouth sucked on my clit. I felt his squirmy appendage lick and dip into my hole and then strum the clit a bit. Jeffy's head nodded and shook and made wonderful arabesques to enhance what his mouth was doing to his mother. I noted that he had thoughtfully shaved tonight and his smooth cheeks added to my thighs sensuous experience.

I thrust my torso, tilting to offer all my sensitive self to my son's administrations. My whole crotch was on fire with desire and I could feel the pending climax building from inside out. My nipples were tender, yearning points of erotic excitement which I twiddled with myself, because now Jeff's spread hands cradled my hips to stabilize my rocking body. I was so close! He concentrated on my clit again with quick licks and then gave long slides up and down my pussy and I began to feel the shaking. He gave a big suck to my pearl and it triggered the cascade of ecstasy I had been needing all day. I jerked in uncontrollable racking spasms as the cum rolled over my complete being. I was electrified in my brain, a storm of short circuits made all thinking turn into only pure joy.

The physical stress had to have a liberation for all that was spring-tight in my body, which became, in that singular moment, totally loosened, released and relaxed. I felt truly happy and content, and at peace. It was

the most special of orgasms, and my son had given it to me. I was filled with an overpowering sense of love for him in a different way than I had ever had before. Now he was my lover, my cherished partner in physical sexual pleasure, my paramour, my turn on, my mate who pleased me and whom I wanted to please. Naughty girl was in control and momma was going to allow her baby boy to be spoiled and indulge him his carnal appetites.

'Noo!' momma Mona moaned to herself, 'I can't let him, we can't fuck, I'm his mother and even if I just had the best head of my life I must not . . .' But my thoughts dissolved as Jeff began to run his tongue on my thighs, then in my gash, upon my tender nubbin. He blew cool air in the moist valley and spreading his whole mouth over my sex exhaling a hot wind of tropic tingling. My head went back and my mouth gaped open and I was lost in the moment of renewed passion, he wasn't finished with me. I was going to get round two whether I wanted it or not, but of course I did. Whoopee!

I couldn't tell you how long it went on. I built up and came down in multiple climaxes, the orgasms just wouldn't stop. I phased in and out of semi-consciousness, as the waves of total ecstasy came like the tide washing in. Then, finally, I used what little energy I had left to let Jeff know I could take no more, I was exhausted. My robe was drenched with the saliva and cum which coated my bottom as well. He broke off finally and with an effort heaved himself up on me, supporting his weight, but lying on me so that his chest rested on my tits and he was between my legs, knees on the couch. His hard muscle of an organ was on my lower abdomen – balls were mashed in my muff. He began to hunch and thrust his cock on my body.

I figured, what the hell, after a job like that he deserved to have his way with me. A fella can only take so much and I never meant to be a cock tease. I had no strength to fight him off anyway. And I was ready to be fucked. It was time, let him do me. I opened myself to his assault raising my knees and spreading for him. He wouldn't have any trouble getting in; I was fully greased and willing to be ravaged by my son. Let the incest fucking begin!!

But it didn't, to my astonishment and a little disappointment too, but pleased at his self-control as well. He moved on my tummy with quick strokes and then, in about thirty seconds maybe, he let go and came right there. I could feel the throbbing as his penis contracted several times and a warm puddle of goo spilled on my skin. It reminded me of when I was back making-out with my boyfriend in High School. I realized that he had been primed to explode by his extended cunnilingus and he didn't need much to set off that meaty M-80.

Jeff then took tissues and wiped my stomach and between my thighs and then himself. He pealed my robe completely off and picked me up in his arms like a groom carrying his bride over the threshold and took me to my bed. I drew him down and kissed him as he covered me with the blanket. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" was all I could say and I was asleep even before he turned the lights out. I slept without any dreams I could remember, waking up fully refreshed, like my batteries had been recharged. I had an open house and a closing to do and another night with my son-lover to look forward to. It was going to be a great day!!

The open house went very well indeed and the deal I closed on a big house (mansion really, with stables) that afternoon was a huge one. It

made my month's income bigger that the last quarter's. I bought several of bottles of bubbly, a real expensive French brand and took them home to celebrate with my hot handsome man, the above mentioned son-sex machine. Only we still couldn't have sex, damn it! But the playtime was so wonderful it almost didn't matter.

My next thoughts began 'Yet, it would be so nice . . . STOP!!! . . .', I had to mentally kick myself in the butt to get my libido back in line. 'Naughty girl' was never too far away it seems. I just couldn't give into her. After all, if Jeff had been gallant enough last night to be respectful of my boundaries, how could I not be chaste myself? I could not be as wanton as I wanted to be, when my hero was sacrificing himself on the altar of my tummy instead of stabbing me with his dagger of love? Still, DAMN!!

I entered our love nest, such as home had become - if you will, to the aroma of cooking chicken and baking muffins and was that lemon cake? Holy-moly he had made dinner for real tonight, I adore lemon cake. I adore my son too, I thought. He was romantic and thoughtful and handsome and sexy and honorable; he was going to make a great husband, - someday, but that wouldn't be for awhile, in the meantime... I had his love to myself. What if I was a little selfish? What mother isn't when it comes to her son? Tonight it was going to be just us, tomorrow I had off as it was Sunday, and it was going to be a great night!

Get this! Jeff even had the table set, candles and all. He was either wooing me or angling for a new car as a graduation present. Of course, with one he had his independence and that was a good thing as long as he didn't go too far from momma. Because I would miss him now more than ever. Yet, I still was unsure how far to let things go in the romantic

department, that was a whole n'other kettle of fish. But I put it out of my mind, we were having chicken tonight, and why can't a boy cook for his mother now and then?

"I was going to make 'coq au vin', but I wasn't sure what wine would be best, so I'm serving 'coq of Jeff' tonight. He kept a straight face until I got the joke. It was a good laugh.

"That's okay; I bought three bottles of champagne for this evening to celebrate my big commission today." I proceeded to tell him about my triumphs at work over a delicious dinner. The second bottle was nearly done with the last bites of lemon cake. I told Jeff that he might think about being a gourmet chef if his interest in computers went sour. He explained that he had looked in the fridge and not found anything interesting, so he went shopping. Jeff apologized for not getting to any weeding. "The hell with the garden babe, if you can make lemon cake and make your mommy happy-meals 'extraordinaire', like tonight you don't have to ever look at another weed!"

Jeff looked happy but a little preoccupied, I could tell something was on his mind, but I couldn't guess what. I asked him what was bothering him, hoping that he wasn't beginning to have doubts about what we had done together. The physical relationship had been getting more and more involved, without my intending it to.

"Well, mom to be honest, I realized when I was making our dinner, that you had made an offer to me but didn't follow through. Understandable in light of what happened, of course."

I wanted to not let this great kid down so I asked, "What was that, Honey? Refresh my memory."

"Last night you said you'd let me watch you masturbate and that you would give me a show I wouldn't forget. I was wondering if you remembered that." He put on his best 'poor little boy' face, an act I recognized as his way of wrapping mommy around his little finger. It usually worked and with this I was motivated for my own reasons to give him what he wanted.

"Don't worry, Sweetie, I'd be more than happy to let you watch momma diddle herself. Let's get the last bottle of wine and retire to my 'boudoir por la amour'. The last said with an exaggerated French accent. After all with the champagne and coq the evening was certainly a bit Parisian. My language might have been not so hot but my French kissing was. As I demonstrated quite clearly as we clenched once inside my chambers. We took our time undressing each other, though the clothing ended up in a pile on the corner chair, mostly, as some things like my panties and bra were tossed in a greater haste than earlier articles. As we neared becoming as 'au natural' as Adam and Eve before the apple, our aim was more careless.

We finally were nude and we clenched like Siamese twins, kissing as our hands swept everywhere over each other's exposed skin. We literally tumbled onto the bed and scrambled to the center of the posture-pedic expanse, where our make out session picked up pace. His mouth went places no boy should lick and kiss his mother. Mine was equally exploring in return. Fingers made magic with parts so

private that only a spouse might discover. It was only brought to a pause when I had an awful thirst and we broke to pop the third cork.

I turned down the spread and blanket, the sheets were fresh yesterday I thought I remembered; they would need changing tomorrow, that much was assured I knew. I gathered two of my over-sized pillows to the center of the mattress propping my head up so I could watch too. I lay on my back and Jeff sat between my spread legs his knees bent and his hand played with his balls in anticipation. Talk about a front row seat! Any closer and he would be on stage. But I was still not intending for him to get into my seat – so to speak – no audience participation in other words. I was turned on and needed no help in being lubricated for my demonstration of how Mona twiddled her twat.

I had his undivided attention as I caressed my femininity. I fingered my pussy on the button and in the hole, through labia down to anus and back – drawing from the fountain of Aphrodite the nectar Jeffy's tongue had tasted but twenty-four hours ago, using it to smear my clit and tease it to a bright little cherry. I stabbed two fingers within my vagina and made mewing sounds as I plunged them further into my cunt. I let my son see what a lady did by herself, when she was no lady. A rapt look was on my boy's face as he was bewitched by the spectacle of a seductive sorceress displaying her most enchanting charms.

The phallus which aimed in my direction, like a wicked wand of a wanton wizard, gave me the idea for my next sex act in this playing with one's self drama/bedroom farce/porno show. But first I suddenly realized I needed a bathroom break. "Intermission!" I called out. They're serving bubbly in the lobby, would you get me a glass while I pee, I mean, powder my nose. I giggled at the euphemism. I made a

dash for my potty break while my escort for the evening of exhibitionism poured us fresh libations. He took a cue from me, and went to take a leak. This gave me the perfect chance to get my toys from the closet and have the box on my nightstand ready for when he returned.

I handed him his drink as he came back and we sat side by side on the edge of mommy's mattress. I took out the dildos one by one. "This vibrates, this wiggles," I turned on the switch and it animated like a fat short snake. "This tickles," I showed him the one that looked like a sea creature. "I saved the favorite for last. Now let me just tune you up . . "I bent over and sucked him to his full seven inches to compare bananas to bananas – if you will. "AND this is the one I named 'Jeffy' after my hero," I smiled, pulling out the life-like tool. I held it next to the original Jeff's jammer and sure enough I was right, a match.

"Remember our intercom interlude?"

"Lewd being the operative term, I'll never forget it mom."

"This was what was I was using while I thought of you that night."

Jeff took his penis rubber simulation-for-stimulation from me and in a very serious tone asked, "Can I do it to you? With this I mean. Can I make Mona moan with the clone from your closet? Can I sock it to you with my name-sake? Please, mom, I want to see what your cunt looks

like when it is making love to a cock that could be me." What could I say? I said, "Okay, that would be special."

Once more I lay propped up in the middle and now Jeff had his feet hanging over the end of the bed and could view what the gynecologist saw, though I didn't have stirrups. He began to use the artificial dick like it was his own. He sawed up and down through my bush and over the clit, parting the labia, slicking up the channel and stirring the yearnings I had wanting the real thing. 'If only he weren't my son!' one part of my head said and my heart said, 'Ah but this sweet boy is and he loves you with all that he has.'

While my pussy piped up, 'including his hot cock and loaded cahonees' and my soul sang 'and I love him too.'

Naughty girl made her voice heard clearly, 'If he wasn't your son it wouldn't be so exciting, forbidden fruit is the tangy taste, for the tart you are – the electric of the shocking energizes us. The temptation of sin that is the sensational and sensual carnal pleasure you crave. Give in; let the passion have its night of revelry. Because he is your own flesh, it is a reuniting back into one, the love that went out returns to give, bringing heightened joy. He wants you, you want him, you both want it to happen; why fight what feels so good? Give in, give up your struggle to be the Madonna and be the mother-earth that nourishes from her womb the child of her flesh.'

Jeez! I thought I just want to get off and he is going to do it to me and I won't have to feel guilty in the morning because we didn't really do it,

not really. Everybody just shut up and get on board the cum train and let's have a wild ride tonight. Enough said!!! Let's just have fun! With that I was able to relax and open up to my son screwing me, abet vicariously.

I looked down and saw that Jeff was beginning to penetrate my vagina with the dildo, it had a light coating of my juices and it eased between the labia without trouble. Jeff was looking like he was watching the most interesting thing he had ever seen. I might have been too, considering the intimacy of the activity. How many boys get to see the pussy of their mothers take in a man's member? I hadn't quite gotten this good a look-see even when I was married. Of course now days a video camera might provide a more anatomical close up, but who you going to get to film your most private acts? I could see the lips of my sex cling to the shaft as it pulled out. I felt like I wanted to suck with my cunt as it thrust inward to my core.

Now it was really beginning to get to me. We were doing it. Jeff was feeding 'Jeffy' up my cunt and withdrawing like we were going at it to beat the band. I could feel it touching my womb opening, if only it was him instead of it. But I was verging, I was peaking, I was trembling on the brink, at the insistent plowing of the damn rubber prick. "Okay! I can't hold back any longer. I'm cumming, Honey! Oh Baby - Yes! Mommy's gonna do it, watch me cum, Sweetie, this one is for you, I want you, Oh God! Jeff I want your cock so bad!! . . . . . AHH, Uhn Uh . . . . heww-wee!" I took a moment to catch my breath. "That was good; you made mommy nice and happy, Honey." But something was missing in the experience, some vital element that should have been there. But I was too fuzzy from wine and sex to think about what was not completing me in making love.

Jeff crawled up to cuddle with me discarding the anatomical android namesake on the floor and we kissed and stroked and hugged each other. Soon I could feel his penis poke against my leg and do a little hunch. Poor guy cooked and cocked for mommy, but hadn't gotten rewarded for his selfless service and servicing. I maneuvered him on top of me to see if we could do the abdominal dance with his dingy. He began as he had yester evening, but soon his motions were getting low and lower and then he was grooving in the grotto of love, his dick was getting slick and we were on the slippery slope. Then the plea bargaining began in earnest. I should have expected this would happen!

"Please, can I just put the tip in, mom, just the tip, I promise." (We know where that leads to!) "I just want to see what it's like. I love you, I'll keep control". . (Yeah but I'm more worried about me!) "It will feel good; it'll make me cum quicker. Please just the tip!" Perhaps anticipating a positive response or maybe he was too close anyway to the danger zone – or maybe he planned to take advantage of my vulnerability . . . likely though he just couldn't help himself. Whatever the case, his tip did enter my vagina's mouth. It did feel good. The flesh was hot and tender, soft velvet over a strong firm core. It didn't retreat, but the entreaty renewed. "I'm right there, mommy, let me do it, just a little bit, just the tip, just the tip, okay? The head moved forward, the folds opened, the boy was progressing to a man.

"Oh you're so wet and hot, mom. I neeed to see what it's like, please don't be mad at me. I love you mom." He kissed me so that I couldn't answer him yes – or no and I was of two minds and hearts and souls on the subject, though my body was all for it. "It's good, it's so good!" The tip dipped and nuzzled and insinuated its way with more

advances than retreats. The head was well entrenched and drenched in my secretions and lodged in the opening like a cork, the pressure being in this case to make its way inside the bottleneck. As if thus worming into the cleft was not enough he began the second stage. Fantasy coming to life, I had heard before what cums next. "Oh mom, that's so nice, don't you want a little more, can I put it in half way? Then I'll take it out, I promise. Just once in, only half of my penis. You like it don't you, mom, doesn't feel good?"

"Too good, baby!" I gasp, I had no control, I did want him to do it, God help me, it had been so long since a male had been there in me. And now he was three inches inside me of those seven inches of manhood. Three of the longest inches I had ever felt.

"Yes, Oh mom! That's it! Halfway, a couple of strokes." His actions matched his mouth which was thrusting his tongue down my throat. I matched him with tongue and thrust of hips as we began the ancient ritual of sex; his half became more than fifty percent on the next cycle of entrance and pull back. Again, again, and . . . all of a sudden he thrust all the way in, to his root, in an involuntary stabbing of his cock into his mother's cunt. It struck bottom and then instead of the wild plunging of uncontrollable fucking I anticipated with welcome abandon, he pulled clean out and plopped the organ on my belly as it contracted in rapid spasms and spurting, spilled a generous puddle of ejaculate on my torso.

I was so surprised at the quick conclusion to this episode I hardly had time to sort out my mixed feelings and was even more immediately astounded when my sweet son began to cry and blubber the words,

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry – Ohh Moommy I'm soo sor-uhry!" Jeff cried profoundly as he hugged me and kissed me and generally fussed for several long moments. I wasn't sure what his regret was initially, but whatever the case; that he lost control and went in me all the way, that he didn't finish the job, that he was trying to seduce me, or simply that he came too soon; I forgave him and wanted to comfort him. For a moment he was the little boy who had skinned his knee and ran in tears to mommy to make it all better. I gave him kisses, then and now.

Soon the emotional outburst had drained and his energy ebbed and then he drifted off to sleep in my arms. I wondered at the almost surreal events of the evening, which topped a super day. It was hard to take it all in. I also floated away to slumberland shortly thereafter. I dreamed of Jeff and me in a mansion on a desert island, riding horses on the beach and making love in the surf. The sand-man then cleared the confusion from me about everything and showed me what was possible, then I dreamed no more. When I awoke, Jeff was still in my bed. It was mid-morning and I was no longer conflicted or confused, but saw what was the reality with clarity and with no sense of guilt or dread.

As I studied the sleeping man/boy cuddled in my arms, his head resting on my bosom, I thought about what had been revealed in the night. It held up in the light of day as being solid and sensible. First Jeff was old enough to have sex and make his own choices about partners. He definitely desired me, even before we had started this intimate phase of our relationship, carnal and naughty and beyond the norms of society it might be. Then, while like two orbiting bodies in space, the mutual gravitational pull had drawn us both into the swirling mix of fantasy and actual physical contact, the forces were both natural and overpowering and inevitable.

So last evening's events were neither of our fault and both of our responsibilities. What had happened was that my son had fucked me, bring me to orgasm, but with a dildo first, which I accepted as a substitute for him, and it was Jeff wielding 'Jeffy' who had brought me off. The Jeff himself in a seduction strategy had penetrated my vagina, it was the sex act for real, even if somewhat truncated by the sudden ending. Along with everything else we has done in the last couple of weeks all the lines had been crossed, both the tease and eyes completed, no holes barred from sight or touch in any way between us. That just left the question of what my son had said last to me after 'coitus interruptus'.

What had he been 'sorry' for? Why was he so upset when, having at last lunged into his longed-for goal of my pussy, why did he abruptly bailed out, with profound and profuse regrets? I certainly had no remorse, nor feelings of recrimination either for anything we had done in those moments of passion, only happiness that at last we were making love at last. Indeed I was ready for the wonderful union that would be ours in this fabulous adventure of lust and love that had become a bonding between mother and son moving into a new stage that promised to be very intense. Yet it all could go up in flames, dissolve into tragedy, wash away on a tide of disappointment, if Jeff's feelings were now negative about what we had shared.

At this point, if it was up to me, we could proceed full steam ahead. Have at it, do the dirty deed as much as we liked, become fully fledged lovers in this love nest of a home. I was ready to share my body and my bed with him, all the way whole heartedly. After all we had all but

done it. Indeed, had done it, sort of. He was a thoughtful and sensitive sex-mate which was concerned more about my pleasure that his own. He had been patient and persistent in his attempt to score, but kind and caring and considerate as well. He had earned the spot (wet as it was bound to be) in this bed; deserved my cunt as a reward for his cock; to copulate in consanguine bliss with my blessing. I longed now to have a really complete and totally beautiful session of love making with my sweet son. Face it, I really want my boy to ball his momma, that kid to bang my cunt and screw my pussy good. I wanted Jeff to fuck my brains out, until I'm so exhausted by having his dick in my hole that I can't walk the next day.

But does he want to now? Where is his head at, why 'sorry'? What would he say when he awoke? What had happened? Was what we had, and were headed to, spoiled somehow? I saw his eyes flutter and his breathing change. I held my breath, Jeff was stirring, he was again conscious and my fears flooded my mind even as love for this man/child infused my heart and made it swell. He opened his eyes and looked at me and smiled.

God! I love you mom!" That brought my own smile and yet I was at a loss for words. "Everything okay today?" He continued. "Last night was incredible. I loved making you cum. And I . . . I didn't get you pregnant – even though I got carried away. I couldn't help myself, it just felt so so very good. But I pulled out, I didn't have a rubber on and I realized that I shouldn't cum in you like that. I wouldn't want to create a baby. I wouldn't want anything to spoil our relationship, our love."

"Is that why you aborted the mission of making mommy? You were sorry because you thought you were endangering our relationship with the possibility of pregnancy? That's all?"

"Uh-Huh."

"Silly goose! Maybe you don't remember, but I had surgery years ago, so that your dad and I couldn't have any more kids. You were only in second grade then, I think. I had a short stay in the hospital? We told you there weren't going to be any more brothers or sisters arriving by the stork. That you were enough for us and our special boy. Ring any bells?"

"Oh yeah, I do remember now that you talked about the stork and my being an only child by choice. But I didn't understand that meant that you couldn't get a baby in your tummy. Just that I would have no competition for Christmas presents." He smiled and I laughed.

"Well, I had my tubes tied. Your father and I decided between our busy lives and some medical risks the doctor warned of after I had you, that one would be enough. So when you were about eight I stopped using the pill and opted for the operation."

So I could have cum in you last night? I mean and not gotten you knocked-up. I know I went too far and broke my promise, but it was the best feeling. Thank you for not being mad at me for going over the line and finding out how awesome your pussy is. It was tight and hot

and so wet and like silky inside and I couldn't control things once I was beginning to stroke. You do forgive me? I won't do it again, swear to God!"

The description of his indiscretion was getting me wet, and now that I had resolved the issues that were up in the air it was time to get down to having our sex. Since no 'issue' would be forthcoming from my womb, there was no barrier to my son's cumming in me. Suddenly I realized that was what I was missing; the 'vital element' was his creaming deep in my vagina, feeling his orgasm within my being. "Jeffy, I have had time to think things through this morning, about last night, about everything, and I've decided its okay. That it's all right for us to have sex, make love, fuck. I want you to do it with me, I want to do it with you – and it's okay to cum in me because that would make me cum too, in a big way.

"Really, mom?!" It's okay for us to have intercourse?"

"Yes baby, get on mommy and have your dream fulfilled, fill me with your jism and make my fantasies cum true too." I spread my legs and he sided over to get between them. "I love you Jeff."

"I love you too, mom." His cock was getting erect and felt hot against my thighs. I was already quite damp in anticipation of our coupling. He nudged the labia with the bulb and they gave way to the prodding. We kissed and Frenched in an unhurried fashion as he rested on the pillows of my breasts. I widened my thighs for an easier entering as my hips made my mons rise in seeking his tool inside me. My arms went

to hug him, then dropped to his buns and gripping the firm haunch, pulled him hard against my crotch. We both emitted a low groan as the tip speared into the entrance of my pussy at last. This time there would be no stopping of the ultimate act of incest. Love and lust had gained the triumph, and his conquest of his mom was complete as the cock slid in, inch by inch, to the very root. I could feel him socked hard inside me. The head bumped my uterus. I rolled my eyes back at that internal touching.

The withdrawal was slow and deliberate, a stroke of the bow on a violin, then easing in as a gentle as petting a kitten. Only this pussy was ready to ride the tiger. Like the piston of a steam locomotive it began with deliberate strokes and picked up the pace with accelerating rhythm and growing power. So firm and smooth the prick pumped in my yearning, burning cavity. Rigid rod prodded yielding tender tissue. Our bodies melded, our organs fit together, lock and key. The opening of mother was filled by son. He was flesh of my flesh reunited in my flesh with his, back to where he had begun. I felt him work in and out with a confidence he had not had before.

I gloried in the exquisite delight of a male member once more taking me, making me his woman. I was a receptacle for the cock that drove up into my center, again and again. I moved my hips to hump up, to take all that I could of that dick splitting my cunt, ravaging in my horny hole. Oh God! It was good to fuck again at last, and with this hunk of a son that was so hot for me, his mother, that he could not be stopped, not even by all the resolve we each once had trying to turn away from our wanton desires to commit this outrageous sin. He was not going to finish until he had us both in the very insanity of passion. He pounded, my cunt gripped; he hammered, my pussy thrust; he shoved, I matched him to make our parts smack, smack, smack; the sound was animalistic.

We were primitive beasts, we were divine beings soaring and singing, as we galloped in place and our cries pitched high and long and loud.

"YES! JEFF!! Give it to me! Give it to me hard now – deep, give it to me deep . . . Hard deep . . . UH! OOH! Harder Deeper!! The rising crest of my tsunami of an orgasm was building to a stupendous peak and would released huge energy, like the tidal wave that rolls over everything in its path. "Yeah! Oh God!! Jeeeffy, I love you baby, do it to mommy, cum with me Honeyyy." His cock jack-hammered my smashed cunt even more, though it seemed that he had been banging my poor pussy as a sledge on an anvil just moments before. The intensity was incredible, it was white hot poker encased in molten lava. I looked up at his face raised in an expression of a grimace. He was close as well. I could feel the head of his penis as it moved like lightning, flashing in motion - to and fro within my vagina. "HAARRDDERR – DEEEPERR, I'M Going TO CUM, I going to CUUM!!"

"YES, NOWW" he answered, "CUM FOR ME MOM, cum on me - CUM ON ME NOOWW - MOMMYYY!!" He shuddered, and jammed hard up to my mons, our crinkly hair all matted and fused down there. The tip plugged in the nubs of my womb, where he hosed a torrent of thick emulsion. He was ultimate man-mate to my uber-uterus woman; adults we truly were and united in the midst of the most grown-up of actions. I released the flood and my cunt contracted and vibrated the climax of the long awaited need for my explosion to be triggered. Dynamite in a pond, geyser and shock wave; we grunted and groaned and whined as spasms of ecstasy reverberated in our bodies like the pealing of great bells ringing a momentous celebration. Winded - out of breath, radiating the heat of burning skin, dripping like we had been

sprayed with a nozzle, we collapsed into a soggy, smoldering heap of limp limbs and torpid torsos; our ragged breathing was all that was heard.

But amazingly, after maybe only several minutes Super-Jeff maneuvered his dazed mommy to her hands and knees and, with the prominent prow of a ship's front spar over the bow, pointed his penis at the grotto of Venus, and sank up to the hilt his sword of love in my sheath. There followed a controlled ride of wonderful sensations as he took me again, willingly, yet I could not have defended myself if I had wished. My son held my hips and the swaying balls swung up against my clit, which protruded engorged with blood and liking the tickly taunting by the bouncing testicles.

Stallion mounted mare, son was stud for his mom. The love machine was well oiled and in fine working order as we rocked together in mutual motion, connected by our genitalia, but bonded by love and erotic passions for each other. Suddenly, Jeff made a quick series of slams into my bottom, a rush of peak overtaking his dick. Spewing once more within my middle, he provided the impetus for my own clenching/throbbing cresting. This time our chorus of sighs were a duet, signaling our join climaxing. As one, as well, we fell; side by side we lay; the throes of passion spent, lust slaked, love affirmed in physical sharing, so we finally drifted back into a lazy sleep. Horses and beaches, naked frolics and balmy night under the stars in Jeff's arms filled my dreams.

I awoke hungry. The bedding was a rumpled mess. Jeff was looking at me; his naked form sprouted a woody. He grinned a devilish grin and whispered, "Let's take a shower!!"

I just nodded my agreement. I should have known! I jumped up, surprising him. "Last one in the shower makes – mommy!!" Jeff laughed and slowly followed.

THE END

When Crazy Daisy Met Silly Lilly

WHEN CRAZY DAISY MET SILLY LILLY

et La Danse de Deux a un Dulcimer,

Danse de Seduction

The story of two women who became dance partners, lovers, and the darlings of underground theatre. Their erotic choreography was as hot as their romance was. The fire of their passion was reflected in their art.

by LeLez~LaMour

a 'nom de naughty'

of a nice lady

This story could start, Once upon a time . . . but it really happened.

It was not a bouquet, but it was a Floral arrangement. That is to say, the matchmaker was a mutual friend, Flora, a poetess, who liked both Adrienne Rich, and to introduce people who would fall in love with each other. And it was so, and still is.

Daisy was the dark one, with shorter locks like sable. Lilly had the longish, lighter tresses, though eventually, for the sake of symmetry, they wore their hair of matching length. Daisy definitely was the dominate of the pair, Lilly more likely to let her lead. But they were

equal partners in the relationship, and contributions to their collaborative artistic endeavors was balanced fairly between them.

Lilly was originally a lingerie model, lithe, but not lanky. Daisy was a fashion designer, svelte and graceful, athletic even. Serendipitously, they wore the same dress size. So they found sharing clothes handy when they eventually became roomies, yet nonetheless personal styles were distinct. While Lilly no longer models, Daisy keeps her hand in the trade and has several items that get sold to companies every year.

Even before they met, their nicknames had been bestowed. That the rhyming monikers made an inadvertent sort of match was simply coincidental. Daisy was the daffy, ditsy party girl of her social set, as in, "Do you know what Crazy Daisy did last night?", her zany antics always on the wild side. More retiring, yet with a mischievous streak, the not-all-that-meek blonde was dubbed early on by her folks as Silly Lilly. Her escapades were quite the monkeyshines, often a practical joke on an unsuspecting parent or sibling. Meanwhile, she stood to one side looking innocent, until the joke was at the height of its hilarity, then she was unable to constrain herself and she burst into laughter. Thus the perpetrator of the stunt was unmasked. "Good one, Silly Lillie!" they would admit to her talent for tricks.

Lillie and Daisy became collaborators through Charlotte's Choreography Academy. Charlotte was known as Chuck. She was not Lottie, her parents had called her that. Nor Charlie, that was a perfume; and Charlotte rhymed with harlot. She was called Chuck by her first lover Susan, and the name stuck, though Sue had not. Chuck had them in an interpretive dance course at her training establishment. Two friends who came to keep fit, more fun than a gym, both found that

particular curriculum offering appealed to their aesthetic nature and signed up. Their assignment for the final was to create a composition of their own Terpsichore to be performed for the whole class.

They chose Claude DeBussy's 'Clair de lune', they convinced a friend to record it on a dulcimer for them. It gave a different quality to the music, very ethereal they thought. Their title was "La Danse de Deux a un Dulcimer", 'The Dance of Two to a Dulcimer'. Only later was it lengthened, as you shall learn. Chuck saw this extraordinarily marvelous swirling of contrasting females, yet a set, a salt and pepper pair. Their piece was a symbiotic vortex of ying and yearning, a twirling of yang and young women. Twisting, swaying, they mirrored then counter-moved, they floated and flowed, whirling around one another while they themselves spun; they were blossoming flowers and falling leaves and willows in the wind. They were wonderful.

And there the story might have stopped. Though both knew of each other's lesbianism, they were not yet lovers. Not even living together at that stage. That was about to change. Chuck gave a pre-performance critique and made some constructive suggestions for refining the routine. They diligently took notes and agreed that there were things that might polish the piece. Then they made arrangements for a practice room. Due to their work schedules, and the fact that they were part-time students, full-time having first choice of times / rooms, they were booked for late one evening.

They did get a large practice room, with plenty of space to refine their dance. In fact, they were nearly alone at that time of the evening, the other students and faculty were few. It was then, it was there, that their lives changed, their careers became art and their art became their

calling. That they set a new direction for their lives out of an established orientation, that they turned a single dance into a oeuvre, that they created a genre and revolutionary underground entertainment, these all began that special night.

I am privileged to know these ladies, I am honored they chose me to write their history, I am delighted they are my neighbors downstairs. I had been invited over to their apartment several times, before they provided the story and asked that I might share it publicly now. The time seems to have come for it to be told. Any kind of consequences won't matter, as this is past and passed too is their protégées progress into mainstream forms. It was obvious, nor did they ever hide the fact, of their joy in one another and their long love. The pictures and the tchotchkes scattered across the place made that evident for the visitor.

They had many amusing incidents to share, and interesting perspectives to provide. For instance, the six ages of girlhood and the six ages of womanhood. Their own delineation which they ran down for me. Lillie explained the first set was: baby, infant, toddler, kid, teen, those applied to most everyone, but then came coquette. Daisy picked up the thread for gals beyond their early twenties: youthful, mature, middle-aged, 'of a certain age', certainly aged (their present period), aged and old. The point being, that now they had reached this stage in their lives, when they knew that no damage could be done to family, friends, or colleagues by the telling of their tale, they were going to.

'Indeed,' quipped Daisy, 'the telltale signs of our aging prompted the decision to open up, though we never did turn tail from the telling the truth.' With that remark they let me in on their private lives and secrets, their astounding story and personal triumph and the glory of their art.

That night, in that practice room, they fine-tuned their routine, but what came from that experience was anything but routine. Once more their bodies bent and curved, blended and swerved together, apart and united, in motions slow and sensuous.

Nubile nymphs, spry sprites, sparked with inspiration and shining with perspiration. The night was hot, the lights didn't help and there was no fan. The windows were open to the breezeless dark. The heat was hell in the leotards, their towels were soaked. They thought, there's plenty of privacy, they had locked the door, there's nobody here but just us two chicks – why not dance nude? It would be cooler at least, and provide an extra sense of freedom to their torsos and limbs as they performed in rehearsal. Like skinny dipping, skimpy dancing; or as they term it scanty prancing, raised the activity to greater sensuality.

They practiced and repeated and reran the number. The movements and motions became memorized by their bodies was well as their minds. The final ending of the choreography had Lilly laying prone on her back, one leg lifted in a high kick. Daisy was alongside, just upstage to her but slightly offset stage left. She with an equally elegant elevated back-kick, so that the angle from knee to pointed toe exactly paralleled her partner's. The last time they did the entire routine, it was flawless. Daisy, being exhilarated by their perfect performance kissed Lilly, at that moment of the dance's end; lingering and loving – right on her split slit. When they did it for the class, clothed, they kept in the kiss. The class clapped, they whistled, they laughed, they loved it!

What was not added is what happened next that humid and heated eve. Crazy Daisy kissed Silly Lilly on her split slit, then on her clit, and

kept on kissing. Continuing with eager acceptance from the other. Then Lilly was kissing Daisy back, and from there they simply made love on the practice mat near by. On that mat they found their mate, founded their art in that room, made history that night. The routine was a complete success, and was the talk of the school, not as scandal, but a scholastic breakthrough of form, fearless for it's openly romantic feeling and esoteric eroticism with exotic moves. The dulcimer sound seemed to have bestowed in their work a way of transforming technique into a genre of rapturous carnality embodied in dance.

They were asked for a repeat performance, and the audience grew. Attending that second time was a famous impresario, Chuck's doing. Again, the request was pleaded so the students and faculty who had not seen the magical piece, and even some from other Conservatories, could view this phenomena. Now entitled its full and final appellation. "La Danse de Deux a un Dulcimer, Danse de Seduction" no further translation needed.

The offer to perform professionally came with both a monetary incentive that was too tempting, and a further contract for more of the same. The understanding that advancement of funding and finding venues would be with yet ever increased intimacy. Their art becoming both prurient and personal, their private acts incorporated into public performances, the caveat was that those who viewed them would be a very select few.

The exclusive access was restricted to only extremely wealthy people patrons of refined works (and their special guests). Mostly those who were dedicated to the cause of 'le femme avec femme', though some males were also willing to pay for the privilege of being in the audience.

Not coincidently, "Le Femme Avec Femme" was the next title of the duo billed as "Crazy Daisy and Silly Lilly, Les Fleurs Les Plus Fraiches du Lesbianisme!". Indeed, they were the freshest flowers of that set's sort of sex, the newest artistes of l'avant guarde. The dearest darlings of the underground theatre that thrived on the kind of kinks that the populous at large could never be let in on, except now of course it can. From Cannes to California the whole of society more readily accepts that there are others of a different orientation; at least more tolerant of their existence, if not their unions as marriage.

Flora, the poetess who like to introduce people who would fall in love, acquainted the two of them with one another at a cafe. And it was so, and still is. Thirty five years is half a lifetime, and perhaps they will see their golden anniversary. It's certainly possible, their health is as solid as their love. Lilly and Daisy accepted the bloom of their love along with the boom of their new careers exploding, as well as the boon of their financial security.

They danced, with newly choreographic routines and growing reputations and glowing reviews and ever expanding audiences. Chuck promised mentoring and made good, eventually protégées provided a group of performers and made the production more varied and all the more interesting. This in turn generated greater income, which was wisely invested. Their troop was called a 'bouquet of embolden ballet' by devoted fans.

I have seen not only the films of "La Danse de Deux a un Dulcimer, Danse de Seduction" and "Le Femme Avec Femme" which was danced to DeBussey's 'Afternoon of a Faun', (a natural follow up, but with less inhibition of the exhibition of lesbian love); but also later works. Some

were recorded on video, for instance "Quand L'amour Vous Propose sa Fleur", 'When Love Offers Its Flower' again a seduction theme. However, it's complete with the erotic moves made explicit. In this case, since it is performed by actual lovers, just like when Brad and Angelina kiss on screen in mainstream, the passion and romance is really there. It has a lovely rendition of Edvard Grieg's 'Morning Mood' for the music.

It is this latter piece that the gals asked me to review and describe as best I could. An endeavor difficult, if anyone could recreate in words, what a live performance of such a risque and beautiful experience one views for real. But it is my responsibility as the conduit for their narrative to attempt to do so. Fortunately, I have had their help and guidance, even some of their words to make my task easier. My special thanks to Tonia too, my own lover extraordinaire.

The costumes and feeling of this piece owe much to the spirit of Loie Fuller, who danced in Paris at the end of the Nineteenth Century. (Note: Loie and her partner, Gabrielle Bloch, were together for over 20 years, until Fuller's death.) While the costumes were not the extensive swaths of material their earlier predecessor of modern dance used, the flow of the translucent floaty attire picked up the lighting and wafted through the air in a similar fashion. Of course they were specially designed by Daisy, and also had a 'seven veils' sort of homage as they fluttered away to the stage, one by one, until the two were left all but bare. However, see below.

The starting position had the women facing opposite, toward the wings, with downstage feet stretched back, close to their partner's, toes pointed to the back. Backs arched, arms raised over head, hands tilted

back to create essentially a heart shape. Music starts. Like a pair of butterflies, flirting as they fly, the gals glided around the stage, sometimes closer, then further apart. Circling as they seem to orbit some center of gravity, like moths flitting about a flame, but it is meant to be the pheromonel attraction of one other. Then they touch for the first time.

As with earlier work, their repertoire of moves used is analogous at the beginning. With this piece the 'mirroring', immediately after the first contact, was circular in what might be termed a clover leaf pattern. The next phase is a blend of parallels and counter-moves with reversals. Not unlike an Astaire-Rogers choreography where she is drawn back to the dance, though reluctantly, yet is more and more involved in the intricate pas-de-deux. With spins and turns, reels and sweeps, and plaiting of limbs the ladies little by little shed their coverings, the scarves and capelets and sleeves and leggings, in a elaborate strip-tease for each other.

Of course, this is all done with a subtle and ethereal manner as the gossamer garments appear to melt away. But the completed effect is that they are dancing now as a couple close and connected by some sort of physical contact, from holding hands to linked arms, to hugs that lead to jump/lifts, wearing a sort of abbreviated 'teddy'. A very artistic effect, even more erotic than if they had begun so. Now their swirls and sways and swings together gather momentum, and yet loose speed and they use the entire stage area as a playground for their obvious affectionate frolics and fleeting fondling.

This settles into a nesting position, where, as if they were on a imperial size bed, they cavort in athletic foreplay until . . . Daisy, the instigator

of the seduction is clearly caressing Lilly. Then the last fluff of stuff they have left on is plucked away to reveal nudity (cleverly the breasts and genitals are masked with flesh colored 'undies' – or not depending on the venue, so I was informed by my sources). Near pornographic moves are simulated (or not) in time with the gentle ending of the music that culminates in the beginning of cunnilingus, as the seducee, Lilly, finally gives into Daisy as her now paramour.

My understanding, is that there were far more explicit and extended performances done for very, very select clientèle. These of course were before the Internet provided the graphic clips for whatever anybody's particular interest is. In the long run, since these shows had such a private nature, by invitation only and with so intimate kinds of touching, few actually knew they existed, much less how to get to be privy to a viewing.

While not really love-making, it was intensely exciting. The girls would never admit to orgasming as they danced, no matter how aroused they became, and they did. They were "not making-out, they were making art", as Daisy put it. Still, it was highly charged for both those on, as well as off stage. Many went home afterwards and did have sex after " Les Fleurs Les Plus Fraiches du Lesbianisme" did their 'act', including Daiz and Lil, as they affectionately spoke of one another in their home. And during rehearsals, they always had a soft pad on one side for when they became so stimulated, that life imitated art.

La fin, mais pas la fin.

~()~()~()~

Daisy took Lilly, her lover and kissed her. Kissed her lips, her cheeks, her lips again, her eye-lids, lips, forehead, ears, a French kiss. She kissed Lil's neck and shoulders and clavicle, cleavage. Then the foreplay went back to square one, but the next progression included the nipples. Meanwhile, slender fingers caressed the sable locks. Before going lower, Daiz move higher so that her partner and paramour could nibble a little on her own tips, while she gently palmed the soft cushions that she had just suckled.

Then she ran her lips along so lightly, they hardly touched Lil's skin, from neck to navel, with all erogenous points in between revisited. Light zephyrs issued out of Daiz's mouth to tease the tummy and thighs of her belove's middle. Then lips recontacted with delicate kisses, that circled and kept getting closer and closer to the most tender and sensitive tissues. Lil like to be made to wait, the suspense was especially exotic and extremely arousing to her. Daisy delighted in pleasing her counterpart, to continuously have her on the edge, until the sweet agony peaked in release.

Eventually, the lips and tongue that tantalized the supine torso centered to make ministrations to the mons and the petals of the folds found down there. The nectar was abundant, fragment and fresh with the tangy taste of femininity she craved. The puffed and rosy bud of the most important place was fully distended and yearning for attention. It was not disappointed. Varied and inventive were the licks and sucks and such so creatively provided as the mouth cavorted upon that divine spot. Flesh played with flesh flicking and fluttering, and

flickering yet more, Daiz did her best to drive her mate mad with ecstasy.

Lilly built to a frenzied finish; to be brought to a slow boil and then to explode in a geyser of steam, that was her style, her need, her way of climaxing. She had two vocal modes, either a loud, long and a high pitched wavering wail of wild vented joy, one might imagined her a female fire-engine. The other way, if needed to maintain surreptitious conduct for privacy sake, was an aspirated expelling of her lungs in bursts of short pants, with ragged gasps to refill every couple or so waves of paroxysms that washed over her body. Either way, she was still breathless when she came down from cumming.

This was followed by mutual caresses, as they lay together kissing. This served as not only recuperative time, but also preparations for the switch of active and passive roles. Sometimes they might mix it up or have an agenda of trying something new once in a while, or perhaps tinkering with toys to stimulate each other. But like most couples, their regular sexual modus operandi was worked out to make the most effective coordination for the physical and emotional happiness of both. Thus, next would be a reversal of positions and Lil would work on Daisy.

Daisy liked a very direct and down and dirty type of approach. Just as their fashion styles differed, so too what turned them on and how they wanted the love-making to proceed. What they did have in common, (and should not all lovers everywhere have?) was a trust in one another to provide the most caring responsibility for the partner's body and mind during so intimate and delicate a sharing. They told each other what they were ready for, what felt good to them, when it was too

much of a good thing. They communicated, that is the key to great sex, and what they had was grand indeed.

So, when Lil latched on to the brown buttons of Daisy's tits and sucked then to hard points, it was an experienced lover that made the move. Studiously doing oral applications to Daiz, with focus on particular points, rather a general survey of her body, was her strategy of conquest. The dearest sort of persuasion was used on her closest companion and matching half, the soul-mate and sweetheart of her life. Now she was in charge and she was not shy. No tricks, just honest servings of passionate puckering, lashes which the wet wiggly digit could waggle, and a two finger penetration that went into the well of womanhood and sought to saw the cavity until she sung. A full throated call, or a sigh of melodic tones.

Thumb action on the clitoris was practical at this stage and with the opposite arm rocking to provide the internal insertion of sensation. Legs wide and pelvis tilted to make an open target, Daiz was primed to be pumped. She used her own hands to squeeze her mummeries and twiddle her nips, bringing up the heat to volcanic temperatures. Soon, the caldera would erupt, the earth to shake, the foundation of her being to vibrate with incredible energy; the heavenly aftermath was almost as wonderful. In the arms of her beautiful spouse, truly then she achieved paradise in those lovely moments.

They had, as Flora knew they would, fallen in love with each other, and it was so, and still is, and so it shall be.

With this their story has now been preserved. Don't bother to Google the girls, for what was shared is past, and what was done has been passed on. While prejudice should be passe', it's not. What they're pleased to have most is not publicity, but peace. That is a true happy ending!

LL

Lilly shared this with me. Written by her friend.

LIBERTY WITH LOVE AND LOSS

Lorelei, Lover, let me be,

Lovely lady, set me free.

Yes, dear, I'm dying, can't you see?

And soon, too soon, I shall not be.

I cannot bear your tears and grief,

It steals my very soul, like a thief.

How shall I paradise obtain,

How of Heaven's peace might I gain?

When with you here, my spirit stays,

Lest with your soul it rests always?

That happiness in life, my love,
God granted me, bliss from above.

In your heart I shall forever be,
So, Lori dear, please set me free.

By Sandra George;
to her partner, Lorelei Leigh,
written on her last day.