

Part Time Lover

dinkleberry

"*Mmmmghhhaaa*," my lover purred/growled as I ran the brush through her hair.

"*Urrrghaaa...*" she loudly sighed as I stroked her long ink black locks. Being half Columbian, my lover inherited that milky caramel skin, dark brown eyes, and that exotic raven-colored mane of hair.

"*Mmmm gaaahd*," she moaned as the brush ran through her hair again. Being a Latina she has that thick curvy body of a Gordita.

"Oh *gaaaahd*," she exhaled as my finger traced along the upper outer edge of her ear, combing her hair away. A second time my finger delicately danced over the tender surface her ear.

"You know what you are doing to me, don't you?" she questioned. I didn't answer. I saw and felt her body lightly shake as she softly chuckled. She knew that sitting behind her, straddling her body as we relaxed on her bed, that I had a broad grin. "Marty, you're giving me the butterflies again."

She turned her head slightly to look back and from experience I knew what that meant. Leaning forward I gave her a quick peck on the side of her puckered lips, then again, and again. She began giggling.

"You better be willing to finish what you started," she laughingly warned.

"Yes," she shouted as I reached under her arms and grabbed her ample bosom. This is the reason she can be only my part-time lover. Beyond being a fantastic and enthusiastic lover she is very vocal and loud. So we can only be together when the rest of the family is out of the house. Fortunately as a 20-year old college student I've arranged my classes to make this possible.

"Oh god, Marty," she called out as I squeezed her big, full, lush boobs tight. While more than a handful I used them as handholds to pull myself up tight against her loving form. "Squeeze my tits tight!"

"That's it baby. You love playing with your Mom's boobs, don't you?" And there is the reason we have to hide our relationship. I can't let my older brother and sister find out that I'm schtupping their Mom, can I?

"Oh god, yes. Yes, yes, yes. You are the greatest," she howled as I tried my damndest to hold all of her tits and we both savored my failure. Still, we can't let my dad know that I am the reason he isn't getting any of This anymore. Since we became lovers Mom has told me that the sight of her husband's naked body sickens her. And I can understand, would you want my father, some old geezer who's losing the battle of the bulge or myself, a 20 year old in the prime of his life?

"Hold on. Let's do this right," she ordered and lifted up her arms. I gladly pulled her peach colored tee shirt up over her head and off. This revealed the mouthwatering sight of her white full-figure full-coverage Maidenform bra. Ever since that first time when I caught a glimpse of her in a bra I've been obsessed with it. To me, seeing that yard of fabric hiding her

tits and trying to contain all her tit-flesh is more arousing than seeing one of those skimpy lingerie bras. Is that weird? No more weirder than bangin' your Mom!

"Mmm, that's it sweetie," she cheered as I worked at opening her bra. Even with all my experience I still struggled to open those four pain in the ass hooks. They seemed determined to hinder my progress. Finally after the longest few seconds I succeeded and we freed her of her bra.

"That's it sweetheart," she cheered as my hands again took possession of her pendulous tits and pulled her tight to me. Turning her head we kissed. Our lips lingered on each other's. Her lips opened and mine matched. Her tongue proudly slithered out of hers and licked my lips. Drawing a circle around my lips tingles ran through my body.

Our lips smushed tight and my hands roughly mauled at her magnificent breasts feeling, squeezing, kneading her abundant tit-flesh. She growled, "Mmmggghhaaaa..."

Kissing again, our lips remained merged and I shifted my body. Sliding out, contorting, slithering around from behind her I pressed myself against her soft supple body. Pressing my face against hers I pushed her warm yielding body down onto the bed.

"Ooohrrrrgh," she exclaimed as she lay out on the bed sighing her relief and excitement. I was so friggin' horny I mashed my lips to hers and when her mouth opened I fed her my tongue. Shifting, I slid my body to our right revealing her topless body. My left hand reached out and took possession of her big right breast. I delighted at the feel of her hot flesh in my hand and could feel her hard nipple against my palm.

"Oh baby that's so beautiful," she cheered as we both watched my left hand treasure her boob. We watched as I rolled her soft, ample yielding breast in my hand and nothing felt better.

"Oh babe, that's it. I love it," she encouraged as I lowered my head to her left boob. Holding my tongue, I licked her tit with the broad of my tongue. I felt her softly giggle.

"Oh sweetie you are so good to me. You are so good to your Mom."

"That's it, suck it." And I did. "Oh babe, that feels so good. Oh god, suck it. Suck my tits. Suck your Mom's tits. That's it babe."

"Bite it," she ordered and the obedient son I am I followed her command. Releasing the hold of her right tit my left hand travelled down her extraordinary body.

"Oh god, that feels so good, Marty," she lauded as my fingertips lightly danced over the hot, silky smooth flesh of her midsection. Travelling over her pants, I savored the change in texture from her warm yummy flesh to the slight roughness of her pants. "Oh god Marty, make your Mom happy."

"Oh, oh, oh, ooooh," she moaned as I rubbed my hand over her pussy. Even through her pants I could feel the heat her pussy was generating.

"Oh babe, that's it, that's it, that's it," she cheered as I dry humped her with the heel of my hand. My mouth was busy sucking on her left tit. With my eyes open I could see her playing, rubbing, squeezing her right boob.

"Oh god Marty, I need you. God, you make your Mom so hot. I love when you suck my tits like you do," she hailed as her left hand frantically worked at opening her pants. Finally getting the top button free she yanked the zipper down.

"Oh god Marty, I need you," she extolled and I felt her brace her shoulders down. From experience I knew what this meant. Releasing my mouthful of boob, I kissed her lustfully. Removing my left hand from her crotch I let her arch her hips and she pulled her pants down, around her bountiful rear, over her luscious hips and onto her thighs.

"Oh yes, you know what your Mom needs," she lauded as my hand returned to her smooth, bare pussy mound. I could feel how wet she was and loved the fact that my Mom becomes so easily sexually aroused for me. With my middle finger I started stroking her slit. "Oh Baby, Oh Yes!"

"Oh god Marty, don't tease me, don't tease me," she begged with each stroke of my fingertip over her pussy lips. "Oh please finger me, finger me please. Baby, finger my pussy."

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck," she exclaimed as I slid my finger into her fire hot, soaking wet pussy and by curling my hand I ground the heel of my palm on her clit. The harder I pressed the louder she groaned, "Urgh, Urgh, URGH, URGH,"

"Are you gonna finger me 'til I cum or are you gonna eat my pussy?" she questioned. It had been a bit since I had dined on her pussy and I was feeling hungry.

"I love when you eat my pussy. No one eats my pussy better than my son, right?" Standing up, I eagerly nodded my head

as I pulled her pants and panties the rest of the way off her legs. Grabbing her legs, I lifted them up and pulled her to the edge of bed. She whooped with glee. Holding her legs up, I spread her open wide and admired the view.

There was my naked lover, my fully undressed Mom lying on the bed. Her dark hair was splayed out in disarray. Her face shined with sweat and excitement. Her chest heaved from her hard breaths and her wondrous boobs laid atop in their divine glory. Her soft round belly led down to the Holy Land and it was paradise. She has a well-trimmed triangle of pubic hair above her pussy that she's playfully shaved into an arrow pointing down to her honey pot -- and it's a fat pussy that's beautiful to gaze upon.

Lying neatly tucked between her meaty thighs her pussy shined with moisture and is full and puffy. Her outer pussy lips are fat and thick giving her a prominent vulva. Her pubic mound is a darker caramel than her milky caramel skin that leads up to her surprising small and thin inner pussy lips. The dark thin edges of her inner pussy lips barely peek over her

pussy mound and it's a mouth-watering sight. Even at 46 and three kids my Mom's pussy is tight with no roast beef.

"Do you like?" she teased as I admired her pussy. She couldn't wait for me and so treated me to a magically enchanting show. As I watched her right hand continued to play with her big tits but her left hand travelled down to her Holy Land. With her watching me watch her she started rubbing her pussy, playing with herself. "You like watching your Mom play with herself, don't you? You like seeing me slide my finger in an' out of my pussy. You wanna see me slip two in there? Oh god, that feels so good. Look at what you've done to your mother. Look at this, my son has turned me into a total slut.

"Oh god, that feels so good," she purred as her eyes fluttered. "You make me so wanton. It's your fault I'm so deprived. You got me to where I enjoy playing with myself while my son watches."

"Are you gonna eat my pussy? Is my son gonna lick my cunt? Do you wanna suck on your Mom's pussy?" and of course she

knew the answer. I eagerly kneeled down between her legs and buried my face in her muff.

"Oh yes! Oh fuck yes. Yes, yes, yes. That's it, lick my pussy, lick it, lick it, lick it. Oh baby, oh god Marty, I love when you lick me with those long strokes. You lick my cunt like no one does. Oh baby, Oh baby, lick me clean.

"OOOOOhhh gawd, oh yes, fuck me, fuck me, tongue fuck me, you motherfucker. Deeper, deeper, shove that tongue into your Mom's cunt. That's it, that's it. Oh yes, my son is tongue fucking me. My son is eating my pussy. My son eats my pussy like no one else can."

"Oh god Marty, suck my pussy, suck it. Oh that's it. Oh god, that's it. Oh god, yes. Suck my clit while you finger my cunt. Oh baby, that's it, that's perfect. Your father could never eat my pussy like you. You are the best."

"That's it, that's it, that's it suck on my clit. Oh god Marty, finger fuck me, finger fuck your Mom's pussy. Oh god baby

you make me so hot. You get me so fucking hot. I can feel my juices leaking onto my ass. Oh god, only you can do this to me."

"Oh god baby, I gotta suck your dick. Please let me suck your cock. I gotta taste your cock in my mouth," she pleaded and scrambled to sit up. I withdrew from her honey pot. Standing up, I loved that I could still feel her on my cheeks and could still smell her in my nose.

"Get naked," she ordered as she sat on the edge of the bed. "I need to taste you."

"Such a pretty penis," she complimented after I had shucked my t-shirt and hooked my thumbs into the waist bands of both my shorts and boxers; with a push they slid down my legs and I stepped out of the bunched-up pile.

"Such a beautiful cock," she admired as she took me into her hand and began rubbing my cock all over her face. Across her forehead, back an' forth against her nose, over an' around her

cheeks until finally she had her chin and jaw along the underside of my cock. "Your father is almost as big as you but compared to you he's like a No. 2 pencil. I can't get my hand all the way around this monster."

Then she licked the tip of my helmet and my whole body quivered. With her tongue hanging out she ran it up an' down my shaft getting it slick with her spit.

"Look how beautiful your cock is. It's only right that my son has a big, fat sausage for me." With that she smiled and looked up at me. I smiled back at her and she spit onto the tip of cock.

"That's better," she commented before licking her glob of spit smearing it around my helmet.

"Oh wow," I murmured as her head bobbed down and engulfed my cock. No matter how many times my Mom sucks my cock every time I'm amazed by her ability. She says it's because unlike with others she wants to suck mine.

"Mmmmm," I softly moaned as she seemingly effortlessly began to slide up an' down my shaft. Placing my hands on her head I commanded, "Play with yourself while you suck my dick."

"Oh Jesus Christ. Oh god, Mom. Oh god, Mom," I whined as I watched her gobble my cock, as I watched her big boobs wobble, as I enjoyed watching her fingers furiously play with her pussy.

"Oh Jesus. Oh god, Mom," I wailed as she took my sac into her hand and squeezed me tight. Popping her head from my cock she pleaded, "I need you inside of me. I need to be fucked. Are you ready to fuck your mother, huh, you motherfucker?"

Without waiting for an answer she quickly deftly turned around and mounted the bed, basically assuming the position. She was on her hands and knees in that she was resting her forearms on the bed and was sitting on the back of her shins. This meant her ass was set low, about at cock height and what

a glorious ass she has. As a Latin Gordita instead of having a broad, flat ass her butt is wide and rounded. When she lies in the right position you can truly see the heart shape of it.

But right now her rear-end looked like two perfectly rounded hunks of ham begging to be spanked and that's what I did. WHACK! My left hand landed upon her meaty asscheck and she howled, "That's it mutha-fucka"

Whack "YES! Punish me wanting to fuck my own son," WHACK. "That's it. Punish me for having my son spank me while I fuck him."

"Oh God! Yes," she thundered as I lined my cock up with her pussy and dove in. Grabbing her sumptuous hips, I rammed my cock into her with force. Reaching the hilt she barked, "Fuck Me,

"fuck, fuck, Fuck, Fuck, FUCK, FUCK," she yelled with each thrust and each howl louder than the last. Although no one

else was home I've often worried if a neighbor could hear this screaming banshee. "yes, Yes, YES."

"Fuck me, Fuck me hard. Pull my hair you mutha-fucka. That's it, fuck your Mom good. Give me the fucking I need, you mutha-fucka." WHACK. I slapped her ass while my cock was buried in her and she tossed her head fighting to tear free from my grasp.

WHACK "Goddamn! Punish me for fucking my own son," WHACK. "That's it. Punish me for having my son spank me while I fuck him." Each time my hand landed on her ass a quiver would tremble through her whole body. Removing my hand you could see the red handprint I left behind.

"Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me," she roared and it echoed throughout the room. She's told me it's my fault she's so loud, with no one else does she get like this; that with my father it's an effort to remain interested.

WHACK "Oh, God yes. Punish me for fucking my own son," WHACK. "That's it. Punish me for loving that my son fucks me so good." She also says that I cause her to want it rough, that never before would she even consider letting someone pull her hair and no way would she let someone spank her. Now she's also into biting and scratching me so deep that she draws blood. Many times we've had to hide our flesh wounds from the rest of the family. It's always funny when one of us is banged-up or walking funny and my father asks, 'What happened to you?'

"Give it to me, Give it to me, Give it to me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck My Pussy Good, Fuck Me like a Freight Train, Fuck Your Mother Like You Mean It." And I definitely meant it.

"Oh god yes, this is why you were born so you can give your Mom the dicking she needs. Yes, pull my hair. God you make me such a whore." WHACK. "Yes, do it again." WHACK. "God, I Fuckin' Love you."

"Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Me," she bellowed and the obedient son I am I obeyed. "You were born to fuck me like this. God, I love you."

I tightened my hold of her wide hips by sinking my fingers into her soft yielding flesh and began thundering away at her pussy. From the body heat we were generating I was soaked and Mom was drenched, each time our bodies collided there was the loud distinctive slap of two wet bodies merging together in carnal delight. The smell of our sex permeated through the room. I could tell she was tiring as her yelling had changed to deep, heavy guttural grunts. "Fuck Me, Fuck Me, Fuck Urgh, urgh, fuck, fuck, urgh, urgh..."

"urgh... urgh... urgh... god... damn... you... mother... fucker," she grunted out as I smashed my hips down upon hers, my cock burying itself in her pussy. At the end of each stroke I would pull her hips up an' back trying to bury my cock as deep into her pussy as possible. I would ram myself upon her and then jam myself even further as if trying to truly return back to the place of my birth.

"Roll over," I commanded and she followed my wishes. This is one of my favorite positions. Mom is lying on her back with her ass at the edge of the bed. She offers up her legs to me and I hold them by the ankles open in a wide flying V. With me standing, I can gaze down upon my Mom's angelic face that always shines with pleasure when we are joined together. I can watch her big jugs bounce to an' fro unless she holds them in place, playing with them squeezing them, pinching her nipples and sometimes even being able to just barely lick her own nipples.

I watch as her soft belly jiggles with each of my thrusts as I give Mom the dicking she begs me for. What's even better is I can watch my cock slide in an' out of her beautiful pussy. Even now after all the times together it is still a spell-binding sight to watch my cock rockin' in an' out of her pussy, my Mom screaming for me to fuck her; and what I love even more is when she plays with her clit as I'm inside her. Could there be a more beautiful sight than watching your cock in your mom's pussy as she pleasures herself?

"Oh Fuck Yes," she howled as she guided my cock into her pussy. With my hands busy holding her ankles up against my shoulders she had reached between her spread open legs and guided me home. "Oh god, I love how good you feel inside of me.

"Oh Marty, fuck me good, fuck your mother like only you can, oh babe that's it. I love how you long dick me. Fuck me you mutha-fucka," she yelled as I slowly rhythmically rode my cock in and out of her pussy. She's taught me that in this position she likes for me to start slow and build up my pace.

"Oh god Marty, fuck me harder, fuck me harder, fuck me, fuck me, fuck your mother you mutha-fucka, fuck, fuck, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..." I increased my pace and intensity. Now every time at the bottom of my stroke my hips would crash upon her ass and I'd watch as a wave would run up her hips, over her stomach, past her chest before her whole body would finally surge forward before slamming back at me.

"Oh god you fuck me so good. You like when I play with my pussy don't you? You like watching your mom play with her pussy while her son fucks her? Are you proud that you've turned your mom into a fuckin' ho? Look at me. Fuckin' my son and loving every minute of it," I actually do like watching her play with her clit as I'm fucking her. I also love how dirty and filthy she talks. Outside the bedroom I don't think I've heard her drop the F-bomb but when we are together that's all she screams.

"I love you so much, Marty. Nobody makes me feel like you do. Having to fuck your father was now worth it, just so you could be born and now I can have you fucking me at this moment. Your cock feels so good inside me, so perfect, like it was specially made to be inside your mom's pussy.

"Oh baby, oh babe, oh, oh, oh, oh god. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me harder, fuck me, fuck me, fuck your mother you mutha-fucka. Harder, harder, harder, that's it FUCK MEEEEEE..."

"Fuck this cunt, fuck my pussy, pound this pussy. YES, YES, YES. FUUAAAack..."

"Oh god Marty you fuck me so good, you fuck your mother like no one else can. That's why I know this is right, no one else makes me feel like you do, no one else makes me so hot and horny, no one else makes me a slut, no one fucks like you do."

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Goddamn it YES." By this time I was giving her all I had. I was holding her ankles out wide and leaning forward so I was slamming down into her as much as I was ramming my cock into her yet she screamed for more.

"Oh fuck yes. Fuck your mother you mutha-fucka. My son is fucking me and I goddamn love it. My son fucks me, my son fucks me and I fuckin love it."

"Fuck me harder, fuck me harder, fuck me harder, harder, harder. That's it, you mutha-fucka pound this pussy," she

shrieked and her hand was almost a blur as she rubbed her clit.

"I'm gonna cum. Make me cum, make me cum hard. Make your mother cum..."

"Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh gaaaaaaahh..." she screeched and when I felt her pussy tighten up I quickly pulled out. I knew that having delayed her earlier possible orgasms that this one was gonna be a monster. And I was right. Seeing her face contort in orgasmic bliss a thick silvery clear liquid erupted from her pussy to wash over me. Since we became a couple my Mom has overcome any shyness and with practice has become a prolific squirter.

"Oh god yes..." one of us yelled as I watched her cum, as she showered me with her love, as she sprayed her juices onto me. Is there anything more erotic than seeing your mom squirt from you fucking her?

"Now it's your turn. Cum for your Mom. Cum on your Mom. Cum for me." It didn't take much for me to reach the breaking point. Taking my cock in hand I started to jerk off. One stroke, two strokes and on the third I shot my load. I'd love to say that I bathed her with my semen but having fired a load up her asshole a few hours ago the tank was mostly empty. My first shot was a long thin sticky rope that landed on her stomach, my second was another sticky rope, my third a few globules and then numbers four and five were mostly air as I was emptied and exhausted.

We both stayed there panting trying to catch our breath, her ankles now rested on my shoulders as I was partially hunched over, with my hands on my thighs, filling my lungs with the oxygen they demanded.

Looking at my lover, I smiled at her and she smiled back at me. "I love you, Marty."

"I love you too mom."

After a moment she looked at me frankly and plainly stated,
"I wanna have your baby."

THE END