

Praise the Aunt and Holy Mother



It was early June and a beautiful day. I had turned eighteen a few months ago and I was working hard to keep my grades up. It paid off as I received acceptances to both of the Universities I had shown interest in attending. One is located in a city near our home and the other, a State College, is located on the other side of the state. The closest one is my first choice but the State College would be far more affordable.

Relaxing on the couch deep in thought on how to earn some spending money for college, my thoughts were interrupted by the phone ringing. I heard Mom answer it in the kitchen and could tell by the conversation she was talking to her sister, Aunt Brenda. I went back to rehashing the various jobs I had done in the past to earn cash. After another few minutes, she called, "Mike, come here. I need to talk to you."

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

"Sure thing, Mom. I'll be right there," I replied and was curious as to what my aunt said to her to warrant wanting to talk to me. I went in and sat in a chair opposite my mom at the kitchen table as we always did for each meal. My parents divorced when I was less than a year old as my father didn't want a family. Mom and her sister got along well and routinely talked on the phone, so I wasn't surprised when she appeared happy after her talk with her.

"Mike, Brenda needs some jobs done on her property and was wondering if you'd be interested in earning some extra money for college. A landscaping service normally does the work but when we discussed your college expenses, she thought it'd be good to hire you instead."

"Sure, Mom. Sounds great. I was thinking of ways of making some money this summer. When does she want me to start?"

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

"Great, I'll get ready and head down. Thanks for helping out, Mom," I replied as I was already getting up and heading to my room to get some work clothes on. The money I'd earn was nice but more importantly, working around my aunt was what I was looking forward to the most.

My aunt is thirty-six, three years younger than my mom and very cute. She has a great smile and a cheerful, vibrant attitude that is infectious when around her. She married right after college and her husband soon became the minister in town. They live in a large church provided manse located two blocks from us.

He hasn't been around for several years traveling around the nation helping other churches implement various programs. His visits are rare and when he does, he spends all his time at the church. I'm not sure why she stays with him other than the fact his family is wealthy, so she lives in style and has an excess of funds to spend as she pleases.

I was more than happy to work for my aunt if nothing else to ogle her great body to add to my fantasy collection of her. She has always been flirty and touchy, hugging and tickling me whenever we were close. Although she is by herself most of the time, she has kept thin and in shape. She is one of the hotter women in town and even though my uncle isn't much of a husband, she is pretty much untouchable because of her relationship to the church.

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

"Mikey, so glad to see you. You're turning into quite the young man!" exclaimed my beautiful aunt. My mom and aunt always called me Mikey when I was young. Mom had changed to calling me Mike as I got older but my aunt still called me Mikey. She immediately hugged me and tickled my sides as she has in the past. I took advantage of it this time and squirmed around, mashing her breasts against my chest. Finally releasing me, she grabbed my hand and led me over to her work area in the large living room.

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

I knew she was wealthy, but looking at the items to be done, this was a large sum of money for the small amount of work. I wasn't going to complain as I needed the money.

"That's great, Auntie. I'll begin right away with the outside work."

Most of the jobs listed were trimming bushes and garden bed maintenance. I went out and started down the list. After a couple of hours, my aunt came out to check on me. She was wearing some shorts showing off her perfectly toned legs and smooth skin. I couldn't help but stare but tried not to be too obvious. She asked me to go inside to take an iced tea break with her. I agreed as I was pretty thirsty. It was terribly hot and I was thankful for a chance at getting out of the sun. My bonus was the opportunity to leer at my aunt's legs as I closely followed her into her house.

We sat and talked while drinking our cold drinks. Her smile is always intoxicating and I was as happy sitting there talking to her as I was earlier, staring at her legs. She kept her hair short in a pixie style that framed her face perfectly. After I finished my drink, I told her I needed to get back out in order to do a couple more hours of work before going home for dinner.

She came out to inspect my work when I was ready to quit and was very pleased to see how much I had accomplished. She was disappointed when I told her I needed to go and suggested I stay and eat with her. She could also wash my clothes while we were eating,

giving my mother a break while I was working. I told her Mom was expecting me but thanked her for the offer.

She met me when I was ready to leave and reached out to hug me, which isn't unusual for her. I was more than happy to hold my hot aunt in my arms. We hugged and she kept squeezing longer than usual. I noticed she was moving in order to smash her breasts into me. All too soon, she was done. Raising her hands, she held my head, staring into my eyes. I still had my arms wrapped around her.

"Mikey, you are so darned cute. My Doctor told me I shouldn't do this, but for you, I'm going to make an exception." She pulled my head down so our lips touched. I could feel her body go limp and I had to hold her so she didn't fall down. I thought she might be having some kind of fainting spell so I broke off the kiss and looked down to see she was opening her eyes as if waking from a dream.

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

I was in disbelief, not only of hearing this bizarre condition but also because I ended it so soon thinking something was wrong. I'd thought about questioning her on this far fetched diagnosis, but I didn't want to spoil any future kissing possibilities. My mind was racing as to how I could use this to my advantage with my aunt.

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

She laughed as we parted ways. I arrived back home at the same time as Mom. She commented on my dirty, sweaty condition and instructed me to take a shower and throw my clothes in the washer. I told her about her sister offering to feed me and clean my clothes and how I told her that I refused because my mother liked us eating dinner together.

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

I didn't want to act too excited, but I couldn't wait to spend more time with my aunt. I told her that would work out great. I could work on the list later and get more items done. I went to my room, showered and went back to the kitchen to eat dinner. While eating I compared Mom to my aunt. They had similar features and were both beautiful. I wasn't sure about her breasts as she didn't hug me like Brenda. We had a great relationship but had never touched much growing up. She kept her hair at shoulder length and usually tied it up when at work and let it back down when she was home with me. She was a brunette as was my aunt.

I was checking her out when I stopped at her lips. I was thinking back to my aunt's condition and wondered whether it was hereditary and that was the reason my mother never kissed me. I was deep in thought when my mom caught my stare and knocked me out of it. "Michael, have you heard anything I've said?"

That brought me out of my dream. I made up some excuse about thinking about the items on the list and was careful to not drift off again while we talked over dinner. When done, we moved to the living room, watched some TV and retired to our rooms. I punished my cock hard that night with yet another fantasy of me fucking my aunt. I got little sleep, thinking how tomorrow might turn out.

I slept in late the next morning. Mom had already left for work, so I grabbed a quick bite and got dressed. I put on a pair of silk gym shorts to wear while working since it was getting hotter. As an added bonus it'd be easier to shift my hard cock than the confining jeans. I took down a pair of pants to wear back home at night so Mom wouldn't get suspicious.

Aunt Brenda answered the door and was wearing the same shorts as yesterday. Her blouse was a Crop Top style that looked like it was designed to end at her waist; however, it was sized for a smaller breasted woman. Her breasts pushed out the material so much it made the bottom rise showing a couple inches of bare skin above her shorts. This also caused the bottom front of the blouse to stick out, providing an inviting opening. The morning hug along with seeing her exposed skin gave me an instant erection. I backed my hips away from her not wanting to alarm her.

She pulled back and I could see her eyes going up and down my legs checking them out. "Mikey, I see the heat is getting to you, too. Now I can stare at your legs all day the way you've been staring at mine."

I'm not sure if she saw me blushing, but she didn't say anything more about it. She continued with her conversation without waiting for a reply. She told me I didn't need to knock at her door anymore each morning. We were family and it just caused her to stop and answer it.

Agreeing with her, I repeated Mom's conversation about me staying here for dinner and staying longer until my clothes were cleaned. I didn't tell her what Mom said about her husband but did tell her Mom would appreciate the break.

She was elated at the news and said, "Oh, that's super, Mikey. I'd love to take care of my nephew. I don't get to pamper a man much. It'll be so much fun."

I threw my jeans in the spare bedroom and headed out the back door to continue work. I labored through the day until late afternoon when my aunt showed up to inspect my progress. She was impressed again today on the amount of work I had completed and told me to take a shower because dinner was ready. She instructed me to throw my clothes outside the door and use the robe in the bathroom.

I did as she asked and while I was in the shower I heard her outside the door picking up my clothes to take to the washer. The terry cloth robe came down to mid-thigh. The material was soft and felt great. Hopefully, it was heavy enough to conceal the inevitable hard-on that was sure to spring up around my aunt.

We ate and had an enjoyable talk. She got up and cleaned up the table. I stiffened again, watching her move around the kitchen. Her legs were so sexy and firm. I wanted to squeeze them, but I was cautious not to stare too much so she wouldn't catch me.

The washer alarm went off, signaling the clothes were finished. My aunt excused herself to transfer them to the dryer. On her way, she told me to go watch some TV. She came back from the laundry room and sat down on the couch beside me. Her leg was up against mine and we had bare skin touching from where the robe didn't cover. I was glad my hard prick was pressed against my stomach and not straight up in the air.

After thirty minutes of bliss, she got up to take my clothes out of the dryer. When she came back, she held her hands out to hold mine, pulling me off the couch. Once again she hugged me and thanked me for everything. She placed her hands on my head again and pulled me down for a kiss.

I felt her go limp as soon as we touched. I was careful this time and held her tight so her lips wouldn't pull away. I kicked myself for not having a plan on what I'd do if this happened again, but the image of those legs all day was overriding all decisions. I held her tight with my left

arm and reached down with my right hand to caress her leg directly above her knee. I ran it up and down her smooth hot leg.

Taking a risk, I grabbed the back of her thigh and squeezed. This was heaven, her thigh was better than I had fantasized, firm and hot. I reached up to hold her covered buns, squeezing one of her round ass cheeks. I could feel a burst of exhaled air leave her nose, so I quickly moved my hand back up and released my lips. She came out of it fast.

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

I felt guilty as that was exactly what I was doing, but I was also relieved she didn't mention me groping her. "That's great, Auntie. I'm glad to help."

She just smiled and told me she was going to go take her shower. I went to get changed, ready to call it a day. I went to the spare bedroom and got dressed. When finished, I heard the shower stop in her bedroom. Going out to the entryway, she met me, clad in the same style terry cloth robe. I wasn't sure if she was naked underneath with the heavy material, but I was fantasizing she was. I was ready to go out the door when she came up and hugged me to send me off.

All thoughts of not taking advantage of her went out the door with that hug. As she pulled away I leaned down and pressed my lips to hers

again. As soon as she went limp I ran my right hand up her thigh under the robe and sure enough, she wasn't wearing panties. I had my hand on her bare ass and was squeezing it like a new found toy. My mind kept bringing up the image of her blouse she wore today that had that inviting opening at the bottom. I so much wanted to run my hand up that opening and explore.

Without realizing it, I had brought my hand up and was reaching in her robe. I soon had my prize as I was cupping a bare breast. It was more firm and smooth than I had imagined. I squeezed it as if milking it before wrapping my fingers around her nipple to find it hard and pointed. Her breathing had changed and was getting much heavier. There was still no indication she was conscious so I continued to caress her breast. After several minutes, I began to worry again she might come out of it, so I reluctantly withdrew my hand and adjusted her robe. I put my arm back around her waist and pulled away from her.

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

I said goodbye with a grin as big as my hard-on. Hastily, I went directly to my room when I got home to drain my aching prick. With my groping memories still fresh, I soon blasted off globs of cum. Relieved and thinking a little clearer, I went out to watch some TV with Mom. Soon after, I went to bed exhausted.

I woke up early the next morning excited to get down to my aunt's place. I couldn't wait to help her 'relax' today. The minute I heard Mom

pull out of the driveway I left for my aunt's place. When I got there I went through the front door as she instructed. I could hear her in the kitchen, probably fixing herself some breakfast, so I went in to say good morning to her.

She was facing away from me when I entered, allowing me to check out her scantily clad body. She was wearing another short blouse open at the bottom along with a short tennis skirt that had a colorful floral pattern. Her beautiful legs were exposed and I could hardly keep myself from going up and stroking them.

"Good Morning, Auntie! That's a beautiful skirt you're wearing today. So festive!"

"Thanks, Mikey. It's turning so sunny and hot, I felt like wearing a skirt to match the weather," she responded. "Please sit down and let me feed you breakfast. It's so lonely eating every day by myself. I'd appreciate your company."

Leaving home in such a hurry, I forgot I hadn't eaten. I didn't argue, sat down and watched her finish preparing breakfast. She brought over the food and we ate while talking about what I'd work on today. Thankfully, my shorts didn't have a tent by the end of the meal, so I was able to stand up without too much embarrassment. I was ready to go out to start working when she came over and stood in front of me. She squeezed in between me and the table, so she was almost sitting on the table.

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

She was giggling when she told me that this was the first time I tickled her back all these years. She said she'd have to start refraining from teasing me now, since I was older. As we parted, she backed closer to the table and before she could move away, I lowered my lips to hers, holding her firm so she wouldn't fall. She relaxed as usual and I was able to lower her to the table to support her weight.

Still having my lips on hers, both hands were free to explore. I brought them to her sides and ran them up under her open blouse. What luck! She wasn't wearing a bra and both hands were soon filled full of firm, round breasts. I couldn't believe my luck having my aunt's perky, meaty tits in my hot hands. I squeezed them, carefully maintaining lip contact. Her breath was getting heavy again, but I wasn't stopping now. I grabbed each nipple with my fingers and teased them. They popped out, filling with hot blood. Her breathing increased and she was having trouble getting enough air in through her nose. I could feel her lips start to break off so I quickly lowered my hands and wrapped my hands around her to bring her back up to a standing position.

She pulled back and exclaimed, "Wow, that was relaxing but I feel like I've run a mile, I'm panting so much. I'm going to have to stay here and catch my breath. I'll catch up with you outside."

"See you later. You don't need to help me. It's all simple work today," I said as I left. I kicked myself for not exploring those beautiful legs and thighs. I was getting most of the things off the task list and was worried my groping entertainment would soon come to an end. Early afternoon, my aunt came out to check on the work. I eyed her as she walked around checking out the various tasks I had done. At one garden bed, she bent over to straighten up an ornament that had fallen over.

I was openly staring as I had a perfect view of her backside and could check her out without her noticing. Fortunately, there is a high cedar fence around the yard so it was private, preventing spying from nosy neighbors. When she bent over, her skirt rose to show off her perfect thighs and then her light pink panties came into view. They were tight and rose up on her ass cheeks. I was so busy staring at her sexy panty-clad ass, I missed the fact when she bent over her open blouse allowed me to see her hanging breasts. I could see the entire underside of her magnificent mounds as they hung down, pendulously swinging as she was working in the bed.

I had to adjust my shorts to accommodate my rock hard prick and glanced down to make sure it wasn't too noticeable. When I looked back up to check out my aunt again, she was standing and staring at me. She didn't say anything as she walked by me to go inside. As she opened the door, she yelled, "Great job, Mikey. Come inside for some

dinner now." I wrapped things up, went in to clean up and went to the kitchen to eat.

We ate and discussed my work progress during our meal. I could hardly concentrate as I was thinking about how to proceed on my next 'relaxation' session. After we were finished, she got up and cleaned the table. When I thought we would hug again, she surprised me when she told me to take my shower so she could throw my clothes in the laundry. She said she was going to take one too and to meet her in the living room.

There was plenty of daylight left to do some more chores, so I was surprised she wanted me to shower and quit working for the day. I wasn't going to complain about sitting on a couch with my aunt wearing our robes so I went straight to the shower. I was done drying myself off when I heard a light knock and my aunt say, "I have your clothes in the wash. Could you come to my bedroom and help me with something when you're done?"

"Of course, Auntie. Be right there," having my own idea of how I could help her in the bedroom but figured it was something she wanted to be done from the list. That's probably why she ended my outside activities early today, to work on the inside jobs. I put on my robe and headed to her bedroom. She was lying face down on her bed with a sheet pulled up to under her armpits. Her lovely neck, shoulders and the top of her back were exposed.

She had her head turned to me and was smiling seductively and I was starting to harden, thinking my dreams were coming true. I was soon

brought to reality when she stated, "If you wouldn't mind, could you give my shoulders a massage. I feel a little tense today."

"Of course, I don't have much experience, but I'll do my best," I said. I went to the bed and reached over to massage the tops of her shoulders. It was awkward leaning over and I was afraid she was going to notice my robe tenting out.

She solved my dilemma when she told me to get up and straddle her to do it properly. I quickly positioned myself on top of her and resumed rubbing her smooth neck and shoulders. She hummed contently, so I figured I wasn't doing too bad of a job. She raised her hands and pulled the sheet down as far as she could before it hit my legs, explaining, "It feels so good. You're doing a great job, please continue with my back."

I gladly complied, stroking her entire back and the sides of her ribs. Her breasts were pushed down in the mattress but I could see some of the sides that were flattened and pushed out. They begged to be held, but she was fully aware of her surroundings so I wasn't going to risk ending my fantasy. Her humming was turning into low groaning. I decided to see how far I could escalate my caressing.

I shifted my legs back and more aggressively massaged her lower back, moving the sheet down on each down stroke. The sheet was halfway down her ass revealing the top half of her firm cheeks. I massaged her buns and she didn't react, so I continued to move the sheet down as my massaging hands followed. She was still groaning and seemed happy to allow me full access. I moved back far enough to pull the sheet down to her ankles and began to massage the backs of her legs. My prick was

hard as ever and thankfully she could not see the tent in my robe as I massaged her legs.

I worked on her lower legs, ran my hands up her thighs, ending at her ass cheeks. As I had to lean over to reach her soft buns, my robe kept rubbing on her legs each stroke. She stirred and acted like she was done, so I figured my entertainment was ready to come to an end.

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

I quickly removed my robe not saying anything, knowing I wouldn't be able to hide my excitement in my voice. My legs were on either side of her and I made sure we had full contact as I continued my massage. I worked on her legs, encircling them with my hands in the pretense of massaging the fronts and backs together. As I got higher the skin felt hotter or it might have been my own blood boiling. I was caressing her mid-thighs while staring at her glorious ass. Her groans turned to moans and she was breathing a lot heavier.

She squirmed and in the process she raised her hips while I had both hands wrapped around her thigh. She was high enough off the bed to expose her bald, wet pussy. Damn, what a sight. Did she know she was exposing herself or was she into the massage so much she wasn't aware? I didn't care. I was getting the show of my life.

She soon lowered herself back down. She told me her legs were good enough and I should move back to her shoulders. I crawled up,

straddling her being careful not to scrape my rock hard prick on her backside. I massaged her shoulders and it wasn't long before she said, "That's enough, time for a reward for such a good massage."

She flipped over, held my head and pulled me down to her lips. I got a glimpse of those wonderful breasts before our lips met. She went limp and I didn't hesitate this time. My hands went right to her breasts, squeezing and twisting her nipples. Her breathing was still heavy but this time she managed to breathe enough through her mouth while maintaining contact.

This made me more confident to proceed. I reached down with my left hand, gripped her thigh and moved her leg to the side. It moved over easily, maybe a reflex action by having someone touch it. There was room to place my knees between her legs. I nudged her other leg and it moved out to the side. There I was with my hard prick aimed at her pussy. I wanted so much to ram it in, but the consequences of her waking up with my cock deep in her cunt would be harder to explain than getting caught groping her breasts.

I thought it over and decided I wouldn't fuck her but I could at least rub her pussy lips with the head of my dick. I reached down and guided my prick to her lips and rubbed it up and down. It was slick and hot causing me to pant as heavy as she was. It was hard to maintain lip contact and continue using my aunt in a way a nephew shouldn't be doing.

Right when I thought about pushing my hard prick in just an inch, her hands gripped my head, pulled me up so she could look into my eyes and lustfully said, "Are you going to fuck me or just tease me?"

I guess I looked startled as she said, "Good Lord, Mikey. You didn't believe that lip coma nonsense, did you? I was trying to build your confidence enough to fuck my hungry cunt."

"Anything for my favorite aunt," I responded as I gladly shoved my prick into her wet channel. I pushed slowly to allow her to adjust to my invading cock as it was tight. I continued to push my cock into her yielding pussy that was becoming easier as we both released precum juices. She pulled my head down and frantically kissed me. No longer under the pretense of her medical condition, this was no simple lip touching. She was mauling my tongue with hers and her excitement was quickly building.

Fully buried in her cunt, my balls became trapped in her wet bare crotch. I reached up and mauled her breasts, not having to care whether she was in her fake coma now. Each time I twisted her nipples she'd thrash under me.

"Oh, yes. Squeeze my nipples. They're so sensitive," screamed my aunt. "You don't know what that does to me. You've been driving me crazy the last few days playing with them and not finishing the job."

"Don't worry, Auntie. I'll make up for it now," I said. Furiously thrusting in and out of her pussy, she loosened up as fluids gushed

around my cock. She was experiencing several mini-orgasms, finally receiving the cock she desperately needed. We rutted like animals, making up for the days of foreplay we had gone through.

She raised her legs over my back, raising her pelvis off the bed as I pounded her like a jackhammer. She was screaming and I was thankful the yard was surrounded with soundproofing hedges, so her neighbors wouldn't hear my aunt getting a royal fucking from her nephew. I continued to thrust into her while she ran her arms up and down my back. We were both panting loudly, enjoying the first incestuous fuck, which I was hoping the first of many.

"Oh, Sweetie. I'm ready to come," screamed my aunt. "You're fucking your horny aunt so good. I'm almost there."

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

"My balls are ready to blast," I croaked. "Do you want me to pull out, Auntie?" So much for delicacy, but there wasn't much blood left in my brain. She got the point.

"Fill me with your hot sperm. I need to feel you quenching my burning cunt. Don't worry, I stayed on the pill for my complexion."

Upon hearing that, I plunged as fast as I could, twisting her nipples hard. She moved her hands to the back of my head, mashing my face to hers as hard as she could, so we could fuck each other's mouths with our tongues. She released my lips enough to exclaim to the world her orgasm was wracking her body. "Oh, God. I've never come so hard. Fuck me! Your prick feels so good," screamed my squirming aunt. "Fill me full of cum, Honey! Your auntie needs a good fucking!"

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

She stopped convulsing and we stayed coupled, enjoying the aftermath of a wondrous fuck. She broke the silence as she confessed, "I guess I can tell you now, that this was the main thing on the list of things I wanted from you. I've been waiting for years to seduce you and finally got enough nerve to do it."

I pulled out of her, hearing a sucking, squishy sound and replied, "If I knew this was on my list, It would have been elevated to number one. You've been driving me crazy the last few days." We both laughed at our missed opportunities.

She explained my new work schedule, which would consist of sexually satisfying my horny aunt. We rested, we fucked again and finally I got dressed to go home later than usual. Mom was ready to retire to her room for the night, so I only had a minute to talk with her in the hallway

before I went to my room. She gave me an odd look as I went by her to my room, but I didn't ask her what was wrong. Could she smell the sex smeared on me from my incestuous coupling with Aunt Brenda or did she pick up on her perfume? I didn't dwell too long on her reaction as I was too tired to think straight.

For the next few days, our routine would be to fuck in the morning, do some of the items on the list and continue with our sex marathon until I went home. She'd wear the same type of skirt and blouse each day with no bra or panties. I'd wear my gym shorts with no underwear and we'd have fun flashing each other, getting ourselves worked up for the evening round of fucking.

This repeated until Friday. It was early afternoon and I was transplanting some flowers in a bed near the house under an open living room window. My aunt was in the house cleaning up and we were chatting away, enjoying the day. I heard the garden gate latch click and in through the gate came my mother. Here I was in my silk shorts with a hard-on from getting flashed all day. Fortunately, I was crouched to the side so she couldn't see my raging boner. She moved up to a couple feet away and I saw her eyes traveling up and down my legs.

"Michael, what are you thinking, wearing those nice silk shorts while working in the dirt? They'll get wrecked. Where are the jeans you normally wear?"

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

appropriate response. Timing it perfectly, my aunt came out of the house to rescue me. She must have changed clothes as soon as she saw my mom come through the gate because she had on a much longer skirt and was wearing a wrap which concealed her braless tits bouncing under her revealing blouse.

She saved me from struggling by answering my mom. "Hi, Bev. I told him to wear them as it's so hot out and I didn't want him to suffer from the heat. Those jeans always take so long to dry, too. This allows him more time to work on my list."

Mom shifted her stance, thinking it over and conceded, "Yes, it is getting rather warm. Well, if it allowed him to work longer, it's a good thing."

Wanting to change the subject, I piped, "Mom, you're home early from work. Is anything wrong?"

She was still wearing her work clothes which were conservative but her dress was one I hadn't seen before. It was shorter and came down to three inches above her knees. From my angle, I could get a good look at her legs and noticed she wasn't wearing nylons. She had no need to as her legs looked flawless. I carefully scanned up and looked up as far as could without getting caught and was able to get a glimpse of her mid-thighs. They looked like they might be thinner than her sister's, probably because she does a lot of walking at work.

She brought me out of my trance when she told us that she took the rest of the afternoon off because she started a two-week vacation today. She normally tells me of any of her planned breaks so I was surprised, although she has taken them on a whim to relax after a strenuous work-related project. She looked at my aunt and addressed her, "Brenda, I was wondering if I could borrow my son for the next few weeks. Since I have it off, I thought it'd be good to get some things done around the house and do some activities together before he goes off to college next fall."

Damn, I could see my daily fucking was coming to an end or at least delayed until Mom went back to work. Aunt Brenda quickly responded, "Sure, Bev. He's almost done with the list. Mikey's been such a good worker this last week. I don't know what I would've done without his help."

My eyes had since gone back to Mom's legs and I was mentally stroking them as I had my aunt's for the last week. Aunt Brenda was on the side of me away from Mom and she could clearly see my prick hardening at a fast rate, tenting my shorts. She showed a knowledgeable smirk as she finished the conversation with my mother.

My aunt told my mother we'd wrap up the list, she'd feed me, clean my clothes and send me home as soon as possible. Mom seemed happy at the outcome, turned and walked toward the gate. My eyes were on her fine legs and bouncing ass as she moved away. As soon as she was out the gate, my aunt came over and held out her hand to motion me to get up. When I was up, she yanked me into the house.

Once inside, she turned and was smiling like she knew a secret. Taking ahold of my shorts, she quickly pulled them down. She got down on her knees and clutched my hard prick with one hand and held it like a microphone a few inches from her mouth. As if talking to my cock she announced, "I don't know if it was me or your mother that got you in this condition, but I'm going to reap the rewards."

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

I was screaming with excitement as I shrieked, "Wow Auntie, you suck cock like a pro. I can't believe how good it feels. I can feel my cum starting to boil!"

I thought I could hold out longer, but the minute I thought back to Mom's long legs outside, I erupted in my aunt's mouth. She swallowed it down, not missing a drop. She continued to milk my cock until I was dry. She released me, stood up and pulled my shorts up as she went. She wrapped her arms around me and french-kissed me. There was a faint saltiness taste of my sperm in her mouth. She had devoured most

of it. She was heated up and was panting as if she was the one who had an orgasm.

After a few minutes, she backed up, still smiling and looked the happiest I've seen her. "I hope that holds you off until we can do a proper send-off. Let's eat, shower and make love before I turn you over to your hot mother." Her sexy smirk led me to believe she was holding something back.

She hastily prepared a snack, wanting to get to the main event as soon as possible. We ate and talked about the few jobs that were left on the list. She said we needed to take our showers and get my clothes in the wash. I went with her to the laundry room, threw my clothes in and went for my shower. When finished, I went to the living room and saw my aunt was on the couch watching TV.

I sat with her while we talked and watched a sitcom. I felt some stirrings again, sitting close to my hot aunt. I leaned over and kissed her, reached in her robe and held her breast. We kissed several times and I thought we might end up fucking right on the couch. That's when we heard the washing machine buzzer go off.

My aunt got up to put the clothes in the dryer and turned to talk to me. She lovingly said, "Mikey, would you do me a big favor? Could we reenact the first time we made love. The time you gave me a long massage and fucked my brains out? That was a memory I'll savor for a long time and I'd like to repeat it. Let me put the clothes in the dryer and I'll meet you in my room."

"You bet, Auntie. That was the best chore on your list," I laughingly told her. She left and I waited a few minutes before going to my aunt's room for our parting fuck. I opened her door and she was in bed, like before.

"Hey, I bet you could use a good massage from your nephew," I said, starting the re-enactment, not exactly repeating as our earlier performance but close enough.

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

I positioned myself as before and began a slow sensual massage of her shoulders and back. I kept moving the sheet down as before. After I got it down to the top of her ass, I stroked up and down her smooth back and this time I went over and down to run my hands along her full breasts on either side. She was groaning in pleasure and every third or fourth time I would run my hands underneath her breasts and scrape her nipples along the way. She would shake each time I'd rub her sensitive nipples.

She teasingly said, "Mikey, I don't remember giving you permission to grope my breasts during my massage. I think you're being bad. I sure don't remember you taking this much privilege during our first massage."

"I know, Auntie. I'm replaying it the way I wanted to do it the first time. Let me take care of you the way no nephew should be taking care of his aunt."

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

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

"Yes, I remember at this point I kissed you on the lips and you went limp. Let me try a different set of lips this time."

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

"Oh, Mikey. That feels so good," she screamed. "Suck my pussy. Your tongue is driving me crazy!"

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

"Damn, you are the best cunt sucker ever! Your fingers are driving me crazy," my lust-crazed aunt said. "I'm almost there. A little more and I'm over the edge. Fuck me, Honey!"

I removed my fingers from her sloppy pussy and released my lips from her engorged clit. I heard her moan in frustration as she moved her hips back and forth in an attempt to find something to jam in her boiling snatch. I positioned behind her and rammed my stiff prick down to the root. I had no problem sliding in as her pussy was slick with her juices. I could feel her cunt convulsing within a couple of strokes. I continued pounding her when I felt a large spasm and a shriek emanate from her.

"Yes! I'm coming on my nephew's cock and it feels so good. Oh damn, I'm coming so hard!"

After several orgasms, she quieted down and I could feel her relax. I was still hard as I hadn't come yet. I left it in for a few minutes savoring the enjoyment I had given to my aunt. Not able to wait any longer, I stroked in and out again.

She came to her senses and quietly whispered, "Honey, I enjoy your cock but I want you to pull out now. I want to turn around so you can fuck me like we did the first time. I want our last time together face to face so I can kiss you while you're coming in me. I want to cherish this moment forever."

As soon as I withdrew, she flipped over and moved her legs to the outside, spreading them wide. I remained above, her taking in her beauty. Her full round tits were on full display with her nipples hard in anticipation. She reached down and grabbed each fat pussy lip with her fingers and pulled them to the side to display her wet, soaking pussy. The look on her face was definitely a fuck-me face and I was only too happy to oblige my sex-starved aunt.

I moved closer but didn't enter her. I bent down and locked a nipple in my mouth while squeezing and groping both her taut, full breasts. Her breathing was ragged again and I knew I could quickly bring her back up by chewing on her blood engorged nipples. I switched back and forth as her body squirmed. She humped her pelvis up and down as if she were latched onto a cock. Her hands were running up and down my back, often going down to my ass in a vain attempt to pull me into her.

When she groaned and was hoarsely panting, I released her nipple, went up and locked my lips on hers. There was no fake coma pretense this time. Her body was writhing as she continued jamming her tongue into my mouth as far as she could. I reached down and placed my head at her hot entrance. Her pussy lips clamped on and she frantically humped, trying to pull in the prick she needed. I raised both hands up

to her shoulders and held her while I thrust as hard as I could, deep into her pussy. This caused her to exhale all the air out of her lungs as if making room for my hot cock.

It was as snug and smooth as before. I couldn't believe how many times this woman could come. My thoughts strayed as to whether my mother would be the same. My prick got harder thinking about Mom and I pounded her as if I were fucking my mother. They were long strokes and I'd bottom out each time. Our kissing paused only so we could catch our breath during the frantic fucking.

"Your prick is making me go mad," croaked my hot aunt, "I'm going to miss this so much. Fill my cunt, my horny nephew! Fuck your aunt extra good as I'm going to give you a gift you won't regret."

Pumping in and out of her oily cunt, I uttered, "You've given me the best gift of all. I don't want anything else." I emphasized it by kissing her again and thrust extra hard.

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

"You're the only one I need or want to fuck. You're the absolute greatest," I said, increasing my pace, making sure the top of my prick was scraping her clit on each downstroke. I was mentally going through all the girls that helped her at the church trying to figure out who she was talking about. I came up with nothing. I resumed

pumping in and out of her as fast as I could. I was getting close to coming and lowered my hands to her breasts, encircling her nipples, squeezing and pinching them.

"Sweetie, you know what does to me. I'm ready to come. Fuck me hard, Mikey! Fuck me like you'd fuck the person you love. Fuck me as hard as you've fantasized about fucking your mother!"

My mother? Damn, could she read my mind? I didn't think my prick could get any harder but the mental images of my mother and I fucking caused it to increase in size and more juices came leaking out. She felt it too as she experienced mini-orgasms and was shaking beneath me.

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

I was delirious by this time and didn't hesitate, yelling, "Yes, Mother. I'm fucking you with my hot prick. This is what I've wanted for so long. I'm fucking my hot mom and she's loving it. Come on your son's prick, Mother!"

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

She locked her mouth on mine and my balls exploded, sending up a huge deposit of sperm, flooding her as she experienced another major orgasm. I pushed in again and another huge pile of goo came out and bathed her. She came again on my still hard, squirting prick. I released three more payloads of cum in her.

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

"Well, it looks like someone has some Mommy issues they haven't dealt with," she said, laughing and caressing my chest.

I replied, "It looks like you also have some issues and you don't have any kids. Was that a ploy to get me hotter? If it was, it sure worked. I've never had such great sex."

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

I wasn't sure how this was going to be remotely possible so we talked about it while recovering from our hot coupling. I told her that Mom and I love each other but we haven't been intimate. A physical

relationship didn't seem possible but my aunt assured me she could arrange it.

As if to seal the deal, she leaned over and kissed me while caressing my chest and stomach. "I'll have you fucking your mother in a week. Don't worry about a thing. Right now though, you need to get ready to go home to your future lover."

While I was getting dressed, she explained what I had to tell my mother to initiate her seduction. She didn't say much more about the plan, probably so it wouldn't look like it was rehearsed when we went through with it. When finished, I kissed my aunt tenderly and again told her how much I'd enjoyed the week with her. I went home to find my mom on the couch reading a book. After throwing my work shorts in my room, I went out to talk with her.

We talked about current events and how much I had got done at her sister's place. She asked how much money I had made and I told her I'd got a thousand from her. She was surprised but knew my aunt was wealthy and could afford to help out her favorite nephew. Figuring the timing was good, I began the first part of the plan as instructed by my aunt.

"The money is nice, but not enough to enable me to go to the local college where I'd rather go. Even staying and eating at home, I'm short of money as the tuition is so high. I was talking to Aunt Brenda about this and she said there's a church pilot program they're offering that pays out a five thousand dollar scholarship to eligible college students."

She seemed excited to hear this and replied, "Nice, that sounds perfect. You should apply. How much time does it take and what does it involve?"

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

Her excitement went away as she heard the news. "You know I don't like all that church stuff. Prayers and singing, that isn't for me. Isn't there a way to do it by yourself?"

"I didn't think you'd like it. I told Aunt Brenda you probably wouldn't do it. It's not a big deal anyway, Mom. I'm not even sure we'd qualify. It might be best this way, so I can go to the other University and you can get some peace and quiet without me being around."

She seemed genuinely sad at this point but didn't respond. It looked like she was trying to figure out some way to solve this without getting involved with the church. I was hoping she would change her mind and agree to participate but she didn't. We talked about other matters before we retired to our rooms for the night.

I didn't sleep much that night knowing I wasn't going to be with my aunt for another week or so and now I blew the first part of my aunt's plan to seduce my mother. I finally got some sleep and when up, I went

into the kitchen to find Mom preparing us a nice breakfast. She was smiling and cheerful, probably due to starting a two-week vacation.

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

"Great, Mom. I'll let you talk to her for setting up a time. I'm not sure what her schedule is today," I told her, knowing my aunt was probably sitting by the phone waiting for a call. I was more than surprised I successfully pulled off my part of the plan. The rest was up to my aunt.

We ate breakfast before calling Aunt Brenda. She told us to meet her after lunch. That gave us a few hours to work on Mom's project list. At the appointed time, Mom told me we should dress up since it was for the church. I put on some business casual pants and a nice shirt and went out to walk with my mother down to my aunt's place. She was wearing the same skirt when she came into the garden yesterday. Her blouse was not real tight and I could tell she was wearing a bra, as usual. Her breasts were larger than my aunt's so I doubt if she went braless that often.

When we arrived, my aunt was dressed conservatively. I had to laugh under my breath, knowing how slutty she could be. My mother and aunt hugged as usual and kissed each other on the cheek. My aunt said hello to me, not hugging or getting too close to me, probably worried I might instinctively grab her breasts or ass.

My aunt had two chairs set up facing another chair so she could easily talk to both of us. We all sat down and she began her spiel. "I'm so excited to tell you about this program offered by the church. There are only three pilot programs in the US and I was lucky to secure one of them. It only takes an hour a day and will probably only take a week for both of you to finish. I wanted to help Mikey out with his education, so I fought hard for it."

My mother had the same look as when a salesman is trying to sell her something. She soon replied with the same concerns she gave me. "Sis, I appreciate how you were thinking of Mike's education, but you know I don't go to church and do not like the typical church activities. Can't you say we went through the program or just use Mike and leave me out of it?"

My aunt quickly replied, "I know you don't like that sort of stuff, Bev, but this is different. This isn't a strictly religious program. It concentrates on the core principles of the situation and does not involve the normal church protocols. You two will only meet with me each day and I promise I'm not going to make you pray or do any of the things you'd do at church. I have a specific checklist to go through, designed by a team of researchers so it's scientific in that respect. If you feel it's not right, you can quit."

I could see Mom's attitude improving, hearing this information. Thankfully, she said, "That doesn't sound too bad. I wanted to do some fun things with Mike anyway during my vacation. Tell me what we'll be doing and when we can start."

Brenda began to recite out her rehearsed story, "Excellent, Bev! The church feels family relationships have deteriorated and has funded a lot of research on some of the core problems. What they discovered are mother-daughter relationships are solid and long-lasting. On the other hand, they found mother-son relationships did not last much beyond when the son turns twenty or so. Their research showed that sons do not bond as well as daughters and as a result, sons split apart from their mothers resulting in a weaker family unit. They also found that this behavior is carried into the son's future family, making it weaker as well. So the program solely focuses on improving the mother-son relationship."

Mom frowned again and replied, "That doesn't apply to Mike and me. We have a wonderful relationship. I think we're stronger than most because it's just been us growing up together and surviving the odds. I don't see how we'd fit in this program."

Brenda had a response ready. "You and Mikey do have a good relationship, but both of you unconsciously put up barriers you don't know exist. This is natural because of the male-female relationship. In order to keep sexual tensions at bay, couples will put up defenses to keep the other person distant."

Mom quickly rebutted, "That sounds like nonsense. I definitely don't have any sexual feelings toward Mike and there is no reason to put up defenses. We have a fine relationship."

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

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

Mom pulled her arm away from my hand as if it was burning and it appeared she was accepting some of the fabrication my aunt was spinning. She surprised me when she said, "I guess I can see your point. We rarely touch. I haven't thought much about it, just too busy raising Mike to notice. I guess I might have inadvertently harmed our relationship. When can we begin?"

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

My mom was eager to get through the checklist. She tried to speed thing up. "Okay, let's get this show on the road."

Brenda explained the first step by telling me to move my hand up and down my mother's arms, squeezing once in awhile, maintaining as much physical contact as possible. I held my mother's hand with my left hand as I ran my right hand up and down her arm. Her sleeves came down her arms a few inches but it was loose enough I could run my hand up to her armpit. I squeezed the top part of her arm noting how smooth and firm it was. I repeated with the other arm. Goosebumps appeared on her arm at first but went away after the third or fourth stroke. Emboldened, I went higher and lightly ran my fingers near her armpit to tickle her which caused her to squirm and giggle.

When it was Mom's turn, she repeated what I had done. It felt great having her caress my arms. She finished and pulled her hands away, awaiting further instructions from my aunt. My aunt directed us to stand and hug each other. We both got up and it was awkward as we hadn't held each other for quite some time. We embraced and held on tight. I could feel her bra-encased breasts pushing into my chest and the result was my prick was quickly getting uncomfortable in my pants. After a few minutes, my aunt told us to kiss each other on the neck. She explained that the skin is the main area to desensitize and studies have shown lips on skin accelerate the process.

I didn't wait for Mom. I immediately kissed her neck opening my mouth and grabbing some of her firm flesh in my lips. I could smell the scent of her perfume and shampoo as I feasted on her neck. I released my mouth and Mom kissed me in the same manner. I was surprised

when she also opened her lips as if she was going to give me a hickey. All too soon, she backed off as we separated from our hug.

Aunt Brenda seemed pleased with our progress and commended us for advancing so fast. She told us that the first day was finished, but we had to continue these first two procedures at home until she felt we were comfortable enough to proceed. She arranged to meet us again tomorrow afternoon.

Mom and my aunt continued to talk for a few minutes. After they said their goodbyes, Mom took my hand and led me outside to go home. She continued to hold my hand as we walked home. Once we got inside, she explained her unusual affectionate hand-holding. "Mike, we need to comply with her so we can go through this as fast as possible. Holding hands with your mother didn't kill you, did it?"

I cheerfully replied, "No, Mom. It was nice. I'll do whatever it takes to get this scholarship. I'd like to go to the local college rather than go across state." I hugged her as before and kissed her neck as soon as we coupled. I think it took her by surprise, but she didn't back off and returned the kiss on my neck. I couldn't believe how well my aunt's plan was working.

For the rest of the day, we worked on our project list, touching and rubbing each other's arms when we could and hugged several times. After our showers, we watched some TV in our robes. When we retired to our rooms, we hugged again and unbelievably, Mom was still wearing a bra. I thought, 'Does this woman ever let them go natural?'

The next day we continued working around the house until it was time to meet with Brenda. My aunt had us demonstrate our progress by having us stroke each other's arms and once satisfied, she told us about the next step. She explained to us that we'd each be assigned to one of her guest bedrooms.

At the start of the session, she'll come in and question each of us individually on our progress and afterward the rest of the procedure would be conducted in her master bedroom. She explained it'd be big enough to accommodate all of us and private enough in case some snoopy neighbor or church administrator decides to show up unannounced.

She showed Mom to her room and directed me to the other spare bedroom. Once my aunt and I were in my assigned room, she asked me how it went the first night. I relayed to her how we did touch and hug several times and also my dismay at Mom still wearing a bra under her robe. She took it all in and nodded with approval and told me she needed to go see Mom before she got suspicious. She told me to get undressed, put on the robe and go to the master bedroom.

I was in her bedroom for only five minutes when they strode in. Mom was wearing the same type of robe. Our two chairs were placed so we'd be facing each other. We sat down and my aunt wasted no time in explaining the next step. She told me to start at my mother's foot, proceed upward, rubbing and massaging her leg up to her knee and repeat for the other.

I quickly picked up Mom's foot and gave her a foot massage to start. I stroked up toward her knee on the top part of her leg. It felt smooth but hard as the bone was close to the surface. Moving to the back, softer part of her leg, I stroked back down. I did this several times and a couple of times squeezed her firm calf. It felt hot to the touch. I repeated it on her other leg. It only took ten minutes but it was the highlight of my day.

After I was finished, Mom picked up my leg and did the same thing, not waiting for my aunt to instruct her. Her fingers felt so nice running up and down my legs. She'd open and close her fingers around my leg hair, pulling on it. When finished, she lowered my leg to the floor and patted me on the knees.

My aunt continued to the next step telling me to start at my mom's knee and go halfway up her thigh. She instructed me to move my hands under her robe and not to push the material further up. Placing both hands on her left knee, I ran my hands up her thigh, tightly holding and squeezing her firm, smooth flesh. My earlier comparison was right. Her thighs were leaner than my aunt's. Four inches past her knee my mother gasped for breath like she was shocked. I stopped but did not let go.

Brenda noticed and explained, "Don't worry, Bev. It's natural to react like that. Remember, it's skin, like arm skin. There's nothing special about it. You haven't been touched there for awhile so it's overly sensitive. That's the whole point of this procedure, to desensitize your skin. Try to relax and it'll soon be the same as when you rubbed each other's arms."

My mom nodded and I continued squeezing and progressing up her thigh. I went higher than my aunt instructed but was still three or four inches away from her crotch. I did the same to her other thigh and she again sucked in her breath when I first progressed up her thigh.

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

We finished and my aunt explained to us it may be difficult to practice at home unless we wore shorts. If we didn't want to do that, we'd have to spend more time at her place desensitizing our legs. She told us to stand and hug each other. As soon as we were up, Mother pulled me tight to her body. I knew right away she was braless as I could feel her squishy breasts flatten out on my chest even though there were two layers of cloth between us.

After a few minutes of bonding, Brenda told me to kiss her neck as before and while maintaining lip contact, move to her cheek. Gladly obeying her instructions, I lightly sucked her neck flesh, sliding my lips to the side of her face. After I finished, Mom immediately replicated my actions. This was progressing well. I figured it was over for the day, but my aunt had another surprise for us.

She explained that the lips were very sensitive and we needed to start working more on desensitizing them. She carefully instructed us that we needed to place our lips together.

Mom immediately retorted, "You want me to kiss my son on the lips? That seems over the top."

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

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

Once done, my aunt directed us back to our rooms to get dressed as were done for the day. We headed out for home and this time Mom interlaced her arm with mine and held my hand as we walked home. She was cheerfully elated and we had a good talk on the way home.

Inside our house, Mom suggested we put on shorts so we could continue our assigned homework. I put on the same silk gym shorts I had worn at my aunt's and went out to help clean house. She came out

of her bedroom and it had been a long time since I had seen her in shorts. I could clearly see what I was stroking earlier. Her legs had curves that weren't evident before. I wanted to run over and grab them, but I didn't want to act too aggressive.

We did some more items on the list, gently touching each other's legs and arms whenever we were close. I was careful to not go too high on her thigh so as not to scare her off. After awhile she suggested we take a break in the living room and watch some TV. She brought in some drinks and sat on the couch and patted the cushion beside her, indicating where I should sit. It was very close to her and when I sat down, our bare legs were touching each other.

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

I gladly reached over and began to slowly run my hand up and down her thigh. When I was a couple of inches below her crotch, I lowered my hand to the underside of her thigh and slowly went back down. Her flesh was so hot and smooth, I felt my hand was burning up. Every few minutes, I'd stop and lightly squeeze her firm flesh.

After a half hour of stroking, Mom yawned and said it was time to retire for the night. We both got up and Mom hugged me tightly. I noticed she was still not wearing a bra. After a tight hug, Mom brought her face to mine and kissed me. She wasn't as motionless this time and moved

her lips around. They were moist and it was a loving tender kiss. When finished, we parted and went to our rooms.

The next day we did some gardening and when it came time to go down to my aunt's, Mom told me we should change to more appropriate clothing so our conservative neighbors wouldn't get alarmed at seeing us. I threw on some pants and Mom came out in a dress. We walked down and after the usual chit-chat between sisters, we were instructed to go to our rooms and put on our robes.

Aunt Brenda briefly visited each of us to see how we progressed. When I told her how Mom was going braless, she smiled and told me she confided to her yesterday that it made me uncomfortable feeling the bra and was getting me sexually aroused. She was proud of herself it worked that easily.

We all met in the master bedroom where Mom and I hugged and quickly kissed before we sat down on our chairs to demonstrate how we could stroke each other's legs without too much discomfort.

Satisfied with our progress, my aunt instructed us to stand up, face each other, pull the blindfolds out of our robe pockets and put them on. We both must have looked puzzled, so my aunt explained, "The blindfolds are to stop visual stimulation for the next steps. It's easier to desensitize skin contact if you aren't visually stimulated at the same time. You'll see what I mean in a few minutes."

The blindfolds were the soft cloth type used for sleeping and were not uncomfortable. My aunt continued with her instructions, "Okay, both of you are blindfolded, don't be alarmed but I have to remove your robes for the next step." I could hear her take Mom's robe off so I shrugged mine off to save time. She took my hands and directed them on either side of Mom's waist. Mom was taken aback and sucked in her breath. She laughingly said, "Wow, you need to raise the temperature in this room or warm his hands up." We all laughed as I squeezed her waist, feeling it jiggle with her laughter.

My aunt instructed me to run my hands to her back and stroke up and down. My hands immediately glided up her bare flesh. As my arms went up, I wondered how close my chest was to her bare breasts jutting out. I was careful not to go up too high. After I had gone up and down several times, my aunt directed me to move to my mom's front, touching her stomach and move up to the bottom of her ribcage.

I ran my warmed up hands around on her flat tight stomach, up to the bottom of her ribs. I could feel her wonderful shapely waist I had only fantasized about before. After a few minutes, I withdrew my hands and my aunt placed my mom's hands on my waist. She did the same to me and I noticed her hands were not cold as mine had been but were hot and felt electrifying as she went up and down my spine. She went to the front and ended by holding my waist and playfully gave me a light squeeze.

My aunt was happy at our progress and assisted us in putting our robes back on, informing us we could remove our blindfolds. I wondered if I was blushing as much as my mother and wondered if it was from our

contact or the fact her bare breasts were exposed to her sister. We were told to complete our session with a hug and kiss. Anticipating this request we were hugging by the time my aunt finished her request.

We lightly kissed and when we were done, I could see that same lust in her eyes I had observed yesterday. Aunt Brenda took this moment to further our lesson when she instructed, "Kiss each other but open your mouths this time and run your tongue across each other's lips. The tongue is one of the most sensitive organs."

I thought Mom would put up an argument at this point but instead, she wrapped her arms around me and planted her mouth on mine. We attempted to do as instructed but our tongues kept colliding, which was causing me to get hard as stone. After several minutes of essentially french-kissing my beautiful mother, we came apart, eyes keeping contact, silently communicating our love for each other. I was deep in love with my mother and it was hard to hide it.

After Aunt Brenda congratulated us on how we were rapidly progressing toward our goal and said we could continue tomorrow. Mom disagreed and told her we needed to advance to the next step so we could conclude earlier than planned. Aunt Brenda relented and said we'd need to remove the robes again to continue.

Mom said that wouldn't be necessary. We could just put on the blindfolds and reach in the robes. After our eyes were covered, Brenda placed Mom's hands on my waist and she immediately began to caress my back. When she got to the front, my aunt guided her hands up my

chest to my shoulders and back down rubbing my nipples along the way.

Her hands were smooth, barely touching my skin as if it was hot to the touch. It was a sensually, gentle stroking. When finished and my hands were placed on Mom's waist I immediately went up and down her back, quickly wanting to finish so I could move to the front. I was breathing heavily as I anticipated holding my mother's breasts for the first time. I moved to the front and concentrated on her smooth midriff and slowly rose up to her chest. All at once, Mom exclaimed, "Stop!"

I froze, not knowing what was wrong. She sternly said, "We've gone far enough. I don't want to continue."

She backed off and I could tell she was closing her robe. I'm sure my aunt was taken aback from this development. I closed my robe and Mom had her blindfold off when I removed mine. She did look perturbed as she ordered, "I'm going to my room. Michael, get dressed and meet me at the door." She turned and left.

My look of disappointment was apparent, not because I never got to feel my mom's breasts, but I was afraid our relationship had deteriorated beyond repair. My aunt interrupted my thoughts. "Don't worry, Mikey. She'll be fine."

I didn't share her assessment and told her that we may have blown it by going too fast. She told me the way my mom has looked and talked about me the last few years has convinced her that my mom is in love

with me and her lust has surfaced to a point where she's ready to pursue a physical relationship. She told me she thought Mom was probably breaking it off so she can continue her own seduction at home.

That conclusion never occurred to me. Could Mom have ideas to seduce me?

My aunt was not giving up on her plan. My aunt told me in order to turn her around I would have to refrain from any further touching and kissing. She also instructed me to act depressed and avoid joining her in daily activities. When finished, she reached into my robe, firmly clamped onto my hard prick, jacking it up and down and murmured, "Don't worry, we'll still have this in your mother within a week. Get dressed and meet your mother before she gets suspicious."

I met Mom at the door and held her hand so she wouldn't have the chance to interlace her arm with mine. Mom was still friendly enough with my aunt when departing and it seemed as nothing was wrong. I was still worried about mom's prior reaction, so I tried to approach the subject on the walk home. I told her I was sorry if I had done something to upset her. She assured me I did nothing wrong and she felt the program had gone long enough and it was time to stop.

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

before she could reach me. I noticed a look of disappointment on her face before I turned.

The next morning I was greeted by my mother, once again dressed in shorts. She wouldn't let me escape this time and hugged me. I didn't hold her tight and quickly separated. Pulling back, I didn't give her a chance to kiss me.

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

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

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

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

I turned and left but not before I saw the turmoil my mother was going through. If she had any plans to seduce me, that opportunity was gone and I think she realized she had probably lost me.

I hung around with friends most of the day and sent Mom a message I was going to be late coming home as it was taking longer than I thought. When I arrived back late, Mom greeted me, visibly upset. She asked me whether I had a problem with her, as it appeared as if I was avoiding her on purpose now.

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

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

I went to my room but left the door open a crack and I could hear Mom talking to my aunt over the phone. She didn't sound mad, but Mom was questioning my aunt about what she told me. I heard Mom tell my aunt we'd be there in the morning. I quietly shut my door, hoping we could get back on course.

Mom was in her dress the next morning and as we ate she told me we needed to go meet Aunt Brenda when we were done. We talked over breakfast and I could tell Mom was in a better mood. After we finished eating, we went down the street to meet my aunt.

After their usual greeting, Mom asked her right away why she told me to act differently. My aunt explained that in previous trials when the program was stopped before the natural conclusion, possible harm could occur to the son because his stimulation is high and he is not fully desensitized. She explained how it can affect him in the future and he may end up resenting his mother.

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

"That wasn't going to happen," my aunt replied. "I was going to stop him below your breasts. We have strict guidelines on how much a son can touch his mother. It has happened in some of the trials but now we require two acts of permission from the mother, a vocal and a physical form of approval. The central rule of this program is the mother must be in full control and must approve of any questionable practices."

My mother bought into it and she became much more relaxed. She agreed to continue the program and expressed her desire to finish before next week so we can finalize my college plans. On Mom's approval, we continued. We went to our rooms, changed into our robes and met in the master bedroom.

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

Mom that was what she had intended to do yesterday. After we closed our robes, we kissed as my aunt instructed, connecting our tongues together. Both Mom and I both progressed further, seeking each other's mouths.

When we pulled apart, Brenda instructed us for the next phase. "I want you to kiss, but move your tongues inside each other's mouth. This will allow for both lip and tongue desensitizing." We quickly embraced and french-kissed, not needing to be sly anymore. Both of us were breathing heavily through our noses, which I'm sure my aunt couldn't miss. After kissing for several minutes, my aunt told us she thought we'd done enough for today and we could continue tomorrow.

Once again my mother insisted on progressing further, resulting in my aunt proceeding to the next step. She told us to put on our blindfolds and helped us remove our robes, explaining that the next step would be the final skin desensitizing step. She told us to follow her instructions and she'd guide us through the procedure.

I felt her grab my hard prick and raise it vertically against my stomach. Her other hand was on my back pushing me closer to my mother. I slowly inched forward with the pressure of her hand. I knew I was close to my mother. I could feel the heat from her body. I was surprised I wasn't pushing into her breasts at this point.

She eased off my back and I stopped. She let go of my stiff prick and it only dropped an inch to land on Mom's soft stomach. Before Mom could say anything, my aunt put her hands on both our backs, pushing

us together. We collided and I could hear my mom exhale as her bare breasts squashed against my chest.

Before either of us could say anything, Brenda explained, "This is called the body meld. It's designed to connect as much skin as possible. Wrap your arms around each other and position your legs so you get maximum contact. We encircled each other with our arms as instructed and I shifted my legs so we were intertwined. My hard cock was pressed into her stomach and her large breasts completely covered my chest. I could feel her nipples becoming stiff, but not near as hard as my cock.

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

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

My mom didn't make any more objections and I got the feeling she was enjoying the close contact. She hugged tighter and moved her legs so we'd have more contact. Both our temperatures were escalating and I could feel my mother's breathing becoming calmer, her muscles more relaxed than normal. I held on tighter as we were both enjoying the melding procedure.

Her hard nipples burning into my chest along with her hot body pressed to me was keeping me hard. I didn't know how long I could last. My mother broke it off and backed away. The cold air rushed in and my hard-on was given a reprieve.

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

I felt my aunt grab my still hard prick and hold it up with her left hand. With her right hand, she guided my mom's left hand and placed it open palmed on my ball sack. I'm not sure if it was reflex or not but Mom immediately cupped my balls and began massaging them. My aunt guided my mom's right hand and placed it on my prick. There was no mistake, it wasn't an involuntary reaction this time. She wrapped her long delicate fingers around my shaft and began exploring its length. After several times up and down my pole, she wrapped her hand around my blood engorged head. She twisted it like she was trying to unscrew it from my shaft. I was visibility panting and was trying to limit my groaning.

My bloated prick-head leaked precum, coating my mom's hand, making it more sensitive. When I thought I was going to come, my aunt pulled my mom's hands away from my steel-hard prick. My mom tried to convince my aunt to continue more lessons but my aunt said we couldn't proceed any further because of my over-stimulated condition.

My mom agreed, probably because her hand was covered with my precum. Aunt Brenda told us we wouldn't be able to do this at home and we should wait until tomorrow to proceed any further. My mom was elated when Aunt Brenda told us we could probably finish the program in two more days if everything went smoothly. She told us once she felt we were comfortable with the body meld, there were only two more conditions that needed to be met to fulfill the contract for the scholarship.

We went to our rooms, got dressed and met at the door. This time Mom hugged and kissed my aunt as if she was grateful for all she was doing and we left on a cheerful note. She wrapped her arm around my back and held firmly to my waist so I did the same. We walked home more like lovers rather than a mom and her son. Her earlier concerns about the neighbors were not mentioned as we discussed my college plans. We talked about commuting together since my college would be close to her workplace and how we'd be able to eat lunch together.

At home, we went into my room and discussed ways of modifying it to turn it into a study room. After eating, we watched TV for awhile. We didn't practice any touching tonight, sitting as close as we could together. Less than thirty minutes later, Mom said we should take our showers and retire. I was drying off when I heard a light knock on my door. "Mike, could you cover up and open the door."

"Sure, Mom." I slipped on my robe and opened the door to see Mom standing in her robe fresh out of her shower. Handing me her sleeping blindfold, she instructed me to put it on.

She explained, "I want to practice the meld again so we can pass tomorrow and hopefully finish early so we can have fun doing other things for the rest of my vacation. I only have one blindfold, but I promise not to look and we'll stay close so there won't be any incidents."

She moved up to me and right after I put on my blindfold, I could feel her undo my robe belt and push my robe to the side. Evidently, she had done the same as she immediately wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into her near naked body. My hard prick was trapped at a sideways angle on her stomach and I could feel my balls rubbing against her panties. Her breasts were again mashed against my chest and I had to pull her hard to me to touch our stomachs as her breasts were creating a gap on the underside.

It was another exquisite moment with my mother. Her body was so smooth and hot against my skin and I could smell the faint scent of her bath soap. I felt her relax as our breathing matched each other. Cheeks pressed together, I leaned down and pressed my open lips on her neck, gently sucking, not enough to make a hickey. Her breathing increased and she hugged me tighter. When I thought we might ignite from the heat, my mom backed off. I heard her pulling her robe together before she closed mine and told me it was okay to remove my blindfold.

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

I wasn't sure what she meant but soon found out as she reached in my robe and firmly grabbed my prick. She stroked it up and down as she looked lustfully in my eyes. When her hand reached the top, she grabbed my head and twisted it as before. As she slowly stroked back down, I leaned down and tenderly kissed her. It quickly progressed to an open mouth kiss. Her hand rapidly stroked and squeezed my cock as our kiss progressed to a tongue battle. Leaking profusely, her stroking was making obscene noises as her hand sloshed up and down my juicy shaft. When Mom sensed I was ready to come, she withdrew her hand and ended the kiss.

Giving me a light hug, she said goodnight. I went to my room and quickly finished what Mom had started. I wondered if she was doing the same. I slept well that night and could hardly wait to get down to my aunt's to continue. We finished the items on Mom's list and headed down for one of our last steps in the fake church program.

Aunt Brenda greeted us in the usual manner and I noticed her attire had changed. Instead of the conservative dress, she was wearing the floral patterned mini-skirt and the open blouse she had worn during our week of fucking. Mom commented on how nice she looked, not hinting it was slutty.

My aunt replied, "Well, we're almost at completion and I'm so much more comfortable with these clothes and I didn't want you to be the only beautiful woman Mikey is staring at in the room." They both laughed and we proceeded to our rooms to get ready.

My aunt visited each of us to question us. When she arrived in my room she wanted to know everything that had happened. I told her about the body meld and afterward when Mom stroked my prick while we french-kissed. She was elated and surprised Mom had done that. Thinking out loud she said, "I think we have her now. She's hooked on your prick and I think I know how we can proceed at a faster pace. This is working out so well!"

"The faster, the better," I said as I ran my hand up her leg and confirmed my suspicions she wasn't wearing panties as I squeezed her bare cunt lips.

She exclaimed, "Damn, that feels so good. I've missed you so much, Mikey. I wish we had more time but we need to get to the room before your mom gets suspicious."

We all met in the master bedroom and I noticed the chairs had been pushed to the walls so it looked like we'd be standing today. We demonstrated how comfortable we were french-kissing. My aunt approved and instructed us to proceed with the body meld to see if we could advance to the next step. It felt wonderful to again hold my mother like this and we were hugging each other as much as possible, shifting our legs to maximize our skin contact. I held her tight with one arm and moved my free hand up and down her back.

Much too soon, my aunt instructed us to pull apart as she was satisfied with our progress. She told us to repeat the back and midriff massage. I was first and when I was done, Mom began. I felt her hands getting lower and closer to my stiff prick. Her fingers were separated going

through my pubic hairs. I was anticipating the firm grasp of my prick when my aunt grabbed her arms and pulled her away.

"We don't really allow that much intimate touching. I allowed you to do it yesterday to prove the point of the mother having rights that sons don't," my aunt said, explaining her actions.

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

"You're right and I'm glad to hear you're getting away from the sexual innuendos and progressing toward the more mature family bonding, but you set the parameters when you didn't want your son to touch your breasts," my aunt replied. I could plainly see her plan now. She was using Mom's love of fondling my cock to advance the seduction.

There was a moment of silence, probably due to my mom thinking of a response. She softly spoke, "You're right, it's not much different. I don't see any reason why my son shouldn't be afforded the same right."

Sounding elated, my aunt explained to her that if she wanted to continue, she'd need to give verbal and physical approval.

My mom softly whispered, "Mike, you have my permission to touch my breasts, but please be gentle. They're sensitive and haven't been

touched by a man for a long time. Sis, I've given vocal approval, how do I give physical approval?"

My aunt didn't answer but took my mom's hands and guided them to the backs of mine. Moving them to Mom's bare waist, she guided us up toward her breasts. When we were directly under Mom's mounds, Brenda released her hands. Needing no more help from her sister, Mom continued to raise my hands until they were cupping her meaty tits. She squeezed my hands, indicating it was okay to do the same.

Wasting no time, I mauled her precious treasures. I could tell they were larger than my aunt's but still did not sag. I was harder than ever as I moved to her nipples and encircled them with my fingers. She let out a yelp as I fingered her nipples until they were filled with blood and firmly pointing out.

I teased her sensitive nubs, gently tugging and twisting both of them. She released her hands from mine and immediately reached down and grasped my stiff prick. She wasted no time in exploring every square inch again as if it was a brand new experience for her. We still had on our blindfolds, so I couldn't see what I was fondling, but my fingers were painting a perfect picture in my mind. I would alternate between squeezing her fleshy mounds to twisting her nipples.

I could tell from her reaction that her nipples were as sensitive as my aunt's as she groaned and squirmed when I teased them. She twisted on the head of my hard prick at the same time I teased her nipples. She'd go back to a loving stroke when I released her nipples to squeeze

her tit flesh. We were both breathing heavily and groaning as we pleased each other.

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

I couldn't see what was happening but my aunt reached up and removed my mom's blindfold without saying anything to me. We were still caressing each other and there was a moment of silence before I felt mom's hands release my greasy prick. The next thing I knew, my blindfold was removed. Mom was smiling at me with her blindfold off. My aunt was off to the side and I could see Mom holding my blindfold. She had taken it off. She locked onto my eyes and once again latched on to my prick with her hands.

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

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

My smiling aunt chirped, "Perfect, you passed one of the final tests of the program. Bev, you removed your son's blindfold with no

persuading, indicating you completely trust your son. The mother-son bonding checkpoints are almost complete."

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

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

"Feeding, I guess, or maybe cuddling, or being held in my arms," my mother answered.

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

"You want Mike to breastfeed? To suck on my nipples?" My mother's voice cracked as she said it. To my surprise, she enthusiastically said, "I suppose it wouldn't hurt and if this is the last step, let's begin."

She raised her hands up behind my head and was about to guide me to her breasts when my aunt stopped her. "It's not proper to do it standing up. When feeding an infant you're generally lying down. Lie down on the bed and Mike can repeat what he did as an infant."

My mother didn't argue this time. Once she was stretched out on the bed, I was able to get a much better look at her panty-clad crotch. She was definitely not shaven as her sister. I could see her crinkly bush pushing up her panties and some errant hairs were sticking out the sides. I also noticed a large wet spot at the bottom of her panties. Someone else was leaking besides me. I was getting ready to lie down when my aunt stopped me. I'm not sure when she opened the package, but she had a condom in her hand. She slowly rolled it on my hard, jutting prick. My mom saw this and said, "Sis, why does..."

My aunt interrupted her before she could continue and explained, "This is a precaution so your son doesn't get overstimulated and starts squirting on you. The church disapproves of a son's seed smeared on his mother."

This was ridiculously funny and I couldn't help but think my mom would see this as wrong and object. She didn't say anything though and closed her legs indicating I could straddle her to continue the procedure.

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

She began groaning as I sucked and nibbled on her nipple. I was relentlessly teasing her nub with my tongue while feeling her other full

breast with my free hand. She was heavily breathing now, panting hard. I switched my mouth to her other nipple and began the teasing again.

I'm sure she was close to achieving an orgasm. Reaching down, she grabbed my rubber-encased prick and stroked it, instinctively pulling me to her steaming, panty-clad pussy. My aunt moved behind me and through my legs she grabbed mom's panties at the waist and removed them.

"Oh, Michael!" she exclaimed. "That feels so good. My nipples are so sensitive. Uh, Sis. Why are you removing my panties?"

"This allows me to check the stimulus level to make sure everything is okay. Your excitement level is elevating faster than normal. Tell me how this feels," Brenda said, as she jammed several fingers in my mom's hairy snatch, rubbing her clit with her thumb.

The reaction was immediate. "Oh My God! I'm coming, Sis! Oh, it's been so long!" exclaimed my mom having a mini-orgasm, her cunt squeezing on my aunt's relentless fingers. My aunt continued her assault on my mother's pussy as I continued to feast on her sensitive nipples. My aunt grabbed my leg and by the pressure, I knew she wanted me to reposition my legs inside my mother's legs. I put my left knee in between my mother's legs and pushed out. Her leg immediately went out to the side. I moved my other knee in and mom moved her other leg out without me touching it.

She was approaching another orgasm as my aunt continued stroking in and out with her fingers. "Oh, here comes another. I can't believe how excited I am," my hot convulsing mother stated as she squirmed and moved on the bed. This is when my aunt removed her fingers.

"Please put them back in. I need release so bad. Please, Sis!" begged my mother.

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

Grasping Mom's hand, she guided my cock toward her creamy box. Mom didn't put up a fight and said, "Yes, Mike. Help your mother. Forgive me for doing this but I need it so much. Please put it in me and help me come."

I inched up and when I was close, my aunt guided my hard, rubber encased cock up and down her wet slit. Mom tried to pull me in but my aunt kept me out and maintained the teasing.

Brenda instructed, "Sis, this is one of those moments where you need to provide verbal and physical consent so there is no mistaking it's your choice. You've given verbal consent and now you must show your physical approval. Mikey, kiss your mother and tell her how much you love her."

I reluctantly released her engorged nipple and went up to kiss her. She was still moaning, starting to form a word, probably going to ask how to send a physical signal when I pressed my mouth squarely on her open mouth and jammed my tongue in and swirled it around the inside of her mouth.

She didn't attempt to talk but repeated the same with her tongue. My aunt took my mother's hands and guided them to my waist. My cockhead was locked onto the entrance of her pussy, constantly being squeezed by her outer pussy lips. Brenda moved my mom's hands toward my ass, when my mother quickly reached back and firmly held both my cheeks. She pulled me to the bottom of her cavern, not needing any further instruction.

I stayed lodged deep in her, not believing how fast her pussy sucked me down to the root. I moved the base of my cock around her sensitive lips and clit causing her to squirm and start humping up at me. I pulled out until the head was almost out and immediately jammed in again as hard as I could. I repeated this over and over which was getting harder to do each time with her wild pelvic gyrations.

We both quit kissing to catch our breaths as we were both getting ready to climax. The buildup from the week was having its effect on both of us. My face was on the right side of mom's face and I could see my aunt a few feet away furiously shoving her fingers in her bald pussy. Moving close to my mother's ear, I whispered, "Mom, I love you so much. I want to make you happy. Your pussy feels so tight and hot. I want you to come with me, Mom."

With all our thrashing and breathing I'm sure my aunt couldn't hear what we were saying. She was more interested in punishing her own pussy while watching a mother and son incestuously copulate. In between groans, my mom replied, "Yes, Dear. I love you too. I hope you don't think I'm bad for doing this but I need relief. Please help me come, Sweetie. I'm so close! Pinch my nipples and kiss me and I'll have my release. Please be a good son to your mother and help me!"

I put my mouth back on hers and immediately her tongue sought mine. Raising my hands to her meaty mounds, my exploring fingers found her nipples. As soon as I twisted and pulled her sensitive nubs, her body shook as her orgasm commenced. Her cunt clamped around my steel-hard prick. I continued to plow into her cavern and felt a load of sperm shooting to the head. I jammed in as far as I could, releasing my first big glob of sperm, filling up the tip of the rubber.

She climaxed as I plunged in and again as I was pulling out. After a dozen more hard strokes, I was spent and my mother was exhausted as well. I couldn't believe after dreaming about this for so long, it was over so quickly. I did feel good about Mom getting relief though. She was so relaxed, she went limp and her mouth fell from mine, attempting to catch her breath.

I rested on her a few minutes, finally rolled off and looked over to see her staring at me. We didn't need to say anything. The love between us was evident. My aunt came over and sat down on the bed breaking our mood. "Congratulations! You've passed the program and will receive the scholarship. As far as what happened here, as I said, we're family and this can be our secret. The only thing that will go in my report for

today is you two have bonded your relationship and the program was a success. Sis, you better go clean up and get ready to go."

Mom acted like she had run a marathon, slowly getting up and leaving the room with her panties in hand. I admired her long legs and great looking ass as my aunt walked her to the door. My aunt quickly shut the door, turned and ran back with the same lust in her eyes as my mother. My prick was still semi-hard, encased in the condom, filled with my sperm.

My aunt pinched the tip of the rubber, squeezing my sperm out, coating my dick as she pulled it off. Lowering her mouth to my drenched pole, she proceeded to clean every drop. Slurping up and down my prick, she voraciously sucked in an attempt to revive it to full staff. It was evident she was excited from witnessing the mother-son fucking.

"Damn, Sweetie, that was so hot. I've never been so excited in my life. You and your mom were so hot together. That made me so fucking horny!"

I couldn't believe I was starting to get hard again. Between the frantic sucking my aunt was doing and reliving the connection with my mother, my prick was starting to swell again.

Confident I would remain stiff, she backed off. Looking a little depressed, she explained, "Sorry, if putting that rubber on the last minute threw you off. I hated to deprive you the pleasure of your bare

prick in your mom but at the last minute, I worried she wasn't on birth control."

Her frown transformed to a mischievous smirk as she disclosed, "Or maybe I just wanted something special that my sister can't have. She may have your heart, but only my pussy can feel your bare prick."

Giggling, she wrapped her hands around my cock, stroking it up and down while gazing at me with undeniable lust. Climbing up on the bed, she didn't even bother removing her short skirt as she lined up and drove her bald pussy onto my hard cock. She was wet and I easily slid in my entire length, filling her hot channel. She humped up and down, furiously moaning and grabbing my shoulders to achieve better leverage. She was hotter than I've ever seen her, even during the final farewell fucking we had done.

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

She croaked, "Oh, God. I'm getting close again already. I came once when your mom came. I could see her fat pussy lips convulsing around your cock as it was plunging in and out. I came so hard seeing that. I don't know why mother-son sex turns me on so much, but it does. Please tell me what you said to your mother while you two were fucking. Act like I'm her. Please, Mikey!"

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

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

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

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

She climbed off and told me I better get dressed and meet Mom before she noticed my absence. She also warned me how my mother would feel now that we'd fucked. She was worried that Mom might have second thoughts since she was sexually satisfied. She warned me that I shouldn't be aggressive and let it play out for a few days. I was hoping Mom didn't have any regrets, but I agreed that was the best course of action.

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

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

Once home, I showered and changed to my robe and went out to the living room. Mom was still in her dress as we sat and talked. She had tomorrow's agenda all planned out that included exploring the campus I'd be attending. I was tired and told her I was going to bed. She replied, "Sure, Sweetie. See you in the morning. We'll have a fun day."

She got up and lightly kissed me on the cheek. I was disappointed it wasn't more and thought maybe she figured the program was over so

we didn't need to continue. I didn't feel bad if Mom wanted to go back to the way things were before. I still loved her and my aunt would always be available for some exciting adventures, so life was still good.

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

Mom handed me several bags when we connected up to go home. One was light and the name of a lingerie shop printed on the side. As I was about to look in the bag to see what she had bought, she wrapped her arm through mine, preventing me from investigating the contents. The drive home was pleasant and I was looking forward to commuting with her in the fall. She was always so cheerful and we really enjoyed each other's company.

We ate, sat and watched TV before she said we should take our showers and get comfortable. We both went to our rooms to shower and when I was putting on my robe, I heard Mom enter through my bedroom door. Outside my closed bathroom door she implored, "Mike, I'd like to talk to you in my room when you're done if you don't mind."

"Sure, Mom. Be right there," I replied, wondering what she would want to talk about. I was getting hard thinking about yesterday's events. I was ready to go to her room when it occurred to me that I needed to be ready for anything. I ripped open a condom package and rolled the

rubber on my dick. No harm if nothing materialized, but I wanted to be prepared.

I knocked on her door and she invited me in. She was in her bed on her side with the sheet pulled up over her breasts. Her shoulders were bare but I couldn't tell if she had anything else on underneath the sheets. The top covers were all thrown to the other side and only the thin sheet was stretched over her body showing the curves of her legs and waist. I walked up and knelt down on the floor so I was facing her so we could talk.

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

Blushing from her comment, I hesitated, because the first thought that came to mind was holding her breasts and sticking my prick deep in her pussy, pretty much the obvious. Thinking more seriously, I replied, "Mom, the best part from this last week is how close we've become. I know we've always loved each other as Mother and Son, but now I feel it's a lot deeper. You're my best friend and my mother and I feel I have enough trust in you to tell you anything."

She smiled wide and I knew she had the same thoughts as I did. "I feel the same way, but the activity I enjoyed the most was the full body meld. I've never felt so relaxed and content. It was wonderful. Could we do it again?"

My smile had to surpass her's at that point. This was my dream coming true. I felt foolish for putting on a rubber. What if that's all she wants to do, meld our bodies together? Too late to attempt to remove it now. Before she changed her mind, I replied, "Of course, Mom. The meld was very bonding. I love feeling your beautiful body next to mine."

She grabbed the side of the sheet and threw it to the other side of the bed with the covers. She was nude underneath. She rolled over on her back, seductively smiled at me and held her arms up waiting for me to meld into her. She croaked, "Take off your robe, Dear. Body meld with me. Please?"

I didn't move, staring at my beautiful mother. This was the first time I was able to admire her entire front in the nude. I hadn't seen her pussy yet, though I had been fucking it yesterday. She had a hairy bush, trimmed at the top but left untouched other than that. Her hips flared out and made her waist look smaller than I had thought. Her breasts were flattened out but still had a nice round shape topped by nipples that were larger than my aunt's.

I took off my robe, moved over to the bed and crawled on top of my mother, meshing with her as much as I could. We interlaced our legs and both of us squeezed together to get as much contact as possible. I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her close, mashing her breasts out. My hard prick was jammed into her waist above her pussy and was hot as a branding iron. Rather than go cheek to cheek as before, I kissed her. She responded by wrapping her arms around me, stroking my back. Moving down, she grabbed my ass cheeks and squeezed them.

We relaxed and I could feel her heartbeat throbbing through her chest to mine. After several minutes of kissing, I could feel her nipples getting rock hard. Before we burned up, I rolled off her to the side and left my hand on her stomach going down to the top of her hairy snatch and back up to her ribcage. My hand was yearning to be filled with her breast, so I asked, "Mom, may I touch your breasts again? Would you please give me approval."

She looked over and said, "Dear, we need to set something straight. You and I both know those rules my sister insisted on were all made up. I love you, Mike and you can do whatever you want and whenever you want. I'm yours for fulfilling every fantasy you've ever had."

Smiling wide, I ran my hand up and cupped her breast and massaged it. Leaning over, I said, "I love you too, Mom. You have such beautifully smooth skin, I can't feel enough of it." I kneaded and squeezed each breast going back and forth while also running my hand up and down her smooth skin on her firm stomach. I ran my open fingers to the top of her nearest breast and captured a hard nipple between them. I squeezed my fingers and teased her nipple.

Her breathing increased causing her to moan with approval. Raising up, I knelt between her open legs. I gripped each of her thighs and ran my hands up and down her flesh, marveling in the smooth, firm thigh muscle. I raised each leg and positioned closer to her, my rubber-encased prick mere inches from her hairy pussy. I could see her fat lips were engorged and glistened with pussy juice.

I reached down and gently ran my fingers up and down her slit causing her to let out some appreciative groans. Finding her clit, I gently stroked it with my slick fingers, covered with pussy juice. She bucked her pelvis up as her moaning intensified. Easing off her sensitive pussy, I moved above her hot slit and massaged her hairy mound for several minutes.

Placing both hands on her stomach, I slowly stroked my way up to cup each breast, massaging, and kneading them. Leaning down, I latched onto a hard nipple and sucked as hard as I could. That caused my mother to let out a scream as she squirmed. I was twisting the other nipple with my fingers, driving her crazy with lust.

She was rapidly panting, her face was flushed and she was loudly groaning, I released her nipples and brought my face to hers for a tender kiss. Gently at first until Mom wrapped her arms around me and began a vigorous assault with her tongue. I reached down and rubbed my prick up and down her dripping slit.

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

Mom croaked, "Of course, Dear. I told you I'm yours and I meant it. I have years of lust built up and I expect you to help me make up for it. There is another rule I'm going to have to make though." After she said that, she grabbed the base of my cock. Gripping the bottom of the rubber, she pulled it off my prick and threw it on the floor. "You're not

going to fuck me with that damn rubber. I want to feel your bare cock and I want to feel your cum flood my pussy."

"Oh, Mom. I can't wait to feel your pussy walls clamp down on my bare prick. I wish we would have done this the first time but Aunt Brenda was afraid you weren't on birth control."

She humped up at me and my dick went in a few inches. As it slid in, she said, "My sister doesn't know everything about me. Fill me up with your hard cock."

I plunged in and she let out a loud gasp. I pulled back and rammed in again, taking her breath away. I was in my mother's pussy with my bare cock and the feeling was indescribably exciting. I kissed her while running my hands up to her breasts, kneading and teasing her nipples. I was thrusting in and out as fast as I could. There was no friction as both of us were leaking profusely, lubricating her tight channel.

She was thrashing and humping up and down so much I was afraid she was going to come too fast, so I released her sensitive breasts and ran my hands around her back to hug her as tight as I could. Her pussy hair was a matted piece of fur from all the juices running out of her steaming snatch and from my cock sawing in and out, spewing juice all around her groin. We fucked at a slower pace, enjoying the incestuous moment. She stroked her hands up and down my back stopping at times to squeeze my sides while I maintained a regular rhythm.

I was close to a climax. I brought my hands back around to her breasts, briefly kneading them before firmly locking onto each nipple. I sensuously twisted them resulting in Mom loudly groaning. Her pelvis humping was in sync with my cock pounding, providing ripples of pleasure to run through both of us. I kissed her and we pushed our tongues in and out faster than we were fucking.

We were panting so hard now it was impossible to continue the kiss. I released her hot mouth and croaked, "Mom, I think I'm ready to come in you. Your pussy is so hot and your cunt walls are driving me crazy. I've never been this hard. I need you to come too. Let's do this together so you can feel my hot load of sperm fill your hungry cunt. Let's make up for what we missed the first time."

"Yes, Sweetie! Come in your mother. I have yearned for this so long. I'm so horny and hot. Your prick is exciting every inch of my pussy walls. Fill me with your seed, Motherfucker!"

I squeezed her nipples, kissed her again and the instant our tongues met, her orgasm hit. Her pussy throbbed and squeezed my prick, initiating my own orgasm. My balls sent up a hot load of cum out of my contracting prick. I pumped in and out, releasing a load on each stroke. She had to break off our kiss because she was screaming from the intense orgasm she was having.

Her shrieking subsided, coming down from her climax. "God, that felt so good. I've never come that hard or long. Thank you for being such a wonderful lover and treating your mother so good."

I soon deflated from the intense fuck and rolled back over to her side and was gently caressing her body again. "Mom, since our relationship has changed, do you want me to start calling you Beverly?"

Mom looked over at me and answered, "Never, Michael. I'm still your mom and you'll call me that. You can call me mommy too, but only when we're fucking." She laughed and smiled seductively as she said it. I was going to have to remember that.

I was spent and snuggled up with Mom, resting my head on her chest. Her steady breathing and warm body were soothing and I was ready to go to sleep. I asked her, "Mom, I'm really tired, should I go to my room now?"

"Mike, you are in your room and this is your bed," she replied and wrapped her arm around my shoulders, bringing me closer to her. I soon drifted off to a sound sleep.

I woke up the next morning hearing noises in the kitchen. Mom was up and working. I got up to take a piss and noticed my crotch hair was all matted up from our sloppy, frantic fucking. I relieved myself and jumped in the shower. The stall walls were still wet so I knew Mom had taken one too.

I was thinking of how this shower was a lot bigger than mine when I remembered what Mom had said. This shower was ours now. It was definitely big enough for two of us and I envisioned us together, soaping and cleaning each other ending with a shower fuck. I was

getting hard again. This wasn't morning wood, this was a distinct yearning to couple with Mom again. I finished, dried off and found my robe from last night. I'd have to move a dresser in here too. The room was big enough for it.

I went into the kitchen to see Mom setting the table for us. What was new was the baby doll nightie she was wearing. It was light blue and sheer. It came down to four inches below her pussy and the top was split and open down to her navel. Her bare breasts were pushing the material out so only her nipples were covered, which were hard and making points in the thin material. I got harder as I saw her gracefully move around the kitchen. She looked up at me, smiled and said, "Good Morning, Honey."

When she went back to the counter, I moved up behind her and wrapped my arms around her. Reaching in her open top and cupping both breasts, I said, "Good Morning, Mom. New nightie? You look wonderful in it. It's causing quite a stir." I moved up so my robe covered dick was in the crevice of her thinly covered ass.

"Yes, I got it at the mall yesterday, just for you. I wanted to look nice for you today. Did you sleep well? Any good dreams?"

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

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

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

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

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

I ran both hands up on to her full ass pushing her nightie up as I went. I kneaded and squeezed her firm cheeks and her hairy pussy was clearly visible, her fat cunt lips wet with precum. I opened my robe and moved close enough to lodge my bloated head at the mouth of her aching snatch.

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

I slowly pushed in, allowing her wet channel to lubricate my dry prick. Once I was fully inserted, I let it soak, enjoying the feeling. My ball sack was resting on her mound of fur. Her moaning intensified as I reached up and pulled her hair to the side so I could see her lovely face as I slowly stroked. The different angle from our previous fucks provided new sensations as my prick pushed through the folds of her clasping snatch. I tried to concentrate on scraping her clit with the bottom of my prick as I sawed in and out. It was having an effect, resulting in her aggressively humping back at me.

I reached up and grabbed her sides, slamming into her. I kept plunging in and out, holding her steady. I was gripping her ribs so hard I was afraid I was going to hurt her. There was little fat to cushion my fingers as they sunk between her rib bones. I looked down and saw her flushed face was in the throes of ecstasy, easing my concerns. She was groaning at the intense pleasure of her pussy getting so fiercely fucked. I sensed she was close to a climax, so I slowed my pace and reached up and massaged her hanging breasts, mauling and kneading them as I easily slid in and out of her slippery slot.

Finding her nipples, I pulled and twisted them. She increased her humping and I increased my pace again. I heard a gurgling sound and looked down to see her eyes were closed, groaning in pleasure. Spittle was dripping out of the side of her mouth. I doubt if she was aware she was drooling, being in so much bliss. Her head was moving the placemat around on the table due to my relentless pounding.

I made a mental note not to take my mother like this again. It couldn't have been comfortable with her head on the thin piece of cloth on the

hard table. She didn't seem to mind, probably because she was in so much pleasure, but I promised myself from now on I'd save our doggy fucking for our bed where she could be ravaged by her horny son in comfort.

I was still pumping in and out of her pussy as I formed a mental image of us in our bed. I was lost in thought fucking Mom here on the table and in our bed. I twisted her nipples in my mental image while doing the same in real time.

Her groans got much louder which snapped me out of my dream. Her pussy was clenching my invading prick as she experienced multiple mini-orgasms. I moved my hands down to the fronts of her thighs, firmly gripping for maximum leverage and rammed into her as hard as I could. I pulled back on her hips each time I plunged in, allowing my prick to hit surfaces in her pussy that have rarely been touched.

My balls were boiling and ready to eject its load into her snug pussy. She was groaning and humping back so hard I knew she was going to climax soon. I began slamming into her hard and fast, as I screamed, "Mom, I'm ready to fill your pussy. Come with me!"

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

I'm surprised the sounds of our groins slapping together couldn't be heard by the neighbors as our incestuous fucking intensified. My shaft

filled with blood and swelled up causing Mom to release more juices. I yelled, "I'm coming! I'm squirting in Mommy!"

As soon as I said it, her pussy clamped down on my spurting prick as I continued my assault. I kept slamming in and out, depositing a full night's worth of sperm into her. Sloshing noises became louder as both of us released our fluids. I continued with a gentle stroke in and out of her gushy cunt after we both climaxed, enjoying the morning fuck. I softened and backed out, gently caressing her ass after I was clear. Pulling her nightie down to cover her, I helped her stand. She turned around and I saw a look of satisfaction when she looked at me.

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

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

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

At one point, I could see a stream of cum dripping down her thigh. She felt it, too, as she grabbed a tissue, raised her nightie and cleaned it off in front of me giving me another look at her full, hairy pussy. She smiled at my obvious ogling, dropped her nightie and served us our breakfast. We ate and talked about moving my things into our room today. Watching her breasts move around under her sheer nightie was having an effect on me again.

After we were done eating, Mom reached over with her foot and began running it up and down my leg, further increasing my hardness. She had a lustful smile on her face as she continued to caress my leg with her foot. Getting up, she moved her chair closer to mine and told me to move my chair to face hers because she wanted to ask me a few questions.

I sat back down after moving it, staring at her breasts and pussy barely concealed under her sheer nightie. She placed her hands on my knees and rubbed up and down, caressing my thighs. "Mike, do you think you could answer a few questions I have and not make up a lie like you and my sister have been doing for a week? After all, you know you don't have to make up a story to plunge your cock in my pussy, anytime you want."

"Of course, Mom. I'll tell you anything you want. I have no secrets from you," I said as I stroked her lovely thighs at the same time.

My mom asked, "How many days did it take for my horny sister to seduce you? Was it like the third day you visited her?"

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

"Of course I knew. You reeked of pussy when you came home that night. You obviously showered before you fucked yourselves dry. I figured she was planning on seducing you when she first called, but I didn't mind. It was a silent reward I gave you." Mom reached up and pulled my robe off my shoulders and stroked my chest. "Tell me how she did it."

I explained in detail all that took place. She laughed when I told her about the 'lip' syndrome my aunt used. I finished my story, telling her about the last day when she came through the garden gate and the resulting erection from looking at her legs.

"Aunt Brenda couldn't wait to pull me in the house and suck me off. Before I left, we finished with a round of farewell sex".

Her next question she asked was whose idea it was to seduce her. She was curious as to why my aunt would want to share me since she obviously enjoyed fucking me at every chance. I described how Aunt Brenda sprung it on me at the end of our parting fuck and how it drove both of us to a frenzied fuck when we play acted as a mother-son coupling. Finishing my story, I related my aunt's church plot to seduce her.

She laughed and said, "I knew that church stuff was all made up. I figured she was putting up her own money, too. She's rich, it was a way to keep you at the local college, and it allowed her to introduce us to fucking so I went along and enjoyed the show."

"Wow. You knew the whole time? I was worried when you stopped us part way through. You really played us. Why not tell me your feelings earlier?"

She smiled wide. "Call me a romantic. I love a slow seduction. I had some fantastic orgasms each night, reliving the daily routines we did. It was also funny watching my sister make up all this stuff to convince me to fuck my son. I didn't realize she was so much into mother-son sex. It really made her hot?"

I told her about how she insisted I call her mother and the resulting huge orgasms she had. I explained in detail the episode after our initial mother-son coupling and how my aunt came at me, yanked the rubber off, licked me clean, and mounted me like a bitch in heat. I also relayed my aunt's promise to fund my entire college costs if she could witness our coupling again. I could see a calculating look forming on Mom's face as she digested all the information.

Reaching for my crotch with both hands, one hand cupped my balls while the other stroked my still wet prick from our table fucking. As she bent down, she said, "Is this how she cleaned you after pulling off

the rubber?" She licked up and down my shaft cleaning off all traces of our fucking.

"Oh yeah, that's how she did it, up and down, cleaning off every drop," I said as I enjoyed the moment. She continued licking, using her tongue to abrasively scrape the head when she was at the top.

"She thoroughly cleaned the head like you're doing. She also stuffed my prick in her mouth, maybe to keep it warm or perhaps to get it rock-hard for the ride she wanted," I teasingly said.

She wasted no time and lowered her mouth on my prick. She held onto the shaft with her hand and rotated her head around, thoroughly washing my prick with her tongue. She was as good a cocksucker as her sister, if not better. I was the one groaning now, receiving the pleasure of her mouth fucking. She bobbed up and down, sucking and massaging my entire shaft with her tongue with each stroke. I brushed her shoulder length hair to the back and gently caressed her ears while she worshipped my shaft. In no time at all, she had me rock-hard again.

Releasing my prick caused it to snap up against my stomach. She got out of her chair and straddled me. Grinning wide, she lifted her nightie, held my prick with one hand and impaled herself on my spear. She was still lubricated and I easily slid in.

She gasped in pleasure as her soft ass cheeks hit my legs with my prick fully enclosed in her snatch. Gripping my sides, she raised and lowered

herself on my turgid pole. "Is this what she did? Did she ride my boy like a cowgirl? What a slutty sister I have!"

I raised my hands and pulled her nightie to the sides of her breasts. Cupping her soft mounds, I gently squeezed them while they were bobbing up and down.

Humping up to meet her thrusts, she stopped me. "No, Michael. Sit there and let me come on your wonderful prick. I can finish without you doing anything. Latch onto my nipples. Suck them hard!"

I wasted no time. Using my arms to pull her in, I locked onto a nipple and sucked as hard as I could. I switched to the other one and brought my hand around to tease her saliva soaked nipple. She was bucking up and down on my pole, twisting her pelvis in order to make contact with the sensitive parts of her pussy. She steadily groaned and I felt her pussy releasing juices as her body prepared for a contraction. I was staying hard and not close to a climax, letting Mom work her pussy to an orgasm at her own pace.

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

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

"Harder dammit, do it!" she yelled, needing that final push. I bit down on the pointy tip and gently pulled it with my teeth. At the same time,

I squeezed and twisted her other nipple as if I was trying to unscrew it from her breast.

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

I felt her juices pouring down my shaft as her pussy walls squeezed my prick, unsuccessfully trying to convince it to spew out a load of cum. After three or four much smaller orgasms than before, she pulled off, sat down on my legs and held on to my body. I could feel her relax and was content to hold her and stroke her back while she recovered.

I never did climax and now my prick was lodged between us while we were enjoying the moment. Mom tenderly kissed me. We kissed several more times, each lingering longer than the time before. Signaling me, my cock twitched to notify me he still needed attention. The look my mom gave me indicated she felt it too. Evidently, her small orgasms did not fully satisfy her as I could see rampant lust in her eyes again.

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

I wrapped my arm underneath, not quite understanding what she was going to do. She wrapped her arms over my shoulders, locking them behind my neck and jumped up on me, holding me tight. I instinctively

grasped her other leg and both of my hands moved down and firmly held her ass to keep her up and tight against me as she locked her legs behind me. She whispered, "I need one more thing done. Would you please be good enough to carry your tired old mother to our bedroom so I can show you."

"Of course, anything for my hot mom," I said. She wasn't heavy and I didn't have any problem carrying her to our room. It felt good the way she was hugging me so tight, her fat breasts squashed out between us. I thought about trying to jam my prick into her hairy snatch I knew was positioned above it. I decided not to try as I didn't want to wreck the close moment we were enjoying. As I lowered her down, her soggy patch of pussy hair left a trail of slime on my stomach.

I watched as she crawled up on the bed, lied down on her back and spread her legs in an inviting pose. Bringing her heels up to her ass caused her legs to form a perfect 'V'. Her hairy snatch was wide open and my prick was soon at full attention.

She smiled, knowing the effect she had on me and demanded, "Honey, I need one more thing. I want you to give your mother a seriously hard fucking. The harder, the better. Please make me the happiest mother in town and let me make you the happiest motherfucker in town."

I crawled up the bed on my knees and couldn't resist stroking up and down her long legs. They were so sexy and this is one of the first memories of her seduction I could vividly remember. I ran my hands up and down the bottom of her thigh. I kept progressing until I was touching her pussy lips when I got to the top of her thighs. She was

relaxed and obviously enjoying the attention her boy was giving her. I ran my hands up both sides of her pussy and squeezed her lips together creating sensations of pleasure to run through her body. I grabbed a handful of bountiful pussy hair and gently tugged on it causing her pussy to open and shut.

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

I didn't hesitate at all when I replied, "No, Mom. I like it the way it is. It's more motherly this way and a reminder that I'm fucking my own mother."

I ran the side of my palm down her groove making sure I ran it across her clit along the way. She jumped at my touch. I was spending a lot of time bringing her back so she could enjoy the fucking I promised to give her. Next, I grabbed each fat lip of her pussy and pulled and kneaded them. She was warming up fast, moaning and breathing hard again.

I stuck a finger in her pussy and explored her walls. I swirled it around as if I were stirring cream in my coffee. Sticking two more fingers in, I stroked in and out, making sure to scrape her walls each time. She was humping my hand and more juices were released into her hot hole. I continued until she was near a climax. I pulled them out resulting in a loud gasp of disappointment from Mom at the sudden absence of the prodding that was giving her pleasure.

It was time to move up to those wonderful breasts. My hands slowly explored up her smooth toned body until I was holding each breast. I squeezed and mauled them without touching her nipples. Her head was going from side to side moaning and I took this opportunity to lean down and kiss her. She instantly wrapped her hands around my head to keep our lips mashed together as we tongue fucked. I moved my hands to enclose her sensitive nipples and began teasing them, causing her once again to thrust her pelvis up seeking the hard cock she knew was hard, ready and close.

I moved forward and placed the head of my prick on the entrance to her steaming pussy. She instinctively bucked up trying to further insert it. I released her sensitive breast and wrapped my hands around her and held her tight as she kept humping. She was doing all the fucking, bucking up and down, only getting a few inches of cock but still enjoying the shallow fucking. I prevented her from gulping down more of my shaft into her hungry cunt. I was enjoying the moment and wanted it to last forever.

I raised my head just enough to look at her lust-filled face. Her eyes were closed and her face radiated pleasure as she enjoyed the moment. She humped her groin up trying to lock onto my hard cock. She sensed I was looking at her, opened her eyes and locked them onto mine. We were so connected she knew that this was my moment.

Verbal communication wasn't necessary. She lowered her pelvis to the bed in submission and no longer humped or tried to pull my cock into her starving pussy. Her face reflected the immense love she had for me and I could see that she was holding back her own carnal desires to

satisfy my needs. I shoved my cock in another inch and she moaned in pleasure, maintaining her loving eye contact.

She moved her hands to my back and gently stroked up and down in a soothing manner, communicating her unconditional love. I was pushing my bare cock slowly into my mother and she was smiling and groaning in ecstasy. I relived the time up to this moment. Never would I have ever imagined this would happen. This far exceeded any fantasy I ever had.

The woman I loved was sacrificing her own pleasure to ensure my own sexual experience was complete. Each time my fat head would separate her pussy walls enough to move another inch, her cunt would quickly narrow down, tightly securing my shaft. I continued my journey to the back of her cavern until I was entirely buried in her clenching cunt. Her eyes and expression had turned to pleading, now that I was fully embedded in her hot pussy.

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

I turned my concentration to pleasing this woman, my mother, who was solely focused on pleasuring her son. Raising my hands to her breasts, I twisted her nipples while I quickly drove my cock to the bottom of her hungry cunt. She screamed with delight as I repeated the hard assault on her slick pussy. There were no intelligible words

coming out of her. Only shrieks and groans. I was pounding into her as hard as I could, attempting to give her the fucking she craved. Her legs were folded up to her side and her knees were touching the sides of her chest as I pounded in deep.

I continued until I could feel her mini-orgasms firing off. Pulling my rod back to her entrance, I grabbed her heels to pull her legs back down. I guided her feet to my back. She quickly wrapped them around my sides giving me a different angle of attack on her pussy. Once she was in position, I resumed slamming into her as hard as I could. Locking legs around me like a vice enabled her to lift her ass off the bed, allowing deeper access. Our groins were a frothy mess from the frenzied fucking.

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

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

We were both out of breath and gasping for air. I eased up on her nipples and reached around and soothed her back as we continued to fuck. I kissed her and told her, "Aunt Brenda was right on one thing, she told me sex is much better when you do it with someone you love. This is the best sex I've ever had and it's because I love you so much. I'm ready, Mother. Come with me!"

She had a hard time talking but managed to say, "Yes, she was right about that. I'm ready to come, Sweetie. Squirt your load of sperm up your mother's hot cunt."

I plunged in a few more power strokes when I could feel my balls getting ready to release its load of baby batter. I shifted my hands back to her nipples to squeeze them to try to get her to climax with me. My cockhead was expanding with more blood filling it.

She could feel it and knew it was time. Her hot air covered my ear as she whispered, "Your Aunt Brenda was right about something else too. I'm not on birth control. Fill me with your hot sperm, motherfucker!" To emphasize her desire, she reached back, grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled me in as hard as she could.

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

Thrusting hard, my stiff prick slammed against her hard back wall, squashing out the enlarged head. In perfect timing, her pussy walls clamped down to trap it in place and my balls instinctively sent out a load of hot sperm in an attempt to flood her womb, her eggs not having any chance to escape.

I continued to pump and fill her cavity with my virile, baby-making seed. Her pussy continued to milk every drop from my squirting prick as she screamed with uncontrolled lust. We were having the best fuck of our lives. She must have climaxed three or four times after my last spurt, her pussy trying to ensure she got every drop.

After her channel stopped contracting, I stopped pumping and collapsed on her, my prick still lodged in her cum-filled cunt. We kissed again, a tender post-fuck kiss. We had committed an illegal, incestuous coupling and we knew we were going to continue doing it. We were in it for the long haul. We stayed melded together and my cock eventually deflated and fell out while we were still holding each other. I rolled off her and no words were spoken as we relaxed from the exhausting fuck.

Once recovered, we talked about the journey up to this point and how deeply we felt about each other. We kissed tenderly several times, gently stroked each other and just talked, enjoying each other's company. We talked about my aunt's involvement and at one point Mom said, "I think I owe your aunt, my slutty sister, a little lesson for sexually abusing my poor boy."

I was afraid of what she was going to say to my aunt. I cared a great deal for her and she did bring Mom and me together so I felt I owed her some allegiance. I defended her, pleading, "Mom, she did bring us together. Don't be too hard on her."

She smiled, picked up the phone and held it so I could hear while she called her sister. They exchanged the usual greetings before she changed her tone. Mom has this way of projecting seriousness in her voice. This was one of those times. She told my aunt there was a problem with her son, Mike and she wanted her to come to our house to address the issue.

I could hear my aunt hesitate and try to stall for time. She hadn't heard from me since she first coupled Mom and me, so she didn't know what to expect. She made up some excuse to not show up for a day or two. Mom told her that maybe she should contact the church elders and see what they thought about the minister's wife arranging a son to seduce his mother. That caught my aunt off-guard and she quickly dismissed her delaying tactics. She agreed to come down this evening to discuss it.

They curtly ended the conversation and as my mom hung up the phone she was giggling as she put it in the charger. She turned back to face me and explained my part in her plan. Once again, I would be involved in a plan from one of these sisters that ended with me fucking one of them. I didn't complain.

We worked in the garden, had lunch and relaxed in the afternoon. We took our showers and anxiously awaited my aunt's arrival. We were

both wearing robes that were similar to the ones we had worn at my aunt's place last week. Brenda showed up on time and looked worried but was still friendly, greeting my mother and me. She tried to make eye contact to get a feeling of what was happening but I avoided her.

Mom initiated her plan as she turned to Brenda and explained, "I felt we had a good relationship when we finished the program you put us through, but some problems have come up dealing with Mike. I'm not sure if I can explain it that well as it pertains to the way we communicate with each other. I think the best solution is for you to act like me and I'll have Mike interact with you to demonstrate the problem."

My aunt was puzzled but agreed to whatever Mom wanted, trying to calm the situation. Mom handed her a folded up piece of clothing and told her to go into the spare room and change into it and come back out to the living room. Soon after she went in, my aunt called out to Mom, "Sis, what bra do you wear with this? I can't figure out what would work with it."

My mom responded, "No bra, it's how I sleep. You don't sleep with a bra, do you?"

I didn't hear any answer from my aunt and soon after, she walked out into the living room. She was wearing Mom's see-through nightie and it looked as good on her as it did my mom. Her breasts weren't as full as mom's but they still proudly pushed up the material and her nipples were clearly visible. I noticed she had left her panties on.

Mom walked around to survey her and when she got to her backside, she reached up under the nightie and pulled my aunt's panties down to the floor. Mom said, "I don't sleep with panties on either."

My aunt was blushing as Mom continued to be in control. Satisfied we were ready, Mom spoke to both of us. "Okay, Mike. I want you to talk and act to Brenda as you would me. I want you to call her Mom and act the same as you do during the evening with me. Sis, act like Mike is your son and you're his mother. This will more accurately portray the problems. Okay, Mike. Pretend we're done for the night and it's time to retire to our rooms. Escort your mother to her room to say goodnight."

I walked over to my aunt and wrapped my arm around her waist to pull her hot body close to me and led her to our bedroom. I stopped at the bottom of the bed, faced my aunt and said, "It's been such a wonderful evening being with you, Mom. Have I told you how beautiful you look in your nightie? You have to be the hottest mother in town. I love being with you."

I hugged her tight, lightly stroking her back, going lower each time and finally reaching down to cup her nightie covered ass. My aunt wasn't sure what to say, so my mom instructed her. "Okay, Sis. Remember, you're the mom now. Say what you think a mother should say when he does that. You need to act like you're his mother for this to work."

I squeezed and massaged her hot ass cheeks, prompting my aunt to stutter, "Mike, you shouldn't do that to your mother. A nice hug is all we need to do."

"Mom, it's just skin. Remember what the church program taught us. There's nothing wrong with us touching each other."

I raised my hands again to her back hugging her close and leaned down and kissed her. I opened my mouth and rolled my tongue across her lips until she responded with her tongue. While we were kissing, I dropped my hand down to the front of her nightie, reached in and captured one of her meaty breasts.

She jerked at the touch and hated to say anything as it was bringing back memories of us together. She allowed me to knead and squeeze her meaty mound for several minutes before acting like a mother objecting. She hardheartedly scolded, "You shouldn't do that to your mother, either. I know it's just skin, but it's still improper to feel your mother's breasts."

It was obvious she was heating up more from the play acting than the touching. My mother moved behind my aunt and whispered softly to her, "You see, Sis. There's the problem. It's wrong, but doesn't it feel good when he's holding your breasts? And when he teases your nipples? Doesn't it really excite you?"

I followed Mom's lead and teased my aunt's nipple as she talked. I taunted, "You know what I like best from my childhood, Mom? The best experience ever?"

"No, Mikey. What?" my aunt huskily asked as I twisted her nipple.

"This," I replied as I bent down and sucked her nipple in my mouth. I ran my tongue around her sensitive tip and was sucking so hard I thought it might pop off. This brought a sharp intake of breath from my aunt and she instinctively put her hands behind my head to pull me firmly to her soft tit. She feebly feigned resistance again with, "Oh, that feels so good, but it's not proper for a grown son to suckle on his mother's breasts."

Mom whispered, "You see, that's the next problem. You say it's not proper, but you're doing the same thing I do. You're pulling your son into your breast to feed. It's driving you crazy now, isn't it? I bet you can feel your hot pussy getting wet from your son sucking on your tit."

My aunt was groaning from the nipple teasing and the talk Mom was doing. She was heating up fast. She had her eyes closed enjoying the moment as I'm sure she hasn't had a good climax since we were together a couple of days ago. Mom moved around to my back and pulled my robe off one arm at a time so as not to break my aunt out of her mood. I was now nude, my hard prick jutting obscenely out toward my aunt's nightie covered, bald cunt.

I progressed according to mom's plan and while latched on to her nipple I moved my hand down to the top of her thigh and slowly ran it up on the inside toward her steaming pussy. My aunt lowered her hand and placed it on mine, acting like she wanted to stop my progress.

I moved her hand away and placed it on my stiff prick. She instantly wrapped her hand around it and stroked. I moved my hand back up under her nightie and cupped her hot pussy. It was leaking as Mom had said. I ran my fingers up and down her slit, rolling her clit between my fingers. She was moaning loudly and couldn't even feign a motherly scold.

Mom went back to whisper in her ear. "See what he does, you acted like a good mother and tried to stop him. Your motherly duty was fulfilled. You tried to thwart his advances, but he overpowered you. When he placed your hand on his marvelous prick, you didn't care whether he touched your throbbing pussy anymore, did you? It's such a nice cock, isn't it? Your son's cock. You have your hand wrapped around your son's prick and he has his hand on the pussy you were trying to protect. You wish he'd jam something up your hot throbbing cunt, perhaps your own son's fingers. Oh, but that would be so wrong and nasty."

I followed Mom's lead and jammed three fingers into her juicy snatch and assaulted it in earnest. She was beyond acting anymore. She wanted to fuck and didn't care about the pretend church program, or helping a mother-son relationship, she wanted to be fucked.

With my mom's help, we lowered my willing aunt to the edge of the bed and laid her back so her pussy was in perfect position for entry. I

continued to feast on her breasts switching back and forth while fingering her pussy with my hand. She was leaking profusely and was ready to come.

Concentrating solely on building her close to an orgasm, I fought off the urge to get too excited. The hardest part of Mom's plan was to bring my aunt to a climax without coming myself. Mom wanted to save me for her pleasure. Brenda's excitement level was elevated high enough it wouldn't take much more stimulation. I lifted up from her breasts to kiss her. We had a hot tongue battle for a minute before I croaked, "Mom, you make me so hot. Your pussy is on fire. Let me help you. I'm going to shove my fat, hard prick up your cunt. I want you to come with me, Mom!"

I kissed her again, raised my hands to her breasts to twist her nipples before ramming my prick in as hard as I could. There would be no gentle fucking this time. I had to bring her off fast. Mom leaned over and helped by whispering more in my aunt's ear. "See, he did it. Your son is stuffing his fat cock up your cunt and you can't help it. Oh, it feels so good. You can feel it tearing through your soft, sensitive pussy walls, can't you? You want to come on your son's cock, don't you?"

She was starting to climax. I rammed in furiously until I felt her coming. She was releasing a lot of juice and her cunt was rippling up and down my cock. It felt so good I continued to thrust a couple more times after she was done climaxing, but decided to stop before I blew my own load. I slowly pulled out of her drenched pussy. She was lying still with her eyes closed and breathing heavily, coming down from her orgasm.

According to plan, I began to tell my side of the story, directing my speech toward my aunt but demonstrating with my mother. Mom moved close to me, still cloaked in her robe. I explained, "Auntie, I don't think it's all my problem as my mother keeps insisting. You see the nightie she wears. It screams fuck-me, doesn't it? You certainly look stunning in it, so you can imagine how my mother fills it out. Let me show you her goods."

With that, I pulled mom's robe off her shoulders and it fell to her waist, still held by her belt. Her breasts were a delight to look at, although I'd see them plenty of times. I ran my hands up, cupped them, lifted them as if on display, showing them off to my aunt. Brenda was up on her elbows and observing through hazed eyes. I continued, "See how perky they are? They are so full, soft and fleshy. I love squeezing them."

Emphasizing my point, I kneaded and mauled Mom's breasts while my aunt looked on. Bending down, I clamped a nipple in my mouth. My mom's hands went up and held my head to her firm nipple as I sucked and teased it.

She started her dialogue again. "See, Sis. Like I told you, it's not right, but it feels so good you have to hold him and let him have his way."

I released her tit to implement the next part of mom's plan. Guiding Mom to the edge of the bed, I pushed down to sit beside Brenda. I gently shoved Mom down so she was flat on the bed. Brenda was panting as she witnessed my inappropriate behavior.

I bent down and attacked Mom's nipples with my lips. Mom began again to talk about sons and mothers and the problems that could arise from having a studly son prance around the house.

That was my cue. Lifting up from Mom, I looked at Brenda and uttered, "If she continues to ramble like this, I can't explain anything to you. Help me keep her quiet." I guided her to straddle my mom and I could see she didn't know what I was going to do. She was now facing me as her ass rested on mom's chest. Seizing her nightie, I pulled it up and off. Her nipples were still rock-hard.

Mom began to rant again. Smiling at my aunt, I croaked, "We're going to need something to occupy her mouth to keep her quiet." Reaching below my aunt's ass, I lifted her up and shoved her back toward my mother's face. Before I got far, Mom reached up, firmly clutched my aunt's waist and pulled her leaking snatch onto her mouth. My aunt shrieked as Mom assaulted her bald, horny cunt.

She looked at me with the same lust as my mother got when she was getting a good fucking. She couldn't say anything, breathing was becoming harder for her.

"There, she won't interrupt me anymore. You saw her luscious breasts, similar to yours. Her long beautiful legs really get me hot, too."

I pulled the bottom part of my mom's robe apart showing her lower body. I began stroking up and down while my aunt looked down, trying to keep her composure while my mom feasted on her slippery

slot. Loosening Mom's belt, I pulled the entire robe to the sides revealing the rest of mom's body, including her hairy pussy. Her lips were engorged and wet. Mom sucked in my aunt's clit at the moment I opened her robe which caused my aunt to shriek out in pleasure.

I ran my hand through Mom's thick pussy hair, grabbing it, pulling up her fat pussy lips before I squeezed them together using my other hand. I could hear Mom noisily slurping away as my aunt profusely leaked precum, witnessing a horny son play with his mother's pussy.

I uttered, "That's a hot looking motherly pussy. Don't you think, Auntie? Look at the full lips, wet with her juices. She's leaking like a faucet, anticipating her son's cock ramming into her. Watch how hot she gets when I tease her with my prick."

I guided my bloated head up and down her wet slit causing her to again intensify her oral attack on my aunt's throbbing pussy. They were both groaning now, Mom because of the anticipation of having my cock stuffed in her and my aunt from getting her cunt sucked on by her older sister. I pushed in until the large head popped past her outer labia. Her pussy clamped down as her lips locked around my shaft. I slowly inched in while taunting, "See how nice my cock fits in my mother. It's like it was made for my cock. See how her pussy is trying to pull it in further. Down to the bottom of her channel."

Raising my hands, I mauled my aunt's breasts while she looked down, mesmerized by my cock sliding in. She shrieked, "Oh damn, you're fucking your mother with your bare cock. You're fucking her bareback. Oh...fuck! Your mother made me orgasm again. She's causing me to

come as much as when you're fucking me. This is so hot. I can't believe how horny I am."

I continued pushing in until our hairy pubic areas meshed together. I held in as deep as I could, allowing my aunt plenty of time to witness my mother, her sister, completely impaled on her son's hard prick. Mom was humping, trying to convince me to pound her horny cunt.

I wasn't ready yet. "See how well we interlock when I'm buried to the base of my cock. Yes, I fuck her with my bare prick. Mother wants to feel every vein and ripple from the cock she made. She loves the feeling when I splash her pussy walls with hot sperm. Get ready Auntie, Mom is going to love this."

I pulled back and quickly thrust to the bottom of her cavern. I repeated slamming her half a dozen times. Mom went wild and was tongue fucking my aunt's cunt and sucking on her clit driving her crazy. Squeezing my aunt's breasts, I twisted her sensitive nipples. Both the women I loved were escalating into having major orgasms. I continued pounding into my mother while my aunt was hypnotized at the sight of my prick thrusting in and out. It was frothy and my shaft was creamy white from the mixture of our hot juices.

Mom moaned in my aunt's pussy from the assault on her hungry cunt. My aunt moaned from Mom's constant oral attack. I was getting ready to blow, but there was still more to our plan. While driving my aunt crazy, twisting her nipples, I said, "You love mother-son sex, don't you? You wish you had a son so you could have the same incestuous sex we've been having. Would you like to be my mother? I can have two

mothers. We could act as mother and son and you'd be able to experience the same blissful experience my mother and I have been having."

My aunt could hardly talk she as she was having mini-orgasms, one after the other. She composed herself enough to respond, "Oh yes, Mikey. Please let me be your mother. I'll do whatever you want. Please, I want to be your mommy!"

I thrust in several more times, slamming Mom into the soft bed. "In order for you to be my mother, you're going to need to move in with us and sleep in our bed. My mother allows me to fuck her all the time. Are you willing to fuck your son whenever he wants?"

"Oh, yes! I'll move in right away. No one in town will be suspicious about me moving in with my sister, with my husband gone full time. I'll not only let my son fuck me whenever he wants but I'll beg for it. I can't get enough of your cock."

We were all ready to come. I knew the time had arrived to push everyone over the edge. My aunt was almost passing out from the pleasure coming from her throbbing pussy.

"You see my frothy prick going in and out of my mother. It's going to get bigger. The head is going to expand, my balls are going to fill up with a load of sperm and when my mother comes, she's going to milk my cock dry, sucking my sticky hot cum deep into her depths. Are you ready to experience that? My mother isn't on birth control and I'm

going to be filling her fertile pussy full of sperm. Will you be willing to do the same? Will you throw away your pills and allow your motherfucking son fill your pussy with cum, loaded with potent sperm?"

That's all it took. My aunt shrieked gleefully and screamed, "Oh My God! You're fucking your fertile mom with no protection. That's so fucking hot! I'm coming, the biggest orgasm ever and yes, I'm going off birth control immediately!"

My cock was quickly expanding as I had described it to my aunt. More blood surged to my prick, stretching out Mom's cunt walls. I was slamming the back of her pussy with every stroke causing her orgasm to surface. As she clamped down on my cock, I yelled, "I'm coming, Mommy! Kiss me while I shoot out a big load of sperm."

I locked lips with my aunt, passionately kissing her while my cock burst forth a load of sperm. This made Mom orgasm again causing her to suck my aunt's clit so hard, it triggered her orgasm. She flooded Mom's face with her cum as I continued to spurt into my mom's convulsing cunt. Her pussy kept contracting until I was spent.

We were all exhausted. I slowly pulled out and my aunt backed off from our kiss to watch my sperm drenched prick emerge from my mother's pussy. She shook and climaxed once more when my prick popped out and my mom's stretched pussy remained open. A river of sperm obscenely drooled out.

I crawled up on the bed and flopped down on my back. Aunt Brenda lifted off mom, moving to a position beside me. Snuggling up close, she gently stroked my chest, pushing her hot body into mine.

Mom, the most spent of all three of us, managed to crawl up the side opposite her sister. She also pushed her hot body against mine and rested her hand on my stomach, lovingly massaging and rubbing me.

I wrapped my arms around both of the hottest women I knew and pulled them in close. I was exhausted and more content than I'd ever been. I said, "I love you, Mother."

In unison, they replied, "I love you, too."

Right before I drifted off to sleep, I thought to myself, 'the only thing hotter than fucking your hot mother was fucking both of your hot mothers'.

THE END