

Rainy Day Mom

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It was a rather cool Sunday for mid June, and the rain was falling gently but steadily outside. I was lying on the narrow bed in my tiny room, with the window open beside me. This was an odd little room, never intended as a bedroom. When we had first moved into the house several years before, I had noted this room and wanted it for mine. It actually was just a large walk-in closet, but it had a square window, which opened on hinges and was protected by the overhanging roof on the east side of the house. Finally I had persuaded my parents to let me sleep there in a single bed which was just right for the tight space. I used to spend a lot of time there, reading, doing my homework and--yes, I might as well admit it--masturbating. I had just turned 17 a few weeks before, and my junior year in high school had just ended. I was still a virgin, a shy bookish sort of kid, not bad looking and fairly popular. I was not a nerd, and nobody ever called me that or treated me that way. But I was too bashful to have dated much at all. I was horny as hell most of the time, and the only means I had for assuaging the itch was to jack off, which I had been doing a lot for a long time. I had quite a strong imagination, which allowed me to create elaborate fantasies of sexual delight. I was fairly promiscuous in my choice of fantasy subjects--everyone from movie stars to classmates. But I tended to favor older women, even some of my teachers--and especially my big beautiful Mom. In fact, about two thirds of the time, my orgasmic load of cum would be in honor of Mom.

I called her my "beautiful" Mom, but I suppose I'd better qualify that. She wasn't exactly a classic beauty, not the kind that would make a person immediately exclaim, "What a beauty!" But to me she was (and still is) the most desirable woman in the world. At this time she was 40, and she was decidedly on the plump side, about 145 pounds on a five foot six frame. But God, she was curvy and sexy, with huge tits, long full legs, broad hips, and a perky outthrust ass. I had noticed how some other men looked at her, so it wasn't just my idea that she was sexy. She had dark brown hair, with a few strands of gray in it, and deep dark brown eyes, a classic sort of face with a short, straight nose, and full lips. Her complexion was clear and beautiful, a delectable peachy tan. I loved to look at her.

On this quiet rainy day, I had just finished reading a book and was lying there in just my undershorts. Since it was a bit cool, I had a sheet over me. I was about ready for a nap, but my thoughts strayed to Mom, and my cock began to stir. I stroked it a few times, beginning to concoct yet another scenario in which I could fuck my mother.

Just then I heard a sound in the next room. I could tell from the sound of the footsteps that it was the object of my nascent fantasy, my Mom. She came on through her bedroom and tapped lightly at my door. "Yeah, Mom?" I responded. She opened the door and looked in. "What are you doing?" she asked. Well, I could have said, "I'm just starting to think up a story about fucking the hell out of your pussy while I beat my meat." But naturally I did not say that. What I did say was, "Just lying here listening to the rain."

"That sounds a lot more interesting than what I'm doing. Everyone else is gone for the afternoon, and I'm feeling sort of sad and lonely." She paused a moment and then asked, "Would you mind if I joined you?"

Huh? Joined me how? But what the hell! I didn't care how. "Uh--sure, Mom," I managed to say. She took the two steps necessary to reach my bed and paused there uncertainly.

"Do you think there's room for both of us?" she said.

Oh, God! "Oh--uh--sure, Mom. I'll make room."

My bed was right against the wall under the window. I scooted over until I was lying tightly against the wall and turned back the sheet. Mom sat down on the edge of the bed, then lay back and swung her legs up. She lay with her back to me and pulled the sheet across her body. "My, this is a cozy fit, isn't it?" she laughed. "Have you got enough room?" Well, I didn't have enough room, and I was rapidly needing more room for my stiffening cock. I pressed myself hard against the wall, and still I was right against my Mom's big soft body, spoon fashion, her big ass actually touching the tip of my prick in spite of all I could do. "Sh--sure, Mom, I--I'm OK," I mumbled.

We lay there silently for several minutes. Mom seemed to be relaxed, but I was stiff as a board, my heart racing, and my cock on the verge of throbbing and jerking against her. God, she surely must be able to feel it. What would she think? Would she be disgusted and get up and leave?

Finally Mom said softly, "This is nice. The rain sounds so gentle, almost like a lullaby."

"Uh--yeah," I muttered eloquently. I had even forgotten that it was raining. Some lullaby, with my Mom's sexy body right against mine in the same bed! God, how many times had I imagined a scene like this? Now here it was, and I was petrified.

"It's been a long time since you and I were in bed together," Mom said. "Not since you were just a little guy."

"Yeah, Mom," I remarked. "I remember when I was 11 years old and I read that scary story and couldn't sleep. You came and lay down with me until I could go to sleep." Ah, yes, I remembered that incident very well. It was during the beginnings of my sexual awakening, and the feel of my Mom's big soft ass against me on that earlier occasion had stimulated feelings that had quickly erased the dread images brought on by the story.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten that," Mom said.

We lay silent for several more minutes. I was relaxing a little bit, but my cock was still as hard as a steel bar, and it insisted on twitching from time to time, and damn it, I just couldn't keep it away from contact with Mom's ass. If she didn't feel it, there was something wrong with her nervous system. I was expecting any second that she would get embarrassed and leave me alone, probably never to return to my bed. I just couldn't believe that she might be pleased to realize that she was having an erotic effect upon her little boy.

I had my hand upon Mom's upper arm, and all at once I noticed that I was starting to rub up and down her arm. I stopped abruptly. But then Mom slowly moved her hand back and laid it on my bare thigh. She gently squeezed. Oh, my God! This scene is so firmly etched in my memory that the following conversation is almost exactly, word for word, what we said on that epochal afternoon in my young life. "Honey," she said softly, "I haven't really told you for a while how proud I am of you--of how well you're doing in school. And of what a very nice young man you've become."

"Oh, gee, Mom! Thanks."

"And I guess I haven't told you for a long time how much I love you. I do love you--very, very much."

Now I was really rubbing her arm, and she was rubbing my thigh. "And I love you, Mom," I blurted. "You're the best Mom a guy could ever have."

Mom laughed. "Oh, wow! Thanks, honey." After a few moments of silent caressing, she asked softly, "Are you sure that you're not a little ashamed of your old fat mother?"

"God, no!" I insisted. "You're not fat. I like the way you look. I think you look great."

"Well, that's good to hear." After a few moments, she went on, "But I'll bet you'll find a much prettier woman to marry someday."

I hugged Mom and said, "No way, Mom. I would want any woman I married to look just as much like you as possible." I now began gently stroking the front of her body, just below her tits. "You mean like the song: 'I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad'?"

"Yes, Mom. Exactly like that."

Mom sort of giggled. "Well, that's awfully sweet of you, honey. But I know you're just saying that to make me feel good."

"Aw, Mom, that's not true. In fact, if you weren't my Mom and weren't married, I'd want to marry you."

Again Mom giggled. "Ooh!...Of course, you mean if we were the same age."

My caressing had touched the bottoms of Mom's tits now, and I was really warming up. "No, Mom. I mean that if you were not my Mom, and we were the ages that we actually are, I would want to marry you right now--if I had the means to support you, of course."

"Oh, my goodness, honey!" Mom laughed. Her hand had just brushed against my balls, and my cock jerked sharply against her ass. Then she said in a teasing tone, "Now would you really want to marry me--or just..." She broke off, laughing.

"Just what, Mom?"

"Oh, you know--just have--er--just do...what married people do, shall we say?"

I knew what she meant all right, but I was loving this teasing conversation. "Uh—what do you mean, Mom?" I asked, playing dumb. My hand was now on one of her full, soft breasts, and she did not stop me.

"You know what I mean," she said, giggling again. "Marital relations."

"Oh, do you mean--uh--sex, by any chance, Mom?"

"Bingo!" Mom giggled. She waited awhile and then said, "But you didn't answer my question."

"What question?" I knew perfectly well what the question had been, but I wanted to keep her talking. "You know, damn it, honey! Would you really want to marry me or just--uh—have sex?"

"Oh, Mom, I'd want to do both if I only had the chance. God, I'd want that more than anything else in the world!"

"Oh, wow!" Mom said. She was quiet for a moment as we continued to caress each other.

Then she said, "Well, you are my son, so obviously you can't marry me." After a long pause she added very softly, "Unfortunately."

God! Was I feeling good! Things were really heating up. I knew that my mother was becoming more and more aroused. I gently inserted my hand inside her housedress (she seldom wore a bra around the house) and cupped a big soft breast, squeezing and fondling. She made no effort to stop me. It actually seemed that she didn't even notice.

"Of course," she said musingly after a while, "the other could be done. You hear of it now and then--you know the--uh--MF word." Her hand brushed against my hard cock.

"You mean motherfucker?" I said boldly, giving her tit a harder squeeze. "Are you saying that that's a possibility?"

"NO!" Mom squealed. "That is, I was just saying that--uh--it's apparently sometimes done."

"Mom," I breathed into her ear fervently as I rubbed her nipple, "I'd give anything to be one."

"Oh! I--uh--one what, honey?"

I slid down a bit, positioned my cock between her legs and gave a thrust up between them.

Of course her dress was in the way. "A motherfucker, Mom. With a mother like you, there is nothing in this world that I'd rather be than a motherfucker!"

"Oh, honey!" Mom moaned. "Oh, you naughty boy, you! How can you say such a thing?" She pushed me away from her.

Damn! Just when I thought that my dream was going to come true! Mom seemed very upset. I expected her to get up and walk out. I had ruined our relationship forever...But she did not get up. She lay there, on her back now, breathing heavily.

"I'm sorry, Mom," I finally said abjectly, with tears in my eyes. "I just got carried away."

We lay there without speaking, and the sound of the rain came back into my consciousness. All of nature was weeping with me. Oh, God, what a mess I had made of it! Suddenly a sob shook my body.

"Oh, honey!" Mom said, turning toward me. "It's all right. I forgive you. I know that you're going through a difficult time in your development. It's OK." She hugged me, and I really burst into tears.

"But, Mom," I sobbed, "I really meant all I was saying about how much I love you and--and how much I want you...Don't despise me, Mom. I just couldn't help it."

"Oh, honey, honey," Mom cooed. "It's all right. I'm really flattered." She held me tightly, now face to face with me.

We lay there clinging together for several minutes while the steady rain fell outside the open window. Then Mom kissed me gently on the forehead. I raised my head to kiss back, and her lips were there. I kissed them softly. Mom did not pull away. I kissed her again, and she responded with a long kiss.

"Oh, honey!" she murmured and kissed me again, this time with opened lips. "Oh, honey!" She continued to kiss me fervently. Now I felt her tongue licking at my lips, and I opened my mouth. Her tongue plunged inside, and I met it with my own. Her body was squirming against mine, and my hard-on, which had collapsed a bit, sprang back into full erection. Then Mom abruptly drew back and stared straight into my eyes with the deepest intensity that I had ever seen there. "It's really me, isn't it?" she asked. "It isn't just sex? It's really me you want?"

"Oh, God, yes, Mom! Oh, Mom, I've been so hungry for you--just you--for so long! Oh, God, I love you, Mom!"

"All right, then," Mom said. "God help me, for I can't help myself."

With that she swept back the sheet. She grasped my shorts and tugged them down, with some difficulty because of my huge erection.

"Oh, God!" she said. "You're enormous!" Mom rose up and pulled her dress up over her head. She cast it onto the floor and reached down to her sheer panties, through which her dark pussy hair showed clearly. She quickly shucked them off. I reached for her, but she pushed me onto my back. Then she climbed astraddle my body, pausing a moment to look me in the eyes and then taking my huge cock into her hands and staring down at it. My eyes devoured her gorgeous body as she towered above me. Her big tits were firm, sagging only very slightly with their weight. Her smooth, slightly rounded belly curved down to the vee of abundant crispy dark hair at her crotch, through which her swollen pussy lips peeped. Her full white thighs were straddling my own as she held my cock with both hands.

"All right, honey," she said in a fierce tone, almost hissing, "you want to be a motherfucker--Damn it, you're going to be a motherfucker!"

She moved one hand to her mound and fingered her cunt for a moment. Then she held the lips open as she lowered her crotch toward my cock. She guided my hard rod between the puffy lips of her pussy and rubbed it several times, using me almost like a dildo to pleasure her clit. Then she slowly sank down upon me, and I watched her cunt swallow up my big prick inch by inch until her dark pussy hair was meshed with my lighter brown hair. God!

What a sight! And what a sensation as I felt my sensitive love tool slide all the way into her warm, wet, slippery sheath!

Then Mom lay forward on my body and brought her face down to mine. For a moment she stared intently into my eyes again.

Then she murmured, "Oh, honey, honey!" again and placed her open mouth on mine.

For a long time we just lay like that without moving, my cock throbbing inside her tightly gripping cunt. I got my hands on her ass and began rubbing and squeezing her firm, smooth ass cheeks. God! She felt good! Our tongues were playing together again, and Mom's warm breath was coming faster. Her body was heavy on mine, but God, it was a wonderful burden to bear!

Then Mom began to slowly raise and lower her hips. My hands could feel the flexing of her rump muscles as she raised her ass way up until my cock was almost out, then lowered it again, sliding down my tingling fuckpole delightfully. I was just letting Mom do everything at this point. I knew that if I tried to thrust, I would shoot almost immediately, and I was glad that she was taking it slow. God! What a sheer pleasure to feel that coveted cunt sliding up and down my happy rod! I could feel every inch of her love passage moving against every inch of my cock. It was just enough to keep me right on the verge of cumming without making me cut loose. I wanted it to go on forever and ever!

I worked one hand in between us and started playing with Mom's smooth, spongy tits while I continued to fondle her ass with the other hand. Our continuous kiss was a sloppy wet one, as we chewed at each other's lips and tongue passionately. Mom was really into it now, and I knew that she wasn't doing this for just me alone any longer. She was breathing more heavily and more rapidly as she continued to fuck slowly. Now, however, she was coming down harder on the downstrokes and grinding against me before she raised her ass up again.

Then all at once, Mom blurted, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" into my mouth and began to fuck with abandon, jerking her hips up and slamming down rapidly and fiercely, bouncing us up and down on the little bed. I began to buck under her now, humping up to meet her descending belly and having my ass slammed back into the mattress by her almost savage assault. My cock was being rammed in and out of her with tremendous force and speed now, and it was on fire with the strongest sensations I had ever felt. I could feel the heat inside Mom increase too, along with the wetness. I had dreamed of fucking the hell out of Mom, but here was my ladylike Mom fucking the hell out of me. God, could she fuck!

Slam!...Bang!...Fuck!...Fuck!...Fuck!...Fuck! Mom was panting into my mouth, whining a high-pitched whine now, completely out of control in her passion. And the sensations in my cock spread out through my groin, and I knew that I couldn't hold back any longer. The heat inside me just boiled over, and I gave a muffled roar as my cock began to jerk and spit out its load deep inside my mother's plunging cunt.

Mom felt me start to shoot into her, and she gave a little scream as her ass leaped and jumped even faster in a frantic stretch drive into her own climax. Then all at once she stiffened up, with my spurting cock buried to the depths inside her. She was shaking and moaning, and I could feel her cunt muscles spasming and grasping at my emptying baby-maker. For a long time we hung there together, trembling violently as our mutual orgasm swept our bodies, lifting us up to the heights of sexual ecstasy. Mother and son cumming together for the first time in a glorious incestuous union! God! All my fantasies and all my masturbatory climaxes were such a pale prelude to the fantastic pleasure of the real thing!

At last, Mom heaved a great sigh and just collapsed upon me. A tremendous release came over me as well, leaving me drained but gloriously happy. Oh, God! My mother had fucked

me! My own dear, precious, wonderful, gorgeous mother had fucked me--her own son, her adoring, worshiping son. A wave of sheer love swept through me. Oh, God, how I loved this wonderful woman! More now than ever! She had given me everything now. She was a warm, loving mother in the conventional way, and now she had proved to be a passionately hot lover, giving all of herself to me without any reserve. What greater joy could anybody possibly experience?

After my mother recovered her breath and came back down to earth a bit, she began to murmur, "Oh, my God! What a fuck! Oh, God, did that ever feel good! Ooohh!"

She was lying fully upon me, and her weight was rather uncomfortable, but I would have died before I would ask her to move. It was a glorious discomfort. My cock was still buried deep inside her overflowing cunt. I could feel our mixed fluids seeping down from our crotches, over my ass and onto the bed sheet. I didn't care about that.

The whole experience had been so stimulating that my cock lost hardly any of its rigidity. I could feel little ripples running through Mom's vaginal muscles from time to time, and they helped my dick to begin to return to maximum erection.

Then apparently the gravity of the situation struck my mother, and she raised her head and looked at me. "My, God, honey, what have we done? How could I have let such a thing happen?"

I had no answer to her question, but I hugged her tight, and she laid her head back down on my shoulder.

Then she asked softly, "Honey, was this your first time?"

"Yes, Mom," I replied. "I'm glad that my first time was with you."

"Oh, God, God!" Mom moaned. "What have I done to you? It was all my fault, honey. Oh, God, I'm so sorry!"

And now she was the one who was crying.

I caressed her gently as I said, "But, Mom, this was the greatest thing that has ever happened to me. It was just wonderful beyond words. Don't be sorry about it."

She kept on weeping silently, her tears wetting my neck and shoulder.

"Mom," I murmured in her ear, "I love you so very, very much. I love you more than ever now. I think you're a wonderful, wonderful mother. I am so grateful for what you have given me today."

My cock was now at super erection, filling Mom's cunt to the maximum again. I put my hands on her ass cheeks and pulled her tightly against me, forcing myself even farther up her tight love channel.

Mom began to talk again. "All I wanted to do was just to be with you because I felt lonely. I just wanted to be close to you. Then I felt your--er--I felt that you were--er--aroused, and I knew that I should get up and go away. But I just couldn't. It's been so long since I've had any really... good sex. Oh, I still love your father, but it's just...just not the same now. And he usually isn't much interested any more. When he is, it's just so quick and--and just for him. This is the first time in years that I have really felt good in that way."

Mom lifted her head and gazed into my eyes again. Even after she had been crying, she still looked so very beautiful. "What we have just done is a grave sin--at least, that is what most people think. It is also against the law. I could go to prison for it. We should never do this again."

Even as she was saying this, she raised her hips and lowered them, creating an electrifying friction as her pussy slid up my cock and back down.

"But, Mom..." I began, my heart again filling with anguish.

"But, oh, God, honey!" Mom breathed ardently. "Now that we have done it, I--I just don't think I can stop...wanting it! It--it didn't feel wrong. It felt so warm and loving, so wonderfully warm and loving!"

"Yes, Yes, Mom! Oh, yes! How could there be anything wrong with loving each other? I know now that you really love me totally and completely, and I feel the same way about you." All at once Mom laughed. Her laughter made her belly shake and thus stimulated my excited prick even more. "Well, honey, was your old Mom a good piece of ass?" Her bold vulgarity really jolted me, and I laughed as well. "You sure as hell were, Mom!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "A damned good piece of ass!"

Mom kissed me and murmured, "And that big dick of yours is the answer to a woman's prayers. God, it felt good in me! It's a good bit bigger than your father's...And it seems to be as hard as before we started."

"Just thinking about you makes it hard every time, Mom. So actually having it in you really does it."

"Mmmm!" Mom hummed into my mouth as she placed her open lips on mine again. She began to hump her ass again, fucking me gently. Then she raised her head again. "OK, wicked motherfucker, are we going to just go ahead and go to hell together?"

"Let's, Mom. Wherever you are, I want to be there with you--in you if possible."

Mom laughed and kissed me again. Then she began to roll us over. "Come on, honey. You get on top and do it to me this time. Fuck your mother, honey!"

We awkwardly managed to get rolled over in the narrow bed without uncoupling, and now I was between her thighs in the classic missionary position, looking down upon my beautiful mother, with my cock buried to my balls in her furry-fringed fuckhole. I began the long, slow fucking that she had already taught me in our first fuck. I pulled my cock out until it was just barely between her juicy cunt lips. Then I slowly pushed it back in, sliding down that slippery passage to paradise. Going to hell? Hell, no! This was the closest thing to heaven that I could imagine. I raised myself up so that I could look down between us and watch my slimy rod slide in and out of Mom's well lubricated cunt. As it came out, it pulled her swollen, puffy cunt lips out, and as it sank back inside, it pushed them in with it.

I noticed that Mom was also looking down at our fucking genitals, a smile on her face.

"Oooh, you feel so good in me, honey!" she cooed. "So damned fucking good!"

I leaned forward and began to kiss her big firm tits, licking and nibbling at the hardened rosy pink nipples, standing up stiffly from her pinkish-brown areolas. Then I lowered my face to Mom's again and we began our deep kissing, getting sloppier and sloppier as our emotions began to soar out of control. Mom had her hands on my ass now and pulled me harder against her as I thrust into her soft, wet cunt. I began to fuck her gradually harder and faster, which she obviously wanted me to do. She began to hum and mumble into my mouth as our continuous wet kisses went on and on. At times I could make out words: "Mmmm! I love your...unh!...mmm!...big hard...unh!...dick!...Oooohh, honey!...that feels so...unh!...damned gooooooohh!"

I began to mumble too, saying over and over in words muffled by our kissing and interrupted by grunts as we fucked harder and harder, "Oh, Mom!...Mom!...unh!...unh!...I love you!...unh!...I love you, Mom!...I love you!..."

Now Mom pulled her mouth free long enough to practically scream at me, "Now, honey! Give it to me, honey! Fuck me as hard as you can!" At the same time she was humping frantically up at me, her ass bouncing up and down on the bed and her hands yanking on my ass. I didn't need any urging. I was ready. I began to slam into Mom with all my energy, my big stiff cock plowing into her juicy cunt in a furious assault. Our bellies were actually

smacking together, and the copious fluids in her cunt were causing "squish! squish!" sounds as we fucked lustily. Just at that point, the rain suddenly began to come down in torrents, and thunder began to roll noisily overhead. Again nature seemed to be sharing our emotions. I was ramming Mom's ass deep into the mattress with each savage thrust, and she was bucking her cunt right back up for another plunge. She was moaning and whining continuously now, and I knew that she was right on the brink of a giant orgasm. The heat and the insistent itch in my cock was building rapidly to the point of no return.

The passion of my mother's fucking, her delightfully dirty words, the wet deep kissing, the heat inside her churning pussy, the softness of her ass and tits in my hands, the incredibly stimulating friction of her cunt walls rubbing against my pistoning cock—all combined to overwhelm me, and I soared up and up into a fantastic climax, my cock jerking and spewing its hot juices deep into my mother's uncontrollably humping belly, just as a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. At this, Mom gave a piercing scream and I could feel her pussy muscles just going wild inside, spasming and grasping at my cock.

"FUUUUCCKKK!" she moaned as she twisted and screwed her hips against mine.

Again our mutual orgasm held us both in its torrid grip as we panted and moaned and groaned, as my cum was filling her already saturated cunt again to overflowing. Our bodies again were shuddering violently as body, mind and soul were swept by the overwhelming physical ecstasy, made even more intense by the tremendous love that we shared and the surrender to the overpowering allurements of the forbidden fruit of mother/son incest. This second fuck was, for me, even more exciting than the first, partly because of the way my mother had spoken of all the risks and then decided to dare whatever might happen, and partly because this time I was the dominant fuck partner and had succeeded in bringing my mother to another shattering orgasm. Now I was a real motherfucker! And God, with a mother like mine, that was a title of supreme pride!

After what seemed a long time, I finally collapsed on my mother's sexy body, and she heaved a sigh and seemed to relax at the same time. We lay there with our mouths still just loosely together, panting into each other, my cock still tingling in her juicy pussy. Gradually our breathing slowed to normal, and our hearts stopped racing. Outside the rain again subsided into a gentle patter. God, it actually seemed that nature was reflecting everything that we were doing. Somehow this reassured me. Nature must approve of what we were doing. Maybe mother/son sex really was a natural thing. I had read that practically every normal adolescent boy has fantasies of fucking his mother. Could it be that this is what we were really intended to do?

Now that I had been fucked by my mother and had fucked her in return, my spirits were soaring beyond this earthly plain, and my tongue was inspired to finally tell my mother just what I felt about her—that is, as much as such an overwhelming emotion can be expressed in words. "Ah, my wonderful, wonderful mother, my beloved goddess of love, most gorgeous creature on this earth—I love you with every atom of my mind and body. I am the most fortunate of all men because the most desirable of all women has given me her love!" I know that this sounds corny as hell, but I was really into love poetry, and I was very good in English composition. Never would I have uttered such flowery phrases without exactly the stimulation that I had received on this glorious afternoon.

Mom smiled a beautiful big smile, the smile of a fully satisfied woman who has been freshly and very well fucked. "Oh, my God, honey! When you talk like that, you just turn me to mush. I could just melt right into you. Oh, I love you with all of my being too, my handsome, loving son with the delightful big dick."

We turned on our sides and lay there, still joined at our satisfied genitals, clinging to each other rapturously and continuing to speak words of the deepest love between our open-mouthed kisses. Then we were suddenly shaken by the sound of the front door being closed. One of the family had returned. "Oh, my God!" Mom gasped, jerking her cunt free from my semi-rigid prick. She leaped out of the bed and grabbed her panties, pulling them on despite her leaking pussy. She scooped up her dress and struggled to pull it on over her head. By this time we could hear voices, feminine voices. It must be my sister with one of her friends. We could hear them ascending the stairs as Mom frantically tugged her dress down and stepped into her shoes. Then we relaxed a bit as we heard the voices disappear into Sis's bedroom. "Whew!" Mom sighed. "That was close! I'd better slip down to the bathroom. See you later, honey." One quick kiss and she was gone.

I cleaned myself off the best I could and put my shorts back on. It was only about five minutes later that my father and his brother arrived at the house. But by this time Mom was undoubtedly locked in the bathroom, washing away the evidence of our sin. I was so worn out that I just lay back in my sex-soiled bed and went to sleep, not waking up until it was dark.

I dressed and went downstairs, very nervous about facing the family after my earthshaking experience, which I was sure had transformed me into an entirely different person. How could I behave normally so soon after my rapturous initiation into real sex? I needn't have worried. Dad was in the living room watching TV, and Sis was nowhere around. I went into the kitchen and found my mother just finishing the dishes. My heart jumped into my throat as I stared at that gorgeous woman, her short housedress plumped out fantastically in all the right places by that adorable body that I had now seen in all its naked majesty.

She smiled at me as I entered. "Ah, here's the sleepyhead. I thought that you probably needed some rest after your--uh--hardworking afternoon. I've kept some supper warm for you."

"Thanks, Mom," I said, just staring at her, still in awe of her amazingly explosive sexuality. I sat down at the table, and Mom filled a plate with some of her deliciously cooked food. She brought it over to me and leaned forward to place it before me, her breast touching my shoulder as she did so. Then she put her arm around my neck and kissed me on the ear, sending goosebumps all over my body. She whispered softly, "Love you, baby." I turned to wrap my arms around her, but she restrained me and moved away. "Take it easy, lover. There's a time for everything. Go ahead and eat."

I did so, but kept watching every move she made as she went on with her work. After I had finished, I took my plate over to the sink. Now I hugged Mom from the back, pressing my aroused cock into the crack in her ass.

"Oh, Mom, I love you so much!" I breathed into her ear.

We heard footsteps in the next room, and I quickly moved back to the table and sat down to hide my hard-on. It was my sister, who apparently had just come down from her room. She asked me for some help with her math homework, and I reluctantly agreed. She was taking an advance course in summer school. She had her book with her and sat down at the table, where I was able to clear up her difficulties pretty easily. The rest of the evening, however, there wasn't any real opportunity to be alone safely with Mom. I lay awake a long time that night, thinking of the marvelous events of the day and wondering what tomorrow would be like.

I awoke the next morning to a gentle prodding and looked up to see Mom bending over me, her robe gaping wide open, showing her beautiful big tits. "Move over," she said. "I've got to be with my new lover boy. Your father just left for work, and your sister has gone to school. We have the whole house to ourselves for a while." I moved over and Mom stripped off her robe, standing before me completely nude. I noticed that she had a bath towel with her. "We can keep this under your mattress," she said, "...for emergency use." She laughed softly. "And you know, I feel an emergency coming on."

She started to climb onto the bed with me, but to her surprise, I gently pushed her back. "Mom," I pleaded, "just stand there and let me look at you a minute. I want to get a really good look at your magnificent body." Mom laughed blushing and moved her hands to cover a tit and her crotch. "Aw, come on, Mom! Let me see you."

"Well, OK, but you're embarrassing me." She struck a pose, model style, then pirouetted slowly.

Ah, God! What a woman! Mom had taken time to put on her makeup already, and her already beautiful complexion had a skillfully enhanced glow which made her look radiant. Her deep brown eyes were made even more beautiful by a delicate eyeshadow and a hint of eyeliner. There was a touch of a bright red lipstick on her perfectly shaped full lips. Her skin, all over her body, was a beautiful warm peachy tan, absolutely uniform in every part and without blemish. Her big full breasts swelled out so provocatively, standing out firmly with perhaps a very slight sag, the pink nipples hardened and sticking out stiffly from their brownish-pink areolae. Her waist nipped in nicely, but her hips flared out in a true hourglass form, and her belly, with its cute little navel, was slightly rounded, curving down excitingly to the hairy crotch.

Her ankles were very trim, but her calves swelled out beautifully, her knees were dimpled perfections, both front and rear, and her lovely full thighs tapered outward to meet her broad hips. Her ass was a sculptor's perfect model, deliciously curved, plump but firm, thrusting out in an irresistibly tempting manner, with delectable little creases where the precious cheeks met her thighs. Yes, there was just a very slight hint of marbling in the back of her upper thighs, just that slight imperfection which is even better than perfection. And maybe her curves were very generous-sized ones, but damn, she was well proportioned. As she turned back to face me, I stared at her inviting cunt, her prominent mound, covered with thick, crispy dark brown hair. When she spread her legs apart, I could see her plump, swollen pussy lips peeping through the foliage.

I sat on the edge of the bed and stared at her until she blushed and giggled again and put her hands over her face. Then I reached out and pulled her to me, burying my face in her billowing breasts. I massaged her ass cheeks eagerly as I kissed and nuzzled her tits. She had her hands on the back of my head, holding me lovingly and letting me have my way with her body. I turned her around and stared at her ass, holding her with a hand on each hip. I lowered my face to that fantastic derriere in loving adoration, kissing, licking and nibbling lightly.

Then I turned her back around and nuzzled into her hairy bush. She spread her legs for me as wide as she could and I was able to get my face right into her crotch, rubbing my nose, cheeks and chin all over her damp pussy, kissing and licking at the swollen lips. Mom began to moan and writhe as I stimulated her most secret place with my loving mouth.

Mom was cooperating so well that I knew that she was in the mood to let me do anything to her. I laid her down on her back on the bed and knelt beside her. Then I began a complete tour of her body with my hands and my mouth. I kissed her from her forehead to her toes, licking and nipping at her beautiful warm, smooth, satiny flesh. I really didn't know anything

about oral sex, but I was just instinctively drawn to that coveted love opening in my mother's crotch. I began to pet it and kiss it. I probed delicately inside with my fingers and opened the lips so that I could kiss inside them, then thrust my tongue into the fragrant, tangy softness of her cunt.

Mom was breathing heavily now, twisting and writhing with her hips. She held my head tightly now, sort of directing my eagerly searching mouth. All at once she jerked violently and groaned, "There! That's it!...Right there!...Oh, honey!...Oh, my baby!...Oooooohh!...Oh, you're making your Mommy feel soooo gooddd!"

I licked feverishly at Mom's juicy cunt as she moaned and thrashed about. I had to hold on tightly to her hips, but her hands on my head helped to keep my face buried firmly in her crotch.

Then she groaned, "OH, MY GOD!...HONEY!...BABY!...F-U-U-U-C-C-C-K-K-K-K!"

She clamped down on my head very tightly now with both her hands and her thighs to keep me from moving any more. She was shuddering violently as she soared through an intense orgasm, moaning and whining. I could tell that it was all she could do to keep from screaming. I was being stifled by her firm hold on my head, mashing my nose and mouth against her hot, wet pussy, but it felt great to realize what a tremendous thrill I was giving to my beloved mother--not to mention the tremendous thrill that it was to me to have such willingly allowed intimate contact with this love organ that I had been only able to fantasize about through years of horny adolescent yearning.

Finally Mom gave her characteristic big sigh and relaxed, freeing my head just before I passed out of asphyxiation.

She lay back, all sprawled out, her legs wide open. I crawled up on top of her and lay there with my knees between her thighs, and my upper body weight on my elbows, just lightly lying on her soft, panting body, now hot and sweaty. I stared at her lovely face until she finally opened her eyes, having some trouble focusing them at first. Then I kissed her tenderly and asked, "Did you like that, Mom?"

"Did I like it!" she exclaimed. "My God, honey! If I had died right at the peak of that, I would have died as a happy woman! Oh, God, that was the best orgasm I've ever had in my life! Oooooohh! I'm still thrilling through and through!"

"Does Dad do that to you sometimes?" I asked.

Mom laughed. "Are you kidding? I can hardly get him to touch me there, let alone put his mouth on my--my pussy."

"I'll do it to you every day if you'll let me," I offered eagerly.

Mom giggled. "God, honey, I don't know if I could stand it every day...But I'd sure like to try."

We lay there kissing for a while, as I rubbed my cock up and down her sopping cunt lips.

Mom started stroking my ass lovingly. "Mmmm, honey!" she exclaimed. "Have you ever opened up my life for me! I have never been happier or felt better--or loved anyone nearly so much."

"I'm so glad, Mom," I said. "I want to do everything I can to make you happy. If there is anything at all that I can do for you, just let me know."

"You've already done so much, baby, that I feel that I should be doing more for you." She thought for a moment and then said, "Hey, that's the idea. Get off me, honey."

She gave me a push and I reluctantly climbed off her lovely body. "Now, we have to be fair about this," Mom said, smiling. "Stand back for a minute and let me look at you."

"Aw, Mom," I complained, "I'm not nearly so good to look at as you are." For some stupid reason, I put both hands in front of my cock. "Well, looking at it from a woman's viewpoint, I don't agree, my dear. Now move those hands and turn around slowly."

Protesting mildly and blushing like crazy, I put on my little show for Mom. My cock was standing up at a sharp angle, as hard as it could possibly be, and it bounced up and down as I moved. "Mmmm! Verrrry nice!" Mom purred as she gazed at my nakedness. "Now turn back around here and let me have a close look at that beautiful big pole sticking out in front there."

Mom reached out and took hold of my turgid rod and bent her head over it, examining it closely. "Oooh, it's so lovely, honey!" She petted and stroked my rigid prick and cupped my hairy balls. Then she said slowly, hesitantly, "Back when we were first married, your father forced me to suck his dick several times, and God, I hated it! Maybe if he had been gentle about it, I might not have minded so much, but finally I told him I'd bite it off if he ever tried to stick it in my mouth again.

"Now, though, I have a lot more experience, and I'm more open minded... And with a gentle lover who treats my body with such tenderness...and has such a big cock that makes me feel so good...I think that maybe I could learn to enjoy it. I--I'd like to try—if you don't mind."

"Oh, God, that would be wonderful, Mom--that is, if you're sure."

Mom stroked my cock lovingly. "Mmmm, I'm sure, honey. I just have to have a taste of this beautiful big monster." She had me lie down on the bed, and she straddled my legs on her knees. I assured her that she could stop at any time if she wanted to. Then she lowered her lovely head and gently kissed the tip of my cock, where a bead of precum had formed. She licked her lips and said with a grin, "Hmm, not bad tasting at all."

She began to tentatively lick the purplish-red head of my rod, setting my sensations a-tingle right away. Then she slipped the first inch or so inside her pursed lips and began to suck very lightly. God, what a sight! And what a thrill! Bit by bit she took more of me into her sucking mouth, and she began to apply more pressure. Then I could feel her tongue swirling around the supersensitive ring. I tightened up and held on for dear life to keep from shooting my load too soon.

Now Mom was sliding her mouth up and down my cock eagerly, holding me firmly at the base, as if she were sucking on a popsicle. From time to time she would stop and lick the head thoroughly, then go back to her enthusiastic mouth fucking. I can still see clearly in my mind my mother's beautiful head bobbing up and down over my excited cock. I can still see my happy hard fuck pole appearing, covered with her saliva, and disappearing into her delightful red lips. And I can almost feel that hot, burning, itching sensation as my climax began to spread out from the roots of my cock, through my groin and stomach and thighs, curling my toes and making my whole body one big ball of fire.

"Mom! I'm gonna cum!" I choked, expecting her to pull away and let me shoot. But Mom kept right on sucking, now squeezing my balls and jacking my cock as well with her hands. I couldn't stop it now. Struggling to keep from shouting out loud, I just had to let go and let all that fiery cum boil out of me. And out it came, erupting like a volcano, right into my mother's mouth. She didn't pause for a moment. She just gulped and swallowed it down and kept sucking and jacking. Spurt after spurt of my hot juices spewed into her mouth and were swallowed right down. I thought I would never stop cumming, and the waves of pleasure kept sweeping through my body. Oh, God! Never had anything felt that good before, not even the fantastic fucks with Mom last night.

At last I dribbled the final drops and Mom stopped sucking. She just held my cock in her mouth for some time, however, then licked it off carefully from tip to balls. Then she let go of me and licked her fingers, where some of the cum had dripped down from her lips. Then she smiled at me as I lay there panting. "Yes, my darling boy, that is much better than I remember it. Oh, yes, I could grow very fond of doing this with my handsome young motherfucker."

Then she leaned forward and kissed me, sticking her tongue immediately into my mouth. Her breath smelled like my cum, and I got a slight taste of it too. Ah, a delicious kiss! I'll bet that any young stud who has just been sucked off by his darling mother wouldn't mind such a sexy kiss at all. Mom just sprawled out on top of me then, and we did some marathon kissing. In no time at all my cock was rising again to full erection, rearing its hard head up between her legs. She could feel it and took hold of it again. Then she lifted up her hips and positioned the tip of my straining dick against her soft pussy. Then she slowly lowered herself again, sliding down on my iron rod, forcing it up, up into that juicy cunt once more. Already I felt that that was its home, just where my happy cock had always been intended to be. We enjoyed a long, slow fuck for several minutes. Then Mom got carried away again and rode me fiercely to another grand climax for both of us. We had just barely got finished when we heard Sis returning from her class, and we had to break up that morning's fuck session.

Well, that set the pattern for our whole summer. We fucked almost every morning after Dad and Sis had left. There were many other occasions when my socially active (and, I suspected, sexually active) sister was away from home during the day, giving us other opportunities for sexual pleasure. Sometimes Mom would even sneak into my room at night, with Dad asleep right in the next bedroom. Those occasions were very nerve-racking, but wickedly delicious. When school started again, it wasn't quite so easy to find good opportunities, but we still managed to do a surprising amount of fucking and sucking. When we did get a long period of time together, we loved to lie in a 69 position and gently suck and lick each other for up to an hour, just pleasuring each other and holding off the orgasm until one of us couldn't stand it any longer, and then we would both race to a climax together. We became amazingly good at mutual orgasms. Mom apparently is an unusual woman in that she can be easily stimulated to orgasm in a relatively short period of time.

It is now 9 years after that glorious rainy day. I am 26 and Mom is 49. I got a good job in town, so that I could live at home and continue to fuck Mom frequently.

We still fuck and suck like crazy, and Mom is still the very best piece of ass that I have ever had--or could ever imagine. And, seriously, I still love her more than all the rest of the world combined. Mother/son love, when it is really deep, and when it is sexual besides, is the very best that there is. I am so very, very grateful to the wonderful lady who gave me life and who made my life so completely happy on that lovely rainy day.

The End