

Returning to Mom's Pussy

by marriedtosister

Gorgeous Mom asks to take son as her lover, busy Dad agrees.

mom, mother, son, mother son sex, milf, mother/son, cuckold

"So, what are you saying?" William asked his wife.

Emily sighed, her nightie, a sheer cloth draped over her busty frame and coming down around her, luscious wide hips.

"I'm saying that you're at work all the time, and you're out of town. And I know you're with other women sometimes and I said it was fine as long as you don't get sick or get me sick. But - I need more. I promised you when we got married I would never stand in the way of your career. I want you to succeed. But I need a husband, a man, a friend to be here for me."

William looked at his wife. She was absolutely gorgeous in the evening lights. Her blonde hair draped down around her shoulders, her pink lips, tense with her anger. Her body, as fit as ever, curving around her perfect C-cups into her hips, accentuated by her yoga pants which showed her sculpted thighs. Her passionate green eyes, as beautiful as the day he first met her.

"How do we reconcile that? You want a divorce?" he asked.

"No. I don't want a divorce. You're still my friend, and I still love you. But I want the green light to be with someone else. Not to sleep around like I let you do. To be with someone else, long-term, permanently. It doesn't mean we are done, or divorcing, or anything. It just means my sexual, emotional, intellectual needs being met by another man." she said. She was shivering. She wanted to say this for so long.

William looked at her, almost in shock.

"Look, baby, you've let me stray on all my business trips and I've always been very grateful for that. But it was never permanent. The women I fuck on trips mean nothing to me. You're still the woman I love and honestly your hotter than anyone I've ever touched. No one holds a candle to you in any way for me. I can give up other women if that is what this is about."

"Giving up other women isn't what I need from you William. I know they're just passing fancies for you and I trust your love for me. Even if you didn't have trips and you slept around, I wouldn't care as long as you didn't bring home an STD or get someone pregnant that becomes a permanent drain on our own family life. The need is that I need someone who is here. Regularly. That's my issue." she said.

William stared at her perfect face. She truly was the most gorgeous woman he had ever known. She had pole-vaulted in college and her body had always been sculpted to perfection. She was even more gorgeous now as a thick, young, mother. Her smile still made him melt. He hated what she was telling him.

"I can't be here regularly. I've just worked so hard to build this firm, but what you're asking could destroy our marriage. What if I lose you to this other man?" he said, defeated. He had spent 13 years building one of the top management consulting firms in the world. He was too integral to operations and dropping his travel would crush his reputation and the firm which was netting billions now in yearly revenue.

"It would never destroy our marriage because of the person I want it to be." she said back.

"Who?" he asked.

"Matt. Our Matt." she said. But as she said his name, a calm came over her. A joy. A smile. Her son's name always made her smile. He was the joy of her life.

"Matt? What? He's our son. That's insane." Matt said, but the thought was so absolutely taboo that felt his own pants twitch

a little. Something about this did something to him. The anger and jealousy combined in his heart with something he had never felt before.

"Hear me out. He's our son. He's your flesh-and-blood. He's the smartest, kindest, sweetest man I know besides you. There is no other man I would trust to bring into our bedroom. Think about it. He's the best son we could ever ask for and he is an honorable man. He'd never hurt us or betray us or put our business in public. You'd never need to worry about him blackmailing us for money or taking advantage of your position or connections. Unlike any stranger we might invite he would never ever hurt us." she said, explaining her reasoning. "You're too high-profile and any other man would be a vulnerability. But he'd never hurt us."

"That's true, he'd never do that." William agreed. "But the thought of another man even touching you." he whispered.

"I want you to know something about why him." she said.

"Because he's your son. Your only son. I want no other man fucking me unless he's connected to your cock. You. And the man that your body produced inside me. I don't know if you can understand that honey. I want him because yes he's a wonderful man, a beautiful person, but also because he's the next version of you. He's you. I love you and I want him because in a way, he came out of your cock and entered me.

And I want him to enter me again. But if it was any other man, I can't stand the thought. If he's not your son, our son, or not you, I don't want him. Do you understand? If he fucks me, it's your pride and joy fucking me. In a way, it's you." she said to her husband, lovingly, sincerely. Her panties were wet as she talked about it this way.

William looked at her perfect body, still in shock but finally noticing that his penis was fully erect now as he heard his wife describe her desire for their son. To know that no male line would touch her except his own - there was some comfort in this. Not a stranger, not some outsider. His own progeny. That wasn't so bad. There was even something...poetic about it.

"That's actually beautiful in a way." William said, surprised at how quickly his own acceptance had come.

Emily continued, "And, it would be good for him. I could teach him everything. He'd be the best lover in his age group. The girls his age would love it. What's the worst that could happen, I get pregnant? It wouldn't be like you'd be stuck with some other man's child. Matt and I would raise him, and it would be YOUR progeny too. There's no shame in that. The kid would look just like you too."

William actually thought it over. She was right. For all the perversion this represented, any other person would be a

serious liability. He could be blackmailed, bribed, the secrets his firm kept of governments, corporations, and important figures all around the world could be taken advantage of. A stranger was out of the question. There was a comfort in the idea that only his own progeny would be the one touching his wife. A certain - lack of the same jealous feelings he might have if it were any other man.

"Once we open this door Emily, we can't close it." William warned. "But if you wanted to be with another man, I don't think I'm actually OK with any other man besides Matt. The fact that he's my son, I feel like that makes me OK with it. I'd almost be proud of him." he admitted.

Emily responded, "That's so hot. You like the idea of your son conquering my body the way you did."

William smiled: "You did play hard to get for the longest time. It was a chase. Every guy in high school and in college wanted to fuck Emily Daniels."

Emily laughed, "Yeah, but you're the only man who ever succeeded. It was a chase you enjoyed. You won in the end. No other man has ever entered my body. And the only man who will have me besides you will have been made from your balls. You won me."

"I did" he admitted, proudly.

"And you feel proud if your son wins the chase and gets the same hot pussy that you did - watch him make it his like you made it yours. Two in two for Jacobs' men. The only two guys to EVER fuck Emily Daniel's pussy - father and son. Well, I guess it's Emily Jacobs now!"

She had gotten it on the head. "Yeah, I think I'm fine with it and that's why." he said. "It's weird, I never thought it possible for me to share you like this, but the idea of my son having you, our son, it's hot. For my son to be the only one who gets to fuck the most beautiful woman I've ever known."

Emily asked: "Do you feel like you objectify me by saying it that way?"

William responded: "Honey, I love you. You're the mother of my child, you're my partner for life, but you're also the sexiest creature that has ever been in my vicinity in my entire life. I was the envy of every guy who knew you that you picked me. So yes, a part of me objectifies you. And if there's any man I'd ever share you with, it would be my son. I feel like it's a victory for me too."

Emily smiled, her panties were getting wet just thinking about it. "I don't have a problem with that at all." she said.

"How do you know he'll be up for it?" William asked her.

"Oh I know. I've been leaving my used panties in the bathroom upstairs for a few weeks now. And every day, I find them moved, and a few days ago I found one of them was absolutely covered in cum.

"So he's been jacking off to them?" he asked.

"Yeah. Trust me, I know the way he looks at me. He's 18 and we might be 38 now, but you used to look at me that way when we were 18."

Later that night, their son Matt stood, watching his father shoot another solid ball into the corner pocket in their basement bar.

"Dad that's absolutely insane. What are we really talking about here?" Matt said, almost spitting out his soda.

"It's exactly what I just said son. It's a green light that probably no other son gets." William replied.

"I just can't believe it Dad. It's out of control. You're giving me permission to sleep with Mom?" Matt asked.

"Well, not just sleep. Have a relationship." William responded as he set up his next shot.

"Won't this ruin your marriage?" Matt said. "Won't it ruin our family? Won't you hate me? What do I become to Mom then?" he said. "I love you guys and I don't want this family destroyed. You're everything to me." Matt told his father.

William's eyes teared up a little. This was truly the best son he could have hoped for. His love, his loyalty, his care for them.

"Listen, Matt, marriages are really complicated. There's a lot that goes behind making a marriage work, but what you really need to know is that your mother and I love each other very much, we plan to be together till death do us part, but most importantly, that your being in a relationship with your mother is something that would deepen, enrich, and help our marriage." William explained.

Matt had to understand more. "So you want me to do this? Like, you would enjoy it?"

"Son, I'm going to explain the situation as clearly as I can without boring you or telling you years of our history. Your

mother needs a man she can love, other than me, who will be around regularly for her instead of flying around running a company. We cannot think of anyone we would trust with this other than you. Second, there is something deep inside me and your mother, that wants to see you, our son, take her as a lover. A pride. I don't know how to explain it. The thought of your violating the place that has always been mine and the place you came out of into the world - I want this to happen. I want to watch it happen."

"Well, I trust you. I'm not going to over do it with questions. I have to say, I don't know what this will do to us but Mom is beautiful. I trust her. I've been curious forever. When do we start?" he asked his father.

"You can start tonight." William said.

"Dad, I've never had sex before." Matt admitted.

"That's OK, we'll teach you everything." William responded.

"You think she's hot huh?"

"Mom? Are you kidding she's fucking gorgeous. Every night I go to sleep I dream about pounding her ass into her bed." Matt said, and then remembered who he was talking to.

"Sorry Dad." he said.

William started laughing, realizing how much what his son had just said turned him on. "You don't have to apologize. That's exactly how we were hoping you felt. Your mother was the hottest girl in our high school and the hottest at college and she's only grown more beautiful. Every guy who saw her felt that way about her."

"Wow" Matt responded. "I believe it."

"There's some rules though" William said.

"Yeah, anything" his son responded.

"You have absolutely open permission to do anything with your mom, at any time, going forward." William said.

"Wow, that's my favorite rule. What else?"

"It has to be in our house, or in a hotel room that is private. Nowhere else. We can't have this getting out. Second, I am still your father and she is still your mother. We might say things or do things in bed that might be disrespectful, but after it's all done, I expect you to understand I'm still your dad. And Mom is still your mom. You need to respect us in front of others and at home when it's just us. The only place this rule breaks is the bedroom." William explained.

"Why would it break in the bedroom?" Matt asked.

"You might say things or your Mom might say things that are disrespectful to me. But they have to stay there." William said.

"Dad, I owe you everything. I'd never disrespect you. I'll follow these rules and whatever other rules you have." Matt agreed.

"Ok, let's go upstairs. Your Mom is waiting in a pair of lingerie I bought her, for you." William said.

"You're the best father I could ever ask for." Matt exclaimed.

"I know. Now let's have you go upstairs and fuck the pussy you came out of." William said.

The staircase creaked under Matt's hesitant steps, each one echoing the pounding of his heart. William followed close behind, his presence a steady anchor, his earlier words--"She's waiting for you"--ringing in Matt's ears. The hallway to the master bedroom stretched endlessly, the door at the end ajar, spilling soft, golden light into the dim corridor. Matt's palms were slick with sweat, his breath shallow, but the thought of

his mother--his mother--in lingerie, waiting for him, set his body ablaze with a hunger he'd never fully admitted until now.

William clapped a hand on his shoulder, stopping him just outside the door. "You've got this, son," he said, his voice low, laced with pride and something darker, something thrilled. "She wants you. Show her what you're made of."

Matt nodded, swallowing hard, and pushed the door open.

Emily sat on the edge of the king-sized bed, the room bathed in the flicker of candles that lined the nightstand and dresser. Her red Victoria's Secret lingerie hugged her body like a second skin, the lace bra cupping her perfect C-cup breasts, the panties so sheer they teased the shadow of her curves beneath. Her blonde hair cascaded in loose waves, framing her face, her pink lips parted slightly, her eyes--those piercing green eyes--locked onto Matt with a mix of love and raw desire. She was a vision, sculpted from years of yoga and pole-vaulting, her thighs taut, her hips wide and inviting, her skin glowing under the candlelight.

"Matt," she breathed, her voice a velvet caress that sent a shiver down his spine. "Come here, sweetheart."

He stepped forward, his feet silent on the plush carpet, his jeans tight against the growing bulge that betrayed his nerves and excitement. Emily rose, her movements fluid, predatory, and closed the distance between them. She reached out, her fingers brushing his cheek, then trailing down to his chest, where his heart thudded wildly.

"You're nervous," she said, a smile playing on her lips. "That's okay. I'm here to guide you."

Matt's gaze flicked to the doorway, where William leaned against the frame, arms crossed, watching with an intensity that made Matt's stomach twist. But William's nod was encouraging, his eyes gleaming with approval. "Go on," William said softly. "She's yours tonight."

Emily's hand slid lower, grazing Matt's stomach, then tugging at the hem of his T-shirt. "Let's get this off," she murmured, lifting it over his head. His lean, athletic frame--honed from soccer and youthful energy--drew a soft hum from her throat. "God, you're gorgeous," she said, her fingers tracing the lines of his abs, making him flinch with sensitivity.

"Thanks, Mom," he managed, his voice cracking, and then he winced. "I mean... Emily?"

She laughed, the sound warm and disarming. "You can call me Mom, honey. It's who I am. And it makes this... special." Her eyes darkened, the taboo of her words hanging between them, electrifying the air.

She stepped back, giving him a full view of her body, and hooked her thumbs into the straps of her bra. "Want to see more?" she teased, her voice dripping with promise.

Matt nodded, his throat too dry for words. He couldn't tear his eyes from her--her C-cup breasts straining against the sheer fabric, her nipples faintly visible, her wide hips begging to be touched. "You're so beautiful, Mom," he managed, his voice cracking. She unhooked the bra, letting it fall to the floor, her breasts spilling free--full, firm, with dusky nipples that hardened under his gaze. His breath hitched, his cock straining painfully against his jeans. "Fuck," he whispered, unable to stop himself.

Emily's smile widened, wicked and proud. "Language," she chided playfully, then turned, bending slightly to slide her panties down her thighs, revealing the smooth curve of her ass and the puckered, forbidden ring of her asshole. Matt's world narrowed to that sight--his mother, so open, so utterly his in this moment. The intimacy of knowing her body, of seeing what no son should, sent a surge of possessive heat through him.

"You used to drink milk from these nipples honey." Emily said, her voice sultry, sexy. Somehow, still motherly.

"Considering that the main job of breasts is to make milk, and you're my only child, it's fair to say these were literally made just for you."

"God." Matt said, unable to take his eyes off the heavy pair of breasts before him. Her large brownish-pink areolas framing the most perfect nipples he could imagine.

She climbed onto the bed, settling on her back, legs parted just enough to show the glistening folds of her pussy, the neat triangle of blonde hair framing it. "Come here, baby," she said, patting the space beside her.

Matt took off his jeans and they joined the pile of clothes on the floor. His boxers followed, his cock springing free--thick, veined, throbbing with need. Emily's eyes widened, a hungry edge to her expression. "Oh, Matt," she purred. "You're... impressive. William honey I think he's actually bigger than you."

"Beautiful." William said, watching the scene, and chuckling. "It's better it's an upgrade." he said, proud of his son's massive, thick member.

William's chuckle from the doorway broke the spell momentarily. "Like father, like son," he added, his voice thick with amusement and pride. Matt glanced at him, catching the glint in his father's eyes--not jealousy, but a fierce satisfaction, as if Matt's prowess was an extension of his own.

Matt climbed onto the bed, his hands trembling as he reached for Emily. She guided him, pulling him close until their bodies pressed together, her breasts soft against his chest, her thighs warm around his hips. "Kiss me," she whispered, and he did, his lips crashing into hers, tentative at first, then deeper, hungrier, as her tongue teased his, drawing soft moans from them both. His lean, athletic frame--honed from years of soccer--made her pulse quicken.

Her hands roamed his back, nails grazing his skin, urging him on. "Touch me," she said, guiding his hand to her breast. He kneaded it, thumb circling her nipple, and her gasp--sharp, needy--lit a fire in him. He kissed down her neck, her collarbone, until his lips closed around her nipple, sucking gently, then harder as her moans grew louder, her body arching into him.

"God, yes, Matt," she breathed, her voice a siren's call. "Just like that."

He moved lower, kissing her stomach, her hips, until his face hovered above her pussy. The scent of her arousal--musky, intoxicating--hit him like a drug. He hesitated, glancing up at her, then at William, who nodded, his expression unreadable but encouraging. "Go ahead, son," William said. "Make her feel good."

"Touch me here," she said, guiding his fingers to her pussy lips. Her moans grew louder as he explored, his confidence building with every sound she made.

Matt lowered his mouth, his tongue tentative at first, lapping at her clit. Emily's moan was instant, raw, her hips bucking against his face. "Fuck, baby, yes!" she cried, her hands tangling in his hair, guiding him. He grew bolder, sucking her clit, exploring her folds, tasting the forbidden sweetness of his mother's body. The sharp, tangy juices that poured out of his mother's pussy pooled in his mouth as he swallowed her nectar. His mother's sacred nectar. This was the place that he had once passed through to enter the world. Here he was now, bringing pleasure to this goddess of a woman who had loved him, raised him, and comforted him. He was blessed to be here tasting her most private juices. He stuck his tongue inside her pussy completely, leaving no room between his face and the flesh of her vulva. He began to lick inside her dripping tunnel.

Her moans became screams, her thighs trembling as she neared the edge.

"Don't stop," she gasped, her voice breaking. "Matt, oh God, I'm gonna--" Her orgasm hit, her body convulsing, her cries filling the room as she ground against his mouth, her juices coating his lips and filling his mouth. Matt didn't stop, driven by her pleasure, by the power he held over her in that moment.

When she finally stilled, panting, she pulled him up, kissing him fiercely, tasting herself on his lips. "You're a natural," she whispered, her eyes gleaming with pride and lust.

He kissed her again, lost in her eyes. "I can't believe I was inside you once Mom." he said, rubbing his hand over her right belly, and lower, touching her dripping pussy. "I can't believe I was in you, all of me, and that I came from here. I'm sorry for any pain I caused you. If I was ever a tough to deal with. If I ever lied to you. You've been a perfect mother and I'm sorry if I ever hurt you. You are what would happen if God took Love and turned it into a woman."

He was looking at her like she was the most amazing woman in the world. A goddess. She felt desired, loved, and in that moment, worshipped. Her eyes welled with tears. To be loved

like this, appreciated so fully by her son, as a mother. He was a good son, and a good man. He deserved this.

"My sweet baby." she said, kissing his forehead. "You have nothing to apologize for. You are everything I ever dreamed of in a son. And yes, you were once inside me. Now, I want you inside me again."

Matt's cock throbbed, precum glistening at the tip. He positioned himself between her legs, his hands shaking as he aligned himself with her entrance. Emily's fingers wrapped around him, guiding him, her touch both maternal and erotic. "Slow at first," she said, her voice soft but commanding. "Let me feel you." He moved the massive head of his cock up and down the sacred entrance of his mother's pussy, feeling her juices wet the tip. Just looking at them sent a shiver through his body - his cock wet with her juices.

"William, come here. Come close. Watch." she called to her husband. William came right away, to be right next to them.

"Go ahead son. Take your mother completely." he said to Matt.

He pushed in, the heat of her pussy enveloping him, tight and slick, a sensation so intense he nearly came right then. "Holy shit," he groaned, pausing to steady himself. Emily's laugh was

breathy, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him deeper. He entered slowly, savoring every inch of this place, as if trying to remember the last time he had been here. Emily's pussy was tight and the walls of her pussy squeezed his cock as it dragged with a slick yet powerfully expansive friction against her flesh. She was expanding to accommodate his massive size. To fit him. It was a width she was not used to.

"Oh my baby. Oh my Matty. Oh my baby." Emily whimpered as she felt her son's thick cock invade her motherly flesh and drag against the walls of her most secret place.

"Mom, oh God you feel so fucking good Mom." Matt whispered, his gaze never leaving her eyes as he penetrated her for the first time. Finally he felt all of himself embed inside her, his thick, heavy balls making contact with the flesh of her asshole. "Oh Mommy" he groaned, involuntarily reverting to his old name for her, out of sheer, uncontrollable pleasure.

"I'm here. I'm in you." he confessed.

"You are. You're part of me now. Forever." she responded.

They kissed. Gently. Lovingly. There was no hurry. This was so long in the making. He tasted her tongue in his mouth, sucking it, swallowing her saliva. He raised her arm in the air

and placed his tongue in her armpit, taking her her natural aroma before kissing her there. He wanted to drink all of her in. This perfect woman in whom he had been created.

"Move, baby," she urged, her nails digging into his shoulders. "Fuck your mom like you've dreamed."

The words--crude, taboo, perfect--unleashed him. He thrust, slow at first, then harder, each stroke drawing moans from her, her breasts bouncing with the rhythm. The sight of her--his mother, writhing beneath him, her pussy clenching around his cock--was a forbidden fantasy come to life. He leaned down, capturing her nipple again, sucking as he fucked her, her screams growing louder, more desperate.

Matt's world narrowed to the heat of Emily's body, the slick, tight grip of her pussy pulling him deeper with every thrust. The air was thick with the musky scent of their sweat and her arousal, a heady mix that made his head spin. Her moans--raw, uninhibited--vibrated through him, each one a testament to the line they'd crossed, the taboo they'd embraced. He shifted, angling his hips to hit that spot inside her, and her cry was electric, her eyes fluttering shut as pleasure overwhelmed her. "Fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he groaned, the word Mom a delicious sin on his tongue, amplifying the forbidden thrill. Her hands gripped his ass, urging him faster, deeper, her nails

biting into his skin as she rocked against him, chasing another peak.

His hands on her ass reminded him he had never grabbed her ass like this before. He had never even touched the flesh of her buns. Now, he was grabbing them to pound into her body, feeling the sweat of her buns on his hands, and the muscles underneath she had worked so hard to form. All of this was his now.

Emily felt taken, claimed, and now she realized, she was not only having sex. She was being fucked. She was being pounded by her stud of son. She surrendered to him as he slammed into her body - so far untouched by any man save his father.

The wet slap of their bodies echoed, primal and urgent, and Matt felt a surge of power--knowing he was unraveling the woman who'd raised him, her pleasure his to command. Emily's gasps turned to whimpers, her body trembling beneath him, and the intimacy of it--knowing her every shudder, her every sound--pushed him to the edge, his cock throbbing with the need to claim her completely.

William watched, his breath uneven, his own arousal evident in the tightness of his pants. Seeing his son claim Emily, hearing her moans--moans he'd drawn from her countless

times--filled him with a pride so fierce it bordered on euphoria. Matt was his legacy, conquering the woman who'd been every man's dream, and William felt no shame, only triumph.

"Harder, Matt!" Emily begged, her voice raw. "Fuck me, baby, make me yours!" He obeyed, his hips slamming into hers, the bed creaking under their frenzy. Her pussy gripped him, wet and pulsing, and when she came again, her scream was primal, her body shaking, her nails leaving red trails on his back.

"I'm close," Matt gasped, his rhythm faltering, the pressure building unbearable. Emily's eyes locked onto his, fierce and loving.

"Inside me," she commanded. "Fill your mom, Matt. Give me everything."

The taboo of it--knowing he was about to flood the womb that birthed him--pushed him over the edge. He roared, his cock pulsing, semen erupting in thick, hot spurts, bathing her insides as she'd craved. Emily moaned, her body milking him, her own climax triggered by the feel of her son's release. They clung together, trembling, sweat-slicked, the air heavy with the scent of sex.

As their breathing slowed, Emily kissed him, soft and tender, a mother's love mingling with a lover's passion. "You were perfect," she whispered, stroking his hair.

William stepped forward, his presence grounding them. "Amazing, son," he said, his voice thick with admiration. "You did good."

Matt looked between them, his mother's body still pressed against his, his father's pride shining through. "This... this is real, right?" he asked, half-dazed.

Emily smiled, pulling him close. "As real as it gets, sweetheart."

William spoke: "Rest up," he said, a smirk tugging at his lips. "You've got a lot to learn, and she's the best teacher. I'm going to sleep in the guest bedroom tonight. I want you too to enjoy this first night together." he said.

He kissed his wife on the forehead, and then kissed his son Matt on top of his head. "I love you both." he said.

"I love you William" Emily responded.

"Love you Dad" Matt said, as William walked out of the bedroom and closed the door.

In the quiet that followed, Matt nestled closer to Emily, their bodies still joined, his cock softening but still buried deep inside her warmth. "I don't want to pull out," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion, his lips brushing her ear. "I want to stay like this, Mom, forever." Emily's heart swelled, her fingers tracing lazy circles on his sweat-dampened back. "You don't have to, baby," she whispered, her voice a soothing lullaby, laced with love. "Stay right here, my sweet boy." They intertwined completely, her legs tangled with his, her head nuzzled against his chest, the steady thump of his heartbeat grounding her. Their sweaty, sticky bodies clung together, his cock still nestled in her pussy, their creampie leaking slowly onto the sheets, a testament to their forbidden union. Like a lion claiming his prize, his hand cupped her bun, feeling the sweat on it from their exertions. He wanted to sleep with his hand claiming her like this - dominantly grabbing her ass. He smiled as drowsiness took him.

As sleep claimed them, mother and son drifted off, wrapped in each other's arms, the world fading away until it was just them, bound by love and desire in the candlelit sanctuary of their shared bed. The night was just beginning, the boundaries of their family forever changed, bound by a love and lust that would define them forever.

The kitchen was alive with the sizzle of bacon and the rich aroma of brewing coffee, sunlight streaming through the wide windows to dance across the marble countertops. Emily stood at the stove, her see-through nightie--a delicate, ivory lace that clung to her curves--revealing the soft swell of her breasts and the shadowed outline of her hips. Her blonde hair was loosely tied, strands framing her face, still flushed from the night before. William, in loose pajama pants and a fitted gray T-shirt, flipped pancakes at the griddle, his movements relaxed but his eyes carrying a knowing glint. The domestic scene was almost ordinary, save for the undercurrent of their new reality, a secret binding them closer than ever.

Matt shuffled downstairs, his lean, athletic frame clad only in black boxers, his hair tousled from sleep. "Morning," he said, his voice still rough, a shy smile breaking as he crossed the kitchen. He leaned in, kissing Emily's cheek, his hand instinctively finding her ass, fingers squeezing the firm curve through the thin fabric. Emily yelped, a startled laugh escaping her, but then her eyes softened, remembering--he was hers now, in every way. She turned, pulling him closer, her lips meeting his in a slow, lingering kiss, her hands guiding his back to her ass, encouraging him to grip her tighter. "Good morning, sweetheart," she purred, her voice a mix of maternal warmth and lover's heat.

William glanced over, chuckling as he stacked pancakes. "Easy, you two," he teased, but his tone shifted, pride swelling in his chest. "Matt, I gotta say, I'm damn proud of you, son. The way you fucked your mom last night--hell, you made her scream like I haven't heard in years." Matt's face flushed crimson, his hand still on Emily's ass, but then a grin spread, his shoulders squaring with newfound confidence. "Thanks, Dad," he said, his voice steady, pride mirroring his father's. "I... I'm glad I did her right."

"That your mother you are talking about young man!" Emily said, laughing.

"Damn right it is, Mommy." Matt said, laughing through their silly new dynamic.

They settled at the table, plates piled with bacon, pancakes, and fruit, the conversation slipping into the rhythm of a family morning, yet tinged with their unique dynamic. "So, plans for today," Emily said, sipping coffee, her nightie shifting to reveal a glimpse of nipple that Matt couldn't help but notice. "We need to hit Costco--stock up on groceries and those protein shakes Matt likes. Matt, you've got that history paper due, so carve out time for homework. I'll handle laundry and maybe yoga later."

William nodded, cutting into his pancake. "I've got a client call in an hour and a few meetings, then I'm free till dinner. Maybe we grill tonight--steaks?"

Matt agreed, adding, "Sounds good. I'll mow the lawn after homework."

It was normal, almost mundane, but the glances between them--Emily's lingering smile, Matt's bold stares, William's approving nods--spoke of a deeper connection.

Emily stood, stacking plates, her nightie riding up to tease the curve of her thighs. "I'm heading for a shower," she said, glancing at Matt with a playful spark. Matt rose, his boxers doing little to hide his growing interest.

"I'm joining you," he declared, his voice firm, no longer asking but claiming.

William laughed, waving them off. "Enjoy, you two. I'm out for my meeting--love you both."

Emily blew him a kiss, her fingers lacing with Matt's. "Love you, William," she said, while Matt echoed, "Love you, Dad." William grabbed his keys, leaving them to their moment, the house settling into quiet anticipation.

In the master bathroom, steam curled from the shower, the glass door fogging as hot water cascaded. Emily stepped in first, the nightie discarded, her body glistening under the spray--curves sculpted from years of discipline, her breasts full, her ass a perfect heart. Matt followed, boxers shed, his cock already half-hard at the sight of her. They stood under the water, close but not yet touching, the heat loosening their limbs. Emily handed him a loofah, her eyes teasing. "Wash me, baby," she said, turning to offer her back. Matt lathered the sponge, his hands gliding over her shoulders, down her spine, tracing the dip of her waist with reverence. The scent of lavender soap mingled with her skin, intoxicating him as he worked lower, cupping her ass, his fingers lingering.

He knelt, washing her legs, his eyes level with her pussy, the neat blonde hair darkened by water. Standing, he pressed himself against her, the loofah forgotten, his hands roaming freely now, lathering her breasts, thumbs circling her nipples until she sighed, leaning into him. "You're so beautiful, Mom," he murmured, his voice thick with awe. Emily turned, her hands soaping his chest, tracing the lean muscles of his abs, then lower, grazing his cock, making him gasp.

"And you're mine," she whispered, her touch both gentle and possessive.

Matt's hands grew bolder, one slipping between her cheeks, a soaped fingertip circling her puckered asshole. Emily yelped, a startled sound, but Matt's other arm wrapped around her, strong and unyielding, pulling her flush against his chest. Her tension melted in his grip, the water a warm cocoon around them. "Has Dad ever had you here?" he asked, his voice low, daring, his finger still teasing that forbidden ring. Emily's breath hitched, her eyes meeting his, unguarded and honest. "No," she admitted, almost trance-like in his embrace. "Never."

Matt's lips curled, a possessive edge to his smile. "Good. So you're a virgin back here. If I decide to take this, I'll be the first and only." His words hung heavy, a claim that sent a shiver through her, her body softening against his. Emily's mind raced with the possibility--her son, her lover, claiming a part of her no one else had touched. The thought thrilled her, a secret only they would share, deepening their bond in a way that felt primal, eternal. How would she be able to take him there? He was so, so thick and long. It didn't matter. She wanted to surrender all of herself to him.

"Yes, baby," she whispered, her voice trembling with excitement, her head resting on his broad shoulder, the water washing away any lingering doubts. She felt his finger penetrate her puckered, perfect little hole, just a little, causing her to gasp. "Only you." she responded.