

Aunt Janet's Wheelchair

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I could have sworn my Aunt Janet's tongue brushed against my lips when she kissed me hello. But, I put it down to my imagination and the commotion at the airport.

I couldn't believe how much she looked like my mother, a perfect match. But, after all, they were identical twins.

The identicalness continued from her face and hairdo to the obvious swelling of her sweater, telling me she had the same enormous breasts my mom always was complaining about as being too big.

Where they differed started south of there. Aunt Janet was confined to a wheelchair. She had been the first one off the plane from Mexico City when it landed in Dallas. My mom and I were there to pick her up.

Aunt Janet's legs were shriveled and atrophied due to decades of disuse after her accident.

"Gwen, you didn't tell me how BIG Tommy was!" she said.

"It's Tom," I said quietly, not wanting to make a big deal about it. But, I just turned 18 the week before, and thought I deserved "Tom" now.

"He's big like his dad, over six foot two now. Not short like us, five foot even on a good day," Mom said.

"Venga a dar a su hermana un abrazo!" Aunt Janet said.

"Your Aunt is already giving orders," Mom said, "she's demanding a hug. Mom hugged Aunt Janet with genuine affection. "Mi español es nott demasiado bueno nada más!"

"Your Spanish sounds good to me," Auntie said. "Do you speak ...?"

"No, Auntie, not one word," I said. "I can't even say 'buenos días!'"

Aunt Janet laughed. Maybe too much. “He’s so funny, Gwen, I’m going to adore being around him!”

It took a half hour to gather Auntie’s bags and make it to the van in the parking lot.

Mom said, “Okay, Tom, lift your Aunt into the passenger’s seat, and then store the wheelchair in the back.”

Auntie leaned forward and I put one arm around her upper body, and the other under her legs. I could feel they were like two thin sticks. “Tell me if I’m hurting you,” I said.

“I don’t think you’re going to hurt me, Tommy. Just the opposite in fact.”

I looked at her, not understanding, and she added, “I mean you’re going to be a great help to me, I know it.”

I lifted, and she weighed nothing at all, much less even than my mother’s 95 pounds. The lack of muscle in her legs made her into a feather.

“I have to learn how to do this as we go along,” I said.

Aunt Janet put her mouth next to my ear and whispered, “I have lots to teach you, mi sobrino caliente.”

“What?”

“Here we go, nice and gentle,” she said. When I had her strapped in, she kissed me again, and again on the lips. “Thank you, Tommy, I know I’m in good hands now.”

Mom drove home and I sat in the back so they could talk together. I didn’t catch much of what they were saying because it was all in Spanish. They spoke and laughed, and every once in a while, Mom would let her voice get stern and wag her finger “No” while indicating me.

“My ... how strong you are, Tommy,” Auntie said as I lifted her back into her wheelchair. She dragged her hand hard across my chest and down to my abs.

“Football and track,” I said, kind of flattered to get the attention. “I work out a lot.”

“The girls must love those big muscles.”

“I guess. I haven’t really thought about it.” I lied. Of course I thought about it. Of course I wanted to show off for the girls in school. But, I had never had a serious relationship yet, and high school graduation was just a couple of months away. My sex life had consisted of a few handjobs and blowjobs, but I was technically still a virgin because I hadn’t really fucked yet.

As I carried her, she held me close, pressing those big, soft breasts into me, making me aware of her presence as a woman first and a handicapped woman second.

I looked at her face and couldn’t get over how much she looked like Mom. At 45 years old, neither she nor Mom had one line age line on their faces. Not one gray hair. I always knew my mom was beautiful, with her great smile and those blue eyes. But, it was a “mother” beauty. Aunt Janet had that same beauty, but there was something else, something potent.

Before I set her into the chair, she brought her face close to mine, stroked my face, and whispered, letting her breath fall across my lips as they occasionally brushed hers, “I think this trip is exactly what I needed.”

“I hope you enjoy your time with Mom these three days while Dad is away on business,” I said.

“Do you forget why I’m in this wheelchair, my dear sister?”

Mom and Aunt Janet were having coffee in the kitchen. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but now, couldn’t resist. I stayed silent in the hallway. I could always pretend to be on my way to the bathroom.

Mom had told me that Aunt Janet was in a car accident while they were in their early teens in Mexico. My grandfather had worked for a company that stationed him in Mexico City for 5 years. My aunt never left, went to schools there and then became a successful artist, capturing the culture in a way no other was doing.

“How could I forget? I think about that day, that stupid mistake of mine. I think about it, and regret it every day,” Mom said.

“You took the car and forced me to go along. You, the confident one, always! Thought you could drive.”

“I didn’t force you,” Mom said. “Please don’t think that!”

“I never would have gone. I never would have been in that crash. I never would spend my life like this,” she gestured to her wheelchair, “if I hadn’t been talked into a joy ride with a girl who had more foolishness than driving skill.”

“I wish it had been me. Me that had to suffer. Don’t you think I feel guilty enough? Why do you torment me now?”

“I remind you because I need you to say ‘Yes.’”

“He’s my son, for God’s sake!”

“And such a handsome son. So big, so strong, so sexy.”

“Don’t talk like that,” Mom pleaded. “He’s just a boy.”

“Don’t tell me you haven’t noticed how he’s grown, how he’s matured and become virile. Especially now that your husband has grown impotent for these last five years. That’s a long time to go without sex, without satisfaction, without fulfillment.”

When Mom didn’t respond, Aunt Janet’s voice grew louder: “But, longer than five years is a lifetime. That’s how long I’ve been without a man—because of this,” she shook her chair violently. “You knew why I came here. You said for me to come.”

“I was confused when you pressed me so hard. When you were pleading on the phone. Crying. Now ... now that you’re here ... I can’t allow it.”

“Gwen, my dear sister, you can, and you will. Voy a coger a su hijo. Tommy va a tomar mi virginidad!

“He’s just a boy, just eighteen last week, and we’re so much older. It isn’t right—just because of the age. But, even more, he’s your own flesh and blood, your nephew.

I didn’t catch the Spanish part, but I was getting the idea about what was happening. My mouth stayed wide open in shock as I continued to listen, my feet frozen to the spot.

“Admit it, Gwen. He’s a man. Maybe a boy inside, but definitely trapped in a man’s body, or haven’t you noticed? You’ve seen him naked lately?”

“I taught him to be proud of himself and not be ashamed, so yes, I’ve seen him naked all his life. Don’t make it seem unnatural.”

I’ve never been shy in front of Mom. I don’t go out of my way to walk around naked, but I never hid when she would walk in on me when I showered. I never even closed the door.

“And, he has a big cock?”

“SHHH! He’ll hear you,” Mom whispered.

“He said he was going to nap. A siesta. He won’t hear, and this is our time to set things straight.”

“I wish I never told you about peeking in his room. I wish that hadn’t started this.”

“But, you did tell me two weeks ago. You thought it was naughty and ‘cute’ that you had caught Tommy masturbating. You said you were amazed at how big his cock was, so much bigger than his father’s poor little instrument.”

“Stop! Please stop! It was a mistake to take you into my confidence!”

“Tell me about his cock. You said how thick it was,” my aunt said. I wondered if she really wanted to know, or she was tormenting Mom.

“No. Don’t do this.”

“Tell me, and I’ll stop asking. Tommy’s cock is long?”

I can only imagine how uncomfortable my mother was at this point. I was shocked that she had watched me jerk off. I was both embarrassed to have been caught, and a little angry that my privacy had been invaded.

When my mother didn’t respond, Aunt Janet asked, “How long?”

I crept forward and placed my eye against the crack in the divider between the kitchen and the hallway. Mom’s head was down, shaking back and forth, a silent “No.”

“How long, Gwen? How long is your son’s big cock?”

This time, Mom relented and held up her index fingers wordlessly. She pulled them apart, about nine inches apart. That was a pretty good estimate, because I had measured my penis recently. The result: 9.25 inches. The guys in the locker room called me “Hoss.”

“So big,” Aunt Janet whispered. “And, how thick?”

Mom’s will must have been broken, because she didn’t hesitate. She held up her left forearm and grasped it with the other hand. “Like this.” Her fingers didn’t go all the way around. Again, pretty accurate, because my big hand barely made it around my cock.

“And you saw him ejaculate?”

Mom nodded.

“You had to watch, didn’t you? You had to see. You had to witness what was going to happen, to see the joy of your own son’s orgasm. You waited there hoping for your son to cum, didn’t you?”

Mom shook her head again, but this time it was a slow up and down while she whispered “Yes.”

“And the cum?”

Mom didn’t make eye contact with Aunt Janet when she said, “The look on my boy’s face ... I never saw it like that. It was a grimace, like he was in pain. He arched his head back into his pillow and raised his hips off the bed. Tommy’s shirt was off and his shorts were pulled down.”

“His cum” Aunt Janet prompted.

“He groaned, and then gave little grunts of ‘aahh, aahh, aahh.’ Each time, a thick stream of white sperm and semen shot out of the head of his penis. some went as far as the center of his chest, most he aimed at his abdomen.”

“How many,” Auntie asked. “How many times did he cum?”

“I counted eight. Eight. And then he lay still while I watched. I’m embarrassed now that I watched that, that I violated my son’s privacy.”

“So sanctimonious and contrite now, after the fact, Gwen. But, admit it, while it was happening, you wondered what your son’s cum would taste like.”

“You go too far—“

“You wondered what it would feel like to wrap your fingers around that thing, that cock so alive and virile—not like your husband’s.”

“I should never have told you, never taken you into my confidence with those secrets about my husband.”

“You wondered if you could still excite a real man, didn’t you?”

“Stop it! Please Stop it!” Mom’s voice was on the verge of sobbing, her head hung low, and her shoulders shaking.

Aunt Janet wheeled close, gently stroked Mom's hair and lifted her chin so that they were looking at each other eye-to-eye. Then in a soft voice asked:

"You wondered if you could fit Tommy's cock in your mouth, what it would feel like to contain all those gushes. You wondered if you could swallow all that young, hot sperm. Didn't you?"

Mom whispered one word: "Yes."

"While I'm at the market, take your aunt for a swim," Mom said before she left.

Now I was expected to babysit Aunt Janet.

"Auntie, are you ready?" I called from the hallway outside her bedroom.

"Almost, you impetuous boy!" came her singing voice. "Come in and help me."

I wasn't prepared for what I saw when I entered. Aunt Janet was seated in her wheelchair, her frail, withered legs showing beneath the bikini bottoms she had put on. But, she was topless.

"Tommy, you have to tie this for your auntie!" she said, and held up the tiny matching purple top to the swimsuit.

I turned my head and covered my eyes. "Aunt Janet!" I said.

"Come, come, Tommy," she purred, "you're not shy, are you? Surely your mother hasn't brought you up to be prudish?"

"I just wasn't expecting it," I lied. The truth is that I had never seen my mom naked, and this was the closest because of the identical twin thing.

"You will have to open your eyes sometime if you wish to tie this top on me."

I held my hand out, and Aunt Janet placed the top into it. “Put it on me, dear boy.”

I didn’t know why she couldn’t do most of the work herself and leave just the tying to me. But, I got behind her by feel alone, not opening my eyes until absolutely necessary. Then came the moment of truth:

Aunt Janet’s breasts were beautiful: big and soft-looking with large nipples that were hard and protruding from dark puckered circles that surrounded them. They were sagging a little from their 45-year-old weight, but that made them all the more sensuous.

I knew Mom’s were about the same size, and couldn’t help but wonder if they looked identical.

“Put the loop around my neck,” she instructed.

I did, but just let it hang there in front of her, thinking she would fit the fabric cups herself. She didn’t.

“Continue,” she said.

With shaking hands, I pulled the flimsy fabric over those huge tits and filled it to what seemed to me to be the breaking point. Without being told, I adjusted the top to cover the areas that had not received a tan yet, following the tan lines like a guide.

“There, that wasn’t hard, was it? Now, tie,” she said as she leaned forward to give access to her back. Her breasts gave in to gravity and hung heavily in front of her.

I tied the thin string along the white tanless line on her back.

“Buen trabajo, muchacho hermoso! Now let’s enjoy the water ... together.

“Esto se siente tan bien! I’m loving this, Tommy!”

Aunt Janet had talked me into carrying her into the water. She weighed nothing in my arms, especially with the buoyancy of the water helping.

“I’ll put you on the chaise float, Auntie, and you can lie there in the water. In the sun.”

“Tommy, you would plunk your poor aunt down and make me stay stationary? Don’t you think I’m confined enough most of the time in that chair?”

“Auntie, I want you to enjoy the water. I thought—“

“Then walk with me in your arms and let the water flow over me like I’m swimming,” she said, and tightened her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the mouth. “Pleeeeaase” she whispered.

“All right, for a little while,” I gave in.

I glided, chest-deep through the cool water for about ten minutes. Auntie’s nipples were hard the entire time.

It was obvious she was really enjoying the sensation of being free in the water. That made me become more inventive than merely walking. I ran, moved in various directions, and twirled around and around. Aunt Janet’s laughter and squeals spurred me on to greater efforts.

“Let’s go under water! Please, Tommy, let’s dip down under the surface!”

“I don’t know, Aunt Janet. Maybe that’s a little dangerous.”

“Walk out to where it’s up to your chin, and then bend your knees until both our heads are underwater! It’ll be so much fun for me. I haven’t been underwater since I was a girl. Since”

That sealed the deal. At that moment, I didn’t want to deprive my Aunt. I held Aunt Janet higher in my arms and walked until the water covered my lower lip. “Take a deep breath,” I told her.

With a look of delight on her face, she did, and nodded. I did a half squat that took us both beneath the surface. I kept my eyes open to make sure she was all right. I only stayed under a few seconds and popped us both back into the cool air.

After a long, joyous laugh, she pleaded: “Longer!”

We did a series of “dives,” each longer than the last. On the last, our eyes met and Aunt Janet pressed her mouth against mine and brushed the point of her stiffened tongue hard along my lips. I shot us up to the surface.

“Auntie!”

“That’s to thank you, dear boy!”

“I was glad to do it.”

“I want to go under alone. To feel free,” she said.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. Mom wouldn’t like it.”

“Do you think I need her permission? Do I need it in Mexico? Do I call her to beg every decision I make?”

I must have had a shocked look on my face, because Aunt Janet’s voice softened, and she caressed my face: “Please, Tommy, make your aunt happy for this moment. Let me go under the water alone; I promise to stay right within your reach.”

“Okay, but I’ll be right here and pull you up.”

Aunt Janet took in a deep breath, nodded to me, and I let her go. She sunk beneath the surface and waved her arms, then seemed to be hugging herself. After about fifteen seconds, I pulled her up, I pulled my aunt up into the air.

I pulled my completely naked aunt into the air.

“Skinnydipping!” she laughed. It feels so wonderful. “Let me go under again. Tommy drop me into the water!”

I did what she said, as much in embarrassment as shock.

A second after her head disappeared, I felt my trunks roughly pulled to my feet, and her mouth suck in my cold-water-shrunken penis. Her tongue played around and around as she held my buttocks with both hands.

“AUNT JANET!” I yelled, and made a frantic effort to pull her up. When I pried her loose and pulled, she shot up and wrapped her arms around my neck, leaving her tiny body suspended against me, chest-to chest. Her massive tits trapped against my pecs.

“I can feel it,” she said, “Puedo sentir su polla contra mi vagina. You’ve gotten so hard.”

Aunt and nephew clung together naked above the waist, and naked below the water’s edge. She was right; I had gotten an unwanted erection from either the sight of her body or the action or her vigorous sucking.

The tip of my penis was prodding something warm and hairless—the entrance of my own aunt’s vagina.

“Lower me onto you, mi chico guapo! Toma mi virginidad! Hacer el amor con tu tía!”

“Auntie, this isn’t right!”

“I offer myself to you. I’ve chosen you to be my first. After a lifetime of celibacy, I need fulfillment as a woman.”

I stumbled in the water, my trunks around my ankles tripping me. I fell with Aunt Janet still in my arms, and we both went under. I kicked the trunks loose, and rose again. I expected Aunt Janet to have been startled, but she was laughing.

“So much fun, my big, strong boy. Make love to your aunt. Fill me. Fill me until I scream. Leave in me your seed.”

I, instead, carried her out of the water, and placed her naked body in her wheelchair. As I turned to retrieve our bathing suits from the pool, she said, “It’s because of these!” She pointed to those two withered things which had been legs years ago. “You are

horrified by my debility! You are repulsed!” her voice was rising. “I am not a whole and desirable woman to you. You discard me because I am a cripple!”

“That’s not true!” I yelled back. “Not true at all! I can’t! I just can’t!”

“But, why? Don’t you find me in the least amount attractive—attractive enough to fuck?”

I knelt down and took Aunt Janet’s hand in mine. “I find you gorgeous, beautiful, sexy. But, Aunt Janet, it’s not your disability that stops me.”

“Then ... what could it be?”

“You ... you look exactly like my mother. It would be like having sex with my own mother!” Even as I said it, the shock of the forbidden act rocked my brain.

“Tommy ... Tom ... do you think I didn’t see you spying on us as we talked today? Do you think I pressed your mother so hard to say those words because I was being cruel?”

My mouth hung open at the thought that I had been caught.

“I did it, mi dulce niño, so that you would hear from her own lips that she had entertained desires for you.”

“You made her say those things,” I whispered.

“You can believe what you may, but I know what is in a person’s heart. I can see it in their eyes, their movements, their very breathing. It comes from having to be confined and constrained in this thing.” She shook her chair violently. “My endless hours taught me to observe, and to pay homage to my intuition in interpreting those observations.

“I still won’t believe what you say about my mother. Not her.”

“Do you believe your mother is not a woman first, and a mother second? She is no less confined sexually than I am. Your father doesn’t heed her desires, and she is too much of a devoted wife to find her satisfactions elsewhere.”

“Stop it,” I said.

“Stop the truth? Stop telling you what you know is the truth? Would that make it less of a fact?”

I looked away from her naked form, her thin legs, her carefully-shaved crotch, not able to endure what she was telling me.

“Do you know now your mother suffers without a man’s touch, without his fierce response to her body? Don’t you think your mother is a desirable woman?”

“Not to me,” I said, my voice shaking.

“Don’t you think she could make that massive cock of yours come to life, just as I did in the pool. Your poor crippled aunt giving you an erection—don’t you think your beautiful, healthy, sexually frustrated mother could do the same?”

“That’s enough of this talk. I won’t listen any more.”

“Then, just one last thing. Don’t you think you could with one act of sex, of lovemaking, bring your mother to a climax that would dissolve her doubts of her femininity, her womanhood and validate her?”

I had no answers. Only more questions than I could handle. About Aunt Janet. About myself. And, about Mom.

Aunt Janet didn’t mention anything about our afternoon swim to Mom. And I sure didn’t.

I felt guilty about everything: about being naked and getting an erection with my aunt, about listening in to a conversation that I had no business knowing anything about, and now, for looking at my mom in a way I had never imagined before.

I was noticing her as a woman, how she moved, her figure, and—imagining what she would look like naked. Seeing her sister nude gave me a head start. I wondered if my mom's tits were as nice.

And another thought was haunting me: I felt bad Mom didn't get the sex she needed. And, that led to the thought that left me wondering if I could be man enough to satisfy a woman like that. (I kept driving THAT thought out of my consciousness!)

"Tommy, get your Aunt's medications for her. They're on her bureau," Mom said.

There were three brown prescription bottles. I looked at the labels. Except for the medication, they were in Spanish.

"Thank you, my dear. Oh, just these two," Aunt Janet said. I kept the third, the one that had a dot of highlighter on the label, in my hand.

Mom came in with a glass of water, and Aunt Janet dutifully took her medicine for whatever complications that long-ago accident was causing.

"Here, take these two back," Aunt Janet said. She handed me the two bottles. "And give that other one to your mother so I can take it later."

My mother hesitated as I extended my hand. She looked to Aunt Janet, who said, "Gwen, darling, you know that one needs to be taken on a full stomach."

I thought I saw a slight sign of resignation as Mom slipped the bottle into her pocket. "Dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes," she said.

Aunt Janet went to bed early, and while I was watching TV, Mom came in with a blueberry smoothie, my favorite.

"I want to thank you for being such a help," she said. I know it's not easy with someone else in the house, especially someone as strong-willed and demanding as my sister."

Mom sat next to me on the couch, and like a thousand times before, cuddled against me. But, unlike before, I was feeling her, smelling her, seeing her with a new set of

senses. The “Mom” filter was off. I was looking at her as a woman, a living, breathing, sexual woman.

I tried to concentrate on drinking my peace offering from Mom. We talked and laughed, and then, maybe because of the long day with all its complications, I yawned and told Mom I was going to bed.

I kissed her goodnight. On the mouth.

“TOMMY! BREAKFAST!” Mom’s voice called from the kitchen.

I had overslept.

I lay there a long time thinking about what had gone on the day before. Longer than I would have normally, but today I was moving slow. I didn’t want to get up; I didn’t even want to move.

Mom peeked her head in. “Hey, sleepyhead, breakfast is ready.”

“Okay, Mom, just give me a minute.”

It took me more than just a minute to drag myself out of bed and to the bathroom and then get my clothes on. I felt like I had hardly gotten any sleep at all. Not usual for me.

After breakfast, I felt much better and even went for a run to clear the cobwebs.

I avoided Aunt Janet as much as possible, and she was nothing but cordial when we did speak. Maybe she got the idea that what she had been suggesting was a bad plan.

After dinner, I kept to myself and went to bed early, determined to make up for the previous night.

“TOMMY! TOMMY! TIME TO GET UP!”

My eyes opened, but the rest of my body refused to cooperate. AND, my left forearm stung.

I looked and saw a nasty scratch that had clotted over. I must have scratched myself during the night. There were a few patches of dried blood on my sheets. I'd wash these myself before Mom saw them.

As I was getting dressed, I noticed something else. Little things, mostly. The clothes I had taken off the night before weren't in exactly the same position, the book on the nightstand I had been reading before bed was on the floor, my desk chair was neatly tucked in against my desk.

Little things that I normally wouldn't have thought twice about. But, this morning, because I was taking extra time at every step of arising, they all started to make me wonder "Has someone been in my room while I was sleeping?"

"You're nuts," I finally concluded, and went on about my day.

"Sleep well?" Mom asked. It sounded like her normal voice, but I thought I heard a little concern in it too.

"Yeah, Mom ... fine," I lied. No use getting her all worked up over a couple of nights of restless sleep.

I went to the cupboard to get a juice glass, and saw Aunt Janet's pill bottle there. Mom must be storing it where she could administer the dose during Auntie's meals.

"Look who finally graces us with his presence," Aunt Janet said. "Look how big he has become!" she beamed.

"Tal vez demasiado grande, mi pequeña hermana!" my mother said without turning from the sink.

"Veremos esta noche," Aunt Janet said while looking at me, "Veremos esta noche."

"Care to let me in on the translation?" I asked.

“I told your Aunt that her time here was going swiftly, and this will be our last night together.”

“And I told your mother that tonight will be my happiest yet.”

“I’m taking your aunt to the museum today in the city. We’ll be gone until just before dinner. We’ll have the leftover soup I made yesterday.”

“We must also stop at the pharmacy,” Aunt Janet said. “That’s very important.”

“I understand, Janet. Believe me I understand!” Mom sounded angry.

“Do you want me to go to the drug store for you, Mom?” I offered, not seeing why they should take time out of their trip for a stupid errand I could just as well accomplish.

“No,” Aunt Janet said, “this is something, shall we say, ‘personal.’” She gave me a smile that I didn’t exactly dislike, but didn’t accept as being innocent, either.

I shook off my grogginess a little better than the day before, but I still didn’t feel right until we had all finished dinner.

I asked all the right questions about how their visit to the museum went, pretending to be interested.

I was looking forward to having Dad get home tomorrow, and it being two guys in the house again. Having two women at home was getting old. It made me wonder if Mom felt the same way all the time, being outnumbered.

I said my goodnights and watched some videos on my tablet in bed. My eyes were drooping and I was yawning by the time I put it to sleep and plopped it on my night stand.

“TOMMY! TOMMY!”

My eyes drifted open. Mom was standing over me, shaking me awake.

“We have to leave for the airport soon. Your aunt’s plane. And, your father’s.

It all spun into focus, although much slower than it should have: we were driving to the Dallas airport to send my aunt back to Mexico, and waiting there a few hours until my father’s plane landed.

Mom pulled the covers off me like she had done a million times before when I overslept.

This time I was naked. And I had a morning hardon. “MOM!” I yelled and pulled the sheet over me again, but not before Mom got an eyeful of erection.

“Tommy, you really should wear pajamas. Anyways, get dressed.”

I showered, dressed and had time to grab an orange juice. There was that prescription bottle again. I meant to tell Mom to pack it away with Aunt Janet’s things, but forgot.

“Buenos días, mi amante!” came Aunt Janet’s voice behind me.

“Hi, Aunt Janet,” I said. She had a huge smile on her face. Ever since that time at the pool, things had been relatively “normal” between us. I decided never to say anything and let it be something that was forgotten. Maybe she thought the same thing, because she made no other advances in the days since.

For some reason, she spoke to me in Spanish, which I couldn’t understand:

“Usted no lo sabe, pero ahora mismo estoy lleno de tu esperma.”

“What?”

“I wanted to thank you, Tommy. During my visit here, your presence has filled me with ... let’s say, joy!”

“It was my pleasure, Aunt Janet.”

“It certainly was, especially cuando me jodiste. Cuando me hiciste llorar de placer, cuando se metió la mano en las partes más lejanas de mi vientre!”

“That’s enough,” my mother said. She had heard the last of Aunt Janet’s words as she entered the kitchen.

“Gwen, don’t be cross with me. I was merely expressing my gratitude to my handsome nephew. Gratitude for welcoming his aunt and making her stay so memorable. Didn’t you find it memorable too, Gwen”

“We have to get going, Janet.”

“¿No te gusta ver a tu hijo meter la polla dentro de mí?”

“Stop it!”

“¿No estabas emocionado de ver a su hijo a la mierda tu hermana? Yo sí creo que eras un poco celoso.”

I felt increasingly uncomfortable with the tone of their voices. “I’ll pack up the car,” I said to get out of there.

The atmosphere was cool between the sisters during the ride to the airport. Checkin was pretty easy, they waved Aunt Janet in her wheelchair through, and the last view of I got of her was a kiss she blew my way.

Mom and I went to a coffee shop and sat in silence while we waited for Dad’s plane.

“You want to tell me what was going on with you and Aunt Janet?” I asked.

Mom didn’t answer.

“Come on, Mom, it was obvious that something she said or did bothered you. What was it?”

“Tommy ... Tom, my young man, sometimes we’re faced with decisions that have no clear right answer. Sometimes the right solution is so tied up in emotions and

obligations you can't see clearly. Sometimes you do things with the right intentions and hope for the best.”

“Is that what happened with Aunt Janet? Because of the accident?”

“I have felt guilty every day of my life because of the stupid act of a teenaged girl. That accident, I thought it would forever haunt me. Your aunt knew the power that day long ago had over me, and used that power. I thought I was going to finally purge my guilt, but now, I think I've only traded it.”

“What do you mean, Mom?”

She leaned against me and I put my arm around her tiny body. “Nothing to worry about, Tom. Everything will be all right.”

“I want to know—“

“Hey! There's my family,” Dad's voice called out.

Mom had texted our location, and Dad had found us before going to claim his luggage.

“Miss me?” he asked with a laugh.

“Of course we did,” Mom said without too much enthusiasm.

“I bet you have some stories to tell about that sister of yours.”

Mom almost looked startled, and quickly responded, “Just a lot of catching up and girl talk.”

“Hope you were able to stay out of her way, Tommy.”

This time, it was me who felt uncomfortable, remembering the incident at the pool.

“Yeah, Dad, no problems.”

I thought Mom gave me a strange look: one that had concern, sadness, and anger all mixed together.

“I’m ready to get home,” Dad announced. “I miss my bed.”

The word “bed” made me think of a reason I wanted to get home too.

Dad drove and Mom sat in the passenger’s seat. I was in the back as usual when we were together as a family. Dad was the man of the house, in the driver’s seat, so to speak.

Mom kept turning to look at me during the ride, something that seemed out of the ordinary, but I dismissed it as being residual tension from Aunt Janet’s visit.

After I unloaded the car, I made directly for my room and closed the door. The day before I had installed an app on my tablet called MoDet Plus. It was a motion detector for your camera. If it sensed any movement in the room where it was pointed, it would start recording video and upload it to your storage account.

I had used it the previous night for the first time.

I grabbed my tablet and saw it had recorded something. I thought it was probably me tossing and turning in bed. It wasn’t. After watching for about thirty seconds, I stopped the playback and ran to the kitchen.

The prescription bottle was still there; Aunt Janet hadn’t taken it back to Mexico with her.

I opened it and looked at its contents. There were lots of aspirin. But, there were other white pills the same size. These had a cross etched on one side and the word “ROCHE” and the number 2 inside a circle on the other.

I took a macro photo of it with my phone and uploaded it to a search engine’s image query.

Immediately, it found similar pictures from all over the web: Flunitrazepam. Or rohypnol. Or, as is more common—roofies. Illegal in the United States, but perfectly legal, guess where: Mexico.

Aunt Janet had taken a chance getting them through customs coming in on her flight. She had rightly thought they wouldn't look too closely at a woman in a wheelchair with other prescribed medicines. Or, maybe she was just plain lucky. Lucky for her, but not so lucky for me.

I fished out a half dozen of the roofies and put them in a baggie. Then I headed back to my room to watch the whole video taken the night before.

“Shake him, shake him like last night,” my aunt said.

I had my bluetooth earphones on and was watching a scene that was shocking me. It was dark except for the light coming in from the hallway. Silhouetted were two figures, one in a wheelchair, and one standing by my bed. The angle of my tablet had been perfect to capture what was happening, and the motion detector app did its job.

The standing figure shook me, easily at first, and then more vigorously. “Tommy,” it said quietly. Then, more loudly, “Tommy!” Then shouting, “TOMMY!”

The voice was my mother's.

“Roll him to one side of the bed, then put this towel down,” Aunt Janet said. “And turn on the light.”

“No, let it be dark. At least let it be dark, please.”

“Gwen, turn on the goddamned light. I want to see him.”

The light beside my bed went on. Mom was in her pajamas, but Aunt Janet was naked in her wheelchair.

“Before you roll him, take his t-shirt and underwear off.”

“I can't, Janet. I can't strip my own son naked.”

“I tried this alone for two nights, and you see where I’ve gotten. This is my last chance. My last chance. Do it!”

Mom struggled to get the t-shirt over my head, and had to use all her strength to accomplish the task. She had an easier time with my shorts physically, but you could see from the expression on her face that it was an emotional ordeal.

“Look at it, Gwen. Look at your son’s huge cock!”

Mom tried not to look, but her eyes were drawn to my crotch.

“Now roll him and put the towel down,” Aunt Janet commanded.

Mom managed to do exactly what she had been instructed to do, albeit reluctantly. Then, without further verbal commands from my aunt, helped her onto the bed in the supine position with her withered legs spread.

“You remembered the lubrication we bought today?” Mom asked.

“Of course, don’t you think I learned anything from last night? Now roll Tommy on his back and get him hard.”

Mom whispered, “Nooo. I couldn’t do that.”

“Gwen, we’re almost there. With the legs you’ve cursed me with, I’m not exactly mobile. now DO IT!”

Mom looked at me, then looked at my penis specifically for a long time.

“Gwen, you know you want to; you know you want to see what it’s like when it’s hard. How long has it been since you saw a hard cock this close? How long has it been since you had a real man?”

“Stop it! He’s my son for God’s sake.”

“But, you have to admit, mi hermana frustrada dulce, that Tommy is not only your son, but a strong and virile man. Stroke it, take it in your hand and stroke your son to his full hardness.” These last words from my aunt were a hypnotic whisper.

To my shock, Mom’s right hand reached out and touched my flaccid penis with her palm. She rolled her fingers over it, lightly at first, then with more vigor and speed.

“Nothing’s happening,” Mom said. “maybe the drug was too strong. Maybe it’s a sign—“

“Use your mouth,” Aunt Janet commanded.

“No! This has gone too far. I’ve done my part. You can’t expect me”

“Use your mouth. Imagine the taste, the feel of a hard cock in your mouth. Think of the power you have as a woman to excite a man again.”

Mom was shaking her head, the same head that was getting closer to my body. So close that rested her head on my thigh as if exhausted by the struggle.

“That’s it, Gwen. Now just stick your tongue out and lick the end. Just the end.”

Mom did, and my cock gave a jump, both on the screen and in real life.

“Suck the head in, suck it completely in.” Aunt Janet’s voice was a song Mom was lost in.

She opened her mouth and took the head of my penis in, held it for a moment, and then I saw her cheeks hollow as she sucked.

She didn’t need any more coaching from there. Soon she had my whole flaccid cock in her mouth, and she kept pulling her head up to expose it only to plunge back down on its entire length. But, she could only contain the entire length for the first two repetitions. After that, blood started engorging it until she could barely keep her mouth around my thickness and only about four inches inside.

Unconsciously, Mom’s hand started jerking up and down. Mom was giving me a blowjob. “Oh my God!” I said as I watched.

“That’s enough,” Aunt Janet warned. “He’s only good for one. I found that out the first night. If you make him cum, we’re finished.”

Mom pulled her mouth off me and pumped one last time. The precum that bubbled up got gobbled in one long last lick.

“You push and I’ll pull,” Aunt Janet said. She grabbed my wrist farthest away from her and pulled with all her might, starting to roll my body on top of her. Mom used both hands on my back and drove with the force of her legs until I finally plopped on top of my aunt.

It took less than thirty seconds for them to roughly line me up. “Hurry. Guide him into me before he loses his erection.”

I saw Mom go between our legs and fumble about. “Do you feel it?” she asked. “It’s there. It’s right there.”

“Yes. I feel it at the entrance of my vagina. Stroke it gently to try and get him to make some fucking motions. Push his butt to get him started.”

Mom did all this and everything else she could think of. Finally, my hips started to move with a rhythm.

“AAAAAGGHHH!” screamed my aunt. “TOO BIG! SO BIG! He’s tearing me.”

But, there was no stopping me now I had found that tight tunnel. Natural, primal instincts took over.

Aunt Janet’s screams subsided, and were replaced by rapid and heavy breaths. Sweat beaded on her face and arms. After about a minute, a decided change took over: she began to moan.

“Dios mío! Dios mío! Dios mío!” came from her like a chant. “Yo ya no soy virgen! Su hijo me ha hecho una mujer!”

“Tommy ... Tommy’s fucking you!” Mom said. “My son is fucking you!”

“YES! Fucking me with his big cock. I will make him cum and capture his sperm inside me! My sister—don’t you wish it was YOU underneath this rutting animal!”

Aunt Janet never heard Mom’s denials or saw the shock on her face.

Aunt Janet instead concentrated on stiffening her body, letting out an ear-piercing scream, and then shouting, “YA ME VENGO! YA ME VENGO! Your boy is making me cum!”

That’s when I stopped humping and drove deep and stayed there while giving one loud, “AAHHHHH!” And I knew that was the moment I was shooting all my hot sperm and semen into a woman, losing my own virginity. That woman happened to be my own aunt.

I was in shock. A shock that had a combination of anger, embarrassment ... and excitement.

I couldn’t believe I had actually fucked my Aunt Janet. I couldn’t believe that she had wanted to have sex with her own nephew. And, I couldn’t believe my mother would help her.

Plus, I had watched my mother suck my cock. My dear, sweet, innocent, tiny mother—stretching her lips around my penis and licking up the juices that ran from it. Getting me hard, preparing me—for my aunt, her sister, her twin sister.

My emotions were all mixed up. I felt violated, and yet I felt happy that I had fucked a woman.

I didn’t know what to do. Should I keep it a secret? Should I confront Mom? Should I tell Dad?

I thought over all that had gone on during the last few days: all the conversations I had heard, all that Aunt Janet said, and all manipulations I had been the center of.

I went over several plans of action, but finally decided what I was going to do right before a late dinner.

Mom made one of Dad's favorite meals, pot roast and mashed potatoes with gravy.

"It's good to be home," Dad said. "I missed you both, I missed my home, and I missed sleeping in my own bed."

"And you missed seeing Aunt Janet, Dad," I said with false cheeriness.

"How did you get along with your aunt?"

"She was nice. She treated me like a grownup," I said and looked at Mom. She stopped eating and gave me a guilty look for a second.

"My sister said Tommy has grown into a fine young man," Mom said.

A fine young man who fucked his cum into her. That's what I wanted to say, but didn't. Instead, I lifted my glass and toasted: "Welcome home, Dad. The man of the house is back!"

We all three drained our glasses.

"MOM! WAKE UP!" I shouted. It was 11 o'clock, a couple of hours after my parents had gone to bed. My dad had said he was exhausted from the trip.

"MOM!" I shouted again. I turned her night stand light on.

Dad was on his back, mouth open and breathing rhythmically. He didn't stir.

Mom, on the other hand turned toward me, opened her eyes, and said, "Tommy, what is it? What's the matter?"

"Mom, I wanted to share something I just watched."

“You woke me up for THAT! Young man, that can wait until morning. Now go back to bed!” she said in that “I’m your Mom and I’m the boss tone.”

“I think you and I should watch this alone now, or, we can watch it with Dad tomorrow.” I held up my tablet and pressed play. The scene clearly showed Mom sucking on my penis.

Mom’s eyes widened and her mouth opened without any words coming out.

“Look what happened when I was trying to sleep, Mom! Look what you and Aunt Janet were doing AFTER YOU DRUGGED ME!” I shouted.

“Shhh! Your father. Let’s go into the kitchen and talk this over.”

“Oh, we’re going to talk it over. But, we’re going to do it right here.”

“Please, I can explain, but please don’t wake your father!”

“I won’t wake him, Mom. I couldn’t if I tried. You know why? Because I gave him one of those special pills you and Aunt Janet fed me for three nights!”

“No ... please, Tommy. Please try and understand. I didn’t mean for this to happen. It all got out of control. I’ll try to explain in the morning.”

“You’re going to explain right now. And, if you need to refresh your memory, let me show you what else you did.” I played the clip where Mom was fitting me into Aunt Janet’s vagina. “Look, Mom, you’re helping me fuck your own sister. How could you do that?”

Mom started crying. Tears flowed without sobbing or any sound.

“She was supposed to seduce you. You were supposed to willingly go along with her plan to finally lose her virginity. She played on my guilt, so I went along with it, thinking it would remain a secret between you two.”

“But, that didn’t happen, did it. Didn’t it mean anything to you that I had refused?”

“She has a hold on me, and had brought those pills just in case. I begged her not to use them, but she pressured me that first night to put one in your smoothie.”

“And what happened?” I asked because I had no memory and no video record to fall back on.

“I wouldn’t accompany her to your room. I couldn’t bear to know what was happening. Your Aunt Janet found it difficult to give you an erection, so she used her mouth. She used her mouth too long in her excitement and you ejaculated, robbing her of the chance to have intercourse, because she couldn’t get your erect again. Probably ... the drug.”

“And so, she tried again the next night?”

“Yes. This time you tore her hymen . Deflowered her, but she couldn’t take the pain because she wasn’t lubricated. She called me to help her clean the blood. Luckily she had put down a towel, but there was some on the sheets. Your Aunt scratched your arm with her nails, hoping you’d think it was your own.”

“So that’s the reason you went to the drug store—to get some damned lubrication so she could try one last time.”

The tears had stopped. Mom’s eyes were red and puffy. She sat on the edge of the queen-sized bed in her pale blue sleeveless nightgown.

“Your Aunt pleaded with me all day to help her. She said it was her last chance. She used every argument to make me feel responsible, guilty for her condition. I finally agreed, but didn’t ever realize how far my involvement would go.”

“Like sucking my cock?” I spat the words at her.

“You have to forgive me for that. Please, Tommy, forgive your mother!”

“You did that without my permission, right?” I asked.

“You have to. You have to forgive me.”

“Get up, Mom,” I said while pulling her to a standing position.

“That was without my permission. THIS is without your permission!” I said as I guided her arms straight over her head. She held them there.

“What are you doing?”

I grabbed the hem of her nightgown with both hands and roughly pulled it upwards, forcing the thin fabric to fly completely off her body, revealing that she only had panties on underneath.

Mom stood there trying to cover her huge breasts (which looked all the bigger on her tiny body). “TOMMY!” she screamed.

I had surprised her, but the surprises weren't over. I took hold of the waistband of her panties and pulled them down to her ankles in one tug. She staggered as she tried to take a step, and I took the opportunity to push her unbalanced posture onto the bed. I then ripped the panties off her feet.

My naked mother now lay on my father's bed, the one that he had been yearning for.

I had seen Aunt Janet naked. Where her legs and butt had withered away from disuse, Mom's body was fit and toned. She had muscular, tanned legs and a killer butt. There was also another difference: Mom had a full, dark bush covering her pussy.

“What are you doing?” Mom said. “Are you crazy? I'm your mother!”

I didn't answer, but took off my t-shirt and dropped my shorts to the floor. Now we were both naked.

“You didn't ask permission to suck my cock, so I guess I don't need permission for this,” I said. Then I grabbed Mom's ankles and bent them back towards her head. I leaned in and with one long lick of my tongue slid across her asshole, vagina, and parted all the entangled pubic hair between her labia. I stopped short of her clitoris.

“NOOOOO!” she screamed.

“How do YOU like the same treatment you gave me?” That’s when I sucked at her clitoris.

“NOOOOO! STOP! STOP! AAAAAHHHHGGGHH!” A long, loud sigh of air escaped her.

“You wanted me to stop. Okay, I stopped,” I said as I let go of her ankles. I took her by the wrist and pulled her up again to a standing position by the bed, facing me. Her face barely made it to my ribcage.

“We can’t be like this—not naked. Not both of us naked here. This has to stop.”

“Mom, first we’re going to have a re-enactment of your performance from last night. It shouldn’t be too hard because you already did it once.”

“What do you mean? This has to stop here, right now!”

“What you’re going to do right now, Mom, is suck my cock!”

“I’ll never do that again,” she whispered.

I pushed down on her shoulders, but she didn’t budge. “You’re going to suck my cock, just like you did last night.”

“No, never. I can’t. That was a mistake. I was forced to do it.”

“And you didn’t enjoy it at all?” I asked.

Mom said nothing.

I pressed on her shoulders again, but she was remaining strong.

“No, Tommy. I won’t make that same mistake again.”

“I guess, since you won’t answer me about whether you enjoyed it, I’ll need another opinion. Never mind then, I’ll ask Dad tomorrow when I show him the video.

“You wouldn’t dare!” Mom hissed.

I pushed down on her shoulders, and slowly, Mom’s knees bent, lower and lower until she was kneeling on the floor in front of me. I took her hand and guided it to my cock. she didn’t resist, but waited a few moments before pumping it in little strokes.

“Suck it, Mom! Like last night, suck my cock until it’s hard.”

After watching the video, I hadn’t expected the extra thrill I got of actually, live and in person, seeing my mom’s mouth take in my penis. I had to promise myself not to cum as she bobbed her head on and off it until it was as erect as it ever was going to become.

I surprised Mom when I said, “Okay, enough,” and pulled her to her feet.

“I did what you said, now lets end this,” Mom whispered.

“Oh, we’re going to end it. Just in another way.” I reached behind Mom with both of my big hands and cupped her firm buttocks. They felt like two big grapefruits.

I lifted her light body easily, and her arms went around my neck to keep her balance. I kept lifting until her tits were in front of my face. Against Mom’s repeated protests, I feasted on them, sucking their hard nipples until she had no more words to say, just heavy breathing.

Her legs had unconsciously wrapped around me to support herself and keep her legs from dangling. I pulled her butt towards me and trapped my cock tight against her stomach.

“How do you like me sucking on your tits, Mom? You’re breastfeeding me again!”

“Stop this! You have to—“

I’ll never know what else she was going to say because I covered her mouth with mine and stuck my tongue in just far enough to meet hers. She struggled to disengage, but I didn’t let her. I pulled my tongue back to drink in all her saliva and then thrust it in again. There was less resistance.

I pulled her butt cheeks apart enough to sneak my middle finger across her exposed asshole.

“Hmmpphh!” she gave high-pitched squeal muffled by my mouth.

I began to lift and lower her butt slowly, knowing that at that height and at that angle, my cock must have been sawing against her clitoris.

“Uummm, uummm, uummm,” she groaned into my mouth. Now her tongue began its own play.

I lifted Mom away from me so my cock sprung free and then ran it up her backside. Its shaft was getting soaked by her wide-open vagina. I pulled back and forth, each time my cockhead snagging a little on the entrance of her pussy.

“TOMMY! Be careful. Be careful; you don’t want to accidentally—“

“No, Mom. I don’t want to accidentally. I want to ON PURPOSE!”

Mom’s eyes widened and looked directly into mine, “You can’t. We can’t!”

I lowered Mom slowly, inch-by-inch, as her slick vagina welcomed home her son for the first time in eighteen years. She struggled and writhed and cursed and screamed. She protested that it was too big and that it was too thick and that it hurt too much.

But, I didn’t stop. I didn’t slow down, and I didn’t speed up. And as her stretched vaginal lips met the base of my cock and nibbled at my pubic hair, I pulled her her even tighter against me, forcing myself even deeper.

When I had entered the room, I had been her son and she had been my mother. Now, she was a woman, and I was a man, and were were in the midst of the most primitive and vital of activities our species does: mating.

“Ohhhhh! So deep! It’s been so long since ... since”

“Move your hips, Mom, slide yourself on and off.”

“Don’t, don’t ask me to,” she whispered into my ear.

“You need this, don’t you, Mom? You knew you needed it when you saw me with Aunt Janet.”

“Don’t torment me. Please don’t. Just get this over with,” she said.

“Move your hips,” I said again.

In her bedroom, in Dad’s bedroom, my tiny mother was held suspended above the carpeted floor, motionless—except for her hips. They were twitching, and that twitch turned into a grind, which led to full-fledged humping. My mom soon was pulling herself off my cock, only to ram herself down on it again. All in my arms, three feet above the floor.

“Oohh! Ooohh! Oohh!” she chanted with every motion.

“Tell me you need it, Mom!

“No, nooo. Don’t make me.”

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“I won’t. Please ... I can’t,” she whispered in my ear.

I held her hips still so she couldn’t move. I held her like that for fifteen seconds or so.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

She whined incoherently for a while and then said, “Yes!”

“Yes what?”

“YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME LIKE YOU FUCKED YOUR AUNT!”

I walked to the bed and, still carrying Mom walked across its width on my knees until I got to the spot I wanted. Then I fell on top of Mom, driving inside her with all my might.

“AAAAHHHGGHH!” she grunted. “Not here, no, please. Not next to your father!”

I had positioned her head to be within inches of my Dad’s face.

I fucked now for real, just like I had in the video. Fast and hard.

Mom lost all sense of where she was, maybe even who she was. She thrashed and met every one of my thrusts with her upturned hips.

“DAD!” I shouted. “DAD! LOOK! LOOK!

My Dad, through the haze of the drug, gave one “Whaaa?” and then drifted off again.

“DAD! I’M FUCKING MOM! IN YOUR BED, I’M FUCKING MOM!”

Then all three of us were silent except for grunts and furious breathing.

Mom’s tight pussy finally got to me and I felt my cockhead swell before I let loose a torrent of hot sticky mess deep in Mom’s womb. But, I kept fucking even after that until Mom shuddered and screamed near Dad’s ear:

“I’M CUMMING! NOW! NOW! I’M CUMMING!

And, it was over. Maybe Aunt Janet had popped my cherry, but forever I would count this as my first fuck. The night I fucked my own mother. The night I made her cum in Dad’s bed while he slept, oblivious.

I pulled out, and my mother was spent, maybe even unconscious, I don’t know.

Before I threw a sheet over them, shut the light, and left, I noticed what the guys called a “creampie”—a river of thick white flowing out of Mom’s hairy vagina as she lay there with her legs apart. Her little womb evidently wasn’t big enough to hold all her son’s seed.

I got something to eat, then took a long shower. The water soothed my mind and made me think of all that happened:

1. Aunt Janet tried to seduce me.
2. I got drugged three times.
3. Aunt Janet, with Mom's help (including a blowjob), got me to fuck her.
4. I fucked my mother.

This was quite a week. One I would never forget. A couple of things that didn't get on the list because they were part of the other items, but noteworthy nonetheless were:

- A. I fucked identical twins within 24 hours (that the twins were my mom and her sister made it even more special).
- B. I fucked Mom in Dad's bed with him right there.
- C. I made Mom cum (gave my own mother an orgasm and filled her with my cum!).

Maybe I would continue to make lists all night!

I couldn't sleep. After being groggy and getting extra hours of sleep all week, maybe I'd be awake all night.

I heard the shower, and thought Mom must be washing the evidence off her before morning. I wondered if she would have to explain a crusty wet spot on the bed.

I was reading when I heard a light knock on the door.

"Come in," I said.

Mom stuck her head in like she'd done a thousand times before. But, this was the thousand and one-th time, and it was different. "Saw your light. Can I come in for a minute?"

“Sure Mom.”

She had on her blue satin robe Dad had bought her in San Francisco the year before.

“We have to talk,” she said.

“I know. About everything.”

“We crossed a line tonight that we shouldn’t have. We’re mother and son, not lovers. And we have to go back to that relationship tomorrow.”

I threw back the sheet. I was naked.

“Oh my God, Tommy! Stop! We need to talk.”

“Look at me, Mom. Look at what you do to me.” It was obvious what I meant. My penis was almost totally erect.

“Let’s just talk, Tommy.”

I reached out and took the end of her robe tie in my hand and pulled. The robe came apart. Mom tried to hold it together, but I pushed it off her shoulders, And she let it fall to the floor, leaving her freshly-showered naked body before me.

“Tommy”

I pulled her by the hand, and she came reluctantly to my bed. She lay next to me and I cradled her head with my arm. After a few seconds, she relaxed and snuggled against me.

“This is so complicated now,” she said.

I lightly kissed her lips and let her talk between kisses.

“I never expected this. I never expected to be naked in bed with my son, who was also naked. I’m sorry, Tommy. I’m sorry for what I let my sister do to you, and I’m sorry for what we’ve done.”

I kissed her again, and again. Not hard, and not with any real desire, but with affection. I was trying to tell Mom, I guess, that it was all right.

“I’m glad, Mom. I’m glad it happened. At first I was mad, but after thinking about it, I’m happy for both of us.”

“I don’t see how you could be happy about being taken advantage of.”

“You could look at it that way, and maybe at first I did. But, then, when I was taking my shower, I thought that finally maybe you don’t have to feel guilty any more about Aunt Janet’s accident because we bought you out of it. You paid your debt to her. I bought it by fucking her. That’s the bargain she made, and now I’m glad she did because you’re free.”

Mom was silent, and her eyes didn’t blink, like she was letting that sink in. I kissed her again, and this time she kissed back. Just lightly, like I had been doing.

“Don’t ever let her hold that over your head again, Mom. You’re free now. I may not have known what I was doing when I made Aunt Janet cum, but I want you to know I would have done it willingly if I knew it would make you free of her.”

“That makes me feel so much better, Tommy. I thought I was trading in one guilt for another. Guilty about what I let her do to you. What I let her talk me into.”

“Is that what you felt, guilt, when you were watching me fuck her?”

“That, and”

“What, Mom?”

“Okay, I’ll be honest with you. When I was watching what you were doing to my sister, that you were able to give her so much pleasure, I felt jealous.”

“Jealous?”

“Your father, with his work and maybe getting tired of me, or whatever, has completely lost interest in sex, both physically and emotionally. It has been years since we’ve had relations.”

“Sorry, Mom. It must have been hard to watch me and Aunt Janet.”

“It reminded me what sex was like in its rawest form. Two bodies pleasing each other, hungering for each other. And added to it was the fact that she was initiating you, my son, into sex, taking your virginity. I was jealous of that too.”

“But, we had sex too, Mom.”

“And that’s the even more complicated part. Aunt Janet and I forced sex on you, and then, you, reacting, forced sex on me.”

“Didn’t you enjoy it, Mom?” I said and kissed her.

“I did. And I’m confused and guilty about that too. It only proved to me how much I needed it, how much my body craved it after being deprived for so long.”

“I’m glad it happened, Mom. I’m glad you’re the first one I knew I fucked. It makes me happy right now that I know my cum is deep inside you.”

“It happened, and nothing can change that. But, tomorrow, we have to go back to being mother and son. That’s how it’s got to work.”

“And you won’t miss the way my cock felt inside you?”

Mom didn’t say anything.

“You won’t miss the way I licked your pussy?”

“Oohh” Mom whispered. “Can I tell you a secret?”

I kissed her neck, and made my way down her chest with my mouth. “I think this is the right night for telling me secrets,” I said.

“When you did that, when you licked me there, I thought to myself ‘At least Tommy did this to me first instead of to his aunt!’”

“That’s right. I may have fucked Aunt Janet first, but yours was the first pussy I ever tasted, Mom.” I sucked in her left nipple. It went hard in my mouth. At first Mom pushed me, but then cradled my head and fed her breast to her son.

“And you know what else I didn’t do?”

“Oh, Tommy ... what?” Mom whispered.

“I never made a beautiful woman cum by eating her pussy!” I kissed lower, then lower.

“Oh my God! Tommy! Stop! I just told you about being mother and son.”

“You said ‘tomorrow’ didn’t you? From my experience, that pill lasts all night.”

I was at Mom’s navel, and I kissed lower.

“Tomorrow,” Mom said as if in a dream. “And I would be the first. Something Janet never had.”

“Yeah, Mom. She would be jealous of YOU if she saw that!”

“Oh my God, oh my God!” Mom said as my lips touched the first of her dense pubic hairs.

“All you have to do to make it happen is tell me to eat your pussy, Mom!”

She was silent.

I kept teasing around the edges of her dark triangle. “Think about how it will feel, Mom. Think how it will feel when I suck on your clit. Just say it. With Aunt Janet, I was forced. Earlier tonight, I forced you. Now we have a chance to do something we both want, that we both deserve. I just need your permission, and I’ll willingly do this. Say it, Mom ... say it.”

More silence, then Mom growled out in a low tone, “Do it, Tommy. Eat my pussy. Suck on my clit until I cum. Make your mommy cum tonight!”

I parted Mom’s short legs and settled my face between them. “I love the way you smell, Mom.” Then I licked her wide open, and said, “And I love the way you taste!”

“AAAHHHHH!” exploded from Mom in one long rush of air.

There were no preliminaries. I went straight for Mom’s clitoris and worked at it in short swirls of my tongue and then sucking it harder and harder as I felt it getting bigger with excitement.

After less than a minute, Mom’s hips began to thrust, fucking my face, fucking her pussy onto her son’s mouth. Then she screamed:

“TOMMY! SO GOOD! SO GOOD! YES! YEESS! YEESS!”

And she went lifeless. I crawled up and held her. She didn’t stir for a long time, and I was in no particular hurry. I had just made my own Mom cum! I thought about THAT, and it kept me occupied.

Mom opened her eyes and purred, “That was the MOST incredible feeling I’ve ever had!”

“Better than my fucking you?”

“Maybe I spoke too soon!” she laughed.

I kissed her. “I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, Tommy. You made your mommy feel so good. I guess I should at least return the favor.” Mom kissed my chest, and made her way to my stomach. While she was there, her right hand reached out and encircled my penis. By the time her mouth reached it, it was already as hard as it was going to get.

That didn't stop Mom from trying to bring even more blood into it by sucking. She took as much into her tiny mouth as she could and sucked hard. Then she pumped the shaft with increasing speed.

I was going to cum in my mom's mouth. But, then another idea came to me. I might have been nuts, but I stopped Mom.

“What? What's the matter, Tommy?”

“You told me Aunt Janet already blew me, right? And from the video, I saw you already sucked my cock, right?”

“And so, this is getting old to you?” Mom laughed.

“No. This would never get old, Mom. Especially the way you can suck a cock! But, like you were saying before—why don't we don something Aunt Janet DIDN'T force me to do?”

“Like what, young man?”

I said two words: “Doggie style!”

“But, Tommy, that would mean intercourse again. I had made up my mind that would never take place between us—not ever again between mother and child.”

“But, Mom, I just made you cum.”

“That was oral sex. And I was going to perform oral sex on you. That would be the end of it.”

“Doggie style,” I said.

“Tommy, definitely NO!”

“Doggie style!”

“You're terrible!”

“Doggie style! I want to see that gorgeous ass of yours in the air. I want to see you on your hands and knees!”

“You don’t know what you’re asking!”

“Mom, I want to see those gorgeous tits of yours swaying every time I push my big cock into you from behind!”

“Tommy ... no ... please, no!” Mom said as I pulled her toward the headboard. I guided her to lay on her stomach. She kept murmuring “No” but didn’t resist.

I got behind her and tried to pull her feet apart. She had her legs clamped together.

“Think how jealous Aunt Janet would feel if she knew I was going to pump my sperm into you in this position. That her sister could make her nephew cum harder than she ever could.”

I tried to move her feet again, and this time, they parted. I crawled up on my knees until my erect penis was covering the crack of Mom’s beautiful round ass in my sightline. Then, I gently pulled up on her hips with both hands.

Mom rose up on her knees, exposing her asshole and her pussy covered with dark hair, my saliva, and streams of her vaginal fluids.

“Ooohh, Mom!” escaped from me.

“Go easy. I haven’t been in this position in years.”

I brushed the head of my cock up and down Mom’s slit two or three times, bathing it in her juices. The sight of it spreading those rubbery lips and watching them stretch and reform made me want to ram my penis in that pink hole. Ram it fast and hard.

But, I didn’t. I took a deep breath and fitted myself to her entrance. I took an extra moment to remind myself that this wasn’t merely a fuck; this was fucking my mother. This wasn’t some girl. This was the woman who brought me up, fed me, took care of

me, cured my hurts, taught me right from wrong, encouraged me, and picked me up when I fell down.

This was also Dad's wife. She was the person he married. The one he fucked. And the one he had impregnated eighteen years ago. This was also the woman he neglected and left unsatisfied and frustrated.

Now it was me who was going to send sperm into her womb. I was the man now, Dad. It was me, Tom, who was going to satisfy your woman, Dad.

"Ready, Mom?"

She nodded.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

She nodded.

"Do you want me to fuck you doggie style?" I thought I might be pushing my luck by talking dirty, but Mom played along:

"Yes, fuck me like a bitch in heat. Fuck me now!"

I eased into her. "Oohhhh!" came out of her mouth in a groan.

I pulled out to the tip and sent more than half my length back in. "You feel so good, Mom!"

"I need it! I need it all!" Mom said.

I pulled back and gave her what she asked for. I gave it all to her in one long quick thrust forward, stopping only when my pubic mound hit her asshole.

"So deep. Tommy! Never! Never! Never this deep!"

My bed shook every time I thrust forward. It shook for over five minutes. During that time Mom got more and more active and involved. She got up on her hands and her

breasts hung under her, doing gyrations that changed with the angle of her body and the speed of my fucking. She went from passively letting me fuck into her to ramming her butt back to receive each invasion with more force.

Sweat covered us both from the excitement and the exertion. Finally she cried out my name: “TOMMY! I’M CUMMING! TOMMY!”

I let out a less loud and breathy, “Ooohhh, Mom!” as I delivered the night’s second set of sperm gushers into my mom’s now well-used channel!

I didn’t so much pull out consciously. It’s more accurate to say we fell apart. Nothing was said for a long time while mother and son, naked and well-fucked in the same bed, recovered.

“Mother and son again tomorrow, like we said,” Mom reminded me.

“Tomorrow’s still hours away.” I kissed her lips and looked into those beautiful eyes.

“Then, mother and son,” she said.

“Just like before. No kissing, no eating your pussy, no sucking on my cock.”

“No fucking,” Mom said.

“And, no orgasms. No cumming like you just did, Mom.”

“Just sleeping with your father.” Mom had her back to me; she reached behind her and took my arm and draped it over her. I hugged her close as she backed her butt into my crotch. We cuddled and I kissed the back of her neck.

“You know your dad works hard all week.”

“He does,” I agreed. I didn’t know where Mom was going with this.

“And, at the end of the week, he’s exhausted.”

“Every Friday he comes home and complains how tired he is.” It dawned on me what Mom was getting at. She turned over, gave me a long French kiss and said:

“I think that every Friday, your father deserves an extra-long night of extra-deep sleep!”