

Seducing Mother with Email



Several months before graduating from high school, my girlfriend and I broke up. My interests were science studies and I had been accepted to a local University. She was interested in the Arts and accepted a scholarship on the other side of the country. We both decided a long distance relationship wasn't going to work and decided to terminate it before we changed our minds and not pursue our field of interest.

She was a great looker and we've been steadily fucking since we both turned eighteen last fall. The lack of sexual contact put me in a depressed mood. She even gave me back the one thing she had really enjoyed. In one of her art projects, she learned to cast rubber sculptures, one of them being a perfect cast of my dick. She did a great job and used it often when I wasn't around, but she wanted a full break so she gave it to me when we split up.

I wasn't totally devastated from losing her. She was a great fuck, but I have lusted after my mother for years and during sex I usually fantasized it was Mom. I decided I needed to buckle down on my studies since a lot of my time was previously devoted to my girlfriend. My grades were good, but not excellent. I also enrolled in a few on-line self paced college courses to get some electives out of the way in order to concentrate on core studies at the University. All my free time was devoted to studies which helped me forget about all the sex I previously enjoyed.

Our family schedule at home has been pretty consistent the last few years. My single mother would come home from work, fix dinner for the two of us and we'd watch TV for one to two hours. My heavier study load changed our routine to where I'd spend less time with Mom

and more time in my room. Mom noticed my distance in conversation and it appeared to her I was depressed.

I love her immensely and didn't want to chance harming our relationship. I could tell she'd noticed a difference in my mood since my breakup. She didn't really know about my girlfriend so she didn't know the reason for my initial depression. More than once she'd ask if anything was wrong and what she could do to cheer me up. I would've liked to tell her what would make me very happy but was afraid of the consequences so I refrained and provided short, softly spoken responses.

The day before graduation she came in my room while I was working on the computer and asked, "Dave, what are you going to wear for your graduation tomorrow? Do you need me to wash anything?"

"No thanks. I'm not going to attend the ceremony. I'd rather just stay here."

She looked visibly upset and disappointed. "David, that's a shame. Graduation is such a big event. You should attend and then go out on a date or something else fun to celebrate your achievement."

I could tell she was genuinely upset. She usually refers to me as Dave and not my real name. "No, Mom. I'll be fine. Please, just let me be." I felt bad that I said it a little too harshly to the one person I truly loved. I could tell she was hurt when she turned and left the room before I could apologize. The real reason I wanted to stay home was because

my college finals were the day after graduation and I wanted to do some last minute cramming. I didn't bother mentioning it because I was keeping it a surprise.

The day after graduation, I finished all my on-line finals. I was mentally spent. Several days of intense studying had been exhausting. Now I was free for the summer and it felt as if a great weight had been lifted. Being a healthy, young man, I resorted to what I enjoyed most—masturbation. It was accomplished with the aid of one of many fantasies involving a coupling with Mom. It took me less than thirty minutes to spew out a big load.

At that moment, I realized I had to come up with a plan to have sex with my mom. It was all I could think of lately and it was driving me nuts. I hastily put together a seduction scheme but figured at some point, something would blow up. She seemed more concerned than normal over my depression so I thought I'd use that angle.

Mom's attire is very conservative, making it difficult to admire her physical beauty. When she does wear a dress, her sexy legs are long and very lean. Her shoulder length, brunette hair is usually tied up. Her infectious smile and laugh is contagious and has often brought me into a good mood when I felt down.

Even though we don't hug or kiss, she shows me a lot of love and affection. I've fantasized about her for a long time but felt a sexual liaison was probably not feasible. Initiating my plan, I made up a fake email account with a name of Dr. Sue. It took me several drafts to finalize my first email to my unsuspecting Mom.

Betty,

I'd like to introduce myself and offer my services. I was an assistant counsellor this last year at David's high school. I am no longer employed there but I'm offering help to provide guidance to single-parent mothers and their sons -- this is my specialty and I have had great success in absolving these special kinds of relationships.

As the case with many sons of single-parent mothers, I have observed some signs David may have some issues and may be progressing on a less than positive relationship track. If you are interested in starting a dialogue, please reply to my Email.

Thank you,

Dr. Sue

Now I just had to wait to see if she'd just ignore it or worse, contact the authorities if she suspected foul play. I continued my mopey behaviour in an attempt to convince her there might be some truth to the fake email. I didn't get a reply until the next day.

Dr. Sue,

I don't recall my son mentioning you and I'm not even sure if you worked at the school so I'm a little leery of your intent. I'd like to contact the school to

confirm your employment. Would you have a referral you can give me? Also, what is the cost for this treatment?

Thanks,

Betty

That didn't play out like I thought it would. I couldn't afford her contacting school. I would have to be more careful with my reply, bringing it down to a more personal level to gain her trust. Bringing up the cost, she was probably dubious as to whether this was some kind of scam. I'd have to address that as well. Composing another email, I dispatched it before dinnertime.

Betty,

I did not personally interact with your son so he would not know me. I observed various students from the senior class, often without any of them knowing I was conducting my research. I was working under a federal grant and I did not interact very frequently with school authorities. Their views did not coincide with mine as they were primarily concerned with just pushing students through the system academically. They thought the psychological welfare of their students was not their concern and believed I was wasting everyone's time. I can tell you now, I would not get a good referral from his school.

I am also a single-parent mother with a son and spent too much time at work while he was growing up and as a result he did not end up going in a positive direction after graduation.

I decided to research this phenomenon in order to figure out where I went wrong. I discovered many sons with single-parent mothers would get very despondent when they were close to finishing high school and would have trouble with relationships the rest of their lives. They would also start to resent their mothers, blaming them for their inability to have a healthy relationship. This is primarily a result of missing a father and relying only on his mother during his development. They exhibit low confidence and often get involved in harmful relationships.

Since my failure with my own son, I have decided to devote my free time to helping others. I have assisted dozens of parents the last several years with a very high success rate. I do not charge for my services. I'm only trying to make up for my own failure as a parent who loves her son. Since it is a free service, I don't do face-to-face interviews or office visits. I check my email a couple times a night and offer guidance.

If you do not feel comfortable with this arrangement, please don't bother to reply. I'll understand completely. If you do recognize your son starting to get despondent, I recommend you both get seek professional help.

Thank you and I hope this answers your questions,

Sue

Minutes after I hit the send button, Mom called me out to the kitchen. Arriving, I found Mom waiting with one of her intoxicating broad smiles, no doubt in an attempt to cheer me up. She quickly confirmed my suspicions. "What would you like for dinner? You seem a little down. Let me cheer you up with one of your favourite meals."

Pausing, I had to contemplate my answer to keep up with my facade. "Whatever you want to fix, Mom. I don't really have any preference. In fact, I'm not hungry." That should send up a red flag as I'm always starving. All through dinner I played up my depression, picking at my food and remaining quiet. After dinner, I helped her put the dishes in the dishwasher and then moved to the living room to watch TV.

She came in and sat in a chair where she could observe me and the show. I could tell she was trying to figure things out in her mind. Not long into the first show she started questioning me again about going out and having some fun. I continued my act, providing only short answers. She was wearing one of her work dresses which didn't show much skin. I was becoming happier just sitting there with her cheerful personality, broad smile and sexy legs. Not wanting to act like my attitude was improving, I yawned, feigning exhaustion. "Mom, I think I'll hit the sack early tonight. I'm feeling pretty tired".

Looking back at her as I went to my room, I noticed she had a concerned look on her face. I felt a little bad putting her through this. I did love this woman and I didn't want to hurt her. Forty five minutes later, her email arrived.

Hi Sue,

I've been thinking about what you wrote and I'm a little hesitant about communicating my personal information to someone I haven't met. I can understand your reasoning though and I would like to participate. The fact you're a single-parent mother also convinces me this is worth pursuing. You can truly relate how difficult it is to raise a child as a single mother. I think you'll be more understanding than other professionals, without the background you have.

I have noticed my son getting more depressed. I'm worried for him and don't know how to proceed. Our communications have deteriorated and I'm afraid of losing him. I'd like to keep it low profile and help him any way I can. What methodology are you using? If possible, I'd like to start as soon as possible. I am taking this week off from work and can devote some time to helping David.

Thanks,

Betty

Success! That worked out better than I thought it would. I figured at this point she felt personally connected to Dr Sue. Working from her note, I compiled my next reply, sending it off after an hour.

Betty,

Thanks for your confidence in me. I'd be happy to help you and if you have any more questions, please feel free to ask me. As far as the procedure, it's quite simple and very effective as long as you adhere to the guidelines.

The objective is to get your son more confident in relationships. This is accomplished without his knowledge, so you don't need to worry about discussing this with him. Since we can't really send a stranger in to boost his confidence, we use the only resource available, his mother. He probably still cares for you even though he's depressed and will react favorably with someone he knows. We boost his confidence by interacting with you until he is on solid ground and then once he's fully confident, we introduce him to other relationships.

The first step is to get him attracted to the opposite sex again. This will help him become more assertive. This may be a little uncomfortable for you but the rewards of a future healthy relationship are worth it. I need you to dress a little less conservative and flirt with him when you can. Hopefully, he's not in such a depressed state he won't be attracted to you.

Good luck and let me know how it goes,

Sue

All I could do now is wait and see what happens. After waking up the next morning, I anxiously walked to the kitchen, unsure of what I'd find. Unable to disguise my joyful success, I smiled wide at seeing her wearing a shorter than normal dress with a hemline several inches above her knees. My plan was working. She was cheerful and flirty while she served us breakfast. I picked up my mood a little to correspond with her attitude.

We discussed where we were going today and decided to do some shopping and eat out for lunch. All day, I stole as many glances I could at her sexy legs. Although she caught me several times, she made no mention of it.

At home we followed our regular routine and ended up in the living room. Instead of sitting in her comfortable chair, she snuggled next to me on the couch. In less than an hour she brought her legs up, causing her dress to rise a few inches higher. Not wanting to push her too far, I excused myself to my room. Mom followed me down the hall and proceeded to her room.

Waiting at my computer with my fake account open, I received a message thirty minutes later.

Sue,

It's working! I wore a shorter dress and he did a lot of staring and he seemed much happier today so it looks like he's already improving. I almost started to say something, concerning his leering but then I remembered what you said. I hope I'm doing the right thing. So far, I'm happy with the results. Is there anything else I should be doing?

Betty

Everything was going according to plan, almost too smooth. I didn't want to take it too fast so I cautiously composed and sent my reply.

Betty,

It sounds like you're doing a wonderful job. It's good you didn't reprimand him for ogling you. It's a real confidence breaker and he might slip back into a depressed state. Continue with how you've been proceeding. If you can somehow introduce casual touching along with your flirting, it might help also.

Sue

The next morning, we decided on a walk in the city park with a lunch. I notched up my attitude a little to prove to her improvement was being made. A couple times during the hike, she uncomfortably held my hand. It appeared that affectionately touching her son was proving to be a harder task than she thought. Later that night, she sat by me on the couch while we were watching TV. When it was time for our showers, she said we should wear our comfortable cotton robes tonight while watching our shows. After our showers, we settled back on the couch.

Rubbing one of her feet, she said, "The hike today really tired me out. My feet are so sore, it's been awhile since I've walked that much."

Not wanting to waste an opportunity, I replied, "Mom, I really enjoyed walking with you today. We probably went a little too far for not having done much physical work lately. The least I can do is give your feet a massage." Before she could object, I picked up her feet, swung them up to my lap and started to caress them.

Responding with a wide grin, she cooed, "Dave, that's so considerate of you. I haven't had a foot massage for a long time."

Feeling her relax, I proceeded to her other foot. Feeling confident, I ran my hand up her firm calf and gently stroked it. "Mom, your muscles do feel tight. I'll work the knots out for you."

Her eyes widened at my boldness as I massaged her calves but she didn't say anything. She was pretty tense at the start, but started to relax after several minutes of caressing. After half an hour of groping her legs, I lowered them and continued to watch TV.

Anticipating on receiving another note on my Dr. Sue account, I excused myself for the night. It only took her ten minutes after her bedroom door closed.

Sue,

I took your advice and held hands with him today. It felt so special and I could tell he was a little apprehensive at first but then started to perk up. Later we were watching TV and I mentioned my sore feet and he picked them up and massaged them. It felt so wonderful, I hated for him to stop. Then he ran his hands up my calves and massaged those, too. I almost stopped him but once again I heeded your advice and didn't say anything.

It felt so good. I still feel a little awkward doing this as his mother. I'm not sure if he's going to get grossed out by hanging out with an older woman, rather than a girl his own age. I'm not sure how to proceed now. Any advice?

Betty

Anxiously waiting a full thirty minutes, I responded.

Betty,

Good progress. It sounds as if he's rapidly improving. It's good you didn't say anything to him when he went out of bounds a bit by feeling your legs. You don't want to do anything to slow down his confidence escalation at this point. As far as him getting 'grossed' out, I'm not sure if it's really applicable. I've never seen you so I'm not sure how to proceed.

I know this sounds a little forward but if you could send me some pictures of you in different stages of dress, I might be able to prescribe an appropriate attire selection to correctly direct his actions. I know you're probably uneasy about sending pictures of yourself over the Internet, but I promise to destroy any pictures I receive from you and will only take notes to make the appropriate recommendations. You don't need to include your face if it makes you feel more comfortable.

If you don't want to send anything, I'll understand and proceed to the best of my ability. I'll stay on-line for a little while longer if you want to continue this discussion.

Thanks,

Sue

I wasn't sure if Mom even had a camera but I knew she was very familiar with her phone so she could take selfies if she wanted. I hoped I wasn't too aggressive which would scare her off. Sending risqué pictures after a few emails to a virtual stranger didn't really fit in with my conservative Mom.

It wasn't an hour when I heard my mail program chirp with a notification. I noticed there were attached photos arriving with her message.

Sue,

If someone would have told me a week ago, I'd be sending pictures of myself to a stranger, I would have told them they were nuts, but I've seen the progress my son has made and I have a lot of trust in you. The first picture is taken of the dress I'm currently wearing around my son. The next few are some dresses and combinations I haven't worn for years. The last few pictures are ones of my nighties I wear only in the bedroom, just to feel good about myself.

I did cut off my face in all the pictures which is a good thing as I was blushing so much it might have just been a red splotch. I have never done anything like this. I just hope it helps you direct me on how to advance. I plan on touring his University tomorrow. Any advice on what to wear?

Thanks,

Betty

What a bonanza of an email. There was the dress she currently wears and a couple dresses I've never seen. The skirt and blouse combinations were very sexy and when I clicked on the lingerie pictures, I saw the beautiful woman I knew was hidden behind her clothes. The pink nightie was not transparent but still really sexy. The blue one was a sexy see-through nightie, which was especially revealing. It was a two-piece nightie, the top barely covering the bottom of her bra, leaving her midriff bare.

I was going to have admire these later on. Stifling my drooling, I worked up a reply in order to ease her mind. I didn't want to take a chance of Mom feeling remorse at sending her sexy pictures to a stranger.

Betty,

Your pictures are amazing. You could easily find work as a lingerie model. You should not be concerned with your son getting grossed out. I took some notes and have already deleted the pictures so don't worry. I think we could step it up a bit from the dresses you are currently wearing. I'd like you to wear the red dress tomorrow at the University. It looks like it goes down to mid-thigh which should pique his interest. Also, it's low cut enough he might strain his neck looking up and down your sexy body.

Good Luck and let me know how it goes.

Thanks,

Sue

Not waiting for a reply, I attempted to get a good night's sleep. It would be interesting to see how much Mom trusted Dr. Sue.

Disappointment swept through me at breakfast as I noticed Mom was wearing her normal outfit. It was worth a shot, I might have to tone it down in my future notes to her. After we ate, she said, "Dave, how about if we walk around your University campus today. I'd like to see where you'll be attending."

I already knew today's agenda but I put on my best game face for her benefit. "Sure, Mom. It's a lot of walking though. If I didn't know any better, I'd think we're doing long walks just so you can get a foot massage every night."

She smiled back and laughingly said "Well, it's a bonus I enjoyed. I hope you're not getting tired of it."

"No problem, Mom. I love taking care of you. You're always so good to me, I'm glad I can make you happy. After I get dressed, we'll head out."

"I need to change too, Dave. See you in a bit."

She said she was going to change, giving me hope she'd wear something sexy. I changed into some comfortable walking clothes and anxiously waited for her. When she came out, my groin tingled with excitement. She wore the exact dress I prescribed her to wear as Dr Sue and it molded to her frame better than I could imagine. She was wearing a half push up bra, allowing a lot of cleavage to show. The mid-thigh length tightly clinging dress displayed her beautifully toned legs. I was openly staring, undressing my sexy mom in my mind.

Noticing she was blushing, I smiled and said, "Mom, you look beautiful. Your dress fits you like a glove. You'll be a real hit on campus."

"Thanks, Dave. I doubt if any of those young boys will care about someone else's mother though."

"Believe me, they will. We'll just make them think you're my girlfriend and not my mom. That should hold them off."

Mom blushed and smiled as we headed to the car. The drive was interesting with me ogling her legs most of the time. When we arrived at the University, we walked to all the buildings where I would be attending classes. At one point, we walked by a group of boys and they were openly gawking at mom the same way I was doing earlier. I could tell she was getting a little nervous so I interlaced my arm in hers and held her hand to calm her down. She relaxed and we walked around campus the rest of the day holding hands.

After dinner, we continued with our new routine of taking our showers and retiring to the living room in our robes for a few hours. I thought about not wearing shorts, but knew disaster would ensue if Mom caused my prick to rise out of my robe.

She was already on the couch when I got there and I wasted no time snuggling up as close to her as I could. Before she could say anything, I picked up her feet and massaged them as I did before. When finished, I swung my legs onto her lap and begged, "Hey, Mom. Would you mind giving me a massage, too? We did do a lot of walking today."

She just stared at my exposed calves as if in a trance so I thought maybe I had gone too fast. I had to recover before I lost all the ground I had gained. "Don't bother, Mom. You're probably too wore out. I shouldn't have asked you." I started to remove them before she got upset.

Surprising me, she seized and held my feet before I could lower them. "Nonsense, I'd love to reciprocate the massage. You just let me know if I do as splendid a job as you do."

After massaging my feet for ten minutes, she also progressed up my calves. There wasn't much massaging going on as she was mainly stroking my hairy legs. She had a dreamy look on her face as if she was recalling a past event. Too soon, she stopped and patted my legs. "There you go, Dave. Was it okay?"

"Wonderful, Mom. I just love the feel of your hands. They're so soothing and relaxing. it makes me feel so good. Thanks so much."

After a relaxing evening on the couch, we headed to our rooms. Thinking about how our digital conversation would progress tonight, I stopped partway down the hallway and turned around to face her. She was still walking and ended up very close to me before she was able to halt her forward motion. Wrapping my arms around her, I hugged her tight. Her cloaked breasts pushed into my chest and I was careful not to press my growing erection into her. I didn't want to scare her.

Leaning close to ear, I whispered, "Mom, I just love how this week has went. I feel closer to you than ever. I love you so much. Thank you so much."

Reaching up, she grabbed my head and moved it so we could look into each other's eyes. "Honey, I love you too. This has been a wonderful week. I should be thanking you. I needed a little relaxation."

I leaned down and gave her a simple kiss, just touching with the lips, nothing more. I quickly pulled back, noting she wasn't as startled as I thought she'd be. "Goodnight, Mom, See you in the morning."

The email came in quick tonight.

Sue,

The dress was a real hit. I think he got a sore neck gawking. Later, he wanted me to massage his feet so I did and then before we turned in for the night, he kissed me. I wasn't sure if I should stop him, but it felt right, I didn't resist. You can't imagine how the kiss felt. Am I an immoral mom to want more? How soon do you think we can transfer his aggressiveness to someone else? It better be soon or I'm going to have to go look for a man. Feelings that have been pushed aside for too long are emerging.

Betty

I didn't count on Mom reaching out to another man. I needed to rectify this. Then it hit me. The perfect solution. I hastily made up the email and sent it.

Betty,

It's good you didn't stop him from kissing you. It's shows his confidence is increasing and it's not harmful to you. A lot of close relatives kiss each other and it is not considered unusual. In fact, you should kiss him back next time to acknowledge your love to him.

We're not quite ready for the next phase of treatment but you mustn't see another man. It would destroy him at this point. You're the only woman he feels close to and the rejection would be traumatic.

I have some techniques to help you deal with your problem. I'm going to leave a package at your door early in the morning. I have your address from the school records so you don't need to send it. It should help you until we finish.

Tomorrow night, wear the pink nightie. The one that comes down to mid-thigh and is not see-through.

With love,

Sue

Digging through my dresser, I retrieved the rubber dildo my girlfriend had cast from my dick. I wrapped it in a silk cloth and put it in a box. I set my alarm for four in the morning in order to place it on the doorstep before she got up. The next day we decided on just staying around the house to rearrange furniture and clean the house. She wore one of the short skirts and tight blouses that were in the pictures. I wondered if she could tell I was hard most of the day. I checked the doorstep at noon and the package was gone. Hopefully, she got it and not some package thief.

After dinner we took our showers. I was first out and was wondering if she'd be wearing her nightie as instructed. She glided in and her blushing face was as pink as the nightie she was wearing. It seemed shorter than in the picture, coming down only six inches below her panties. I unsuccessfully tried not to stare too much.

We did our mutual massages which at this point in our game was just feeling each other's legs. When I was done with her calves, I ventured a little higher with my probing hand. I explored the inside of each of her thighs, not real high, but far enough to feel her firm, thigh flesh. When finished, I leaned into her and kissed her. This time I ran my tongue along her lips. She didn't pull back as I felt her breathing increase.

Relaxing back on the couch, I positioned my legs in her lap for my massage. In doing so, my robe rose to several inches below my dick and balls. I hadn't worn shorts. My dick was hard as a rock, pressed against my stomach so it wasn't noticeable. My sack was hanging low and if she went up too high, she'd get a show. She quickly moved from my feet, concentrating on running her fingers through my leg hair. Advancing to my thighs, her hands were close to the bottom of my robe. By the look of her lustful eyes, I was sure she could see my low hanging balls.

After she finished, we spent the night snuggling on the couch. Excusing myself, I got up to retire to my room. Mom immediately rose and followed right behind me. It was if she was looking forward to our departing hug in the hallway. When I turned this time, she didn't hesitate. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tight. At the end of the hug, I kissed her and this time it was an open mouth kiss. After a few seconds, I shoved my tongue in her hot mouth. Her tongue danced with mine as we kissed more intimately than a mother and son should. During our passionate kiss, we stroked each other's backs.

Concluding our close contact, I said goodnight and retired to my room. While I was masturbating, I wondered if Mom was in her room doing the same with the dildo I left her. An hour passed and when I was afraid I wouldn't get a note, it came in.

Sue,

Wow, what a night. I had to use your fabulous gift two times after an exciting evening. It's now my favorite toy. I hate to admit it but my son makes me so feel hot. He not only felt my thighs tonight but also gave me a French kiss. And then to top it off, he wore no underwear, flashing me a view of his balls while I was massaging his legs.

You don't know how bad I wanted to reach up and fondle my own son. You're driving me nuts, Sue. I'm going to have to use the toy several times again tonight. I can get off just by rubbing the top of it over my pussy lips. The head on it is just amazing. Are we close to finishing?

Betty

My prick stiffened as I read her note. Not only was she sexually excited from our flirting, she had gotten off with a dildo made from my own cock. A sense of pride flowed me knowing she loved my prick head. My girlfriend always bragged how it was my best attribute. My dick isn't huge but the head is larger than normal and resembles a Nazi helmet with large, flared edges when hard. I felt much more confident I could push her faster. My next note would reflect this.

Betty,

Nice progression. I think we're close to the end of his treatment. Hang in there and use my toy as much as it takes to keep yourself under control. I love the head too, it's so flared and so nice to rub on your pussy lips. I'm glad you enjoy it, I don't miss it because I have the real thing. It was modelled after my lover so I get to experience it all the time.

I'd like you to wear the blue, two-piece nightie tomorrow night. If he actually has enough confidence to caress your bare midriff, I think we may be near the end. And don't worry about the French kissing. It's not much more of a step from a regular kiss and is nothing to be concerned about.

Sincerely,

Sue

I could hardly wait until tomorrow night. I had some regret for not picking out her outfit for tomorrow. I guess a surprise would be nice. I was almost feeling a little too controlling at this point, manipulating my loving, unsuspecting mother.

The next day we went out shopping. She wore another short skirt and tight blouse combination. She initiated arm and hand holding this time. She also hugged and kissed me several times during the day. Our kisses were brief but nice. I think she was a little leery of showing a public display of affection.

After my shower, I impatiently waited for her to show up in the living room. She didn't disappoint me, strolling out, clad in the blue, sexy, two-piece nightie. She was wearing a bra hiding her perky breasts but allowed some cleavage to show.

After our routine massages, we sat close together as usual. I draped my arm around her and grabbed her midriff with my hand. Gently caressing her ribs and belly. I couldn't believe how smooth and tight her skin was.

She tensed up at first contact but then started to relax after several minutes. An hour into our cuddling, she placed her hand on my thigh and gently caressed it. All too soon, it was time to get to bed. My prick filled with blood, anticipating our goodnight kiss.

Once again we hugged in the hallway. Bending down, I kissed her and she immediately jammed her tongue into my mouth. She was excited and totally aroused, needing no persuasion. Placing both my hands on her bare midriff, I stroked her sweaty, firm flesh. I ventured up her stomach to the bottom of her bra-clad tits and down to the top of her skimpy skirt.

She held my head tight against her face while we passionately kissed. Less than ten minutes of necking like teenagers, she pulled back with a look of lust in her eyes. As she went to her room, I stared at the backside of her hot body.

Back in my room, I slowly stroked my prick, still hard from our illicit connection. Before I could achieve an orgasm, I heard my computer chime with a message notification. My own pleasure would have to wait until after I replied to Mom.

Dearest Sue,

I just got done enjoying the toy again. It was quite a night. He definitely took advantage of my bare mid-riff. I think he's past any inhibitions he may have had before. Don't you think it's time we transfer his affections to a more healthy relationship? I'm not sure how much longer the toy is going to be adequate enough to satisfy me.

Betty

Guilt set in as I could see Mom's sexual frustration was building. How much further could I go before I'd slip up and she'd find out? What would she do when she did find out? The smart thing to do would be to stop sending emails and hope Mom would continue to flirt with me. She might become suspicious with no messages at all so I decided to finalize it with one more set of messages.

Betty,

Good job. Yes, I'd say it's time to begin the transformation of affection. You should be proud you've improved your son's attitude in such a short time. One more night of testing should be enough, then I'll relate to you how to proceed from there. I'd like you to wear the same two-piece nightie, but don't wear a bra and then let me know his reaction. I'll be on-line to help you, so don't hesitate to send an email to me if you have questions.

Sue

I don't know how she read my note and replied so quickly.

Dear Sue,

Do you really think braless is a good idea? My nightie is very transparent and my nipples are very dark and pointed and lately they've been hard all the time. Isn't it going to encourage him to do something inappropriate? And to tell you the truth, I won't have the willpower to stop him. I love him so much and he excites me more than any man ever has.

Love,

Betty

Not wanting to break the mood, I immediately replied.

Betty,

It won't be too bad and it'll be the final phase of the treatment. If he does happen to touch your breasts, it won't be harmful. After all, he was sucking on them eighteen years ago. It'd be just a quick feel and not completely inappropriate.

In order to keep things under control, I highly recommend you don't use the toy tomorrow. A freshly used vagina is a turn on for most men and they can pick up on a scent you're unaware of, so don't use the toy at all. It may frustrate you but it will help your son if you're able to refrain.

Good luck and let me know how it goes!

Love,

Sue

Receiving no more emails, I finished punishing my cock to the thoughts of Mom and I together.

Arriving for breakfast, I immediately stiffened when I saw Mom was facing the counter, clad in her pink nightie. Leering at the backs of her shapely and firm thighs, my prick rose to full staff.. Wearing nothing underneath my robe, my prick pointed straight up against my stomach. Moving up to her back, I wrapped my hands around her waist and hugged her close. My hard cock lodged in her ass crack separated only by a couple layers of material.

"Good morning, Mom. You look lovely this morning."

"Thanks, Honey. I'm feeling good and extraordinarily refreshed. A good night's sleep will do that for you."

Turning around, she hugged and kissed me. Pulling her in tight, my stiff prick pressed against her soft belly directly above her pussy. Her hard, pointed nipples pressed into my chest. It was easy to tell she was braless. My prick throbbed with excitement from the contact. After our kiss ended, we ate and discussed today's activities.

We decided to just go on a drive and take a couple nature hikes. All day I was subjected to my mother's beautiful legs driving around the country. The day didn't go by fast enough for me. This would be the final night I'd use the Sue account. I was still trying to formulate how far I'd go with our goodnight kiss when we arrived home for dinner.

While she was cleaning the dishes, I went in her room and retrieved my dildo. I figured it'd be located near her bed and it was. I just hoped she didn't try to find it before or after her shower and become alarmed. I was gambling that Dr Sue's instructions would stick as they had in the past.

Finishing my shower first, I anxiously waited for Mom to show up. Not disappointing me, she strutted in, wearing her see through two-piece nightie and clearly not wearing a bra. I couldn't tell about panties as her bottom material was a little more dense. Her breasts stood proud as her hard, pointy nipples were trying to escape the thin fabric. Her

hair was down and she had applied just enough makeup to look ravishing.

She was so hot, I was relieved when she said she wanted to forego the massage and just wanted to cuddle tonight. I knew I wouldn't be able to control myself if I caressed her while she wore such a sexy, skimpy outfit.

After half an hour of gently stroking her bare midriff, I ventured up higher until I was at the bottom of her full breast. She inhaled deep as the side of my open palm touched the bottom of her full mound. She wrapped her arm around me and stroked my right thigh.

Pulling her arm from my back, she sensually caressed my other thigh. This enabled her to move further up my hairy leg. During our fondling, I leaned over and kissed her gently on the lips. Raising my hand up to just under her tits, I kissed her.

She ran her tongue in my waiting mouth as my hand cupped the bottom of her full breast. Squeezing her soft mound, our kissing intensified as our breathing became rapid and short.

Suddenly, she ended the kiss and told me she needed to go to bed early tonight. Did I go too fast or did she realize things were getting out of control? Or maybe she needed to get to her room to relieve her pent-up frustrations. Hoping we'd still have a goodnight kiss and hug, I turned in the hallway as usual on my way to my room.

She didn't hesitate as she ran to me and hugged me tight. Her breathing was deep as she initiated a hot open-mouthed kiss and moved her hands inside my robe to grip the sides of my ribs. Since her hands were busy, I took the liberty to run my right hand up the back of her exposed thigh while holding her tight with my other arm.

The feel of her firm flesh intensified my excitement. Her skin was hot and smooth as I stroked her upper leg. Exploring higher, I was surprised when I didn't feel anything but bare skin. She took it a step further tonight and hadn't worn panties or a bra. Resisting the urge to feel her steaming pussy, I ran my hand up over her round ass and held her tight. As I massaged and squeezed her firm cheeks, her kissing escalated.

Removing my hand from her ass, I placed both hands on either side of her ribcage. She sucked in her breath in anticipation of what she knew was going to happen. She removed her left arm from my back and used it to bring my head tight. While tongue fucking her mouth, I slowly raised my hands up past her rib cage and stopped when I had both meaty breasts cupped in my hands. I gently lifted and squeezed her firm breasts for a few minutes.

With our hot mouths locked together, I moved my fingers over her blood-engorged nipples and gently tweaked them. She moaned and wrapped her right arm around my body to pull me in tight. Knowing we were both close to the point of no return, I released her nipples and ended our kiss. I knew I was going to fuck her tonight, but our first time wasn't going to be in the hallway. Before leaving, I needed to tell her how I felt.

"Mom, I love you so much. I wouldn't ever do anything to hurt you. I trust you more than anyone in the world."

"Honey, I know you'd never harm me and I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy. Anything!"

After a quick kiss, we said goodnight and headed to our rooms. I detected disappointment in her face mixed with a lot of sexual frustration. I could tell from her signals she wanted me to take her right there.

Her email flew in within minutes.

Sue,

He went for the prize tonight. I hate to tell you this, but I was so horny today I didn't wear any panties in addition to no bra. He soon discovered I was nude underneath when he caressed my leg during our kiss. Fortunately, he was content to feel and grope only my ass. I don't know what I would've done if he had reached around and found my dripping pussy. Be right back, looking for my toy.

Betty

Kicking myself for not going all the way, I thought it was for the best. I still had a dream of fucking Mom in her bed the first time. Hopefully,

she won't find a substitute when she can't find her dildo. Quickly writing out another message, I stepped it up to heat her up even more.

Betty,

It sounds like he's fully cured. I can't imagine the thrill that surged through you when his hand was so close to your horny pussy. Truthfully though, we both know what you would have done if his hand found your treasure. If my son did that, I wouldn't hesitate to stick his fat cock in my aching pussy and fuck his brains out. It's a special kind of love no other man can give you.

Is there anything else to report? Did you find your toy?

Sue

Hopefully, I ramped up her fantasies with my note. She must have been sitting at the computer as I got her reply minutes after I sent the message.

Sue,

There is more to tell. After he got his fill feeling my hot ass, he placed his hands on the sides of my ribs. I knew what his next move would be. He was going to feel his way up to my aching breasts. And that's exactly what happened.

I should have stopped him but do you know what I did? I French kissed him, for Christ's sake! I couldn't stop myself. I know it was wrong, I should have set limits. I'm such a terrible mother, thinking only of my own sexual desires.

And he wasn't content with squeezing and kneading my breasts. He twisted my nipples. Oh my god, my pussy was soaked from my leaking juices. I was ready to yank my top up so he could lean down and suck my hard nipples. I had such a strong urge for him to nurse, like he did as a baby. Just when I made up my mind to fuck my son, he pulled back and said goodnight.

I think I may be your next patient. Did he quit because I was acting like a wanton slut? The love of my life rejected me, right when I needed him most.

Anyway, that's for discussion down the road. I urgently need relief. I can't find my toy and I threw away my other dildos. Can you suggest anything to help? Please?

Betty

My prick lurched when I read her lustful note. She was ready to cross the taboo line and fuck her son. I'm pretty sure I could walk in her room and fuck her right now. But just to be sure I sent this email.

Betty,

Congratulations. I think you've successfully transformed your son into a confident, vibrant and sexy man. As far as your relief, I can help you out with a technique that has proven to be successful. You're going to need to do something since you misplaced my son's cock. It has bailed me out more times than I can count. I'll stay on-line for a few more minutes if you have any questions.

Sue

I stuck 'son cock' in there just to see her reaction. It achieved it's goal.

Sue,

Son's cock? What is that? Are you talking about the toy you gave me?

Betty

I immediately replied.

Betty,

Yes, it's the name I gave to it because it's modelled from my son's cock. Do you want to try the technique I mentioned in my last message?

Sue

I wasn't sure if mom was lucid enough to put it together, but she did.

Sue,

My dildo is modelled from your son? How did you get it from him? And you told me earlier it was from your lover? I don't understand. And yes, I definitely need to try your relaxation technique.

Love,

Betty.

Now that I planted the seed her confidant was fucking her own son, I composed and dispatched my final email from Dr Sue.

Betty,

Oh, did I say it was from my lover? That would mean my son is sticking his fat-headed dick in my juicy, horny cunt. That just wouldn't be appropriate and

would be very naughty of me. I have to run now, so let me explain the technique and then I'll get back to you later.

This requires complete concentration to effectively execute. Remove all your clothes, if you haven't already, exposing the maximum amount of skin to air. Lie on your back on your bed. Wear your sleep mask so you're not distracted by any lights. Spread your legs and begin a gentle stroking of your outer labia with your fingers. Try to imagine it's the head from the soncock and then imagine a nude man behind it. Use the first face that comes to mind, even if it's your own son. Continue until you imagine your son is spurting his hot sperm in your horny pussy. Let me know how it works.

Very Naughty Sue

As smart as Mom is, I knew she'd catch the 'naughty' repetition and it'd be locked in her mind Sue was fucking her son. Mom was ready and I knew exactly what she needed. Recalling Mom's note describing how she wanted me to suck her hard nipples, I was only too happy to start fulfilling her desires.

Enough waiting, the hottest woman I knew was in a room a few feet away from me. I was ready to get the fucking of my life or go to jail. Either way, I was going to fuck my beautiful mother tonight.

Precum was oozing out of the slit of my dick as I strolled down the hallway to my waiting mother. Her door wasn't completely closed as if she expected me to follow her earlier. Fully opening it, my prick expanded and rose upright at the sight of my luscious and sexy mother.

Her hard nipples were standing proudly erect on top of her perky breasts. She couldn't have had her legs spread any wider. This was the first time I set eyes on her hairy muff. She had shaved the sides to leave a nice patch of hair covering her marvelous pussy. She was frantically rubbing her lips, which were deep red, engorged and glistening wet. She wore her mask as instructed and had a wide smile on her face as she was imagining her son servicing her.

I stood frozen, admiring her beauty for a few minutes. I wanted to burn this image in my brain forever. Approaching the bed. I gently placed my knees between her outstretched legs and leaned down to latch her nearest nipple in my mouth. I grabbed her other breast with my right hand and teased her other nipple at the same time. She groaned with pleasure, then shrieked when she realized what had happened. She was panting so hard she could barely talk.

"Oh, Sweetie. You shouldn't be in here. I was just trying a relaxation technique. You can't be sucking on your mother's breast either. Even if it feels so good. My nipples are painfully sensitive. You have no idea what you're doing to me. Okay, maybe just a little while longer."

"Relax, Mom. I'm here to help. I found something you lost." Taking one of her hands from her slippery snatch, I placed it on my hard prick. She immediately started to explore it as if she was rediscovering something. Wrapping her hand around my flared head, she recognized it as the instrument of her satisfaction for the last week. Latching onto her other hard nipple, I sucked hard, making it difficult for her to talk.

"This is almost the same as something I own, but bigger. You are so wonderfully hard and your balls feel so full and big. I missed this big head. Do you know Dr. Sue?"

"I'll explain later, Mom. First, let's take care of you. Use my head on your lips. Show me how you can have an orgasm with only the tip."

She immediately pulled me down so she could put the head of my dick on her puffy lips, expertly rubbing it around the outside of her hot, leaking pussy. Noticing she had not removed her sleeping mask, I decided to leave it on. This might be her way of dealing with our incestuous situation. Hiding my face from view, she didn't have to be reminded she was about to fuck her son.

Concentrating on her firm, spongy breasts, I squeezed and twisted her hard sensitive nipples. She gasped for breath as her body exploded with pleasure. She knew exactly how to hold my prick to get the maximum amount of contact, frequently rubbing it across her swollen clit.

She slowed her movement and inhaled deep to talk. "Oh, Sweetie. Twist my nipples hard. It feels so good. I've needed this for so long. Forgive me for enjoying this so much. I'm such a nasty, irresponsible mother. I'm close to coming, please help me!"

She was nearing her orgasm. Her body was tensing up as her pussy leaked precum. This was the moment I had only dreamed of. My lovely Mom writhing under my body. "Yes, you are a nasty mother but a very

sexy, beautiful mother. I believe most mothers would love to come on their son's cocks. It's the ultimate taboo. I have to warn you, Mom. This will be different from the fake prick you've been using. When my hard cock is rammed up your tight pussy, it's going to be bigger and hotter than the one you're using."

She let out a loud groan as she heard me describing our imminent, incestuous joining. She pulled my bloated prick to her clit and frantically massaged her sensitive nub, sending waves of pleasure through her.

It wouldn't take much more to trigger her orgasm. "Mom, there is one other thing going to happen when my prick is deep in your pussy. You're going to feel me get even bigger and then my cock is going to flood your hot cavern with more hot sperm than you can imagine. You're going to have the biggest orgasm ever when you feel my cock spurting inside your hot pussy."

She screamed with excitement in anticipation of fucking her son. Her mouth was wide open as she gasped for air, on the verge of coming. Lowering my mouth to hers, we kissed like long-time lovers would. Giving her hard nipple a twist put her over the edge. Hot fluid washed the head of my prick as her pussy contracted.

She was still convulsing when I rammed my stiff cock to the bottom of her tight pussy. Pulling off my mouth, she screamed with pleasure as I fucked my mother through her orgasm.

"Oh god, Honey. I'm coming so hard. Your big prick is splitting me apart. Fuck your mother good, Baby!"

Her pelvis bounced off the bed to meet my hard thrusts. Wrapping her arms around my back, she stroked my sweaty back as she continued to orgasm. Her clenching cunt squeezed my prick as I pounded her horny pussy. I wanted to last longer the first time I fucked my mother, but she was too hot. Feeling the familiar tingling feeling in my sack, my balls filled with hot sperm. Mom sensed my prick enlarging and increased her humping, reaching down to my ass to pull me in tight.

"That's it, Sweetie. Let it go, come in your mother. I can feel you getting harder. Fill my pussy with your hot sperm. Fuck me, you motherfucker!"

Unable to speak, I pressed my head to the side of Mom's. We panted and gasped in each other's ears as we committed the ultimate taboo. Her loud groans and rapid, short breathing announced the arrival of her major orgasm. Her hands moved to my back and her nails dug in, holding me tight while her body shuddered. When her hot pussy clamped tight on my shaft, my first glob of hot sperm shot out and coated her pussy walls.

She shrieked when she felt my cum filling her, causing another orgasm to overtake her. Releasing more cum than I could imagine, my prick continued to spit out my entire contents of fertile baby batter. Her horny pussy squeezed and milked my rod through our incestuous coupling.

Finally drained, I rested my weight on my sweaty, spent mom. Nothing was said as we waited for our breathing to return to normal. When I softened and eased out of Mom, I rolled to her side and wrapped my arm around her, pulling her tight.

It was time to face the consequences. Would Mom be furious, now that her sexual frustration wasn't in the way? I would soon find out. Moving her hands up, she removed her mask.

Rolling to her side, she ran her left hand over my chest, gliding her fingers through my chest hair. Her beautiful face stared at me as she contemplated on what to say. I'm sure she could see my nervousness. "Young Man, you have some explaining to do to your mother, don't you think?"

"Sorry, Mom. I love you so much and have wanted to be your lover for so long. I want us to be more than Mom and Son. I want to be with you forever. I was afraid to talk to you about it, in case you rejected me. That's why I made up the fake Dr. Sue account and coached you through the seduction."

There, I laid it all out. I couldn't tell what she was thinking. She didn't look mad, which had to be in my favor. In fact, I detected a smile forming, probably from seeing my attempt to squirm out of my predicament.

Leaning closer, her smile grew wide as she readied her reply. "It's good to know I won't have to compete with another woman, like your fake Dr Sue. That's not what I'm upset about. Exactly what were you thinking when you came in here and took my favorite dildo? An invasion of privacy of a parent can't go unpunished."

She laughed as I took my first breath of air since the start of her reply. Relieved she wasn't furious, I even had hopes she had the same feelings as me. "I only thought of you, Mom. The real thing has to be better and I wanted to give you an upgrade, kind of a present for following Dr. Sue's recommendations so perfectly."

"Such a considerate son. How could I ever stay mad at you?"

"I do feel regret doing it to you, Mom. In retrospect, I should have discussed it with you. I guess my pent up frustrations prevented me from making good decisions. You're not mad at me using a fake account to convince you to fuck me?"

Bringing her lips to mine, she lightly ran her tongue over my lips. As we sensuously kissed, she caressed my stomach and moved lower to explore my soaked cock and balls. Lifting off my mouth, her eyes locked with mine.

"Honey, I've had the same feelings as you for a long time. I had the same fears you did. Not wanting to lose the relationship we enjoyed, I remained content to be a responsible mother. Those emails were a

blessing in disguise. It prompted me to act on my hidden desires. Why do you think I answered them so fast?"

"I'm so clueless. I was worried with some of the Dr Sue emails I sent you might of scared you off. I was really surprised when you sent pictures of yourself, especially in your sexy nighties."

"To be honest, I bought those nighties for you. I planned on seducing you months ago. The blue nightie was a gift I intended to give you on graduation night. I was going to wear it and nothing else, come into your room, suck your cock until it was rock hard, climb on your prick and fuck your brains out. I was so disappointed I couldn't give you a proper graduation gift."

"That's funny, Mom It's a shame we've waited this long but the seduction was so exciting. It'll give us something to laugh about for a long time."

Pulling her head back to mine, we open mouth kissed, tongue fucking each other. We were a loving couple now. There was no turning back. Pulling back, Mom laughingly said, "I don't know about you, but I'm getting horny again. Dr. Sue would be proud of how good you turned out."

Before I could reply, she resumed kissing me as she moved her body on top of mine. Her pointed nipples poked into my chest as she stroked and explored my body. Releasing my mouth, she crawled up further until her nipple was near my mouth.

Wrapping my arms around her, I pulled her breast to my face, latching onto her hard nipple. Sucking hard, I cupped and squeezed her other. It was enough to bring life back to my cock. Her panting increased as I paid homage to her luscious tits.

"That's it, Baby. Suck your mother's tits, just like you did as a small child. My nipples have never been so hard. Feast on your mommy!"

Gently clamping down on her rigid nub, I pulled back, stretching her sensitive tit. She gasped as her pleasure centers fired off. Switching to her other tit, I worshiped it in the same manner. My prick was fully hard again, seeking attention.

Pulling off my sucking mouth, Mom sat upright, her dripping gash resting on my lower stomach. "The trouble with the toy is that it can't do things like you just did, plus there are other things I've missed. This is one of them."

Raising her pelvis up, she moved back until her hairy pussy was directly above my cock. Reaching down, she wrapped her hand around the base of my stiff pole. Lowering down, she stuffed my flared helmet past her outer lips and stopped. She closed her eyes, enjoying the blissful sensation. Lifting back up, my prick audibly popped out of her tight slot. Repeating the process, she fucked the first inch of her pussy for several minutes. The way her breathing increased made me think she was going to try to come using my head again.

That thought dissipated as she lowered herself down my shaft. My prick was soon enveloped by her hot throbbing pussy. Her walls felt like soft velvet as she stroked up and down my shaft. No longer needing to guide my prick, she moved her hands to my ribs, holding on for leverage while she fucked herself on my pole.

Her panting increased as she squeezed my ribs, experiencing pleasure she had been deprived of. "It's been too long. Your cock feels so perfect in my pussy. This is where it belongs. My pussy is yours for however long you want it. I love you so much, Honey."

"I love you too, Mom. Your body is amazing. You're so sexy and hot. Dr. Sue was right, most mothers have a hidden desire to fuck their sons. It looks like you're one of the fortunate ones." Emphasizing my enjoyment, I raised up my pelvis as she lowered down, causing my spongy head to collide against the back of her sensitive pussy.

She shrieked as my shaft battered her receptive canal. Lowering down, she stopped with my rod fully embedded in her juicy gash. Leaning down, she lightly kissed me, silently thanking me for giving her so much pleasure. Raising back up, she lifted off and rested her dripping pussy on my stomach again.

"I don't know about most mothers, but this mother loves to fuck her son. I've missed being loved by a man. There is something else the toy dildo couldn't do that I've been dreaming about since you first kissed me."

Moving off me, she lowered her head to the pillow and lifted her ass high in the air. Spreading her legs apart was enough invitation for me. My prick jumped, knowing I would soon be fucking Mom doggy style. Positioning myself behind her, I admired her hairy gash, glistening with precum mixed with our love juices remaining from our initial coupling. Placing my bloated head at her entrance, I firmly gripped her hips. Seeing no need to ease into her, I thrust to the bottom of her welcoming canal.

Air gushed out of her lungs as a result from my initial attack. She struggled to breathe as I hammered my sexy mother. My prick was frothy white with our mixed juices as I assaulted my horny mother. She groaned in excitement, experiencing an act she could only dream about before. Both of our excitement levels were increasing as we bonded as no mother and son should. Another minute or two and we'd both experience an orgasm. I wanted something else from my sexy mother. Pulling out, Mom frantically moved her hips back, seeking the stiff prick she knew was near.

Easing her hips back on the bed, I rolled her over and spread her legs. My stiff, slick prick pointed straight out, eager to enter back in her velvety sheath. Mom had a mixed look of lust and puzzlement as my eyes travelled up and down her nude body.

"We'll finish doggy style in the future. Right now, I want to fuck my beautiful mother face to face. I want our bodies to be together as much as possible when we connect this time. I want to look in your deep brown eyes when I'm fucking you. You're so sexy, Mom. I love you so much."

"Me too, Honey. You own my pussy. Show your mother how much you love to fuck her. Promise me you'll kiss me when you come in me. It's a special way to connect we didn't get to have the first time. I love you so much. I want us to remember this night forever."

Smiling in approval, there was no need to reply. It was time to enjoy our incestuous act. Admiring her nude body, I took my time, not wanting to rush things. Her toned legs were splayed out to the sides displaying her mound of fur, sticky wet from the cum oozing out of her angry looking gash. Her thin waist curved out at her ribs and up to her firm breasts atop her chest. Her hard, pointed nipples were pointing straight up, begging to be sucked.

Grabbing her thighs, I stroked up and down their length. They were so firm and beautifully shaped. I then went a little higher so I was hitting her pussy lips with the sides of my hand on each stroke. She started to squirm and gyrate with anticipation. Moving higher, I rubbed each lip using my thumbs. She humped her hips up, coaxing me to proceed.

Inching closer, I placed my stiff prick at the entrance of her open and begging pussy. Rubbing the tip of my prick up and down her slit, I stalled, enjoying the intimate contact.

She moaned in delight, ready for another illicit joining with her son. Lifting her pelvis, she attempted to insert my shaft in her waiting hole. She sighed with disappointment, having failed to successfully capture

my cock. "Sweetie, do you remember what I said about punishing you for taking away my prized dildo?"

"Sure, Mom. Didn't you forgive me when I upgraded you to a more realistic model?"

"I did, but I wonder what Dr. Sue would say about a son torturing his mother when she's obviously in need of some affection."

Her wide smile and lustful eyes sent me a clear signal. Mom desired a hard fuck. I chuckled at her lack of patience. Mother was right, of course. I wasn't adequately attending to the needs of my horny mom. "You're in luck, Mom. I know exactly what Dr. Sue would say. She would prescribe an injection of forbidden son cock."

Delaying no longer, I thrust my slick prick through her puffy lips down to the bottom of her oily snatch. Squealing with delight, she moved her pelvis with mine as I pumped in and out of her tight pussy. Reaching down, I clinched her full mounds and squeezed them. Her moaning signalled her satisfaction she was finally receiving the proper gratification from her son.

Before she built up to a climax, I slowed my pace and lowered my hot body to hers. She hugged me tight as we intimately connected. Her pleading eyes locked with mine as I lowered my mouth to hers. Lowering my hands to grip her ass, I held her pelvis at an angle where my flared prick scraped across the top of her cavern. Her breathing rapidly increased as I felt the roof of her pussy reacting to my abrasive

prick. My cock was bathed with hot fluid as her g-spot filled with blood and hardened.

Moving off my mouth, she screeched in enjoyment. "Oh, David. You can't imagine how it feels. It's like electric shocks stimulating my entire body. I'm quickly building up to a huge orgasm. Fuck me hard, Sweetie!"

Obedying my horny mother, I sawed in and out of her starving pussy, connecting our mouths and eyes. After thoroughly stimulating her sensitive roof, I moved my hand up to her shoulders. Having more leverage, I pulled her down on my upstrokes, bashing my prick against the back wall of her pussy.

She struggled to breathe but refused to release my mouth. Her lust-filled eyes silently communicated she wanted to stay connected through our mutual orgasms. It was a contest to see who would succumb to the other first. Lifting up, I angled my hard shaft to scrape across her sensitive clit on each stroke.

Her body trembled as I stimulated her sensitive nub. Her hips thrashed below me as I battered my sexy mom. Forbidden, lusty joy surged through both of us as we enjoyed our incestuous joining. Her eyes widened as she neared her orgasm. I felt proud I was going to make Mom come before me.

Holding me tight, her legs wrapped around my back. Bringing her pussy off the bed, she arched her back. Her body shook as her tongue

fucked my mouth as hard as I was doing to her horny pussy. The thought of my Mom thrashing below me, fully submitting herself was enough to put me over the edge.

My cock enlarged and painfully exploded as my orgasm overwhelmed me. It wasn't until my third ejaculation when Mom's pupils dilated and her pussy contracted on my still erupting prick. Her lustful eyes turned to satisfaction as she knew she was victorious. Our eyes and mouths remained locked as we fucked, until I softened.

Rolling off her, we stayed silent, enjoying our post-coital bliss. Mom rolled on her side and draped her arm to hold me close. Her eyes relayed her sexual satisfaction.

"Mom, I'm the luckiest man alive. I've never come that much or so hard. You are an amazing fuck. Of course, it was so much better because I'm madly in love with you, too."

"I feel the same way, Honey. That was the best sex I've ever had. I really need to thank Dr Sue for coercing me into fucking my horny son." Her smile was truly intoxicating as she laughed, joking about Dr Sue.

I replied, "No need to thank her, Mom. It was her son that told her how mothers should seduce their sons. Anyway, I was thinking I should probably retire Dr. Sue. She's served her purpose well."

"No, David. You will not do that. I loved receiving explicit instructions on how to excite my studly son. I expect to continue receiving notes on other seduction techniques. Additionally, I may have to tell her what I'd like her son to do her, too."

Silently answering her, I pulled her warm body tight to me. She rested her head on my chest and returned my tight hug. Running my fingers through her hair, I massaged her scalp. Her breathing deepened as she drifted off. Fantasizing of our sex filled future, I fell asleep, completely bonded with my beautiful mother.

THE END