

PREGNANT MOMMY

silkstockingslover

Mom finds an unorthodox way to go into labour... her son.

Incest/Taboo

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Summary: Mom finds an unorthodox way to go into labour... her son.

Note 1: This is a **Nude Day 2018 Contest Story** so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, Robert, and Wayne for editing.

Pregnant Mommy

Barry had always liked his girls and women to have some meat to them. He preferred big natural tits, even if they sagged a bit, wide asses and some serious curves, not just some anorexic Barbie doll with a pretty face that had seemed to be the popular look back in high school. (He had graduated this spring and would begin college in the fall.)

And although his mom was very beautiful and even someone he jerked off to on occasion, his long-term vague obsession with her took a whole new turn when she became pregnant, a surprise pregnancy, just after he'd turned eighteen.

He didn't notice anything at first but as the months went by and she began to show, he most certainly did notice the changes in her. Her face radiated, her belly blossomed and her breasts grew, and instead of rarely, Barry began to jerk off at least daily to visions of his beautiful pregnant mother.

Every time he came he would feel guilty for objectifying his mother... knowing she was just going through the course of a natural pregnancy.

He never imagined he would ever get to fuck her, but then other things began to change.

Cathy was eight and a half months pregnant, her husband had been gone on a business trip for a week...again... and she was feeling incredibly horny and incredibly agitated.

Barry, noticing his Mom wasn't herself today, and hadn't been for a few days, sat down next to her at the kitchen table and asked, "Are you okay, Mom?"

"I'm fine," the tired but horny mom sighed

"What's wrong?" he asked, able to tell she clearly wasn't fine.

"Oh nothing," she replied, sitting up straighter from her dejected slump and trying to conceal her frustration a bit better this time.

"Oh, come on Mom," he said, "I know something is bothering you. Is it something I've done?"

"No, honey, it's not you at all," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, even as her pussy burned with need, "it's just that your father has been gone a lot recently." This pregnancy was unlike her

first two, which had happened eighteen and twenty years ago. This one was making her constantly horny, as if she were hitting menopause simultaneously with pregnancy.

"Do you need anything?" the caring son asked.

She smiled, stifling a vague wish that he could give her what she needed, "Yes dear, but it's not something you can help me with."

He didn't catch on and urged her, "Tell me Mom, I'll help any way I can."

She laughed softly, the idea of her son fucking her popping back into her head for another moment, and in an amused way because one interpretation of his words could mean he was offering to do just that, "I know honey, but this is something you can't *possibly* help me with."

"You sure?" he asked, still oblivious.

"Trust me," she laughed, although the idea now being presented seemed practical, albeit illegal, as she shook her head at the thought of incest, "there are laws against your helping me with this problem."

"Ohhhhh!" the son said, his face going beet red as he finally realized she was confessing she was horny and he had just offered to fuck her.

She laughed, admitting, "It's okay honey, it's just somehow this pregnancy has really created a lot of mixed emotions and needs inside me."

"Oh," he again said, his head still spinning with the realization that his mom was horny and admitting it to him.

"Sorry son, I shouldn't have told you so much," she said, feeling guilty for having such a conversation with her eighteen-year-old son, as well as for the ever-so-brief moment of weakness when she'd considered him as a possible solution.

Barry, his cock suddenly stiff in his pants, said, "It's all right, at least Dad is coming home tomorrow."

Before she could filter what she was about to say, she bitterly replied, "He won't do me because he's worried he'll hurt the baby."

Barry shook his head, knowing that was nonsense, as he slyly adjusted his stiff cock which was crowded awkwardly in his pants, "That's ludicrous."

Cathy, realizing she was saying way too much to her son even though she agreed with him, noticed her son adjusting himself and wondered if this conversation was getting him aroused. She apologised again, "Sorry honey that was likely way more than you needed to know."

"It's okay, Mom," the son said, thinking about the odd times he'd heard her moans, the walls in the house being paper-thin. He stood up and joked, as he reached down to put his hand on his mom's belly, "I know you and Dad have sex."

Cathy, getting undeniably and uncontrollably hornier from the touch of her son, laughed, "Well yes, at least once a year."

"I'm sure it must be more often than that," Barry said, feeling strange having such a conversation with his mom. Although he didn't want it to end, he needed to leave soon: his cock was raging and definitely needing attention.

"Well, maybe back when I was twenty-five pounds thinner," Cathy sighed, feeling completely unattractive in the hideous pregnancy smocks she was stuck wearing and the reality her husband wouldn't fuck her, insisting instead on blow jobs (which he seemed to enjoy more than sex anyway and which of course didn't get *her* off).

Barry, trying to build his mom's self-esteem, flattered her sincerely, "Mom, you're beautiful, you always have been. But right now you literally *radiate* beauty."

"Oh, Barry," the flattered mom smiled, really needing a compliment, "That's sweet. Delusional, but sweet."

"Mom, I wouldn't say something like that if it wasn't true," he said, pulling his mom to her feet for a hug... his hard dick poking her thigh... something his mother couldn't help but notice.

His penis is definitely hard, Cathy thought to herself, *and that's because he does think I'm beautiful*, now believing him as she felt it briefly flinching against her thigh... the closest a cock had been to her pussy in months.

"Thanks, Barry, I needed that," she said, feeling warm, secure, loved and yes -- beautiful -- in the arms of her son.

"Sit back down, I'll finish the dishes," he offered, needing to reposition his cock, which was begging for release as he let go of his mom.

Barry adjusted his cock and put the dishes away, knowing what images he would be masturbating to tonight.

Cathy went into the living room and sat down on the couch before turning on Wheel of Fortune. Although she knew it was wrong, she couldn't help but feel strange longings building inside her towards her son... his cock poking into her thigh had turned her on in ways she couldn't fathom. He looked like a much younger version of her husband James back when he'd been so much in love with her. She shook her troublesome thoughts off as coming from her pregnant irrational state as she tried to decipher a Wheel puzzle that a few months ago would have been obvious.

Barry finished the dishes and joined his mom for the rest of the show. As the commercials played, he couldn't help but see his mom as no longer just his mom, but a sexual being with similar wants and needs to his own.

His cock, which had begun to shrink while he did the mundane kitchen tasks, in her proximity immediately grew again, the idea of fucking his beautiful, pregnant mom all he could think about.

As the show continued, Cathy couldn't help but notice that her son was checking her out... or at least she thought he was... she couldn't be sure. Yet, just the idea that her son found her attractive was enough to make her wet, her husband having treated her recently like she was about as desirable as a beached whale.

That night both son and mom pleased themselves to orgasm in their bedrooms... alone... each of them coming while fantasizing about committing the forbidden taboo of incest.

Barry jerked off while fantasizing about sucking his mom's huge breasts, licking her pussy and giving her the fucking she so obviously needed.

Cathy meanwhile fingered herself, which was far more work and more awkward now that she had a big belly, as she fantasized about her husband actually being willing to fuck her when he came home tomorrow. Yet as her orgasm built, her son was the one who popped into her head. And so close to coming, she allowed the strange erotic phantasm of her son to mount her body and fuck her to orgasm.

Her orgasm reached, she shook her head at the shameful reality of her son having popped into her head. She really, really needed to get laid... her fingers not enough to bring her anywhere near the intense orgasm she was craving.

The next day Barry was obsessed. Whenever he was with his mom he could now see only a sexy pregnant MILF; a woman who desperately needed to get fucked and who wasn't getting any. His cock got hard every time he saw her.

Conversely, Cathy was still horny and was planning on demanding that her husband fuck her tonight when he got home... and she wasn't going to take no for an answer!

Barry complimented his mom every chance he got, as well as helping her at every opportunity. He woke up early and made her breakfast, delivering it to her in bed. He wondered if she was naked under her sheets and comforter... in his daydreams she was deliciously so.

She ate up the attention her son was giving her. Finally a man who loved her was demonstrating that love. These days James was gone nearly all the time, and when he finally got home he was tired and distant, showing no compassion or sympathy for his bloated, but sexually charged, forty-three-year-old wife.

This was how she deserved to be treated: fawned over and pampered. She was confident her son was turned on by her, and she desperately needed to know she was turning someone on.

That afternoon when she returned home from a couple of errands and a quick jaunt to work, realtors hardly ever keeping regular hours but almost always on call at the whim of their clients, Barry asked, "Mom, you look exhausted, can I give you a foot massage?"

Cathy's eyes went as big as if she'd just been asked if she wanted a million dollars. Her feet ached, her back ached, her entire being ached, and a foot massage was a way to make her whole body feel better. She nodded, "I'd love one, honey. Pantyhose and heels were a mistake today."

Barry's cock instantly grew as he watched her slip out of her heels and saw her stocking-clad feet, another one of his turn-ons that was his mother's fault. Being a real estate agent, she wore dresses and pantyhose pretty much every day and thus he'd been obsessed with nylons and nylon-clad feet ever since... well, since forever. The thought of stroking and enjoying the feel of his mom's nylon-clad feet, of seeing them immediately to hand, a lifelong fantasy, had him instantly ready to erupt. He joked, then wished he hadn't said anything, "Oh, pantyhose are never a mistake."

The exhausted Mom laughed, as she slumped down on the couch and put her feet up on her son's knees, "You know what? You're just like your father."

"How?" Barry asked, his fantasy coming true. He placed his hands reverently on her left nylon-clad foot and began slowly massaging.

"He has a nylon fetish," Cathy revealed without remembering this wasn't information she needed to be sharing with her son. The reality was she often wore thigh high stockings or garter belt and stockings for her husband. Although not in a while, so maybe she should change into some for tonight when her husband got home... to make him unable to resist her.

Barry replied, feeling a confidence he never did with girls his own age, "Well, you're likely to blame for mine."

"How so?" she asked, surprised by her son's words, but loving to be bathed in compliments.

"I've seen you in them almost every day of my life," he answered.

"You've also seen spoons every day of your life," she quipped back. "do you have a spoon fetish too?"

"Maybe I do," he shrugged with a chuckle, as he kept rubbing his mom's silky-clad foot.

"Brat," she laughed, loving the feeling of having her foot massaged. It was so nice to have someone who was home and looking after her... something her husband should be doing.

After a couple of minutes of chat about his beginning college a couple months from now, Cathy requested, while lifting her right foot to him, "Other foot, please."

The foot landed directly on her son's hard cock and he let out a groan.

She moved her foot away quickly, realizing what she'd just done and having felt his arousal.

Barry laughed, even as he secretly became even more turned on, "It's okay, Mom. Let me massage your other foot."

"I'm so sorry," she responded, feeling terrible that she had thoughtlessly bagged her son, yet also feeling guilty she had aroused him... guilty yet flattered.

"It's okay," he said, "it's nowhere near as bad as when I got hit with a dodgeball in the groin last week."

"You still play that barbarous game?" The mom asked, as she placed her foot carefully on her son's knee.

"Yep, testosterone-based torture," Barry responded, "let's see who can handle their balls better," as he began massaging his mom's other foot.

"Well, I'm sorry for stomping on your..." she giggled awkwardly, confused by her odd feelings towards her son... his hard penis unwilling to fade from her mind.

"Just relax, Mom," Barry said, wanting to continue doing this for as long as possible.

"Okay," she nodded, closing her eyes and just allowing her son's hands to make her feet, and in fact the rest of her body too, feel so much better.

For the next few minutes, which flew by for them both, Barry massaged his mom's foot, ankle, toes and calf. He envisioned exploring further up but wasn't brazen enough even as his raging hard-on was dying for attention. He wondered idly what a nylon-clad foot job would feel like.

Cathy loved her son's touch, so tender and soothing. Undeniably his attentions also made her long-neglected cunt wet and she wished both that her husband was there to fuck her, plus that he would actually *agree* to fuck her if he were there.

Eventually she was getting too revved up so she moved her foot away and said, "Thanks honey, that felt amazing."

"Anytime," he responded, trying not to look too eager and also trying not to shift his stiff dick that was poking awkwardly against his pants.

As Cathy stood up, she happened to look down at her son's crotch and couldn't help but see the tent. She smiled at the knowledge that she had just turned on a man...even if it was her son.

That night her husband James returned home from his trip and Cathy pretty much threw herself at him, even putting on thigh highs for him to both see and, hopefully, to caress. She pulled down his pants and took his dick in her mouth the moment they were in the bedroom together.

After getting it nice and hard, Cathy demanded, "Now it's time to fuck me, baby."

"Cathy," he groaned, enjoying the blow job and not wanting it to end, "You know I'm not comfortable doing that with the baby so close."

"Maybe you could excite me into labour," she countered, stroking his cock.

"And that would be too early," he countered. This hadn't been an issue during the past two pregnancies, although those were many years ago, their upcoming child number three being a complete accident. But the idea of fucking her and hurting the baby with his cock was a thought he couldn't get out of his head.

"That's nonsense and you know it. Just fuck me," the wife purred, "I need it so bad."

"I told you," he said, feeling guilty and yet sticking to his guns. "I can't."

She stood up and played the pout card. "Is it because I'm huge and unattractive?"

"No," he said, knowing he had to tread carefully here. It wasn't that she had gained weight, he actually liked the bigger tits... no it was simply the psychological piece that he couldn't get past. "It's just what I keep telling you."

"Which is fucking ludicrous!" she snapped, climbing awkwardly out of bed and storming out of the room.

Barry, who was jerking off to reveries of his mother, heard the slam of the door and shook his head. His father had apparently rejected his mom's needs. *Idiot!*

That night James slept on the couch and Cathy went to bed stewing about her husband's refusal.

Then James made a terrible decision that opened the door for what would happen next.

"I have to go to Boston tomorrow," James announced at supper the following day, fearfully knowing he was incurring the wrath of his pregnant, irrational wife.

"You what?" Cathy shouted. "You just got back!"

"Hamilton is threatening to pull out of the deal so I have to go first thing in the morning," he explained, before adding, "I'm so sorry."

"On a Saturday?" Cathy questioned tersely.

"I know, I know," James nodded, trying to find a way to make this confrontation turn out less than disastrously. "But Hamilton will only deal with me."

"You're ditching me again?" Cathy asked, about to cry, finding this unbelievable... although she shouldn't have...for him work had always come first. Fuck, he had missed the birth of their first child because he'd been stuck at the airport during a storm.

"I know, I can't help it though," James replied, hating to see the hurt in his wife's eyes, but still adamant.

"Yes, you can," Cathy retorted, standing up, "you're just choosing not to."

"I'll be here for you, Mom," Barry interrupted, both to sidetrack the awkward dinner argument and also to tease the thought into his mother's head that maybe, just maybe, even though the odds were miniscule, he might be allowed to step up and do the job his father wasn't willing to do. He could become the man of the house in every way.

"At least your son knows how to man up," Cathy shot at her husband before storming out and clambering upstairs.

James followed her, but was locked out of his room.

Barry finished eating and headed out, not wanting to be there for the fireworks that were no doubt about to resume.

When Barry returned home after midnight after playing D & D with a couple of buddies, his dad was again sleeping on the couch.

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When Barry woke up the next morning, his father was gone.

Cathy was still furious, feeling betrayed by her husband. He wouldn't fuck her, he didn't treat her with the love a man should give to a woman carrying his child, and he kept deserting her.

She had a one o'clock showing, and was way too tired to have to go out. Yet she didn't have a choice. This was a third showing for the young couple and she sensed an imminent sale.

As she waddled into the kitchen, Barry was making French toast. He smiled, "Hungry?"

"Always," she said, which was true.

"Sit down, I'll have it ready for you in two minutes," he promised, as he went to the fridge and poured her a glass of orange juice.

"I don't know what I'd do without you," she said, so thankful to have a caring son to look after her.

"I begged off work for the weekend," Barry said. "So I can be here for whatever you need." He was being as subtle as humanly possible, yet giving her the hint just in case, an implausible dream

lingering in his head.

"That's so sweet," she said, as she took a sip.

A moment later, "Actually, could you be a dear and drive me to my showing at one? Driving is becoming such a chore."

"Sure," he agreed, taking the French toast off the stove.

"Actually, *everything* is becoming a chore," she sighed.

"Well, I'm assigning myself as your personal servant all weekend, mom," he offered, as he brought the French toast to the table. He then became more brazen as he added, "I am here to satisfy all your needs."

"Good to know," she said, with a smile. As she poured syrup on her French toast she pondered her son's statement. *Is he implying what that sounded like? It would be pretty bold for him to suggest he was willing to fuck me, yet what else could 'satisfy all your needs' even mean? He could have offered to help me out using almost any other phrase and it wouldn't have been suggestive.*

Barry let the offer linger, as he sat down and ate with his mother, neither of them speaking as they ate and allowed his words to marinate.

Barry offered, "I'll clean up the kitchen while you get ready, Mom."

"Thanks, honey," she said gratefully.

"I mean it, Mom," he said, "I'm here for whatever you need."

"Thanks," she repeated, "you're really turning into a gentleman."

My thoughts are not those of a gentleman, he thought to himself as his mom left the kitchen.

Cathy went and took a long shower before returning to her room to get dressed. And although she didn't have any real intention of seducing her son, she decided to dress up secretly just for him. It took some work, but she put on a garter-belt and black stockings. She had a matching bra underneath her bland maternity dress. She decided not to wear any underwear, not to be naughty, but because she'd forgotten to put them on first and was too exhausted after putting on the stockings and garter-belt to undo them.

She arrived downstairs and her son instantly looked at her feet. She asked, fishing for a compliment, "Do I look okay?"

"You look gorgeous," he answered, as he stared at her nylon-clad legs, big baby bump and large breasts, all showcased by the dress which was perhaps a size too small.

"I'm so big I've outgrown the dress," she apologized.

"It's perfect," the son said, happy it was indeed a size too tight.

"You're a sweetheart," she said, grabbing her purse.

They drove to the house, Barry occasionally glancing at his mother's three stimulating body parts: her legs, her baby bump and her tits.

Cathy noticed her son's roaming eye and enjoyed the attention, only wishing her husband would give her even a tenth of this appreciation.

At the house, Barry preceded her and opened the front door for his mother, who smiled as she accepted his hand to help her up the steps, "You really are a gentleman."

"Anything for you," he repeated. If he kept saying things like this often enough, perhaps his mother would become willing to do the unthinkable.

She smiled, for the first time giving just the subtlest of a hint back, "Be careful what you promise, young man."

Taking the olive branch, Barry repeated, "I mean it, Mom. I'll do absolutely anything to make you happy."

"I plan to hold you to that," she said, now getting pretty bold herself as she glanced down to glimpse the tent in his crotch area.

Barry thought he noticed his mom checking him out, although it was too brief for him to be sure. "Please do," he said, allowing his fantasy to lead the way... even though he knew deep down that was all it was... a fantasy.

"Why don't you go pick me up a mocha while I show the house?" she asked.

"Anything you want," he repeated.

"And maybe a Krispy Kreme donut," she added, craving the glazed donut... even as she daydreamed about getting some homemade glaze inside her.

"I'll pick up half a dozen," he offered, loving them himself.

"Make it a dozen," she suggested.

"Will do," he agreed, as a van pulled up.

"See you soon," she said, glancing down at his crotch again; he sure seemed to have a decent-sized package concealed in those pants.

"I'll be as quick as possible," he promised.

"Don't be *too* quick," she said, her meaning way different than what they were talking about, as she added, with a wicked smile, "Women like a man who can take his time."

"Mom!" he gasped, for the first time shocked by his mom's words, even though he was also crazy excited by them. The possibility of fucking his mom had just soared from practically impossible to almost likely!

"What?" she asked. "You're an adult now, and I need someone to joke with."

"Fair enough," he nodded. "You can tell me anything, frivolous to life-changing."

"I may just do that," the mom said, wondering how he would react if she reached over and squeezed his cock.

Barry went to Krispy Kreme and Cathy went in and showed the house.

Barry replayed every word of her banter, trying to decide what had been deliberate sexual innuendos and what had been intended innocently. After long thought he had to admit he hadn't a clue.

Cathy ignored the burning in her pussy as she conducted her tour and was thrilled when the couple decided to put in an offer. One that she knew would be accepted in a heartbeat!

Barry had been waiting in the car for a good twenty minutes in front of the house when his mother walked out, a hand on her back. He hurried out and offered, "Let me help you."

"My back is killing me," she said.

"Let's get you home and put you to bed," Barry said, with no sexual intent this time... only concern for his mother.

Cathy smiled, "Last time someone said that I ended up pregnant."

Barry responded without even thinking, the implication incredibly naughty even though he didn't mean it that way at all, "Well, that can't happen this time."

As they reached the car, Cathy laughed, "That is definitely true."

Barry helped her into the car and once she was seated she grabbed her mocha and swallowed some. "Barry, you're a lifesaver."

"What kind?" he joked, as he closed the door for his mom.

When he entered his side, Cathy answered, "Whatever flavour is the sweetest."

"Cool," he said, as he pulled away from the curb. He suddenly realized the obvious question he hadn't asked. "How did it go?"

"They put in an offer," she said.

"Awesome!"

"Yeah, we need to celebrate," she said.

"Well, first we need to get you home and relaxed," Barry said.

Deciding to be slightly bold, the mom said, "What I need to get relaxed, you can't help me with."

"You sure?" he questioned, this time catching on to the innuendo, but pretending he hadn't.

"Well, another foot massage would be nice," she said, thinking she could definitely use one and although she still wasn't seriously considering incest, she did want to feel her son's attentive hands touching her.

"I'll be your foot slave all day," he said, agreeing, while offering back his own subtle hint.

"You'll be my slave?" she laughed, "you really *are* setting yourself up for a full day of pampering your mother."

"As long as I don't have to use actual Pampers on you I'm all in," he joked.

Her first thought was wicked: *I'd love you to be all in*. She shook her head at her naughty thought as she agreed, deciding to add to the sly revelations, "Trust me, no Pampers. Actually I was too tired even to put on underwear today."

Barry's face went bright red at the revelation.

"Did I just leave you speechless?" Cathy laughed out loud, enjoying this dangerous flirtation with her son and delighted with his response.

He shrugged, regaining his composure, "I think it's cool that my mother is going commando."

That sentence instantly made her think of the *Friends* episode 'The One Where No One's Ready' from season three where Rachel tells Ross she is going commando, with the implication that he was going to get lucky.

"You do, do you?" his mother asked in a playful tone.

"It makes you more than just a mother," he said, although after he said it he thought it sounded odd.

"How so?" Cathy asked.

"Well," he began, "moms have a certain societal stereotype they're supposed to live by, but in reality they likely often want to be perceived in a different light."

"Go on," Cathy said.

"Well, you're often referred to as Barry's mom or Mrs. Boyle," he answered, before adding, "instead of your real name, Cathy."

"Tell me about it," she sighed, thinking how true that was, how in reality she had become a mother and wife, setting aside her own wants and needs... a cycle that would resume in a few weeks for another eighteen-plus years.

Being bold and sensing his mother was a bit down, he added, "When the way you really want to be seen is beautiful... or hot... or even..."

Barry stopped on purpose, hoping to draw his mom in.

"Even what?" she asked, just as Barry had hoped.

"It's a bit inappropriate," he drew out the lead-up.

"Everything today has seemed a little inappropriate," the mother pointed out, "And neither of us has complained," really needing to hear her son's next words. She did want to be seen as beautiful and hot... things she hadn't felt like in years, way before she'd gotten pregnant again. "So spill it, young man: what inappropriate term do you want to lay on me?"

"Fuckable," Barry blurted out, before he could reconsider all the reasons why he shouldn't say it.

"Oh," Cathy said, surprised by her son's words, "that's *very* inappropriate!" although her tone didn't imply that was a bad thing, but deliciously naughty. That was exactly how she wanted to be seen,

especially by him... fuckable.

"Sorry," Barry said hurriedly, unable to read his mom's response.

"No, don't be," she reassured him. "You're completely right. I want, no I *need*, someone to see me as all those things, even perhaps as someone inappropriate."

"Mom," Barry said, as he pulled into their driveway, "I mean it, you are the most beautiful woman I know, inside and out."

"Oh honey," she said, her heart melting, "I so needed to hear that."

They got out of the car and he helped her into the house, both pondering what should happen next.

Barry, eager to keep the momentum going, offered, "Do you want that foot massage now, Mom?"

"I'll never reject that offer," Cathy smiled, her feet a bit sore and wanting to spend more time being fawned over, even appropriately if necessary.

"Great," Barry said, perhaps a bit too eager.

"You enjoy giving Mommy foot massages, don't you?" Cathy said, using the term 'Mommy' for the first time in years, as she sank down on the couch after slipping out of her heels.

"I like doing whatever makes you happy, Mom," he answered.

"Well, who can argue with that?" she asked with a laugh, as her son also sat down.

Cathy put her feet on her son's lap and for twenty minutes she enjoyed his hands on her feet and calves... he even massaged each toe individually.

His mom was so relaxed that her legs parted and Barry became able to see she was wearing a garter-belt and stockings. His already hard cock flinched in his pants.

Cathy's eyes were closed as she enjoyed a tender massage that was so good it made her entire body feel good... and her pussy a little wet... she didn't even notice she was allowing her legs to part further and further.

Barry's eyes went wide as his mom's legs parted more and more until at last he could see her pussy.

"That feels so nice," Cathy murmured in a relaxed trance state, her son's fingers like magic.

"These nylons are so soft," Barry said, enamoured by the nylons and the clear view of his mom's pussy.

"I wore them for you," Cathy admitted, before she even realized she was about to say it.

"You did?" he asked.

Cathy's eyes went wide as she was drawn out of her relaxed state. She saw her son staring between her open legs and began prattling in high alert damage control mode, "I-I-I mean I wore the stocking and garter because I thought you'd like them and I was hoping for another foot massage

offer and I wanted you to think I was pretty and give you a treat, but I didn't mean to offend you or..." she wound down helplessly.

Barry quickly looked away, hoping she didn't know he had been staring at her pussy and reassured her, "You could never offend me Mom, and I did enjoy seeing you in those stockings, so thank you." *No way* was he going to mention the pussy shot!

Cathy carefully closed her legs, tugged down her dress and said, "Thank you so much... for the massage, honey."

"No problem," Barry said, his dejected 'fun time is over' response noted by his mother.

"You okay?" she asked, her feet still on his lap.

"Yeah, yeah," Barry answered, still massaging his mom's feet and planning on continuing until she told him to stop. He added, "I'm just enjoying helping you. I feel really close to you right now, Mom."

"You're so sweet," she replied, reaching out to touch his cheek and continuing, "I feel that too."

But she also felt something more hydraulic. She moved her feet off his lap and told him, "Sorry, I need to pee."

"Okay," Barry said.

Once she left, Barry adjusted his cock as he tried to burn the memory of his mom's pussy into his head.

Cathy grabbed her phone and as she went pee she checked her messages. She noticed in one of her updates that today was National Nude Day. She hadn't known such a day existed, but this gave her an idea.

The truth was, she was horny.

The truth was, she needed to get fucked badly.

The truth was, she was eager for her son to be the one to fuck her.

She went to her bedroom, awkwardly struggled out of her bra and pulled it out of an armhole while keeping her dress on, and called out, "Barry, I need your help."

She tossed her bra in the laundry hamper as Barry called back, "Coming."

'I hope so,' Cathy thought to herself wickedly, horny and very happy she had decided to seduce her son.

Barry entered his mom's room, found her standing near the bed waiting for him and said, "What can I do for you?"

"It's a weird request, baby boy," Cathy said, acting coy and shy.

"Mom, I told you I'll do anything," Barry reaffirmed, his dream of fucking her still lingering.

"I'm so bloated I can't even get my dress off by myself," Cathy pouted.

"You're beautiful," Barry repeated, as he walked over to his mother.

"You're sweet," Cathy said, knowing this was her last chance to back out. Once he lifted her dress off she would be standing there fully (and she hoped unashamedly) naked except for the garter-belt and stockings.

Cathy lifted her arms straight up and said, "Just lift the dress over my head, please."

"Okay," Barry agreed, his hands trembling at the idea of seeing his mother in her underwear, then recalling the exciting news that she wasn't wearing any panties.

He pulled the dress off and once he had, he found himself staring at his mom's huge tits! He knew he should look away, but they were like two lighthouses beckoning him in.

Cathy didn't cover her breasts, but also didn't manage unashamed; instead she sighed, "Maybe I shouldn't have done this; they sag too much."

"They're perfect," Barry also sighed, unable to break out of his hypnotic trance.

"You're an adorable liar," she said, with a playful chuckle.

"I'm serious, Mom," he said. "Everything about you, top to bottom, is perfect."

"Well, you did love these milk jugs back when you were young," she smiled, cupping both her breasts to present them to him.

"Were they this big back then?" Barry asked.

"They were," she said. "You breast fed way longer than most babies."

"I was a smart child," Barry joked, finally breaking his eyes away from his mother's huge tits.

"That you were," she agreed, as she then asked, "So if you still like me, can I ask for another favour?"

"Sure," he said.

"Will you massage Mommy's breasts and nipples?" she asked, officially crossing the line.

"Y-y-yes," Barry stammered, finally hearing words he had dreamt of for years.

"Go ahead, you can even suck on Mommy's nipples, baby," the mother encouraged.

Barry knelt down and leaned forward, his head spinning, as he opened his mouth and sucked in his mother's left nipple as he also reached up and cupped both her breasts.

"Oh yes, Barry, suck on Mommy's nipples like you used to," Cathy moaned.

Barry sucked on the hard nipple in awe. He couldn't believe this was really happening.

Cathy hadn't had anyone suck on her nipples in forever and it felt so good. The taboo of it being her son somehow enhanced the pleasure warming inside her.

Barry moved to her other breast and replicated the attention.

After a few minutes of having her breasts worshipped (yes, that's the perfect word), she said, "Did you know that today is National Nude Day?"

"What?" Barry asked, so focused on his mom's breasts.

"It's a holiday: Nude Day," she repeated. "So I think Mommy should celebrate by undressing you!"

"O-o-okay," Barry stammered, still overwhelmed.

He stood, still stunned as his mother pulled his t-shirt over his head.

He stood, still dazed as she lowered herself carefully to the floor and unbuttoned his jeans.

He stood, still excited as she lowered his jeans.

"Oh my, my baby's little wee-wee has gotten a lot larger since I used to bathe him," Cathy crooned little-girlishly, seeing the shape of his large, hard cock tenting out a pair of tightie whities. *I'll have to buy him some new underwear*, she thought to herself.

"I sure hope so," Barry said, as his mom tugged down his underwear.

"Oh my, you're way bigger than your father," Cathy said, it being her turn to be in awe. Her son's cock was a solid eight inches... a good two-plus bigger than her husband's.

"I am?" Barry said, knowing his cock was above average size. This was something he'd learned when he got his first blow job last summer from a girl at camp. She was in complete awe of his cock and he became very popular among the other female camp councillors for the rest of the summer. He got blow jobs daily, snacked on pussy, and even fucked six different girls, including the MILF wife of the head of the camp.

Unfortunately for Barry, he was still a nobody at school and after an amazing summer, he ended up back in oblivion. Other than a Christmas rendezvous with Kim, one of the summer camp councillors, in a mall's family bathroom, his cock had only gotten the left-hand treatment.

"Oh yes, you really are," Cathy affirmed, as she asked, "Can Mommy touch it?"

"Please... umm... Mommy," he urged her, trying out the word and finding it turned him on.

Cathy reached up and grabbed the throbbing cock. "Oh my, it's so hard! Is that all because of me?"

"Yes, Mommy!" Barry admitted with a groan.

Cathy began to stroke it, as she asked, "Would it be okay if Mommy sucked it for her naughty boy?"

"God, yes," Barry agreed. He'd gotten a few great blow jobs last summer, but nothing was more exciting than getting one from his pregnant mother.

"Thank you, baby," Cathy said, as she leaned forward and took her son's cock in her mouth.

"Oh yes," Barry moaned, as his mom began bobbing on his cock.

Cathy bobbed on the cock like a hungry slut. She wanted to give her son the blow job of his life. She had no idea how much sex her son had had, but she wanted his time with her to be the best.

His mom took all eight inches in, something only the MILF had ever managed, and Barry could feel his balls boiling pretty quickly. He sure didn't want this to end, but he knew he wouldn't last much longer, so he warned, "I'm going to come real soon, Mom."

She quit sucking and said, "Then please come in Mommy's mouth, baby," before she returned to deep throat sucking.

Barry wasn't going to argue, and in thirty seconds, maybe less, he groaned and began spewing his load in his mom's mouth.

Her son came a lot more than her husband, as five thick ropes of cum shot into her mouth and slithered down her throat. She kept sucking, retrieving every last drop of cum, like an addict.

When the entire load was inside her, she allowed her son's cock to slip out of her mouth.

She stood up with some effort and said, "I need to lie down."

Barry helped her up and led her to the bed.

Once they were both lying on it, Barry on his side admiring his mother's body from above, he announced, "Time for a pussy massage, Mom."

Cathy smiled, this being something her husband almost never did, and not even once in over three years, "Oh Barry, you don't have to do that," even as she spread her legs.

Barry responded, finally getting to see his mom's pussy up close and personal, "Oh yes I do!"

"Well, if you really *must*," Cathy said playfully, as her son crawled between her legs.

"Yeah, I really do," Barry agreed, as he leaned forward and licked his mom's pussy. He had licked a lot of pussies last summer and had enjoyed it, but this was a whole new level of exciting! She was so wet, her scent so strong, and her taste so heavenly!

"Oh yes, baby, eat Mommy's pussy," Cathy moaned, her son's tongue quite experienced... he had obviously done this before.

Barry swirled his tongue around her clit, parted her wet pussy lips and as he listened to her increased moaning, he began attacking the clit.

"Oh yes, son, oh God," Cathy said, her orgasm getting close.

Barry kept licking until his Mom screamed, way louder than he could have imagined, "Yesssssss!"

Barry kept licking the massive gush of cum flooding out of his mother until she pushed him away. "Oh God, too sensitive."

"Did I do something wrong?" Barry asked.

"No. no," she said, "I just get very sensitive down there after I come from oral."

"Oh," he said.

"Are you still hard, honey?" she asked, still horny and wanting to get fucked.

"For you? Always," he admitted, the idea he may be able to fuck his mom having him all revved up and ready to go.

Cathy loved it from behind, so with a fair amount of work, she rolled off her back and got onto all fours, actually thinking how hilarious that likely looked, before she said, "Come fuck your Mommy, baby."

"Okay," Barry agreed, eagerly moving behind her big butt and positioning his cock at her wet pussy.

"Now, Mommy needs it hard and deep," she said.

"Okay," Barry repeated as he put his hands on her hips and slid inside her.

"Oh yes, son, fill Mommy's cunt with your big dick!" she moaned loudly, feeling such a rush at finally having a cock inside her.

"I can't believe this," Barry exulted out loud.

"Me neither," the mom agreed. "Your cock is just so big."

"I love you Mom," he said, as he began slowly fucking her.

"I love you too, son," she replied, looking back at him.

She smiled.

He smiled.

She then ended the intimate moment with, "Now fuck your Mommy and fuck her hard!"

"You betcha!" he cried with a wide grin, loving his mother's surprisingly naughty mouth.

He began slamming into her, his body slapping against hers.

"Oh yes, son, fuck Mommy, yes!" she moaned loudly, his raging cock feeling so good inside her.

"All day," he said between thrusts, knowing from experience he could indeed do this all day. He'd shot eight loads on the last day of camp... into six girls (or onto them).

"You better," she moaned.

"Anything for you," he repeated his new mantra, as he kept pounding her as hard as he could.

Cathy, much to her surprise, had multiple orgasms for the first time in twenty years... reaching both a second and a third orgasm during the next fifteen minutes of fucking.

Barry, finally close, asked, "Can I shoot in you, Mom?"

"I think it's safe," she smiled, wanting very much to feel his load shooting inside her.

A few more pumps and he grunted, "Yes!" and shot his second load in his mom.

"Oh yes, fill Mommy with your cum, you mother fucker," she moaned in complete euphoria.

He slowed down until he was completely spent, and truthfully his legs were cramping a bit, until suddenly a massive gush flooded out of his mother's pussy.

"Oh no," Cathy gasped, realizing the obvious.

"Oh no *what?* And what's all that fluid?" Barry asked.

"My water broke," she informed him calmly. "So the next *anything for you Mom* on your schedule Mr. Man-of-the-House, is driving me to the hospital."

"Okay, I can do that," Barry agreed instantly.

As she rolled onto her back, she mused, "Well I guess you did indeed do what your father couldn't," she finished with a big laugh even as she wondered what would happen next. There was no way she couldn't fuck this dick again.

"Anything for you, Mom," he joined her in laughter as he helped her get ready to go to the hospital.

THE END