

HOME REMEDY

sunburycd

Mother seeks help from her son.

Incest/Taboo

4.72

10.7k words

Author's note- Not to be taken too seriously, this started as a very short "stroke piece" but got a little out of hand. Hope you enjoy nonetheless and consult a doctor before attempting any of the therapies contained herein.

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In mid-conversation on a video call, Mom acknowledged my return home with a wave of her hand, and I tried to remain quiet as I entered the kitchen seeking some after-school refreshments.

"So, as I said, give the magnesium and zinc a go; keep up the vitamin B12 and calcium. Of course, stay active and we'll see how we've progressed in... shall we say, two months?" The woman my mother was talking to posed and assuming her to be a doctor, I was glad I'd come home at the end of the telehealth appointment, not during.

"Great Doctor, thank you. I'll arrange an appointment then," Mom ended the call, and feeling her eyes on me, I gave her my attention as I emptied the fridge of food and drinks. "You're going to eat us out of house and home," she giggled as she typed something on her laptop.

"Hah," I laughed, nodding toward the computer and alluding to the appointment. "All good?"

"Oh, fine," Mom dismissed my concern with another wave of her hand. "Just my usual aches and pains. Nothing for you to worry about," she added as she studied whatever she was looking at on the screen. "My goodness vitamins are expensive," she said, more to herself.

"Everything's expensive these days," I casually remarked and left her to her own devices, heading off to my room with the spoils of war.

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It was early evening and post-dinner when Mom again raised the subject of her doctor's appointment and in the process of doing the dishes, I was a captive audience as she accosted me, wine in hand.

"I was shocked at the price they're asking for simple supplements these days," Mom leaned against the benchtop, and I had to politely nudge her aside to place the dinner plates back in the cabinet.

"Oh yeah?" I engaged, admittedly disinterested.

"I just can't justify the expense at the moment," she continued. "We're stretching the budget as it is," she added, and I felt a twinge of guilt at the effects of my appetite on the household spending.

"Well, I'll see if I can't get a few more shifts at the supermarket if that'll help Mom," I proposed. "They need more people to pick the online orders."

"Oh goodness no Honey," Mom refuted the idea. "I don't want you working all hours. You need to concentrate on your studies. No... we'll make do," she tapered off and I once more had to request her to move, as her butt pressed up against the cutlery drawer. "Oh, silly me. Getting in the way again," she laughed, and I couldn't deny she was behaving stranger than usual, even with the advent of alcohol, equally strange for a worknight.

"Well, whatever I can do," I again offered, hanging the tea towel up to dry, and by the look on Mom's face as I prepared to leave the room, I could see she had something else to say. "What?" I paused and she pursed her lips, stifling a smile.

"Oh, it's nothing," she swatted away my concern, taking another sip from the wine glass.

"Okay!?" I made to turn and again paused as her eyes remained on me, her anxiety or eagerness palpable. "Seriously, what is it?" I questioned her and she laughed.

"Oh, it's silly," she shook her head. "Just something I discovered this afternoon. Online," she elaborated.

"Oh yeah?"

"Well. It's so funny actually... you'll laugh," she determined, and I was admittedly becoming curious as to what she was building toward. "It's all about those vitamins you see. I don't know if you were there, but my doctor recommended I take some certain supplements."

"Yeah, I heard," I admitted. "Vitamin C or something wasn't it?"

"Well, it's funny you say that because Vitamin C IS something else that's apparently in it."

"In what?" I asked and she didn't immediately answer.

"Along with magnesium; zinc; calcium; B12," she continued listing vitamins, as I began to tune out and she could obviously see my waning interest. "In semen!" She enthusiastically proclaimed and her face began to blush.

"What?" I made sure I'd heard her correctly.

"Uh-huh," she nodded and headed to the fridge where she refilled her glass with white wine.

"Crazy, isn't it? That's what's so funny. Basically, everything my doctor suggested I take, is in human semen!"

She took that moment to turn back toward me and it was now I that began to redden.

"Um, yeah," I offered under her searching gaze. "That's weird. I didn't know... I guess," wondering why indeed she'd informed me.

"You're right Honey, it IS weird," she agreed and took a larger-than-normal draught from her glass, noticeably swallowing. "Weird that I'd discover that, right when we were here talking about finances and the cost of everything."

Her eyes remained on me, and I felt it wasn't the end of the conversation.

"Well, as I said Mom, whatever I can do to help... those extra shifts are..."

"Do you mean that Baby?" Mom interrupted.

"What?" I questioned and she paused before she responded.

"I meant what I said earlier Darling. I don't want you working extra shifts," she crossed the kitchen to place her glass on the benchtop. "But you can still help..." she breathed in deeply. "Have you..." she struggled to voice before fully turning toward me and confidently speaking. "Darling, have you been masturbating lately?"

They weren't words I thought I'd ever hear her say and I felt a little lightheaded as I processed her query.

"What?" I whispered.

"Masturbating," she repeated. "I know you've done it in the past," and here she threw up her hand. "Don't get me wrong Honey, there's nothing wrong with it. It's natural for a boy your age. I was just wondering if you're still..." and she finally faltered.

My face burned and I swallowed hard, the lump in my throat.

"Mom... I..."

"Look, all I'm saying is if indeed you're... well. If you need to... you know. You could possibly save it. And, well as I said, the price of vitamins being as they are, I could... well, make use of it. Somehow."

I was hearing her correctly. Mom wanted me to jerk off, save the cum, and give it to her to, what... consume? The world had just exploded.

"Mom... What?" I questioned her; her sanity. "Are you serious?"

"Well, I mean, it's just simple nutrients. I know it might sound strange, but I think we're making too much of a big deal about it really," she defended.

"But how would you.... what would you do with it?" I asked, astounded we were discussing the matter.

"I don't know. I could blend it into a smoothie or something. I haven't thought that far ahead really," she reasoned and somehow her idea didn't seem that outlandish.

"I'm not dreaming here, am I?" I managed to laugh. "You're not punking me or something right? Is there a hidden camera somewhere?" I looked around exaggeratedly.

"No," Mom shook her head slowly, expectation, and sincerity in her eyes.

I breathed in as I thought about her proposition. I could do it, I supposed. I HAD offered to help in any way. What would be the harm? I jerked off every day. More than once most often! It suddenly didn't seem such a big deal at all.

"I'll do it!" I declared and immediately I saw relief and delight in her face, and I felt good I'd made her happy. "I mean, I don't know how you want me to..."

"Oh... you could just," and I watched as she reached down to open the cabinet at her hip, withdrawing a saucer. "You could just go on this I suppose. Or..." and she marched across the kitchen, her long pleated skirt swishing as she moved. "...in a glass," she produced a shot glass from the upper cabinet. "I don't mind. Whatever suits you," she brought them both toward me, holding them out in offering.

"Oh, you want me to do it now!?"

"Well, only if it's not too much trouble. The sooner I get onto these vitamins the better I suppose," she confided.

I looked down at my choices and went with the shot glass, accepting it from her grip, her finger brushing mine in the process and strangely, goosebumps broke out on my arm.

"Soo, I'll just go and..." I proposed and Mom smiled excitedly, nodding.

"I'll be waiting," she enthusiastically stated, and I headed off to my bedroom.

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Surreal. That's what it was. I loaded up some porn on my phone and sitting on my bed, had my dick out and shot glass at the ready. It didn't work. A change of position, laying on the bed. Another of my favorite porn stars. Nothing. It was too clinical. My limp cock could merely secrete a dab of pre-cum and the longer my impotence persisted, the more pressure and anxiety I felt.

"Honey?" And an accompanying knock came from outside my door and ridiculously as if I was about to be 'sprung' jerking off, I quickly tucked my penis back into my pants.

"Yes?"

"How's it going in there?" She amazingly queried. "It's been a while."

"All good," I lied, pausing. "Ah, Mom. Not helping!" I informed her.

"Oh, sorry Baby. I'll be in the kitchen..." and she too paused. "Waiting."

I heard her footsteps departing and wondered why I hadn't heard them approach. Had she sneaked up?

I found another porn site and a whole new set of models, oiled-up lesbians that would've normally had me prematurely spurting but provoked little more than another leaking of pre-cum. I was useless. My nerves and the pressure of the situation had found me lacking, and despondent; I knew I had to admit my failure.

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"Ah..." I ventured as I walked back into the well-lit kitchen, Mom's ass greeting me as she leaned upon the bench. "I couldn't really..." I trailed off as she turned expectantly.

"What is it, Honey?" She asked, her eyes dropping to the empty receptacle in my hand.

"I'm sorry Mom," I apologized. "It just wouldn't happen."

"Oh Darling, that's alright," she welcomed me into an embrace and her soft body admittedly felt nice pressed up against me. "I put too much pressure on you didn't I!"

"I don't know what's wrong with me," I spoke into her hair, the smell enticing. "Usually it happens pretty quickly," I freely and strangely admitted.

"Ok," she pulled out of the embrace, and I admit I was somewhat disappointed, having enjoyed the feel of her breasts against my chest. "So, what did you do?"

"What?" I questioned.

"I mean, do you have a magazine or something? Or did you just use your imagination?"

I could feel my face blush.

"No, I watched something on my phone," I tapped my cell in my front pocket and Mom's eyes dropped to my groin.

"Oh. And that didn't work? Hmm," and here she paused as if in thought. "Now, was it you couldn't... well... ejaculate? Or was it you..."

"Yeah, the other," I found myself admitting. "I couldn't get hard... er, an erection."

"Hmm," she again hummed. "There's no pressure Honey. You know that?" She smiled and I managed to nod despite all that I felt to the contrary. "You know I wonder if..." and she seemed to dismiss her train of thought.

"What?" I inquired.

"Oh nothing," she waved her hand.

"No, what were you going to say?" I asked.

"Well, that's just it," she began. "I have put ALL the pressure onto you, haven't I!?" She declared.

"No," I refuted. "It's just..."

"No, wait, Honey, hear me out," she demanded. "It's not fair that you have to bear this burden all yourself. And here I am just standing around waiting for you to... produce, so to speak."

"Mom, I don't mind really. I said I'd do what I can to help."

"And that's what I want to do Darling. Help. If I can."

A million thoughts began racing through my mind and Mom then voiced one of them.

"You know, would it be easier... I mean, would it help if someone else were to..." she trailed off as her neck began to redden, quickly followed by her cheeks. "I mean it might feel... more enjoyable let's say. For you. And I mean, I really should be taking more of a front-row seat to this, if you think about it."

"You want to..." I paused. "You're offering to..." I couldn't form the words.

"Well, yes," she nodded. "I mean it's only right for me to be more hands-on... literally," she laughed.

"And we just... I mean I just," I lowered my eyes to my groin and finished my sentence as I looked back into her face. "Here?"

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "How about I just..." She dropped to her knees before me and looked up almost submissively. "I mean, I'm still your mother and everything, so you might like to look at your pornography video or whatever it is, while I..." And here she reached out to take hold of the fly of

my pants and unzip. Confidently, my mother's hand worked into the gap provided and tugging gently down on my underpants, brought out my still-soft penis as casually as she'd produced the shot glass not twenty minutes before.

I heard myself gasp as her warm hand surrounded my cock and the next sound, the adorable giggle from her lips as she discovered pre-cum dripping from the eye.

"Well, that's a start," she smiled as she scooped up the dribble from the head and using her thumb ran it down the length of my flaccid cock. "A little lubricant! Now why don't you watch your porn, and we'll see if we can't get you hard," she proposed and almost in a trance, I pulled my phone from my pocket.

Not for a second was I planning on navigating to a website. Immediately as I lifted the phone between us, I opened the camera app and pressed video recording. And there she was. My mother, on her knees in the kitchen with her hand around my cock. A cock, I'll have you know, that was rapidly hardening within her loving grip.

"Now that's done it," Mom exclaimed as she stroked me to erection, seemingly proud as she looked up into the camera. "See. Teamwork. There's nothing a mother and son can't do if they put their minds to it. Now. Let's get you ejaculating. What do you say?"

Nothing.

Words wouldn't come; nor could I have vocalized them, my mouth frozen open in exclamation. I concentrated on the screen of my phone as her wide eyes devoured the head, her hand expertly jerking my length.

"My goodness Darling," she sighed. "You do have a lot of pre-cum, don't you?" She noted, the underside of my dick, slick with the lubricant. "And you're such a big boy. I'll admit something. Every mother's curious about her son's size," she matter-of-factly acknowledged. "I guess I'm just one of the lucky ones who gets to find out."

I began to wonder if she was talking out of nervousness, my mother being prone to such behavior. It mattered not, she could read a shopping list as far as I was concerned as long as she kept doing what she was doing. And doing it so well. Her handjob better than I gave myself, I could feel the orgasm approach.

"And so thoughtful you are Darling," she continued. "To help me out this way. I know it must be uncomfortable to have your mother do this, but it shows how much you care. How much you love me. And I love you, Baby," she found my gaze looking down at her. "And the money we'll save," she stared into my eyes. "This could even make us closer," she proposed, and I questioned how we could be any closer than this. The thought dispelled with my impending release.

"Mom..."

"Yes Darling?" she replied, her lips remaining open as she increased the pace of her handjob, surely understanding the conclusion was imminent.

"Mom, I'm gonna..." I held my breath.

"You're about to cum Darling!?" She was clearly enthusiastic.

"Ye... Yes!" I managed; the bulbous head of my cock, so close to her open mouth. The idea of cumming on her, in her mouth, enticing.

"Good boy," she exclaimed, still furiously jerking me off, her hand a blur. "Do we have the glass?" She questioned and I looked around at the shot glass placed on the bench, grabbing it with my free hand.

"Here," I gasped, dropping it before her and as quickly she took possession, pulling my cock down to the horizontal and aiming it at the glass receptacle.

"Are you gonna cum Baby?" She asked. "You're gonna cum for Mommy?" She added and there was excitement and dare I say it, desire in her eyes.

"Yes!" I gasped as she squeezed my cock hard, clearly acknowledging the final buildup of pressure trapping my seed and increasing the pleasure.

"Do it for me, Darling. Give me all that cum I need," she demanded. "Show Mommy how much you love her, Baby!"

A fountain of love. Perfectly she held the shot glass at the eye of my cock as I exploded. A geyser of white lava captured; my incestuously extracted seed safely deposited in my mother's chosen vial. Again and again, I came. spurts of taboo nutrients, carefully procured; squeezed from my engorged shaft by the most expert of milkmaids.

"Jesus," I finally breathed as Mom pinched the head of my cock, oozing out the last of my eighteen-year-old elixir. Lovingly brewed.

"I was going to say the same thing," Mom raised the over-half-filled shot glass before herself. "God, that's a lot of cu.. er... ejaculate," she corrected herself and I felt a slight change of mood in the air. Her hand came from my erection, and she stood without my help, still holding the cum filled glass at a distance.

I stopped the video recording and placed the phone back in my pocket as I, in turn, hid my still-hard cock from view, Mom's eyes (I didn't fail to notice,) watching until it was safely inside my pants.

"So, what are you going to do with it?" I questioned and saw her already flushed face, redden further.

"Oh, well, I'll mix it into something. A shake perhaps," she seemed unsure, placing the glass down upon the bench before she once more looked me in the eyes, a sheepish expression coming to her face. "You must have been watching something exciting," she nodded toward my pocket. "On your phone. To get so hard. So quick."

"Ah, yeah," I didn't exactly lie. "It was pretty hot."

"You know, those things I said," she reminded me. "As you were... well, ejaculating. I just did it to help things along you understand? There's no need for us to be uncomfortable about it. Any of it."

"No," I shook my head. "I'm good," my cock pulsed in my pants, still hard, still showing its desire for her. "Soo, if we're done here, I'll," I pointed back to my bedroom and Mom smiled gleefully.

"Of course, Darling," she unexpectedly leaned in, and I presented my cheek for her welcome kiss. "And thank you. As I said, this will save us sooo much money."

I returned her smile as we parted, and halfway across the kitchen, I stopped as she once more spoke, more to herself than me.

"Oh, it's silly making a smoothie just for this isn't it," she posed, and I turned to see her holding the shot glass. "So much easier to..." she continued, and I watched as she made her way to the cutlery drawer and remove a teaspoon. "Oh, now don't watch me, Honey" she feigned embarrassment as she lifted both the shot glass and the spoon before herself. Clearly though, she'd wanted me to see it, and I didn't disappoint as I watched her dip the spoon whilst raising the glass to her mouth.

I realized then that I'd discovered my soulmate! Right there in our kitchen. My cock strained against my pants as I watched my mother spoon my cum into her mouth and swallow, go back for more, scraping the sides of the shot glass, devouring the contents with relish before using her tongue to lick the inside clean.

"Waste not want not," she apologized needlessly. "These are precious vitamins," she winked at me, and I sleepwalked back to my bedroom, wondering if indeed I WAS in fact, dreaming.

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I jerked off three times overnight watching the video back. Pausing on her face. Zooming in on her lips; her eyes; her cleavage; her beauty. I had no doubt I was in love, and it took everything not to go to her room. To climb into bed with her and confess my desire, my incestuous devotion. I must have slept. Stirring to find light in my room and my hand still holding my cock, my phone remaining where I'd positioned it, angled toward me to watch her as I'd drifted. The screen now black.

I didn't expect to see her, but I swept through the house nonetheless in the faint hope she'd taken the day off work. Not to be. And I made do with mere thoughts of her as I showered, refraining from orgasm as I pleased myself. Sure in the belief she'd be seeking my seed when I arrived home.

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And as soon as possible did I! Jogging from the school gates to the surprise of my friends. How could they understand? On arrival, I paused outside the front door to catch my breath and marveled at the time I'd completed the near-mile trek. My own personal record. Worth the stitch that stabbed my side.

"Mom! You home?" I called when I found the kitchen and living room empty.

"Oh, um. Yes," came the reply and I followed the sound to the source, finding her peering out from behind the door of her bedroom. "It's just..."

"What are you doing?" I laughed, my heart still racing from the run, possibly the expectation of her.

"Well, you'll think me silly," Mom blushed, and I noticed more of her, hair tied back, her shoulder bare. "I really hope I haven't embarrassed myself," she added, and I frowned in confusion.

"What? What are you talking about, what have you done?" I questioned, and she allowed the door to swing toward her, slowly revealing her body.

"Now before you laugh, let me explain," she requested, and despite her presumption, I couldn't laugh, I couldn't even speak as my eyes slowly descended to take in the sight. "I was passing the costume store," she seemingly defended her appearance. "And, well. I mean it did feel a bit like a clinical procedure yesterday, didn't it!? So, I thought this would be funny, lighten the mood maybe!"

My eyes were stuck in position, focused on her torso, barely clothed, and the white stay-up stockings adorning her legs.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she turned and made her way across her bedroom to her dresser, and I was witness to her bare buttocks, the thin string of a white thong disappearing between her cheeks. "There's this 'headbandy' thing as well."

She stopped to collect the headpiece and place it in her hair before she once more turned, and I was able to take in the ensemble completely. This was no 'costume store' outfit as she'd proclaimed. Clearly lingerie, the nurses uniform consisted of merely a white nylon bra with red crosses upon the cups, and lower, a matching thong, failing to contain the tuft of dark pubic hair that protruded over the hem.

I remembered to breathe, and it came out in a gasp.

"Mom!" I exclaimed. "I..."

"Oh," she made her way closer toward me in her high heels. "I hope I haven't been presumptuous. You still wanted to help me with the vitamins?"

"Yes!" I declared, quick to disarm her of doubt. "You just look..."

"Silly?" she misunderstood. "Oh, I haven't made a fool of myself, have I?"

"No!" I again announced. "You look..." I wanted to say hot, beautiful, stunning, but ridiculously held back. "...great," as far as I went, foolishly not wanting to come across as too enthusiastic at her appearance.

She smiled and I wanted to kiss her. To hold her and fuck.

"Well, if you're ready," her eyes momentarily dropped to my groin, and I had no doubt she noticed the erection already tenting my school pants. "We just have to get our glass," her hand found mine and together we walked back through the house to the kitchen.

"You know I've had other thoughts about how we can do this," she divulged as she left me to retrieve the shot glass from the cabinet. The lighting better in the kitchen, every line of her body made available for my perusal, every muscle and sensuous curve. And as she turned, again that enticing thatch of exposed pubic hair, the folds of pussy below, bulging the nylon thong. Above. Her smooth belly and kissable navel, her sizeable breasts, their nipples rigid and darker hue visible through the red crosses.

"Oh yeah?" I managed, swallowing and blushing at being seen openly staring at her body.

"Well, you could ejaculate on my toast in the morning!" She outlandishly proclaimed. "I was thinking it would go well with jam, maybe even honey?" She frowned. "On my granola, instead of yogurt. What do you think? Also, in my coffee! I mean, it IS cream, isn't it!" And to this, she smiled.

"Yeah," I gasped. "All good ideas," I agreed, again wondering if I was dreaming or if it was all a practical joke. How was this my life right now!?

"Something to think about I suppose," Mom proposed and again she took my hand and led me out of the kitchen. "I'll have to sit this time Honey," she explained the change of venue as we entered the dining room. "My knees and everything," she winced exaggeratedly before taking a seat on a dining chair. "But if I keep taking my vitamins, that might not be a problem in the future!" she beamed. "Now, shall we...?"

Without delay, Mom once more reached for the fly of my pants and had a hand inside my boxer shorts. "Oh, you're already hard," she was surely feigning surprise as she pulled my erection from the fly, looking up into my eyes. "Hmm, thinking about some girl from school no doubt!" She giggled as ever so gently, she ran her hand down my shaft. "Are you going to watch your porn videos?"

"Oh! Yeah," I slapped my hand on my back pocket and drew out my phone, immediately opening the camera app to record our second encounter for posterity.

"Good Boy," Mom smiled, looking back at my cock. "You watch something hot to make this easier for you. I understand it must be so uncomfortable. Not every boy has his mother jerk him off. But I really do need it, don't I Baby? Mama needs her boy's cream," she sighed as her hand gripped me expertly, perfectly stroking my shaft.

"Oh, you probably don't want me talking, do you," she continued, not waiting for my response either way. "I just think that if we treat it as natural as possible, it'll go smoother. Is that silly? I mean really, there's nothing as natural as a mother wanking her son, is there? It's actually quite beautiful if you think about it," she added, rambling, her hand increasing its rate, pre-cum lubricating her action. "We're bonding most intimately. So loving. So, nurturing. Almost like breastfeeding!" Her eyes once more found mine and it was then I began to cum.

"Oh shit!" I gasped as I sprayed her chest, Mom quick to drop her eyes, her jaw receiving the second blast from my cock as she took in the sight of her son prematurely ejaculating over her tits. "I'm... I'm sorry," I panted as she continued to stroke me, seemingly unfazed by the unintentional and misplaced deposit.

"My God, Darling no," she jerked pulse after pulse of cum onto her chest. "It's fine," she squeezed my shaft, as was becoming habitual, drawing as much semen from me as possible. "We can still use this..." she eyed the glistening upon her boobs.

"Keep going," I interjected, and she looked up, a thread of cum hanging from her chin as if drool from her mouth.

"What Baby?"

"Keep going Mom," I managed, my cock having lost none of its rigidity, ready for more. "I can cum again!" I declared and her mischievous eyes widened.

"More?" She excitedly questioned, her hand taking up the challenge, the muscles in her arm flexing.

"Ye... yes," I proclaimed and with mere strokes, I released a second round of jizz upon her breasts accompanied by her delighted squeal, all captured forever by my cell phone.

"Goodness!" Mom sighed, her hand finally leaving my dick, scooping and taking with her a strand of semen. "That was unexpected. And a bonus," she added as she took the shot glass from the table and positioned it between her boobs.

I watched enthralled as she coaxed rivulets of my load into the glass, wiping up as best she could the mess I'd made of her body.

"I think that might be all," she rose from the chair, standing only inches from me, my semi-erect cock almost touching her exposed belly.

"Ah, you've got a..." I lifted a hand to my mouth to signify hers and she mimicked my action, finding the cum hanging from her chin.

"Oh goodness!" She repeated, lifting off the thread and deftly adding it to her collection. "Well, thank you, Honey. I'd best go and clean up. First, take my daily dose of vitamins though," she conceded and with my eyes upon her, raised the shot glass to her lips and tipped. Her tongue drew the thick and creamy contents into her mouth and with my own open, I marveled as she swallowed my seed, a smile appearing on her glistening lips. "Mmm, thank you, Darling. Now. You go and have your after-school snack. I'm sure after this you need some replenishing!" She ventured and I kept my eyes on her as she left me alone in the room.

Was this normal? Could I even summon the courage to ask any of my friends if they'd done something similar? The answer was no, to both. What was happening here was extraordinary and it made me wonder if she was indeed crazy. Drunk perhaps? Cum drunk, came to mind and I smiled as I looked down at where she'd been seated.

Now call me a pervert if you want, but I don't apologize for what I did next. Where Mom's ass had been placed seconds before, there was a noticeable wet patch in the bone-colored padding, and there was no doubt in my mind what was the source. Without thinking, I dropped to my knees and, yes, depraved as it was, pressed my nose into the dampness left by her sex. Inhaling as best I could the subtle fragrance of her pussy juices saturating the seat cushion. My dick returned to its natural state around her and begged to be touched and I didn't disappoint it, grabbing and wanking as I breathed in the scent of my mom's arousal. My third ejaculation of the afternoon, a mere spurt into my opposing palm, questioning if I should take it to her, laughing to myself as I dismissed the notion.

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"I don't know what I did to deserve all this," Mom remarked as I took her empty dessert plate from before her. "You cook my favorite meal and then feed me cheesecake for dessert! I should be the one lavishing you with attention after all you've helped me with."

She couldn't have been serious, and it was getting to the point where I just wanted to declare my feelings. For both of us to admit how we felt and abandon the charade we were playing.

"Actually, on that. There may be something else you can do for me," she hinted as I placed our plates in the dishwasher.

"Anything Mom," I returned, dutifully refilling her wine glass and sitting beside her. She'd showered and though changed out of her nurse's lingerie; I wasn't disappointed with her alternative. The tightest of dresses hugged her body, cleavage on stark display as if a reminder of where I'd cum on

her. Even the thought I'd cum on my mother, caused my cock to harden as I listened to her new proposition.

"Well," and I watched as she blushed. "After you... well, after you came on me, to put it bluntly," she laughed, and her hand reached out to touch mine. "It had me thinking. So, after I had my shower, I did some more research online. Well, it turns out, semen is great for the skin," she revealed, and I refrained from smirking though pretty sure her 'research' was a fabrication.

"Oh yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," she nodded. "It locks in the moisture, tightens the pores or something. It's essentially like a treatment you'd receive going to a beautician."

"Ok," I couldn't help but smile. "So, you need more..."

"Only if you don't mind Honey," she was quick to add. "You've done so much for me. I'm ever so grateful."

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It was only two hours later I was standing in her ensuite in only my boxer shorts, my hard cock protruding through the fly.

"You're sure you don't need your pornography?" Mom asked as she looked at me in the reflection of her mirror, her eyes dropping to my erection. "That girl that's on your mind must be quite something."

"She's beautiful," I admitted and was sure Mom understood I was talking about her. In the process of removing her makeup at her bathroom vanity, I ran my eyes down to her exposed buttocks, the red bodysuit she claimed was 'just her regular pajamas,' tight and sheer and leaving nothing to the imagination. She smiled coyly as she binned her wipe and turned once more to reveal her near nudity, her nipples hard against the lace and nylon, and below, a perfect triangle of dark bush proudly on display.

I exhaled noticeably at the vision and Mom picked up on the reaction.

"Oh, Honey. I'm sorry. It is a little transparent isn't it!?" She needlessly defended her attire. "I have a little confession to make," she added, whispering as if she was about to share a secret. "I lied about it being my regular pj's," she giggled. "I just thought, well... there's no harm in wearing something a little sexy now and then, is there?" And to this, I shook my head as she slowly approached. "You see. That's why you're the best son in the world," she stopped before me and leaned in for a kiss on my cheek, my dick pressing hard into her belly going by without comment before she pulled away laughing. "Best to kiss you now before you... you know," she laughed as she made for the toilet, sitting down on the closed lid. "Ok, I'm ready."

My dick twitched with anticipation as I approached her, her legs seductively parted, her head the perfect height for what we were about to attempt.

"As I said," she alluded to an earlier conversation. "I think you should jerk off on my face. I mean you'll be able to aim your cum better than I would!" She explained and after all that had happened in the last two days, her words now didn't even seem shocking.

"Where do you want it?" I questioned, stroking my cock barely two inches from her expectant face.

"On my forehead," she sighed. "It should run down over the rest of my face. Oh!" She remarked as her eyes focused on the head of my cock.

"What?"

"Well, I mean there's that pre-cum again!" She noted the wet eye of my dick.

"Yeah?" I continued to jerk myself off, admiring her eyes and lips devoid of makeup.

"Well, it seems a waste, doesn't it? Just dripping there. Now I wonder," she paused. "Oh, no it's silly," she dismissed her thought.

"No, what? Tell me," I encouraged.

"Well... it's a bit out there," she looked up into my eyes. "But, what about you put it in my mouth?" She suggested. "I mean, we wouldn't be wasting any of the pre-cum, I'm sure there must be some valuable nutrients in that, not that I've researched it or anything..." She spoke and her words began to fade away with the clouds of my thoughts. Staring down at her, I believed she'd never looked as beautiful. Her glistening lips smiled as she talked, babbled even. And those eyes. Wide and glowing. Full of life and wonder; excitement. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to stop the charade. To tell her I loved her. Not only as a son but as a man. As her lover. To hold her in my arms and with cock embedded, confess my incestuous commitment, to hell with society and the law.

But who was I to decide? If this was her fantasy, that the only way we could be together was to keep up this bizarre masquerade of personal wellness and nutrition, who was I to end it? And what if it was legitimate? Remote of course, but what if somehow, she believed the spin? That every sexual activity between us was innocent. How would my admission of Oedipal affection go down then? What if it wasn't reciprocal? My revelation could be disastrous, irrevocably damaging the beautiful incestuous relationship we'd somehow developed. No. I would continue her game. To whatever end...

"... I mean, I know it's a little different, a mother... well ostensibly sucking off her son," she continued. "But I mean I've seen your penis now, many times and if you're the one to finish off, you know, over my face, well it wouldn't be like I was giving you a blowjob or anything..." She was rambling and I couldn't help but smile.

"Mom," I cut her off.

"Yes?" She looked up into my eyes submissively.

"Open your mouth," I commanded.

Lips wide, she presented her mouth to me. Her tongue suggestively poked out, seeking my dick, a red carpet begging my cock to walk down. I didn't disappoint, guiding the head of my penis into the awaiting receptacle where she was quick to take up the reigns.

The feeling was... my God! As close to heaven as I deemed possible. Mom was quick to wrap her hand around my shaft as she lovingly gorged on the head, her tongue slithering around me, her cheeks sucking the pre-cum she'd sought, fought for, oh so badly.

"Mmm," her lips popped from the head, her hand holding my dick upright as she licked from base camp to summit. "Thank you, Baby," she obliged, kissing the tip, lavishing me with affection and it was I that should be grateful. My mother, sucking my cock, was as dick-hungry as I could ever hope

a woman to be. Saliva dripped from her mouth, ran down my length and she was eager to follow, her lips sucking and kissing my erection and I gasped at her devotion, groaning as she again enveloped the head.

"That feels so..." I struggled to voice, holding my breath.

"Good Baby?" She finished my sentence. "Am I doing it right Darling?" She jerked on the slick shaft. "Is Mommy a good little cocksucker?" She questioned.

"Oh, fuck yes," I sighed. "Soo good. I love it. Suck my cock, Mom."

"Yeah? You like me sucking your cock?" She rubbed her cheek up against me, smearing my dick all over her face. "You like your mother sucking your big fucking dick?"

"Yes," my mouth remained open in pleasure as she slapped my cock down repeatedly on her tongue.

"Then choke me, Baby," she demanded. "Fuck my throat and cum all over my face, Lover!"

She'd said it. 'Lover.' Was that not an admission we were something other than mother and son? That we were now in fact, lovers? The dirty talk was something she'd explained away before, but this was new. Exciting. I had other things on my mind at present however as I reached down to take hold of either side of her head, my fingers combing through her hair as she allowed my dick to slide once more between her lips.

So deep I drilled. The amazing feeling of her lips meeting my pelvis before I pulled out to indeed begin fucking my mother's mouth. In, her hands on my groin, caressing up to stroke my abs. Out, her fingers finding my nipples as she massaged my pecs. A steady rhythm as she explored my torso, her hands finding their way to my ass where she assisted, squeezing my butt as she pulled me into her face.

"Oh fuck," I sighed as I fucked her mouth, my dick pulling nearly all the way out with each thrust, copious saliva drooling, a melodious 'ngyuck ngyuck' sound from her throat as she dined on me. A hand found my balls and the new sensation had me edging. "Mom..." I pulled from her, her cheeks red, eyes watering.

"Yes Honey, cum," she understood the break. "Cum on me son. Shoot your load all over my fucking face."

Her mouth fell open in submission, tongue poking and expectant as I grabbed my cock and pulled, spanking my engorged meat not an inch from her nose.

"You want it, Mom?" I gasped.

"Yes Baby," she moaned. "Give me your cum. Feed me, Honey. Shower Mama with that hot love."

"I'm gonna..." I cried.

"Yes Lover," she used the word again. "Cum all over my face," she demanded and on cue, I delivered.

"Aaghh!" I sighed as I released. A powerful blast surged from me to hit her forehead. Again and again, I came, great thick threads of incestuous seed drenching her from eyebrows to chin. "Fuuck!"

I panted as her tongue caught a spurt, greedily sucking my affection into her mouth to savor and finally swallow, a mischievous grin appearing on her face as I forced the last of my ejaculation onto her cheek.

"Mmm..." she exhaled before chuckling to herself. "Oh God, Baby! I have to see this," she exclaimed as she rose before me, and again, despite the cum now coating her face, I felt the urge to kiss her. To hold her body to mine with my dick between her thighs and admit my love. Running a hand over my chest with tenderness, Mom moved back to the mirror and leaned over the sink to take in her reflection, an excited gasp coming from her. "It's wonderful," she stated, proudly. "It worked better than I'd imagined," she declared, turning her head to take herself in from multiple angles before turning around to face me. "Thank you, Darling," she smiled, bashful. "For my facial," she added. "Now I'm saving money on beauty treatments," she declared, and I couldn't deny she did look beautiful. "Who knows what other ideas we may come up with!?" She posited and I began putting my mind to work.

*

Two days we kept it up, the charade our relationship was nothing more than a wellness ritual. It became almost a schedule. Morning, I was awoken with a blowjob before she'd leave for work. Afternoon, she'd greet me wearing some form of sexy clothing, ready for my post-school handjob. Evening, I was there for her bedtime facial. We both knew it went further, but how to cross that boundary? The forbidden line dividing acceptable familial love and bonding and the taboo of a full-blown incestuous relationship.

"Have you heard of a Nuru massage?" I questioned Mom as we stood looking down at the inflatable mattress, I'd positioned on the floor of the living room.

"You're offering to give me a massage?" Her face lit up and I was enthused with the response.

"Well, I was thinking about those 'aches and pains' you well telling me about. I mean they're the reason we've been doing all this stuff right?" I alluded to our illicit relations and her face surprisingly blushed. "So, I was going to book you a massage, and then when I saw the prices..." I trailed off and Mom was quick to take up the reigns.

"Oh, no no no," she exclaimed. "We're trying to save money, Baby. This is a much better idea."

"I mean I don't know how good it'll be..."

"Honey. I don't mind," she touched my hand. "Just the thought you'd offer. But all you've done for me over the last two days... it should be me giving you the massage in thanks."

I believed she was serious. All I'd done for her! I'd never had as much sexual interaction with a woman in my life. I was the grateful one.

"Well actually, about that," I said. "This Nuru massage thing. It's Japanese. They use a special kind of oil, but I thought..." And again, Mom was quick to interject.

"Oh, no. My massage oil would be fine," she opined, and I was relieved as I revealed the bottle I'd taken from her bathroom.

"Cool... but what I was getting at was, this Nuru thing... well it's not like a regular massage. It's a bit more..." I ridiculously struggled despite how intimate we'd been of late.

"I think it's given naked, isn't it?" Mom interrupted and I could see the understanding in her eyes, and more, desire.

"You're okay with that?" I managed and watched as she immediately began to undress.

"As long as you are Darling!" She giggled as her dress came off her shoulders. "I mean, I've seen a lot of you in the last few days, but I hope you... well, a lot of boys might be uncomfortable seeing their mother naked."

Her eyes stayed on me as her dress fell to the floor. Wearing only a tiny thong, this too was quickly removed, and as predicted, she stood before me naked. There, however, was no discomfort.

"So, I should just," she lifted a foot onto the mattress and moved into the center. "Wait for you?" her eyes dropped down my torso as she said it and I knew she was longing to see my dick, the effect she had on it. I didn't dally.

My t-shirt came off, track pants and briefs removed to reveal my erection, and Mom didn't let its state go unmentioned.

"Oh, Darling," she feigned surprise. "I wasn't aware," she looked around the room. "Where's your phone?"

"What, why?"

"Well," her eyes fell back to look upon my erection, twitching under her gaze. "Something's got you... you must have been watching something arousing before we..." and there she left it, blushing further as she understood it wasn't porn that had me so hard. "Well," she cleared her throat.

"Maybe we should get started. Will you just...?" She began to ask but I was well ahead, climbing onto the mattress before her and raising the bottle of oil.

"The way that it's done, we both have to be oiled up," I tentatively conveyed admittedly having only attained my information on the massage from porn sites.

"That's fine Darling," Mom enthusiastically smiled. "You do me, then I'll do you!"

My dick wouldn't stop twitching, somewhat embarrassingly pulsing with anticipation as more blood pumped into my length and Mom wasn't unaware of its movement.

"Well, I guess it IS nearly time for your afternoon milking," she smirked as I tipped the bottle of oil up and squeezed its contents out onto her upper chest.

"Ooh," she laughed as I generously squirted the oil onto her shoulders and upper arms. "It's cold."

"Yeah, sorry," I apologized as I began smearing and spreading the oil on her torso, her arms, and neck.

"It's ok Baby, it's warming up," she sighed as I squirted more on her spine and coated her back, circling once more to concentrate on her breasts, tentative. "Go ahead Honey," her eyes met mine as I hovered around her tits. "It's just a massage. You don't have to be shy."

It was a license to grope and with my palm slick with oil, I pressed it upon her right breast, feeling its weight, the hardness of the erect nipple, letting out a sigh as a fantasy was realized. The other, more oil, her upper body shiny under the downlights.

"Now I'll do your..." I dropped to my knees on the mattress as I explained my progress, my face level with her groin, eyes unashamedly ogling her perfect triangle of dark pubic hair. "Legs," I managed and aimed the bottle at her stomach, squeezing out and smearing the oil down her pelvis to her upper thighs. I purposefully avoided her inner thigh and crotch, dropping to coat her shins and the top of her feet before I raised my eyes to look up between her breasts.

"It's ok Honey," Mom smirked down at me. "You'll have to touch it at some stage," she purred and with my cock aching in response, I lifted the bottle to just below her navel and squeezed its contents to trickle down into her pubic thatch. Mom parted her legs just enough to allow my hand to slide between her upper thighs and catching the oil as it dripped from her mound of pussy, I smeared it back onto her sex. "There," she sighed as I rubbed the oil into her pubic hair and lower, caressing it along her already lubricated labia and down her inner thighs. "That wasn't so hard," she chuckled before turning to present her ass to me.

My dick pulsed and looking down, I'd never seen myself as hard. Mom bent forward to touch the mattress and with her feet well parted, I had the perfect view of her exposed asshole and pussy below.

"I hope you've got enough oil for my big butt," she giggled, and I took a breath, forcing myself to relax in the face of such beauty.

"It's not that big," I tipped the oil out onto her upper buttocks, watching for a moment as it ran down her crack and over her puckered asshole. "It's perfect," I complimented before adding more oil to her legs and beginning to smear. There was no hesitation now. With assurance I massaged the oil into her buttocks and slid my fingers over her anus and pussy, her labia wetter than a moment before, her juices as slick as the oil, her scent strong and alluring.

"What's 'perfect' are your hands, Darling," Mom straightened and turned when I'd completed the task, her entire body slick and glistening. "I'm looking forward to the actual massage beginning."

"Yeah, um. You know it's more body on body, than with the hands," I revealed, and Mom smiled.

"Oh, I know that Baby," she took up the bottle of oil. "That's why we need to get you oiled up."

There was no apprehension on her behalf. Confidently she tipped and squirted the oil onto my chest, immediately rubbing it into my pecs and lower, her hand wrapping my erection to lube my length. "Hmmm, that makes things easier," she seemed delighted in her task, her hand slipping down to coat my balls. "I'll start using a lube with your vitamin handjobs," she stated, more as an aside to herself.

My legs smeared, she moved onto my back, her body so close I felt the hardness of her nipples against my skin, her warm breath on my shoulder. Slathered, glistening, we fronted one another, and Mom coyly looked down at my erection. "I must admit," she said. "I'm a little confused why you still have an erection."

"Are you?" I responded and an embarrassed smirk came to her lips.

"Ok," a red hue rose on her neck and cheeks, and she changed the subject. "So, should I just?" She asked as she dropped to her knees and my immediate thought was, she was about to once more suck my cock before she again spoke. "Maybe, lie on my stomach?"

I watched as she turned on her knees, excess oil upon the mattress pooling around her before she lay forward and stretched out.

"Yeah," I gazed down at her naked, shining body, curvy, mature, and beautiful. "That's perfect Mom," I praised her position before stepping over her and lowering, straddling the small of her back. The feeling of her soft skin against my inner thighs was beyond pleasurable and with my balls sitting on her spine, my cock twitched its delight. "How's that?" I questioned as I pressed my hands on her shoulders and began kneading her flesh, a contented sigh immediately coming from her to encourage my action.

"Mmmm... so good," she moaned, and I allowed my hands to explore, venturing around her torso to feel the sides of her boobs, sliding down her back to take hold of my cock momentarily and stroke my engorged length, pre-cum flowing. I shifted my position, shuffling down to mount her thighs and my hands made contact with her lower back, tentatively moving onto her buttocks. "Yesss," she sighed, and I was further motivated, squeezing and separating her cheeks to eye her asshole, puckered and seductively winking.

"I have something to admit Mom," I whispered, and she turned her head, presenting an ear.

"What is it, Darling?" She exhaled as I ran a hand down the length of her spine, allowing my fingers to slide across her anus, experiencing every wrinkle, before massaging her inner thigh.

"Well, I've only really watched this Nuru massage thing on porn sites," I revealed, and she let out a soft giggle. "I don't really know what I'm doing."

"Everything's right so far my baby," she purred sleepily. "Just do what's in your videos."

They were the words I wanted to hear, and immediately I dropped forward, laying my body upon hers to her welcoming moan. My dick settled comfortably between her buttocks as if made to be there and with my arms laying atop hers, our bodies were totally as one.

"Ohhh, God," Mom slowly breathed, her hips noticeably gyrating under my pelvis, her ass cheeks milking my cock, the heat of her asshole kissing the underside. "Now this is a massage," she sighed.

With my lips against her ear, I risked further intimacy, kissing her lobe before whispering.

"Does it feel good?" I queried, humping her gently, the sensation almost too pleasurable.

"So... so good Baby," she lazily responded and so relaxed she seemed, if she hadn't been moving, speaking, I'd think her asleep. So much so that it came as a surprise when her slippery body began to turn beneath me. "Can you..." she paused as I allowed her to roll completely, my cock never leaving her body, from buttocks to hip, to belly. "Do my front now?" She managed, her sleepy 'fuck me' eyes finding mine.

Rising from her body, I once more mounted her hips, and with my balls in her damp pubic thatch, I took hold of her breasts, caressing the flesh and stimulating her erect nipples. My own erection glistened and twitched at the action it witnessed, desperate to become involved in what we both knew was foreplay. Again, I descended to connect our torsos, sandwiching my dick between our oily bellies.

"You know, I was thinking," I whispered into Mom's mouth, our chins almost touching, her lips opening further to reveal her tentatively poking tongue.

"Yes?" She sighed barely a breath, her arms on my back, hands caressing my skin.

"Didn't your doctor say you should be more active or something?" I questioned and immediately I saw the understanding in her eyes. "I mean, you said we should just follow the Nuru method on the videos," I hinted and felt her body awakening.

"Yes, Honey," she agreed. "That's right. And what better workout is there than se... intercourse?" She corrected herself, unable to commit to saying 'sex.'

"So... If I was to..." I moved my body on hers, slightly downwards to feel the head of my cock comb through her pubic hair. Mom spread her thighs, her legs wrapping around my hips as my dick found where it belonged, poking her outer labia. "I mean there's nothing wrong with us..." I pushed into her, the tip of my dick penetrating ever so slowly, her lips parting to draw me in, hugging and sucking me inside her body.

"Nothing wrong," she gasped as I slid inside, her warmth, her tightness, unimaginable. "So right," she managed as I entered her fully, my pelvis meeting hers, my mouth falling upon her expectant lips.

We were one. My tongue discovered hers, entwining as we kissed, as we fucked. Mother and son, the way it was meant to be. Making love without shame. An incestuous coupling, eighteen years in the making, the longest of unrequited romances.

"I love you," I broke our kiss long enough to confess my desire and it fired her even more, her body writhing beneath me, seeking a change. On top she found herself and I lay back as she went to work, her hands on my chest as she rode my cock, grinding her pussy into my pubic bone, slapping her ass down on my thighs.

"So... long, Baby," she panted between exertions before she fell onto me, her slick boobs smashed against my chest. "So long I've wanted... it," she confessed. "For you to... fuck me!"

Her last comment came across as both an admission and a command and with my mouth locked on hers, I did my best to hold her ass for leverage as I rammed my cock up into her body.

"Yes," she gasped. "Fuck me."

"Do you love it?" I kissed her, speaking into her open mouth.

"I love it, Baby," she breathed. "I love your cock. I love your cum. I love yo... Oh, God!"

Her last words were barely audible as she buried her head in my shoulder, sucking on my neck as I hammered my dick inside her.

"Make me..." her muffled voice found my ear. "I'm gonna... Oh God, don't stop," she begged as she kissed, bit my jaw, her lips nibbling onto my mouth. "Cum...." she garbled. "I'm... cumming!" She revealed as her thighs squeezed my side, her body shuddering, pussy noticeably quivering around my stabbing cock. "Don't ss... stop," she managed to hiss and dutifully I did as told, slapping my groin up into her torso, my cock piston-like as her orgasm progressed, flooding our incestuous connection. Fingers dug into my back, an exhalation of breath and a final shiver as she came down from her euphoric height, my thrusting easing as she settled. "Cum," her lips again met mine, kissing. "You made me cum Darling," she sighed, a contented almost embarrassed giggle.

"Is that alright?" I whispered between her lips and her pussy squeezed around my placid cock in reply, almost giving its approval, both of us laughing.

"I'm sorry," she surprisingly stated, our eyes locked, and I frowned in response. "For the deception," she explained, and I shook my head before she went on. "No, I should've been honest from the start. About how I felt. About how I've always felt."

I kissed her again, wrapping my arms tight around her oiled body. Slowly beginning to move in and out of her.

"I loved it all," I confessed. "Something like this is..." I began increasing my thrust. "...is almost impossible to begin. But you did it perfectly," I praised her, and she smiled, giggling.

"Did you know from the start?" She sighed, her mouth dropping open in pleasure as I pushed deeper with each penetration.

"I had my suspicions," I admitted. "But you're a good actor."

"I'm not acting now," Mom ground her pelvis upon me, moving in time with my fucking. "I want your cum."

"Say that again," I exhaled.

"I want your cum, Baby," she moaned as I hammered up into her, my abs aching.

"Where?" I gasped.

"Everywhere... anywhere," she revealed. "I need your cum all over me Baby."

Wrapping my arms around her, I turned our bodies once more upon the oiled mattress, coming down hard between her slick thighs, my cock buried deep.

"Do you need your vitamins, Mom?" I drove into her rapidly, caressing, squeezing her tits.

"Fuck yes, Darling. All over me Baby. Give me your hot cum."

"You want it?" I drilled deep, hammering, my pelvic bone meeting hers.

"I need it!" She screamed. "Cum all over me, Lover."

I couldn't hold out any longer, pulling from her as I came, a blast of my seed coating her glistening outer labia and spraying her wet pubic hair. I managed to rise along her body, taking my cock in hand as I mounted her chest, jerking off as I aimed my ejaculation at her breasts, her neck, and finally, her awaiting open mouth.

Mom was quick to reach for my cock and guide it between her cum covered lips, her hand milking my length, extracting the last of my pulsing orgasm.

"Oh fuck, yes," I groaned as she sucked on the head, her grip tight around my shaft as she continued to jerk me off, her eyes questioning. "Yeah," I nodded in response as she sought another orgasm, moving my hips to essentially fuck her mouth. "That's it, Mom," I sighed. "Suck that cock. Show me how much you love it."

Her response was an encouraging moan and seeing her approval, I continued.

"You need my dick, don't you Mom?" I stated, reaching behind and finding her pussy, caressing her labia, and seeking her clit. "It's all yours. My dick. My cum," I thrust harder, her hand guiding me into her welcoming mouth. Sliding and wiggling a finger inside her, she groaned around my dick and allowed it to slip from her lips.

"Cum inside me!" She declared as she smeared my dripping cock all over her face.

"What?"

"Fucking fuck me. Cum inside my pussy," Mom cried, and I slid my finger from her sex, wasting no time in slipping back down her body and ramming my cock between her velvety folds. "Oh, fuck yes Baby," she whimpered as I buried deep, thrusting. "Cum in me son. Fill me with all that hot jizz. Cum as I...." She struggled with the sentence, and I could feel her body shudder as she began another orgasm. I wasn't far behind. Locking my mouth to hers as I released a second time, pausing my movement to allow her quivering vaginal walls to finish the job, squeezing and sucking the cum from my dick to indeed fill her pussy with my love.

My breath held; our lips locked in incestuous passion; our taboo love enshrined in a shared climax. I felt every ounce of cum drawn from me by her pussy's affectionate embrace, and finally, I relaxed upon her, spent, our slick bodies one in forbidden familial union.

"I love you so much, Mom," I exhaled, never so comfortable, never so sexually satisfied, and her tongue found mine, drawing me back into her mouth.

"I feel it, Darling," she whispered as we kissed. "I can feel your cum inside me. Your love."

"It's all yours," I repeated the earlier pledge. "Only you," I declared my intention and she hugged me tighter.

"So, I can still have my daily vitamins?" She mischievously smiled and I kissed her grin, her cheeks, her chin.

"However you want my cum, it's yours," I sighed. "Forever," I promised, and my cock remaining hard, once more began to slowly fuck her as her face surprisingly flushed. "What?" I questioned thinking we were past embarrassment.

"Well..." she paused. "On that. I did do some reading on how your body can absorb vitamins."

"Oh yeah?" I moved inside her gently.

"Uh-huh," she bit her lip. "Did you know you can take them up the butt?" She questioned cheekily and my cock, already hard, stiffened further.

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Thank you for reading this nonsense.