



The Amazin' Amazon Mom

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Justin Papamarkakis was looking forward to an easy summer sitting by the pool. It was his last summer at home before moving on to college, and he'd already enjoyed all the pre-graduation and post-graduation parties to the fullest, with plans to enjoy the rest of the summer similarly.

But his mother had a different plan.

Which was why he was currently cleaning out the men's locker room at the Amazonia Gym. He picked up another towel and threw it in the basket, grumbling to himself. Yes, the gym paid for that pool he spent so much time sitting around, as well as the jeep he drove, and yes, it was also paying for the bulk of his future college education, but that didn't mean Justin enjoyed spending time there. Not when there were parties to be enjoyed, women to be swept off their feet, and friends to hang out with.

Diana Papamarkakis had decided, however, that her son was going to spend his last summer after high school working. At the gym.

Justin wished he could say no to her, but he didn't know a man alive who could give his mother such an answer, himself included. She was tall and beautiful and aloof, and men did whatever they could to impress her. Her approval

was something Justin considered very important. He was an only child, raised by a single mother who referred to her son occasionally as a 'youthful indiscretion.' He didn't know his father, had never met the man, and Diana had never been very forthcoming. Nor was she particularly warm and maternal, come to think of it. She had used a hands-off approach to parenting; she spent most of her time ensuring that her business was run well and substituted gifts for emotional intimacy.

He wondered when she first asked him to start at the gym if his upcoming departure for college had awakened some desire, after eighteen years, to manufacture some kind of closeness between the two of them. He hoped it was so, deep in his heart of hearts, but wouldn't have admitted that hope even to himself. Which was just as well, all things considered. Already, the second week of July was ending, and he'd barely said more than two words to his mother at all during work hours.

His dark eyes swept the locker room and noted with relief that there was nothing left to pick up. He would run the laundry basket down to the washers in the basement, then come back to mop the room. To remind himself, he crossed the tiled floor and dragged the mop and bucket out of the utility closet, leaving it in the center of the room.

There were certain benefits to working at Amazonia. The pocket change he earned was one. Put gas in the jeep and paid for beers, at least. That Aerosmith concert coming up, too. All the gym's equipment, including the Olympic size pool, was available to his use. Not so different than not working there for the owner's son, but it still qualified as a perk.

Then there was the eye-candy. A stream of nubile, hard bodied and hot blooded women passed in and out of the halls of Amazonia. Halter tops, biker shorts, sports bras, tanned and tall and short and thin and long-legged and big-titted women. So much to look at, day in and day out. And, despite the parties and a certain level of athletic prowess and popularity at school, Justin remained a virgin. He'd had opportunities to be sure, but he'd never been able to close the deal. And working at the gym gave him a great deal of fuel for his fantasies.

Janine Smith, for one. Now that woman was a milf and a half. Six feet tall, blonde and busty, with a deep golden tan. She was nearly forty, older even than his mother, but she was smoking hot. Then there was Lena Chao. Twenty-something with waist length black hair, almond shaped eyes, and a petite but lush frame. Or hell, even Marjorie Klim, one of the gym's personal trainers. You'd never think a chick named Marge would be such a babe, but her short red hair, milky complexion, and gray eyes were hard to miss.

Yet not a single one of them could hold a candle to his own mother. But a son wasn't supposed to look at his mother the way Justin sometimes looked at Diana.

Whistling to himself to dispel dangerous thoughts, Justin guided the laundry basket out of the men's locker room and down the hall to the women's. He knocked lightly on the door and asked if anyone was in there, but expected no response. The gym had closed nearly a half hour ago, and he assumed everyone had cleared out already. Even the bulk of the crew was gone, leaving just himself, the 'towel boy,' and his mom in the building. The wheels on the basket groaned as he pushed the door open and guided the cart into the locker room.

The women's locker room was slightly larger than the men's, with beige tiles and burgundy lockers. Justin would have said 'white' and 'red,' but his mother was quite specific, so beige and burgundy it was. The women's room also tended to be cleaner than the men's, which was fine with Justin. The less time he had to spend with a mop in his hand, the happier he was. He swept a towel up off the floor and threw it in the cart, then poked his head around a corner to scan the sinks and toilets.

Before he'd taken more than a step towards that part of the room, he heard humming. Justin paused, head cocked, and listened.

Lena Chao crossed his field of vision, coming from the direction of the showers. Her long, silky black hair was pinned up over her head, and a powder blue towel wound around her midsection. Every exposed inch of her skin gleamed with moisture. Beads of water decorated the slope of her neck and glimmered across her exposed cleavage. Her toenails were painted a bright blue, Justin noted, just as her humming stopped.

"Justin?" Lena asked, drawing to a halt. She put a hand on her hip and eyed him with a curious look. "What are you doing in here?" The angle of her hip allowed the edge of her towel to ride up slightly, revealing a little bit more of her thighs. The top of the towel did little to hide the valley between her breasts, either.

"Um," Justin said, trying to meet her beautiful brown eyes, "I have to clean up."

Lena nodded. "Shouldn't you have knocked first?" she asked, but she didn't sound perturbed. If anything, her tone was playful. She brushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear and approached him slowly, allowing her hips to swing with

each step. Her breasts bobbed as well, barely restrained by the blue terrycloth.

"I, uh, I did," Justin stammered, unable to tear his eyes away from the enticing cleft between her breasts.

"Hmmm," Lena hummed, eyeing the young man up and down. "I suppose I didn't hear you while I was in the shower." She was an arm's length away from him now, and Justin found himself looking down into her face. Her thin lips quirked into a strange little smile, and a bright light gleamed in her eyes. She stepped closer, and the smell of her fruity soap and her clean body hit him. The knot holding the towel in place looked extraordinarily flimsy.

Justin's heart pounded in his chest. The hairs on the back of his neck rose. At the word 'shower,' he had unwittingly conjured up the vision of a naked Lena Chao, coated in soapy froth and water, scrubbing herself. He felt his shorts growing tighter.

Lena's eyes dropped and one eyebrow went up as her smile broadened. Justin felt a dark flush spread across his face, and was about to retreat when one of Lena's slim hands reached out and pressed against his chest, stopping him before he could move.

"I'm not embarrassing you, am I?" she asked sweetly. Her fingers, the nails stained the same blue as her toes, traced his pectoral muscle beneath the golden Amazonia jersey he wore. "Mmmm," she hummed approvingly. "I've noticed you working out on the Nautilus machines," she said, her voice so low that Justin had to strain to hear her.

"And I've noticed something else," Lena added, stepping closer. Her palm flattened against Justin's chest, and one bare foot pressed against one of his sneakers. The blood thundered in his ears. "I've noticed you looking at me," Lena continued.

Justin's jaw dropped. He tried to form an apology, but the words wouldn't come. "I have to say," Lena went on, still in that low voice, "I'm awfully flattered."

With her free hand, Lena grabbed Justin's wrist in a loose grip and brought it up to chest level. With a smile, she placed his palm on her breast. His hand cupped her tit of its own volition, a pleasant weight, and he felt the heat of her skin through the fabric of the towel. She leaned into him and he responded, bending down to taste her lips. Her free hand reached between his legs and caressed the growing lump in his shorts.

Lena's lips parted and her tongue darted out, forcing itself between Justin's lips. He sucked it into her mouth, unable to suppress a groan.

The locker room door banged open. "Justin, are you in here?" he heard his mother's voice ask. He lifted his head away from Lena, eyes glazed with passion and blinking in confusion.

Diana Papamarkakis stepped around a row of lockers and froze, taking in the scene. She was a tall woman, with smooth olive skin tanned by long exposure to the sun and a mane of unruly black curls that spilled down her back, tied away from her face with a blue scrunchy. Eyes of stormy blue looked out beneath finely drawn brows. Her aquiline nose and high cheekbones accentuated her classical beauty. Full lips turned into a disapproving frown.

Today Justin's mother wore a brief halter top that left her midriff bare and a pair of warm-up pants. She was athletically built and well muscled, toned and fit, but she was careful to maintain her womanly curves. Diana's breasts were full and rounded and rode high on her chest, her waist narrow and hips broad, and her ass was tight and springy and sweetly rounded. Not that Justin ever noticed such things, but it was the truth.

Diana's features changed from shock to anger quickly. As her brow darkened and her right fist tightened, Justin realized he was still cupping Lena's tit, and Lena's hand was still between his legs. He broke away from the woman abruptly, face turning red with shame and embarrassment.

"Justin," Diana said sharply, "my office. Now."

He had enough presence of mind to shrug an apology in Lena's direction but darted for the door quickly. He knew from experience not to keep his mother waiting when she demanded something, and knew from the tone in her voice that there would be little point in trying to argue with her. Not in front of Lena, at least.

Diana watched her son depart the locker room, a cold fury growing in her breast. How dare that little tramp - with Justin! Beneath her roof!

Diana crossed the space between herself and Lena quickly, her warm-up pants whisking softly with each step. Lena crossed her arms beneath her breasts and looked up insolently at Diana. Diana resisted the impulse to slap the woman hard, to send her spinning across the room and crumpling to the floor in a heap. Instead, she growled, "I know all about you and your friends, Ms Chao. Your

business is your business, but you will not involve my son in any of it. Is that understood?"

Lena raised an eyebrow and took a step away from Diana. She looked the taller woman up and down. "My, my, Diana. You're flushed. And shaking. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're jealous."

Diana gritted her teeth and clenched her fists. "I want you out of here in ten minutes. I'm revoking your membership."

Lena shrugged and walked toward her locker. "Guess that one hit close to home, eh, Di?" She laughed.

Diana stormed out of the locker room, angrier than she had ever been before in her life. "That little bitch," she fumed. Momentarily, she thought of Justin, but decided to let him stew in her office for the time being. Instead, she went to the front desk and waited patiently for Lena Chao to appear. She didn't have to wait long. Lena appeared shortly thereafter, laden down by a heavy dufflebag, and sauntered out the front door as saucily and jauntily as she could.

Diana gritted her teeth, logged into the computer at the desk, and deleted Lena's account. Cheap revenge, but she would take it. She locked the front door behind Lena, took a deep breath, and went to give her son a scorching lecture.

Something for which Justin was not the least bit looking forward to hearing. He sat in one of the uncomfortable chairs facing his mother's desk in her sparsely furnished office and tried not to think of what Diana would say.

Instead, he found himself remembering the taste of Lena's lips, the playful thrust of her tongue, the luscious weight of her tit in his hands, the press of her own hand on his engorged crotch. Her fruity, clean scent, and the way the harsh overhead locker room lights reflected provocatively off her moist skin. He'd played around with girls in his school before, but he'd never before been that close to a woman. A real woman, gorgeous and willing and not only aware of what she wanted, but skilled at it as well.

Despite his hurried retreat to the office, the hardness in his shorts had not flagged the slightest bit. A noticeable tent still distended his crotch, and Justin's mind could not focus long on anything that might derail his lustful thoughts. He would sit through his mother's lecture, mouth the right responses, and then he was going to search the member lists for Lena's phone number and make a date to fuck her brains out. He was not going to miss this opportunity to be with a woman like Lena Chao, no matter what his mother...

The office door burst open behind him, banging against the wall as it swung outward completely. Despite himself, Justin jumped. Diana stormed into the room, crossing to her desk.

Justin tried to cross his legs to hide his erection, and folded his hands in his lap. A blush crept across his features.

His mother was terrible in her beauty. A few stray strands of midnight hair had freed themselves from their tie, and now framed her face in delicately curling strands. Her brows were drawn close, brilliant eyes stormy, and her lush lips turned into a disapproving frown. A slight sheen of sweat across the upper slopes of her breasts brought attention to her cleavage, barely restrained within her halter top, and her warm-ups rode low on her wide hips.

Justin held his breath as his mother leaned against her desk, her palms flat against the surface. Her posture forced her heavy breasts into prominence, practically jamming them into Justin's face.

Inexplicably, he felt himself growing harder. A drop of sweat slid down his temple.

Diana stared at him for a long moment. Finally, she spoke, and though her tone was harsh, Justin thought he detected a hint of disappointment as well. "What were you thinking?"

she demanded. Justin opened his mouth as if to answer, but Diana didn't wait for him. "Do you understand the kind of responsibilities real work demands? You aren't hanging out with your friends or cruising for chicks. You are at a job. And a job entails a certain level of behavior that I would expect you to adhere to. What you and that... that... that woman were going to do is called 'fraternization.' Do you know what that means?"

Once more Justin made as if to answer, and once more Diana didn't wait for it. "It means don't fuck the help," she snapped. His mother didn't swear often, and the shock of it should have been enough to make Justin's cock wilt, but he couldn't help but notice two dents forming at the peak of each of his mother's breasts. The halter top was too thin to hide Diana's own startling signs of arousal. Justin found himself wondering what was exciting her, rather than listening to her speak.

"And make no bones about it young man," Diana continued, "when you're on the clock here, you are the help. You may be the boss' son, but that doesn't give you license to think with your dick.

"Which leads me to issue two. Safe sex. Do you walk around with a condom in your wallet? Somehow I'd find it difficult to believe if you claimed 'yes.' But screwing a woman like Lena Chao without a rubber is a dangerous prospect at best.

You're starting college in a few weeks. Think: even if you didn't contract some horrible disease, what would you do if she ended up pregnant?"

Justin found his voice. "Like you did?" he managed to cough out.

Diana's eyes grew wide and her lips compressed into a thin line. When she spoke, her tone was slightly lower. "Yes, okay, perhaps I want to make sure you avoid some of the mistakes I made when I was your age. But you also have opportunities I didn't have. I never went to college."

Before she could continue, Justin interrupted her. He wondered where his words were coming from, or where the courage to say them originated. "So that's what I am? A mistake?"

Diana reacted as if slapped. Her face flushed and the frown disappeared to be replaced with shock. "Of course not," she asserted. "How could you think that? Justin, you're my son and I want what's best for you."

"I'm a teenager Mom," Justin said, "and I get horny. A lot! Are you telling me that the occasional roll in the hay is wrong for me?"

"Yes," Diana snapped. "Especially with a woman like that!"

Justin rose to his feet, pushing the chair back with his knees as he stood. He still had to look up a few inches to meet his mother's eyes, but it afforded him a better position to face her. "What's wrong with a woman like Lena? I don't like teenage girls. They're too flighty. They don't know what they want and they don't know what to do when they get it. A teenage girl doesn't have tits like that!"

Justin's tirade surprised them both, but perhaps it surprised Diana most of all. When he stood up, raising his voice, she had immediately felt her temper raise to life once more, but then her eyes fell upon the distended lump in his shorts and she felt a sudden warmth in her belly, a decidedly unmotherly tingle that caused a lustful shiver to shake her athletic frame. That one glance told her that her son was extraordinarily blessed with size, much like his father had been.

With his final words, that warmth, that tingle intensified, and she realized with a start that Lena's parting words had cut so deeply because they held more than a little truth.

"You like tits?" Diana heard herself say. The warmth spread throughout her body, through her limbs and head and chest.

She felt sudden moisture between her thighs, and without thought she reached up and grasped the front of her halter top. With one sharp tug she shredded the fabric, ripping it open from top to base. Her heavy, pendulous breasts popped free of the restraint, bobbing on her chest, her nipples fat and distended with passion. "What do you think of these?"

For a long moment, Justin could only stare. Diana's tits sagged just a bit, but that was due more to the effects of gravity than age. Her breasts were larger than he had imagined, as if the clothes she wore had been designed to minimize their impressive size, to hold back such magnificent specimens of womanhood. Her tits rode high and proud on her chest, full and slightly conical, two rounded and shapely hemispheres of flesh tipped by dusky, hardened nipples. They shook with each heaving breath Diana took.

Justin's mouth was dry. His eyes locked on his mother's tits. "Well?" she demanded. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"They're... they're simply amazing, Mom," Justin finally coughed out. He risked a glance at her face, and felt a warm swell in his chest when he saw her dazzling smile. His

mother didn't smile at him often, and it was always something special when she did.

At Justin's words, the warmth within Diana rose several degrees. She felt heat consuming her. It had been so very, very long since the last man. She shrugged out of the remnants of her halter. "Would you like a closer look?" she asked her son.

Justin reached out a tentative hand and placed it upon his mother's right breast. Her nipple dug into his palm. He groaned, and was surprised to hear his mother make a similar sound. Her flesh was hot to the touch, hard and firm, a warm weight in his hand. Diana's hand covered his own, and pressed him into her tit. He gripped her hard, digging his fingers into the firm but yielding flesh.

Diana felt faint. Her entire body felt as though it were aflame. Every nerve ending seemed to be firing at once, and Justin's fingertips pressing against her skin felt as though they left scorch marks. Yet she felt giddy as well, light-headed and carefree. For so very long she had held herself apart from her only child, tried to keep him at arm's length, and for what? Because she had resented his father, the way he had treated her, and she had punished her own son for that man's transgressions. Foolish and small-minded of her, and now eighteen years of repressed emotion were being unleashed

in a most unhealthy manner. Yet she couldn't stop. Would not, for anything.

Justin shared none of his mother's vague doubts. All he felt were sureties. This woman before him, the woman who had given birth to him and raised him from afar, was finally giving herself to him. It was unconventional, yes, but the rampant hardness between his legs didn't care. All he knew was that finally his mother was showing him how she felt through actions rather than words.

For how long had he dreamed of this moment? This was Justin's most secret, most depraved fantasy. To see his beautiful, aloof mother laid out beneath him, her features contorted with lust for him. And yet now that the moment was upon him, he didn't know what to do.

But Diana did. Her arm looped around him and pulled him close, into a tight embrace. Full tits pressed against Justin's chest, and Diana dipped her head down to kiss her son. Her lips parted and her tongue darted out, insinuating itself into Justin's mouth. He reacted instinctively, returning her kiss with a ferocity that matched Diana's.

Diana ran her hands up and down Justin's back as they kissed, tongues dueling. She grabbed the bottom of his shirt and tugged it upwards, peeling it off of him. Justin stretched

his arms up, letting his mother undress him, and broke their kiss so that she could yank the shirt off. Then she threw herself into his arms again and they continued their searing kiss, flesh pressed against flesh.

Diana pressed her palms against the hard planes of his stomach and caressed his muscles. He was so well-built, so strong, so lean. His dark hair and coloring came from her, but his rough features and raw muscularity must have come from his father.

She released him then, pushing him backward. Justin stumbled and sat down hard in the chair waiting behind him. He licked his lips, eyes glazed with lust. She smiled at him and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her warm-ups. "Are you going to finish what you've started?"

He nodded, grinning insolently. "I wouldn't stop now for the world."

It was what Diana wanted to hear. She kicked off her sneakers and swept her warm-up pants down her sleek, well-muscled legs to puddle at her feet. Now she stood before Justin in nothing but her pink panties. She tugged the scrunchy out of her hair and let her black mane fall around her face. The look of adoration mixed with animal lust that Justin gave her made Diana's heart flutter within her chest.

She leaned towards him, placing her hands on his wrists where they lay on the chair's arm rests. Her pendulous breasts bobbed before Justin's face, while strands of her dark hair tickled his cheeks. Justin wet his lips with his tongue, his eyes riveted to the dusky tips of her swollen tits. Without needing an invitation, he ducked his head and tasted one delicately, his lips as forceful as a feather's touch. Diana could not suppress a shiver of pleasure as her son's lips fastened around her nipple. Justin began to suck lightly, nipping at her hardened flesh with the tips of his teeth. Diana moaned and bit her lower lip.

Justin sucked and nipped at his mother's breast, his heart thundering within his breast. His blood roared in his ears, blocking out most of the sound around him, but he did just barely make out Diana's gasps and moans as he worked on her flesh. He wanted to grab her hard, toned body and pull it against his own, but her hands kept his own planted against the arm-rests, and he could only look through the deep valley between her breasts admiringly. Her pink, frilly panties hugged her like a second skin and he wanted desperately to peel them off her and see the sacred place between her thighs.

His cock jumped and throbbed between his own legs with each ragged breath he drew through his nose. Diana tasted of salty sweat, the sweet fragrance of her understated

perfume, and beneath that her own scent, at once familiar and alien to him. He switched to her other tit and bit her nipple lightly, sucking the swollen flesh into his eager mouth.

She pulled away from him. Justin released a small cry, like a baby denied its favorite treat. But Diana ducked her head down again and kissed him fiercely. The force of her assault pressed him back and rocked the chair, but he matched her passion with his own.

When she broke away to gasp for breath, Diana said, "Oh God, this is so wrong." Her blue eyes looked deeply into Justin's brown eyes. "We should stop."

Justin felt sudden panic. "No," he said, "don't stop."

"No," Diana agreed. She kissed the hollow of Justin's throat, her tongue darting out to lick him. "Don't stop." She kissed her way downward, pausing to tease his nipples with her mouth, and nestled her face into his abdomen.

Finally her hands released his wrists. Justin watched in rapt fascination as her hands reappeared at his waist. She found the clasp on his shorts and popped it, then slowly dragged the zipper down. Justin groaned as the pressure binding his cock was released. Then he groaned again as his mother's

hand dipped beneath the waistband of his shorts, under his boxers, and gripped his hardness firmly.

Diana looked up at him and grinned hungrily. She levered his cock free and it bounded up, nearly slapping her in the face. Diana gasped. The hard column of flesh rising from her son's crotch was easily the largest cock she had ever seen. The flesh was red and angry, the swollen purple head nearly as large as a fist, and leaking copious amounts of clear fluid. Diana pressed her palm against the rampant head and rubbed the precum around, coating the mushroom tip and the palm of her hand equally. Then she swept her hand up and down the rod, making it slick with Justin's own moisture.

She had to taste him. Her hand gripped the base of his cock. Her middle finger and thumb just barely touched as they encircled his girth. Her lips pressed against his cockhead, and she swirled her tongue around the purple flesh. Diana reveled in his musky scent, his total maleness, as she tasted his salty-sweet precum. She sucked the head into her mouth and began to slowly swallow more of his incredible cock.

Justin's head lolled and his eyes rolled back in his head as he felt his cock enveloped within the moist hot cavern of her mouth. Her tongue undulated against the underside of his cock, teasing him, while her cheeks pressed in against the sides and sucked him deeper into her mouth. When he felt

his cockhead butt up against the back of her throat, he thought she would stop. But she went further, and Justin had the sensation of his mother's throat closing in around his rampant cock. Her nose pressed against his abdomen once again, this time with his entire dick imprisoned within her mouth.

Then cool air caressed his cock once more, as with a sucking sound Diana rose. She allowed the head of his cock to rest within her mouth while she drew in ragged breaths. Then she swallowed him again.

Justin ran his fingers through his mother's black curls. He pulled her hair away from her face to watch her devour his cock. His dick throbbed between her cheeks, and he felt the urge to thrust his hips. But this wasn't his first blowjob, just the most amazing one, and he resisted the urge. "Oh God, Mom," Justin moaned.

As though sucking her own son's cock wasn't intoxicating enough, the fact that he called her 'Mom' as she did it made Diana feel even hotter. The forbidden aspect, the taboo nature of the act, thrilled her to her very core.

Which was where she needed him now.

Diana released Justin's cock from her mouth with a slurping noise. Justin groaned. She stood up, tits bobbing with the movement. "Get your pants off," she ordered.

Justin quickly shed his shorts and boxers, moving so quickly that he managed to tangle his clothes and sneakers together and fell back into the chair. Meanwhile, Diana cleaned the clutter from her desk with one sweep of her arm. Justin admired the curve of his mother's ass as she bent over. He licked his lips and disentangled himself from his clothing.

Diana turned around to give Justin further instruction, and found him standing naked before her, his massive rod pointed straight at her. Before she could form a word he closed on her, wrapped his arms around her and leaned in to kiss her. Diana found herself pressed backward against the desk, surprised and enflamed by Justin's assault. She reached down and around to cup his buttocks and pull him harder against her body. His hardened cock nudged up against her stomach, leaving trails of clear fluid along her rock-hard abs.

Justin's fingers danced across her skin, tracing the lines of her muscles as he explored his mother's phenomenal body. She was tight and smooth, like a statue sculpted from warm marble. He kissed her throat and her collarbone, then traced his tongue along the slope of her right breast. He sucked lightly on the nipple, then continued down her ribs and

nuzzled against her flat stomach. He heard his mother hiss as he pressed his cheek against her panty-clad pubic mound. Justin grinned when he felt his mother's moisture through the thin panel of her panties mark his cheek.

Justin kissed the wet spot, eliciting another hiss of breath from his mother, then hooked his fingers in the waistband of her panties and ripped the flimsy garment from her body. Then it was his turn to make a sharp intake of breath, as he beheld his own mother's pussy. The lips were enflamed, bright pink, and beaded with moisture. He saw the button of her clitoris peaking out from its hood, and above that a smooth expanse of flesh. His mother kept her pubis shaved clean. Justin licked his lips once more.

He fastened his lips on his mother's pussy and lashed her clit with his tongue. A flood of moisture stained his chin as he went to work, nibbling and nuzzling her pussy, thrusting his tongue into her pink depths, caressing the pearl-like nub of her clit.

"Oh fuck!" Diana cried. Her thighs clamped tight around his head and she combed her fingers through his short dark hair, pressing his face against her steaming cunt. "Yes, baby, yes, oh fuck!" she moaned.

Diana threw her head back and released a wordless cry as Justin's ministrations brought her to a shuddering climax. A delicious heat exploded in her pussy, sending spiraling tendrils of warmth throughout her body. Her skin glowed with a sheen of sweat, her turgid nipples ached, tears of pleasure leaked from her eyes.

With effort, Justin extricated himself from his mother's embrace. His face was slick with her pussy juice. He swept his tongue along his lips and chin to taste her once more and looked up at her.

Diana was breathing heavily, her tits bobbing with each desperate exhalation, and she looked down between her breasts at her talented son. A wide grin spread across her face. "That was beautiful," she gasped.

"You're beautiful," Justin said, beaming.

"Thank you, baby," Diana said. "Now get up here and fuck your mother."

Justin smiled broadly and rose to his full height. With his mother seated on the desk, that left him looking straight at her tits. He kissed the sweat slick valley between them and grabbed her hips. Diana took hold of his cock with both hands and guided it towards her waiting pussy.

Diane levered herself backwards across the desk, dragging Justin along with her. He braced himself on the top and climbed up onto the desk and onto his mother. She spread her legs wide and then wrapped them around his waist as he knelt between them. The angry purple head of his cock nudged up against the pink lips of her pussy. Their juices commingled. Justin paused and beheld his Amazon mother laid out under him, waiting for him, needing him.

"Put your cock inside me," Diane moaned. "Justin, fuck me. Fuck your mother!"

With an insolent grin that quickly turned into a mask of lust, Justin eased his thick cock into his mother's waiting pussy. Heat enveloped him, moisture washed over him, tightness wrapped around him. The muscles of her pussy were just as strong and well trained as the rest of her body, and they gripped his cock hard, squeezing and caressing like fingers of velvet. Her pussy sucked him inside, deeper and deeper, and Justin gladly sank into his mother's depths.

Diane's ass squeaked against the desk top as she humped up to meet Justin's thrust. She bit her lower lip as his girth spread her open and wedged into her, filling her up. It had been so long, and her son was so big, and the act was so intense, so amazing, so beautiful. She felt another climax flutter to life inside her, expanding like a wave throughout

her body. And still her son eased into her, achingly slow, as if savoring every bare inch.

She felt his huge head nudge up against her cervix, felt the tight ring open wide to accept him, felt his raging cock ease into her very womb. She felt hot tears on her cheeks. She tasted blood as her teeth pierced through her lower lip. And then Justin bottomed out, his giant dick reaching to the very roof of her womb. Diane cried out, releasing a primal scream of lust that echoed in her small office. A third climax raged through her body. She tightened her thighs around Justin's waist, pressed her calves into his chiseled ass, and thrust her tits into his chest as the pleasure exploded through her.

Justin watched his mother cum, eyes wide, amazed and entranced. He realized suddenly that he was in love with his mother, in love with the way her body felt against him and around him, in love with the way she responded to his touch. The woman who had rarely hugged him or kissed him when he was a child was now fucking him, and he could scarcely believe it.

He felt his balls tighten. He had merely entered her, and already he was so very, very close. Justin looked away from his mother's lust contorted face, staring at the blank wall, and counted to ten. Her cunt tightened around him. She made small mewls and cries that he barely heard through the

blood thundering through his ears. He looked down, into his mother's stormy blue eyes. She winked at him.

Justin slowly eased his cock out of Diane's claspings pussy. He grinned at her and began to fuck in earnest, slamming his cock back home with a grunt.

"Yes!" Diane cried out. "Oh my fucking God, yes!" Strands of black hair clinged to her face, but the rest of her mane was spread out beneath her. She threw her head back and cried out, "Fuck me, Justin! Fuck me, baby!"

Like a good boy, Justin did as his mother told. His cock sawed in and out of her, thrusting and jabbing, piercing her deeper and deeper with each forceful stab. He slammed into the roof of her womb again and again, the spongy tip of his cock expanding each time it connected, and he felt as though his dick were getting harder and bigger with thrust. He couldn't believe how hard he felt, how wet she felt, how tight her pussy was.

Again and again he fucked into his mother, growing more savage and desperate with each movement. Justin had no technique, no skill, no experience. But he had a great deal of exuberance and repressed emotion, and he slammed away with all the force he could muster. Every time he pulled out, his mother moaned, and each time he stabbed home she

cried out. Her hips rose up to meet his with equal ferocity. A froth of their combined juices formed at their joined crotches, matting Justin's pubic hair and staining Diane's pubic mound.

Her tits bounced against his chest. Justin ducked his head on a downstroke and captured a nipple between his lips, sucking lightly. Diane's fingers left his shoulders and found the back of his head, threading through his hair and kneading his scalp.

Her pussy tightened around his cock as a fourth climax roared through her body. Her fingers dug into the back of his head, pressing his face into her tit as she came. "Oh Justin, my baby, my son," she groaned.

With effort, Justin pulled his head away from Diane's heaving breast. He jabbed his cock deep inside her and held his cock there for a moment, her muscles claspng him tightly. "Mom," he moaned, "I'm gonna..."

"Oh," she said. "Let me see it," she gasped. "Let me see you cum."

Justin groaned. His balls tightened. He felt a tingling at the base of his cock. He yanked himself free of her pussy with a sucking sound and raised himself up on his knees. His

distended cock pointed across his mother's belly, throbbing and pulsing.

Diane raised her head, eyes bright, and stared at her son's cock. It was slick and shiny with her juices, and its head looked as though it had swollen in size. The little eye winked at her, and suddenly a long arc of pearly white jism jetted from his cock, across her belly and tits. It splashed against her chin and lips.

Justin's cock twitched again, sending another sperm laden stream to arc across his mother's body. This time it splashed across her left tit, splattering her nipple. Another jet squeezed out, fired like a rocket from his balls, and painted her right tit. Cum sprayed from his cock and splashed across Diane's body, again and again and again. The pearly substance was stark against her olive skin, and seemed almost to shine where it fell.

Even as he admired how beautiful she looked, sweaty and shaking with her hair in disarray and a wild look in her eyes, he continued to cum, spraying jism across her body in copious, viscous threads that pooled between her tits, the hollow of her throat, in her belly button.

Diane cooed and watched in rapt fascination as Justin came and came. His jism was hot and wet and gelid against her

skin. She reached out and grabbed his cock, aiming it towards her tits. She eased herself up on her elbows and, opening her mouth, fastened her lips around his spraying cockhead. Cum coated her tongue, salty and bitter and delicious. She swallowed instinctively, just in time to catch the next wave.

Finally, heart breakingly, his seemingly inexhaustible supply of cum finally gave out. Chest heaving, Justin sat back on his haunches as his dick slowly softened.

Diane sat up, swallowed the mouthful of cum, and pressed her hands against her tits. She rubbed her son's cum into her flesh then licked her palms clean. Diane traced her fingers through the rivers of cum staining her body and fed the pearly stuff into her mouth. When the moisture thinned, she moved across the desk and cleaned Justin's cock with her lips and tongue.

He ran his fingers through her hair as she did, his breath rasping in his throat.

"Mom," he moaned. "Jesus, Mom, that was unbelievable."

Diane rose to a sitting position and looked her son in the eyes. He was already half-hard again from her mouth. The resilience of youth, she thought with a private smile. His

father had been just as quick to recover. But he had never brought her to four of the most intense orgasms of her life.

Diane licked her lips. "Yes it was," she agreed. "And it was only the beginning."

Chapter 2

The sun slowly entered the second floor bedroom, crawling across the floor and reached the ruffled bed at the end of the room. Two bodies lay sprawled across the bed's expanse. One of them was a young man, about eighteen years of age, with dark hair and a healthy tan, who snored softly, his handsome face turned up towards the ceiling. The woman wrapped around him was nearly twice his age, olive skinned, with a mass of dark curls shading her face. Her body was long and lush, muscled and toned, giving her the look of a woman much younger than she was.

As the sun fell across her face, the woman's stormy blue eyes blinked open. A look of confusion passed over her beautiful features, full lips twisting into a frown as she looked around the room and noticed her bedmate. With a start she recoiled from the boy, shock and surprise taking over from her confusion. Slowly, she extricated herself from the embrace, careful not to wake the boy. As she slid out from under the

covers and stepped onto the floor, she realized she was naked.

Her breasts were large and rounded and firm, riding high on her chest, capped with dark, succulent nipples that hardened in the early morning air. Beneath, her belly was flat and well muscled, declining to a smooth, neatly shaven mound and lips the color of coral. Her backside was sweetly rounded, firm and tight, and her thighs and calves were smooth and toned. Her entire body was a work of art, the culmination of hours and hours of exercise, care, and a precise diet. Her name was Diana Papamarkakis. In her youth she had been a fitness model and occasional competitor, but after the birth of her son she settled down and opened her own gym, Amazonia, where she reigned supreme.

The boy on the bed was her son, Justin.

The night they had spent together, wild and passionate and uninhibited, flashed through Diana's mind as she surveyed the sleeping young man. It had been the most intense, rewarding, and explosive sexual experience in her life.

But he was her son.

That thought aroused conflicting, painful emotions in her breast, just as the physical memory of her son's hands on her

body and his immense cock inside her made her breath short, her tits heave, and her nether lips begin to glisten.

With a sharp intake of breath, Diana hurried out of the room, Justin's room, the room of a teenage boy, her teenage boy, and hurried down the hall to the bathroom, still naked. It was Saturday, and Justin would be sleeping in late as he always did. Besides, she had exhausted him the night before. Although, she had to admit, it had taken a lot to exhaust that hard-bodied, muscular boy of hers. She shook her head beneath the shower's spray, trying to drive away the exciting, illicit thoughts.

She dried herself and quickly dressed in shorts, sports bra, and halter top. She strained a ponytail through the back of a baseball cap, tugged on some running shoes, and rushed out the front door to go for a run. She always felt better doing something. She always did her best thinking, or the avoiding of thinking, through activity. Lifting weights, swimming, calisthenics, running. Anything. Sitting at a desk, standing by a stove, doing all those normal womanly, motherly things, were anathema to her. She needed her lungs burning, her muscles straining, sweat pouring down her back.

Of course, that brought to mind last night's activities as well.

What was she going to do? What could she do? How could she go on? What had she done to Justin, to their relationship? What kind of mother would do what she did? What kind of mother tears her shirt off and shoves her tits into her son's mouth? What kind of mother kneels in front of her son and wraps her lips around his cock? What kind of mother spreads her legs and pulls her son between them, or grabs her son's ass to urge him on faster? What kind of mother begs her son to pull out of her own pussy and spray gallons of steaming, creamy, delicious semen on every inch of her body?

Diana was breathing hard, but it had nothing to do with her run. Diana pressed a wrist against her brow to mop at sweat. She made a sudden decision and turned left at the next intersection, heading down Pike St.

Diana stopped at the bottom of the hill, in front of a little white house with a neat lawn and a bed of violets under the front window. Diana approached the front door cautiously. She hesitated a moment, but eventually rang the bell. It was early in the day, but Diana hoped her friend would be home. Hoped she would have the answers she needed.

Diana waited on the front step, pacing, hoping that Ivy was up. At last, just as Diana was about to give up, the door opened. Revealed in the doorway was Isabella Valentine, one of Diana's few female friends. Ivy was a tall woman, just

over six feet, with a pale complexion and icy blue eyes complemented by the stylish, platinum blonde bob she wore. The purple housecoat Ivy wore, apparently the only clothing she had on, molded to the lush curves of her pneumatic frame. Ivy had a firm and rounded bust, and the housecoat revealed a deep, inviting canyon of cleavage between the pale globes of her breasts. Her waist was narrow, her hips wide, and her legs long and well muscled. Her beauty, combined with her voluptuousness, would have made her stand out in any crowd, except in this town, where beautiful, voluptuous, mature woman tended to reside in astonishing numbers.

The important thing, that which made Ivy a worthy friend, was that she didn't obsess over her beauty or her pulchritude. She may have exuded sex, but she didn't dwell on it over much, or talk about it all the time like those ditzes on "Sex and the City." She had a level head, supported by a deep and inquisitive intelligence, and a talent for looking at things from an interesting perspective. Ivy was a psychologist, conversant with the hidden depths of the human mind. And she was just the kind of help Diana needed at that moment.

"Diana," Ivy said with just the merest hint of a British accent. "What brings you around so early on a Saturday?"

"Hello, Ivy. Can I come in?"

"Of course, my dear, of course. You look severely agitated. Let me put the kettle on, and you can tell me all about it."

Moments later, the two women sat at Ivy's kitchen table, drinking earl gray. Diana's hand shook a little as she raised the mug to her lips. She tried not to notice how much Ivy's housecoat had opened up when the blonde woman sat down. Diana thought she might be able to see the edge of a pink nipple, and felt disconcerted at the flutter in her belly.

"So what's on your mind, Di? Nothing wrong at the gym, is it?"

"No."

"Bad news from your doctor?"

"No."

Ivy's lips quirked into a crooked smile. "Then what is it? You came here for a reason, darling. What's on your mind?"

Diana stared into her teacup for a moment. How could she tell anyone what she had done? Even Ivy? But then, that's what she was here for, wasn't it? Diana sighed.

"I... had sex last night."

Ivy brightened. "Really? That's marvelous, my dear. It's been, what, four years? That's quite a long time for someone as hot-blooded as you. Or me, frankly. Tell me about him. Who is he?"

Diana swallowed. Despite the tea, her throat was suddenly dry. She licked her lips. "It was... it was Justin."

Ivy stared at Diana for a heartbeat, not quite comprehending, and then when it hit her, her eyes widened in surprise. But she smiled as well, a full smile that showed off all her neat, white teeth. "Marvelous," she said again.

Diana's heart thundered in her chest. "What?"

Ivy made a dismissive gesture. "Did you think I would judge you, Diana? How could I? Most natural thing in the world, a mother bedding her son. The Oedipal urge doesn't go only one way, after all. And when a son is as handsome and virile as Justin, and a mother as sexy and vibrant as you, then it is

almost certain that two people will give in to their deep and perfectly natural desires."

It was Diana's turn to stare in stunned incomprehension.

Ivy smiled. "Don't look at me like that. It's not that unusual. Especially around here." Ivy leaned in conspiratorially. Almost coincidentally, her robe parted even further, and Diana caught a glimpse down her housecoat at Ivy's magnificent breasts, smooth belly, and neatly trimmed platinum bush. "Look, my practice is made up of a number of mothers in your situation. Almost all of them had confessed to me that they feel sexually attracted to their sons. I shan't name names, of course, but suffice to say that in this neck of the woods, the Oedipus Complex is alive, well, and ragingly horny." Ivy laughed, sat back, and picked up her cup.

Diana was all but speechless. She sputtered nonsense until Ivy raised a hand. "I know, it's hard to take in. I thought it outrageous myself the first time one of my clients explained to me how desperately she wanted to mount her hunky son. But they kept coming in, more and more of them, and I began to see how natural and perfect it was. Women reach their sexual peak in their late thirties, while men reach theirs at the age of eighteen. A mother is all things to her son, a teacher, a healer, a shoulder to cry upon, someone to look up to. We teach them to walk, to talk, to act like gentlemen. Why

shouldn't we teach them how to fuck? Especially when, given the respective ages, we both need to do it so badly?"

Ivy shook her head. "No, Diana, I don't see anything wrong with you and Justin having sex. I'm happy for you. Enjoy it while it lasts, my dear. He's off to college at the end of the summer, and he'll have other conquests. But until then, he's yours to enjoy."

Diana gripped her teacup, wrapping shaking hands around the warm cup. "I can hardly believe what I'm hearing."

"Mmm." Ivy rose. "Come with me." Without another word, Ivy swished out of the kitchen, her full ass swaying. Diana sat at the table, bewildered and shocked. She heard Ivy climb the stairs to the second floor.

Her son Kevin's room was on the second floor.

Diana's chair screeched on the linoleum as she pushed away from the table and rushed after Ivy. She rounded the balustrade and took the stairs two at a time, her sneakers sinking into the plush carpet on the steps and in the second floor hall. At the end of the hall, Ivy was just stepping through the door to Kevin's room. She closed it behind her, but left it open a crack, knowing all too well that Diana was right behind her. Diana crept down the hall and dropped to

her knees outside Kevin's room. Through a crack in the door she watched as Ivy approached her son's bed.

Kevin was a tall boy, blessed with the same Nordic good looks that his mother possessed. He was long and clean limbed, with a swimmer's build and a well muscled frame. Blue eyes, high cheekbones, and closely cropped blond hair made him one of the most attractive seniors at the high school. At eighteen, Kevin Valentine looked like a model. But right now he was stretched across his bed in a heap, hair mussed, eyes clouded and limbs contorted with sleep.

Ivy settled herself on the edge of Kevin's bed, waking the boy with a start. "Good morning, sleepyhead," Ivy cooed.

"Hey, Mom," Kevin said groggily. "What time is it?"

"Oh, it's early." Ivy's left hand toyed with the collar of her housecoat, revealing more skin almost surreptitiously. Diana watched Kevin's eyes grow more alert and focus sharply on his mother's impressive breasts. "But," Ivy continued, still playing with her collar, "I thought we might have a little fun."

"What did you have in mind?" Kevin asked. His grin had a hint of insolence to it, and he crossed his arms behind his head. He leaned back against his pillows.

Ivy placed her right hand on her son's muscular chest in a most unmotherly manner and traced her fingers downward. She did not pause when her hand reached the edge of the blanket. She pulled the fabric down, past Kevin's waist. Diana saw that Kevin slept in the nude, and couldn't help releasing a gasp as she saw the impressive trunk of flesh that was even now hardening between his legs. It was thick and long, with a beautiful red vein stretching along its length, capped with an angry purple head the size of a fist. Ivy's left hand encircled her son's cock at the base and she gently began to stroke him.

The insolence was gone from Kevin's expression. Instead, his face contorted in lust and pleasure. His hips rose, thrusting his cock between his mother's fingers. She gripped his girth and tugged, gliding her palm along its length. A dollop of precum appeared at the tip and began to drip. Kevin sucked in a breath through his teeth. "Jesus, Mom, that feels good."

"I know, baby. I know how much you like this. A mother knows these sorts of things about her boy, and it's a mother's duty to take care of them." Ivy's thumb pressed against Kevin's cockhead, smearing precum across it, and she used the moisture to slicken her caresses. Diana saw Ivy turn and look at her through the crack in the door, smile and wink, and then turn her attention back to Kevin. Ivy's left hand pulled her housecoat open, fully revealing the milky white,

perfectly formed orbs of her breasts. They thrust up proudly, capped with strawberry pink nipples that ached to be kissed, and displaying a fine tracery of blue veins just beneath the surface of her flawless skin. Kevin's hands found his mother's tits and palmed them, cupped them and caressed them.

Ivy moaned. "Good boy," she said.

"I know what momma likes," Kevin said, the grin back. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against Ivy's. Diana saw his tongue thrust into her mouth, and Ivy's tongue answer back in kind. Diana clapped a hand across her own mouth to keep from crying out, and suddenly realized her other hand was thrust down the front of her shorts, teasing her soaking wet pussy lips and the hard nubbin of her clit. She wished wildly that Justin was here. This was the most wild, amazing, erotic thing she had ever witnessed. She felt like she was outside her body somehow, watching Ivy and Kevin reenact the furious fucking that Diana and Justin had performed the night before.

Kevin kissed his way down his mother's neck while she manipulated his raging cock. He kissed the upper slopes of Ivy's breasts, licked the valley between them, and pressed their plush weight around his head. Ivy moaned, but did not pause in her ministrations.

Kevin cupped Ivy's tits and aimed both her nipples at his mouth. He nipped at them, licked them, kissed them, and blew hot breath across them. Ivy shuddered. Then Kevin planted his mouth fully on Ivy's right tit and began to suckle. Ivy moaned. Her free hand gripped the back of Kevin's head. Her fingers threaded through his blond hair and pressed him hard against her breast.

Suddenly both Ivy's hands were on Kevin's chest and throwing him back against the bed. He landed with a thump, but didn't look too disturbed or surprised. Ivy rose from the bed and shucked off the housecoat, revealing her tall, voluptuous form. She was every bit as amazing as Diana had ever thought, although Diana was surprised to see that Ivy kept a clean, shaved pubis. Ivy's pussy lips were dark pink, engorged with lust, and even from her vantage, Diana could see beads of moisture forming upon them.

Ivy climbed back onto the bed, kicking the sheets away to fully uncover Kevin. She straddled him, bracing her thighs against his, and leaned over to press her full tits against his chest. They kissed again, just as furiously. Kevin's engorged cock jutted against Ivy's belly, his balls nudged against her netherlips. It was Ivy's turn to begin kissing her way downward, along Kevin's chin and neck, down his chest, and across his stomach. As she moved downward, Kevin's cock trailed across her belly, leaving a smear of precum, and lodged between her impressive tits. Ivy paused to press her plush breasts against the rigid expanse of her son's dick. Ivy

paused to mold her tits around his pole, caressing his hardness with her softness.

"Mom, oh God, Mom, I love your tits," Kevin moaned. "I love fucking your tits!"

"Mmm-hmm," Ivy agreed. "But I know something you like even more." She released her son's cock from its sweet prison and continued her descent. Kevin's cockhead emerged from the valley of Ivy's tits and butted against her chin. She nuzzled against it, rubbing each cheek across his dick, then gently kissed the cockhead with her full pink lips. Diana saw Ivy's cheeks hollow, and knew Ivy was lashing that cockhead with her tongue, sucking up every drop of precum squirting from her son's cock.

And then Ivy swallowed Kevin. Inch by inexorable inch, his mighty weapon slid into his mother's mouth. Her cheeks and throat bulged as his girth thrust into her, and her nostrils flared with a desperate need for oxygen. But her eyes shone with lust and love, a light mirrored in her son's eyes, and she held her pose as long as she could before allowing Kevin's raging member to slurp free of her mouth. Kevin's cock shone with a mixture of his mother's saliva and his precum, a vintage that dripped from Ivy's parted lips. Ivy sucked in a deep breath and repeated her movement without hesitation, swallowing her son whole. From the size of him, he must have been deep down her throat, well past her

tonsils. Diana had never seen a woman swallow so much manhood at once, and could hardly believe it.

But Ivy was only good for one more go, and when she released her son's throbbing member the third time, she had to take several gasping breaths. She looked up at Kevin and smiled, licking her lips.

"It feels better every time you do that, Mom," Kevin gasped. He had urged his mother on with grunts and groans and moans, unable to give voice to his pleasure until Ivy's lips were removed from his cock.

"I'm not done yet," Ivy said breathlessly. "I want to taste your cum, darling. I want my tongue painted white. I want a bellyful of your sweet, thick cream." Each word caused a squirt of precum to erupt from Kevin's cockhead, and Diana wondered how long much longer he could last.

Ivy's head dropped, her lips wrapped around her son's cockhead once more, and she began to suck lazily. She let the cockhead and first inch or two thrust into her mouth, but gripped the base of him in her hands to keep him from going further. Kevin did try, though, thrusting up into his mother's mouth with quick jerks of his hips. But Ivy controlled him deftly, never letting him get too rough, no matter how desperate he was to cum.

"I love your cock," Ivy said between licks and sucks, "the way it tastes, the way it feels in my mouth and hands. You really do have the best cock I've ever seen, darling. But what I love best is when it's bucking and throbbing between my lips, spraying a hot salty load down the back of my throat." Her head ducked again, and this time Ivy's lips and tongue triggered the eruption that mother and son wanted so much.

Kevin's head dropped back and his chest thrust out, even as his hips rose off the bed and his cock slid another inch into Ivy's mouth. Diana watched rapt as Kevin's huge cock throbbed and sprayed rich, creamy cum down Ivy's throat. Ivy's bright blue eyes widened and she struggled to swallow the load, her throat working furiously at the prodigious amount of semen her son produced. Even so, trails of semen leaked past her lips to stain her lips and chin and trail down the length of Kevin's cock. He came and came, longer than Diana thought possible, until finally Kevin's body relaxed and his cock slipped from Ivy's mouth. A final jet of cum ejected from his cock to land on Ivy's outstretched tongue which was indeed painted white. She showed her appreciative son, swallowed noisily, and then licked her lips hungrily.

Kevin's raging hard-on showed no signs of slacking. Diana smiled, one hand cupping her tits through her shirt, the other down her pants, teasing a climax from her sodden pussy. If

Ivy thought she was showing off her son's stamina, she should think again. Justin could go for hours and recover instantly, too.

Diana wanted Justin desperately that moment, but she was glued to the spot. Ivy and Kevin weren't done, and she wanted to see every bit of the action.

"Baby's still hard," Ivy said unnecessarily.

Kevin grinned again, flexed his cock, and then grabbed his mother. In one smooth movement he lifted her up and flipped her over. Ivy giggled like a school girl as her son manhandled her. In a heartbeat, their positions were reversed, and Kevin lay atop his mother. "So strong," Ivy cooed. "My little boy has become a man."

Kevin quirked an eyebrow. Ivy shrugged and smiled. "What are you waiting for, darling?"

Kevin aimed his cock at the wet furrow between his mother's legs and thrust forward. His massive member sank into his mother's pussy with a sucking sound. Both Valentines moaned. Ivy's thighs clamped against Kevin's flanks, and her calves pressed against his buttocks. She urged him on with the thrust of her hips, the muscles in her legs, and the little sounds she made as her son plundered her body.

Kevin grunted with each savage thrust. Diana watched in rapt attention as Kevin's huge cock sank into Ivy again and again, gleaming wetly as it withdrew, eliciting a cry from Ivy as it sank deeply again. Kevin rode his mother hard, fucking her for all he was worth. Ivy's full breasts bounced on her chest, her thighs bunched and flexed, and both mother and son were coated with a sheen of sweat. Ivy's face contorted in pleasure, a red flush spread across her chest and cheeks, and Diana could see that her friend was riding the crest of a massive orgasm. Ivy came with an ear-splitting cry, throwing her head back into the pillow. Kevin sawed into her even as she climaxed, extending and maximizing the pleasure she felt.

Slowly Kevin subsided. Ivy did as well, slumping slightly on her son's bed. "You didn't cum," she said breathlessly.

Shaking his head, Kevin began to fuck her again, plunging into his mother over and over. Ivy mewled and gripped her son again, wrapping her thighs around him again. Almost instantly, Ivy was coming a second time, urged on by her son's rough fucking. He didn't have much for technique, Diana noted, but he more than made up for it in stamina and size. She could see why Ivy was enjoying herself so much, why Ivy would be so blase about Diana's own revelation.

Diana's hand moved furiously, the two first fingers of her hand teasing her inner folds as she thrust them inside to the rhythm of Kevin's movements. She wanted to cum, so badly, but she knew it wouldn't happen. She needed a cock. She needed Justin.

"I'm getting close," Kevin gasped. A drop of sweat fell from his chin and splattered on Ivy's lips.

"Me too," Ivy cried. "Just a little longer, darling, and then I want to see you... I want to feel you... I want your cum on my belly, my breasts, my lips and cheeks."

Kevin moaned. His eyes were screwed shut. "You got it, mom," he managed to grunt. He slammed home once more and set Ivy off, her third climax of the morning. Kevin stayed with her as long he could, still thrusting, until it was too much. He whipped his cock free of his mother's slick pussy and aimed it towards her.

A stream of jism erupted from the head of Kevin's cock, sailing through the air to splatter against Ivy's left cheek. It dribbled down to her neck, even as another wad of white cream struck her parted lips. Kevin's massive cannon fired again and again, doing as his mother wished, painting her upper body and belly with pools of cum. He grunted and gasped as his orgasm erupted all over his mother. Cum

dribbled down her full breasts, settling in the valley between them and pouring down onto her stomach. Ivy shimmied on the bed and reached up to grip Kevin's semi-hard member. She kissed the tip, slurping up the remnants of his cum, and swallowed the first few inches, cleaning off their combined juices.

Kevin collapsed beside his mother. Ivy scooped up cum from her belly and breasts. She spread her fingers to admire the cream. "So thick and tasty," she mumbled, then fed it to herself. Kevin groaned. His mother was putting lead into his pencil again.

But Ivy was satisfied. Perhaps not carnally, but clearly she had made her point to Diana. She rose from the bed, still coated in her son's creamy cum. Reaching down, she picked her housecoat off the floor and sauntered towards the door. Diana scampered out of the way, ducking down the hall as quickly and quietly as she dared. She heard Ivy say, "Breakfast in ten, darling," before her friend appeared in the hall. Ivy shut Kevin's door behind her and then walked down the hall towards Diana.

Ivy reeked of sex, of sweat and coital juices, both her own and her son's. She smiled at Diana, eyes bright and cheeks flushed. "Now do you see?" she whispered. Diana could only nod.

Some time later, at the Pappamarkakis house, Justin slowly awakened. With gummy eyes he examined the clock beside his bed and groaned. He had already slept half the day away. While he liked to sleep in on the weekends, he didn't like to sleep quite that late. Why hadn't his mother waken him?

With a start, he realized Diana was not with him. But he remembered them falling asleep in his bed after the fourth time. He slapped a hand against his forehead. He had fucked his mother. Four times. No wonder she had bolted without saying a word. Normal people didn't do that sort of thing. Not for real. What had they done?

Justin slowly levered himself out of bed. His whole body ached, but his shoulders and thighs and lower back hurt the most. That surprised him. He was in shape, but he had worked his body in ways he had never done before. He stretched, naked, in the sunshine from the window. He rubbed sleep from his eyes and padded dully to the bathroom.

He felt slightly better after a shower and a shave. His muscles had relaxed, and he stretched a little bit as he dressed. He went down to the kitchen and made himself a sandwich because he was hungry, not because he felt like eating. He didn't know how he felt. Strange, certainly. Unstuck from himself, like his spirit had risen out of his body, leaving nothing but dead meat behind. Where was his

mother? What had Diana done while he slept? Where had she gone? He wouldn't feel settled until he saw her, spoke to her, but even so he dreaded that moment.

What could he say? What could he do? They had never been what one would call close, despite being the only two people in the house. Still, that didn't explain what he had done to her. They were mother and son. Mother and sons didn't do the things they did. Sons didn't throw their mothers down on a bed and wrap their lips around heaving tits. Sons didn't trail kisses down their mother's stomachs and scrape their tongues along pussy lips. Sons didn't rise up with a painful erection and drive it home into that secret, moist and ready depth between their mother's legs, driving home again and again until both mother and son came in a blistering, shared climax.

Justin shook his head. His cock was hard as a rock, just thinking about it. What scared him the most? That they would do it again, or that they wouldn't?

Justin thought he heard a sound from the backyard and walked over to the kitchen window. He thought he saw his mother sitting in a chaise lounge by the pool, but the angle wasn't great. There was someone out there, but who could it be? Who else could it be, Justin asked himself. He stepped back from the window. What now?

Well, he thought, Diana had raised a motherfucker, but she hadn't raised a coward. Justin took a deep breath to steel himself and headed for the patio door.

It was a warm, sunny day, with the sun high in the sky and hardly a cloud to mar the bright blue. The pool looked just as bright as the sky, the grass a deep green. The concrete patio gleamed white. Justin forced himself to stop admiring the view and walked towards the chaise. Justin's mother was ready for him, and rose to meet him.

Justin froze in his tracks. His mother truly was a beautiful woman. Tall, long legged and buxom, with a warm tan and waves of dark hair spilling down her back. The sky blue string bikini she wore matched her eyes, but the triangles of material barely covered any skin. The full globes of her breasts threatened to explode out of the fabric, and the bottoms barely covered Diana's pubis. She looked uncertain for a moment, a foreign expression, but her lips settled into a thin line, as if she had come to a decision.

"I've been waiting for you to get up," Diana said. She paused, then, "How are you feeling?"

Justin grunted. "I'm okay. How are you?" It sounded lame.

She looked him in the eye. "I'm... conflicted." Justin's heart hammered in his chest, but Diana didn't seem to notice. "Let me tell you something, Justin. Last night was one of the most amazing events of my life. I've never felt or done anything quite like that before. I don't think I realized how much I needed it. How much I needed... you."

Diana took a step closer to Justin. "How did it make you feel? Are you... disgusted? Do you hate me?"

"Hate you?" Justin said in disbelief. "Mom, I love you. I loved every minute of last night. I think... I think I've always wanted you. You're gorgeous and remote, and yet last night you were there with me. You chose to be with me. I don't think I have the words to express..." Justin paused. "It was great," he finished lamely.

Diana smiled, revealing all her teeth, and Justin's heart skipped a beat. "That's all I wanted to hear," Diana said. She stepped into Justin's arms. She kissed him, soft lips against his, parting slightly, her delicate tongue slipping out to taste him. "I'm yours," she said, "until the end of summer. Then you go to college."

Justin pressed his growing hardness against her belly. "Just till the end of summer?"

Diana pursed her lips and raised an eyebrow. "We'll see," she said. She kissed him again and then settled down on one knee. Her hands found the waistband of Justin's shorts and tugged them down.

Instantly his hard, throbbing cock bounced up and hit Diana in the chin. Justin arrogantly flexed his prick, and a dollop of precum squirted onto the head. Diana licked her full lips, eyeing him. Then she leaned forward and licked him. Her tongue trailed across the sensitive head of Justin's cock, coaxing more sweet cream from the tip. She diddled his opening with the top of her tongue, then swirled it around his glans.

"Fuck, mom," Justin groaned.

"Not just yet," Diana said. Then her lips were around him, sucking him into her mouth. Her son's precum squirted across her tonsils, and instinctively she swallowed the sweet, buttery cream. Her agile tongue lashed at him, imprisoned within the confines of her warm and soft mouth. Slowly she swallowed more of him, allowing him to slip inch by delicious inch further into her sucking mouth. He felt her throat close around his cockhead just as her nose settled against his stomach, and he groaned lustily once more. Diana swept her lips back upward, releasing her son's luscious cock, and sucked a deep breath through her flared

nostrils. She kept the cockhead between her lips, teasing him still with her tongue.

Opening her mouth, her lips frothy with precum and saliva, she ordered, "Fuck my mouth, baby. I want to swallow your cock, I want to feel you spray your load down my throat. I want a belly full of your cum." Then her lips were on him again.

Obliging his beautiful, lusty mother, Justin sank his fingers through her silky hair and began to slowly saw his engorged cock in and out of her mouth. Diana's lips tightened around his girth, trying to make a seal, but with each jerk and thrust her lips parted. Justin felt her teeth graze his cock, felt her throat tighten as he sank all the way home, and felt his balls bounce off his mother's chin.

Diana moaned, creating a thrumming vibration around his cock that intensified the pleasure he felt. He knew he couldn't last much longer. She looked up into her endowed son's eyes with a look of intense lust, mixed with love.

"Mom," he grunted, "I don't think I can..."

She moaned in approval, urging him on with lips and tongue and eyes. Her deft fingers cupped his bouncing balls and gave them an almost imperceptible squeeze.

He felt a tightening at the base of his cock, while simultaneously he swelled in size, nearly choking his mother. Then his mighty cock shuddered and a glob of cum raced up through it to splatter against the roof of his mother's mouth. He sank in as deep as he could, but her hands pressed against his belly and kept him from going too deep. Still, he was deep enough, jettisoning load after viscous load of pearly cum straight down her throat. Her neck moved as she swallowed each precious drop, but she gently and insistently maneuvered him until only the sensitive cock head lay between her lips, still ejaculating an enormous amount of jism. Diana's cheeks ballooned and she struggled to swallow his prodigious spend, but it ultimately proved too much.

Diana released her son's cock with a spermy cough. His rigid, shuddering battering ram continued to spray, jetting pearly strands across the tanned upper slopes of her breasts, staining the blue panels of her bikini. Rivulets of semen slid between her thrusting tits and flowed down across her smooth belly. Diana, recovering, still swallowing, cupped her hands before Justin's shuddering cockhead and caught the last few splatters between her fingers.

Justin, gasping, stepped backwards and admired his mother.

She knelt on the hard stone of the pool patio, tanned and luscious, her lips and cheeks and chin coated with a thin sheen of semen. Pools of cum spread across her huge, heaving breasts and soaked into her bikini top. He had painted her upper body nearly white, he realized, and it was a wonder that not a drop touched her hair or her eyes. Even as he admired her, she greedily brought her hands to her lips and noisily slurped up the dregs of jism that she had caught. She licked her fingers clean, then began the arduous, delicious process of scooping up the cum splattering her body and feeding herself.

However, the cum that oozed across her belly she spread, and eased a cum covered hand between her legs. Her fingers dipped beneath the soaked bikini bottoms and forced Justin's cum into her sopping pussy.

"You're still hard," Diana noted with lust glazed eyes.

"You're surprised?" Justin said. He swept his shorts off his legs and kicked them away.

"No," Diana admitted, admiring his unflagging erection. She stood gracefully, still licking semen stained lips, and turned to the chaise lounge. She bent across it on her palms and spread her legs wide. "Get over here and fuck momma. I need your cock inside me, baby."

Justin grinned. He gripped his mother by the hips and pressed his massive cock across her ass cheeks. They were full and firm, as hard as steel and yet giving under the weight of his cock. He wedged his dick between her cheeks and slowly thrust across the gap between them. Diana moaned, twitching her ass. "Don't tease me, Justin. Fuck me!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Justin said. He found the strings tying the bikini bottoms to his mother and pulled them loose. The scrap of material should have fluttered to the ground, but it was plastered to Diana's pussy by her juices. With a lecherous grin, Justin peeled the bottoms off of his mother and tossed them in a sodden pile on the patio.

Diana's pink, engorged pussy lips welcomed Justin's cockhead as he brushed against them. She was open and inviting, warm and wet, and he slid into her in one easy thrust that elicited lustful groans from both of them.

Once again, Justin was balls deep in his mother's pussy. And he couldn't be happier. She gripped him tight, her pussy muscles caressing his every inch like a velvet glove.

Diana tossed her hair and looked over her shoulder at her son. He looked so powerful, so manly, so gorgeous, standing there behind her, plundering her pussy with his massive rod.

She knew in her heart that she could never give this up, the mad intensity of this forbidden passion. This cock was hers. She had borne it, raised it, looked after it, and now she was going to use it as much as possible before she went completely mad from it. Justin fucked into her as though her were a born cocksmith, graceful and powerful at once. His every inch caressed her inner folds just right. His cockhead seemed to bend just the right way to nudge her g-spot with every thrust. She felt a massive orgasm building, building, building..,

... Justin reached down, pressing his belly against the globes of his mother's perfect ass, to cup her bouncing tits within the loose confines of her bikini. Doing so altered his angle slightly, and gave him just a tiny bit more penetration...

... so that just as Justin's palms pressed hard against Diana's sensitive nipples, his cockhead bumped up against her cervix. And the orgasm that had been building since she had knelt before him to worship his cock, exploded throughout her body. She shook in ecstasy, her pussy creaming around Justin's cock, even as it tightened harder around him to extend the sensation of him being so deep insider her. She felt as though every muscle in her body contracted and expanded at once. She shook and shuddered and thrust back hard against her son as pleasure so sharp as to be almost painful engulfed her luscious form.

It took her a half second to realize, as she came down from her climax, that Justin was still hard and slamming away. "O, fuck!" Diana wailed, as another orgasm, the equal to the first, thundered through her.

A third one threatened as Justin's belly slapped against her ass once more. He was grunting with each heroic thrust. She felt his sweat spray across her arching back, and looked back again at him. Justin's face was red, his eyes thinned to slits as he concentrated, wringing another orgasm from his mother. It crested, and she rode with it, crying out again, unable to contain herself. Ivy had been right. There was absolutely nothing wrong with this. How could there be? For pleasure this intense, this complete, Diana would have fucked anyone. She wished she had started with Justin sooner.

Justin fought to keep from cumming. But it was almost too much. His mother was like a wildcat. Already she had come three times, her body bouncing around violently beneath his, her pussy thrusting hard against his cock, a counter-thrust for every thrust. His cock tingled. His balls contracted, hard and tight like fists.

"Mom," he gasped, "I'm gonna..."

Diana thrust her full, perfect ass against his belly. "Cum in me, cum in me, cum in me," she breathed, repeating it over and over again like a mantra.

And he did.

Justin slammed home, burying himself to the balls in his mother's pussy. He felt a pressure against his cockhead for a moment, and then almost as though he were slipping through another pair of pussy lips that clamped down hard on his cockhead. And then he was cumming.

Diana mewled and thrashed beneath him. Justin had pierced her cervix, and his cum skyrocketed into her womb, setting off a chain of orgasms that subsumed Diana. She lost all senses, save for the burning, exploding, raging pleasure that consumed her.

Justin felt his cock explode, deep within his mother's warm, wet depths. Again and again his massive cock unleashed its precious load into his mother's pussy. He painted her insides white, as he had her lips and tits, and just as before, she wasn't quite equal to the amount of semen Justin could produce. His pearly cum pooled around the edges of Diana's pussy lips and oozed onto Justin's balls, then dripped onto the chaise lounge and the patio. Gasping, Justin slowly withdrew from his still twitching mother, and dumped

another dozen ropes of creamy jism across the tanned globes of her ass. Even as he did, a flood of cum emptied from Diana's pussy, staining the cushions and the ground beneath them.

At last, spent, the two lovers collapsed in a sodden, sweaty heap across the lounge, both gasping for air. Diana trailed fingers through Justin's hair, and he gazed lustfully at his mother.

Justin cupped one of Diana's prodigious tits and teased a nipple with his finger. She swept a hand down his muscled mid-section and found his cock still rigid, standing proudly like a trunk from between his thighs.

"Does this ever go down?" she said with a girlish giggle.

"Not around you, mother," Justin said honestly. "Not around you." He bent forward, and she tasted his lips.