

# Two Sisters for Sarah



"Mom, I'm home," I yelled as I entered our house after a three-month stay at business school. I had my hands full, laden down with my laptop bag and my knapsack full of clothes. Mom came running from the kitchen looking as lovely as ever and threw her arms around me giving me a tight hug. I dropped my bags and wrapped my arms around her holding her tight. We were cheek to cheek and her hair was draped in my reddening face as I was already getting hard as usual when around Mom.

Her covered breasts felt wonderful pressed to me and her smell was intoxicating. Her hair smelled of Plumeria blossoms. I recognized the shampoo from a Hawaii trip we took years before and I knew she only used it on special occasions. Did she use it for me? I had to back my pelvis away from her so my raging hard-on wouldn't give me away. She pulled away and grabbed my face with her hands looking at me with those beautiful eyes.

"Billy, I've missed you so much. We have so much to get caught up on. Put your bags in your room and let's talk before we have dinner."

"Sure, Mom. It'll just take a sec. I've missed you, too. Dinner smells great. Are you cooking up my favorite meal?"

She leaned in close and kissed me on the cheek and whispered, "It is your favorite, I wanted a special night for your homecoming. I've missed you so much!"

She left for the kitchen while I headed to my room.

My name is William, my mother calls me Billy, honey or sweetie. My mother's name is Beverly. Her friends call her Bev, but I call her Mom. Mother seemed too formal and calling her Mom seemed to connect with her better. Here is how I've got to this point in my life.

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Dad died a few years ago, working himself into an early grave. He started up a business, spent all his time building it up and wouldn't allow anyone to help him manage it. Long hours, bad lunches and non-stop stress took its toll which left Mom to take over the business along with raising me.

She's smart and had no problem assuming control, promoting people to help her with the management decisions so she wouldn't have to put in the same amount of time. She wanted to spend as much time with me as she could to make sure I finished school in good standing. We grew close through those years and did everything together. We took vacations together and most weekends we tried to go out and have fun at events or would dine out at different restaurants.

She's tall, being a few inches under six feet and her slim body accentuates her curves. She doesn't have huge breasts but they're big enough they might droop a little if she would ever go braless, which she doesn't. Her smile can immediately make you happy.

She has a great disposition and I really enjoy being with her. Her legs are toned and look abnormally long due to her height. She has a hard time finding skirts that don't go down as far as she'd like. I have to be careful not to get caught staring at her gorgeous legs. She's thirty-six but looks like she's in her late twenties.

When I was close to graduating from high school, Mom asked me whether I wanted to start at the business right away or if I wanted to pursue a career of my own. I wanted to stay at home and work with her, but my lust was increasing to an all-time high and I didn't want to jeopardize our relationship.

I also hated to see my mom tied down to the business and me, too. She hasn't dated since Dad's passing and her only relationship since then was with me. I decided if I took a year-long course at a business school, it would give her a chance to pursue a relationship and give me an opportunity to find someone.

She seemed a little upset but told me she understood I needed to explore other options. She helped me pick out a curriculum that would be useful in any business including hers. She assisted me in filling out the applications and even went with me to the campus to finalize the paperwork and inspect my dormitory room. She told me she was paying for everything and I could get one of the more expensive private rooms, but I told her a roommate would be fine and I'd be able to network better if I made some friends on campus.

After high school graduation, I started immediately at the business school and stayed there for several months before I came home. Mom

and I video chatted on our computers, but seeing her in person again was much better. We spent the whole weekend together relating the events of the past few months. I was surprised to learn she still hadn't dated, but rather kept herself busy at work and going out with her sister, Aunt Kathy.

I reluctantly went back to school Sunday night for the next week's classes. I would repeat this several more times until Mom suggested I come home each weekend. I could do my homework in her office as she didn't spend a lot of time on business anymore. Her eyes were very persuasive when she pleaded and a glance down at her partially exposed thighs convinced me. I told her it was a great idea and I'd do it.

This didn't solve my initial problem with hoping Mom would find a relationship and I might find someone to take my mind off my hot Mom. I dated a few girls at school but none of them compared with Mom and I soon broke up with them. I couldn't talk with any of them the same way I connected with Mom or have as much fun as when I'm with her.

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That brings us to where I started this story. I was home for the first weekend of many until I finished my year of courses, which was two months away. I put away my bags and met Mom in the living room. I sat on the couch to watch some TV and before I could turn it on, she came in and sat by me. We discussed what each of us had been doing since I was last home.

It was obvious she was more comfortable in shorter skirts now and her beautiful legs were distracting. She has always talked with her hands waving them around whenever she talked, but now she would touch me on the shoulders or arms while talking. During our talks, she would ask me if I had a girlfriend or had been on any dates. Each time I would tell her nothing serious. She looked sad when I told her.

Dinner was ready. We sat across from each other and her beauty was as intoxicating as usual. Her shoulder length black hair was shiny and full, framing her beautiful face perfectly. I stared more than usual, making up for the several months I'd been absent. She looked up, catching me a couple of times, then smiled without saying anything.

We quickly went back to a routine of going out for a fun activity before coming home to watch a show or do some housework. I'd work on my studies in the office, then she'd either do her business or video chat with her sister. I only needed a couple hours to finish my work as I was pretty far ahead in all of my classes.

The next weekend Mom decided on a restaurant featuring a dance floor. Canned slow music was playing for the patrons. I've never danced and Mom knew it. We ate and while we were waiting for the check, Mom said, "Billy, you should learn to dance. Girls like to dance and it would help you meet them."

"Ah Mom, girls don't slow dance anymore. Guys my age don't dance with their mothers either. Anyway, I'd probably hurt you. I'm sure I'd be a horrible dancer."

"Nonsense, Sweetie. Ladies love to dance, they enjoy being held by their man. I'll teach you. There are only a few couples here and no one is going to know you're my son. Don't worry, we'll take it slow and before you know it, you'll have the hang of it," she seductively said as she came over to my side of the table.

I loved the thought of dancing with Mom, but I didn't want to seem too eager. When we moved to the floor she wrapped her right arm around me and with her other hand, she gripped my right hand. I held her as you would when slow dancing.

She told me to look down at our feet and taught me some basic steps. We went slow and of course, I did misstep and we were both laughing at how bad I was. After some practice, I started to get the hang of it and took over the lead.

"Billy, you picked it up fast. Now, look up at me while we're dancing. A girl likes to be appreciated while she's being led around the dance floor."

I gladly looked up and danced while our eyes locked together. I wonder what she was thinking as we stared at each other. I could have gazed at her lovely face all night. She was the one that broke eye contact when she held me tighter and rested her head against mine. It was hard

to see through the hair that had fallen in my face but I didn't attempt to push it aside. It was Plumeria scented again.

Whispering in her ear I said, "Mom, did you use the Plumeria shampoo from our Hawaii vacation? It smells good. You know it's one of my favorites, don't you? It brings back memories from our time in Hawaii."

I felt her hot breath as she whispered, "Yes it is, I'm glad you noticed. I use it on special occasions. That was our first trip together after your dad died. You were very supportive and helped me through a tough time. I think of you when I shampoo with it."

She pressed her head closer to mine and held me close. You couldn't really say we were dancing but rather slowly swaying back and forth enjoying the close contact. When the song was finished we stopped and held each other for a moment, then Mom pulled back and kissed me on the cheek.

"Thanks, Billy. You did really good. Any girl would be thrilled to dance with you," she said.

"I only care about one girl being elated and that's you, Mom," I told her as my eyes were locked on to hers.

I couldn't interpret her expression, but I did notice she was starting to blush. Was it excitement or was it fear? Had I gone too far? I didn't have much time to think as she led me back to the table.

We went home, took our showers and started our nightly routine. I wore my robe in the evenings and Mom usually wore some comfortable sweats and on occasion a robe that came down to her knees. It was thick enough I couldn't tell if she was wearing a bra.

Finishing my homework one night, Mom came up behind me. I felt her hands as she massaged my shoulders. Goosebumps immediately popped up on my arms reacting to her firm touch. I enjoyed her gentle caressing for a few minutes before I told her, "Mom, that feels really good, I was tenser than I thought."

She replied, "You were concentrating on your work so hard you hardly noticed me coming in. You looked like you could relax. I don't want you to work yourself to death as your father did. I want you to enjoy life."

I completed my work and her fingers had quit moving. Thinking we were done, I said, "I'm finished for tonight, Mom. I'm going to watch some TV and hit the sack."

She ran her hands up my neck and through my hair massaging my scalp with her strong fingers. It felt wonderful and I shivered from her contact. I was moaning and didn't even know it when Mom said, "Boy, someone really enjoys a head rub."

"Yea, that feels wonderful Mom. Your fingers are so talented. You're really spoiling me."

"That's my devious plan. Bribing you to get free labor," she laughingly said. Leaning down, she kissed me on my neck and left the room.

I went to the living room and started to watch a show and Mom excused herself to go to her office for a video chat with her sister. They got along really well and their talks were filled with laughter. I wondered if they had sexually experimented when they were younger. They seemed closer than most sisters. Sometimes she would close the door when they chatted and I'd hear loud giggling and laughter.

After their call was over, Mom came into the living room and sat by me on the couch. She appeared tired and I felt her weight against me as she rested her head on my shoulder. Her breathing was slow and deep as she dozed off and on. This gave me a chance to admire her legs. She was wearing a robe tonight and it had risen halfway up her thighs. They were firm and lean. It was hard not to reach down to caress them or better yet go down and start sucking on her firm thigh flesh.

She woke up, kissed me on the cheek, told me goodnight and headed off to her bedroom. I went to my room and was able to get to sleep after stroking off, thinking of her the entire time.

Our routine had now progressed to where she would come in while I was studying and repeat her massage each night. The weekends went

far too fast. All week at school my thoughts were filled with going home to Mom.

One weekend we went out dancing again. It was romantic and I was getting better. Later in the evening when Mom was chatting with my aunt, I walked up behind her and began to massage her shoulders as she had done to me. She jumped and yelped the first time I touched her. Her sister asked what was wrong, as she could only see Mom's face on the monitor. Mom told her nothing, she was a little tense but she was already feeling better.

That was the only encouragement I needed to continue caressing her. Both of us were now wearing robes at night and although the thick cotton prevented me from touching her bare skin, it still felt great.

I continued to soothe her, looking over her shoulder to see her robe part as my hands shifted her fabric. I could see the tops of her breasts as her robe parted. I could see she was wearing a bra. I always fantasized she was braless under her robe, but it wasn't upsetting enough to keep my prick from getting stiff.

I was leaning over admiring her cleavage when I noticed Mom looking past the monitor a couple of times. I continued kneading while leaning over. I saw her glance again at the wall so I looked up to see what she was looking at. It was a mirror. I forgot she had one hanging on the wall in her office. I could clearly see Mom in front of the monitor and now she was talking to her sister like nothing had happened.

She finished her call and I ran my fingers up through her hair, massaging her scalp. Her hair felt as silky as it looked. It felt good running my fingers through her hair over her sensitive scalp. I could see goosebumps popping up on her arms. I knew how she felt and was starting to get hard again. She never mentioned the fact that she was aware that I was lustfully leering at her open robe.

Mom was always the one who had initiated the kiss before, even though it was on my cheek or neck. I leaned in and kissed her on the nape of her neck. My lips lingered on her smooth skin while I inhaled deeply, drinking in her clean scent.

After some TV, we retired to our bedrooms where I frantically beat my prick to a pulp as I did every night after being with Mom.

The next weekend we continued our routine of going out together, ending the day relaxing in our robes. Mom didn't further advance our discreet flirtation. I was content with our mutual massaging and the romantic snuggling on the couch afterward.

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Saturday evening arrived and Mom was video chatting with my aunt. I massaged her, as usual, trying again to get a glimpse of her front. She wore a light blue bra. It was by far my favorite and after leering for longer than usual I looked up at the mirror and saw Mom staring at me, still talking to Kathy.

She didn't say anything but lowered her eyes to the monitor. She smiled as she continued her conversation with Aunt Kathy. She seemed to be okay with me leering at her unless the reason was she didn't want to embarrass me.

Sunday didn't go fast enough for me. I couldn't wait for our office time again. I showered earlier than normal and went to the office computer early. I finished my work and was blankly staring at the monitor when Mom came in to begin my rubdown.

After a few minutes, Mom moved the fabric back and massaged my bare shoulders and neck with her hot hands. I was glad she couldn't see the sudden lurch of my prick in response to her sensuous stroking. Her hands felt so comforting I fell into a trance, unable to comprehend anything displayed on the monitor.

After she was done and I moved out of the chair, she sat down immediately calling her sister. They began talking and I decided to replicate her actions. I pulled back the soft material and began to knead her bare shoulders. She didn't jump this time, talking and laughing with her sister. Aunt Kathy told my mom she could see a change in her, and she seemed a lot happier than normal. She asked Mom whether she had a new boyfriend.

Mom replied she didn't, she was in a good place with her life and she was enjoying the weekends. My aunt didn't pursue the conversation. I kneaded her hot skin while at the same time moving the material so her

robe would part. I wondered what color her bra would be tonight. As I continued to caress her shoulders, she laughed over a story her sister was telling her. She leaned in close to the monitor resulting in her robe opening without my help.

I leaned over and was surprised to see she was braless. The material was pulled out where I could see the insides of her meaty globes, although her nipples were still covered. She remained hunched over and I kept leering at her luscious breasts as I knew she couldn't see me in the mirror. My prick was harder than it's ever been. She straightened up at the end of the call and I quickly backed off so she wouldn't notice my inappropriate behavior. After massaging her scalp I bent down to kiss her neck and inhaled the sweet scent of Plumeria blossoms. I knew immediately why she used that shampoo today. It was for special occasions and flashing your bare tits to your son fit the bill.

Our time on the couch after the office ritual went as usual with Mom resting against me. Tonight she brought her arm around me to be more comfortable and I reciprocated to hold her while she relaxed. My eyes traveled to her legs, up to her robe opening which was split far enough apart to again show the inside edges of her bare breasts. Too quickly she woke up and reached over to kiss my cheek. I turned my face to her and our lips met. She didn't pull back and our eyes were locked together. Her moist, hot lips lingered for several seconds.

She told me goodnight and went to bed without acknowledging our first kiss on the lips. It took several beatings to tame the lizard that night.

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The end of the school year was coming up in a few weeks and I was near completion. My roommate, Jeff, was struggling. I found out early in the year he was gay, but he had no interest in me, so I was cool with that. In fact, I could talk to him more easily. He asked what Mom and I did on our weekends. He told me he was envious of our close relationship. I was careful not to tell him about the lust I had for her.

He lived with his mother Sarah when not at school. Their house was located close to the campus, so we went there quite a few times the first several months of classes. They had a nice spare bedroom with its own bathroom I used when I stayed there. Their large house was a nice break from our small campus room.

Sarah was divorced and was far more attractive than the girls I had dated at school. She was intelligent with a great sense of humor and was fun to be around. She was interested in my relationship with my mother asking me a lot of questions about what we would do when I was home. I figured she wanted to know what it was like to have a relationship with a straight son.

She was Mom's age and her body was just as hot. Unlike Mom, she had no problem wearing tight blouses while she was braless. Her pointy nipples pushed out the refining material of her blouse on many occasions. She dressed more provocative in the evenings when relaxing in the living room, wearing short nighties or thin robes. I wasn't sure if she did this to try to turn Jeff around, but I didn't care as I was reaping

the rewards. She caught me more than once gazing at her beautiful body but only sexily smiled.

One weekend I set up her computer so she could video chat with Jeff during the week. She sat close to me pressing her hot body to mine as I showed her how to navigate through the application. As she turned to scroll the mouse her fat braless tit pressed into my arm. Her movements caused her boob to rub up and down my arm causing her nipple to stand out. I felt her hard nub as she moved, giving me a painfully large erection.

When she felt comfortable enough with the software, she leaned over to kiss me on the cheek, thanking me for setting it up. The scent of her perfume was intoxicating. Her left breast was now molded around my arm. It took a great deal of willpower not to reach up and maul it with my hands. She leaned back, smiling, probably due to the fact I was red-faced with sexual excitement.

I was getting to like her even more, not only because she was sexy, but also interesting in conversation. The fact that she reminded me a lot of Mom increased my infatuation. I pleased myself with thoughts of plowing into her pussy on more than one occasion while I was sleeping at their house.

Needing help to finish his courses, Jeff asked if I would come to his house this weekend and help him finish some of his assigned work. I hated to lose the time with Mom but I felt sorry for him, so I explained to Mom during our video chat why I wouldn't be home. She looked disappointed but said she understood I needed to help my roommate.

While I rode with him to his house, my thoughts were on a slideshow my mind was displaying of images I stored of his sexy mom. His mother greeted us at the door giving us a hug. Her fat, meaty breasts pressing into my chest was a great greeting for me. She looked as lovely as ever.

We worked in Jeff's room going through his projects. We took a break for dinner and I had a hard time concentrating on my food as his mother sat across from me looking hot as ever. We had a pleasant conversation through the meal, even though I lost track of what was being said, staring at her tight blouse and pretty face through much of the meal.

We went back to work for a couple hours before I decided to hit the sack. I made it to my room and took a shower. I walked back into my bedroom wrapped in a towel. Much to my delight, Sarah was sitting in the middle of my bed in a see-through nightie clearly nude underneath. My prick sprung up and the towel fell off revealing my stiff pole.

Needless to say, while Jeff was cramming for finals, I was cramming his mom full of stiff prick. She was an animal in bed and fucked me as no woman has before. She confided to me afterward she had been looking forward to this for months.

I asked her if she dressed provocatively to try to turn Jeff straight. She told me no, she knew it wasn't going to happen and she didn't want to try to change him. It was for my benefit alone. She had talked Jeff into inviting me here this weekend. She told me she already had some other

plans in the works and needed to seduce me to start. I had no idea what she had in mind and didn't ask.

We repeated our coupling the next night after I helped Jeff finish his work. We returned to school the next day. I made daily trips to his house to further my sex education with his mother. I stayed longer than normal on a few days and missed my regular video chat with Mom. She questioned me and asked if I had a girlfriend. She seemed happy and sad at the same time when I told her I might have found someone.

The weekend was arriving, so I went to Sarah's house to try to satisfy my sexual needs before the weekend flirting with Mom. She fed me and we went to her bedroom and quickly undressed each other. After our clothes were shed, she hugged me tightly, mashing our nude hot bodies together. We kissed, filling each other's mouths with our hot tongues. She pulled me down to the bed. Stroking her lean legs, I thought back to when I'd stare at Mom's legs.

I worked up to her clean shaven cunt and gently caressed her fat pussy lips. Her breathing was already getting labored as her excitement grew. I inserted two fingers in her slippery slot and worked it around getting her more excited. I leaned down and kissed her thighs working up to her quivering slot. Replacing my fingers with my tongue increased her squirming as her hands went to the back of my head to pull me into her juicy box.

My hard tongue slid up to massage her sensitive clit. She shuddered and experienced a mini-orgasm. I didn't let her recover as I licked up and down her slit, slurping up her juices. Reaching up, I squeezed and

kneaded her full breasts. Her pink areolas were excited and bumpy as my fingers moved over in search of her stick-like nipples. Finding them fully erect, I twisted then as my hungry mouth assaulted her aroused pussy.

Needing more than a mouth, she pulled me off and guided me along her hot body. Moving up, my lips latched onto her hard nipple, arousing her even more. She was having a hard time breathing and bucked her hips trying to lodge my cock in her. I reached down and placed my prick at her entrance and started to slowly shove in my hot prick. She was wet and there was no friction except for her pussy walls contracting on my shaft.

Once I hit bottom, I backed out to stroke up and down her slit with my mushroom shaped head. She was barely able to speak but managed to plead, "Dammit, Billy. Fuck me hard. Quit teasing me. I need a good hard fucking."

I rammed it back in, no longer wanting to prolong her pleasure. I rapidly thrust in and out as I furiously sucked on her nipple. I released my mouth from her tit and replaced it with my hand as I went up to kiss her mouth that was wide open from moaning in pleasure. We frantically kissed while continuing our frenzied fucking.

We fucked for ten minutes, humping like animals in heat. I was getting close to coming and she could sense it.

"Billy, please talk to me while we're fucking. Call me Mommy or Mom. Act like I'm your mother and you're fucking her. Fuck your mother, Beverly. Fuck your hot mom!"

Wow, she had the same mother-son thoughts I had. She had probably been fantasizing I was Jeff the same time I was thinking of her as Mom during our couplings. I didn't argue or hesitate as my mind was already there.

I pounded my shaft deep into her hot cunt telling her, "Damn, Mom. Your hot pussy feels so good. Do you like your son filling you with his big prick?"

"Yes, Billy. Stuff your mother's cunt with your prick. Fuck your mother good. Fill her full of your sperm. Billy, I'm coming on your cock. I'm coming on my son's hard prick."

"Here it comes, Mom! I'm going to fill my mother's pussy with hot cum. I'm coming, Mommy!"

I felt her pussy squeezing hard on my prick, which caused my cock-head to swell and a spurt of sticky sperm came gushing out. We kissed as our orgasms continued. I stroked in and out of her drenched pussy continuing to passionately kiss her demanding mouth while depositing several loads of hot sperm. I have never come so much or had such intense orgasms and I'm sure she experienced the same.

I slowed my pace when we were finished climaxing and gently fucked her, enjoying the close contact. We hugged each other tightly as I softened and slipped out of her hairless, cum-soaked snatch.

I relaxed my body on top of hers, feeling her heartbeat racing as our bodies melded together. She sighed out a long breath of post-coital bliss. We both took some time to catch our breath.

She was the first to speak. "Your conversations describing your mother and you intrigued me and I suspected it was more than a normal mother and son relationship. I wanted to show us both how intense it was before I spoke to you."

I confessed our mother-son flirting and how my lust had grown with my love for my mother. Sarah listened and soothingly stroked my back while I told her everything. We had confided with each other over the last week but I hadn't told her my feelings concerning Mom.

She revealed to me the plan she spoke of after the first time she seduced me. She told me her real motive for connecting with me was to help my mother and I become romantically involved. She could see the love I have for Mom and from what I told her, she felt Mom has the same feelings but too afraid to act on them. She said her whole goal is to help us break those boundaries and commit our love to each other.

I explained how Mom suspected I was in a relationship when I missed a few of our video chats. I was going to have to be more careful or Mom would want to meet my new girlfriend. Sarah responded she thought

that would be a great idea. She'd love to meet the woman I loved and adored so much.

I exclaimed, "Whoa, Sarah. That might be a little strange when Mom sees a woman her age coupled up with her son. It might freak her out."

"No, Billy. I think it'll be perfect. Don't initiate it but try to get her to invite me to visit you two for the weekend."

I told her I'd try my best and left after another frenzied fuck.

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I was late getting back to my room and there was a message on my monitor showing Mom had tried to connect with me. I sent a connect request to her and she answered right away. We discussed my coming home for good since this was the last week of school. I told her I'd come back up tomorrow and pack everything up so I could leave for home quicker tonight.

"Sure, Billy. It'd be nice to see you tonight and you can go back tomorrow and pack and of course spend time with your new girlfriend," she laughed, thinking she'd caught me in a scheme to set up a date for the next day.

"Actually. Mom. I don't think it's working out," I told her, following Sarah's advice.

I could see the look of concern on Mom's face as she said, "That's too bad, Billy. I was hoping you were getting into a relationship. What happened?"

I explained to her exactly what Sarah had told me to say. I told her my girl's name is Sarah, but I didn't disclose that she was my roommate's mother. I got along really well with her and we had a lot in common. We loved being together and have had a lot of fun together. The only problem was it hadn't matured into a physical relationship. I told Mom maybe Sarah didn't think I was attractive enough for her as she is beautiful and probably out of my league.

Mom listened and asked a few more questions, then told me I should invite her to come to stay the weekend. Mom said she might be able to help. Sarah could stay in our guest bedroom. I told her I didn't know how good of an idea it'd be to use my mom to help with my relationship. Sarah might be further alienated if she thought I was some kind of mommy's boy.

Mom assured me she'd be careful and pleaded with me to invite her. I told her I'd talk to Sarah and she should get the spare bedroom ready in case she agreed.

We finished and I quickly called Sarah to give her the news. She was elated and already packed. She told me she knew Mom would want to

meet her. I drove over, picked her up and headed for home wondering the entire time how Mom would react when she saw Sarah.

Sarah had two suitcases which looked to me was enough for weeks rather than a couple of days. Mom greeted us at the door as we entered and I noticed she didn't run over and give me my welcome home hug. She was smiling and glanced quickly at Sarah. She looked behind us, maybe to see if she could see my girlfriend. This woman had to be Sarah's mother.

"Hi, Mom. This is Sarah." I turned to Sarah and said, "This is my mom Beverly, her friends call her Bev."

Sarah smiled at Mom and said, "Hi, Bev. I'm glad to finally meet you. Billy has told me so much about you. I feel we're friends already."

Mom hesitated before responding, "Hi, Sarah. It's nice to meet you. I can't wait to get to know you better. Dinner is almost ready. Billy, show Sarah her room so she can unpack."

She turned to finish dinner. I showed Sarah her room. Mom's master suite was at the end of the hall. Sarah's smaller bedroom was next to Mom's and mine was next to Sarah's room, sharing a Jack and Jill bathroom. Sarah coached me on how to act with her and Mom. I trusted her as much as my mother.

I went out to the kitchen to sit and talk to Mom while she was finalizing dinner. She addressed what she had been thinking.

"Billy, you didn't tell me there was an age difference, although she is beautiful and has a great figure. I can see why you're attracted to her. It's hard to believe you two haven't been physical."

"I don't know, Mom. I think maybe the age disparity might be the cause. Maybe she thinks all I want is a non-physical relationship. I'm a little shy and not sure how to convince her that I desire more."

She told me she'd try to find out what's wrong and don't worry, she wouldn't be too obvious and ruin it for me.

Sarah came out and we dined. Sarah and Mom hit it off right away talking and laughing together. They had the same tastes and had experienced the same things growing up as they were close to the same age. Sarah was becoming a close friend to Mom and I think Mom forgot Sarah was supposed to be my girlfriend. I wasn't surprised they hit it off, both fun to be with along with being smart and witty.

After dinner, they told me to go relax in the living room while they cleaned up. I sat in the middle of the couch not knowing where they would want to sit. I could hear them still chatting in the kitchen, giggling at times. I thought to myself that Mom was really working to figure out her son's new girl. When they finished, Sarah came out first and sat beside me. When Mom entered, Sarah patted the couch opposite me and told her to sit so they could talk some more.

We watched a few sitcoms while Mom and Sarah kept connecting closer. I was starting to think Sarah was getting closer to Mom than her own sister, my aunt Kathy. Both were wearing skirts exposing some thigh and I was covertly admiring their beautiful legs while they were talking. I moved off the couch to go to bed and told them goodnight.

Mom said, "Billy, it's not nice to leave your date without a hug and a goodnight kiss. Now be the gentlemen I know I raised."

I pulled Sarah up, hugged her and kissed her on the cheek and said goodnight. As I backed off, I could see a mischievous look in Sarah's eyes. I started to walk away when she said, "Billy, aren't you forgetting something. A good son hugs and kisses his mother goodnight, too."

"Sorry, I forgot my manners," I said as I pulled Mom up from the couch, hugged her and kissed her on the cheek before going to bed. I'd thought about poor negsneaking into Sarah's room through the connecting bathroom in the night but the walls were pretty thin and I was sure Mom would hear us, so I furiously beat my neglected prick, once again thinking of Mom and Sarah.

Both ladies were already up and sitting at the table when I got up. They were having a conversation while drinking their coffee. We ate breakfast and I told them I should go to the campus to pick up my things. I asked them if they'd like to go for the ride. They said they already decided to go with me as they were going to go shopping. I was to drop them off at the Mall and pick them up when I was packed.

While Sarah went to her room to get ready, Mom told me she devised the shopping trip. She told me she thought she knew how to get Sarah more relaxed around me. She was going to help Sarah pick out some clothes to show me later to convince Sarah I was indeed interested in a physical relationship.

I dropped them off at the mall and went to my room on campus to pack up. It took me three hours and as I got in the car to go to the Mall, Mom sent me a text, stating they were ready for pickup. They each had a couple of bags that I put in the trunk for them. I talked very little on the ride home. Mom and Sarah were closely bonded now, laughing and relating events that happened at the Mall. We got home and they both went to their rooms to sort through their new clothes.

They prepared dinner, working together like they had been doing this for years. When done, Mom said we needed to take our showers and retire to the living room to talk and watch a movie.

Sarah was wearing a robe she had brought and Mom was wearing her robe. I wondered if she was braless tonight. We snuggled on the couch and after a movie, Mom told us she thought we needed to have some fun tonight. She said Sarah should put on a fashion show with the clothes they bought today. Sarah said that seemed a little one-sided, her doing all the work. She said they should both put on different outfits and I could judge each one and see who is the best dresser.

Mom hadn't planned on getting this involved but if it would help her son connect with Sarah, she would do it. Mom went to her room and Sarah followed her after retrieving a couple of bags of clothes from her room. I could hear giggling and talking and wondered if they'd ever come out. They emerged, both of them in evening gowns. They were both beautiful and obviously had taken some time to make each other up so they'd look their best.

They came out to the living room and walked around, showing off their outfits. Mom asked me who was best dressed in formal wear.

I stammered out, "Well, you're both dressed very well. Those gowns would be perfect at any formal event. I think Mom's fits better because of her height, but Sarah's pick of light blue goes perfectly with her brunette hair. I think I'll have to give this one to Sarah."

Mom said, "Good choice, Billy. Always safer to side with your girlfriend before your mother."

Sarah responded, "Well, he did compliment you on your fit so don't take it too hard. I think your son is a good judge though. I have an outfit I want you to try next that might tie it up."

Sarah held my mom's hand and pulled her down the hall to change.

They emerged, dressed this time in short skirts and tight blouses. They wore bras and their tops were open enough to show cleavage. Both had

great legs but Mom's legs were longer due to her height and her skirt rode a little higher. After they modeled for me twirling and turning showing off their outfits, Mom asked who won.

"It's tougher this time. You both look great." I said, squirming in my seat trying to quiet my anxious prick.

Sarah broke the silence with, "Billy, what do you think of my legs compared to your mom's? Did you notice I have on nylons and your mother doesn't? I suggested she not wear any to better show off her long, firm legs."

Sarah walked up to me and said, "Feel my legs and see if it's alright or would you prefer bare legs when going out."

I reached out, noticing Mom intently watching as I gently stroked Sarah's legs. I went up to the bottom of her skirt acting more like I was judging rather than groping a sexy leg. I told her, "I think the nylons are fine. They're smooth and thin not taking away the natural beauty of your legs."

Sarah pulled Mom close to me. "Billy, feel her legs so you can be sure whether you'd like me to wear nylons or not."

I looked up at Mom and she didn't say anything as I reached over and gently caressed her leg above her knee. I went up and down her smooth, exposed thigh and repeated with her other leg. My prick was

at maximum stiffness now. My mother's legs were hot to the touch and I hated to stop.

I pulled back and said, "I think Mom won this contest. The bare legs definitely felt better to the touch."

"Ha," Mom said. "We're tied now. You're going to have to step up your game to beat me, although it was your idea for me not to wear nylons so you should get half credit."

"You deserve it, Bev," Sarah replied. "Your legs are gorgeous and you should show them off when you can. I bet men are jumping to dance with you."

"Well, to be honest, I've only danced with my son so I wouldn't know."

Sarah replied, "Really? Billy dances? Well, let's see who wins the dance outfit for our next one."

They went back to their room to change. I waited, reliving the moment when I was feeling my mother's sexy legs. They came out with colorful skirts down to their knees. They both wore tunic tops enabling their arms to have free movement while dancing. The tops were billowy and open at the bottom. Mom didn't have one in her wardrobe so Sarah had given her one of hers.

Mom had a few inches of bare midriff showing since she was taller and the top was sized for Sarah. They modeled again, turning to show off their outfits. Sarah walked over to me, pulling me up.

"Show me your moves, Billy. I want to see whether your mother taught you the proper way to dance with a lady."

She giggled as I wrapped my arm around her and held her other hand, and began dancing the best I could in silence. We went around the room once before I heard the music. Mom had gone to the CD player and started an album perfect for slow, romantic dancing. Sarah and I closely swayed around the room enjoying our time together. The song ended and I backed off ready to sit down again.

"No, you don't, Mister. Didn't your mother teach you any manners? After a nice dance, a lady deserves a kiss," Sarah scolded me.

I walked up to her and started to kiss her on her cheek, when she sternly told me, "A proper kiss, please. A cheek kiss is an insult to a lady that danced with you. Hold me tight around the waist. A lady likes a feeling of security from her man."

I gripped her waist with both hands and held her tight as I kissed her on the mouth. We opened our mouths allowing our tongues to meet discreetly so Mom wouldn't notice. When we parted, we kept our eyes locked. I stiffened as I recounted our previous erotic couplings.

I thought we were done when Sarah piped, "Okay, now I want to see you dance with your mother. I couldn't see your feet move when we were together and I want to see how well you do."

Mom started to object, but Sarah quickly intervened, "Let's go, Mom. Show me your moves. Unless you want to award me the winner."

Mom laughed and took on the challenge as she started the music and came over to me. I wrapped my arm around her and started to dance. The difference was my hand was now on bare flesh as Mom's top rode higher than Sarah's. Her skin was hot and I gripped her firmly, feeling the lower part of her ribcage. She didn't have an ounce of fat on her. I had a hard time concentrating and missed a step, almost tripping us both.

Sarah laughed and said, "I think Billy needs some more lessons, but I think between the two of us, we can whip him into shape."

In my defense, Mom replied, "He usually does better. He might be tired tonight, especially with a couple of girls bothering him all night."

It was wonderful holding my beautiful mom while we were closely dancing around the room. I hated to hear the music stop. I backed off to return to the couch.

Sarah was quick to say, "No you don't, Billy. Didn't I tell you how to reward a lady after getting a dance from her? She may be your mom but she's still a lady."

I reached out and held Mom's bare midriff with my hands squeezing tight, feeling her hot, bare skin. She looked a little apprehensive as I approached her for the kiss but didn't back up when our lips met. I opened my mouth enough to run my tongue along her sensitive lips. Our eyes were locked and I could see the love she held for me.

Mom was first to speak after I pulled back. "Okay, Billy. Who won the contest this time?"

This was going to be tough. Mom won hands down but I knew Sarah wanted me to draw this out for one more show.

"Well, you both chose excellent outfits for dancing. Mom's bare midriff was definitely a bonus, but the distraction caused me to stumble. I can't blame her for it though since it was Sarah's blouse and Mom couldn't help that it didn't fit right. I'm going to have to declare a tie."

They both started to playfully argue with each other who was at fault and who the real winner should be, when Sarah said, "There's one more outfit to show you and you can't call it a tie since we're even now. We'll be back in a few minutes and you better be ready to declare a winner."

They left for their room. I heard a lot of conversation between them this time with both of them letting out shrieks. They came out and I knew the reason for their extended conversation. They were wearing nighties. Sarah was wearing a light blue nightie which barely covered the bottom of her thin panties. It was split in the front to the waist and was pushed to the sides to expose the insides of her full breasts.

The material barely covered her nipples which were clearly showing through the material. Her panties were thin enough I could see her slick shaven snatch and her puffy lips straining to escape the silky material. She turned to the side so I could admire her fine ass sticking out. I can still remember holding that her prize as I pumped her cunt full of hard dick. She turned back and struck a modeling pose and looked to Mom signaling her turn.

Mom was wearing a short pink Baby-doll nightie. I'm sure it was borrowed from Sarah as it rode higher than it should have. The bottom of her panties was visible. She was also braless and her full breasts were proudly pushing up the nightie. My eyes traveled down to her feet and back up her long legs which were completely bare and hot. I stopped at her panties and my prick jumped at the sight. Her panties weren't as thin as Sarah's, but I could clearly see she wasn't shaven. She had a thick, black bush mounding out her panties.

As I raised my eyes from checking out her forest of fur, I saw Mom blushing more than I've ever seen before. I wasn't sure if it was because I was looking closely at her near-nudity or maybe she realized Sarah was beating her as a seducer. She turned a couple of times and presented a seductive pose as Sarah had done.

Sarah was first to talk as she said, "The appearance of the outfit isn't the only thing to judge us on. Each nightie is made of a different material. You need to see which you'd prefer next to you in bed."

She led me close to Mom, placing my hand on mom's waist. My mom suddenly inhaled at the contact.

"Run the material through your fingers and see how it feels. Your Mom's nightie is chiffon, made from cotton."

I reluctantly withdrew my hand from Mom's waist and felt the nightie. It was smooth and soothing. I could sleep next to that anytime, especially if Mom was covered in it.

I pulled back to reach to Sarah's waist to feel her nightie fabric. Sarah grabbed my hand and pulled it up to the bottom of one of her full breasts. She placed her hand over the back of mine and squeezed it so I was kneading her hot nightie-covered tit. Mom's eyes widened at Sarah's boldness.

Sarah saw Mom looking and said, "See how this material is different. My nightie is made out of silk. Don't you think it feels better?" She kept squeezing my hand on her meaty tit under the pretense of judging the material.

She smirked at both of us and said, "Okay, Billy. This is it. Who wins this round?"

Mom still won in my mind because she was my mother. But I knew this wasn't how Sarah wanted it to end.

"Both nighties are wonderful and I wouldn't object sleeping next to either, but I'm partial to light-blue so I'll have to say Sarah is the winner."

Mom smiled in relief as I think she thought I might vote for her instead, which wasn't part of her plan. She was here to help me connect with Sarah, not her.

"Excellent choice, Billy. Sarah deserves the win. The color she picked does look good on her and I think you found the material to feel better, too, right?"

She was laughing as she said it, feeling smug she was successful in connecting her son with his girlfriend. She looked at Sarah and said, "Well, what does the winner want for the grand prize?"

Sarah didn't hesitate, walking to me, wrapping her arm around me and said, "I want a victory dance with the judge."

Mom started the CD and I held Sarah close as we slow danced. Her barely covered breasts were pushing into my chest. I wish I could have taken off my robe to feel her hot body next to mine. As we were turning she'd position her leg between mine, pressing her thigh into my hard prick. We were cheek to cheek, enjoying each other's closeness when she whispered, "Stroke my ass, Billy. Show your mom what you'd like to do to her."

I stroked up and down her nightie-clad back and when she facing away from Mom, I lowered my hands down and squeezed her firm cheeks. She exhaled in my ear. Mom couldn't hear us over the music as we softly whispered to each other, but her attention was squarely on my hand groping Sarah's backside.

I whispered, "Sarah, I want to fuck you tonight. Come to my room and let me feast on your hot body."

"No, Billy. Come to my room in a few hours. It'll be such a turn-on to make love to you so close to your mother's room."

I warned, "The walls are pretty thin and she might hear if we make too much noise. You know how vocal you can get."

"When I start to stir, put a pillow on my head and I'll moan in it. I won't make that much noise. Suck my nipples to wake me up and fuck me fast. It won't take long. Please, Honey. Do this for me."

"Of course, Sarah. I can't deny you anything. I'm really looking forward to tonight."

The music ended. Sarah pulled away and gripped my waist to remind me of how she told me to end a dance. I held her and kissed her, no longer hiding the open mouth kiss we were doing. Our tongues were dancing with each other as we lovingly kissed each other.

When done, I turned and headed for my room. As I passed my red-faced mother, Sarah scolded me again, "Billy, you were raised better. Kiss your mother goodnight and tell her you love her like a loving son does."

I placed my hands on Mom's nightie covered waist and leaned down to kiss her. I opened my mouth and ran my tongue along her lips again. She opened her mouth and did the same, sensuously running her tongue across my lips meeting my tongue and playfully teasing it.

I pulled back, told her I loved her and headed for my bedroom. I heard Mom softly say, "I love you too, Billy."

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After I went to my room, I heard Mom's and Sarah's doors closing several times. I figured Mom and her were making sure each ended up with their own clothes. The house fell silent and I surfed to stall the two hours I promised Sarah so she'd be soundly sleeping. Involved in

reading, I inadvertently went thirty minutes over what we had arranged. I stripped off my clothes, secured one of my pillows and quietly opened up my bathroom door to gain access to Sarah's door.

I let my eyes adjust to the darkness. There was a nightlight in the bathroom but it was very dim. I opened up the door to Sarah's room and left the door open to let in the small amount of light. It was pitch black in her room and I could barely make out the bed. I slowly made my way to her and could hear her sleeping. Her breathing was deep and slow. I reached up and was glad to find only a thin sheet covering her. I pulled it down to the end of the bed. It was warm in the room and the sheet was probably even too much.

I reached up to where her shoulder should be and touched her arm. She didn't stir. I followed her arm to her nightie, delighted to discover it was the same one she wore in the living room. I moved one side of her nightie off her breast to the side and repeated with the other. I had the pillow ready but she was still in a deep sleep.

Leaning over, I ran my tongue across her nearest nipple. I gently licked it and reached over and cupped her other full breast in my hand. I gently massaged it and located her nipple with my index finger and thumb. She stirred but it appeared she was incorporating it in a dream. I twisted her nipples with my mouth and fingers. Her breathing was more erratic as her excitement level increased. She was waking up and moaned.

With my free hand, I placed the pillow over her head whispering to her, "Moan in the pillow. Remember, Mom is in the next room." I

brought my hand down and kneaded both breasts relishing in their fullness. I latched on to her nipple with my mouth and the areola was higher than ever, engorged with blood.

She was panting heavily and I felt her bring her arms up to hold the pillow in place. She was moaning loudly into it now and I thought Mom might hear us. I was able to get a better grip on her nipples than I ever have due to their fullness. I twisted and sucked as hard as I could. Her body shook and shuddered as she had a mini-orgasm.

I felt her body relax so I moved my hand down to remove her panties. I found her thigh and ran my hand up the outside moving the bottom of her nightie up as I went. I moved past her waist and found no panties line. Of course, she had removed them. She was expecting a good fucking tonight. I moved to the bed and positioned myself between her legs.

I held my stiff prick by the base trying to locate her hot box. My prick hit the top of her thigh so I drug it up until my head was nestled in her wet hot lips. She was wet and leaking pussy juice from her orgasm. I ran my prick up and down her slit, teasing her clit at the top.

I went too far once and overshot her clit. My slick prick ended up in a mat of fur. This was a hairy pussy. This wasn't Sarah. This was Mom! My mind raced as to how this could have happened or what I should do now. I didn't want to alert her I knew so I began running my prick up and down her slit again.

I wasn't going to waste an opportunity like this. I moved my hands to her legs and stroked up and down as I have been fantasizing for years. It was better than I could have ever imagined. I stopped to squeeze the fleshy part of her thighs before going back down to caress her hot, firm legs.

I lodged my fat head in her tight, puffy lips wondering if I should acknowledge the mistaken identity. Mom obviously knew it was me but she didn't know I knew it was her. She could stop it now, preventing any further interaction. Why had she let it go this long? Was she enjoying the moment and would end it before we committed the ultimate incestuous act? I moved my hands up to her waist letting my dick soak on her pussy lips. Exploring up further, I held her full mounds, knowing now they belonged to my mother.

As soon as I tugged on her full nipples she bucked up, causing me to slide several inches into her hot channel. Her pussy obviously wanted more from my hard shaft. I slowly slid into her juicy, tight canal letting her pussy adjust to my girth. Her walls expanded as I entered her. Thinking of what I was doing, I almost climaxed. I was fucking my mother, the woman I've been fantasizing over for years. I was stuffing my prick in the same canal I emerged from nineteen years ago.

Her pussy walls were quivering and her precum juices were flowing, facilitating the large invasion in her sacred hole. Her cunt was convulsing with lust as I bottomed out. I felt our pubic hairs meshing together as we were locked together as no mother and son should be.

I moved my prick up and down and around, hitting her sensitive spots. Pulling back out, I thrust back in hard. She was screaming in the pillow and her breathing was fast and uneven. I continued my assault on her nipples while driving in and out of her sloppy pussy. We were both leaking profusely and our mats of hair were soaking up the juices, creating obscene sloshing sounds as our bodies slammed together on each down stroke.

I pumped in and out of her while kneading her full breasts. She shrieked in the pillow more than a few times. Her voice was muffled but I could still make out words of pleasure. On one powerful stroke she screamed out my name, muffled but I could clearly make it out. Her body quivered with excitement as I fucked her hard.

She knew it was her son. This was incest and wrong. Her love and desire for her son had elevated to uncontrollable lust. She knew it was wrong to trick him, but maybe after one incestuous coupling, her lust would subside. She felt remorse for taking advantage of him, but her thoughts were overwhelmed from the pleasure of her son's sinful prick servicing her starving hot pussy, his mother's pussy. Intense pleasure was emanating from her sensitive pussy spreading through her entire body.

I brought my hands down from her breasts to firmly grip her waist allowing me to pound my shaft in harder and deeper. She moaned louder, thrusting her hips up to meet my strokes. I kept slamming in and out of my excited, writhing mother.

We were both close to having our first incestuous orgasm. I had fantasized kissing her on our first coupling but I wasn't going to risk it. I would remember this first fuck with Mom forever. Her pussy walls were squeezing my prick and she was already having mini-orgasms. I kept plowing in and out as fast as I could. I was finally a motherfucker after dreaming about it for so long.

Suddenly, panic swept over me as I realized I was about to fill my mother's pussy full of vibrant sperm. Was she protected? I assumed Sarah was safe because she seduced me and knew ahead of time. Mom didn't. She had no idea I was going to fuck her tonight. Should I pull out and spray her stomach?

Slowing my thrusting must have sent an alarm off for Mom. Her humping decreased. She knew what was about to happen. I would soon be spraying her cavern with sticky cum. Would she push me off at the last minute? My prick was getting impatient and stiffened from the intense pleasure of Mom's squeezing slot.

Detecting movement, I felt her move her legs out wide. She was submitting as she succumbed to the pleasure of incestuous copulation. It was a clear signal that she was completely receptive to receive as much prick as her son could provide. Thrusting in deep, my balls squashed between her ass cheeks. Her loud screams could be heard all over the house now as I pounded my horny mother. She arched her back and humped up harder than before.

My prick swelled up in anticipation of exploding, scraping her sensitive pussy walls, causing her to have an orgasm. Her cunt

contracted tight on my stiff prick as I slammed into her. Her climax coaxed my balls to erupt a long blast of hot sperm into her hairy hole. She had another orgasm when she felt my stream of cum coat her walls. I erupted again and she had two more major orgasms as I continued to fill her cavern with my boiling baby batter. I stroked in and out until I was sure she was finished. Her body relaxed indicating she had achieved the sexual release she needed.

I pulled out, knowing a river of cum was drooling out of her pussy down to the bed. At least I didn't have to worry about Mom discovering the soiled sheets. What happens next? Should I confess to her and hope our relationship grows? She was firmly holding the pillow to her face, indicating she wasn't ready to face me and admit to our incestuous act.

I quietly moved off the bed, leaned over and whispered, "Damn, Sarah. That was the best we've ever had. I did what you told me to do and imagined you were my mother. It made me so hot. See you in the morning." I was helping Mom maintain her secret and hoped eventually she'd approach me and admit we were meant to be together, physically, as well as emotionally.

I slithered back to my bedroom and soundly slept in late. Finally waking up, I heard Sarah and Mom talking in the kitchen. I threw on my robe and went to join them. They both said good morning and neither of them acted like anything inappropriate happened last night. They had already made plans to visit some of the local sights and eat at my mom's favorite restaurant. I looked a little down, thinking they were off without me when Mom said, "Don't worry, Billy. You're

invited, too. We need a man to protect us from any men we might run into."

It was fun having two beautiful women accompanying me around town. We received a lot of envious stares from horny husbands and hormone-crazed kids. We arrived back at the house late. We took our showers and retired to the living room. They took their positions on either side of me as we talked and watched TV together. I think Mom felt the pressure was off now as she knew I was fucking Sarah and she didn't need to be worried about establishing my relationship. We were all tired and decided to go to bed. Sarah told us she needed to get back to her house tomorrow.

I think Mom wanted to spend more time with her new friend but agreed to let me take her back alone, allowing some time for us to be together. I went to my room and threw my clothes off, sliding between the sheets. I kicked myself for not asking Sarah what room she'd be in tonight so I could visit her. I soon fell asleep. I was reliving the lovemaking the night before when I fell asleep. My dreams revolved around my mom fantasies. I was hard as a rock and my prick was wet.

My mind was slowly coming to as my cock wasn't only wet but there was a mouth sliding up and down, scraping the sides on each upstroke. I involuntarily moaned when her mouth trapped my head and washed the tip of my prick with her raspy tongue.

Before I was fully awake, I felt a pillow hit my face. All I could think of was when I did the same to Mom, but Sarah had told me to do it, too so it could be her. I didn't care at this point. I pulled the pillow down and moaned at the wonderful cock sucking I was receiving.

After I was at full hardness, her mouth left my prick and the sudden rush of cold air gave me goosebumps. I felt her weight on the bed as she positioned her legs on either side of my hips. My rock hard prick was quickly enveloped with a hot, juicy cunt. Once our pelvic areas mashed together, she ground her hips around, pleasuring herself on my erect pole.

A thick mat of pussy fur mixed with my pubic hair. It was Mom again, taking advantage of Sarah sleeping in the house. She must have thought she was successful in tricking me into believing I was fucking Sarah.

Mom couldn't really think that Sarah and I wouldn't discuss this and figure it out. She really didn't think this through, or maybe she hoped I would find out the truth. She wouldn't have to verbally admit her lust for me in order to convey her desires.

She lowered down so she could firmly hold the pillow in place as she stroked up and down on my stiff rod. Her sex starved pussy was already leaking, causing a frothy mess of juices between us. She furiously bounced up and down my pole. Her breath was labored, sexually excited as much as last time. I wondered how she had contained her sexual lust over the last several years.

My hands were now free to roam as she was holding the pillow. I reached up, finding her full breasts and gently squeezed them. She breathed harder and slammed down again on my rigid stick. I twisted

her fat blood-engorged nipples. She shoved her face into the other side of the pillow to let out a moan and shriek of pleasure.

I continued to tease her nipples and we were both ready to climax. Her pussy was juicy and tight. I thrust up every time she lowered, smashing her sensitive clit. It was driving her wild with pleasure. I felt my mushroomed tip enlarging with blood, ready to shoot out my hot, thick spunk. Mom felt it and slammed down as my cum shot out my cock in several pulses into her claspng pussy. Her slot contracted around my prick throughout her major climax. She continued humping long after I was done emptying my load of sticky sperm.

She pulled off my softening prick and gently extracted herself off the bed. Before she left I felt her warm mouth surround my softening prick, slurping up our mixed juices. She silently left my room through the door to the hall. I guess she had moved back to her suite. I was exhausted and slept late again. I awoke to Mom shaking my shoulder, telling me I needed to get Sarah home.

I promised to take a shower and be right out to grab a bite before we left. Sarah was already packed and ready to head home. It was a tearful departing for Sarah and Mom as they had become good friends. I told Mom I'd be home for dinner and as I was leaving I saw her smiling. I wonder if she suspected I was going to go fuck Sarah all day or was she happy knowing I was coming back home for good?

Sarah was in a cheerful mood during the ride back to her place. She told me right away not to tell her what happened with my mother as she wanted to be in bed when I told her. Once we arrived at her house, she

unpacked her clothes. She already told me Jeff was still at school doing some additional work he needed to finish. We met in her bedroom and quickly undressed and had a furious fuck.

She wanted to hear the details. I described how I snuck into the spare bedroom to meet with her and was surprised to discover my mom was there. I told her about the fantastic sex we had. Sarah told me she had arranged it. That's why she wanted me to come to her room. After I went to bed, Sarah had convinced Mom to switch rooms with her. Mom had bragged to her about her satin sheets prompting Sarah to ask Mom to try them out. Mom agreed to switch rooms with her new friend.

Mom bragged to Sarah how she loved the satin feel against her nude skin while sleeping. Sarah convinced Mom to wear her nightie as it was silk and told her to sleep with nothing underneath. That explained a lot. During the night they modeled for me, Mom confided to Sarah she had sensitive nipples and she could orgasm from having them stimulated. That's why Sarah told me to put a pillow on her face as I was sucking her nipples, figuring once she was close to an orgasm she wouldn't stop me.

Sarah was so pleased with herself in getting us together. She relayed, "I heard you two fucking and when your mom screamed in the pillow, I rummaged through her nightstand and found her dildo. That thing got a real workout while I listened to your first incestuous fuck."

Kissing me tenderly, she continued, "The next night, I had to use my fingers while your Mom humped you. I was in the bathroom, ready to visit you when I heard her assaulting her boy. That could have been an

embarrassing situation. I'm so happy that you've finally joined with your mom. Your relationship will only become stronger now."

Kissing her back, I replied, "We owe it all to you if it happens."

She replied, "Don't worry. Now that she's experienced the blissful union with her son, she won't be able to resist. She will be reluctant. Take the lead and initiate it to make it easier for her. Approach her where she's most comfortable, her bed. Those satin sheets are indeed as wonderful as she boasted. Remember, she sleeps in the nude."

We worked ourselves up so much we made love again. It was slower and more loving this time. This woman had done so much for me I wanted to show her my deep affection for her. After we were done, she told me I shouldn't bother coming back unless Mom approves. She told me to spend as much time with my mother as possible as we had a beautiful relationship ahead of us. I kissed her goodbye and headed home to Mom.

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Mom prepared dinner soon after I arrived. We ate and watched a couple shows after our showers. She went to her office to video chat with her sister as she hadn't talked to her through the weekend. As she was talking, I walked in and massaged her neck. She didn't say anything as I moved the material aside to caress her bare skin. I pushed her robe off her shoulders causing the front to lower down until they were resting on her nipples. Her breasts rose as she deeply inhaled. I

stroked her exposed back and shoulders. The call ended and Mom pulled her robe back on without saying anything.

Soon after, she excused herself to go to her bedroom to read before sleeping. Turning her around, I hugged her and leaned down to kiss her gently on the lips. I caught the scent of Plumeria blossoms. She only used it on special occasions. Did she have something planned for tonight? I released her, told her I loved her and said goodnight.

She stared for a bit as if she wanted to say something. Maybe she was ready to move forward. Sarah wasn't here so she wouldn't be able to sneak in for a secret fuck tonight. Any thoughts she had were brushed aside as she said goodnight. She headed to her room with me admiring her the entire time.

I went to my room and read my Emails and then fired up my communication application to connect with Sarah on video chat. She answered after a minute. Her smiling face filled my monitor and I felt better already.

"Hi, Billy. How are you doing?"

"Pretty good, Mom went to bed and I'm thinking of going in to talk to her. What if she has no interest in pursuing a physical relationship? I don't want to ruin what we have."

"I know your Mom and she's hoping you'll come to her tonight. Go in there and make love to her the way you've been dreaming. You two are great together. Be sure to call me tomorrow at noon to tell me how it went. I wish you the best." She blew me a kiss and signed off, not waiting for my response.

Mom and I were in love and it was time she faced that realization. I walked down to her door and lightly tapped on it, hoping Mom would still be up. She told me to come in. I moved near her bed, noticing she was flat on her back with the satin sheet pulled over her with a book in one hand. Sarah was right about Mom sleeping in the nude as the thin sheet sexily hugged her curves. She smiled as I surveyed the beautiful sight. She asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing, Mom. I want to talk to you about something," I said as I sat on the bed next to her. My robe rode halfway up my thigh and I saw her glance at my bare leg before looking away. She put her book down, then I took her nearest hand and placed it on my knee placing both my hands over her hand.

"I want to talk to you about our relationship. I love you, Mom. You know that, don't you," I said, locking my eyes with hers. I moved my left hand below the sheet, finding her knee and held it as she held mine.

"Well, I love you, too, Dear. You know I do. What's bothering you? Did something happen with you and Sarah today? Are you going back tomorrow to see her?"

I ran my hand up her leg and back down caressing her smooth skin. She inhaled but didn't try to stop me. I continued, "No, Mom. I'm not going to see Sarah tomorrow."

I caressed more of her thigh and leg as I said, "Mom, you really did win every contest the other night. Sarah didn't. You won them all because you're my mother and I love you. I've loved you more and more, starting with our Hawaii trip. That's why your Plumeria shampoo is my favorite scent. It reminds me of the beginning of my true feelings for you."

"I'm glad you like it. I only use it for special occasions so I won't run out," she said as she caressed my leg above my knee.

"Mom, I love you and trust you completely. I'm going to explain my feelings and I hope you'll be just as honest and trustful with me," I said as I groped her thigh.

"Of course, Sweetie. You can tell me anything. I'm your mother and you can trust me completely," she softly spoke as she squeezed my thigh.

As I leaned down to kiss her, my hand went up higher on her thigh and I lightly squeezed a hunk of firm muscle mere inches from her pussy. I put my lips on hers as she was inhaling air from my sensuous touch. I lightly kissed her and pulled back, keeping our eyes locked.

"Mom, my love for you is more than the normal mother and son love. I love you as a woman. I've lusted for you for quite some time Mom, and I think you love me more than a son."

She looked conflicted as I finished. I think she wanted to tell me she longed for me but still held back from admitting her desire to pursue an incestuous relationship. She softly spoke, "Oh, Sweetie. That's incest. You know that's wrong. A mother and son can't be involved romantically. I'm sorry if I've misled you."

I leaned down and kissed her again, opening my mouth this time, running my tongue along her lips. She also ran her tongue along my lips touching tongues, continuing for several minutes.

"Mom, I'm exposing my feelings to you, please trust me. You want and need more. I know you use your Plumeria shampoo for special events. You used it the first time I came home from school to begin my weekend stays at home. You didn't try to find anyone to date all those months, and you were delighted to have me back each weekend."

She softly answered, "It's hard finding someone my age and yes, I use that when I think of you, so I shampooed with it when you came back to me." Her hand was caressing more of my thigh now and her breathing was heavier.

"Mom, the next time you used it was the night you took me dancing. We held each other close and I felt bonded to you that night. I could tell you enjoyed it too."

She replied, "Yes, I did use it on purpose that night. I was just trying to encourage you to meet other girls for a healthier relationship than with your mother."

"Our relationship is healthier and more loving than most non-incest relationships. The next time I smelled Plumeria was when you were braless. You knew from the mirror I would be looking at your beautiful breasts when you leaned forward. You wanted to show off your luscious body to your son, didn't you?"

I moved my hand from her thigh to her flat stomach. I gently caressed it going up to below her breasts. She inhaled deeply from my touch and said, "Yes, Billy. I did. I don't know why I did it." Her arousal elevated as her hand caressed closer to my groin. I went higher and gently caressed the bottoms of her full breasts.

"You didn't use the shampoo the night Sarah involved you in the judging, but you didn't put up much of an argument as she arranged for me to caress your smooth sexy legs or to look at your near nude body in a see-through nightie. Your goodnight kiss was more than a parent and child kiss. If Sarah wasn't there, we would have made love right there."

"Yes, I admit I might have got carried away. At first, I only wanted to help you and Sara, but I couldn't help myself. When you touched my bare legs, it turned me on so much. I was so aroused that I didn't argue that much when Sarah suggested we go nude under the nighties. I was

so jealous of Sarah when she brought your hand to her breast. I wanted that to be me."

Leaning down, I locked my lips on hers, my tongue probing in search of hers. As she explored the inside of my mouth, I cupped her breast and squeezed, causing hot air to rush out her nose. Pulling back, I said, "Like that, Mom? Is that what you wanted?"

Heavily panting, she stuttered, "Yes, I ached so much to feel your hands."

Lowering my hand down to her stomach, I continued with our French kiss. As soon as our lips connected, I moved my hand down through her hairy bush massaging her mound. She made no attempt to stop me. I raised enough to say, "Mom, I know it was you that made love to me the last two nights. You had no intention to keep it secret. You knew Sarah and I would talk about it and then I'd know we had sex."

She thrust her pelvis up to meet my caressing hand. Her eyes softened, realizing she didn't need to pretend anymore. She hoarsely said, "Yes, Billy. I knew you'd find out eventually. I thought maybe if I gave in to a lust-filled night with you, I'd get it out of my system. It didn't work, I have more desire and love for you than ever. I thought I'd have more time, though. How did you know?"

I spread my fingers through her soft fur, trapping it. I gently lifted her mound and said, "She's shaven, Mom."

"Damn, I knew that. I really wasn't thinking that clearly. I blame this," she laughingly said as she wrapped her hand around my stiff prick and stroked it.

"Mom, tonight you used your Plumeria shampoo again. You did it because you wanted me to come in and make love to you. Tonight we commit ourselves to each other. You are a beautiful and desirable woman and I love you. I want to sleep with you each night, hold and hug you all night, and wake up each morning with you."

While still stroking my prick with one hand, she brought her other hand to the back of my head and pulled me to her open mouth. We kissed like lovers, our tongues battling each other, mashing our lips around for more contact.

She pulled away to say, "I do love you more than a mother should love her son. It's not a crush, this is forever. I have the same desires you do. Yes, I used my Plumeria shampoo tonight hoping it would bring you to me. I want you in my bed and I want to fulfill all your fantasies. I love you so much, Billy."

She heaved a sigh of relief as she fully committed her love to her son. Her body relaxed, now that she finally exposed her deepest desires. Gently kissing her, we communicated our love for each other through our eyes.

"Mom, it will be forever. I am going to treat you the way you deserve. We're going to be so happy together. I want you to be more than my mother. More than a lover, I'm committing my life to you. I want you to be my wife," I confessed.

"Yes, Billy. Legal or not, I'm your wife. You own me, body and soul. Please make love to me," she sexily said with lust-filled eyes as she stroked and squeezed my hard shaft.

I reached up and pulled the sheet off her exquisite body. This was the first time I had seen her fully nude. Her body was flawless. I untied my robe and pulled it off, leaving both of us nude.

Mom stared at my stiff prick jutting out from my hairy groin. "Sweetie, you've turned into such a fine man. Your prick is larger than I imagined. I can't believe I fucked that thing with no problem for the last two nights."

"Mom, it was made for your pussy. You were so wet and turned on, I had no problem stuffing it up your hot cunt. I've wanted to do this for so long. You are so beautiful," I said as I admired her luscious body.

I moved up on the bed between her legs on my knees. She spread her legs and raised her knees so her feet were flat on the bed. I spent a moment staring at her body. I was savoring the moment. This would be the first time we'd both know we were committing the ultimate forbidden incestuous act. I started with those long legs that have been teasing me for many years.

I ran my hands up her calves to her knees and back down. Up and down, grabbing and squeezing her tight muscles. Her skin was smooth and hot. I moved on to her thighs running my hands from her knees up to the top of her thighs.

I squeezed a chunk of thickened thigh flesh on my way to the top. It was a sensitive spot for her. Her breathing became labored as she gave her silent consent for her son to explore her body. I looked up to her face which was filled with passion. She was enjoying this as much as I was.

"Mom, your legs are beautiful. You don't know how much I've wanted to caress these beauties for the last few years. So firm and long."

"Thank you, Billy. I have noticed you leering when I show them off. Why do you think my skirts have been getting shorter. You're going to find out how useful these long legs can be when they're wrapped around your back pulling your prick deep in my pussy."

I wanted to spend more time on her legs but my prick convinced me to move on to his favorite place. I ran my hands up to her furry treasure, caressing her mound. Her pussy hair was jet black and full. She trimmed it so it wouldn't stick out the sides of her panties, but the rest was natural and wild. Although it had the appearance of steel wool, it was actually soft to the touch as I ran my fingers through it. I trapped tufts of her soft fur between my fingers and gently pulled, lifting her mound up.

I repeated and slid the side of my hand in her slit so her sensitive lips would slap against my hand each time I pulled her mound. She was excited, breathing heavier now. My hand was getting wet from her moist pussy lips. I released her mat and moved my hands to massage her fat pussy lips.

As I ran my fingers up and down her slit, I slipped a finger into her slippery snatch. I increased my stroking, bumping her clit at the top. Massaging her lips with my left hand, I stuck two fingers from my free hand deep into her cunt. She immediately arched her back and moaned.

I stuck another finger in and explored as much of her slot as I could while still stroking her outer labia. I moved my fingers in and out, fucking her with my hand. Looking up, I admired her breasts heaving up and down as she heavily panted. Her eyes were glazed over, staring into space, enjoying the finger fucking she was receiving.

I increased my pace in and out of her with my fingers coated with her pussy juice. She was near orgasm as I massaged her clit, pumping my fingers in and out of her hot snatch. "You're fucking your mother so good. I'm going to come from my son's hand."

"I'm coming!" exclaimed Mom, as her pussy clenched down on my intruding fingers and coated them with cum. She came again as I stroked her sensitive pussy with my fingers.

As I felt her relax her breathing slowed. I knew it wasn't a major orgasm, but this was the first one of many I was going to give my lovely Mom in the near future. I removed my fingers and gently massaged her pussy, spreading her leaking juice into her mound of hair. My hands roamed up to her flat stomach allowing me to use my palms to massage and caress her smooth skin. Moving out to her sides, I held her waist. Memories came back from the first time my hands were on her bare waist.

My exploring hands moved up to her ribcage feeling each bone as I explored more of her body. Bringing my knees up, I straddled her body above her waist and lowered until I rested on her lower stomach. I didn't put my full weight down, only enough to obtain close skin contact. She moved her hands to gently stroke my hairy legs.

My eager hands cupped her full breasts. She breathed in deep and her hands squeezed my legs as I kneaded her tits. Remembering our night together, I knew her nipples didn't feel like Sarah's and now I could see the difference. Her areolas were the size of fifty cent pieces and dark brown. They were engorged and the entire area proudly stuck up an inch in the air.

"Mom, your breasts are marvelous. Your nipples are so puffy and full. I remember they were really sensitive."

Mom's breathing increased as I continued to massage her breasts. "Yes, Billy, and actually you're seeing my swollen areolas, not my nipples. They're very sensitive. I can come just from stimulating them, but the orgasms aren't large and they usually make me hornier."

I raised my hands up and gently wrapped my fingers around her blood engorged areolas. She let out a shriek as her hand squeezed my legs vice-like. I gently teased her dark brown pleasure centers.

She was quickly becoming aroused, breathing heavier, gasping for breath. Her hands moved down to my groin. One hand wrapped around my hard prick while the other cupped my balls. She explored my full length, stroking up and down my stiff pole.

As my squeezing and twisting increased she increased her pumping rate on my prick, spending time on the head, squeezing it the same way I was mauling her tits. She was nearing her orgasm from the oral stimulation on her tits. I leaned down and took a nipple in my mouth swirling my tongue around her raised sensitive nub. Her breathing was more labored than ever as she became fully aroused. She was madly stroking up and down on my cock, squeezing my nut sack at the same time. I was getting close to coming and didn't want to waste it outside of her hairy pussy.

I clamped down on her tit, squeezing as hard as I could with my lips and twisted her other nipple. That's all it took. Her body shook as her hand stopped stroking on my shaft. She squeezed as hard as she could, experiencing her orgasm. I continued the assault on her breasts as she climaxed again. As her hand left my shaft I released her sensitive breasts to give her a rest. I looked up and saw she was smiling and content.

I moved my knees down in order to cover my mother with my bare flesh. We shifted our bodies, melding as one, ensuring maximum skin contact. My hard prick was nestled in her forest of wet fur, my balls trapped between her legs against her wet slit. I wrapped my arms around her and we hugged tightly as we enjoyed being together.

This was the moment to kiss my mother the way I've dreamed of in my fantasies. I was going to kiss my mother while pressed up to her naked body. Mom ran her hands up and down my back, squeezing my ass cheeks when she could. I lowered my face to hers, locking our eyes together. I lowered my lips to hers and her mouth was already open as we connected. Our tongues met and we moved our lips around trying to get maximum contact. Her eyes were open and full of love and lust.

We kissed and tongued each other as our bodies heated up. Mom was quickly getting aroused again. I released her hot mouth to tell her, "Mom, I love you so much. I can't believe I'm going to fuck my hot mom."

"I love you, too. Your mother needs a good fucking from her wonderful son."

She raised her knees up, widening the gap. Her legs were so long her knees towered above me. Shifting back, my prick popped past her outer lips. She closed her legs trapping my prick as if she was afraid she'd lose it. I pushed into her slippery slot, spreading her tight pussy walls with my rock-hard shaft.

I leaned down again and kissed her as I continued my slow descent into her cavern. We frantically kissed as we commenced with our forbidden mother-son coupling. I hit bottom, my pelvic hair mixing with her wet mat of fur. I withdrew and slowly sunk in again. I was slow-fucking my mother, making love rather than the furious fucking we had previously done.

I let it soak for a few seconds each time I was fully embedded in her, savoring the hot fuck. Our breaths shortened as our arousal elevated. I continued the slow fucking of my mother for another ten minutes. She wrapped her long legs around my back and used the leverage to elevate her pussy for even deeper penetration. She broke off the kiss to catch her breath.

"Billy, you're such a good lover. Fuck me hard now. Fuck your mother like you've been dreaming. Please fuck me fast, Sweetie!."

"Gladly, Mom. You're so damn hot. I love fucking you."

I increased my thrusting, our bodies slapped together hard as her legs tightened around me each time I'd send my prick to the bottom of her canal. She was gushing precum. I knew I could get her to orgasm by twisting her nipples but I wanted her to come as a result of her son's prick this time, not from her sensitive breasts. We kissed again as I hammered into her boiling box. There was little friction as her pussy was well oiled with both of our precum fluids.

She neared climax so I slowed down my frantic pace. I still wasn't ready to end our incestuous coupling. I held her long legs and moved them to the side. My slimy prick slid out of her pussy as I raised up. Her hot cunt was still open and quivering, trying to entice my prick back in. Holding her knees, I gently pushed them to her chest. She wrapped her hands around them and pulled down as far as she could.

Her pussy lifted up off the sheets. I scooted up and quickly buried my cock to the hilt. As if my prick had hit her lungs, she suddenly exhaled a loud breath of air. I didn't take it slow this time, stroking in and out of her as hard as I could. I couldn't resist touching her breasts any longer. I reached up and kneaded her full breasts as I pounded deep into her pussy. I lightly touched her sensitive nipples and she let out a shriek.

"Jesus, Billy. This is the best fuck I've ever had. You are a wonderful motherfucker. Fuck me hard."

I pounded her while massaging her breasts. I felt her experiencing mini-orgasms as I was stimulating her sensitive body. She was still holding her legs to her chest, while I drove my shaft in and out of her hot cunt. As she neared an orgasm, I gently pulled out again.

"Please, Billy. Don't tease me anymore. I need release so bad. Fuck me! I want to come on my son's hard cock."

It was time to give Mom what she needed. I pulled her knees back from her chest and she straightened them out flat on the bed. Placing my

large mushroom shaped head at her opening, I swirled it around her lips, lingering on her clit. She started to buck her hips up trying to trap my prick and encourage it to return into her wet canal. Her thrusting caused my prick to enter her hairy hole and her pussy walls contracted down on my prick head unwilling to release it. I lowered down to lie on her hot sweaty body causing my prick to advance up her oily, well-fucked cunt. Once again I was bottomed out in my mom's pussy.

I raised my hands up to her shoulders to get leverage and plunged in and out of her quivering quim. She was fully aroused, not having a chance to recover from the last position. My balls were loudly smacking her ass as I pounded her. Leaning down, I connected my lips to hers. Our breathing intensified as we were fully sexually stimulated. Our tongues were fighting each other as my hard shaft scraped her raw pussy walls. We were both close to a major climax.

Lowering my hands to hold her ass cheeks. I lifted her pelvis to meet my downward assaults. I was in deeper, banging against the back wall of her pussy and nearing my own climax. She sensed I was ready. She pulled her mouth away and hoarsely said, "Honey, I have one more favor to ask of you."

"Anything, Mom. I love you more than you can know," I uttered as I continued to furiously pump into her depths. My fat spongy prick head was already starting to swell up ready to burst.

"Sweetie, I'm fertile. I want your baby. Please fill me with your hot sperm and give your wife a child. Fill your mother with your hot seed. Please make me yours for life! You own me. Claim me!"

My mind raced over the events of the last few days. I had deposited my seed into her several times. She loved me enough to want my baby and I loved her so much I would do anything for her, including giving her children.

"Oh god, Mom. I'm going to fill you with so much sperm, your eggs won't have a chance to escape. I'm the luckiest motherfucker in the world. Get ready to have your womb filled!"

She groaned in relief as she released all her inhibitions, revealing all of her hidden desires to her son. Her legs moved out wide, the same as the first time we made love. It was her signal of total submission. She was freely giving herself to me, displaying her desire to be bred by her lover, husband and son. My excitement increased as joy filled me, knowing Mom and me were bonded closer than ever.

"Sweetie, I'm coming! Fuck your horny mother hard!"

I plunged in again and the thoughts of impregnating my mom sent me over the edge. My shaft grew in size as I plunged in as deep as I could. When I hit her hard wall, my balls instinctively shot out a stream of virile sperm. She screamed out my name, finally achieving her orgasm. Her pussy clamped down, holding my prick in place while my balls sent up a second load. I pulled back and pushed back in, spurting out

another load of hot juice as I bottomed out again. I continued to plunge and she climaxed each time from my squirting prick. She held on tight as her pleasure centers prompted a release of endorphin. Her overstimulated body shuddered and quivered through her orgasmic waves. After several more explosions, my balls were drained.

I left my softening prick in her cum filled pussy as we both relaxed. Our kissing was less frantic and we lovingly caressed each other in the afterglow of our incestuous coupling. I rolled off her and she turned to face me. Our eyes locked once again. There was no regret, only sexual satisfaction and love.

She moved close to me interlocking one of her legs with mine. Pulling me close enough so her breasts were against my chest, she rested her head on my neck. She soon fell asleep, having achieved the sexual bliss she has craved for years. I gently stroked her back and sides while she soundly slept. Soon after I joined her as I nodded off.

I woke up to the sound of running water. Mom was up and already showering. I was so enthralled with fucking my mother last night I didn't even get to enjoy the sheets. They felt so slick and sensual I could understand why Mom liked sleeping in the nude. I heard the shower stop and Mom came out with a towel wrapped around her.

"Good morning, Honey. Did you have a good night's sleep in your new bed?" Mom seductively said.

"I love this bed Mom. Your sexy body took all my attention last night and I didn't even get to enjoy these wonderful sheets. I wouldn't mind staying here all day. Of course, it'd be better if you were in here, too."

"Just what a horny mother needs, a studly son. Speaking of hot, older women, I'm concerned what you said about Sarah. You might not see her again?"

I told her how Sarah wanted us to bond and spend our time together. I also told her the steps Sarah had taken to get us together, switching rooms and nighties. Her only goal was to successfully couple us.

Mom said, "I adore Sarah more than ever now. She has been such a good friend. I want you to see her again and make sure she gets the affection she deserves. We owe her a great deal. The memory of that first night when you came in and savagely fucked me will stay with me the rest of my life."

"That was an incredible night, Mom, although you might want to clean off your dildo before you use it again. Sarah had to use it when she heard us humping in the next room."

Laughing, she replied, "I hope she didn't clean it. I'm going to check to see if I can smell her scent on it."

"Don't worry, Mom. From first-hand knowledge, I can tell you her pussy juice is as sweet as you'd imagine."

"I guess you would know. Speaking of that, I was wondering if you'd like me to shave my pussy like Sarah. Would you suck and eat my pussy if I did? Your father didn't believe in it and I've never experienced oral sex," she softly spoke as she dropped her towel showing off her hairy mound.

"Mom, don't you dare shave. I love your black, hairy mound. Come here and let me show you how hair has nothing to do with eating pussy. She quickly came over, giggling in anticipation of a new sexual experience. She leaned down to kiss me good morning, crawled up and straddled my body facing me. I told her to turn around and face my feet. She turned and I gripped her hips to guide her back to my face.

She bent over, placing her weight on her elbows and started to massage my balls and pubic hair with her delicate hands while I pulled her down to my waiting mouth. She let out a shriek as my tongue ran up and down her slit. I buried my mouth in her open snatch and worked both my lips and tongue on her hot box.

She was pushing down as my tongue went into her cunt, scraping along the walls. I went to the top of her slit and squeezed her clit with my lips. Her arousal quickly elevated. She moaned loudly as her breath shortened. She gripped the base of my cock holding it straight up and sucked the tip of my hard prick. She slid down my shaft as far as she could, squeezed, sucked and washed the shaft with her rough tongue.

I continued my oral assault on her leaking pussy. I was having to swallow as fast as could to keep up with her flowing, sweet nectar. I fucked her hole as fast as I could with my tongue. I had a firm grip on her ass cheeks and was pulling her down for maximum contact as she continued to squirm. She squeezed my balls with one hand while she furiously sucked up and down my shaft with her mouth. She massaged my prick head with her lips, then lowered her mouth down scraping the sides of my sensitive prick with her teeth.

I wasn't going to last much longer. As I intensified my attack on her clit, mouthing it hard, my prick swelled up in her mouth sending out a glob of cum. Mom shoved her face down on my prick causing my squirts to hit the back of her throat. She swallowed every drop. She climaxed, releasing a torrent of pussy juice. I drank it in, continuing my tongue assault on her pussy.

She continued to suck my spurting cock as I was eating her convulsing, leaking cunt. After we were done climaxing, we continued to lick and suck each other until we were completely clean. She extracted herself and fell to the bed sliding on the slick sheets. She slid up to me, pushing her full breasts into my side wrapping her arm around me to hug me tight.

"Wow, I didn't know cunt sucking could be so good. Thank you for being such a caring son."

"You suck cock like an expert, Mom. I loved eating your hairy pussy and you can count on this happening again."

We snuggled our nude bodies together under the smooth sheets for an hour, enjoying the intimate connection. Mom spoke first with, "Can we call Sarah and see how she's doing? I miss her."

"Sure Mom, I set her up on video chat. She's going to be available around noon. Let's eat and give her a call."

Mom spurted, "Let's give her a show while we're at it."

I wasn't sure what Mom meant but I imagined it would be good. We cleaned up, ate and hung around the house until our call at noon.

Twenty minutes before noon, Mom stripped us both and passionately kissed me, already aroused. Stroking my cock until it was rock hard, she moved to me until her bare breasts hit my chest. Running my prick between her legs, she ran it across her juicy slit. Pulling back, I looked down to see my prick glistening with her juices.

Pushing me into her office chair, she turned around and lowered her hungry cunt down my oiled shaft. She lifted and lowered, fucking herself on my rod. When we were both panting, she leaned back and guided my hands to her meaty breasts. I immediately caressed and squeezed her mounds of joy.

She croaked, "Move us closer to the monitor, it's time for our call."

My legs felt like they were going to cramp up as my feet awkwardly rolled the chair up to the monitor. Looking in the mirror, I almost came, seeing Mom's sexy body impaled on my spear. She clicked on the connect button and Sarah's face soon appeared. Mom's and my face were the only things she could see since we were near the monitor.

"Hi, Billy and Bev. You two make quite the cute couple. Bev, you're glowing and Billy looks like he won the lottery. Is everything okay?"

Mom stuttered, "Hi Sarah. I already miss you. We had so much fun together. And yes, thanks to you, we are quite happy here."

Holding the desk, she shoved our chair back so Sarah could see Mom's breasts held by my hands."

"Oh my, is that your son's hands holding your tits? That's so sexy."

Mom replied, "Yes, his hands are quite experienced caressing breasts. Now that you've seen mine, it's your turn. Show us your tits and feel them like Billy is doing."

Sarah wasted no time taking off her blouse. She leaned back to show us her bare breasts. Cupping them, she moved her hands in the same manner as my hands. When I captured Mom's nipple and squeezed it, Sarah did the same. They were both groaning as their excitement increased.

Sarah croaked, "I've missed those hands. You're a lucky woman, Bev. I'm happy you two are showing each other so much affection. Have you progressed any further?"

Mom moved her pelvis around, grinding my cock on her sensitive areas as she answered, "Maybe, but you'll need to go first. Take off your skirt and panties, if you're wearing any, and show us that horny, bald pussy."

Sarah shrieked in delight as she moved back and quickly tore off her skirt. As Mom surmised, she wasn't wearing any panties. She sat on the edge of her chair and holding her outer pussy lips, she pulled open her wet slit. "You guys have me leaking already. How's this for a show? It wasn't that long ago that your son's cock was stuffed in here." She emphasized her point, jamming three fingers in her slippery snatch.

Mom sputtered, "Billy's right. It looks pretty tasty. I guess you've upheld your part of the bargain. Keep fucking yourself and tell us if you think we've progressed."

Mom pushed the chair back further until Sarah could see that we were joined together. Mom held onto the chair armrests and humped up and down my shaft while Sarah's eyes widened as she witnessed our incestuous act.

Sarah's fingers rapidly stroked her aroused pussy as she uttered, "Oh god, you two are fucking. That's so hot, mother and son loving each

other to the fullest. I'm close to coming from looking at you two make sweet love."

Mom and I were both nearing our orgasms as we participated in the stimulating video chat. Mom increased her pumping and my cock expanded, signaling my cock was prepped to explode. Mom screamed, "Sarah! He's coming. His hot sperm is going to fill my fertile pussy. Watch his cum flow out of my horny cunt!"

My prick shot out a glob of cum, setting off Mom's orgasm. Her walls contracted as she continued fucking my staff. I heard shrieks of pleasure from both Mom and Sarah as they released.

Looking at the monitor I saw Sarah squeezing her clit with one hand while continuing to punish her cunt with the other. Her hips bucked up as she experienced her first video fucking. In the mirror, I could see why she was so excited. My cock was frothy white from my sperm mixed with Mom's juices. It was a sexy scene, to say the least.

Sarah was the first to recover and broke the silence. "Jesus, he's fucking you bareback and you're not protected. That's way more hot than I thought. You can't believe how hard I came when you said that. Congratulations are in order though, you two are bonded closer than most couples. I'm so happy for you!"

Mom was rested enough to reply, "Thanks, Sarah. We owe it all to you. You helped us discover the deep love we have for each other. We can never repay you enough, but I'd like to try. You should come down

sometime so we can go shopping. I'm sure we could find something interesting to do during the evenings with Billy."

"Oh Bev, that does sound good. I have some mother and son fantasies I'd like to see you two perform. Hmm, I wonder if Jeff would like a brother or sister." She beamed with excitement, anticipating her next visit with us.

After that, Mom and Sarah conversed at length. My softened cock fell out and my legs almost went asleep from Mom sitting on me before they ended their conversation. When finished, Mom turned around and kissed me. "Thanks so much, Billy. I didn't know video sex could be stimulating. We might have to do it again."

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We went out on the town in the afternoon and ate an early dinner. After arriving home, we went to our rooms to take our showers. I dried off and went into my bedroom still nude when Mom walked in, wearing the short baby-doll nightie she had modeled for me. My prick quickly sprung to life as I looked at her sexy body. Mom laughed and said, "I love a salute when I enter a room. You make me feel so sexy."

She walked over to me, grabbed my stiff dick and gave it a light squeeze. She kissed me lightly and said "Billy, don't you think it's time to move your clothes into our master suite? And you need to take your shower in our room, too."

"Sure, Mom. I can't wait to move in. It'll be much more efficient to take showers together, too," I said, smiling while fantasizing what else we'd be doing in the shower. Her smile broadened thinking the same thoughts.

"I might add that your nightie is a lot better than the robe you generally wear each night."

"We'll have to get you a new outfit, too, Honey. Your thick robe isn't proper for the man of the house. For the time being, wear nothing." She kissed me while stroking my hard prick.

"Sweetie, I have another favor to ask of you," she said as she kept her hand wrapped around my spongy dick-head squeezing and twisting it like she was trying to unscrew it from its base.

"Mom, you don't really have to give me an incentive, but thanks. And whatever you want, I'll do," I said as if I had a choice, being kissed by Mom while she was stimulating my main brain.

"As you know, Kathy divorced a few months ago. She's been depressed but she's in pretty good shape now. I can tell through our chats she's fully recovered. She's been dropping hints on going out and hitting the bars to find another man. She's like me and has a high sex drive. I'm sure it's been rough on her."

"Mom, you do have a high sex drive, but all these years you haven't had a relationship. How did you get by without sex?"

"You don't know what I've done to satisfy myself. You know my dildo that Sarah borrowed from my nightstand. His name is Billy and I've been fucking you for the last few years. It wasn't your dick, but I always fantasized it was you fucking me. Kathy doesn't have a son she can fantasize over. I'm afraid she's going to connect with another jerk like her ex-husband. She doesn't have great taste in men. I want you to take care of her sexual needs as well as you do me."

If my prick could have got harder, it would have, hearing Mom's desires for me to fuck my aunt. Kathy is someone I've lusted after as much as Mom. She's thirty-four years old, two years younger than Mom. She's hot and I wondered why her ex-husband cheated on her.

"Wow, Mom. I would love to, but how do you approach her. It's not like you can tell her she should come over and fuck her nephew after he gets done fucking his mother."

"Don't worry, Sweetie. I'll seduce her for you. After all, I did successfully seduce Sarah, didn't I," she laughingly said, knowing it was the exact opposite.

"Oh yea, Mom. You were great. You seduced the woman I have been lusting over for years," I said, knowing she understood I meant her.

She filled me in on her plan which would begin with her nightly chat with her sister. Mom was so excited from the chat with Sarah, she wanted to use it on her sister. Mom wore her see-through negligee for the video chat.

Aunt Kathy answered and her eyes traveled to the visible part of Mom's sexy negligee. "Hi, Bev. Looks like you're going to bed early tonight. I don't think I've seen that nightie before. It's so thin. You look radiant in it."

"Thanks, Sis. It's more comfortable than my heavy robe. You look good, too. Have you had any more thoughts on connecting up with a man again?"

"Yea, you know how the urges are. I get so horny at times. I don't know how you cope. I'm going out of my mind."

I was standing over to the side of Mom still nude with my prick fully erect. Mom reached over and pulled me by my ball sack so my prick would show on Kathy's monitor. "Here's my solution. What do you think?" My prick was entirely in view and Mom wrapped her hand around it and stroked it back and forth, lingering on the fat, flared head.

"Oh my god, Bev! That prick is beautiful. No wonder you're so happy. I love a circumcised prick with the huge, helmeted head on display. Oh damn, my cunt is creaming. It looks tasty."

Mom replied, "You bet. Let me show you." She opened her mouth and clamped down on my prick. She moved her head back and forth making loud sucking sounds for Kathy's benefit.

My aunt screamed into the monitor. "Beverly! That is so hot. Keep it up and I'm going to come over there and take him away from you."

Mom released my cock. She licked her lips for the benefit of Kathy and said, "Pull your blouse up, Sis and move so we can see you twisting your nipples and I'll continue with the show. Mom was becoming an expert in video sex as she manipulated her sister.

Kathy excitedly pulled her blouse over her head, backed up so we could see her body. She unsnapped her bra and hastily removed it. Her tits were bigger than Mom's and had smaller areolas with a large nipple protruding from the center. She reached up to squeeze her melons, then moved her fingers to tease her nipples.

"Nice, Sis. Work those titties. Pretend my man is doing it. He has talented fingers. Let me show you." Mom pulled her nightie over her head so she was nude. Mom rolled the chair far enough back so her breasts were in view. I moved behind her, hidden from the camera. I reached around and began kneading her full breasts. Mom started moaning from the pleasure. I moved to her sensitive nipples and teased them, causing them to fill with blood.

Kathy was frantically twisting her fat nipples getting aroused seeing her older sister groped by an unknown man.

"Sis, his hands feel so good on my breasts, but you know that won't satisfy the itch you have. Show us what you want him to do and I'll see if we can give you a similar show."

Kathy didn't hesitate and stripped off her skirt and wet panties. She spread her legs for us to see and immediately stuck three fingers in her wet snatch. She had shaved her bush to a thin landing patch above her slit. Her pussy hair was light brown. She stroked in and out of her hot box.

Mom raised up from the chair. I moved off to the side as she adjusted the camera to show only the chair seat. She knew that my face in the picture would break her momentum. I sat down and adjusted the chair back giving Mom enough room to sit on my stomach. My hard prick and halfway up my chest were now in the camera's view. Kathy was closely watching the monitor as Mom walked in front of me and sat down, placing my hard shaft in front of her hairy snatch. She grabbed my pole and held it to her mound and patted it like was some kind of a pet.

"See my new toy, Sis. It's hard, all juiced up and ready for action. See how good it looks, snuggled up against my pussy."

"Dammit, Bev. Quit playing around. You know where that belongs. Show your little sister how to fuck a big prick."

Mom lifted up and positioned my cock in the mouth of her wet, hungry pussy. Falling down hard, she exhaled and moaned as she impaled herself on her son's hard shaft. She slowly lifted up and quickly dropped back down, creating a loud, sloppy sound as our wet pubic mounds collided. Each upstroke my shiny pole was clearly visible to my aunt. Kathy squealed in pleasure, becoming more aroused each time Mom slid down my cock. I could see her other hand was teasing her clit as she mauled her horny pussy.

"You can't realize how good a real prick feels, Sis. It wouldn't take much for me to come on this wonderful hard piece of meat." That was my queue that Mom wanted to climax and end the call. I reached around and squeezed her breasts. She humped up and down faster and I latched on to her sensitive nipples, twisting them as if they were tuner knobs. She squealed and her pussy clamped down on my rigid pole releasing a flood of pussy juice.

Kathy could see Mom's cum pouring out, causing her own orgasm to consume her. She moaned and screamed as she came on her hand. As she pulled her wet fingers out, a stream of cum poured out of her hole down her ass crack.

I didn't climax but Mom released so much cum, it looked I did. Mom pulled off my hard shaft showing it was covered with her thick cum. She stood in front of me, leaned down on the desk and positioned the camera back up to show only her face. "That, Sis, is what makes me happy. I think there's enough for both of us if you'd like to borrow my man's toy."

I moved the chair back and admired Mom's high upthrust ass and her wet, hairy pussy between her legs. As she was talking to Kathy, she moved her legs apart causing her slippery crack to open wide. It was an invitation any horny son could interpret. I stood up and moved up behind her and slid my hard prick into her canal. I slowly stroked in and out.

Mom's breathing was getting hoarser as she listened to Kathy's response. Kathy replied, "You know I do. I haven't come that hard for quite some time and it was from looking at you two. I'll be over whenever you want. Please, Sis?"

"Don't worry, Kathy. You know what's mine is yours. He's leaving on a trip for a few days though. But I would like you to help with something tomorrow if you have time," Mom said, breathing heavily.

"I'll clean your house for a week straight for a shot at that prick. I'll be there at three. See you then, Sis!" Kathy hung up without waiting for Mom's reply.

Mom moaned as I increased my thrusts into her. I grabbed her by her hips and pulled her back to me as I slammed into her. At this angle, I was scraping her pussy walls and the bottom of my prick was running along her clit each time I pulled back. I fucked her fast and hard. Her cunt walls were shaking and leaking from mini-orgasms. I reached up and held her firm breasts as I hammered her pussy.

"Mom, you have me so hot I'm going to fill you up with a load of sticky cum."

"Yes, Sweetie. Fill your mother's pussy. I want to feel your hot sperm filling my pussy. Fuck me hard your wonderful motherfucker. I'm coming!."

"Fuck! Fuck! Mommy!" I raspily said as I pounded her contracting pussy through her climax. Intense pleasure coursed through me as a load of my sperm shot out the bloated head of my buried cock. I emptied my ball juice into her convulsing cunt still kneading her firm tits. She came again trying to convince my balls to send more cum to drench her hungry cunt.

We both sighed in relief from our climaxes, staying connected while I started to soften. I pulled out my half-hard prick and pulled her up from the desk, turned her around and hugged her. We gently kissed, sealing another erotic incestuous coupling.

The rest of the day and night was a repetition of hot mother-son coupling. Mom was so sex starved I began to wonder how I would be able to satisfy the two sisters. She outlined her seduction plan and I wasn't sure if any of it was necessary. My aunt looked as sex-starved as Mom, but she thought it'd be exciting to play out anyway.

Aunt Kathy showed up on time and I greeted her at the door. She was more lovely than I remembered and the fact I knew how she looked without any clothes caused my prick to wake up. She hugged me as

usual and we discussed what we had been doing. I complimented her on her new hairstyle. After her divorce, she cut her long light brown hair to a pixie cut and dyed it blonde. It was a good look for her.

Mom came out and hugged her sister. They went into the kitchen to talk while I went to my room to change per Mom's instructions. I wore loose silk gym shorts that were billowy enough to hide my erection. Throwing on a meshed tank top completed my outfit.

Mom told my aunt she needed help with her son, me. Aunt Kathy seemed surprised as she thought I had always been a good kid. Mom said she was worried about me being gay. She hadn't seen me with any girls during my year at school. Divulging her plan, she wanted to show me sexy women in various stages of undress to try to turn me around. Fearing I might be repulsed when just my mother tried, she thought it might help if Kathy was involved.

Kathy acted a little surprised at hearing I was gay and started to argue that maybe she wasn't the right person to be sexually stimulating her son. She asked my mom why she thought she could use her like this. Mom calmed her down by telling her she wanted to keep it in the family and not make a big deal of it. She told her I might be more responsive to her.

Mom told Kathy that she's seen me leering at my aunt's legs several times and she might be the one able to turn me around. My aunt softened up once she heard I had a crush on her and agreed to Mom's plan.

Mom tried to further ease her discomfort by explaining she'd also participate so it wasn't one-sided. Kathy wouldn't have to do anything Mom wouldn't do. Mom would lead and Kathy would just have to duplicate what Mom did. Kathy was more agreeable and told Mom she really did want to help. They came out to the living room and called to me.

I came out in my supposedly gay outfit and said, "Mom, I think I'll spend time with the guys today. I'll be back in a few hours."

Frowning, Mom ordered, "Not so fast, Mister. Your aunt hasn't visited with us that much. You're going to stay here and talk with us."

Shuffling my feet, I replied, "Okay, Mom. After all, Aunt Kathy is my favorite aunt so I should stay and visit."

Mom chuckled as she said, "Funny, Billy. She's your only aunt. You can help us win an argument we were having. We were comparing our bodies and we can't agree whose legs are better. Sit down on the couch, you're going to be the judge."

I silently laughed at Mom using Sarah's modeling seduction technique. Tried and true, I guess.

Mom started the act by walking close to me showing off her long firm legs. They both wore skirts with hems several inches above their knees.

Mom turned a few times to show the fronts and backs of her legs. She walked back over to Kathy signaling it was her turn. Kathy came over and did the same show. Her legs looked a little fuller, but still sexy. I tried to act as disinterested as possible, although I wanted to reach out and stroke those smooth sexy legs. Kathy went back and stood by Mom.

"Billy, who do you think has the better legs?" Mom sternly asked.

I shook my head and said, "I don't know, Mom. You're both in good shape."

Mom walked back over to me and pulled my hands to her knees. "You probably can't judge unless you feel the skin. Rub up and down my legs to see how they feel."

I stroked down, then back up to her knees. I went a little higher, up under her skirt squeezing her thigh muscle enjoying the leg caress now that Kathy couldn't see what I was doing. I kept my excitement hidden as I completed the inspection.

Mom stepped back and Kathy came over to me. I started at her ankles and moved up. This was the first time I had felt my aunt's legs and I was going to enjoy the slow inspection. I went up and back down a few inches before advancing further up her legs. I progressed under her skirt but didn't squeeze her thighs as I had my mother's. I gently caressed the insides of her thighs going up as high as I could. When I

touched her panties line I moved back down, gently stroking her firm thigh flesh. She was breathing heavier as was I, but I concealed it.

When I was finished, I told Mom, "I think Kathy probably has better legs."

"There, that wasn't bad, was it, Billy? Did you like feeling our legs?" asked Mom.

"It was alright," I said, trying to act as bored as I could.

Mom turned around from me and Kathy followed suit. Mom unbuttoned her blouse down most of the way indicating to Kathy she should do the same. Mom turned and came over to me and leaned down showing me her bra-encased tits, grabbing my legs. "I think to be fair we need to see how your legs shape up, too, Honey."

Mom stroked up and down my hairy legs squeezing and caressing up to the bottom of my shorts. When finished, Kathy came over and did the same. Her bra barely hid her nipples and although my shorts were loose, there was still a tent from my stiff prick. She took a long time feeling and stroking my legs. She went higher and her fingertips went under my loose shorts. As her fingertips touched my nut sack, she slowly lowered her hands again. She was noticeably more aroused.

I thought Mom's version of Sarah's seduction was pretty lame, but her horny sister didn't need much persuasion to fondle a man. I was

thinking we could progress a lot faster and Mom must have been reading my mind.

"Sweetie, Kathy and I are going to go in the bedroom and dress up in our nighties. I'll call you in when we're ready so you can judge us again." They turned and headed for our bedroom. I heard them talking and arguing behind the closed door.

Mom decided to wear the negligee that was split in front and she wanted Kathy to wear the baby doll nightie. Kathy agreed but objected a little when Mom said they should be nude underneath. Kathy's nightie didn't fall far below her pussy and she thought it might be a little too revealing. Mom told her not to worry, this would help them determine if I was gay. She reminded Kathy just yesterday she showed a complete stranger her pussy while she was fucking herself. Mom won the argument again.

Mom called me to our bedroom. I was met with the wonderful sight of two nightie-clad hot sisters, one being my mother. This time she told me to walk around to inspect the nighties. I went around each one, acting as if I was inspecting them. I could have spent a lot longer looking at the two beauties.

The see-through nighties concealed little. Their nipples were clearly visible as their perky tits pushed out the thin material. When I was behind them I stopped to admire their firm asses. I imagined holding them in place pounding their pussies to orgasm. While they couldn't see me, I adjusted my hard prick to point straight up and used my shorts waistband to hold it in place. My mushroom head would be on

display if not for the mesh top draped over it. I stepped back and acted like I couldn't make up my mind.

Mom said, "Maybe this will help you make a decision." She took the hem of her nightie and flipped it up showing her black, hairy mound contrasted with her smooth white skin. She quickly dropped the hem covering her sexy, motherly pussy.

Not to be outdone, Kathy lifted her nightie to show her light brown landing strip above her wet slit. Her lips were puffed out and aroused. She left her pussy exposed for several seconds while I lustfully leered at it before she lowered her nightie.

Mom came over and grabbed my hand placing it on the edge of the fabric covering her breast. "Feel the material honey, that might make your decision easier."

I ran the material through my fingers. Gliding my hand over the top of her nightie, I reached her nipple and clamped onto it, teasing it. Mom began to rapidly breathe, getting quickly aroused. Kathy was watching wide-eyed having a hard time comprehending the fact her sister's son was squeezing his mother's nipples.

Kathy came over and grabbed my hand from Mom's tit and said, "It's not nice to touch your mother in that manner. Feel my nightie instead." She was done with the judging. She placed her hand on the back of mine as she placed it on her nearest tit and squeezed. I took over and

kneaded her full breast and moved to her nipple teasing it. She was breathing hard now and was past trying to be shy around her nephew.

"Billy, do you think you like women now? Do you see how fun we can be? Is there anything else we can do?" Mom said as I was still groping my aunt's thinly covered breast.

I softly said, "Kissing, I want to kiss something."

"Of course, Dear, who would you like to kiss," asked my mom.

"I'd like to kiss Aunt Kathy's legs. They were so firm and smooth. I want to feel them on my lips."

Kathy sucked in a deep breath of air hearing her nephew lusting after her. Mom just smiled, knowing I was following her hastily put together script.

"Of course, Dear. your aunt would love to help you experience that," Mom said as she guided Kathy to lie down on the big bed. Her nightie rode up and her wet pussy was clearly visible as she spread her legs apart. I crawled up between her legs and reached down to hold her calves. I leaned down and kissed her right leg above her knee. I kissed my way up her thigh going higher and higher. She was panting now as her nephew was kissing her sensitive thighs.

Kathy's hands were caressing my hair and shoulders as I kissed my way to heaven. She was aroused and heavily panting. When I was close to the top of Kathy's thighs, Mom stopped me. "Billy, why don't you pull off your top. You look like you're getting warm. I raised up and pulled it off and threw it to the side.

My aunt's eyes lustfully looked at the large head sticking above my shorts. It looked somewhat familiar, like the one she saw during the video chat yesterday, but larger. It couldn't be the same cock as that would mean he was fucking his mother, her sister. Her thoughts quickly went to imagining that head plowing through her pussy. Her snatch creamed with anticipation and her aroused condition was quickly elevated. Her breathing quickened and her face was flushed with excitement.

"Aunt Kathy looks hot, too, Mom," I said, reaching out to Kathy's arms to help her sit up.

"You're right honey, let's fix that. She helped me pull Kathy up bringing us face to face. Mom pulled her nightie up and off. Her full breasts were standing up proud, her nipples filled with hot blood. Mom gently pushed Kathy back down. Kathy had a lust-filled look in her eyes and immediately cupped her breasts with her hands and started to knead them.

I leaned back down to continue my kissing. Her pussy was in plain sight now. I went right to the topmost part of her thigh and sucked in a hunk of flesh with my mouth. The side of my head was mashed against her soft pussy.

She let out a shriek with my new attack. I brought my other hand up her thigh massaging and squeezing it. She was writhing on the bed signaling she wanted more than a thigh sucking. I turned my head and dove into her open snatch, jamming my tongue in as far as I could. She humped her pelvis up and let out a loud moan.

"That's it, Honey. See what it's like to kiss a woman's pussy? Isn't that better than playing with other guys?" Mom said, still putting on the gay act.

I continued to assault my aunt's pussy with my mouth. I clamped onto her clit with my lips and milked it, causing my aunt to hump and grind as she was being face fucked. I ran my tongue up and down her fat sensitive pussy lips. She had a hard time catching her breath.

I made my way up her stomach kissing my way up to her full breasts. Gliding my mouth to her engorged nipple, I sucked on it as if it were dispensing milk. Her hands held the back of my head pulling me in tight. I licked and teased her nipple with my tongue as I continued squeezing her full tits.

Mom moved behind me and pulled my shorts down to the bed to my knees. She lifted each leg to remove my shorts completely. I was nude and posed to fuck my beautiful aunt. I continued to knead her breasts as Mom pushed on my ass to move me closer to my aunt's hot pussy. My prick was inches away. Mom grabbed the base and used it to position my sensitive head near my aunt's pussy lips.

Kathy was thrusting off the bed trying to capture the prick she knew was near her hole. Mom held it back, not allowing penetration. She guided my shaft around the mouth of my aunt's gash resulting in a barrage of pussy juice to leak out of her hole. Mom ran my prick through the thick hot fluids coating it thoroughly for a painless penetration. She knew my aunt hasn't had a prick my size invade her. I inwardly laughed at how Mom was still the protector of her little sister.

Mom placed my fat head at the entrance of my aunt's starved cunt. I was starting to worry her hole wouldn't be able to take my bloated head. Mom worked my head into the mouth of Kathy's hot pussy and her snatch latched on to it as her pelvis lurched up, popping it into her tight canal behind her stretched cunt lips. My aunt screamed out from the sudden intense pleasure.

I moved my mouth away from her breast, replacing it with my hand. Kissing my hot aunt for the first time was as exciting for her as me. We tongue fucked each other as I entered my aunt's fiery cunt. Her pussy was tight and if we weren't well lubricated from her precum, I'm sure it would have been painful. I stopped each inch so she could get used to the girth of my surging spear.

Her hands stroked up and down my back as I kept pushing in my steel-hard, fleshy ram, separating her soft firm folds. She thrust her hips up trying to suck in more of my hard cock. Her oily pussy walls were firmly molded to my shaft as my fat head kept opening up more of her tunnel. When I was halfway in I paused, savoring the moment.

We were kissing passionately and I wrapped my arms around her to hold her tight. Her breasts were mashed on my chest, our nipples scraping together. She bucked up, her hungry pussy ready to devour more cock. I continued my advancement in her stretched pussy. When I was almost fully in, I rammed it to the bottom, slamming our groins together.

Her mouth abruptly left mine as her lungs exhaled her entire capacity of air. She gasped for another breath then squealed out in pleasure. I withdrew a few inches and slammed our groins together again. She moaned loudly as I repeated the short thrusting several more times. Confident she was wet and loose enough for a hard fucking, I pulled back out to her entrance and quickly drilled back in her slick hole.

I fucked her hard as her tight cunt squeezed my cock. We kissed again as I continued to fuck my sexy aunt. She had to pull her mouth off mine to groan and shriek as her cunt quivered in mini-orgasms.

"Oh Jesus, Bev. He's fucking me so well. His prick is wonderful. What a slab of meat this kid has. Oh god, fuck me good, Billy!"

Mom didn't respond. She had taken off her negligee and was finger fucking herself, intently watching me fuck her younger sister.

I kneaded her full, firm breasts teasing her nipples as I continued to slam in and out of her slick hot pussy. She spread her legs as far as she

could. She had been without dick for too long. She was in heaven. We frantically fucked for what seemed hours but was only ten minutes. She had to stop kissing intermittently to scream, moan and catch her breath, then connect again with me. I was getting close to coming.

"Auntie, you are so hot. Your pussy is so tight and wet. I'm going to blast a load of cum," I said in spurts as I was as aroused as my aunt.

"Billy, you can't. I'm fertile. You're going to have to pull out," my aunt cried as her arms continued to tightly hug me.

"God, Auntie. Your pussy is massaging my cock. It's so hot. You fuck as good as Mom."

She suspected it earlier, but now it was confirmed I was fucking my mother. Her pussy creamed more juice as her excitement increased. She started thrusting off the bed meeting my strokes as I slammed into her hot pussy. We were quickly approaching a climax.

Mom knelt down to my aunt's ear and whispered, "You can't believe how it feels when he blasts his hot sperm in your hot pussy. I'm fertile too and he's been filling my pussy for days."

My aunt humped even harder hearing this and released my mouth screaming, "That is so hot! Your own son fucking you bareback. Damn, I think I'm coming already. It's going to be a big one."

I kept pounding into her as Mom whispered to her again, "Sis, you better push him off if you don't want his seed filling your cunt. His hard prick is going to swell pretty soon and he'll spew his load. Don't come on his prick either as he has no control. When your pussy clamps down on his prick, he's going to shoot a glob of hot sperm in your hole. You'll orgasm again when you feel his sticky sperm coating your pussy walls. You'll squeeze him again causing him to keep shooting his potent seed."

She moved Kathy's hands down to my ass cheeks. I kissed my aunt assaulting her mouth with my tongue and we both felt my prick swelling, sealing up her hot hole with fat, stiff cock flesh. She knew I was within seconds of blowing my load.

She made no attempt to pull me off. Instead, she wrapped her legs around my legs locking me in place. She pulled hard with her hands knowing I was going to erupt. I slammed my prick to the bottom of her pussy hitting the back wall of her cavern. Her legs tightened and she pulled on my ass as hard as she could. I couldn't move if I wanted. She had incredible strength for a woman her size.

She climaxed and her entire pussy squeezed tight around the length of my exploding cock. My balls sent out a thick load of hot sperm coating her walls causing her to orgasm again. Her pussy contracted again and my balls sent out another load. I still couldn't pull back to continue stroking. My prick was a prisoner of her milking cunt. Her pussy contracted again and my balls rewarded her with another glob of hot sperm.

Waves of pleasure flowed through my trapped cock to the rest of the my body. I involuntarily howled, overshadowing my aunt's scream of ecstasy. Mom's hand rapidly stroked her aroused snatch watching us experience our explosive climax. There was a hint of jealousy on Mom's expression as she witnessed her sister give me such an intense orgasm. I made a mental note to myself to instruct Mom on how to properly milk a cock.

Kathy moved her legs to the sides and raised her hands to hug me tight. I pulled back and slammed back in, depositing another load of hot cum in her fertile pussy. Her orgasms were less intense as I continued to fill her hungry cunt. Her pussy was still convulsing around my cock, coaxing out my reservoir of sperm stored in my balls. She wanted every last drop of my sperm-laden cum.

She experienced more orgasms than Mom ever did in one fucking. I continued to ram my fat cock in her after my sperm was safely deposited in her hot cavity ensuring she was done climaxing. I felt her relax and her arms dropped to the bed. She was exhausted and sexually satisfied.

I pulled out and dropped to the bed flat on my back. I was also tired after my first fuck with my beautiful aunt. We didn't say anything or move for a good five minutes. I looked over to Mom and she still had her fingers jammed up her cunt fucking herself, witnessing our incestuous act.

My satisfied aunt slurred, "Jesus, I forgot how good it can be when coming on a fleshy, fat cock. I haven't had that strong of an orgasm since..."

Pausing as if recalling an event, she continued, "since forever. Thank you so much, Bev, for sharing your wonderful son. Hopefully, I didn't break him. My cunt was so horny, it tried to strangle your poor boy's wonderful cock."

"You're welcome, Sis. He's taken worse from me, but look at the mess you made of my son's prick," Mom gleefully said as she came over and sat on the bed. She began cleaning up my cum-covered cock with her mouth. Holding my balls gently and caressing them with one hand, she licked up and down my semi-hard cock. I was surprised my cock stopped softening but that's the effect my mother had on me.

She held my prick head in her mouth washing it with her tongue, then slid up and down my shaft. I was getting hard again. Mom was an expert cocksucker. She kept her eyes locked on mine as she slowly went up and down my stiff pole. When I was at full stiffness, she released her mouth, holding my cock at the base allowing it to stand tall.

Kathy had recovered and was getting up when her eyes focused on my stiff prick that had just given her so much enjoyment. Mom looked at Kathy and said, "Look familiar? This is what you saw yesterday. Isn't it wonderful?"

Kathy was fixated on my prick and was silent but finally managed to say, "Oh my, that is one fine cock. It looks like a battering ram with its fat head flared out. In a way it is, it's our pussy ram. How did you ever get enough courage to fuck your own son?"

"I had some help from a friend. You'll meet her. She's a lot of fun. Now, let's deal with your sloppy cunt. I don't want you to mess up my sheets. She helped her sister straddle my head and my aunt quickly obliged, lowering her angry looking pussy to my face. She was facing Mom who was resting on my thighs, slowly stroking my prick. I held on to Kathy's thighs and pulled her to my mouth. I began cleaning up the messy mix of our juices from the mouth of her pussy.

Mom saw my aunt lustfully looking at my cock and said, "Go ahead, Sis. Acquaint yourself with our new fuck toy."

Kathy wrapped her hand around my hard shaft and slid up to the tip. She squeezed my large spongy head tight seeing for herself how this large, soft mushroom shaped head was able to fit in her pussy. With her delicate fingers, she traveled down my shaft feeling every vein and bump as if she were committing it to memory. Her light touch was erotic and arousing me further. I increased my attack on her pussy pushing my tongue into her wet canal pulling out as much sweet nectar as I could.

She was breathing harder as my mouth attacked her pussy. She leaned down and sucked the fat head of my prick in her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the tip of my sensitive cock enjoying the feel of her new love stick. She lowered her mouth down, taking in half of my

prick. She lightly closed her teeth on the shaft and pulled up, scraping along the way causing me to hump up and shove a couple more inches into her hot mouth. She released her teeth and began giving me a slow sensual blow-job as I was slurping and sucking leaking pussy.

Her breathing was labored and I had a hard time holding her pussy to me as she squirmed. Mom pulled Kathy's mouth off my prick and pulled her up to kiss her. They opened their mouths and tongued each other like they were long-time lovers. Mom pulled away long enough to say, "It's my turn on the fuck stick."

She raised up, positioned my cock in her wet hole and lowered back down. It easily slid to the bottom as her soft pliant walls welcomed back my hard shaft. She hugged Kathy, kissing her again. Their breasts were mashed tight causing their nipples to rub against each other. They were quickly getting aroused. I was tongue fucking Kathy's hot pussy running my tongue over her sensitive clit. I started to hump up when Mom came down to stimulate both of us.

I knew I would be the hardest one to bring to climax after the fucking my aunt gave me. Kathy was there again and it felt like Mom was ready. She was aroused from finger fucking herself, watching her sister getting fucked earlier. Mom continued to pleasure herself on my stiff prick, rapidly bouncing up and down as fast as she could.

My mind flashed back to that first night I fucked Mom, the first time I saw her full black bush against her pearly white thighs, the Plumeria scent she used to seduce me and the explosive orgasm when I filled her fertile pussy with hot sperm after she told me to give her a baby.

The mind is a powerful sex organ. I felt an orgasm coming and my prick started to enlarge. Mom felt her walls expand and stretch from my expanding prick causing her to hump harder. She released her hug from Kathy in order to twist her sister's nipples. Kathy did the same with my mother. Their mouths were still locked together, tongue fucking each other.

I clamped down on Kathy's engorged clit with my lips and held it tight. She climaxed, humping up and down. My lips squeezed again on her sensitive nub and she had another orgasm. I released my lips and feasted on her cunt, swallowing the sweet nectar flowing from her convulsing pussy. She continued to climax. In her orgasmic bliss, she increased her assault on my mom's mouth and nipples.

Mom's pussy contracted with an orgasm next. I normally have a hard time plowing into Mom's convulsing pussy during her orgasms but she was in control and was forcefully fucking up and down my stiff pole as she climaxed. I felt her juices coat my hot prick as her cunt walls clamped onto my cock. My orgasm came on one of her down-strokes. My bloated head signaled my balls to send out a load of hot sperm but I hadn't recovered from the earlier release. I'm not sure if any fluid came out but the pleasure of the orgasm felt the same.

It didn't matter to Mom or me. She still continued to climax and my prick continued to spasm as if there was nothing wrong. After we were finished, Mom remained on top of me with my prick embedded in her hot pussy. Mom's black bush and my pubic hair were mashed together and were soaked with mom's juices as she remained still. The sisters

ended their kiss and were resting their heads on each other's shoulders, locked in a loving hug.

Mom was first to get off, releasing a stream of pussy juice on my prick as she extracted herself. She fell on the bed beside me, exhausted from the mother and son coupling. My aunt pulled her spent cunt from my mouth and snuggled next to me on the opposite side.

They both reached over and massaged Mom's pussy juice on my stomach and chest. They pressed tight to me trapping my chest between two sets of meaty breasts. Resting their heads on me, they rubbed mom's juices into my skin. No one said anything, enjoying our post-incestuous orgy. Their hands were hot and soothing as they lightly rubbed my sensitive skin.

Kathy's hot palm remained still on my stomach, her breathing was deep and soft. I looked at her sleeping face and saw a look of content. She was smiling, hopefully dreaming of our erotic coupling.

As Mom was drifting off to a deep sleep, she softly whispered, "Well, that was quite a performance. I think my handsome hung son will be able to satisfy our needs. I can't wait to invite Sarah to our parties. We're going to have so much fun."

Her fingers were spread in my pubic hair and her hand also stopped as she drifted into a deep sleep. My mind was working over what she said and I started to get worried. I could hardly keep up with these two hot women. Did Mom think I was some kind of super-stud? How will I be able to satisfy three of them?

My mind visualized my nude mom and aunt lying in our bed and I mentally placed Sarah in the middle with her bald, puffy pussy. I imagined alternating between the three of them, drilling each one to orgasm. I started to get hard again. With those thoughts and two sets of heaving breasts gently pushing into my chest, I joined my family as I fell asleep.

**THE END**