

Under Mom's Protection

By MrCurrie

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Incest

Chapter 1

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Author's note: This story does not involve anal. It includes unprotected sex between family members.

Saturdays were my favorite day of the week, not only for a break from the daily grind but because it allowed me to spend more time with my eighteen-year-old son, Chad. While I watched him feast on the hearty plate of food I had prepared, pride swept through me from the sacrifices he had made for me. I had taken care of him all of his life, but after graduation, he had chosen to work for a construction company to stay close and look after me.

With the amount of food he consumed, envy hit me, knowing that I couldn't indulge in as much as he did without worrying about gaining weight. There was nothing more comforting than watching him enjoy my cooking and knowing he was there for me, just as I had always been there for him.

On weekends, my son's pace at the dining table was notably slower, free from the weekday rush to work. It was during these leisurely moments that our conversations seemed to stretch a little longer, as we eagerly deliberated over our plans for the weekend ahead. His captivating sky-blue eyes held onto my face for more extended periods. Perhaps out of vanity, I often found myself lingering a bit more at the makeup table on those precious weekend mornings.

I never invested much time in getting ready, but I did focus on the details. Most of my time went into carefully brushing and shaping my dark brown hair, making sure my bangs were flawlessly in position. I also spent time styling the sides of my hair to neatly conceal my ears. A final touch involved applying a fresh coat of light lipstick to my full lips and a quick sweep of blush to complete my look. Staring at my large, brown irises, I contemplated accenting them with some eyeliner, but declined, knowing I'd have to apply it later in the day.

It could have been my imagination, but I noticed a change in my son's behavior after he graduated and began working. During meals, I often caught him stealing glances at me, his eyes attentively studying my features. Whenever I turned my focus toward him, his gaze would swiftly shift away, elevating my suspicions that he was checking out his mother. It's not like I hadn't done the same, admiring his strong chin, and high cheekbones, which I'm sure he inherited from me.

"Exactly when did my little boy transition into a handsome young man," I asked myself. His stylish stubble beard, which he started to grow a few months earlier,

bestowed upon him a more mature, and rugged appearance. Our times out on the town were also different than when we were a parent and child. Our conversations, while dining at restaurants, were more mature and stimulating. His humor and infectious smile made me laugh and smile in return. His gentlemanly mannerisms made me feel more like his date than his mother, especially when he refrained from calling me ‘Mom.’

Yet, perhaps his most captivating feature was his infectious smile, characterized by the way his pearly white teeth played a teasing game of peekaboo behind his lips. Whenever the corners of his mouth turned up in a grin, those gleaming teeth made a sensuous cameo appearance.

I often found myself having unmotherly thoughts concerning my well-built son. I reasoned, “It’s natural—you’re horny and haven’t been with a man for a long time. Any good-looking, sexy man would have the same effect.” Although, I couldn’t think of a man that excited me as much as my son, off the top of my mind.

“Mom, did you hear me?” Chad asked, breaking me out of my daydreaming.

“I’m sorry,” I replied. “I drifted off for a bit. What’d you say?”

“Do you want me to do anything else today, besides tending to the yard and repairing the window we talked about?” he asked.

“No, that’s plenty,” I replied. “It’s a shame you spend all of your free time helping me, rather than having fun with your friends. I feel bad that you’re tied down here and unable to enjoy life to the fullest.”

“It’s fine, Mom,” he responded quickly, flashing that sexy grin that I adored. “I’m in no rush to leave you. I enjoy keeping the house up to snuff. Did you have anything planned for today?”

“I’ll do the laundry before preparing lunch for you,” I replied. “I won’t be eating because I’m having brunch with your aunt Pamela.”

He stopped eating, his face brightening, as he chirped, “Really? I could work on the yard tomorrow and take the afternoon off. I wouldn’t mind eating a little later in the day.”

His sudden interest in my monthly dinner date with my sister raised an eyebrow. “I’d prefer to keep it just the two of us,” I asserted. “Our conversations often end up getting personal, and I doubt either of us would feel at ease discussing certain

topics in your presence. Besides, we're still not on the best of terms. Things can get a bit heated at times."

His sorrowful expression tugged at my heart, evoking a sense of guilt for leaving him out, and I briefly second-guessed my decision. I wondered if, with him present, my sister might not bring up the fact that I had married her boyfriend eighteen years ago. She just wouldn't let it go.

Before I could continue, he rebuked, "I still don't understand why you two don't get along. She seems so nice and never says anything bad about you when I see her."

"You're seeing your aunt?" I asked, completely taken by surprise.

"Our new job site is close to her workplace, and roughly a month ago, I spotted her at the food carts," he explained. "Since then, we've been meeting almost daily for lunch. She's pleasant to talk to, and I enjoy spending time with her."

My skin prickled with unease, much like a cat's hackles. Something about my sister's overly cheerful and pleasant demeanor toward my son didn't sit right with me. Any idea of inviting my son to join us for dinner was now firmly out of the question.

"Why haven't I been informed about this?" I inquired, my tone carrying more indignation than I had intended.

"Most of my workday is routine, and I don't usually share it with you. I didn't believe it was a big deal, Mom," he responded, his tone suggesting that he might be concealing something.

"You're right," I replied, not wanting to pry further into my son's activities. It was hard for me to transition out of a motherly role. Remorse hit me that I was treating him as a child, rather than an adult.

"In any case, I have a private matter to discuss with her. Maybe I'll invite her over tomorrow for dinner. Would you like that?" I lied, knowing I'd have to engineer some kind of an excuse to cancel my hasty invitation.

"That sounds great, Mom," he replied, his smile returning.

He leaned across the table, his fingers gently brushing across my left cheek. My heart skipped a beat from his tender touch, and it reminded me of his father doing the same, during our early dating. Although his hands were rough from

working at a construction site, his fingertips were surprisingly smooth. Before I wanted it to end, he leaned back in his chair.

Inspecting and rubbing his fingers together, he explained, “I thought you bruised your face, but I guess it’s just some makeup that made your skin appear darker. I don’t know why you even wear that stuff, Mom. You’re really pretty without it. I love the natural look of your face each night after your shower when it’s washed off.”

A sudden rush of warmth engulfed me, upon hearing my son’s compliment regarding my appearance. It was rare for him to express his feelings about how I looked, and it caught me off guard. “Thanks, Chad. It’s just something women do, trying to present our best selves. I might have gone a tad overboard this morning.”

Our conversation switched to other topics while we finished breakfast.

After a few hours of working, I prepared a lunch for Chad and called him in to eat. He had just finished mowing, and the hot sun had taken its toll on him. He sat down, and dove into the plate of food without bothering to put his shirt back on. His broad shoulders and bare, taut, firm chest held my gaze.

A glisten of sweat adorned my son’s sculpted torso, and I couldn’t help but wonder when he had transformed into such an Adonis. Luckily, his focus remained fixed on demolishing the heap of food in front of him, sparing him from noticing my gaze as it wandered over his masculine, well-defined physique. “Jesus, Michelle. What are you thinking? He’s my son. I really need to find a man,” I thought to myself.

Taking my attention off my handsomely, burly son, I rose and cleaned the kitchen. Fifteen minutes later, I heard him scoot his chair back and say, “Thanks, Mom. I’m getting back to it. See you tonight. Say hi to Aunt Pamela for me.”

“I’ll fix you a big meal when I return,” I promised, unsure if he heard it, as the door slammed shut.

Before I departed to see my sister, I sat at my makeup table, stared into the mirror, and reflected on what my son had mentioned. “Maybe I should go for a more natural look,” I pondered. My thoughts drifted to my sister, and I instinctively picked up the eyeliner pencil, carefully outlining my eyes in the way my sister preferred. Each time I met with her, it was like going on a date.

Although we hadn’t physically expressed our love recently, as we did in our younger years, I knew she still loved me deeply, matching my love for her. The

last time we made love remained fresh in my mind, reminding me of our close connection. Both of us were heartbroken when our marriages crumbled, prompting us to set aside our feud and emotionally and physically reconnect. Regrettably, my sister and I drifted apart following that, focusing on our individual healing journeys after our divorces.

Switching to a tighter blouse, I unbuttoned the top two buttons, exposing the deep valley between my breasts. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, I swiveled around, ensuring my appearance was at its best. Feeling good about myself, I waited until Chad was out of sight before jumping into the car and taking off, afraid he'd say something about my sexy attire.

I arrived before Pamela, and I couldn't help but stare at her as she strolled up to the table. Her radiant smile reflected her happiness, my eyes immediately locking onto her nipples, pressing against her sheer blouse.

"Up here, Michelle," she said, giggling, her fingers pointing to her face.

I blushed when my sister caught me leering at her tits, and after she sat, I responded, "Hi Pamela. You look gorgeous. When did you lose the bra?"

She smiled widely, acknowledging that I had noticed her new look. "About a month ago, I guess. I tried it one day, and it felt so good that I've continued. It makes me feel younger, seeing men stare at me while they check me out."

The timetable lined up with Chad's account of meeting up with her at the food carts. It suddenly hit me why he had become so interested in his aunt. Her tits were like a man magnet, and knowing our physical builds were similar, I wondered if I should go braless. I quickly discounted it, as no mother should dress in that manner when her son is living at home.

"You don't need to do that to entice men, Sis," I replied, smiling, "Speaking of attracting men, I hear that Chad has been having lunch with you daily."

"We have and I'm enjoying the time I spend with him. He's such a handsome young man. I love the way girls enviously look at me when he's with me," she gushed.

"It's one thing to openly flirt with your office workers, but do you think it's appropriate in front of my son?" I asked.

Her grin resembled the victorious one she wore during games. "What's the matter, Michelle? Worried I might snatch your man away like you did to me?"

And there it was, unmistakable. She was determined to employ my son as a means to exact her revenge on me. “Seriously?” I asked. “We’ve gone over this many times. Steve told me you two had broken up when we dated. I didn’t steal him away from you.”

“And I’ve repeatedly explained to you that he lied,” Pamela retorted, her voice growing steadily more acrimonious. “How could you not know he was fucking me while you two were dating? If you would have gone to bed with him, you would have noticed his dick covered with my pussy juice when you went out with him. He double-dated us, fucking me and then dining out with you.”

“Well, I didn’t sleep with him on the first date like you did, so I couldn’t have known,” I replied.

“It didn’t seem to bother him when we screwed the first time we went out,” Pamela retorted to my snide remark. “I’ve always considered it rude to string my dates along. If they’re a horrible lay, it’s best for both of us to move on. It took me by surprise when he broke it off, stating I was too easy and dumped me for you because you were more of a challenge.”

“Well, if it’s any consolation, he did the same to me when he ran off with his secretary ten years down the line. You should count your blessings that I spared you from him,” I remarked.

“We’ll never know, will we?” she rhetorically asked. “I might have been able to keep him satisfied, but you snatched that opportunity away from me.”

“You certainly didn’t keep your own husband for long, so I doubt it,” refuting her assumption. “Anyway, I’m tired of rehashing our past. Can’t we set it aside and finish our meal in peace?”

“Of course, Michelle. I always cherish time with my lovely sister,” she playfully replied, before adding, “Almost as much as with her son.”

Changing topics, we caught up on recent events for the rest of the meal. Curious as to how my son was interacting with my sister, I made up my mind to see them interact in person. “Pamela, it’s been a while since you’ve joined us for dinner. Would tomorrow night be okay? It’ll provide more time for us to catch up on our lives.”

“I’d love to, Michelle,” my sister replied, her smile growing wide. “And don’t worry, I won’t bring up our past when Chad is present. I wouldn’t want to risk putting a frown on that beautiful mug of his.”

She winked, signaling her inappropriate intentions toward my son. Without replying, we lightly kissed and left.

Chad's elated mood was as expected when I informed him I had invited his aunt to dinner. I chuckled to myself when he took a shower before her arrival, normally waiting until later. When he emerged from his room, alarms went off in my head, with the attire he decided to wear. His cotton, drawstring shorts showed off his hairy, muscular legs, but my eyes were drawn to his torso, cloaked in a tank top. His exposed, bare shoulders sent shivers down my spine, and I knew it would have the same effect on my sister.

"Isn't that a bit too casual for a family dinner?" I inquired, hoping for a willingness to consider a change.

"It's just Auntie, Mom," he replied. "Besides, it's so warm today, and I thought I'd opt for something more comfortable. Would you prefer I wear a tux?"

His broad smile lifted my spirits and alleviated my worries. "No, you're fine. As you said, it's only my sister."

As I started preparing our meal, Chad settled in to watch some TV. Pamela arrived punctually, prompting Chad to spring up and answer the door, as soon as she knocked. My eyes were glued on their interactions, my motherly instinct on full alert.

"Hi Chad, good to see you away from that noisy food cart area." She hugged him tightly, ensuring her braless breasts pressed into his chest. She rested her head alongside his, facing me. She gave me the same knowing wink as she had at the restaurant, along with a big smile.

When they parted, Chad remarked, "I look forward to eating with you, so I don't mind, but you're right, this is much better. By the way, isn't that your Friday perfume you're wearing?"

"Yes, it is. I'm glad you noticed," Pamela gushed. "I normally wear it to celebrate the end of a workweek, but I thought tonight would be appropriate, too."

I grimaced in an attempt to stifle my anger, witnessing her openly flirt with my son. She pranced over to me, embracing me lightly, ensuring I was close enough to smell her scent. My suspicions proved correct—her so-called Friday perfume was my favorite and she knew it.

Taking a step back, she assessed my cooking progress and remarked, “Everything looks delicious. It seems like you’ve got everything under control, so I’ll just wait in the living room with Chad until dinner.” Her infectious smile broke through, and I couldn’t resist but return the gesture.

Our dinner conversation turned out to be lively and entertaining, as each of us shared humorous events from our recent experiences. When it came time to tidy up, Pamela made her way to the living room and took a seat on the couch. “Chad, join me and sit next to your auntie,” my sister called out.

“I’ll be there in a moment,” Chad replied. “I’d like to help Mom clean the kitchen first.”

It felt like I had won the lottery when my son chose me over my flirtatious sister. Her charms had failed to lure him, but I knew she’d up her ante to win him over.

I sat in a comfortable recliner opposite them, while we continued our conversation. Pamela crossed her legs, causing her short skirt to rise and expose her smooth, upper thigh. I couldn’t blame Chad for staring, as my gaze also set upon her smooth flesh. My sister knew what she was doing and shot me a sly smirk, knowing her sexy wares attracted both me and my son.

She turned and grasped Chad’s bicep, giving it a gentle squeeze. “Can you believe your son’s muscles? Working in construction has really beefed him up,” Pamela exclaimed, accentuating her remark by lifting his arm and showcasing his impressive biceps. Sliding her hand upward, she firmly gripped his shoulder and remarked, “And his shoulders are so broad. The girls must be clawing at each other to get a piece of him.”

Chad’s cheeks reddened, and before he could reply, I jumped in, saying, “His job has been quite demanding, and, of course, he’s been busy helping out around here. Hopefully, his schedule will ease up a bit in the winter, allowing him to engage in more social activities.”

“That’s a shame,” my sister lamented. Wrapping her arm around him, she drew him close. “In the meantime, I can come over more often and keep him company. Wouldn’t you like to see more of your auntie?” The side of her soft breast pressed against Chad.

“Sure, Auntie,” Chad replied. “It’s always fun when you’re around.”

Without releasing my son from her tight clamp, she continued to engage us in conversation. In the course of a lively discussion, she squirmed around, until her

bare leg mashed up against Chad's hand. The combination of her bare leg touching him along with her soft breasts had its effect on him.

My eyes drifted from my sister's exposed, sexy leg to Chad's tenting shorts. Pamela glanced at Chad's bulge and smiled wide when her gaze met mine. Thankfully, the night came to a close soon after, and my sister departed for the night.

Lying in bed, I tossed and turned throughout the night. Replaying the evening in my mind, the sudden realization hit me. Chad wasn't the cute little boy that I had raised by myself through his childhood. He was an adult man with adult desires. Observing my sexy sister openly flirt with him and his reaction, altered my vision of him. It would be difficult to look at him in any light other than a mature, handsome, desirable man. When I thought back to the recent times his eyes scanned my body, my pussy throbbed with excitement. He wasn't innocently looking at his mother, but rather, checking me out as a woman.

The next day, I took the afternoon off and called Carol, my next-door neighbor, who is also my sister-in-law, inviting her over.

She was more than a close friend as we had been lovers in school. My sister and I often invited her over for a small pajama party. Mom and Dad never suspected that the giggling and shrieking from our locked room were the three of us enjoying each other's bodies. After all three of us married, our times together became rarer over the years.

Promptly showing up, Carol hugged and kissed me, before saying, "Hi Michelle, I'm glad you called. It was a great excuse to leave my daughter and her new boyfriend."

My face lit up, as I admired her beauty. Her family had emigrated from Japan generations ago, but her features still carried the essence of her culture. Her silky, black hair gracefully framed her adorable face, highlighting her wide, captivating eyes, and petite nose. On more than one occasion, I couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy when we dined out together. Men couldn't help but be captivated by her youthful and alluring presence, and their gazes invariably lingered on her.

Hearing that her daughter, Alice, wasn't available, my heart sank, as I had planned to steer my son to her. "That pretty much eliminates the reason I asked you over. I was hoping Alice might be interested in dating Chad."

"Oh, honey, are you attempting to arrange a date for my favorite nephew? Isn't he a bit too mature for that?" Carol inquired, her laughter bubbling forth.

“He’s awfully busy and I just thought I’d help him out,” I replied, not divulging my concerns with his attraction to his aunt.

“It wouldn’t work out anyway,” Carol argued. “My daughter chews up men and spits them out like crazy. Chad is far too sensitive and caring for her. Fortunately, he didn’t inherit your brother’s history of infidelity.”

“You can’t say I didn’t warn you about my brother,” I rebuked my sister-in-law. “Fortunately, my brother and I haven’t connected since your divorce. That’s old news, though. Let’s get back to my niece, who I didn’t know was such a harlot. It must be hard for you to keep tabs on her. Is it affecting her college work?” I inquired, genuinely concerned for my lovely niece.

“The sex helps her concentrate on her studies, plus she’s smart as a whip. She does her ‘entertaining’ in her room so it’s easy for me to watch out for her safety. They’re probably fucking like minks as we speak,” Carol stated.

“You allow them to engage in sex in your house?” I asked, contemplating whether I would permit Chad to do the same.

“Of course, I do,” she stressed. “They’re both over eighteen and are going to fuck somewhere. I buy her birth-control pills and boxes of condoms. We’ve had several talks about her sex life, and she’s been very careful, but she does love to fuck a lot of men. It’s far better than what our strict parents did, don’t you think? All three of us were pregnant before we graduated and divorced ten years later. I’m confident Alice will settle down someday with a nice young man.”

“You’re not wrong there,” I admitted. “She certainly is a cute girl. It’s easy to see why men find her so attractive.”

“Michelle, it’s well known that men adore Asians. She could have anyone she wants with her charming smile and her sexy little body,” she asserted, smiling wide.

“Fortunately, her genetic makeup is primarily from her mother’s side, not my brother’s,” I replied, adoring her cute face.

“Her looks maybe, but she gets her big tits from your side of the family,” she replied, cupping and squeezing my breasts.

All the thoughts about Chad, added with Carol’s alluring smile and perfume, spurred on my horny condition, and when my eyes gazed upon her puckered, full lips, I didn’t hesitate to kiss her. My body tingled, remembering the times we shared together in bed. It had been too long since we’d made love. I held her head

tightly and snaked my tongue into her mouth, tasting her sweetness. She reciprocated and we hugged tightly while our mouths twisted together.

She withdrew and while panting, croaked, “It appears someone else needs laid, besides your son.”

“You got that right,” I admitted. “Too bad Chad is due home any moment.”

Carol chuckled and suggested, “I have an idea that might just work for Chad. Alice mentioned once that she danced with him at a party, and she thought he was really good. Did you teach him?”

I responded, “Actually, it wasn’t me. He once showed an interest in enrolling in acting classes and thought dance lessons would improve his stage presence. Consequently, I arranged for him to take lessons at a downtown studio. Although he didn’t pursue acting further, he did excel in dancing.”

“Great!” Carol responded with enthusiasm. “Alice discovered this monthly event where young men and women meet in a hotel conference room, accompanied by a parent. There’s a minimum age requirement of eighteen for the participants. When Alice and I attended one night, she ended up giving her phone number to at least a dozen boys she met. Many of the girls are a bit shy and haven’t had much luck with dating, so it’s an ideal place for them to meet men. Chad shouldn’t have any trouble at all finding someone.”

I paused to consider her proposal, then replied, “Thanks, Carol. It might be a bit challenging to persuade him to attend something like that, but I believe I can sway him.”

“Good luck, Michelle. I’ll text you the information. I believe they’re holding an event next weekend. I better return home and make sure Alice’s latest boyfriend isn’t doing any rough stuff,” she giggled and departed, while I pondered on how to convince Chad to participate in my scheme.

That evening, I brought up the topic of attending the event and meticulously relayed all the information Carol had shared with me.

“As I mentioned earlier, Mom, I’m currently swamped with work and not particularly enthusiastic about dating right now,” he countered, dismissing my plan.

Understanding his vulnerability, I added with a touch of regret in my voice, “That’s a shame because I thought it’d be fun to discuss your experience with

Pamela on Sunday night. I guess there's no need to invite her, now that you won't be attending."

I stifled a giggle, observing the gears turning in his mind as he attempted to concoct a plan to steer things in his favor.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt to give it a try, Mom," he relented, trying to curb his enthusiasm. "It'll give me a chance to brush up on my dancing skills, too."

"Excellent, Chad. I'll tend to the arrangements," I replied, feeling a sense of accomplishment for persuading him to embrace my proposal. Of course, there was still the matter of my sister's impending visit the following evening to contend with.

The event unfolded much as Carol had vividly described. Girls attended alongside their mothers, while roughly half of the boys were accompanied by their fathers, and the remaining half by what I assumed were older female relatives, likely their mothers. Chad and I occupied a table, quietly observing the dancing couples and taking note of the intricate social protocols the kids employed as they introduced themselves to one another.

When I noticed him glancing several times at a cute girl, I egged him on. "Chad, why don't you invite that pretty girl in the blue dress to dance?"

"She is very attractive and a brunette to boot, my favorite," he replied.

I blushed and wondered if he even realized that I'm also a brunette when he spouted out his preference.

A slow song started to play and Chad rose from the table, slowly advancing toward the girl. On the way there, another boy approached her, and they proceeded to the dance floor. My heart sank, and I felt bad for Chad losing out, but to my surprise, he continued on his path. I glanced around to see if he had spotted another potential date.

To my surprise, he walked up to the girl's mother, who was wearing a blue dress similar in appearance to her daughter. They were too far away for me to hear anything, but it wasn't long before she smiled and accepted his proposal. His dancing skills hadn't deteriorated, and hers were equally good. They were the best-looking couple on the floor, as they gracefully glided around the floor. At the conclusion of the song, Chad lightly kissed her on the cheek and thanked her. She whispered something in his ear and returned to her table.

When Chad sat across from me, I clarified, “I meant the younger girl, not her mother. The dance wasn’t intended for parental involvement.”

“Her daughter wasn’t my type, but her mother appealed to me. She explained that she’s divorced, and was elated when I asked her to dance. I like her, Mom. Wasn’t that the whole point in coming here—to find a woman that I’d like?”

“You’re right. I just thought it might be nice to find a girl your age, but if you enjoyed it, then I shouldn’t complain,” I lamented.

After sitting through several more rounds, I noticed the woman’s attention focused on us. “Chad, she’s looking over here. Do you think she wants to dance again?” I asked.

Chad looked up in the woman’s direction, and after a second or two, I saw the woman nodding her head in approval. I’d never seen Chad move so fast as he jumped up and dashed over to escort the woman to the floor again. Chad’s pace matched the rhythm of the slow, romantic song, encouraging the woman to wrap her arm around him. The sides of their heads brushed together and it was evident they were sharing whispers while they danced.

The woman’s joyful expression piqued my curiosity about their conversation. My son seemed not only skilled on the dance floor but also proficient at flirting. “When did he become such a charmer?” I mused to myself.

Chad’s arm rested on the middle of the woman’s back, pulling her toward him. My tits tingled, imagining the sensations she felt, with her breasts smashed against his toned chest. When the song ended, the woman planted a kiss on his cheek and smiled wide, thanking him. I silently chastised myself for feeling envious of her.

We left soon after and discussed everything, except for the dance, on the way home. Digesting the evening’s events, I decided to invite my sister over for dinner the next night. I wanted to determine if he was interested in his aunt or whether he just preferred mature women. Another scheme formed while I contemplated my future course of action.

Before Pamela’s arrival, I discreetly asked, “Chad, would you mind if we refrain from mentioning the dance to my sister?”

“I wasn’t planning on it, Mom,” he replied. “I don’t kiss and tell, no matter who it is. She probably wouldn’t be interested in it anyway.”

Pamela's sexy attire mirrored the clothes she wore the previous week. After dinner, I carefully carried a tray laden with cocktails into our living room. "Tonight calls for a celebration, two weeks in a row together," I announced with a smile.

"Thank you, Michelle," Pamela chimed in, savoring her drink. "I can't believe you remembered my go-to drink. It brings back memories of those wild, bar-hopping nights from our youth."

"Ah, those were the days," I reminisced. "As I recall, I could outdrink you without breaking a sweat."

Pamela's competitive spirit ignited. "We'll see about that," she challenged, swiftly downing her cocktail.

After drinking mine, I took our empties to the kitchen for a refill. Chad knew better than to get involved with our race and barely sipped on his. I wasn't too concerned as very little alcohol was in his or my drinks. My sister's on the other hand was always a double.

After a few more drinks, Pamela showed signs of getting drunk. I sat beside her, while Chad remained on the opposite side. She flirted with both Chad and myself, reminding me of our younger, happier times. My love for her never diminished, and I couldn't blame Chad for being infatuated with her.

Excusing herself to freshen up, she wobbled down the hall and returned a few minutes later. After plopping down, she slurred, "I better return home so I can get up for work in the morning. It's going to be a rough day."

"You're not going anywhere, Pamela. You're too drunk to drive. Text your boss and take a sick day off tomorrow," I ordered, in a stern tone.

"You're probably right about that," she admitted. "I had a hard time making it to the bathroom and back." We all chuckled as she retrieved her phone and dispatched a message.

"Done," Pamela declared, stowing her phone. "Are you going to make me sleep in the car, Sis? Or can I sleep inside?" she asked, smiling demurely.

Placing my hand on her knee, I caressed her leg and said, "You'll stay in our spare bedroom. I wouldn't kick my favorite sister to the curb." Leaning over, I pecked her on the cheek.

“Great idea,” Pamela croaked. “That’s Chad’s room, right? I won’t take up much space.”

She smiled widely, turned to me, and winked. As drunk as she was, she was still alert enough to remind me of her inappropriate intentions.

“No, our other bedroom, silly,” I replied, thwarting her advance on Chad. Glancing at my son, I noticed his face blushing from his aunt’s overt suggestion.

“In that case, I think we need to celebrate with another round,” Pamela pleaded.

Chad stood and said, “I’m going to shower and change into some comfortable sweats. You two enjoy yourselves and don’t drink too much.”

After he closed his door, Pamela turned to me and murmured, “Maybe I should help your son scrub his body. He might miss a spot.”

“I think he can manage. Maybe you’ve had enough to drink, Pamela,” I suggested. My hand ventured higher on her thigh, squeezing and caressing her smooth leg.

Her face softened as she whispered, “Thanks so much for inviting me over, Michelle. It caught me by surprise by the way I’ve acted around your hunky son, but I’ve really enjoyed my time tonight.”

“Well, you know what they say. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer,” I chuckled and pecked her on the cheek.

Her eyes misted over as she replied, “We weren’t always enemies, were we?”

While my hand traveled under her skirt, my lips met hers. Our intimate kiss unleashed a flood of memories from when we were lovers. While our tongues danced, my fingertips explored higher until they found her slick, outer labia. My suspicions were correct, that she had worn no panties, ready to flash my son.

She moaned as my fingers explored her horny pussy and before we could continue, we heard Chad’s door click open. I quickly separated from her and went to the kitchen to refill our drinks. Knowing my sister’s limitations, I abstained from adding any alcohol. After sitting next to her as before, she crossed her legs, gripped my hand, and held it tightly on her thigh. Chad’s eyes widened, seeing his aunt’s aggressive gesture.

Our conversation continued, with my sister flirting less with Chad, and more with me. It occurred to me then, that I could save my son from her, by seducing her

myself. Maybe that was her plan from the beginning, using Chad to make me jealous.

We decided to finish the evening by watching a sitcom. Less than fifteen minutes into it, Pamela leaned into me and fell asleep. My original plan on testing Chad was coming to fruition and it was time to act.

Standing, I held onto one of her hands and instructed Chad, "Assist me in lifting her. We need to move her to the spare bedroom."

Once she was upright, I ordered, "Chad, wrap your arm around her and hold her waist. I'll do the same so we can help her down the hall. After his hand firmly gripped her waist, I did the same, my hand landing directly underneath his arm.

Halting after two steps, I yanked her blouse out of her skirt on both sides. I explained, "Her material is too slippery. Hold onto her and we'll start again. Once our hands gripped her bare flesh, we slowly moved down the hall. With each step, I slowly moved my hand upward, forcing my son's arm higher. Our hands were near her bare tits, when I said, "I'm still slipping on her slick flesh. Squeeze her and hold onto her. We're almost there."

I jerked my arm up and wrapped my fingers around her boob. His hand collided with her tit when I shoved his arm upward. I felt his fingers dig into the bottom swell of her soft mound and while we walked, I felt him shift his fingers, discretely exploring her breast.

Once in the room, I turned her around and shoved her against Chad. "Hold her while I prepare the bed," I instructed him. When he hugged her tightly, I heard him inhale deeply, capturing the scent of her perfume and shampoo.

After the covers were flipped to the side, we lay her on the bed. Chad's bulging sweatpants showed the effects of handling his sexy aunt.

"I better hit the sack, too," Chad announced. "I can't take tomorrow off, so I need a good night's sleep."

"Wait a sec, Chad. I'm going to need some help removing her clothes, I'll start with her skirt. Unbutton her blouse." I ordered.

His expression lit up, as his fingers shakily began unbuttoning her. After I unsnapped her skirt, I said, "Chad, put your hands under her and lift, so I can remove her skirt."

His hands disappeared underneath and lifted her off the bed. His gaze was focused on Pamela's sunken, smooth midriff.

"Close your eyes, in case she's not wearing panties," I whispered. Glancing at his groin, I witnessed his bulge jerk.

After flinging her garment to the floor, I covered her bottom half and said, "Okay, set her back down. I can finish now. Thanks for your help."

"Okay, Mom. See you in the morning," Chad croaked and turned to leave.

Before he closed the door, I responded, "Good night. I'm going to bed now, also. I'm really tired and will probably be asleep in minutes."

The trap had been set. His nude aunt was passed out, and I had made sure he knew I'd be asleep before long. After removing my sister's blouse, I covered her with a sheet and returned to my room. After lying in bed for a few moments, I realized I wouldn't be able to hear him enter her room.

Sliding my nightie over my nude body, I tiptoed down the hall. I carefully entered her room and breathed a sigh of relief, at not finding Chad with her. After quietly closing the door, I shucked off my nightwear, leaving it on the floor, against the door. Crawling into bed with her, I was confident this was the perfect plan. Chad wouldn't attempt anything once he found me in bed with her, but if he did enter, it would satisfy my curiosity.

Pamela tossed and turned, restless from too much alcohol. Remorse hit me as I had taken advantage of my sister to pry into my son's sexual urges. I caressed her body, my hands ending up wrapped around her soft breasts. My fingers remembered her likes, squeezing and teasing her swollen nipples. Before I knew it, my mouth latched onto one and sucked. The room filled with her groans of pleasure.

Our bare skin pressing together brought back the pleasant, sensuous times we once shared as lovers. My pussy churned with excitement as I cared for my horny sister.

She humped her hips off the bed, encouraging my hand to explore lower until I cupped her mound. I laughed inwardly that both of us had allowed our pubic hair to grow in our later years. Hers wasn't as full as mine, but it was enough for my fingers to capture and gently tug upward. She moaned as I played with her pussy.

My fingers found her slick opening and after oiling up my digits, I jabbed them into her horny hole. Her hips twisted and gyrated while I finger fucked her. From

our times together, I knew exactly how to quickly arouse her. Fearing she would awaken if I kissed her, my mouth remained locked onto her nipple, while my fingers pumped her sodden slot. Her breasts heaved rapidly, as she neared her orgasm. When her back arched and her muscles tensed, my thumb brushed across her swollen clit.

She grunted, as her walls contracted around my fingers, which were wildly pumping in and out of her pussy. After several convulsions, her body fell limp, as she fell into a deep sleep. Removing my hand, I licked my sister's cum off my fingers. The familiar taste caused my own pussy to leak. I snuggled next to her, relishing the feel of her soft body.

She was a beautiful, passionate woman, and deserved to experience a loving relationship. "Who was I to judge her for lusting after my son? Was I selfish, desiring to keep my sister to myself?" I asked myself. "Or did I want my son to lust after me the way he does to his aunt?" Afraid of the answer, I didn't bother answering and fell asleep, forgetting my plan to remain awake to see if Chad would enter.

Chapter 2

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Awakening refreshed, I slid out, and upon seeing my nightie, still lying undisturbed by the door, I knew Chad hadn't entered. It didn't completely convince me that he wasn't infatuated with her, as his sense of morality would prevent him from taking advantage of his drunk aunt. I returned to my room, donned a robe, and headed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, anticipating that Chad would be up early for work.

Ten minutes later, he dropped into a chair at the table and began eating. "Good morning, Chad," I greeted him, admiring how well he looked, but then I remembered that I hadn't served him much alcohol. "Did you sleep okay? I'm sure your aunt had a much worse night, but I'll check in on her after you leave."

"I slept like a rock, Mom. I'm sure she's okay; she just can't hold her liquor very well," he replied, chuckling. He quickly finished, excused himself, and left. Thirty minutes later, Pamela emerged, looking bedraggled. Placing a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee in front of her, I said, "Drink up, Sis. You'll feel better once you're hydrated."

"Thanks, Michelle. I guess I can't drink as much as when we were younger. Thanks for letting me spend the night," she responded, sipping her coffee before

taking a few gulps of juice. Our conversation was much less stressful than before, and I wondered if she knew I had pleased her. We kissed, before she departed, promising to meet more often. I called work, took the next two days off, then dialed Carol and invited her over for tea in the afternoon.

Preparing a tray of Carol's favorite snacks and tea, I had just set it down when she knocked.

After settling onto the couch, she asked, "So, how'd it go at the dance? Did he pick some cute young thing that you approve of?"

"Not exactly," I replied, relating the events of the night. When finished, Carol's surprise was evident as she responded, "So, he prefers mature women. I always knew he had good taste. Do you know if she gave him her phone number?"

"I don't think so, but I haven't been completely honest with you. My reason for wanting him to seek companionship stems from Pamela showing interest in him. She still holds a grudge against me for marrying Steve and is determined to use Chad to exact her revenge."

Seeing her surprised expression, I described in detail everything that had happened, leaving nothing out.

Pausing for a moment to digest everything, she responded, "Pamela does have quite the sex drive. Maybe if your son becomes involved with her, it'll take some of the pressure off of me. She's been voraciously horny for the last month."

"You and my sister are still sexually involved?" I asked, completely surprised.

"Of course," she responded. "We tend to meet up during those relationship dry spells. I would have invited you to join us, but I'm aware that you and your sister don't exactly see eye to eye. Besides, Chad's tendency to stay home these days probably keeps you occupied."

"You're right," I agreed. "It's none of my business. So, what do you think of the whole situation with Chad and Pamela?"

"It's hard to tell," she surmised. "As you said, he probably didn't want to take advantage of your sister, but he may still be infatuated with her. Why don't you let them hook up?"

"For one thing, it's incest," I spouted back, unconvincingly conveying disgust.

“Seriously?” Carol responded. “You don’t think you might be a little hypocritical, since you’ve slept with your sister. You do know that’s incest, too?”

“We were young and the same age, though,” I argued. “It’s more serious because she’s an older relative, taking advantage of his youthful hormones, plus she doesn’t really care for him. She’s just using him to exact revenge on me. I don’t want him to get hurt in the process.”

“You’ve come to the right person for help,” Carol chirped, smiling wide. “I’m his aunt, but not by blood and I’d love to take care of his horny urges. Trust me, after he’s tasted an Asian dish, he’ll never go back.” She chuckled and flashed me her adorable, puppy-dog expression, capable of melting anyone’s heart.

“Great!” I exclaimed. “Now I have two women chasing my son. I wish I understood his thoughts better, so I could assist him in his pursuit of happiness. It bothers me that he spends so much time helping me and hasn’t pursued a romantic relationship.”

“There’s a way we can discover his desires,” Carol assured me. “A young, horny man like Chad will need to relieve himself regularly, and if he’s not obtaining it from a woman, he’s handling it himself. His computer will be loaded with porn that will demonstrate his preference for women.”

“We’d be invading his privacy and I’m not comfortable with that,” I countered, but deep down was curious about my son’s sexual fantasies.

“Nonsense,” Carol shot back. “You’re a concerned mother and he’s living at home. Alice knows I’ve snooped around hers. In fact, she created a folder for me and stores videos there that she knows will aid me in my masturbation sessions.”

“Even if that’s the case, he keeps his computer password protected. I tried using it one day and couldn’t get past the first screen,” I lamented, sorrowful that we had run into a dead end.

Carol chuckled and replied, “You’re aware that I work in cybersecurity, right? I occasionally access employees’ computers when required. I can breach his system in a few minutes, and if not, I can bring a couple of devices we can use to access it.”

Skin bumps prickled on my arms, and a tingling sensation surged through my skin, as I eagerly anticipated the opportunity to uncover my son’s sexual desires. “Okay, let’s do it,” I agreed, giving my close friend the green light. “During quieter days, he often finishes work early, so let’s hold off until tomorrow morning. I’ve

taken the day off, but I hate asking you to waste your precious PTO, just because of me.”

“Don’t fret about me. I wouldn’t miss this for anything. I’ll be over here, ready to go as soon as I see his car leave,” Carol replied with enthusiasm. “Delaying just won’t do—I’m excited to see who my hunky nephew is jacking off to.”

Brimming with excitement, we eagerly wrapped up our plans. She headed home, while I busily prepared dinner for Chad. While we ate, my thoughts kept replaying the images of Chad dancing with that alluring woman at the event and the intimate embrace he and my sister shared.

While stealing glimpses of his handsome face during our meal, I decided that it was time for me to treat him more like the attractive man he was, more than my son. “Could he become as enamored with me as the other women he showed interest in?” I asked myself, “Or would he be disgusted if I flirted with him?” Forbidden desires swelled within me, blurring the lines of parent-child boundaries.

After meticulously shaving my legs in the shower, I dried off and rummaged through my closet until I found a short robe that I hadn’t worn in years. A silk bra that barely covered my nipples, felt exquisite against my skin. With my robe concealing my sexy underwear, I stood in front of the full-length mirror, appraising myself. I practiced opening and closing the robe, just enough to show off the valley between my creamy breasts.

Sitting at my makeup table, I resisted applying any makeup, remembering Chad’s preference. Content that my hair was perfect, I pushed the chair backward. Selecting a coconut-scented lotion, I dribbled drops along the tops of my legs. While I soothingly rubbed the fragrant cream onto my legs, I remembered how Chad’s fingers felt when they brushed across my cheek. When my mind slipped into my fantasy, goosebumps rose on my legs, as I envisioned his fingers, instead of mine, rubbing across my flesh.

By the time I was satisfied with the even sheen applied to my legs, my panties were damp from imagining my son caressing me. Standing in front of my mirror, I gripped the hemline of my robe and lifted it, exposing my thighs. I turned and admired my shapely, toned legs. In an attempt to convince myself of my provocative actions, I reasoned that by providing Chad with a little more intimacy would fill in the gap, when he wasn’t with other women.

Taking one final look at my reflection, my inner voice rang out, “Who am I kidding? It’s more for me than him. I love the way he steals glances at my legs or

my tight blouses. It's high time that I show him how much I appreciate it when he makes me feel like a desirable woman and not just his doting mother."

Feeling a little slutty, I sexily strode out to the living room, to find Chad's hungry gaze scanning my voluptuous body. He hadn't taken his shower, still wearing sweatpants and a tank top.

Instead of sitting across from him, like I had in the past, I plopped down beside him. "Do you mind, honey?" I asked, in a soft, seductive tone, while squirming closer. "I've been feeling down in the dumps today, and want to snuggle with you, while we watch our shows."

"Not all, Mom," he replied. "I love cuddling with you."

His arm wrapped around me, holding my shoulder, as he drew me close to him. My heart fluttered when he ran his fingers through my scalp and brought my head to rest on his warm, long neck. I'd forgotten how good it felt to be held by a man and promised myself I would reward myself more often.

Once our first show finished, I crossed my legs, splitting my robe open. When my bare upper leg came into view, I felt his head move, his attention shifting to admire my exposed, smooth thigh. Shifting my position to become more comfortable, I draped my leg over his, sighed, and said, "Thanks for being here for me tonight, Chad. Your warm body feels so comfy."

A wide smile crossed my face when he held me tighter and replied, "No problem, Mom. You deserve a nice break from taking care of me all the time."

Seeing his sweatpants bulge and throb, while I moved my bare leg back and forth, my thoughts rang, "Stop teasing your son. You're his mother for god's sake." Fearing I was tormenting him too much, I removed my leg and sat upright without closing the bottom gap in my robe.

"I think I'll shower and hit the sack, Mom," he stated, rising. Before he turned to leave, I stood, lightly hugged him, and said, "Goodnight, Chad. Thanks for the wonderful evening."

Kissing him on the cheek, I quickly backed off, exclaiming, "Oh, my!"

Looking concerned, he asked, "What's wrong, Mom?"

"It's nothing," I replied. "When my lips hit your stubble, it kind of stung a little. No big deal."

His expression saddened, while his hands held the sides of my head. When he pecked my forehead with his moist, thick lips, my legs weakened. “Sorry about that. Your skin, on the other hand, is smooth as glass,” he commented.

He turned and left for his room, leaving me stunned and more horny than ever. While tidying up, I heard his shower running. A good mother would have finished cleaning and gone to bed—I didn’t. Quietly turning the doorknob to his room, I silently tiptoed to his bathroom.

Luckily, his bathroom door was ajar, steam billowing out. Without hesitation, I crept closer and peeked in. I drew in a sharp breath, my body momentarily frozen, captivated by the mesmerizing sight of his nude, spectacular body. He faced the shower head, his eyes closed with spray pounding on his face. My attention locked onto his manly hand, stroking his long, hard cock.

I squeezed one of my tits, while I studied every feature of my son’s manhood. My angle of vision wouldn’t allow me to see his balls, but I didn’t care. My focus was on his circumcised prick, topped with a large mushroom-shaped head. His pace quickened and every five strokes he would wrap his hand around his puffy head and twist it. He moaned while continuing to stroke his massive rod. My other hand slithered down to my wet sex, my fingertips running up and down my engorged labia.

My eyes drifted down to his hairy legs, muscular thighs, and firm ass. His powerful body would bring unbridled joy to some lucky woman. His groans increased in volume along with the pace of his stroking. Suddenly, a spurt of cum splashed against the wall, followed by several more. He continued to pump out the rest of his load, as I watched his erupting cock spray out more volume than I’d ever seen.

Afraid of being caught, I quietly left and dashed to my room. Shucking off my robe and undies, I sprawled out on my bed and shoved three fingers into my horny pussy, my mind filled with the vision of my hunky son’s nude body. The image of his prick was vividly burned into my memory, and my thoughts drifted to my conversation with Carol. If I really wanted to fulfill my son’s needs, I should allow her to sexually satisfy him, before I crossed the unforgivable, incestuous boundary.

My pearl enlarged and popped out of its sheath, begging for attention. Each time my fingers were fully buried, my thumb brushed across my clit. My tits heaved as my heart rate raced. My thoughts formed a scene of Carol riding my son, her small, perky tits bouncing up and down, while her full black bush mashed against his groin on her downstroke. Her moans filled my head, but then, I realized it was my own voice emitting those sounds.

In my lustful, dreamy fantasy, Carol and my son had shifted to a doggy-fuck position. He pounded her from the rear, his big hands firmly gripping her soft ass cheeks. My mind drifted back to her proposition—she had volunteered herself and I couldn't think of a reason to refuse her. Squishing my engorged clit between my fingertips, my mind suddenly replaced Carol's body with mine. Gazing through a dreamy, passion-filled haze, I watched my son groan and his body jerk, as his prick filled my horny hole with his creamy spunk.

My pussy exploded, streams of cum pouring out, as I milked my swollen pearl. When my orgasm seceded, a wave of guilt flowed through me. "What was I thinking, replacing Carol's image with mine?" I chastised myself. The sooner I found someone for him, the better for my sake and his.

Exhausted, I slept later than usual. Throwing on my robe, I dashed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Chad. I had just finished when he entered and sat at the table. I joined him and I immediately noticed his clean-shaven face. I didn't recall seeing his new look when I covertly spied on him in the shower, but it was understandable, as my eyes concentrated on the slab of cockmeat between his legs.

Noticing my robe, he asked, "Aren't you working today, Mom?"

"No, I'm taking a day off to relax and catch up on housework," I replied. "It'll give me more time to have your favorite meal ready for you tonight."

"Sounds great. We're on a big job today, so I may be a little late, but no longer than an hour," he stated.

After rising from the table, he paused with a hint of hesitation in his gaze, silently pleading for a parting hug. I enveloped him in a warm embrace and planted a gentle peck on his cheek, dangerously close to his lips.

"Much smoother," I remarked, "but I feel bad that you shaved because of my comment last night."

His firm grip anchored my shoulders, as his eyes locked onto mine. "Mom," he began earnestly, "I still need your guidance and your honesty. I never really liked the beard, but I thought it might help me connect better with mature women. We've always been straightforward with each other. I still count on you to help me make the right decisions."

"But I'm sure other women would love your rugged, handsome look. Women seem to be attracted to men that look like actors," I argued.

His hands clenched, bunching up the cottony material of my robe, while his beautiful eyes conveyed his seriousness. “I don’t care what other women think, Mom,” he whispered, holding a firm grip on my shoulders.

My heart skipped a beat at his words. I asked myself, “Was he talking about Pamela or me?” I dearly hoped for the latter but didn’t dare to ask, fearing that his response might further escalate the already erotic moment.

He kissed me on the forehead, retreated a few inches, and lingered longer than usual, before turning and leaving. Feeling a draft of cold air, I looked down and knew why he had paused. His strong hands had parted my robe, exposing the insides of my breasts. My pussy ached and I thought about running to my bedroom to relieve myself, but I decided not to, in lieu of cleaning the kitchen. I tried to focus on housework, but wicked thoughts involving my son kept entering my mind.

After I’d placed the last dish in the washer, I heard a knock at the door. On the way to open it, it came back to me the meeting Carol and I had arranged the previous day. She hugged me and, noticing my robe, asked, “Good morning, Michelle. Running a little late today?”

“Yeah, rough night,” I replied, without relaying the previous evening’s activities, especially the vision of her fucking my son.

Carol marched into Chad’s room and seated herself in front of his computer. Standing behind her, I watched her reboot his machine several times, displaying screens I didn’t even know existed. After half a dozen cycles, she exclaimed, “That’s it. I’m into his account. Good thing he’s not a computer geek or it would have been much harder.”

My hands rested on her shoulders and instinctively moved over and caressed her smooth neck. “That feels wonderful,” she groaned. “I’ve missed your touch so much, Michelle. Let’s open his browser and see what he’s been up to.”

It looked like a dead-end, as all the bookmarks were construction tutorials and methods that he referenced when working at different jobs. Unwilling to surrender, Carol stated, “Sometimes, people will only have one browser on the taskbar for the sake of privacy. Let me search around and see if he has a hidden one.”

After a few minutes, she exclaimed, “And there it is. Are you ready to discover your son’s hidden desires?”

“Yes,” I stuttered, my mind filling with the image of his big cock in the shower.

His favorites list comprised of video links and when Carol clicked on the first one, the screen filled with an older woman, her mouth filled with a young man's prick. The title was "Horny mother sucks son's cock." My fingers tightened, causing Carol to yelp. I eased off and returned to her shoulders.

After a few minutes, Carol clicked on the next one labeled, "Mom loves my big cock." My hands drifted lower and cupped Carol's breasts while we watched a young stud service an older woman.

After the fourth clip, my hands squeezed her tits, while my fingertips teased her stiff nipples through her thin blouse.

Our breathing rate increased while we surfed through his incest-laden assortment of videos. "Looks like we found out who he's really after," Carol gasped. "He wants to fuck his hot mother."

"Maybe they're the only mature women with young men he can find," I argued. "We know he has a thing for older women. Look down the list and see if there are any younger women."

Scrolling down, she selected a few, starring Japanese women. The titles remained on the theme of mother and son. The woman's beautiful, black bushes reminded me of Carol's, and one of my hands traveled lower to her bare thigh. Her skirt had risen, allowing me to squeeze and grip her petite, upper leg.

She squirmed, flooding my senses with her sexual essence, causing my pussy to twitch and leak.

Her groaning intensified when she clicked on other videos involving Japanese women. My hot breath washed across her ear as I whispered, "I didn't realize there were so many naughty Japanese mothers. It looks like Chad may have a thing for his sexy Aunt."

She gripped my hand, shoved it under her skirt, and guided it to her hairy mound. When I cupped it and squeezed, she moaned and croaked, "Honey, the Japanese invented mother-son porn. It's not surprising that he selected those videos. You may not know it, but boys love their mothers to have hairy pussies, and Asian mothers prefer to go natural."

My fingers dove into her slippery slot, yielding a yelp of joy. When the next video commenced, I pleaded, "Let this one play to the end. She's as cute as you, and his prick looks just like Chad's."

Carol grunted and replied, "You've seen your son's cock?"

“Last night,” I admitted. “I couldn’t help myself; I was so horny that my curiosity got the best of me. He has the nicest cock I’ve ever seen. After I finished spying on him, I masturbated, thinking about you fucking him. I’ve never cum so hard when I visualized your sexy body riding his giant prick.”

“Jesus, that’s hot!” Carol gasped. After several minutes of watching the young man pound his mother, Carol yanked my hand out of her quivering quim and stood. Throwing me onto Chad’s bed, she straddled my face and lowered her dripping snatch onto my mouth. She yanked my robe open and our tongues entered each other’s horny pussies simultaneously. We moaned, while we expertly pleased one another.

Sweet memories flashed back from the love sessions we had enjoyed in the past. We normally spent much longer in foreplay, enjoying our time together, but we were both highly aroused and anxious to relieve our aching pussies. After ten minutes, we cried out with our orgasms.

Carol crawled off me and removed her clothes, dropping them in a pile on the floor, beside my son’s bed. I shoved off my robe and stretched out my arms, welcoming my lover to lay on top of me as we’d done so many times in the past. Once our bodies joined, she kissed me and said, “I noticed you’re not clean-shaven anymore. Chad will absolutely love it.”

“It wasn’t for him,” I answered. “I just didn’t feel the need to keep it bare, since I haven’t been with a man for so long,” I answered, refuting her assumption. “I’m still not convinced he wants to have sex with me. It’s possible he craves older women with hairy pussies so he concentrates on those videos. We’re further away than ever in discovering his interests. Mature women, his mother, one or both of his aunts—it’s kind of a toss-up.”

“You love each other and are closer than most mothers and sons. It’s only natural that you’re both sexually aroused,” Carol argued. “In case you didn’t know it, you’re smoking hot.” Emphasizing her point, one hand cupped my hairy mound, while her other squeezed my spongy breast meat, squashed out from our bodies.

“It’s hard for me to think clearly, being horny all the time. I don’t want my sinful cravings to drive him away, by pushing myself on him,” I vehemently contested.

“I can help you with your pent-up lust problem. We have all day to make up for our time apart. Smell this,” she ordered, shoving Chad’s pillow in my face.

After smelling my son’s scent, Carol breathed, “That’s your son. Now, fingerfuck me, while you describe to me how my nephew’s big cock looked when it was shoved up my pussy.”

We made love into the late afternoon, remaining on my son's bed until Carol parted for home. Sniffing his sheets, I wondered if he would detect the smell of our pussy juice. Running late, I decided against changing them and began preparing his dinner. A big smile remained on my face, thinking about Chad sniffing the remnants of our day-long, love session.

When the meal was ready to be served, I left to change. I found a short skirt and tight blouse that showed off my figure and legs. I didn't wear any undies and wondered if he'd be shocked to see his mother dressed similarly to his alluring aunt.

Looking in the mirror, my pointy tips poked out the material and my motherly instinct overrode my decision. I removed my blouse and cupped my breasts, lifting and squeezing them. They were more than a handful and barely sagged. Granted they were no young girl's tits, poking straight out, but they were more than appealing.

I spread my fingers and dug them into my soft, spongy, breast. Visualizing Chad's hands kneading my tits, my nipples filled with blood and popped out. My fingertips gripped and twisted them, causing me to groan from the pleasure. The day spent with Carol did nothing to quell my horniness.

Finding a bra that not only provided a little uplift but also concealed my hardened nipples, I slipped on my blouse and surveyed myself in the mirror once again. "Much better. Now you look like a mother and not some horny slut," I praised myself for coming to my senses.

Chad arrived home only fifteen minutes later than normal and began eating right after he sat. I listened attentively as he recounted his day's events.

After helping with the dishes, he dashed outside to finish some yard work, before darkness fell. An hour later, my eyes focused on him, when he entered from outside.

"I'm drenched with sweat, Mom," he stated, yanking off his tank top and using it to wipe his forehead. "Think I'll shower before watching TV tonight if it's alright with you."

"Fine by me," I managed to say, my voice barely above a whisper, as I marveled at my son's chiseled stomach and prominent ribs. There wasn't a trace of excess fat on him, and I couldn't help but appreciate his defined six-pack, a wide smile spreading across my face.

I briefly thought about sneaking in and spying on him again but decided it was too risky. After taking my shower, I modeled in front of the mirror again, contemplating whether I should have shaved again. Running my hands up and down my shapely legs, my flesh felt smooth, so I didn't waste any more time, and left to join Chad in the living room.

His robe fell just above his knees, exposing his bare shins. He patted the cushion next to him, a signal that conveyed my son's desire for us to snuggle together. After settling in, my lower, left calf rubbed against his right leg. After half an hour into our show, I crossed my legs, exposing the one closest to him, as my robe parted.

His focus wavered between the show on the screen and surreptitious glances at my bare upper leg. After another fifteen minutes, he crossed his, exposing the one nearest me. I didn't even bother trying to disguise my interest, as I scanned his beefy leg.

A palpable silence filled the room, a direct result of the awkwardness that hung in the air. "Your legs are so muscular and hairy. I just adore the looks of them," I remarked, breaking the silence.

He let out a deep exhale, and I couldn't help but wonder how long he had been holding his breath. "Phew," he exclaimed with relief. "I was worried you might ask me to shave them," he laughed, ensuring I knew he was joking. "It is strange why women prefer hairy legs and men don't."

"I'll explain why we like them," I responded with a sly grin, "No, even better, I'll show you." His body flinched when my delicate hand settled upon his upper thigh. I unfurled my fingers, trailing them along his leg, capturing tufts of hair in their gentle embrace. Gradually, I lightly tugged, all the while maintaining a mischievous smile. "You see," I chuckled, "It's not only fun but more importantly, it's a signal a woman sends to a man that she desires more."

I wrapped my fingers around his leg, barely making it halfway around his muscled thigh.

After I lightly squeezed, he placed his hand on my exposed leg, near my knee. His soft fingertips traveled a few inches, exploring my hot flesh. "It's understandable why men prefer shaven legs. Yours are especially soft and smooth. If you wore shorter skirts more often to show off your beautiful legs, you'd have to beat the men away."

Clinching his leg, I remembered what he had told me about his beard, looked him in the eyes, and reciprocated, "I don't care about other men."

His fingers dug into my soft flesh, squeezing my leg while his eyes reflected his excitement. Loud applause from the show interrupted our moment, as we both turned to watch. Our hands remained on our legs, gently squeezing and caressing. When I traveled higher on his leg, his hand followed suit. With every inch of ground my fingers conquered, his would gain the same amount.

He was allowing me to gate our progress, afraid of initiating a move that would disrupt our intimacy. When my hand gripped the thickened portion of his upper thigh, his long fingers slid downward, on the inside of my soft thigh and squeezed. Shivers of pleasure swept through me as his long, warm fingers caressed my leg. My pussy itched and leaked, my panties soaking up my juices.

Images of his thick cock flashed through my mind. My hand was within inches of holding that magnificent piece of meat, and I found it difficult to resist temptation. My body and heart cried for me to advance, but my mind regained control, reminding me that I was his mother. Before I overstepped my boundaries as a parent, I withdrew my hand, causing him to do the same.

Uncrossing my legs, I stood, yawned, and expressed, "It's been a wonderful evening, but I'm tired. You can stay and finish the show if you want. The noise won't distract me from sleeping."

He jumped up, clicked off the TV, and replied, "I'm worn out, too." He embraced me and held me close, my soft breasts pressing against him. His prominent bulge bumped against my stomach and once again, my mind filled with an image of me reaching in and holding his manhood.

Releasing me, he whispered, "Goodnight, Mom."

I pressed my lips against his cheek and lingered for a few seconds, inhaling his scent before pulling off, and replying, "Goodnight, Chad. See you in the morning."

Ten minutes later, my probing fingers pumped my wet pussy, while I replayed the erotic moment with my son. When my climax commenced, I spread my juices on my thighs, squeezing my soft flesh in the same manner as he had. After a few minutes, my slickened fingers returned to my wet sex and stroked my engorged outer labia.

Sinking my slippery digits into my sodden slot, I resumed fucking my horny pussy. My free hand squeezed one breast while my fingertips twisted and teased my swollen nipple. My thoughts returned to my recurring fantasy of Carol bouncing up and down on his prick, her face filled with excruciating lust.

My thumb scraped across my swollen clit, while my mind continued to play out the scene. Flashes of me with him instead of Carol surfaced, and I immediately replaced my image with Carol and then my sister. I couldn't allow my lustful urges to dominate my thoughts.

My second orgasm was more intense than the first, my pussy walls contracting around my plunging fingers. Slick pussy juice streamed down my crack onto the bed and I knew I'd have to change the sheets, but not that night. My body was spent, and all I could do was bask in the afterglow of my climax.

When I recovered, remorse swept through me. "What was I thinking?" I asked myself, allowing our innocent cuddling to progress into intimate fondling. Damn that Carol, for planting the suggestion in my mind, that my son desired me. I knew that seed would grow and consume me if I didn't act quickly. It frightened, yet excited me, that thoughts of making love to my son were occurring more frequently.

Chapter 3

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The next morning, my head much clearer, I formulated a scheme to deal with my illicit urges toward my son. Carol was right when she mentioned that Chad and I were physically attracted to each other. We loved each other and living in the same house made it difficult to contain our emotions.

Setting my lustful cravings for my son aside, I decided to convince Chad to connect with a mature woman to satisfy his sexual appetite. Carol was the obvious choice, but his attraction to Pamela was evident. "But both of them are his aunts," I argued to myself. "And you shared a bed with your sister, so what's the big deal?" I asked, countering my thoughts.

While we dined at the breakfast table, I resolutely adhered to my plan to return to a normal mother-and-son relationship. "Chad, would you mind if I invited Pamela over for the evening? I'm sure she'd be thrilled to see you again."

After a pause, he replied, "I'd rather spend the evenings alone with you, Mom." His smile displayed his inappropriate hungry lust.

Goosebumps popped up on my flesh, remembering when his hand clenched my thigh. I chastised myself for leading him on and vowed to steer our relationship in a different direction. When an idea suddenly hit me, I suggested, "Your aunt

loves to dance. Why don't we take her out to a club Saturday night and have a night of it."

He paused, before replying, "That sounds great. We haven't been out for a while."

For several hours, my emotions ebbed and flowed, thinking about my relationship with my sister. After I was confident of a course of action, I rang her number. Pamela answered my call immediately, and after a few minutes of chatting, I proposed, "Would you like to join us Saturday night? We're planning on dining at a nightclub, and if I remember correctly, you share the same passion for dancing as Chad."

"Certainly, I'm always available to spend time with your handsome son. Aren't you afraid of me swooning him over, and whisking him away from you?" she asked, snickering.

I'd practiced this in my mind of what to say and replied, "He's a grown man with his own feelings and desires. You're an attractive and sexy woman, and if you want to be with him, I won't interfere. I just ask that you don't hurt him in the process."

She paused, before softly responding, "You do realize how much I love both of you, right? I'd never dream of causing either of you any harm. When I ribbed you about stealing my husband, I was kidding. I knew it was a sensitive topic, but when I saw how upset you were, I admit that I couldn't resist teasing you. I'm actually quite happy that you pulled that asshole away from me."

I couldn't help but smile, touched by her words. "Aw, thanks, Sis. That means everything to me. It's such a relief that we're back on track, and I'm excited to get together again, now that we've had this heart-to-heart."

"While we're being honest with each other, I have to confess that I do have feelings for Chad," Pamela admitted. "I enjoy the time I spend with him and I find myself becoming more physically attracted to him. I've held back expressing my feelings to him, only flirting with him while you were present. If you don't mind, I'd love to pursue an intimate relationship."

"From the way his pants bulge when you're around, I'd say you won't have a problem convincing him to ravish your sexy body," I replied, giggling. "You've always been a passionate and caring partner. I can't think of anyone else I'd like to see him with," I lied, my mind filled with images of Carol riding him, quickly changing to myself atop him.

After concluding our conversation and returning to work, my mood was at an all-time high. My sister and I were on good terms again and my son would soon be able to enjoy the intimacy of a passionate woman, someone other than his mother.

The next few evenings, I refrained from crossing my legs and teasing my son, not wanting to further encourage him.

When Saturday arrived, I stood in front of my mirror, assessing the outfit I had chosen for the event. My blouse was a little tight and sheer, faintly revealing the outline of my blue bra. The silk skirt I selected hadn't been worn for years, but it was one of my favorites. Pressing it against my flesh, I remembered why I liked it so much—its slick and smooth material felt wonderful against my legs. The hemline fell a few inches higher than my knees, exposing the lower portion of my thighs. I faced away from the mirror and looked over my shoulder, content that my panty line didn't show. I smiled, while I admired the sheer material emphasizing my shapely tush. It was very provocative and although I was his mother, I also enjoyed being admired as a woman. Pleased with my outfit, I left to join Chad in the living room.

His eyes widened as he exclaimed, "Wow, Mom! You're beautiful. Every man in the place is going to be asking you to dance."

I blushed and thought about changing into something more conservative, but knew we were running late. "If you recall, we're going there for you and my sister," I responded. "I don't care to dance and am just along for the ride, but thanks for the compliment, even if it's from my son. It does feel good to dress up once in a while. Let's move out, I'll drive."

The club was halfway between my sister's house and ours, so we decided to meet there. On the way over, Chad surreptitiously admired my exposed legs, and I wondered if my pick of clothes might have been a little over-the-top.

Pamela had thoughtfully secured a table for us, conveniently situated not far from the dance floor. Following a pleasant meal and an after-dinner drink, she extended an invitation to Chad for a dance. The club's theme leaned towards romantic music, predominantly featuring slow songs. After two rounds on the dance floor, they gracefully returned to their seats, leisurely sipping on their iced teas, seeking a momentary respite.

"Chad is an exceptional dancer," Pamela affirmed with a smile. "You should join him for a dance during the next set."

I chuckled appreciatively. “No, thank you,” I responded. “I don’t possess even a fraction of your dancing prowess, and I’d rather not subject my poor son to my clumsy feet.”

“I guess he’s all mine, then,” my sister declared, pulling Chad back onto the floor.

They repeated this cycle several times, gracefully moving through a couple of songs before pausing for a well-deserved break. After each dance, Pamela would affectionately embrace Chad, planting a sweet kiss on his cheek, and then she’d cast a warm smile in my direction. In response, I mirrored her smile, a silent expression of my genuine approval and wholehearted acceptance of their relationship.

A sudden wave of competitiveness overcame me. Observing my sister’s braless tits and nipples outlined against the thin material of her blouse, after dashing to the women’s room, I entered a stall and removed my bra, stuffing it into my purse. After examining my reflection in the mirror, I almost chickened out and put it back on. My deep-brown, hard nipples were clearly visible, begging to bust out of my tight, sheer blouse.

On my return to our table, a young man took notice of me and approached. “Good evening, Ma’am,” he greeted me. “You’re quite the stunning lady. Would you do me the honor of dancing with me?”

His handsomeness and pleading look were difficult to resist, but suddenly a thought struck me. “I’m not dancing tonight, but do you see that brunette over there in the blue top?” I nodded toward my sister.

“Sure, she’s a knock-out, just like you, but she’s always with that same guy,” he answered.

“He’s my son. Tell him I’d like to talk to him and you’d be happy to take his place. Her name is Pamela and she’d love to hear the same compliments you just tried on me.” I winked at him. Without lingering, he traipsed over to my son and sister.

While he conversed with them, Chad briefly glanced in my direction, then passed Pamela’s hand to the young man before making his way over to me. “What’s going on, Mom?” he inquired.

“It’s nothing urgent,” I replied. “I couldn’t help but notice that the young man kept facing rejection, and I felt a bit sorry for him. I thought you’d understand.”

“Of course,” he responded with a grin, his gaze briefly flickering to my jutting points. “Besides, it’s the perfect opportunity for a dance with my beautiful

mother. They just announced that it's the final one of the night, and I'd be delighted to end it with you."

Before I could object, he enveloped me in his embrace, one arm securely around my waist while his other hand held mine. "Hold onto me like this and follow my lead," he gently instructed.

As my hand rested gently on his waist, he guided me closer to him. "When we're this close," he explained, "you can feel my legs moving, and you just need to match my steps. Don't worry; if you're uncertain how to move, I'll help you."

We swayed to the music and I felt more at ease with him than with anyone in my life. Feeling his hand tug on my back, I rested my head on his shoulder, melding my body to his. His heartbeat throbbed through my breasts, smashed tightly against his chest. My erect, puffy nipples jabbed into him, barely making a dent into his hard flesh.

When he released my hand, wrapped his arm around me, and held my shoulder, I followed his action. We ignored the music, opting to hug each other tightly, enjoying the intimate connection.

Passing by Pamela and the young man I set her up with, she cast a curious glance my way, well aware that I had no intention of hitting the dance floor. After a few more of those inquisitive looks, I finally turned and whispered softly into Chad's ear, "It seems like I'm inadvertently making your aunt a bit jealous."

His warm breath brushed against my earlobe as he replied, "Actually, my intention was to do the opposite."

I furrowed my brow in confusion. "What do you mean?" I questioned.

Chad clarified with a charming smile, "I was trying to make you jealous, and it seems like it worked. Dancing with you was all I really wanted to do tonight."

"Oh, come on," I responded, my cheeks flushing. "You're teasing me now. I didn't attempt to compete with my sister. It just happened to turn out that way."

"Really, Mom? Then why did you lose the bra and now your soft breasts are pressed against me, just like Aunt Pamela does?" he countered. To prove his point he hugged me tighter and licked my ear lobe, while his fingertips dug into my soft midriff.

I inhaled deeply and instantly regretted it, my breasts heaving against his chest. A wave of heat flowed through my body and I couldn't refute his accusations, as he

was correct. Lost in my own world, I hadn't noticed the music had ended and most couples had moved off the floor. Pamela sat alone at the table, her attention on us, while waiting for us to join her. Chad moved his face in front of mine, locking his eyes with mine.

"I know of something that will drive her crazy with jealousy," he whispered.

"What's that?" I asked, my heart beating rapidly, suspicious of his intention.

"This," he replied. Leaning close, his full lips touched mine while we gazed into each other's eyes. The combination of his scent, hot breath, and soft lips weakened my knees. My grip tightened on him, fearing I would collapse from the amount of pleasure flowing through me. When his tongue swiped across my lips, I groaned and willingly opened my mouth. I tilted my head, and nervously touched his tongue with mine. My illicit, lustful cravings surfaced, prompting me to deepen our romantic kiss. Heat waves swept through me as I became lost in the moment, uncaring of what was right or wrong. Our tongues danced together, grinding our bodies and mouths together. I'd never enjoyed a kiss so much in my life as that time, and it was with my son. I felt ashamed, yet excited, that I made no move to stop him, knowing I would allow him to do anything he desired.

He lowered his hand to my ass, and gently palmed one cheek. He pulled my groin into him, his rock-hard prick indenting my stomach. My pussy throbbed, and gushed like a waterfall, my stomach filling with a torrent of butterflies. Steam billowed from our nostrils, as we kissed as lovers—not as a mother and son. The combination of our passionate kiss and his firm hands flooded my senses with pleasure, making my legs wobble. When my weakened body fell limp, he held me tighter, his hand squeezing my bun.

It was a defining moment for me. His beautiful, blue eyes were filled with an insatiable, lustful hunger. Not for my sister or any other mature woman—he desired me, his mother. Unable to mask my carnal, illicit craving, my wide-eyed response spurred him to continue romantically kissing me. My pussy profusely leaked, hot juice escaping my leg band, dribbling down my inner thigh. My pussy yearned for his thick fingers to damn up my dripping canal. I was about to experience an orgasm without anything touching my horny pussy.

Fortunately, he released me, his joyful, wanton expression sending shivers down my spine.

Returning to our table, I was met with Pamela's shocked expression, her hand covering her opened mouth. Before I could explain, Chad gripped my hand and in a stern voice, ordered, "Time to go home, Mom. Thanks for the dances, Auntie."

I giggled, on the way out, having never seen my sister tongue-tied before.

He guided me to the passenger door and firmly ordered, "I'm driving, Mom."

I smiled and a feeling of security swept through me as he took charge, flexing his male prowess. After helping me into the car, he rushed to the driver's seat, and we were soon barreling down the road. He gazed at my legs more than the road, prompting me to snap my knees shut, silently sending the message I wasn't available. Juices squished out of my panties onto my closed thighs.

"What was I thinking, wearing such a thin, silk skirt?" I asked myself. It felt like his hands were on my bare ass. More fluids seeped out as I recalled his fingers digging into my ass cheek. I squeezed my legs tighter together, in an attempt to keep my juices from soiling my favorite skirt.

My son's aggressiveness had terrified and excited me at the same time. His lustful stare, while passionately kissing me, melted my defenses, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to stop him from shoving that fat prick up my horny pussy, once we were in the privacy of our home. Even though my desires matched his, I worried about the repercussions, and how we would react afterward. "Would he disrespect me as a mother, giving in to his aggressions so easily?" I asked myself.

When we drove past our driveway, I alerted Chad, "Hey! We just drove by our house."

He blushed and replied, "Sorry, Mom. I'll make a quick Louie. Guess I was daydreaming."

I knew exactly what he was thinking about—the same thing that was on my mind—fucking his horny mother. I had to get a grip on the situation. It was my responsibility as a parent to set boundaries. My conflicted emotions consumed my thoughts when we arrived home, but I knew exactly what I had to do. I flung open the car door, ran to the house, and said, "Goodnight, Chad. I'm hitting the sack."

Without removing my shoes, I briskly scampered to my room and slammed the door shut. Once nude, flat on my back on my bed, my fingers dug into my drenched pussy.

I twisted around until my groin faced the door. Raising my knees, I spread my legs and resumed pumping my pussy, hoping he'd walk in and claim me as his. Images of Carol humping him filled my mind, but reliving the kiss and his muscular arms pulling me into him triggered my climax. I grunted and humped

my hips up as if I were fucking my studly son. Juices gushed from my overheated slot as euphoria swept through me.

Before my legs hit the bed, I was fast asleep, exhausted from the emotional roller-coaster of the evening.

The next morning, I awakened refreshed but still horny. Shoving the sheet down, the cool air swept over my body, doing little to lower my temperature. Cupping my breasts, I squeezed and caressed them until my nipples filled with blood and became erect, reminding me of a turkey pop-up timer. "I'm done, alright," I chuckled to myself. My hot body was thoroughly cooked and ready to be eaten.

While I teased a nipple with one hand, my other cupped my hairy mound. Squeezing my labia together, I mashed my covered clit with my palm, sending jolts of pleasure through my body. After several more minutes, my fingers ran up and down my slippery lips before sinking into my slot. When I tried to envision Carol on top of my son, the image kept switching to Chad's lust-filled eyes staring at me.

With my climax quickly approaching, I heard a soft knock on my door, followed by Chad's voice. "Mom. Are you up?"

Quickly removing my hand, I hastily drew the sheet up to my neck and replied, "I just woke up. Why?"

Without uttering a word, he opened the door and entered, bearing a tray. Upon it rested a steaming cup of coffee and a small plate of two pieces of toast.

"You seemed so exhausted last night that I thought I'd treat you to breakfast in bed," he explained with a warm smile. "I hope you like the jam. I believe it's your favorite."

"Thank you, Chad. That's considerate of you," I responded, my smile mirroring his warmth. I adjusted myself into a sitting position while lifting the sheet to cover my chest, using my armpits to hold it in place. He carefully positioned the tray on my lap and stood by patiently, awaiting my first bite of toast.

As I savored the steaming liquid, I complimented him, "You nailed the coffee, Chad. Just the right amount of creamer." Balancing the cup in one hand, I reached for a slice of toast with the other and took a satisfying bite. "Absolutely perfect. I couldn't have asked for a better wake-up treat."

My arms involuntarily widened when I spoke and I froze, feeling the sheet slowly slide down the swell of my breasts. Peering down, I was relieved to see it hang up

on my bullet-hard tips, and for a split moment, I thought my nipples had saved the day. When I set my cup down to grab the sheet, the silky, slick material resumed descending until it landed on my lap.

My turgid tips throbbed while I watched my son's intent gaze burning into them. Quickly grabbing the border, I brought the sheet up to conceal my breasts. Chad's eyes remained focused on the thin covering as if he could see right through the fabric.

"Sorry about that," I apologized. "I'm so clumsy in the morning. Hopefully, you won't be scarred for life." I giggled, trying to break the tense mood.

"You have nothing to apologize for, Mom," Chad responded, his gaze focused on the jutting sheet. "You're beautiful, and there's no reason for you to feel ashamed of anything. I should have left after I set the tray down. I'm sorry if I embarrassed you."

Turning, he walked out, while stating, "I'll wait for you in the kitchen. Enjoy your breakfast."

Minutes after he left, the tray lay on the floor, while my fingers sunk into my own steaming cup of pussy. "Jesus, a good son would have fed me some hard cock, instead of toast," I thought, chuckling to myself. While I imagined my mouth full of his breakfast sausage, my pussy contracted and released a torrent of hot juice.

Once again, remorse swept through me, post-climax. Although I silently blamed Carol for instilling the infatuation I held for Chad, I also knew she was who I'd ultimately turn to for help.

Throwing on my robe, I hauled my tray and coffee to the kitchen and joined Chad at the table to finish eating. We didn't mention the recent sheet incident, reflecting on the weather instead.

After we finished and were clearing the table, Chad asked, "I think I better catch up on the yard work, today. Do you have anything you need me to do?"

"No, I'll clean up a bit here, make us lunch, and then I'm going over to see Carol this afternoon. I'll be back for dinner though, so don't fix anything." I informed him.

Once he left, I quickly called Carol and asked her if we could talk. I knew what her answer would be, but she confirmed it, inviting me over to her house. While I cleaned, I mentally organized all the events that had transpired.

Once we finished lunch and Chad returned outside, I tidied up before leaving for Carol's place. She welcomed me with a warm embrace and my favorite cup of tea. As we settled onto the couch, I expressed, "I hope I haven't disrupted your Sunday on such a beautiful day. I've reached a point where I don't know who else to turn to, and you were the first person who came to mind."

"It's not a bother at all. I'm always happy to see you," Carol replied warmly. "We've always managed to resolve our issues, and I'm confident we can put your mind at ease. It's a nice day outside, but I have to remain here anyway. Alice is upstairs banging her new boyfriend. He looks a little hinky to me, so I wanted to keep vigilant."

"Lucky girl," I lamented. "Taking on a hard cock is the exact problem I have." After relating everything that had happened since we last talked, she squirmed in her seat, hearing how my relationship with Chad had changed.

It took longer than I thought, as I paused and sipped my tea, between each episode description. When I finished, Carol refilled both of our cups with tea and let out a sigh. "It's just as I suspected when we looked at his porn. He's infatuated with his hot mother, and by the description of your actions, I think you're more than willing to give him what you both want. What exactly is the problem? Is it the incest angle?" she asked.

"No, not really," I replied and paused, collecting my thoughts. "Kind of, but only the part about me being his mother. Let's face it, we're both horny, and I can't imagine the joy I'd feel making love with him. Well, actually, I can, because I do all the time in my fantasies. It's what happens afterward that scares me to death. I love him deeply, not only as a son but as a man. Once we have sex, our relationship will change forever. I'll no longer be his mother, but his lover. After he completes his conquest, will he move on to someone else? It would crush me and I'm afraid our relationship would be severed forever. I'd rather remain in his life, as his mother, than fulfill our illicit cravings and risk losing him."

"You poor dear," Carol said, planting a gentle kiss on my cheek. "With all these conflicting emotions, it's no wonder you turned to me. I can relate to your concerns, but Chad isn't your normal eighteen-year-old horndog. Most young men are very immature and their mind is riveted on stuffing their cock in any pussy they can find. From what I've observed, your son is a compassionate and mature individual who would undoubtedly prioritize your emotional well-being. It's a big leap to take in any case and I'm not altogether certain the status quo will be any better. What if you keep denying him, and he feels betrayed and leaves you for another woman? He may resent you and you'd be worse off than before."

“Just talking it through with you has helped clear my mind a bit,” I admitted. “I think my original plan to set him up with someone else is my best option. If he connects with another woman, we could revert to a normal relationship, without the constant sexual tension between us. He’s shown interest in Pamela, but I’m also worried about her welfare since she confided in me that she’s emotionally attached to him. I have the same concerns for her as I have, fearing her heart would be broken.”

Carol grinned wide, proposing, “So you need a fuckbunny to take his mind off of you and your sister. You definitely came to the right person. Allow me to throw myself on his meaty sword and save both of you. Thinking about it is making my pussy throb.”

Making her point, she guided my hand under her skirt and led it to her hairy pussy. My fingers dove in, finding her slot slippery and hot. “There’s no doubt he’ll be the luckiest guy on earth, sinking his cock into your tight pussy,” I noted. “The trick will be to bring it up to him, but I have an idea.”

Fingerfucking my friend was interrupted by her daughter’s bedroom door opening. We quickly resumed our previous positions, sipping our tea while Alice led her latest date to the door. After a departing kiss, he said, “I had a great time. Hopefully, we can do it again, soon.”

After the door closed, Alice bleated, “In your dreams, pencil-dick.” Carol and I snickered as my sexy niece flopped onto the couch and launched into a dissertation about her latest fling. After I realized she wasn’t going away, I kissed Carol on the cheek, thanked her, and returned home.

Feeling better about the direction I was headed, I avoided teasing Chad for several more days. Thursday arrived and I anxiously awaited for the time to take our showers. After Chad finished and sat on the couch, I excused myself to do the same.

The time had arrived to confront Chad about his inappropriate desires toward me. Knowing he would probably deny everything, I decided the only solution would be to catch him masturbating, fantasizing about me. My only concern was if I’d be able to resist him, after an evening of flirting and teasing.

When it came time to dress, explicitly to arouse my son, I slid on a sheer blue nightie and admired myself in the mirror. My nipples were visible underneath the translucent material and obscenely pushed out the fabric, begging for release.

Disrobing again, I found a black one made out of a heavier material. Nothing was visible, but my hard points were still obvious. No garment would satisfy my taste,

as long as I was horny. Flopping onto the bed, my mind drifted to Carol humping my son, while my fingers dove into my steamy snatch. Ten minutes later, my body succumbed to my probing digits and climaxed, easing the lustful cravings I held, at least temporarily.

Tugging on a nice pair of black panties, I slipped into the nightie. Taking one final spin in front of the mirror, I was content with the look. I ceased wearing nighties in front of Chad several years earlier. The last time was still fresh in my mind. He couldn't take his eyes off me and had to excuse himself to go to bed early. I'm certain his poor dick received a royal thrashing that night.

With bated breath, I strode out to the living room to make my grand entrance. Chad's expression didn't surprise me as his eyes devoured my thinly-clad body. Sitting beside him, his gaze drifted to my bare thighs.

Breaking the silence, I said, "I hope you don't mind me wearing something cooler, tonight. It's so warm in here, I didn't want to sweat and then have to take another shower."

"It's fine, Mom," Chad croaked, his lustful gaze answering for him.

Partway through the show, I pressed his head against my neck, so his face was looking directly down the top of my loose nightie. I asked, "Do you remember when I used to hold you like this when you were scared or hurt? I would gently rock you to sleep, and it always filled me with a sense of fulfillment, knowing I was taking care of you."

"I do, Mom," he replied, his hot breath washing over the tops of my breasts. "You've always had a knack for making things right. Not much has changed since then—you're still looking out for me."

Gently swaying back and forth, rocking him as I did when he was younger, the gap at the top of my nightie widened, giving him a view of my bare tits. My earlier climax didn't satisfy my sexual urges for long, as my nipples filled with blood and puffed out. Glancing at his growing bulge, I hoped he was turned on enough for me to continue with my plan.

Gently shoving him off me, I stood and said, "Goodnight, sweetie. I'm going to bed."

He rose and embraced me, saying "Goodnight, Mom. I'm tired, too."

Pulling back, I leaned in and kissed him gently on the lips, turned, and left before he could act.

After closing my door, I sat on the edge of the bed and waited. Wondering how long it would take him to begin masturbating, panic set in. “What if he decides to watch some porn, instead of stroking off?” I asked myself. I could only hope my teasing was enough to spur him on or my strategy wouldn’t work.

After ten minutes, I tip-toed down the hall to his room and carefully opened his door. Peering inside, my heart fluttered, seeing exactly what I had anticipated. He was nude, on top of his sheets, stroking his long cock. His eyes were closed, probably reliving the view of my tits. Standing by his bed, I admired his lean, muscular body while his hand noisily sloshed up and down his pole.

“Chad, we need to talk,” I spoke, in a raised voice.

His eyelids flew open and panic struck his face. His hand tried to cover his prick while his other yanked on the sheet to cover himself. “Jesus, Mom!” he exclaimed. “Can’t I have some privacy? Don’t you ever knock?”

“I did knock,” I lied, knowing he was too immersed in his fantasy to argue. “After I saw what you were doing, I decided to come in anyway, as this is exactly why I needed to talk to you.”

“Okay, Mom. You have my attention. What do you want?” he asked, his eyes roaming up and down my bare legs.

I breathed deeply and began, “We have to admit that we’re both sexually frustrated, and it’s becoming increasingly awkward. While it’s been fun teasing and flirting with each other, you have to remember that I’m still your mother.”

Chad sighed and confessed, “I know, Mom. It’s been bothering me, too. You’re so hot and I get turned on by you, but then I hate myself for doing so. We have such a great relationship, and I’d hate to jeopardize what we have. Right now, I can trust and confide in you for anything. I don’t want that to end. I realize that I overstepped my boundaries at the dance and I’m really sorry for it. Hopefully, you can forgive me.”

“Of course, I can. It was the heat of the moment and we both got carried away. I’m glad you opened up to me. That brings me to another subject, concerning Carol.”

“Aunt Carol?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “Anyway, I wanted you to know something about her.”

Interrupting me, he spouted, “I know, Mom, and I approve.”

“How could he have known?” I asked myself.

“Approve? What do you mean?” I inquired.

“Your relationship with Aunt Carol,” He paused before continuing, “I know you’re romantically involved with her and it doesn’t bother me in the least.”

“You know about Carol and me?” I asked, stumped as to how he figured it out.

“For quite a while,” he replied. “Alice told me years ago, when I used to go over to play. She said it occurred more often after both of your divorces. It was obvious to me after that, by the way you two looked at each other and acted when together. I just wish you’d use your bed, instead of mine.”

My face blushed, as I stuttered, “You know about that? I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine,” he stated, matter of fact. “I know the work my aunt does, so I suspected you two broke into my porn collection, got worked up, and ended up on my bed. It was difficult sleeping, smelling pussy juice all night. It took several rounds of masturbation to calm me down.”

I giggled and admitted, “You nailed it. Sorry about the mess, but you’re partly to blame because of your video collection. It sounds like you and Alice had some intimate conversations during your younger years. What else happened between you two?” My browline furrowed, curious as to whether he had already committed incest, following in his mother’s footsteps.

“Nothing sexual, Mom, if that’s what you’re hinting at,” he replied. Pausing he added, “Although, we did form a pact that if either of us didn’t lose our virginity before college, we’d help the other out. I thought about lying to her so I could make love to her, but she found out from a girl I was dating that I had lost it. Too bad—she’s as hot as Aunt Carol.”

“That brings up the topic I actually wanted to discuss with you. You’re a healthy young man with needs—sexual needs. Between your full work schedule and having to care for our house, you haven’t had any time to obtain any sexual relief.”

His expression brightened as he misinterpreted my direction, thinking I was going to satisfy his needs. Sighing, I continued, “Your aunt Carol confided in me that she has a crush on you. She asked if I thought you’d be interested in her.”

“No shit!” he exclaimed, his hand moving under the sheet. “She’s my number two fantasy, you being number one, of course.”

“Oh, I thought Pamela might be near the top,” I replied, surprised she didn’t fare better.

“She’s sexy enough, but I knew she was flirting with me to get even with you for something. Using someone like that is kind of a turn-off for me.”

“That’s too bad,” I replied. “We’ve made up, and she won’t be doing that any longer. How long have you been infatuated with Carol?”

“I’ve had a thing for her for a long time,” he answered, his breath quick and trembling. “Remember when I kept insisting on going over to see Alice? It was fun hanging out with Alice, but her mom was the real draw. She never wore a bra and would lean over in front of me all the time, giving me a great view of her tits. Once, when she caught me, she only smiled in return.”

“Wow!” I exclaimed. “I didn’t realize your aunt was such a flirt. It appears she’s had a crush on you for a much longer time than she let on.”

“That wasn’t all she did,” he continued. “One time particularly stands out, when she took Alice and me to the community pool. She wore a yellow bikini and her bottoms puffed out from her mound. A half-inch line of black, pubic hair peeked above the band of her bottoms. I’ve jerked off to that vision a countless number of times.”

“Maybe we’ll be able to bring your number two fantasy to life. She wants to come over tomorrow night and visit. Keep in mind—she’s a tad more flirty than Pamela and tends to be a little frisky when she’s horny. I’m not going to discuss with her what we’ve talked about, because I want her to make the decision. She’s coming over intending to spend the night with me.”

“Sounds fun, Mom. I won’t expect anything and I don’t want to come between you two. Don’t worry about my sexual needs as I have everything in hand, so to say,” he said, chuckling, while the sheet bobbed up and down.

Before I could respond, he asked, “Would you mind leaving now, Mom? Or do you want to watch the final compliment to your nightie?”

Before I could answer, his hand emerged from under the sheets and landed on my bare leg, directly above the knee. “Or do you want to help out your poor son that you’ve teased all night?”

I laughed, gripped his hand, and removed it. “You’re on your own, bub,” I responded and quickly exited the door, not for his sake, but mine. If he would have uncovered his prick, I’m certain I wouldn’t have left until I sucked him dry.

My fingers, from touching his hand, were sticky wet from his precum. I shoved them under my nose, inhaling his scent. My clit throbbed and ached as I marched to my room.

Once in my room, I phoned Carol. She picked up immediately and asked, “How’d it go? Are we still on for tomorrow night?”

“It went good, no, better than good. It was great. It turns out he’s been lusting for you for years.”

“Shut up!” she screamed. “You can’t be serious. Oh wait, I remember now—the tit flashing. He eagerly said yes whenever I offered to bring milk or cookies. For once, a seed I planted is coming to fruition.”

“That was part of it, but the day at the pool, when you wore your yellow bikini, has been burned in his brain forever,” I explained. “You owe him a good fucking for making him whack off so many times to your hairy pussy.”

“There were so many boys with their eyes on my bikini bottoms that day, I lost count of them. I was so fucking horny by the time I made it home, I had to bring myself to climax three times, before calming down. Don’t worry, I’ll make his dreams come true.”

“Okay, we’re set. He thinks you’re only coming over for me and not him, so don’t mention our discussion. Bring your pink nightie with you,” I requested.

“Of course, I’ll bring your favorite,” she reassured me, giggling. “If it affects him like it does you, I won’t be wearing it for long.”

Chapter 4

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Following Friday night’s dinner, Carol arrived and greeted Chad and me with a light hug. While we sat on the couch and visited, Carol flirted with each of us in her own cute, adorable way. When Chad excused himself to shower, Carol and I retreated to my room to take ours. After drying, I slipped on panties and my thin, blue nightie. My hardened nipples were plainly visible, but I wasn’t concerned about it, as my son’s attention would be focused on his Aunt Carol.

Once her petite, nude body was clad in her sheer, pink nightie, she swiveled around, modeling it for me. The very thin material did nothing to hide her dark

brown nipples and black, hairy pussy. Her short hemline showcased her succulent, upper thighs.

Her creamy, smooth legs drew my hands to them as if they were magnets. Traveling upward, my fingers slipped into her slot, finding it already juicy. “Looking forward to my son’s big prick, aren’t you? I forgot to mention that I saw it up close last night—it’s much thicker than I thought. You’re going to be split in half from his fat cock.”

She passionately kissed me, tightened her hug, and croaked, “Jesus, you’re making me so horny. Smear my outside lips with my sex juice. I want him to see how excited he makes me.”

After coating her labia, I murmured, “You’re more than ready.” After a gentle kiss, I spoke with sincere warmth in my voice, “You’ve been by my side since high school, always willing to support me. I value your friendship and just want you to know how much I appreciate you helping Chad and me.”

“To be honest, tonight isn’t helping you as much as it is me,” she replied. “I’ve needed a good fucking for quite a while. Speaking of that, it’s time to join your son. Sit on the opposite end of the couch than him. I’d like a foot massage from your big-dicked son.”

When I strolled out to join Chad, his expression reflected his approval. His eyes roamed up and down my body, while I settled onto the couch.

“Nice nightie, Mom,” Chad commented, his voice cracking with lust. “I like it better than the black one, but you look gorgeous in both.”

“If you like mine, wait until you see your aunt. Remember what I said about her flirting. She can be a little aggressive at times,” I warned him.

“Since you haven’t discussed with her what we talked about, how will I know,” he paused, reaching for words that wouldn’t embarrass him.

“If you get lucky?” I continued for him. “After we retire to our rooms, strip and wait for her. If she doesn’t show up after ten minutes, it means she’s spending the night with me.”

“I’m feeling a bit anxious,” he expressed, concern evident in his voice. “She’s incredibly sexy, and I don’t want to let her down,” he confessed.

I laughed inwardly, hearing him hint that he’s so turned, he’ll quickly cum once he’s fucking his cute aunt. “You’ll do fine and she’ll understand if you don’t last

long the first time,” I reassured him. “Obey her when she tells you to do something and never say no. Oh, and she loves to tease, so be ready for anything.”

Before he could ask anything else, our attention shifted to Carol, prancing out to join us. Chad’s jaw dropped while his gaze took in Carol’s delectable attributes. She stopped in front of him, leaned down, and allowed him to gaze down the front of her nightie. Once satisfied that his eyes had devoured her perky tits, she asked, “Remember these, don’t you, Chad?”

He blushed, knowing I had informed her of his sneak peeks during his childhood.

She sat in the middle of the couch, twisted sideways, resting her feet on Chad’s lap while settling her head on mine. “May I request a foot massage from my charming nephew, if that’s okay?” she asked me.

Chad had already gripped one of her delicate feet in one hand, rubbing and stroking her sole and arch, when I answered, “He loves to help out whenever he can, don’t you Chad?”

“Her wish is my command,” he replied, finally able to join in the conversation after his earlier embarrassment.

Chad worked on both of her feet while we watched a show until Carol grunted and cried, “I think my left calf is cramping up. Could you work the muscle, Chad?”

While one of his hands held her heel and raised her leg, his other ran up and down her smooth calf. “Oh, that’s better,” she sighed. She raised her leg higher, causing her nightie to fall to her waist, completely exposing her hairy bush. From the lustful look on Chad’s face, I knew his eyes were feasting on her sexy wares. I focused on the TV screen so as not to deter my son from enjoying his view.

Chad groaned and out of the corner of my eye, I noticed her other foot lodged against the lump in his bulging robe. Shifting her left leg to rest on the back of the couch, she pleaded, “That was wonderful. Could you do my other leg?”

He immediately lifted her right leg, caressing and massaging it. Her widely-spread legs provided my appreciative son with an erotic view of her open, wet, and angry-red pussy. After several more minutes, his robe-covered prick jerked, and I feared she’d push him over the brink.

She must have thought the same as she moved her feet back on his lap and purred, “Thank you, Chad. That was wonderful. If you don’t mind now, I’d like to focus on your mother. Kiss me, Michelle.”

Leaning over, our lips met and began as a gentle loving kiss, quickly transforming into a passionate one. Her right hand held my head to hers while her left one squeezed my thinly clad tit. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her feet rubbing and bending Chad's lump.

Slipping her hand inside my nightie, she gripped and twisted my engorged nipple, causing me to moan loudly. Carol slid the silky material off my breast, exposing it to my son's leering gaze. She squeezed and caressed it while continuing to fuck my mouth with her tongue. She was hotter than I'd ever seen her, and I knew it stemmed from her performance for my son's benefit.

Releasing my head, she withdrew and gasped, "Wow, you're still a great kisser. Hopefully, your son inherited that trait."

Sitting up, I adjusted my nightie, covering my breast, while Chad quickly turned his flushed face toward the TV. Carol, wanting to proceed, turned and sat up, before standing. "Time for bed, where we can finish without embarrassing your poor son," she prompted.

Chad's expression dampened, fearing Carol would spend the night with me. We stood and he hugged me tightly, pressing my soft breasts against him as forceful as he had on the dance floor. We kissed and when his tongue sought mine, I shifted backward and whispered, "Goodnight, sweetie." I winked, silently signaling to him that Carol would grant his wish.

He turned to leave when Carol begged, "How about me? Don't I get a kiss, too?"

Due to her short height, her head rested on his chest when they embraced. Gazing upward, she whimpered, "I don't like bending my neck while kissing. Lift me so we're facing each other."

Heeding my earlier instructions, he obeyed his aunt without objection. His hands gripped her waist and began to lift, when she ordered, "Not that way, hold my behind and lift me."

When his hands landed on her nightie-clad butt, she once again corrected him, "On my bare ass. I don't want my nightie wrinkled."

He was only too glad to comply, his big hands reaching underneath her nightie and cupping her round cheeks, lifting her upward. When they were at eye level, her legs wrapped around him, squeezing him tightly. Her hands traveled to the back of his head while her fingers ran through his scalp.

“Isn’t this better?” she asked, not waiting for a reply, before kissing him. Her open mouth twisted and turned on his and her tongue went to battle as she had done to me, moments earlier. While they passionately kissed, she ground her tits and pussy against his body.

Chad’s fingers dug into her soft ass and from experience, I knew she loved every minute of it. The protruding lump in his robe lay directly below his hands that held her ass. It throbbed and jerked while they kissed, threatening to escape. For a moment I thought of releasing his steel-hard prick and shoving her down until her pussy engulfed it, but I wanted them to share their first joining in privacy.

Both groaned and moaned from their passionate embrace when, finally, she released him, turned to me, and gasped, “Wow, your son does take after you. He’s a great kisser.”

Chad lowered her and she promptly gripped my hand, leading me to the master suite. Carol ripped off her nightie, threw it on the floor, and kissed me, croaking, “Thank you so much for this. Don’t touch my pussy, as it might explode. I want to cum within the first minute of feeling your son’s prick, so I can enjoy a lengthy fuck after that. I haven’t felt this giddy, since I lost my virginity. For consummating our first time together, which position do you suggest?”

“When I’ve fantasized about you and him, you’re riding him,” I confessed. “Visualizing your perky tits bouncing, and your hairy groins meshing together really turns me on.”

“I do enjoy riding a hard cock, but my favorite is when I’m mounted from the rear.” Carol professed. “The sensations are unbelievable. Sometimes, I’ll experience several orgasms in a row.”

“From cowgirl to a filly being serviced by my studly son. Both sound spectacular, but you do what pleases you the most,” I emphasized. “I gave him strict instructions to obediently follow your requests, without fail. As far as positions, he won’t have a preference, having fantasized about you for years. Living his dream will fulfill his second most desired fantasy.” I winked, with a mischievous grin.

“Normally, I strive to be number one, but I’d never come between a mother and her son,” she said, acknowledging the unbreakable bond between Chad and me.

Kissing one of my cheeks, then the other, before ending on my lips, she whispered, “Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

As she turned to leave, I told her, “Leave his door open after you enter. You know how mothers like to watch out for their children when they invite their fuckmate over for the day.”

She giggled, and walked out, ensuring my door remained wide open. Watching her leave, I sighed, seeing her cute, round ass cheeks marred with white streaks, imprints left from my son’s strong grip. Rest assured, that image would find its place in a future fantasy.

I shrugged out of my nightie and lay spread-eagled on my bed. Recalling the vivid image of his prick the previous night, I felt a tinge of sorrow for Carol. Her tiny body and tight pussy would take a beating from Chad. “Who am I kidding? I’m not sorry—I’m envious.” I thought to myself, admitting to my sinful craving.

I cupped and kneaded my breasts, peering down to watch my nipples fill with blood. “Was his big hands holding her tits, twisting her pointy knobs?” I asked myself. My thumbs and forefingers gripped my engorged buds and yanked on them, thinking about my son sucking and gently nibbling on her tits. One hand traveled lower and cupped my hairy mound, my middle finger opening up my furrow. Unsurprisingly, my interior was sopping wet. Remembering how Carol instructed me to moisten her lips, I did the same to my own, smearing my slick juice up and down my swollen labia.

Stroking the length of my outer lips, I listened intently for the sounds of sex from my son’s room. I couldn’t imagine either of them desiring a lot of foreplay from the amount of Carol’s lewd flirting earlier.

When my thoughts returned to him spearing her tight snatch, my body yearned for relief. I raised my knees until upright and spread them to the sides, opening my pussy. Still not satisfied with the access, I grabbed the fluffy pillow from under my head and shoved it underneath my ass.

My eyes remained fixated on the ceiling, allowing me to concentrate on my fantasy. My fingers deftly pinched the sides of my outer flaps and opened my slot. “Would that be big enough to house his slab of meat?” I asked myself. I closed my eyes and gently stroked my folds.

Time stood still as I imagined my son and his aunt joined together.

Feeling the bed move, I heard Chad exclaim, “Jesus, Mom! You’re so beautiful.” Opening my eyelids, I raised my head to see my nude son with his shiny, hard prick pointing at me. It lewdly bobbed up and down.

Unable to take my eyes off of his large, mushroom-shaped prickhead, I finally had the presence of mine to ask, “Chad? What are you doing here? Is Carol alright? What happened?”

“She’s fine, Mom, and an incredibly caring and desirable woman. After we kissed and I sucked on her tits, she gripped my cock and looked at me with more lust than I’ve ever seen in a woman. When she asked me what I wanted to do first, I answered her honestly and said ‘My mother.’”

“Oh, Chad,” I gasped. “That probably hurt her feelings. Did she tell you to leave?”

“Actually, no,” he replied, paused, and continued, “She became a wild woman, sucking my prick so hard, that I thought she was going to pull it off. When I felt my balls tingle, she replaced her mouth with her fingers, squeezing my prick right behind the head. It kept me from cumming and when she was confident I wouldn’t erupt, she stood, looked me in the eyes, and sternly ordered, ‘Chad, go fuck your mother.’ You told me to always obey whatever Carol instructs me to do, so I’m here, following her commands.”

“We discussed this last night, honey,” I argued. “A physical relationship could change the way we feel about each other.”

He looked at my fingers, still slick with my juices from stroking my pussy, and ordered, “Mom, hold my prick.”

My mind cried out to resist him, but one of my hands, as if on its own power, wrapped around his shaft while my other cupped his balls. I groaned as my fingers felt his soft and warm skin. It was the hardest cock I’d ever touched, and it was attached to my son. He was no longer my cute little boy, he was a grown man, who aspired to become my lover.

There was no doubt in my mind that we were about to fuck and I’d enjoy it more than anything in the world. My pussy throbbed and leaked in anticipation of my son’s hard prick. His balls were so big I could barely hold both of them in my hand. His sack hung low and when I gently rolled them, he groaned.

I wanted nothing more than to pull my son’s cock into my horny pussy, like a wanton slut. Who was I kidding? My legs were splayed apart displaying my wet and hungry pussy. My engorged nipples begged to be sucked—I was a slut, a mommy-slut. Deep down, I knew that’s not who he lusted after—he wanted to make love to his mother. For his benefit, I vowed to stifle my cravings to ravage his meaty cock, and maintain a motherly semblance to maximize his enjoyment for the first of many times we would fuck.

Exploring his prick, my fingertips slowly traced its length, until I reached the large, protruding lip of flesh, surrounding his crown. Wrapping my hand around his spongy head, I squeezed out a drop of precum from his slit and rubbed it around his head, causing him to groan again. Lowering my hand until it was directly below his plum-sized head, I wrapped my fingers around his stem and slowly stroked from the tip to his root.

While I pumped his cock, I looked up and saw the same lustful gaze when he kissed me at the dance club. Remembering how resilient I was to keep him at bay that night, I slowly shook my head, silently signaling my disapproval, as a good mother should. While my head said no, my knees fell outward, widening my legs even further. He inched forward, his fleshy missile homing in on its target—my horny pussy. Leaning down, he rested on his elbows, his beautiful, blue eyes communicating the deep love he harbored for me.

Concentrating on doing what a mother should do, my body defied my commands, acting on carnal instincts. My hand tightly gripped his prick and rubbed his engorged head up and down my gooey groove, coating it with my slick juices. Our eyes remained locked while I guided his cock around my puffy lips, brushing across my clit on each pass.

My body screamed for release and yet, he hesitated in jamming his prick into my hungry hole. Thinking that he might be having second thoughts, I had to control my urges and allow him to be the aggressor. Seating his tip between my swollen lips, I released his prick and gripped his ribs tightly, and gently applied pressure in a symbolic, but weak attempt to prevent him from continuing.

Breaking the erotic silence, Chad professed, “Mom, I love you and I know you’re scared that our relationship will change from this moment on. I feel the same way, but I promise you that my love for you will never falter, it will only increase. If you feel differently, we can stop now and return to our normal mother-and-son relationship. I’ll never force you to do anything against your will.”

His prick remained in place, his flared ridge resting outside of my clasping outer labia, awaiting my consent. As always, my son placed my needs above his, desiring my acceptance before proceeding. “Push it in an inch,” I weakly whispered.

He smiled widely, and gently opened my wet folds, halting after his head lodged behind my sensitive lips. Shocks of pleasure mixed with mild discomfort flowed through me as I felt his hard cock split my lips. My pussy hadn’t been stretched by a prick for a decade and it would take some time to get used to one again. Seeing my mixed expression, he looked at me curiously, attempting to interpret my emotions.

The sensational feeling of his cock stifled any uneasiness, as my juices soothingly oiled his spear. Feeling my pussy's furnace ignite, my channel ceased resisting and welcomed the helmeted invader. My carnal depravity surfaced, replacing my sense of morality.

"More," I begged, my voice barely audible.

Leaning down, he kissed me, while staring into my wide-open eyes. His bare chest lightly touched my tits as he thoughtfully perched on his knees and elbows keeping his weight off me. He slowly shoved in, my walls stretching to accommodate his girth. My pussy attempted to resist his progress by clinging onto his long, stiff prick, which further excited me. Slick pussy oil secreted from my folds, lubricating his ram, enabling him to easily separate my constricting channel. Wave after wave of pleasure pulsed through me as his drill descended, ignoring the resistance of my claspung cunt. I'd never been filled with so much cock—my son's cock. I'd remember that moment forever—the return of my son to his origin.

We moaned into each other's mouths, as his prick made its journey to the sordid depths of my pussy. Finally, when I thought my body couldn't swallow his entire length, his big balls nestled against my ass. I moaned a sigh of contentment, feeling his prick buried to the hilt. It was akin to placing the last piece of a puzzle, our bodies melding together perfectly. While his veiny cock throbbed against my quivering walls, he whispered, "It's not too late to stop, Mom. Do you want me to pull out and go back to my room?"

A sense of pride swept through me, knowing I had raised this caring and considerate man. Deep down, I knew he was right. Our love would only increase and there was no need to deny ourselves from fulfilling our lustful cravings. It was time to fully commit myself to my son.

"I want you to pull out and then shove it back in. In and out, over and over, harder and harder. Fuck your mother, Chad," I murmured. "I love you so much and want nothing more than to cum on your prick."

He kissed me again, while he retreated to the surface. When my outer lips trapped his bulbous head, preventing him from escaping, he thrust to the bottom. We both grunted when his balls flattened against my pelvis. My fingers dug into his ribs, pulling him into me as he sawed his cock in and out of my slickened slot. His eyes filled with lust and his body went into overdrive, fucking me rapidly. His pent-up lust for his mother had been released as he plowed into me with wild abandon.

The extended foreplay from the evening, plus having my pussy stretched and filled with his thick, veiny prick, sent me over the edge. Arching my back, my hungry hole swallowed more of his hard cock. My muscles stiffened as my swollen walls contracted around his cock.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed. “I’m cumming, already. God, it’s a big one.” My long-awaited, first incestuous orgasm hit me stronger than I’d ever experienced, filling me with blissful gratification.

“Oh, Mom!” he growled, like a mad dog, his prick jerking. Groans of pleasure escaped his lips as his body shuttered and twitched, climaxing for the first time in his hot mother.

I wailed with carnal bliss, feeling his engorged cockhead erupt, spraying out hot cum. My pussy clutched even tighter, pulling streams of thick cream from his balls. He grunted with each spurt, while I milked his spitting hose. He flooded my womb and chasm with so much semen, that a mixture of our cum flowed out and drooled down my crack. After his last pulse, he slowed his pace, before sinking his prick to the bottom, allowing it to soak in my snug, wet pussy.

He lowered his body on top of mine, our sweaty bodies sealing together. “Jesus, Mom! That was awesome” he exclaimed, before continuing, “I love you so much and I know you were hesitant, but I’m committed to you. You’re the only one I want to share my life with. It’s why I haven’t sought out other women. I’ve always only wanted you.”

“I love you too,” I replied. “I’ve had the same desires as you, but I’m done with concealing my cravings. I’m sorry I climaxed so fast and made you blow. I wanted our first time to last longer.”

“It was our first orgasm, but we’re not done with our first fuck,” he replied, pulling out several inches before shoving back in.

“Jesus, you’re still hard,” I gasped, feeling his thickened cock slice through my sodden slot.

“It’s the same as when I’ve masturbated, fantasizing about you,” he explained. “I always remain hard until I cum a second time. There’s something about you that keeps me going. Don’t worry, I’ll last longer this time.”

While continuing to drill me, his big hands snaked between our bodies and pawed my breasts, squeezing and kneading them. “You’ve got great tits, Mom. I can’t wait to suck those big, puffy nipples.”

“Don’t worry, sweetie. You can do whatever you want to me from now on. I’m all yours,” I promised. “Move your cock out to my entrance and shove in only an inch or two.”

Obedying me, he short-stroked me, straining to not go deeper. His fingertips found my nipples and twisted them.

I love having my tits played with and he was doing everything right. My pussy tingled with excitement while he quickly brought me back up. Moans escaped from deep within me as his hands and prick paid homage to my body.

“Faster, but don’t go any deeper,” I croaked.

The intense pleasure of my sensitive outer folds constantly being stimulated overwhelmed me. My hips begged to buck up, forcing him deep, but my pussy was in full control, knowing exactly how to obtain the most pleasure. Once he found a rhythm, he concentrated on perfecting his stroking method.

Feeling my hot fluids release, I knew my climax was imminent. “Shove it in deep and fuck me hard! I’m going to cum again!” I screamed.

When his balls smashed against my ass, my pussy convulsed and squeezed his prick. He continued to plunge into my clutching cunt, while pulling my nipples.

“Let it go, Mom,” he murmured. “Cum on my cock. We’re going to fuck until you’re completely satisfied.”

His ram continued to pile-drive into my cum-filled slot, his hard prick unwilling to concede to a climax. After my last contraction, I didn’t know if I had enough strength to continue but didn’t want to disappoint the man I loved most in the world. He kissed me, while picking up his pace, going deeper each time.

His short-stroking was great for me, but he needed to bury his cock completely for his pleasure. It was time for me to concentrate on my son’s needs. Surprisingly, my pussy recovered and quivered while his prick ground and scraped against my silky walls.

“You’re fucking Mommy good, now. Give it to me hard, sweetie,” I chanted.

My hips humped up, meeting his downstrokes, the mouth of my pussy clinging onto his cockroot each time he hit bottom. His breathing was rapid and he had to release my mouth to replenish his oxygen supply. He nestled his head next to mine, his hot breath washing over my ear. Nibbling on my lobe, I wondered whether he knew how much that excited me.

My carnal lust seemed to be insatiable as his massive cock stretched and drilled my horny pussy. We both groaned and grunted each time our groins slapped together. I wrapped my legs around him, passionately encircling him. My thighs pressed against his sweaty body and squeezed tightly, unwilling to release him. Loud sloshing noises and sounds of passion filled the room as we consummated our incestuous joining. Our bodies and souls had melded together in a blissful, illicit union.

My body's heat escalated while my muscles vibrated with excitement. "Cum in me, sweetie," I urged him. "Mommy is ready again and my horny pussy wants to feel your prick explode."

"Fuck, Mom," he whispered in my ear. "You're so tight and wet, I can't hold it any longer. Cum on my cock." A loud guttural groan escaped his lips, signaling his release, which set off mine.

My body shuddered as my climax overwhelmed my body. My cunt shook and clamped onto her prick, gushing a flood of slippery cream. On my second contraction, his prick pulsed, sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through my body. Feeling his swollen cockhead twitching and jerking, triggered another major orgasm.

He moaned and hoarsely croaked, "Oh, Mom!" His cock pulsed and throbbed, resulting in another contraction.

My fingernails dug into his back, holding onto his thrashing body while he slammed into me. Our carnal lust had reached the pinnacle of our incestuous journey. Releasing my pent-up emotions, I fully surrendered my body to my son.

After our orgasms subsided, I lowered my legs, allowing him to roll to the side. We lay flat on our backs, panting and enjoying the post-coital bliss from our first illicit, incestuous joining. After ten minutes of silence, he rolled onto his side to face me. His hand roamed across my body, caressing and touching every inch of my soft flesh.

Chad broke the silence with, "I can't believe we finally had sex. All the times I've beat off while fantasizing about you paled in comparison to the amount of pleasure from actually doing it."

Turning my head to face him, I agreed, "For me also. Our fantasies are about sex, but when you add in the deep love we have for each other, it magnifies the experience."

His hand cupped my breast and gently squeezed, before his fingers lightly roamed and explored my meaty mound, ending on my nipple. After flicking it several times, it filled with blood, and like a moth drawn to a light, his mouth latched on and suckled. When his tongue swirled around my taut nub, an electric jolt shot through me. He sucked harder than when he was a baby and a wave of contentment swept through me as my boy suckled from me once again.

My fingers ran through his scalp and held his head tightly. “Suck your mother’s tits, honey. I still remember when you nursed me as a baby. Your little hands would wrap around my tit while your mouth sucked my nipple. Your fingers dug in and kneaded my breast, much like you’re doing now. It’s fitting we strengthen our bond as adults in the same manner.”

His hand teased my other one, while his lips sealed around my areola and gently tugged on my engorged nub. I groaned, while my pussy ached for attention. “You like your mother’s puffy nipples, don’t you?” I asked, knowing full well his answer.

He released my turgid tip long enough to admit, “You don’t know how much, Mom. Do you remember that morning I brought you breakfast and your sheet fell off, exposing your breasts? I almost came on the spot and when I returned to my room, I blew off a load in record time.”

“Well, to be honest, they were hard as rocks, because I was within seconds of bringing myself off when you knocked,” I countered. “You caught me off-guard—I’m usually up before you.”

“When we arrived home after the dance and you ran to your room, I felt terrible and hardly slept,” he explained. “I wanted to make amends by pampering you the next day.”

“Sorry about that,” I responded. “If I wouldn’t have gone directly to my room that night, I’m certain I would have been draped over the couch with you humping me from behind, like a mad dog. I knew I didn’t have enough strength to stop you from doing whatever you wanted and decided to flee.”

“That sounds like a fantasy we share,” he replied, giggling.

“It was only recently one of mine, after viewing your collection of porn,” I responded. “The clips where the mother gets her hands caught in the couch or under the bed are completely unrealistic, but for some reason, they made me really horny.”

He chuckled and proposed, “We should re-enact the various scenarios and grade which ones are the best.”

His hand lowered to my stomach, rubbing in circles several times before moving to my thigh and returning to my belly, soothingly rubbing and caressing my flesh. His gentle touch was sensual, easing any remaining anxiety I harbored.

I squirmed and asked, “Would you mind pulling the pillow out from underneath me?”

“No way, Mom,” he stressed. “Looking at your brown, hairy mound is an incredible turn-on. I can play with your tits while admiring your bush.” Emphasizing his point, he latched on again, while running his spread fingers through my silky fur, gently tugging and playing with my pubic hair.

“I thought young men preferred clean-shaven mounds,” I commented.

“Some might, but not everyone,” he refuted. “You can thank Aunt Carol for my preference. After I saw her bush sticking out of her bottoms, it became my gold standard for pussy. When you teased me in that thin blue nightie, my eyes zeroed in on your panties, and when I saw the bulging, telltale sign of a hairy pussy, my prick throbbed.”

“Speaking of Carol, did she go home after she ordered you to claim your mother?” I asked, sincerely concerned for my horny friend, who missed out on her greatest wish.

“No, she’s still in my room,” he replied. “She wanted to ensure one of us didn’t chicken out and threatened to hold us at gunpoint until we fucked.”

After another ten minutes of disclosing our inner thoughts, Carol, still nude, walked in and when her gaze landed on my sodden slot with my son’s sperm drooling out, she exclaimed, “My favorite—a cum-filled, freshly-fucked pussy. I’m going to enjoy this.”

She knelt on the bed and plastered her face to my sex. Her tongue lapped up and down my slit, before jabbing in and scooping out our mixture of juices. “That is some tasty cum,” she commented while smacking her lips. “I regret not finishing him off and enjoying it from the source.”

Her mouth and tongue went back to work, expertly scraping off the remnants of our torrid love session from my pussy walls. While her attention focused on my soaked slot, I motioned to Chad to bring his cock to my mouth. He scrambled to

move into position, and after I licked and sucked him to hardness, I nodded to Carol's upright ass.

His expression turned lustful as comprehension set in that I wanted him to provide Carol the fucking she had expected to receive. He positioned himself behind his aunt and stood motionless for a moment, taking in the sight of her hairy pussy. While he gripped his prick, I saw his arm move up and down. From Carol's moan, I knew he was dragging his fat head through her horny, wet slot.

When his hands grasped her soft ass, he looked at me for final confirmation. While my hands held Carol's head firmly in place, I nodded in approval.

She shrieked into my pussy, as I felt her body lunge forward from my son's prick impaling her. Unable to concentrate on my pussy, Carol shifted forward and plastered her face into my sunken, heaving stomach. I held her in place, while my son humped her.

From her grunting and breathing, I knew she was attempting to hold back her orgasm. "Let yourself go, Carol. Cum on your nephew's cock. He'll keep fucking you the way you've dreamed of."

Surrendering to her lust, her body tensed and shook from her climax. She exclaimed, "Fuck! That's so good. It feels like a log is jammed up my cunt."

Chad maintained a steady pace, thrusting through her convulsing pussy, his strained face reflecting the pleasurable sensations of her tight, silky walls contracting. When her body stopped shaking, Chad regained his stamina, his cock now profusely oiled with slick, pussy juice. Moving my hands to her tits, I kneaded and rolled her nipples with my thumbs. The double stimulation elevated her excitement level, her hot breath bathing my stomach.

After another ten minutes of fucking, their grunts and groans filled the room. Knowing Chad was nearing his release, I moved my hands to Carol's ribs and dug my fingers into her flesh. "Grab her thighs, Chad, and pull her into you. Pound her hard and fulfill both of your fantasies," I croaked. "Fuck your horny aunt, sweetie!"

He gripped the front of her upper legs and yanked her light, soft body back into his. Air gushed from her lungs from the brutal slamming. "Fuck!" Carol gasped. "So damn good. I can feel his fat head scraping and splitting my walls. It's like holding an electric wire, pangs of pleasure continuously shooting through me."

Breaking his silence, Chad yelled, "Your pussy is so tight and hot, I can't hold it any longer. I'm going to cum in your pussy."

Her body quivered and then stiffened as her orgasm overwhelmed her. Chad grunted loudly—each pulse of his cock sending Carol into another orgasm. Her shrill meows reminded me of the times I had made her climax in the past. When their bodies finally relaxed from the intense workout, I stroked her back, consoling her.

Chad retracted his cum-coated cock, held her waist, and placed her light body on top of mine until we were face-to-face. She kissed me and gushed, “Thank you so much. That was unbelievable.”

Chad lay beside us and while running his hands over Carol’s soft ass, agreed, “You can say that, again. You’re way hotter than I ever imagined.”

After a moment of silence, and with gratitude, he expressed, “Mom and I are much more than mother and son now, and it’s because of you. Thank you for ordering me to fuck my mother.”

We relaxed and chatted for half an hour until Carol rolled off and stood next to the bed. “I’m going to sleep in Chad’s room tonight,” she stated. “I’m leaving you two alone, so you can bond together and cement your new relationship. Goodnight.”

Before she was halfway down the hall, my son was on top of me, pounding my horny pussy. Our souls and bodies merged as one that magical night, ending with making love side-by-side, my leg draped over his body. After we both climaxed, we remained connected while we drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 5

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Sometime during the night, Chad had rolled onto his back with my leg still draped over his ripped body. Once I awoke, the realization that my son and I had made love hit me, filling me with warmth. It was like my life had started a new phase, and I looked forward to sharing it with the man I loved most in the world—my son.

Taking care not to awaken him, my hand lightly traveled across his hard, chiseled body, down to his cock. Shifting down, I leaned in and studied his magnificent prick. While cupping his low-hanging balls, my other hand wrapped around his prick, causing it to stiffen.

I marveled at his large, mushroom-shaped head and gently kissed it. I yearned to swallow his length until his spongy tip filled my throat. Measuring his girth with my fingers, I asked myself, "How in the hell did he not tear up my pussy, plunging that monster in and out of my body?"

When a drop of precum oozed from his piss-slit, I licked it off and my natural instincts took over, engulfing his spongy head. While I gently sucked, movement caught my eye. I withdrew and greeted Carol with a broad smile. She returned my gesture, while sexily showing off her curvy, nude body.

"Still playing with your newfound toy?" she asked, smirking.

I put my finger to my lips, signaling to her to not awaken my son. She laughed and responded, "A little late for that."

When I shifted my gaze to Chad, he smiled and said, "I can keep pretending I'm asleep if that's what it takes for you to play with my cock."

We laughed, and Carol joined in, taking turns licking his prick. Carol's eyes filled with lust as she raspily croaked, "Do you remember describing your masturbation session when you visualized me riding your son?"

The memories quickly filled my head, my pussy moistening from her suggestion. "Please show me," I pleaded. "I'm certain Chad wouldn't mind helping us out."

"Hop aboard, Auntie," Chad said, giggling. "Mom, the view would be better facing her. You do know that men enjoy eating pussy, too, don't you?"

I smiled, straddled his face, and lowered my slick slot onto his face. He gripped my waist and after positioning me, his tongue lapped on my sensitive folds. Carol crawled on top of my son's body, held his staff upright, and slowly descended his pole.

Her face scrunched up with delight as her tight walls stretched to accommodate his steel-hard prick. "Fuck!" she exclaimed. "Has his cock gotten bigger during the night? It's going to take a bit until my pussy can take all of it."

While she fucked the top half of his prick, her hands gripped his ribs, limiting the amount of cockmeat impaling her. Her expression was one of blissful pleasure as her pussy succumbed to his invading ram, while her walls coated his prick with her sex juices.

My son's expertise at eating pussy was a pleasant surprise, filling me with jealousy and gratitude at the same time. Whoever had taught him was a lucky woman and I silently thanked her for training him, but selfishly, I wished I could have been the one to teach him.

He alternated between swirling his tongue around my sensitive, engorged lips, jabbing into my interior, and then swiping across my covered clit. His hands held and twisted my hips, while he expertly feasted on my horny pussy.

Watching Carol slam onto his groin with each downstroke made it even more exciting. Her smallish, perky tits bouncing up and down, while her black mound of fur meshing into his brown mat matched my fantasy perfectly. Reaching over, I squeezed her tits while she rode my son's cock.

Carol's petite body wildly thrashed and writhed, while she enjoyed the ride of her life. Every few minutes, her cute face crinkled with pleasure, while maintaining a frenetic pace. "Fuck!" Carol exclaimed. "It feels as if I'm having an orgasm every ten strokes or so. I could fuck your son forever. It feels like my cunt is a giant fault line and all these little quakes are taking the pressure off. What a glorious ride."

"Sometimes the big one hits without warning. Kiss me," I demanded. My son's tongue had successfully coaxed my sensitive clit to emerge from its hiding place, driving me crazy with lust. My groans matched Carol's as our bodies raced to an orgasm.

Without slowing her pumping, her mouth met mine. Our tongues battled, while I gazed into her lust-filled eyes. While one of my hands squeezed her tit, the other lowered to their joined groins. Finding her engorged clit, I squeezed it between my forefinger and thumb and held it against Chad's pistoning prick. Her body shook and quivered from the intense shockwaves of pleasure.

When Chad felt my fingers gripping Carol's clit he trapped mine between his lips. While he squeezed, his tongue flicked and licked my engorged pearl sending jolts of blissfulness through my body.

Releasing Carol's mouth, I screamed, "Cum on my son's cock!" Continuing to press her clit against my son's shaft, I felt her convulsing pussy squeezing his prick, her hot juice coating my fingers. My pussy exploded soon after, flooding Chad's mouth with my cum. He lapped up every drop of his mother's sweet nectar.

Carol and I passionately kissed through our mutual orgasms, grunting into each other's mouths.

When our bodies relaxed, Carol remained on top of Chad, her pussy filled with hard cock. Smiling widely, she purred, “That was amazing and as a bonus, he’s still hard. I owe you big time for my morning treat. Take my place while I prepare breakfast.”

My pussy throbbed, as I watched her slowly rise off his coated prick. When freed, his cock flopped onto his stomach with a hollow thud. She deftly extracted herself and left for the kitchen. I turned around, moved down, and guided his cum-coated cock into the entrance of my sopping slot. With one fell swoop, I impaled his steely rod, my body swallowing the entirety of my son’s wonderful prick.

I was in seventh heaven, gripping his strong body, while I twisted and gyrated my hips in a circular motion, using his hard cock to stir my boiling pot. Our eyes gazed into each other’s souls, communicating the deep love we held for each other.

“Kiss me, Mom,” he begged. “Carol nearly sent me over the edge. Between her body pummeling my body and her tight pussy squeezing my cock, I’m ready to blow.”

When I leaned over to kiss him, his hands squeezed my breasts while his fingertips twisted my erect, hardened nipples. I rocked my hips, filling my insatiable pussy with as much of his fat cock into me as possible. His hips humped off the bed, slamming his cock deeply into my gripping gash. When his prick jerked and sprayed out a stream of hot cum, my channel swelled and surrounded his shaft. We kissed and fucked in perfect synchrony as if we’d been lovers for life.

The walls of my pussy contracted with each of his pulses, forcing a grunt from each of us as we committed the ultimate incestuous sin. A torrent of our mixed cum flowed out of my cum-filled pussy, saturating his pubic mound and coating his balls.

A wave of ecstatic bliss flowed through me after my son filled my insides with his precious seed. I would never tire of the euphoric feeling of his pulsing prick spewing its contents into me. Pulling off his still-hard prick, I relaxed, melding my sweaty body on top of his.

“That’s a hell of a lot better than breakfast in bed, don’t you think?” I asked, chuckling.

“That’s an understatement, Mom,” he replied. “I never want to stop fucking you.”

“I feel the same way. Speaking of fucking, I’d like to see your big prick fill your Aunt Pamela’s hungry pussy,” I stated, watching his smile widen.

“Really?” he asked. “I thought you weren’t on good terms with her.”

“She was only teasing me,” I explained. “We love each other deeply and since you already know about Carol and me, did you also suspect that my sister was also involved with us romantically?”

“Holy crap!” he exclaimed. “I had no clue, but then again, Alice had to tell me about you and Aunt Carol, so maybe I’m just not very good at interpreting signals.”

“I’d like to bring my sister into our close-knit fold and allow her to experience the joy of your cock,” I responded. “She shared with me that throughout the time she flirted with you, she became emotionally connected to you. I’m sure she’d like nothing more than for you to pound her horny pussy. You can make her dreams come true.”

“She’s a knock-out, like you and Carol, Mom,” he admitted, his face blushing. “You don’t know how hard it was for me not to go to her room that night when she was drunk, but I didn’t want to take advantage of her.”

I chuckled and responded, “It wouldn’t have done you any good, anyway. I was with her, waiting to see if you’d sneak in. She was horny and I had to bring her off while she slept. Let’s dress and discuss this with Carol. The smell of bacon is driving me crazy and from how I’ve seen you eat, I need to get there first so I can get a slice.”

“Lucky for you, I have to take a leak, Mom. I’ll join you two in a few minutes.”

Seated at the table, my heart swelled with joy as I beheld the delectable serving before me: two perfectly crisp bacon strips, a fluffy cheese omelet, a refreshing glass of orange juice, and a steaming cup of coffee all awaited my delight. Overwhelmed with gratitude, I leaned over and planted a thankful kiss on Carol’s cheek, saying, “I can’t believe you remembered my favorite meal.”

“It was nothing,” Carol blushed. “I used to enjoy making meals for you when we spent time together. Cooking is one of my favorite hobbies.”

Chad joined us at the table, his serving notably more substantial. He wasted no time, eagerly devouring his generous portion of bacon and a massive omelet at least three times the size of mine.

After savoring several bites, I offered another compliment, “This is absolutely delicious. We should definitely have you over more often.”

Chad nodded vigorously in agreement, unable to respond verbally, downing his meal as if he had been famished for a month.

Carol beamed, a subtle blush gracing her charming face. “I’d be delighted to come over and showcase my culinary talents,” she replied playfully. “I’m sure we can find some irresistible persuasion for my visits.” She winked at Chad with a sexy, fuck-me look that would melt anyone’s heart.

Laughter filled the air as we continued to indulge in our delicious feast. Carol and I engaged in lively conversation, while Chad, though quiet, clearly relished every bite of his meal. After we’d cleared our plates, we tidied up the kitchen and regrouped in the living room. As we settled in, I brought up the topic of reuniting my sister and me. Once I’d finished speaking, Carol exclaimed, “That’s wonderful! It’ll be so nice to come together again. I’ve truly missed those fun times we shared.”

“Me too,” I agreed. “However, I’m nervous about the best way to approach her. I feel a little uncomfortable inviting her with, ‘Hey Sis, want to come over and fuck my son?’ You’ve always excelled as my wingman, Carol. What do you think we should do?”

She turned her head to the side, deep in thought. After a minute, she declared, “I’ve got the perfect way to welcome her back. Do you recall what she used to enjoy doing at our pajama parties, even though you and I hated it?”

As I reminisced about those wonderful days, it suddenly struck me—I replied, “Spanking?”

“Exactly,” Carol replied, her face radiating excitement. “Don’t worry about inviting her; I’ll take care of it. She can never refuse anything I ask.”

“That applies to me as well,” I chimed in.

“That makes three of us,” Chad interjected with a grin, prompting laughter among us while we acknowledged the influence Carol had over all of us. Chad continued, “I can understand young girls messing around with spanking, but I’m not sure a grown woman would be okay with it.”

“Oh, she’ll never grow tired of liking it. It’s genetic,” I replied.

“Really?” they asked simultaneously, their curious expressions prompting me to provide a more detailed explanation.

I sighed and began, “It started when we were young. Mom insisted that a mother is responsible for her daughters’ discipline. Her form of punishment involved putting us over her knee for a spanking.”

“Your mother beat you when you were little?” Carol asked, astonished.

“Not at all, It was symbolic. She acted like she was spanking us, but stopped short of actually hitting us. I soon learned that if I said ‘ouch’ a few times, she would stop. Pamela, on the other hand, loved it and giggled throughout the entire process. When Mom finished pretending to punish us, Dad would grab her hand and pull her into their bedroom. The ringing tones of slapping flesh were soon followed by sounds of passionate sex.”

“Which one do you think was getting spanked—your mother or father?” Carol asked.

“I’m positive it was Mom, but when they emerged from their bedroom, their faces were filled with joy and as a bonus, Mom would bake us fresh cookies after each session. It only prompted us to misbehave more often. After a while, Dad would wait in the bedroom for her while Mom punished us. For several years this continued, until one day, while Pamela was bent over Mom’s knee, she goaded Mom, ‘You’re getting old and weak. I can’t even feel your hand.’ Mom’s face lit up and she promptly pulled Pamela’s skirt onto her back and yanked her panties down. She lightly slapped her cheeks, causing Pamela to laugh louder. The smile on her face showed how much she enjoyed it.”

“How old were you when she started to bare your butts?” Carol asked, intrigued by my tale.

I paused, thinking back, and replied, “That’s easy. We used to laugh about it because it was right after our fifteenth birthday party.”

“That old?” Carol exclaimed. “That seems way out of the ordinary. Did she do the same to you?”

“Normally, that would be alarming, but Pamela and I persisted until Mom would spank us. As far as me, she exposed my rear, but never hit me, somehow knowing I wouldn’t enjoy it. Instead, she rubbed and kneaded my ass while telling me that I was a bad girl. After several minutes of spanking, she would ask us ‘Are you

going to be a good girl, now? Or do I need to continue?’ She discontinued immediately when we agreed to behave. As we grew older, Pamela and I knew it was inappropriate, but we loved playing the game with her.”

“At what point did she stop, or did she continue until you left home?” Carol inquired, her brows arched with curiosity.

“Pamela is actually the one that caused her to stop, although she didn’t mean to. Pamela eventually said no when Mom asked if we had enough, prompting Mom to spank her longer. Pamela pushed her luck and would taunt Mom, ‘Those light whacks will never convince me to behave.’ Mom reciprocated and slapped her harder, resulting in Pamela gleefully giggling. She loved every minute of it. When her cheeks turned pink, Mom abruptly stopped and dashed into the bedroom. She was so turned on that we heard the sounds of our parents fucking, bypassing their spanking foreplay.”

When I paused, hesitating to continue, Carol urged, “Go on. We haven’t heard about what caused her to stop.”

I continued my dialogue, “Mom knew Pamela loved her punishment but would always stop when Pamela’s ass turned pink, even when Pamela would tell her that she would continue misbehaving. After Mom and Dad had finished in the bedroom, she’d return and rub baby oil on Pamela’s blushing ass, apologizing for getting carried away. After a few times, I spoke up, ‘Mom, my butt feels sore, too.’ Mom’s face lit up and soothingly caressed my bottom after she finished with Pamela. It was how I conveyed to her that we didn’t mind and actually liked it. Several sessions later, I noticed Mom’s leg streaked with juice from Pamela’s leaking pussy.”

“Wow, Aunt Pamela was really getting into it. Did you ever cum from your Mom’s spanking?” Chad remarked.

“No, but Pamela did. That’s what caused Mom to end it. One evening, after a lengthy spanking on my sister’s ass, Pamela’s body shook and trembled. I recognized it from seeing her orgasm before, but Mom had never seen her daughter climax. In a panicky voice, she asked, ‘Pamela, honey. What’s wrong? Are you okay?’ She held onto each ass cheek, trying to calm her.”

I paused, collecting my thoughts, before continuing, “When I saw Mom stress out, I reassured her, ‘She’s fine. It’ll pass in a second.’ Sure enough, Pamela’s hips bounced up and down several times, before her body fell limp on Mom’s legs. When Mom helped Pamela off, her leg was drenched with cum. Mom’s face turned beet-red, as she quickly retreated to her bedroom. That was the line in the sand for Mom. After that, Pamela would attempt to get Mom to punish us, but

Mom would just say, 'You're old enough to live with your actions. Do what you will.' Eventually, Pamela gave up, until our pajama parties. After we graduated, she confided in me that she wasn't going to do it anymore because she didn't want people to think she was weird, but I know she still harbors that buried desire."

"Damn," Chad declared, continuing, "it's going to be pretty uncomfortable at Gran's this Christmas. I'm sorry I asked now."

Carol snickered and I replied, "Maybe not. Since your grandfather is no longer alive, she might need a strong man to whip her back into shape."

"Eww, Mom. TMI," Chad responded.

"Oh, come on. If you heard the sounds Mom made in the bedroom and the joyful look on Dad's face when they finished, you'd know that she must be a real man-pleaser," I argued.

Chad's face blushed while Carol interjected, "One thing is for sure. My tiny hands aren't going to be enough for her. You'll have to play the part of your Mom, Michelle."

"Certainly," I agreed. "I'll take care of her with a little help from my strong son. She's going to love every minute of it."

"Excellent," Carol responded. "I'm setting it up for three this afternoon. I'm telling her it's just the three of us, like old times. We'll keep Chad hidden for a special treat after her spanking."

After finalizing our plans, Carol departed, leaving Chad and I to work on the weekend chores. We showered at one and a little before two, Carol arrived. Chad wore his robe, as he was going to hide in his old room until signaled to appear. After hugging us, Carol asked, "Everyone ready to welcome Pamela back into the fold?"

Chad opened his robe, and flashed his nude body, before closing it, stating, "I have the easy part. Are you dressed appropriately, Auntie?" He lifted her skirt, revealed her black-haired pussy, and slid a finger through her slit. Licking off his slick digit, he confirmed, "Looks like you're looking forward to this."

We giggled and settled onto the couch, with Chad sandwiched between us. Carol opened his robe and wrapped her tiny hand around his cock. It became hard within a minute of her expert handling skills. Leaning down, her long, rough

tongue popsicle-licked his hard prick. My pussy quivered, thinking of her expert tongue jabbing into my pussy.

“We should relieve the pressure so he can reward your sister with a nice long fuck,” she croaked, swallowing his cock with her mouth. I held onto her scalp, helping her blow my son. Chad’s breathing rate increased as Carol expertly massaged his manhood. When his hips bumped up, signaling his imminent release, Carol’s mouth released his cock while her hand gripped his root, holding his slick prick upright. “Finish him off, Michelle. It’s a mother’s right to swallow her son’s cum.”

My pussy leaked more juice as my son’s cock filled my mouth. My lips sealed around his shaft while my tongue swirled around his veiny prick. I was in seventh heaven and could have sucked him the rest of the day, but I soon felt his prick pulse and spray his cum down my throat.

After I drained his balls, I pulled off and swirled my tongue around my lips, cleaning any remnants of his precious cum.

“Jesus, Mom!” Chad exclaimed. “That was unbelievable. You two know how to suck cock.”

I kissed his tip and replied, “Thanks, Chad. It’s not every day that a mother gets called a cocksucker, in a good way.”

Chad retreated to his room while we awaited my sister’s arrival. Promptly at three, she showed up, sexily attired. Her nipples pressed against her thin fabric, while her billowy, short skirt showcased her shapely legs. If I knew my sister, there wouldn’t be any restricting panties underneath. She kissed us and greeted us warmly, “It’s good to see both of you again. It’s been so long and when Carol asked me to come over, I was thrilled.”

“Good seeing you again, too, Pamela,” I replied. “Let’s sit and chat for a bit on the couch.”

After thirty minutes of lively conversation, Carol held Pamela’s hand and with a serious tone, said, “Pamela, I wanted to discuss something with you today about how you were using Michelle’s son to exact your revenge on her. It bothers me that you’d take this kind of action, considering our long, closely-knit friendship.”

Pamela’s face filled with sadness, hearing her friend chastise her. “You’re right,” she admitted. “I was only teasing, but it saddens me to think that I hurt her. I’ll do anything to make it up to her and you. Just tell me how I can fix this.”

Carol's face lit up, knowing she was in full control. She began, "You can start by doing everything we ask of you today. First, I'd like you to remove your blouse."

After Pamela unbuttoned her top and threw it to the side, she arched her back and puffed out her chest, proudly displaying her full, meaty breasts. Carol cupped and squeezed them, before latching onto a nipple. After a few minutes of sucking, she released the hard tip and croaked, "Excellent. Your tits are still as fine as I remembered them. You've been a bad girl and if I do say so, you've been a bit of a bitch to your sister."

Carol dropped onto the floor and lay on her back, smiling widely. Pulling her skirt up onto her belly, she widened her legs, lewdly displaying her slickened slot. "Come on bitch, let's see how well you can lap up your treat."

Pamela scampered between Carol's creamy thighs and plastered her face onto Carol's hairy snatch, licking and slurping. While Carol moaned with delight, I unsnapped Pamela's skirt and removed it. Pressing my hands on the insides of my sister's thighs, I pushed outward spreading her open. Her swollen, angry-red gash glistened from her juices, revealing her sexual arousal.

When Carol nodded to me that it was time, my hand landed on my sister's cheek. After Pamela moaned, Carol scolded her, "A bad girl needs to be punished, don't you think? We're going to spank you until you apologize."

After I administered several light smacks, Carol looked at me, silently signaling it was my turn to taunt my sister. "Will my daughter behave now, or do I have to continue?"

Taking her mouth off of Carol's pussy, she cried, "No, Mommy. I'm not going to apologize. You can't make me."

Several more slaps caused her slot to ooze out slick juice. I ran the back of my hand through her gash, ensuring I brushed across her swollen clit. She groaned and humped her hips back, begging for more.

"Had enough, you bad girl?" I asked, my voice unsteady, as I became excited, witnessing my sister's aroused state. Chad heard his cue of loud slaps and entered the room, nude, his prick bobbing in anticipation.

"Fuck off, Mommy. I'll do what I want!" Pamela screamed, nearing her climax.

After several more whacks, her cheeks turned a pretty pink and before I could further prompt her, she demanded, "Harder bitch, you can do better than that."

Moving to the side, I motioned to Chad to administer the next round of punishment. His strong hands landed on her cheeks, sounding off louder than before. Pamela gasped and her body began to tremble. Grabbing Chad's cock, I led him to her hungry pussy. He easily slid to the bottom of her soaked cunt, burying his massive cock to the hilt. He shoved her so hard that her head slid upward, resting on Carol's stomach.

"What is that? A fucking log?" Pamela screamed.

Her orgasm commenced, contracting around my son's pistoning ram. Chad plowed through her folds and when he felt her tight pussy convulse, he noted, "Damn, Mom. She came as fast as you did the first time."

While her body quivered and shook, she asked, "Chad? My nephew's fucking me?"

Chad gripped her ass and pounded her with wild abandon, while her pussy climaxed again with the knowledge that her nephew's cock was indeed slamming into her hungry hole. His face filled with blissful rapture and a feeling of jealousy swept through me, seeing the same look as was on Carol's the previous night when he took her from behind. I chastised myself for not having experienced that position with him. I vowed to treat my son to the same experience in the near future.

Pamela continued to chant and shake from multiple orgasms while Chad relentlessly pounded his horny aunt. Beads of sweat formed on Chad's forehead and his chest heaved as he put all his strength in thrusting his cock into his aunt. He glanced at me, smiled and his expression asked for permission to cum in my sister. When I nodded, he gripped the fronts of her thighs, as he had done with Carol.

My heart filled with pride, watching my son fuck my sister with so much lust. A lot of women would hate watching their man making love to another woman, but I loved sharing him with the women I loved.

The side of Pamela's face was smashed onto Carol's stomach, scrunched up from the shocks of pleasure coursing through her body. I kissed her, and said, "You wanted to take my son from me and now you've finally got him. Cum on his cock so he can erupt and claim you as his. Fuck my son as good as I do."

Her pupils dilated as her body went into convulsions. "Fuck!" she screamed. "This is the biggest orgasm ever. Fill me full of your sperm, Chad. Fuck your auntie hard!"

Her head jerked an inch forward when Chad's cannon exploded, propulsing my sister further up Carol's body. Pamela shrieked with each blast of my son's cum coating her silky walls. Chad filled her pussy with ropes of sperm, causing the room to resonate with lewd sloshing noises. When his pulses ended, he slowly eased out and stood, gazing at Pamela's battered pussy, oozing out streams of cum.

I rose and engulfed his coated cock, slurping down my sister's and son's cum. When cleaned, Chad collapsed on the couch and gushed, "Wow, that was exhausting," he smiled and added, "But I'm not complaining. Apparently, tight pussies run in the family." His gaze met mine and I returned his smile.

When Pamela recovered, we hugged each other and talked as if we were in high school again. The love we had shared returned, and we vowed to never allow anything to separate us in the future. The conversation eventually turned to recounting when Mom spanked us, filling the room with laughter. Carol then described to Pamela the events leading up to Chad and I joining together with her help.

As Pamela rose to her feet, she conveyed, "Thanks for accepting me back into the family. I should head for home now and leave you guys alone."

"Not in your life, Sis," I ordered. "You and Chad are going to spend the night in our bedroom, fucking your brains out as a welcome home present. Carol and I will spend the night in Chad's old room, where I'll attempt to convince her to prepare breakfast in the morning. It's a work day tomorrow, so we'll be up early."

"Oh my god!" Pamela exclaimed. "You're the best sister ever." She kissed me, grabbed Chad's hand, and dragged him toward the bedroom.

Screams of passion intermittently erupted from both bedrooms throughout the night, until everyone fell asleep, exhausted. I assisted Carol in preparing breakfast the next morning and everyone made it out the door on time. After I was left alone, I heaved a sigh of relief from the emotional roller coaster of the last two days.

Chad and I resumed our normal day-to-day activities, with the exception that we acted much like a newlywed couple. We hadn't heard from my sister or Carol, and on Friday night, I asked Chad, "Do you want me to invite the girls over this weekend for some fun? I'm sure they miss you. I know I would, if I were in their shoes."

Drawing near me, he grasped my hands, giving them a gentle, reassuring squeeze."Mom, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I have something to tell you."

I breathed in deeply, fearing the worst. Was I correct before, when I suspected our relationship would falter after a romantic coupling? With a soft voice, I asked, "What is it, dear? You can be totally truthful to me. We can't hide any secrets any longer."

"It's about Carol and Pamela. I care for them a lot and they're great in the sack, but for the first weekend, I'd prefer if it were only you and me. You're the one I'm in love with, and maybe it's because I'm selfish, but for this weekend, I want you for myself without anyone else present. Does that upset you?"

I blinked rapidly, trying in vain to hold back my tears. Emotions swelled up, overwhelming me with so much love for my son filling me. My voice trembled to reply, but before I could say anything, Chad embraced me, stroking my back and consoling me, "It's okay, Mom. I'm here for you, for the rest of our lives."

My eyes met his and after composing myself, I uttered, "I don't know what I did to deserve such a caring, wonderful son. Just when I think my life can't improve, you succeed in making me happier than before. I love you, too, and I secretly wished for the same. They'll understand completely, knowing our first weekend together will be like our honeymoon."

We gently kissed while holding each other tightly, sealing our pact of love.

Chapter 6

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We spent most of the day on Saturday doing our chores, combined with a lot of flirting, as we reveled in our incestuous relationship. Late afternoon, Chad proposed, "Mom, how about if we shower and head out for dinner? There's a restaurant near my workplace that I believe you'd appreciate for its romantic setting."

"Deal," I happily agreed. "I'd like you to change in your bedroom and wear the outfit you wore when we went out with Pamela. I'll change and join you in the living room."

After carefully shaving my legs in the shower, I dried myself off before settling onto my bed, gently applying lotion to my silky-smooth skin. Knowing they were magnets for my son's eyes, I strived for them to be perfect. Swiveling in front of the mirror, I was satisfied by the way they gleamed with a radiant luster.

Heading to my closet, I retrieved the silk skirt I had worn on that unforgettable evening when my son intimately kissed me. Inspecting it to ensure I had successfully removed my cum stains, I fastened it and slid on my sports briefs, which I often wore when on my period. I wasn't taking the chance of any unexpected leakage, knowing Chad's expressive actions would cause my pussy to cream.

Given Chad's description of the venue's romantic ambiance, I opted for a cropped, pullover blouse that allowed several inches of my midriff to show. A bra was out of the question as it would impede my son's exploring hands. As I slipped into a pair of heels, I cast a final glance in the mirror to confirm my hair was neatly brushed, finalizing my look with a subtle touch of lipstick.

I felt giddy with excitement, my nerves fluttering as though it was my first date. In a way, it was the first time we'd be going out as a joined, incestuous couple. There would be no hidden agendas or desires, and I'd never felt so excited to dine out.

My self-appraisal was confirmed when I witnessed Chad's awestruck expression. I twirled around, modeling for him, and when I saw his wide grin, I knew it was perfect.

"Jesus, Mom!" he exclaimed. "You're so fucking hot!"

"Watch your language, Chad," I admonished, my tone firm. "I'm still your mother, and won't tolerate such behavior." I smiled and added, "Unless, of course, we're actually fucking."

While we laughed, his hands gripped my bare midriff and gently kissed me. "I can't believe how lucky I am to have my beautiful mother as my girlfriend," he cooed.

When his hands traveled upward, I grasped his wrists, chuckled, and gently chided, "No dessert until you've finished your meal, young man."

His hands moved to the sides of my face, his fingers lightly touching my ears, while his smooth thumbs brushed across my cheeks. His blue eyes stared into mine, while he lovingly kissed me. He whispered, "Let's get to it, then, so we can return and enjoy our dessert." Wasting no more time, he intertwined his arm

with mine, led me out to the car, and gentlemanly assisted me into the passenger seat.

By the time we arrived, dusk had settled in, and the venue was filling up. Fortunately, we were seated at a charming candle-lit table nestled against the far wall. Amid the spacious room, there was a small dance floor with soft, melodic music playing in the background. Feeling a hint of suspicion, I inquired, “Did you bring me here to dance? You know I’m not much of a dancer; that’s more my sister’s thing. Plus, I’m wearing heels.”

“No, Mom,” he reassured me. “I know you don’t particularly care for dancing, and I didn’t plan on asking you to. I just thought you’d enjoy the romantic setting.”

Regretting my hasty accusation, I replied, “It’s a lovely place. I’m sorry if I seemed upset.”

As we placed our food orders and savored our meals, our conversation flowed effortlessly as we explored ideas for future activities together. That evening, I couldn’t recall ever enjoying a dining experience as much as I did that night. We even ordered dessert and afterward, I thought of the perfect ending to our dining experience. “Chad, would you mind escorting me to the dance floor to top off our wonderful evening?”

His face lit up, as he stood and held my hand. After embracing each other on the floor, we slowly swayed to the music. He wasn’t interested in any fancy moves, holding me tightly and kissing my neck. “You smell wonderful, Mom. In the past, I’ve gone into your bedroom and smelled your pillow to inhale your scent. It drives me crazy.”

I licked the rim of his ear and confessed, “That’s nothing. I enjoy smelling your clothes before throwing them in the washer. I get the same amount of enjoyment from sniffing your clothes.”

After nibbling on my earlobe, he whispered, “It’s like a dream come true, dancing with you tonight. I love you so much.”

My pussy tingled with excitement, and I was thankful that I had decided to wear my protective panties. I replied, “All my problems disappear when I’m in your arms. I feel like putty in your strong hands and love the way you hold me.” The music fell silent, but we remained locked together in a lover’s embrace.

His hand, holding my waist, traveled upward, underneath my top, until he clamped onto my bare breast. His fingertips found my hardening nipple and

tweaked it, causing me to groan. After my tip filled with blood and became fully engorged, he twisted and flicked it, sending jolts of pleasure through me.

“Isn’t it inappropriate for you to grab your mother’s tit in public,” I asked, gasping for air.

“It wouldn’t be proper if you were my mother,” Chad stated, twisting my nipple again. “Tonight, you’re my wife and some husbands are so madly in love with their spouse, they can’t keep their hands off them. I fall in that category.”

“In that case, you should kiss your wife when groping her,” I whispered, my voice barely audible, my breath shallow.

His soft lips covered mine and my heart raced from his intimate touch. Our mouths opened and our lips shifted around, while our tongues played a game of hide-and-seek. Puffs of hot air burst from his nostrils as his passion rose.

We remained locked together, focusing only on us, until we heard the next song begin playing. When others started moving by us, Chad squeezed my breast one final time before leading me to our table. After he threw down enough cash to pay the bill, he gripped my hand and firmly demanded, “Time to go home, Michelle,” in the same serious tone as the night with Pamela. His manly tone and calling me by my name, instead of Mom, sent shivers down my spine, and I vowed not to disappoint him once we returned home.

When he opened the passenger door for me, I informed him, “I’m driving home. Get in.” He smiled and settled in, relieved that he didn’t have to focus on the traffic. allowing more time to admire his mother’s legs. As suspected, his eyes locked onto my exposed flesh, his hand landing on my knee.

“Your legs are unbelievable, Mom. They’re so smooth and sexy. I love feeling them,” he complimented me while stroking my thigh.

Remembering the night we drove back from the dance when I closed my legs, I opened them this time, sending the opposite signal—I was his for the taking. My slot oozed juice and I knew my panties would be soaked by the time we arrived home. When his hand squeezed my upper thigh, I groaned and warned, “Don’t go any higher or we might have an accident.”

His hand continued to caress my thigh until we parked in our driveway. After we entered through the front door, I slipped off my high heels, and handed them to him, asking, “Chad, would you be a dear and stow these in my closet?”

“Of course, Mom,” he replied, grabbed them, and strode down the hall. I pulled my top up, holding it with my elbows. Standing behind the couch, I bent over and buried my hands into the gap between the cushions and the back of the couch. My blouse dropped, freeing my tits. As I heard his footsteps approaching, I called out, “Chad, could you please come here and assist me?”

“What’s the matter, Mom?” he inquired, his footsteps quickening. He halted abruptly, hopefully, to admire the backs of my thighs, exposed from my skirt that had shifted higher.

“My hands are caught, sweetie. Can you pull me out?” I asked, reciting to the best of my memory of one of the moms in his porn clips. Moving behind me, he placed his hands on my bare, lower back and moved upward, his fingers brushing across the sides of my bare breasts.

“It looks like your top fell off, Mom. I’ll have to find something else to grip in order to yank you out,” he stated, cupping each breast before kneading them. Hearing him moan from handling my tits, soaked my panties even more so.

“Chad, stop that,” I scolded, trying my best to sound serious. “It’s not nice to grab your mother’s breasts. Please back off, honey. Your pants are chafing my legs.”

Apologizing in a feigned, insincere tone, he halfheartedly said, “Sorry, Mom.” When his hands left, I kicked myself for advancing the script too fast. I would have loved for him to play with my tits for a lot longer and I knew he wanted the same.

After hearing his clothes thump on the floor, I felt his hairy legs press against the backs of mine. Leaning over me, he continued where he left off, kneading my mounds, saying, “Mom, your skin is too slippery. I need to grip onto something else to pull you out.” His fingers clamped onto my nipples, before twisting and pulling them. Waves of heat flowed through my body, as he stimulated my sensitive, engorged nubs.

When my pussy throbbed, demanding attention, I screamed, “Chad! What are you doing? You shouldn’t be doing that. Let’s try something different. Try holding onto my waist, instead.”

Reaching around to the front of my skirt, he unfastened the button and shoved it to the floor. The cool air swept across my bare flesh but did little to cool me off. His hands landed on the backs of my thighs and rose, squeezing and caressing my hot flesh. “Chad. That’s far enough. It’s improper to undress your mommy and those are my legs, not my waist.”

“The material was slippery, Mom,” he explained, fully embracing the male porn character. “It’s better now, but it looks like you wet yourself. Your panties are soaked. I better remove them for the wash.”

“No,” I whispered softly and unconvincingly.

His thumbs hooked into the sides of my undies and slowly lowered them, exposing my wet gash. When he paused, I didn’t speak, allowing him to gaze at his mother’s pussy. I inhaled deeply when his fingers slid up and down my swollen outer lips, smearing them with my juices. Palming my mound, his fingers gripped my hairy muff, while his other hand soothingly rubbed my cheeks.

My oozing slot and his rapid panting were signs that our foreplay had ended. He backed off and suddenly, I felt his big knob running up and down my slit. I couldn’t help but moan, while he greased his prick. Finally, he pushed the tip in, my outer lips immediately locking onto it.

His hands gripped my hips and slid several inches of his thick prick into my slot. “I think it’s working, Mom,” he murmured, his voice crackling with lust. “Push back and try to free yourself.”

He wanted me to take the initiative and allow me to impale myself on his cock, a much different scenario than in the porno clips. Humping rearward, I felt his large head split apart my folds, my walls wrapping around his thick shaft. Nerve endings fired off as his ram opened up my tight pussy.

The angle of his prick scraped seldom-touched areas of my pussy. Pausing to relish the exquisite feeling of my pussy full of his cock, my legs weakened and I knew I couldn’t stand if I wanted to.

Chad grew impatient and shoved his prick in deeper. My pussy agreed with him and demanded attention, pulling him in further. “Fuck your mother, Chad!” I exclaimed. “Pound me hard!”

His reaction was instantaneous, burying his prick to the hilt, his spongy tip opening up my wet folds. His fingers dug into my flesh while he hammered my pussy at a pace I’ve never felt from him. If I could look in a mirror, I knew my expression would be identical to Carol’s when he took her from behind.

His prick drove deeper than before, and it felt like he was bigger and harder. My pussy had a mind of its own, quivering and squeezing his prick, as he plowed into my channel. He grunted and panted as his carnal lust consumed him, his body slamming into mine. His heavy balls slammed against my covered clit, stimulating me even more.

“Fuck, you’re big!” I exclaimed. “I can’t hold back. I’m going to cum on my son’s cock.”

His response was to slam harder into me and like a switch, my orgasm triggered. When my swollen walls locked onto his prick, I felt his first spurt of cream eject from his tip. My pussy contracted each time I felt his monster prick pulse and spit out a blob of semen.

“You’re fucking hot, Mom,” he gasped. “Your pussy is so tight and wet, I never want to stop fucking you.”

True to his word, he didn’t ease up after the last of his sperm had been released. My pussy was overly-sensitive after my orgasm and under normal circumstances, I would want time to recover, but tonight was for my son, and I wouldn’t stop him from doing whatever he wanted. Slowly, my body climbed back up from his relentless pounding. Before I escalated too high, I pleaded, “Sweetie, can you let me up? I want to try something else.”

He slowly withdrew and helped me off the couch. After a gentle kiss, he said, “I think I can delete those clips of the mothers caught in cupboards and couches. None of those can compete with you.”

“It was amazing,” I responded. “When I witnessed you doggy-fucking Carol and Pamela, I knew I had to experience the same position. We’ll be doing that a lot from now on. Something else has been on my fantasy list. Remember when Carol asked you to pick her up and kiss her? I want to experience the same treatment.”

He smiled widely, while his large hands gripped onto my ass, digging his fingers in deeply. Lifting me, I wrapped my arms around his neck and when my feet left the floor, my legs swung around and held onto his waist. Our mouths mashed together as we ground our bodies together. Instead of my groin on his stomach as with Carol, I was taller and his prick pressed against my hairy mound. Feeling his big balls squashed against my cum-filled slot, I squirmed around in an attempt to suck them into my pussy.

Chad giggled, explaining, “Your fur is tickling my cock, Mom.”

My body shook as I chuckled, my breasts heaving on his bare chest.

“You’re not making it any better, Mom. But I wouldn’t change a thing. I love your hairy pussy,” he confessed.

“I have a solution. Lift me slowly until I tell you to stop,” I directed him.

His rod slid down my mound and when his ridged tip pressed against my covered clit, I said, "That's far enough."

Holding him tightly, I twisted my groin around, smashing his cockhead against my clit. When it filled with blood and he realized what I was doing, he lifted and lowered me, fucking my clit with his mushroom-shaped head. My groans encouraged him to continue and when I felt my climax approaching, I croaked, "Lift me higher, honey."

His tip slid through my slit and when it pressed against my outer lips, I ordered, "Far enough. Time to fuck your mother again."

We kissed while he impaled me on his stiff staff. When his prick was fully embedded, he took charge and fucked me, using his muscular arms to lift and lower me. The feeling of being taken by a strong man is one thing, but when it's your son, it's on a completely different level. Within a dozen strokes, my pussy convulsed with another orgasm. His eyes never left mine as we kissed through my climax.

When he felt my body relax, he stopped, his hard prick buried in my wet pussy. "Jesus, that was far hotter than when you were with Carol," I stated.

"It's always better when I'm with you, Mom," he professed. "Funny thing is, I've had that same fantasy ever since she made me pick her up."

"When she clung onto you, I was tempted to pull your robe apart and shove her hairy pussy down onto your pole," I admitted.

"Our thoughts were on the same wavelength," he responded. "She's responsible for a lot of our fantasies. I'm so lucky that you're friends with her or none of this would have happened."

"She emits an aura of sexuality, which I'm sure we'll tap into in the future," I related.

"It's my turn to live out one of the many scenarios I've dreamed of being with you. Hang onto me," he beseeched, keeping his prick sheathed in my slot. While he gracefully carried me to our bedroom, his cock twisted and turned around in my channel, scraping my walls. Groans emitted from me with each step. Lowering me down onto my bed, his hands gripped behind my knees and pushed them toward my head.

Resting on my haunches, he resumed pumping. His hands squeezed my tit flesh, squishing out from under my knees. My pussy folds gripped and surrounded his

cock as he would exit until his head almost escaped and then plunged back to the bottom. My hands clung to his back, my fingernails digging into his firm flesh.

The blissful expression on his face made my heart flutter, knowing he was living out his fantasy. That, along with his steel-hard prick slicing through my pussy sent me over the edge, my walls quivering and convulsing onto his shaft. My hot juices flowing around his cock encouraged him to increase his pace. Continuing to plow his meaty cock into me, waves of pleasure flowed through me.

His strong body held me captive, filling me with a feeling of protectiveness and vulnerability combined. It excited me, knowing he was in full control and could fulfill his deepest desires. There was nothing I wouldn't do for my son and I vowed to make all of his wishes come true.

He relentlessly pounded my battered pussy for another twenty minutes, fucking through every one of my micro-orgasms. His animalistic drive and lustful expression turned me on even more. Beads of sweat dripped from his forehead onto my upper chest as his hips flexed and shoved into me. "God, Chad. You're fucking your mommy so good. I love you and your big cock. Fuck me hard and cum in me, baby."

His smile widened, ready to once again claim his mother. His hands moved upward and firmly clasped around my shoulders, leveraging his body to sink even deeper. Even though his heavy body restricted my movements, I managed to thrust my hips up to meet his strokes. His angle changed and an involuntary shriek escaped my lips when his bulbous head scrubbed across my G-spot.

Holding my hips in position, I moaned, "Oh God, that's the spot. Your prick is driving me crazy."

Seeing my blissful expression and hearing the sounds of passionate grunting escaping my lips, he concentrated on scraping his bloated head across my rough patch. After several minutes of intense stimulation, I felt light-headed and thought I might pass out. My pussy succumbed to his thick prick, contracting and convulsing wildly, as he relished the feeling of sending his mother into heaven.

I'm certain his back was bloody from my nails digging in, but he didn't care one bit. I gently tugged him and he immediately knew what I needed most. He kissed me, driving his tongue into my mouth. We passionately kissed, maintaining eye contact, peering into each other's souls. My pussy continued to squeeze and surround his cock with the longest orgasm I've ever experienced. His hips bucked into me and when I felt his balls smash against my groin, his meaty cock fully buried, I screamed into his mouth.

He grunted, either from pain or pleasure from slamming his nuts into me, but refused to ease up, thrusting into me harder with each stroke. My eyes widened when his prick twitched inside me. My contractions aligned with his pulses, our bodies humping in perfect synchrony. My walls milked out any remaining sperm residing in his balls and continued to contract after his prick ceased spurting.

Endorphins unleashed their euphoric rush, flooding my body with delightful bliss. My body, completely exhausted, fell limp and I felt like a ragdoll at my son's mercy. I have never been fucked so good or loved someone so dearly as that moment in time. He stood and lowered my legs to the bed, before melding his sweaty body onto mine. He wrapped his arms around me and held me tightly, kissing me gently as if apologizing for taking me so forcefully.

Before I could express my feelings, he murmured, "That was unbelievable, Mom. I love you so much and could make love to you forever."

"Me, too, sweetie," I agreed. "You said it was your fantasy, but it was also one of mine. Seeing the joy in your face when you're with me fills my life with completeness. Our love is eternal."

"Our relationship is stronger than most married couples and is definitely way better than a typical mom and son," Chad stated, before pausing to collect his thoughts. "You've loved Carol and Aunt Pamela for decades and I don't want what we have to interfere with that. This weekend was ours, but from now on, it wouldn't bother me in the least if you want to visit one or the other for a night of fun, and if you want to be left alone with them, I understand completely."

My heart swelled with emotion as I gazed upon his sincere, caring expression. He would go to great lengths to make his mother happy, and I knew the ideal way to reward my horny son. "My love for them is different from the intense feelings I have toward you," I explained. "I want to ensure their happiness, but if you don't mind, I'd like you to assist me in pleasing them. Their horniness, due to your wonderful prick, will only increase. If you don't mind, I'd like you to fuck their brains out from time to time. And of course, I'll expect to be rewarded directly afterward."

Chad smiled and replied, "It might be better if you're first when we involve Carol. She's a pretty wild fuck and I'll need to take the edge off to fully satisfy her. There's something about her that pushes my buttons."

"You and me both," I replied, causing both of us to chuckle.

Our lives took a new direction once we had incestuously joined. The awkward moments of indecision and uncertainty during our courtship were behind us as we embraced our newly formed, vibrant relationship. There were no boundaries between us, as our mutual love thrived. I felt more youthful than ever and made an effort to often surprise my son with new experiences, reveling in the delight it brought him.

Wednesday evening, while cooking dinner, my thoughts drifted to when my son doggy-fucked Pamela and Carol and how I felt, knowing I was missing something. “Had I been too quick to discount the joy Pamela felt when we spanked her?” I asked myself. As if Mom heard my thoughts from miles away, the phone rang—I picked it up immediately.

“Hi, Mom,” I greeted her. “It’s good hearing from you. How have you been?”

Mom sighed, “I’m fine, dear. Just a little lonely without your father, but otherwise, I’m good. I hate to trouble you, but I have a favor to ask. Would you and Chad be willing to visit me for a few days? There’s some work around the house that your father used to handle, and I find it challenging to find someone to do it. I’d be more than happy to pay Chad whatever he thinks is fair.”

“Of course, Mom,” I responded. “It would be wonderful to see you again, and coincidentally, Chad has been talking about taking a couple of days off. It would be a nice break for him. I’m sure he wouldn’t accept any payment, but he’d absolutely love some of your home-cooked meals. He’s always got an appetite.”

“Great,” Mom replied. “I’ll stock up on all his favorites. How about Friday? Does that work for you?”

“Friday sounds perfect, Mom. We’ll head up after Chad finishes work, so it might be late when we arrive.”

We continued talking for another half hour before ending the call. My excitement grew as a plan took shape in my mind. I could only hope that Chad would share the same level of enthusiasm.

When I brought up the subject during dinner with Chad, he was thrilled about the prospect of taking a few days off and immediately expressed his eagerness to assist Mom with the house. I smiled inwardly, withholding the plan I had formulated. I called Pamela later in the evening and asked her to join us for dinner the next evening.

Before my sister and son arrived on Thursday, I selected my outfit for the occasion. After slipping on a pair of thin, silky panties, I slid on a short skirt and

fastened it before picking out a billowy blouse. Ensuring the top three buttons were undone, I admired the valley exposed between my braless breasts. Satisfied with my appearance, I prepared dinner and waited for them to arrive.

Pamela wore her usual sexy clothes, ensuring her braless tits squashed into our chests when she tightly hugged Chad and me. While we dined, my sister and I commanded the conversation, catching up since the last time she was over. Chad's attention was on my gaping blouse, sneaking glimpses of my erect nipples when I shifted from side to side. Even though he had explored every square inch of my body many times over, he still ogled my wares, as if seeing them for the first time. It brought a smile to my face, knowing how much he admired my body.

When it was time to clean the kitchen, I instructed Chad to take his shower and we'd join him in the living room after we finished. Pamela sat on one end of the couch while I settled into a comfortable, overstuffed chair opposite of her. When Chad entered, wearing a short robe, I rose and had him sit where I had been. I plopped down on his lap and wiggled my ass onto his hardening prick.

Pamela couldn't contain herself any longer, inquiring, "Okay, I have to ask, why are you flashing your gorgeous tits to me, and your son? Are you letting us know you're horny because if that's the case, I should unbutton my blouse, too."

"It's the perfect time to bring up the reason for your invitation," I answered. "Mom invited Chad and me to visit her and I was wondering what you'd think of me dressed like this in front of her. Do you think she'd want to punish me?" My mischievous smirk relayed my hidden agenda.

Pamela shrieked, "Oh, my, god! Are you going to tease Mom until she punishes you? If so, shouldn't I be the one to go?"

"Don't worry, Sis. If everything proceeds as planned, you and Chad will pay her a visit in the future. I'm hoping she'll spank me and that's why you're here. I want to see what it feels like and in the process, you'll be able to show Chad how to properly smack a woman's ass."

My sister's eyes brightened with lust as her tongue swiped across her lips. She inched out to the edge of the couch, moving her upright knees further away. "Get over here, young lady, and take your punishment," she ordered.

My pussy tingled with excitement, eager to experience a form of pleasure I'd never embraced before. I trusted my sister fully and knew she'd treat me right. I pranced over and bent over her lap, pressing my groin tightly against her leg. One of her hands soothingly rubbed my cheeks while she stated, in a firm tone,

“You’ve been a bad girl, Michelle. A mother shouldn’t flash her tits in front of her son.”

Her hand lightly tapped my ass, which I barely felt, covered by my panties and skirt. I giggled, much like she did when Mom spanked her. Her hand came down a little harder bringing out another chuckle from me. “Your soft hand feels good, Mommy,” I goaded her.

She paused while she whispered something to Chad before saying, “It’s not supposed to feel good, little missy. You leave me with no choice.” She yanked my skirt up onto my back and then slid my panties down to my ankles. I felt Chad’s strong hands hold my feet while he removed my undies.

Pamela’s hand lightly smacked against my bottom, sending a pang of excitement through my pussy. Feeling no pain, I began to understand why my sister had enjoyed being spanked. Chad’s hands stroked up and down my bare legs, increasing the flow of pussy juice filling my cunt.

“You shouldn’t allow my son to feel his mother’s legs,” I croaked.

“You’re right,” Pamela replied. “His hands would be better off kneading my tits while I show him how to spank his mother.”

After his hands withdrew, I heard him shuffle to the rear of the couch. After a few more light slaps, she moaned. I surmised it had to be the result of Chad playing with her breasts.

“When are you going to start spanking me, Mommy,” I taunted my sister. Her hand immediately came down on my ass, sounding loud, but surprisingly not painful. Her hands rubbed around in circles, before slapping my cheeks again.

“Your mommy has a fine ass, don’t you think Chad,” she asked my son, her voice crackling with excitement. She palmed one bun, while her fingers delved into my crack, her tips barely touching the sensitive skin between my pussy and asshole.

My body shook with excitement with her gentle touch. I gripped her lower leg and stroked her calves while she alternated between smacking me and kneading my ass. It wouldn’t be long before I experienced an orgasm without my pussy being touched and vivid memories flashed back to when Pamela climaxed on Mom’s lap.

After another few slaps, her hand moved down to my thigh and pushed it to the side, lewdly exposing my dripping cunt. Her fingers ran up and down my engorged labia before returning to my ass. “Your mommy’s pussy is juicy and

swollen. It must be from thinking about her son's cock sinking into it," she chided while smacking me again.

Her hands gripped each cheek and pulled them apart and when I braced myself for her fingers to attack my pussy again, Chad's prick buried itself into my steaming snatch. I screeched, "Oh fuck, that's good!" My pussy convulsed and contracted on his first stroke. I couldn't believe I orgasmed that fast.

Chad pounded his cock into my spasming slot, continuing to fuck me through my orgasm. His pace quickened and the shockwaves of pleasure surged through my system as my son pummeled my battered pussy. My fingers dug into my sister's calves, holding on for dear life as my son's cock fed my hungry cunt.

"Your pussy is so fucking hot and wet, Mom," Chad croaked, his panting and grunting louder than my own. His hands gripped my waist and pulled me into his groin, my sister's slapping hand replaced with his body banging against my ass.

Pamela grasped my sides and held my body in place for my son's attack. My body tingled with excitement as I felt the beginnings of a major orgasm. "I'm cumming again. Cum in your mother, Chad. Fuck me hard!" I screamed, encouraging my son to unload his payload.

"Fill her up, Chad," Pamela urged, feeling my body's muscles tense. My walls enlarged and wrapped around his cock, sending him over the edge. The first spurt of cum triggered my orgasm. Our grunting drowned out all other sounds as we enjoyed the blissful, incestuous joining. I'd never tire of feeling his bulbous head pulse and spew out sperm, filling my pussy with his thick cream, while my convulsing walls milked every drop of his seed.

When the euphoric bliss flooded my system, my body relaxed. Chad's pumping ceased but he remained hard, his prick twitching with the aftershocks of his own orgasm. After he slid his cum-coated cock from my pussy, I heard my sister licking and cleaning his shaft.

Pamela's hand soothingly caressed my buns as Mom had done to us. "I think you've learned your lesson, Michelle. It's time for you to thank your son for helping me punish you."

I rose on wobbly legs and Chad immediately hugged me tightly to his now-nude body. Pamela reached around and unbuttoned my blouse and removed it while my son and I kissed. "Thank you," I purred. "I think my sister would also like to be thanked for her lesson." I stroked his hard cock a few times, sexily smirked, and asked, "Do you think she'd like the Carol treatment?"

Pamela asked, “The Carol treatment? What do you mean?”

Chad lowered me to the floor, raised my knees, and spread my legs widely. Standing, he explained, “Aunt Carol loves to eat a freshly fucked pussy while I doggy fuck her. Would you like...”

Before he could finish, Pamela collapsed onto the floor and plastered her mouth onto my pussy, licking and sucking out my son’s cum. Her tongue swirled around my walls, expertly extracting every drop of sperm.

“Damn, my sister eats pussy really well,” I croaked, between groans. “Give her a bonus, Chad, and jam your big prick into my sister’s horny cunt.”

Her face slammed against my pussy when Chad rammed his prick to the bottom of her tight pussy. She grunted from the forceful thrusting of Chad’s long, hard prick while continuing to eat me. I felt each of his powerful strokes as Pamela’s head bumped into me. When her lips surrounded and squeezed my puffy, exposed clit, my pussy contracted and released my sex juices. Pamela slurped the mixture of my nectar and my son’s cum until I was clean.

Running my fingers through her scalp, I gripped the sides of her head and pulled her up until the top of her head bumped into the bottoms of my breasts. “Enjoy my son’s cock, Sis. You’ve done good and it’s your turn to cum on his cock.”

Chad’s pace quickened and when her body stopped moving forward, I knew Chad had a firm grip on her waist, holding her steady while he fucked her hard, the way he knew both of us enjoyed it. It seemed like hours but was probably only ten minutes of frantic fucking when Pamela’s panting increased along with her moaning. I squeezed her tits and coaxed Chad, “She’s ready to blow. Fuck her hard and cum in her. Give your auntie the fucking she deserves.”

He groaned and hoarsely replied, “Me too, Mom. I can’t take much more of her tight pussy.”

Pinching my sister’s nipples, I twisted them until her body climaxed. Her pussy convulsed and bathed my son’s cock with her cum.

Chad’s loud grunts and forceful slams were signs of his own orgasmic release. When both of them were drained, Chad pulled my sister off of me.

“Lay her in our bed, sweetie,” I instructed. “I’ll follow you.” After he positioned her in bed, I snuggled next to my son, on the opposite side of my sister. We turned on our sides and ran our hands over his sweaty, firm body.

“Thanks so much, Michelle,” my sister uttered, sincerely.

“I should thank you for spanking me so well,” I replied. We reminisced about old times until Chad fell into a deep sleep.

Pamela, noticing my son’s sleep state, whispered, “There’s something I need to tell you about Mom, which may change your plans on having her spank you.”

The serious tone of her voice piqued my attention. “What is it, Sis?”

“After we graduated and lived together, do you remember when I confided in you that I didn’t want to continue with spanking, afraid of people thinking I was weird?”

“Yes, I do,” I replied. “Later, I felt bad that we teased you and didn’t support you the way we should have.”

“You didn’t have to worry about it,” Pamela said. “One day I visited Mom and broke down about my fetish. She held me while I cried, while I exposed my innermost feelings. She disclosed to me that she harbored the same feelings and there was nothing wrong with it. It wasn’t long before her soft hands were slapping against my bare buns. She alternated between slapping and caressing my ass until I came. We hugged afterward and it was the first time she kissed me romantically. After that, whenever I felt the need, I’d visit Mom for relief.”

“You really kept that secret, but it’s not that big a deal. Why keep it from Carol and me?” I asked.

“I’m not finished,” she responded. “Once, when she couldn’t bring me to an orgasm after a lengthy spanking, I tried fingering myself while on her lap. She gripped my wrist and pulled my hand away. Flipping me onto my back, she mashed her mouth onto my pussy and sucked my pussy until I came. She kept eating me until another climax hit me. Needless to say, I visited more often after that. Knowing Mom enjoyed spanking, I finally convinced her to let me do it to her. When I felt her body tense, I flipped her onto her back as she had done to me and slurped on her beautiful pussy. To tell you the truth, when we reconnected and I saw your hairy mound, it reminded me of how Mom’s looked. After a few more times, we would sometimes skip the spanking and go right to pleasuring ourselves.”

“That’s amazing and really hot,” I professed. “My pussy is leaking, thinking about Mom and you. Did you ever stop seeing her?”

“This is where it got a little weird and why I didn’t tell you everything,” she explained. “She called me one day and we set up a time to meet at three. When I got there a little early, Dad was just leaving. After a brief greeting, he swiftly brushed past me, his face a deep shade of beet red. Opening their bedroom door, I saw Mom on the bed nude, her hands gripping her knees, pulling her legs toward her head, lifting her ass in the air.”

“Wow!” I exclaimed. “Do you think Dad helped position her? Did he know what you were doing?”

“I think so, but that’s not the worst part. Mom whispered that she had been a bad girl and deserved a spanking. I quickly stripped and moved behind her and began slapping her ass. Looking down at her hair-rimmed gash, I watched as thick, white blobs oozed out of her hole. I was certain it was Dad’s cum. I didn’t hesitate and dove right in, digging my tongue into her insides and slurping down Dad’s sperm. Mom closed her thighs against my head while her hands pulled me tightly against her sex. She kept moaning ‘No’ as if she didn’t want me to feast on Dad’s cum, but her legs and hands firmly held me. After she came two times, she did the same to me. Afterward, we snuggled together and connected closer than ever.”

“Jesus. No wonder you didn’t want to tell us,” I responded. “That’s on a whole new level of pervertedness.”

“It was great for Mom and me, but it took its toll on Dad. He eventually informed her that he didn’t want her to meet with me any longer. She even tried to talk him into a threesome, if I agreed to it, but he wouldn’t hear of it. Mom relented to his demands, and when I asked her if she’d rather meet outside of their house, she declined, saying she wanted to adhere to Dad’s wishes. The only exception was after my divorce. Noticing my depressed state, she invited me over for a week, sending Dad away on a fishing vacation. We made love all week, and afterward, I felt like a new woman. A Mother knows what’s best for her children.”

“Thanks for telling me. Since Dad died, have you thought about visiting her again, and helping her out with her loneliness?”

“Definitely,” she responded. “It looks like you’ll beat me to it, though. What I didn’t tell you is that through my talks with Mom, I discovered that she likes getting spanked more than doing it. Also, she admitted that she loved having me suck Dad’s cum out of her pussy.”

“That does change things,” I agreed with her earlier suggestion. “Instead of convincing her to spank me, I’ll have to put her over my lap, then suck Chad’s

cum out of her pussy after he fucks her. It'll be exactly like we did tonight, but it'll be Mom instead of me."

"Exactly," Pamela agreed.

"It would have been much easier for me to pretend to be bad. How in the world will I convince Mom to agree to a spanking?" I asked.

"You and Chad are great at flirting," Pamela stated. "She confided in me that Dad was a great lover and fucked her regularly, so I imagine she's pretty horny by now unless she's found someone else. Show her what's available and I'm certain she'll be game for anything."

"Thanks, Sis. It gives me a lot to think about," I replied.

"Good luck," Pamela said, rolling on her side away from us. "I'm exhausted. Goodnight."

I was tired, too, but my mind raced with the revelations of my mother and sister. I lay awake for two hours, my emotions sky-high from all that had happened. Everything revolved around my son and how much I wanted to please him. He'd do anything for me and I wondered if it was a mistake involving him with Mom. He appeared aghast when I hinted at him taking Dad's place. I decided to have a talk with him on the way to Mom's. I could always keep it as a friendly visit if Chad wasn't on board.

With that subject resolved, I opened up a discussion with myself that I had successfully buried since the beginning of our incestuous relationship—Chad's future. He deserved to enjoy raising his own family, married to a woman who'd bear his children. The unfairness of it weighed heavily on me. I was certain he would never pressure any of us into a pregnancy and would be content without pursuing a relationship with anyone else. Pamela's words flashed before me; 'A Mother knows what's best for her children.'

As his mother, I knew I had to do whatever it took to ensure his happiness. I vowed to aid him in seeking someone who could complete his dreams, even if it resulted in our relationship returning to a non-incestuous one. The only woman his age that he ever showed any interest in was his cousin, Alice. Carol blocked my attempt at setting him up with her, and from her description at the time, I agreed that she was not a good fit. Although Carol described her daughter as a little slutty, a lot of young people need to get it out of their system. I'd always thought Alice was a bright, caring, and incredibly beautiful girl. Maybe I'd have a talk with Carol after our visit with Mom.

My hands roamed across Chad's stomach and wrapped around his magnificent prick. I didn't know if it was from Pamela's confessions or the thought of my time being limited with my son, but my pussy throbbed with a hunger for his meaty cock. Gently straddling my son, I soothingly caressed his taut chest, marveling at his perfect physique. Gripping the base of his cock, I inserted him into my snug pussy, relishing the feel of his hardness as my sex swallowed his ram.

Once his prick was completely buried, I slowly moved back and forth, fucking myself on his cock. Neither Chad nor Pamela was the wiser as I lovingly fucked my son. Every third stroke, I'd halt and cherish the feel of his thick prick. I would miss the blissfulness of fucking my son, but my love for him surpassed my own greedy needs. Leaning down, I rested on my elbows, my erect nipples scraping across his chest.

For the next twenty minutes, I fucked my son's pole, admiring his sleeping face. I wondered if his joyful expression was the result of dreaming of fucking his mother. I felt his hands grip my ass before I noticed his eyes were open, staring into mine. I lowered my mouth to his and allowed him to take over the fucking pace. He humped and ground his hips into mine at a frenetic pace. After another ten minutes, my pussy succumbed to his fantastic prick and contracted. His cock pulsed and sprayed my insides with his hot seed.

As normal, he remained hard after we released, and kept his prick buried to the hilt. My eyes misted over with emotion, fearing that I would eventually lose him. He seemed to read my mind, wrapped his arms around me, and hugged me tightly. His hot breath washed over my ear as he whispered, "I'll always love you, Mom. Nothing will ever change that."

He always knew what to say to comfort me. Exhausted from remaining awake and then, obtaining release from my son sent me to dreamy land. His prick moved in and out of my drenched pussy, but I couldn't remain awake, falling asleep while my son fucked me.

Chapter 7

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The fog of sleep slowly lifted as my eyelids fluttered open. I had slept so soundly that I hadn't moved from where I first fell asleep, on top of my son's warm body. I

gently rolled off of him, and took a moment to admire his lean, muscled body, before climbing out of bed.

I quickly threw on a robe before I realized Pamela had already left. However, the aroma of coffee led me to the kitchen, where her cheerful face greeted me. I took my seat, finding a plate of hot food waiting for me. Pamela planted a friendly peck on my lips and greeted me, “Good morning, Sis.”

“Good morning,” I replied, smiling at her thoughtfulness. “Thanks for breakfast. Chad was exhausted, so I didn’t wake him.”

“Maybe it was from all that late-night fucking you two did when I was trying to sleep,” she replied, giggling. “I’ve never seen two people more connected than you and your son.”

“It’s a deep love between a mother and a son that I can’t explain. It’s just a bonus that he loves fucking his mother so much,” I replied, both of us laughing and giggling.

Pamela held my hands, and with a serious tone, conveyed, “You know he’d do anything for you, even if it’s something he wouldn’t normally do. I’m not certain he’s as interested as you are in helping Mom out with her love life. You should have a serious talk with him on the way there.”

Acknowledging she was right, I concurred, “Thanks, Sis. Deep down, I have the same thoughts. I got carried away in the moment, and I don’t want to pressure him into anything. Leave it to you to keep me grounded.”

“That’s what sisters are for,” Pamela replied, comforting me with a nice smile.

When we heard Chad stirring in the bedroom, we shifted our conversation to a different topic. Pamela completed the preparation of my son’s meal and placed it on the table, just as he entered the room. Dressed in his work attire, he seemed eager to eat and head out.

“Good morning, ladies,” Chad greeted us. “You both look as lovely as ever. Excuse my manners, but I need to chow down this delicious plate of food and run off to work. I want to leave work early, so we can head out sooner to Gran’s.”

“Wonderful,” I said. “I’ll be ready to go anytime this afternoon as I have it off.”

Not even ten minutes passed before his plate was wiped clean. He bid us farewell with a kiss, and shortly afterward, Pamela departed.

My sister's words lingered with me throughout the day. His words of comfort during the previous night, while making love, led me to believe he sensed my emotional turmoil. He could read me like a book, as I could him.

Chad arrived at one and after a quick change of clothes, we left, with me behind the steering wheel. I loved to drive, knowing my son would rather admire my legs than the road.

Noticing my conservative clothes, he stated, "It looks like you've turned into quite the prude, Mom. Long skirt, bra and I'm guessing you're wearing panties, too. Are you worried Gran might suspect you've turned into a mommy-slut?"

That was enough to break the silent, serious mood. I chuckled and answered, "You know how mothers carry on about how their children dress. I don't want to bring attention to myself. The trip is to lift her spirits and catch up on some of her repairs."

I would've discussed my concerns regarding our visit with Mom with him, but I preferred doing it face-to-face, so I could better gauge his thoughts. After a couple of hours, I asked, "Are you feeling hungry? Maybe we should stop and grab a bite to eat. Mom's place is still three hours away."

"Actually, I'm famished, Mom. I skipped lunch to leave early," he responded. Several exits later, we stumbled upon a charming restaurant and savored a delightful pasta dish. Sharing a meal with my son was always a pleasure, as I could see the desire in his eyes. Once again, his gaze fixed on my face while we dined.

"You're making me blush, again," I said, giggling. "It makes me feel so youthful when you continuously admire me."

"Get used to it, because I love looking at my beautiful mother. I still can't believe how lucky I am."

My joyful expression shifted slightly to one of concern, and I decided to address my apprehensions.

Before I could speak, he stated, "Mom, we don't keep secrets from each other anymore. I know something's bothering you, and I think it's time for you to spill it. There's nothing that can't be resolved when we put our heads together."

I paused to collect my thoughts, before disclosing my angst. "It's about Mom and how I acted last night. In my hastiness to add some spice to Mom's life, I excluded you from any of the decisions. When I first described our spanking

history to you and Carol, I remember you being uncomfortable when I hinted at you replacing Dad and providing Mom with some sexual relief. I shouldn't have ignored that conversation, and I feel terrible for attempting to influence you into doing something you're not interested in."

He smiled widely and replied, "First off, I was kidding when I acted grossed out when you suggested I have sex with Gran. I acted that way because I didn't want Carol to reveal my hidden desires to Alice."

His admittance led me to believe he still held feelings toward his cousin. Voicing my suspicions, I asked, "Are you still attracted to Alice? I know you were close when you were young, but I thought you had drifted apart."

His face blushed as he confirmed, "We shared a special connection when we were young, but later on, she decided to play the field, so I didn't pursue a relationship with her. I still don't want her to think badly of me. As I mentioned before, we promised to take each other's virginity, but it never happened. Anyway, back to Gran—she's one of the top women I used to whack off to. She's basically an older you and I've always been attracted to her. Why do you think I so readily agreed to accompany you to her house? With your help, I'm hoping to live out one of my fantasies."

My face lit up with joy, as I exclaimed, "I can't believe how much I've worried about this when all I needed to do was confide in you. You're right about her looks. Although she's nearing sixty, she's maintained her sexy figure."

I outlined my plan for seducing Mom and instructed him on several key points until we finished our meal. The rest of the drive went quickly, while different scenarios flashed before me of my son fucking my mother. Half an hour away from Mom's place, he turned to me with a sexy smirk while he ran his hand under my skirt, up my bare leg, caressing my smooth thigh. I involuntarily moaned when his fingers explored higher, caressing the sensitive flesh at the juncture of where my thigh joined with my groin.

"Getting a little frisky thinking about Gran?" I asked, snickering.

His fingers slipped underneath my panty leg hole and slid into my moist slot. I groaned and warned, "Careful. I have to concentrate on driving." My fingers clapped the steering wheel harder, while my legs widened, giving him ample access, ignoring my own warning.

"It looks like I'm not the only one thinking about it," he noted. "You're wet and slippery, Mom. How are you planning on convincing Gran to spank you?"

“Actually, last night while you were passed out, Pamela told me that I should spank Mom instead,” I replied.

His fingers rapidly stroked in and out of my juicy quim. He croaked, “Perfect. Will it turn you on to see your son’s fat prick slide into her pussy while she’s on top of your lap?”

I grunted from the vision of his cock buried in Mom. My hips twisted while I gasped, “Oh god, yes. It turns me on so much when I watch you fuck another woman, knowing how good it feels.”

His thrusting, slippery digits sped up, his thumb scraping across my covered clit. My loud moans drowned out the radio, while he continued to elevate my excitement level. “After I fill your mother up with a load of sperm, I bet you’ll be slurping my cum out of your mother’s pussy, won’t you?” he asked.

“Yes,” I barely whispered, having trouble speaking from my rapid panting.

Suddenly, my gash gushed juice as his fingers scraped across my sensitive walls. “Don’t worry Mommy. I’ll reward you afterward by fucking your brains out in front of your mother. Is that what you wish for? You want to show your mother how well you can fuck your son?” he asked, his voice cracking with lust.

His fingertips gripped and squeezed my engorged clit, setting off my orgasm. My pussy clamped shut while my body quivered with excitement. It took all my willpower to keep the car within its lanes. When my body finally relaxed, he removed his fingers and licked them clean.

“Jesus, my cock aches so bad,” he exclaimed. I watched him grip it through his pants and position it to point straight up against his body. “Damn, I’m horny, Mom. Maybe we should stop and take care of it before we get to Gran’s,” he begged, his face contorted in agony.

“Not going to happen, young man,” I ordered, rejecting his idea. “I want you good and hard when you greet and hug your Grandma. It’ll be a great way to introduce her to her grandson’s cock. I have some ideas of how to proceed after that. I’ll need you to flirt with her in the same cute way you did to me.”

“I don’t know about you, but I’m getting turned on by all of this,” he admitted. “I might have to whack off in her bathroom to relieve my pain.”

“Don’t you dare,” I warned. “Don’t worry. I’ll take care of things after we go to bed. Keep that monster at full staff all evening for Mom’s benefit.”

A few moments later, we rang Gran's doorbell, and abiding by my orders, he hugged Mom tightly, pressing his hard-on into her soft stomach. My pussy tingled when I watched her breasts squashed against him. I knew exactly how that felt and hoped it would have the same effect on her.

He leaned close to her ear and whispered, "Hi Gran. It's been a long time since I've seen you. I missed you."

I smiled, in the knowledge that he suspected mother and daughter shared identical erogenous zones. Hot air and kissing my ears always turned me on, and I saw the same effect on Mom, as her face turned a shade of pink.

She didn't reply and when he released her, she coyly smirked while her blushing intensified, evidence of her appreciation of her grandson's cock. I gave her an equally tight hug before we entered her house.

"I'm sorry, Michelle, but Pamela's room has been remodeled into a hobby room," Mom stated. "Yours is still set up, but Chad will have to sleep on the couch. It's quite comfortable and spacious enough for his large frame. I can't believe how big he's grown." She blushed again, her eyes roving up and down my son's body. Her gaze lingered on his bulge, thinking about his cock jabbing into her stomach.

I gripped his bicep and squeezed, "Feel his arm, Mom. He's really filled out in the last year."

Mom reached out, wrapped her petite hand around his muscle, and lightly squeezed. Her hand instinctively ran up and down his upper arm, her joyful expression a reflection of her memories with her late husband.

"So strong," she responded. While caressing his flesh, she looked at me and noted, "I'm surprised you convinced him to visit me through the weekend. Some lucky girl is not going to be happy with me."

"Actually, he prefers older women," I responded. "He's been so busy working, he hasn't had much time for a social life. You don't mind, do you, Chad?"

"Not at all," he replied. "I love spending time with two beautiful ladies."

After settling in, Chad did a few odd jobs, while I unpacked our suitcases, before breaking for a late dinner. Chad repeatedly glanced at Mom while we dined, grinning each time their eyes met. She blushed initially but soon grew accustomed to his attentive stares.

Afterward, we showered and convened in the living room. I sat down on one end of the couch and ordered, "Lie down on the couch and see how it feels, Chad."

All of us had worn robes, Chad's shorter than Mom's and mine. Once prone on the couch, he rested his head in my lap. My fingers gently massaged his scalp as he turned his attention to the TV, allowing Mom and me to continue our conversation. Mom frequently scanned Chad's hairy legs, while he openly stared at Mom's bare lower legs.

Mom crossed her legs, exposing the underside of her thigh. Chad's attention focused squarely on Mom's creamy flesh. Watching their interactions, I playfully teased, "Chad, I think you're making Mom a bit uncomfortable by staring at her legs."

"It's hard not to, Mom. They're as nice-looking as yours. I can't help it that I'm a leg man," he replied, giggling.

Mom's face blushed but she didn't shift her position, while Chad blatantly ogled her. "I forgive you then," I stated. "Every woman appreciates a compliment, but you're right, Mom has great legs." Mom's smile widened, while my son and I openly admired her exposed leg.

An hour later, Mom yawned and remarked, "I'm going to bed now. We have a long day tomorrow, so I hope you two are up for it."

"We're at your service," I stated. We rose and after Mom and I hugged, Chad embraced her tightly giving her another poke with his hard prick. Chad plopped down on the couch while Mom and I retired to our bedrooms.

After finishing my bedtime routine, I sat on my childhood bed. When I slid my fingers through my slick slot. I knew I was too horny to sleep. Chad had to be in the same predicament. and I hoped he hadn't already relieved himself. Tiptoeing out to the living room, I breathed a sigh of relief, as I saw him flat on his back, with his hand slowly stroking his long prick. To concentrate on his fantasy, his eyes were sealed shut.

I stood and watched him yank off for several minutes, my pussy getting wetter with each stroke. Unable to wait any longer, I leaned down and gently kissed him, my hair covering the sides of his face. His eyelids fluttered open, revealing his pent-up lust.

"Follow me," I whispered. He jumped up and crept behind me as we entered my bedroom. I closed the door, turned, and shoved off our robes. I hugged him tightly, soulfully kissing him as if we'd separated for months. "You're a naughty

boy, playing with yourself in your Grandmother's house. I told you I'd take care of you."

"I couldn't help it, Mom. You two are driving me crazy," he replied, kissing me again.

I crawled onto my bed on all fours, buried my head in my pillow, raised my ass, and wiggled it invitingly. My puffy pussy, glistening with my juices, lured him in as always. When I felt his hands grip my ass, my pussy swelled with the anticipation of his cock. I held my breath when I felt his engorged head slowly spread my walls, his prick sliding into my wet pussy. Each time we fucked, the first descent always felt exquisite.

My walls clung and clamped onto his cock, while his snake slithered to the bottom. Once he was balls deep, he withdrew before slamming back into me. After that, he didn't slow down, as he pummeled my pussy. Fortunately, my loud grunting was muffled by my soft pillow.

He controlled his own sounds of passion, knowing I didn't want Mom to hear us. My pussy spasmed after a dozen strokes, bathing his ram with oil. The extra lubrication enabled him to pump faster and harder. His forceful thrusts threatened to bang my head against the headboard, so I gripped the sides of the bed and held myself firm, while he continued to hammer me, while my channel convulsed and shivered.

"You're such a hot fuck, Mom," he gasped. "I can't last much longer. Cum on my cock again and I'll fill you."

To ensure I would climax with him, he reached down and gripped my taut, puffy nipples. When he yanked downward, I involuntarily shrieked into my pillow, from the overwhelming pleasure. My swollen pussy walls clamped onto his cock and squeezed tightly, triggering his orgasm. Each spurt of his hot cream set off another contraction. As so many times in the past, our bodies quivered with incestuous bliss, while we fucked through our climaxes.

He continued to pump my drenched pussy, even after his balls had been drained. His piston pulled out globs of our sex juices, and when he plowed back in, my snug outer ring scraped off the excess fluids, which drooled down through my mound of fur.

After several more power strokes, I shifted forward, dislodging his ram. Flipping over, I raised my knees and spread my legs. My wide-open, cum-soaked pussy invited my son to stuff his cock back into my hungry hole. "My bed is a little small," I whispered. "You'll have to sleep on top of me."

He smiled widely, lowered between my upright thighs, and sunk his prick to the hilt. My legs smashed against him while my hips twisted and bounced upward. My pussy was insatiable, demanding more of my son's thick prick. The bed creaked and groaned from my frenetic thrashing, and the concerns I had previously had about Mom hearing us were quickly dismissed. My horny, immediate needs were more important than anything.

Chad's hand gripped my ass and pulled me off the bed while continuing to pump his cock in and out of my sodden slot. "I've got you, Mom. Let me take care of you," Chad whispered, recognizing my out-of-control lustful condition. My loud moaning replaced the bed noises as he slammed his cock into me.

I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him in deeper. He locked his mouth with mine to muffle my sounds of passion. His beautiful eyes held my attention while he fucked me with wild abandon. I marveled at how he could fuck me so well while keeping me off the bed to allow our sounds of sex to subside to a quieter level. My vision blurred, as my eyes rolled to the top of my head when my pussy collapsed with another climax. He relentlessly fucked me while my convulsing pussy attempted to trigger his orgasm. He wasn't going to give up until he knew I was completely satisfied.

My nails dug into his back drawing blood, while my tongue fucked his mouth in synchrony with his pistoning cock. He forcefully flexed his hips, pounding me harder. Feeling my leg muscles tighten, he increased his pace, wanting to cum when I did.

His face scrunched up before I felt his cock pulse and jerk. My pussy squeezed his erupting cock, clinging and pulling on it, while my juices freely flowed. A wave of blissful euphoria swept through me, as I experienced the major orgasm I had yearned for. We grunted and groaned through our orgasms, continuing our passionate kiss. When my body relaxed, he lowered me and melded his sweaty body with mine.

"Jesus, Mom. You were hotter than hell. I was afraid I'd never satisfy you," he gasped while panting from the intense workout.

"I know, sweetie," I replied, breathing deeply. "I think it was the thought of you fucking Mom that did it. How about you? Were you thinking the same?"

He gently kissed me and replied, "Actually, no, Mom. Whenever I make love to you, all I can think about is pleasing you."

“You’re so sweet and always know how to make me feel special. Thanks for being such a good son and lover,” I remarked. “We should sleep now so we can help Mom tomorrow.”

He wrapped his arms around me and rolled me over on top. “I’ll sleep better if you’re on top. There’s nothing better than a soft, warm body to comfort me through the night,” he remarked.

I knew he did it because he was uncomfortable with his weight on top of me. Ten minutes later, he fell asleep and I soon followed.

Well-rested the next morning, I rolled off my still-asleep son, threw on my robe, and made my way out to the kitchen, to find Mom preparing breakfast. “Good morning, Mom,” I greeted her. “I can help with that. I don’t want you to go to so much trouble.”

“No bother,” Mom replied. “I love cooking and it’s been a while that I’ve been able to enjoy eating with someone. It brings back fond memories of cooking for your dad, you, and your sister. Sit and enjoy.”

After a few bites, Mom asked, “I noticed Chad wasn’t on the couch. Did he sleep in your room?” Her brow furrowed as if she suspected something.

“No. He needed to use the bathroom,” I replied. “While he was doing his business, I dressed and snuck out. He should be here shortly.”

I couldn’t quite discern whether she believed me, but within minutes, Chad joined us, took a seat, and dug into his food with his usual enthusiasm. Mom smiled and remarked, “I see his appetite is still going strong. Good morning, Chad.”

“Morning, Grandma,” Chad replied between bites. “This is delicious.” After a few more mouthfuls, he cast a quick, concerned look my way and added, “It’s as good as Mom’s.”

I grinned and responded, “Good save, Chad. I guess I’ll keep cooking for you at home. You’ll need your nourishment today. Mom has a pretty extensive list of tasks to tackle.”

“No problem, Mom. I’m eager to get started,” Chad replied.

After Mom and I finished and took our dishes to the sink, Chad quickly polished off the last few bites.

He placed his dirty dishes on the counter beside Mom, who was rinsing off ours in the sink. He wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly. Even with their robes on, I was certain Mom could feel his hard prick wiggle into the crack of her ass. He kissed her neck and said, "Thanks a lot for breakfast, Gran." Pecking her cheek, he released her and dashed off to his room to change.

I helped Mom finish and when she turned to me, her face flushed, she whispered, "He's turned out to be such a strong young man. I miss having a man around here."

"I feel the same way, Mom. It's been a blessing having him around the house. I'll help you with the inside chores while he works outside, then we can prepare lunch for him. One thing you'll find out is that he burns up a lot of food."

Our conversation was interrupted, when Chad entered the kitchen, donned in his work attire. He embraced me and chimed, "You two have fun in here. It looks pretty hot out there, so I might take a short break before lunch. Love you, Mom." He kissed me on the corner of my mouth, before leaving. Mom's attention didn't waver as she observed our intimacy.

Mom and I quickly finished her inside list and took a tea break in the living room. We sat beside each other on the couch and after a few minutes, Mom turned to me and with a serious look, asked, "Does Chad make you feel uncomfortable with some of his actions?"

"What do you mean, Mom?" I asked.

"His affectionate behavior toward you and even me is a little more intimate than normal. When he hugged me, he pulled me so tight that I could feel his," she paused, sighed, and continued, "manhood."

"His manhood?" I asked, knowing full well what she meant, but was having fun leading her on.

Mom blushed and said, "His penis."

I smiled and responded, "Mom, it's true. Chad has a cock. He's a healthy young man and has a strong sex drive. As a result, his prick is hard most of the time. I consider it a compliment that I can excite him in that manner. I never discourage him from displaying his affection toward me."

Mom's face turned a deeper red as we discussed my son's cock. She said, "I have to admit, that it felt good having a man hold me again, even if his erection wasn't because of me."

"Don't be so sure, Mom," I reassured her. "You're beautiful and look years younger than your age. Your sexy body would turn men's eyes in a minute. If you remember last night, he couldn't keep his eyes off of your legs."

"He almost kissed you on the lips this morning," Mom noted. "Have you set any limits with him?"

"No, I encourage him to openly express his affection. He reserves kissing me on my mouth for special occasions, but I cherish it each time he does. Like you, Mom, I miss a man's touch and Chad has done a great job filling in. After he graduated and began working, he's treated me more like a wife than a mother."

"Wow, that's a lot to take in," Mom exclaimed. "What else does he do that is more like a husband, than a son."

From her curious look, I wondered if she was ready to hear about our incestuous relationship. Fearing I was advancing too fast, I replied, "Well, for one thing, when we dine out, he likes to select my outfits. He treats me as a date and never refers to me as his mother when we're in public. It's a pleasant experience for both of us, as it makes me feel younger, too."

"It sounds like he inherited that from his granddad. I loved it when he'd tell me what to wear," Mom disclosed. "In addition to kissing you, does he ever touch you inappropriately?"

"Of course not, Mom," I quickly rebuked her inference. "He's a perfect gentleman, and if he does, it's usually from my insistence. When we snuggle on the couch at night, I enjoy his hands caressing my legs. It's the perfect relaxer after a day's work."

"How far do you allow him to go?" Mom asked, her breathing increasing, obviously turned on from hearing about my son's advances.

"I'll show you," I replied, sliding my hand under her skirt and gripping her knee. My fingers crept up several inches before retreating to her kneecap. She exhaled deeply, having held her breath when I caressed her flesh. Moving upward, I stopped halfway up her thigh and gently squeezed her soft, smooth muscle. Her body stiffened, but she didn't object as my hand traveled higher, until my pinkie felt the edge of her panties. I massaged and kneaded the soft flesh between her upper thigh and groin for several minutes before slowly gliding back down.

“Didn’t that feel good, Mom?” I asked. “You’d think his hands would be calloused from his line of work, but they’re actually very soft. As a bonus, he gives me an affectionate kiss afterward. He usually goes right to his room, where I imagine he strokes off a large load. I’d rather he do that, than hire a hooker.”

“Raising a child now is so much different now, but I can see that you’ve done a great job,” Mom remarked. “I’m glad to hear that he relieves himself after your evenings. It could be harmful to him to hold it in for any length of time. More than once, I had to relieve your Dad’s blue balls, while we drove to an event outside the city.”

“Thanks, Mom. Our relationship has only become stronger, and neither of us has any regrets. I think he’s a little shy around you, so I could use your help tonight. Sit beside him on the couch tonight, and encourage him to stroke your leg.”

“Really?” Mom asked. “I’m not sure if I’m up for that, but we’ll see.”

After another hour of conversing, we prepared lunch. It was hot outside, and I was surprised Chad hadn’t already taken a break. As if on cue, he entered the kitchen and sat down. He was bare-chested, his flesh covered with a sheen of sweat.

“Sorry, but it’s really hot out there,” he apologized, using his shirt to wipe his body clean.

Mom and I unabashedly stared at his muscular physique, and I wondered if her pussy tingled as much as mine, envisioning his chest pressed against hers.

“No worries,” Mom croaked, her voice quivering. “You should have come in earlier and cooled off. I didn’t intend to exhaust my grandson with my list.” She chuckled nervously, continuing to scan his bare chest.

“He’ll be fine, Mom,” I reassured her. “He’s no stranger to hard work. After we feed him, he’ll be raring to go again.”

After making quick work of the meal, he stood and asked, “Gran, would you mind helping me out with some of the items? I’m almost done with a number of them but uncertain how you’d like them finished.”

“Of course, Chad. I’ll be out after we clean the kitchen,” Mom responded.

Chad rose, hugged Mom, thanked her for lunch, and lightly pecked her on the lips before leaving.

“Aren’t you the lucky one? It’s rare that he kisses me on the mouth after I fix him lunch. Dare I ask if you felt his manhood?” I asked, chuckling.

“I certainly did and like you, it made me feel a little giddy,” Mom admitted. “I’m a little envious of you. Perhaps, you could visit me more often. My mood has greatly improved with you here. In the meantime, I better get out to help Chad finish up.”

“It’s hot out there, Mom,” I remarked. “You better wear some shorts. He prefers short ones that expose your upper legs.” She was about to argue, but instead, turned, and went to her bedroom to change. When she returned, I let out a wolf whistle, staring at her creamy, thigh flesh on display.

“Be careful out there, Mom. The blazing sun will be brutal on your fair skin. Of course, my son’s eyes will also be burning holes in them,” I said, giggling.

She blushed and hurried out, without commenting. From the large windows in the living room, I watched as my son flirted with Mom, holding her arm, and leading her around to the projects. His frequent glances at her legs encouraged her to stand more in his line of sight, giving him an unobstructed view of her shapely figure.

When they finished each project, she’d thank him with a hug and after a few times, she lightly kissed him on the lips. She quickly warmed up to my son, and my panties were soaked from watching them interact and grow closer. Leaving them, I ran to my bedroom, plopped down on my bed, pulled my panties to the side, and slid my fingers into my juicy slot.

I played with my horny pussy, fantasizing about my son fucking his grandma, and quickly came. While relaxing and enjoying my post-orgasmic moment, I fell asleep, only to be awakened by a soft knock on the door an hour later. After opening it, Mom requested, “Come out to the living room and have some iced tea with us. Chad and I are finished for the day.”

Once we settled in, we discussed what else was on the list and decided it’d be easy to complete the remainder of the tasks the next day. Mom asked, “Chad suggested that we go out for dinner tonight. What do you think, Michelle?”

“That sounds wonderful. Chad, take a shower and dress in my bedroom. Mom and I will chat before changing,” I responded.

After he left, we talked, and Mom avoided any conversation about her flirting with my son. Chad soon appeared, dressed to go. Settling into a comfortable chair, he sternly instructed, “Mom, please wear your blue skirt tonight.”

Mom didn't look surprised, since I'd warned her that Chad liked to pick out my clothes. She looked at Chad and asked, "Do you have a preference for my outfit, Chad?" She giggled, thinking she was ribbing her grandson.

To her surprise, he smiled and responded, "Mom knows my tastes and will assist you in your selection."

I hastily strolled to my bedroom and stripped down. After sliding on a blouse, I pulled it against my bare breasts, pleased with the outlines of my nipples showing. The short blue skirt that Chad had requested was one of his favorites as its short length showed off my thighs. Hopefully, having climaxed a short time earlier, my pussy wouldn't leak too much, having no panties to soak up my fluids. Knowing Mom's bras wouldn't be sexy enough, I grabbed one of mine and headed to her bedroom.

Once she looked over my attire, she blushed and commented, "You're lucky that you're young enough that your breasts don't require support."

"No worries, Mom. I brought a bra you can use, one that I know Chad likes. Put it on while I pick out your blouse." While she faced away from me to change, I selected a thin, white blouse from her closet. Her face blushed when she turned toward me, showing off her bigger tits trying to escape the confines of my small, silk bra.

She grabbed the blouse out of my hand and quickly pulled it on, covering her breasts. I buttoned the lower buttons, leaving a gap at the top. The exposed valley barely concealed the edge of the bra. "Very sexy, Mom. It fits perfectly," I exclaimed.

"This seems awfully bold to wear in front of my grandson, but then again, his eyes will be on your braless breasts most of the time," she remarked, giggling. "I do have a skirt that matches your length, though. Your father loved looking at my legs as much as your son does."

She removed a billowy, short floral-designed skirt from the closet. When she removed the shorts she wore outside, she blushed as I stared at her panty-clad pussy, her puffy bush pushing out the cottony material.

After getting dressed, she remarked, "I feel a little skittish like I'm going out on a date. It's easy to see why you enjoy the time you spend with your son. Do you think he'll like the way I'm dressed?"

“You’re gorgeous, Mom,” I exclaimed. “If you really want to please him, though, you’d wear the same panties as I’m wearing.” When I flipped my skirt up and exposed my hairy pussy, she shrieked at my boldness.

“I can’t believe you’d do that. Do you flash him?” she asked.

I calmly responded. “He might catch a glimpse when he assists me in and out of the car, but other than that, it’s more for my benefit. I enjoy the feeling of freedom.”

“You certainly are full of surprises. I’m afraid to even ask what else goes on between you two,” Mom replied, giggling. “I haven’t felt so much excitement since the last time your father took me out.”

“You deserve it, Mom,” I replied. “Let’s not keep our man waiting.”

Chad beamed with a wide smile and enthusiastically declared, “I can’t think of any other women I’d rather be with tonight. You two are absolutely beautiful.” He held the door open for Mom and me as we made our way out.

Once outside, he held his arms out, invitingly. We intertwined ours with his on the way to the car.

“I’m driving and Mom will sit in the front with me, so we can talk,” I instructed.

Chad opened the passenger door and helped Mom enter. He escorted me to the driver’s side and did the same for me. I kept my legs closed so I didn’t appear too slutty, in front of Mom. After we arrived at the restaurant, Mom pulled on her handle to open the door, and Chad quickly ordered, “Stay in the car until I help you out. I enjoy being a gentleman with my lovely ladies.”

Mom and I giggled while Chad assisted us. The dinner proceeded smoothly, with lively and vibrant conversation filling the air. Surrounded by my mother and son, I felt like I was in seventh heaven. The two people I loved most were right there with me. Chad’s overt flirting with Mom made her laugh and the edges of her bra became visible several times throughout dinner. She didn’t bother covering herself, even when Chad overtly gazed at her alluring display.

We spent almost two hours dining, splurging for a dessert afterward. After Mom and I visited the ladies’ room, we departed the restaurant. At the driver’s door, Chad hugged me and pressed his lips on mine, before I entered the car. After a few seconds, he released me and did the same to Mom on her side.

When we parked in our driveway, he opened Mom's door, while I remained seated on the driver's side. She swung one leg out, causing her skirt to rise. Chad's gaze focused on her exposed thighs, while she slowly moved her other shapely limb out. After he assisted her, he came around to my side to help me. His grin widened when I spread my legs, ensuring he got a nice view of my hairy pussy.

We decided to shower before watching one of our shows. Chad went first, as always, and strolled out, clad in a pair of silk, pajama shorts. His mesh tank top complemented his sexy attire. After settling onto the couch, he turned to me and stated, "Mom, I think it'd be nice if we continued with the blue theme tonight."

"Of course, dear," I replied, my pussy twitching at his inference. When Mom curiously looked at me, I added, "I'll help Mom select an appropriate outfit. With all the work Chad has done today, it's the least we can do."

After my shower, I slipped on my light-blue, cotton nightie that he had requested, wearing nothing underneath of course. It was more conservative than my others, but Chad had followed my instructions perfectly. We didn't want to push Mom too fast. Without wasting too much time, I joined Mom in her room. She had finished her shower and already had her robe on.

Scanning my sexy nightwear, she commented, "So, that's what he meant. It's a pretty nightie and fits you well. Do you often wear such skimpy nightwear around your son?"

"Only on special occasions," I replied. "With everything he did today, don't you think he deserves some eye candy? It's not much more revealing than when you wore shorts this afternoon. From the way he ogled your legs all day, I can't imagine you'd be shy around him any longer. Don't you have something similar?"

She turned to her closet and paused, glancing over her wardrobe, before pulling out a black nightie. "Your father loved it when I wore this, and like yours, it isn't see-through. It's made of rayon and feels nice against my skin. What do you think?"

I ran the material through my fingers and replied, "It is nice and the perfect choice. Let's see how it looks on you."

Mom removed her robe, revealing her body, clad in a bra and panties. Since her nightie would conceal her unaspiring undies, I held back any comments. After slipping on her nightie, she smiled and turned around, modeling for me.

“Beautiful, Mom,” I complimented her. “It’s not too revealing, yet it still accentuates your shapely figure. Do you recall what I mentioned earlier today? When he sees my exposed legs, he might caress them. If he attempts to do the same to you, just move his hand back, if it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Okay, Michelle,” Mom replied, with a hint of sadness in her voice. “I’m sure he won’t be interested in me anyway, with his sexy mother beside him. I should probably sit in my chair so you two can be more comfortable.”

“I won’t pressure you, Mom, but sitting next to a strong, young man can be a thrilling experience. You did tell me how much you missed male companionship. Here’s a chance to do it without all the complications from a relationship,” I argued, seeing a distinct change of expression in Mom’s face, as she digested my words.

“We’ll see,” Mom replied. “Go on out and I’ll join you in a bit.”

Chad’s wide smile was his sign of approval, as I settled beside him. After explaining my plan for the rest of the night, I reached into his shorts and arranged his stiffening prick to lie flat against his stomach, so it didn’t lewdly poke out his thin shorts.

Mom walked out, and just when I expected her to take her usual seat, she surprised me by choosing to sit on the other side of my son. “I hope you don’t mind, Chad,” Mom said with a smile. “I thought it’d be lovely to sit by my handsome grandson tonight.”

“I’ll never complain about being sandwiched between two sexy women,” Chad replied, nonchalantly placing one hand on top of my knee. While we chatted, Chad’s hand moved to and fro, caressing my upper leg, slyly slinking underneath my nightie. Mom fidgeted as she watched him feel my leg, and when she thought my attention was on the screen, I noticed her hand guide his left hand to her leg.

After a few minutes of stroking our legs, he commented, “Mom, Gran’s legs are as soft and smooth as yours.”

“Thanks, Chad,” Mom replied. “Your granddad used to love rubbing them, too.” She placed her right hand on Chad’s leg and ran her fingers through his hair, commenting, “He didn’t have as much hair on his legs, but your firm muscles remind me of his when he was young.”

Not wanting to compete with Mom, I refrained from caressing his leg. For the next twenty minutes, Chad’s hand slowly crept higher, gaining more territory with each stroke. His hand squeezed and groped our thighs and when his pinkie

touched within an inch of my slot, I knew from Mom's firm grip on Chad's leg, that he was at the same point with her.

Mom's raspy voice broke the sexual tension as she announced, "It's been a long day. I think I'll call it a night."

Chad lifted his hands from our thighs, allowing us to rise. His hard prick obscenely tented out his shorts as he turned and embraced me. "Thanks for the terrific evening, Mom." He kissed me while pulling his chest against my braless tits. My pussy was already full of juice from the evening, but now I could feel a trickle flow down my thighs as his tongue darted into my mouth. After a few minutes, he released me and to my surprise, Mom remained, watching us, instead of escaping to her room.

As I walked down the hall, I heard Chad thanking Mom for everything she had helped him with. Glancing back I observed them in a tight embrace, his mouth sealed to hers while his hands pulled her lower back into his rock-hard prick. My pussy throbbed, as I watched Mom melt in his arms. Leaving the door open a crack, I spied on them as they released each other, and Mom strolled to her room. I wondered if she'd play with her pussy, as I knew I'd do that night.

Chapter 8

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Chad remained on the couch through the night, adhering to my instructions. When I made it to the kitchen the next morning, Mom was already preparing our meal. "Good morning, Mom," I greeted her.

She smiled widely, happier than I'd seen her in a long time, and replied, "Good morning. It looks like Chad is sleeping in today." She nodded to the couch and added, "Maybe I wore him out yesterday."

After a few minutes, we heard Chad roll off the couch. When he entered the kitchen, our gaze locked onto his bulging shorts, caused by his morning wood.

"Good morning, everyone," he greeted us, displaying a pained expression. "Mom, could I talk to you in the bedroom, please?"

When I curiously looked at Mom, she reassured me, saying, "Go on, it'll be a few more minutes before I'm finished here."

Once I closed the bedroom door, I sat on the bed, while Chad dropped his shorts and approached me, his big prick leading the way. He followed my plan perfectly, stuffing his cock into my hungry mouth. He was beyond horny, being teased the previous night and not being able to fuck his mother afterward. He massaged my scalp while I sucked his thick prick. Knowing we couldn't spend too long away from Mom, I squeezed his balls while he slammed the head of his cock against the back of my throat.

A few minutes later, I was rewarded with a copious amount of cum from my hunky son. After I cleaned him and pulled his shorts back up, I gasped, "You were really horny, sweetie. Hopefully, Mom will be open to helping me out later today."

"You don't have to worry about that. You probably don't know it, but she removed her panties in the restaurant and flashed her hairy pussy when I helped her out of the car."

He was right, in that I hadn't suspected Mom had teased Chad to that level. I smiled widely at the progress we had made, and as if reading my mind, Chad commented, "I hope it happens soon, Mom. I love your blowjobs, but my cock needs to feel a warm, snug pussy squeezing him."

"Soon," I replied, standing and leading him to the kitchen. After we ate, Chad changed clothes and kissed us lightly, before dashing outdoors to finish his projects. Mom and I cleaned the kitchen before adjourning to the living room.

"If I may pry, what did Chad want to talk to you about this morning?" Mom asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

Turning and holding her hands, I replied, "After all of our flirting last night, he didn't sleep well. He didn't want to relieve himself, afraid you might catch him. He was in so much pain, that he needed a gentler hand to stroke him off—to be more specific, my hand." I wrapped my fingers around my upper arm and pumped up and down, so she'd know exactly what I meant.

"Oh, my!" Mom exclaimed. "You gave your son a handjob?"

"I did. A mother always knows what's best for her children, and I did what was necessary. I should have made you do it since it was mostly your fault."

Mom's hand tightened on mine as she asked, "How so?"

“He told me you showed him your hairy pussy last night, and it drove him nuts. You still have it, Mom, maybe a little too good. He was quite tense, but fortunately, it didn’t take long to drain him.”

Mom’s face turned a shade of pink, realizing her secret exhibition had been exposed. “I’m sorry, Michelle. Your actions prompted me to do things I wouldn’t normally have done. I got caught up in the act. I hope he isn’t too upset with me.”

“Upset?” I asked rhetorically. “He loved every minute of it. I think our kissing last night was the final straw. It sure affected me. I don’t know about you, but I had to take care of matters last night.”

She giggled and replied, “Me, too. He reminds me of your dad so much that I almost reached down and grabbed his prick when he kissed me. I don’t know how you can resist.”

“Maybe I don’t,” I responded, with a sexy smirk. Mom’s brow furrowed as her eyes filled with lust.

“It won’t be long, now, Chad,” I thought to myself, knowing Mom was primed and ready to go. While we tidied up the house, I noticed Mom frequently glancing out the windows. When I peered out the kitchen window, I understood her motives, as Chad had removed his shirt. His body sweat glistened from the glaring sun and I wondered if Mom had the same thoughts as I did, as to how it would feel having him between my legs, fucking me silly.

Of course, she did. Any woman would, especially the two horny ones lusting after him as he worked. While Mom’s attention was riveted on my son, I disappeared into my bathroom. I removed all the towels from the top cupboard and replaced them with the blankets in the lower one. By the time I made it outside, Chad was on a ladder, finishing up cleaning a window.

“Come down here for a moment, sweetie,” I ordered him. “Remember to follow my plan. It’s time.” Grabbing the bucket of soapy water from him, I splashed some suds on his face and torso before climbing up the ladder. Putting one foot on a rung higher than the other, I spread my legs and felt the cool air sweep up my upper thighs, doing little to calm the heat in my exposed hairy pussy.

“How’s the view?” I asked Chad, standing at the bottom, looking up my skirt.

“It’s beautiful, Mom. From the looks of your wet pussy, I’d say you’re pretty turned on,” Chad replied.

“Mom!” I yelled loud enough for her to hear.

I heard the sliding glass doors open and shut before she answered, “What is it, Michelle? Is something wrong?”

“I spilled some soapy water on Chad. Would you mind holding the ladder so he can go in and shower? It’s in his eyes and is burning.” I asked, barely holding back a giggle.

After we heard him enter the house, Mom held the ladder and after a moment, cleared her throat and remarked, “Michelle, from what I can see from down here, your son is going to be in quite a predicament. Do you realize you’re not wearing any panties?”

“Oh, damn. I forgot about that,” I lied, somehow with a straight face. “I was in such a hurry to help him finish this project, it slipped my mind.”

After I finished cleaning the top window, I stepped down a few rungs and asked, “Mom, could you hold my legs so I don’t fall off?”

She gripped my lower legs and as I stepped down another rung, her hands slid under my skirt and gripped the backs of my thighs. Her fingers sunk in as she kneaded my firm flesh. This wasn’t part of my plan, but suddenly, I wondered if I descended another step, would Mom plaster her mouth on my pussy and provide me with some relief.

Focusing back on the task at hand, I asked, “Mom, I’m low enough where I won’t fall. I want to finish this lower window, but I think I heard Chad call out to me. Could you go see what he needs?”

She slowly withdrew her warm hands and walked toward the door. After she entered the house, I clandestinely followed her, as she strode down the hallway. Mom peered into our open bedroom door, and called out, “Chad, are you in there? Did you need something?”

“Yes, I need some help. Could you come in here, Gran?” Chad answered, from within the bathroom. Peeking around the opened bedroom door, I watched her approach the bathroom door and when she opened it, Chad’s wet, nude body greeted her.

“Eek,” she screeched. “Chad!”

“Sorry, Gran,” Chad said, while facing her, ensuring she got a good look at his rock-hard prick pointing into the air. “I can’t find any towels and some of the soap ended up in my eyes. He rubbed them as if he couldn’t see very well.

“They’re in the top cupboard, right beside you,” she replied, keeping her gaze locked onto his strutting cock and low-hanging balls.

He fumbled around and opened the cupboard door and pulled a blanket out far enough for her to see. “I looked and they’re not in there. Can you look around? My eyes are starting to burn.”

“Okay, Chad. Move to the side and I’ll check some of the lower ones,” she relented. Kneeling, she opened one and pulled out a towel. Turning to stand up, her face was within inches of Chad’s throbbing cock. She slowly rose, not allowing her gaze to drift away from his prick, before handing him the towel.

He wiped his eyes and said, “Thanks, Gran. I kind of remember Mom telling me she was putting them somewhere different, but I forgot all about it.”

When she turned to leave, he gripped her upper arm and pleaded, “Please stay, Gran. I have something to discuss that I don’t want Mom to hear.”

“Chad, you’re naked. I shouldn’t be here while you have no clothes on. Can we talk later?” she asked, with an unconvincing tone. She had no desire to leave but felt it was her duty to respect his privacy.

“No, Gran. It’ll only take a second. I’m almost dry now, so I’m ready to talk.” He turned her to face him, held her firmly by her shoulders, and stared into her dazed face. “It’s about last night before we went to bed. When I kissed you, I felt that I may have gone overboard. You’re not used to the same display of affection that Mom and I share, but when I helped you out of the car and looked at your sexy upper thighs, I kind of lost it. I’m really sorry. Can you forgive me?”

Mom’s posture relaxed, and I could see her heart melt from Chad pouring his heart out. “Don’t think anything about it, dear,” she assured him. “It was more my fault than yours. I shouldn’t have been such an exhibitionist.” Looking down at his stiff prick, she noted, “Is that from looking up your mother’s skirt when she stood on the ladder? I should leave, so you can take care of it.”

“It is, Gran, but I don’t like the way I do it. I’m too rough and it’s sore afterward. Mom usually takes care of it for me. Maybe you can help, instead?” he pleaded.

“Oh, no,” Mom quickly retorted. “I couldn’t possibly do that to my grandson. You’ll just have to wait until your mother is finished.”

“I understand, Gran. If you didn’t mind my kiss last night, could we at least repeat that? Maybe it’ll take my mind off of the image burned in my brain from Mom’s bare legs.”

Mom paused and for a moment, it looked like she might flee. It wouldn't have bothered me one bit, because I was so horny, that I wanted to run in and impale my pussy onto my son's prick. She surprised me by embracing him, allowing him to kiss her. While their tongues danced together, her hands explored his bare torso. One of her hands slowly drifted lower and wrapped around Chad's cock. While she slowly explored his thick, veiny cock, they passionately kissed.

It was my signal to intervene. "Mom!" I exclaimed, with as much shock in my voice as I could muster. "What are you doing?"

It took a few seconds before Mom realized I had said something. She ceased kissing my son and turned to me, while her hand remained firmly wrapped around my son's prick. "Oh, I'm sorry, Michelle. He needed help, and I thought you'd be okay with it."

"That's a job for a mother, not a grandmother. You've been a bad girl, Mom," I reprimanded her. Her expression turned to curiosity, hearing me scold her as she had done to my sister and me.

Walking to the bed, I sat on the edge, patted my legs, and ordered, "Get over here, right now, young lady! Mommy is going to punish you for being bad." Her eyes twinkled with lust, confirming my tone and language had resurfaced the vivid memories from yesteryear.

Without objecting, her hand left Chad's cock, as she slowly meandered over to me, as if in a trance. Her joyful face made me believe this was one of her fantasies when masturbating. When she paused, I nodded to Chad, and asked, "Would you rather have Chad administer your punishment? It's the mother's responsibility to discipline her daughters."

She smiled widely, and bent over my lap, her head nearly touching the floor. I shifted my left leg outward until it lodged against the bottoms of her breasts. Sliding my left heel further away, angled her body so her ass was at the highest peak. I lightly smacked her ass, knowing she wouldn't feel it through her skirt and panties.

Mom giggled, and if I hadn't known better, I would have thought it was Pamela. After a few more light taps, Mom huskily croaked, "Is that all you got, Mommy? You're pretty weak."

Instead of exposing her ass as she had done my sister, by pulling up her skirt and lowering her panties, I reached underneath her and unfastened her belt. While I held her ribs, I nodded to Chad, who pulled off her skirt and panties in one fell

swoop. My hands caressed her bare ass for a few seconds, before I said, “Do you apologize now? Do you promise not to grab my son’s cock?”

“I can’t help it,” Mom pleaded. “If I see it, I’ll have no choice but to wrap my fingers around it.”

I slapped her firm ass with my flattened hand, sounding worse than it was. Mom moaned with pleasure, as I lightly tapped her cheeks several more times. “Since you inappropriately grabbed him, don’t you think he has the right to play with your tits?” I asked, my own breath quickening, as the sexual tension rose in the room.

Chad wasted no time in removing Mom’s blouse and then her bra. Mom objected, “No, it’s improper for him to touch his grandmother’s breasts. I promise to stop.”

Slapping her again, I squeezed and caressed her pink buns as Chad moved to the front of her and fondled her hanging breasts. She groaned from his manly hands mauling her mounds. “I don’t believe you, missy. Look at his big cock and tell me you won’t touch it anymore,” I taunted my aroused mother.

When she lifted her head to face his dangling prick, her hands grabbed his stem and balls. I smacked her again, but she wouldn’t release him. Remembering what Pamela had done to me, I grasped and pulled apart Mom’s cheeks, running my fingers down between them. When my fingertips touched the flesh between her pussy and asshole, I stroked back and forth. Her hips flexed while her moans increased in volume.

“If I allow you to keep touching him, it’s just a matter of time before you stick that monster in your mouth. We can’t allow that, can we?” I asked. One of my fingers dove into her slick slot and quickly retreated, returning to stroking her erogenous zone.

She pulled Chad’s cock closer and wrapped her lips around his mushroom-shaped head. My fingers left her crack as I kneaded her ass, allowing her to concentrate on enjoying the taste of my son’s cock.

After a few minutes, I motioned to Chad to pull back and move behind Mom. She cried, “No. Just a little longer. I’m almost there. Don’t leave me hanging.”

“It’s clear you can’t be trusted around my son’s cock,” I teased Mom, while spreading her cheeks, exposing her juicy slot for Chad. “You’ve left him in worse shape than before. It’s up to you to fix his problem now.”

Chad moved closer and jammed his prick into her hair-rimmed hole, shoving it to the bottom, until his balls slapped against her mound.

“Fuck!” Mom screamed. “I can’t believe my grandson is fucking me. His prick is identical to his granddad’s. Fuck me hard, the way he used to.”

Chad needed no encouragement, replacing my hands with his, while he pumped Mom full of cock. Her soaked pussy oiled his ram, coating it with frothy-white cream. My pussy drooled as I watched my son fuck his grandmother. Mom chanted unintelligible sounds while moaning from the illicit, incestuous fucking.

My legs felt her body shaking before she screeched, “I’m cumming. Fuck, it’s been so long since I’ve cum on a hard cock.”

Chad smiled widely at me, and I knew he was good to continue. Mom barely had time to recover before her body escalated again from the thorough cock pounding. Knowing Chad couldn’t last indefinitely, my hand snuck underneath and rubbed her engorged clit until she wailed with another orgasm. Her body fell limp afterward and I gently pushed on Chad’s chest, until his cum-coated cock slid out of Mom’s clasp channel.

“Jesus, I needed that,” Mom croaked. “You don’t have to worry about my hands grabbing his prick any longer. It’ll be my pussy instead.”

We all laughed, while Chad assisted me in removing my mom’s nude body from my lap and placing her on the bed, flat on her back. Her meaty breasts heaved, while she recovered from her first torrid fuck from her Grandson. Relishing the blissful aftermath of her orgasms, she closed her eyes and relaxed.

My hands gripped underneath her knees and raised her legs, spreading them widely. Chad moved between them, ready to fill his grandmother with sperm. Her eyelids fluttered open when she felt Chad’s torso bump against her upright legs. Looking at his bobbing, stiff prick, she uttered, “My god, you’re still hard. My poor old body can’t take much more.”

“Mom. You’re not done yet,” I ordered. Her eyes widened, as Chad’s spear approached its target. “Suck on her tits, Chad, and see if they’re as tasty as your mother’s.”

He leaned over and gripped her melons with his big hands, squeezing and kneading them until her nipples filled with blood and stood upright. Mine did the same, knowing exactly how his hands felt. His mouth latched onto one turgid tip while his fingertips flicked the other. Mom’s moans were instantaneous, as her

body responded to her grandson's foreplay. After several minutes of Chad milking my mother's breasts, her hips wiggled and slightly rose.

Holding Chad's prick behind the protruding ridge on his boated head, I dragged his tip up and down her puffy, slick lips. "Are you certain you don't want your grandson's cock jammed up your horny pussy?" I teased her. Holding his prick steady at her entrance, she answered me by humping her hips up, swallowing several inches of his cock.

"That's a yes then. Chad, fuck her hard and good. My mommy needs a good fucking," I ordered my son.

Always eager to obey his mother, he sunk his prick to the hilt, knocking the air out of his grandma. He pulled back and slammed in again, repeating rapidly. His hands replaced his mouth on her tits, moving his mouth to hers. While they passionately kissed, her arms embraced him, holding him tightly against her. His powerful hips drove his cock deeply into her, quickly escalating her excitement level.

He pounded her relentlessly for the next twenty minutes and from experience, I knew he was nearing his orgasm. Mom must have sensed the same and wrapped her legs around his back, bucking her hips into his. Moving near her ear, I whispered, "Mom, he's ready to fill you with sperm. Cum on his cock and if you drain him good, I'll suck it out of your pussy, just like when my sister sucked Dad's cum out of your pussy."

That was enough to trigger her orgasm. Her body thrashed and shook before stiffening. Chad's body jerked into hers as his prick ejected streams of semen into her pussy. Their pulses weren't as synchronized as when I fucked him, but we'd had a lot of practice. They grunted and groaned through their orgasms, their bodies thrashing and bouncing.

When Mom's body fell limp, Chad pulled his cum-coated cock out of her drenched cunt and flopped down beside her.

Mom's battered slot drooled out a creamy-white blob of cum and before it hit her puckered asshole, I scooped it up with my tongue. As promised, I pressed my mouth to her pussy, cleaning out the copious amounts of cum the two had produced. She moaned with pleasure, experiencing one of her greatest fantasies.

While I devoured Mom's pussy, I longed for Chad's prick. It would have been perfect if he could have doggy-fucked me while eating my mother's pussy. Glancing over, my hopes dwindled, as his soft prick had no inkling of revival. I focused my attention on Mom and swirled my tongue across her walls, scraping

out the remnants of their joining. Mom's breathing turned to raspy panting and when I felt her nearing another climax, my lips squeezed her engorged clit, sending her over the edge.

I had definitely inherited Mom's sex drive, witnessing her achieve so many orgasms. After I cleaned up her sweet nectar, I rose and moved over on top of Chad. His outstretched arms embraced me and began caressing my body, the minute I melded on top of him. Facing Mom, a sense of warmth flowed through me as I witnessed her joyful expression.

Breaking the silence, she said, "It appears Pamela can't keep a secret. I might have to talk to her about mother-daughter confidentiality."

"No worries, Mom," I replied. "I made a promise that Chad and her would pay you a visit in the near future."

Mom smiled widely and replied, "I can hardly wait. Be sure to tell her that teasing me for a day won't be necessary as you did."

We chuckled and rehashed the fond memories of the past for the next twenty minutes. Turning to her side, she gently shoved me off of Chad and engulfed his prick with her mouth. She sucked and licked him until his cock came to life again.

"It looks like you're craving some more loving from your grandson," I stated.

"Not yet, sweetie," Mom refuted my assumption. "I want to watch him fuck my daughter. It's one thing your father wouldn't grant me. One of my greatest desires was to watch my husband fuck another woman, but he hung onto his conservative values. This will be just as good, witnessing the love between a mother and her son."

"Thanks, Mom. I've cum a couple of times watching him plow into you. It'd be a pleasure to show you how well he treats me. Come on, Chad. Fuck your mother hard."

I spread my legs and instead of crawling between them, he stood at the end of the bed, gripped my ankles, and pulled me to the edge. Placing my feet on his shoulders, he split my swollen pussy open with his cock. I yelped with joy as he drilled my horny hole. He knew how to shift my hips around to get the most pleasure and it wasn't two minutes before my pussy clamped onto his prick, as I howled through my climax.

With the pressure taken off, from fucking Mom, he continued to vigorously thrust into my sodden slot. After another ten minutes, I shrieked again with an orgasm.

This time, with his cock fully lodged in my pussy, he shoved me forward and bent down to kiss me, while his hands mauled my tits. I was in seventh heaven, as my son manhandled my body.

I vainly attempted to match his thrusting, but he was relentless and after several humps and bumps, I succumbed to his strong physique and spread my legs wider, giving him free access to bottom out each stroke.

He grunted each time his balls smashed against my groin, putting all of his energy into pleasing his mother. His lust-filled face brought back the words he said when I asked him what he thought about when making love to me. His only priority was pleasing his mother, no one else when fucking me. My love for him grew with each time our bodies joined together.

His slick, steel-hard ram hammered into me faster than a jackhammer. Releasing my mouth, he gasped for breath and pressed his head next to mine. His hot breath washed across my ear, as he sucked on my earlobe, knowing how much I enjoyed it.

“I love fucking you, Mom,” he whispered, his voice raspy with lust.

He was close and I knew exactly how to provide him with an explosive conclusion. I purred, “I love you too, Chad. Cum in your mother.” I arched my back and shifted my hips until the top of his prick scraped across my g-spot.

Recognizing my intentions, he gripped my sides and kept me in place while his cock sawed back and forth across my erogenous zone. My shrieks of passion filled the room, as my body stiffened and shook with pleasure. Pride filled me, knowing that Mom was witnessing one of my greatest orgasms—and it was because of my son.

His prick began pulsing on my third contraction, his groin slamming forward, burying his prick deeply into my swollen pussy. His grunts were nearly as loud as my wailing screams as our bodies convulsed through our orgasm. When blissful euphoria swept through our bodies, my son collapsed on top of me. I caressed his back while our chests heaved together, gasping in the cool air.

Mom had remained on her side, remaining silent, enjoying the sensuous display of our incestuous joining. Breaking the silence, she noted, “That was beautiful. It reminds me of the love of your father and I shared. Your son is a lot like him. So much so that as soon as he recovers, I’m going to need to borrow him again. Your fucking has made me horny.”

We laughed and I promised, “Don’t worry, Mom. We have two more days off, which will give us plenty of time to fulfill all of our fantasies.”

The drive home was smooth and swift as we shared stories about our time with Mom. Laughter and giggles echoed in the car as we fondly reminisced about the good times. When we arrived home, we headed straight to bed, and spooned each other, with neither of us instigating sex. Exhausted from the sexual marathon with my mother, we fell asleep within minutes.

The next morning, I awakened first and prepared breakfast for Chad, since he had to leave earlier than me. I took the day off, and early afternoon, Carol called and asked if she could come over. By the time she arrived, I had her favorite tea waiting for her. After a few minutes of conversing, Carol explained the reason for calling me. “I’m worried about Alice. She stopped taking her birth control pills a few weeks ago.”

“Maybe she’s thinking it was overkill since you provided her condoms,” I asserted.

“It’s more than that,” she argued. “She stopped bringing men home and the folder she set up for me consists mainly of women together. Her despondent state is resulting in her grades suffering, also.”

“Maybe she wants to try a relationship with a woman because she sees how happy you are. Have you talked to her about it?” I asked.

“No,” she replied. “I think it’s deeper than that. It is a little disconcerting that most of the videos are of mother and daughter. It excites me that maybe she has thoughts about me in that light, but I’m scared that I might harm our relationship if I bring it up.”

“Seriously?” I laughed. “You were the one that convinced me to fuck my son. Do you need me to play matchmaker and arrange for you to fuck each other?”

“I get the hypocrisy,” Carol admitted. “From her comments, I think she’s tired of the sex with no emotional contact. What she really needs is for someone to show her how great sex can be when you love someone.”

“I can understand that,” I agreed. “What are you suggesting?” Deep down, I knew what she was thinking and it scared me. This could be the beginning of the end of my relationship with my son.

“She still asks about Chad and they were inseparable when growing up,” Carol commented. “Do you think he’d be interested in dating her? I’d rather that he not jump into bed with her at the first chance. It’s not about sex—it’s about experiencing love.”

“That’s quite the turnabout,” I chuckled. “When I first asked you about Chad dating her, you replied that she wasn’t good enough for him, her being a little slutty. What’s changed?” A feeling of guilt swept through me as I attempted to sabotage Alice and Chad forming a relationship.

“She’s changed a lot lately,” she stated, her expression full of sincerity. “She’s grown out of her wild phase and desires to experience something greater. It’s probably unfair of me to ask, especially with Chad already busy with you, Pamela, and myself.”

“Plus his grandmother,” I replied, giggling.

“Wow, I knew you were going to visit your mom. Tell me everything,” she pleaded.

For the next thirty minutes, I described the events of the previous few days. When finished, she remarked, “That’s a lot of horny women to take care of. You’re probably right. I should find someone else for Alice.”

Feeling sorrow for my dear friend, I embraced and kissed her. “I haven’t been fully honest with you. Chad admitted he still has feelings for her. I’d like him to strike up a connection with someone his age, so he can have a family, but it scares me that once he finds someone, our close bond will fade away. I feel so selfish at times.”

“I understand, sweetie,” she consoled. “Did the relationship with your son weaken after he had sex with me, your sister, or your mother?”

“Actually, I think they strengthened,” I replied. “You’re right—I haven’t given him enough credit. He’s mature enough to separate the different kinds of love. Why don’t you bring her over for a few nights so they can become reacquainted?”

“That sounds good. Thanks so much for helping me,” she said, rising from the couch.

I rose and hugged her, stating, “It’s the least I can do for you after bringing my son and me together. I guess we’re both pretty good matchmakers.”

Before departing, she giggled and commented, “If we’re successful and they start a family, I’m not too thrilled with the thought of us becoming grandmothers. However, as they say, a Mother knows what’s best for her children.”

The End
