

Wake Up, It's Your Birthday

dinkleberry

"Brandon, there's three types of women."

'Oh joy, more words of wisdom from the blowhard,' I thought as I wondered what dumb shit was my father about to espouse. Still I was required to ask, "What's that Big John?"

Smiling, since he loves that even I use his ridiculous nickname, he answered, "First, there's the women that let you fuck them. These are the ones that act as if they are doing you a favor as they just lay there. Basically, they are the dead fish you sometimes hear about." Looking at me, I silently nodded my head.

"Second, are the ones that work with you. They'll help you row the boat into the port; most times, you'll have to be in charge but they participate in the activities.

"Third, are the ones who will fuck you. Those are the crazy bitches where sex is a competition, it's a battle for dominance, it's a challenge to see who will cum first, except you lose if you

cum first. All they care about is satisfying their needs and don't care about yours."

Silently I rolled my eyes, thinking 'whatever' but resisted the urge to say it. When I didn't respond to his pearls of wisdom, Big John returned his focus back to what we were doing -- skeet shooting. He and I were on the back edge of the large patio in the rear of the manor on our estate. He yelled, "Pull" and I sent two clay pigeons soaring into the air.

He raised his British made Purdey over/under shotgun and tracked the first. I watched as he fired, turning the disc into dust before quickly refocusing on the second disc while it was beginning its descend. Firing, I silently scoffed as he merely chipped an edge off it and he violently barked, "DAMMIT."

To further tweak my father, I asked, as he broke open his shotgun to clear the barrels, "By the way, which one does Mom fall into."

"Sadly, your mother falls into the first category," he glumly answered.

'Somehow, I doubt that...' I thought. '...Most likely you just can't deliver the goods.' Ready with my American made Browning Golden Clays, Monte Carlo over/under 12 gauge shotgun I yelled, "Pull."

Bringing my weapon up and locking it into the sweet spot in the crux of my shoulder within the blink of an eye, I instantly tracked the first disc and pulverized it. Swinging over to the second, I spied it as it was still ascending. As it hovered that split-second at the top of its apex where it transfers from climbing to falling I never let that happen as I turned it to dust.

"Well I win again. Huh, old man?" I amusedly watched as Big John's nostrils flared in fury. I knew he hated that I could best him, especially as he was a fanatical huntsman and I could be described as disinterested. I knew that it enraged him that his years of experience and constant practice weren't enough against my youthful reflexes and superior eye/hand

coordination developed more by video games than by handling firearms. I knew that he detested the fact that at 51 his star was waning while his youngest child's star was on the rise. I found this all quite amusing and while I did my best to try an' hide it, we both knew I wasn't always successful.

I didn't always think this way about my father. In fact, there was a time I idolized him and hung on his every word.

I am the third child of Jonathon and Amisha Khonroy, an affluent and influential family. I barely know my older siblings as my older brother is ten years older than I while my sister is almost nine years older. Obviously I was an unexpected surprise being born when Big John was 35 and my mom was 31. Perhaps because of this fact as a kid I got to tag along with my father and I thought that was awesome.

Of course what eight-year old doesn't love the opportunity to learn how to shoot a rifle and go deer hunting? My father and I would spend hours together as he taught me how to hold my rifle properly; how to lock my body in place; to smoothly

track my target and that you gently squeeze the trigger not pull it; and of course he taught me how clean and care for my guns.

I also relished going with my father and his friends when they'd go out for quail, pheasant or duck. He taught me the importance of practice and repetition, that you'll develop a natural rhythm and groove so in an instant you can swing your shotgun up into place without pause or thought, instantly tracking the fowl as it takes flight. From him I learned that importance of remaining vigilant and 'being on point', prepared to respond within the blink of an eye.

And of course the challenge of direct competition of skeet shooting would get my blood rushing. However as I grew older I became involved with other sports. I discovered my true passion was football and excelled at playing quarterback.

I started to question how much of a sport is it to sit in a tree-stand for hours waiting for a deer to come wandering by lured in by the food and scent you laid out for it when compared to

having to elude other players hell-bent on crushing you before tossing a touchdown pass. Although I loved duck hunting and the rush of popping up from a blind as a flock flew across shooting as quickly as possible to get a few of them, it couldn't compare to the thrill of running the Option play on 3rd and 2, the defense knows it's coming and still can't stop you from gaining two an' a half yards. Before I loved being with Big John at the hunting lodge, however eventually I realized it's just old men drinking bourbon and smoking cigars -- a total sausage fest when compared to the victory parties our teams would have.

My father couldn't care less for football and didn't even pretend to be interested in my love for it. He continued to be an outdoor sportsman and I became an athlete and our lives went in different directions. In an ironic twist it would be the punishing gridiron of football that would turn me into a Momma's boy.

My mother, Amisha, was born in the Tamil region of India. As a teenager she was sent to England for finishing school, sort of the British version of high school for girls. From there she

came to the States for college. It was while at college that she met and married Big John. Even after living in the United States for over 25 years she still has the clipped British accent and regal, elegant manner. Most people are surprised to learn she is 47 for she is still quite attractive, and I'm very aware that many of my friends and teammates have a crush on her. In the past, some have had the audacity to tell me she's a MILF however after a few scuffles over this they now just whisper it behind my back.

The reason for this is because she has those beautiful features many Tamil women do and like so many she does not seem to age at all. She is gracefully tall at 5'10 and naturally thin and petite (I'd guess she weights between 125-130 pounds). She has that enchanting, exotic raven black hair that she wears long with a simple part that allows its natural luxurious richness to be displayed.

People have commented that she resembles both Reshma Shetty, who plays Divya on 'Royal Pains' and Aarti Mann, who plays Priya on the Big Bang Theory. I agree with them in that my mom has that soft milky caramel skin, a pleasant

diamond-shape face, wide full lips, and almond shaped eyes that are a bewitching dark, dark brown. (Yes, I've obviously noted and enjoyed her beauty.)

Since my father refused to have anything to do with football it fell to my mom to become the involved parent and what an amazing job she did. The first time she took me to Pee-Wee football practice she was completely baffled to see her little boy covered in pads and a helmet lining up against other little boys as if they were all preparing for battle. Being from India and growing up in England, she equated football [futbol] with what we call soccer. I still remember her once asking at the end of one my first practices, "What was that about? It seems like you Americans playing rugby all wrong."

Yet seeing her little boy's enthusiasm and sensing his talent she encouraged my passion. She also dove into learning all the complex intricacies of the sport. She attends coaching seminars and forums. She's engaged coaches on the workings of developing strategies and certain philosophies. On a few occasions she's had opportunities to meet pro players and you can tell they are surprised as this attractive and poised woman

picks their brains about the nuances of their profession. In pursuit of learning how to breakdown game tape she's cultured friendships with scouts who have taught her what to look for and what to spot.

Now years later my friends and I sometimes joke that it's too bad she has the wrong equipment to be a coach as she has sometimes known more than some of our actual coaches. She has come to love the sport to the point where other player's fathers are amazed at how she can debate that the Spread offense, while effective at the college level, will never be successful in the NFL, at least as a base offense. Being my father's son, she annoyingly routinely kicks my ass in Madden football on the Xbox, and even dares to laugh at me while doing so. She even plays in multiple fantasy football leagues.

In a humorous turn when my mom gets excited and passionate about a topic she is discussing her British accent and manners become more pronounced. So it takes on a certain oddness to see this sylphlike but determined woman arguing the advantages of a 3-4 defense over a 4-3 defense all

while sounding as if she'll offer you a cup of tea or scold Harry Potter!

What this all means is that over the years, with my mom's encouragement, support and assistance I've become one of the top high school quarterbacks in the country. I'm now a senior in high school and for the second time I was named as an All-American. When coaches from some of the biggest big-time schools made home visits while recruiting me it was with my mother they spoke. While they worked hard to sell their program to her, I could tell they were surprised and impressed by the depth of her knowledge. Imagine the surrealism of having Steve Spurrier in your home and being completely ignored as he and your mom discuss, debate and even argue the importance of a quarterback's confidence.

Together, she and I decided I'd accept a scholarship to a certain school that has a reputation for developing and polishing quarterbacks for the next level.

And this is what I mean by me being a Momma's boy. Besides quizzing me on my homework (something she's a tyrant about), she also quizzes me on my playbook -- which she'll have memorized and I am supposed to have. In my house, just off from the spacious living room we have a comfortable entertainment room; or as we simply call it, the TV room. [The TV room also happens to be directly below my parent's upstairs bedroom.] In there, there are a few comfortable leather sofas, a huge 80-inch TV and state-of-the-art video equipment. Mom and I have spent many, many hours in there watching game tape -- and it was she who taught me how to spy which way the strong safety was cheating by noticing if he was leaning forward, ready to attack or rocking back, preparing to drop into coverage.

Over the years Mom and I have also become pals. We don't just spend all our time with football; that isn't our only bond. No, instead we often spend many nights in the TV room playing video games, watching movies or just watching television shows. And we've become comfortable with and around each other.

As a young teenager I loved being allowed to stay up watching TV with my mom and would often fall asleep right there in the TV room. Mom would let me sleep until gently waking me when she was done for the night and we'd head up to our bedrooms. As I grew older the roles began to reverse where I was the one up late watching the end of a baseball, basketball or hockey game that started on the West coast or catching the late edition of SportsCenter or whatever. Also somewhere along the way we began sharing the same sofa laying together as we watched TV. Oftentimes I would be massaging her shoulders, rubbing her feet or brushing her hair. But many times we were just sharing each other's company.

While I, of course, enjoyed having this supple female lying next to me (or even against me) in truth I never thought it as odd because she was so open about it, even doing so when I'd have friends over. Yet I knew I needed to hide the fact that I found my mom so sexually desirable. In some ways the close proximity to her only fueled my lust. Oftentimes I had to remain vigilant not to succumb to my desire to touch her, to feel her, to taste her. I learned how to be circumspect when hiding my raging hard-on while she was right next to me.

The biggest change was whereas before Mom would wake me before heading up to bed herself, now with her asleep against me when I was done for the night I'd just simply mute the TV and crash out there on the sofa with her. At first my father would look in on us, but now this is so routine that he doesn't even bother. And so, Mom and I have slept together in the TV room more nights than not.

This brings us to February 21st, the day before my 18th birthday.

After playing Star Wars Battlefront II against my mom and getting beaten and pummeled worse than I beat Big John at skeet shooting she got to select what to watch tonight. So I was feigning interest in another tedious and predictable Lifetime movie. I was sort of resting comfortably sitting/sprawled on the sofa and Mom was lying on the rest of the sofa with her using my thigh as a pillow for her head. She was wearing a simple loose fitting white linen blouse and a pair of casual black wool slacks. Having kicked off her shoes, her bare feet

faintly glowed from the light of the TV. Basically it was just another night.

"So Brandon, are you excited about tomorrow?" she asked without turning her head away from the TV.

"Why what's tomorrow?" I genuinely asked. I knew it was my birthday but at this point in my life my attitude is 'Big Deal.' While girls and women make a big deal about birthdays for men it's kind of just another day. At some point early in our lives birthdays basically become meaningless. Unlike girls we don't celebrate a Sweet Sixteen. Even Jewish boys have a Bar Mitzvah at 13 and then they are done. I even remember my father once saying, 'Birthdays are for women and little boys. Which one are you?'

"Well, tomorrow is your birthday silly." Rolling onto her back, she now looked up at me. "Or did you forget?"

"Of course I didn't forget..." I replied gazing down at her and enjoying her features reflected from the soft light projected

from the TV, the only light in an otherwise dark room. "...I just don't see what's the big deal between today and tomorrow. I mean honestly what's the difference?"

I more felt than heard Mom laugh before saying, "Well tomorrow you'll be 18 and according to the law you are officially an adult."

I loudly scoffed at her point. "And what's that mean? I was allowed to get my Learner's Permit at 16 and my Driver's license at 17. So that doesn't matter. Tomorrow I become eligible to vote and I mean 'Whoopee' because it's February and the elections aren't until November. After tomorrow I have to register for the Draft but I seriously doubt I have to worry about that, right? As to being an adult, what's that mean? I still can't drink until I'm 21 and every day you see on the news kids as young as 14 being charged as an adult."

Looking down at her I continued, "I'm sorry Mom, I don't wanna be a Buzz Killington but I just don't see tomorrow as anything special."

With an odd smile she replied, "I guess maybe you are right." And she rolled back onto her side ending the conversation. However it left me feeling as if she had just said that I couldn't be more wrong and left me wondering why. As always I was left baffled by her feminine mysteriousness.

After a while I let out a big bored yawn when the Lifetime movie revealed that the heroine's supposedly loving husband was actually an absolute scumbag, that her childhood guy friend has always been in love with her and he was who she actually should be with -- basically the same as every other Lifetime movie. I also discovered that Mom was already asleep by her not responding a bit to my yawn.

Grabbing the remote, I turned the volume down and flipped over to a college basketball game. In fact, I guy'ed it up watching that game, an NBA game and also catching highlights on SportsCenter. Finally at 12am both games were over and I was up-to-date on all the other scores and highlights, I delighted to find an episode of South Park was

just starting. So for half an' hour I watched my best friends Stan, Kyle, Kenny and Cartman.

At 12:30am, I pressed the Mute button on the remote. Shifting a bit and adjusting Mom (who didn't wake) I settled in for another night's sleep with her on the sofa. It took all but a few minutes before the Sandman came and off to Dreamland I went.

I awoke startled as a weight was suddenly on me. Opening my eyes, Mom was sitting on my lap, straddling me, facing me. Joyfully she exclaimed, "Wake up! It's Your Birthday."

She then kissed me. However this was like no kiss I ever received from her before. Her lips landed firmly on mine and stayed there for the shortest eternal moment. I was so shocked I didn't know how to respond. Mom leaned back and declared, "Happy Birthday, my love. Today you are a man and..."

With a wink, she placed her hands on the sides on my head. This time I saw her close her eyes and lean in to kiss me. This time I was ready. I kissed her back and it was more incredible than I ever imagined. Her lips were warm, soft and succulent. Her lips left mine, leaving me hungering for more.

"... I think we've both been waiting a long time for this to happen," she whispered in my ear; her fingers ran through my hair and sparks danced across my scalp. Her hands left my head and took hold of my wrists. My mind swirled with delighted confusion as she licked my ear. Suddenly my hands were laid on her tight, tender butt-cheeks and she wantonly whispered, "Today my boy becomes my man."

Her tongue traced across my cheek and magically her lips were on mine again. I wondered if I was dreaming as my hands touched, caressed, molded to her firm yet diminutive ass; her lips were pressed firmly to mine. When I squeezed my hands I felt her lips open and her tongue licked my lips. Opening my mouth to her, she wrapped her arms around my head and leaned her whole body upon me.

Her tongue entered my mouth proudly, dominantly. When mine reached for and touched hers her whole body swayed. I held tight to her butt for as our tongues danced upon each other's her body danced upon mine. As an 18 year old, my cock was automatically ready and standing at attention AND my mother was rubbing her body on it!

The only thing that, thankfully, prevented me from exploding at that moment was my astonished surprise. Her tongue left my mouth and then her lips left mine. Placing her hands on my shoulders she leaned back. Yet with a delicious smile her hips kept dancing, swaying, grinding on mine. She purred, "This is what you want, right?"

The best I could do was to dumbly nod my head. She smiled and laughed, "Good."

Reaching back she grabbed my hands and lifted them to her chest. Although not particularly busty, I could feel her bra beneath her shirt and her breasts beneath that. There was enough there for me to squeeze and clutch, and as I did she

laid her head back sighing her pleasure. Leaning forward she kissed me again.

This time as we kissed there was no hesitation by either of us. I kissed her as firmly and wantingly as she kissed me. Our mouths opened, our tongues touched, our bodies merged and we became one. She pressed her body against mine and I arched my chest and pushed back at her urging my body into hers. For an infinite minute we kissed.

Our kiss ended. Mom climbed off of me and I felt the loss of her on me. However she stood there before me haloed by the glow from the TV behind her. Her simple yet elegant white linen blouse glowed while her contrasting flat black slacks absorbed the light creating a blackened darkness. Still I could see as she smiled her loving smile at me. I simply, quietly watched as she unbuttoned her blouse and removed it revealing a delicate yet simple white bra that looked gorgeous and ultra-sexy on her. The thin straps had a slight, light row of lace on the inside edge that ran down and across the top edge of the smooth seamless cups that barely covered the bottom half of her breasts.

She then confidently unbuttoned her pants and allowed them to charmingly fall to the floor and stepped out of them. I saw she was wearing the matching white panties and they were as simple and barely there as her bra. The elastic waistband was thinner than my pinkie and rested easily on her delicate thin hips. In the middle was nothing but a tiny small triangle of cloth that disappeared between her legs.

Yet as I watched in muted silence she hooked her thumbs into the elastic straps and pushed them over her hips and down her thighs until they simply fell off her. Dazed I could see that she was smooth and hairless, the dim light only allowing me to see just the soft edges of her pubic mound.

However my gaze rose up following the movement of her hands as she brought them to the middle of her bra. I watched as she opened the front-closure of her bra and push it open and then off her back. In the dimness I saw the darkened spots that were her small quarter sized areoles and guessed that they were probably a milk chocolaty brown to her soft milky caramel skin. "Are you ready for this?"

I was and told her so by curling both of my hands in a come here gesture. Still she surprised me by raising her right foot up on to the sofa alongside of me. Then she stepped up onto the sofa as she placed her left foot alongside me. Now towering over me I looked up in time to see her place her hands against the back wall before I was buried in muff. Basically she leaned forward and pressed her pelvis to my face. Not being an innocent I knew what to do.

I inhaled deeply and savored her scent. It was stronger and more aromatic than any I had ever smelt before and its heady aroma raced straight to my brain in a rush. Reaching up, I hooked my thumbs onto her hips which are small and narrow enough that my fingers can reach around and curling, grab a handful of butt. Pressing her tighter to me I nuzzled my face upon her pubic mound. Softly she whimpered, "Oh Brandon,"

"Mmm," she moaned as I rolled my face around and my nose, my chin, my lips touched her. I heard her take a loud breath and her body momentarily stiffened as I licked her the first time. Tasting her was like tasting ambrosia, sampling her

moisture was like tasting the nectar of the gods -- and I knew I must have more.

'Ooooooh," she whimpered as my tongue played over her pussy lips. I was surprised how wet she already was. I loved how wet she already was.

"Oh babe, that's it," she groaned as I repeatedly dragged my tongue up over her pussy lips. By rolling my neck I was able to swing to the left and right. Her body trembled and I tightened my hold on her hips, "Arrrgh..."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh..." she cried as my tongue started to split her pussy lips, but to tease her, to savor and prolong the moment I only used the barest tip of my tongue until she ordered, "Oh please Brandon, put it in me."

The loving son I am I did. My tongue entered her pussy and what a fine pussy she has. My mind almost overloaded with lust and decadence to feel how liquidly smooth she felt, how velvety thick she felt, how softly tight her pussy felt on my

tongue. Pressing myself as tight as possible to her, I jammed my tongue as deep as I could into her. Sucking hard I inhaled her juice, drinking it down.

"Oh, oh, oh, arrrgh..." she cried as I mashed my tongue into her and tried to reach her deepest innermost parts by pushing and rolling my tongue to the left and right. As much as I drank her love I could still feel it running over my face and even down her thighs. I felt her pulling her hips back. I reluctantly let her withdraw my mom's pussy from my face as she pleaded, "I need you."

Letting go of her hips, I lifted my own and quickly yanked off my shorts and boxers. My throbbing member popped free, glad to be out. Mom placed her hands on my shoulders. She slowly, gracefully descended. Sitting down, her hips touched the tip of my raging erect cock and my eyes bulged from utmost bliss. With but a shift, a slide, a sway my mother easily impaled herself onto my cock. We both released an "Ooooooooooh yes,"

To finally feel her pussy on my cock was beyond any fantasy I have had. The only true way to describe how glorious my mom's pussy is would be to compare it to that first time. As a virgin when you finally get some pussy you know you are experiencing what may be the greatest moment of your life yet it's so overwhelming that it's impossible to truly comprehend its splendid magnificence. Far from my first time, it still felt as if I was finally losing my virginity.

Mom must've felt the same way as she just sat there enjoying the wonder of the moment; for which I am thankful because otherwise I surely would've blasted my load. After a timeless second she smiled at me and gave me a quick peck on my lips. She whispered, "I love you."

"I love you more," I whispered back to her as I rested my cheek to hers. I again hooked my thumbs onto her hips but now more reached underneath her ass cupping her tiny, tight cheeks. Using my strength I began to lift her up; in a near instant, she started assisting by using her legs. Still I seemed to control the tempo or perhaps being united we both wanted the same.

Tenderly she gently rode up an' down on my piston soundlessly, our bodies pressed together, our cheeks resting against each other's. She moved her head and pressed her lips to mine and it was as if we shifted into second gear. As she kissed me, Mom's body became lighter and I lifted her with greater ease before her magical pussy would slide back down my cock. With each cycle my shaft became more lubricated, more slicked with my mom's juices and her pace accelerated.

Her mouth opened as did mine, our tongues collided and we shifted into third gear. She was now sliding up an' down in a quickened pace and the sensations my cock sent out were glorious. No one's pussy has ever felt as good as my mom's does. As her tongue crashed upon mine her hips thrust forward and back as her legs lifted her upon my cock. Our tongues slide along each other's as her pussy rode upon my cock.

"Oh Brandon, oh, oh, oh..." she panted into my ear and now we shifted into 4th and top gear. Grabbing the sides of my head as hand holds we were now fucking furiously. I thought

of what my father said about her and let out a delicious laugh as my mother was certainly no dead fish. Here she was riding my cock and grunting vigorously as she fucked me, "Urgh, Urgh, Urgh, Urgh..."

"Oh Brandon, you're so good, you're so good, oh babe, oh babe, that's it," she cheered as I marveled at the outstanding job my mom was doing fucking me. I held tighter to her ass and she grabbed tighter to my hair almost pulling it from my scalp and her pace was increased to an all-out gallop. Both of us couldn't speak as we were both panting and gasping for breath.

Then suddenly she stopped.

Yes stopped! With my cock fully impaled in her, she sat on my thighs and became silent and pressed a finger to my mouth for me to do the same. If my heart was racing before now it felt as if it about to explode through my chest. In the silence I tried to listen, to find what she had heard but all I heard was my heart thundering against my ribcage, the blood

rushing through my body and her muted breathing. Then I heard it.

The sound was of bare feet walking across the ceramic tile in the front half of the living room. Since there's only three people in the house it was obvious whose feet they belonged to. Part of me was terrified of my father to discover us as we were. Part of me wished for Big John to discover me banging his wife. Since she didn't move I was left to wonder what Mom was thinking.

As I focused and concentrated on the sound of his footsteps I thought it sounded as if he was crossing from the kitchen towards the stairs. That thought was confirmed when I heard my father began ascending the steps.

Things became even weirder. Shifting, Mom laid her forehead to mine, her nose to mine and we stared into each other's eyes. Then without moving I felt sensations dancing upon my cock. My eyes must've opened wide in surprise

because reflected back was a look of a wanton, wicked mischievous look.

As we listened to him climb the stairs, my mom's pussy squeezed and relaxed on my cock as if it was a hand and the fingers were flexing independently. My mind floated in a state of disbelieving ecstasy as Big John walked down the hallway, his footsteps barely audible on the wood floor as my mother's pussy played upon my cock. When the sound of his footsteps ceased we both looked at the ceiling knowing that he was now above us walking on the carpeted floor. He was, in a way, heading in our direction as my parent's bed is directly above the sofa of which I was on with my mother riding my cock.

Mom started to silently giggle and in relief I joined her and she kissed me. Placing her hands on my shoulders she pushed up and disengaged herself from me. I felt empty until she said, "Now it's your turn."

Sliding over to the other corner of the sofa she rested her forearms on the padded arm and laid her right leg on a cushion offering herself to me. Seeing her long lean legs leading up to her pert ass perfectly framing her Paradise I needed no further encouragement.

Stepping up behind her I ran my hands over her behind and had to resist the temptation to smack that ass. Looking up at the ceiling I silently cursed, 'Fuck you Dad.'

"Mmm," she purred as I guided my cock to her pussy. To again feel my mom's pussy was as awe-inspiring as the first time. As my cockhead began to part her pussy lips I again took possession of her luscious hips, savoring every feeling and sensation as slowly I slid up inside of her.

"Ooooh," she sighed with lustful pleasure as my hips merged with hers and we were once again fully together. I leaned my body weight onto her and held her. I could tell she loved having her son's cock fully buried in her pussy.

Being the sexual creature she is, she began to slide forward. Holding her hips I allowed her, even as I began to withdraw myself. When my cockhead began to part her pussy lips I tightened my grasp on her hips. Pulling her towards me I thrust forward, in the middle our bodies met with a colliding slap of flesh and Mom groaned lustfully, "Urgh..."

I again held her and rested my weight on her for a moment. Then the vixen again initiated the action by sliding forward. I allowed her to slide part way forward even as I withdrew. Reaching the top of our stroke we reversed course and our bodies collided with a clap of sweaty bodies meeting and a grunt, "Urgh..."

"Urgh, Urgh, Urgh," we both groaned as we quickly syncopated our rhythms as if we had done this many times before. Perhaps it was because the bond between us is so tight that we just know what each other craves. Perhaps being my mother I knew her needs. Perhaps being her son she knew my desires.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she now sighed as our tempo increased; our arousal and pleasure matching. Never before had sex felt this dynamic and I wondered if the purpose of my birth was but to make love to my mom.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she continued to sigh with hunger and longing. As I continued to hold her hips, I had to shake my head to clear the sweat from the heat we were generating. Swinging my head left and right I ended up looking up at the ceiling and let out a pleased laugh. 'Oh dad you couldn't be more wrong...' I thought. '...first Mom was fucking me and now she was working as hard as I am rowing this boat.' The only dead fish was upstairs in bed.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she purred with wanton pleasure. I knew I was on edge. I could feel my body tighten, my balls were screaming for release, my cock was ready to fire my load. "Oh god Mom, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum Mom."

"Go ahead and cum inside me. Let me feel you cum in me," she urged. I slammed my body into her with even more vigor.

The sound of our bodies sounded like thunder as we crashed upon each other. With one last mighty heave I lunged into her, burying my cock as deep as possible into my mom's pussy. Our bodies fell forward and she collapsed onto the sofa with her son's cock still fully inside her.

"Ohhhrrrrghhh," I cried as my cock swelled and my cum came rushing out. My first shot fired hard and thick, quickly followed by a second, third and fourth. A little hump popped out two more squirts of cum before the thick avalanche poured out of my cock and flooded into her pussy as I emptied every bit of my essence into my mom.

Spend, emptied and exhausted we both just laid there one on top of the other still united. We were breathless and satisfied yet I could tell she enjoyed the feeling of her son on top of her, still inside of her. We just stayed that way and soon I even grew drowsy.

Finally I felt her squirm beneath me and I lifted my body. She rolled over, we now were laying facing and I loved being able

to see her beautiful face again. I was so happy that I kissed her, then again and again and again until she started giggling. Reaching up she wiped some sweaty hair off my forehead and murmured, "Thank you."

Not knowing how to answer I kissed her. Somehow I sensed she wanted me to get up. We both sat up and she reached for her blouse. I watched as she put it on in a casual unembarrassed manner. When she stood and started putting her pants on I took that as my cue to get dressed myself. I was amused to see Mom stuff her bra and panties under a cushion of the couch. Then taking my hand she pulled me to her and kissed me softly, "Oh Brandon, you are so amazing. I love you."

"I love you more," I pledged and sealed it with a kiss. Still holding hands she led me out of the TV room and upstairs. At the door to my bedroom she kissed me one last time before saying, "Now get some rest. It's your birthday and we have A LOT of celebrating to do."

THE END