

No Monkey Business: Week 01

by [henryking](#) ©

I know how these stories start. I'm supposed to tell you that my mom is the hottest person I know. That all my friends come over whenever they get the chance just to ogle her. I should say that I get mad at them for thinking of my mom in that way, but really I'm just mad because I think of her that way but could never do anything about it.

Unfortunately that's not how this story starts.

My mom is not a hot woman. She's forty years old and has a face that only a son could love. She's the kind of woman who didn't so much get hit with the ugly stick as she did fall out of the ugly tree, hitting every branch on her way down. With her face. Her hair is a dull brown and hangs lankly from her head. Her eyes are too small and too close together. Her nose and teeth all manage to be crooked, but not in the same direction.

The rest of her? That's where the cliché might be true. But that's getting ahead of myself. When this story starts I was as clueless as anyone else as to the charms that lay below my mother's neck. I had never seen her in a bikini. Nor a swimming costume. Not even a tight t-shirt. Hell, whatever the weather she only ever seemed to wear baggy jumpers and jeans that just didn't fit. Her choice of clothes didn't accentuate her curves, it hid them under folds of spare fabric.

From what I could tell, she'd always been this way. She hadn't been ravaged by the years. If anything, she looked the same now as she had since she had turned eighteen. You're probably thinking that she can't be that ugly, she has a son after all! Yeah, well. My mom may be ugly, but at least she's here. My father, on the other hand, has been conspicuous by his absence for my entire life. Part of me can't really blame him. My mother isn't unaware of how she looks and has become seriously introverted because of it. She's not exactly a bundle of joy to be around unless you really get to know her. I couldn't name a single friend of hers. She works from home, avoids family parties, and as far as I know has never dated anyone in her life. We've never discussed my father or my conception, thank God, but I assume it was a drunken one night stand, or a masquerade party where my mom's mask never came off. At least, not until it was too late.

With all that, it's fair to say that I'm about the only good thing in my mom's life. I try to be a good son, and I think I succeed. For eighteen years I've been my mom's constant companion, best friend, and the only person who's really loved her.

All good things must come to an end, though. Soon I'd be leaving for college. I'd got a scholarship to the state University. It was about a four hour drive away so I'd promised my mom I'd drive back to visit her as often as possible, but she wasn't convinced and she wasn't happy. I'd foreseen that reaction. The reaction I hadn't foreseen was her suddenly becoming broody.

"A baby?" I asked, certain I'd misheard my mother.

"That's right," she said. She was in the middle of washing up the dishes from breakfast. I was sat at the kitchen table behind her, orange juice in hand, and mouth agape.

"A baby," I said again. Not really a question this time. Just an attempt to make my brain understand the words. It didn't.

"Yes, Steven, a baby." My mother sighed. "You know what a baby is, don't you?"

"Yeah, mom," I said, shifting uncomfortably. "It's just... You want a baby? Now?"

"Well not right this minute, but yes. You're leaving me, Steven. I don't want you to feel guilty about it, you have your life to live, I know. But when you're gone, what will I do?"

"Geez, mom," I said. I wanted to say 'You'll be able to see your friends more' or 'You can start dating again', as if she wasn't doing those things because of me. But we both knew it had nothing to do with me. "A baby. Huh."

"You leave for college in two months, right?" she said, glancing over at the calendar on the kitchen wall. "Ideally I'd like to be pregnant by then. Then I won't be alone, not really." She absentmindedly touched her stomach, getting bubbles on her jumper.

"Okay," I said. "I guess it would be pretty amazing to have a little brother or sister."

Mom looked over her shoulder at me and smiled. I wasn't sure I really wanted to go into the details, but part of me was morbidly curious, so I asked anyway.

"So, uh, mom. How're you... you know?" Mom had turned back to the washing up but I could see her neck start to turn red with embarrassment. I suspected mine was too. "Will the hospital, you know, artificially... you know." I really wished I hadn't started that sentence.

Mom shook her head. "No, hon. My insurance won't cover that sort of procedure, especially if I'm, ah, that is to say. Not if I can conceive... naturally."

Now my face was definitely red. "Oh." I managed to say. "Well then. I'm sure you'll find... can't be that difficult... yep." I finished lamely.

Mom finished the washing up during my dazzling soliloquy and stared at the floor as she dried her hands. "Yes, I'm sure I'll manage." With that she almost ran from the room and I heard her bedroom door shut. I went up to my own room and tried to think of anything apart from that morning's conversation. Eventually, I succeeded.

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The next month was a flurry of activity for me. I hadn't quite foreseen how much preparation was involved in leaving home for the first time. I also had my friends to see as much as possible before we scattered across the land. Unlike my mother I did manage to have a group of close friends, and intended to stay in touch with them.

I should also probably point out that I didn't inherit my mother's looks. Thank you, dad! I'd even landed myself a girlfriend, Cassie, during my final year of high school. We'd done quite a lot of heavy petting in my car, and I'd even gone down on her a few times, but my cherry remained thoroughly intact. When she asked to meet me a month before college started I let myself believe that this was the night. It turned out she didn't want to fuck me, she actually wanted to break up with me. There would be lots of girls at college, she told me, and she didn't want me to feel beholden to a girl on the other side of the country. I suspected it wasn't my freedom to fuck around that she was trying to ensure, but I decided not to pursue it. I smiled, nodded, said the right things and got out of there. It was probably for the best. Cassie and I got on just fine but I'd never really felt anything for her other than a teenage desire to get off.

My preparations for college may have been going apace, but my mom's attempts to find a willing sperm donor were going nowhere. We hadn't discussed it since that first chat in the kitchen, but I knew mom hadn't left home for anything more than grocery shopping since then, and I was pretty sure no one had been around while I was out with my friends or my now ex-girlfriend.

I'd wondered how my mom was trying to find someone willing to get her pregnant, and with about three weeks to go before I left I stumbled upon the answer. I'd been on Craigslist, trying to sell some stuff I'd no longer need and buy a couple of items that I was lacking. I'd arranged most of what I needed when, on a whim, I decided to check out the personals section for my town. Hell, maybe Suzie from high school was on there begging for a one night stand. I'd always had a thing for Suzie.

Suzie was not on Craigslist. My mother was.

"Unattractive 40 year old woman seeks man to impregnate her" was the title. The entry itself didn't give much more than that, other than to say the man would not be expected to be involved with the baby when it was born, and to provide a link to a photo. If my mother was trying to entice men then the photo was perfectly chosen to have the exact opposite effect. It was a close up of just my mom's face in all its glory. To be honest the whole entry looked like a joke. In a town the size of ours I doubted that many people would even see it, and those that did would not be tempted. I did not hold out much hope for my mom's success.

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It turned out I was right not to expect much. With just two weeks before I started college my mom was still carrying as many babies as she had been for the last eighteen years. Namely none. I thought she might give up on the idea and buy a cat, or maybe just persevere beyond those two weeks. The deadline was self imposed and I didn't think it would really matter if she didn't get pregnant for a while longer. My mom had other ideas.

"Can I ask you something, Steven?" she asked.

"Sure, mom," I said. I was sat at the kitchen table drinking an orange juice while my mom washed up the dishes from breakfast. It was eerily familiar.

"Do you think I'm unattractive?"

I nearly choked on my orange juice, but managed to turn it into a small cough. "No, mom!" I said, perhaps too enthusiastically. I tried to dial it back a bit. "You're my mom, you'll always be beautiful to me." It was a lame answer I know. It was precisely the kind of thing parents say to their ugly kids. But what else could I say?

"Thank you, that means a lot," said my mom. She finished the last bit of washing up and turned around to dry her hands. I could see tears in her eyes. "I wonder, could you do me a favor?"

"Sure, mom, anything at all," I said.

She smiled at that. "Let's talk about it upstairs," she said, and headed off.

I followed, wondering what this could be about. When we got upstairs we headed into my mom's room. She sat on the bed and I sat facing her on the small chair she kept by her dressing table. "So..." I prompted.

"There's no easy way to ask this, Steven," she said. A long pause followed, probably because there was no easy way to ask what she wanted to. Finally she continued. "I've not had any luck finding a man to help me with... what we discussed before."

I nodded, having guessed as much. "Sorry, mom," I said. "I'm sure you'll find one eventually."

My mom shook her head. "I'm not so sure. Besides, you're leaving in two weeks, I don't have long."

"Oh c'mon, mom," I said, "you don't have to rush it."

Mom just shook her head. "I'm sorry but I need that child before you're gone. I need to feel loved even when you're not around."

"Oh, mom," I said, feeling a rush of love and sympathy for her. "I do love you, no matter where I am. And I always will."

"Thank you, Steven, that means so much to me. And it's why I know I can ask you this." I noticed a flush creeping up my mom's cheeks. And then it came. The favor. "Will you help me get pregnant?"

Now, you may call me dumb, but if your mom propositioned you out of the blue, I suspect you would be as confused as I was. "Um, sure," I said, shifting uncomfortably in my seat.

"You will?" said mom, looking up at me and grinning. "I didn't think you would say yes so quickly, oh thank you, Steven!"

"No worries," I said. "So, you want me to find a guy for you, right? I assume you've already tried..."

My mom cut me off. "No, Steven." Her grin had faded as quickly as it had arrived. "I want you to help me get pregnant." When my face still didn't show any sign of understanding she tried again. "I want *you* to help me get pregnant."

Finally the clouds parted and a ray of understanding reached me. "Oh!" I said. And then "Oh." If the blush on my mom's cheeks had been creeping then the one that appeared on my face was taking part in a 100 meter sprint.

"Yes," said my mom.

"Oh," I said. We both shut up then and took a sudden interest in the floor. Part of me wanted to say 'Whoops, sorry, big misunderstanding, I'm not fucking you, okay bye' and leave that room. Maybe leave the house. Maybe leave the country and never come back. I'll be honest, that was a big part of me. But some habits die hard. For eighteen years I'd been this woman's closest friend and I really did love her. I'd done everything to make her happy, and the thought of making her so miserable now just killed me a little inside. I wasn't sure I could go through with it, but I also didn't want to flat out say no just yet. I told myself I could always stop things later. Hell, I figured when it came to it my mom would realise how weird the whole thing was and stop it before we actually fucked. "So," I said, trying to move the conversation along. "You want me to... to... to have sex with you?"

My mom looked momentarily horrified. "Oh god! No, Steven! No no no. Nothing like that."

I let out a sigh of relief. Either I'd misunderstood my mom's insinuation - which was horribly embarrassing but probably not as bad as fucking my own mom - or else she'd realised as soon as I'd said the words out loud that the entire situation was ridiculous. Alas, it turned out neither of those was the case.

"No, obviously we can't have sex," my mom continued. "I figure you could just..." she made some vague hand gesture that it took me a moment to decipher.

"Masturbate?" I said.

"Right," she said, nodding furiously and turning an alarming shade of puce. "Until you're ready to..." she made another hand gesture, this one even more abstract.

"Cum?" I offered.

"Ejaculate," she said, giving me a stern glance before staring back down at the carpet. "Then you could just stick it in, inside me, at the last second. Until you're finished. No actual, you know, sexing required."

If I'd been concerned that having sex with my mom would be weird then I needn't have worried. The way she described it made it sound like the least sexual thing imaginable. I didn't really want to go through with it, but nor did I want to break my mom's heart. I decided the best thing to do would be to agree. By the time we actually got around to doing it I figured she'd have had a chance to change her mind.

"Okay," I said. "For you, mom, I guess I'm willing to do it."

"Oh, Steven, you have no idea how much this means to me," said my mom, looking back up at me with tears of happiness in her eyes.

I stood up, brushing some imaginary dust off my lap. "Well, let me know when you want to, you know, do it, and I'll, you know, do it." I made for the door but then my mom spoke up.

"Oh right now," she said. "I should be pretty fertile at the moment, but regardless we should probably do it as much as possible before you go to college. It might take a few tries to get me pregnant."

I stumbled and looked at her. All the blood that had been so keen to rush to my face now fled it, leaving me pale and nervous. "Now?" I said, or at least tried to say. Only a croak came out. I cleared my throat and tried again. "Now?"

"Yes now, honey. Unless you have somewhere better to be." I considered telling her that I did, but apparently she hadn't meant it as she stood up and started undoing her jeans. "You can put your pants and underwear over there," she said, pointing to the chair I'd just vacated. She slipped off her own jeans and folded them neatly before placing them in the corner. I wasn't surprised to see that she wore huge, brown, unflattering panties that adeptly disguised the shape of her behind. I was surprised to see that my mom had amazing legs. I felt a stirring in my cock and for the briefest moment wondered if this might not be so bad after all. And then my mom turned around and my arousal crawled back under whatever rock it had been hiding beneath.

"Come on, chop chop, honey," said my mom. She opened her bedside drawer and pulled out a small bottle of what looked like lube, then lay down on the bed, letting her legs dangle over the side so her panty-clad pussy was lined up with the edge. Feeling like I was in a daze I unbuttoned my own jeans and pulled them off, one leg at a time, before dumping them on the chair she had pointed to. "And those," said my mom, pointing to my underwear. My hands trembled as I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my boxer shorts and slowly pushed them down. Gravity soon took over and they landed on the floor. I stepped out of them and

placed them on top of my jeans. My cock is, as far as I know, perfectly average when erect. But it wasn't erect at the moment, and it appeared to have shrivelled up into near nothingness.

Apparently happy that I was getting on with it, my mom then sat up enough to push her panties down and let them pool on the floor around her ankles. She then lay back down, lifting the hem of her jumper up so it didn't obstruct her pussy.

I was pleasantly surprised to see that my mom had a pretty good looking vagina. I mean, I had minimal experience with real ones, but the ones I'd seen on the internet made it clear that they could range from things of beauty to horror shows. Mom's was definitely near the beautiful end of that spectrum. The brown hair around it was trimmed short and the folds looked inviting rather than repellent. I noticed mom glance at my cock and for a crazy moment I wondered what she thought of it. It looked pretty woeful at the moment. But then I reminded myself that we weren't having sex, so she probably didn't care what my cock looked like.

"Over here," said my mom, gesturing between her legs. "Stand there and do your thing. Just let me know when you're going to, erm, finish, and stick it in."

I shuffled over to where she'd indicated, trying to make the two meter journey last as long as possible. All too soon I was stood between my mom's open, naked legs, with my cock hanging out and an expectant look on my mom's face. "Off you go then," she said. She then proceeded to ignore me and poured a little lube into her hand. I couldn't help but watch as she smeared some over her pussy before using a finger to slowly start to spread it into the pussy itself. It wasn't lost on me that here I was, a virgin, stood in front of a woman who was essentially masturbating and waiting for me to cum inside her. My main problem should have been not cumming everywhere before I got near her pussy, but instead I wasn't even sure I'd be able to get it up.

"Steven?" said my mom, a note of impatience edging into her voice.

"Yep," I said. "On it." I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and reached down for my cock. I'd thought the hard part would be masturbating in front of my mom, but a more immediate concern was the simple mechanical problem of jerking off while my cock was attempting to enter the microscopic realm. I awkwardly held it between my thumb and a couple of fingers and began to joggle it around.

With my eyes closed it actually got a little easier. I could hear the wet sounds of my mom lubricating her pussy but couldn't see her face - the face both of my mom and of a woman I really wouldn't want to have sex with anyway. Instead I thought about Cassie, my recently exed girlfriend and the only girl I actually had real sexual experiences with. I thought back to the last time I'd eaten her pussy in the back of my car. My cock grew back to its old self and even stiffened at the memory. In real life I'd made Cassie cum twice before she'd abruptly stopped me and told me she needed to get home. In my mind, though, I imagined things taking a different turn. Instead of stopping things, she wanted to return the favor. I imagined her soft lips wrapped around my cock, her head bobbing up and down as she tried to get me off. And then I imagined her crying that she couldn't stand it anymore and sitting up over my lap before impaling her pussy, still wet from my ministrations, straight down on my cock. I started rocking my hips slightly, imagining that I was fucking Cassie. In reality I'd probably want my first time with someone to last a while, but the Cassie in my head didn't care if I came already.

"Oh, God," I said, before remembering who I was jacking off in front of. "I mean, I'm about to cu- ejaculate, mom!" I cried, feeling the point of no return rapidly approach.

"Okay, get it inside me, quickly!" said my mom, sounding urgent.

I opened my eyes, and guided my cock head to my mom's opening, even as I felt the cum boiling for release. I pushed forward, into my first pussy. It felt better than I'd imagined it would. Oh so tight yet the lubrication made my cock slip in like it belonged there. I pushed forward until I was buried inside, my balls nestling against my mom's ass. I could feel the cum ready to explode out of me.

And then I looked up.

My mom was looking down at me, an odd look on her face. But it wasn't the odd look that threw me, it was the face. I could say that seeing her face reminded me that I was about to cum inside my own mom, and that's what bothered me. But I'd be lying. My mother was powerfully unattractive, plain and simple. The cum that had been ready to burst from me like an unstoppable force thought better of it and receded back into a holding pattern in my balls. I knew if I stood there much longer I'd lose my erection too. I pulled backwards, my cock slipping out of my mom's pussy with a quiet pop.

"You didn't ejaculate?" said my mom, part question and part statement.

"Uh, no," I said, suddenly bashful. "I guess I wasn't quite as close as I thought I was," I lied.

"Oh, okay," said my mom. "No problem, just carry on."

I nodded and, not knowing what else to do, closed my eyes and returned to Cassie in the back of my car. We picked up where we'd left off, her on top, riding me like her life depended on it. Thinking it might help, I flipped my imagined Cassie onto her back so she was in roughly the same position as my mom was in front of me. I'd been really close to cumming and my body apparently had far fewer qualms about cumming inside an imaginary Cassie compared to a very real mom and so in a couple of minutes I was ready to cum again. I waited even longer this time, sure I was going to wait too long and cum all over my mom's sweater. But I managed to avoid that ignoble fate and warned my mom again. "Gonna cum, mom!" I said.

Once again I opened my eyes and guided myself to my mom's opening. This time I paused for a beat then slammed my hips forward, pushing my cock even deeper until my hips came to a stop with a dull slap against my mom. I'd decided this time I just wouldn't look up at my mom, but when my cock slammed inside her my mom let out a breathy moan. I automatically glanced up at the noise and saw my mom's face, her eyes closed and a look of pained pleasure on her features. I looked away immediately but the damage had been done. My cock hovered on the brink of an orgasm but already I could feel it start to recede. I was so close! I knew that only a little stimulation would suffice, and so I pulled back a few inches then slammed forward again. I was sure that was enough and opened my mouth, intending to moan at the pleasure emanating in my balls. Instead I let out a pained "Agh!" as my mom slapped me.

"Steven!" she yelled, pulling back and away from me. My cock popped free again and I was sure it was going to pick that moment to explode everywhere. Somehow it refrained, instead bobbing slightly in time with my pulse and looking purple and angry. "I said no sex! That means no thrusting, no groping, no monkey business! Just put it in and cum!"

"Sorry, mom," I said, keeping my eyes down in a look of contrition. As an added bonus it meant I didn't have to look her in the face and lose my erection. "It won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't," she said, her tone softening. "What's taking so long, anyway?"

"It's just hard," I said, before adding "difficult, I mean. The timing. I have to stop masturbating to put it in you, and then I don't need to cum any more."

My mom nodded, accepting this reasoning. "I suppose if it gets the job done you could, sort of, have the tip in. While you masturbate, I mean. Then as soon as you start to... finish, you could put the rest inside. That way you won't spill any."

I wasn't sure if that would work but it seemed worth a go. "Okay, I'll give it a try," I said. Mom got back into position and I manoeuvred my cock then pressed the head into my mom. She sighed softly but I resisted the urge to look up. Instead I carefully encircled my exposed cock with my thumb and a finger, making sure not to touch my mom's pussy. I then closed my eyes and got back to Cassie.

It didn't take long for the problems to become clear. Holding just the head of my cock inside mom's pussy while stroking it, but without touching my mom, was a tricky operation. Doing it with my eyes closed was going to be impossible. "Sorry, mom!" I said, having shoved my hand against her pussy twice and accidentally pulled out once in the space of five seconds.

"Okay, stop, stop," said my mom, sitting up slightly. "That's not working," she said. "Why don't you just open your eyes, that might help."

I floundered for an excuse not to other than 'I don't want to risk seeing your face.' I settled for "I don't think that would help. It's just too awkward to avoid touching you."

My mom sighed in exasperation. She'd probably thought getting a horny teenager to jerk off then cum inside her would be easy. "Alright, I guess you can touch me if it's not a sexual thing. Just hold your hand here like this and jerk into it." She reached down for my cock before realising what she was doing and pulling her hand back. Then she seemed to steel herself and reached down again. She grabbed my still hard cock and I jumped slightly from the contact. Before I had the chance to react she pulled my cock towards her. I moved my hips forward to accommodate her as she held her hand against her pussy in such a way that if I rocked my hips I'd be fucking her hand, with my cock's tip only just inside her. "See," she said, as I gave my hips a few experimental thrusts "like that." The feel of her hand around my cock was incredible, but all too soon she took her hand away. "Okay, you do it."

I moved my hand where hers had been, very aware that I was now touching her pussy with my hand. She let out another one of those breathy moans, but I resolutely stared down at her pussy as my cock rocked back and forth between my fingers, the head making obscene sloshing noises as it moved around just inside her pussy.

I heard a whispered "Oh, God," come from my mom and I realised that in our current position I was pushing the knuckle of my thumb right into her clitoris every time I humped my hand. The objective may have been for me to cum inside her, but it occurred to me that my mom hadn't had sex since I was conceived. Would she cum too, I wondered? I started to thrust harder and faster, the bed creaking rhythmically as I fucked my hand over mom's pussy.

"Oh, god, oh, Steven, are you close?" asked my mom, her voice a whimper.

"Yes, mom," I groaned, the cum rising once more and hoping it was third time lucky.

"Oh, oh, oh," sighed my mom. I was no expert on my mom's sex noises but she sounded awfully close to her own orgasm. For some reason I suddenly wanted her to cum too. I held myself back from the edge for a few seconds more, and my willpower paid off as my mom suddenly tensed up and cried "Oh, fuck, Steven! Cum inside me!"

Right on cue my balls gave up the load they'd been trying to get rid of and cum shot from my cock. As soon as I felt the first blast I moved my hand and rammed my cock as far into my mom's pussy as it

would go. Maybe it was the fact I'd essentially been edging myself for the last half hour. Maybe it was because it was my first time inside a woman. Maybe it was both. Whatever the reason I came like I'd never cum before. My legs trembled as shot after shot of cum rushed from my cock. I fought to stay still, all too aware of mom's feelings on thrusting. Luckily I didn't need to move as mom's pussy was clenching and trembling around my cock, stimulating it as well as any thrusting would have achieved. Mom's orgasm seemed to be at least as rewarding as mine as she let out shaky whimpers and clasped the bedsheet in her hands.

Finally our orgasms subsided, though my cock stayed relatively hard inside my mom. I was breathing hard, despite not doing much, and my mom sounded like she'd been running for the last half hour, not laying down. "Thanks," she said once she had her breath back, as if I'd just helped her bring in the groceries, not flooded her with cum.

"No problem," I said, finally looking back at her face. If I'd thought about it I might have expected to see my mom in a new light after what had just happened. Maybe realised that she really was beautiful all along, or some shit like that. But no, my mom still looked like the ugly sister's uglier cousin. My cock, hitherto ready for round two, suddenly decided it needed a break, and slipped softly out of my mom.

I wasn't sure how to act then, or what to say. It wasn't the kind of situation you find yourself in often. Fortunately mom took charge, and was all business. "So how often do you normally, ah, masturbate a week?" she asked.

I'd just jerked off in front of her and cum inside her, so it was ridiculous that her question made me embarrassed. And yet it did. "Uh, everyday," I said, before admitting "twice some days."

"Okay," said my mom. "Great!"

That wasn't exactly the response I'd expect after telling my mom I jack off every day (twice some days), but then this wasn't a normal day.

"You're leaving in two weeks," continued my mom. "I reckon you can push yourself to twice a day every day until you go. Right?"

"Uh, sure," I said, momentarily not understanding why my mom wanted me to jack off so much. Like I said, I may be dumb sometimes, but this was all new to me. My brain caught up after a moment and I realised she wanted me to cum inside her twice a day for the next two weeks. I had to admit that the thought of repeating that orgasm I'd just had was an appealing notion. If only I'd been one of those lucky bastards with a hot mom. But then I probably wouldn't be in this position.

"Okay then, why don't you go get cleaned up," said my mom, and I realised she was dismissing me from her room. That was fine with me and I high tailed it to the bathroom for a much needed shower.

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If you've never jerked off in front of your mom then cum inside her as she has an orgasm you accidentally gave her (and I'm going to go out on a limb here and assume you haven't) then you might think the most awkward part about it is actually doing it. Standing there, with your cock in hand, doing that most private of activities right in front of your own mother. Pretty awkward, right? Actually, not so much. I don't know about you but when I'm jacking it I don't really worry about mundane things like that. I mean, when you're jerking off do you get fixated on the fact that your parents are in the next room, or that you're using the hand that you used to shake hands with your grandpa a few hours earlier? Of course not. Masturbation is the great mind cleanser. When you're doing it, nothing else really matters.

So if not the actual act, then the most awkward part has to be the immediate aftermath, right? We've all had that post-masturbation come down. Oh god, we think. My parents are in the next room! I just used that hand to give grandpa a handshake! Why was I watching midget elephant porn! Everything that seemed unimportant in the face of impending orgasm suddenly comes back into focus. Cumming inside your mom seems like the kind of thing that might feel good at the time but send you straight into therapy afterwards. Well, not for me at least. As you probably gathered, I didn't do it because the haze of horniness descended and I just had to cum, no matter where nor with who. No, I did it because my mom guilt tripped me into it. And apparently I was going to do it again.

No, for me, the really awkward part was a few hours later as I sat down for lunch at the kitchen table with my mom. Or as she would now forever be known, the first woman I came inside.

"So what've you got planned for the rest of the day?" asked the first woman I came inside, or as she will be known for the rest of the story: mom.

"Oh not much," I said, wondering if mom was acting cool or was genuinely unfazed by that morning's activities. I considered adding 'Gonna cum inside you again later' to see if she'd react to that, but figured hell hadn't quite frozen over yet. Instead I said "Alex invited me to go bowling, but I said I couldn't go."

"Oh, honey," said my mom, "you don't need to cancel your plans for me."

I opened my mouth to tell her that I hadn't. That I was avoiding the bowling alley because Cassie's brother worked there and he seemed to think I'd cheated on her, or something, and was just waiting for an excuse to kick my ass. In fact I'd begged Alex to change his plans so we could hang out, but he'd said it was too late. So unless I went out for a drive by myself I was stuck at home with mom. I thought about saying all that but realised how mean it sounded. If I could cum inside my mom to make her happy then I could tell a little lie about why I was at home.

"Pfft," I said, "it's no problem. It'll be nice to spend some time with you before college."

My mom's face split into a grin. Her happiness made the white lie worth it. And if I was honest then it would be nice to spend some time with her. I'd been so caught up in preparing for college and seeing my friends that I had been neglecting her a little.

"Well then," said my mom, "how about we finish up in here then watch something truly awful on TV?"

Now it was my turn to grin. "You're on!"

The afternoon passed in a pleasant blur of oversized sharks and unlikely weather events. Sometimes simultaneously. We paused briefly to rustle up some burgers for dinner before collapsing back in front of the TV. By the time the last film finished I'd almost forgotten the little task I had in stall. Almost.

I was hoping that mom *had* forgotten, or at least changed her mind. Then I could go to my room and jack off, just me and the mental image of Cassie, without mom's actual image intruding. But no such luck.

"So, Steven," she said, as she flicked off the TV. "Ready to go again?"

I gulped, suddenly feeling nervous, and nodded. "Your room again?"

"Yep," she said. "Let's go." We traipsed upstairs and back into her room. My jeans were still laid on her chair and I realised I'd left them there this morning, changing into new ones after my shower. By

the time I'd noted this my mom already had her own jeans and underwear off. She turned to her bedside drawer to grab the lube, affording me my first view of her ass. It was love at first sight.

I'd never really considered myself an ass man, but if any ass could convert me to that path then it was the one before me. Two large, round, eminently grabbable globes faced me. The skin looked soft and I felt my cock stirring immediately in my pants. I quickly shed my jeans and underwear and tossed them on top of my other pairs. I couldn't take my eyes off my mom's ass, and I wondered why she always covered it up so. Maybe she didn't realise what a thing of beauty she had behind her.

My cock reached full attention just as my mom turned back around, lube in hand. I automatically looked up at her face and my erection started to wilt just as quickly as it had arrived. She was looking down at my cock, a wry grin turning into a frown in unison with my cock's descent. "Everything alright?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"Yeah, fine," I said unconvincingly.

"Okay," she said, drawing it out into a question. When I didn't say anything else she just shrugged and sat down on the bed. "Same procedure as this morning, okay?" She took some lube and started massaging it into her pussy.

I had to do something to see that ass again. If I was allowed to look at it I'd be able to cum on demand, as many times a day as mom wanted. Faced with her face it was a struggle just to stay hard. "Actually, mom," I started, wondering how the hell I was going to finish this sentence. "I was reading up on this kind of thing and, well, apparently, according to scientists, your chances of conceiving go up if I do you from behind. I mean, if I insert my penis from behind. When I ejaculate, I mean. In that position."

Mom frowned, not exactly believing me but also willing to go along with virtually anything that improved her chances of having a baby. "Huh," she said, "I didn't know that."

"Yep," I said, "it's because of evolution." I was terrible at lying, and this was a terrible lie. But, somehow, mom bought it.

"Okay," she said. "In that case I'll lay on my front, other than that you can do the same as this morning. No thrusting or groping, remember!" she said, waving a finger at me like I was a naughty child.

"Scout's honor," I said, my cock already stirring at the mere thought of such proximity to my mom's ass. Mom just gave me a suspicious look, but she did roll over onto her front, leaving her ass and pussy exposed on the edge of the bed, and her face hidden from view.

I walked over and stood between her outstretched legs. Up close her ass looked even better. I wanted to grab it and squeeze it. I wanted to taste it. I wanted to fuck it. I wasn't allowed to touch it. It was exquisite torture.

"In your own time," said mom, and I realised I'd just been stood there drooling over her ass.

"Right, sorry," I said. I grabbed my cock which was almost painfully hard before I'd even touched it, and pushed the head into my mom's pussy. My mom's clitoris was a hard little nub and I made sure my finger lined up with it as I wrapped my hand around my cock, ready to jerk myself into my mom. "Ready?" I asked, though I wasn't sure what my mom could do at this point to prepare further.

"Yep," she said, "knock yourself out."

I gazed down at her ass and had to catch myself before I got lost staring at it again. Slowly, I began to rock my hips back and forth, making sure my hand moved around enough to stimulate mom's clitoris. If she suspected I was doing it on purpose then she didn't say anything. I thought I'd last longer, having cum already today, but I hadn't counted on my mom's hidden treasure. As I moved my hips back and forth I fantasised about pulling my cock from mom's pussy and slamming it into her ass. In the fantasy she accepted it readily and came as I fucked her ass. In reality I expect she'd kill me as soon as she could sit up straight.

Mom's breath was coming heavier as I continued to thrust my hand against her clit. I adjusted my grip ever so slightly, allowing a little more of my cock into her pussy. I thought she might flip out and slap me again, but instead she let out a low groan and then started to grunt quietly with each of my thrusts. "Fuck," she said in a voice that she probably thought I couldn't hear, and then, more loudly, "are you close, Steven?"

"I'm close, mom," I said. It hadn't been that long but with mom's pussy around the end of my cock and her ass in front of me I was struggling to hold off my orgasm. I briefly considered asking mom to turn around for a second so I could make things last longer, but I didn't want to spoil the moment.

"Oh god, mom," I said, feeling the pressure build up in the base of my cock.

"Steven!" my mom squealed. I felt her whole body tense up and I knew she was only seconds away as well.

"Mom, I'm cumming!" I cried out as the cum surged from my cock. I pulled my hand away and grabbed my mom's ass with it, using it as leverage as I surged my hips forward. I bottomed out as cum flew from my cock and deep into my mom. My balls pressed against my mom's clit, which was apparently the final straw as she let out a breathy scream and started her own orgasm.

"Fuck!" she grunted as her whole body trembled. Her pussy felt like it was massaging my cock, drawing out every last drop of cum. Her trembling had the added benefit of making her ass jiggle in front of me, a sight so erotic that I wasn't sure if I'd go soft even after cumming. Unfortunately even mom's ass couldn't stop the inevitable and my softening cock slipped from mom's pussy, followed by a small trickle of lube and our combined cum.

I stood there still breathing heavily, enraptured by the sight of mom's ass and pussy. As for mom, she sounded out of breath too, but eventually managed to say "I thought we said no groping. Sure felt like your hand on my butt, mister."

"I'm sorry, mom," I said. "I was losing my balance, I just kind of grabbed the first thing I saw." It was a terrible excuse, but mom waved her hand to dismiss the subject.

"Listen, thanks again, Steven. I really appreciate you doing this for me."

"Oh it's no problem, mom," I said, hoping to sound like it was a necessary chore.

"I'm just going to lay here for a bit," she said. "I'll see you in the morning for our next session, okay?"

My cock jerked slightly at the mention of that, and I realised we had thirteen more days of our 'sessions'. I was starting to think this wouldn't be so bad after all.

--

I'd thought the next morning's session would be after breakfast, like the one we had on day one. But mom was either impatient or had plans, because she didn't wait that long.

"Good morning, sweetheart," I heard as I slowly drifted back into consciousness. I'd been dreaming of Cassie. We were in the car, fucking like we never had in real life. I was taking her from behind, but something was different. In real life Cassie was cute but not exactly blessed when it came to her tits or her ass. But the Cassie in my dream had an incredible ass, the best I'd ever seen. In fact I *had* seen it. It was my mom's ass! I had a moment to wonder how Cassie got my mom's ass, but then the owner of the car we were fucking in showed up, and he was a gorilla, and he challenged me to a dance-off. Dreams, man. Am I right?

Anyway, the dance-off was interrupted by someone's voice permeating my consciousness. I opened my eyes and saw my mom standing in my room. "Hey, mom," I said, glancing over at the clock. It was nearly 8am. Not exactly early but earlier than I'd grown accustomed to getting up during the holidays. I rubbed my face. "What's up?"

"I thought we could get started a bit earlier today," she said, "rather than taking up the morning with it. I'm sure you've got things you'd rather be doing."

"Oh, okay," I said, still a little groggy. "Shall I come to your room, then?"

"No need, hon. We can just do it here." That woke me up. Of course, when it comes to cumming inside your mom there's no room that's better than any other, but somehow doing it in my own bed seemed far more taboo. I didn't get the chance to voice this out loud as my mom whipped my duvet off. I only wore my boxers to bed, and at that moment they were doing a terrible job of restraining my bulging erection. I guess dream Cassie had me really worked up. I looked over at my mom and realised she was only wearing one of her frumpy jumpers. Her pussy peeked out at me from below the hem. "Up you get," she said, waving at me to get up. I stumbled out of bed and she moved to take my place before she spotted a problem.

Her King size bed gave her ample room to sprawl out as I did the deed. My bedroom was significantly more compact, and my single bed was tight into the corner. She couldn't lay down on it and dangle her legs off like she could on her own bed. I could see her realise this and figured we would be using her room after all. Instead she gave a little shrug and crawled onto the bed, getting into the classic doggy style position. She looked over her shoulder at me. "I guess this'll work too, right?" she asked. I nodded dumbly, staring at her ass held proud and high. I didn't think I'd have to go through the motions of fucking my hand against her pussy this morning. Her ass looked so good like that, that I was sure I could just stick my dick in her and cum right now. I forced myself to turn from her ass and look mom right in the face.

"I think this will be fine, mom," I said, exuding a calm that I did not feel inside. I gave mom a reassuring smile, glad for once of her face's remarkable turning off ability. Once I felt like I could move without cumming I turned back to her ass. I didn't take my eyes off it as I slipped my boxers down and stepped out of them. I'm not even sure I blinked. I then clambered back onto the bed and got behind mom, kneeling between her legs. I realised I was naked with mom for the first time, and also that she hadn't brought any lubrication with her. Presumably she'd applied some before coming through. If not then I didn't think it would matter. Precum was literally dripping from the end of my cock. "Ready, mom?" I asked. I felt like it was a little ritual now, and waited for her answer.

"Go for it," she said, and even gave her ass a little shake. I swallowed, hornier than ever, and moved forward.

Things started off okay. I guided the head of my cock into her, as I had before, including making sure her clit was going to be taken care of by my encircling hand. The problems started when I began to thrust forward. When she'd been laid flat, the bed itself held my mom in place. Now, with her pussy up in the air, every time I thrust forward her body rocked forward too. I couldn't get any real traction, and I sensed mom was getting frustrated too. My erection was in no danger of vanishing, so I kept the

motion going for a few minutes, but this was clearly not going to work.

"Sorry, mom," I said, pulling back slightly. "I can't make it work like this, I need something to hold you still."

Mom seemed to think for a moment then gave a little shrug. "How about you hold me still," she said. "Just grab my waist with your free hand. That should work."

I figured it was worth a try. And holding mom's waist hardly constituted groping her. I got back into position, entered her with the head of my cock, and grabbed her waist through the material of her jumper. I noticed that she had a slim, firm waist under all that fabric, and I pondered for the first time what she might look like under those jumpers she always wore. I'd been orgasmically surprised by what lay beneath her jeans, it was almost certainly too much to hope for that her top half was just as good. And now certainly wasn't the time to worry about it. I resumed my thrusting motion, this time using my left hand on mom's waist to hold her back as I moved forward.

"It's not working, is it?" said mom after a few minutes of this. To be honest it was working better, and I probably could have gotten off if we'd persevered. But boy am I glad that we didn't.

"Not really, mom. Sorry," I said.

"It's not your fault, honey," she said. We were both silent for a while then. I assumed we'd now have to go back to mom's room and I could finally cum. That's when mom spoke up. "Okay, I reckon if you used both hands on my waist you'd be able to hold me back, right? Then you could cum."

I nodded before realising mom was facing away from me. "I guess so, sure," I said. But I've only got two hands, mom."

"Luckily for us I've got hands too," said my mom. It took me a moment to realise what she was getting at.

"Oh!" I said when comprehension dawned. "So you'll... hold me in place," I said. It sounded more decent than 'jerk me off into your pussy'.

"Yep," she said, reaching her hand up from between her legs in preparation. Holding her weight on one hand was apparently a bit more effort than mom wanted to exert, as she promptly let her front drop down to the bed. The effect on her ass was incredible, lifting it higher than ever. "Ready when you are," she said, holding her hand out ready for my cock.

I moved forward, placing my cock in her hand then taking hold of her waist in both of my hands. She adjusted her grip a few times, essentially giving me a mini handjob and making me wonder if I was going to cum before we even got started. I couldn't help but notice that the position her hand ended up in left her thumb pressed tight against her clit, ready to stroke against it with each of my thrusts. It seemed we were both ready for some release.

Once we were set up I pushed my hips forward. Mom's grip clearly wasn't where she thought it was as my cock slipped almost half way into her pussy before her hand stopped its progress. We both let out surprised grunts of lust. After a momentary pause I spoke up. "Sorry, mom."

"Not your fault" she said, sounding strained. "Just pull back a bit." I did as she asked and she adjusted her grip again. I pushed forward and this time her hand stopped me just after my cock's head penetrated her. "Okay," she said, "go for it."

I started to thrust again. Kneeling there naked, with my hands holding her waist it really did feel like I

was fucking my mom. The thought didn't gross me out particularly. From the position I was in she didn't really seem like my mom. She was just a woman with an amazing ass letting me fuck her from behind. As I got into this way of thinking I started to thrust harder and faster. I almost let my hands roam upwards towards her tits, before catching myself. She might not seem like my mom, but that's precisely who she was. It occurred to me that with her head buried in the bed she might be feeling the same way about me. Sure she knew I was her son, but from her position I was just some guy fucking into her hand while she teased her clit.

As my hips crashed forward little shockwaves spread across mom's ass. It was hypnotic and, unthinking, I brought my hands down her body, coming lower than her jumper and holding her hips, skin to skin. I thought mom might protest, but she let out a soft sigh then started to let out louder ones with each of my thrusts until she was grunting with arousal every time I moved forward. Before long she was pushing her hips backwards, meeting my thrusts with her own. If she'd moved her hand we would have been fucking each other senseless. But her hand stayed resolutely in place, perhaps because through it she was teasing her own clit mercilessly.

I started to pick up the tell tale noises that signalled my mom's imminent orgasm. It was weird how quickly I'd gone from not contemplating my mom as a sexual being to knowing what she sounded like when she was about to cum. But I didn't have time for such musings as my own orgasm wasn't far behind.

"Steven," she gasped out between grunts. "Close?" she asked.

"So close!" I replied and redoubled my efforts to pound into her hand. The extra stimulation on her clit triggered her own orgasm and she responded by pushing her face into my bed and letting out a muffled scream. Caught up in her own pleasure she moved her hand from my cock and started rubbing her clit furiously. I wasn't prepared for the sudden removal of the only thing standing between me and my mom's pussy and my next thrust carried me forward all the way inside her. I tried to stop there, I really did, but my hips were on auto pilot and before I could contemplate what I was doing I'd pulled my cock back until only the head remained inside her, then crashed forward again. I don't know how many thrusts constitute a fuck, but I was at most a technicality away from fucking my mom.

Left to my own devices I probably would have kept thrusting into my mom until I came, an ending that was, admittedly, only seconds away. But my mom had regained enough composure to stop me doing anything we might regret, and when I pulled out for a second time her hand wrapped back around my cock. I groaned something indecipherable and stilled my hips, not sure if mom was stopping things because I'd crossed a line. But no, she really wanted that cum inside her, and when I stopped moving my hips she decided to take matters into her own hands.

She pushed her hips back so that a good third of my cock was once more within her pussy, and then she started to stroke me. It was an awkward position, and she couldn't get to a lot of my cock. Fortunately I was so lubricated with our combined juices, and so turned on, that she just had to rub frantically at my cock for a few moments to trigger the orgasm she wanted.

"Cumming!" I yelled and thrust forwards as mom pulled her hand away. I dug my fingers into her hips, trembling as the orgasm tore through me. My mom stroked my balls as I came, perhaps trying to encourage every sperm I had to make the trip. Based on the amount of cum I felt flowing out I think she succeeded.

Finally my orgasm subsided and I knelt there for a moment longer, shaking. Sweat was dripping from me, mixing with the other bodily fluids pooled around me on the bed. I unceremoniously sat backwards onto my calves, my rapidly deflating dick dribbling a final bit of cum onto my leg. "Shower," I said, when I could say anything. And with that I rolled off the bed and made my way to the bathroom on wobbly legs.

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It turned out that mom's suggestion that we free up the morning by getting business out of the way first thing was a good one. I managed to meet up with Alex after breakfast (not at the bowling alley) and we ended up spending most of the day together. We reminisced about school and made the usual promises about staying in touch in the future. Whether that were true or not, time would tell, but if that was our last day hanging out together than it was a good day.

I got home close to bedtime and encountered mom reading on the living room couch. "Hey, mom," I said, sitting down on the couch.

"Hi, Steven," she said, then ignored me for a minute until she finished the page. That done she put the book down and turned to me. "How was Alex?"

"He was good, thanks," I said. "He's off to college the day after tomorrow, so it was good to see him."

"You're all leaving so soon," said mom. I thought she was going to tear up, maybe try to guilt trip me into not going to college after all. Instead she gave me a naughty smile. "We don't have much time. Ready to cum inside me?"

I tried to remember when it had become cumming inside her and not ejaculating. But mom cut off my thoughts by standing up and dropping her pyjama bottoms to the floor. She wasn't wearing any underwear beneath them. I wondered what she was wearing beneath her baggy jumper, but couldn't think of even a lame excuse for her to take it off. 'Hey, mom, I heard your chance of conceiving goes up if you let me see your tits' probably wouldn't cut it. I had almost two weeks to think of a reason. For now I had other things to think about. Mom knelt on the couch, ass facing out, and held onto the back of the couch with one hand. She reached her other hand between her legs and held it out, as if waiting to be given something. In a sense I suppose she was.

I stood up and dropped my own trousers and underwear before stepping over to behind mom. Her ass was every bit as incredible as I remembered it and I absentmindedly reached out to touch it before remembering the rules. Still, as awe inspiring as mom's ass was, I'd had three big orgasms in the past two days and was pretty tired after hanging out with Alex all day. My dick was far from being the shrivelled mess it had been when we'd started this endeavor, but nor was it ready to cut diamonds with.

"What's taking so long?" asked mom and reached backwards to grab my cock. As soon as she had it she realised the problem. But she didn't seem to think it was anything to worry about. Using a bit of spit as lubrication she started to rub my cock back and forth. I was pretty sure this was something I could do myself but I wasn't going to complain about someone else's hand stroking my cock. Slowly but surely it started to rise up and become truly hard. When it was fully erect my mom pulled me towards her waiting pussy. With the couch for support my mom could hold herself in place while I fucked my hand against her, so I figured we'd be back to that way of doing things. Instead she kept her hand wrapped around me even as my cock head entered her, then she thrust backwards against me, impatient for me to get moving.

Taking my cue I placed my hands on her hips and started thrusting forward. Mom made a purring sound as I began fucking her hand in earnest and she lowered her head. I decided to live life dangerously and slowly moved my hands upwards, going up under her jumper until they rested on her waist. They were back where they'd started that morning, only now there was no bulky jumper between them and my mom's tight waistline. I thought mom might object but if anything she started bucking back against me even harder. I realised that she hadn't used any lubrication on her pussy, yet the sloshing noises being made as my cock head penetrated her told me that lube wasn't an issue.

Either she'd predicted my return to the minute and lubed up accordingly, or my mom was getting seriously wet from our encounters. I mean, I knew she was having orgasms but somehow the thought of her getting so turned on before we even started was even more erotic.

As if reading my thoughts, my mom suddenly started making little grunts and I felt her body tense up in orgasm. She managed to keep hold of my cock this time but went pretty limp apart from that. She stopped pushing back against me, leaving me to thrust into her hand and pull her back by the waist.

It took about five minutes but mom finally started to move again, her hips pushing back against me and her fingers massaging my cock with each thrust. After five more minutes I was pretty sure she was approaching another orgasm. My own felt close but I couldn't seem to get there. Maybe I was just too tired.

"Are you going to cum or what?" asked mom after a few more minutes. She didn't sound annoyed, if anything she sounded pleased. But it was getting ever later and I think we both wanted to just cum and go to bed.

"Yes," I said, between thrusts. "Just not quite there."

I decided to go all out and started hammering into my mom, my hips protesting as they were already pretty tired. The effort didn't bring on my own orgasm but my mom suddenly let out a mighty groan. "Oh, god, Steven," she said as her body shook. "I'm cumming!"

I realised it was the first time she'd admitted out loud that she was having orgasms as well, and my dick grew even harder with arousal. Even through her orgasm this wasn't lost on mom, who apparently thought that a bit of dirty talk might speed things along.

"Oh fuck, Steven!" she cried. "You're making me cum! Please, Steven, please! I want your big cock inside me, filling me with your cum!" She leant back then, away from the back of the couch and into me. My hands automatically roamed upwards, my fingers on her torso, before I realised where they were going and stopped them, holding mom's sides tightly. This wasn't lost on my mom. "I want your hands on my tits," said mom, her voice shaking as my hips pistoned up against her. "I want you to feel my tits, I want your cum all over them!"

I didn't know how much of this was dirty talk to get me off and how much was mom lost in her own lust. Whatever the case, I wasn't going to turn down the opportunity to check out mom's tits. I slipped my hands further up inside mom's jumper and finally reached the prize.

I'd been a tits man before meeting mom's ass and deciding to convert. Apparently mom's tits weren't going to take this lying down and were damn well going to convert me back again. In fact I don't think they took anything lying down. Mom's tits were big, there was no getting around that, each one more than my hand could contain. But they were also perky, defying gravity in a way reserved for good bras, surgical enhancement, and anime characters. I was pretty sure none of those applied here. Mom just had perfect tits. I squeezed them between my fingers and ran my fingertips over her nipples. For a moment I thought she had nipple piercings, then I realised that her nipples were just painfully hard with her arousal.

I was so caught up in mom's tits that I didn't realise they'd pushed me over the edge. I felt cum burst out of my dick and quickly yelled "Cumming" to mom. She moved her hand out of the way and thrust down onto my dick as I pushed up. A few more spurts of cum squirted out as I held mom down against me by her tits. All too soon I had to release her beautiful breasts as I collapsed back down onto the couch, gasping for air.

Mom calmly reached down and grabbed her pyjama bottoms, then pressed them against her pussy to stop my cum dribbling everywhere. "Well then," she said, as if we'd just finished watching the news,

"night night, Steven."

"Night, mom," I said, feeling a bit surreal, then watched her ass sashay upstairs. I contemplated falling asleep right there on the couch but knew I'd regret it in the morning. Instead I forced myself upstairs, stripped off the rest of my clothes, and fell into bed, grateful with my last waking thought that mom had changed my sheets since the morning.

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I don't know what I was dreaming about the next morning, I only know it couldn't compare to what I woke up to.

I was laying on my back, naked, and with my bed covers nowhere to be found. Of more immediate note was the hand I could feel stroking up and down my cock with a purpose. I raised my head to look down and saw mom crouched by the side of the bed, the bottle of lube in one hand, my hard dick in the other.

"Oh, hi, Steven," she said when she noticed me looking down. "I thought I'd help get you ready for this morning's session. I hope that's okay."

"That's fine, mom," I gasped, laying my head back on the bed so I didn't have to watch her face as she jerked me off.

"I know this is difficult for you," she went on as she stroked. I assumed she meant the situation as a whole, since being jacked off was not high on my list of things that were difficult for me. "And I really do appreciate you doing this for me."

"It's nothing, mom, really," I croaked, feeling my cock start to twitch with an impending orgasm. I'd only been awake for a minute, which led me to wonder just how long mom had been jerking me off as I slept. "I'm getting close," I said, wondering what position she'd want me in today.

"Okay, honey," she said. "You just stay there, I'll take care of this." I wasn't entirely sure what she meant, until she stood up, threw one leg over me and knelt on the bed, her pussy hovering directly above my cock and - praise be! - her ass facing me. She grabbed my cock again then slowly lowered her pussy over the cock head protruding from her hand. "Ready?" she asked, and I realised that in this position she would be the one fucking me rather than vice versa.

"Go for it," I said, gazing hungrily at my mom's ass.

And go for it she did. She immediately started bouncing her hips up and down apace, thrusting down onto her hand and the cock within. I was still waking up but quickly realised there were some added benefits to this position. First, mom was putting her whole body weight down with each thrust, not just using the power she could muster from her hips like I had been. Her hand was doing its utmost to stop my cock penetrating her pussy, but it was clearly struggling under the onslaught. As a result much more of my cock was pushing inside mom with each of her thrusts. I was still a long way from actually fucking her, but the feeling was divine nonetheless. Another benefit was, predictably, her ass. I'd thought it looked good when still, but the sight of it shaking up and down in time with her thrusts made me wish I was a poet so I could pen an ode to it then and there.

"Oh fuck, mom, that feels good," I said. It occurred to me that wasn't the kind of thing I was probably supposed to say during our arrangement, but after mom's dirty talk the previous night I was feeling a bit freer.

"Oh, Steven!" my mom cried, apparently agreeing with my evaluation. "Fuck me, Steven! Fuck me

right now!"

Despite mom's words she kept her hand tight around my cock, preventing any actual fuckery from taking place. But, spurred on, I did start thrusting my hips upwards in time with her downward pushes. The result was electrifying and after only a few more thrusts I felt my cock race past the point of no return. "I'm cumming, mom!" I yelled, at just the same time as mom whimpered "I'm cumming, Steven!"

She pulled her hand away and thrust down hard at the same moment as I bucked my hips upward. Our hips met in the middle and my cock exploded with cum, showering the inside of her pussy. I grunted with lust as I came, while mom made incredibly sexy little moans. Finally my orgasm abated and I lay my head back down on the bed, gasping for air.

I assumed that mom would get off me then, but she seemed in no rush to. After another minute of laying there, my cock still inside her, I found out why.

"Steven," she said.

"Mom," I replied.

"I need to lay down," she said.

I let out a little laugh. "I know, right? That was pretty intense."

"No no," she said, then gave a little laugh herself. "Well yes. But that's not what I mean. If I get up like this then your cum is going to go everywhere. I need it inside me, remember?"

I'll be honest, I'd actually kind of forgotten why we were having these mind blowing sessions. The pleasure I was getting from them was my reward, I'd let slip from my mind the fact that there was a point to them. I was supposed to be getting mom pregnant. I had two weeks to do it. Given how much cum I was pouring into her I didn't think failure was likely. But what if mom didn't get pregnant? Would these sessions continue? Would I come back home for the weekend, fill mom with my cum, then wave goodbye and go back to college? Or what if mom *did* get pregnant. I'd have a little brother or sister. And a son or daughter. Christ, it was too much to think about, so I focused back on the matter at hand.

"Okay, mom," I said. "How do you want to do this?"

"Just sit up then help me lay on my front," she said. "And don't pull out!"

My cock had yet to go down too much, so it was still being effective at plugging my mom's pussy, but I didn't know how long that would last. I pushed myself into a sitting position and pondered how to get mom flat without pulling out. I settled on wrapping my arms around her jumper-covered torso, then awkwardly pulling my legs back until I was sat on my calves. This little manoeuvre didn't go perfectly, and my cock slipped back and forth, threatening to fall from my mom's pussy on a few occasions and forcing me to jerk my hips forward to keep it in place. The fucking motion was not lost on my cock, which didn't exactly become fully erect again but certainly stopped flagging. Finally I was in position behind mom and ready to lower her down onto the bed. "Okay," I said, "down you go."

Mom nodded and started to lean her weight forward. I'd meant to gently lower her but as I leaned forward with her, gravity got in on the action. I let out a little yelp as our center of gravity passed some critical point and we both fell forward, her face first onto the bed and me on top of her. The motion pushed my cock into depths of mom's pussy that I hadn't been to before, and both mom and I let out grunts, while my cock gave a half-hearted little spurt of cum that it had been saving.

After getting her breath back, mom said "Thanks, Steven. You can pull out now, and maybe go shower." I nodded, then grunted agreement having realised she couldn't see my face. I wasn't as sweaty as I had been after previous encounters, but my crotch was damp with our combined juices. I slipped my cock from mom, entranced by the sight of it bobbing over her ass, then hopped off the bed, heading for the bathroom.

--

After a start like that, the rest of the day was always going to be mundane in comparison. I realised I had a bunch of paperwork that I had to fill out before I started college, and with only twelve days until I went there I couldn't put it off any longer. I stayed holed up in my room for most of the day, printing out forms and filling them in. Half of them needed to be scanned and emailed to various people, while the other half needed to be sent in hard copy. I wondered why they couldn't all be filled in online. Whatever the reason, they needed doing, and so do them I did.

Aside from toilet breaks I only left my room a couple of times, once to grab something for lunch and later for dinner. The first time I went downstairs mom was sat on the couch, working on her laptop. The second time she was still on the couch with a book in hand, but she looked like she was ready to nod off. I guess she hadn't had much sleep the previous night.

I finally fired off the last email and sealed the last envelope at about 11pm. It was way later than I'd anticipated, and I had to stifle a sudden yawn. It occurred to me that I hadn't heard my mom come upstairs, and nor had she come to ask me for my evening sperm donation. It was possible she'd decided to skip a session. Possible, but unlikely. I went to investigate.

I found mom where I'd last seen her, on the couch in the living room. She was laid on her front, her head resting on a small cushion, and her face towards the back of the couch. Based on her steady breathing I figured she was asleep. I could have just left her there. I could have been a noble son, laid a blanket over her, and tiptoed back upstairs. I told myself that I was only waking her up because she'd be more comfortable in bed, and because she was the one who was desperate to get pregnant. It was bullshit of course. I wanted to cum, and cumming inside mom's pussy felt amazing.

I knelt down beside the couch and gently rocked mom's shoulder. "Mom?" I said, quietly. "It's late, mom."

She stirred and her breathing changed slightly as she woke up, or at least became a bit less asleep. "Mmm, okay hon," she said. "I'll head to bed in a minute. Good night." I thought she was going to leave it at that, and that I'd have to go upstairs and jerk off by myself. It suddenly didn't seem as appealing as it had used to. But mom apparently remembered herself at that point. "Oh," she said, groggily. "Be a darling and just cum inside me before you go to bed, okay?" The way she asked it she could have been asking me to take the trash out. I matched her tone as I responded.

"Sure thing, mom."

"Mmm, such a good boy," she said, sounding like she was already falling back to sleep.

I stood up and shucked off my pants and underwear, then shrugged to myself and pulled off my top too. It felt better naked, somehow. I then turned to mom's pyjama bottoms. Given all we'd done it felt weird to be nervous, but this was the first time I felt like I might be the one in charge, and so my hands shook slightly as I slipped my fingers into the waistband of mom's bottoms and slowly pulled them down. Mom lifted her ass ever so slightly to help me, affording me an excellent view of it as her pyjamas slowly descended. Again, she wasn't wearing anything beneath her pyjamas. I wondered if she ever did.

Once her bottoms were off I tossed them on the pile of my clothes. I grabbed a cushion from one of the other seats and slid it under mom's hips, lifting her pussy slightly into the air for easier access. My cock was already pretty stiff in anticipation, and it only took a few strokes to reach full hardness. I then knelt on the couch between mom's legs, spreading them to make room. "Ready, mom?" I asked, guiding my cock towards her waiting pussy.

"Mmm," she murmured, "ready and waiting." I pushed the head of my cock into her pussy as she spoke, noting that she was already getting wet, despite barely being awake. I then started thrusting forward into my hand. Mom sighed contentedly, but I was having trouble with the position. The cushion I'd slipped beneath mom helped matters, but her pussy was still too low to comfortably thrust against while I knelt. I let myself drop forward a bit, supporting myself with my left arm while my right hand held my cock. That was a better position for me to thrust against mom, but with only one arm supporting me I soon had trouble maintaining my balance. It was not exactly erotic, wobbling around trying to stay in place as I bucked against mom. She was apparently too far gone to notice my haphazard thrusts, just letting out small sighs whenever I managed to actually push myself against her. I decided I was never going to cum like that, and so took the next logical step. I dropped down still further until I was all but laying on my mom. My left arm still took a bit of my weight, but I was basically on top of mom. I turned my head to the side, away from my mom's face, not really wanting a close up of that as I tried to get off.

Like Goldilocks, I'd found the perfect position on the third try. Or rather, it would be the perfect position for fucking. Less so for what I was supposed to be doing. With my body laying on mom's, and her ass raised up by the cushion and its own perkiness, there was no way I could reach my hand down between us to hold my cock. There was nothing to stop my cock burrowing inside my mom with each thrust, except maybe some exceptional self control on my part. I do not have exceptional self control. I gave an experimental little push forward and my cock was half way into mom's pussy before I knew it. I hastily pulled back as mom stirred.

"Where's your hand, hon?" she asked, slurring slightly as she hovered somewhere between sleep and wakefulness.

"Just rearranging things," I said quickly. I pushed my hand down between her and the cushion, then made a 'V' with my fingers and positioned them on either side of the entrance to her pussy. "There it is," I said, hoping that in her sleep addled state she wouldn't be able to tell the difference between a few fingers pressed against her and my whole hand.

"Mmm," she groaned. "Such a good boy." Apparently my half baked plan worked. To be fair, in drier times my fingers might have been enough to hold my cock at bay. But between the copious wetness oozing from my mom's pussy and the precum leaking out of my cock, they did nothing to help. My best bet would be to just go for it, cum as quickly as possible, and get out of there before mom realised that rather than holding back a hand's worth of cock, I was holding back just a finger's worth.

I started to thrust. I soon realised that if I angled my humping downwards then mom's prodigious ass actually stopped my thrusts before most of my cock had a chance to penetrate her pussy. True, it was more than just the tip, but not enough to really be considered fucking. At least that's what I told myself. My body didn't seem to mind the distinction, especially as the approach I was taking meant my stomach was bouncing up and down on mom's ass, a truly delicious sensation. I was so distracted by it that I didn't notice my thrusts getting ever deeper. Only my mom cooing "Ooh" near my ear broke my reverie. Half my cock was vanishing into mom with each thrust. The realisation broke some dam inside me and I suddenly started cumming without warning.

"Mom!" I groaned as the cum poured from me. I yanked my hand out from under her and buried my cock up to the hilt in her pussy. My mom murmured meaningless sounds and gyrated her ass,

encouraging my cock to fill her with its load. I wasn't sure how aware she'd been of me, whether she knew I'd been going way beyond jerking off against her pussy. If she did know then she decided to keep it to herself.

"Mmm, thanks sweetheart," she murmured. "G'night."

"Night, mom," I said, rapidly getting off the couch, grabbing my clothes, and dashing upstairs. I could hear her breaths take on the slow, steady cadence of sleep before I even reached the steps.

--

When I woke up the next morning, something seemed wrong. It took me a moment to figure out what it was. My limbs all seemed to be intact. I hadn't broken an eighteen year streak and wet the bed. The house didn't seem to be on fire.

No, what was wrong was that I was alone in my room. Up until two days ago this wouldn't have surprised me. But in those two days I'd woken up with mom first hovering over me and then jacking me off. Her absence this morning troubled me. What if she'd decided to call off our arrangement? I'd wanted that more than anything when we'd started, now I wasn't sure I'd want to stop even after our two week period was up and I'd, presumably, succeeded in getting mom pregnant.

Still, I was never going to explain mom's absence if I stayed in bed all day. I hopped out and headed downstairs in just my boxers. Mom wasn't down there. If she'd slept on the couch then she must have gotten up by now. That only really left her bedroom, so I returned upstairs and knocked on her door.

"Come in!" I heard her call. She didn't sound mad, which was a good sign. I opened the door and poked my head through.

"Morning, mom," I said. She was sat in bed, her legs under the covers and one of her large green jumpers covering her top. Her laptop sat on her lap and I assumed she was getting on with some work. "Oh, sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to interrupt you if you're working."

Mom waved her hand dismissively and closed the laptop before putting it on her bedside table. "Listen, Steven," she said. I tensed up, pretty sure I knew what was coming. Maybe she wasn't mad about the previous night, but she'd be disappointed, she'd realise this was a bad idea. She'd say that she was probably pregnant by now and if not then it just wasn't meant to be. All I could do now was apologise and try to let her end our arrangement gracefully.

"I'm sorry," she said. My mouth fell open a little, trying to figure out what topsy-turvy universe I'd just fallen into. "About last night, I mean. I must have been pretty tired to fall asleep on the couch like that. To be honest I barely remember you coming downstairs to check on me."

"Oh," I said, relief and guilt flooding through me. "I did, you know..." I made an abstract hand gesture.

Mom nodded. "I know," she said. "I remember asking you to, uh, well, cum inside me. And when I woke up later there was plenty of evidence that you'd done what I asked."

I felt my cheeks redden slightly. "I hope that was okay," I said, and mom nodded.

"Of course, sweetheart! To be honest you could cum in me whenever you felt the urge for the next few weeks and I wouldn't mind, whatever I was doing, wherever I was, awake or asleep. But I don't want you to wear yourself out so we should probably keep our twice a day plan." I nodded as if I was thinking about the merits of what she said rather than the fact I really, really wanted to cum in her

pussy again.

"Speaking of which..." I said, hoping she took the hint. It appeared she did as she grinned at me and flung the covers back on her bed, revealing that a jumper was the only thing she was wearing.

"Get over here and cum in your mom," she said, rolling onto her front and spreading her legs. Who was I to say no to that?

--

Mom and I ate together that evening, sitting at the kitchen table like a normal family. We chatted about college and for a while it was easy for me to forget that I'd all but fucked her the previous evening, and would be cumming in her for more than another week.

After food mom took the dishes over to the sink and started washing up. My gaze turned to her ass, as it was wont to do these days. Mom had taken to wearing her pyjama bottoms around the house, and I guessed nothing beneath them. They weren't exactly close fitting but they were much better than the voluminous jeans she had swum around in before. And besides, now I knew what her ass looked like beneath her clothes it was difficult not to imagine it.

I realised with a start that I was hard under the table. Instinctively I thought about heading up to my room to jerk off into a wad of tissues, but then I remembered that wasn't how things worked any more. I also remembered what mom had said that morning.

"Hey mom," I said. "Did you mean what you said earlier, about me cumming in you whenever the urge strikes?"

I saw mom nod, albeit a little hesitantly. "Of course, honey. Like I said, it's probably best if we don't overdo it, but if you feel like you could cum then I don't see any point wasting the opportunity."

"Okay," I said. I paused for a moment, and saw that mom was frozen in place too. "I feel like I could cum," I said at last.

"Well then," she said, shuffling back slightly then bending forward at the waist over the sink, pushing her ass out towards me. "What are you waiting for?"

I had no good answer to that, other than to stand up and frantically push my jeans and underwear down and off. I all but ran around the kitchen table towards my mom's ass, my hard cock leading the way, precum welling up from its tip. "Ready?" I asked, even before I got there. Mom only wiggled her ass at me. I unceremoniously yanked down her pyjama bottoms which pooled around her feet. Sure enough she wasn't wearing anything beneath them. Her pussy looked wet already, and the skin around it was red, with arousal I guessed.

I wrapped my hand around my cock and shoved it towards her pussy, the tip sliding easily into her, and I wasted no time in building up a rhythm against her. Mom let out a few soft grunts, but soon they started sounding less aroused and more like she was in pain. I wanted to believe that maybe the tip of my cock felt so good that it was making her painfully aroused, but it soon became clear that she wasn't painfully aroused, just in pain.

"Stop, stop," she said after about a minute of my thrusts. "I'm sorry, Steven, that kind of hurts."

"What's the matter?" I asked, pulling my cock backwards and out of mom.

"I think all that hammering of your hand has taken its toll," she said, sounding equal parts disappointed and frustrated. I looked down at her and realised that the red around her pussy wasn't

her being inflamed with arousal. I'd been thrusting my hand (and, occasionally, her hand) aggressively against her for the past few days. It was understandable that she was starting to get sore. Understandable, but really annoying. I stood there for a moment, my cock hovering mere inches from mom's pussy. I wondered what she would do if I just slammed my whole cock inside her and started fucking her there over the kitchen sink. I knew what I would do. I'd last about ten seconds then cum like a fountain. Whether I'd survive those ten seconds was less clear to me. Mom had made it clear she wanted my cum, and just as clear she didn't want us to actually have sex. She sighed, apparently not seeing a solution to our problem. "Could you try jerking off, but not against my pussy?" she asked.

"We tried that, mom, remember?" I said. "It didn't work."

"Oh yeah," she said. "What if... no."

"What, mom?"

Mom seemed to psych herself up for a moment, then offered her suggestion. "What if you masturbate against me still, but not against my, my vagina. Then when you're cumming you can slide it inside. I mean, if your penis is already nearby."

I gulped, not entirely sure what mom was getting at. "So, you want me to...?"

"For fuck's sake," said my mom under her breath. But not quite so softly that I didn't hear it. Then, more loudly, she said, "Rub it on my butt, Steven."

"Right," I said, gazing longingly down at the butt in question. I still wasn't really sure what she wanted me to do. I decided to risk a liberal interpretation of her request, and slid my cock into the crack of her ass. "Like this?" I said, rocking my hips back and forth.

"Uh, sure," she said, not sounding too sure. I went for broke and reached for her ass, pulling her cheeks apart enough for my dick to nestle down, so that when I released her, the cheeks rippled back into place, my cock snug between them. I could tell my mom wasn't sure about this development so decided to hurry up before she changed her mind. With my hands on her hips pulling her back, I started thrusting forward.

It didn't take me long to realise that this felt good on a whole new level. What we'd been doing had felt amazing, but I realised that it was essentially glorified jerking off, with a tantalising tease of being inside my mom's pussy as the grand climax. This was something far more sexual. I was getting an ass job from my mom, and it felt incredible. For me, at least. My mom was far less vocal than she had been on previous occasions, and I realised that unless she had some secret erogenous zone hidden in her butt crack, she wasn't really getting stimulated by this. It might have bothered me if I wasn't seconds away from my own orgasm.

"Close!" I grunted for mom's benefit, slamming my hips forward against her. In fact I was more than close. Before I knew what was happening a wave of pleasure surged through me, and a rope of cum flew from the end of my cock, following a beautiful parabolic arc over my mom's back and landing neatly in her hair. "Shit," I hissed, pulling back just as more cum flew forward and landed on mom's ass. Not sure how much more cum I was going to manage, I rammed my cock into mom's pussy and held it there, trembling with my orgasm. Only a dribble more cum emerged once I was inside mom, meaning that most of my sperm were in places that were unlikely to lead to an encounter with one of mom's eggs.

"You might want to work on your timing," said mom drily as I pulled my cock out of her. She reached down and pulled up her pyjama bottoms before resuming the washing up. I was surprised she was

standing up straight so soon after I'd cum inside her, running the risk of my precious gift leaking straight out again. But then she could probably tell that the load I'd given her wasn't going to make much difference in the grand scheme of things.

"I know, sorry about that," I said.

Mom just shrugged. "It's no big deal, sweetheart. You might want to get washed up a bit." I had worked up quite the sweat during our session, not to mention the usual array of fluids coating my crotch.

"Right," I said, and headed upstairs for a quick shower. The rest of the evening passed with us both sat companionably in front of the TV. It wasn't awkward, *per se*, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I'd failed in my task. I'd do better next time, I decided.

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In my dream I was driving, I know not where. A gorilla stood on the road side, thumb outstretched, wanting a ride. I ignored him. He gave me the finger. It was a long drive, and a shame I had to do it alone.

My dream shifted, as they so often do, and I wasn't driving the car alone, I was in the back seat with Cassie. We were making out passionately, a scene that came straight from my memory. In my memory, making out led to some pretty frantic groping, or even my tongue writing love poems on her clit. My dream had other things in mind, and it shifted again from a make out session to me pounding into her pussy from behind. The car in my dream helpfully expanded in size to make this more possible. It wasn't the only thing that had grown. I ran my hands over Cassie's ass, which had gone from what might politely be called petite to an ass to die for. Once again I realised that dream Cassie had somehow gotten hold of my mom's ass. And then Cassie moaned out "I'm going to cum" and the voice no more belonged to my ex girlfriend than the ass did. I was fucking my mom, I realised, with a jolt.

The jolt carried through from my dream into the real world and woke me up. For a moment I lay there, confusion reigning supreme. But a very pressing feeling below the covers woke me up in a hurry. My cock was hard, an orgasm so close that I was surprised I hadn't cum already. I froze in place, sure that even that wouldn't be enough to stop the impending eruption. If a butterfly flapped its wings in Kansas I was pretty sure there would be a tornado in Tokyo and a huge sticky mess in my bed. I could hear the clock ticking on the wall opposite and started counting the seconds, partly to ensure I didn't accidentally have a sexy thought and cum, and partly just to see how long it would take for my cock to calm down.

I was well into the three hundreds before I felt like I could move without having an accident. I immediately flung off the covers and slipped out of my boxers, worried about the stimulation they might provide just by touching me.

It was ridiculous, it really was. I was eighteen and had cum eight times in the past four days. I shouldn't be having wet dreams. It was some kind of sick joke my balls were playing on me. It was also a problem. The immediate threat of an orgasm had passed, but my cock was still just as erect. If I went back to sleep now I would be waking up in a puddle of my own cum. But I couldn't jack off - mom needed all of my cum that she could get. Especially after the fiasco with my last performance. That's when I remembered what she'd said the day before. About cumming in her whenever I needed to, night or day. True, she'd also said we should stick to two sessions a day, but the digital clock by my bed assured me it was after 2am, so technically it was tomorrow.

My logic may have been shaky, but this time I really do have to blame it on how horny I was. I slipped

out of bed naked and made my way out of my room, down the hallway, and quietly opened mom's bedroom door. With the lights off I was having to do it all by memory. Fortunately I knew the layout of the house pretty well after eighteen years of living there.

I shuffled over to mom's bed and paused for a second. Through the silence I could hear my mom's steady breathing, she was asleep. Well of course she was asleep, it was the middle of the night.

I reached down and felt for the covers, then slipped into bed. Mom made a small noise but didn't seem to wake up, so I manoeuvred myself across the bed, under the covers, until my exploring fingers made contact with her.

"Mom?" I said, softly.

"Mmm, Steven?" she said, her voice thick with sleep. "Is it morning already?"

"Uh, in a sense," I said. I knew I was on dangerous ground, but I felt like getting my cum inside mom was the main priority, sticking to her twice-a-day notion was more of a guideline.

"Okay," she said. And then nothing. I decided to take that as permission and reached down until I found the waistband of her pyjamas. Mom was laying on her side but she lifted her hips slightly as I pushed down, helping me get her bottoms off, and even cycled her legs lazily to kick them off once they got past her knees. I then returned my hands to her waistline but got somewhat distracted en route by her ass. Even in the pitch black her ass was a thing of wonder to me. I stroked it with my hand, feeling how soft it was, the exceptional curve. I could have lay there all night just stroking it. Mom had other ideas.

She let out a low growl, it sounded more like lust than annoyance, but when she said "Behave" there was definitely some annoyance there too. She reached behind herself, I thought to move my hand from her ass. Instead, she fumbled around until she found my cock, and made an appreciative noise at how hard it was already. She then scooted backwards towards me until we were spooning, making sure she lined my cock up along my ass crack as she did so. She then released my cock and took my hand, moving it around so I was holding her around her middle, and finally gave her ass a little wiggle up and down.

If that was her way of signalling that I should begin then she wouldn't have to ask twice. I immediately started thrusting up, her ass feeling astonishing around my cock. My arousal was already in full swing and precum started oozing out from my cock, making the sensation even more delicious and letting my cock slide higher and lower along mom's ass with each thrust.

The eroticism of doing all this while essentially blind was not lost on me, and I had a sudden twinge of guilt that, as with our session in the kitchen earlier, mom was presumably not getting so much out of this.

With only a half-baked, horniness inspired plan in mind I started to make sure my thrusts into mom's ass crack went a little lower each stroke. Before long I started to feel the outline of mom's asshole with the head of my cock at the bottom end of each stroke. Mom shifted uncomfortably then, perhaps worried I was going to accidentally start fucking her ass. But that wasn't my plan.

After a few more thrusts I pulled back just slightly further on one of my backstrokes. When I pushed forward again my cock took the path of least resistance and rather than sliding back up mom's ass crack it headed straight between her legs. Mom gasped and reached down, perhaps planning to move my cock back again. But I was rock solid and fully erect, and as I resumed thrusting I could feel my cock rubbing over mom's clitoris with each pass. She started letting out gaspy little moans and she seemed to think better of moving me.

After a few minutes of this mom started moving her hips slightly, probably trying to maximise her own stimulation. While this new position was clearly doing it for mom, I had to admit that sliding my cock over the entrance to mom's pussy was not as stimulating for me as her snug ass crack had been. I was far from in danger of going soft, but nor did my orgasm seem to be getting any closer. I was stuck in a highly pleasurable sexual limbo.

Not quite sure what else to do, I decided to use the same tactic I had a few days earlier. In the dark I didn't know what mom was wearing on her top half. It didn't feel like one of her jumpers, so it was probably the top half of one of those pyjama sets she liked. Whatever it was, I moved my hand down from her tummy where she'd placed it and quickly slid it back up under her top till I reached the swell of her breasts. I grabbed one unceremoniously and started squeezing it between my fingers.

Mom let out a surprised coo and started bucking her hips harder against me, before grabbing my hand through the material of her top and squeezing it even harder than I had been squeezing her breast.

It was a delicious sensation, and I thought I might finally cum. And that's when mom stopped moving and pulled away.

"Wha...?" I managed to say as my hand was yanked from mom's top and my cock fell from between her legs. But mom didn't have stopping in mind. Instead she rolled over to face me and reached down to grab my cock, shoving it awkwardly back between her legs to slide against her pussy.

"Fuck me," she whispered, more to herself than to me. I knew enough to know this was her lust fuelled dirty talk rather than an explicit request, but damn did it make my cock twitch just hearing it.

I started thrusting like a man possessed, the base of my cock sliding over mom's clit and making her gasp, moan, and reach around me to claw at my back. I reached around too and grabbed mom's ass. I squeezed it and pulled it, using it to pull mom against me, using mom to get myself off. It all felt way too good to last, and I didn't.

"Mom," I managed to croak out. "Cum... uh." It wasn't exactly poetry and I wasn't even sure if mom heard me as she never stopped rubbing herself against me.

I reluctantly let go of mom's ass and reached frantically between mom's legs from behind, not wanting another cum splattered fiasco like in the kitchen. I positioned my fingers so on my final thrust forward my cock slipped neatly into mom's sopping wet pussy, and I pushed it in to the very hilt.

Mom let out a squeal and I grunted with lust as my orgasm struck. She then let out a less motherly cry of "Fuck!" and rolled onto her back, pulling me with her even as the cum started to jet from my cock. Her hips started going berserk, rolling and bucking against me, and jostling my cock around inside her pussy in a way that would have had me cumming in seconds if I wasn't already. She made a few more noises that might have been words or might have been meaningless, and then her orgasm struck.

If I thought my orgasm felt good then mom's clearly put me to shame. I could feel her whole body shaking beneath me. She was gasping for air and her fingers dug into my back like she needed me to survive. Without warning she grabbed my head in the dark and pulled it down to hers, kissing me frantically on the lips. I kissed back almost on instinct then opened my mouth in surprise. Mom seemed to take this the wrong way and shoved her tongue in my mouth, wrestling with my own even as more whimpers emerged from her throat.

The kiss only lasted a few seconds and then mom flopped her head back onto the bed, breathing hard. Small tremors still passed through her body as her orgasm slowly faded. My own orgasm had come to

an end sometime during the kiss, though as I shifted my hips I felt another trickle of cum emerge from my cock.

"Wow," I said when I had enough breath back to say anything. I heard mom chuckle quietly.

"Wow is right," she said. "Sorry if I got a bit carried away at the end there."

"Oh it's okay," I said. I have to admit I was starting to feel a little awkward now that my orgasm had come and gone. That had been way more erotic than our previous sessions. I could see now why mom had wanted to avoid this whole thing taking on any sexual overtones. And that kiss! I felt guilty, but I was a little horrified about the thought of kissing my mom. With the lights on I'd rather go one on one with that gorilla from my dreams than make out with mom. Only the anonymity that the darkness provided had made it happen.

As I was thinking all this mom reached over to her bedside table to turn the digital clock towards us. My cock slipped from mom's pussy as she did so and I moved over the bed until I felt the edge, then sat on it.

"Huh," mom said. "Three thirty. I thought you said it was morning."

I suspected she was looking at me askance, but luckily with the lights off I couldn't see her do it and she, presumably, couldn't see where I was to aim it. "I said 'in a sense', " I reminded her.

"Uh huh," she said. "Then I guess you won't want a session until tomorrow night? Sorry, I mean tonight."

I stammered something unintelligible before realising mom was almost certainly just winding me up. She decided to let me off then. "Good night, Steven," she said. "Thanks for the cum."

I smiled in the dark. "Night, mom. Thanks for having it."

Retracing my steps from earlier I headed back down the hallway and collapsed in bed, falling asleep before I knew it.

--

Mom might not have been entirely serious about our middle-of-the-night encounter being the next day's morning session, but as it turned out that's precisely what it became.

We both woke up late after our exertions, and both found ourselves with a long list of things to get done. I'd agreed to help my friend Claire move some stuff to her boyfriend's house on the other side of town. Neither of them had a car and she wanted to get her most precious belongings safely out of her parent's house before she left for college. I guess she was worried that her mom and dad would sell them, or something. As I had the biggest car amongst her friends left in town I'd agreed to help out. When I'd offered to help a few weeks earlier it had seemed like a good idea, but now I found myself becoming slightly irked at Claire's doll house collection. I could have been at home blasting another load of cum into my mom's waiting pussy. Instead I was wrestling an oversized, undersized house through Claire's boyfriend's front door. He seemed pretty miffed too. Apparently Claire and her boyfriend had different definitions of "a few small items". By the time we all sat down for pizza that evening, the poor guy's house looked like it had more of Claire's belongings in it than his own. I couldn't help but suspect that come the Christmas holidays I'd be helping Claire move all these items back out again following a tragic break up.

When I got home it was already dark. Having had so much sexual release in the past few days I

thought my body might appreciate having had the morning off. But if anything I was hornier than ever. I was trembling as I unlocked the front door of the house and went inside. I was going to find mom, wherever she was in the house, whatever she was doing, and I was going to fill her up on the spot.

Mom was not in the house. I checked every room. Then I checked them again. Either she was having an impromptu game of hide and seek without telling me or mom was out.

Obviously my mom wasn't a prisoner in her own house, but it was unusual for her to be out. I went to the kitchen and checked the calendar. There was nothing marked on it, but it was a Wednesday. Mom usually went grocery shopping on Wednesdays, as the store was quieter in the middle of the week, and working from home meant she didn't have to wait for the weekends. Still, she normally went earlier in the day.

I started pacing around the house, the sexual tension only building. It was silly, I know, but it felt like mom was teasing me. I was just starting to contemplate going to my room and taking care of myself when I heard a car pull up outside. Moments later my mom walked through the front door and spotted me.

"Oh hey, Steven," she said, innocent as you like. "I'm glad you're here. I got a little side tracked with work and didn't get to the store until late. Could you grab a flashlight and come help me bring the stuff in?"

I nodded, and tried not to look quite as predatory as I felt. I couldn't help but notice that while mom was wearing one of her usual oversized jumpers, down below she actually had a skirt on. Deep down I suppose I knew that if I opened up her closet it wouldn't have contained a set of identical jumpers and a set of identical pairs of jeans, but it was a little odd to see her out of what was almost a uniform for her. True, the skirt came down to her ankles and billowed out unflatteringly, but it was nice to see her in something different.

"Sure, mom," I said, and grabbed a flashlight from the kitchen. I guess I should explain that we lived on the edge of a not particularly large town. We weren't out in the countryside by any means, but the houses on our road weren't exactly crammed together. The houses were built on each side of the road so that no two were directly opposite one another. So, our next door neighbors were more than a house's width away from us. What's more, this far outside of the center of town, no one had ever bothered installing any street lights. The only illumination came from the stars, the moon, and the light spilling out of other house's windows. Hence the need for a flashlight when grabbing groceries from the back of mom's car.

We trooped out together, me with the flashlight, and mom lifted the back door on her station wagon. There was a week's worth of groceries back there and, try as we might, we couldn't quite manage everything, just leaving a large box of juice in the trunk. Once we'd dumped the first load of stuff in the kitchen we headed back outside to the car. Mom leaned in to grab the juice, but it was right at the other end of the trunk, which was almost long enough to comfortably sleep in. She had to lean ever further forward to reach the juice. This pushed her ass further up and out, swaying from side to side as she stretched. Her skirt wasn't tight fitting but even it could only do so much to contain her amazing backside, and I stood entranced at the show.

Something snapped inside me. I couldn't take it any more. A lust like I'd never felt descended over me. I dashed forward and wrapped my arms around my mom's torso, dropping the flashlight into the trunk in the process, its light flicking off.

"Steven!" squeaked mom as I started grinding my painfully hard cock against her backside. Even through my underwear, pants, and her skirt and - I assumed - her panties, it felt amazing. "What are you doing?" she asked, quietly and with nerves in her voice. Since the answer to that was obvious I

guess she decided to change tack. "Someone will see us!" she hissed.

"No they won't," I said. I sounded confident but obviously I had no idea if anyone would or not. At that moment we could have been in the middle of Times Square and I would have sworn it just the same. In my defence it was really dark outside. Clouds were covering most of the stars and the moon was low and new. The light we'd left on in the living room cast a rectangle of dim light onto the road, but the car was parked by the other side of the house, so almost none of that light was diffusing over to us. Hell, I was grinding into mom and I could barely see what we were doing. "I need you, mom," I said, pulling back slightly to unbuckle my pants and then shove them and my boxer shorts down.

Mom groaned as my naked cock returned to grind against her ass. It occurred to me later that this was the first time I'd admitted that I was becoming as reliant on this as mom. We both knew the other was getting off on our sessions. I mean the whole point was me cumming, and mom's orgasms were, I suppose, an added bonus for her. But we'd started this whole thing as some kind of clinical procedure. If mom could have just pressed a button to make me cum she would have had me stick my cock in her, press the button, then withdraw my cock. We could both have read a magazine while this was going on. Somewhere along the way things had taken a turn for the sexual. Not a surprise, with hindsight.

Mom didn't respond with words, but she did start pushing herself back against me as I ground against her. I released her body from my arms, and she leant forward at the waist, laying her front in the trunk of the car while her feet remained planted on the ground. I grabbed her hips and started thrusting hard into her ass crack. Given the state I was in I didn't know how long I'd last, and I didn't want to cum all over her back again. I had to wrench myself away but I managed to stop grinding into mom, then reached down until I found the hem of her skirt. It was surprisingly light, and I pulled it up and over mom's ass, pooling it on her lower back. I then took the opportunity to run my hands over mom's ass. She was, for once, wearing panties, but they didn't feel like the huge ugly bloomers she'd worn for our first ever session, five days ago. These felt more like bikini briefs, covering much less of her ass. As my hand moved down following the curve of her ass my thumb strayed slightly, almost touching the fabric over her pussy. Perhaps because of the size of her ass, the briefs didn't seem to fit as snugly around her pussy as they did over her ass, and the fabric was much looser there. I didn't really think about that as the moment my thumb got near her pussy mom jerked beneath me and I remembered the rules.

I grabbed my cock and returned it to mom's ass, thrusting as soon as I was in position. The contrast between mom's silky smooth skin at the lower end of my strokes and the smooth fabric at the top was incredible. I let go of mom's hips and grabbed a butt cheek in each hand, then used my thumbs to push my cock deeper into mom's crack as I thrust. I'd never felt anything like it and could easily have kept it up until I came, but mom had a different idea.

"Pussy," she groaned quietly. I realised we did have to be quiet. Hopefully no one could see what we were doing in mom's trunk, but if someone walked past they could easily hear us. Fortunately mom's station wagon had horribly stiff suspension. This had always bothered me on long trips. Today I said a silent prayer to the god of minor car troubles. "Over my pussy," she murmured again, and I figured she wanted the same treatment as last night.

I pulled my cock back from mom's ass and lay it lengthways over mom's pussy. Her panties were already pretty soaked and my precum turned them into a sodden mess. I leaned forward into the back of the station wagon, supporting myself on my forearms over mom, then started thrusting down.

For some of the strokes my dick aquaplaned smoothly over my mom's soaking wet panties, for other strokes the head of my dick got caught up in her underwear and ground almost painfully against mom's clit. All of the strokes felt amazing, and based on mom's little whimpers she was of the same opinion.

"Turn," mom said, after a few minutes of this treatment. "Turn around." I guessed she was saying that she wanted to turn around and not that she wanted me to. It would have been a little weird if she'd just now become embarrassed and wanted me to look away. For one thing it was too dark to see anyway, and for another it'd be damnably difficult to cum in her if I was facing in the opposite direction.

I pushed up and got off mom and she scrambled to roll over onto her back, pushing herself a bit further into the station wagon in the process so her legs were supported and not hanging out the back of the car. As soon as it sounded like she'd finished I crawled into the trunk with her, moving forward with my cock until I felt it line back up alongside mom's pussy. I then lowered myself to lay on top of mom and started humping again.

"Oh god, yes," groaned mom, rather louder than I thought was wise. But given the grunts that I knew I was making I couldn't say anything. I thrust down harder over her pussy and then yelped in pain and surprise as the tip of my cock bashed down into the surface of the trunk. It was surprising more than painful, and in my alarm I did something that perhaps I shouldn't have.

Up until then my thrusts had been up and down, allowing my cock to slide lengthways over mom's pussy and tease her clit. When I bashed the head of my cock I pulled not upwards but backwards in alarm. Like I said, it didn't actually hurt that much and so I barely skipped a beat before thrusting again, except now I wasn't thrusting down, but forward. Forward, right into mom's pussy.

"Oh god!" we both uttered in unison. About two inches of my cock were buried inside mom's pussy. My forward thrust would easily have buried the entire thing inside, but mom was still wearing her panties, and they had caught my cock as it moved forward, halting it as soon as the fabric grew taut enough. I think we both realised at the same moment that as long as mom's underwear didn't slip to the side or disintegrate from all the fluids then I could fuck her to my heart's content without penetrating her much more than I'd been doing when I'd been fucking my hand. Of course, side slippage and fluid based disintegration were both possible, hell they were probable, but at that moment I don't think either of us cared.

"Don't stop," cried mom softly. I didn't plan to, and lowered myself down back over her even as I started hammering my cock into mom. The fabric over the head of my cock felt a little weird, and took some getting used to. But the sheer carnal feeling that I was fucking someone, even if it was only a few inches, was stupendous. Mom thought so too based on the way she started chanting "Fuck me, Steven; fuck me, Steven," almost to herself.

Putting my weight on my right arm I reached with my left to grab hold of mom's breast through her jumper. I could feel it jogging up and down on her chest in time with my thrusts, and pinched where I thought the nipple might be. I must have done something right as mom let out an even louder groan.

"Mom, you need to be quiet," I said. I'm not sure why I was worried about mom's voice when the obscene squelching sounds coming from my dick hammering into her pussy could probably be heard from across the road.

Mom too apparently found my statement more amusing than anything. In the almost non-existent light I thought I saw a glint of teeth and guessed mom was grinning at me. "Make... me..." she said between consecutive thrusts, then started groaning lustfully, each one louder than the last.

I really didn't want to get caught fucking my mom in the back of her car. I was all too aware that "It was only a few inches, her panties stopped me going in all the way!" was not exactly an excuse that society would listen to then nod and say "Huh, I guess you're right." Caught up in the moment I shut her up the only way I could think to, I moved my head down and kissed her.

Mom must have known that was coming as she moaned into my mouth but stopped her groan crescendo, she also wrapped her left arm around my neck, pulling my face into hers as we started making out. I felt her right hand snake down her body and thought she was going to encourage my cock into cumming. It wasn't *my* orgasm she was encouraging, though, as her fingers stopped when they reached her clit and started strumming across it frantically. Given what I was doing this meant my cock got caught up in the action, her fingers brushing over it repeatedly as I bounced it into her pussy over and over.

It was almost a race between us as to who would cum first. In the end I pipped mom to the post and pulled my face back as I felt my cock tighten. "I'm gonna..." I managed before I temporarily lost the ability to form coherent sentences. Mom must have filled in the gap though and she used the hand on her clit to drag her panties to the side as I pulled back for the final time. I thrust forward, this time without any fabric to hold me back, and bottomed out inside mom as a torrent of cum washed out of me. I locked my lips back to mom's as I came, ostensibly to muffle my moans. It didn't hurt that it felt damn good making out as I came.

Once I came down from the orgasmic high I pushed myself up onto my arms. I opened my mouth to say something but mom shushed me and said "Hang on." I felt her hand return to her clit and start rubbing it again. I guess she really had been close as she only lasted half a minute more before she started to buck underneath me and moan loudly. The sensations on my cock were incredible and, despite having just cum, it bothered me less than I thought it would to lean down and kiss mom again, just until she stopped being so noisy.

Both done, I backed up out of the trunk and pulled up my pants, briefly savoring the cool air on my sweaty skin. Mom waited a minute longer then emerged as well. She pushed something into my hands and I almost dropped the unexpected weight. "I got the juice," she said, then flicked on the flashlight she had in her other hand and locked the car. I just smiled to myself and headed back to the house, ready to help mom put away the groceries then go to bed, just like a normal mother and son.

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I woke up a little after eight the next morning. Mom hadn't come to my room, and I could hear someone downstairs in the kitchen so I guessed we were having breakfast first today. That was fine with me as my stomach grumbled hungrily. I hadn't eaten anything since a few slices of pizza the previous evening. And I had done quite a lot of physical activity since then, I thought, my cock waking up at the memory.

I headed downstairs in just my boxers, suspecting that mom wouldn't mind and it would probably save time later. Mom must have had the same idea as when I entered the kitchen she was stood by the stove wearing a jumper, some black bikini briefs, and nothing else.

She glanced over her shoulder when I walked in. "Hey, hon," she said and smiled at me, then she looked down at the tent in my boxers and her smile widened.

It was odd. Mom's face hadn't grown on me since we'd started our arrangement. She hadn't become any more beautiful to me, and the thought of kissing her in the cold light of day still filled me with horror. But her face now seemed to provoke an almost Pavlovian reaction in me. I'd cum so much in this woman in the past few days that I started getting aroused in her presence, even when I could see her face. The way her ass looked in the underwear she was wearing certainly didn't hurt.

"Morning, mom," I said, and she turned back to what she was doing. Based on the smell I guessed it was bacon for breakfast. I hovered in the doorway for a moment, soaking up the sight of that perfect ass, then grabbed the juice from the fridge and poured us a glass each.

Food was soon ready and we sat down at the table, facing each other across it. We ate in companionable silence, occasionally smiling at each other shyly. The silence didn't really bother me as we often didn't have much to say over breakfast.

Soon enough we had both cleared our plates and drained our glasses. Normally at this point one of us would take everything to the sink and wash up. This morning though we both just sat there, as if waiting for something.

I saw a slight pink flush building up in mom's cheeks, and she looked like she was breathing deeper too. As for me, my cock had never really gone down during breakfast and now bobbed in my boxers in time with my heartbeat.

"So," mom said, looking at me.

"So," I replied, looking back.

The moment dragged out into interminable seconds. Then, as if following some silent signal, we both leapt to our feet. Mom shoved the contents of the table to one side, nearly sending her plate tumbling to the floor in the process. She then bent over the table, laying her front on it and splaying out her arms. For my part I was dashing around the table toward her. Even before I got there she was twitching her legs, bouncing her ass up and down impatiently. "Get it in me," she whined, "get inside me, Steven."

I nearly fell over in my haste as I tried to run around the table and drag my boxers off at the same time. Eventually I made it, boxers being kicked into the corner of the kitchen. Without waiting I grabbed my cock, lined it up with where mom's pussy was beneath her panties, and shoved forward.

We were both ready for that feeling of my cock sliding a few inches into mom's waiting pussy, and we both groaned with frustration as that utterly failed to happen. Rather than slide in restrained by her underwear, my cock had taken a detour and pushed south, down across mom's clitoris. I pulled back and pushed forward again, to the same effect. It felt nice, and mom probably appreciated my cock rubbing over her clit, but it really wasn't what we were after. Mom certainly wanted more, as she made clear.

"Fuck!" she cried. "Fucking fuck me!" She banged her fist down onto the table for emphasis, rattling the plates. I stared down at her panty covered pussy, trying to figure out why it wasn't working as well as the previous evening. Luckily for both of us I spotted it almost at once. After all the foreplay the previous night, mom's panties had been absolutely soaked. They'd done nothing to stop my cock entering her in that state, only stopping me short when the whole garment grew taut. Looking down now I could see an ever expanding damp spot on mom's briefs where her pussy was leaking out, but compared to last night her panties were positively parched.

If I'd thought for a few seconds I might have come up with any number of solutions for this problem, some of which might even have worked. But I didn't think about it. I needed to get mom's underwear wet, and I knew just how to do it. I slid a finger straight into mom's pussy through her underwear, then added a second to be safe. Mom let out a strangled squeal as I rapidly swirled my fingers around inside her, getting the panties soaked in her juices. It only took a few seconds for me to be satisfied at which point I drew my fingers back out. Mom pushed her hips back as I did so, as if trying to recapture my digits. I had bigger plans though, and met her backwards thrust by pushing my cock forward and against her panty clad pussy.

This time it worked perfectly. My cock pushed against the fabric of mom's panties, which buckled and entered her pussy, wrapping my cock in their soft material. I paused there for a second, savoring the

sensation as my mom let out a long, loud moan. Neither of us were in the mood for teasing, though, so after a few seconds I pulled back then went to work hammering my cock into mom.

My hands drifted to mom's hips to help pull her back against me as I thrust forward. It didn't take long for me to realise I was missing an opportunity, and I moved them down to her ass, digging my fingers into the soft cheeks, pulling and pushing them out and together.

Mom murmured something as I played with her ass, too quietly for me to catch. I surrendered her ass for a moment and leaned forward over her, never slowing my hips, to hear what she said.

"Clit..." she was muttering, over and over. In her current position it didn't look like she could reach down to touch it herself. So, like a good son, I did it for her.

I wrapped my hand around her front and slid it down, inside her panties, and around the curve of her mound till my fingers found the little nub. There was plenty of lubrication with all of mom's juices welling up from her pussy and my precum leaking through the panties, so I didn't waste any time but started vibrating my fingertips back and forth over mom's clit.

It was an odd sensation for me, feeling my cock head rocketing past into mom's pussy through a layer of fabric as I strummed her clitoris in the flesh. The sensation as far as my mom was concerned was less odd and more absolutely fucking amazing. Her head shot up as I attacked her clit and I saw her mouth hang open. For a few seconds all her sexy little moans, grunts, and whimpers ceased, leaving only the sound of my cock wetly pounding into her. Then whatever sound mom had been trying to force out finally broke free and she yelled out. I didn't really catch all of what she said, not sure if all of it was even words. There were definitely some obscenities, quite a lot of them in fact. Also something about me fucking her until she couldn't walk straight. I didn't catch the tail end of her monologue as at that point my own orgasm took hold.

Mom was clearly in no position to adjust her panties for me. Fortunately I managed to take the fingers that had been teasing mom's clit and hook them around the gusset of her underwear as it sailed past. It was an awkward manoeuvre but done in the nick of time as my next thrust into mom was my last. Cum started spurting from the tip of my cock even before it was all the way into my mom. I pulled my hand back from her panties and resumed my grip on her ass, squeezing it mercilessly as the cum surged forth.

Finally my ejaculation drew to a close and I stepped back, adjusting mom's panties to cover her pussy again. Mom remained bent over the kitchen table for a while longer, getting her breath back. Finally she stood up, though her legs were noticeably shaking.

"I think," she said, and then took a few more deep breaths. I paused, wondering what erotic gem was going to come from her mouth now. "I think," she started again, "it's your turn to do the washing up." She dropped me a wink then and turned to go upstairs. I watched her ass leave and a minute later heard her shower turn on. I shook my head. At least all this craziness wasn't getting in the way of our normal relationship, I thought. And then I turned to the sink. After all, it was my turn to do the washing up.

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After washing the dishes I went upstairs and washed myself. Then, since this seemed to be a washing kind of morning, I decided to do the laundry. As it had always just been me and mom growing up, I'd learned early on to do my share of the household chores, be they cooking, cleaning, or DIY. I hadn't always appreciated that as a kid, but now that I was headed to college I was glad I wouldn't be one of those people who turned up not knowing which end of a washing machine the clothes went in.

The laundry hamper in my room contained an alarming number of boxers, most of them with the tell

tale signs of my and mom's recent fun. I grabbed them all and a few other items then headed to the bathroom to check what was in there. Finally I went into mom's room, after knocking on the door. She was sat in bed with her laptop, working on whatever it was she did. Something to do with spreadsheets, I thought. She smiled when she saw what I was up to and said "Thanks, hon."

I rummaged through her hamper, finding anything in there that could go in with the other items, then headed downstairs and set the load off.

That done I decided to have a lazy morning in front of the TV, figuring I'd earned it.

Mom came downstairs not long before lunch. I noted with some disappointment that she had some jeans on, but I realised I shouldn't take this personally as she went outside for a moment then came back in with the post.

"Anything good?" I asked as she flicked through the envelopes.

"Bills and junk," she said, tossing them on the coffee table. She sat down on the couch beside me and started flicking through the local newspaper, while my attention drifted back to the TV.

A few minutes later mom "Huh"ed, and I glanced over, my eyebrows raised in a silent enquiry. She was staring down at the newspaper. "Remember that film you wanted to see?" she asked, without looking up.

"Uhh, that describes quite a few films," I said.

"The one at the cinema," she clarified. "The one with the mega sharks fighting the giant aliens."

"Oh!" I said. "You mean *Mega Sharks vs. Giant Aliens*?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Yes, that one. It's still on at the local cinema, but it looks like tonight's the last viewing."

"Damn," I said. "I guess I'll just watch it on TV in a few months."

Mom lowered the newspaper and looked at me. "You want to watch *Mega Sharks vs. Giant Aliens* on our TV?"

She had a point. Our television was adequate but not exactly huge. Reduced to our screen's size the film would probably become *Quite Small Sharks vs. Aliens The Size Of A Chicken, Or Something*.

Mom looked at the newspaper again, then up at the clock on the mantelpiece. "The last showing is 8pm tonight," she said. "Why don't we just go watch it then?"

"You're sure?" I asked. I don't why. Mom had similarly awful taste in films to me and it wasn't unheard of for us to go to the cinema together.

"Of course!" she said. "It's a date," she added with a sly wink, then she put down the newspaper and went into the kitchen to prepare lunch.

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Mom went back to working on her laptop after lunch, and for lack of anything better to do I settled in my room with a book I'd been neglecting. Somewhere around the hundred page mark it started getting good, and I hardly noticed the time passing until mom poked her head through the door.

"Dinner's ready," she said, and her head vanished.

I marked my place and went down to the kitchen. Dinner turned out to be a delicious lasagna. We both savored it for perhaps a little too long as we ended up having to dash to get changed and drive to the cinema in time for the movie.

The cinema itself was one of those middle aged ones you find in small towns. Not old enough to be quaint and personal, nor new enough to be shiny and exciting. It was just fine.

Mom and I bought our tickets and headed into the screen just as the lights started to dim for the trailers. We found our way to the back row by the light coming from the screen and sat down near the middle. The screening rooms weren't huge so sitting at the back was sensible. Despite arriving late we hadn't had to fight for our seats. The girl at the box office had looked surprised when we told her what film we were watching, and as we took our seats I couldn't help but notice that we were the only ones in there. I figured it was everyone else's loss if they were going to miss their last chance to see the cinematic marvel of the year.

It didn't take long for me to realise that I may have overestimated the film. Shocking, I know, but *Mega Sharks vs. Giant Aliens* just wasn't that good. Half an hour in I was, quite simply, bored. Based on my mom's occasional yawns and glances around the room as if searching for something to distract her, I wasn't the only one.

I scanned the room again and saw that we were still the only two customers, and at this point I didn't think anyone was going to join the film nearly half way into its run time. A wicked notion occurred to me, and I leant over to whisper in my mom's ear. "You know," I said, "we're alone in here."

I saw mom shudder at my words then turn and frown at me, giving her head a small shake. But then I also saw her scan the room as well, confirming what I'd said.

I should probably point out here that I wasn't some raging exhibitionist, desperate to sort-of-fuck my mom in public because of the thrill of discovery. No, I just wanted to sort-of-fuck my mom, period. I was happy to try it there in the cinema precisely because I knew we were safe from being discovered. My friend from high school, also called Steven, had worked at this very cinema for a year, only leaving a week earlier to go travelling abroad. I for one had been jealous of other-Steve, thinking a job in a cinema would be awesome. Think of all the free films I could watch! But apparently it wasn't like that. The staff were effectively banned, on pain of dismissal, from entering the screens after the first few minutes of the film and before the end credits started rolling. Presumably this was done to stop people like me who would have sat around all day watching the latest releases and getting paid for it.

Other-Steve had also been disappointed that one of his roles as head projectionist involved tapping a few keys in the morning then pissing off. All the projectors were digital now, and ran on automatic timers. Only the head projectionist was allowed in the projection rooms, in case someone else tampered with and broke the equipment. Since the head projectionist always had the morning shift I was safe in the knowledge that no one on the staff and no one from the public was going to come into the screen until those mega sharks vanquished those giant aliens and the end credits rolled.

I knew all that. Mom didn't. Maybe she does have an exhibitionist streak, and that's why a few minutes after my whispered observation she placed her hand in my lap and slowly started rubbing my cock through my pants. I gasped in surprise, having not really expected anything. My cock recovered faster than I did, and was soon straining upwards against my clothes.

Mom carried on doing this for a while, slowly caressing the outline of my cock. She was being as subtle as possible. A pointless precaution as I knew, but I realised that it was actually pretty hot to imagine that we could be caught. When my cock's restraint started becoming painful I shifted my

hands down to my lap and, as subtly as mom had worked, I undid the buttons on my jeans and slowly shuffled them and my boxers down past my cock, which stood up proudly, ready for action.

Mom had taken her hand away while I did this. Once my cock was free I glanced over and in the ever shifting light I saw that she had been slowly lifting her skirt up just as I had been slowly lowering my jeans. As I watched she used her fingers to bunch the whole garment up around her waist, revealing a pair of those bikini briefs that I was starting to love so much. We both just sat there for a while, more interested in each other's laps than the allegedly exciting shenanigans on screen. Eventually mom broke the spell, and reached her hand over to grasp my cock. I gasped again and gave my hips a little thrust upwards, after which mom began to slowly stroke my cock up and down.

Not wanting anyone to feel left out, I reached my own hand into mom's lap and slid it down the front of her panties. I heard her whimper softly before my fingers even reached her clit, and when they did reach it she let out a much louder moan. The sound was all but lost in the exciting shark chase going on not so far away. Mom had seemed reluctant to start fooling around, but the inside of her panties told a different story. I could feel the smouldering heat emanating from her pussy, and her juices were pooling out of her pussy, slowly filling up her panties and no doubt starting to leak onto her seat.

Mom may have been well lubricated down there, but my cock was a different story. All the precum I'd carefully unleashed while mom was stroking me though my pants seemed to have been soaked up by those same garments. Mom stopped briefly to spit on her hand and try to lubricate my cock that way, but it had little effect. The feel of her hand on my cock felt amazing regardless, and I was about to lean over to tell mom not to worry about it when she took my hand out of her panties and leaned over to me first.

"Don't tell anyone about this," she whispered in my ear. For a second I thought she meant what we'd been doing in general. It was an odd time to worry about that, I thought, and even odder to think that I *would* tell anyone. But she didn't mean what we'd been doing in general, she meant what she was going to do next.

Tossing her hair to the side, mom lowered her head without hesitation into my lap. I didn't quite comprehend what she was about to do, or maybe I just didn't believe it. That lasted right up to the point where her lips sealed around the base of my cock and I felt her tongue roaming around the shaft.

"Fuck!" I yelled, loud enough to be heard over what had suddenly become a rather quiet film. I glanced at the screen to make sure the credits hadn't sneaked up on us. Luckily it was just some guy's emotional death scene. I returned my attention to my lap, where mom's head was bobbing up and down with gusto, all while her tongue was running over every part of my cock it could reach, liberally coating me with mom's saliva.

Feeling like I was going to explode any second I reached out and grabbed mom's ass, squeezing it like a life preserver. Then I reached around her body to her tits, grabbing one between my fingers. Then it was back to her ass. I was a mess, certain that I was going to either die or cum any second, maybe both. For the first time since our arrangement had started I was annoyed by the part where I had to cum in mom's pussy. If I could have released right there in mom's mouth I think I could have died happy.

Mom must have realised how close I was getting as she raised herself back up, taking a deep breath and wiping her chin as she did so. My cock strained upwards, looking furious to be given such pleasure then have it taken away. Mom didn't plan on staying away for long though. As soon as she was sat upright she stood up and took a step to the side, her legs straddling mine. Then she reached between her legs, roughly grabbed my cock, and dropped her body down, sinking her pussy onto my dick on the first try. Between her sopping wet pussy and my suddenly very moist cock, I didn't have any

trouble penetrating a few inches into her, and her panties made little squelching noises as my cock pushed them up into her pussy.

With her hands on my knees, mom was able to start thrusting her hips up and down. I placed my hands on her hips wanting to pull her down further onto my cock, but that only seemed to throw off mom's rhythm. Instead I shoved my hands under mom's top, then slid them up over her body until I had a large, soft breast in each hand. I squeezed them roughly and pinched mom's nipples, prompting shrieks of pleasure from her. She was being loud, but the movie was being louder. It looked like some sort of epic fight was going on between the titular large entities. I realised that if this was the last fight scene then the credits probably weren't too far away, and with them would come the staff members.

I redoubled my efforts, circling mom's nipples then pinching them, meanwhile thrusting my hips up to meet mom's downward movements. I was getting close, and considered throwing my mom over the back of the seat in front of us and fucking her from behind to finish. Before I got the chance mom pushed up extra hard and stood up and off me. I barely managed to open my mouth to ask why when she turned around and lowered herself back down onto me, kneeling on my seat. Now face to face she started gyrating her hips wildly, the end of my cock rubbing every which way inside her.

With her back to the screen (which was currently filled with all manner of underwater space explosions) mom had become essentially a silhouette to me. That would explain why I didn't think twice about reaching up to grab the back of her neck and drawing her to me so my lips could search out hers.

We kissed messily, our frantic movements making it hard to maintain any kind of lip lock. The hand I had on the back of her neck wasn't really helping so I lowered it and my other hand to her ass, grabbing it firmly by both hands and stroking it with my fingers. The soft fabric of mom's bikini briefs felt great under my fingertips, but the parts of my hand that were stroking mom's ass skin-to-skin felt even better. That was easy enough to remedy. I reached my hands up to the top of mom's ass then slid them both back down to where they had been, but this time under her panties. In the process mom's underwear was pushed down a few inches, and the effect of that was instantaneous.

Without warning, as my hands slipped down into the back of mom's panties, when mom next crashed her hips down against me, my cock slid a good inch further into her than it had been doing. An inch might not sound like much, but when your entire sexual universe has focused down to a certain fraction of your cock slipping into a panty-covered pussy, an extra inch can make all the difference. Mom certainly seemed to think so as her moans suddenly became audible over the cacophonous action happening on screen behind. Now it was her turn to grab my head and force the kiss, her hips trembling as her orgasm took her.

Later I would suss it out. The gusset of mom's panties was only halting the progress of my cock because the rest of her panties were tight up where they should be. When I pushed down her panties it provided slack to her gusset, allowing it to go further inside of mom before tightening up.

That was what I figured out later. At the time it was basic animalistic thinking, cause and effect. When I stroked mom's ass and pushed her panties down, my cock went deeper, which felt good. Mom's hips had all but stopped moving after the power of her orgasm so I took up the mantle, bucking my hips upwards frantically. Every few strokes I pushed the back of mom's panties down a little further. Before long, rather than having a few inches of my cock inside mom, only a few inches weren't pistonning into her. I'll never know if mom would have stopped me if I'd ended up bottoming out in her since at that point my cock twinged and I felt my orgasm start.

It was way too late to fish mom's panties out of her pussy, shove them to the side, and plunge my cock back inside her. So I decided to take the opposite approach. With a final yank I pulled the back of

mom's panties down over the curve of her ass. Freed from that responsibility they had plenty of slack and on my last thrust upwards my cock bottomed out in mom's pussy. Cum started to explode in great bursts from the end of my cock. I'm pretty sure that cotton panties aren't totally effective as birth control, so I hoped that some of those sperm were getting where they were supposed to.

As I came down from the orgasm I looked over mom's shoulder at the screen. It seemed to be a lingering shot of some wreckage under the ocean, slowly zooming in on a flashing light. I panicked. I'd seen enough bad films to recognise a classic just-before-the-end-credits sequel hook. We only had moments before the staff came in to clean this place up.

"Mom," I hissed. She didn't move, seeming to still be in some kind of post-orgasmic trance. I shook her shoulder. "Mom, quick! People are coming!"

That broke her reverie and, with a nervous look around, mom promptly stood up then sat just as promptly down on her seat next to me. I wasted no time pulling up my jeans and buttoning them as fast as I could. I glanced over, expecting to see mom rolling down her skirt, but instead she was busy pulling her cum-drenched panties out from her pussy. Once she had them out she held her long, smooth legs upwards and pulled the panties off. In the dim light of an alien tracking device nestled up against a baby shark, I could see that the outer facing side of the gusset was covered in creamy streaks. As mom held her panties up I could even see a little puddle of my cum pooled in a dip in the material. Not wanting to waste any of my cum, mom rapidly slipped the panties back on, inside out this time. Once this was done she finally started rolling down her skirt, even as the lights started to go up again, and a bored looking kid my age with a broom and a bin walked in. Decent at last, mom grabbed my hand and all but dragged me out of the cinema.

We got most of the way to the car when mom pulled me sideways down a dark, secluded alleyway. My first thought was that she'd seen someone she wanted to avoid. But that wasn't it. Once in the alley she shoved me roughly against the wall and followed it up by kissing me hard on the lips. I was more than a little surprised but I closed my eyes and returned the kiss. She pushed her hips forward, her mound rubbing over my cock, and I responded in kind by grabbing her ass and pulling her even tighter against me. We kept this up for a minute or two and my cock started to stir, but I don't think either of us were ready for round two.

Finally mom pulled away to arms length and beamed at me. "Thank you!" she said, her voice full of excitement. "That was... incredible."

I didn't know what to say to that, and apparently mom didn't need to hear anything as she pulled me back out from the alley and to the car. Neither of us said a word for the entire car trip home, or even once we got home. Only when we reached upstairs did I open my mouth. "Yeah," I said, "it was."

Mom grinned. "Night, sweetheart."

"Night, mom," I said, and we turned to go to our separate beds.

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I woke up a bit earlier than normal the next morning. The temptation to stay in bed and drift back into sleep was powerful, but I overcame it and rolled out of bed, throwing on a t-shirt before heading downstairs.

It was Friday. Day seven of mom's and my agreement. A week tomorrow I'd be leaving for college. Now don't get me wrong, I'd been excited to go to college and I still was. I was under no illusions that having amazing sexual encounters with mom twice a day was some kind of replacement for life in general. I wasn't going to give up on college and stay at home to become my mom's full time cum dispenser. But I would miss it, I knew. Even though I really wanted mom to be happy, part of me

secretly hoped she didn't manage to get pregnant during these two weeks and we'd have to keep trying every opportunity we got. Or maybe she would get pregnant but our arrangement would continue anyway. There would be no logical reason to do so, but hot damn did it feel good.

I puttered around the kitchen as I thought all this, rustling up some coffee and an omelette for mom and me to share for breakfast. Just as I finished and was about to go upstairs and rouse mom, she walked into the kitchen. I hadn't looked in the mirror so don't know how I looked after our session in the cinema the previous evening, but mom was looking pretty dishevelled. Her hair was mussed and she looked a bit bleary eyed. She also hadn't changed since getting up, I saw. She was still in her pyjama bottoms and I finally got to see the pyjama top that I assumed she'd been wearing during our late night encounter a few days earlier. It had the same pattern as the bottoms but was a button up shirt style top with a neckline that dipped down. It didn't plunge to her cleavage by any means, but compared to her usual jumpers it was positively scandalous. It also hung loosely from her tits in a way that certainly got my cock's attention.

"Hey," mom said croakily as she walked in. I gave a little wave, too busy taking in the details of her top to bother with pleasantries. Mom probably wouldn't have heard them anyway as she went straight to the coffee machine and poured herself a mug full. I winced as she immediately gulped a couple of mouthfuls of what had to be scaldingly hot liquid. Clearly it didn't bother mom, who just sighed with relief, topped up her mug, then sat down at the table.

I served up the food and mom and I tucked into the eggs with copious amounts of coffee thrown in. Mom seemed to wake up now she had some caffeine and food inside her, and we chatted between mouthfuls about our impressions of the film the previous evening. Given that we'd only seen forty minutes or so of it neither of us could really give a fair review, but we did enjoy pointing out all the terrible aspects we remembered from that first half. We seemed to have silently agreed not to discuss what we did for the second half of the film, or at least I thought we had, right up until mom looked down demurely at the table and said "I especially enjoyed that sex scene."

I grinned too, weirdly shy about discussing it in such a normal setting. Mom didn't bother staying on the topic and asked what my plans were for the day.

I explained about my activities on Craigslist a few weeks earlier, careful to avoid mentioning that I'd seen her ad. I'd managed to find someone to buy an accordion that my grandfather had inexplicably given me for Christmas the previous year and that had been sat on top of my wardrobe ever since. I could only assume my grandfather was going mad. I'd also managed to find a couple of guys who, between them, were selling most of the text books that I'd need for my first year of college courses. They were going at a fraction of the price they should have cost, on the proviso that I came and collected them. Luckily for me, my accordion buyer and text book sellers all lived in the same town, about a forty five minute drive away. I'd arranged all three transactions to take place this afternoon, which was my only real plan for the day. Mom nodded, "Sounds good!" she said.

I stood up and started collecting the dirty plates and mugs and asked mom what her plans were. She just shrugged a little. "Oh you know," she said, "work stuff. Nothing exciting."

I took the dishes to the sink and started the hot water flowing, ready to wash up. I thought mom might head upstairs then but she stayed at the kitchen table, watching me and sipping on a glass of orange juice. There was something about this scene that seemed familiar.

"So," she said, after a minute.

When nothing else seemed forthcoming I prompted "So?"

"So," she said again. "I've been thinking. About the rules of our... arrangement."

I nodded noncommittally, not sure I liked where this was headed. The rules at the start had been simple: no sex. That had meant no groping, no thrusting, and no monkey business. We'd been breaking those rules since the first session of course. I'd groped pretty much everything mom had to grope. I'd thrust into my hand, her hand, over her ass, over her pussy, and into her pussy. Our business had so many monkeys we just needed some typewriters and we could probably whip up some Shakespeare plays. Mom no doubt wanted to reestablish some semblance of sanity. I couldn't blame her, I thought, blamefully.

"I think we've been pretty good about following them," she said after a moment longer. I managed not to snort laughter, but it was close. If mom was going for a poker face then I could too. I just concentrated on washing the dishes as mom spoke. "Your idea about using my underwear to stop yourself getting inside me was really clever," she went on. There were so many things wrong with that sentence that I didn't know where to start. It hadn't been my idea, I'd just nearly impaled mom while she happened to still have her panties on. Without them we'd have been screwing in the back of her car. More to the point her panties didn't stop me getting inside her, they just meant less of me went inside than would have without them. Unless, as I'd discovered last night, I cheated and loosened her underwear, at which point they did a grand total of fuck all about stopping my cock in its tracks.

"But," mom continued. At this point I really didn't know what she was going to come out with. "I feel like some of the rules might be needlessly getting in the way of you doing your job." The job she was referring to, I assumed was knocking her up. And she had a point. Getting my dick inside her at the exact moment that I came had been a nightmare of timing since the beginning. My failure at the very kitchen sink that I was currently standing at still haunted me. And while fucking mom through her panties felt amazing, I did feel like we'd been lucky twice to get them out of the way so I could cum properly inside her. If we couldn't get them out of the way in time, like last night in the cinema, then I'd essentially end up cumming while wearing a soft, cotton condom. It wouldn't stop all my sperm doing their task, obviously (don't use soft cotton condoms as birth control, kids!), but it certainly wouldn't help matters.

I nodded slowly and placed the last plate on the draining board, then got to work on the pan I'd cooked the omelette in.

"So," said mom, "I think," another pause, "maybe," an even longer pause, and then a rush of words all at once. "If you get it all the way inside me to cum and it turns out you're on the brink but not quite there you can just give it another thrust to get yourself over the edge. One or two more thrusts. Nothing more. Maybe, like, five thrusts, tops."

I stared down at the pan in my hands, mindlessly scrubbing it even though it was clean. Mom was saying that, as long as I didn't take liberties, I could basically fuck her to push myself over the edge into orgasm. "Oh... okay," I said, shuffling back a half step as my cock leapt forwards and started pressing against the kitchen counter. "That sounds a like a great idea, mom. Good thinking!" I finally placed the now sparkling pan on the draining board and started giving my trembling hands a quick wash under the warm water. I heard mom's chair scrape backwards as I did so and I thought she was going to head upstairs. Instead, when I glanced over my shoulder I saw her coming around the table and heading right for me, wearing the kind of look a lion might give to a gazelle. Especially if the lion planned to fuck the gazelle in the kitchen. Which seems unlikely now I think about it.

"I need it," growled mom as she came at me. "Now!" she barked as if I'd said no, which I definitely hadn't. I turned to face her but before I could do anything mom sank to her knees in front of me and yanked my boxers down to my ankles. My cock sprang up and mom adroitly caught it in her mouth, then sucked on the head like she thought she could just suck the cum straight out of it. That didn't feel like an entirely implausible possibility at the time. One of her hands came up to cup my balls while I saw the other reach down into the front of her pyjama bottoms. It wasn't difficult to figure out what

that hand was doing, especially as mom started grunting around my cock.

I moved my hands to mom's head, my damp fingers curling into her hair. I felt mom relax her head slightly and I took the initiative and started bucking my hips, fucking mom's mouth as her tongue swirled all over my cock's underside. The sensations coming up from my cock were incredible, with mom's tongue and the little vibrations from her moans overloading my nerves. I felt an orgasm coming on fast and stopped bucking my hips. Mom seemed to take umbrage at this and immediately began pushing her head back and forth, her lips sliding wetly over the length of my shaft as her tongue danced beneath it.

"Oh shit!" I yelped, feeling an orgasm about to burst forth. Lost in pleasure I'd momentarily forgotten where I was supposed to cum. Fortunately mom hadn't. She pulled her mouth off me just as I was about to cum and my cock hovered in front of her face looking painfully engorged. If my mom had been a real looker I might have exploded all over her face at that moment. Fortunately her face hadn't entirely lost its ability to stave off my orgasm, and I didn't cum. Mom didn't want to waste any time though. She laid down on the kitchen floor where she had knelt and shucked off her pyjama bottoms. She wasn't wearing any underwear. I didn't need to be told what she wanted, and sank between her legs before lining my cock up with her pussy.

"I'm ready!" she cried before I even got the chance to ask, and so I pushed myself forward, sinking my cock deep into mom's pussy. I was close, really close, but my orgasm hovered just out of reach. Well aware of our recently rewritten rule book, I pulled out and started hammering my cock into mom's tight, wet pussy.

Mom had said five thrusts was the maximum allowed. I think we both knew we'd be pushing that number up before long, but not this time. Four was all it took before the orgasm hit me like a physical blow. That was one more than mom managed. As my third thrust hit home she suddenly let out a cry and wrapped her arms around me, pushing her face into the crook of my neck. On the next thrust my own groan joined hers and I buried my cock as deep as I could into mom. She wrapped her legs around me, pressing down with her ankles as if to encourage me even deeper. I could feel the cum trickling down into mom, hopefully heading on a one way trip to her uterus and beyond.

We laid there on the kitchen floor for a few minutes, my cock slowly going soft inside mom and her limbs tight around me. Eventually she broke the silence. "Steven?"

"Yeah, mom?" I said.

"Could we get up? My back hurts."

I smiled and stood up once mom had disentangled her limbs from around me. I then helped her to her feet. "My hero," she said, giving me a kiss on the cheek, then she wandered off to her room and I got on with my day.

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That afternoon at around three I pulled the accordion down from its home on top of my wardrobe and gave it a quick clean. A few quick squeezes convinced me that no, I really didn't want to keep the thing, and I headed downstairs with it.

Mom was sat on the couch in the living room, staring at her laptop. "Hey, mom," I said. "I'm just heading out now to get rid of this infernal thing. Do you want anything while I'm gone?"

Mom stretched her arms up in the air and closed her laptop. "I don't think so, honey," she said, then rubbed her face. "Actually could I come for a ride with you? It'll be nice to get out of the house."

"Sure!" I said. Mom was usually a good passenger to have in the car. She didn't backseat drive, she was a surprisingly good navigator for someone who didn't get out that much, and most important of all she never touched the stereo. What more could you want?

Mom stood up and looked down at herself. She was rocking the baggy jumper and skirt look today, for a change. That was fine with me and apparently it was fine with her as she just said "Let's go, then," and headed for the front door.

The drive to the town where we were headed should have taken less than an hour. I hadn't taken into account how bad traffic would be on a Friday afternoon, nor quite how bad the directions that I'd been given to my accordion buyer's house were. "Turn left at the tree, it's the green door," I muttered to myself for the tenth time as we drove in seemingly endless circles. In the end it took almost an hour and a half before we reached the right address. Even then it was mostly luck. I thought I had roughly the right house, except the door was a lurid red. I knocked anyway and a bemused looking guy not much older than myself answered. It turned out that yes, this was the right address, yes his door was green, oh but no, wait, it had been repainted recently so yes, his door was red now, and no, I most certainly didn't want to come in and check out his accordion collection.

Cash in hand and accordion finally disposed of I made my way back to the car where mom was waiting with a bemused expression of her own. "Don't ask," I said as I drove away to the next address.

The two text book sellers were easier to find but no easier to deal with. The first had forgotten I was coming and took half an hour to round up all the books, a process not made faster by his insistence on asking me every five minutes if I wanted a beer. Having turned down the offer with "Sorry, man, I'm driving," and "No thanks, I'm only eighteen," the first few times, I did at least entertain myself with ever more mysterious reasons to decline, none of which he seemed to pay the least bit of interest in. "Sorry, I can't, I don't have a liver." "Better not, I haven't drunk in years. Not since the incident." "No thanks, I only drink the blood of virgins." I don't think he so much as blinked at any of them.

The second seller was more organised than the first. Perhaps too organised. He insisted I check each book I was buying for damage, then signed individual receipts confirming the books were in the condition listed. It wouldn't have been so bad except I'd snapped up a dozen books at his bargain prices.

By the time I dropped back into the driver seat, what should have been a two hour outing had already lasted over three hours. And I still had to drive back. Mom had at least had the presence of mind to bring a book with her so hadn't been bored out of her skull waiting in the car.

"Do you want me to drive back?" asked mom, looking over at me from the passenger seat.

"Nah, it's okay," I said, running my fingers through my hair. Mostly I was just glad all the transactions were finished.

"Listen," said mom, "traffic is going to be even worse by now, and I don't think either of us will want to cook by the time we get home. What do you say we find somewhere to eat here and drive back afterwards?"

"I say: you are a genius, mom."

My mom smiled. "Yes," she said. "Yes I am."

In fact mom had spotted a little Japanese restaurant while we'd been driving in circles earlier, so she

guided us back there and we headed in. We must have been earlier than the evening crowd, or else the restaurant just wasn't popular, since we were the only customers in there for the duration of our meal. Given how good the service was and how delicious the food tasted, I'd have to guess that it was the former.

We were both in high spirits as we left the restaurant and got back into the car. The sun had already dipped below the buildings and twilight was taking hold. I was willing to drive home on the highway, guessing that traffic would have cleared up, but after a little persuasion from mom I agreed to return on some of the smaller roads. Traffic would definitely be minimal on them, and I think mom was enjoying just relaxing in the car with the stereo playing.

The drive was uneventful for a while. Just me, mom, and the tunes we were listening to. I thought mom had drifted off to sleep a couple of times, but when I glanced over she was just looking out the window, relaxing.

After about half an hour, maybe half way home, I noticed mom was getting fidgety. Given how much sitting she'd been doing in the car today I figured her behind was probably just falling asleep. But then she ran the fingertips of her right hand in a slow caress down over her torso. That in itself could have meant many things, but it was harder to misconstrue when she reached over with her left hand and started rubbing my inner thigh slowly up and down.

"Steven?" she murmured after a few minutes of this, during a quiet point in one of the songs.

"Mm?" I said back.

"Find somewhere," she said simply. During more innocent times I might have thought she meant find somewhere to pee. But we weren't living in innocent times. And I didn't think she wanted to pee.

Ideally I would have found some quiet back road with no traffic and just parked up. But it wasn't late enough for any of the roads we were near to be deserted, and the way mom's hand had started rubbing across my cock on alternate strokes made me think she wasn't feeling like waiting.

I was pondering the problem when I spied a small gas station up ahead. Mom raised an eyebrow at me when I pulled into the forecourt, but I just wagged my eyebrows in return and got out of the car. Having adjusted myself slightly so the bulge in my jeans wasn't obvious, I ambled into the adjoining convenience store.

"Hello!" I said to the cashier, doing my best innocent impression. He was a large guy sat behind the counter and staring up at some talent show on the television. I grabbed some breath mints and set them on the counter. The cashier barely acknowledged my existence as he scanned them through and grunted out the price unintelligibly. Fortunately I can read so checked what price had come up on his till then handed over the required sum. He flicked the coins into the till without even looking at it, which I have to admit was pretty skillful. That seemed to be the total amount of interaction he was willing to have with me, but since buying breath mints was merely a cunning ruse I wasn't quite done with him yet. "Do you have any restrooms, perchance?" I asked, not sure why I was suddenly talking like someone from a Dickens novel.

The man grunted in response and nodded in the vague direction of the back of the store. My heart sank, as that was no good. But then he muttered "Round back, outside." My heart leapt, then settled back down to where it started.

"Thanks!" I said, trying to walk casually out of the store. I saw mom stood by the car, and she gave me a curious look as I emerged from the store. I inclined my head in what I hoped was a universal signal for 'Come and follow me around the back of this convenience store'. Based on the way she then followed me around the back of that convenience store I think my hope was well placed.

"Here?" mom asked, as she caught up with me outside the small extension protruding from the back of the convenience store. A heavily repainted sign saying "Toilets" hung from a dilapidated door. I shrugged, mom sighed, and then she walked in. After a quick glance around she crooked her finger and beckoned me inside.

I think we were both surprised about the interior of the little toilet block. It wasn't going to win any awards any time soon, but nor did I think I would catch some horrible disease just by touching a surface with some exposed skin. There were three cubicles and a sink and hand dryer. Mom quickly checked all three cubicles to make sure we were alone in there then dragged me into the one closest to the door. The cubicle door had a small bolt to keep it locked, and I was pleased to see that the door covered most of the gap it was set into. Unless someone was going to lay their face on the floor or had a periscope in their pocket they wouldn't be able to see what was going on in our cubicle. Which was good, because we weren't going to be doing anything good.

Having pulled me into the cubicle, mom bolted the door behind her and then started undoing my pants. I tried to help but she batted my hands away. As soon as she'd shoved my pants and underwear down to my knees she pushed me backwards onto the toilet. Fortunately the toilet lid was down or our escapade could have had a rather unfortunate and wet ending.

Once I was sat she dropped to her knees in front of me and went to town on my cock. I really don't know where mom learned to give such amazing blowjobs, given what I assume was a total lack of experience. Maybe she had a dildo back home that she practised on, on the off chance she got into a sexual situation and wanted to shine. Well, shine she did, her lips and tongue working in concert to make my cock feel incredible. I let out a soft groan at the sensations, and tilted my head back, eyes closed. Mom paused then and whacked me lightly on the knee to get my attention.

"Hey," she said, "keep an ear open for anyone coming." I thought about making an obvious wise crack but then her head dropped back down onto my lap and I couldn't even think of an obvious one.

With uncanny presence of mind I had noted that the path leading up to the toilet block we were in was fully gravelled, so I felt confident that we would hear anyone crunching their way up to it. It helped that it was quiet in there, the only sound being the wet slobbering of mom's mouth on my cock. That and another slightly wet sound. I looked down trying to figure out what this other sound was, and saw that mom had her skirt bunched up around her waist and was rubbing her fingertips rapidly back and forth over her clit. Her exposed clit. Apparently mom hadn't been wearing underwear this whole time we were out. My cock jumped at this realisation, which mom must have thought meant I was close.

Quickly standing up she put her feet either side of the toilet and lowered herself down, grabbing my cock as she came down and lining it up along the length of her pussy. She then started rubbing herself back and forward, pushing her slit down against my hardness, and getting some serious stimulation on her clit in the process. She lowered her head to my shoulder as she grinded, picking up the pace until I was worried we were going to break the toilet.

"Close," she said into my shoulder after a few minutes of this. I didn't know if she was saying she was close to cumming or asking if I was. I suspected both were true.

"I'm close," I said, feeling my orgasm building up. In fact it was more than building up, I really didn't know how much longer I would last. "Crap," I hissed, "I'm gonna cum!"

Mom raised herself off me and lifted my cock upright before slamming back down onto it. Not missing a beat she raised and lowered her hips again, and again, and again, and-

We both froze as we heard the door to the block opening. Mom put her knuckle in her mouth and I

could see her biting down on it to keep from making any noise, while I clamped my lips shut and tried not to move. I had been one more thrust away from cumming and even now I felt like an errant move from mom might topple me over the edge.

Whoever had just come into the toilets didn't seem to be aware that they'd interrupted anything. I heard them whistling some tuneless ditty as they meandered over to the cubicle furthest from ours. The whistling never stopped as I heard the bolt slide home, a toilet lid being lifted and pants being undone. It was far from arousing but given that I was balls deep in my mom I didn't think I was in danger of losing my erection.

Mom was either even hornier than I was or less worried about being heard. Whatever the case, once the unmistakable sound of someone pissing reached us, mom must have decided that our new neighbor was too busy to notice us. She leant back slightly and reached between us, returning her fingers to her clit and starting to strum it furiously. I looked at her with wide eyes, hoping they conveyed how much I thought this was a bad idea. But mom had her eyes closed and a look of ecstasy on her face, so my expression was a waste of time.

She must really have been close as moments later she shook, her orgasm striking. Her mouth opened in an 'o' of pleasure, and I was sure she was going to start crying out and get us busted. Instead she leaned down and bit hard into my shoulder. Then I was sure I was going to cry out and get us busted.

At that moment the flush sounded from two cubicles down and, with noises momentarily being disguised we both let out quiet variations on the theme of "Oh fuck".

Mom's pussy was clenching around my cock as she came, pulling me into her almost hard enough to trigger my own orgasm. But pissing sounds have never been my fetish and I'd been brought back far enough from the edge to just avoid cumming.

I'd never been so happy to hear someone not wash their hands after using the toilet as I was then. The other occupant of the block audibly finished up, unbolted their cubicle, and then walked straight out. I paused for a moment longer, until I heard the door to the block click shut, then I sprang into action.

Mom had her arms draped around my shoulders and her mouth still at my shoulder. I grabbed her ass in both hands and stood up, thankful that mom automatically wrapped her legs around me even in her post-orgasmic fugue. I rushed forwards then, surprisingly quickly for someone with his jeans wrapped around his knees. My cock was still buried in mom's pussy and my orgasm was still within arm's reach, so I slammed mom's back into the cubicle door, planning to fuck her against it and cum before my arm's got tired. Oh, and in under five thrusts. Maybe six. No more than ten.

That was the plan, anyway. Instead, with the sound of wood breaking, the bolt tore from the cubicle door and it burst open. I almost lost my balance, but managed to keep staggering forward until mom's back crashed into the wall of the toilet block, luckily not a part with the sink or hand dryer.

Mom let out an oof as we collided with the wall, then seemed to notice where we were: out in the part of the toilet block where anyone could walk in, not safely ensconced in the cubicle. She murmured "Oh shit" and started bucking her hips against me like a crazy person. "Hurry up," she said, "fuck me already!" I had to wonder again if mom enjoyed this risk of getting caught more than I did.

While I had no intention of getting caught, I was extraordinarily close to cumming and didn't want to carry mom back into a second cubicle just to try again. Instead I fucked her there, against the wall. Between mom's hips going crazy and my frantic bucking I don't really know how many thrusts we managed before my orgasm announced its imminent arrival. Probably less than ten.

"Mom!" I groaned.

"Oh god," mom groaned.

"I'm cumming!" I said.

"Yes!" mom said.

"Crunch" said the gravel outside.

It would have been almost comical for anyone watching. Both our eyes went wide before mom pushed herself up just as I pulled back and let her drop back onto her feet. My cock was still out, still hard, and still hadn't cum, but I didn't have time to worry about that. I all but threw myself back into the cubicle we'd just been using, and mom shoved the door shut behind me. I saw her pushing her skirt back down to her ankles as the door slammed into me. How she was going to disguise the look of someone almost caught fucking, I didn't know.

I reached for the bolt on the cubicle door but then remembered this was the door we'd just broken. At that moment I heard the toilet block's door open, and someone walk in. With no bolt I just held the cubicle door in place, praying that whoever had come in didn't try to open it too much. I heard mom give a slightly out of breath "Hi" to whoever had walked in, and a soft female voice said "Hi" back before the furthest cubicle door away creaked open then shut again.

By the sound of it mom was washing her hands. She dragged out the process, maybe not wanting to leave me alone in there. Or maybe wanting to finish what we'd started when the new occupant left.

But there's only so long one can pretend to be washing your hands, and after a couple of minutes I heard mom leave the toilet block. I considered going after her but I still had a death grip on the cubicle door, meaning my jeans were still half way down my legs and my cock was still poking out, not quite as hard as it had been but clearly pretty disgruntled. I decided to wait it out.

I didn't have to wait long. After another minute I heard the other toilet goer flush then leave their cubicle, before washing their hands and heading out. I waited for a half minute more then yanked up my underwear and pants and high tailed it out of there.

I could see mom sat in the passenger seat of my car so I stalked over and got in the driver's side. Mom didn't say anything, and I just grasped the steering wheel like someone was trying to steal it from me.

I'd been so close to cumming not once but twice, and I could feel little pulses of energy running through my cock as if to remind me that I had unfinished business down there.

"Sorry about that, hon," said mom, breaking me out of my reverie.

"It's okay," I said, hoping I didn't sound like a petulant child.

"When we get home..." mom said, raising her eyebrows. I nodded, not sure if I could wait that long.

It turned out I was right. I couldn't wait that long.

"Where are we headed?" asked mom. We'd reached the outskirts of our town but the opposite side to that which we lived. At this time on a Friday we should have just driven straight through the center of town to get home. That wasn't what I was doing.

"Scenic route," I said, giving mom a small smile. She looked suspicious, but couldn't help smiling back.

"Right..." she drawled.

In my defence the route was quite scenic in the right light. But it was now fully dark and that wasn't the right light. Half way down a quiet residential street I turned left around the side of a small school that had been closed for decades. When the school was open there had been a road leading off to a bunch of farms a mile or so behind the road. Now the schools and the farms were all deserted and the road wasn't that well known. I knew it because it was a great local place to park your car in a shady spot and not worry about being disturbed. It had certainly worked plenty of times for me and Cassie when we'd been dating and I was damn well going to make use of it now.

After a few minutes of trundling down the crumbling old street I parked up between two great oak trees towering up from the side of the road, then killed the engine. Mom looked at me, a sly smile just visible on her face in the dim light coming through the windshield, and her eyebrows raised in a question.

"Get in the back," I said.

Mom didn't need asking twice and we both rushed to undo our seatbelts and get out of our doors, then get back in through the back doors. We groped for each other in the dark and immediately pressed our lips together once we found each other. Mom's tongue was the first to make a move but we were soon making out like a pair of horny teenagers. We each had a hand on the other's back, grasping at each other. Mom's other hand was in my hair, pulling my lips to hers every time they drifted. My other hand was on mom's ass. Because I may not have mentioned this but I love my mom's ass.

After a few minutes of desperate kissing mom's hand went to my top and pulled up on it. I took the hint and leaned back to pull it off and toss it on the front seat. Then, realising it was something I should have done a while ago, I grabbed hold of the bottom of mom's jumper and pulled it up and, with a little help, over her head. It figured that the first time I got mom's top off it was all but pitch black. Still, as our lips returned to one another I made sure to get a handful of breast, squeezing it between my fingers and rubbing my thumb over the ever hardening nipple.

It all felt amazing, the kiss, one tit in my hand, the other grazing my chest. But my cock was crying out for release and mom must have realised this as she soon disentangled herself and reached down to fumble blindly with my jeans. I reached down and took over, sliding my jeans and underwear down to my ankles then kicking them off with my shoes and socks. While I was doing that I heard a zipper somewhere, which threw me for a moment since my jeans were buttoned up. But then I made out mom's silhouette moving around beside me and realised she was shedding her skirt too. The fact that we were both finally naked together would have gotten me even harder if it had been possible, but my cock had never been this hard before in my life and just had nothing else to give.

Once our clothes were shed, mom wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled me down on top of her as she lay on her back in the back seat of my car. My cock lay on her stomach, pulsing in time with my heartbeat and as we started kissing again mom reached down to grab it and started jerking me off, smearing precum from the head down over the rest of my cock as she did so.

I groaned into mom's mouth, really not sure how much longer I'd be able to hold out after the events earlier in the evening. Mom stopped kissing me and leaned around to gently nip my earlobe. She then whispered in my ear "Get that cock in my mouth."

I scrambled onto my knees and shuffled forward on them, my cock sliding up mom's torso leaving a trail of precum in its wake. I'd been aiming for her mouth, I really had. But half way there mom let

out a "Coo" of delight and I had to groan again as my cock found itself nestled between mom's tits. She put a hand on my stomach to halt my forward progress and, after an excruciating few seconds, I felt her move her large, soft breasts over my cock, wrapping it up in their warmth.

I started humping forward, the copious amounts of precum oozing from my cock making it easy to slide between mom's tits. I didn't think it could feel any better, right up until the moment that mom started meeting the tip of my cock with her swirling tongue at the top of each of my strokes.

I leant back, suddenly feeling like I was going to faint. Or just cum. Or both. I managed not to do either for a few seconds more, but having leaned back I realised my hands were level with mom's hips.

I stopped thrusting my hips. If I'd thought that would slow down the stimulation then I was sorely mistaken as mom immediately started massaging her breasts up and down around my cock, a sensation that if anything felt better than it had when I was the one doing the moving. However, my main motivation for not thrusting had less to do with avoiding my own orgasm and more to do with bringing on mom's. Without my hips throwing me off balance I could support myself on my left arm, leaving my right hand free to reach behind me and find mom's pussy.

Finding a pussy in the dark, especially at such a weird angle, always has the potential to be difficult. Fortunately mom's spread legs provided an easy path to follow straight to her prize. Even legless I probably would have been fine; mom's pussy was radiating heat like a furnace and as soon as my fingers made contact I felt just how wet she was, juices literally dripping out of her and onto the car seat.

Teasing seemed superfluous at this point, so I slid two fingers straight into mom's pussy. She gasped and started rolling her hips, fucking back against my hand as I fingered her.

Mom had stopped massaging my cock with her tits when my fingers entered her, apparently distracted by her own pleasure. I gave my hips a few experimental thrusts forward and found I could just about fuck her tits in this position without falling on my ass.

"Oh god!" moaned mom as my fingers swirled into her and my cock pistoned between her tits. "Steven!" she cried, and then her whole body started convulsing. I heard her hands beating the car seat and she let out a series of strangled yelps as she came.

I slowed my fingers, expecting her to need some time to recover, but she put a hand on my stomach and pushed me back. "Fuck me right now god dammit!" she yelled at me, her voice so thick with lust that it almost pushed me over the edge right there.

I scrambled backwards and grabbed my cock, aiming it at her pussy. We both let out long moans as I slid inside her. Her pussy was a perfect mix at that moment, so thoroughly wet that I entered her without resistance and yet still so tight that I knew I wouldn't last long. I must have paused for half a second having bottomed out in mom, far too long for her liking. She started tapping my ass with her hand and thrusting her hips up. I got the message, and started hammering my hips up and down, my cock pounding wetly into mom and my balls slapping audibly against her ass with each stroke.

I don't think either of us were counting thrusts right at that moment, and I know mom wouldn't have stopped me even if we'd gone way beyond five. Still, I'd been so turned on for so long that within ten seconds I felt the tell tale signs of my imminent orgasm. "Mom!" I managed to grunt out breathlessly. "Cumming!"

Mom started chanting "Yes" in sexy little whispers, which turned into a long hiss as my hips crashed down for the final time and my cock started to unload. I was trembling uncontrollably with the

strength of my orgasm, the repeated sexual near misses of the evening meaning that jet after jet of cum was ready to burst from my cock. Mom wrapped her arms and legs around me, pulling me against her for a deep kiss and to pull my cock even deeper inside her. Mom's soft tits and hard nipples pressed against my chest, and I reached down to grab a handful of ass even as I jerked my hips a few more times to encourage the last few spurts of cum out.

We laid there for a while, our kisses growing softer and more sporadic as we both came down from our orgasms. When we had both stopped panting like long distance runners I slowly pushed myself up. Our skin peeled away from each other, sweat covering both our bodies despite the chill outside the car. I slowly pulled my cock out of mom, feeling a dribble of cum and other fluids follow it out. My car seat was going to need a serious clean, I realised.

There was a silence in the back of the car then, both of us getting our breaths back and processing what had just happened. This had gone way beyond me graciously granting mom the use of my sperm. Despite having just had a mind blowing orgasm, mentally I wanted to collapse back down onto mom and go at it again. Physically, though, the only thing I felt up to collapsing on top of was my bed. Finally mom broke the silence and groaned "Hot damn. Can we do that again?"

I made a "Hmm" noise as if contemplating deeply. "I suppose so, for you, mom," I said.

Mom punched my shoulder, or at least tried to. In the dark she just kind of winged my arm. "Jackass," she said lightly. And then "Come on, help me find my clothes then let's get home. I think we both need a shower."

"Together?" I asked, only half joking.

Now it was mom's turn to "Hmm." Finally she said "Maybe tomorrow, fly boy. Right now I just want to get into bed." I didn't even say anything to that but mom added "To sleep in," anyway. "I don't think we'd be in bed for a while if we showered together right now," she went on.

It was difficult to disagree with that. I helped mom round up her clothes then awkwardly slipped on as many of my own as I could find in order to make myself decent. I could have leaned into the front of the car and flicked on the light up there, but it was somehow more fun to maintain the inky blackness. Eventually we both got back into the front seats and, after wiping a thick layer of condensation from the windshield, we drove home.

My bed called out to me once we arrived, but I managed to force myself into a quick wash first. Mom and I called our goodnights to one another as I walked back to my room from the bathroom, and I didn't even bother turning on my bedroom light, simply flopping onto my bed.

My last thoughts as I lay there were that mom and I were half way through our agreement now. Seven days down, and seven to go. Or, as it was difficult not to think about it, fourteen orgasms to go. My cock stirred half-heartedly at the thought of it, but I also found myself a little sad. With every session mom and I had from now on, we'd have had more times together behind us than were left to go. I again wondered what the future might bring after the two week period was up. But that's where my thoughts stopped for the evening, as sleep pulled me down into its tranquil embrace.