

Kelly 's Diary

October 5, 1999 My Boyfriend's Mom Joins In
(mf, Fm, incest, oral)

I was fourteen and so far had only had sex with one boy. What happened this day with his mom remains one of the strangest yet most incredible experiences of my life. A few people have questioned whether this really happened and frankly, I probably would also if I was in their shoes. What can I say other than it did and although I'm not sure I'd want it to happen again, it ,most likely influenced me in ways I never expected.

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**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

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Chapter 1 – Sex With Steve

I gave my virginity to Steve, the sixteen year-old brother of my friend Sharon, in the summer of 1999. By then my hormones had been raging for the past couple of years and although I had discovered the wonders of masturbation when I was twelve, once I had the real thing it seemed that I could never get enough of it! All I could think about was what he did to me the last time we were together and then fantasize about what he would do to me the next time.

Often I tell people that I “loved” Steve but just to be clear, I didn’t “love” Steve in a romantic way, not by any stretch of the imagination. Yet he was a really nice guy and always willing to take care of my needs. He always made me feel special and was there for me at a time of my life dominated by “first” without taking advantage of me. Isn’t that enough to say you “love” someone, especially when you’re only fourteen? Once we started having sex, I sort of went overboard. It seemed all I wanted from him was to satisfy my cravings, to fuck me over and over again whenever and wherever I wanted it. So far Steve was the only one boy I’d been with and my friends couldn’t understand why I wasn’t “branching out”, but as long as Steve was satisfying me, why should I look elsewhere? I knew I could count on him and I felt comfortable having sex with him. Sounded just fine to me.

My parents were great and supported me completely. In addition, being my parents they were always thinking of my well-being. For instance, they made it clear that they would much rather Steve and I fool around in my bedroom than go off and do it in the backseat of his car somewhere where God only knows might happen. Granted, the first few times I invited him to my bedroom with my parents home Steve felt a bit self-conscious (to put it mildly). It took a while but eventually he got over his shyness and became a frequent visitor. It even got to the point where I would play with his cock and even suck him while we all watched TV. We never had sex – that would have been pushing it, but I think my parents got a kick out of seeing their horny daughter and her boyfriend. No doubt it brought back memories of their time together when they were our age. I like to think that those time they disappeared into their own bedroom were inspired by me and Steve!

While Steve and I didn’t have to worry about having sex while at my house, it was completely the opposite when we were at his. We certainly had to be a LOT more discreet when we were at Steve’s home as his ultra-conservative mother was not nearly as open-minded as my parents when it came to teenage sex, especially at our age. The very idea of us having sex seemed to get her upset, so you can imagine what she might have said had we tried doing anything when she was around! Although his mom and I got along fine when I was just Sharon’s friend, it seemed that once Steve and I started dating she started making little comments about the way I dressed, especially when my shorts would ride up too high or my nipples would poke through a thin top. Once I even thought I heard her mumble something like “little slut” under her breath after she saw me in one of my more revealing cutoffs and a tiny bikini top.

Now I loved it when Steve called me his slut, but the way she said it was in a completely different tone. I’m sure all hell would have broken break loose if his mom ever found out that her supposed saint of a son was screwing his sister’s friend daily during the summer – sometimes even twice or more! What I would have loved to tell Steve, but didn’t dare, was that it would’ve been far MORE interesting to see his mom’s reaction if she knew that her daughter was jealous of me and would’ve given about anything to have her brother all to herself! Actually, it would have been just as interesting to get Steve’s reaction as well, but Sharon had sworn me to secrecy.

Once Steve and I started having sex regularly, it didn’t take long for me to learn that my favorite places to have sex were those that had an element of danger, someplace where someone might catch us (like a movie theater) or simply somewhere we weren’t suppose to do it (church was always lots of fun). Sometimes, when one of us was really extra horny, we would do it at times and places that weren’t always the smartest. For instance, not too long ago he’d fucked me in the basement of their house during one of Sharon’s slumber parties when his mom was home. His mom’s bedroom was right over us and I don’t know how she didn’t hear us but I guess her TV was on too loud. If she had decided to come downstairs and caught us it would have been all over for him – and maybe me too. Maybe it was knowing the risks that made it feel so incredible to have him fuck. All I know is I really came hard and as I did, I was looking up, wondering if she could hear me moaning.!

As you might imagine, most of the time when Steve and I wanted to mess around we simply went up to my room. It may not have been as “adventurous”, but it was convenient and always available. One day not long

after we'd started having sex at my house I "accidentally" left the door to my room open. Steve was fucking me hard in the missionary position and with the way my bed is positioned in my room it meant he was facing away from the door. As for me, I could see my dad peeking through the door as he watched us from the hallway! Thankfully Steve never saw him as I think he would have fainted on the spot!

That was the first time I caught my dad watching me having sex. It was one thing to know my parents knew what we were doing but quite another for them to watch (well, at least my dad was watching). As it was, I just winked at my dad and returned my attention to Steve's cock as he plowed me with it like a fucking machine. It was also the first time anyone had actually watched me having sex (at least, so far as I knew) and I was so turned on by it that I had a major orgasm right on the spot. The funny part was, Steve was proud of himself thinking HE was responsible but little did he know what the real reason was!

A few weeks later I finally confessed to Steve about how my parents were watching us (mostly dad did although mom had taken her turn once). To my surprise he was actually turned on by it, which was great because I certainly was! What really surprised me was a comment he made almost in passing about wishing his mom was more like my parents. I masturbated that night in bed imagining his mom watching her son as he fucked me – now THAT would be erotic! Of course, since the thought of sex with MY parents never even crossed my mind, it never occurred to me that my dad might be thinking about anything more than just watching us.

Chapter 2 – Steve's Mom and Sister

Before I paint too bad of a picture of her, Steve's mom really shouldn't be blamed completely for being the way she was. Her husband had dumped her for his young secretary which would sour about any middle-aged woman on men and sex. Steve's mom looked at least ten years younger than she was and kept herself in great shape, even better than my mom, so it was no wonder that she had become so embittered about men – and more so when it came to sexy young girls. Was she thinking I was going to "steal" her son away from her like her husband's secretary had done with him? You never know what people might be thinking. Granted, there's a huge difference between your teenage son having sex with his girlfriend and your husband committing adultery, but when it came to a mother's heart all bets were off and logic doesn't apply..

After the divorce, Sharon and Steve, along with her younger brother Jim, lived with their mom since their selfish father didn't want any kids hanging around to interfere with him and his new harlot. Steve's mother would sometimes preach about men and how they wanted nothing but sex so as a general rule, we never did anything at his house unless his mom was gone. Sharon was home sometimes but it was OK as she had sworn to be discreet and always left us alone – or so Steve thought.

Yes, Sharon had the hots for her big brother and I knew she spied on us whenever she could. As you might imagine, I never told Steve about what she did but often after Steve had fucked me Sharon and I would sit down together and discuss it. Sometimes we would get so turned on that we each would start masturbating as we imagined Steve fucking each of us. I'd never really thought much about incest in the past, most likely in part because I was an only child, but it turned me on to listen to Sharon talk about how much she wanted her brother and then to see her masturbating as she called his name... that was just HOT! I'd never met anyone before who wanted to have sex with someone in their family and while it seemed strange at first, I couldn't blame her really. If Steve had been MY brother, I probably would have felt the same.

As much as we masturbated together, neither Sharon or I ever even mentioned anything about having sex together. I certainly didn't consider myself a lesbian and other than some foolishness during a sleepover or party, I'd never even seen two girls doing it for real. Sometimes I look back at those days and wonder what would have happened if either of us had taken the initiative and made the first move? I don't think Sharon would have resisted, not from the way we'd kissed at her last slumber party! I wasn't really turned on by the thought of sex with girls yet at that age although I enjoyed masturbating with my friends. After all, it WAS a major leap going from mutual masturbation, which most girls I knew did, to lesbianism which none of my friends did (or so I thought at the time)!

In any case, Steve and I always made sure that before we fooled around in his house that his mom was definitely not going to return before we were done.

Chapter 3 – Steve's Invitation

One day Steve's mom went out to get her hair done – something that typically took three to four hours at a minimum. Sharon told Steve that she was going to be out with some friends shopping so as soon as the two of them were gone, Steve was dialing me to let me know we had the house to ourselves.

Unknown to Steve, I actually got TWO phone calls, one from Steve but another from Sharon informing me that she would really be hiding and watching us so I had to be sure Steve fucked me someplace easy to watch – like the living room or family room and not his bedroom. I was in the kitchen with my mom when they both called and she asked me what all the phone calls were about. I practically giggled I was so excited.

"It's gonna be so cool... Steve's mom is out and he wants me to come over," was all I said at first. My mom looked at me and shook her head in disbelief.

"Somehow that grin on your face tells me he didn't just ask you to come over," she teased me, "Something tells me you two have a little more planned than just talking."

My tongue licked my lips subconsciously and I just gave her a naughty look and she rolled her eyes at me the way she does whenever she can't believe something about me.

"Yeah, I figured as much.. Well have fun." Then she seemed to think for a moment and her eyes tunneled in on me again.

"OK, that was one call... so who was the second from?"

I hesitated for a moment, something she immediately picked up and now she was REALLY interested in whereas I think until I gave it away, it was more idle curiosity. I could have told her most anything had I answered right away but now she knew me well enough to figure out that it must be something more personal. Oh well, what could it hurt?

"Well, that was Sharon telling me she would be hiding at home to watch us," I blurted out, figuring best to just get it out and over with.

"Sharon? His sister?... She watches you two having sex?"

I couldn't tell for sure if she was just curious or surprised. My mom and I had never really discussed incest, except maybe in a clinical way like after something would come up in the news so I had an idea how she felt about the subject. Since we'd never talked about it, I had to assume it wasn't something she was all that interested in or maybe it was something that bothered her.

"She just watches Mom... she doesn't join in or anything like that."

"But still... does Steve know she does?"

"Heavens no!" I replied, "Trust me, he's not interested in her."

"OK, I don't see any harm... I was just wondering is all."

I kissed her on the cheek and gave her a hug. My mom was so wonderful! How many other moms would encourage their fourteen year-old daughter to go off and let their boyfriend screw them – and then say it was OK for his sister to watch?

I ran upstairs to quickly freshen up. Fortunately I'd showered earlier but my hair was a wreck so I pulled it back in a ponytail which I knew Steve liked anyway. He said it made me look even younger which seemed to help fulfill some fantasy of his. Whatever. A pair of jeans and blouse was all I decided to wear as I knew it really

didn't matter what I wore – it wouldn't be on me for long if I knew Steve!

Needless to say, I was getting hornier with each step I took over to their house. God, I couldn't wait to be fucked by Steve but to have Sharon watch us without Steve knowing just made it all the more special! I remembered the first time she had watched. I had no idea she had until afterwards when we were talking and she brought it up. At first I felt almost violated but then I realized how turned on it made her and now I loved it all the more when she watched as well. There was just something about knowing she was watching and wishing she could have what I was getting that turned me on.

Chapter 4 – Steve Fucks Me

When I arrived at their house, Steve met me at the door wearing my favorite outfit – absolutely nothing! Seeing his awesome nude body when he opened the door for me sent a chill up and down my spine. The sly grin on his face told me he'd obviously been thinking about me as well – not to mention the erection he was slowly stroking. I looked behind me at the street and wondered if anyone was watching close enough to see him nude in the doorway! Steve seemed to be thinking the same thing and he retreated back into the entranceway a bit.

"Come on Kelly! Quit wasting time... get your cute little ass in here!"

No matter how many times I'd seen and touched it, I couldn't help but stare at his swollen cock as it stood at attention. When it was hard like this it curved upward like a banana and looked like it was ready for action.

I quickly entered, closed the door behind me, and stripped right there in the entranceway as he kept stroking it, leaving my clothes in a pile at the door. So much for worrying about what to wear! Steve looked at me with his mouth hanging open. I loved it when he looked at me that way, like a starving dog with a steak in front of him.

"God you look so cute," he whispered to me in an almost reverent tone, "I love it when you wear your hair that way."

I guess between having my hair pulled back, my little boobs and short fuzzy pussy hair, I probably DID look more like twelve than fourteen. Normally that would've discouraged me since I was always embarrassed when I was naked around girls my age. Being with Steve and seeing how turned he got was really the only time I felt good about looking younger than my age. My mom tried to console me by saying that I would appreciate the family genes when I got older. Maybe so, but there were times on the beach I would've loved to have bigger boobs for the guys to stare at.

"HMMMMMM," I said back to him as I stared at his wonderful cock, "And just what have you been thinking about doing to me that made THIS happen? HMMMMMM... Just what kind of girl do you think I am?"

Steve just laughed. "I know EXACTLY what kind of girl you are Kelly. You're a naughty little slut who can never get enough of my cock so just shut up and get that little ass on the couch so I can give you what you came over here for!"

I pretended to pout at the slut comment but I knew in fact I really was one – or well on my way at least. Frankly I didn't care that people were starting to call me a slut – some even to my face. I loved sex and I didn't care if people knew it. As for the couch, it didn't matter to me where Steve fucked me, just so long as he fucked me somewhere! Besides, it should let Sharon have a great view.

We were both nude so the undressing ritual was avoided allowing us both to sit down on the couch close to each other. He put his strong arms around me and pulled me tight against his hard body. I loved the feel of my breasts pushing against his chest and I could see his hard cock standing up, waiting for me. I had one arm around his lower back and then I reached down to grab his tight wrestler ass and massaged it.

Steve was not only an athlete but he also worked on a farm during the summer. Mmmmmmm, here wasn't an ounce of fat on him. His bare butt was so warm and smooth – I loved the firm feel of it in my hands. We kissed for a while, our tongues exploring as he played with my hair and ran his hands all over me. As he ran his fingers

through my hair I shivered as a chill ran through my body. I loved it when someone played with my hair and it became literally a sexual experience when Steve did it long enough.

If we'd been at my house where I knew we had as much time as we wanted, I could've stayed beside him like that for hours. Cuddling and gentle groping is a massive turn-on for me although I knew Steve's cock had other intentions. I couldn't blame him as after all, he WAS a guy which meant he just wanted to fuck me and get it over with. It was obvious from the way his cock quivered that it was demanding attention so finally Steve sat up straight on the couch while I kneeled on the floor between his knees. Holding his wonderful dick in one hand, my other hand found its way between my legs where I could feel my soaking wet pussy craving for some attention of its own.

"That's it, suck my dick Kelly," Steve demanded, "C'mon – suck it!"

I gently licked the underside of his hard cock, teasing him as he pressed it forward to try to push it in my mouth. Then I twirled my tongue around the head several times and looked up at him.

"Mmmmmmm, you like my mouth on your cock Steve?"

He nodded vigorously and so I continued, "Tell me how it feels."

I spit on his cock to get it wetter and more slippery so it would be easier to stroke it with my hand. Taking his swollen head in my mouth, I sucked on it like it was a popsicle, letting my tongue have its way with it. Then I took him in all the way as I allowed my hand to slide off of him just as my lips reached the base of his hairy crotch. I shook my head back and forth with his cock pressing against the back of my throat. He smelled so good and with my nose buried in his pubic hair the musky odor of his crotch was overwhelming.

Steve laid his head back against the couch and groaned, "Oh god Kelly, that feels so good! Suck it more, suck my dick you fucking bitch!"

He didn't have to ask, I was more than happy to do it on my own! Using my hand and mouth, I sucked his cock like it was the last one I would ever have. My hand would stroke it on the upward movement, following my mouth as it let him escape and then stroking him downward as my mouth absorbed him again. He felt so warm in my mouth and I loved the taste of him. His crotch had a strong musky smell that was sensual and just a little dirty at the same time. His pubic hair would play against my face and forehead when I took him in my mouth, tickling me and reminding me of where my head was – buried in my boyfriend's crotch like some sort of whore!

Steve had both hands on my head, grabbing my hair and driving my head down onto him. As he got more excited his hips started to buck up against me in time with my movements as if he was trying to fuck my mouth.

"Oh fuck Kelly, don't stop! Dammit don't stop now!... Suck it... Suck my dick!"

His voice was rising and I wondered if Sharon was getting an eyeful of how good I was sucking her brother. I could imagine her playing with herself, wishing it was her name he was calling out instead of mine.

Steve was humping my face the way he likes to fuck my pussy, driving himself deeper into my mouth with each stroke. He began to pant and suddenly he lifted himself up and pushed my head down onto him hard just as a huge load of cum ejected from his cock directly into my mouth. It was hot and slimy with a salty aftertaste and I loved it better than any steak dinner. He held my head onto him as he came again and again, each time filling my mouth fuller and fuller with his sperm.

Between his cock rammed all the way in and the ever expanding load of cum, I wasn't able to hold it all in and so I loosened my lips to let some of it spill out. It dripped down off my chin and onto the couch but this wasn't the first time the poor couch had been stained by cum and it wouldn't be the last if I had anything to do with it

Steve must have been hornier than even he usually was as he unleashed even more cum into me. He gave me at least five or six full loads plus a few drops afterwards as he slowed his humping and finally settled back in the couch. He loosened his grip on my head and I was finally able to lift it up. His cock flopped from my lips and it

took several swallows to rid my mouth of his cum. Even then, a little was left so I spit it out onto his cock and stroked him with my hand, spreading his cum all over it. Finally I licked it clean again, feeling him spasm as my tongue went over the base of his sensitive cock head.

After he had come his cock had softened a little but as I licked it and kissed it I could feel the heat building again in it and it wasn't long before my sixteen year-old stud was ready to go again! I was thrilled because my pussy was literally dripping with the anticipation of having this incredible cock drilling its way into it soon. I looked him in the eyes and licked my lips slowly, slowly letting a sexy smile appear on my face. Then I slowly spoke the words that I knew he loved to hear.

"Fuck me," I whispered in a hoarse voice.

That was all, just two words but I'd found out quickly that those two words did more to turn Steve on than anything else I could say to him.

Just then I thought I heard a sound and just for a moment I was sure someone was watching us. I smiled as I pictured Sharon sneaking a peek at her brother and girlfriend doing it. Sharon told me she often masturbated while she watched us so I assumed the noises I heard were just her going at it. Steve apparently hadn't heard anything so I was glad she was enjoying the show as the best was yet to come!

As hard as it already was, I could feel Steve's cock stiffen even more when he heard me ask him to fuck me. Steve had told me early in our relationship that nothing turned a guy on like having a sexy girl beg him to fuck her. He said that guys were always dying to get in a girl's pants and for her to actually beg for it was the ultimate cock pleaser.

Steve maneuvered me on my hands and knees so he could screw me from behind doggy style. I spread my legs for him and felt his hand spreading my pussy apart. Then I felt what I'd been waiting for ever since he called me earlier – the feel of his thick cock head pressing against me, trying to penetrate me. I wanted him in me just as badly as he did so I pushed my ass back against him to help to drive his head into me. My tight pussy resisted him at first but he pushed harder and suddenly it was like I was being split apart as his cock literally forced its way into me.

I loved that first moment when a cock first violated me, when it split me apart and then rubbed up against the ultra-sensitive areas just inside my pussy hole. Whether it be his finger or his cock, Steve was always trying to push SOMETHING into me as far as he could, as if there was a prize for getting the farthest up me. The strange truth is that it's only the first inch or so of my pussy that's really sensitive. Leaving his cock head barely in me actually stimulated me more than anything. Pushing his whole cock in me gave me the satisfaction of knowing he was coupled more deeply with me, sharing more of me, and thus was more of an emotional uplifting than physical.

In all fairness, pushing in deeper into me was good in the sense that when he stroked in and out it was like a violinist taking a long stroke against the strings and thus producing more of a sustained note than a short one. Well, I guess you could say Steve played my pussy like a violin. He pressed harder and I could feel more of him entering me, filling my cunt with his stiff teenage cock.

Finally my butt was tickled by his bush of pubic hair and I felt his crotch pressed against my ass so I knew he was in all the way then. We were coupled together, joined as one using the most intimate parts of our bodies. As I said, feeling him deep in me made me feel wonderful in an emotional way, knowing Steve was literally mating me in every sense of the word. Steve reached around me and massaged my breasts as I kept one hand rubbing my pussy. He loved it when I did that because his cock could feel my pussy moving as I fingered my clit. He also knew that I loved to touch myself any chance I got plus it helped me to reach a stronger orgasm than I got with just his cock in me.

Steve was literally pounding my ass as his cock slipped in and out of me like a battering ram when once again I thought I saw someone. Damn! If Sharon wasn't careful then Steve was going to catch her and then who knows what would happen! Actually I had masturbated a number of times fantasizing about what I HOPED would happen but in real life things don't always work out the way we wish they would.

Chapter 5 – His Mom Watches Us

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman entering the room. I immediately assumed it was Sharon and for a brief second I thought my ultimate fantasy was about to come true. Suddenly a voice rang out and my heart sank as I realized I was not only wrong about it being Sharon, but completely screwed as well – and not in the way I loved it.

Evidently it was NOT Sharon that had been watching us all this time, it was Steve's MOM! She was dressed in jeans and a blouse – not all that unlike what I'd worn over actually except she had a bra on and I assumed panties as well. After taking a few steps in, she paused to just look at the scene spread out in front of her. I could only imagine what was going through her mind. How long had she been watching us anyway and why did she wait until now to make herself known?

"Alright you two, don't either of you move one muscle – stay exactly as you are!"

She sounding exactly like you would expect a mother to sound when she finds her kids misbehaving. You would think our first instinct would have been to separate and hide ourselves but the shock was so great we both froze in place. It was more than just a bit weird since it left both of us nude in front of her, Steve kneeling behind me with his hard cock buried in my wet pussy. What was most incredible was that despite the situation I could still feel my pussy throbbing around his cock. It seemed that neither his cock or my pussy could care less what was happening – they just wanted to stay together no matter what!

We both looked over to the middle of the room where his mother was standing and then I noticed that she had a camera with her! Wow! Not only were we busted, she even had proof! His mom stepped up closer and looked sternly at the two of us. I dreaded to think about what was going to happen next. What was she thinking looking at the two of us in front of her, nude and coupled tightly together in what she probably considered an act of sin?

We probably would've stayed that way all day if his mom hadn't broken the silence saying, "You know, I had a sneaky suspicion that the two of you have been up to no good lately so I parked on a side street and sneaked back into the house. Well, I've been watching you two little sex fiends for a while now and I even have pictures of everything so don't try denying it!"

All I could think was that this couldn't be happening! It was so surreal, like I was in some dream or nightmare instead of real life. Here I was, stark naked on my knees gripping her son's stiff dick with my pussy while his self-righteous mother stood just six feet away. She wasn't just standing there either – she was still taking pictures! What made it really bizarre was that Steve's cock never shrunk an inch inside me. Only a young horny teenage boy could've maintained an erection under the circumstances and Steve certainly met all the criteria. Despite his initial shock, his horny teenage cock remained hard as a steel pipe within me, oblivious to the circumstances and seemingly just happy to be where it belonged – deep in a girl's pussy. As for me, I was feeling totally confused. On the one hand, I was mortified that his mother had caught us like this. Yet on the other hand, I could still feel Steve's dick in me, fucking me like I loved to be fucked, and in my heart I still wanted him to keep going no matter who was watching!

As the standoff continued, I couldn't figure out his mom. What was she going to do? I kept waiting for the inevitable explosion but then to my utter astonishment a smile replaced the frown as she couldn't keep a straight face any longer and started to laugh.

"Oh come on you two, quit looking so scared, "she admonished us, "You kids can't possible believe I haven't known that the two of you were doing this, do you?"

Actually, we DID believe it! Steve started to protest but his mom cut him right off.

"Oh for heaven's sake Steve, everyone knew you were jerking off at the camp this summer peeking at the girls. Then at the fair your penis was about to burst from your pants anytime you were even close to her. When I

started smelling her pussy on your hands after you came home from a date you were screwing her – you really should wash up afterwards dear and Kelly, you should have warned him how sensitive a woman's sense of smell is when it came to another girl's pussy scent."

I had to admit she was right about one thing. There WAS something about the odor of a woman's pussy that was unmistakable to another woman. At home, if either my mom or I masturbated and didn't wash up good afterwards, invariably the other would notice and make a comment about it, teasing the other good-naturedly. Steve hands had been on my hips and I could feel him starting to relax his death grip on me as his mom went on. God, was she going to make this into some sort of speech?

"What I get the biggest kick out of is how unbelievably horny the two of you are," she said as if she couldn't believe what she was saying, "My god, you two fuck more than rabbits! Do you have even the slightest idea of what a pain it's been for me to have leave the house so you horny toads can have your fun? Even then, you couldn't resist doing it right under my bedroom during Sharon's slumber party." She looked at me with that self-satisfied, smug look of someone who knew a lot more than people thought she did. "Well, after THAT I knew it was time to do something about it."

Oh-oh, now we were finally going to get it. I had the sense a storm had been gathering while she spoke and now it was time for the lightning to strike us down. For the first time I actually felt a little scared but just when I thought it was all over for us, she laughed to let us know she was just teasing us again.

"Actually, what I REALLY figured was that it was time to make this easier for all of us," she went on. Then to my surprise she continued on with, "Well, just don't act like a statue Steve, get back to it boy. Finish what you started. Somehow I don't think Kelly's the type of girl who likes her guy to quit half-way. You found yourself a real slut this time, didn't you?"

Despite her comment about me, I turned back to look at Steve who now had a look of total confusion. I was actually feeling the same – what was she talking about? His mom rolled her eyes and motioned at us with her hands.

"Don't just stare at me like two idiots. I've been watching and hell, look at you – you're STILL so damn horny you haven't even split apart so c'mon Steve, show me how you like to fuck your cute little slut. I would have thought she was a little young for you though, isn't she?"

I guess the same thing the ponytail did in making me look younger to turn on Steve was having the opposite effect on his mom. I guess she didn't understand why a sixteen year-old boy would want to fuck a fourteen year-old girl, especially when she look at more like twelve when it came to her body.

Steve's face was still a bit flushed but with his cock still swollen and pressing deeply into my pussy he was obviously still horny as hell. As for myself, at our age the good ole' sex drive can override just about anything so a smile slowly came back to my face and I looked back again at Steve over my shoulder.

"Well Steve, what do you say?" I encouraged him. He looked at me like I was nuts so I said again, "You heard her, now fuck me in front of your mom!"

In reality, it didn't really matter what I said. He may have been looking like he was dazed and confused but his cock certainly knew what it wanted! Besides, I knew my boyfriend pretty good by now, at least when it came to his sex drive, and if there was one thing certain about Steve, when he was as horny as he was today he didn't think straight. Actually that was all for the good because now he was running on pure instinct – his sexual instinct. Amazingly, not even the specter of his own mother watching us could dampen his lust for my body.

Sure enough, as hard as his cock was in me I knew all he wanted was to fuck the pussy in front of him, regardless of who was watching. The speed at which the shock of his mother catching us was completely put aside was an amazing demonstration of how his sexual needs could override pretty much everything else. For me, it wasn't that I was out of control, at least not in the way he was. Actually, I was starting to think it was pretty hot that his mom was watching us! Heck, this was far better than even Sharon watching. Imagine... all this time I thought his mom was such a prude and now here she was encouraging her son to fuck me – while

she WATCHED!

Steve then seemed to ignore his mom as he resumed what could only be described as an assault on my pussy. Meanwhile, Steve's mom took a seat in a chair next to the couch and watched us, snapping pictures almost continuously. Just when I thought I couldn't get any more turned on, she spread her legs part and placed one hand on her crotch, rubbing until a visible wet spot began to show through her tight jeans (well, not as tight as mine would have been but more so than I had never seen her wear before). Her other hand was squeezing her ample breasts through her blouse and bra. She was obviously getting more than just a little horny watching her son fucking me!

Well, I really didn't care WHAT she did or HOW she thought about me so long as she let her son fuck me all I wanted. As Steve continued fucking me even more, his mom kept on rubbing herself. It was almost as if they were in sync with each other, mother and son somehow linked together in some weird sexual connection. I was never one to be quiet during sex so it was natural for me to break the silence.

"C'mon, fuck me harder Steve," I demanded, "Show your mom how hard you can fuck me!"

Steve loved for me to talk dirty during sex but then I surprised even him when I started to talk that way to his mother as well.

"Oh god he feels so big in me, so hard," I moaned as I looked her in the eyes, "God I love his cock in me! Your son fucks me soooooo good!" It shouldn't have surprised me when she responded the way she did but I was still getting use to the whole idea of his mom being there in the first place, let alone masturbating and talking to us!

"Yes Kelly, tell me how he feels," she said slowly and softly, "Mmmmmmm, tell me how his cock feels in you... tell me how it feels to have my son's cock fucking your pussy."

Not even my own mother had ever actually been up close to me when I was having sex so it was almost creepy having Steve's mom right there in front of me. Now, not only was she watching, but now she was asking me to describe how her son's cock felt in me! To make it easier I pretended to myself that it was MY mom and I was telling her after I got home tonight what it felt like to have Steve fuck me.

"He feels so big inside of me," I whispered softly, "Oh god, I can feel his dick throbbing in me... so hot."

"That's it, tell me more," she said, rubbing herself faster as I talked.

I grunted as Steve pounded my pussy. He must have been getting turned on listened to the two of us talking about him fucking me. Between breaths I tried my best to describe to her how it felt to have her teenage son fuck me, what it was like to have the boy she'd raised and nurtured shoving his stiff dick in me now that he had grown up.

"I love it when he rams it hard into me, when I feel him bang into my ass and push himself as deep inside of me as he can," I managed to gasp as I was panting now from the fucking he was giving me. "Oh yeah, he feels so warm inside of me, so big in me."

Steve must have been really getting turn-on by our talk because it didn't take long for him to reach his climax. "I'm going to cum!" he announced.

To my surprise, Steve's mom got up off the chair and knelt down on the floor next to us. Now I was feeling more than a little weird with her so close. She wasn't interested in me per se, she seemed to only care about watching her son as he fucked me and prepared to orgasm. Despite her inattention to me, it still excited me in a way I'd never felt before. Sure my parents had watched me having sex with Steve, but that had always been more voyeuristic and subtle. Now it was like we were putting on a sex show for his mom, to the point where I could almost imagine her joining in on what we were doing.

Indeed, the only way this could have been any hotter would be for her to join in but obviously THAT would never

happen! Really, it was one thing to WATCH your son fuck his girlfriend, but I couldn't imagine anything a mother wanting to do any more than that. For Steve to fuck his mom would have been as likely to happen as my dad fucking me – NOT something that would ever happen! Steve's mom was acting more like a pornographic cheerleader now than a mother. It was like she was directing us in some sort of insane a porn movie.

"That's it, fuck her Steve, cum in her for me! Make her cum Steve!" she urged him on.

Steve groaned and pushed himself tight against my ass, trying to get every possible bit of his cock into my pussy. As he thrust himself deep into me a flash of heat exploded inside of me and I could feel his cum as he unloaded it into me, almost like a warm stream was flooding the inside of my pussy. In response to his orgasm, I came myself just as soon as I felt that first load in me, moaning as my head fell back. I wiggled my ass so I could feel his cock move around inside of me.

"You like that when he cums in you, don't you?" she asked me rhetorically, "You want his cum deep inside of you. God, I can't believe you were a virgin just a few months ago. My oh my, what a little slut you've become thanks to my boy here!"

It was like she was proud of her son for taking my virginity and turning me into a slut. I managed to grin at her but I couldn't speak as my pussy convulsed involuntarily, gripping his cock and then releasing it as if I were instinctively trying to milk the cum from his dick. It was all I could do to breath as this incredible orgasm continued to run all through me. Being fucked by Steve was plenty enough to make me cum but having his own mother watch and talk to me was driving me to a new height. I wiggled my ass against his crotch, trying to make his cock move around inside of me. I could feel his thick pubic hair rubbing against my butt like a soft hair brush. I was focusing on Steve's cock in me when I heard a gasp and so I looked over at Steve's mom. She was sitting back on her butt, still rubbing herself through her jeans, the same way my mom does when she gets REALLY horny. It almost looked like she'd peed her herself from the size of the wet spot in her crotch!

"Oh my god, I can't take this any longer," his mother said, more to herself than us it seemed.

She stood up and pulled her jeans off. Despite my earlier predictions, there were no panties underneath – I shouldn't have been surprised given how fast her pussy juices had soaked through her jeans. She was a little older than my mom and not in quite as good of shape but she still looked pretty hot for her age. Her pussy was covered in thick luxurious black pubic hair which looked like it had never seen a scissors let alone a razor. Standing there in nothing but her blouse, I was amazed yet again at the incredible transformation she had made from a prudish mother to a sexy mom.

As usual, Steve's cock was staying hard in me even after cumming and he held it still in me while I let the afterglow of my orgasm slowly ebb away. We were both mesmerized at the sight of his mother stripping in front of us as she next unbuttoned her blouse. For me it was the fascination of having this woman who had always seem so uptight, so repressed suddenly let loose like some whore. For Steve it had to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for a boy to watch his mother stripping naked for him with god only knows what on her mind.

One thing about his mom, she was ALWAYS wearing a bra anytime I had ever seen her in the past, even if she was wearing a nightshirt. Today was no exception. Her impressive breasts had to be at least a DD cup. While they weren't nearly as perky as I'm sure they were in her prime, they didn't sag too terribly either. She had large nipples made even bigger by the hardness created from her earlier masturbating.

Steve loved big tits and I was always self-conscious of my little buds whenever some buxom babe was nearby and I would invariably catch him staring at her chest. He would try to comfort me by telling me that mine were perfect for cupping in his hand and sucking on but I knew from the way he was mesmerized by other girl's chests that he would have loved for me to be at least three cup sizes larger. I looked over my shoulder and sure enough, he was staring at his mom's boobs as she took off her bra. He had the same look and expression of a kid peering through the front window of a candy store. His mom also saw where his attention was focused and she cupped each boob in her hands and bounced them up and down for his benefit.

"SO..., you like your mom's boobs?"

Steve just nodded. Somehow he just wasn't quite ready to tell his own mother in words that she had great breasts. I suppose it was perfectly understandable under these conditions. I mean, what normal sixteen year-old boy COULD tell his mom that? It would be like me telling my dad he had a great cock. Although I actually HAD done that a few times, it was always just to tease him when he got hard when he shouldn't. I mean, I couldn't even imagine meaning it in a sexual way!

Steve's mom reached down between her legs and cupped her pussy, pulling up on it with her hand. She moaned softly and said, "God it feels so good to get those jeans off!" With a sigh as she ran her fingers through the thick covering of hair. Then she moved back over to the chair and sat back against the cushion.

"Well, don't stop on account of me!" she said with a nasty grin on her face. Then she finally focused her eyes on me and said, "Well little girl, do you like riding my son's cock?"

I nodded vigorously and she laughed at how fast I responded. Then she leaned forward and got more serious saying, "Then why don't you show me how you ride it when I'm not around."

I looked back at Steve who just shrugged his shoulders. If his mom wanted us to put on a show, then who was I to complain? This was a LOT different than letting my parents peek in on us when we fucked in my bedroom. Although I didn't mind them watching, at the same time I didn't feel like I was putting on a show for their benefit. I was simply letting them watch what I would be doing with or without them. NOW, however, I was doing it at her request, for her benefit. Of course I still wanted it for myself, but there was just something about it that felt different than anything else I had ever done.

My thoughts were interrupted and my heart skipped a beat when I saw her reaching for the camera and start snapping pics of us again. What was she planning to do with those photos? I guess it didn't matter, she WAS his mother so I didn't think she would do anything to hurt him with them. Nobody had EVER taken pics of me having sex, not even masturbating. Sure my dad took some of me when I wore outfits he bought for me and at times he asked me to pose as I put them on or took them off, but that wasn't SEX!

In the meantime, Steve had pulled his dick out of my pussy. As his cock withdrew I got that same feeling I always get whenever he pulled his cock out me. There was this immediate sensation of emptiness, like I was missing something that should be there but suddenly is gone. It's like my pussy was only really happy when his dick was in it which sort of makes sense when you figure that's what it was designed for.

In any case, I just knew I wanted it BACK in me as quickly as possible so I stood up and waited for Steve to get on his back. He didn't take long and he pulled a pillow off of the couch to put under his head so he could watch better what I was about to do to him. I started to straddle him but his mom interrupted.

"Turn a little to your right Steve," she said, again like she was directing some porn movie, "I want to see your cock when it goes in her."

This was certainly different! We'd never before had to worry about what position we were in so somebody could get a better view of us fucking! This was so cool! I could tell Steve was still a bit torn between his horniness for me and perhaps a little remaining shyness or even embarrassment at having his mom seeing him nude and watching him have sex. Fortunately his teenage make sex drive overwhelmed any doubts or concerns he might be having and his erection was as hard now as it had been since we started.

I got down on my knees and straddled his hips. Reaching between my legs, I grabbed his hard cock with my hand and directed it towards my waiting pussy. I rubbed the head of it against my clit and it felt like I was touching myself with a hot poker the way it made my clit explode each time it ran over it. I wiggled a little to get him between my pussy lips and all it would take now was me sitting down slightly to get him in me. I looked over at his mom who was still staring at the two of us. This would be the first time she saw Steve actually entering me close up as we had already been fucking when she first entered the room earlier.

"Ready?" I asked her. She had the camera all set and so she just nodded and smiled at us.

"Lights, camera, action!" I cried out.

OK, it was silly but I couldn't resist the temptation. I felt like I was making a porn movie or something. Once I settled down on his cock the head forcing me part, although it was easier this time as I was stretched out a little from the recent fucking. Still, I was tight enough to enjoy the feel of his cock spreading me apart. Once I was on his lap I let my weight down completely on him, pinning myself on him like I was mounted on his cock. Leaning forward, I rested my hands on his shoulders and ground my ass into his crotch, forcing his cock to swivel around inside of me like he was stirring a pot of soup with his cock – except in this case the soup was my pussy juices as I felt myself dripping down on his cock I was so wet. Finally I leaned forward to draw my ass up which pulled his cock out of me and then I dropped my ass back down to push him back in me again. I humped his cock like that slowly, reveling in the sensations it created in my pussy as his hard cock slid in and out of me.

Steve's mom was obviously enjoying the show. She had raised one leg over the arm of the chair to open up her pussy and was playing with herself while she watched me fuck her son's cock.

"That is just SOOOO hot!" she murmured, just loud enough for us to hear, "God, I can't believe this... I'm watching my own son having sex!"

I grinned at her as I knew she was getting more and more turned on as she watched.

"Like the way I ride your son's cock?" I teased her.

She answered by going from just rubbing her pussy to shoving her fingers in and out of her pussy while at the same time she started to massage her breasts. I looked down and Steve's head was turned to watch his mom, his eyes fixed on her hairy pussy while his cock pumping in and out of me like a rampaging piston. I could only imagine what was going through his sex-crazed mind at this moment. I was pretty sure that this was the first time he had seen his mother naked and not only that, she was masturbating like a schoolgirl in heat right in front of him. It must have been an incredibly erotic moment for him. It didn't hurt that she looked sexy as hell too. Fortunately for me, she was his mother or else I would have been afraid he would have wanted her instead of me. Well, even if he didn't fuck her I could tell he was getting plenty turned on by her based on the way he was taking it out on my pussy!

His mom was working her pussy now with both hands, one with her fingers working her pussy like a little cock and the other rubbing her clit in tight little circles. Her chest was heaving as she began to pant. Suddenly her hips started bucking like she was being fucked by some imaginary lover. Despite it all, her eyes never left us, fixed on where Steve's cock was appearing and then disappearing inside of me. It was as if she couldn't get enough of watching her son fucking me. She was muttering things to herself, bucking her hips as if dreaming of her husband or some other lover fucking her.

Whatever her dream was, it must have been pretty hot because suddenly she let out the loudest moan and bent over until her head touched her knee. She kept working her pussy as she moaned again and again as her orgasm overcame her. Different women react differently at these times and hers seemed to end rather abruptly compared to my mom when she came. She still had a wild look in her eye though as she straightened up and slowly touched herself.

"It's not fair," she said accusingly to me.

Chapter 5 – Steve's Mom Takes My Place

I couldn't figure out what Steve's mom was talking about and I slowed down a bit on Steve's cock while I looked at her with curiosity. I couldn't figure out what she was talking about but then she continued on.

"Don't you get it? I haven't had a decent fuck in ages but you get his cock every day," she said with a strange look on her face.

She was staring at Steve's cock now, at least when she could see it. I noticed she was subconsciously licking

her lips just slightly, her tongue just moving outside her mouth as if she didn't want anyone to see what she was doing.

Suddenly it all became so obvious to me. Wow, how could I have been so dense? I guess it must have been that the very concept was so foreign to me, so unbelievable, that the thought never even crossed my mind. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized what the real story of what was happening here was. I finally realized what this pathetic sex-starved mother wanted – or at least needed. All that was needed was someone to break the ice for her, to help relieve her of the guilt from the feeling she couldn't help but have.

I looking back down at Steve who didn't have a clue what was being communicated almost telepathically between me and his mom. Never mind he was a guy and wouldn't catch the hint if someone hit him over the head with it. After all, this was a boy who didn't even see how much his sister wanted him let alone his own mother!

I smiled at Steve in that way he knew I was about to say something wild or dangerous. "Do you REALLY want to turn me on Steve?"

He just gave me that "Duh!" look that came so natural to him. I took a deep breath as I had no idea how we would react to what I was about to say. Finally I looked at his mom and then I looked back at Steve and in a mischievous voice I said, "Mmmmmmm, fuck your mom for me Steve... I want to see you fuck your mom!"

For a moment I thought maybe I'd gone too far, even for a sex maniac like Steve. His eyes widened like the proverbial deer in the headlights. His mom heard what I said also but unlike her son's reaction, she was now looking at him with the most seductive look I'd ever seen on a woman her age with her tongue slowly and openly licking her lips. She didn't make a move though, it was as if she was waiting to see what his reaction was going to be.

I stopped my bouncing on his dick and sat on his lap, his cock throbbing in me, as we waited for his reaction. It was pretty much initially what I would have predicted.

"Huh? Are you kidding me? You want me to fuck my MOTHER?" he said incredulously, "Are you NUTS?"

"C'mon, don't tell me you've never dreamed about it before," I teased him, wiggling my ass around his dick.

"Well...", he stalled and I knew I'd hit pay dirt so I kept digging.

"Look at her," I said, grabbing his head and twisting it over to face his mom, "Can't you see how much she wants it? She wants you Steve."

"Mom?????" he almost whispered, more like a little boy lost in the mall hunting for his mommy than a sexy hunk of a teenage stud.

His mom just shrugged her shoulders as if it wasn't any big deal to her one way or another but the look on her face and the hand on her crotch said otherwise. Yep, she wanted him and she wanted him NOW.

"It's OK Steve," she said in a soft, gentle voice.

"Well, why not?" Steve said, as much to me as to his mom.

I grinned and lifted myself off of him and took a spot on the chair which his mom had just vacated. The seat was nice and warm from her bare ass sitting on it. She hesitated for a second as she approached him but seemed to regain her courage and she kneeled down next him. It was my turn to watch now as Steve's mom reached out for her son's cock, gently grabbing it for the first time and then she started to stroke it slowly.

It was an incredible sight to see him laying on his back nude at any time but now that his naked mom was kneeling over him, I thought it was the most erotic sight I'd ever seen. Her ass was pretty decent and other than a few stretch marks left over as souvenirs of her pregnancies, she looked pretty hot if I said so myself.

"I know I shouldn't be doing this," she said in a low voice, almost as if talking to herself. Then she looked at me saying, "You know, I've dreamed of holding my son's cock ever since I first watched him masturbate."

Steve's eye's opened wider at that remark, obviously this was news to him!

"Silly boy!" she laughed at him, "I know all about your magazines and yes, even the porn collection on your computer! Don't you think I know why you close the door to your room all the time?"

Steve looked at her like she was some sort of oracle exposing his life secrets as she continued, "Well, sometimes you forget to close it tight. Don't worry – I've enjoyed watching you play with yourself as you stare at those magazine girls!"

She was still stroking his cock while she was talking to him. Then she looked down at it and licked her lips.

"God it looks so good! I've been wanting a taste of this cock for a long time!"

She turned to me and in a more serious tone said, "Now Kelly, make sure you get some good shots of the first time he gets blown by his mom!"

I couldn't help but notice she emphasized the word "first" and I think even Steve caught it as well judging from the silly grin on his face. Without dwelling on it further, she began to give Steve a wicked blowjob while I snapped picture after picture of them. I hated to admit it but she was a hell of lot better cocksucker than I was. Obviously she'd had a lot more experience and I learned a lot just that one time from watching her. Steve was just groaning as she sucked and licked his cock and balls. Steve's mom looked up at him and we could both see the look of sheer ecstasy on his face.

Finally, she paused for a moment, saying, "I bet you never knew your mom could give such a good blow job!"

Steve could not even get out a reply as she once again went to work on his cock. I knew from plenty of experience that he was about to explode and started to say something but his mom recognized the signs as well and once again paused. She then stood up and leaned over on the coffee table.

"Now fuck me like you like to fuck her. Fuck me Steve...fuck your mother NOW."

Steve appeared almost dazed at this point, completely overwhelmed by everything that was going on. As she WAS his mother, he would have undoubtedly done anything she told him without question but in this case she had complete control over him. She got down on all fours and spread her legs apart for him. God I couldn't believe how hair her pussy was! It was like there was this thick bush between her legs and he had to push the hair out of the way just to see her pussy.

Moving in behind her, he guided his cock into in mother's pussy and started to stroke it in and out of her. At her age I was sure her pussy wasn't nearly as tight as mine but at the same time, she hadn't been fucked in ages according to her announcement before so maybe she had tightened up a bit. One thing was for sure though, she definitely knew how to use it! She rotated her hips around his cock and I could almost see her pussy muscles contracting against his cock. I was so turned on at the sight of seeing my boyfriend fucking his own mother that I just sat back in the chair and fingered myself gently as I watched. I smiled to myself as I realized it was now official – my stud of a boyfriend was now officially a REAL "motherfucker"!

Steve looked over at me and grinned. "I hate to say this Kelly but you need to talk to my mom about pussy technique! Oh my God! She's incredible!"

I faked a pout but kept taking pictures of them fucking. Who could blame him for getting a bit carried away under the circumstances? His mom eventually pushed him away and then she laid back on the couch. Her one leg went up to the top of the couch while the other hung over the side. Steve was looking at her like she was the first naked woman he'd ever seen! His hand was stroking his cock as he took in the sight of his own mother, naked and horny on the couch waiting for her son to fuck her some more.

She looked at him and seeing him jerking his cock she sternly said, "Now young man, don't you dare cum in your hand!"

Steve didn't have to be told everything and he recognized what his mom wanted so he got up on the couch and worked his way between her legs. Leaning over her, he slowly lowered himself down until his cock was pressing against her hairy cunt. He rubbed it up and down her slit and against her clit.

"Oh baby that feels so good," she moaned softly, "put it in me... I want your cock in me."

She reached down and practically pulled his stiff cock into her. As soon as the head was in position, Steve thrust forward and his cock was quickly swallowed up by her hairy pussy as he pushed it even harder into her. She lifted her hips up to meet his cock. It was like she couldn't get enough of him, couldn't get enough of her son's dick in her pussy that had once given him birth!

Steve was no amateur at fucking, not by any means. I was under no delusions that I was the only girl he had fucked and indeed, I was glad he had when it was my first time and at least ONE of us knew what we were doing. He would pull it almost out, teasing her at times by stopping with the tip barely inside and then suddenly thrusting him deeply back in.

Her large breasts were under Steve's face and he started to suck on her boobs for the first time since he was a small baby. His hands reached around and under her, squeezing her butt and fondling it. Steve finally had to beg his Mom to let him cum. He pulled his face away from her breasts and groaned.

"Sorry mom, can't hold back any more, I gotta cum!"

Steve tried to pull out of his mom so he wouldn't cum in her but she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him into her, forcing him even deeper into her pussy. He had no choice but to release his cum in her as he lost control. Steve's mother smiled as she felt it in her.

"That's it... Oh yeah that's what I wanted baby," she moaned, "Cum in me, cum in your mom... give it to me!"

It was an incredible sight to watch. Just imagine the scene: Here I was all of fourteen, sitting naked on the couch, masturbating while I watched my sixteen year-old boyfriend' releasing his loads of cum into his own mother's pussy. I had two fingers up my own pussy and was feeling another of my own orgasm taking hold of me as I marveled at the view in front of me. Steve's mom had her arms around Steve, pulling him down to her so his face was buried in her ample bosom.

"Oh my god," she sighed, "It's been so long since I felt that. I needed that soooooo bad!"

After a while she let go of him and he pulled out of her. As his wet and slimy cock slipped out, I couldn't help but notice that he was still hard! His mom looked at his cock and smiled as she shook her head and sat up on the couch.

"Oh to be a teenager again," she said wistfully.

She motioned to me to come over and sit down next to her. I did and she reached out to hold me in her arms. It felt a little strange since we were both nude and I'd never felt another woman's naked body against mine before other than my mom's and that was just when we were in bed sleeping together. I'd never dreamed that the next one would be my boyfriend's mom – ESPECIALLY given the way she had always acted around me!

For a brief moment I held my breath as I wondered if maybe she wanted to try something with ME. I felt torn because on one hand I knew it would be an incredibly erotic experience but on the other hand I'd never been with a woman sexually before and I was apprehensive and not just a little bit scared. As it turned out I had nothing to worry about. It was her son she wanted, not his girlfriend.

"Thank you Kelly," she said softly.

I looked up at her with a quizzical expression. She smiled at me and explained.

"If it wasn't for you getting him to fuck in our house this would have never happened. Steve has never brought anyone else home before so I was never able to watch him in action."

She hugged me tightly again and I could feel her bare full breast pressing against mine. Again I had the feeling that all I had to do was respond the right way and things could get REALLY interesting. Instead, I gave her a neutral hug and she leaned back again as she wasn't going to push it unless I made it more obvious I wanted it.

Actually, at the time I felt a bit of a relief that she was pressing the issue. I often masturbated with my cousin but we never actually touched each other. Even at sleepovers and parties we may have done some innocent kissing and mutual masturbation but nobody ever engaged in any "real" sex. The one thing I did know after this was that the idea wasn't something I was necessarily not interested in. It just would require the right circumstances.

After that she turned her attention back to Steve. It was actually like I wasn't even there at that point. It wasn't like they were trying to be lovers or anything. She didn't even try to kiss him. I couldn't help but wonder if she was just so horny from not having sex that knowing we were doing it all the time had finally overridden whatever restraint that naturally exists between a parent and a child in terms of sex. She wanted a cock so badly that eventually even her own son wasn't taboo if it meant satisfying the hunger between her legs.

I sort of knew how she felt. I hadn't been having sex for all that long but even so, if I had to go more than a few days without Steve fucking me it was like it got to where all I could think about was sex. Masturbation helped a little from a physical perspective but it didn't deal with the emotional feelings I get when a guy takes me so satisfy himself with me. I can make myself cum just as good as any guy but there is something in knowing I have what he needs and can satisfy the same burning in him that can only be experienced through actual sex.

If I felt that crazy after just a few days, I could only imagine what his mom must have been holding back inside of herself if she hadn't fucked in weeks or maybe even months or more! No wonder she was willing to let her son fuck her. The amazing to me was that she hadn't just jumped on him bed before this! Somehow I doubt that would have gone over as well with Steve though. Fucking me just seemed to make switching to his mom something natural whereas had she approached him directly it would have been more perverted than sexy.

I gathered my stuff and got dressed. Neither of them paid another bit of attention to me. I guess I could understand but yet I couldn't help but feel a little bit jealous as well. I mean, Steve could have at least pretended to want me again! In his defense, his mom wasn't giving him much of a chance as she was sucking his cock like she hadn't tasted one in years as I walked out of the house.

I returned home and later when I was with my mom I naturally told her about what happened. I was a little surprised by her immediate reaction. First, I knew I completely surprised her when I got to the part about his mom as she knew Steve's mom as well or better than I did. The idea of her even letting Steve see her naked, let alone do what they did, must have been almost unbelievable to start with. It was when I made some comment about how it was hot that he would even have sex with his own mom but yet it seemed pretty weird to me that my mom got this sudden look on her face, almost like she was disappointed in me for something. I was about to say something when she brightened up and urged me to continue. I still wondered later what it was that I'd said that had made her look that way.

POSTSCRIPT

That was the only time Steve's mom joined us or even watched us so far as I knew. Steve DID tell me that he fucked his mom a few times after that day but it certainly didn't keep him from fucking me as much as I wanted it so I didn't mind. There was once a time when I sucked him that I could have sworn I smelled a woman's wetness on him. It made me feel incredibly horny to realize that he must have had sex with his mother not that long before.

One thing that I have always been curious about, though, and that was what she did with the pictures we took. I'll never know now since they moved away a few months later, but I have a feeling they may have gotten some use more than a few times late at night when her pussy was aching for a cock to relieve her tensions. In any case, Steve and I never had a problem again getting the house free!

Oh yeah – about Sharon. Well, I learned later that she HAD been watching and it actually was her that I'd heard since her mom hadn't come back until after Steve and I had started fucking. She had seen the whole thing and was probably more shocked than any of us over it. That was all she ever said to me about it though, not even later when we masturbated together did she even mention her mom and Steve. I wondered, though, if she was still spying on them when they fucked?