

# The Morning After Mommy and I Fucked

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*Michael and his mom, Mona deal with the aftermath of their incestuous encounter.*

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Sequel to *The Night Mommy and I Fucked*

**Author's Note:** I'd truly advise you to read *The Night Mommy and I Fucked* first before reading this as this is a direct sequel to that story.

I was alone- -I woke up alone in parents' bedroom. There was no sign of my dad (thank God), but more importantly, there was no sign of my mom.

"Was it all a dream?" I questioned myself, but it couldn't have been a dream because I was lying in my parents' bed still *naked* from the waist down.

I let out a deep sigh, closing my eyes as last night's events resurfaced in the memory banks of my brain. Mom and I fucked last night. She had way too much to drink and I helping her to bed turned into us screwing each other. Reliving what happened last night made my dick stir. Looking at the clock in the room, which read, 8:15am I knew she still had to be in the house. She didn't have a job because we're set money-wise thanks to Dad and if she was going to go out somewhere she would've have woken me up to tell me. I hung my head and sulked were I sat. My feelings were a bit hurt. After what happened between us last night, why would she just take off (if she had taken off)? I found my underwear and pajama pants on the floor, putting them back on. I went to the bathroom, but coming into the hallway, the delicious aroma of cinnamon French toast filled my nostrils along the smell of bacon. I smirked realizing my earlier emotions were for not. We didn't have any cooks, so it had to be Mom making breakfast, but I called for her just to make sure.

"Mom!"

"Come down, sweetie!" She shouted back. "I just got finished making breakfast."

I was about to rush downstairs, but sudden hunger pains gripped me. I guess the sex session last night built up two kinds of appetites. Coming downstairs, I found Mom in the same place I'd found her last night; sitting at the dining room table with a glass in her hand though this glass was filled with orange juice not wine. Her soft black hair was in tight ponytail while she wore her light blue silk robe. No doubt with matching bra and panties underneath it. I made my presence know in the room and she smiled at the sight of me. I gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Morning Ma,"

She kissed my cheek as hugged me back, "Morning baby, you want some breakfast?"

"Yeah,"

"Sit down, sweetie. It's coming right up," Mom told me before going into the kitchen.

I sat down and a few minutes pasted as Mom came back into the room, putting a plate of five pieces of toast in front of me.

"Thanks, Mama."

Mom had also brought her food in with her, so sitting across the table from one another we ate breakfast . . . in silence. Normally, we'd be talking up a storm, but after last night I guess we both knew we'd have to talk about it and each of us were too embarrassed to start the awkward though needing-to-happen conversation. I truly didn't know what to say, so I waited until we were done eating, using the time to come up with something. I didn't come up with anything though, so even if I was nervous as hell, I decided to just jump right into it.

"Um . . . about last night, Ma. . ." I started, but Mom put her hand up silencing me.

"I know, Michael," She began. "I know you must be confused about it."

"About the sex part, yeah. . .but you had a lot to drink last night, so maybe Dad shouldn't find out and let's have one of those it happened, but it *never* happened things."

The words I'd just spoke to her weren't my *real* feelings on the matter, but more so what I thought Mom wanted to hear. Truly, I knew incest was wrong and nasty, but being with my mother intimately was something I most definitely wanted to do again. I also knew Mom would never go for such an idea, so nipping this entire thing in the bud was the best course of action.

"That would be the smart thing to do, Mike, but it wouldn't be I want to do." Mom replied and you can probably imagine the look on my face when I heard it.

"A drunken mind speaks a sober heart, Michael." Mom added quickly. "I'm your mother and I love you, but being honest with you, last night was something I've wanted to happen for quite a while now."

"But Dad. . ."

"Don't get more wrong, I still love your father, but as you well know he has a mistress- -a mistress called *work*."

"Yeah,"

"He provides for us, but your mom's still a woman- -a woman with needs. Since your father's been gone so much, I've watched you do everything possible to make me happy, Michael. Except for one thing . . . well you accomplished that last night."

"What're you saying to me, Ma?" I asked dumbfounded at all that had been said to me.

I knew exactly what being said to me, but the shock of it all made me ask the question. Mom just told me that she wanted me sexually and the thought of it excited me, but what sixteen year old wouldn't be shocked by his mother telling him such a thing. Mom didn't answer the question first off. She stood up and then answered me.

"I'm saying I love you, Michael, I loved what we did last night, and want to continue doing it."

I watched as she walked around the table and stood over me causing me to meet her at eye level. We stood face to face staring at one another until she took my hand in hers and started caressing it then gave it a kiss.

"Can we keep on pleasing each other, baby?" She asked sweetly.

I nodded and kissed her lips, "Yeah Ma, I'd like that."

I kissed Mom's lips a softly a few times before she began kissing me back, intensifying our lip-lock.

"I think we should head upstairs now," I said while nibbling on her earlobe while fondling her left

breast, both which excited her.

"Mmm," Ma moaned. "Yeah, let's go, baby."

Moments later, we were in my room, on my bed with our lips and tongues locked in a passionate struggle. Mom lay in my arms in her bra and panties while I was wrapped in hers in my boxers and t-shirt from last night. Playfully, I slipped a hand underneath her bra and tweaked a nipple. It perked up within seconds, becoming hard at my touch.

"You're so sexy, Ma." I whispered, my gentle kisses hitting her face and neck while traveling down to her breasts.

"Ah, you like Mama's titties huh?" She moaned, pulling off her bra causing her lush breasts to spring out before my waiting mouth.

Letting my actions speak for me, I watched as deep pleasure washed over her face as my tongue licked each of her firm, dark nipples, first licking then pumping them in and out. Last night I learned one the fastest way to turn Mom on was through her breasts which very sensitive. I began sucking on them gently then harder as I really got into it. As I closed my mouth around one nipple, my finger and thumb played with the other and vice versa. My ministrations of his fingers and tongue were driving Ma crazy with pleasure as the tone of her moans got louder and louder. Her exclamations drove me wild with excitement and I knew she could feel the throbbing of my hardening manhood on her thigh. I was having the time of my life toying with Mom's tits, but there was something naughty I wanted to do them. . .and I hoped she say yes to what I was about to propose.

I stopped sucking to fondle them a bit, "Can I fuck them, Mommy?"

She smirked, "I don't know . . . *can* you?"

In a matter of seconds, I was straddling near her chest. Mom laid my milk chocolate thickness in the center of her chest and pushed her breasts together, trapping my nine inch organ between them. She licked her hand, making sure it was good and wet before oiling up my penis with her saliva. Smiling, I began to do the same and pumped happily.

"Oh yeah, mmmm! Ohhh, Mom . . . ahhhh. . ." I purred, feeling her tightly packed breasts.

Titty fucking felt quite nice, especially when Ma's tongue touched the tip of my manhood each time it reached her lips, soon we switched positions with me on my back and my swelling pole was disappearing into Mom's mouth as she sucked me. Mom told me how bad she had wanted me and

the intense carnal fire in her eyes displayed it as she deep-throated my pipe. She took my hardness out her mouth only to place it back inside. She allowed my swollen mass past her lips. Instantly we found our rhythm as I moved his hips and she bobbed her head back and forth. Mom's dick sucking skills were on point.

"God, Dad doesn't know what he's missing." I said inwardly, licking my lips as I watched Mom suck me off and letting her tongue slither across her son's flesh.

She kept working her tongue on me, flattening it against the underside of my cock licking along the large veins. I hissed when she just sucked on the head before taking as much as she could into her mouth, sucking hard. She stopped sucking to play with my tool a bit.

She smiled at me, "Looks like *somebody's* ready to fuck."

Lying on her back, Mom slipped her panties off showing me for the second time in about nine hours to see her pretty, wet vaginal region. Without any hesitation, I pulled my boxers off and climbed on top of my mother. We kissed with hot desire as I entered her womanliness and our hips pumped with powerful passion. I didn't know how long I'd last as Mom's blowjob had me wanting to cum at the end of it, but I'd hold out as long as possible. I stroked my mother's core roughly much to her delight. After each thrust I gave her, Mom moans and high-pitched squeals grew louder than ever driving me to pound into her harder and harder causing the bed to shake with great vibration.

"Mmmmm! Oooh yes, Michael." Mom screamed. "Oh yes, yes, yes! Give me that dick . . . don't stop, baby."

"Ahh Mom . . . I'm gonna cum!" I warned. "I'm so close,"

She reached up, placing a loving hand on my face, "Cum for me, Mike. Cum for your Mommy,"

I gave Mom as many thrusts of myself as I had left before my sperm erupted from me and filled Mom's love canal.

"Awww fuck . . .!" I howled as my orgasm bathed over me.

Drained of my fluids, I collapsed into my mother's arms and just like last night we cuddled up close while whispered sweetness into my ears.

"Mmm, that was so good, baby." She said in a hushed tone. "You make Mama so happy,"

I smiled, "I'm your son . . . it's what I'm supposed to do."

"So, you're on board with us continuing this?"

"I am," I replied. "I love you, Ma."

Mom kissed my lips, "I love you too, Michael."

We began to drift off to sleep for a recharging early morning nap. A few hours later we woke up and sexed each other until we couldn't go anymore.

After our final sex session, I kissed my mother on the forehead and let her drift to sleep while thinking, "Mom's pussy is the best."

I relaxed in bed staring at the ceiling sexually sated. I didn't know how long this *thing* between mom and I was going to last, but what I *did* know was that I was going to enjoy every moment of being her fuck buddy.