Me, My Friend Bill, and His Mother -- 3

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Neal gives up all attempts to resist the temptation of his best friend's mother.

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My name is Neal – I was a rather normal sixteen year-old in the Sixties. Normal, that is, until the Saturday afternoon when my best friend's mother gave me my first blowjob and my first fuck. Yeah, I know what you're thinking: damn, dude, that must have been awesome; what a lucky SOB!

I didn't feel lucky. I grew up in a church so strict that we looked down on Southern Baptists as liberal heathens. It was bad enough that I couldn't stop masturbating, not even to avoid being damned to hell, but now I had let Mrs. Baker seduce me into committing some REALLY serious sins. Adultery. Fornication. Sodomy. Of course, maybe the worst sin was that I had promised her that I would persuade her son, Bill, my best friend, to fuck her. To fuck his own mother. How sick was that?

There I was sitting in church with my parents, singing songs and listening to Brother Morningwood's fire and brimstone sermon. Wouldn't you know it? He had chosen "The Lusts of the Flesh" as his topic for that Sunday. I felt terrible. While he was ranting on about the flames of perdition, I was thinking of Mrs. Baker's gorgeous breasts. They were the size of cantaloupes, but so soft and warm in my hands. And against my face. And in my mouth. And around my hormone-driven penis.

I felt a huge lump in my throat. Oh my god, what am I going to do now? I was sitting there on the church pew suffering from a throbbing erection, with a hymnal in my lap. About the time Brother Morningwood had finished up on inappropriate clothing and had moved on to "public bathing" (swimming), I leaned over and told my mom I had to visit the restroom. She gave me a dirty look.

I ran to the farthest stall, locked myself in and dropped my pants and underwear, freeing my erection. I muttered, "Sorry god, but it was either do it here or do it sitting next to my mother!"

I waited ten seconds to see if I would be struck with lightning. I wasn't, so I figured that god understood my predicament. I started stroking my cock furiously, thinking of Mrs. Baker's lips sliding wetly up and down my teenage cock, her wicked tongue making love to my sensitive cock head. I remembered the exquisite thrill of cumming in her mouth. Oh god, that is so filthy, shooting my semen into a harlot's mouth!

I let loose with half a dozen thick streamers of sticky semen against the stall door. I succeeding in getting all my shots within a six inch circle, which I figured was pretty good. Still no bolt of lightning.

It was Tuesday afternoon, when I was ‘scheduled’ to stop by and fuck Mrs. Baker again. I stepped off the school bus to walk the five blocks home. After walking one block, I came to Mrs. Baker’s house. I stopped and stared at her front door. I dreaded this moment. It had taken me two days of tears and prayers, but I had decided to tell Mrs. Baker our deal was off. I wasn’t going to have sex with her any more. I marched up to the door and knocked. My hope that she was not at home gave way to disappointment as the door opened.

“Oh, hi, Neal. Come on in. I just made a pitcher of lemonade.”

I stammered something, and stepped in. Mrs. Baker was dressed in a fur coat, which surprised me as the weather was still too warm for a heavy coat. She saw me staring at it.

“Oh! Yes, the coat. It’s a birthday present from my husband Tom. I was just trying it on. Do you like it?”

“Yes. It’s beautiful. Uhh, Mrs. Baker, I just came by to tell you that I can’t…”

“Feel the coat, Neal. It’s fox fur. It feels so soft. Go ahead, Neal, feel it. And call me Betty.”

I ran my free hand over the proffered sleeve. It was incredibly soft.

“Mmm… Betty, the coat feels neat. I never felt anything like it before. But I can’t stay. I’ve decided that I don’t want to…”

Her hand softly stroked my cheek.

“I know, Neal. Poor boy, you’re having seconds thoughts, aren’t you. I understand. It was rather mean of me seducing you Saturday. I took advantage of you, I admit.”

“You understand? That’s great Betty. Thanks.”

“Think nothing of it, baby. I’m glad you like the coat. I’ll bet you really like what I’m wearing under it.”

She opened the coat and let it slip to the floor. Underneath, she was wearing a negligee so thin and sheer I could see right through it. Under the negligee, she was stark raving naked. She wiggled her

torso, causing her luscious boobs to sway seductively from side to side. She had trimmed her pussy, just like the girls in Playboy.

Two minutes later, we were in the ‘den’ up in the attic. She was attacking my belt and pants button while I fought with my shirt. I tripped and fell on the folding bed; I noticed someone had put clean sheets and a couple of pillows on it. She was trying to pull off my pants over my shoes. My rigid, stupid, traitorous cock was waving around in the air. The pants popped off and I felt her hand grasp my penis. A flash of erotic energy galvanized my entire body. Her breasts pressed against my arm and chest, her lips were in my neck.

“I’m sorry for changing your plans, Neal, baby, but you know you need me as much as I need you. A good-looking young man your age NEEDS sex. You know you need it. And I need to give it to you. Not many teenagers get this lucky, Neal. Don’t throw away the chance to play with my breasts, and fuck my hot wet pussy, and get your lovely dick sucked. I’m sure god will understand, baby. You need this so bad, don’t you?

I strangled out the word, yes, and rolled her over on her back. In a flash, I was on top of her, between her thighs. She lifted her legs and spread them wide for me. Her hand guided my erection to her pussy lips and I shoved. With no friction at all, just a buttery smooth sense of lubrication, my cock was instantly buried deep inside her pussy. My cock head rammed into the far wall of her vagina, and she let out a sudden groan as I drove the air from her lungs. My balls slapped hard against her ass. My body froze up and then began shuddering uncontrollably.

“OH! Oh! My, you certainly DO need this, don’t you Neal? God you feel so fucking good inside me! Your cock is the thickest I’ve ever had! I haven’t felt my pussy get this stretched since my honeymoon with Tom. Now fuck me, Neal. Fuck me as hard and fast as you want. Go ahead… Neal? What’s the matter, baby? You’re not fucking…”

“Uhh, mmm, well… Betty, I already came. I’m sorry… I lost control and…”

Mrs. Baker let out a gentle melodic laugh and kissed me on my nose. Her legs bent and her heels pressed against my ass, pinning me against her.

“Oh you sweet boy! That’s perfectly okay. But you’re still hard, yes? You still feel hard to me. And yes, now that you mention it, I do seem to feel my vagina rather full and warm. And it’s dripping down the crack in my ass, too. God, you must have dumped a pint of it inside me. Yummy. Don’t worry about ejaculating so fast, Neal, I’m sure you got lots more to give me. Tell me, how often do you masturbate?”

I struggled to catch my breath, and got up on my elbows to take some of my weight off her.

“About five or six times a day. Usually three times after I go to bed. Sometimes once in the middle of the night. Once again in the morning when I take a shower. And then a couple of times after I get home from school. And Sunday, I masturbated once in the church restroom.”

She laughed again, louder this time.

“That’s just too precious, Neal. Were you thinking of me when you did it at church?”

“Yes. I couldn’t stop thinking of you and got a hardon during the sermon. Say, I’ve got a question. When I slid my dick into you just now, you were already super slippery. It caught me by surprise.”

“Yes. There’s a new product at the drugstore, KY Jelly. It’s a lubricant for women, to make their pussies wet and slick. I put a bunch of it inside my vagina before you arrived. Did it feel good?”

“Oh god YES, Betty. It felt awesome. I guess we’ve committed fornication and adultery again.”

“Oh, Neal, don’t look so sad. You need to relax and enjoy this. Surrender. Think of me as your sex education teacher. You know, one day when you’re as old as my husband, you won’t think, gee, I wish I hadn’t had so much sex when I was a teenager. No. You’ll wish you had taken advantage of all the opportunities you had to get more pussy. And I want to give you those opportunities, Neal. It makes me so horny when I fantasize about all the ways I want to make you cum.”

“Hunh? You masturbate thinking of me?”

“Of course I do, Neal. For the last three nights, I dreamed of having your dick, and my son’s dick in my hands – taking turns licking them and sucking them – feeling the two of you cum in my mouth over and over again. It made me so hot I had to finger fuck my horny pussy over and over again.”

“Wow, Betty. That’s terrific! Nobody ever had wet dreams of me before. But I got to tell you, I don’t know how to get Bill to fuck you.”

“That’s okay. That’s what our Tuesdays are for, to think of how we can arrange it. Because I just HAVE to feel my son’s cock spurting cum inside my mouth and my pussy, Neal. I HAVE to. So tell me, what do you and Bill and Mark do up here on Saturdays?”

I wriggled a bit and thrust myself into Mrs. Baker a couple of times to see if I was fully erect. She twitched and groaned softly. Yep, I was.

“Uhh… well, we sit on the couch and the bed and take our pants off. Then we look at the pictures in Playboy, and get ourselves hard. We watch ourselves stroke our cocks and we describe what we want to do to the naked women in Playboy. Once we had a contest to see who could shoot their cum the farthest. I won. After we each cum at least once, we get out the dirty paperbacks and read the best parts out loud.”

Mrs. Baker clamped her vagina around my cock, making me jump.

“Mmmm, that is so hot. I wish I could be a fly on the wall and watch you three! Does Bill have any favorite books?”

“He likes the books about hippies having orgies. And he likes the one where the high school jock gets to fuck all the cheerleaders and his favorite teacher.”

“Mmmm. Does he like the book I bought? The one where the mother fucks all three of her teenage sons?”

“I don’t think he’s seen that one yet.”

“Well, why don’t you read that one out loud next Saturday. See if it turns him on as much as it turned me on.”

The memory of reading part of that book made my dick throb, and I thrust into Mrs. Baker’s pussy again. She groaned and clamped down on my dick again.

“Yes, Neal. Read that one out loud. Oh my god, I want him to see me as a sexual woman, and put his cock in me like yours is right now. Neal? Pretend you’re Bill. Call me ‘mom’. Start fucking me.”

“Uhh… okay, Betty. I mean, mom.”

“Bill, do you think I’m sexy? Do you want to fuck me, Bill? Even though I'm your mother?”

I started stroking my cock in and out of her tight and VERY lubricated pussy. It felt fantastic! I couldn't think of what to say at first, then I remembered some of the really BAD dialogue from Betty's favorite porn paperback.

“Yes, mom. You’re the sexiest woman in the world. I want to fuck your pussy so much! I want my big hard cock deep inside my mother's slutty cunt! Can I cum inside you, mom? Please? I want to shoot

my sperm inside you!"

I guess it worked, because Betty arched her back and groaned like she was in pain. Her legs locked around me so tightly I could barely breath. Her pelvis thrust upwards to me, and I hammered my cock into her at the same rhythm. Her eyes rolled up in her head and between ragged gasps, she muttered things like, "Yes, Bill! ... Oh god, Bill! ... Fuck me baby! ... Fuck mommy! ..."

Listening to that, it was easy to imagine that I WAS Bill, and Betty really was my mother. This was SO fucking erotic! The very idea! I had fornicated and committed sodomy! Now I was committing incest -- sort of. Betty took that moment to let out a long mournful wail, as her vagina walls clamped down on my thrusting cock.

Seconds later, I was filling Betty's pussy with a great deal of cum. It was heaven. There is just nothing -- NOTHING -- like the experience of seeing Betty naked, and watching her have multiple orgasms while I'm ejaculating inside her pussy. We did it once more, and I thanked her and went home.

For really the first time, I truly understood why sex was so sinful. And for the first time, I didn't feel guilt or shame. I felt good. Really good and proud of myself.

It was Saturday afternoon, and I was walking up the stairs with Bill and Mark, all three of us grinning like clowns in anticipation of the sex we were going to have.

We dropped our blue jeans. Out with the Playboys, and several other lesser quality "girlie" magazines. Onto the bed, the squeaking of the springs playing counterpoint to the flipping of pages. Hands discretely massaging erections inside our underwear. The occasional "Wow! Check her out!" And then the first "gangbang chick", what we called a picture sexy enough to inspire all three of us to display our erections and start masturbating. The quiet mutterings about her tits, her ass, her pussy, words intended to throw kerosene on our erotic bonfire. More muttering about what we wanted to do with her.

And then one of us would groan, "ohhh shit...", and streamers of semen would shoot out onto the shabby blanket covering the bed. Within seconds, we were all cumming, often with our hips thrust forward, as if to show off to the other guys how much jizm we were ejaculating.

Dicks back in our underwear. Get off the bed and wander over to the bookshelf. Talk about something other than what we just did so it wouldn't look like we enjoyed it TOO much. That would be queer.

I was looking for a particular Playboy, and I found it. And the paperback book of the mother and her three sons. I took them back to the bed and began flipping through the Playboy. We regrouped for round two.

Bill looked down at the book and saw the salacious title, "Mamma Seduces Her Sexy Sons". And at that instant, I opened the Playboy to the naked pictures of the model who looked so much like Betty. Mark was the first one to notice the resemblance.

"Holy shit, Bill, that looks just like your mother! God, she is HOT!"

Mark was already taking his penis out and stroking it to full erection. So, I did the same.

"Damn, Bill, Mark's right! She even has the same hairdo as your mother. And look at what I found." I showed them the paperback, showing a line drawing on the cover of a naked adult woman playing with the stiff cocks of three teenage boys.

I said, "Man, just think of it! Bill's mother is the Playboy model, and we're her three sons, just like on the cover of this book. And we all get to fuck her!"

At that point, Mark and I were stroking our cocks. Bill was turning the pages of the Playboy, looking at all the related pictures. I kept saying like, "See Bill? She looks just like your mom! That one too! Wow, look at her spread her legs! Check out her pussy! Just imagine that's your mother's pussy, Bill!"

Mark said, "Yeah Bill, you think your mom would spread her legs for us? Let us see her pussy? That would be so fucking hot!"

Bill didn't seem to know what to do for a minute. He stared at the pictures, he stared at us stroking our meat. Then something went off in face, and I could tell he had made an internal decision. He pulled his erection out and grinned up at us.

He said, "Yeah, you guys really think my mom is that hot? Really?"

I assured him that I would fuck his mother in a minute. Mark agreed.

Bill said, "Yeah, if my mom got naked like that, I'd fuck her, too. You know, her tits are just as sexy as that girl's -- I've seen them."

Mark never skipped a stroke. "No shit? You've seen your mom's tits?"

"Oh sure. I peeked into her bedroom once. Man, it would be so awesome to get my hands on those big round cantaloupes.

I said, "Yeah, and you know what would really be fun? To watch each other fuck Mrs. Baker! She'd lay here on this bed, naked, her legs spread wide, and we'd be naked too! And we'd take turns fucking her! I would really love to see Bill fucking his mother. Wouldn't you, Mark?"

Mark said, "You bet I would! God, that's so horny! Seeing Bill fucking his own mother! Ohhhh shit! ..."

And Mark was spewing cum on the blanket. And then I was shooting big white streamers.

And Bill grit his teeth, half closed his eyes, and stroked faster and faster.

"That's it Bill," I whispered out loud, "fuck your mother! Fuck her hot delicious cunt with your big hard dick! Fuck her, Bill!"

And he shot off so hard, the ribbons of semen missed the bed entirely and landed all over the hook rug, five feet away. It was awesome!

After that, we started reading out loud from the porn paperbacks. I started first, with "Momma Seduces Her Sexy Sons", and we never did read anything from any of the other books. We each jacked off two or three times to the story of a slutty, sex-crazed woman, who wanted to fuck and suck all three of her teenaged sons, and be their cock-whore. Bill really got into it.

It was then I knew that I had him. Bill only needed a little more encouragement. Soon, his mother would be fucking him. I hoped I could be there and watch her do it.

Two hours later, as I was walking to my house, itemizing all the lovely sins I had committed that day, I revised that final wish.

I hoped I could be there with Bill and his mother, and watch her fuck both of us.