

## A motherly reward

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My name is pushpa and I am the mother of three children. I am normal Indian housewife and I belong to the middle class background. My husband works in the education department. Though I am quite educated but I had to stay home to take care of my children. I have two lovely fair skinned daughters and a handsome son. My son is the eldest of them. In fact I bore him when I was 21 so now when he is 17 I am just 38 years of age. I love my family and we are a happy family only one strange fact is there that the father of my youngest daughter is in fact my own son. he hit me when I he was 16 and then I had pregnancy due to him. Believe it or not but now we live as husband and wife. To know how it happened, read on my real story.

As my husband was a government employee, he often had to go on outstation tours. Earlier my son used to study in boarding but then we withdrew him to take care of the home in absence of his father. In fact when he was 18, he passed his 10th class with very good marks and we decided to have a party at home. We had a good time and all the guests left the home by eleven at night. Now, my son, rinku, was helping me clean the home along with my 14 year old daughter Shipra. We soon arranged everything neatly and then Shipra said that she wants to sleep. She went and started snoring in her room. I also went and quickly changed into my old pink cotton nigh tie with prints of flowers on it. My son rinku was still in the living room. I came out of the bedroom wearing my nigh tie and just panties under it. I was feeling very tired and due to that my nipples had become erect somehow as I could feel them making small tents in my nigh tie. My son looked at me and asked me to sit besides him.

He kissed me lightly on the cheek and said ,” I love you ma, thanks for such a nice party”

”I love you too beta, you can have anything you want from maami. I am always here for my bright son” I kissed him backing saying this.

Then he leapt across and took me in his arms hugging me and pressing against me. I thought he was getting emotional with his mommy but soon I realized it was something else. He was rubbing my back near the flesh of my hips. I got a tingling in my body as he did this is circular motion. his head was rested on my shoulder while his chest pressed on me. I was sure that he could feel my erect nipples digging into his skin through my nigh tie. I was surprised as he pushed his hand down my bottom so that I was now sitting on his hands while he rubbed my buttocks slowly. Suddenly I felt what was I doing and how did I let him do that then for another second I thought he is just doing it under some emotion. But I was wrong. I felt my thigh hitting his huge erection. O my god, my son a big penis. How could he have that big demon inside. Was he

hitting on me, his mother. no it can't be, my own son, lusting after me and feeling me. I withdrew from him in a moment and asked him

"What are you doing rinku?"

"o mommi, I love you so much and feel so attached to you" he gave me an emotional reply holding my hand.

"beta, I love you too but you are also my son and such things don't happen between a mother and a son." I replied withdrawing from him.

"No mommi, I love so much that I worship you and I worship your body too mother. There is no woman on earth as beautiful and sensuous as you. Please, mommy let me take care of you. let me tell you how beautiful you really are!" he said moving on to my front and hugging me once again.

I was feeling a bit uneasy by all this .what could my son want from me at this age. After all I am his mother and I bore him. I loved him too and dint wants him to feel bad about it. I asked with a little patience, "what do you want from your mommy rinku"

"o mother! I love you so much. can I feel your body? Will you let me see your sensuous body? mother, you are my goddess, I worship you. I want to worship and feel your body with my hands. please mother", he begged me as hugged me from the waist.

"ok son, don't feel bad. I just want you to be happy. that's all. Ok I will show you my old used body but just touching, ok. If you try to go beyond then the show is over" I felt a little kinky like a slut about to show off her body.

"o mommy, let me remove your clothes" he quickly put his hands under the hem of my gown and pulled it over my head. now I was just wearing my cotton panties. I covered my big boobies out of shame in front of my son. he quickly reached and removed my hands while I was just looking down.

"holy Shiva, o mother! You have the biggest boobies that I have ever seen. And just look at that big areola. Mammy, you have the longest nipples in the entire world. Can I touch them mommu", he said as he rubbed his hands on my belly. he used to call me mommu instead of mommy sometimes and I loved it.

"go ahead my son. Touch them and feel them with your hands. Remember you used to feed on them not long ago. take them in your hands my son", he cupped my humongous chuchies (boobs) and squeezed them.

"o mother! shipra has just taken your body but even her chuchies are not that soft and spongy. Will you let me suck from your unusually long nipples? Will

you breastfeed your hungry grown-up son, mommu” he said while kissing me on my neck. I was surprised to hear that he even played with my daughter and was comparing me to her.

“yes my son, see if there is any milk left for you.” As soon as he heard me say this, he quickly latched on to my melons and took the nipple of my left chucky in his mouth while he played with my right nipple nibbling it with his fingers. He even tries to take half of my boob in his mouth as if he was trying to eat it like a cake. He started biting my flesh with his teeth lapping his tongue all around my areola. My choot (pussy) was getting wet and I could feel the juice in my panty. A spot appeared on them now. while he mercilessly ate my chuchies switching them in between. His hands were now rubbing my ass over the white cotton panty.

“Shiva, Shiva! what are you doing my son? This is so wrong yet it feels so good. Please stop now otherwise I won’t have any control and we might cross the limits.” His hands had gone inside my panty now and were moving to the front ever so slowly.

“no beta no, main tumhari maan hun.ye tum kya kar rahe ho. Ye galat hai. Uffffff mere bude badan main kya rakha hai beta” now he left my nipple and placed his head on the slit of my breasts and started licking the slit. He just lapped his tongue there licking the sides of my milk jugs while his hands had reached over my choot (puss) and he was slightly pressing my pubes with the palm. I felt that some juices had started leaking from my horny choot but they were absorbed by my pubes so probably he was just seconds away to touch them. I was on fire too but then he was my son. I regained morality and asked him to stop.

“beta, my dear rinku beta. I love you too but this is no way to show your love to your mother. In fact now we have already exceeded the limits. No one ever touches his mother in her private parts. We have to stop this very instant. O my god, rinku what r u doing .no no .please stop it” he put his thumbs at the side of my old white cotton panty which was so wet now and pulled it down my knees in no time . he was now rubbing his hands on my choot from behind.

“no mommu, you know how much I love you. I just can’t stop now. I want to prove my love to you. With these melons hanging down, how can you expect me to stop? o mother, you are the most beautiful of all women that I have seen and known. You pearl white skin and you large pinkish brown areolas are making me crazy. I don’t know what to do mommu, just need to feel you mother. Please don’t stop me now” he almost gave a few bites on my chuchies now heaving with passion and love. Then his hands caressed my velvety chootar (ass) and his finger went in my choot a little deep. An electric current went in my body as my son touched his mother’s pussy for the first time. A lot of pussy juice ran down his hand and he started to finger fuck me.

“what are you doing with me rinku? Leave me this very moment otherwise I will loose control. Think of your father. How can you do this with your mother? Let me go rinku” I implored him hanging my lust in the form of caution but deep inside I was loving all this.

He soon started fucking me with two fingers. My pussy was leaking a lot of juices and the sounds of phuch phuch phuch phuch started coming from my pussy making me all the more horny. I wanted him. I wanted my son now. I was a woman blinded with lust and consumed in passion to think of anything else. What if he was my own son and I had given him birth from the same cunt. I became silent now towards him resisting me and let him have a go. He probably knew that my pussy was enjoying and he turned me around and went on his knees to get a whiff of his mother’s fat pussy. The first thing he did was that he smelled the pussy nice and long before teasing it with his nose and finally lapping up his birthplace with his tongue almost biting my clit while he slapped my chootar with his hands.

“o rinku, my baby, what are doing to mommy. are you going to kill me? no son no. this is incest. we can’t do it. we will rout in hell for doing this forbidden thing. Stop it now otherwise I am gone .” he looked up at me and then took my hand and drove me to my kingside bed where his father had taken my cherry and lay me down on my back. He reached my feet and took them in his hands and started kissing my toes.

“Mother let me show you what heaven can be. I know this is wrong and mother is the holiest of all but then you are my mother and all I want to do is to make you mine. I want to enter the same body I came from. I want to fuse into you and make us one forever. Let this unison be the token of my gratitude for bringing me into this world mother. I want to kiss each and every part of your, I mean mine, body.” Then he kissed on my claves and his tongue reached the back of my fleshy thighs and further up he took some bites of my ass before finally finding my mound and he inserted his big tongue into my lower lips white parting the well grown tuft of my pubes. My sucked on my pussy and I was beginning to get delirious. Still, at the back of my mind, I was fighting the taboo inside. How could I let him do it? he is my own flesh and blood. But slowly my thoughts were melting away with the juices oozing out of my hairy choot. he stopped for a second and looked me in the eye and said,

“thank you for letting me know my real mother. Thanks for showing me that wonderful choot of yours which was my birthplace. O mother you look a creature of heaven, a pari, there lying down naked before me. This is what I never thought would happen. I hope I am not living in a dream. O mommu, can I kiss you now.”

I was far too gone to let reason prevail over my sensory enjoyment. I thought

let me just forget that he is my son and let him have whatever he wants. I replied in a seductive and hoarse voice,

I don't know what to say my son. You are saying that your old mother's body reminds you of angels. I hope that you are not lying to your stupid mommy. I don't know what to do now. I know it's wrong between a mother and a son but what can I do. I really love you my son and I would just do anything to please you. After all, taking care of the son is the duty of the mother. What if I go a step ahead and give you more intimacy. I think it is the duty of every mother in the world to make her children feel happy. That's what I am going to do now, my son. let's not call it incest since we very much love each other. It's just that we are crossing some physical boundaries. I know you love me but this unique way of showing your love is making me go crazy. Come my child, don't waste time now. Kiss the mouth that gave you guidance and come closer now beta.

Saying this I bit my lip and he quickly pounced on my mouth and our tongues started twirling and colliding with each other. We almost had a breathless kiss which we probably didn't break for more than fifteen minutes. In the meanwhile my son had ravished and mauled my melons like anything. they were painted red with my blue veins clearly showing through the whiteness of my heavy chuchies. he pressed them, nibbled at my teats with his fingers and pulled my nipples to the farthest point and then released them making them erect like two little cocks. He also took great pleasure in fingering my pussy. He was even pulling my daana (clit) some time while fucking my hairy twat with two fingers. I was in seventh heaven while kissing him and hugged him close, he was really trying to get inside my mouth. what a kiss it was. So what it was with my son. I was still his mother and I was showing all my maternity (mamtaa) by letting him do it. What I didn't realize that soon it would lead to something more sinister. He released his mother's well sucked mouth with her lipstick smeared to the side of her lips making her look like a real cheap slut.

"mother, o my sweet mother. I owe my life to you. You have given me the real kiss of the goddess today. I am your slave. just order me what you want me to do for you. My god your chuchies are really amazing and they are the best pair of tits in the world. I can never get over playing with them. I want to bury myself there. You kill me with those boobies mommy. I m just too spellbound to do anything now."

He said with his face turning red with passion and desire.

"I know how much you like my chuchies, son. As I child you used to suckle them for hours. I continued feeding you till you were in 5th class, remember! I had to discontinue as your father disapproved of it in public .but for another year, I remember you used to suckle them everyday. You kept me always full of milk. but now you are using them for pleasure. you know chinu, it's due to

you that my nipples have become that long, u used to pull them and chew them like a bubblegum. Until your sixth class I never wore a bra at home because you had to remove it and it made it problematic since you were restless. it is due to you that they became big and round .look at you, you are mommy's naughty little teenage plaything. Aren't you." I teased him.

"yes I am and you know what you are. You are my melon mommy. With these chuchies I think you should be called just 'melony'", I saw the kinky side when I realized my son was talking dirty to me. I went ahead and said,

"beta, you didn't say a word about my phudi, come on say", he was surprised when I said puss to him and came back with a reply.

"that's not your choot mommu, that's mine too .since I came out of this sexy watery hole some 16 years ago. O momma, I just love you and your momma too. I love each and every organ of your sexy body mommu. You are mine." and he started kissing me all over again. this was not any normal kiss but this time he was literally biting me with his teeth. I could see his reddish teeth marks on my thighs, breast, and navel and everywhere in my body. God, can anyone be so crazy about his mother. I was red burning hot inside with all lust and now wanted to cross all earthly limits and free him from the thought that I am his mother. So I took a bold step when I said,

"beta! o my rinku! You are making me go mad with all this. There is no going back now. You have inflamed my passions beyond limits now and I am totally consumed in lust now. I feel like a goddess offering my body as a sacrifice on the alter of love. Remember son, it's just love what we are making here. You should not call it incest. My womb was really blessed to bear you son. I am so happy. Now you can do with me now all you ever wanted to do to a woman. Would you like to cross the final frontier now my son. now come here and don't waste any time."

I said as I released his clothes. he was wearing a sky blue VIP frenchie inside and his tool was shaping there. He had a hairy body and probably the hair of my pussy had the same DNA. I quickly removed his underwear too and it sprang like a cobra .it was not particularly long or thick but it was just a cock a teenager would normally have and it was very erect too. I took it in my hand and I stroked it a little. some pre-cum was already oozing from the eye of the cock. I was shaking the cock of my own son. What a slut I was, I thought. He put his mouth again on my fleshy chuchies and took one in his mouth right unto its areola. I was going crazy in my head and I was sweating already. I felt his cock much too erect and I wanted it desperately. Shiva, I wanted my own son's cock. I wanted him to do it. o my god, what a slut I have been seducing my own son. I was committing a sin and there was no going back. in a few seconds I felt his hands rest on my fleshy white chootar and he was bringing his lund close to my choot. He touched my pussy lips with his phallus and kept

is there for a moment. I opened my eyes and looked at him. His eyes were full of love melting into lust as if he wanted to fuse into me .he just kept looking at me and then I couldn't bear it any longer. I pulled his face on mine and kissed him while he held me by my naked waist and entered his cock into my forbidden hole. I kept looking into her eyes. In a second, I had changed from a mother to a lover. My own son's cock probed further into my labia entering a forbidden zone. I opened my legs more as I felt the ecstasy of incest run shivers through my body. My god, my own son inside my vagina. now he started stroking me giving me powerful thrusts in between while mercilessly mauling my chuchies nearly came on his cock but he kept giving me orgasm after orgasm while our mouths were locked in filial love and ecstasy. I felt his tongue reach unto the base of my throat my god, he was humping me, fucking me, making love to his very own biological mother. I was mad with lust now and I started screaming loudly,

“o shit, what the hell is happening to me? o my god, Shiva, Krishna, my son is fucking me, he is fucking his mother. Help me lord. Forgive me. I am just doing my duty of making my child happy fuck chinu ”

“o mother, my heavenly mother, my real mother, I love you and I need you for all eternity. I am the luckiest son to do it with my own sexy momma. Do you have any idea of the sexiness of your chuchies and that fluffy little choot. How come you are so tight mommu when you had three children” he asked me while pinching both my nipples.

“I guess I saved it for you son. You have got the hardest Lund in the world. Do you like it in my choot son. and how does my chuchies taste. Tell me” I rubbed his bare back as he lay on me in a tight embrace. Then our bodies entwined as if trying to become one and reverse the process of evolution. His skin was just as fair as mine and he stroked me harder now, showing his mother all the love he had.

“o mommu, your chuchies just taste like buttermilk. And your choot is my gateway to heaven. Even my sushma maasi cannot equal you. You have the most fascinating pair of sexy titties in the world. To make love to you is beyond my wildest dreams. I never thought that I would taste heaven in you. You are my dream girl and I love you.”

“now stop talking and suck your old momma's titties” I said as he once again fucked me like a strong bull. This was probably his first fuck and he made the best out of it. Soon he could not control it and shot his wad in my fiery pit where he was born. I had an extreme orgasm too and I think I just fainted. The whole night we slept on each other with his limp cock in my pussy all night. I got up in the morning and went to kitchen to make some breakfast. I was feeling very guilty about the night. Then my son came out in the morning, touched my feet and sat down on the chair on dining table.

“hi mommu darling! Now that we have made love, let’s take our relationship to a new level.”

“what do mean son”

he got up and he came near me. he put his hand in my gown and reached my waist and started caressing my bum and pubic region.

“mommu love, you know what we did was meant only for husband and wife and we are mother and son ” now his hands reached up and grabbed my melons and he started pinching my nipples with his fingers while kissing my neckline while his erect cock was touching my pussy lips from behind.

“mmmmm .hmmmmmmm aaahh chinuu ..waht mmm do u mean mmmmmmm”

“I mean my big titted mommujaan my lovely fuck lady my cumslut, my pissy pussy mommy queen my anal whore, my rani, my pallu, my teenu, my parul, my ritu, my rishu, my stuti, my sapna, my rekha, my jyoti, my meenu, my neelam, my sushma, my housing borad waali raani maasi my maasi cum wife cum mommy, I mean lets get married my mommy”

“you have already taken my sheel (chastity) son, now I will do what you say.

Then he jumped in joy. He arranged for the wedding and it was kept secret and it took place in another city. Nobody suspected us of being mother and son. He tied his mangalsutra on my neck and people threw flowers at us. We came back only to find the room decorated with flowers and perfumes.

What a night it was. My own son had married his mother. A few years ago I married his father and then brought his into this world and now he has married me even when my husband is alive. So I have two husbands now. And my new husband is in fact my own son. The cycle has turned around with the son marrying his mother. He suckled my breasts as a child and now he sucks them for his pleasure. As a mother I used to please him with my mamtaa and now I have to please him with my body. He took my hand in his and looked deep into my eyes and said,

“for the first time I am holding your hand as my wife, mother” he said planting a kiss on my neck on mangalsutra.

I wanted to say yes my son, Indeed you are but I just said, “yes, my beloved husband”

“I will do everything what a wife does for her husband. You have each and

every right over my body now. Let me touch the feet of my husband, my son”, saying this I bent down and touched his feet. He also touched my feet in return saying that he was seeking blessings of her mother for his wife. In fact, now that his mother is his wife, he can tell her to do household chores and satisfy him in bed.

I came up to him with a glass of milk as the newly brides take it to their husbands. My heart leapt in joy as I felt like a virgin again, feeling shy in front of my teenage son cum husband. He drank the half and gave me the other half. I drank it and then he kissed me thereby exchanging each others milk in our mouths with our tongues flicking each other. Slowly he disrobed me from the wedding dress and left me in just my bra and panty. I had worn a satin red panty that day since red is considered auspicious. he came up close to me and said,

“ma! You look like an angel from the sky. By the way, how did you know that I love laal kachi? You are going to kill me in that sexy little kachi u have my mommy, my booby doll, u r an Aphrodite my queen.”

“Beta, red is not only holy color but also it is the color of passion, of love, my son, I mean my husband” I said with a giggle and looked up to him.

“O ma! My lovely mother from heaven. O my dream girl, I never thought that this day would ever come in my life. I am the happiest and the luckiest son in the world. I have married the same woman who brought me into this world. I love you, mother, more than ever. O Pushpa, my mother wife. You are my goody bua and you have got the sexiest chuchies in the world. O mother, look at the color of your chuchies, aren't they like my cheek. Let me remove your motherly floral bra. O ma I have always loved these floral patterns in your pink and white bras. I will buy you some more underwear, mom”, he said as he felt the heaviness of his mother's jugs in his palms over the bra. My mangalsutra was adorned in the center of the valley of my breasts. My heart skipped a beat when he brought his face closer and kissed on the slit of my mounds. He started licking my chuchies on the periphery. His hands reached down over to my ass and started caressing them over my red satin panties. He pressed my velvety chutar with his masculine fingers over the bare panty. The flowers on the panty seemed to be coming alive by the touch of my lovely son, and I felt the first heavenly stirrings in my motherly pussy. The bra was holding out mid air as he released the hooks at the back. His hands were cupping them over the bra. I looked at him straight in the eye and felt a divine lust in his face. He was glowing with a surge of incestuous energy and his whole existence was on fire as he held his mother as his wife from her motherly chuchies over the bra. I was feeling very shy like a kinky teenage girl and for a moment I let the thought go that he is my son. So what if he is. He had every right to do anything to his mother as now I was his wife. He bent his face on the slit of my chuchies and sniffed there.

“o mother do u know how much I like this pond’s smell on ur bras”

“o my raja beta o my husband why don’t u take off this filthy cloth and let my motherhood be bared to you in all its glory. I m sure you will like it just like your father” saying this I shook my chuchies like a club dancer on my sons face. The bra came off on its own and now I was shamelessly slapping my motherly breasts on my sons face. It reminded me of his childhood when I often boob-danced on his face as a child. How his little fingers would then bruise my knockers. This went on until he was well into class 5. sometimes he would come from school and jump straight into mommy’s bed, while me still in my loose nightclothes, he ripped them apart and told me to boob-dance. O, how erotic it was. I think it was then when I saw the seeds of this incest. I was lost in retrospect when the feeling of teeth on my chuchy woke me up

“o yes, ahan, aaammmmmmm,,uuuummmmmmm o mera beta mera pati maan ko maja de na .mmm hai ..kha le na meri chuchy .”

“hai mummy mommu meri patni meri ggody bua thoda sa boob-dance kar do na.” my son looked me in the eyes with a power I could not refuse. I started humming a lullaby and shook my chuchies on his face slowly ever so slowly and then I slapped them on his cheeks. it was a place where I found bliss. her breasts were all I ever needed. we stayed like that all day and night. we married n lived happily ever after to be continued

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