

A Stepmother's Revenge

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Gently lowering Tina down into the crib, Barbara covered her and stood watching as the baby lay sleeping. She hoped that the baby would sleep all afternoon and give her a break. Turning to leave, Barb pulled up the flap of her nursing bra and fastened it, covering the big, swollen nipple that the baby had just been nursing from. Walking out of the room buttoning her blouse, she was thankful that her breast had finally stopped swelling so much. They had been big before Tina had been born, but now they were titanic melons that always seemed to be getting in the way. Like two huge, milk-filled balloons, they sloshed and flopped about heavily as she walked. Even with Tina and occasionally her husband, Cecil, nursing on them, both of them couldn't keep up with her abundance of milk and she had to use a milk pump to relieve the engorgement on occasion. Tugging her blouse together, she could barely button it as her monstrous bosom jutted out against the material.

Now that Tina had, had her lunch, Barbara decided that it was time for her own lunch. Deciding to fix herself a sandwich, she stopped at Mike's room to see if he would like one, too. Mike was Cecil's son from his earlier marriage and had lived with them for the three years of their marriage. Eighteen, he was in high school but was out for spring break and spent most of his time just loafing around doing as little as possible.

"Mike," she said, knocking on his door and pushing it open a little, "is it okay to come in?"

"I guess so," he said, his voice filled with sadness.

"What's wrong?" she asked him, stepping into his room to see what was wrong. "Are you sick? Do you have a cold?"

"Naw," he sniffled, "I'm not sick."

"What's all this sniffing about then," she asked again, walking over to where he sat on the bed.

"I just miss my Mom," he sobbed.

"Oh, you poor Baby," she cooed, sitting down beside him and holding her arms out to him.

His sniffles broke into a full blown sob as he reached for her. She pulled him to her chest and hugged him lovingly until he finally stopped crying. But after the tears had stopped, he made no effort to move away from her. Knowing how homesick he must feel, she didn't rush him. After a few more moments, he slowly lowered his head down onto the sloping pillow of her bosom and snuggled down against its softness.

Surprised by the unexpected act, she didn't know what to do. She didn't want to push him away and make him feel unwanted, but at the same time, she was becoming extremely uncomfortable with the situation.

At last, she felt him slowly stop hugging her. Thinking he was about to move away, she was shocked when she felt his hand move up and tentatively touch one of her gigantic breasts. She was too stunned to react for several seconds as he rested his hand against her breast. At last, she felt she needed to put a stop to his unwanted advances.

"Uhhh, I was just going down to fix me a sandwich," she stammered, gently moving his hand away from her breast and standing up. "Uh, would you like for me to fix you one?"

She could feel the warmth of the blush on her cheeks as she looked down at him.

"Uh, oh, sure, yeah," he stuttered as his face turning red, too.

"Well, it should be ready in about ten minutes," she told him, turning, hurrying over to the door and stepping out of his room.

Wow, she thought to herself as she hurried down the stairs. What was that all about? Was Mike actually trying to feel me up? Surely he wouldn't do that, she mumbled to herself as she flounced down the stairs, feeling her gigantic bosom heavily tugging at her chest.

As shocked as she had been by Mike's unexpected advances, she found herself strangely disturbed by the way she felt about what had happened. Trying to rationalize her feelings, she knew that Mike was a younger version of his father. So wouldn't it stand to reason that she would be physically attracted to him also? After all, hadn't that been what had drawn her to Cecil in the beginning? And that physical attraction to him had blossomed and turned into love. But as of late, that love was beginning to be tested.

It wasn't her fault that Cecil spent almost all of his time out on the road. And since the pregnancy, he didn't seem as interested in her as he had been before the baby came along. Before she got pregnant, he was always groping her and telling her how much he loved her. And their sex life was good. Very good. He tried to get her in bed every chance he had, but now, now she rarely got him into bed. She hated to think it, but she thought he was getting some on the side. He wasn't very careful about it either. She had recently been finding lipstick stains on his shirts, but he always had some kind of lame excuse, but lately she was beginning to wonder more and more. She had no real proof of his infidelity, but she was becoming more convinced of it. But even if she did catch him, she didn't know what she would do. The slow realization of his infidelity had given birth to a small but insistent resentment that she was being taken for granted...

While his alleged infidelity was one matter, she still had feelings, too. She was only thirty and in her sexual prime. And it had been over a week since...no don't go there, she told herself.

Stop thinking about it, she angrily berated herself. It will only make things worse. But being groped by her stepson most certainly didn't help the situation. In fact, the more she thought about it, the less depraved it seemed. If she didn't watch out, she just might let some extremely wicked thoughts about Mike creep into her mind.

She knew that she shouldn't be thinking about Mike, especially in that way. But what the hell, she was locked up with him almost twenty-four hours a day now that school was out for spring break. She spent a hell of a lot more time with him than she did Cecil. Mike seemed to always be hanging around. She also knew how randy teenage boys could get. As horny as she was, she could only imagine how horny he probably was. He didn't date as he was still romantically involved with his girlfriend back in his biological mom's hometown. They wrote back and forth and Mike occasionally visited the girl. But his involvement with his girlfriend hadn't stopped him from groping her had it, Barbara told herself.

What would have happened if she hadn't stopped him? What would he have done then? Down deep inside her heart of hearts, she knew that she couldn't let anything like that happen. But at the same time, it gave her a perverse little buzz to imagine what it would be like doing it with an eighteen year old again. What the heck, she was horny and he was available, she sickly reasoned. No one would ever know...

Then suddenly, another evil thought popped into her mind. What a joke it would be on Cecil, if she got revenge for his supposed infidelity by fucking his own son. Talk about poetic justice, she laughed to herself. Cuckolding the old man with his own son?

"But what about Mike? She shouldn't even be thinking about using him in that despicable, revengeful way.

Yeah, right, Mike would hardly reason that he was being used, she laughed to herself. She imagined that he would gladly sacrifice his dignity for a piece of pussy. Hadn't he just proved that when he groped her? Smiling to herself, she let her mind mull over the delicious irony of it all.

Could she?

Giving her mind free rein, she wondered if Mike was equipped in the same manner as his father? Cecil had a big seven-incher and he sure knew how to use it when he finally did get around to it.

Was Mike a virgin, she giddily wondered?

Standing in front of the refrigerator with her hand on the handle, staring out through the window into the backyard, she didn't hear Mike walk into the room.

"What you thinking about, Barb?" Mike asked, stopping in the doorway.

"WHAT IN THE, UH, Oh, nothing, nothing," she said trying not to blush, but failing miserably as her face lit up like a neon sign. "You frightened me."

"Sorry," he mumbled, "What are you blushing about? Your face is as red as a beet."

"Never you mind," she told him, turning and putting the finishing touches on his sandwich then angrily setting it on the table and shoving it toward him. "Here, just eat your sandwich."

"Uh, I'm sorry, Barb," he muttered, "I didn't mean to make you so mad?"

"Don't worry about it," she told him.

"You're still mad at me for, uh, uh, touching, uh, you know what just happened in my room, aren't you?" he stammered, picking up his sandwich, "I just got carried away and forgot myself, I'm sorry if it made you mad."

"Never mind," she shushed him, taking a tiny bite out of her own sandwich.

"I'm sorry," he apologized again. "Please don't be mad at me."

"Don't think another thought about it," she said, reddening even more, "I've already forgotten it."

"Okay," he grinned, "I just don't want you to be mad at me."

"Enough," she blurted out, "you're forgiven. Now hush and let me eat my lunch in peace."

"Sure...I'm sorry," he mumbled, taking his sandwich and clomping out of the kitchen.

She sat alone, eating her sandwich and pondering about Mike. She couldn't really be considering anything with him...could she? The recent lack of attention and affection from Cecil was having a troubling effect on her. On one hand, it had created a void inside her that needed to be filled. She longed for his touch. She wanted to feel wanted again. Needed! And not in just a sexual way, either. She needed someone to share her thoughts and feelings with. In a nutshell, she was lonely.

But on the other hand, she was pissed that he was probably fooling around on her. Maybe it was time to get it all out in the open and get it over with. He had to know how she felt and know that if he didn't change his ways, something bad might happen. That was all well and good, she told herself, but it was only Tuesday and Cecil wouldn't be back until at least Sunday night, so she had plenty of time to brood over it. And plenty of time for her to get herself in trouble if she didn't watch it. But what else could she do? It wasn't something you discussed over the phone. It had to be a face to face confrontation.

But that said, back to Mike...what should she do about him?

Just as she finished her sandwich, she heard Tina crank up again. Getting up, she trudged up the stairs to the nursery. As she passed Mike's room, she saw that he

had closed his door. Tina was howling like a child abandoned as Barbara walked over to the crib. Reaching down, she felt her diaper and found that she had wet herself. Quickly changing the baby, she picked her up and felt a twinge of amusement as Tina instantly grabbed at her breast and pushed her face into it. It seemed the child was always hungry, she thought as she laid her down in the crib again. Then Barbara quickly unbuttoned her blouse to bare the child's oversized milk larder.

As she was unbuttoning her blouse, she decided that she had, had enough of the confining constriction of her nursing brassiere for the day. Quickly reaching behind her back, she unfastened the ugly, white brassiere. As she did, the mountains of milk-filled flesh spilled forth in a wiggling, jiggling paroxysm of pink flesh. It felt great to be rid of the squeezing restriction of the brassiere, she grinned to herself as she scratched the quivering mountains.

Maneuvering the bra straps around and down under her elbows and out through the armhole of her blouse, she pulled the brassiere off and hung it on the crib. Picking up the baby again, she lifted Tina's mouth up to one fat, milk-laden breast and watched her find the big, ripe nipple with her lips. Barbara could feel Tina's little mouth working and sucking on her nipple as her tiny hands clutched and squeezed the mountainous udder. Then she felt a tingle behind the nipple and the milk began to flow from her breast. Barbara enjoyed the feel of the baby's mouth pulling and sucking on her nipple as the baby's toothless gums massaged and tweaked it mercilessly.

But as Tina's little mouth sucked and pulled on her nipple, the tugging and pulling on it was also having another unsettling effect on Barbara. It was sending tingling tickles of pleasure down to Barbara's clit making it throb and pulsate with arousal. She knew that her clit was swollen as its sensitive head was rubbing against her panties with every tiny movement she made.

This is ridiculous, she told herself. But she was unable to stop herself as she eased her hand down inside her shorts. Cradling the baby against her breast, she quickly found the swollen, aching nub of tender flesh with her finger as Tina continued to tease and torment her nipple. Her big, swollen clit was so swollen and sensitive, her finger felt like sandpaper as she rubbed it back and forth across the nub.

As she stood pleasuring herself and nursing the baby, she couldn't stop the image

that popped into her fevered brain. It was Mike. Mike, naked and staring at her as he slowly stroked his hand up and down the enormous penis sticking up out of his hairy groin.

Trying to control the images that kept bubbling to the surface, she held Tina close to her breast as the baby suckled her. While Tina was hungrily pulling at her pap, she noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. Not letting on that she had noticed it, she waited for several moments before she turned slightly and sneaked a glance at the door. She felt a rush of heat spread out over her body as she saw Mike peeking around the door sill. She was still stumped about what to do about him, but she saw little harm in letting him watch her nurse Tina. Then, after several moments, she eased Tina away from her breast, letting it flop back down on her chest. Bare and exposed, it jiggled and quivered softly as she let Mike get an eyeful of her big, bare breast before moving Tina to her other breast.

It felt as if Mike's eyes were boring holes through the big tit as she felt him ogling it. She wondered what he thought of her big nipple as she felt it swelling, growing even bigger and harder. As much as she tried to disregard it, she was becoming aroused as much by his presence as she was Tina's hungry mouth...

Finally, she felt Tina stop sucking on her breast. She was full. Quickly lifting her to her shoulder, she gently patted her back. Barbara's big, pendulous breasts jiggled and shook wildly as she patted the baby's back. Mike had an unrestricted view of both of them as she made no effort to cover them from his gawking eyes.

Finally, she heard Tina give out a contented little burp. Smiling at the infant, Barbara lowered her back down into the crib. Ignoring her naked, dangling breasts, Barbara straightened up the baby's crib. As she did, she could see her huge, pendulous breasts dangling down bumping and banging against one another as she watched Tina's eyes slowly grow heavier and heavier. At last, Tina slipped off into sleep.

As she had been leaning over the crib, both of her gigantic breasts had been openly displayed for Mike's viewing pleasure. Even after Tina was asleep, Barbara continued to hover over her, giving Mike an encore viewing of her breasts. But at last, she slowly stood up. Still pretending that he wasn't there, she took her giant breasts in her hands and massaged the big pillows of firm, pink flesh for his benefit. As she squeezed and kneaded her breasts, little streams of milk leaked out of the jutting nipples and ran down her swollen mammaries.

There was so much of the frothy white milk, it trickled down onto her flat, hard stomach. Releasing her breasts at last, she slowly ran a finger through the rivulet of milk. Catching a few drops of the white liquid on her finger, she brought it up to her mouth and made a show of licking it off her finger. Then suggestively, she slowly sucked her finger into her mouth, enjoying the slight saltiness of her rich milk and wondering what her show was doing for Mike. Then deciding to give him a real thrill, she gently lifted one great, swollen breast. Lifting it up to her mouth, opened her lips and sucked the great swollen nipple inside. Standing there facing the door, she gently sucked on herself, filling her mouth with her own milk. Finally, she let the great udder flop back down to her chest as a dribble of milk trickled down her chin and back onto her breast. Then, she slowly began buttoning her blouse.

After she buttoned her blouse, she tarried around doing little things to give Mike plenty of time to leave without being caught. After several minutes, she stepped out into the hall. She was still undecided about what to do about Mike and her growing arousal.

He had long since departed, she laughed to herself. Heading back to her own bedroom, she had to pass by his room. As she did, she saw that he hadn't closed his door all the way. Curiosity got the best of her and she had to stop and sneak a look into his room. The way the door was open restricted her view to only the lower half of his bed, but it was enough and she was shocked by what she saw...

As she peered through the tiny opening, she could see Mike lying on the bed with his pants down around his ankles and his hand wrapped around his huge, hard cock. She couldn't believe that he had had time to get to his room and get his lovely cock out. Suddenly, it dawned on her. He must have had his penis out when he was watching her. The thought of him watching her and masturbating sent sparks of excitement arcing through her warm, wet pussy. And now those sparks were intensified by watching her stepson's hand jerking up and down on the massive column of meat jutting out of the hairy pit of his belly. Stunned, she saw that he definitely wasn't lacking in the organ department. In fact, she thought the boy's cock outdistanced his father's in both size and length from what she could see. It looked longer and thicker than Cecil's but she couldn't be sure from the angle she was seeing it.

Unconsciously, her hand had crept up to her crotch. She was rubbing herself through her shorts without even knowing it as she watched her stepson jacking

off. She could feel tiny beads of perspiration breaking out on her upper lip as the heat inside her vagina grew. Suddenly, she heard Mike groan as a great geyser of satiny, white cum spewed out of the tip of his cock. The stream of creamy boy-milk shot up in the air at least a foot before splashing back down onto his belly. She could hear him gasping for breath as his cock erupted again and again, spitting more and more of his virile male seed up into the air before it splattered down onto his stomach. But he didn't stop. His fisted hand just kept jerking up and down the thick barrel of his cock. Then finally, he quit stroking himself and let go of his cock. When he did, it flopped back down onto his stomach like a huge, pink worm. It had ended just as quickly as it had begun. Fascinated by his thick, pink prick, she watched it rapidly began to shrivel back to normalcy.

Her own heart was racing and there was a roaring in her ears as she stumbled back away from the door. It felt as if all the blood had left her legs and flowed into her aching pussy. Her legs were so wobbly, she almost fell flat on her face as she staggered down the hallway to her room. She finally made it to her room and closed the door.

Leaning against the door, she tried to regain her composure and catch her breath.

After several minutes, she stumbled over to her bed and flopped down on it. Rolling over onto her back, she lifted her hips and inched her shorts down enough to expose the forest of cunt hair hiding her womanhood. Poking her finger through the kinky bush of fuzzy hair, she quickly found her jutting clitoris. Gently at first, she began to rub the tiny ball of nerves as it sent a thrill racing up her spine and into the waiting pleasure receptors in her brain. As pleasant as it was, the receptors needed more and soon she was feverishly rubbing the tiny little knot of nerves. Her breath was coming in gasps as she rubbed faster and faster. She could feel control slipping away as she raped her clit with her finger. But she didn't want it to end this way. She wanted more. She wanted a man. At last, just as she was teetering on the edge of an orgasm, she was able jerk her finger away.

Slamming her fists into the bed, she jerked her shorts back up and lay there looking up at the ceiling as she panted to catch her breath.

Looking over at the clock sitting on her nightstand, Barbara saw that it was already four o'clock. Well, do I do it or not, she asked herself? She didn't know if she had the courage (or stupidity) to try it. Part of her said it wasn't stupid while

the other part of her said she was crazy for even thinking it. She was torn between two choices. One leaving her unfulfilled and angry at her husband, but safe from all the other consequences. The other choice offering her sexual fulfillment, a chance at some attention, and maybe a sensitivity that was lacking in her marriage now, albeit from a boy. But with the second choice also came the risk of exposure, and ridicule, if they got caught.

Still unable to decide, she thought that maybe a little wine would help. Not only would it help her relax, it would strip away her inhibitions. She knew that she shouldn't do it while still nursing Tina, but she knew that it would probably make Tina sleep better tonight, too. If she should get up the courage later on, that might come in handy.

Then she knew. She knew the wine was just an excuse. It would deaden the guilt she was feeling. Suddenly, she realized that she had already made up her mind and was putting her plan into motion. Getting up, she hurried down to the kitchen and went about preparing a meal that she could later pop into the microwave. As she purposefully moved about the kitchen, she sipped on a glass of wine. Finally, around six o'clock, she had everything ready. Working on her third glass of wine, she poured another glass for Mike and slipped back up the stairs. Knocking on his door, she waited with the memory of him masturbating filling her mind and sending trickles of sexual electricity up her spine.

Finally she heard him turning the door knob.

As the door opened, she was surprised to see that he was only wearing a pair of jockey shorts. Unable to keep her eyes from dropping down to his groin, she saw the impressive bulge of his giant dick jutting out under the thin material. God, she thought to herself, even resting, it was huge.

"I just came up to ask if you would like to join me for dinner in about an hour," she asked him, forcibly pulling her eyes up from his skimpily clad manhood to find him blushing.

"Uh, Well, Uh, sure," he stammered, taken aback at her friendliness after their earlier misadventure. "Uh, sorry about the shorts..."

"That's okay, it's just me," she smiled at him, offering him the glass of wine, "here's a peace offering for the earlier, uh, misunderstanding. Okay?"

"Uh, what? Uh, uh, well, uh, thanks," he muttered, amazed at her warmth.

"This is our secret," she said, pointing to the wine as she took a sip of her own, "I wouldn't want anyone to think that I was contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

"I won't tell anyone," he grinned back at her, "that's for sure."

"Good," she smiled again, turning and starting for her room, "I'll see you in an hour then."

Not knowing what to think of her actions, Mike stood watching the sexy sway of his stepmother's lovely derriere as she strolled down the hall.

Feeling only a little tipsy from the wine, she closed the door behind her. Smiling mischievously to herself, she set her wine down and quickly stripped her blouse and shorts off. Standing in front of her mirror, she admired her curvaceous body. She had a face of a model and could easily have been pictured on the cover of almost any women's glamour magazines or on the inside of men's cheesecake magazines. Her breasts were the only thing that had kept her from pursuing a modeling career as they were just too big and she couldn't bring herself to have breast reduction surgery. How could she take away from what she had that most women craved?

Filled with milk, as they were now, they were huge. She was so top heavy, she looked like she would tip over at any moment. Dolly Parton's definitely didn't have anything on Barbara in the looks or breast department. Running her hands down over her body, she traced the magnificent swell of her gigantic breasts, down under their precipitous jutting overhang to the flatness of her tight, hard belly, over the rolling curve of her soft, firm hips and down to the perfect arc of her legs. She was indeed a beautiful woman, even if she had to say so herself. And that was about the only compliment she was going to get if she had to leave it up to Cecil.

Hurrying about, she showered and dried off before deciding what to wear for the illicit liaison she was planning. Should she be daring and wear almost nothing, she wondered? It might get Mike too excited. She wanted him, but she also wanted to be loved and treated in a gentle loving manner. She was all mixed up inside at what she really wanted from him. She wanted a loving lover. But a lover who would respect her at the same time. She didn't know if she could pull

it off. She would have to really work to make sure that he didn't think it was a purely sexual thing between them. Finally, she decided that she would dress daringly, but cover it up with a gown. This way she could let him see as little or as much as she felt was needed.

After pulling on a pair of sheer, almost invisible panties, she tugged on a pair of fishnet hose, attaching them to a frilly black garter belt that encircled her slender waist. Picking out a quarter-cup brassiere that matched her panties, she pulled it on and secured it. To call it a brassiere was somewhat of a misnomer. It was actually little more than a platform on which her gigantic tits rested. It didn't even cover the hard, jutting nipples that stuck out proudly waiting for the boy's touch. Searching throughout her closet, she quickly found the gown she wanted and pulled it on. It covered her from her neck all the way down to her feet. With it on and buttoned up, there was very little of her flesh exposed, but at the same time, it exuded a sexiness that still had a modicum of modesty. Slipping her tiny feet into a pair of high-heeled pumps, she paused before a mirror to give her hair a few strokes before she departed the room.

Stepping out into the hall, she quickly sped down to Tina's room and hoping that the wine would work, she gave Tina her supper. Making sure that she was full, she even gave her seconds after she had burped her. Waiting until the baby had gone back to sleep, she finally left and started downstairs. Walking by Mike's room, she saw that his door was ajar again, just like earlier in the day. Quietly stepping up to his door, she peeked inside and saw him standing in front of his dresser naked as the day he was born. Her eyes quickly sought out his manhood and found it was thick and heavy as it hung down between his legs. It looked like a big, juicy pink sausage that was ready to be devoured. And if she had her way, she would dine on it later in the evening. As she stood watching him and anxiously anticipating the evening, she felt her clitoris tingling with excitement.

Finally tearing herself away from the view, she rushed downstairs and threw everything into the microwave. It was perfect timing as she was just putting the finishing touches on the table when Mike strolled into the room.

He had even dressed in clean jeans and T-shirt. Maybe he had somehow sensed the importance of their clandestine meeting.

"Wow," he exclaimed, seeing his stepmother's flowing gown and the feast spread out on the table, "what do I owe you for all this?"

"I hope that you enjoy it...and I'm sure I can think of some way you can repay me..."

"You sure look pretty tonight."

"Oh, now," she blushed, pouring them another glass of wine. "I just thought I would dress up a little for our dinner. Do you really like my gown?"

"It's gorgeous," he whistled, complimenting her as he took his glass of wine from her.

"Here's to us," she toasted them, clinking her glass against his.

"Here, here," he agreed, not knowing what else to say as he took a sip of wine.

"This is to a new beginning for us," she smiled at him.

"Uh, I'll drink to that, uh, I guess," he said, still puzzled by her friendliness, "but, what kind of new beginning are you talking about?"

"Oh, I just want us to get to be better friends," she went on, her smile growing softer, "and get to know each other better."

"Oh," he grinned back her, "I think that would be nice. I would like to be your friend."

"I'm glad you do," she told him, sitting down, "because I want to be your friend, too."

The meal passed quickly with several nervous smiles and attempts at small talk that evaporated into the nervous excitement that permeated the room.

"Just leave the dishes for a while, there's no one here to see them except you and I," she smiled at him, reinforcing their isolation from others and bringing a degree of intimacy to their closeness. "I would like for you to do me a favor."

"Sure," he hastily agreed, "just name it. I am at your command."

"I need for you to get a box down for me," she told him, walking over to the door and standing in it so that the light behind her outlined her voluptuous figure

beneath the flowing softness of her gown. "It's up in my bedroom, so you'll need the ladder from out in the garage. You get it and I'll meet you upstairs."

"Uh, Okay," he gulped, admiring the suggestion of nakedness beneath her gown as the light flooded through it.

"I'll, uh, get the figure, uh, I mean, I'll get the ladder. It's right out there in the garage. I'll just go get that, uh, ladder, out there in the, uh, garage, uh, I'll do that right now," he went on and on, trying to keep her standing in the door.

"That's a good idea," she laughed, turning and walking away from him so he could leave.

She had spent some time earlier in the day preparing the ladder for its part in her evil plan. It would be the catalyst to propel them into their illicit affaire d'amour.

At last Mike came lugging the ladder into her bedroom room.

"Over here," she told him, pointing up into the closet.

"Okay," he said, setting the ladder up where she had indicated.

"It's the box in the back of the shelf," she told him as he started up the ladder.

"You're such a dear for getting it for me..."

"I'll find it, WHOA," he yelped as the ladder creaked and started to wobble.

"Oh, watch it," she blurted out grabbing at him to keep him from falling. It was not just pure happenstance that one hand grabbed his butt while the other struck his swollen cock before it also grabbed a hand full of his firm, hard ass.

The bolts she had loosened earlier were not in danger of letting go, but they definitely made the ladder wobbly.

"I'll hold you so that you don't fall," she smiled up at him as she held his tight little ass in her hands, "go ahead and find the box."

"I, uh, I think I have it," he said, lifting the box and turning to hand it down to her.

As he turned, her hands moved from his tight behind around to his bulging cock.

"Careful, I don't want you to fall," she cautioned him, feeling his manhood twitch and jump under her hand, "just bring it down with you."

Her hand pressed against his cock as he started down the steps, she could tell that he was moving as slowly as he could to prolong their moment of intimacy. But as he took one step down, she moved her hands and took the box.

"Wait there for just a moment while I see if this is the right box," she told him as she set the box down on her bed and opened it.

He stood on the ladder watching as she peeled the box open and reached inside.

He couldn't believe it when she pulled out several frilly negligees and other unmentionables.

"Yep, this is it, but I think there may be another one up there, too," she smiled up at him, walking back over to the ladder. "Would you see if there is another box up there?"

"Sure, I'll look, but I don't think there is," he exclaimed, hopping that she would use his penis for a hand hold again.

Turning around, he felt her hands on his butt as he looked around on the shelf.

"I don't see another box," he said.

"Well, look on the other side," she directed him.

Turning around to look in the other direction, he felt both of her hands on his penis again. He could hardly breathe as he felt her hands squeezing and holding on to him through his pants. Not seeing any box, he still pretended to look as she continued to fondle his manhood. Then, finally, just when he felt he had procrastinated as long as he dared, he felt a rush of cold air on his cock and realized that she had unzipped his pants. He didn't know what to do as he felt her hand on the bare skin of his throbbing penis. He was embarrassed that he hadn't worn any shorts but was now glad that he hadn't when he felt his throbbing manhood spring out of his pants.

"My Goodness..." she exclaimed, feigning surprise and delighted to see him so hard and ready, "I seemed to have accidentally unzipped your pants."

"Uh, oh, uh, what th..." he sputtered, a seed of doubt springing into his mind.

How could it have been an accident, he woozily wondered? But, just maybe it had been an accident and now here he was standing in front of his stepmother with his big, stiff cock pointing straight at her.

"I'm sorry that I, uh, accidentally, uh, unzipped your, uh, pants," she blushed up at him, "my ring must have caught on the zipper clasp."

"Oh, fuck, oh, God, oh, Bar, Mom, uh, oh, Hell, I'm sorry," he squirmed trying to reach down, close his pants to hide his aching manhood from the scathing stare of his stepmother, "I'M SORrrrrriiiee."

"Why, you didn't do anything wrong," she consoled him.

"But, I..." he blushed as he reached down to his cock.

"No, wait," she told him, "don't cover it up yet."

"What, uh, whuuuu..." he mumbled.

"Why is it so hard?"

"Huh?"

"I didn't make you this way, did I?" she innocently asked, tenderly running her finger along the puffy underside of his erect, twitching penis.

"Oh, my, God, Barbara, yes—yes—" he gasped, "but I'm going to have a heart attack if you don't stop that."

"Oh. Oh, this is exciting, isn't it?" she cooed, gently wrapping her hand around his jerking maleness and lovingly stroking it. "I can't believe that I made you this hard. And it is such a lovely penis, too. So thick and so hard. And it's so big...why I believe that it's even bigger than your father's..."

"Do you, do you, do you really mean it?" he incredulously asked, so excited he

was barely able to breathe, "you mean, you mean that my, uh, my, my uh, my, uh, my cock is bigger than Dad's?"

"I do believe so," she smiled up at him, "and prettier too."

Helpless to stop her, he now knew that what had happened was no accident. She had probably put the box up there on purpose. And the whole dinner and search had been leading up to this moment. He still couldn't believe his luck as he watched his stepmother lovingly stroking his swollen manhood.

"I thought that you might not be able to make it hard again, after this afternoon," she grinned up at him mischievously as she watched his face turn bright red, "I didn't think you would ever stop coming. But, I would bet there's plenty more inside it now. Right?"

"Oh, God, you saw..." Mike grunted out, staring down at her in mortified shame.

Holding onto his rigid penis as it stuck straight out, she bent forward and kissed the gigantic purple cockhead. Watching his whole cock jerk and jump with excitement, she opened her mouth and slowly encircled his ripe readiness with her hot, soft lips. Sucking him inside the warm, wetness of her mouth, she held his cock inside her mouth for a moment, then began to slowly twirl her tongue around the bulging hardness of his sensitive cockhead. The way his cock was thrashing about, she knew that it would only be a matter of seconds before he would erupt in her mouth if she didn't stop.

"AHGGHHHH, STOP, MOM, PLEES, OR IM GUNTO CUMMM IN YR MUTH," he growled out, knowing that he couldn't hold it back much longer.

Hearing the excitement in his quavering voice, she locked her lips down around the thick, rubbery shaft of his cock and sucked as hard as she could. That was all it took to trigger the explosion she knew was coming.

Sucking and pulling on the boy's spewing cock, she took all he could spurt. Time and time again, she felt his cock buck and spit creamy gusher after creamy gusher of thick, rich semen into her mouth. As it did, she hungrily gulped it down, swallowing it as fast as she could so she wouldn't lose a drop of his precious offering. Licking and tonguing the great cockhead, she coaxed out more and more of his pearly white milk until at last he had emptied himself into her mouth.

Still holding him in her mouth, Barbara felt him slowly deflate and begin to shrink back to normalcy. With one last little nip at his rubbery cockhead, she let him slowly slip out from between her lips. Leaning back, licking her little tongue around her lips, she admired the heaviness of his half-hard cock as it hung down between his legs.

"That was a tasty treat," she grinned up at him, licking her lips, "maybe I can have some more later tonight. Think so?"

"Oh, God," he gasped, leaning back on the ladder trying to keep from falling off as he now had no feeling in his legs, "you could do that all night long."

"There are a few other things I would like to do first," she said, slowly backing away from him and letting him struggle down to the floor.

"Now that I have taken advantage of you," she smiled at him, "I will give you a choice."

"Huh?"

"I know that what I did was wrong but I couldn't stop myself. I guess the future is up to you. If you want to tell your Dad what happened, I'll take all the blame. But..." she paused for effect to heighten the suspense...

"But what?" he asked her as he leaned back against the ladder watching her.

"If you feel the same way I do, there is no need to tell your father anything and we can enjoy his future trips as much as he does. We can be the Mommy and Daddy when he is gone. And we can do all sorts of Mommy and Daddy things. I'll leave it up to you. All you have to do is say what you want."

"Really?" he blurted out.

"Really," she smiled, "If you want to..."

"I do. I want to be the Daddy," he giggled.

"And I will be the Mommy," she softly laughed, "if you are sure that you can keep it a secret from your father."

"I promise..."

As he stood gawking at her with a shit-eating grin spread across his happy face, she walked over to the bed and sat down. She saw that he was staring at her with lust-filled eyes. Admiring his dangling manhood, she noticed that it was already starting to thicken and harden again.

"It will be very difficult to keep it a secret from your Dad," she told him, "but as much as he is gone, maybe we can do it. Do you think we can do it?"

"He won't find out from me," he said, "but I might get jealous of you sleeping with him when he's home."

"There hasn't been much of that lately, but we can worry about that later, not now."

"Okay," he mumbled.

"Okay, then," she smiled, "are you ready for our nuptials?"

"Nuptials? Don't they have something to do with weddings?"

"Well, yes, they do," she laughed, "the wedding and then what comes after the wedding...like, you know, what Mommies and Daddies do on the wedding night."

"Oh, I get it," he grinned enthusiastically.

"Then, why don't you take off all your clothes so I can see all of you," she softly said, reaching over and poking through the box that he had brought down from the closet.

Leaning down, Mike hastily stripped in a matter of seconds and then stood awaiting her next command.

"I love the way your great big cock hangs down all thick and heavy like that," she smiled at him, "if I had known how pretty he was, I would have invited you in here much sooner."

"You're embarrassing me," Mike said shyly, trying to cover his growing

maleness with his hand.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I was just telling you how I felt," she explained to him.

"Uh, this is all so new, uh, I'm still kind of embarrassed being naked in front of you."

"Why don't you crawl up here on the bed," she told him, patting the bed by her, "and I'll prepare you for the next event."

The swirling excitement of the moment was obviously evidenced by his rapidly hardening penis. By the time he had crawled up on the bed and sat down beside her, it was already half-hard and trying to lift its big purple head up into the air.

"My, My," she exclaimed, "He's getting big and hard again. And so quickly. I'm impressed. Especially after this afternoon..."

Blushing, Mike saw that Barbara had four pairs of handcuffs in her hand and a wicked smile on her face. While two pair seemed normal sized, the other two pair were bigger. Big enough to fit around a man's ankle, he giddily thought.

"I'm going to find out if you really trust me," she told him.

"Trust you?" he choked out.

"Is it okay if I handcuff you to the bed?"

"Uh, I, uh, I guess, uh, I guess so. Sure," he said hesitantly, but his cock jerked and jumped with approval. "But you're not going to hurt me, are you?"

"Only if you want me to," she laughed.

Reaching over, she snapped one end of one cuff to the bed and reached for his arm. Snapping the other end of the cuff around his wrist, she quickly moved around to his other arm and then to his legs. He didn't protest and she quickly had him secured to the bed with his arms spread out and his legs spread-eagled, completely at his stepmother's mercy.

"Now," she declared mischievously, taking his bounding cock in her hand, "I can

do anything I want to your magnificent pud."

She heard him gasp as she quickly bent down over him and sucked him back into her hot, wet mouth. Taking his big hairy balls in her hand, she roughly squeezed them and threateningly tickled her long, red fingernails over them as she licked and slurped on his stiff manhood. She could see that he was enjoying the wickedness of her mouth on his cock again. But this time she didn't want to bring him to the point of ejaculation so quickly and she slowly let his cock ease back out of her mouth.

"I thought that I would put on a fashion show for you," she told him, letting go of his cock and pushing up to stand up by the side of the bed. "That is if you would like for me to."

"I can't wait," he groaned, eagerly awaiting her next move, already regretting the restriction of the handcuffs.

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Leaning over, she grabbed one of the big pillows at the head of the bed and roughly shoved it under his head. Then with a lewd smile on her lips, she stepped away from the bed and began to leisurely untie her gown.

"How do you like this little outfit?" she finally asked him, letting the wispy gown slither to the floor to reveal the frilly nothings underneath it.

She thought he was going to have a heart attack as his eyes almost bugged out of their sockets. She watched his eyes dance around as they flitted up and down her scantily-clad body before locking on her huge, wiggling tits.

He couldn't believe how big and beautiful they were up close. The big, ripe nipples that he had admired from a distance were even bigger. They were puffy and wrinkled and he could even see the tiny holes where all the milk came out.

Now it was all out in the open. He had lusted after his stepmother from the first day he had seen her, but he hadn't let it show. He couldn't. She was his father's wife. So to hide his true feelings, he had pretended to be disinterested to the point of aversion.

But now, now that he saw how she felt toward him, it was all different now...

Then his eyes quickly flew from her gigantic tits down over her flat, flawless tummy, taking the sexiness of the black garter belt that was attached to the top of her fishnet hose by the long, lacy garters. Her panties were so thin, he could see through them like they weren't even there. And there it was. Finally, for the first time, he saw the treasure trove he had been dreaming about for so long. It was partially hidden by a forest of kinky reddish-blond hairs, but he could make out the outline of her big, puffy cunt lips pressed against the silky transparency of the panties. He had finally seen her secret cave of forbidden pleasures and now his cock was bouncing up and down wildly as it grew even harder.

After an eternity, he was finally able to tear his eyes away from her cunt. He swept his eyes down her long, perfectly shaped legs with their wonderful curves and sweeping lines that went on and on before they ended at her tiny little feet inside the stiletto heels. He had never, ever, seen anyone so beautiful and it was almost more than he could endure. It was so overpowering, he almost came again, just watching her.

"Well?" she questioned him, turning around so he could see her backside too.

"Unhhhhhh..." he choked out, his mouth unable to form words as he ogled the rounded perfection of her beautiful butt through the sheer panties.

"Do you like?" she quipped again, "Or has a pussy got your tongue?"

"Yes—Yes—Yes—I like—I love" he hissed, pulling against the confining handcuffs, "you're the prettiest woman in the world."

"Oh, that's nice of you to say," she grinned, sauntering over to the nightstand and turning on the DVD player. "I like some music to dance by."

"Dance?" he muttered, gawking at her in reverent awe.

"Yes—dance," she smiled, "it's free—part of the fashion show..."

As the slow seductive beat of the music grew louder, her body began to slowly sway from side to side with the beat. The sinuous undulations of her body had a mesmerizing effect on him as he lay watching, imprisoned on the bed. Turning, she started toward him, hypnotizing him with her sensuous dance as she slithered across the room like a snake on the hunt for prey. Her hips slowly undulated back and forth as she crept ever closer and closer to him. Finally, she was at the edge of the bed, her pussy only inches away from his face. Reaching down to herself, she began to gently rub her clitoris through the thinness of her panties as she took hold of his steel hard cock with her other hand. Playing with herself while she stroked him, she stared deep into his eyes. Smiling wickedly, she slowly stroked him until she could see that he was about to erupt again. Laughing, she let go of his cock and watched it dangerously bob and dance, threatening to explode at any second.

"I'll be back in a moment," she whispered, picking up her gown and the box he had retrieved for her. "I hope you like the next outfit as much as you did this one."

"Argghhhhh," he grumbled, his mouth as dry as cotton as he watched her delectable ass quiver and ripple as she crossed the room and disappeared into the bathroom.

It seemed like hours before she finally came strolling back into the bedroom.

Slowly, she seductively sauntered across the room and stopped in front of him once again. Reaching over to his bounding penis, she lifted it and gave it a few rough strokes before she released it once again.

"Your lovely cock is certainly easy to wake up," she grinned at him, "but I am going to wear it out tonight before I am through with it."

He almost came again, just hearing her obscene threat as she stood up and untied her gown. He couldn't wait to see what she wore, or didn't wear, underneath her gown this time.

Teasingly, she slowly took her time undoing the knots of the ribbon holding her gown together. She could see what an effect it was having on him by the way his cock was twitching and jerking up and down again. It was so hard and taut, it jutted out a good two or three inches above his belly bobbing up and down with each throbbing beat of his heart. His eyes were the size of saucers as he ogled her, waiting for her next costume to be revealed. Smiling, she knew that his balls must be aching by now. All this excitement and there was nothing he could do about it.

After a painfully long time, she finally let her gown slip to the floor and watched Mike's eyes bug out again as he ogled her next outfit.

It was almost nothing, yet it gave the appearance of an Indian Princess dress. It was just two rings of beaded tassels. One ring was fastened around her neck and hung down over her great, pendulous breasts and the other ring encircled her tiny waist with its tassels hanging down over her hips and pussy. This time she wore no panties.

Mike fully appreciated the beauty of her gargantuan breasts as they jutted out through the strands of beads, pushing the tiny tassels aside and compressing them between the massive mountains of pretty pink flesh.

The bottom skirt of tassels hung down covering her belly and hips. Until she moved. Then, the tassels jiggled and gave him an enticing glimpse at what lay underneath.

Stepping back away from the bed, Barbara moved to the center of the room and began undulating to the sound of the music once again.

It was then that Mike got the full benefit of the costume as the tassels swayed and swung this way and that giving him occasional glimpses at the wonders underneath them.

"Well," she hummed as she danced for him, "do you like this one, too?"

"Anything that you wear is pretty," he gurgled, "but I want to see you without any clothes on."

"You're too much," she smiled, loving to hear the words, knowing it had been so long since she had heard them from her husband. "I Love you," she whispered to him as she swayed to the music.

Mike's heart was going to explode. For three years he had been secretly lusting after his stepmother. And now this. It was his fantasy come true as he watched her slowly swaying to the beat of the music. Mike groaned. He was so happy, he felt like crying.

One big, lone tear escaped and trickled down his cheek.

"Oh, Baby, don't cry," she cooed, quickly shuffling over to the bed and sitting down beside him. "Why are you crying?"

"I'm just so happy," he sputtered.

"I'm glad you're happy," she smiled, lifting his aching cock once again and tenderly running her hand up and down it.

"Oh, No, Mommy," he grunted, trying to control his excitement, "I—I—I--think I'm going to cum."

"Not yet, Daddy," she whispered, dropping his primed penis and leaning over and kissing away the tear. "I have one more outfit to show you."

"I, I, I don't know if I can hold it," he groaned.

"Try real hard," she told him.

She could feel her own urgency growing as she stood up and looked down at her -prisoner. She could almost feel her stepson's rock-hard maleness inside, moving

filling her hungry emptiness as she watched it bob up and down with excited anticipation. It had to be dangerously near eruption again.

That was something they would have to work on, she evilly thought. She would have to teach him how to hold it. Hold it and keep from coming until he satisfied her own sick needs first...

Turning, she hurried out of the room and quickly donned another negligee before slipping her gown on again and rushing back into the bedroom.

Heading directly back to the bed, she stood before him again. Reaching up, she untied the ribbon holding her gown together. As she gown wafted to the floor again, she heard Mike gasp out loud.

She wore a sheer top that hid nothing from view. But that made no difference as the great, heavy jugs spilled out into the open through the openings like two huge, pink melons ripe for picking. As they did, Mike could see that the big, puffy nipples tipping the twin treasures were covered with a film of milk.

Below the corset, her waist was encircled by a lacy whirl of flowery silk that extended down the side, over the swell of her hips to a delicate pair of white nylons. Mike remembered seeing a pair of panty hose like the ones she wore in the Frederick's catalog he had hidden away in his room. They were called garter belt pantyhose and they left her whole underbelly bare leaving the soft, tawny red swirl of curls exposed and naked.

Looking up at her hungrily, he feverishly awaited her next move. He didn't have to wait long as she smiled and pitched a little leather strap down onto the bed by his hip. Then, she slowly lifted one long, beautifully proportioned leg up, spreading it from the other and resting her stiletto-heeled pump on the bed. Balancing on one foot, she rested her other foot on the bed and slowly spread her legs farther apart. Reaching down between her legs, with her fingers, she spread the coppery forest of curls apart to reveal the dripping wetness of her puffy-lipped vagina.

Mike's heart almost stopped beating as he got his first up-close glimpse of the beautiful, pouting, pink-lipped treasure between her legs. Then as he watched in fascination, she eased one long finger up into the steaming, soppy wetness of her cunt.

Watching Mike gawk at her cunt, she started to reach down and stroke him. But as she did, she saw that his cock was already excitedly jerking up and down, primed to explode at any second. She knew that if she touched him, he would erupt and wastefully send his hot, syrupy load of cum shooting up into the air for a second time.

Grabbing hold of the head board, she crawled onto the bed and quickly straddled him. She slowly scooted up until her slobbering trench was just above his open mouth. She could feel his hot breath on her hypersensitive lips as she held it above his lips. Then she lowered herself down and felt his mouth hungrily attack her throbbing cunt. She thought there would have been some hesitancy on his part, but he went at her passionately. Reveling in the feel of his lips and tongue on her pussy, she took his head in her hands and pulled his face up into her slaverish gash as he devoured her like a starving man at a feast. Excitedly, his mouth flew all over her, licking and lapping at the soft, exposed lips, tonguing around the insides of her seething gash. Then he found her jutting clitoris.

Feeling the hard, little rose bud under his tongue, Mike assaulted it with a fury she couldn't believe. It was as if his tongue was on fire and setting her aflame everywhere it touched her. Back and forth, round and round it went, fluttering here and there, raking her clitoris roughly, surprising her with his ability and knowledge of the female anatomy for one so tender in age. It was almost more than she could stand as he flicked and stroked her clitoris with his tongue, thrusting her toward her reward. She could even feel him sucking on the little bundle of nerves as he strove to please her.

Knowing that it would only be a matter of seconds before she was swept away on a wondrous journey of climatic ecstasy, she glanced over her shoulder to see his rock hardness sticking almost straight up in the air. The way he was eating her and his obvious excitement indicated that he was enjoying it just as much as she was.

All at once, she felt wave of lust wash over her just as her soul was consumed by a gigantic fireball of pleasure. The spasms of joy and delight burst over her, quickly rendering her helpless as she felt her entire being engulfed by the blowtorch like burst of ecstasy. Her vagina was quickly wracked by convulsions of such intense pleasure, it caused the muscles surrounding her vagina to cramp up. As they cramped, she felt the contractions spreading out over her body until her whole body was shaking and quivering uncontrollably.

"Oh, FUCK, OH, FUCK, Oh, fuck," she moaned out as she ground her pussy against her stepson's lips, wishing he could suck her whole pussy into his mouth, "Commmmmnnnn..."

Keeping his mouth glued to his stepmother's trembling pussy, he sensed more than saw her being consumed by her orgasm. Mashing his face into her wet, hot softness, he felt his breath being taken away, but he continued to slaver over the delicacy she offered. Sucking and licking, he felt her writhe and shake until he didn't think she would ever stop.

Finally, she gasped and quickly moved her hypersensitive clitoris back away from his ravenous mouth. Groaning in delight, she plopped her dripping womanhood down on his chest.

"Oh, Heavens, THAT WAS WONDERFUL," she groaned when she was able to speak again.

Then, she leaned over and gave him a soft kiss. She could still taste herself on his lips.

"I love to eat you," he drooled, unable to keep his eyes off the twin melons dangling down in front of him.

"Would you like another meal?" she asked, leaning forward and lifting one of her big, dangling breasts and guiding the bulbous nipple into his mouth.

"Muueeeessssssss," he grunted as he sucked the big, rubbery knob into his mouth.

The instant the big, pink nozzle was in his mouth, he began to suck and it began to trickle out a stream of thin, watery milk. But as he sucked, it grew thicker and richer until it was thick and creamy. Thick, creamy, delightful mother's milk flowing from his mommy's tit into his mouth. Momentarily surprised at the gusher of milk filling his mouth, he quickly began to suck harder, pulling on the swollen pap as his mouth filled with the juice of her breast.

She watched him as he suckled her and saw a frothy patch of bubbles forming at the corners of his mouth. As he hungrily pulled on her, she could feel her breast slowly emptying, grow lighter and lighter. After several moments, she forcibly pulled her nipple from his mouth.

"Mommy has to save some for Tina," she said, watching a stream of her foamy, white juice trickle down off her breast onto his lips.

"Lucky Tina," he groaned out, longingly staring up at her big, milk-filled breast.

"Now it's time for Daddy to give Mommy some of his milk," she crooned, taking hold of the headboard and pushing up onto her feet.

"I love the taste of your milk," he enthusiastically blurted out, "it tastes good."

"Oh, Mommy's little Baby," she gushed out.

Swinging around, she dropped to her knees beside him. With her knees brushing his hip, she reached down to the leather strap she had tossed onto the bed earlier.

With a mischievous smile, she lifted it up into the air and stretched it out.

"Uh, what's that?" Mike anxiously asked.

"One of your father's cock rings," Barbara smirked, slowly lowering the strap down toward his cock. "It will keep Daddy nice and hard so Daddy can make Mommy happy again."

"Oh," he foolishly muttered.

Holding the strap with her fingers, she eased it under his big, dangling balls as they hung down in their big, wrinkled sac of flesh. Pulling the ring of leather up, she wrapped it around the hairy base of his big, hard penis. Then pulling it tighter, she finally snapped one of the shiny, silver snaps together to imprison his twitching cock in its restricting hold.

"Is it too tight?" she asked him, slowly running her fingertips along the rounded underside of his cock.

"Uh, no, uh, I don't think so," he said, looking down and seeing that his cock was already starting to darken to a deeper shade of pink.

"Good," she smirked, pushing up to her feet and lifting one long leg over him. Straddling him, she balanced herself with her hands on his chest and her stiletto heels digging down into the bed as they brushed against his hips.

Crouching down over him, she lifted one hand and reached down between her legs to find his twitching, bobbing love-spear. Roughly grabbing hold of his cock, she jerked it straight up under her.

Holding his penis perpendicular to his belly, she aimed its huge spherical head up at the pouting hole of her hot, weeping cunt. Bending her knees, she hurriedly lowered herself down onto him. She could feel the nervous anticipation rippling through his cock as her pussy descended down on him. Then, the great purple-headed monster penetrated the thick, fleshy lips surrounding the opening of her burning ring of fire.

Feeling his urgency, she let go of his cock and slid her drenching wetness down over its steel-hardness. She was so hot and wet, his cock slithered up into her like a knife through hot butter until all eight inches of his majority were buried up inside her seething slit. Grinding her pelvis down onto him, she heard him gasp and then gasp again when she gave his charged love-spear a squeeze with her strong cunt muscles. She could sense the immediacy of his need as his cock immediately swelled inside the clenching tunnel of her dripping cunt. Knowing that he was on the very brink of eruption once again, she began to work on his cock with her cunt muscles, mercilessly milking him, keeping her pussy wrapped around his cock as she ground herself down on him.

"Oh, Fuck," he bellowed out as he lost control and his cock began spurting out its thick, creamy load of hot, syrupy cum up into her. "Sorryyyy..."

"It's okay—it's okay, Baby. It's okay..." she cooed, still milking his cock as hard as she could.

Then, as his cock spewed out its life-seed into her clutching cunt, she began to fuck him. Jerking her hips up and down, she rode him like a bronco in a rodeo.

Up and down, up and down went the silky sheath of her pussy on his rigid prick as he groaned and thrashed below her. Squeezing and milking him with pussy, she rose and fell on him as her great tits flopped about wildly sending sprays of mother's milk shooting out from them.. As she mercilessly rode him, it seemed like he had been coming in her forever, sending more and more of his ripe, virile semen into the hot depths of her fertile garden.

But even when she felt him stop exploding inside her, she couldn't stop the pistoning of her hips. She just kept on sliding her vacuuming cunt up and down

on him as she strove for another climax on her own. As Mike lay bound to the bed below her, the cock ring performed its duty, trapping blood in his cock and keeping it hard as she fucked him like there was no tomorrow. Up and down, up and down went her hips as she grunted and snorted, flexing and straightening her legs while his swollen peter slithered in and out of overflowing crevice of her womanhood.

As she ravaged his engorged penis, his spent cum and her hot juices flowed out of her cunt coating his entrapped balls and his belly with their sticky heat. As the gooey mess flowed down onto his belly it was sent flying out all over the place every time her cunt smashed down onto him. Straining to reach another orgasm, she milked and squeezed her stepson mercilessly as she fucked him.

Mike's penis, still swollen and gorged with blood trapped inside it by the restriction of the cock ring was slowly responding to the ravaging attack Barbara was inflicting on it.

"Love it—love your big, fucking cock—love it—" Barbara panted as her hips continued to heave up and down.

As she rose and fell, her mammoth tits were bounding about like two runaway cannon balls crashing about on the deck of a rolling ship. They rolled and bobbed up and down so wildly, they nearly flopped up and hit her in the face and then flounced down and slapped against his chest. As they floundered about, they left two trails of creamy, white milk on Mike's chest where they had leaked out their bounteous treasure.

Then, at last, she felt it begin. Deep down in the depths of her womb, she felt the first little tickle of electricity. Steadily growing as she humped away at her stepson's embedded cock, it finally washed over her body, engulfing her as it exploded into a million sparks igniting every muscle in her body with its fiery pleasure.

"Fuck—Fuck—Fuck—Oh, God—I LOVEIT—I—Love—It—" she screamed out as her hairy pubis beat up and down on his belly.

She wanted it to last forever, but finally her body couldn't take anymore and the climax slowly ebbed away, leaving her totally exhausted and gasping.

"Oh, Baby, that was a wonderful," she sighed, feeling his hardness still

embedded deep inside her battered but contented cunt, "but I bet you would still like to fuck some more, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Mommy. Daddy wants to fuck Mommy all night long," he told her as she slowly sat up, trying not to dislodge the boy's giant cock from her pussy.

"I bet Daddy would like to get on top," she grinned down at him. "Get on top of Mommy and fuck her all night long. Wouldn't he?"

Nodding his head up and down in agreement, he watched as she reached over to the nightstand and retrieved the keys to his handcuffs. Reaching up, she unlocked the cuff on one wrist and then the other one.

"Thank you," he told her, rubbing his wrists, trying to get the blood flowing into his hands again.

"You're welcome," she told him, giving his cock a squeeze with her cunt as she slowly backed her pussy off his swollen, purple peter.

"Does it hurt?" she asked him, delicately running her fingertips over the tautly-stretched skin of his swollen penis.

"A little," he grunted, reaching down and unsnapping the cock ring. "I don't think I need this anymore..."

"I guess not," she grinned as they both watched his stiff, hard penis slowly turning to a dusky pink once again.

"Did you like the cuffs?"

"Yeah, but I don't want to use them every time."

"We won't," she laughed, "and besides, it is my turn next time."

"I can't wait," he grunted, reaching out and taking one massive tit in each hand.

Smiling, Barbara leaned over his legs as he began to gently squeeze and fondle the great mountains of soft, firm flesh. As she unlocked the cuff holding his ankle to the bed, his fingers toyed and teased the big rubbery knobs sticking out from the centers of her ponderous breasts.

Mike reached down and rubbed his ankles for a few moments as his stepmother slowly rolled over onto her back and eased her legs apart.

"Does Daddy like Mommy's little pussy?" she softly murmured, running the tips of her fingers over the oozing, gaping hole between her long, outstretched legs.

"Daddy loves Mommy's hot, little pussy..." Mike grinned down at her as he rolled over onto his hands and knees.

Maybe he could fill his stepmother's hot cunt with another load of sperm-filled semen and make another baby inside her. If he did, then he could extend the supply of rich, tasty mother's milk she could share with him.

With that perverted thought dancing through his head, he leaned down over his stepmother and let her guide his big, twitching cock down to the cum-smeared opening of her vagina.

As he felt the soft, clutching warmth of her pussy close down around the head of his penis, he leaned into her and slowly pushed into her moist warmth.

As she raised her arms and wrapped them around his neck, he began to slide his stiff penis in and out of her again. Like a train starting up a long, steep grade, gaining traction and momentum, his hips started out slowly, but gradually built up speed, driving his hardness into her faster and faster. As he fucked her, her tits sloshed up and down, her big, puffy nipples leaking out more milk. Her hot pussy was dripping out so much love syrup, it was flowing down over his balls, coating them with her musk as its heavy fragrance hung in the air, filling the room with the heady smell of her sex.

Inhaling deeply, Mike breathed in the cloying, clinging scent of her ripe sex as he kept pumping his cock in and out of her wet, hot, softness. The overpowering aroma of her musk was intoxicating, making Mike lightheaded as he drank in its pheromone-laced message.

Mike couldn't explain his newfound feelings for his stepmother. He knew that they shouldn't be doing what they were doing, but it wasn't that wrong, he reasoned. The fact that they were stepmother and stepson was just a coincidence. What if his father hadn't married Barbara and Mike had met her on his own. Then none of the taboo would even be attached to their lovemaking. But now she was his stepmother and there was nothing he could do to change that glaring

fact. But even though she was, he couldn't stop the feelings for her that were growing in his heart. He was slowly but helplessly falling in love with her...

This all reminded Barbara of her honeymoon with Cecil. It all had that same feeling of never wanting it to end. They had rented a cabin at Lake Barrymore, but they hadn't seen any of the sights as they had only gotten out of bed to eat and replenish their supply of liquor and food.

And now she found herself wanting to relive that enchanted time again. Wanted to share those feelings with Mike, who she found herself slowly falling in love with. How could she love two men, she sickly wondered? But her love for one man was tainted by his supposed infidelity, while the love for the new man in her life was pure and whole, untainted by the ravages of time...and growing stronger with each passing moment.

While their adulterous affair was wrong, it didn't seem to be that wrong! They were just a man and woman who found themselves flung together by fate. Victims of their own destinies, they had taken the path of least resistance, choosing not to fight the temptation that had presented itself. After all, Barbara told herself, it wasn't like he was really her son or anything...not her real son...

"Oh, Daddy, Mommy loves to feel Daddy inside her," she murmured.

Then to her surprise, she felt him jerk back and pull his cock out of her tight, clutching pussy.

"What? Don't! Don't go," she whimpered, trying to keep him from pulling away.

"Other way," he grunted, crawling out from between her legs, reaching down and wrapping his hands around her narrow waist. Then she felt herself being spun and rolled over onto her belly.

Then she felt him crawl over her legs and pull her butt up into the air. Suddenly, before she even had a chance to react, he mounted her from above and behind.

Spreading her legs apart and lifting her lovely rear end higher into the air, she abandoned herself to him as he plunged all eight inches into her vulnerably exposed femininity. In and out, in and out, he drove his rock-hard cock into her seething love-wound. Faster and faster he moved, until his hips became a pink blur. Nearer and nearer they rushed toward another fiery upheaval. At last, Mike

felt his great, jiggling testicles spasm and send a boiling geyser of cum spurting out into the clinging sheath of his stepmother's velvet-lined vagina. But just as he started to erupt, Barbara tripped off into her own mind-warping orgasm. Unfortunately, as she did, Mike's spewing giant flopped out of her cunt.

"OH, NO, OH, NO," she groaned out in anguish as she thrust herself back at him, "it came out...it came out. Put it back in—put it back in!"

Just as she did, Mike jerked forward and the tapered head of his cock, coated with her juices and still spurting out cum slithered back down onto her. But without guidance this time, it missed its intended target and penetrated the tiny, little wrinkled prune of her asshole. The strength of his thrust was such that as the head of his cock slid through the tiny, clenching aperture of her asshole, the rest of his penis quickly following, impaling her and sliding in all the way to the hilt before either of them could stop it.

"AIIIEEEOUCCCCCH!" Barbara shrieked as she felt her stepson's huge penis rip into her asshole. The penetration had been so quick and so unexpected, it felt like he had shoved a red-hot poker up her ass.

Mike was unable to stop his instinctual movements as he continued to hump her and thrust into her ass, his giant, embedded cock continuing to spew and spurt his white-hot cream deep into her violated colon.

"OH, FUCK, you're coming in my ASS," Barbara gasped out, trying to escape the blistering pain that was coming from her widely-stretched asshole as Mike's cock continued spew out its virulence into her.

Still unable to overcome the drive to bury himself inside her, Mike kept his cock stuffed down inside her. He hadn't immediately realized what had happened, but now that he comprehended what had happened, he was driven by the wickedness of butt-fucking his stepmother. His cock jerked and spurted, jerked and spurted over and over again inside the wonderful hot, tightness of her clenching, squeezing rectum.

Unbelievably, Barbara felt the pain slowly lessen with each shudder of her stepson's spewing cock.

Mike had never felt this way before and he didn't think his cock would ever stop shooting off inside the hot, confining cavern of his stepmother's ass. He hated it

that he had hurt her, but it felt so good he couldn't control his feelings.

Barbara couldn't believe how much cum Mike had shot down into her ass, but it kept coming out like water out of a fire hose that couldn't be shut off. Again and again and again she felt his hugeness swell up and send another great spurt of his thick heat into her bowels that already felt as if they were about to burst.

At last, after what seemed like to hours, she felt his prick give a little quiver and stop spurting. Neither of them moved or spoke as she felt the aching muscles surrounding her anus relax a little and his cock slowly begin to lose some of its steely hardness.

She could feel the shaft shrinking, growing smaller and smaller as the pain in her ass waned. Coated with her juices and his own cum, his cock quickly shrank back down toward normal. At last, Mike gave his hips a little jerk backwards and his shrunken warrior suddenly popped out of her little asshole squirting out like a watermelon seed being spit out.

"Ow! That smarted," she yelped, finally free of the invading ogre that had filled her asshole.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it," he apologized to her as he rolled off her. "But damn, it felt so good..."

"I know you didn't mean to do it," she told him, giving him a weak smile as she ran her hand back around to her battered asshole.

"It's almost stopped hurting now. In fact, it feels sort of nice and warm and sticky inside," she told him as she felt the trickle of his semen leaking out of her tight little hole.

"I didn't want to hurt you," he told her, seeing how red and angry her little anus was, "I'm sorry that it happened."

"Well, you've had something your father never had. I didn't think I could take all of you inside my ass," she grinned at him, "I guess that you might say that you got my cherry."

"You mean that, uh, no other man ever did it to you there?" he asked her.

"No, Lover," she laughed softly. "You're the first...and probably the last, too, I might add. The last, at least on purpose."

"Wow," he smiled, reaching over and pulling her to him, "I Love You, Mommy Dear."

"And I love you, too," she sighed, "my little Daddy."

In ten minutes, they were both fast asleep, but neither of them was lonely any more. Mike didn't miss his mother quite as much as he had before and Barbara didn't miss Cecil nearly as much as she had before. Revenge had never been sweeter although it still smarted a little...

The End

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The Voice - Boob Job - Escort Service

Everything is Wrong - Cockball

Teacher's Tales - The Cheerleader Squad

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