

After the Party

dellagordo



Before

"Honey, have you seen my cufflinks?"

John heard his father's voice drift down the stairs and into the kitchen, where the teenager stood staring at the contents of the fridge, clad in a plain T-shirt and a pair of blue sweatpants. His parents were getting ready for a Halloween party at his father's firm. It was some big swanky to-do, and his parents had gone all out.

John himself was just out of the shower, after returning home from practice. Now he was hungry, and with his parents going out, he was on his own for dinner. He was looking forward to a night at home without them. His girl Lucy would be coming over as soon as they were gone, and John was looking forward to some quality one on one time with her. She had the biggest tits and the juiciest pussy on the cheerleading squad. And John would know, having sampled them all.

"They're on the dresser, dear!" John's mother Yvette called up to her husband. She was already in costume, mostly, and had made her way down to the first floor of the house. She padded into the kitchen on stocking feet. "John, close the refrigerator door."

"I'm looking," John said peevishly. He looked up crossly, annoyed, but whatever he was going to say next died on his lips. The door to the refrigerator swung closed, as John's hand had gone limp, while another part of his anatomy began to harden involuntarily.

Yvette was a tall, statuesque woman of considerable beauty, blessed with substantial womanly charms. Her long red hair, slightly curled and normally reaching down to the middle of her back, had been coiled up and pinned beneath a frilly white cap. Her pale blue eyes and mouth were accented with a rich maroon color, the makeup gleaming wetly on her full lips, while her high cheekbones had been subtly accented with a warm blush.

Around her throat was a black choker, embossed with a small white cameo. The neckline of her black dress plunged daringly, revealing almost the entirety of Yvette's prodigious chest. Her large, softly rounded breasts shivered with each breath she took. The cups were decorated with a fringe of white lace that was worked into the front of the dress and flared out on the short, wide skirt into an apron. The white sleeves poofed out, outlining her slim, muscular arms. More lace bunched at the edge of the skirt, which reached barely to mid-thigh, and more lace seemed to be placed under the skirt, just barely concealing what lay beneath. Yvette's smooth thighs were bare, but she wore a pair of white fishnet stockings that reached just to the bottoms of her thighs, each one tied with a cute black ribbon. She held a feather duster

and a pair of black stiletto pumps in one hand, and her jewelry in the other.

John had secretly, and occasionally not so secretly, lusted after his luscious mother since puberty. A host of horrible, sinful thoughts stampeded through his mind as he drank in the sight of her in the little French maid costume.

Yvette arched an eyebrow, noting her son's reaction to her. Not just the slackjawed expression or the flush that blossomed on his cheeks, but also the hardening of his member beneath the loose confines of his sweats. Yvette felt a prick of heat low in her belly. She allowed herself a secret smile, delighted with herself that she still "had it," enough to arouse a teenage boy, even if it was her own son.

She expected his father to appreciate all the work she had gone to in order to look this delectable for his silly party, and she was looking forward to coming home and having her brains fucked out by him. It had been some time since they had last had sex, fulfilling sex, and Yvette wanted to ensure her husband would be ready, willing, and able to perform his husbandly duties after the party. Of course, if there was time and opportunity during the party, she wasn't opposed to that, either.

Yvette placed her shoes and prop on the kitchen island, and the clap of the materials on the countertop seemed to awaken John. He flinched, turned even redder, and offered a lame smile to Yvette. "You look utterly fabulous, Mom," he stammered.

With a smile, Yvette managed a little curtsy. "Thank you, dear." She began to put her earrings in, long dangling silver things with amethysts and a bit of sparkle. "There's cold chicken from last night. You can reheat that in the micro or the oven, and I think there's some rice, maybe some noodles."

"What?" John looked at her blankly. "Oh, right, food. Thanks, Mom. Yeah, chicken sounds good." He looked momentarily confused, then returned to the fridge, and pulled the door open. Yvette couldn't help but admire his backside. Her son was becoming a man. A tall, muscular, handsome man with a beautiful butt. There was that prick of heat again. Yvette chose to ignore it.

While John busied making himself a meal, Yvette went to check on her husband, and found him coming down the stairs, tying his tie, slicking his hair back, and trying to jam the vampire teeth into his mouth, all at once. Joseph was a smart man, handsome, occasionally virile, and an excellent provider, but he was also more than a little scatterbrained. Yvette stepped forward to give him a hand.

As she straightened his tie, Joseph cast an admiring glance at his wife's impressive cleavage. "Did John see you in that?" he asked, stupidly, instead of simply complimenting her.

"Yes," Yvette said. "Why?"

"What did he say?"

Yvette smirked. "He could barely say anything." Not exactly true, but she wasn't going to fish for compliments from her husband by relaying her son's.

Joseph smiled broadly, lecherously. "You're going to knock 'em dead, tonight, babe. No one at this party is going to look half as ravishingly as you."

That was better, Yvette decided. She placed a chaste kiss on her husband's lips, not wanting to muss her lipstick, but surreptitiously cupped the growing bulge at his crotch. He reacted as if stung, stepping away quickly. "Not with John around," he hissed. So much for "better," Yvette thought.

She sauntered back into the kitchen to put on her shoes while her husband went into the hall closet to get their coats. Yvette tried not to notice the sidelong glances John gave her as she sat down at the kitchen table and slid her shoes over her

dainty feet. Feeling wicked, she leaned over, giving John a perfect look at the huge tanks barely restrained by the top of her dress. She heard a sharp intake of breath, but studiously avoided looking at him while she took her time with her footwear.

When she heard the clump clump of her husband's approach, she straightened, and pretended not to notice John adjusting himself.

"All set?" Joseph asked from the doorway to the hall, coats in hand.

"Yes, dear," Yvette said. Smoothly she rose, taking a moment to test her balance on the sexy but precarious shoes. Her feet would be killing her by night's end, but she knew it would be worth it. Yvette scooped up her featherduster, then turned to John. She gave him a quick kiss on his red cheek. "No parties tonight," she warned. "Your father and I will be home late, and I expect everything to be fine when we get back."

John nodded. "Have fun, you two."

Joseph held Yvette's coat for her as she slipped inside, and while she left for the front door, he smiled at his son. "Who you bringing over tonight?" he asked conspiratorially.

John smirked. "Lucy."

Joseph gave him a chuck on the arm and a wink. "Just remember to be careful, kiddo. Have fun – we'll be back plenty late, okay?"

John waved to his father as he left, and turned back to the plate of food he was making. He'd just as soon send Lucy with his father and keep his mother home with him, but he knew the likelihood of that happening.

While his food heated in the micro, John picked up his cell phone and dialed Lucy.

After

Yvette guided her husband's Lexus into the driveway behind her own car. She was fuming, a mix of marital anger and sexual frustration, and almost missed the small red Jetta parked on the street in front of the house. She glanced at her drunk husband in the passenger seat, head thrown back, eyes glassy, slackjawed and sloppy.

The party had been a disaster from the get-go. Joseph had left her with the other partners' wives and gone straight to

the bar. Cigars came out. A variety of alcoholic drinks were hammered home, as the men tried to outdo one another, drinking more and more. Joseph had been quite the drinker back in college, but that was a long time ago, and he quickly became inebriated. Extremely inebriated.

Meanwhile, all the brittle, overly tanned, disgustingly thin wives, the scars of their various plastic surgeries invisible yet no less obvious, could barely stand Yvette and her natural, unaffected beauty and curves. While Yvette struggled to keep a civil tongue while defending herself, her husband became stumbling and then falling down drunk. Yvette was actually tempted to give in to Steve Baxter's clumsy pass, but Joseph lurched over to them in mid-conversation and accosted Steve. There would have been a scene, with untold repercussions for her husband's career, if she hadn't at that moment dragged him out of the party.

Total elapsed time: three hours.

The night was a total waste. All the primping and plucking and shaving and painting, slipping into the sexiest outfit she had ever worn; all of it completely wasted. Ignored, taken for granted, and passed over by her own husband. Again. Yvette was furious.

She parked the car, grabbed her shoes off Joseph's lap, and leapt out into the driveway, leaving her semi-conscious husband in the car for the moment. The ground was cold, but her arches were killing her. She hurried across the driveway to the back door, finding it unlocked. She would have to yell at her son as well, it seemed. Yvette let herself into the house and quietly shut the door behind her. She was about to flip on a light and call to John, have him fetch his father, when she heard a curious noise.

Yvette paused. Still clutching her shoes, she slid her way across the kitchen tile in her stocking feet. There it was again. It sounded like some kind of moan. But not a bad moan, not a pain moan. A pleasure moan? And it sounded like John's voice...

Yvette crept down the hall. The hall was darkened as well, and it looked as if the only light in the house came from the living room, where the sound was coming from. Another moan, and then a kind of liquid sound. Yvette felt a stab of heat in her loins. She knew what she would see if she crept forward. She knew she should retrace her steps, perhaps close the back door more loudly, and call to her son.

Instead, she moved forward. Just enough to see around the corner of the doorway into the living room. And hopefully not be seen.

Instantly Yvette's temperature rose several degrees. She stifled a sharp gasp. She felt the folds of her pussy moisten and begin to part. Her teeth and then her tongue massaged her lower lip, and she knew that her hardened nipples had nothing to do with the cold air outside.

Her son John sat spread out on the couch, his t-shirt pulled up to his pecs, revealing his six pack abs. A pair of jeans and boxers lay pooled around his ankles, and a truly enormous and beautiful rock hard cock erupted from between his legs. A crinkle of brown hair at the base, a tower of pale flesh, and an angry purple head as thick as a plum. She couldn't see his balls, but she knew instinctively that they would be just as masculine and virile and perfect as the rest of him.

Kneeling between his legs was a young woman with a wild shock of red hair, an explosion of freckles across her small nose, and full red lips that were even now kissing and caressing John's cock. The girl wore a blue halter top, pulled down around her waist, and a short white skirt equally bunched up around her waist. Her large, braless tits swung free, capped by tiny pink nipples that grazed John's thighs as she devoured him.

The girl's lips were stained with John's precum, while strings of her saliva slid down his length. John's head was thrown back, his mouth releasing occasional moans, while the girl's

attention was entirely upon the massive tool in her hands and straining her lips. Neither of them saw Yvette.

The frustrated mother had to fight the urge to lift her skirt and apron and plunge a hand into her suddenly soaked panties.

The girl's hands slid up and down John's amazing cock as her tongue teased his cockhead. She looked up briefly into John's lust contorted face, and smiled that secret smile that all women do when they are pleasing their man.

Another moment, and Yvette would do something inappropriate. The surge of jealousy that came as the girl smiled should have shocked her, but she was past shocking herself at that point. Wordlessly, she backed away, back down the hallway into the dark kitchen. Yvette's hands opened and closed, making frustrated fists. Her pussy lips tightened of their own volition, hungry for cock. She bit her lip, mastered herself momentarily, and thought quickly.

Part of her, the part ashamed at what she had seen and how long she had watched and how consumed by lust her viewing made her, wanted to let them finish. To sneak away. But she had no escape; just a drunk husband in the car, one too far gone to even take to an all night diner and sober up with coffee.

Another part of her, the jealous, lustful, sex-deprived part of her, wanted to stop them. To storm into the room, push the tart out of the way, and show her how to really suck a cock.

Yvette found a way to compromise. To be somewhat responsible, but also to satisfy the unnatural feelings that were now heating her nether regions. She opened the back door and loudly closed it. "John!" she called, surprised that her voice did not shake. Yvette flipped the kitchen light on, then slipped her feet in her shoes. "John!" she called again, louder this time.

From the living room: "Oh shit!" "They're home already!" "Get dressed!" all spoken quietly, but urgently. If Yvette wasn't straining to hear, she might have missed it.

"I need some help with your father, John" Yvette added loudly. She slowly began to cross the kitchen once more, divesting herself of her coat as she went. Her heels clicked loudly as she walked down the hall. "Where are you, John?"

"Uh, in here Mom," he said. She followed his voice to the living room. John and the girl had quickly got themselves together, but they looked dishevelled, and even if Yvette hadn't witnessed the blowjob, she would have been able to guess what was going on. The girl's lipstick was smeared,

her tits engorged and straining against the halter top, and John stood awkwardly, a massive bulge straining his jeans.

"Oh there you are," Yvette said sweetly. "Oh, I'm sorry, am I interrupting?"

"No, of course not," John said quickly. "Mom, Lucy. Lucy, Mom. Lucy was just leaving."

Lucy's look shot daggers at John, but the boy didn't notice, or pretended not to notice. The girl turned her attention to John's mother, looking keenly at Yvette in her costume, and the daggers found a new target. Lucy allowed herself to be ushered to the front door, and with her sweater in hand, was unceremoniously shoved out on the porch. Yvette took several deep breaths as Lucy exited her home, and neither John nor Lucy attempted to hide the fact that they were eyeing Yvette's cleavage as her massive tits rolled around in their cups.

It was at this point that Yvette's subconscious allowed her conscious mind to realize certain general characteristics that she and Lucy shared.

"Sorry about that, Mom," John said. "I didn't realize you and dad would be home so early." He paused, looking over Yvette's shoulder. "Where is dad?"

Yvette allowed herself to sigh, which she knew did things to certain portions of her anatomy. In her heels, she could look John in the eye, but his eyes were nowhere near hers. She smiled inwardly, that heat flickering to dangerous life deep within her belly. "Your father is passed out drunk in the car."

"Oh."

"Would you go get him, and bring him up to the bedroom?"

"Yeah, sure, of course Mom." John headed down the hallway towards the kitchen and the back door, but paused. He looked back at Yvette. "Are you okay?"

He was such a sweet boy, Yvette thought. For some reason, that only fanned the flames. She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

Yvette heard the back door slam; John always did that, no matter how many times she told him not to. She stepped into the living room, noting the drawn curtains, the pillow on the floor by the foot of the couch and... what looked like something dripped on the surface of the couch. Yvette heard the back door open, and the sounds of John wrestling with

his drunken father into the house, up the back stair to the second floor.

Yvette placed a finger on the drip mark. It was still warm, and whatever it was came off on her fingertip. She brought the finger to her lips. Salty and sweet. Her whole body shuddered. She felt her moist pussy lips tighten, the nubbin of her clit rubbing against the stained surface of her panties. Precum. From her son's cock. Oh, you naughty girl, Yvette.

John's thunderous footsteps hammered the front stair. He appeared in the doorway to the living room. "Dad's unconscious. I, uh, laid him on his side."

John's eyes narrowed, examining his mother. "Are you sure you're okay, Mom?"

"Yes, I'm fine, why do you ask?"

"I dunno. You just look a little flushed."

Yvette giggled. Actually giggled, like a silly teenaged girl. She couldn't believe it. Somewhere, deep in her mind, the voice of a forty year old mother told her to act her age, take a shower, go to bed. But she knew she wasn't going to do any of those things.

"I'm fine dear," Yvette said again. "I'm just a little mad at your father."

"I'll bet. What happened?" Yvette arched an eyebrow. John frowned. "Yeah, right, pretty obvious I guess." He looked at her again, and his eyes lingered on her cleavage. "Are you going to check on Dad, or, or, um, change or anything?"

Yvette smiled. "Your father can wait." She smoothed the back of her skirt and sat down on the couch. "Do you... want me to change?"

John paled visibly, but shook his head.

"Then I guess I'll stay in costume, for a little while." Yvette patted the couch cushion next to her. "Come sit by your old mom."

John hesitated for a moment, but sat down. However, he was careful to keep a cushion between them. "You're not old, Mom."

Yvette smiled. "Thank you sweetie." Yvette patted the cushion next to her again. "Come sit with your mother, baby."

John looked uncertain. His eyes flashed from Yvette's face, gauging her mood, to her breasts, straining against her top. Lust apparently won out. He slid down the couch, closer to her. Instinctively, his left arm stretched out behind her. Yvette took the opportunity to slide closer still, snuggling up under her son's muscular arm. She was careful to make sure her right breast pressed into his chest. John's body stiffened, but he did not pull away. Yvette let a hand fall casually against his jean-clad thigh.

They sat there for a little while, not saying anything. Yvette enjoyed the feel of her son's arm around her, the strength in the thigh beneath her hand, and the warm, wet, gooey feeling growing in the core of her body. Slowly, she began to run her hand up and down John's thigh, gently kneading his leg.

John shifted a little and forced a laugh that came out as a squeak. "Are you sure you're okay, Mom?"

"Mmm-hmmm," Yvette said. "So, what were you and Lucy up to when I interrupted?" So bold, an inner voice said.

John flushed. "Oh, y'know, nothing much."

"Were you making out?" Her tone was teasing, but her hand was serious. Yvette allowed her palm to slide down along the inside of John's thigh. Her wrist and little finger nudged up against the hardness between John's legs – just for a second – before she swept her hand away again.

John hissed, a sharp intake of breath. But as usual, he couldn't lie to his mother. "Not exactly," he said. His voice shook a little. What the hell is going on? he wondered. He could feel his cock, still wet with Lucy's saliva and his own precoital fluids, beginning to harden as his mother touched him. He hoped his mother didn't notice, and then suddenly the side of her hand was there – just for a second – and then gone. She had to have noticed!

"Oh?" Yvette said. She brought her left hand up to her cleavage and slowly traced her index finger along the prodigious slope of her left breast. Her diamond hard nipples scraped against the cups of her demibra. She could barely keep from pouncing on her own son. Her cheeks were flushed, her breasts rising and falling quickly, and she felt as if her pussy would squelch if she pushed her legs together. "What 'exactly' were you up to?"

John's eyes followed her finger, as if hypnotized. A mixture of confusion, wonder, and lust passed over his features.

"She was... she was... um, giving me a blowjob." The words left his mouth in a sort of dazed whisper, but as soon as they were out there, John paled, and his eyes snapped up from Yvette's straining breasts to her eyes, expecting to see anger or horror.

Instead, he saw only sympathy. And something else, something no mother should ever feel for her son. Naked, unbridled passion.

At John's declaration, Yvette's hand swept up to cup his crotch. Instinctively, John thrust his hips forward, pressing his hardness into his mother's palm. "Oh son, I'm so sorry," Yvette said. "I had no idea! And look, you're still hard, you poor thing."

With her hand still firmly pressed against her son's burgeoning hardness, as if pinning him to the couch, Yvette slowly slid onto the floor, her stocking clad knees settling onto the rug, her body coming to rest between John's spread thighs.

John watched in sick fascination as she moved, her heavy tits bouncing enticingly with each shift of her body. Yvette's nimble fingers unbuttoned John's jeans and pulled at the zipper.

"Mom!" John croaked. "What are you doing?"

Yvette smiled. "I ruined your date honey, and I feel terrible about that. What kind of mother would I be if I let you go to bed in this condition?"

Probably a sane mother, Yvette answered herself silently. But John made no more protest as his zipper rasped and Yvette reached in through the hole in his boxers to fish his raging cock out. It wouldn't come, too tumescent, halfway down his pant leg, and after a frustrating moment, Yvette commanded John. "Up," she said. He stood, awkwardly, and she roughly pulled his pants and underwear down.

Her son's mighty cock sprang free, swinging upward and narrowly missing her face. As it was, a splatter of precum struck Yvette's cheek. Too far away to lick it off, she left it there. Instead, she gently pushed John back into a sitting position on the couch and closely examined him.

He was huge, bigger by far than his father, and thick around. Bulging veins decorated the pale hard flesh of his member, and the angry purple head at the top swelled and throbbed and secreted delicious looking fluid. Two huge balls, lightly covered in golden fuzz, hung from his magnificent cock. They were full to the brim with teenage semen, and Yvette determined she would drain them dry.

Yvette's blue eyes widened and she licked her lips. She looked up past his towering cock, into her son's face. He looked stricken, uncertain, as if warring with himself whether to push her away and escape or grab her head and shove his cock home in her throat.

She took away his need to make a choice.

Yvette grabbed John's shuddering cock with both hands, one on top of the other, and his cockhead still stood out. He was enormous, mouth-wateringly so, and she wondered if she could even fit him inside her. Well, she thought, I've done it before — I can do it again.

Slowly she jacked him with both hands. He moaned and clenched his fists, watching her, slackjawed, wide-eyed. Precum oozed from his cockslit, coating Yvette's fingers, coating his cock. Little wet noises filled the air as she swept her hands up and down his raging hardness, the only other sound John's little gasps and the roaring in Yvette's ears.

Finally, Yvette could stand it no more. She lowered her head, opened her mouth, and swept her tongue across the roof of her son's cock. Precum squirted into her mouth, sweet and salty, and beneath that the warm hot maleness of his flesh — her flesh. Her lips parted and subsumed the plum into her

mouth, where her teeth and tongue teased him. Licked him, tasted him, kissed him. The agile tip of her tongue toyed with his cockslit, eagerly seeking the delicious precum that was now jetting from his cock, coating her tongue and lips. Yvette lashed him with her tongue, bathed him with her saliva.

John's hands fell on her head, but he didn't push. He pulled the little white cap off and tossed it away. He pulled the pins binding her hair up and swept his strong young hands through her long red hair, freeing it, flouncing it, creating a cloud around her head.

Yvette hummed, flicked her tongue across John's cockhead. She released him from the sweet prison of her lips with a pop, still gripping him tightly with both hands. The hot, molten core churning within her demanded she act even naughtier. "Do you like Mommy touching you?" she said. Her voice was hoarse with passion and undisguised need. "Do you like Mommy's mouth on you?"

"Oh yes," John moaned.

Yvette looked him in the eyes and kissed his cockhead. Where was this coming from? she wondered. She could stop here, she realized. Stop here, flee upstairs, and somehow pretend this hadn't happened. But any further... any further

and there would simply be no stopping. This was the Point of No Return.

"What do you want Mommy to do next?" she said, breathless. She willed her son to understand her, to truly understand what the question meant, even though she couldn't quite bring herself to say the words.

John threw his head back on the couch cushion. Maybe he did understand. "God, Mom, I don't... but I need..." He paused, took a deep breath, and looked down at her, right in her eyes. "Mommy, will you suck me?"

Yvette's eyes closed as her body suddenly shuddered in a mini-orgasm. Just the words were enough to trigger her. She had always thought her son handsome and attentive, had always been a little jealous of his many girlfriends, but she didn't realize until he said those words just how dark and deeply her own Oedipal cravings went.

Yvette looked at her son through half lidded eyes. "Oh yes, son. Mommy will suck you. And more." Her hands released John's cock. Her nostrils flared. She opened her mouth and dropped her head. His raging, throbbing monster slid easily between her lips. His cockhead found her throat quickly, too quickly, but she had taken a deep breath and continued. His girth, greater at the base than at the top, stretched her lips

wide, but she forced herself downward, until those golden hairs tickled her nose.

She held him there for seven seconds, sucking on him, nursing on him, her cheeks hollow and flushed from the effort. His cock throbbed and sprayed precum straight down her straining throat. Then he slid back up, releasing him with another pop that sent his cock swinging, weeping saliva and precum. Yvette took a deep breath.

"Jesus, Mom," John said.

Yvette grinned for a moment and then devoured him again. Her lips swept up and down his massive tool, fucking him with her mouth. Her tongue and throat caressed him, urging him on. John's fingers wound through the wild tangle of her vibrant hair, and pushed her head downward, forcing more of his meat into her mouth. His hips rose, fucking her mouth as her mouth fucked him, hard and rough and lusty.

Yvette's hands cupped his heavy balls, gently kneading them, enjoying their weight and virility. She looked up into John's eyes, enjoying the look of pure lust contorting his face, almost as much as she enjoyed the taste and feel of his rampaging cock between her lips.

Her tongue felt the flutter at the base of his cock as his crest began to rise. His strokes grew quicker and shorter. Gently but insistently, Yvette pulled John's hands away from her head. She swept her lips from him, gasping heavily, trails of saliva and precum linking her lips to his cock, and gripped the base of him tightly. Yvette stuck out her tongue and opened wide, laying his plum sized cockhead against her tongue. She looked up into his eyes and gently stroked the base of his cock, silently urging him on.

John's face screwed up, but he kept his eyes wide open, watching in lustful wonder as his beautiful mother accepted his precious load. For suddenly he was cumming, his huge cock shuddering and throbbing angrily in his mother's hand. Jets of pearly white cum sprayed into his mother's mouth, coating her tongue and lips with white frosting. Quickly he filled her mouth, and when she was forced to swallow, his cock jetted another huge rope across her lips and cheek. Her mouth was open again a split second later, and neatly caught the next few jets.

Yvette swallowed noisily and looked up at her son with a mixture of pride and passion. His cum was thick and delicious, and he clearly came in prodigious amounts. She sucked the head of his cock back into her mouth, cleaning him off, sucking every last bit of jizz and swallowing it down.

Finally, she released him. She scraped a fingernail across her cheek, and fed the errant jet of jism between her lips.

She was not surprised to see her son had not softened a bit. His cock still towered over her, long and rigid and powerful. Yvette's lips quirked into a smile.

"I see a mother's work is never done."

Yvette stood. She reached beneath the flounces of her skirt and peeled the soaking wet g-string away from her pussy. It came free with a slight sucking sound. She slid her panties down her long legs, her fingertips brushing her white fishnets, then awkwardly kicked them free of her shoes.

"Up," Yvette commanded her son once more. Obliging, he rose, and she leaned forward, letting her heavy breasts hang down beneath her as her ass rose in the air. Bracing her hands against the couch, she tossed her wild red mane and threw her son a smoldering look. There was no misinterpreting it.

John kicked his own legs free of the tangle of his pants and underwear. With raging cock bouncing, he stepped behind his mother. His large hands slipped beneath her skirts and cupped the full globes of her ass. He kneaded her flesh, his fingertips burning her where they dug into her ass cheeks.

She moaned as he found her searing, soaking pussy, his agile fingers teasing her pink, weeping folds.

Yvette felt something hard and thick and resilient nudge against her pussy lips. She looked behind her, over her shoulder, and marveled again at the broadness of her son's shoulders, his narrow waist, his commanding strength. His sheer virility. One strong hand grabbed her waist, the other guided his cock as his enormous head began to slide into her. Another mini-orgasm shook Yvette's lush, matronly frame at the insistent incestuous contact.

Instinctively, Yvette arched her back into a deeper S-curve, raising her ass further, spreading her legs wider. Her pussy widened as well, desperate to accept the intruder preparing to plunder the most sacrosanct part of her body.

"I'm going to fuck you, Mom," John said unnecessarily, but the words sent a wicked shiver up Yvette's spine. "Are you ready to have your son fuck you?"

She had never been readier for anything in her life. "Just ram that thing in me," Yvette gasped. She cried out as John complied. His enormous man-root drove deeply into her, piercing her, almost driving the breath from her as his delicious cock spread her flesh. She began to cum almost immediately.

John felt himself enveloped by his mother's moist, hot core. Her fluids bathed his rampaging cock, a searing balm that shook him to his very soul. He stood hunched over her for a moment, his mighty tool embedded deep within her. His mother shook beneath him, moaning softly, her pussy lips clamping tightly around his cock. Even so, he was not entirely within her. A few inches of his manhood remained outside. He took several deep, sharp breaths, then slowly eased himself forward until his mother's full ass flattened against his chiseled abdomen.

Yvette cried out, thrashing beneath him. The couch shook under her movements. John was certain that her cries would waken his father, but he didn't care. He reveled in the feelings of absolute pleasure, and tremendous power, as his cock throbbed hard and happy deep within his mother's soaking pussy.

John flexed his cock, and Yvette's interior flexed with him. Her pussy lips were spread wide by the girth of his cock-base, her fluids leaking out to coat his swinging balls. With a grunt, John slowly withdrew, dragging his heavy cock out of his mother until only the head remained trapped within her delectable flesh. Then, savagely, almost brutally, he began to fuck her. He sawed his cock into her again and again, pounding his mother, slamming her hard against the couch,

driving himself into her deeper and deeper with every thrust.

Yvette's moans slowly transformed into a steady keening, as the pleasure began to overwhelm her. She couldn't tell when one orgasm began and another one ended. With every thrust, her son stoked the incestuous fire that had subsumed her loins and her heart. He ravaged her, and she loved him for it. She felt the muscles in her plush ass ripple with every impact, and an itching need began in her asshole.

For John, every inch of his cock felt like it was on fire. And only his mother's sweet pussy could quench the flames. Again and again he drove himself into her, gripping her waist tightly, slamming his cock home over and over.

"Mom," John grunted, as the familiar tingle began in his balls. "Mom, I'm gonna cum."

Yvette moaned and shuddered. "Give it to me, son. Give Mommy all your cum. I want to feel you deep within me!"

John groaned. He pulled out quick, then slammed his cock home brutally, almost mashing his mother's face into the sofa cushion. They both felt his already immense cock expand even further inside her, and then with a shuddering throb, he began spraying his mother's womb with his jism.

He felt each tremendous rope as it traveled up the long column of his throbbing flesh and spat itself free deep within his mother. Yvette felt his seed splatter against the roof of her womb. The biggest orgasm yet blossomed in her core and exploded outward at the speed of light. She saw spots, her fingers and toes tingled and curled. Tears of pleasure and joy dripped from her closed eyes as a wordless moan left her lips.

And still John emptied himself into her. His mighty weapon fired over and over, unloading a quart of viscous, white semen into her depths. It filled her, seeped past her pussy lips, and dripped out onto John's contracting balls.

At last, spent, John curled over his mother, gasping for air. Yvette's weak knees finally gave out and she slid to the floor. John followed her, still buried in her steaming, sloshing pussy.

Yvette lost consciousness, stirring only slightly as John pulled himself away from her. His cock came free with a slurping sound, and streamers of cum poured out of Yvette's ravaged pussy, staining her thighs and the floor.

Gasping, sweating, overcome, John slumped backward on the living room floor. A beautiful smile pulled at his lips as he slowly slipped into sleep as well.

Later

Slowly, Yvette regained consciousness. She became aware of the ache between her legs, then the dampness there, and suddenly awoke with a start. She looked guiltily over her shoulder at her son, passed out on the living room floor. A slow, sinful smile spread across Yvette's lips. The poor boy looked exhausted, but he had earned his rest. Not that she would allow him to rest for much longer.

Yvette surveyed her costume, noting that it had taken a beating. There were loose buttons and tears, cum stains and a run in her stockings. She stood languorously, stretching her voluptuous frame. Once erect, she shimmied out of the confines of the French maid outfit. She also divested herself of the demibra, and allowed herself a sigh as her heavy breasts were unfettered. Keeping the fishnets and stiletto heels on, she stepped over her son, straddling him. Yvette sank down onto him, pressing her nude body against his. Her pussy pressed against his scrotum, while her huge tits flattened across his broad chest.

John stirred beneath her. Yvette kissed him lightly on the lips. "Wake up, lover. I'm not done with you yet," she whispered.

John opened his eyes. To his credit, he didn't blink. His strong arms rose up, wrapped around his mother's body, and held her close. He kissed her hard, thrusting his tongue between her lips. She wondered if he could taste himself there, for she still could, and met his aggression with her own.

His eyes bore into hers, a strange mix of romantic love, sheer lust, and the love a son had for a mother. She felt his mighty weapon gaining steel against her belly.

Finally John broke away. "This is great, Mom, but kind of uncomfortable."

Yvette made a solicitous sound. "I'm sorry, baby. You just feel so good pressed against mama. I can tell you like it too," she said with a giggle and a wiggle of her hips. His cock throbbed between them. He groaned. "Let's go to your bedroom."

Yvette sat up. John groaned again as her full tits lifted from his chest and she revealed herself to him in all her glory. His mother's breasts were magnificent. Huge, pale, a light dusting of freckles across the cleavage, a fine tracery of blue veins just below the surface, capped by hard, strawberry pink nipples that begged to be kissed and sucked. Her tits were full and round, with barely a hint of sag despite their

size. John couldn't help himself. He palmed his mother's tits, noting with lustful, incestuous joy that he couldn't fit an entire hand around either one. Her hard nipples dug into his palms. He kneaded her breast flesh, reveling in their firm, smooth skinned softness. He cupped them, brought his lips to them, and brushed kisses across their snowy mountaintops. His lips and teeth found her nipples, teasing them.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny," Yvette breathed. "What you do to Mommy."

Yvette had to force herself to pull away from John. She dragged him to a sitting position, then eventually to his feet. He pulled her to him and kissed her again. She felt as though she could melt. The fluttering heat in her belly had exploded, spread throughout her limbs, taken over her mind. Was she the worst mother in the world, or the best mother in the world? She supposed only John could answer that.

Wordlessly, she lead him through the house, to the front stair and up to her son's bedroom. Just down the hall from where her husband lay sleeping off his drunk. She wondered briefly if he would be able to hear what she and John would be up to, and found that at this point she didn't care. He had ignored her for the last time. It didn't help that one session with her son had been more explosive and amazing than twenty years with Joseph.

They stumbled into John's dark, messy room, still kissing and caressing and rubbing one another. John flicked on the light. Yvette didn't care that his clothes lay scattered around the floor, or that his bed wasn't made. She did mind that the blinds were up, and quickly lowered to block the window. No need for the neighbors to see anything.

John admired his mother's backside while she fixed the window; the smooth curvature of her back, the fullness of her ass, the way he could see the swell of her breasts even from behind. With a smirk, he swept her up in his arms and threw her on the bed. Yvette let out a shriek, but it was one of surprise rather than alarm. She found her son's strength and willingness to take charge incredibly arousing.

He straddled her on the bed, his knees at her trim waist. His enormous cock pointed across her heaving tits toward her face. With an insolent smile, Yvette took him in hand and, slowly jacking him, kissed the angry head of his cock. She tasted her own juices upon him, but his sweet, salty precum touched her lips as well. As she manipulated him, the trickle became a flood. She lapped up every drop, savoring his taste.

Surprising Yvette, John pulled away slightly. He pressed a palm against his rampant dick and slid it between her huge breasts. "I see," Yvette said. She cupped the sides of her breasts, where they lay semi-flattened against her chest, and

wrapped them around her son's cock. John began to thrust between them.

John groaned. "Mom, you have the best tits I've ever seen or felt. I've wanted to titfuck you for so fucking long."

Yvette released a deep, throaty laugh. "Anytime you want, baby."

John's precum slickened the passage of his cock as he slid between his mother's tits. Her heavy breasts rippled with each thrust. The head of John's cock peeked out from between Yvette's cleavage. Precum squirted across her collarbone. Yvette craned her head, catching John's cockhead on her chin. It left a trail of juice that she swept away with a swipe of her tongue. She pursed her lips and kissed him on the next thrust. He squirted across her teeth and she slurped his fluid into her mouth.

Again and again John's massive dick speared her tits. His hot, hard maleness sank between her plush flesh, leaving a burning trail across her skin. John's strong hands sank into the soft domes of her breasts, his fingertips sinking into her pale skin. Her nipples scrapped against his palms. Then one hand reached behind, and she felt his dextrous fingertips brushing her engorged pussy lips. Yvette's hips wiggled and

shifted. John's middle finger sank into her to the first knuckle.

His cock found her lips again and she kissed him hard, teasing his cockslit with the tip of her tongue. John froze for a moment, her tits pressed flush against his abdomen, his throbbing cock shuddering between them. His middle finger slid into her all the way, and he unfolded his ring finger into her as well. He thrust gently, fingers curling against her inner folds. Yvette's hips bucked.

John's cock started moving again. "Mom, I'm getting close."

Yvette cooed. "Me too, baby," her hips rocking against his fingers. "Give it too me, baby, give me all you've got."

John released a noise somewhere between a groan and a growl. His own hips sped up, rocking his cock between his mother's heaving tits. A third finger blossomed deep within Yvette, nudging her g-spot, and she orgasmed. Hard.

She watched as John's cock surged toward her. The flushed head swelled, the cockslit opened wide, and a long, viscous rope of cum spiraled out of it, falling across her lips and cheek, closing her left eye, splattering her hair. Another rope caromed across her chin, staining her lower lip, and sprayed her neck, coating the cameo on her choker. John pulled back,

guttural noises and grunts coming from his mouth. His cock continued to spit and spray his precious load, coating the upper slopes of her prodigious breasts. With his free hand he aimed his shuddering dick, draping the peaks of her tits, her strawberry pink nipples, the deep valley between them. A final, impossibly thick spurt shot across her chest and landed across her lips and cheek.

John fell back, off of Yvette, breathing heavily. His spend dribbled down his mother's cheeks and tits, pooling between her breasts, in the hollow of her neck, into the red curls pillowing her head.

Yvette used her thumb and fingers to scrape up John's cum and feed it into her mouth. She caught his eye and shifted on the bed, lifting her cum-splattered tits to her lips. Her tongue swept across the pools of cum, making slurping and lip-smacking noises as she sucked up as much as she could.

"God, Mom, that is so fucking hot."

Yvette laughed, a deep, throaty, inappropriate sound. "You inspire me to do naughty things, baby."

John slid off the bed, crossed the room, and picked up the towel draped across the back of his desk chair. He returned to the bed and began to clean Yvette off. It was the towel he

used after his shower following practice. It had a strong, musky, male scent to it. It smelled like him, like her son. Yvette let him caress her with it, helped him get every remaining drop. She wiped down her face, her breasts, her hair. Then she grabbed her son and kissed him. Her lips and face still reeked of his cum, his taste upon her full lips, but he didn't flinch. He returned her kiss with equal fierceness.

She reached between his legs, was not surprised to find him rampant. She pulled him to her, and he maneuvered himself over her. His knees nudged her thighs, spreading her legs. She guided him to her, felt his flushed cockhead nudge against her netherlips. She parted to accept him. He slid in easily, perfectly, as if he was made to fit. John sank to the root inside his mother.

Yvette wrapped her legs around his waist, her stiletto heels pressing hard against his ass. John's head dipped to kiss his mother again, and his cock began to saw in and out of her sodden pussy. She would have been embarrassed by the wet noises emanating from her churning cunt, but she couldn't help how wet her son made her. John's powerful cock pounded into her, driving deeper and deeper with each incestuous thrust.

Yvette moaned and keened, a delicious heat exploding outward from her belly, expanding across her trunk and into her limbs, sinking into her mind. Her hands gripped John's

shoulders, her legs tightened around him. Still he hammered into her, bathing her face with soft kisses. His chest flattened her full, bouncing tits.

He felt huge within her, deeper than any man had gone before. And yet, almost as deep as John had once been. They were one flesh again. He had returned to where he began, inside her, inside his loving mother.

"John, John, John," Yvette moaned into her son's shoulder. "Fuck me, baby, fuck mama hard and deep. I need you, I need you, in me, all the way baby, all the way, inside me, where you belong, where you've always belonged..." Yvette trailed off as her senses exploded, her orgasm taking away all possible coherence.

Reduced to grunts and moans, mother and son grapple in coitus, the only sounds the slap of flesh against flesh, mother's juices swirling around son's hardness. Son's heavy balls slap against mother's ass. Mother's breasts bounce and press against son's chest. Mother's lips trace their way across son's strong jawline. Sweat drips from son's forehead, falls across the pillow under mother's head.

Son's cock swells. Mother's pussy contracts.

Son growls, deep within his chest. Mother screams as pleasure sweeps her lush frame. Son's cock erupts deep within mother's molten core, spraying her insides in thick, viscous tides of white semen. Son continues to hammer into mother. As each rope of cum erupts from son's cock, he thrusts, driving himself deep into mother.

And then, as bliss subsided, and sense and some semblance of rationality returned, John and Yvette collapsed into one another, gasping and shaking. They kissed, tongues and lips touching as surely as souls, and finally, finally, subsided.

Much Later

Yvette wiped the cum from her lips after giving her son a morning blowjob. She left him in bed, padding naked and shoeless down the hall, hurrying for the living room. She had to pick up before Joseph awoke, gather her scattered costume, rearrange the room, take a quick shower. Then see about her husband.

Yvette cupped her pussy in the hallway, smiling a secret smile as she felt her son's cum leak onto her fingers.