

# MOM'S LAP DANCE

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*Wife helps husband have sex with his mother.*

Incest/Taboo

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All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

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Hi, I'm Randy and this is my twisted tale on family sex, better known as incest. It started 2 years ago when I was 22. At that time, I had been married only a year to a beautiful sexy woman whose profession happened to be a stripper. We actually met for the first time while she was dancing at a local gentlemen's club.

After we married, Debra, or "D" as she likes to be called, wanted to keep dancing. I'm a very open-minded person and had no problem with her doing that. The greatest part about having a wife as a dancer was we installed a dance pole in our master bedroom and I got to see her newest routine before anyone else. Not to mention all the free lap dances I received. So our sex life had been one fantastic experience.

So how did this turn out to be where I wound up taking my mother to bed? Well, even I couldn't believe how it happened.

Let me start by saying that I would be lying if I said I had fantasized about having sex with my mother. Or that I jerked off every time I saw her ass sway by me. The truth was my mom, Ronda, was your average 40'sh women. I had never noticed anything special about her breasts, ass, or legs. Her hair was naturally dirty blonde and I'd always seen her wear it up in a bun - I think it made it easier for her to keep it out of her eyes at her job at the library. Yes, mom's a librarian. So her attire was very plain, also. She wore black framed glasses that covered her dark brown eyes and wore very conservative long skirts. And I'd better not forget to mention the typical white, brown or black sweaters that covered her B sized chest. Yes, there was nothing special or sexy about her to make you say, "Wow, I'd like to tap that."

I guess while I'm at it I should include dad, George, in this. Well, like mom, he's your typical hard working blue collar guy. He worked as a mechanic for a shop downtown. He's a little older than mom, almost 50, with hair turning white. He's average height and weight, and like mom has brown eyes. The only thing that stands out in my mind is dad's hands. They're beaten up and bruised from working on the cars and trucks he dealt with daily.

As for myself, there's nothing special there. I take after mom with my hair dirty blond and have my parents' brown eyes. I'm not a hunk as the girls would say, but I'm no slouch either. I guess I'm just as plain as my parents. If you had asked how I got to marry such a sexy woman, my answer would be, "I still have 2 wishes left." So there you go, my family in a nut shell.

So as you can see, except for my exciting wife, my life had been average. Until the day mom saw D dance.

It happened the day I got a call from mom just before I left work. Her car had trouble and she couldn't reach dad for a ride home. I told her I had to pick D up and asked if she wanted me to swing by afterwards since she wouldn't be finished for another hour or so. Mom didn't want to wait in her car and asked if I could come get her; she'd wait with me for D to finish.

It felt kind of strange having my mom walk into the strip club with me. I found an open booth off to the side and ordered a couple of drinks while we waited for D to come out and finish her last set. Some other girl had been dancing at the time and noticed mom looking around the place at all the people as they watched the girl intently, as she removed small parcels of clothing to the sexy music.

I had a hard time hearing mom as she spoke over the loud music that mixed with all the background noise.

"Guys really enjoy this, don't they?"

"Enjoy what?" I asked, as I leaned over the table to hear her better.

"Girls stripping and dancing."

"Of course," I yelled back. "We're guys."

As the girl finished her set, mom noticed a guy left with her to a back room.

"Where are they going?" Mom asked.

I found it difficult to talk to mom about what the girls did when they weren't on stage. But I swallowed the lump in my throat and gave her the cleanest explanation I could of lap dancing.

I watched as mom blushed at my feeble attempt to explain how the girls did a private strip dance and sat on guys laps while doing erotic moves.

Mom didn't say anything after I finished but looked back at the stage as D stepped out. We watched as D started her routine wearing a very sexy white laced teddy and a white g string that barely covered her mound.

D smiled as she caught sight of us sitting in the booth. If I hadn't been feeling uncomfortable before, I was now, as my sexy wife paid more attention to us, showing us her sexy strip tease, than the rest of the room. I looked at mom as her mouth opened in shock when D did a split with her ass facing us and bopped it up and down off the stage.

Mom commented on how fit and nimble D was and I felt my face blush. Finally D finished and walked off the stage. I knew it wouldn't take her long before she would be dressed and ready to leave.

This free time had given mom another moment to drill me on some questions.

"Doesn't it bother you knowing all these guys are watching your wife strip and dance provocatively?"

"No. I find it kind of exciting," I said. "I know they have to wish for what I already have. She's leaving with me and they're going home alone."

"But, what about those lap dances?"

"Well, those did take me awhile to get used to. I do have a hard time picturing another man rubbing his crotch on my wife while she gets him off. But for some strange reason, I now find it exhilarating."

"You do?"

I couldn't believe I was having this talk with my mother, the most innocent, sweet woman I know. I was more or less saved by the bell as D came out dressed in her blue jeans and a white skin-tight tee and plopped down next to me.

"Hi Ronda! I didn't expect to see you here," my wife said as she grabbed my drink and took a sip.

"Mom's car broke down and needed a ride."

"Oh. So what did you think of tonight's routine?"

"I thought it was a good one," I said.

We finished our drinks and made our way to my car. I held the door open for both women and drove to my parents' house. I couldn't say the conversation was enjoyable as we traveled down the road. It was mostly made up of mom asking D a whole bunch of questions about her job.

"So was it hard for you to start dancing nude?" Mom asked. My wife has no problem talking about anything. Unlike me, she felt comfortable with the topic.

"At first, yes. But as time went on, it I started to enjoy knowing how my body had an effect on the male population."

"Is that why you still dance, because you like teasing all those men seductively with your, might I say, very fit body?"

Deb laughed and said, "I think it is. But I also like giving your son his very own private show every once in a while."

"I was going to ask you about that."

"Mom!! Please!!! Save this for when I'm not around, will you?"

"What's the matter? Does this bother you?" D asked.

"Hell, yes. I mean. Shit! You're talking to my mother about this stuff."

"Well she is a woman also, you know," Deb said and continued on with her conversation with mom. "So what do you want to know?"

"Well I think my husband and I have fallen into a slump, and I was trying to think of some ideas that might spice up our sex life."

"Mom!!!" I yelled as I couldn't believe she was discussing her sexual problems in my presence.

"Randy. Be an adult," mom said as Deb playfully slapped my arm.

"I don't know what's gotten into him. He isn't this shy when we're in the bedroom and I'm dancing."

"Oh my God," I said. "Please, can we just change the subject? Or at least wait until I'm not here to listen to this?" Well, that fell on deaf ears as they kept talking. My poor brain was forced to hear all the things that were wrong with mom and dad at home. How they didn't have that much sex and how dad seemed too tired all the time. I started to feel sick as my mom told my wife how her sexual needs were not being met.

"Thank God we're here," I said to myself as I turned into their driveway.

As mom exited the car, D suggested to her "You know, Ronda, I could teach you to pole dance. I'll bet that would perk your hubby up."

"That sounds great, D, except I don't have a pole in our bedroom."

"Randy could install one for you. He did ours."

*How the hell did I just get elected to do this?* I thought as the girls hashed out the details.

I guess until I got around to installing the pole, mom was going to come over and practice with D in our bedroom. D also mentioned to mom that she had a whole wardrobe of sexy clothes that would spice things up. I didn't want to hear anymore and I did my best to hurry them along. As I drove us home, I had to ask D why she offered such advice to mom. Again I heard her say "Your mom's a woman and has her own needs."

I'm sorry. But in my eyes, my mom was so much more than a 'woman'. I saw her as Mom.

I made sure I wasn't around when D taught my 'Mom' to pole dance, or any other kind of dance for that matter.

I had done my best to stay clear of their dance sessions. But D wanted me to see what she had taught mom. Every fiber in my body screamed *Fuck No!*

But Deb persisted and grabbed my arm and pulled me into the bedroom. Mom was standing by the pole in clothes very unbecoming of her. Her hair was still up in a bun but the rest of her attire was a pair of tight sweatpants and a very tight T-shirt. D pushed me onto the bed and told me to stay. I watched as she went over to the CD player and started the music.

"We now have an audience," D said as I noticed mom's expression looked embarrassed in appearance.

"I.. I don't know about this, D. I think I agree with Randy on this being awkward."

"Your first time is always the hardest. I think it will be better to get those shy feelings out of your system by performing in front of your son. That way, you won't hesitate when you dance for your husband in that outfit I gave you."

*Oh thank god she didn't have on the outfit,* I thought as mom started to sway her body slowly to the music. D sat next to me and coaxed her into the routine.

"That's it, Ronda. Just close your eye and feel the beat. Get your hips moving. Yes that's good. Faster now," D said as mom picked up the pace and actually started to dance. Faster and more freely, mom moved. Her body swayed from side to side as her hands began to slide sensually up her body and grabbed her breasts with both hands. Her breasts! I wasn't looking at a heavy wool sweater, but at my mother's perky breasts as they hugged tightly to the stretched material. My eyes were fixed

on them as her hands seductively rubbed and squished them together. Mom's nipples became downright sexy, as I admired how firm and large they looked. I was shocked at myself for actually wanting to see more. More of her lush globes that were taunting my eyes.

I felt a twinge in my groin as mom pressed on. Her hips didn't miss a beat to the music as she faced away from us and placed her ass in plain view. The green sweat pants clung tightly to her body and the material pressed tightly into her crack. The visual effect it had made it seem as if her ass was bare.

In my entire life I had never seen mom's ass look the way it did then. It was small, round and firm in appearance, and I was awed at its magnificence. *My mom has a sexy ass!* I thought as mom bent at the waist and swished her sexy tight ass from side to side and then abruptly stopped. Mom leaned slightly over and bent her knees, causing her ass to lift slowly higher in the air. She would then straighten her body out and bend again. And again. And again. Faster and faster mom went until her ass jiggled rapidly for us. Mom quickly turned around and ran both hands down from the side of her breasts to her legs while she lowered her entire body to the floor. When her hands reached her upper thighs, mom was in a crouched position and she spread her legs wide. Her hands then moved closer and closer to her mound until it looked as if she was rubbing herself. Her body rocked back and forth while her hand moved faster and faster across her mound.

I couldn't believe what was happening, as mom seductively played this erotic show before me. I was getting hard. Mom had turned me on. *This is sick... I'm sick... I have to be sick... This is MOM, not some stripper. Not my wife giving me a private dance,* I thought as my dick went to full hardness. But I couldn't help it. I was lusting after my own mother. She was no longer this shy, loving, innocent woman I knew, but a hot blooded female with a sexy tight body. And my cock knew it. The moves she made became more and more seductive and erotic in nature, and I started to breathe heavier and faster.

I felt something and had to look down. Mom had put her hand on my thigh and was rubbing on my leg. I felt her lightly squeeze and my dick responded by spilling a small amount of cum into my briefs.

Mom had become less self aware as the music played, and her body just let go. She was now on the floor in front of us. Mom had her ass firmly planted on the floor with her hands behind her. Mom spread her legs and braced her weight on her hands and feet lifting her ass high off the floor. Faster and faster mom went, until it appeared like she was humping the air.

My mind raced as her crotch stared at my face and shifted up and down. My mouth began to water as mom again moved her hand to her mound. She moved onto her back and rubbed her mound while her ass continued lifting and falling. Faster mom's hand went as her hips pushed up off the floor. I thought I was going to die as my heart pounded hard in my chest and sweat formed on my brow, until mom put me over the edge.

Mom got up on her knees with her legs spread wide and straightened her upper body. Her eyes were closed as she swayed and moved to the music. I watched as her left hand ever so slowly reached for her excited breasts and toyed with them. Mom clutched, squeezed, and rubbed as her mouth parted and light whimpers escaped her mouth.

Mom slowly glided her right hand down her body. Down to her waist it went, until her fingers reached the rim of the sweat pants. I gasped as I watched mom twist a knuckle under the material

and the rest of her fingers disappeared. The material was so tight the bulge clearly showed her hand as it slithered down to her pussy.

I held my breath as her fingers manipulated and played with her sacred spot. Faster and faster her hand went. Mom's mouth parted more and her breath quickened. Her other hand still caressed and toyed with her hard nipples as they protruded out of the tight shirt. Mom's hips began to move back and forth as her fingers dug at her cunt. Mom moaned, pushed and bucked, faster and faster. Loud whimpers and moans were heard over the music as mom pleased herself in the presence of her own son. And then it happened. I watched as her body tightened and her hand pushed hard into her mound. "Ohh. Ugh. Ugh. Awww!!!" I heard mom sigh and grunt, as her body shook out of control.

I was so engrossed watching my dear beloved mother bring herself to orgasm in front of me, I didn't realize I had shot my own load into my pants. Mom had made me cum. My own mother. I felt D shift her hand and reach for my cock as she spoke words of encouragement to my mom as she recovered from her climax.

"Ronda, that was so hot. I think George is going to love it. Don't change a thing," she said as her head turned and looked at me. "What did you think of your mom's performance, Randy?" Mom quickly stopped all movement and opened her eyes. I think in her aroused state of mind she had forgotten I was present because her face went red as she removed her hand from her pants and rapidly stood up.

"I... I... I think," was all I could say. D had to finish my sentence. "I think he agrees. I mean you did make him cum in his pants." *Oh fuck. I can't believe she told mom that.* "I mean, he's all wet. See?," she said as her hand left my crotch and a dark moist spot appeared between my legs.

"Mmmom... I'm sorry. I didn't know I was..." But mom abruptly spoke.

"It's okay, honey. I think I'd better go. Thank you D for all your help," Mom said as she rushed out of the room. I heard mom fumbling with what I think was her coat and heard the front door open then close.

D laughed and commented to me as I heard mom's car drive away, "See I told you your mother was also a woman. I bet you never thought she could have done that to you."

I felt so embarrassed and ashamed. I came watching my mother. "I'm a horrible, horrible person," I said.

"Why?" D asked. "Because your mom got you excited? That was the whole point of this. I would have thought I married a gay guy if you hadn't gotten turned on by that."

"But that was my mother. My own flesh and blood. I'm not supposed to see her doing what she did. It was so wrong for my body to respond to her like that."

"You're human also, Dudley Do Right," D told me. "So clear those thoughts out of your head and stop worrying over something that made you feel good, and just accept the fact your mom is hot to you."

I let out a loaded sigh and D grabbed my hand before I could stand up.

"Soo. Say it... 'My mom is hot.'"

I know my wife and knew I was in a losing battle over this. So I responded.

"Okay. Okay. My mom is hot," I said nonchalantly.

"No. No. No. No. Say it like you accept the fact she's hot. Try again."

"My mom's hot," I said with a little more reassurance.

"More... Put some feeling behind it."

"My mom's hot!"

"I don't believe you."

D's teasing had gotten me annoyed and excited, and out of the blue I just went crazy.

"Mom's a hot fucking cunt! With a great tight ass that's just begging to be grabbed!"

D went silent and looked surprised.

"Okay. I guess I believe you now."

"Sorry," I said, as I got up to change out of my wet pants.

"Wait," D said as she grabbed my arm and halted me. "I want to feel your cock before you clean yourself up." And she walked up to me and plunged her hand down into my sticky pants. I felt her hand toying and squishing around my prick and then down to my balls. "I love feeling your dripping dick in my fingers. I don't know why, Randy, but realizing your mom's dancing got you off is getting me hot."

"Honey, please," I said, as her fingers worked my dick back to life. Harder and faster D stroked until my big fat prick was ready for business.

I grabbed D tight and pushed my lips to hers. My hips pushed against her hand and I felt D wrap a leg around mine.

Her hips pushed against me as her pussy rubbed up against my thigh. I could feel the heat pour out of her mound. My wife had become horny and I knew my husbandly duties were being called out.

I wasted no time unzipping her jeans and letting them puddle below us. D also had mine off in a flash along with the sticky briefs.

"I want to taste that sperm you gave up for your mom." D said as she slowly knelt before my stiff cock and slipped it into her warm wet mouth. I felt her tongue lick and poke around, on and under my shaft as her fingers touched, toyed and pulled on my balls, building more of my fluids up to the tip.

"Oh. Fuck, D. If you want to fuck me you'd better do it quickly or I'll blow again," I said as my hips twitched, pushing more of my slippery dick past her moist lips.

"Mmm you taste so good. We should have had your mom clean up this mess before she left. It is her fault you made it," D hissed as she licked and lightly stroked on my shaft.

"D. Please stop that. Ohh," I pleaded as my balls boiled another batch of hot sperm.

"I can't help it, Randy. I've seen other girls masturbate on stage. But seeing your mother do it in front of her own son. Oh. I'm so fucking wet now," D replied as she inhaled my cock completely down her throat.

"Oh. Fuck! D I'm going to explode," I said as her mouth raced up and down my cum filled shaft. I felt the tingling build in my cock-head as it blew.

"Oh. Ah. Ah. Ah!" I grunted as my waist pushed against her mouth and my hands grasped her head pushing down even further as she drank and sucked all of my seed.

I watched as my wonderful wife eased her head away from my dick. A string of sperm mixed with saliva stretched from the tip of my cock to her succulent lips until it broke and landed on her wonderful bosom.

D took a finger and wiped the sperm off her breast and licked it clean. "I love the taste of you," she playfully replied. "Take me. Take your wife."

I helped D to her feet and over to our bed. As I laid her gently down, I crawled between her thighs and whiffed the sweet scent of sex that filled my nose as I slowly approached her marvelous mound. With a quick flick I felt her shiver with delight as my tongue lightly grazed over her wet pussy-folds. Another quick flick. And then another. I heard little whimpers escape out of my horny wife as I lightly blew gently across her excited pussy and it sent another shiver through her body.

"Oh, Randy, stop teasing me and suck on my clit. I can't stand it anymore," D whimpered as her legs twitched and spread wider as her love-nest was welcomed me home.

I ran my tongue up her folds until they parted and the tip of my tongue lightly tickled her hard clit.

"Oh.. Yes.. That's it. Lick me there. Oh.. Randy," D cooed as her hips squirmed.

I licked harder on her clit as I slowly moved a finger closer to her sex hole.

Without any resistance I parted her moist lips and eased two digits in. Her cunt tightened around them and she moaned as my tongue danced and toyed with her little clit, driving her crazy with lust. I went deeper and deeper into her. I fucked my beautiful wife with my fingers as my tongue teased her clit.

D's hips pushed and bucked as her climax grew closer. I eased a third finger in as I placed my other hand on my cock and stroked it. My fingers pushed into her mound and matched the speed of my strokes until I heard D beg for my cock.

"Fuck me, Randy. Oh God, fuck me now." I heard her whine as I eased my weight on top of her and lined my willing dick to its mark. I lightly touched her pussy with the tip and felt her legs wrap around me as she squeezed sending my cock deep into her drenched snatch.

"Oh. Aw. Oh. Yes," D moaned over and over as her ass pushed up harder to meet every downward thrust. Faster and faster I pumped. I could feel her cunt tightening more and more as droplets of sweat slid down my back and onto my ass crack. Faster, wildly, and passionately we made love until I felt her grasp my ass with her hands and she pulled me to her. I knew she was ready and with a mighty push, I held my stiff dick tightly inside her gripping pussy. Her hips went crazy as she ground her clit against my skin until I felt her juices gush and she screamed in pleasure. My own sperm blew as our bodies shook out of control. I fell on her chest as our breaths heaved and raced. Our climax had ended and it was one of the best experiences we'd had together.



I never felt my wife cum so hard before. So much lust and passion, she showed. It was as if she was a different woman, and I loved it.

We made love like that every night that week right after mom left from practicing another routine they had been working on.

D had also added some seductive talk while we made love. Little hints and teases about how thinking about how my mom had made her son come. I started to grow accustomed to hearing her little devilish talk and began to picture mom getting herself off in front of me. My mind had accepted the fact that the sight was thrilling. My cock got aroused quicker as I imagined her hand bringing herself to orgasm.

As we lay in our beds naked and ready for another romp of lovemaking, Debra got even bolder with her sexy seductive tease.

"You picture her, don't you?" she whispered as her fingers traced over my dick and it jumped.

"Mmmm, I feel you do, lover. She still can get you hard after all this time."

I felt my dick go to full hardness as she stroked faster.

"Tell me lover, is it her playing with herself that does it? Or is it picturing your big hard cock sliding between her pussy-folds?"

Until then, the thought never entered my mind. But now it had. I could actually see my body above my sweet, naked mother with her legs spread wide as my dick eagerly pushed ever so slowly inside her warm cunt.

"Ohhh!!!" I said as my mind raced with this new fantasy of forbidden desires.

"That's it, Randy. Picture it. Your big throbbing cock pumping in and out of your shy, loving mother's pussy. Making her want more and more of her son to slide deeper into her hot eager cunt. Bringing her to the ultimate forbidden orgasm," D whispered in my ear, as I felt her pussy touch my dick and ease inside her little love-nest.

I pumped and pumped into my wife as my mind pictured it was mom in her place. I could almost hear her voice begging for me to fuck her, pleading for me to cum inside her. Faster and harder. I fucked and I fucked. I couldn't hold back anymore when I felt D's climax and she screamed while her fingers scratched and dug into my back.

My cum exploded deep inside D while I kept fucking her dripping cunt for all it was worth.

My grunts went on and on and so did Debra's screams, until we both crashed in exhaustion. I had trouble catching my breath. It was the most intense orgasm in my entire life and it was only from a fantasy my beloved wife had brought out.

"That was the best sex yet." D cooed as her hand brushed my face and we kissed deep and long until we fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke feeling refreshed and alive. I commented to Debra how I felt and she admitted the same.

I hadn't brought up mom and her new dancing routine, but for some reason I decided to ask how things were proceeding.

D told me the first dance went so well my mother wanted to learn more. She still was very upset with what had happened during her show with me, she had avoided asking me to install the pole. But I guessed dad enjoyed it so much himself, he went and installed one for her last week. So now mom went from seductive dancing to pole dancing in their bedroom.

"Great," I said feeling mom and dad's sex life must have turned for the better.

"Well, there is just one problem."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Your mom wants me to teach her how to lap dance."

"So what's the problem?"

"We're going to need an assistant for that."

A lump formed in my throat when her words hit my ears.

"Well, you could use a dummy or something."

"Yeah. I guess we could. But it's not the same."

"D. I'm not going to have mom give me a lap dance. It's bad enough I got excited when she masturbated. And we brought her into our bedroom with sex talk. But to have her rub against me with her pussy? I have to draw the line there," I said in a very firm tone.

"I suppose you're right. Well, just forget about it for now."

"What do you mean by 'for now?' I am sticking to my guns on this," I said again.

D just smiled and replied, "I know," and walked away.

After our conversation, things changed. The sex we enjoyed had died down. Debra worked until closing and was too exhausted to engage in any sexual activities when she got home. And with me getting up early the next day for work, we didn't communicate either.

Since her schedule had changed, the girls practiced early in the day instead of in the evening. I was starting to miss not having sex with my wife and couldn't wait until her schedule changed back. But it didn't, and two more weeks of abstinence presented itself.

Then while I suffered with a case of blue balls, D came home and dropped a bomb. I guess my sweet innocent mother showed up at D's place with my father in tow to watch D perform. When she finished her routine mom approached her and asked her to perform a lap dance on dad while she watched.

"W-what did you do?" I asked.

"I denied her request. I didn't think you would have liked knowing I did that with your father."

"Hell yeah! I wouldn't have."

"But your mom was very persistent. The money she was willing to spend to have me do it was a lot. I had a hard time turning her down."

I got out of bed and went for the phone.

"Who are you calling at this hour?"

"Who do you think?" I asked as my fingers finished dialing.

D quickly grabbed the phone and hung it up. "Wait a minute. Don't go calling your mom and making trouble. She was nice enough to accept the fact I didn't want to give a lap dance."

"I still want to know why she wanted you to give dad one in the first place."

"You don't get it. Your mom wants to experience new things. And I like the idea that she wants her husband to experience them with her. I'm going to take a pee!" D said in exasperation as she marched off to the bathroom.

This gave me a chance to gather my thoughts and I apologized when she came back to bed.

D gave me a kiss and it was forgotten. She also informed me that tonight was her last late night. I couldn't wait for tomorrow evening to arrive. I could only image how great the sex was going to be after waiting so long to feel her wonderful body under mine.

I was a mess at work the following day. I swear the damn clock on the wall was broken, as the minutes ticked away like hours. I was already hard when I looked and the clock read quitting time. But my mind screamed *About fucking time, already!* as I raced home.

D was already home when I opened the door and my dick jumped with joy when I saw she had on a white see thru baby doll that covered, but barely, a pair of bikini-cut silky white panties.

"Hi, love! I have a surprise for you tonight. Why don't you go change into your sweat pants and I'll be right in," D sexily said as she turned and sashayed into the kitchen.

I raced into the bedroom and spied a chair at the foot of the bed. That could only mean one thing. I was getting a lap dance. *I don't know if I can handle one* I thought, as I fumbled with removing my work attire. I stripped completely naked and just put on a pair of sweat pants thinking I wanted to feel as much of her grinding against me as I possibly could. I didn't even bother with a shirt knowing she would be rubbing those great tits of hers against my chest. I picked up and tossed the clothes into a hamper while I waited patiently for my wife to make her presence known.

My heart began to race as I heard the bedroom door open and D walked in. And then, so did my mother.

"What the fuck?!" I yelled as mom stood by D, wearing a skimpy white barely there bralette set. The white top hardly covered her bosom and the bottoms was a tiny side-tie G string, and for the first time my mom had her hair down. I never knew it was so long and voluminous.

I went to stand up but D planted her hands on my shoulders and said "Wait a minute, Randy. Your mom is here just to watch. You said we couldn't use you for practice. You never said she couldn't watch you getting a lap dance. This was the reason she wanted me to give one to your dad. She just wanted to see how it was done, so I told her she could watch us."

"Why the outfit?" I mumbled, as I struggled with mom showing so much of her body.

"We just finished practicing when you came home," D said as she motioned mom to sit on the bed.

"So... Shall we get started?" D asked as she started the music.

I was still in shock as D began her seductive swaying in front of me. Her ass danced in my face as she seductively made me relax. My dick needed relief and I was too excited to fight over this anymore.

D turned and traced her hands over her body. Slowly she played and rubbed her breasts before she turned again, straddling my legs. With her ass facing me, she eased her weight onto my lap.

The heat from her mound penetrated the thin fabric of my sweats as her body began to go to and fro. I was hard in record time. D's hips went faster and pressed harder, causing my tool to lift against my pants as the material chaffed against it. Her ass rocked faster and my hands instantly went to her waist.

"Ohh.. Ohh...," I groaned as her body worked its magic on mine. I felt my load building as her mound pressed tightly to my cock and the light satin material encompassed around it.

"See, Ronda, this is how it's done," D said as I turned to look at mom with half closed eyes.

I saw mom sitting on the bed watching intently as D went on. "Now you can also face him like this."

And D sat up and turned herself around lowering herself back down with her arms over my shoulders.

D pressed her chest to mine and bounced herself on my lap. My dick banged against the tiny material causing ever so lightly my cock to push inside her cover mound. My passion grew by the minute. I needed to feel her pussy around my shaft. Again my hands went to her waist and I helped push her harder down onto me.

D stopped bouncing and went back to grinding. Faster and faster she went. I felt my cum reach the max and any second I was going to let go. D again talked in a husky voice to mom as her pussy teased my rigid dick.

"Haa. Haa. See. Hah. That's how. To. give. A... Haa." She didn't finish, but I again looked at mom.

Mom's hand had moved and was between her legs. She was again rubbing herself as D moaned and rocked wildly above me. I couldn't take anymore as my dick throbbed against my wife's excited cunt. I felt her grasp my neck as her legs tightened around me, as we both climaxed together.

"Oh. Oh. Aww!" D moaned and I grunted. Her head leaned back and her body quaked as she fell forward and pressed her chest against me. I held my wife tight to my body as her head rested on my shoulder.

"I think we both needed that," D managed to say as her breath raced besides mine.

"I think we deserve another round," D whispered in my ear as her hips again started to slowly move against my wet pants.

I again glanced over at mom. Her eyes were glassed over and her expression was one I've never seen before.

D once again was grinding against me as her hot breath blew hard into my ear. I was again rising to the occasion as my wife whispered.

"Just think. This could be your mom doing this," D devilishly cooed as my dick went extremely stiff.

"Oh.. Yes.. Ah.. That's it, Randy. Picture your mom. Picture her rubbing against you." My eyes closed and I felt a rush of pleasure run through my veins. I began to grunt and groan as D kept putting unthinkable desires into my brain.

"You see her don't you? You see your mom doing this," D said no longer in a whisper.

In my aroused state I began to talk back to the questions that were asked of me.

"Tell me, Randy, you see her. Tell me."

"Oh... Yesss," I huffed.

"You like it don't you? You like feeling your mother grinding her body against yours."

"Oh. D. Yes. Oh. Yes."

D had gotten me extremely excited again. And then she stopped and I felt her stand up. I opened my eyes and saw that mom had taken her place. My heartbeat quickened as I felt mom rest her body on my lap and our eyes met.

"Mmmomm. Nooo," I spoke, but my body wouldn't listen to what my mouth said.

"Shhh, honey. I want this too," Mom replied as our crotches touched for the first time. "It's only a lap dance. And I want you to be my first."

"Mom. Oh. It's wrong. Ohh God," I said as Mom ground her mound against my dick. I could feel my own mother's heat from her pussy as it slipped up and down my stiff shaft.

Her chest was only inches from my face and I couldn't take my eyes off her perky tits as her nipples pressed hard against the thin material.

"That's it, Ronda. You've got it. You're doing it. He's getting excited. I know that look. He's wishing to see more of you," D said as she stood right behind my mother.

"You want to see these, don't you Randy? You want to see your mother's beautiful breasts."

I could only nod my head 'yes' as my body raced with feelings I never felt before.

D reached the tiny laces that held the top on and pulled them free; I was awed as the tiny material fell away and Mom's perky tits jiggled in front of me.

"Oh. Fuck. Oh. Fuck," I groaned as my lust built like never before.

"Touch them, Randy. Touch your mother's breasts."

"D, what are you saying?" I heard mom ask, as her hips kept perfect time with the music.

I reached up with both hands and grasped at my mom's wonderful breasts. They felt so soft in my palms as my hands kneaded and squished them. I heard mom moan and her hips moved faster.

"Oh. Yes. That's it, Randy. She likes it too. Harder, Ronda; push harder into him. Like this," D said as her hands went to my mom's hips and forced her down tighter against my steel rod.

D was helping mom grind tighter against me as we both moaned and groaned to our fast approaching climax. I felt my sperm building again as I toyed with mom's firm breasts. Then something unexpected happened. I felt my pants being pulled off my body. D was tugging at my legs and removing the only material that separated my cock from my mother's lightly covered mound.

"D!" I yelled. "No. I Don't have." It was too late. My dick was now sliding against the slick silky fabric of mom's tiny panties. I looked up at mom and her eyes were closed and her breath heaved. Her hips went faster and her moans were louder.

"Oh, Randy. Cum for me. Cum for mommy," my mom pleaded as she ground firmer against my exposed flesh.

"That's it, Ronda. Move higher; let his dick touch your entrance. Push down harder while you slide down," I heard D say as I watched her hands slowly go to mom's sides. Her fingers toyed at the laces that kept the tiny G sting in place. Mom did as D said and pushed down harder as she went back and forth.

Mom moaned and whimpered; I could feel her legs tighten on my thighs. And then I watched as D pulled the strings and removed the material. Mom's bare pussy touched my stiff cock and her eyes opened in shock.

"Oh," mom said, as D quickly spoke. "Faster, Ronda; move faster." And she again helped mom move her hips. Mom fell into the rhythm as D guided her movements. Her pussy was wet and my dick connected with her clit. My cock was feeling my mother's hard clit as it glided forcefully across my shaft.

"Oh. Fuck. Mom," I said as my dick begged for her hole. I felt my own hips lift up every time her sweet entrance was near.

"Yes, Randy. You want to feel it. I think your mom does too."

"Oh. D. This is too far," I said as my dick toyed between mom's folds.

"Yes. D. Oh. we. can't. Do. Ohhh My God!" Mom yelled as I felt my mushroom head lightly enter her forbidden womb.

It was too much for both of us. My dick stayed connected as she rocked back and forth and pushed more and more of me into her hot steaming pussy. I pushed myself up and my entire cock sank deep into her succulent snatch.

"Oh. Fuck. Mom!" I yelled as I felt her body move faster and faster. Mom went from rocking to bobbing. Her pussy went hard down onto my stiff erection as my dick pleaded for more.

"That's it. Fuck your son. Fuck your sweet little boy. You want to feel his cum inside you. I know you do. Tell him. Tell your son how you feel," D said as she stood back and toyed with her own pussy.

"Yess. God, yes. Fuck me. Fuck mommy. Cum inside me."

I grabbed hold of mom's hips and helped push her down harder while my ass lifted off the chair. I felt myself ready and wished it wasn't so. I grunted as my sperm went deep into her cunt.

"Fuck mom. I'm cumming," I said as mom fucked me even harder. I felt her body stiffen and she screamed out, "Ohh. Ugh. Ugh. Ugh.!" Our bodies mashed together as our mutual climax went on and on.

Mom fell forward onto my shoulder and panted while I held her trembling body close to me.

"That was the most thrilling thing I've ever seen," I heard D say as I opened my eyes and watched her lick her fingers. "I came so hard just watching you two."

"This shouldn't have happened, D." I said.

"But it did and now you both know what it was like instead of wondering."

"You didn't know, Randy. But your mom has been thinking about this for quite a while now. I just helped both of you along."

"Is this true, mom?"

"Yes, it is. I told D my dark fantasy while we practiced, and she thought you felt the same way."

I was speechless. But that's how it happened. I would like to say we lived happily ever after but we'll have to see about that. I'm still not sure how dad would feel about mom's little lap dance.