

Girlfriend's Mom CFNM MILF

looking back, I guess I should have seen the signs that Sarah, my girlfriend's Mom, was slowly getting me used to the idea of CFNM. Although to be fair, when I first met her, not too long after her Daughter Kristy and I started going out, I hadn't even heard of that term before. She was always encouraging me to get my top off whenever I was around at their house, the thermostat cranked high, but herself still happy in basic jeans and shirt. Soon into Kristy and I's relationship, she was telling me how I should feel comfortable and relax, treat this place like it was my own, and that if I wanted to where just my boxers, she'd be ok with that. I found that a little bit weird but I just assumed that Sarah was a bit more of a free spirit than me, all about not being ashamed of your body and all that stuff. To be honest, I would've loved to strip down to just my underwear, especially considering how hot she always kept the house, but I never did strip down any further than my underwear and shorts. Simply put, Sarah was way too sexy and there was no way I'd be able to stop myself from getting rock hard in front of her, and with just underwear on, there'd be no way of hiding it from her, and that was not a situation I wanted to get myself into. With large breasts and a super seductive smile, I was always happy to get the friendly hug that she always bestowed every time we saw each other, with Kristy usually nearby, glad that her Mom and her boyfriend got along. Come vacation time, and they had invited me to join them for a week near the beach, having rented out a small cabin close to the water, Kristy being an avid surfer. Personally, I get uncomfortable when the water is deeper than my chest but I'm not going to pass up an opportunity for a week on the sand with two hot women. "Are you sure?" I asked one more time, keen to come but just making absolutely sure I wouldn't be getting in the way of a Mother/Daughter quality time. "Not at all, Jake," Kristy told me for the third time, "Anyway, you can keep Mom company while I'm surfing, she's about as keen on deeper water as you." "That's right," Adds Sarah, interlocking her arm with mine, "We can watch her cowabunga and such while we stay on the sand, enjoying the sun with swallowing 10 gallons of seawater." Needing no further encouragement, having wanted to come from the moment it was brought up, I smile and wait for the big day. * * * Arriving at the cabin, we carry the multitude of bags and suitcases inside, Sarah getting the main bedroom and Kristy and I getting the smaller one, most likely intended younger families. This fact is reinforced when we see that the bedroom is sporting a bunk and not a double bed. Joking about who gets the top bunk, we go to the kitchen and help Sarah pack the food and such that we've brought with us in the pantry and fridge, Kristy already distracted by the waves we saw when we had arrived. "Really? We've just been in the car for 2 hours," Sarah says as we unpack, "Don't you want to relax a bit first?" "Relax? I've just spent 2 hours in the car, I want to stretch my legs." Kristy counters. "Fine, we'll finish here and then we can all head down," About 20 minutes later and we're on the sand, the sun bright but not too hot today, the waves pretty good, from what Kristy is saying, the only one of us three with a surfboard under her arm. Unable to contain her excitement, Kristy breaks off and runs ahead of us, hitting the water with a cheer as she starts paddling out, Sarah and I picking a random patch of warm sand to sit ourselves down on. Watching her quietly, enjoying the sun on our backs, heating our clothes, Sarah turns to me with a smile and a twinkle in her eye. "Nice day isn't it, Jake?" "Yeah, it's awesome. Thanks again for letting me tag along." "Don't mention it, we both wanted you," Sarah says, patting my leg and making me shiver a little with excitement, her face unreadable, her smile slightly hungry looking, "It's too hot for that top though Jake, you should take it off." "I'm ok for now Sarah, but I probably will in a few minutes-" "Take it off, Jake," Sarah repeats, a strong tone in her voice I've not heard before. Not bossy, not aggressive, just...powerful, striking a chord inside me, making me feel like not doing as she says is impossible. Almost unthinkingly, I grab my top and pull it off, my 20-year-old body exposed to her. Wondering what just happened, I look at Sarah who is once again watching Kristy, a small, inscrutable smirk on her face. The rest of that surfing foray is pretty mellow, with Sarah and I's conversation light and friendly, that sudden tone not entering her voice again, making me wonder if maybe I'd imagined it. About an hour later, returning to the cabin, Kristy heads for the shower and Sarah busies herself in the kitchen, telling me she's going to make a little something for us to eat. "You look a little red, Jake. I hope you didn't get sunburnt?" "I should be ok, it's not too hot today." "I'll get Kristy to rub some aloe vera cream on you when she's done, it's great for sunburn," Sarah says as she finishes up. Eating our snacks, we chat about what we'd like to do for the rest of the day. Kristy is keen to get out amongst the waves again, making Sarah and I laugh. "You don't have to come and watch me every

time, you know," Kristy says, smiling at us. "Probably just as well, or else Jake will be a lobster by the end of the week, Kristy," Sarah says, motioning at my slightly redder than normal torso, "That reminds me," She adds, getting up and grabbing a small bag and retrieving the aloe vera cream, "Give him a rub down with this, Kristy." "Fine" Kristy says with a smile as she finishes her snack, "Come here, Babe," she adds, asking me to stand by her as she puts a dollop of the cream in her palm. Rubbing the cool cream over back and chest, Sarah watches with a smile as I become a glistening statue, my cock threatening to grow as Kristy's soft hands practically massage my body. "His legs too, Kristy," Sarah says. "I know, Mom," Kristy answers, adding another dollop to her palm. "Get your shorts off, Jake, or else they'll get all creamy," Sarah says, watching me with that same hungry smile again, Kristy not facing her. With a laugh, Kristy grabs my shorts by the legs and tugs them down, letting them fall to my ankles, leaving me in my underwear, feeling a little exposed while Kristy rubs the aloe vera on my thighs and calves, bending down to do my lower legs, Sarah now looking quite openly at the bulge of my boxers while Kristy's face is below the table line. Her eyes focussed and staring, her smile going from hungry to ravenous, but just as quickly disappearing as Kristy sits back up, her application of the cool cream done. Feeling a little awkward and embarrassed, I sit back down, wondering again about exactly what's happening and if I'm imagining things or not. Soon enough, Kristy once again has her surfboard under her arm and we exchange a smooch as she heads off, Sarah and I remaining behind. Turning, I head for my shorts, still on the floor. Picking them up and leaning forward to put them on, I once again hear the tone from the beach. "Don't put those back on, Jake." Excited, but not knowing why, I turn and look at Sarah who is standing there, simply staring at me, her smile friendly, but hungry again. Feeling like I'm being disciplined, but not sure what I've done, her tone makes me stop and I leave the shorts on the floor, her tone making me obey without knowing why, once again tapping into some distinct part of me, making me feel like I'd be some sort of...naughty boy if I didn't. Her eyes penetrating mine, Sarah lowers herself onto the couch and watches me, standing there in my underwear, feeling vulnerable. "Would you like to play a game, Jake? To pass the time while Kristy surfs?" Unsure what the hell is going on, I assume she means a board game or something, "Uh, sure Sarah. Sounds good." "It's a very special game, Jake. I don't play it with just anyone, but I think you'd be really good at it." "Ok?" I answer almost with a tremble, rapidly getting washed over with uncertainty. "It would have to be our little secret though. You can't tell anyone, even Kristy. You don't have to do anything though, just stand there." "Umm, just stand here?" "That's right, just stand there. Would you like to play?" Confused but more than a little intrigued at what she could possibly be talking about, I slowly nod my head. "Good, I'm so glad, Jake," Sarah says, getting more comfortable on the couch, crossing her legs and folding her arms with a grin, "Now, just stand there with your arms to your sides and listen ok? Don't move." "Ok," I answer, standing before her, my arms hanging by my sides, my heart beating, my mind reeling in equal parts perplexed and excited. "So, Jake, tell me how you feel right now?" "Haha, I dunno. A little freaked out, I guess." "You're almost trembling, and I know it's not from the cold," Sarah says, her grin getting wider. "Haha, yeah," I concede, nervously. "What do you think of me, Jake?" "Sorry?" "It's a pretty simple question, Jake. What do you think of me?" Sarah repeats, her smiling becoming a smirk. "You're, uh, pretty cool. I've never felt unwelcome or anything at your place." "Well thank you. And what about physically, Jake. Do you think I'm attractive?" "Sorry?" "Haha, am I really going to have to repeat every question, Jake? Do you think I'm hot?" Looking at her, with her arms and legs crossed, a smirk on her face, I wonder what the hell she's playing at, but decide to answer honestly my practically naked body shivering with nerves. "Uh, yeah, you're pretty hot, Sarah." "Really? Interesting haha. And what exactly about me is so hot? And you'd better not make me repeat myself again." Sarah says with a grin. "You've got a really pretty face. Very umm, beautiful eyes." "Anything else?" "Anything else?" I repeat, not meaning too but stalling. "Yes, anything else? You're a young man, Jake I'm pretty sure you don't just look at women's faces. Is there anything else about my body that you like?" Feeling like my face is going redder, even with the help of a mild sunburn, I say in a low voice, "You have pretty amazing looking boobs, too." "A little louder, Jake, I didn't quite catch that," Sarah says, her smile wolfish now. "I said you have great boobs," I say, feeling a thrill run through me, openly admitting to my girlfriend's Mom that I like her tits. "I thought so. I've seen you checking them out when you think I can't see," Sarah says. Then leaning forward, looking up at me through her eyelashes, her voice now huskier and purr-like adding, "Have you ever...jerked off thinking about me and my big breasts?" Swaying on the spot, like I've been physically shoved, I stare at her goggle-eyed as her words fill my

ears. "Come on, Jake. You have to be honest, or else the game won't work." Sarah says with a grin, her eyes flitting from mine to my crotch. "I mean...it's not cheating. But y'know, sometimes if I'm alone..." I say, trailing off and leaving Sarah to fill in the blanks. "Mmm, so you're saying you've stroked your hard cock while thinking about me until you've come?" "Yes, Sarah," I answer, my head dropping and my heart beating faster, unable to look her in the eye, a stirring starting to happen in my boxers. "Oh dear, Jake, you shouldn't have dropped your head. I told you not to move. I think you need to be penalized for that. Take off your boxers." Lifting my head, I can see her smile, wide and genuine like she's having the time of her life, her eyes now spending more time focusing on my crotch than my face. Seeing that she means it, my own excitement levels rising as I realize that I'm actually going to do it, I take a deep breath, grab my boxers and yank them down in one swift movement, like tearing off a plaster, suddenly making myself naked before my girlfriend's Mom while she watches from the couch, her smile gleeful as she watches me expose myself to her while she sits comfortably and fully clothed. "There we go..." She almost seems to say to herself, her eyes washing up and down my form, staring openly at my every detail as I stand there, trying not to turn any redder, "So tell me a little more about when you jerk off while thinking of me, Jake. In your fantasies, do you have a favorite place to finish? In my mouth? Over my breasts? Creampie?" She says, her husky voice tearing down my nerves and filling me with excitement, my cock twitching. "I uh, I...I usually imagine coming on your tits Sarah," I say, my cock starting to grow. Staring at my cock, her own face getting a little more color, Sarah stares as my cock begins to harden before her, "Do you ever fantasize that you're fucking me in my ass?" She asks, smiling with a nod as she sees my cock react to her question, twitching and growing faster. "Umm, yes. I've done that too," I admit, feeling my shaft lengthen and thicken as she devours my cock with her eyes. "You're moving again, Jake." "No, I'm standing still, Sarah," I counter, trying hard to do as she says. "Well from here, I can see a part of you moving upwards as I speak, getting pretty thick too," Sarah says, watching my cock become fully erect, "Think that calls for another penalty," She adds with a wry smile. Slowly standing up from the couch, Sarah walks towards me, before circling me, checking me out, my cock now raging, pulsing to my heartbeat as I feel more excited and more intensely lustful that I've ever been. "Since he appears to be so keen on standing up, then stand up he shall, for as long as possible. You must stay hard, Jake, but you cannot touch him. If you ask nicely, I might be willing to encourage you, but no touching." My heart thumping, I watch her as she stands before me, her arms folded, her massive breasts lifted by her forearms, her smile a smirk as she watches me try to stay still, my cock throbbing with need. Standing there for minutes, my cock hard, my balls full, Sarah walks around me every now and then, like a drill sergeant just waiting for the private to blink so he can tear shreds from him. As horny as I am, without any stimulation I feel him start to wane just a little, my hands almost leaving my sides to stroke him, but stopping myself in time. Seeing me twitch, Sarah scrutinizes me, watching my cock closely. "Would you like me to help you a little, Jake?" Nodding, I say yes.

Squatting down slowly, her eyes watching mine, Sarah brings her face close to my throbbing cock, smiling. Not touching me but close enough for me to feel her warmth, she starts to blow on my cock, the hot air from her mouth feeling like the world's lightest and most sensation cock massage. Titling her head and blowing warm air on my balls as well, my cock throbs and grows once again to full strength, my urge to grab it and stroke it, my need to come being unbearable, my balls throbbing, begging me to drain them. "Good boy," Sarah purrs, standing back up, watching me squirm with unreleased need. Walking around me once again, Sarah recommences the game, watching me closely, seeing how long I can stay hard for her, my lust almost drowning me, my naked body bare for her while she simply watches, the sexual torture making my balls ache. About an hour later, my head feeling dizzy, my legs sore from standing so still and my cock on fire, I feel the warm breath of Sarah as she once again blows on my length, tickling my balls with her air. Standing up, I hear her gasp a little as she looks down at my cock and sees a bead of pre-come forming from the eye of my knob. Getting on her haunches, she watches, enraptured as the bead grows, my cock throbbing, before it slowly trickles down my pulsing shaft and onto my tight balls, high and swollen against the underside of my length. Although nothing has touched my cock in over an hour, my lust cannot be contained and I start to wonder if it is actually possible to come without any stimulation at all. "You really do need to come, don't you, Jake?" Sarah says with a sly smile, her enjoyment at my sexual discomfort obvious. About to answer, my eyes go wide as we both hear the unmistakable sound of footsteps signifying the return of Kristy. Grabbing my underwear and then my shorts, I run for the bathroom while Kristy quietly laughs at my panic, herself fully clothed and finding the situation

very humorous apparently. My balls aching, I slip into my clothes as I listen to Kristy talking to Sarah. Walking out, now with a top on and my cock tucked up with my shorts elastic band, acting like I was just using the bathroom, I kiss Kristy as she walks past, headed for another shower. "How'd you go?" "Great, the water is perfect today," Kristy answers as she peels off her wetsuit. The bathroom door closed, I turn and look at Sarah, giving her a 'that was close' kinda look, to which she just laughs at in response, before coming close to me and whispering. "She's almost certainly going to go out again later. I forbid you to ejaculate between now and then, understand? Your next orgasm is mine." Vibrating with animal lust at her words, I nod my head, barely able to wait until I can finally release this backed up sensation from within me, my pelvis unconsciously bucking as I stand there, my urge to come so great. Little did I know that my next orgasm wasn't going to actually happen until the last day of our vacation. Each time Sarah and I were alone, the game was always the same, Sarah would have me naked and vulnerable before her, and she would keep me in a state of constant arousal, my cock hard and dripping with slippery pre-come, but never would she let me have that final release, never letting me stroke myself and never actually touching me, always delaying it until Kristy would come back and I would be forced to run for the bathroom naked accompanied by the sounds of Sarah's gleeful laughter. Making me promise not to come unless she was there to witness it, I held back my urges to jerk off or sleep with Kristy, Kristy herself being pretty tired from her almost constant surfing anyway, most nights the two of us opting to have separate bunks so we both had enough room to sleep properly. Of course, I could have at any time jerked off, but I didn't, somehow feeling like I would be disappointing Sarah if I did, wanting to hold in my load until she was ready to see it. The days dragged and my balls got fuller and heavier, my cock leaking pre-come almost instantly the last few times Sarah and I played our game, Sarah smiling as she saw just how ready I was, and what a hair-trigger my cock must now be. Waking up on the morning of our last day, the first thing I felt was my painfully hard cock, throbbing beneath the bedsheets. Stopping myself just in time from stroking it, I get down from the top bunk, seeing Kristy's bunk is already empty. Walking into the kitchen, I see Sarah, sipping a coffee. Without a word, she simply gives me the come hither finger once, before putting down her coffee, turning, and walking to her bedroom. Following her, she lays out on her bed, languidly, like a cat, stretched out and very comfortable and at home. "Kristy left to get one last surf in about 20 minutes ago. Take your clothes off, Jake, but do it slowly, put on a show for me." She purrs. My head swimming with lust, I force myself to slow down and put on a display for Sarah. Having never done anything like a striptease before, I make it up as I go, fairly very self-conscious but Sarah's happy smile goads me onwards. Peeling off my top and throwing it to the floor, I try to move in what I hope is a sensuous way, before slowly pulling down my shorts for her, my hard cock already apparent. Kicking off my shorts, I take even longer with my boxers, my erection tenting them already. Pulling them down slowly, my cock springs up as it's freed from the boxers elastic, my head already glistening with lust, my balls aching like they've never ached before. I can't remember the last time I've gone so long without coming. "Good boy, Jake. Very sexy," Sarah purrs, feasting on my naked body, "You've been a very good boy, holding in all that come. I can tell you haven't had a release because of how full your sack looks." "Thank you, Sarah," I say, standing there, knowing (and loving) the drill by now, my hands at my sides. "I think...yes, I think today we should finally get rid of all that pressure. Don't you?" "That would be amazing, Sarah," I say, my breath catching in my throat as I feel my anticipation build, my crotch hotter than it's ever been. "Come closer, Jake," Sarah purrs, motioning for me to come to the edge of her bed, as she herself sits on its edge. Doing as she tells me, I get closer, eventually standing between her spread legs, her large breasts close to my throbbing cock, her breath warm and tickling my stomach as she looks up at me. "I'm going to touch it, but you mustn't come until I say you can, Ok?" "Yes, Sarah." Slowly, oh so slowly reaching up, Sarah runs her fingertips along my shaft, making me shudder with pleasure, my pelvis bucking as the intensity of it slams through me. The most contact my cock has had in a week, I grunt and sigh, unable to hide my need. Chuckling, Sarah watches my cock bobbing frantically, like it's begging her itself for more contact, my pre-come dribbling down my shaft, making it glisten. "He's so very, very full. Isn't he?" Sarah purrs, blowing on my cock, making me groan with pleasure. My every instinct wanting to thrust towards her, to fill her mouth with my cock, to blast my load, to get this feeling out of me, I keep my hands to my sides, shaking as her hot breath teases my cock further. Looking into my eyes, Sarah chuckles again, "I can read you like a book, Jake. You're a barely controlled explosion waiting to happen right now." Biting my lip and looking at how tantalizingly close my cock is to her mouth, I nod, holding my primal instincts in check. Still blowing

on my cock, Sarah very lightly fondles my balls, causing me to buck and almost bend over double with pleasure, upgrading her chuckle to a mirthful laugh. "Stand still, Jake," Sarah reminds me as I squirm under her lightest of touches, my every nerve hyper-sensitive. Trying to comply, I hold myself steady, only to shake again as she teases my slippery knob with her thumbs and forefinger, giving me a quick head only handjob. "Hahaha! You're actually vibrating, Jake," Sarah says, feeling me quiver under her touch, my cock twitching and pulsing before her. Biting my lip, I try to stay in control of my body, my lusts threatening to overpower me. Suddenly grabbing my cock, Sarah starts to jerk me off, the feeling utterly indescribable, her soft hand wrapped around my pole, the pre-come making it slick and slippery, her rapid pumps almost making me faint from the sudden explosion of sensation running up and down my shaft. Bringing me to the very edge, she stops just as suddenly, grabbing my balls and holding them, not quite hard enough to hurt, but firmly. Bucking at her, pumping my pelvis at her, my cock throbbing, my near orgasm slowly subsides as Sarah watches with a smile. Back under control, Sarah once again grabs my cock and strokes it fast, making me almost wail with pleasure, her slick hand pumping, my entire being wanting nothing more than to come, but once again stopping with perfect timing, knowing just when to quit before I go past the point of no return, my expressions and my body hiding nothing from her trained eye. Edging me again and again, Sarah plays my body like an instrument, taking my breath away as I reach new levels of excitement and anticipation, never realizing before now that you could feel this much pleasure without coming, that you can build layer after layer of intensity, each level stacking on the other. Her thumb rolling over my cock head, making me spasm, she smiles again, the amount of pre-come I've dribbled as much as some of my orgasms in the past have been by this point. "This is it, Jake. I'm going to let you come, but you still can't touch yourself, Ok? I want to watch you coming, hands-free," Sarah purrs at me, watching my face screw up with pleasure as she continues to tease my head. Silently nodding, my anticipation builds even further as I watch her wrap her hands slowly around my shaft. Pumping, her thumb caressing my knob at each stroke, Sarah jarks me off, my body pumping into her hand, my hands at my sides, twitching, wanting to grab her and fuck her, my need utter and desperate. Getting faster and faster, almost taking my breath away, Sarah strokes my cock, the slippery sound filling the room alongside my panting, her eyes glued to my face, studying me, picking just the right moment. My heart pounding, I feel it as she takes me to the point of no return, still half-expecting her to let go, but she doesn't, stroking me a few more times, flicking that switch inside me and setting off the chain reaction. Now, too far gone to possibly stop, Sarah lets go and watches my throbbing cock as I start to grunt, my fingers digging into my sides and my hips thrusting wildly into the air as I start to come. Twitching madly, my jizz erupts from me, shooting harder than I've ever shot before, landing with heavy splats all over Sarah's top, coating her covered breasts with my load. Sounding like a wounded animal, I pump at her, my shaft releasing rope after rope of thick, white semen, my load enormous, the intensity as it leaves me making my knees feel weak. Panting, my pelvis still bucking, I shudder as the last of my orgasm rolls over me, my shaft ticking, thick dollops of come dripping from my head. Smiling, Sarah watches all this, looking very amused at my shaking display, her top plastered with my come, the fabric darkening where my load is soaking into it, her large breasts undoubtedly getting come on them as the jizz works its warm way through the top. Feeling a relief like I've never felt before, I stand there, my legs trembling, the build-up of a week finally out of me, wanting to just sit on the floor before her and bask in my afterglow. Looking down at her top to examine my work, Sarah looks up at me with a grin, "Feeling a little lighter now, Jake?" Still panting, I nod, my cock glistening with pre-come and come, my hands still at my sides. The poison out of me now, I start to feel a little vulnerable again, standing before her like this, knowing she just saw my o-face, and wondering just how silly I might have just looked, coming into thin air like that. Smiling like she can read my thoughts, Sarah speaks "You can put your clothes on now if you want, Jake."

Thankful, I grab my stuff and start slipping back into it, noticing Sarah keeps looking at my load all over her top and smiling. Once I'm dressed, Sarah asks me to leave the room so she can get changed, not wanting me to see her topless. Complying, I go to the kitchen for a drink, with Sarah joining me a minute later, a fresh top on, her smile looking very satisfied. Kristy returns from surfing soon after and an hour or so later we're packing up and heading back to Sarah and Kristy's house. The drive is pretty mellow, with me feeling empty in the best way possible and Kristy having well and truly scratched her surfing itch. Over the next few weeks, Sarah and I barely find ourselves alone together, although we share looking glances at one another and now when she tells me I can take my shorts off, I've actually done it a few times, although I still have to hide my hard-on, but from

Kristy, not Sarah, letting Sarah openly see how hard she makes me. Finally, one afternoon Sarah and I were alone for a few hours as Kristy was still at work and I wondered if anything was going to happen. I got my answer when Sarah walked out from her room dressed in the same clothes she had been wearing when she had finally let me come all over her. As she sat with a smile on her couch and ordered me to take off my clothes, I didn't know whether or not today's adventure was going to end with release or not, but I didn't care, as either way, I was about to have an amazing time finding out!

END