



Home Movies

Dellagordo

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Chapter 1: Mom bought a new camera

Andy Wilson hummed to himself as he adjusted the burner on the stove, lowering the heat now that the water was boiling. He dumped a load of rigatoni into the pot and clamped a cover over it. He opened a jar of vodka sauce and poured it into a smaller pot, and flipped the burner to medium heat.

He was just about to start cutting up the chicken cutlets when he heard his mother's car pull into the driveway. Andy smiled broadly, happy that she was home, and silently pleased with himself for preparing dinner for her. He didn't do it often enough, he could admit even to himself, since he worked full time and went to college full time, but he tried to make her dinner whenever he had the opportunity. She worked hard herself, and she had sacrificed much to raise him alone after his father died. They had always had a close relationship, and recently they had become closer still.

The front door klumped as his mother came into the house. He heard her heels clicking on the floor, the whump of her purse and clunk of her keys being set down on the hall table. A moment later she appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"You're a little late, aren't you?" Andy said, withdrawing a knife from a drawer.

"Why, what have you heard?" his mother said with a sultry laugh. Tracy Wilson, even at forty, was a spectacularly beautiful woman. In Andy's estimation, she was in fact the most beautiful woman in the county, if not the hemisphere. Maybe even the world.

Statuesque, with pale skin and dark eyes, she wore her straight brown hair long. She had grown it out lately, and it fell in waves like a chocolate waterfall down to the middle of her back. A few afternoons each week at Amazonia, the gym in town, helped Tracy maintain her shape, including a narrow waist and long, well toned legs. Even so, Tracy possessed a prodigious chest, flaring hips, and a springy, heart-shaped ass. Her pneumatic frame filled out her charcoal gray business suit admirably.

She had a blue plastic bag in her hands and Andy could see some kind of box held within it.

Andy was dark and pale like his mother, but his green eyes were weak and he wore wire-rim spectacles. She could make him blush very easily, even after all they had been through, and he blushed now at the implication of her words. He couldn't help but feel a stir between his legs either, but that had as much to do with her mere proximity as it had to her insinuation. "Mom," he said, drawing the word out.

She smiled. "I stopped at the mall on the way home." She reached into the bag and pulled out the box, setting it on the counter where Andy was preparing dinner. Dinner was quickly forgotten.

"A digital camcorder?" he said. There was definite activity between his legs now, as his cock began to lengthen and harden. They had talked about this sort of thing, but his mother had given him no clue as to how soon they would be trying it.

"I got the right one, didn't I?" Tracy asked, suddenly concerned.

Andy smiled broadly. "No, you definitely did. You just caught me by surprise." He set the knife down, turned to the sink to quickly rinse off his hands, and stepped towards his mother.

Tracy folded into her son's arms. Normally the same height, she was a little taller than him in her heels, and had to bend down slightly. Her lips brushed his, a light caress, as she looked directly into his eyes. They were so pretty, his eyes, a warm and inviting green, and the mixture of love and lust in them never failed to make her legs go wobbly. She tightened her hold on him to keep herself steady as she opened her lips

and allowed his tongue to taste hers. They kissed deeply, passionately, hungrily, for long moments, each one relishing the taste and touch of the other.

"So, after dinner..." Andy said when they broke for air. He was a little breathless, as much from the kiss as from the anticipation.

"As soon as the battery is charged, sweetie," Tracy said. There were days when she came home to him and wanted him to rip her clothes off and ravish her in the front door, and this was one of them. Just purchasing the camera had made her wet, and her pussy had soaked through the gusset of her panties on the ride home. She didn't want to wait, but their new toy had to be prepared.

Andy broke into a boyish grin, eyes alight as if it were Christmas morning. He unpackaged the camera, giving the instructions a cursory look, and quickly set up the charger. He had always been good with electronics, as evidenced by the elaborate entertainment center in his old bedroom.

While they waited, Tracy let him get back to making dinner. She slid up behind him and snaked her arms around his waist, settling her chin across his shoulder and pressing her plush, heavy breasts against his back. She breathed in his manly scent as he ably diced up chicken and dumped the

sections of meat into the pot with the vodka sauce. Normally she would have divested herself of shoes and jacket – at least – upon entering the house, but she had plans, and wanted to be "in costume" when the time was right.

Her pussy fluttered in anticipation. She was certain her thighs were making a squelching motion whenever she moved, she was so soaking wet.

Shortly after his eighteenth birthday, Andy had, unbeknownst to Tracy, discovered that she had a short, whirlwind career in pornographic films. He had been a child then, newly orphaned by a drunk driver, and in the absence of her loving husband, Tracy had been forced to rely on her natural talents to make ends meet. She had been good at it too, and enjoyed it as much as she could have at the time. The money she made allowed her to build a nest egg that financed her return to school and more socially acceptable employment. She wasn't ashamed of what she had done, although she knew some part of her wildness had been a reaction to losing her husband, but she had never planned to share her secret life with Andy.

He had found out on his own, stumbling across her exploits after purchasing videos at an adult bookstore the next town over. For two years he had toiled in secret obsession, compiling a collection of Tig O'Bitties memorabilia, including copies of magazines in which she'd featured. Tracy

discovered his cache of incestuous pornography while searching his room for drugs, convinced they were the reason for his odd behavior and distance. Shortly thereafter, Andy found her masturbating to one of her own movies in the middle of his bed, and they had been lovers ever since.

Soon, they would be co-stars. She felt an illicit thrill shiver through her lush frame at the thought. Sick and wrong as their relationship was - albeit sexually and emotionally fulfilling as well - but to immortalize it via film? They had talked about doing so many, many times, usually while watching one of her old movies together.

"Mom," Andy groaned. Tracy came back to herself, surprised and a little chagrined to realize that she had been cupping and massaging his crotch through his jeans without even realizing it. Andy's thick cock pulsed beneath the denim, encircled by his mother's slim, agile fingers. "I can't take much more of this," Andy continued. "Why don't we just fuck, have dinner, then play with the camera?"

Tracy pressed her whole hand along Andy's length, pressing it against his leg. His was not the longest cock she'd ever taken, nor the thickest; but it was thicker than the longest and longer than the thickest. Her son had a truly glorious penis, the perfect size, heft, and shape to fit snugly inside her. She could almost agree to his plan. She really was rather worked up herself. But she wanted him fresh for the film.

"Keep it in your pants a little longer, sweetie. Mommy wants this to be special." She teased him further with a salacious lick along his earlobe. Andy groaned again. With a quick peck against his cheek, Tracy finally, reluctantly, released him. She found that she was panting as well. She scurried to the other side of the kitchen, poured herself a glass of water, and drank it greedily.

Andy watched with hungry eyes, leaning against the counter. He cried out in dismay when the pasta began to bubble over, and turned to deal with dinner.

While Andy did that, Tracy checked the battery. The little green light had stopped blinking. Tracy licked her full upper lip. That was fast, she thought. Good.

Andy drained the pasta in the sink and set the pot back down on top of the stove. Tracy nudged him with her hip and pointed wordlessly at the battery charger. Andy broke into that boyish grin again. Her heart skipped a beat. She watched him scoop up the battery and slam it home in the camera, noting that his hands shook a little. She shivered herself, overcome with carnal love for her child. He was just so damn cute.

In moments, Andy had the device figured out. His brows furrowed. "What do you-?"

"Let me get in position," Tracy said, instantly becoming the director. "All I want you to do is keep that lens pointed at me the entire time. You can start when I give you the word. Just act natural, okay?" She kissed him lightly on the lips and then swirled away in a cloud of perfume and long brown hair.

Andy admired her swaying backside as his mother sauntered back down the hall, towards the front door. He heard her call "Action!" and started the camera.

It was a little weird at first, looking through the device, but it was also intensely erotic and exhilarating. His first sexual experience with his mother was via film, and now they were about to make one together.

Tracy's heels clicked on the hall floor once more. She appeared in the kitchen doorway, fully dressed, but slightly mussed. She had shaken her hair out, making it look fuller, and unbuttoned the first few buttons of her blouse, revealing a hint of cleavage as well as the gold necklace around her throat.

"Hi honey, Mommy's home," she said, giving the words a slight sexual purr. "Did you miss me?"

She waited a beat, standing in the doorway, one hip cocked forward, one arm thrown back, giving a sort of three-quarter profile that hinted at the amazing curves largely hidden by her suit. When Andy didn't respond, she continued, "What's wrong baby, cat got your tongue?"

"Oh," Andy said out loud. "I'm supposed to-" he started to say, then quickly silenced it. His mother's only response was an arched eyebrow and a slight uptick of her full, kissable lips. Andy cleared his throat self-consciously. He had dreamed about this moment so many times, but had never considered having to improvise his own lines.

"I just, uh, sorry Mom. It's just that you're so, um, so hot." The words tumbled out, jumbled, speaking too quick, and yet with an artificial affectation that echoed in his own ears.

Tracy laughed lightly. She silently mouthed "Relax" and gave him a wink. Then she continued, aloud. "Why thank you sweetie, I'm happy to hear that." She glided into the kitchen with a sultry sway of her hips.

"I've had such a long, difficult day at work. I'm so glad to be home. I need to unwind a bit." She fluffed a lock of hair over

a shoulder. "Let my hair down, get a little wild." She paused, lowering her eyes, as if suddenly bashful. "Do you think you can help Mommy with that, sweetie?"

"What, uh, what do you have in mind?"

Tracy gave the camera, and her son, a sultry smile. "I was thinking of starting with a hot, thick, creamy load of your cum in my belly. Then we'll see where the night takes us. Does that sound like a good idea, baby?"

Andy started to nod, caught himself, and answered, "Yeah, Mom, that sounds like a great idea."

Tracy chuckled softly. She tucked a lock of hair behind one ear and sauntered across the room towards her son, putting a little extra oomph into each step, giving her hips an exaggerated swing. Andy groaned unconsciously. She was just so damn sexy, so hot, so gorgeous. That she was his mother, the woman who gave birth to him, who raised him, who taught him right from wrong, just made it so much hotter.

Andy aimed the camera and followed his mother's movements as she unbuttoned her suit jacket, slid it off her shoulders, and carefully hung it on the back of a chair. "I

suppose it wouldn't do to get any mess on my clothes," she said.

Tracy began to unbutton her blouse, slowly, sensuously, one button at a time, beginning with her sleeves, and continuing at her throat all the way down her chest and belly. Untucking the shirt, she slipped it off and draped it across the jacket.

She stood nearly naked from the waist up, clad only in a plain, industrial strength white bra that strained to contain her immense breasts. Tracy smiled widely as she reached behind her to unsnap her bra. In three quick flicks of her fingers it was free, springing forward slightly as her titanic tits, no longer constrained, thrust forward eagerly. Tracy moaned slightly. She slipped the bra straps off her shoulders, but held the bra cups against her breasts with one hand. When her arms were free, she lifted the bra away from her in one smooth moment and cast it onto the kitchen table.

Andy focused the camera on his mother's huge, flawless tits. Without the bra constraining them, they separated, bouncing and jiggling erotically as they settled on her chest. They were heavy, but firm, defying gravity despite her age and their size. Her cream colored skin couldn't hide a fine tracery of blue veins, and her large, coral pink nipples were hard as diamond and ready to be suckled. Tracy cupped a tit in each hand, letting her fingers sink into her succulent flesh. "You love Mommy's breasts, don't you baby?"

Andy grunted. "Yeah, Mom, I do," he said aloud. He would get the hang of this eventually.

"And Mommy loves the way you look at them. You make me feel so special." Tracy looked the camera in the eye. "And I love how your cock feels sandwiched between my tits. Speaking of which, you're a little overdressed for this party, baby."

Tracy slid to her knees, still in her charcoal skirt, hose and high heels. Her heavy tits swayed with each movement, hard nipples pointing directly at him. Andy tracked her with the camera, and focused in as she gripped his belt and unbuckled his pants. With one swift movement, she dragged pants and boxers down his legs. His large cock, already leaking precum, snapped up and glanced against her chin, leaving behind a slimy trail. Tracy dragged a fingertip across her chin and fed the liquid between her lips. "Mmmm, tasty," she said.

Tracy rose up on her knees and cupped her tits, presenting them to her son. With one arm bracing her massive rack, she took his long cock in hand and aimed it at her cleavage. Andy's cock sank between her soft, inviting breasts. She closed them around him, enveloping him, caressing his every inch. "Mmmm," Tracy said, "my son's cock is between my tits, and I love it. Do you love it, baby?"

"It feels so good, Mom," Andy said. "I love your... I love your tits." Talking dirty was not second nature to Andy. His mother had practiced with him for some time, but he still felt stilted and awkward to his own ears. On the plus side, it did sound like the kind of dialogue he was used to hearing in her old films. Minus the incest angle, of course. That was new, but still pretty hot.

Tracy moaned again. Andy's cock squirted precum into the valley between her breasts, slickening her skin and easing the friction. She modified her hold on him, letting his cock spring back to attention against his belly before wrapping it between her sweet jugs once more. She began to slide up and down his cock. The cockhead peeked out from between the top of her cleavage. Each time it did, Andy gave it a little flex, and a dollop of precum splattered hotly on her skin. "Do you like fucking Mommy's tits, baby?" Tracy said into the camera.

"I love it, Mom. I could do this all day."

"Oh, but that won't get me what I want," Tracy said, with a little frown. "I want my son's sweet load in my mouth, not on my tits." The frown turned into a wicked smile. "At least, not the first one." With that, she released him from the sweet prison of her enormous breasts. Her slim hands wrapped around his aching girth, stroking him lightly. Tracy's

fingertips grazed his cockhead, trailing precum around it, then down the shaft, coating him completely. Her hands made squishing noises as they swept up and down.

With a practiced motion, Tracy tucked a lock of long brown hair behind her ear, leaned forward, and carefully licked the tip of Andy's cock. She shivered in ecstasy, selling it a little bit for the camera. "You taste delicious, baby," she said. "I can't wait to have this thing in my mouth."

Suiting action to words, she slipped her lips over his sensitive cockhead, sucking lightly on him, teasing his cockslit with the tip of her tongue. She moaned theatrically as she swallowed him. Slowly her lips moved forward on his shaft, and he slid into her hot, wet, lovely mouth. Andy gave his cock a few flexes, expanding and contracting in her mouth, sending splatters of precum to coat her tongue and slither down her throat.

Tracy's cheeks bulged. Saliva and other fluids stained her lips, coated Andy's length. She swallowed him slowly, her dark eyes looking up at him, straight into the camera's unwinking eye. She took a deep, shuddering breath through flared nostrils before driving her lips all the way down to the base of his raging dick. She held him there, firmly rooted in her throat, for about five seconds, before noisily slurping her way back up to the crest of his member and taking another deep breath.

Tracy's slim fingers gripped and caressed the exposed length of his dick, while her tongue caressed the portion still in her mouth, and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked vigorously. Andy thrust slowly between her lips, feeling his sensitive cockhead scrape across the roof of her mouth. Tracy swallowed precum greedily, as torrents of it sprayed from the end of her son's perfect cock.

She thrust herself forward again, faster this time, taking his entire length again, holding for a few seconds, her eyes watering, never wavering from the camera. She released him once more. Deep breath, swallow, repeating the movements with a gradually quickening pace, over and over again. Andy kept as still as possible, trying to keep the camera still, keep it recording every delicious moment. He also knew from past experience that if he thrust too hard or without warning, he could choke his mother, and he wanted to avoid that at all costs.

With a loud slurp, Tracy released Andy's cock and raised it up. She wrapped her lips around one of his large, heavy, cum-filled balls and sucked it into her mouth, teasing it with lips and teeth and tongue. "Oh, baby," Tracy gasped, "I can feel it, you have a nice big load in there for Mommy, don't you? You're going to come hard for Mommy, baby, you're going to fill my mouth with your cum, you're going to spray

it down my throat and fill my belly. You're going to make Mommy choke on your seed, aren't you?"

"Jesus, Mom," Andy gasped. Her fingers tightened around his cock, stroking him, as she tongued his balls.

"That's what Mommy wants," Tracy groaned. "I want to drown in a shower of my son's delicious cum." Oh, she was good at this, as Andy well knew. Just her words were getting him close, never mind the pleasure she inflicted on him with hand and mouth.

Tracy released his nuts, dragged her tongue along the underside of his cock, and swallowed the head between her lips once more. She thrust herself down to the root in one savage motion, swallowing him whole, and as her throat constricted around the end of his dick, he felt the familiar stirrings at its base.

Andy had the presence of mind to think of something to say, and just barely enough energy or coherence to get it out. "Here it comes, Mom, thick load in your throat," he trailed off into a guttural groan as his nuts contracted like two fists and his cock expanded in Tracy's mouth. The first shuddering contraction fired a jet of semen directly down her throat. Spluttering a little, Tracy quickly retreated, until only the head of Andy's cock was trapped within her mouth.

The saliva and precum slickened length of Andy's member bucked and throbbed in his mother's hands as he shot ribbon after ribbon of pearly white jizz into his mother's mouth. Her cheeks swelled. Creamy, viscous fluid dripped out from between the seal, coating her lips and chin, dripping onto the upper slopes of her prodigious breasts.

Still Andy came, firing salvo after salvo into his mother's mouth. She was forced to swallow much of it to keep from spitting it all out, and made contented moans as she did. Her eyes never left the camera, hardly even blinked.

At last, Andy's flood subsided. Tracy released his cockhead from her lips and he fell back against the kitchen counter. Cum dripped from the end of his cock, splattering onto his mother's collarbone. She opened her mouth theatrically, showing the camera the enormous amount of goo filling her mouth almost to overflowing. Her pink tongue wiggled in the midst of the white morass. She swallowed noisily, greedily. Tracy licked her lips and teeth to get the last of it. She scooped up the dripping from her chest and fed it into her mouth, sucking her finger a bit.

"Mmmm, delicious, just what Mommy needed." Her eyes widened in mock surprise. "Oh but baby, you're still hard."

Andy adjusted the camera a little and gave his cock a little flex, making it jump. His length had softened only a fraction, and under his mother's lustful gaze, it was thickening and hardening back to full mast once again. That he could stay hard after such a thunderous orgasm was one of the many reasons his mother loved fucking him, he knew. He wasn't sure if the talent was an inherent quality, or just something his ex-porn star mom did to him. He'd never been with anyone else.

Oh, his mother occasionally made noises about how he should date someone his own age, and that he would eventually get tired of her, but he never did. And getting his balls drained two or three times a day by his own mother left him little impetus to go out and find someone to date. Nor could he imagine anyone comparing favorably with his mother. Someday, maybe, he might stray from her side, but he personally doubted that would ever happen.

Tracy reached out to grab Andy's bobbing cock. She leaned forward and licked the head again, swiping away the last drop of cum oozing from the tip. "What shall we do next, I wonder?"

Tracy stood up, huge tits swaying and jiggling with each movement. She reached behind her and unzipped the back of her skirt. "Your big cock had fun in my mouth, let's see

where else we can put it. Do you think he wants to be inside Mommy's hot, wet pussy?"

"Yeah," Andy grunted. "Yes, definitely."

"Mmmm, good, because that's where Mommy needs the next creamy load." She shimmied and slid out of her skirt, which made her tits bobble and jiggle even more. Andy tracked the camera up and down her body as the skirt slid to the floor, revealing her flawless legs and the fact that she wasn't wearing pantyhose, but rather a pair of white thigh highs with a decorative floral pattern at their edges. Her panties rode high on her hips, and even through the viewer on the camera Andy could see the huge wet spot staining the front of them.

Allowing Andy to focus on her hips and crotch, Tracy slid a few fingers into the waistband of her panties and slowly peeled them off. They came free with a wet, sucking sound. Her neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair glistened with dew, while the coral pink lips of her pussy were enflamed. She slid the panties down her long, luscious legs and stepped out of them, leaving on the stockings and heels.

Tracy cocked her hips and posed for the camera. She swept her hair up over her head and pursed her lips in a kiss. "See anything you like, baby?"

"Everything. You're so beautiful." Andy bobbed the camera awkwardly. He wanted to eat his mother out desperately, but he wasn't sure how to do that while still aiming the camera. Maybe if he set it down on the counter and pointed it at them? They really should have planned this better, he thought. Andy started to follow through with his plan, but his mother made a barely perceptible shake of her head.

"Later, baby," she whispered huskily. She made a diffident gesture at the camera, as yet unwilling to break character. "Right now," she said louder and clearer, "I want my son's hard, thick, throbbing cock inside me, where it belongs. Does that sound like a good idea, baby? Can you do that for Mommy?"

Andy swallowed. "Yes, Mom, I can do that."

"Good." Tracy let her hair fall and turned away, showing off her taut, springy backside. The muscles in her ass and thighs bunched as she bent over, bracing her arms on a chair near the kitchen table.

With his pants still around his ankles, Andy awkwardly maneuvered behind her. He aimed the camera at his mother, admiring the cleft in her back that gracefully arched all the way down to her ass. He focused on those curving, perfectly

formed hemispheres. With his free hand he gripped one cheek, kneading and squeezing. Tracy slid her legs apart, heels scraping on the linoleum floor.

Andy positioned himself behind her, cock pointing like a divining rod at her most vulnerable spot. "You're going to have to-" he started to say, but she was already gripping him, guiding him forward to her honey pot.

Andy felt her lips open up as the spongy head of his cock nudged them aside. He slid into the wet heat of his mother his length gliding in easily. He hitched his hips forward until his abdomen rested against the taut globes of her perfect ass. His thickness spread her open, but her inner folds gripped him tightly, her fluids seeping into and coating his skin, matting his pubic hair.

"Well," his mother said, voice thick with need and lust, "what are you waiting for? Aren't you going to fuck Mommy?"

Andy panned the camera across her smooth back, narrow waist, and full hips and ass, focusing the lens on the cleavage between her cheeks and the glimpse of his cock jammed into her pussy just below. He sighed, enjoying that first moment inside her as he always did. Then he pulled back and slammed into her as hard as he could. Both of them grunted

from the impact. Tracy's ass rippled as he thrust into her, and the chair screeched on the linoleum.

Andy thrust again and again, hammering into his mother hard and fast and relentless, driving his cock deeper and deeper inside her with each frantic jab. Tracy moaned and writhed beneath him, while her fluids poured around his rampaging cock, searing him with their heat. Her pussy gripped him like a velvet vice. Tight, but soft as a feather, like liquid heat. His cockhead mashed up against the roof of her and Tracy cried out.

She arched her back, threw her hair over her shoulder and looked back. Andy was just able to wrench the camera away from the delectable view of her flexing ass cheeks to focus on her lust-twisted visage. "Harder, son, fuck Mommy harder!" She moaned as he complied, closing her eyes, mouth open, tongue extended. She licked her lips. "Faster, baby, faster," she said, her voice high pitched and shaking.

Andy grimaced in pleasure and complied, his hips driving forward again and again. His cock pistoned in and out of her gushing pussy, slamming into her again and again. Her inner muscles caressed his every rigid inch, while her juices soaked him. Her thighs shook and her shoulders jumped. The chair creaked with every thrust of their bodies, and Andy briefly wondered if they might break it.

His cock sawed in and out, in and out, his heavy cum laden balls swinging back and forth. He felt his mother reaching down between them, grazing her clit with her fingertips, before reaching further, to catch and cup his balls. She squeezed and kneaded them gently, urging their precious load along. Andy wished he had another set of arms so he could film that movement, but all he could do was focus on his mother's delectable backside and how his cock slammed into her again and again.

Andy placed his free hand against his mother's left cheek. He gripped it hard, digging the pads of his fingers into her plush flesh. He kneaded her buttock, spread her cheek a bit to offer a tantalizing glimpse of her beautiful ass hole, and allow him to focus better on his pistoning cock.

Tracy's breath came in ragged gasps. She couldn't speak, but she moaned and grunted repeatedly, urging Andy on again and again. Her big tits swayed beneath her, swinging freely back and forth as her son pounded her for all he was worth. She felt the first fluttering fingers of orgasm beginning deep within her sodden vagina. Her son's thick cock plundered her depths, hammering against the sensitive flesh at the roof of her womb, grazing her g-spot every time it sawed in and out. The pleasure was intense, focused, building.

And then Andy hitched his hips a little, just the way she liked, and his cockhead hammered against her g-spot. Hard.

Tracy wailed and came. Hard. Her orgasm blossomed deep within her and exploded outward, searing every nerve ending in her body. She was sure her clit was vibrating of its own accord. Her nipples were harder than diamond, her tits high and proud and bouncing against her chest. She tried to scream, but no sound came out as her orgasm thundered through her. She squeezed her eyes shut, unable to breath, to think, to do anything but ride this wave of pleasure.

And still her son hammered her. Grunting, sweating, heaving himself against her, into her, through her. Throughout it all, he kept the camera focused on her, on them, joined together as they should be, as no mother and son could ever be. That thought triggered her next big O, softer and less intense than the first, but welcome just the same.

Tracy's limbs felt weak, wrung out. Her legs shook, barely able to keep her up, while her arms, cradling the back of the chair, felt like they might give up at any moment. But Andy had already cum once, and while she knew he was good for another, it wouldn't be right away. He'd try to draw out her own pleasure as long as he could, as he always did.

But they would have to find another position to do that, and she wanted the video to end a certain way. Even as a third orgasm threatened to overtake her, Tracy focused on bringing her young son off along with her. She tightened her

vaginal muscles around him, began to slowly swing her hips back and forth in a semicircle, and tried to find her voice.

Andy thrust again and again. He was fairly certain that his mother had come off at least twice, and he wanted her to come one more time before he finished in her, or on her. In her, he thought, that's what she said before. He could barely remember, even though it was only moments before. It was hard to think while fucking his mother, at least about anything but fucking his mother, and then she started to do that thing with her hips, and his concentration slipped even further. "Oh, fuck, Mom," he grunted.

"Yes, baby, fuck Mom," she said, her voice a breathy rasp. It gained strength as she fucked her hips back at him, urging him to cum. Her fingers caressed and squeezed his balls. "You're fucking Mommy so good, baby, you know just what I need. My own son, fucking me, so hard, so deep, so... um... so fucking good."

Andy kept silent, concentrating. He could feel that familiar pressure building at the base of his cock. He sawed in and out of his mother rapidly, sluicing through her juices, but then suddenly lurched forward, driving himself as deep as he could. His cock expanded deep within her, swelling as the first shuddering throb sent a jet of steaming jism spiraling into her depths. Andy made a strangled sound, somewhere

between a grunt and a growl, as he emptied his weapon into his mother's pussy.

Tracy felt a minor orgasm crest within her as Andy flooded her womb. He had just come in her mouth, but still he jetted gallons of spunk into her. She shivered deliciously with each impact of his sperm against her inner walls. He came and came, and after the first half dozen pulses, began to slowly thrust back and forth within her again, his cock squelching as semen squeezed out the sides of Tracy's pussy and down his length, pooling in his pubic hair and dripping from his balls.

At last, after what felt like long, pleasurable minutes, Andy's flood flagged. He carefully withdrew, his softening but still semi-hard cock hanging low between his legs. Streamers of semen dripped down Tracy's thighs.

She stood slowly on shaky legs and turned to regard her son. He aimed the camera directly at her face, but with a strange smile she took it from his hand and set it on the table behind her. Then she took his head in her hands and kissed him fiercely, passionately, savagely. Breathless, he returned the kiss with equal vigor, his delicate hands moving roughly over her lush, maternal curves.

When they broke away, both gasping, Tracy suddenly noticed something. "What's burning?"

They both turned to the stove. Andy released wordless cry and lurched towards the stove, nearly tripping on his own pants. Tracy caught him, stepped around him, and turned off the burners. She coughed as a little smoke skirled past her face.

"So," she said, "pizza or Chinese?"

Andy groaned. "Pizza, I guess."

"Okay, you call it in, I'm going to take a shower." Tracy kissed her son lightly on the lips once more. "We can watch our movie on the big screen in the living room over dinner."

Andy grinned hugely, ruined dinner suddenly forgotten. "Sounds like a plan, Mom."

Chapter 2: After School Adventure

A gas leak down the block liberated Tracy Wilson from her day at the office. The call came in shortly before lunch, letting everyone know that the whole block had to clear out while the city worked on fixing the problem.

"This is such bullshit," Tracy said to Margery Gale, the other secretary in the office as they packed up to go. "I have a ton of paperwork to get through for the Richmond case. Jan wanted it done by the end of the day." Said Richmond case made Tracy think of her sister Tanya, who was having difficulties with her own husband. The last time they had talked on the phone, Tanya had brought up the dreaded "d" word.

Margie, an older African American woman with long, gray braided hair, merely chuckled. "Sweetie, let it go. No sense in worrying about something you can't do anything about. Look at this as a free day off. Go enjoy yourself for once." Margie's dark eyes glinted behind her glasses. "Go see that mysterious young man of yours and have a good time."

Tracy blushed slightly. The "mysterious young man" to which Margie referred was Tracy's secret, but Tracy had let slip enough around the office that the other women knew

about her younger, virile lover. And how much satisfaction Tracy got from him.

Thoughts of that young man made Tracy's nipples involuntarily harden and her pussy lips begin to moisten. She couldn't help it. He just did that to her. Tracy forced a chuckle to hide her awkwardness and arousal. "I suppose you're right," Tracy said. An unconscious smile tugged at her full lips.

Margie laughed as well, "I will see you tomorrow, girl, and I expect to hear some of the details this time." With a swirl of her skirt and the rattle of her braids, Margie headed for the door.

Tracy shuffled some papers on her desk, thinking quietly to herself. She grabbed her bag and her laptop, as well as a few files. Tracy found herself wondering about Andy's class schedule for the day, and whether he might have some time in the afternoon for her. Then her lips curled up into a sultry little grin.

She pulled out her phone, leaned against her desk, and undid the top three buttons of her white blouse. She pulled the fabric apart, revealing an acre of creamy cleavage. She smoothed her tight, light gray skirt against her hips and legs and leaned forward, taking a selfie that caught her from the

neck down and focused on her large, delectable tits, framed by the crisp white shirt and the curling ends of her long brown hair.

She forwarded the picture off to Andy, with the message "Office is closed for the day. Do you have time to get something to eat? And after that, some lunch?"

Tracy chuckled throatily to herself. She scooped up her bags and headed out the door to her car.

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The college classroom was chilly on this mild spring day, as conditioned air pumped through the building, and the combination resulted in a great many female students in halter tops and t-shirts displaying hardened nipples. But Andy Wilson really only had eyes for the professor.

Dr Sydney Kincaid held court in Anthropology 101. She was a tall, attractive woman in her late thirties, with long black hair, pretty green eyes, and an hourglass figure that she generally dressed modestly. She wore thick rimmed glasses and appeared to favor silver jewelry and minimal makeup, but she was pretty damn hot in Andy's estimation. Of course, he had a thing for older women.

And right now, she was discussing a topic near and dear to Andy's twisted heart, and he couldn't help the flush that came to his cheeks or the stiffening occurring in his khaki shorts.

The words "Cannibalism" and "Incest" were written beneath the heading "Taboos" on the whiteboard at the front of the class, and it was the second word that fascinated Andy.

Andy felt a throbbing at his hip, which startled him for a half a second, until he realized it was his phone. Someone sending him a text. The strawberry blonde next to him, Lucy, shot him a disapproving look, as if it was his fault for the interruption. He just shrugged and returned his attention to front of the room.

"Another universally proscribed behaviour in human society is incest," Dr Kincaid said, one hand holding a black marker, the other planted casually on her curvy hip. "We are a naturally exogamous species, although our closest relatives, chimpanzees and bonobos, are not so particular with their partners.

"While different societies define incest in different ways, the general consensus appears to be avoidance of the immediate family at the very least, with widening circles of proscribed

partners varying from culture to culture. Even in the United States, as much as a century ago, it wasn't unusual for cousins to get married."

There was a chorus of "ews" from the class, which caused Dr Kincaid's full lips to quirk up in a smile.

"Now, basic animal husbandry and even isolated incidents like the blue people of Kentucky show why inbreeding is a bad idea. And humans naturally gravitate towards avoiding it. Even in places where people are not genetically related, such as on Jewish kibbutzes where children were raised communally, people will go outside their group to select sexual partners."

The professor turned to the whiteboard, giving Andy and everyone else a good look at her impressively rounded backside in her long skirt, and quickly wrote the words "genetic sexual attraction."

"Now," she said, turning back to the class, "the flip side to this phenomenon is something observed in certain, rare cases. When siblings or even children and parents have been separated at birth but later meet as adults, they can sometimes feel an intense connection to one another that may end up being expressed through a sexual relationship. Even then, however, when those involved become aware of

their true relation, the instinct towards incest aversion kicks in." She paused, tapping her marker against her lips. "Usually," she added, almost to herself.

So where does that put me? Andy wondered. He had knowingly, without horror or regret, entered into a sexual relationship with his own mother. And she had raised him since birth. True, he had always found her attractive, but he had never really found her sexually desirable until he accidentally discovered her former, brief career in porn films. That had led to an obsession, a need to collect copies of her films and magazine shoots and other material to fuel twisted masturbation sessions until the fateful day when his mother discovered his stash of taboo material and made his perverted dreams a reality.

A redheaded kid near the front row, raised a hand. "Didn't ancient Egyptians marry their sisters?"

Dr Kincaid chuckled. "That's right, John," she said. "But it's anyone's guess whether those relationships were ever consummated. On the one hand, there's evidence of congenital defects amongst some Pharaonic mummies that may indicate inbreeding, but historical records generally show that marriages in the ancient world between siblings were largely ceremonial in nature."

Inbreeding. Why did the idea of impregnating his mother give Andy the hardest erection? It was sick and wrong, even by his standards. Good thing Tracy had her tubes tied when Andy was just a kid.

"I see by the clock that our time is up for today. I'll see everyone on Friday," Dr Kincaid said, snapping Andy out of his reverie. How long had he been daydreaming?

While everyone else filed out, talking and checking their phones and what not, Andy fiddled with his books and notebook at his seat, waiting for his erection to subside. When he felt capable, he rose smoothly and headed out of the building.

A warm, sunshiney spring day greeted him, not a cloud in the sky, a cool breeze blowing.

Just as Andy dug into his pocket and pulled out his phone to check his messages, the girl who sat next to him in class sidled up, clutching her books to her impressive, halter-top clad bosom.

"Andy, I had a question for you," she started to say, just as Andy opened up the text waiting for him, realized belatedly that it was from his mother, and he probably should have waited. The image of his mother's cleavage, displayed within

her crisp white blouse, filled the phone, but Andy was able to quickly obscure it before the message or its author became visible.

"Whoah," Lucy said, then recovered herself. "Sorry, didn't mean to look." She was blushing.

Andy felt heat on his cheeks as well. "No worries," he said awkwardly. "What was it you needed?"

"Oh, right, yeah," Lucy said. She smiled. She had pretty pink lips, a cute button nose, and dark brown eyes beneath pale brows. Not tall, she was pretty or cute rather than beautiful, and anyone who didn't regularly spend time exploring the wonders of Tracy Wilson's body would have been happy to get a tour of Lucy's well-formed frame.

Lucy was also nice, and smart, and could occasionally be funny or at least appreciate one of Andy's rare jokes. They didn't talk often, but they shared two classes; Anthro 101 with Dr Kincaid and Economics 203 with Professor Watanabe. At the moment, though, Andy was mostly annoyed with the girl - or maybe himself, for letting her catch him with his guard down and view an intimate message from his mother.

"The econ mid-term on Friday," Lucy was saying, "I'm just a little worried about it. That class is kind of kicking my ass. I was thinking of getting a study group together or whatever tonight or tomorrow night. You interested?"

Andy thought a moment. He was actually doing pretty well in that class, but it probably behooved him to help Lucy out if she was having trouble. "Uh, yeah, sure," he said. "Let me think... tomorrow night should work."

"Okay, cool," Lucy beamed.

Just then, over the blonde girl's shoulder, Andy caught sight of his mother. She was walking toward them, hips rolling enticingly in her modest heels, her white blouse more buttoned up than in the picture, but open enough to suggest a casual rather than business attitude. She had a chunky pocketbook over one shoulder, and her long, chocolate brown hair hung loose in waves down her back. Tracy smiled, noticing her son, and raised a hand to wave.

Lucy noticed Andy looking over her shoulder and turned to look. She made an odd sound and then smiled at Andy. "Is that...?" she said.

"My, uh, my girlfriend," Andy said, stumbling, almost using the "m" word.

"She's pretty gorgeous," Lucy said quietly, as if to herself.

She wasn't wrong. Tracy Wilson was quite a looker, even on the other side of forty. Tall, well proportioned, with flawless pale skin, lustrous dark hair, and a beautiful face marked by high cheekbones, dark intelligent eyes, and full kissable lips, she could have easily been a model instead of a legal secretary. She dressed well, and while her business attire did not accentuate her impressive bust, nipped in waist, and broad hips, they didn't exactly hide them, either.

"Hi, Tracy," Andy said in greeting as his mother approached. She responded with a raised eyebrow and a little cock to her head.

"Hello, baby," she said, gliding towards them. She casually looped an arm around Andy's waist in a half-embrace and grazed her lips against his cheek. She regarded Lucy a bit coolly. "I'm Tracy," she said.

Lucy held out a hand in greeting. "Lucy," she said. "I was just leaving."

"Nice to meet you," Tracy said graciously, as the younger woman all but sped off. Tracy smirked and shook her head. "What was that about?"

"We share a few classes," Andy said. "She wants to study with me for the econ mid-term on Friday."

"Does she now?" Tracy said. There was a weird note in her voice and she didn't look at Andy, instead focusing on the retreating Lucy.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Andy said. "You almost sound jealous. Which is silly, because you have nothing to be jealous about."

Tracy threaded her fingers through her son's and squeezed. "It would probably be better if I did," she said quietly.

"Maybe," Andy said noncommittally. He and his mother hadn't had the argument about him dating other women in a while, and he didn't feel like starting it now. She was usually in the pro camp, and he was usually arguing for the con, but it never really went anywhere, except that it usually upset them both.

"Not that I'm sorry to see you, but what brings you to campus?"

"Didn't you get my text?"

Andy blushed slightly. He had his mother's dark hair and eyes and pale skin, and he had a tendency to turn red easily. "I didn't have a chance to read it. I opened it just as Lucy started talking to me, and she saw your picture. Though not who sent it, I think."

"Ah-hah. And that's why I'm your 'girlfriend.'"

"You are my girlfriend," Andy said, even though that could trigger the dating argument. Belying his words, he carefully extricated his hand from his mother's grip. He had friends on campus who knew the true basis, if not the nature, of their relationship, and he couldn't be blatant about his lust for her.

Still, Tracy suddenly smiled broadly, winningly, her eyes alight. "That's nice to hear," she said softly. Louder, she added, "The office is closed for the day. I thought we might get some lunch."

"Yeah, okay, I don't have another class for a while. That sounds great."

Tracy leaned in closer, her scent filling her son's nostrils, and said, "I also brought the camera."

Goosebumps erupted along Andy's forearms and he felt a frisson of lust travel down his spine. The crotch of his shorts tightened involuntarily. "Really?" he said, matching Tracy's soft tone. "What did you have in mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," Tracy said, leaning back with a girlish giggle. That usually meant she had something good planned. She enjoyed her role as the director of their little home movies. "Do you think you might be able to find an empty classroom? With a door that locks?"

Andy still wasn't entirely sure what his mother had in mind, but he knew it would be fun. "I think that's possible. Let's go take a look."

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Andy brought them across campus, trying to avoid groups of people and definitely anyone he knew. He didn't want to answer any awkward questions, in case he ran into someone who knew both him and his mother. But he was pretty sure that the math building would be virtually empty

at this time of day, and the lust-tinged love he had for his mother wanted to see what she had planned.

On the third floor of the math building, they found an empty classroom. The other good thing about the math building was that it was one of the older ones on campus. Instead of whiteboards and markers, plastic and metal, the math building had old school blackboards with chalk, and warm golden wooden framing, a scattering of old style desks, and wall to wall rugs. It wouldn't exactly be soundproof, but it would absorb more noise than classrooms in a more "modern" style.

While Andy closed and locked the two access doors and pulled the blinds, Tracy reached into her purse and pulled out a hair tie, which she proceeded to use to pull her long, chocolate brown hair into a severe ponytail. She also produced her reading glasses and settled them on her nose. Adjusting her blouse to show off her epic cleavage completed her "costume."

She pulled some books out of Andy's backpack and set them on the heavy wooden desk at the front of the room. She also took out one of his notebooks and a few pens and spread them across the desk. She fiddled with one pen, tucking it behind an ear for a moment, before setting on the desk with the others.

After a few hurried instructions, she handed Andy the camera and waited for him to sit down.

Andy grinned, adjusted his own glasses, and settled in to one of the desks in the front row. He fired up the camera and pointed it at his mother as she settled into her own seat behind the desk. She smiled and gave him a salacious wink.

"Mr Wilson," she began, looking at him haughtily through her glasses, "I asked you to stay late today to talk about a very serious issue."

"What would that be, Mrs, um, Smith?" Andy half-mumbled, tripping over his tongue. He still wasn't used to improvisation, but his mother certainly inspired him to give it the old college try.

Tracy's eyes tightened a bit and she suppressed a smile. "Your football career hangs by a thread, Mr Wilson?"

"My... football... okay, yeah, alright. My football career. What about it?"

Tracy affected a huge sigh, which made her big tits jiggle on her chest, the wide opening at the top of her blouse facilitating the view. "And thus the crux of the problem,

Andrew. You are failing this class. And if you fail, that will be enough to cripple your GPA and send you to the bench for the rest of the year. Is that something you want to happen, Mr Wilson?"

Andy tried to suppress his own amusement at the image of himself as a bulky footballer. "No, that is not something I want to happen," he said after a moment, mostly managing not to laugh.

"Good," Tracy said. She stood up, her hands gliding down her sides to smooth her skirt as she stepped around her desk. Andy followed her every movement with the camera. He gestured for her to pause so that he could pan up and down and really take in her phenomenal figure. This time, Tracy couldn't hide a smile and added a shake of her head for emphasis. Luckily, that was during the pan downward, when the camera focused on her luscious thighs and strong calves and the low heels that added just enough definition to her legs.

"One thing I have noticed, Andrew," Tracy continued, taking a few steps towards her seated son and faux student, "is that your tests are consistently horrible, but your homework is not. You are incapable of focusing on your studies in the classroom, but you can write an adequate paper at home. You are capable of passing this class if you apply yourself. So why don't you? What is the problem?"

Tracy leaned forward slightly, her hands braced on her hips, allowing her breasts to thrust towards the camera. Andy resisted the urge to zoom in on her cleavage, instead just focusing on her upper body.

"Uh," he said. "I get distracted sometimes."

"Distracted?" Tracy said, unable to keep from grinning. "Whatever do you mean? Distracted by what?"

"By you, Mrs Jones!" Andy said.

"Smith," Tracy whispered.

"By you, Mrs Smith!" Andy said, louder. He was forced to pause the camera as Tracy immediately started laughing. "Oh, Andy," she said affectionately, taking her glasses off and wiping at her eyes. "You will never be an actor, will you?"

Andy shrugged, his cheeks burning and feeling a little self-conscious. "Maybe not, but I'm having fun."

Tracy glided towards him and kissed him quickly on the lips. "I am, too, baby. Mommy is just teasing a little." She kissed him again, longer this time, lingering a little, poking at him with her tongue.

She stepped back, put her hands on her hips and leaned forward slightly again. "About here?" she asked. Andy nodded. She gestured at him with her chin and he started the camera again.

"Distracted by what?" Tracy asked. She put a little more oomph into it this time, twisting her midsection to make her big boobs jiggle and cleavage dance for the camera.

"By you, Mrs Smith!" Andy said. He almost said "Jones" again but caught himself at the last second. He hoped that she didn't notice his little hiccough.

Tracy laid a long fingered hand across her bosom. "By me? But I don't -?" She paused, her fingers tracing a line across the top of her left breast. "I see. You like my big boobs, then? And the way my collar always happens to be open just so, showing off my cleavage?"

Andy made the camera bob up in down in a nod. Tracy half-turned, her hands sliding from her tits to her flanks and

along the profile of her sweetly curving backside. "And my ass? Do you like my big, springy ass?"

"Yes, Mrs Smith," Andy said. He tried to make himself sound like he was reluctantly admitting it, but he didn't sound convincing even to himself.

"Well, then," Tracy said. She stood up straight and looked to the door, her ponytail swinging around. She looked back at Andy and the camera. "I may have a way to get your grades up that we will both find mutually beneficial."

"Huh?" Andy said, getting into his role as a dumb jock.

Tracy rolled her eyes. She glided forward and reached for the edge of Andy's desk. She rotated it open and slowly knelt in front of her son. Andy aimed the camera at his mother's pretty face and acre of cleavage.

"Wh-what are you doing, Mrs Smith?"

Tracy dragged a finger across Andy's zipper, noting the thick bulge of his cock beneath. "Something mutually beneficial, Andrew. I'm a lonely woman who needs some hard fucking, and you're a gorgeous young man with a thick cock who needs to pass my course. What do you say?"

Andy debated internally for a moment, whether to go for it or keep playing dumb, but he didn't think even the character he was playing was that stupid. "Sure thing, Mrs Smith, whatever you say!"

Tracy smirked into the camera and reached for Andy's belt buckle. In a moment she had his shorts open, and his hardening cock pulled free of his boxers. Tracy's slim fingers wrapped around her son's lengthening, thickening prick as blood and passion engorged it.

Tracy cooed at the rising column of flesh, playing up her amazement for the camera. "You have a very impressive penis, Andrew. So hot and hard and thick in my hand." Her grip tightened slightly, and she began to lightly stroke up and down. Andy released a groan that did not have a hint of acting in it. His mother's touch never failed to excite him, and he swelled harder in her hand with each passing second.

The mushroom headed tip darkened and expanded. Andy flexed in his mother's grip and she giggled girlishly. A drop of precum secreted onto his cockhead. Tracy extended a finger with her free hand and dipped it into the drop, trailing it around and lubricating the tip of her son's dick. More precum began to leak out and Tracy used it to slicken Andy's length. Her fingers swept up and down his cock with a wet schlicking sound.

Tracy slid her hand down to the base of Andy's swollen prick and angled the tip towards her face. She leaned in with pursed lips and placed a "chaste" kiss on his cockhead, just a brush of her full lips against his heated, slickened skin.

"Mo-o-Mrs Smith," Andy said, his lust-addled tongue tripping over itself, "why don't you suck my cock?"

Tracy arched an eyebrow behind her glasses, lips turned up in a sexy smile. "Mr Wilson, so forward. What kind of a woman do you take me for?"

Andy flexed his cock, releasing another thick dollop of precum. "Why, the kind of woman who sucks her student's cock, Mrs Smith."

Tracy leaned further forward with a laugh. "Lucky guess," she said under her breath before opening her lips wide to wrap them around Andy's weeping cockhead. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked lightly, slurping up the copious amounts of precum that Andy's engorged cock was generating.

"But first," Tracy said, after releasing Andy's cockhead with a wet pop, "allow me to get a little more comfortable." She

stood up, removed her glasses, and set them on the desk next to Andy's books. She pulled the tie out of her hair, letting her long brown locks swirl around her shoulders. Tracy quickly unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off, revealing a sexy white bra that struggled to contain her massive breasts. She threw her blouse on to a nearby desk before kneeling down between Andy's legs once more.

Tracy's lips found Andy's cockhead once more, wrapping around the angry red helmet. She sucked lightly, a mix of saliva and precum leaking free of her lips to drip down the length of Andy's cock. She wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and began to gently jack off his exposed length, while her mouth and tongue teased the head.

She released him and began to make her way down his length with open lipped kisses. Her mouth and hand switched places, the hand pressing her son's cock back against his belly while she licked around the base. Her lips wrapped around one testicle and then the other, sucking lightly, laving each with her tongue, testing the heft and weight of each and anticipating the flood of semen she was about to withdraw from them.

Andy groaned. He kept the camera focused on his mother's face, but it was hard to concentrate as her tongue and lips tortured him with pleasure.

Tracy licked her way back up Andy's length and once more took the plum colored cockhead between her full lips. She suckled lightly, her agile tongue teasing the opening at the top. Andy shivered with lust. He could practically feel the cum boiling in his balls.

Slowly Tracy swallowed more of her son's long, thick cock. Her head descended and Andy's dick slid into her mouth. He pushed up against her hollowed cheek, dragging precum along the inside of her mouth, and nudged up against the back of her throat. Tracy's nostrils flared and her neck muscles worked. Her lips parted as the girth at the base of Andy's cock forced them wide and her nose nestled in his pubic hair. She held herself in place for long moments while her throat muscles constricted around his hard, throbbing flesh. Pulses of precum squirted directly into her stomach.

Then she released him with a wet slurp and took a deep breath. Andy's wet cock bobbed before her open mouth. Tracy licked her lips and swallowed him again. Her head bobbed up and down in his lap, fucking his cock with her warm, wet, tight mouth.

Watching it all through the camera lens, Andy thought as if it could almost be happening to someone else. But he could feel his mother's lips around his throbbing cock, her saliva coating it as her tongue caressed it, the feel of her cheek as his cockhead nudged against it. He never got tired of this

feeling, this closeness with his own mother. Or her playfulness and inventiveness.

Andy felt the onset of his explosion building. "Gonna cum, Mrs Smith," he said. "Where do you want it?"

Tracy's mouth surrendered its prisoner with a popping sound. She licked her full lips and gave the camera a sultry look. "Why, down my throat, young man," she said, before devouring him once more.

A few more thrusts of her mouth and throat on his swollen member and Andy felt the charge building at the base of his cock suddenly erupt. Thick streams of viscous cum sprayed from his shuddering, spasming cock. The first rope spiraled directly down her throat, but as soon as he started cumming, she swept upward until only Andy's engorged cockhead remained trapped between her lips. Tracy's cheeks bulged with her son's spend as he filled her mouth with torrents of sperm-rich semen.

Tracy fairly purred with satisfaction, always delighted to pleasure her son. She swallowed quickly, only able to briefly taste his delicious cum before another spurt flooded her mouth. Her throat worked again and again until Andy's eruption finally stopped.

She looked up at him, past the eye of the camera, as he slumped backward in the chair. She still had his cockhead in her mouth as she swallowed the last bit pooling on her tongue. She toyed with his cockhead a few more moments longer, sucking and licking lightly, cleaning him off and slurping up the last few drops he had to give.

As usual, Andy barely softened even when she released him. Tracy smiled to herself. She stood up, a little cum-drunk and shaky on her feet.

Andy straightened in his seat and focused the camera on his mother again. "Jesus, Mrs Smith, you suck cock good."

"Well, Andrew. I suck cock well."

Tracy stepped backward, trying to get her whole body into the frame. She reached behind her and unsnapped her bra with a practiced move, removing it quickly and economically, not trying to make a production out of it. Still, revealing her spectacular breasts could be nothing but impressive, however she might do it. Andy focused on them, the way they shook and swayed on her chest with each movement, her hard dark nipples and pale, smooth skin. The weight and heft of them causing them to droop, but still retaining firmness and elasticity of a woman half her age.

Tracy cupped her breasts and flicked her nipples with her thumbs. "What do you think, young man? Do you like my big titties?"

"They're gorgeous Mrs Smith. You're gorgeous!"

Andy stood up. He set the camera on a nearby desk, still aimed at his mother, while he began divesting himself of his own garments.

Tracy chuckled and drew a lock of hair behind and ear. She unzipped her skirt and shimmied it down her long, smoothly muscled legs and stepped out of it, leaving her heels and stockings on. She had divested herself of her panties on the way to the campus. Her pink lips were already engorged and dripping beneath the little tuft of pubic hair she left on her mound.

Leaving the camera where it was, Andy approached his mother. He kissed her quickly on the lips, eliciting a coquettish giggle from her, before wrapping his hands around her trim waist. Then, proving he was not the big football player in her scenario, he completely failed to lift her bodily onto the desk.

Tracy gave her son a little shake of her head and leaned back with both palms flat on the desk. She lifted her delectable, plush behind onto the wooden top.

She expected Andy to plunge his already fully engorged cock deep into her waiting pussy, but he surprised her by kissing her first, not at all flinching from the aftertaste of his own cum on her lips and tongue. Her son's big hands cupped her large breasts, her hard nipples digging into his palms, as he loomed over her and forced her to lean back farther on the desk. Automatically, she spread her legs, anticipating the feel of her son's beefy prick splitting her open.

But he kissed his way down her throat and clavicle. He buried his face between her tits, sucking lightly on her breastbone before capturing each nipple in turn between his lips and teeth. Tracy moaned. She ran her fingers through her son's hair and caressed his scalp. "Oh, Andy," she gasped out. That wasn't part of the script, just honest reaction to her loving son and his talented mouth.

Andy moved lower, kissing his way down her smooth abdomen, teasing her sensitive belly button with his tongue. And suddenly he was kissing her sensitive pink furrow. Now Tracy released a hitching gasp. Andy blew lightly across her skin, his warm breath making her clit tingle.

He kissed her creamy thighs, down to the edge of her stockings before returning to her soaking pussy. He dove in with relish. His tongue teased her folds, diving between them to taste her fresh honey. Her little tuft of pubic hair tickled his nose until he dragged his tongue up her slit to tease the sensitive nodule at its apex.

Tracy sucked in a sharp breath when her son found her clit. Her abdomen undulated as his lips and tongue teased her. In so doing he coaxed a first, quick orgasm out of her. Where she had gone for the slow burn and played to the camera, Andy just tried to drive her wild with enthusiasm and lingual skill. And it worked. She was already on the cusp just from sucking him off. Her son's talented mouth did the rest.

Another orgasm, slightly more drawn out than the first, shook her pulchritudinous frame and inundated Andy's lips and chin with her cream. She clamped a hand on the back of his head and thrust her hips upward, driving her pussy into his face. Andy didn't miss a beat. He stuck his tongue out straight, and did that thing where he curled it that drove her wild, and thrust it into her pink folds like it was a cock.

Tracy shoved a hand into her mouth to keep from howling. They were in a classroom, after all, and the last thing she needed was a concerned custodian or campus security poking their head in the door.

Andy started to flick the end of his flexible tongue along her soaking, flushed labia. He paid particular attention to her engorged clitoris. A third, more powerful climax thundered through Tracy's body. Her big breasts shook on her chest and her thighs quivered around Andy's head. She fell backwards on to the desk, limp and shuddering, drenched in sweat and gasping for breath.

Andy stood up. He licked his lips with a wink, and wiped his mother's juices from his chin. With the same hand, he casually stroked the engorged weapon between his legs.

"Andrew," Tracy managed to gasp out. "I think you're fast approaching that A you need. But I think I might be persuaded to give you an A+ if you could drive that huge hunk of flesh between your legs into my pussy."

"Sure thing, Mrs Smith," Andy said. He winked again and mimed a kiss, his face still hidden from the camera. Then, incongruously, he stepped backward, hard column of cock bobbing between his legs, a dollop of precum falling from the rampant head to decorate the floor of the classroom. He reached back, picked up the camera, and held it to his face again. With his mother now filling the frame, he approached her once more.

He focused the camera on her spread legs and the delectable area between them. Taking his hardness in his free hand, he levered it away from his abdomen and nudged her soaking wet lips with his engorged cockhead. Tracy hissed in anticipation and spread her legs wider, bracing herself against the desk with both hands. The books and pens had already mostly fallen to the floor, but miraculously her glasses remained on the desk near her elbow.

Andy moved his hips back and forth, sawing his throbbing length along Tracy's furrow. The head bumped against her clit each time, eliciting a moan from Tracy with each light impact. Slick with both their juices, Andy's cock nudged against her lips, the broad flared cockhead parting her engorged labia.

"Andrew Wilson, that grade will drop severely if you don't stop teasing and start fucking," Tracy growled.

"Whatever you say, Mrs Smith," Andy said, obliging his mother. He slid forward, driving deep into her pink folds in one thrust. Tracy just managed to shove a few fingers into her mouth before she released a high-pitched cry and alerted the entire floor to their activities.

Andy panned the camera up his mother's smooth belly, past the mountainous tits standing proud on her chest, and

focused on the expression of lust and satisfaction contorting her face. "Much better, Andrew," she managed to say, still maintaining the fictive relationship of teacher and student. Andy wasn't sure he'd be able to avoid a "Mom" or two as he fucked her, but then these movies were just for their own amusement, so it wasn't as if it mattered too much.

He flexed his throbbing member, lodged deep within his mother's pussy. She tightened her muscles around him, caressing him with her molten, liquid interior. Andy raked the camera along her gorgeous, mature body once more and began to fuck her.

His hips moved with practiced urgency, knowing just the speed and power his mother preferred at a moment like this, gauging slight variations based on her vocal and non-vocal encouragement.

Tracy extended her legs outward almost perpendicular to the desk, reached for her son's hips, and encouraged him to fuck her harder. Her heavy tits shook on her chest, dark nipples hard as diamond, as he responded to her silent plea. Wet sounds emanated from the joining between their thighs as Andy's cock plunged repeatedly into her honeypot, stirring her insides most deliciously. Tracy's thighs quivered, in part from exertion and in part from the onrushing orgasm that threatened to take her.

Still holding the camera, still focused on his mother's pussy widening to accept his thrusting prick, Andy reached between them and flicked her sensitive clit with his thumb. That set his mother off. Her pussy clenched tight around him and her whole body shook with pleasurable tremors that made her anatomy jiggle in amazing ways. "So good, Andy," Tracy hissed through gritted teeth. "So good at this, baby," she all but whispered.

Andy saved his breath for pistoning his cock in and out of his mother's pussy. He wanted to grab her hips and really hammer home, but he couldn't do that while holding the camera.

"Time to switch," Tracy said breathlessly. Andy withdrew from her claspings pussy with a slurping sound. Tracy clambered down from the top of the desk. Andy paused the camera and climbed up onto the desk into the space that his mother had just vacated, laying down with his legs hanging off the edge and his thick cock pointed straight up.

Tracy got a knee on the side of Andy's thigh and in a heartbeat she was straddling him. Reaching between them, she took his rampant cock in both hands and gave it a quick, two handed jerk before nestling the sensitive head against her engorged lips. He slid in effortlessly, swallowed completely in one smooth movement as her hips settled on him.

Tracy's breath hitched as Andy's thick cock stretched her open once more. She braced both palms, slick with their combined juices, on Andy's smooth chest and began to slowly fuck him. Raising and lower her hips, driving herself onto him, welcoming him deeper and deeper with each thrust. Andy aimed the camera between them, proud of the way his cock spread her pussy lips wide. He panned upward, past her heaving breasts, to her beautiful face, her dark hair swirling around her as she rode him.

Tracy smiled into the camera and gripped him tightly with her inner muscles. Her fluids were already soaking Andy's crotch and thighs, but she inundated him again, her smile slipping and her face contorting with lust, as another climax shook her lush frame.

"Cum," Tracy whispered, "Cum for me, baby, cum in me, fill me up. Want to feel you explode, want to feel you lose control inside me." Her quietly spoken erotic words, combined with the caresses of her inner muscles and the feel of her weight upon him, the sway of her breasts and the fact that he had coaxed numerous orgasms from his mother, finally all combined to set off Andy's own eruption.

His free hand fell to her waist and gripped tightly as his hips rose up, driving his cock deep inside her, lifting her slightly from the surface of the desk. Andy's cock swelled larger

inside his mother and he felt the sweet pain that signaled release, and then he was emptying himself inside her with thick, shuddering pulses that sent viscous ropes of sperm-rich semen into his mother's depths. She made little gasping sounds with each contraction and expansion, as each heavy pulse impacted against the roof of her womb.

Andy collapsed against the desk, his sweaty head almost banging against the hard surface. Still, he managed to keep the camera focused on his mother. She leaned forward, her arms in a V that pushed her full, flushed tits into prominence. "I think you'll be getting that A+ Mr Wilson," she said.

Andy flicked the camera off. He took a couple of deep breaths, set it down, and reached for his mother. She folded into him, wrapping her arms around him and laying her head against his shoulder, cheek to cheek.

"Love you," Andy whispered.

"Love you, too," Tracy whispered back. She shifted, kissed him lightly on the lips and sat backward. Andy almost groaned at the loss of her warmth and the touch of her lush body as she pulled away. He did grumble as his semi-hard cock slid free of her cum-filled pussy.

Tracy cupped herself and searched her handbag for her panties when Andy sat up. He hopped off the desk and began looking for his own clothes. In only a few moments, both mother and son were dressed and looking only a little sweaty and disheveled. Tracy brushed her hair while Andy collected his books and the camera and made a half-hearted attempt to wipe down the sweat and other bodily fluids marring the scene.

"Mrs Smith?" Tracy said, breaking the comfortable silence.

Andy shrugged. "I admit its generic, but it was all I could think of at the time. I could have called you 'Mrs Wilson,' but I thought you wanted something different from our usual movies."

Tracy planted the hand holding the brush against her hip and arched an eyebrow. "But my boss's last name?"

Andy thought a moment. He couldn't help grinning. It didn't even occur to him at the time, but now he couldn't resist saying, "Aw, Mom, you have nothing to be worried about. Honestly, who in their right mind finds a leggy blonde with a great rack attractive?"

Tracy mimed throwing the brush at him. Andy laughed.

He reached for her, took her in his arms. With a kiss he said, "I have always preferred brunettes, Mom."

"Mmm-hmm," she said, kissing him back. "Believe me, I know. And I appreciate that." She paused, kissed him again, and then with a serious expression said, "What about that blonde from earlier?"

"Lucy?" Andy said. "Let's not start that again." He glanced at his watch. "I have a class in like twenty minutes. I don't think I have time to grab that bite."

Tracy stepped back. She seemed about to press the Lucy issue, but quickly relented, perhaps sensing that this was not the time for that argument. "You will eat something, though?"

"Yes," Andy said with an exaggerated sigh.

"I can't help it. I'm still your mother."

"I know," Andy said, kissing her again. This time he tasted her tongue.

"Save it for later, Romeo," Tracy said with a laugh, gently pushing him away. "Go grab a quick bite and get to class. I'll go home and have dinner ready for you. I'm thinking pasta. You're going to need the carbs."

Andy chuckled. He reluctantly removed his hand from his mother's hip and grabbed his bag. She gathered her own things and they stepped out of the classroom, after Andy checked to make sure the coast was clear.

They parted outside, Tracy sending him on his way although he wanted to walk her to her car. "Thanks for coming by today, Mom," he said. He clearly wanted to lean in and give her one of his best kisses, but being in public made him hesitate.

Tracy poked him in the shoulder. "Be good," she said. She softened her mild rebuke with a saucy smile. "I'll have a treat for you when you get home."