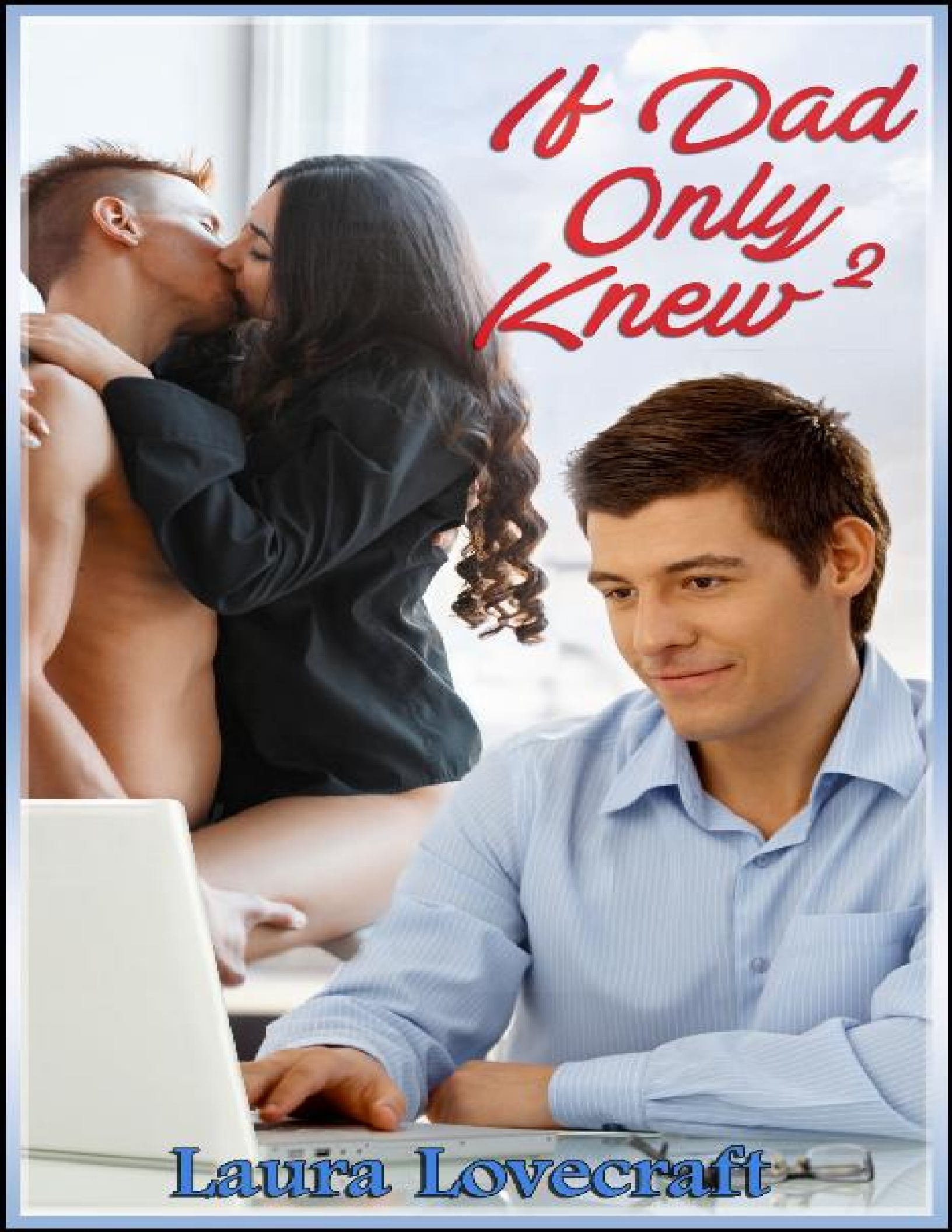
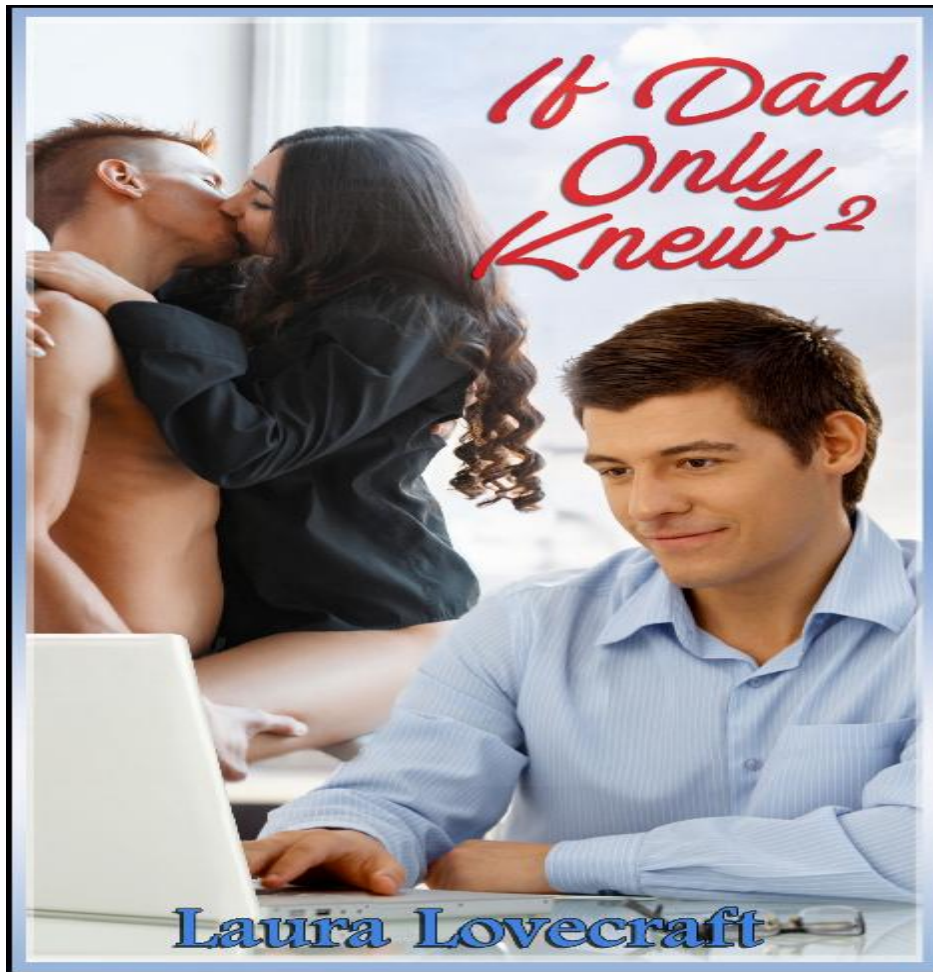


A man with short brown hair, wearing a light blue button-down shirt, is seated at a desk, looking at a laptop. In the background, a shirtless man with a mohawk and a woman with long dark curly hair are kissing. The scene is set in a bright room with a window in the background.

If Dad Only Knew²

Laura Lovecraft



If dad Only Knew 2

By

Laura Lovecraft

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PUBLISHED BY:

L.L. Craft Publication

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All Characters are 18 and Over

Box Lunch!

Emily smiled as she pulled over next to the stone barrier of the construction site. She was already wet from the thought of the stares she would get from the men working there. She loved knowing they looked, and hearing the cat calls and remarks of the bolder ones.

Emily enjoyed the way it made Rob mad that his wife would show up dressed for attention, and that she got it. What she enjoyed most of all however, was seeing the look of lust on the face of the man that mattered most; her son Robbie.

Getting out of the car, Emily released a soft sigh at the way her red thong stuck to her moist slit. God she had gotten herself horny on the ride over. Horny thinking about how good Robbie would look in those tight worn jeans and sleeveless shirt. Wet thinking about how seeing his mother would leave him thinking about her the rest of the day.

That would make two of them. Whenever she swung by to drop off lunch to husband and son she would go back to work and sit at her desk, squirming in her seat while thinking of fucking her boy. It drove her wild, and more than once she'd locked her office door and got off.

Her legs over the arms of her chair, thong to the side and her fingers dancing across her clit while wishing it was her son's tongue. She'd plunge her fingers inside envisioning Robbie's long, thick and always ready cock. Robbie was a good boy, always hard for his equally insatiable mother.

That lust was usually sated at some point that night, even if it was a brief hard animal like fucking in the cellar or behind his locked bedroom door while Rob did what he always did, ignore her.

But those short passionate fucks were what drove Emily to come here a couple times a week. Not that Robbie needed anything more than a glance from his mother to have him ready, but this was such an amazing game!

Emily removed the two burger king bags from the car and leaning over, did a quick check in the driver's mirror. Her long blonde hair was styled and framing her face with golden ringlets. Emily had reapplied her make up

in the car when she'd left work, putting it on heavier than she would ever where there.

Her eyeshadow brought out her deep blue eyes and her thick black lashes framed them beautifully and were made to bat and look up through demurely. Robbie loved when she acted that way.

Because of that her full lips were coated in a hot pink that was more fitting to a girl, well her son's age, than a professional women in her early forties. But they enhanced her made for cock sucking lips and looked great in a pout.

The lipstick would also look amazing smeared on her boy's dick and he would think of that for the rest of the day. Satisfied she looked properly flirty if not a little slutty, Emily passed through the opening between the stone median barriers that ringed the site where Rob's company was refurbishing an old mill building.

She'd gone no more than ten steps before hearing the first whistle. Another few steps and a voice called out, "Hey, Emily, looking damn fine today!"

She turned and waved to the owner of that voice, Jack, Rob's partner. Jack had flirted with her playfully for years. They both knew nothing would ever happen, but it was a fund game and it annoyed Rob.

“Hey, have to give my man something to think about, right?” She called back to him while smiling inwardly that it was her young man she was there to tease.

“That bastard married up, that’s for sure!” Jack laughed while returning her wave. Then turning to the three men with him who were openly ogling her snapped. “Oh, back to work, you never seen a woman before?”

Emily felt another wave of warm moisture between her thighs as she saw them all watching her anyway. She could feel their hungry eyes on her and loved knowing they were thinking of ravishing her in some way or another.

Emily’s dress certainly encouraged those thoughts. It was a simple one piece red sundress, but the hem was barely past her upper thigh. The dress featured thin straps that left her shoulders almost entirely bare and was cut low in the back, exposing the smooth tanned skin of her back.

The top was not only low, but the dress snug enough to push her tits up and out. Emily wasn’t that big in the chest department. She considered she had a decent handful so to speak, but not big by any means.

The positive of not being heavy chested was that at her age, her tits were still sitting high and proud and still pretty damn firm. Like the make-up, the dress had not been worn to work, but something she’d slipped into in her office and had hurriedly excused through the back of the building, a red sweater covering her top.

Her ensemble was completed by a pair of red heeled sandals that strapped around her ankles. They were sexy, but the heel wasn't high enough to be inappropriate, and those she did wear to work. She realized she was getting more caught up in this game.

To the point she was changing outfits like a high school girl leaving the house in jeans, but wearing a mini skirt beneath them. Emily looked up at another whistle and saw two young men Robbie's age, staring at her.

"Hi Mrs. Williams!" One of them called even as his eyes were glued to her long shapely legs.

"Hello boys!" She laughed as she called out. "Staying out of trouble?"

"That's up to you!" The one she didn't know called out.

"Then I guess you won't be in any trouble then." She laughed when his friend punched him in the arm and said. "You loser!"

She continued her slow stroll through the site, admittedly putting some extra swing in her hips. She stayed on the outskirts of it, keeping on the path and not walking out into the actual work being done.

Emily stopped when she saw Robbie and didn't call out to him right away. Instead she stood there, nipples stiff and pussy dripping as she stared

at her son. Robbie was currently swinging a sledgehammer, chipping away at a concrete slab.

She sucked on her lower lip while watching his deeply tanned and well-muscled biceps flex as he hoisted the long hammer up. When he struck the ground she could see the ripples across his arms, shoulders and the top of his back over the sweat soaked white t-shirt.

His jeans fit snugly, showing off his fine young ass, as well as doing great things for bulge in his crotch. Emily's breathing picked up when he removed his hard hat to wipe at his sweaty brow. His short black hair was soaked with sweat and his brown eyes were squinting up at the sun.

He hadn't shaved in a couple days and right now her sweet son looked like quite the bad boy. Robbie put the sledge down and pulled his shirt up to wipe his face, showing off his flat hard stomach. His entire body was slicked with sweat and Emily was doing some sweating of her own while thinking of licking some of it from that perfect stomach and down to...

"Emily!"

She turned and saw Rob approaching her. Not for the first time she thought it was a shame she had to be satisfied by her son, because Rob senior was a good looking man. His hair had gone a bit salt and pepper, but he kept it short and it was a good look on him.

His dark eyes were always intense and used to get her wet anytime he looked at her, but now seemed like false advertising. He was a little softer than Robbie these days as he approached fifty, but was still in damn good shape because he enjoyed working hands on and not just supervising.

For years Emily had loved his hands working on her, but as time went by he'd simply lost interest. He blamed age, being tired, and worst of all, sex 'not being that important anymore'. Emily thought sex was very important and needed it now more than ever.

She would never step out, Rob was too decent of a man for that. But when she'd caught Robbie with a pile of mom son movies he'd bought online she'd responded not by being appalled as she should, but being overcome by lust and showing him the real thing was so much better.

Since then Emily had no longer been annoyed when Rob only wanted sex on occasions. She was getting plenty and technically not even leaving the house to get it.

"Hey, baby!" She flashed him a huge smile that was fueled by the annoyed look on his face as he looked her up and down. "Brought my boys lunch!"

"More like you're offering all the guys here desert," he scowled. "Seriously, Emily, what the hell are you wearing?"

“You don’t like my dress?” She looked down, then did a quick spin for him. “It’s cute, no?”

“No. It’s not cute it’s sexy.”

“Thank you!” She beamed.

“Way too damned sexy to be wearing here.” He crossed his arms over his chest. “Then again, I guess that’s what you want, right?”

“I do want that.” She put her hand on his arm. “I want to look sexy for you. Show the guys what you have waiting for you at home.”

“I don’t care what they think I have.” He pushed her hand from his arm. “I think the thrill is for you not for me.”

“You saying I’m cock teasing?” She raised her eyebrows, trying to look indignant.

“Yes,” he said, simply. “You go to work like that? Doubt it.”

“I left early, went home and changed.” She lied. “So, the guys think you got a hot wife.” She shrugged. “That so bad? It’s not like I’d ever do

anything with them. And I admit, its flattering to see them looking.”

“You should try thinking of our son.” He pointed to where Robbie, who was still yet to see her, had gone back to work.

Oh, I’m thinking of him plenty, but to her husband she played it up.
“What do you mean?”

“You don’t think he hears all kinds of shit about his mother? Milf cracks, cougar jokes, ‘hey your mom has a fine ass, comments?’”

“They think I have a nice ass?” She looked around. “Who? I want to say thank you.”

“Don’t joke about this. The kid gets his chops busted all the time. A lot more than they butts me up.”

“Just jokes.”

“But he’s already dealing with people making fun of him because I’m his dad and that’s why he has a job here. He doesn’t need the extra bullshit of being told his mother looks like she’d be a wild ride.”

Emily was careful not to show how much that comment turned her on, and forced herself to look serious.

“I never thought of that.” Bullshit, you liar, she scolded herself. But of course Rob didn’t know how she made all those jokes worth it for her son. She was a wild ride, alright. His wild ride.

“Well, try to give the kid a break, okay?”

“I will.” She nodded, then handed him a bag. “I brought you a whopper meal.”

“Thank you.” He took the bag. “Hey, Robbie!” He yelled. “Lunch is here!”

Robbie turned and when his eyes fell on her, Emily hoped the look on his face wasn’t noticed by Rob. Robbie must have realized he’d all out gawked at her for a moment, and quickly lowered his head. Dropping his sledge he walked over to her.

Emily made sure she kept control of herself as well. She kept the smile on her face motherly while in her mind she was down on her knees sucking her son’s cock, making him moan and taking a thick hot load down her eager throat.

“Hey, mom.” He gave her a tired smile, when he reached her, and kissed her cheek.

The rough scruff on his cheek, scratched hers and even that sensation sent a wave of desire through her.

“Hey, sweetie,” She held up the other bag, “Brought you some lunch. Onion rings!”

“Thanks, mom.” He took the bag, then rolled his eyes when a couple of the others shouted.

“Aw, look mommy brought him lunch!”

“Be a good boy and eat it all!”

“Daddy gets him a job and mommy feeds him. Must be nice!”

Rob gestured to her as if to say ‘see?’ That look darkened when someone chimed in with. “Goddamn, I’d make her lunch!”

“That’s my wife, asshole!” Rob snapped. “You want to have a job to come back to after lunch, you’ll remember that.”

“Sorry I embarrass you.” Emily caught herself from touching his arm and making it worse on him.

“That’s okay, mom,” Robbie gave her a knowing smile. “They’re just jealous.”

Rob gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. “Going to head on over to the office, got someone calling in for one. I’ll have to eat then.”

“Okay.” Emily shrugged. “See you later.”

Rob started to turn away, but Emily stopped him when she noticed a small trailer with a window behind the one Rob and Jack used as an office.

“Hey, what’s in there?”

“Oh, we got that in for the security guard starting tonight. I told you we’ve been some vandalism at night.”

“So it’s empty?” Emily kept the excitement from her voice.

“Got a small table and a little couch, but that’s it. Why?”

“I thought me and Robbie could have lunch in there.” This time she did touch his cheek. “Look how hot and sweaty he is.” So fucking hot.

“Emily he’s a working man now! He gets ridden enough as it is. The guys will be all over him, he gets to go sit in there.” He pointed to her. “Especially with his damn mom.”

“Yeah, mom, it’s okay.” Robbie looked nervous, and she loved it.

In the months they’d been fucking, Emily realized it turned her on even more to take chances around Rob. Robbie, however, was always worried about getting caught. His nervousness fanned the fires of her lust even more.

“Just this once! I have the rest of the day off, and he’s always off with his friends after work. I hardly get to see him.”

“He’s twenty, why the hell does he want to hang with his mom at night?” Rob asked. “He’s a good looking boy, he’d rather be chasing girls.”

Or getting what he needs from a real women. “But aren’t I still your favorite girl, honey?” She batted her eyes at him, knowing if she were to look down, she’d see the bulge between his legs growing. “You still like your mom, don’t you?” Because fuck, baby boy, she likes you.

“Oh, Christ.” Rob sighed disgustedly, and this time did begin to walk away. “Fine, take your lunch in there, just be ready to deal with more crap from the crew.”

Without waiting for him to respond, Emily walked towards the trailer. Robbie must have been following because there was a fresh wave of heckling.

“Look Robbie’s mommy is going to make him have lunch with her!”

“Make sure you clean your plate, Robbie!”

“We gotta eat out here, that kid goes the trailer?”

Emily reached the trailer and turning saw the look of annoyance on her son’s face.

“Don’t you worry, baby. Your mom is going to make this the best lunch ever.”

“You...you don’t really plan on...” He stopped and lowered his voice. “Doing it here?”

“Doing it?” she smirked, “We’re going to fuck, Robbie. Now get your ass in there. Your mother’s hungry.”

She made a show of running her tongue across her hot pink lips. Robbie’s eyes widened and he entered the trailer so fast, he tripped on the step on the way in. That earned some laughs, but they were drowned out when Emily slipped in behind him and shut the door.

She thumbed the lock and looked around. The trailer was tiny and as Rob had said contained a small couch that looked like it had been found on the sidewalk and a small table. There was a beat up arm chair right near the window for the guard to look out of at night.

The window was small and in the middle of the trailer wall; perfect.

As small and dingy as it was, there was a small air conditioner and it was fairly cool inside. Good thing, because she planned on getting damn hot, damn quick. Emily tossed the Burger King bag on the table and turned to Robbie.

She grabbed him by his shoulders and kissed him hard. He gasped in surprise, but had no trouble returning the kiss. Emily moaned when her son

shoved his tongue in her mouth, and put his arms around her slender waist.

He crushed her too him and the strength in his arms, made her nipples so hard they ached. Her hands ran up and down his arms, and shoulders, squeezing them and feeling the hard muscles beneath his skin.

Speaking of hard muscles! She pulled back enough to get her hand between them and grabbed his cock through his jeans.

“Oh, fuck you’re hard for your mother,” she moaned into his mouth as his lips sought to devour hers.

“You look so good.” He told her.

His hands worked down to the hem of her dress. Lifting it, she slipped his hands beneath and grabbed her ass. She moaned when he squeezed them hard, then yelped when he gave her a playful slap on each cheek.

“Don’t be shy, baby,” she cooed in his ear. “Reach on in and see how wet your mom is for her boy.”

As always, Robbie was a good boy and listened to her. He slipped her thong to the side with one hand while running the edge of the other through the crack of her ass. She let her head fall back and whimpered when his fingers slid through the wet folds of her slit.

Robbie took advantage of her head leaning back and fastened his lips to the sensitive skin of her neck.

“Yes, baby, yes,” she cooed as he sucked gently on her neck while his fingers eased inside her.

She wiggled her hips, pushing his fingers deeper and grabbing the straps of her dress, pulled them down her shoulders. The dress was not meant for a bra, instead it had padding for support, and she yanked it down, causing her breasts to pop free. Emily cried out as her son’s lips were instantly fastened to her nipple while his thumb found her clit.

“So fucking good!” Emily returned her hand to his crotch and yanked his jeans open.

Robbie moaned around her nipple when she tugged his zipper down and pushed her hand into his boxers. She gasped when she wrapped her slender fingers around him. He was so fucking hard! And nice and long, and so thick and it was all for her! All for his mother!

As good as his fingers felt working her yearning pussy. Emily eased back from him and pointed to the chair. “Sit down, baby. Your mother needs something big and filling in her mouth for lunch.”

He smiled and took a couple steps back towards the chair. He yelped in surprise, when losing patience, Emily pushed him. He staggered back, falling into the chair and in an instant Emily was on her knees between his legs.

She pushed the dress down further so her tits were out for him and grabbed his cock. He moaned when she pumped it in her hand. Leaning over she spit on it, and his next sound of pleasure was louder as her hand worked his now slick shaft.

“Look out that window,” she breathed. “See those assholes out there? The ones that made fun of you?”

“Yeah.” he glanced briefly out the window, then back down to the view of his mother on her knees jerking him off. “They’re out there.”

“Well you look at them sitting out there eating their crappy lunch while you sit here and get this.” Emily opened wide and took his cock deep into her mouth.

“Oh, mom,” Ribbie sighed as she bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, working his shaft between her soft lips.

Emily moaned, her blue eyes rolling back at the sinful sensation of having her mouth full of her son’s cock. She fluttered her tongue along his shaft, loving the way his cock twitched against it. She tugged on his jeans, and he lifted his hips so she could pull his pants down further.

She kept sucking him as she did, just using her mouth to please him, and now staring up at him. When his pants were down far enough, she pinned his cock against his stomach, then lowered her head and sucked on his balls.

“Fuck,” Robbie exclaimed. “Damn that feels good.” He smiled down at her. “Looks pretty damn good too!”

“I know you like to watch, but look at them.” Emily paused. “Go ahead, look out that window at those losers while you get your balls worked by a woman they all wish they were fucking.”

Robbie turned his head and she went back to bathing his balls with her tongue. She knew he wanted to watch, but loved the idea that the assholes out there could see him. They thought he was just sitting there talking to his mom.

Mom’s mouth was moving, but up and down his magnificent cock and sucking his swollen balls. Those balls were full of cum. Cum Emily planned on having deep inside her and soon. She cupped his balls, then ran her tongue up his quivering shaft.

She took him back in her mouth and bobbed her head slowly. Robbie reached down and she moaned around him when he cupped her tits and played with her nipples.

“Think those losers get blow jobs like this?” She asked, then swirled her tongue under the sensitive rim of his purple head. “The young guys are with girls their age. Inexperienced little things, but you have a woman sucking your big dick, don’t you?”

“Hottest woman ever,” he moaned.

“Hmm, you just saying that because I’m your mom?” She winked, while rubbing the oozing tip of his cock along her cheek. “Or because I’m sucking your dick?”

“Both,” he breathed.

She resumed sucking him, and faster this time. Emily was moaning as loud as he was, and her hips were rocking, she was so fucking wet! Robbie was caressing her nipples and her clit was throbbing with need.

Her clit wasn’t the only thing throbbing. She could feel her son’s cock pulsing against her tongue and his moans were going higher in pitch. His legs were trembling and his balls tightening in her hand.

Many times she would suck him off first. It would take the edge off plus she loved him filling her mouth with a big hot load. Most of all, she loved the control. The way he would beg her not to stop, the way he whimpered when she sucked every drop from his spurting tip.

Youth and enthusiasm always ensured she would get a good hard fuck within minutes of his coming. If nothing else she could suck him hard multiple times a night. But they didn't have much time and she...

She pulled his cock from her mouth, and he moaned in disappointment.

"Baby, mommy needs to come! Make me come and when dad goes out with the guys on Friday night, I'll give you a treat."

Robbie's eyes widened and so did his smile. Treat meant he could fuck her in the ass. She squealed so loud they could never do it when Rob was home, which was far too often.

"Switch with me." She stood up, careful to not get in front of the window, topless.

Robbie slid off the chair and onto his knees. Emily stepped around him, briefly pulling her dress up while she sat. Once in the chair, she slid down far enough only her head would be visible through the window.

Emily hiked up her skirt and pulled her thong to the side. She cried out when Robbie buried his face between her thighs, his tongue plunging into her sopping slit.

"Fuck yeah!" She gasped.

Emily lifted her legs, draping them over the arms of the chair, and pulled her top back down. She let her head rest against the back of the chair and sighed contentedly as her son tongue fucked her.

She turned to look at the guys spread out across the site, eating their lunch and talking. One young man looked up, and seeing her waved. Emily returned the wave happily as her son replaced his tongue with two fingers.

“That’s it, in and out!” She egged him on. “Finger fuck your mother!”

Robbie caused her to whimper when he added a third finger, and her pussy stretched around his large fingers. His cock was going to feel even better soon, but for right now, this felt pretty damn good!

Robbie’s lips encircled her clit and she took her nipples in her fingers, tugging on them while her son caressed her clit with his soft tongue.

“Hmm, look at those idiots with their sandwiches.” She laughed. “You got a nice hot lunch, don’t you, baby?”

“Hmm-mm.” He agreed. His face pressed into his mother’s hot sticky cunt.

Emily looked back out the window and saw Rob back out there. Her hips jerked, driving Robbie's fingers deeper inside her. Seeing her husband out there should have made her nervous. Instead, the fact he was within fifty feet of where his son was eating his wife's pussy sent a thrill through her.

"Faster," she moaned. "Suck mommy's clit, baby boy, make me come so you can fuck me!"

Robbie swirled his tongue faster around her clit, and she worked her hips in rhythm with his fingers, thrusting them deeper. Emily looked back down at her son and smiled. He was still dressed, but the flimsy shirt showed off his broad shoulders and well defined arms as they were draped across her thighs.

His free hand was on her stomach and she loved the way his large strong hand looked on her soft flesh. But all of that paled in comparison to see his handsome face between her thighs. His eyes were closed in bliss as he knelt between his mother's thighs, pleasing her with his mouth the way she had him.

His tongue was flickering and his fingers thrusting harder than before. She could feel his hot breath against her quivering pussy and hear his soft moans. She imagined what was going through his mind.

He loved going down on her, but he hadn't come and she knew his cock was rock hard between his legs. He wanted her to come, and not just to please her, but so he could be inside her.

“Suck that fucking clit,” she demanded. “Make your mother come for you!”

She lifted her hips off the couch, pushing her pussy into his face, and looked back out the window.

“Look at you, baby. Those guys out there were looking at me, wanting to fuck me. Here you are on your knees with your face buried in your mother’s hot wet cunt, and getting ready to fuck her.”

Robbie loved her dirty talk and his lips smacked when he sucked her clit even harder.

Emily whimpered and gave her nipples a hard pinch. Her body tensed and her thighs were trembling as her body balanced on the edge of ecstasy.

“So close,” she whimpered.

Emily looked back outside and this time Rob was facing her. She lifted her hand and waved at him just as her son plunged a finger into her ass.

“Oh, fuck,” she screamed, her head falling back.

Even as her holes contracted around her son's fingers and her hips bucked wildly, Emily covered up her move by trying to look as if she were laughing. It came out as yelping, but her mouth was open in a wide smile as she ground her convulsing pussy in her son's face.

Rob waved back with an annoyed look on his face and Emily swore it caused her orgasm to intensify. Yeah, look pissed off, she thought. If you only knew your boy's cock was in my mouth and where his fingers were right now, you'd really be mad.

Robbie was driving his fingers fast and hard into her ass and pussy, and his tongue was still dancing across her clit. She gave her nipples another pinch and released a long shuddering moan. The waves of pleasure crashing through body faded into a satisfying tremor, leaving her limp and satisfied.

But there was nothing limp about her son. Robbie rose up higher on his knees, his cock pointing directly at his mother's pussy. Emily slid down a little further in the chair, and grabbing his cock, pushed the thick swollen head inside her.

“Come on, Robbie, don't be shy, fuck me!”

Robbie thrust his hips, plunging the full length of his amazing cock inside her and Emily released another loud cry of pleasure. His big cock filled her still quivering cunt, and as he fucked her with long slow strokes she could feel his balls slapping against her ass.

“That’s it,” she purred. “Fuck your mother. Fuck her while your father does what he always does, work and ignore me. You get what he used to, don’t you, baby?”

“I get everything.” He moaned while sliding his hands up her stomach and grabbing her tits.

“You do, don’t you? You get mommy’s mouth, and her hot wet pussy, and even her ass don’t you?”

“Anytime I can.”

“Every time I let you!” She laughed, then groaned when he grabbed her ankles and lifted her legs from the chair.

Emily yelped as she slid down so she her head was now on the lower part of the back of the chair. Robbie stood up, careful to be sure he was just past the edge of the window and slammed his cock into her.

“Fuck, that’s deep!” She called out.

Robbie had her legs up and back, causing her to stare up at her feet as he had her practically bent in half. He took a deep breath then tore into her so

hard she released a squeal that had her worried someone might hear it from outside.

She covered her mouth, then repeatedly cried out into it while her son hammered away on his mother like they were trying out for a porn shoot. Robbie looked incredible. He was still completely dressed except for his pants being down around his upper thighs.

His large hands looked fantastic around her ankles and the muscles in his arms bulged as he held her legs up in the air. Best of all was his long glistening cock sliding in and out of her pink slit. Reaching down, she stroked her clit with two fingers, rubbing it in hard fast circles as her son pounded her.

“Can you see out the window?” Robbie asked, putting a damper on her striving for another orgasm.

“No,” She sighed, then smiled. “Back up.”

Robbie withdrew from her and she sat up. Leaning forward, and out of view, she took his cock in her mouth, giving him several long hard sucks. God, her pussy tasted good on him! She released him with a sloppy sucking sound, spit flying from her mouth and stood up.

Pulling the top of her dress up, she walked around to the back of the chair. She put her arms on the back of it so her head was visible in the

window and pushed her ass out behind her. With a sly smile, Robbie pulled his jeans up, and walked around to stand behind her.

Emily moaned as her dress was pushed up over her hips and her thong pulled to the side. Robbie entered her in one long thrust and she sucked on her lower lip to not cry out. He placed his hand on her bare back, and squeezing her ass where he was holding the thong, tore into her.

Emily slipped her hand beneath her and between her legs, finding her clit and resuming rubbing it while her son fucked her like she was some random slut he'd met. She was a slut, his slut. Enough of a slut to show up just to tease her son, but this time letting him have what he wanted.

What she wanted. What she needed. Her son's big fucking cock buried in his mother's insatiable cunt. She rubbed her clit harder, moaning as his balls slapped against her hand as she did.

She turned and saw Rob helping some guys pour concrete over a slab and kept her eyes on him as her son ravaged her. Rob turned around and this time when he saw her, she blew him a kiss even as her other hand was working her clit and her son was fucking her from behind.

A couple of guys laughed at him, and she made a show of blowing them kisses as well. The scowl on Rob's face caused her to gasp and she closed her legs. That caused her pussy to tighten even more around Robbie's cock and feeling her thighs trembling against his, Robbie again showed why he was such a good boy.

As he had before, he jammed his finger in her ass, and she had to turn her head the other way as she howled into the top of the chair. Her holes contracted once more and she slammed her hips back into Robbie's relentless cock.

He gasped behind her and his fucking changed to shorter more frantic strokes. Her pussy still quivering from her second orgasm, Emily slid her hand further back and tickled his balls with her nails.

Robbie cried out and she moaned when his cock exploded inside her. He continued to fuck her and she contracted her pussy, squeezing his cock, and helping his balls to empty their contents into his mother's pussy.

"All of it!" She encouraged him. "Every drop, baby! Give mommy every drop!"

Robbie moaned each time his cock, spurted, painting the walls of his mother's greedy cunt, and with his last thrust, he whimpered softly.

"Love that sound," she purred. "Love when my baby boy makes it for me."

"Damn, mom" he groaned while sliding his cock from insider her. "That was the best lunch ever!"

“I do what I can.” She leaned up, and adjusting her thong smoothed her dress down. “And you never ate.” She pointed to the bag on the table. “Have some food.”

“Don’t have time,” he shrugged. “That’s okay, though, I still ate pretty well.”

“That you did.” She pulled him away from the window and gave him a long deep kiss. “But you’re a young boy doing hard work. Eat quick, I’ll tell your dad, you’ll be out in a couple minutes.”

“I love it when you fuck me, then act like a mom.” He laughed, sitting at the table , and grabbing the bag.

“Honey, I’m always your mom. Especially when I’m fucking you.” She ran her fingers through his hair affectionately. “Isn’t a mother supposed to make sure her baby is taken care of?” She reached down and gave his cock a squeeze. “In every way?”

“You’re the best!” He smiled as he pulled out the carton of onion rings. “In every way!”

“You too, baby boy.”

Emily left the trailer and seeing, Rob waved him over.

“I’m heading home, baby,” she told him when he reached her.

“Where’s Robbie?”

“Still eating, we got caught up in talking about something.”

“Christ, he’s going to hear it even worse now, getting an extra few minutes.”

“Sorry, honey, but I really enjoy having time with him when I can.”

“I guess it’s nice you guys are close.” He nodded. “Most boys his age don’t want anything to do with their moms. Its not cool.”

Most mom’s don’t suck their son’s cocks, she smiled to herself. Leaning up, she kissed him quickly, thinking of how her son’s cock had just been in her mouth.

“See you at home.”

“Yeah,” he paused, and stared closely at her. “Hey, the AC working in there? You look all hot and sweaty.”

“Oh, its not doing too much.” She shrugged. “Better than outside though.”

“I’ll take a look at it,” he told her. “Hey, did you eat?”

“I did, I ate with Robbie.” She smiled, and feeling some of her son’s cum oozing from her wet slit, sighed. “I’m pretty damn full.”

Mom Phones It In!

Austin stared down at his phone, and smiled at the text he’d just received.

“Where are you baby, it’s after seven?”

“Had class, then work, remember?” He shot back, then went back to counting his register drawer to turn in so he could get home.

“Well hurry home. It’s Friday, and he left for his trip this morning. Only work you’ll be doing this weekend is taking care of me.”

Right there at the counter, his cock jumped in his pants. An entire weekend of nothing but hot sex! He hurriedly put the money into a pouch and signed the tag on it. Walking into the small back office he dropped the pouch on Joe’s desk.

“I’m out of here, see you Monday.”

“Hey, Austin,” Joe looked up. “Roger’s sick and I’m looking for coverage. Want to work a few hours tomorrow or Sunday?”

“No way.” He shook his head.

“But you’re always after more hours.” Joe looked puzzled.

“I got big plans this weekend.” He must have been grinning like the cat that ate the canary because Joe smirked, “That fun involve a female, I take it?”

“Oh, yeah.” He nodded.

“Do tell.”

“She’s hot and a lot older than me, and she’s got the whole weekend off.”

“Older? You dog!” Joe whistled. “Good for you kid. Just watch out for those older women, they’ll fuck you to death.”

“I hope so.” He waved. “If you don’t see me Monday, know I died smiling!”

“I’m jealous man, do her once for me.” He leered.

Austin laughed, and as he hurried out of Starbucks, he wondered what Joe would think if he knew the older women he was about to fuck all weekend was his mother?

Austin's short ride home still seemed to take forever. Friday night traffic and he swore he was catching every damn light. He was so fucking hard, he not only had to keep shifting in his seat, but his dripping cock had made his boxers sticky.

Dad was going to a sales conference and wouldn't be home until Monday afternoon. He'd made sure to ask for the weekend off when mom told him the dates of dad's trip. From the time he got home, until she had to go to work Monday morning it was just the two of them.

It was about time. The two of them hadn't had much time the last couple months. Between his class and work schedule, and the fact dad was around constantly at night, their chances had been few and far between.

Not that it had completely stopped them. Mom had slipped into his room twice in the last couple of weeks. She'd locked his door and they'd fucked quickly each time. It was hot, but they had to hurry and both were worried about dad getting up.

Okay, Austin was worried. He swore mom got an extra rush when dad was in the house. She'd proved that when she'd gotten bold enough to slip into the shower with him three mornings ago. Austin had thought his heart was going to beat out of his chest when his father had knocked on the door asking why it was locked.

While his obviously turned on mother dropped to her knees and sucked his cock. Austin had haltingly managed to call out he must have thumbbed the lock by accident, and no, he hadn't seen mom. Maybe she went for a walk.

When he looked back on those risky encounters, they were hot. But at the time he was more nervous than turned on. Not that his mother couldn't get him relaxed enough to enjoy it. His mother's mouth was sinfully talented and her pussy always wet and ready for her son.

Finally taking the turn onto their street, Austin found it hard to believe he'd been having sex with his mother for over a year now. It had started one night when she had been drunk and pissed off at dad for not taking care of her.

She'd walked into his room to vent to him, and caught him jerking off. The next thing he knew she was on his bed with him, his cock in her mouth. She'd then straddled him and ridden him hard and fast until he'd exploded inside her.

He'd been shocked to say the least, but it had been so insanely hot he couldn't let her leave until he'd gotten between her thighs and ate her pussy until she came for him. He'd then fucked her again. This time her legs up, and feet on his chest as he fucked her harder than he'd ever fucked a girl before.

But his mother wasn't a girl. She was a woman. A hot mature woman who knew what she wanted. What his mother had wanted ever since was her son's cock, and he gave it to her any time he could.

Unlike girls his age, mom had no hang ups and never said something was dirty or they couldn't or didn't like something. Austin's mother fucked like a wildcat porn star and denied him nothing. He'd even fucked her in the ass a few times.

Pulling into the driveway, Austin smiled at the idea the entire weekend wouldn't be risky quickies, but long playful, raunchy sex. No rush, no worries, and no dad. Just he and mom engaging in sex most people would think was wrong, but he felt that was because they'd never tried it. They had both admitted the fact they were mother son made it even hotter, and as long as they were happy and having fun, who cared?

Austin supposed dad would, but what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Besides if the boring dud had taken good care of mom's insatiable pussy, odds are his son wouldn't be the one doing it. Parking his car he threw the door open and all but leapt out of it.

Taking in those perfect lips, her expressive eyes, and her long black hair fanned out across the pillow, Austin was reminded of how not just sexy, but beautiful she was. His thoughts shifted back to sexy when she opened her legs, exposing her pussy. Her pink slit was already glistening beneath the small patch of dark hair she kept there.

“I love the way you look at me,” Mom said softly. “You always make me feel so sexy, baby.”

“You are sexy, mom.” Austin slowly approached the bed. “Sexiest woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Seen a lot of women, have you?” She teased, then turning sideways on the bed, rolled onto her stomach.

“In person? Only girls before you.” His heart raced when she beckoned him with her finger and walked over to her.

“Oh, how smooth are you?” She joked, but her dark eyes were fixed on his crotch which was right in front of her face. “But you watched a lot of that nasty mom son porn. Those moms are pretty damn hot.”

“Not as hot as you.” Austin meant every word her said.

With her on her stomach, he had a great view of the smooth skin of her back, highlighted by her dark hair now flowing down the middle of it. Of course the best part of the view was her well rounded ass.

Knowing he loved this position, especially when she did what he was dying for her to do, mom played it up. She spread her legs open and bent them at the knees. She playfully kicked them back and forth.

“Honey, can I ask you something?” Propped up on her elbows, enough for him to get a good look at her tits hanging beneath her, she trailed her fingers along his stomach.

“Anything.” He breathed when she kissed his stomach just above his jeans.

She stared at the perfect set of red lips she’d left on her son’s hard flat stomach. “Why the hell aren’t you naked?”

“Oh, um....got a little distracted.” He grinned.

“That’s a nice compliment, but it’s hardly fair that your mom is already naked and wet for her son and he’s still got clothes on.”

She unsnapped his jeans and yanked his zipper down. “I need this cock in my mouth, baby.”

Austin wasn’t going to argue with her and had just pushed his jeans down past his hips when mom took him quickly into her mouth.

“Oh, fuck.” He groaned when she bobbed her head rapidly.

“Hmm!” Mom’s eyes met his while her soft red lips worked his hard shaft.

Austin leaned over and grabbing both cheeks of her ass, gave them a hard squeeze. Mom moaned around his cock and he repeated the sound, when she held him between her lips and swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock.

Austin gave each cheek a playful slap and smiled at the little yip she released around his cock. His eyes worked back and forth, first taking in the way her well rounded ass looked spread open, then back to her lips working their magic on him.

At this point Mom had been sucking his cock for over a year, but the sight of his cock sliding between her lips never got old. Nor did the feeling of her warm wet mouth and soft talented tongue.

Austin slid his right hand between her legs and mom whimpered when his fingers slid through her sopping slit. Goddamn, she was wet! He worked his fingers through the folds of her pussy, moving them up and down, but stopping just short of her clit, then teasing around the entrance of her pussy.

“You tease, I’ll tease.” Mom pulled his cock from her mouth.

Austin couldn't get his fingers inside her fast enough. Mom rewarded that move by once again taking into her talented mouth. He sighed in appreciation of the mixed pleasure of having his fingers buried in his mother's hot wet pussy while she blew him.

While she blew him. His mother was blowing him! He felt like a fool every time he had that thought after all this time. But it was so fucking hot! Not just a fantastic blow job that any guy would love, but from his mom!

Austin put his thumb on her clit and she moaned softly around his cock. Despite the fact it had been awhile since they could enjoy with no worries, there was no sense of urgency. Austin slowly pumped his fingers into his mother's quivering slit, loving the way she contracted around them each time.

Mom was taking her time on his cock. She was keeping it in her mouth, but sucking slowly. She worked him from his head to the base of his shaft, making him feel her soft lips on every inch of his shaft. Her tongue was pressed tightly to his cock, massaging it as she took her time pleasing her son.

Austin moved his thumb faster on her clit and mom moaned louder and closed her legs, trapping his hand there. She bent her knees further so her feet were in his face, and taking her ankle in his free hand, he sucked on her toes.

Mom whimpered around his cock and her pussy contracted hard around his fingers. Austin swirled his tongue around her toes and her ass wiggled

as she thrust his fingers deeper inside her. Mom loved her feet played with and Austin was more than happy to play with any part of her body.

He grinned inwardly at the way dad always commented on some of the sexy heels and fancy stockings mom wore, saying they were a waste of money. No, they were just wasted on him, his son took full advantage of it.

Austin knew he should feel bad about doing this. He was helping his mother cheat on him, and with his son no less. But then again, if dad took care of business other than his business mom wouldn't have decided she needed her son to give her what she needed.

Mom was sucking him faster and he gasped when she cupped his balls and massaged them. His legs stiffened and his balls tightened in her hand. Mom's hips were rocking and her pussy rhythmically squeezing his fingers.

They were both getting ready to cum and he loved knowing it was just to get the edge off. From tonight until Monday morning Austin figured he would lose count of how many times they came and in every way!

The whole weekend! Not just fucking mom, but sleeping with her. Waking up with her in his arms, or her waking him up with his cock in her mouth. Fucking in her bed, the shower, the kitchen. On dad's last trip they had snuck outside at one in the morning with the outside lights off and fucked in the pool.

Austin remembered how mom had lay on the edge of the pool, her legs open and dangling into the water as he licked her to several orgasms. She'd returned the favor by switching off with him and giving him a long slow blow job.

They'd rested then mom had knelt on the ladder while he fucked her hard and fast, pulling on her wet hair, the water ticking his balls. She'd cum again just from him fucking her and...

"Oh, fuck, mom." He moaned as she bobbed her head even faster. No longer playing, his mother was now working for the prize of her son's hot load.

"Hmm-mm!" She encouraged him and bucked her hips harder, urging Austin work her pussy.

He pressed his thumb harder to her clit and switched to sucking on the toes of her left foot. His legs were now trembling and he reveled in the anticipation of taboo thrill of filling his mother's mouth with his cum.

He jumped when mom's cell rang on the nightstand next to him. He glanced down and saw it was dad.

"Shit," he exclaimed. "It's dad!"

Mom's eyes shifted to the phone where dad's picture was filling the screen. She paused in her sucking, and sighed around his shaft. Austin stopped rubbing her clit, and tried to ease his cock from her mouth.

Mom squeezed his balls, not hard, just enough to keep him where he was and took him deep into her mouth. Thinking she was going to ignore the call he resumed rubbing her clit. Mom looked up at him, a beautiful sight with his cock buried in her mouth, and winked.

To his dismay, mom reached over and picked the phone up even as she continued to bob her head.

"Mom what are you doing?" He moaned, when she slipped him from her mouth and slid her finger across the screen.

"Hey, baby!" She chirped into the phone. "How was your flight?"

Austin tried to remove his hand from between her thighs, but she clamped them shut while staring up at him. "Don't stop." She mouthed while listening to dad talking on the other end.

"So the first meeting went well?" As mom spoke into the phone, she pumped him in her fist.

When dad had called and mom answered, Austin's cock had softened, but his mother's hand was bringing him back to a full erection. The fact there was a long strand of pre cum laced drool trailing from her chin to his cock helped him regain interest.

"That's good news, honey." She nodded while now rubbing Austin's cock on her cheek.

"Damn, you're nasty." He whispered when she turned her head to rub her other cheek on him.

Mom smiled and pressed the head of his cock to her soft sticky lips.

"Hmm-mmm." She grunted into the phone.

Austin moaned when she flicked her tongue out and traced a circle around the sensitive underside of the purple head of his dick. She gave him a poignant look and wiggled her hips. Taking his cue, Austin rubbed her clit and she sighed into the phone, "That's interesting. Are you going to follow up with them?"

This time when she listened to the other half of the conversation she took him into her mouth. Austin suppressed a groan, and as nervous as he was, as wrong as this was, his cock felt even harder than before.

Mom slowly sucked him while grunting around his cock in agreement to whatever dad was saying. She squeezed her legs tighter around his hand and worked her hips. Mom was breathing harder around his cock and was no longer sucking, just holding him there.

His cock twitched in her mouth as she stared down at her and moved his thumb in hard fast circles over her clit. Mom's eyes widened and her pussy tightened around his fingers. Austin slipped his free hand beneath mom, and cupping her breast, pinched her nipple.

Mom released a muffled squeal and her hips ground in tight circles into the bed. Her pussy convulsed around his fingers and her brown eyes were bulging as she fought not to make any noise.

Austin continued to play with her nipple while stroking her clit and she grabbed his forearm. Her nails dug painfully into his arm as she squeezed and continued to struggle to cum quietly. Now enjoying her battle, Austin pinched her nipple hard again.

Her pussy contracted once more and she emitted another of those choked cries of pleasure. She rolled her eyes back and releasing his cock, gasped into the phone, "Sorry, I just sneezed, damn allergies are acting...."

With an evil grin he jammed his fingers hard into her quivering pussy, causing her to yelp.

“Excuse me!” She sniffed loudly for show, then relaxed her legs around his hand and relaxed lowered her legs.

Still holding his cock, she looked up at him, a sly smile spreading across her face.

“Oh, Austin? He’s right here, want to say hello?”

Mom’s smile grew larger when she pushed the phone at him. He tried to back away, but she literally had him by the dick.

“Talk to your dad.” She said out loud, then covering the phone whispered, “Payback’s a bitch.”

“Um, hey dad, how’s Chicago?”

“Loud and obnoxious like last time.” Dad replied. “What are you up to this weekend?”

“Oh!” He gasped when mom took him deep into her mouth and her tongue slid across his balls.

“Austin?”

“Sorry, I knocked something over.” He managed to say as mom went to town, bobbing her head rapidly, her lips and tongue working him while she resumed playing with his balls.

“You’re off this weekend,” Dad continued. “Big plans?”

“I...not really.” He breathed, his eyes meeting mom’s.

She winked and once again deep throating him, held him there, her tongue swirling back and forth along the base of his shaft.

“Nothing? Come on, a good looking kid your age doesn’t have something lined up with a cute girl?”

“Nah, I’m having a dry spell I guess.”

Yeah, a dry spell. His cock was buried in the talented mouth of a hot woman. A woman he’d just made cum and had been seconds away from coming down her throat. A woman named mom.

“Well get out there, kid.” Dad told him. “You’re never going to get any action hanging around the house.”

“True.” He whispered, as mom went back to sucking him.

She had her mouth open wider than she needed to and was making the sloppy wet sucking sounds he loved.

“So call some friends, get out of the house meet some young ladies.” Dad laughed. “Best years of your life, kid, don’t waste them.”

“I’ll do that, I’ll call Tom and...” He trailed off into an involuntary moan when mom had him so deep his balls were on her chin and she was shaking her head back and forth.

The tip of his cock was rubbing across her mouth and her tongue was going wild on him. This was mom’s best trick when it came to sucking cock and he was never able to hold off for long when she did it.

“And?” Dad spoke up in his ear. “And what? Austin are you paying attention to me?”

“S...sorry.” He stammered as mom continued shaking her head while now tickling his balls with her fingernails. His balls were tight and his cock jerking in her mouth, he was so fucking close!

“You sound funny.”

“Oh, um. Mom’s messing with me.” He grinned down at her at his spontaneous joke. “She keeps trying to tickle me.”

“That’s great,” Dad laughed in his ear “I love how close you guys still are.”

“Yeah, me and mom are pretty tight.” And mom was pretty fucking tight herself.

She winked at him and switched back to bobbing her head. Her mouth was open and she was leaving a trail of spit along his cock which she noisily slurped up on her way back down to his shaft.

“Good to hear, most kids your age think they’re too cool to have fun with your parents.”

“No, me and mom still have fun.” He was so close to popping off he could barely get the words out.

“Mom wants to talk to you. Have fun down there and I hope you get some great leads.”

He's spoken the words in a rush and pulled the phone away from his ear without waiting to hear dad's response. Mom took the phone from his hand and released his cock from her mouth with a wet sucking sound.

Before she brought the phone to her ear she spit on the head of his cock then wrapping her hand tightly around him, pumped his slick cock.

"I'm back!" Mom said cheerily into the phone as she jacked her son's cock. "Weird? Yeah, well we were weird at his age to." She laughed. "But yeah, he's very close to his mom."

Austin moaned softly as her wet hand glided along his shaft. He was going to..."Oh, fuck." He breathed out as his cock exploded in her hand.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure he has some fun this weekend." Mom was still talking even as the first long thick spurt of cum struck her in the face.

Mom pumped his cock furiously and turned her head back and forth, letting him spray both sides of her face.

"I'll threaten him with things to do around the house." She continued calmly as if she were just lying back in bed rather than jerking her son off into her face. "I was thinking there's some painting he could do."

Holy shit! Not that he hadn't learned his mother was a freak, but this was beyond nasty. Austin had to admit he loved every minute of it! He stood there moaning and whimpering as his mother milked his cock.

Sticking her tongue out, she placed his oozing tip over it and squeezing just the tip of his cock, wrung the last few drops from it. She took him into her mouth, giving him a couple of fast hard sucks, then released him in time to say.

"That's a good idea, Austin. Head over Tom's and see what he's up to. See you later sweetie." She loudly kissed the tip of his cock, then picked up her conversation with dad.

"Sorry, hon. Just mention chores and the kid suddenly decides he wants to go out." She laughed at something dad said. "Yeah, better off he's lousy at painting."

As she spoke his cum was sliding down her cheeks and she made no effort to wipe it off. Christ, she was hotter and dirtier than any porn star he'd ever watched. Mom started asking dad about his schedule for the next day, and Austin made to pull up his pants, figuring they'd screw around later.

He stopped when mom grabbed his arm and shook her head. "Stay here." She mouthed.

Mom sat up on her knees and Austin's still semi hard cock twitched at the sight of his cum now sliding down his mother's neck and on her beautiful tits. Mom lay back on the bed, her head resting on the pillows.

She patted the bed for him to join her, and pulling his pants off he crawled up onto the bed.

"I miss you, baby." Mom said into the phone. "Really miss." She giggled. "Miss your cock."

She laughed. "Of course Austin's not still here. He's on his way out and I just walked into our room. I'd just gotten out of the shower before you called and I'm untying that frumpy mom robe I wear." She released a sexy sigh. "Hmm, now these panties and bra have to go. Hold on while I get naked."

"Jesus, mom." Austin whispered.

She responded by cupping her breast, and raising her eyebrows as if saying, 'why aren't you sucking this?' Austin's response was to immediately kneel next to her and suck her gorgeous rosy nipple into his mouth.

Mom sighed. "Hmm, that's better, I'm naked and in our bed and I'm so horny honey. Are you horny?"

“Yeah, baby?” She breathed in a sultry voice, “I’m getting you hard? You like thinking about me naked on the bed, my legs spread?”

Mom was playing with her other nipple with her free hand and Austin slid his other hand between her legs. This time he shoved three fingers inside her already sopping slit. Mom moaned loudly and into the phone. Austin again placed his thumb on her clit, but stroked it softly.

“Hmm, you’re naked too?” Mom purred, “Naked and hard for me? Picture yourself sliding up between my legs, and sucking on my tits.”

Mom gave him an expectant look and Austin slid his fingers from inside her and rolled over to kneel between her legs. He resumed sucking her nipple, avoiding the drops of his cum splattered there. Mom gave an exaggeratedly loud moan.

“Tongue it, baby!” She demanded into the phone. “Suck your wife’s hard nipples! They’re hard for you,” she lied.

Austin switched to her other nipple and mom grabbed his head, and arched her back, shoving her big soft tit into his face.

“I can feel that long hard cock on my leg.” Mom purred. “You’re dripping.”

“Of course I’ll suck your big fat cock, baby.” She assured him. “But you need to lick my pussy first. Come on, David, give your wife a kiss,” she giggled. “With a lot of tongue!”

Mom pushed on his shoulder and Austin eagerly slid onto his stomach between her legs. He spread her pussy wide open, and blew teasingly on her clit.

“Blow it.” Mom smiled as she spoke. “Let me feel that hot breath on my clit.”

Austin kissed her clit gently, then sliding his tongue down through her moist lips, shoved it inside her.

“Fuck!” Mom cried out. “Oh, yes honey, shove your tongue in my dripping cunt!” She laughed. “I know that’s a dirty word, but you married a dirty girl.”

Austin swirled his tongue around inside her and mom put her soft feet on his shoulders. He moaned at the tastes of her sticky sweet juices, and ground his hips into the bed. He was getting hard again already, and sad to say it was from what she was doing to him. Something he should be ashamed of, but God, it was hot.

“Hmm, you’re licking me so good, baby!” Mom cooed. “Tell me how you’re licking my hot little snatch. Tell me all about it.”

She went silent listening to dad describe what her son was actually doing to her. Mom was moaning softly and throwing in a 'That feels so good!' every minute or so. Wanting to get her off again, Austin went to work on his mother's pussy.

He worked his tongue back and forth, exploring the folds of his mother's pussy. Mom wiggled her hips, trying to get his tongue on her clit, but he avoided it, teasing her. She whimpered and he gasped in surprise when she grabbed his hair.

She held his head still and ground her wet flesh into his face, her clit pressing into his lips. Her leg wrapped around his shoulders and further drew him between her thighs. Austin didn't mind. There were far worse places to be than having his face shoved into his mother's hot little box.

"Suck that clit, baby! Lick and suck it the way you want me to suck your cock! I will, baby! I'll suck it for you after you make me come! Please make your dirty wife come!"

Mom had let his hair go and had spread herself open for him, her finger just over her clit. She pushed down, causing her clit to protrude further and he sucked it between his lips.

"Use those fingers!" Mom told him while pretending it was dad she was guiding. "Fuck my sweet cunt and imagine when it's your cock!"

Austin did just that. He plunged two fingers inside her, thrusting them hard and fast while he sucked her clit in time with their movement.

“Yes, oh yes.” Mom moaned. “So good, baby! Oh, you’re going to make your wife come nice and hard for you! Just lick it like that! Oh, honey, just like that!”

Austin stopped sucking and swirled his tongue in fast circles, tracing the edge of her clit. Mom arched her back and her pussy clenched around his fingers.

“A little more, oh so close!” Her toes curled into his shoulder and her hips were going wild, desperately trying to keep his tongue in contact with her clit. She tightened her leg around his head, and put the phone down next her on the pillow.

Mom grabbed her tits and gave her nipples a hard pinch.

“Yes!” She screamed. “I’m fucking coming for you!”

Mom threw her head back and let loose with a long loud wail that caused his cock to jerk into the bed. Her hips moved in a circular motion, following his flickering tongue. Her pussy convulsed around his plunging fingers and she was tugging hard on her nipples.

Mom released several high pitched squeals and Austin’s hips were moving, thrusting his rock hard cock into the bed. Mom was flushed and

sweating and still had his cum on her face as she played with her tits and came like a wildcat in her son's face.

“Oh my God,” she sighed. “Oh, honey. I came so hard.”

Mom let her leg slip from his head and opened her legs. Austin gave her clit one last kiss and sat up on his knees.

“I did come for real, honey. I was playing with myself.” Mom lied. “You big and hard? Good now fuck me! Take your wife's pussy!”

Austin followed her commands. He grabbed her ankles, lifted her legs and drove deep inside her. Mom yelped loudly, then moaned over and over when he fucked her with long hard strokes.

“Give it to me,” she groaned. “Pound my pussy, baby! Tell me how hard you're fucking me.”

Austin let her ankles go and putting her legs over his shoulders, leaned forwards. Mom cried out when her ass lifted off the bed and her feet were over her head. He pounded her hard and fast and hoped to hell dad couldn't hear it.

Then again, the way mom was yelping and carrying on into the phone probably covered it up. Mom had her head turned, squealing into the phone while she played with her nipples for him. Her big amazing tits were bouncing wildly and Austin stepped it up, repeatedly hammering his cock into her now dripping pussy.

“What? Oh, you want me to suck your cock now, you bad boy?”

With a grin, Austin pulled out of her when she patted the bed next to her. He stretched out on his back, his glistening cock standing at attention between his thighs. Mom rolled onto her knees, grabbed his cock and pumped it.

“You are hard, baby.” Mom purred. “So hard for your wife. Hmm, let me taste it.”

Mom took him into her mouth and bobbed her head several times, moaning loudly each time.

“My pussy tastes so good on your cock,” she sighed. “I want more.”

She took him deep and made several nasty gagging sounds. Austin wondered if dad was sitting there thinking how the hell she was being this convincing. That thought and all others fled when she shook her head back and forth, making him moan.

She released him and whispered, “Balls, have to suck your balls don’t I?” Mom bathed his balls with her tongue then sucked on them. Austin had to bite back a moan as worked each one in turn while jerking him off.

“Now I’m going to hop on my husband’s big dick, and go for a fucking ride!”

Mom swung her leg over his hips and he had to cover his mouth when she drive down, impaling herself on her son’s cock.

“So deep,” she whimpered. “You’re so fucking deep. Just lay back, honey and let me ride you.”

Mom was holding the phone to her ear and smiling down at him as she slowly bounced up and down on his swollen cock. Her long dark hair was down across her face and sticking to her cheeks due to the sweat and cum there.

Her big tits were heaving and she was working her hips slowly and sensually, damn she was fucking sexy. He grabbed her hips, then smiled when mom took his wrist and brought his hand up to her tit.

He moved the other one as well so he was playing with both her nipples as she rode him.

“How’s your wife look on top of you, honey? You want to shoot a nice big load up inside me?” Mom’s dark eyes widened and she smiled. “You want my ass in the air? You bad boy!”

“Thank you, dad,” Austin whispered.

Mom swung herself off him and putting the phone on the pillow beneath her head, knelt on her hands and knees. Austin quickly rolled onto his knees, squeezed her hips and buried himself inside her.

“Fuck yeah!” Mom yelled as he went wild on her, slamming her so hard his balls were slapping against her pussy. “That’s it, baby! Fuck your wife, fuck her nice and hard! Pound her with that big cock!”

Austin was doing just that. He was fucking her as fast and hard as he could and mom was yelping with every thrust. She turned to look over her shoulder and her big brown eyes were glazed over with lust.

She was sweating and her mouth open in an ‘o’ as she wailed continuously. Austin began to worry this was a little too convincing, but could faintly hear dad speaking, meaning she could just be making noise anyway.

“More! Harder, faster!” Mom wailed. “Claim your pussy, baby! Show me why I miss you so much when you’re gone! Oh, I can’t wait to get this cock for real!”

Austin was sweating himself and breathing hard, his heart racing. His balls were tight and his cock jerked inside her each time he drove into her.

“Come for me,” Mom demanded. “I want you to come! Where do you want to cum, baby?”

As Austin continued his assault on her pussy, Mom groaned. “You want to paint my big titties? I think I’ll let you!”

She reached underneath her and Austin gasped when she rubbed his balls the next time he thrust into her. He only lasted several more pumps with the additional thrill of her playing with his balls and holding back a groan, whipped his cock out.

He squeezed it at the base as mom rolled over onto her back, cupping her tits.

“Let me have it!” She cried loud enough for dad to hear her through the phone next to her.

Austin gasped when he released his cock, sending a long spurt of cum across both her tits. Mom grabbed him and jerked him furiously. He knelt there, fighting to remain silent as his mother jacked him off all over her tits.

“Oh that feels good,” Mom groaned. “So hot and thick and so much! You’re giving your wife a nice big load aren’t you, baby?”

Austin was doing just that. Despite having cum recently, his mother’s dirty game with his father had him pretty worked up. He sent several long streams onto her breasts, and mom worked his cock back and forth, making sure to get both.

He whimpered when she wiped his oozing tip off on her nipple, then gave him a quick suck, milking a couple more drops from him.

“Hmm, that was fun,” Mom sighed into the phone she’d put back to her ear.

Austin stared down at his mother, admiring the puddles of cum on her tits and the fact there was still a couple of drops remaining on her face from the first load. Her entire body was flushed with passion and her tits were heaving.

Best of all was the look of satisfaction on her face, as she stared up at him with a sexy smile. She gestured towards her tits, and Austin leaned over the bed. Grabbing his t-shirt, he wiped the cum from her tits and moaned when she took his semi hard cock in her hand, idly stroking it while she talked to dad.

“See, baby, you usually get mad when I try to be dirty, but that was great wasn’t it?” She smiled broadly.

“Of course we can do it again.” She squeezed Austin’s cock. “You can call me anytime!”

This Could Have Been You!

Chapter One

Keith opened his eyes at the sound of heels approaching from behind him. He blinked at the TV and saw it was seven, he must have dozed off. He sat up on the couch just as mom spoke up behind him.

“Honey, we’re leaving in a few minutes. There’s leftovers in the fridge or if you wanted to see if Mark wants to come over, I left some money for pizza on the kitchen table.”

“Mark’s gotta work, and I think I’ll just chill tonight.”

“You sure? It’s Friday night, I’m sure you could find something fun to do.”

Mom must have been right behind him because he caught a whiff of her coco chanel perfume. Just the scent caused a stirring in his cock.

“What I usually do for fun won’t be here tonight.” He joked, as he saw her coming around the couch out of the corner of his eye. “She has to go out and...holy shit, mom!” he blurted out when he got a look at her.

“You like?” Mom smiled, and spread her arms out. “Is it too much?”

“Too much?” Keith whistled at her. “How about not enough? You’re really going out like that?”

“Your dad claims I dress too proper so...yes.”

Keith barely heard what she said, he was too busy staring at her. Mom’s dress was a black one piece that if he called it a mini would be giving it credit. The hem of the dress was barely past her ass and so tight it appeared as if it were painted on.

Mom was tall and her normally long legs seemed even longer and sexier by a pair of black stilettos. Her legs were encased in sheer black stockings, but the dress was so short, even as she stepped towards him, he was able to see they were thigh highs.

As high as the dress was below the waist, it was that low up top. Mom's tits were a perfect size, far more than a mouthful, but not too big. The way she normally dressed, they didn't stand out as much, but in this dress they looked ready to fall out.

He stared hungrily at the exposed tops and inner halves of her tits, and his cock was now at full attention, bending awkwardly in his jeans. Mom had her long auburn hair down and had put some curl in it, and had put her make up on heavier than usual.

Her gorgeous green eyes were staring into his, and her red lips curled into a smile.

“Someone's thinking bad thoughts about his mother, isn't he?”

“Nope, good things.” He stared at her breasts, and licked his lips. “Will you wear that for me some night?”

“Why?” She'd come closer so she could lower her voice. “You've seen me naked, what's so special about the dress?”

“You’re in it.” He reached out and put his hand on her thigh. “Love these stockings.”

“Good answer.” She put her hand over his, then leaning over put the other in his crotch. “Hmm, you do like the dress.”

“I’m horny, mom,” he sighed.

“I can feel that.” She gave his cock a squeeze, and he moaned softly while staring down into her dress. “But sorry, baby. Not tonight.”

“Why?” He knew he sounded like a baby, but didn’t care, God she looked good. “Dad never bothers with you. That’s why you started playing with me, because I want you.”

“That you do.” She looked over her shoulder, to make sure dad wasn’t coming down the stairs. She gave him a quick kiss, then playfully flicked her tongue across his lips. “But he’s been pushing for a night out. Says we should have some fun.”

“Its not fair. We always get Friday nights!” He crossed his arms over his chest, and she laughed at him.

“Aww, my baby boy’s jealous!” She laughed. “Kind of funny seeing you’re mad I’m spending the night with your father. The one I should be.”

Her face softened when she saw he looked upset.

“You get plenty of time with me, honey. A hell of a lot more time than he does. I doubt any other boy your age is having thing kind of fun with their mom.”

“I doubt they’d want to. Seen some of my friend’s mom?” He grinned in spite of himself.

“You mean Ted and John’s mother’s don’t have asses like this?” Mom turned and bent over.

The skirt rode up high enough to show the lower part of the cheeks of her ass and her black thong. Keith’s eyes widened. Thongs were usually pretty skimpy, but this one was literally a string between her ass cheeks.

“Oh my god.” He whispered.

She teased him by bending over a little further and opening her legs, showing off the tiny strip of black material directly between her legs. It was so tight he could see the outline of her lips. He got to see the lips themselves when mom pulled on it from the front, causing it to ride up into her pussy. Her smooth pink succulent pussy.

“Is that a no?” She stood back up and turned to face him.

“Jesus you have a nice ass, mom.” Keith told her. “I wish I could’ve shoved my face right between your legs.”

“Son. You say the sweetest things!” She clapped her hands. “Tell you what, dad’s golfing tomorrow afternoon. I’ll let you have some of my sweet thing then.”

“But just my hand tonight, I guess,” he slumped back against the couch and stared down at the bulge between his legs.

“Honey, you don’t just get more sex than all your friends put together, but better than they’ll ever get. Its one night.” She shrugged. “One night I play hot wife for my dud husband, who seems to really want to make me happy tonight. You’ll live.”

“Guess I have to,” he sighed dramatically, and she rolled her eyes at him.

“I just hope he doesn’t drink.” She turned serious. “Last few times we actually went out he has too much, acts like an idiot then fucking passes out on me.”

“Yeah, I know,” Keith grinned. “Last time you were so mad and horny you came into my room.”

“I was pretty drunk too,” she tried to hold back a smile, but lost the battle. “Okay, maybe not that drunk, but so horny!”

“I remember.” Keith nodded, then winked. “You tried to blame drinking the next morning, but you weren’t drinking that night.”

“Not true.” She eyed the bulge in his jeans and licked her lips. “I was drunk then too. Sex drunk. Drunk on the hottest sex I’d ever had, with the nicest cock I ever...”

“You ready to go Lauren?” Dad asked while coming down the stairs. “We’re supposed to...Jesus!”

Dad’s jaw dropped when he saw mom’s dress. Turning to him, she spread her arm. “Ta-da!”

At the same time she was giving Keith a great look at her ass and backs of her legs, which he knew she was doing on purpose.

“Lauren that’s...are you really going to wear that?”

“Why not? You said you wanted a fun look.”

“Fun and free are two different things.”

“Ouch.” Keith whispered, then made to get up. He didn’t need to hear the fight that was going to cause.

To his surprise mom laughed. “But I’m only free for you, Rick. All those guys are going to see me with you, and wish they were you.”

“Little stick on yourself tonight?” He raised his eyebrows.

Keith waited for the inevitable explosion, but dad saved himself. “You do look hot though.” He whistled. “I better get the stick I’ll need to beat them off!”

“More like it.” Mom laughed. “You look nice tonight, baby. Love that color on you.”

“This old thing?” Dad tugged at the wine colored dress shirt he wore above his black slacks. “Oh, wait I have had it awhile.”

Mom laughed, and coming over to link his arm through hers, he asked. “Shall we, my spicy milf.”

“Wow, you know what a milf is?” Keith joked, knowing in his case the mom who most wanted to fuck-and did- was his own.

“Funny.” Dad pointed to him on the couch. “But who’s got the hot date and whose spending Friday night on the couch?”

The same guy who spent Wednesday night between your wife’s legs, Keith thought, but shrugged. “What can I say, maybe someday I’ll be with a woman as hot as mom.”

“Shouldn’t say your mom’s hot,” Dad frowned. “Little improper.”

“He’s just blowing smoke up my ass,” Mom laughed it off, but Keith knew she was thinking of what he’d had up her ass. “Give him a minute, he’ll ask for something.”

“You know what I want,” he let that hang for a moment, then added. “Madden 17!”

“Come, on we’re running late.” Dad guided mom away from him, and Keith watched his mother’s ass sway delightfully until they left the house.

“Damn,” he sighed.

Mom was right, he'd seen her in everything from hot lingerie to completely naked, wearing nothing but a smile and his cum. But that dress had him so hard it bordered on painful. It was probably more the fact she was going out like that.

He imagined all the men, especially the younger ones, staring at her. Checking out her tits and staring at her ass and getting quick little glimpses of her ass when she danced. He was pissed he couldn't fuck her in it.

He'd love to just bend her over and pull the thong to the side and take her like that. Then again, a happy thought entered his mind, she saw his reaction and would wear it for him sometime. Mom was right, he shouldn't get jealous of dad.

After all, she was supposed to be with her husband, not her son in the first place. Plus, as she said, the two of them had a lot of fun. At this point he was fucking mom at least three times a week, and sometimes she'd give him little treats in between.

His cock jumped at the memory of his last week, she'd jerked him off under the kitchen table with dad sitting right there. That did nothing to relieve the throbbing between his legs, nor did Keith beginning to think of that night mom had come into his room.

In fact tonight seemed like déjà vu. Mom had been all over dad that they never went out anymore and he'd overheard them fighting about sex. Back

then Keith hadn't really thought of his mother in an improper way, but he could acknowledge she was an attractive woman.

Attractive enough his father should have been thrilled she wanted it so bad. Dad himself was a decent looking guy and kept himself in shape. Keith hoped he was decent looking anyway as he was pretty much a younger clone of him. They shared the same dirty blonde hair and dark eyes, and square rugged features, and Keith had done fine with girls.

Not that he'd had any interest in dating lately. No girl his age could compare to the smoking hot milf who continued to blow him away-in every sense of the word-every time they were together. Dad had been busting his chops about what seemed like a dry spell with girls. In reality he couldn't be happier.

No, not true. He'd be happier if his mother was straddled across his lap, her tits popped out of her dress so he could suck them while she rode her son's cock. He was getting hornier by the minute and figured see he was alone, what the hell?

Keith unsnapped his jeans and leaning back, slid his pants and boxers down far enough to comfortably stroke his cock. He sighed as he pumped himself and thought back to the night mom staggered into his room.

She was drunk out of her mind and her face was red from both alcohol and anger. She was also only wearing a little red silky top that was pretty much just a half shirt. It barely went below her breasts, and it was obvious

she wasn't wearing a bra. More stunning than the top was she was in just a pair of lacy red panties.

He'd asked if she were okay and she'd sat on his bed and angrily told him dad had drank so much he'd passed out while she was in the bathroom changing for him. She went on to say she wasn't just mad, but horny and frustrated.

She'd blatantly stated she was dying for some cock and a good hard fucking. He'd stammered something about her maybe needing to go get some sleep and talk to dad in the morning. Mom had then asked if he thought she was hot.

Keith had no clue what to say and answered she was pretty. That got an eye roll, then to his disbelief she had cupped her tits and asked him if he thought they were nice. Then if he liked her ass in the skimpy panties.

He'd tried saying she was his mom, but she kept pushing him to look at her as a woman. Mom had caused his jaw to drop when she's pulled her top off and exposed her breasts. To his chagrin, he had gotten hard.

He was naked under the sheets and his cock was at full attention, when she played with her tits, asking what he thought. He had no idea how to answer and that seemed to wind her up even more. Mom had stood up, turned around and pulled the panties down, showing off her ass and pussy from behind.

Keith asked her to leave, his voice barely a whisper as his cock twitched between his legs. Mom had crawled up on the bed, kissed him. She kissed him hard, her tongue plunging into his mouth. He sat there unsure what to do, and mom had grabbed his hand and placed it on her breast.

He clearly remembered the loud moan he'd released at the feeling of her firm breast and her hard nipple. Mom's hand found his hard cock through the sheet, and she'd groaned in his ear.

“Hmm, at least one man in this house is hard for me!”

Mom had whipped the sheet off, and before he could react his cock was in her mouth and she was sucking it like a porn star. Keith's hand moved faster along his cock as he recalled how she'd sucked him not just fast and hard, but was spitting on his dick and making sloppy nasty noises as she did.

His hand slid along her back and grabbed her ass. She moved to the side, and his fingers slid into the sopping wet folds of her pussy. She worked her hips and when his finger was driven inside his mother's forbidden pussy, Keith had lost it.

He came in his mother's mouth, and she'd moaned as if she'd just come herself. She had sucked him dry, then slid up and sat across him, plunging his still hard cock into her. She'd ridden him like the drunk out of control slut she was acting like, then had rolled over, opened her legs and demanded he suck her pussy.

“Fuck.” Keith moaned, jerking faster, while reliving his first taste of his mother’s sticky sweet pussy.

He could hear her coming long and loud, wailing away and Keith being scared dad would wake up. But his fear had been overcome by raw lust when his mother rolled over onto her hands and knees and told him to give his mother what she needed.

He’d fucked her doggy, and with long hard strokes that had her squealing for him. He’d been so wound up that even though she’d already sucked him off, he’d come quick and at her urging deep inside his mother’s quivering pussy.

Keith’s balls tightened and his cock twitched in his hand as he focused on how good it felt to come into his mother’s wet greedy pussy. How it tightened around him and milked every last drop of...

“Keith!” Mom yelled. “What the hell are you doing?”

Keith released his cock and stared up at Mom who had just come back into the house. He’d been so caught up in his oedipal inspired masturbation session, he hadn’t even heard her.

“Uh, well,” he grinned sheepishly. “What does it look like?”

“It looks...damn good,” Mom said softly, her eyes focused on his cock as he still gripped it tightly. “But what if that was your father?”

“Then it would be awkward and he’d call me a loser and tell me to go out on a date.” Keith shrugged. “Not like he’d know who I was thinking about.”

“Oh, and who were you thinking about?” Mom walked passed him to the coffee table and picked up her small black purse, she’d forgotten.

“My sexy as all hell, mom,” He replied and seeing her eyes still on his cock, slowly stroked it. “We mentioned the first time you came into my room and I was thinking of it.” He pointed with his free hand. “And that dress.”

“I’ll wear it for you one night, okay?”

“Stockings too?”

“Yes, whatever you want.” She had begun to walk past him, but stopped and started down hungrily at his cock. “My baby’s awfully hard.”

“Awfully horny,” he stared up at her hopefully while sliding his hand along his shaft. “And all for you.”

Mom sucked on her lower lip, then asked. “You were pretty close when I came in.”

“Real close,” he agreed, his heart racing in anticipation. He widened his brown eyes and added. “So close.”

“Okay.” Mom sat on the couch next to him and lowered her head to his lap. “But watch out the window for your father, and you have to be quick.”

“I will be, I...oh yes,” he groaned when his mother quickly took him deep into her mouth and bobbed her head rapidly.

He couldn’t see her mouth on his cock, just the back of her head as she worked his cock between her soft lips. He slid his hand down her back and pulled the hem up so he could fondle her pussy through the thong.

He caught himself staring at her, and quickly eased the blinds of the window next to him, out a couple inches so he could see the driveway. Dad was sitting in the car, looking down, probably at his phone.

Keith had to resist the urge to watch the show between his legs, but didn’t want to take any chances. Not that they had much of a chance of

getting caught as his legs were already trembling.

“Oh fuck, mom,” he breathed. “That feels so fucking good!”

“Hmm.” Mom agreed and the vibration of her humming around his cock caused his balls to tighten.

“There you go,” Mom whispered as she eased him from her mouth and pumped his now slick cock. “Come quick for me, baby, mommy has to go.”

She took him back in her mouth and resumed her rapid sucking. As always the dirtiness of the situation got to him as much as how damn good her mouth felt. The fact his mother was taking care of him, easing his frustration and giving him this hot little treat with his dad waiting made him lose control.

With a loud groan, he lost the battle to hold back a few more seconds and his cock exploded in her mouth. Mom moaned around him as she continued to suck. Keith squeezed her ass hard and jerked his hips, pushing his spurting cock deeper into her mouth.

Mom rubbed his balls as he came, coaxing every drop from them and into her eager mouth. When Keith had nothing left and was whimpering as she gave his now overly sensitive head a few more sucks. She eased him from her mouth and sitting up, opened her mouth and showed him a the puddle of cum on her tongue.

She made a show of swallowing and flashed him her now empty mouth.

“Okay, I have to go now,” she kissed his cheek. “Feel better now, baby?”

“Thanks, mom,” he sighed, staring down at his lipstick smeared cock. “You’re the best.

They both jumped when the horn sounded from the driveway.

“He better blow something other than that horn tonight, because now I’m really horny.” Mom muttered and headed for the door once more.

“Hey, mom you might want to you know, have some water or something before you kiss dad,” he called out.

Mom opened the door, but looked back over her shoulder, and with a smile asked, “Why?”

Chapter Two

Keith sat up, and looked around his room. He'd sworn he'd heard a loud bang from somewhere in the house. He cocked his head, but when the noise didn't repeat itself, he lay back on his bed. He looked at the clock and saw it was almost one.

He wondered if mom and dad were home and if dad was actually taking care of her for once. This time there was a bang from downstairs, the distinct sound of the front door slamming. He heard glass breaking and then mom yelling.

Concerned he slipped out of bed, tossed on a pair of sweat pants, and went out into the hallway.

"That was my mother's lamp!" Mom was yelling. "I can't fucking believe you!"

Oh, boy. Keith turned to head back into his room. Then heard another loud crash and a thud. He ran down the stairs and saw mom on her knees. She had dad's arm around her shoulder and she was trying to stand him up from his position slumped against the living room wall.

"Mom, you need help?" He hurried over to her.

“Would you?”

“Of course.” He squatted and got dad’s other arm around his neck and stood up. His father was totally limp, not even trying to stand. “Jeez, how much did have to drink?”

“Way too much, and he was only supposed to have a couple so I could drink and have fun for once.” Mom snapped. “But in a half hour I already knew I’d have to stop because he wasn’t.”

“Um, where are we going?” Keith eyed the staircase dubiously, not sure he could drag his father’s dead weight that far, plus down the hall to their room.

“Right here,” She gestured to his recliner near the couch. “His ass doesn’t deserve to be in bed with me tonight.”

Keith staggered over to the chair, and turning, quickly unceremoniously dumped his father into it. Dad’s head hit the back of the chair, but remained there and his eyes didn’t even open. “Wow,” he whistled. “He’s out cold!”

“Look at my lamp!”

Keith turned to see mom picking up pieces of the antique lamp that had belonged to his grandmother. Man, dad was going to hear it for this tomorrow. Keith helped her pick up the pieces and laid them out on the coffee table.

“I might be able to glue them, it’s all big shards,” he told her.

“You see that, you asshole?” Mom went over to stand before dad. “You see what you did?”

Mom was yelling two feet from him and there was no reaction at all.

“And you ruined my night!” She jabbed her finger hard in his chest, and the response was a loud hiccup. “Look at me!”

Mom ran her hands up and down her body. “Look at how hot I dressed for you! And we were getting all worked up dancing, but you couldn’t stop fucking drinking!”

She stepped back from him, but kept yelling. “Too bad you can’t even see me right now, because this is the closest to undressed you’re going to see me for a long time!”

“You never fuck me, you never want to touch me, and then when you say you do...” She threw her hands in the air. “You do this!”

“Mom, he can’t hear you, he’s long gone.” Keith noted coming up to stand next to her.

“Your loss, Rick! I was so fucking horny tonight. I was going to blow your mind. Now you better get used to the fucking hand lotion, because you aren’t any of this!”

“You should go upstairs and try to calm down,” Keith suggested. “Get some rest.”

“You’re right,” she nodded. “I do need to calm down, and sleep. But I’m too wound up to sleep.” She turned to him, then looked down at dad.

“But you know how to calm me down, don’t you, baby?”

“I could take one for the team.” Keith took her hand in his, to lead her upstairs. Dad was so out of it, he would never wake up. He would just lock his bedroom door in case and...

“No.” Mom pulled her hand from his. “Not upstairs.”

“Not...?” He looked around. “The kitchen?”

Mom shook her head and grabbing the top of her dress, yanked it down. Her tits popped free, and she turned to dad. “You see these tits? You could have had these tits! Now you know who gets them? Your son!”

Mom turned to him and demanded. “Suck mommy’s tits, baby.”

“Mom,” he looked nervously at dad. “Are you crazy?”

“I’m horny and I’m pissed and in the mood for a good old fashioned revenge fuck.” She grabbed the back of his head and pulled it down to her chest.

Despite his misgivings, his mother’s nipple in his face was more than he could resist. He sucked her rosy nipple in his mouth, and grabbing his wrist, mom placed his hand on her other breast.

“Yeah, look at that! Your son is sucking your wife’s tits. And he does it better than you! He actually wants them!” She turned to the side, letting Keith suck her other nipple, and continued talking to his unconscious father.

“Look at him sucking them! Your son appreciates my body more than you do! That’s why he’s been getting it more than you, and he’s going to get it a lot more now.”

Mom wrapped her arms around him, and arched her back, shoving her nipple further in his uncomplaining mouth. Mom shoved his arm down and put his hand on her thigh. He peered around her, watching dad, but he was still sitting there, his head turned to the side and now snoring.

Mom reached down and hiked up her dress, then pushed her thong down over her hips. While Keith continued to take turns licking one nipple while fondling the other, she worked the thong down to the floor.

Mom used her foot to pick it up, and taking it in her hand threw it at dad. It landed on his face and she laughed. "Get a good whiff, close as you'll get."

She once again grabbed Keith's arm and shoved his hand between her thighs. He gasped at how wet she was, but his fingers immediately slipped inside her.

"Fuck yeah," Mom moaned, bucking her hips, and driving herself down on his fingers. "There you go, baby. Finger your mother's cunt. It's yours now isn't it? All yours for a long time. No more sharing with this limp dick asshole."

"Damn, mom," he mumbled around her nipple, but bad as it was, her talking to his father like that was turning him on.

Or maybe it was his fingers in her tight pussy, and his tongue on her tits, turning him on. As if on cue, mom slipped her hand into his pants and

grabbed him.

“But this isn’t limp, is it? No this is a nice hard cock that’s hard for me!” She pumped him, and laughed. “The cock I had in my mouth while you sat in the driveway.”

She pulled away from him, and dropping her knees, yanked his pants down.

“Mom, we can’t, oh, shit.” Keith moaned when she grabbed his cock and began blowing him.

He stood there, staring at his passed out father while his mother slurped and slobbered noisily on his cock. What if he opened his eyes, what if...

“See this? This is a real cock!’ Mom was now stroking him. “See? Its big and its hard and it’s all wet because your wife had it in her mouth. Let’s get it wetter.”

Mom spit on it several times, while jerking him, then took him deep once more. She had her mouth open wider than she needed to, and was making porn star quality wet gagging and sucking sounds.

She released his cock and cupped her tits, playing with them, while she blew him. She was looking at dad as she did, and Keith could feel her moaning around him. She pulled him from her mouth, and a long string of spit and pre cum dribbled down her chin and onto her tits.

Mom was breathing hard and her face red from lust and anger. This was just like their first time. Except their first time dad wasn't three feet away from them.

“Like how I suck our son's cock? I'd suck yours like this, but you'd have to be awake and sober.” She rolled her eyes. “And be able to get a damn hard on. This could have been you, Rick. You could have been getting blown like this.”

She pushed Keith's cock up against his stomach then, swirled her tongue around his balls before sucking on each of them. Keith groaned and stood there, knowing he should try to get her to go upstairs, but how could he?

His mother was on her knees, her sexy dress pushed down past her tits and up over her hips. The thighs highs looked incredible and she was still in her fuck me heels. Her eyes were wide and on his father as she bathed her son's balls with her tongue.

He hated to admit it, and when this was over might feel guilty over this, but at the moment? This was hotter than hell.

“Even sucking his balls.” Mom gave each of them a kiss for emphasis. “Could have been you, but its not.”

Mom took him back in her mouth and sucked him so fast he wondered if she were going to suck him off again. But she stopped and standing, said. “I need this cock inside me, now.”

She pushed him in the chest and he stumbled back and fell onto the couch. Mom stepped up between his legs and put her back to him. She sat on his lap, her back to his chest, and brought her legs up.

Placing her feet on his thighs, she lifted up, grabbed his cock and guided it inside her.

“Oh, goddamn,” he gasped when his mother impaled himself on her cock.

She used her legs to lift herself up and down, riding him backwards. Keith wrapped his arms around her, and cupped her tits. He stroked her nipples and mom leaned her head against his shoulder and moaned as she drove herself down onto his cock.

“How’s this look? How’s your wife look fucking her son? Know what that look is? It’s called satisfaction. Your wife is getting a big hard cock in her sloppy fucking cunt, and it’s your sons because you can’t make me happy.”

Mom shoved his right hand down her stomach. “Play with my clit, baby. Make me come.”

Keith continued to play with her left nipple, while he worked her clit, rubbing it with two fingers. Mom moaned and worked her hips faster. Keith moved his as much as he could, pushing his cock further into her hot pussy.

“Sitting there passed out, while your wife fucks her own damn son. But he’s more of a man than you, isn’t he? At least he knows how to make a woman happy.” She leaned forward and got off his lap. “Want to see proof?”

Mom sat on the couch next to him, and pointed to the floor. “Eat my pussy.”

Keith shot a quick glance at dad, then slid down to the floor. He buried his face between mom’s thighs and she squealed when his tongue plunged inside her. She put her feet on his shoulders and grabbed his hair, shoving his face into her hot sticky twat.

“Lick it, oh, lick mommy’s pussy, baby. Make her come in your face. Show your father what it looks like when I come because he’s probably forgotten.”

Keith shoved two fingers inside her and sucked greedily on her clit. He had no idea what would happen if dad did wake up, but this was point of no return and his mother had him caught up in her game.

He alternately licked and sucked her clit while she kept talking to dad.

“See, a man uses his tongue too. A man licks his wife’s pussy. Not just want to get blown and nothing for me. No, my baby gets me off every time! He also lasts longer in my mouth and my pussy than you ever have.”

Keith wasn’t sure if all this was true or mom was just getting caught up in verbally abusing his unresponsive father. Either way, he enjoyed hearing it and his cock was aching as he fingered and sucked his mother’s pussy.

“Oh, yes! Oh, keep licking baby boy! Show your useless father what it’s like to see me get off for once.”

Mom lifted her hips, pushing her pussy harder into his tongue, and was now tugging hard on her nipples. “Oh, right there! Keep licking, get me off so you can shove that big fucking dick inside me and...Oh fuck yeah!”

Keith flinched at the long loud wail mom released, and hoped to hell dad was as far gone as he seemed to be. Mom’s toes curled into his shoulders, and her pussy convulsed around his fingers. Her hips moved in a circular motion, smearing her quivering flesh all over his face.

He had to move his head to keep licking her clit, and she was now yelping each time he jammed his fingers inside her. Mom cried out one last time, then relaxed, her legs, sliding them from his shoulders.

“Hear that? That’s what it sounds like when a woman comes.” She turned and lay on her back on the couch.

Lifting her legs, she wrapped her arms around the backs of her knees, holding her legs back like a porn star. “Now watch how a woman gets fucked the right way.”

Keith didn’t need to be told twice. He got onto his knees on the couch and putting his hands on her legs, slammed his cock deep inside her still quivering pussy. Mom yelped and her eyes rolled back when he fucked her with long hard strokes.

“Just like that!” She cried. “Fuck your mother’s pussy. Fuck me harder! Show him how a real man fucks his woman.”

His woman, wow he liked that. His mother was his woman. Had been for months. But now tonight he felt like she was his to a whole new level. Before mom would try to keep a little space and make time for dad. After this fiasco, she was going to be after him all the time and he’d be more than happy to satisfy her.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Mom moaned repeatedly as he hammered away at her.

With her legs pulled back, her pussy was completely exposed and he was sinking balls deep into her forbidden heat. Mom had her head turned and was staring at dad the entire time he was fucking her.

“I wish you could see this. Wish you could see how good my baby is to me. See how he fucks his mommy the way she needs it, nice and hard and nasty!”

Mom let her legs go and putting her foot on his chest, pushed him back. He eased from within her and she slid off the couch. Mom got onto her hands and knees, her head barely a foot from where dad was in the chair.

“Well?” She looked over her shoulder at him. “Your mother’s ass is in the air, baby. You going to be like your father and ignore it?”

Keith slipped onto the floor, grabbed her hips, and entered her with one long thrust.

“How’s this look?” She hissed in dad’s direction as Keith went to town on her, pounding her as hard and fast as he could. “Look at my eyes, Rick! Look at how wide they are and how I’m moaning when I talk.”

“Know what this look is? This is the goddamn I’m getting fucked properly look.”

Mom crawled forward and pushed herself up to rest her elbows on dad's legs. Jesus, she was taking a chance. But that didn't stop him from easing forward to continue to fuck her. Mom had her head in dad's lap, looking up at him while she yelped and squealed.

"Look at your son, Rick! You proud of him? He's quite the man isn't he? Look at him being a good boy and making mommy happy."

"You make fun of him for not having a girlfriend? He doesn't have one because he doesn't need one. My boys got a real woman taking care of him. His loving mother makes sure he's happy and satisfied, right, baby?"

"Right, mom," he moaned as he was now fucking her with short hard strokes.

He was hoping at this point to come quick and end this particular romp. Maybe he could get mom to come shower with him and they could play more relaxed upstairs.

"Give mommy a spanking, baby." Mom cut into his thoughts. "Pull my hair, show your father how you take your mother. Show him what a good man gets when he can please a woman."

Keith grabbed her long red hair, and gave her ass a few quick slaps. Mom yipped with each one and was now rocking back and forth. She was moving in time with his thrusts and he stared transfixed at the sight of his long glistening cock sliding in and out of her pussy between her ass cheeks.

Her ass was turning red from his repeated little spanks, and she was now squirming against him, working his cock in tight circles with her hips. Keith whimpered as his balls tightened and letting her hair go, he squeezed her hips and tore into her.

“Oh, fuck look at him fucking me! Look at your son being more of a man than you could ever be!”

Keith was breathing hard and his legs were shaking as he continued his relentless assault on his mother’s pussy.

“You going to give it to me, baby? Going to give your mother a big hot load from those young balls?”

“Oh, fuck, mom,” he breathed. “I...I’m going to...”

“Pull it out!” She called out.

Keith whipped his cock out and mom sat back on her knees, and urged him to stand up. He rose to his feet moaning as he had to keep squeezing his

cock. When he was standing on front of her, mom grabbed his cock and pointed it at her face.

He let it go and cried out when a huge spurt rocketed from the tip and splattered all over mom's cheek. She smiled up at him and opened her mouth wide. She jerked his cock, moving it back and forth, while turning her head, letting her son paint her face.

Cum splashed against her cheeks and chin, and dripped down to her tits. She pumped him furiously and he moaned she placed the tip of his cock on her tongue and the last of his load oozed onto it.

"That look good?" Mom looked up at his sleeping father. "How's your son's hot cum look on my face? Could have been yours, Rick. You could have fucked me any way you wanted, and come in my face, my mouth. But no, you had to be an asshole, so guess what? Your son got the night you said you wanted."

Mom was speaking slowly and a little cum dribbled onto her lips. She still hadn't swallowed. Mom stood up and leaning over dad, grabbed his chin in her hand.

"But you know, what? You deserve something. How about a kiss?"

"Mom, don't that's...ewww." Keith scrunched his face up, when mom opened dad's slack jaw, and kissed him, pushing his own son's cum into his mouth.

Mom straightened up and grabbing some tissues from the box on the coffee table began causally wiping cum from her face and tits. “Thank you, baby. I needed that.” She kissed him softly.

“Mom, that was pretty harsh.” He pointed to dad.

“Maybe it was, but I’m tired of this shit.” She grabbed his cock. “Never going to get tired of this though. Going to get tired of your needy mother?”

“Hmmm?” Dad groaned and began to turn his head.

“Shit!” Keith grabbed his sweat pants from the floor and in two long steps got behind the chair where dad was sitting.

Mom had darted to the side, pulling her dress up over her tits, then shoving it down over her tits.

Dad leaned forward in the chair, then groaned and put his hands to his head. “Damn.”

Mom’s eyes widened and she began to move towards the chair, then stopped when Dad sat up and held up her thong which had been on his chest.

“Lauren? What happened?” he groaned when she spoked and lowered his head in his hands.

Mom waved for Keith to leave, and he quietly backed up towards the stairs.

“What happened?” Mom repeated, putting her hands on her hips. “What always happens? You had too much to fucking drink. I had to drag you into the damn house.”

“Oh.” He held up the thong. “Did we, uh...”

“Would you be dressed if we did?” She rolled her eyes and sighed dramatically. “Would we have done it down here with our son home?”

“No, I guess not.” It had come out ‘gueshh’ as he was slurring.

“I got you in the chair and was trying to keep you interested so I took the thong off, and handed it to you. Then I left to freshen up and when I came back you were passed out.” She pointed to the coffee table. “And you broke my mother’s lamp!”

Keith remained at the foot of the stairs, getting a kick out of watching mom act indignant after they'd just come within a minute of getting caught fucking.

“Sorry.” He shook his head slowly. “Wow, I’m really fucked up. I swore I heard someone having sex at one point.”

“Trust me, Rick. No one in this house is having sex for a long time, you just saw to that tonight.”

“I’ll make it up to you. I’ll...” he frowned and smacked his lips. “Christ, what the hell did I drink?”

“Anything you could get your hands on, why?” Mom asked.

Dad smacked his lips again and grimaced. “I’ve got this awful taste in my mouth.”

The End

