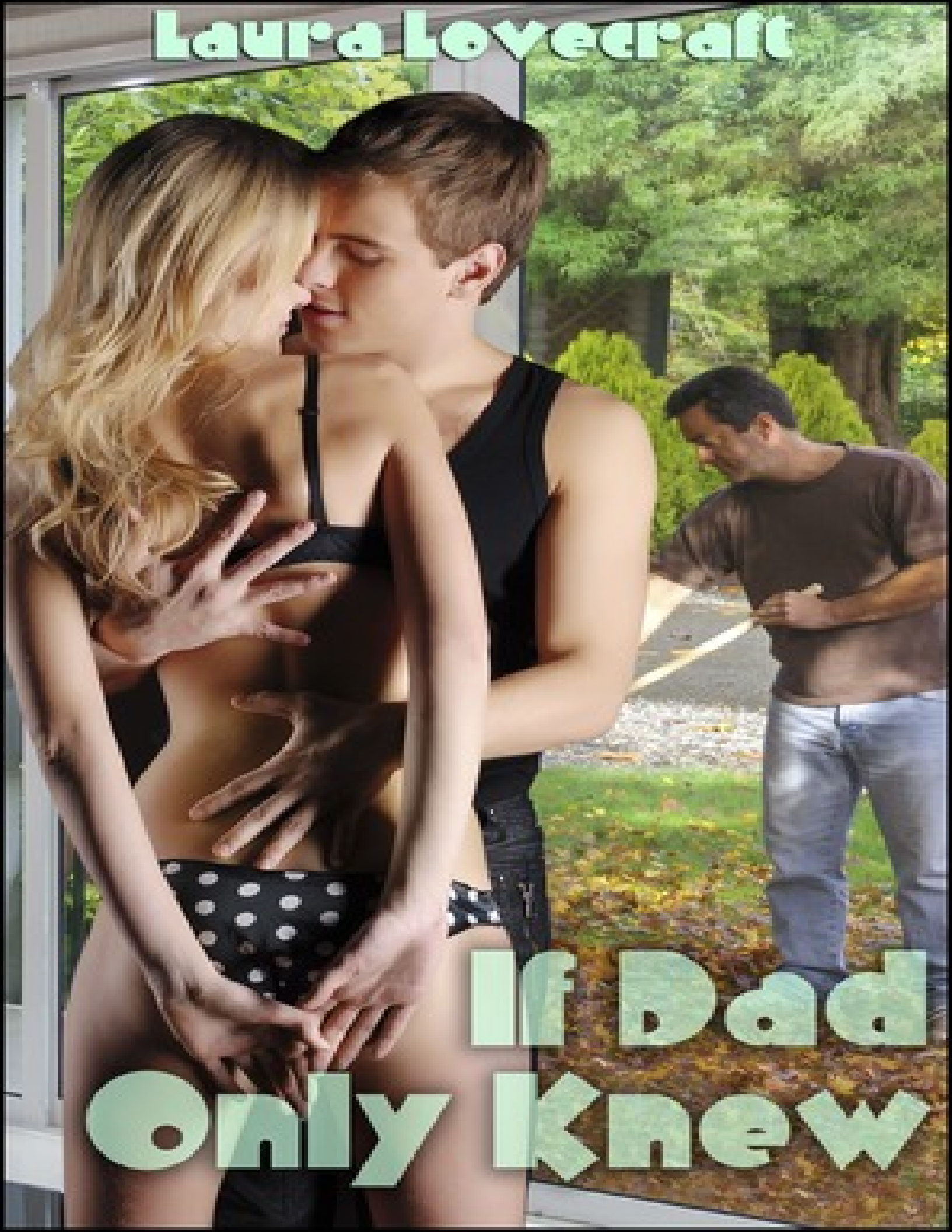
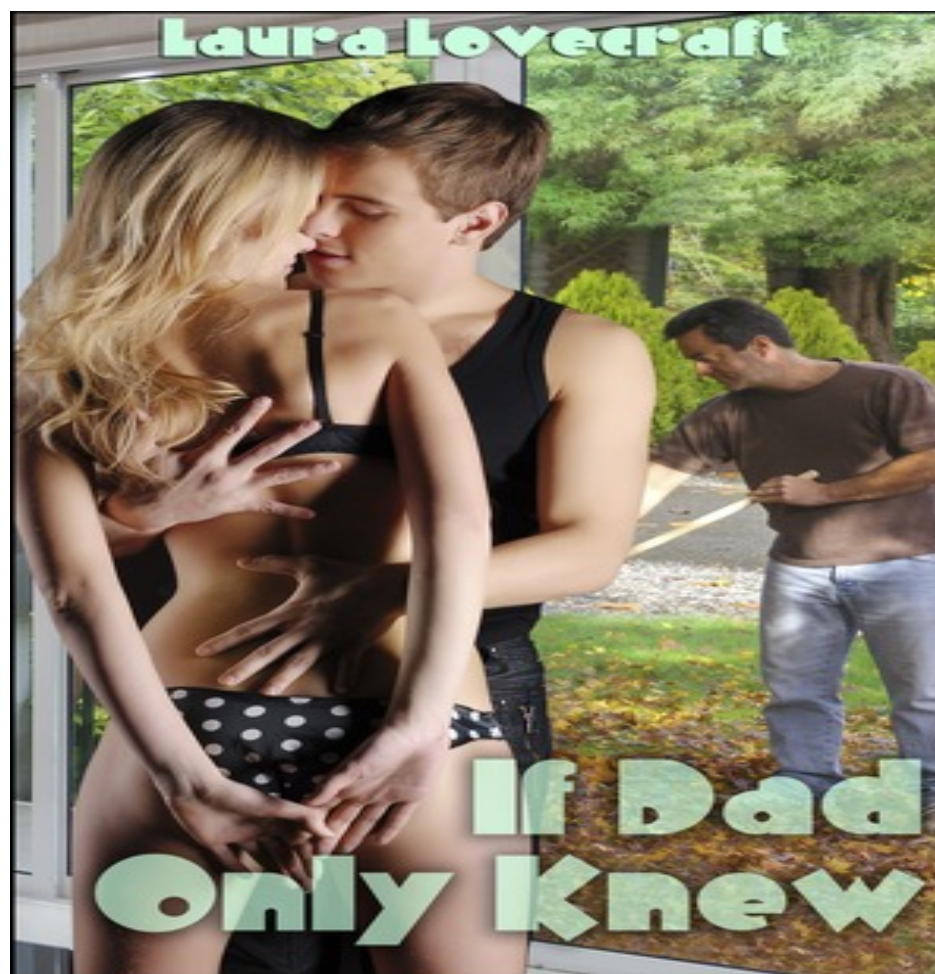


Laura Lovecraft



If Dad
Only Knew



If Dad Only Knew 3

By

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All Characters are 18 and over

Chapter One

“Wow, something smells good!” Chris declared, entering the house through the back porch.

“Is that what I think it is?” He tossed his back pack onto the foot of the stairs leading to the second floor and entered the kitchen.

“If you’re thinking fried meatballs and my homemade gravy, you’re right.” Mom replied from the counter without turning around.

As soon as he caught sight of her Chris forgot about food, and thought about something even tastier. His mother.

“Hope you’re hungry.”

“Oh, I’m hungry alright.” He whispered, taking in his mother from behind.

Mom looked pretty damn good in her blue sundress. Good enough that he’d been in the house all of thirty seconds and his cock was already stiffening. Mom had her long dirty blond hair pinned up while she cooked and he smiled because that was a good thing.

Mom’s neck was her weak spot. On the rare occasions she teased and played hard to get, all he had to do was get his lips there and she melted for him. The dress showed off her legs up to the backs of her mid thighs and with her hair up he could the smooth skin of her upper back.

Her back was another spot he not only loved to kiss, but sometimes when they fucked doggy style, mom enjoyed him standing over her and spraying her back with a big hot load. He walked quietly up behind her,

then stopped when she reached up to grab something from the top cupboard.

That move brought the hem of her dress up and Chris was treated with a glimpse of the cheeks of his mother's ass. He let his gaze roam back down her legs, which now looked even better with her on her toes.

Mom was barefoot and he stared at the soles of her feet, remembering the long teasing foot job she'd given him under the blanket on the couch, with his father reading the newspaper right across from them a couple nights ago.

The memory of how he'd struggled to hold back his moans when, after a half hour of teasing, his mother had let him cum, sent his cock into a full aching erection. The way he'd exploded under the sheet as

her foot pinned his cock to his stomach and rubbed her soft sole across it.

Mom had lifted the side of the sheet facing the back of the couch, giving him a view of cum flowing down over her red tipped toes and top of her foot while her other foot rested between his thighs, her toes wiggling against his swollen balls.

The fact it was ten feet away from his oblivious father had added to the dirty thrill. Chris supposed he should be ashamed of the fact he not only had sex with his mother, but did things like that with him in the room.

Instead he wasn't just unashamed, but craved as much as his sexy mother would give him and anyplace she chose to do it. Chris was pretty sure all of his friends, and most guys his age, would think fucking their mother was sick, but had they tried it?

He couldn't think of a bigger thrill than laying back and watching his mother suck and ride his cock. Not to mention lying between her legs and sucking her seemingly always wet pussy until she came in his face.

That was the best. After coming, his mother's pussy was hotter and wetter than usual and he loved slamming his cock into her still quivering snatch. Fucking her hard and fast while she lay there weak and gasping from how hard her son made her come.

Mom was still stretching, trying to reach a bottle of cooking oil his father must have put there. Coming up behind her, Chris pressed himself against her and reached over her.

“I’ll get that.” He plucked it from the cupboard while pushing his crotch against her ass.

“Thank you.” She took the oil from him, then worked her ass back into his cock. “And thank you,” she giggled. “Love how you’re always hard for me.”

“How couldn’t I be?” Chris wrapped his arms around his mother’s waist. “Damn, you’re fine, mom.”

“Mmm,” Mom purred while grinding her ass into his cock and putting her hands over his arms around her waist. “Not so bad yourself, baby boy.”

Chris slid his hands up to cup her breasts and mom moaned softly when he squeezed them. He rubbed his thumbs across them and felt her hard nipples through the dress and her bra. His breathing picked

up as he leaned in and brushed his lips along her neck.

“Don’t do that.” Mom said with little conviction.
“Your dad will be home any minute.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” He kissed her neck more firmly, smiling at the low moan that escaped her.

Mom let her head fall to one side, giving him better access to her neck. Chris took advantage, running his lips along her soft skin in a series of soft kisses.

“That’s so sweet.” Mom sighed and relaxed against him.

Chris continued to fondle her breasts and reaching up behind her, Mom put her hand behind his head. She turned her face, her full pink lips parted and Chris eagerly met them with his. They kissed slow and teasingly. A relaxing kiss between comfortable lovers, who according to most, had no right being lovers.

Mom's hips were rocking, moving her ass up and down his aching dick. She back with her other hand and slipped it between them. Chris groaned when she squeezed his cock through his jeans and thrust into her hand.

“Baby, we can't. I...oh, so not fair!” she whimpered when he resumed kissing her neck, but this time trailed down to her shoulder.

“You're not fair.” He whispered into her skin while sliding the strap of her dress off her shoulder. “You

always look so fucking sexy, mom.”

“You make me feel sexy.” Mom moaned and leaned forward as his lips worked across the back of her shoulder.

Chris’s cock jumped in his jeans when she reached over to the stove and shut off the burners, telling him she’d suddenly lost interest in cooking. Mom put her hands on the counter and leaned over as her son kissed along the top of her back.

He lingered at the back of her neck before sliding over to the other shoulder. He pushed that strap down as well, then sank to his knees, kissing the middle of her back as far down as he could before reaching the edge of the dress.

Chris lifted her skirt and licked his lips at the sight of his mother's firm ass in a pair of lace trimmed panties that matched the dress. He squeezed her cheeks, eliciting a moan from her, then went side to side, kissing and licking each side of her ass.

“Now that's really being an ass kisser.” Mom laughed, then gasped when Chris pulled her panties to the side and ran his tongue between her cheeks. “You dirty boy!”

“You haven't seen anything yet.” He promised, then pulled her panties over her hips.

Mom didn't protest, instead she made things easier on him by putting her legs close together so he could slide her panties to the floor. Mom lifted her feet one at a time to step out of them. Chris grabbed her ankle each time, held her foot up and kissed the bottom of it.

“I love how you worship my body.” She said while he resumed kissing and licking her amazing ass. “Your father hasn’t wanted me like this in years.”

“His loss.” Chris spoke, while sliding his hands up her legs, caressing her soft inner thighs. As mom took the hint and spread her legs wider, he added. “My gain.”

“That’s right, baby.” Mom breathed when he ran the edge of his hand along her wet slit. “If your daddy took care of your mommy’s needy little cunt then I wouldn’t have been so horny that I hopped on my son’s hard cock when I caught you watching porn.”

“Mom son porn.” Chris corrected her, while now sliding his finger teasingly through the soft moist lips of her pussy. “I always thought you were hot, mom.

Then you saw what I was watching and asked me if I really thought of you like that.”

“And you said yes.” Mom shivered, then groaned when he eased two fingers inside her. Ass always he was amazed at how wet his mother could get.

Not just wet, but tight, and he gasped when her pussy tightened around his fingers.

“I was afraid you’d get mad.” Chris pushed his middle and ring fingers deep inside her and sliding his index finger through her lips, pressed it to her clit.

“I should’ve been.” Mom moaned as her son rubbed the tip of his finger across her swollen button. “And been ashamed I did something to make you think that way.”

She wiggled her hips, side to side, working his fingers inside her and pressing her clit into his touch.

“But it had been so long since I felt desired, and your cock! So hard and all for me!” Mom whimpered when he worked he spread her ass open with his free hand. “I had to touch it. Then have it in my mouth.”

Mom squealed when Chris plunged his tongue into her pink rosebud and thrust his fingers harder into her.

“The way you moaned ‘mom’” she spoke through her own moans while her son rimmed her asshole and fingered her. “I just lost control. Sucked you so fast,

and you were so excited you shot off in my mouth in a minute.”

“And you swallowed all of it.” He spoke into her ass, breathing hard, his cock straining to be free.

“And my young stud was still hard and I bent over and told you to fuck me, get it out of your system. You pounded mommy’s pussy so fucking hard.”

“Wanted you so fucking bad.” He paused to bury his tongue in her ass for effect. “Still do.”

“You came all over my ass, it felt so dirty! My own son’s cum running down my ass and the back of my thigh. Then remember what we did?”

Before he could respond, Mom pushed down on the counter, lifting herself off his fingers. She turned around and hopping up on the counter, put her feet on his shoulders.

“You ate mommy’s cunt, didn’t you?” She spread her lips open, exposing her hard pink button beneath the small strip of light hair over it.

“Like this.” Chris placed his hands on her thighs and plunged his tongue into her sloppy pussy.

“Just like that!” Mom cried out as he swirled his tongue inside her. “I love when you taste me, but mommy needs to come, baby. Suck that clit!”

Chris had no trouble doing as she asked, working this tongue through her lips and wrapping his around her

clit. He sucked it gently and Mom's toes curled into his shoulders. She slipped her arms from the straps and pushed both her dress and the cups of her bra down.

Mom's tits popped into view and Chris's already tortured cock felt as if it were going to burst from his jeans. Mom's tits were things of wonder. They were a full D cup and perfectly rounded and tipped with wine colored nipples as swollen as her clit beneath his tongue.

She stared down at him, her full lips parted and her gorgeous hazel eyes bright with lust as she watched her son tongue her clit. Chris reached up with his free hand and found her right breast. Mom sighed and rolled her left nipple between her red tipped fingers while he did the same to the right.

Her hips were already rocking, pushing her clit under his tongue and her thigh trembled where he rested his cheek against it.

“Look at you, sucking your mother’s cunt on the counter!” Mom moaned. “Shoving your fingers inside me. That’s going to be your cock right after I come isn’t it?”

“Fuck yeah.” He murmured into her hot sticky flesh and swirled his tongue around her clit as fast and hard as he could.

He added a third finger inside and as she had taught him, buried them deep, then curled them. Mom cried out when he wiggled them and sucked hard on her clit. Her feet pushed hard into his shoulders and he squeezed her nipple the next time her curled his fingers and smacked his lips on her clit.

Mom threw her head back and screamed his name as she clamped her thighs around his head and bucked her hips, grinding her pussy into his uncomplaining face. Chris licked and fingered, curling and straightening his fingers inside her and loving her squeals and sharp yelps.

“Goddamn, I came hard.” She breathed, then cried out again when Chris stood up and buried his face in her right tit, sucking her nipple as eagerly as he had her pussy.

Mom wrapped her arm around his shoulders, pinning his face to her breast. Her free hand found its way to his jeans and he moaned around her rosy nipple when she unsnapped them. Chris switched to her other breasts as he heard one of his favorite sounds, his zipper being pulled down.

That was followed by one of his favorite sensations, his mother's fingers slipping into his underwear and wrapping around his throbbing cock.

“So hard!” Mom moaned as she added her second hand to push his pants down. “Knowing you want me this bad will never get old, honey!”

Chris helped her, shoving his jeans down his thighs. He then grabbed her legs behind the knees and lifted them. Mom laughed when she was pushed back into the cupboards, then cried out when he slammed his cock home.

“Oh, fuck mom.” He groaned as his cock was engulfed by her tight wet heat.

“That’s what you’re doing, baby. Fucking your mom!” She put her arms around his neck and pulled him into a deep passionate kiss.

Chris groaned into her mouth when her tongue pushed between his lips. He thrust his hips, repeatedly plunging into her as their tongues danced across each other and their lips pressed roughly together as he fucked her hard and fast on the counter.

The cupboard door was banging as mom’s back was driven into it each time her son hammered into her, but he could barely hear it over her yelps of pleasure. Mom lifted her legs up, placing her feet on his chest and freeing his hands to fondle her big soft tits as he fucked her.

Mom reached between their legs and encircled his cock so his wet shaft was sliding between her fingers

as he thrust. Chris moaned and his heart pounded as that caused him to go even harder.

“That’s it. Come for mommy! A nice little appetizer before dinner!” she smiled and purred in his ear. “I don’t know where or when, but tonight I am going to suck that big beautiful cock then ride it until you come inside me.”

Her words sent a thrill through him and was now moaning with each hard pump. Mom was moving her hand along his shaft, jerking him off while he hammered away at her.

“Please come, baby.” Mom implored him. “Come for mommy! Fill her cunt with a big hot load of...Fuck!”

“I am fucking you!” he gasped. “I...hey!”

Chris groaned when his mother pushed hard on his chest with her feet, moving him back from her.

“Your dad just pulled in!” she hissed, sliding off the counter and pulling her bra and dress up.

“Dammit!” He swore as he saw Dad’s car in front of the garage, the door slowly rising so he could pull in. “I was just about to come!” he complained, while hiking his underwear and pants back up.

“Don’t worry, baby.” Mom bent down, and grabbing her panties, quickly slipped them on. She gave him a quick kiss and squeezed his frustrated cock through his pants. “Mommy will get you off tonight, promise!”

Chris jumped at the sound of the car door and forgot about being frustrated. Had mom not happened to be looking towards the kitchen window to her left she would have never seen Dad pull in. He couldn't imagine that scene. His father walking in to him fucking his mother on the counter.

The close call was driven home when he heard dad coming through the breezeway. Another minute and all hell would have broken loose. Chris stepped back from his mother who turned to the stove and put the burners back on under the pot of gravy and frying pan full of oil.

“Hey, something smells delicious.” Dad announced behind them.

Hoping he looked calmer than he felt, Chris turned and gave his father a wave. “Yeah it does. I’ve been

in here hounding mom for a meatball since I got here.”

“Oh, fine!” Mom picked up the bowl of already cooked meatballs and extended them to him.

Chris plucked one out and bit into it, sighing at how it melted in his mouth. “Damn these are good.”

“Your mom can cook, kid.” Dad reached out and plucked one from the bowl. “Part of why I married her.”

“I thought it was because you liked the way I looked in my cheerleader outfit.” Mom joked as she leaned over and gave dad a peck on the cheek.

“That too, but I was trying not to be fresh in front of our son.”

“That would be fresh?” Chris smirked at mom over dad’s shoulder. If talking about mom’s legs was fresh what would he consider her son licking her pussy?

“To your father, yes.” Mom rolled her eyes.

“Speaking of your cheerleader uniform you think you’re back on the squad?” he pointed to her dress.
“Get that thing any shorter, Donna?”

“It’s a sun dress. It’s playful.” She told him.

“Any more playful your ass would be hanging out.” He said with a frown. “Just do yourself a favor and if you drop something don’t pick it up.” Dad grabbed another meatball and headed out into the dining room. “Our son doesn’t need to see his mother’s ass hanging out.”

“Jeez, why does he have to be such a jerk?” Chris muttered.

“Don’t complain.” Mom told him and with a wink, flipped the back of her dress up, flashing him. “Him being a jerk is why you get to see a whole lot of your mother’s ass.”

Chapter Two

“Dave, for Christ’s sake, put that away at the table.” Mom snapped irritably at Dad who since he’d pushed his plate to the side had been playing with his I-phone.

“Why, we’re done eating.” He said without looking up.

“Because we don’t get to eat together that much anymore with Chris’s work schedule. It would be nice if we sat and talked like a family.”

Dad sighed and looked up. “How’s school, Chris?”

“Good.” He nodded.

“Work?”

“Really good.” He smiled. “Got a raise last week.”

“Good job!” Dad nodded. “How’s the love life? Any pretty little coeds you should be bringing over for mom to scope out?”

“No, not right now. Not much time to date with school and work.”

“That’s not a bad thing.” Dad shrugged. “You’re better off concentrating on those things. Sex can distract you, make you do dumb things.” He smirked at mom. “Like get married right out of college.”

“I could say the same thing.” Mom retorted. “Except I don’t seem to remember the sex. Couldn’t have

been that good.”

“Um, guys?” Chris cleared his throat. “Can you not argue and talk about sex with me at the table?”

“Wouldn’t be much of a conversation.” Mom shot Dad a nasty look then made Chris jump when her bare foot pressed into his lap under the table and rub his cock. She raised her hand to shield her mouth from dad and mouthed “At least with him.”

There was no reason for her to be careful as dad now had his phone in his hands, typing away.

Mom’s foot slid up and down his cock and he squirmed in his chair as, even with his father there, he began to stiffen. Mom winked at him and lowering her foot, slid her chair a little closer to him. He sat

across from his father at the opposite end of the table with mom between them.

She'd already been closer to Chris, but with her latest easing over, was now almost all the way over to him.

“Sorry, Chris.” Dad spoke while still typing. “I was just making a point. Even though you’re young, try not to think with the little head. It can make you do dumb things. I’m sure your mother will agree.”

“Dad’s right.” Mom nodded as she reached under the table and squeezed his now hard cock. “A hot girl can make a boy do crazy things.” She turned her head towards him and whispered. “Like fuck his mommy.”

“So, uh, dad.” Chris forced himself to speak normally despite the fact his mother was rubbing him under the

table. “We always used to make time to talk after dinner.”

“We just did.” Dad rolled his eyes. “Are there rules about the length of conversation?”

“It was your rule.” Mom reminded him. “You used to want us to sit and talk for a half hour after dinner. Said that was good family time.”

“Fine, you two talk.” He sighed when Mom gave him a look. “I’m texting with Craig about a deal. Trying to iron some things out.”

“Okay, fine, whatever.” Mom smiled at Chris. “Me and Chris will just bond while you ignore us.”

“Yeah sure.” Again, dad didn’t bother to look up.
“Talk or do whatever. Any other time you’re both on your phones. Find something fun to play.”

“I think I will.” Mom told him, then looked at Chris.
“Take your phone out. Show me that game you like to play.”

Chris swallowed nervously. His mother released his cock, but was smiling mischievously at him. She had that look on her face she had when she wanted to play. Not that they hadn’t taken chances, but this was ridiculous. Dad was right there five feet away at the other end of the damn table.

Mom lifted up in her seat then a moment later pressed something into his hands. Chris looked down to see her panties. When he looked back up at her she was staring at dad, but both her hands were under the table.

One grabbed his cock, the other she removed from under the table and pushed under his nose. Chris sighed at the scent of his mother's pussy, then stifled a gasp when she unsnapped his jeans under the table.

“We can’t!” he typed in a text then showed it to her.

Taking his phone, mom typed on the screen. “I promised you’d come tonight.”

“Later.” He nodded his head towards dad.

“He told me to play with something.” Mom typed, then slid her chair until it was right at the corner just to his right.

She slipped her other hand under and his eyes widened when she tugged his zipper down.

“Show me that game, honey.” Mom said. “Let me watch you play.”

Chris looked at dad who was focused on his phone and turned his on the table towards mom. She pretended to look at it while he kept his hands on it as if he were doing something. Mom worked her hand into his underwear and rubbed his cock.

“Get your cock out.” She whispered, then said loudly. “That looks like fun.”

“You...you want to play with it?” Chris asked as he eased up in his chair and got his underwear down far enough for his cock to be out.

“I’d love to play with it!” Mom surprised him by wrapping her panties around his cock and stroking it.

Mom tapped her nails on his phone as if she were doing something while continuing to jerk him off under the table. Chris kept his head down, trying to control his breathing as his mother’s soft, and noticeably wet panties, worked along his shaft.

He relaxed back in the chair when he saw dad grinning and typing away and moved his hips, pushing his cock into her hand. Chris glanced over and saw his mother’s face was flushed and a look of lust on her face as she gave her son a hand job under the table.

He hoped dad wouldn’t see the odd look on her face, but who was he kidding? These days he’d be amazed

if his father could remember what color his mother's eyes were. Mom reached up with her free hand and removed the clip from her hair.

She shook it out, letting her dirty blonde hair flow down her shoulders and back and Chris gave her an appreciative smile. He loved her with her hair down. Mom caused him to jump when she knocked a fork onto the floor.

“Damn it.” She sighed. “I’m such a klutz.”

She ducked down under the table and this time Chris did gasp when his mother took his cock into her mouth. In a panic he looked at his father who without taking his eyes from his phone said “Bless you.”

“Thanks.” Chris managed in little more than a choked whisper as his mother worked his cock in and out of her hot wet mouth.

He knew he should keep his eye on his father, but couldn't resist peeking down in his lap. Mom had pulled his cock forward so she could bob her head without hitting the table or being seen by his father.

Not for the first time, Chris was surprised at how daring and flat out sneaky his mother was. Little tricks like how she held his cock was something he would never think of. Outweighing his surprise though was how good his cock looked sliding between his mother's perfect lips.

He reached under the table and brushed her long hair to the side so he could fully enjoy a sight that would

never lose its fascination. His mother sucking his cock. Mom's eyes were open and facing upward. She winked as she sucked and he had to put his hand over his mouth as she slowly bobbed her head.

She cupped his balls, rubbing them as she blew him and he looked back at his father. He wanted to push her head away thinking she was only supposed to be picking something up and shouldn't be taking that long.

But his father was right, sex could make you do dumb things. Things like sitting there across a table from your dad and letting your mother give you a blow job. Mom opened wider and he stifled a whimper when she took his cock all the way to the base.

Her tongue slid out, licking his balls and she made a faint wet gagging sound that caused his cock to

twitch in her mouth. She held her mouth still, and taking her cue, he continued tempting fate, letting her stay leaned over under the table while he fucked her mouth.

Mom's eyes stayed on his as he pumped her mouth. She was now drooling down his cock, sticky lines of spit and pre cum on his shaft and oozing down his balls and on her chin. Dad coughed and mom pulled her head from his cock and popped her up from under the table holding the fork she'd grabbed while sucking him.

"Excuse me." Dad mumbled still engrossed in his phone.

Chris was breathing hard. Her sucking had gotten him close and he had now been teased for the second time in an hour. Mom smiled at him, and his eyes

wide in alarm, he passed her a napkin and touched his chin.

With a giggle, mom wiped the sticky mess from her chin then stared at dad while saying. “I can’t really see you play like that.”

Mom stood up, pushing her chair away and Chris was treated to the sight of her bare ass before she smoothed her dress down.

“Push back a little.” She told him.

Chris eased his chair back then stared, stunned as his mother stepped in between him and the table. She lowered herself down onto his lap, lifting her dress up. She reached behind her, grabbed his cock, and guided it to her pussy.

Chris whimpered into her back as she slowly, inch by teasing inch, lowered herself onto his cock. With a soft sigh she settled onto his lap and resting her elbows on the table, picked up his phone.

“That’s better, now you can see what I’m doing.” Mom said.

Over her shoulder, Chris saw dad look up and stare at them.

“Cute.” He smiled. “Guess you know you’re grown when your mother is sitting in your lap.”

“He’s a grown man, alright.” Mom said with amazing calm while wiggling in his lap. “But never too old to

play a game with his mother, right?”

“Right.” Chris muttered over her shoulder.

He couldn't believe he was sitting here with his cock in his mother while she talked to her father. This set a new standard for insanity. Then again, he was making no effort to shove her off. He sat there, breathing through his mouth, while his cock throbbed inside her wet heat.

“Am I doing it right?” she asked while wiggling her hips in his lap.

“Um, you need to move a little faster.” He whispered, as without being able to move his hips, she was pretty much just teasing him.

Mom worked back and forth, moving his cock within her while she typed on his phone. “Told you I’d ride this cock tonight.”

Chris leaned over her shoulder, pretending to look at the phone and sliding one arm under the table put it around his mother’s waist, holding her against him as she worked her hips. He had to fight not to moan in frustration as he strained to move within her.

Mom grabbed his wrist and shoved his hand between her legs. She worked his fingers over her slit, then moved her hand. Chris rubbed her clit with two fingers and her pussy tightened around him.

Mom turned her head and purred. “Bad Boy.” Then went back to staring at the phone.

They sat there, both breathing heavy and Chris now as flushed as she was. He worked her clit in hard fast circles, and in return her pussy clenched around him, helping to work his cock as she now moved her hips in tight circles, grinding into his lap.

“Oh, this game is so much fun.” She breathed and he noticed her fingers trembling on the phone. “I think I’m getting near the end.”

“Oh joy.” Dad mumbled absently. “I’m excited for you.”

“I’m very excited for me.” Mom sounded strange to him, but as always, dad didn’t seem to have a clue. “You excited for me, Chris?”

“Really excited mom.” He found himself grinning. Wow, he was getting as crazy as she was. “I’m hoping to finish this off soon.”

“Hey, I’m first!” Mom told him and he grunted when she put her hand over his, urging him to rub her harder. “Ladies first.”

“Good advice, Chris.” Dad said without looking up. “Little manners goes a long way with women.”

“Okay, you go first, mom.” Chris took a chance and taking his mother’s clit between his fingers, gave it a twist, and then rolled it between his fingers.

“Oh yeah!” Mom cried out, scaring the shit out of him. “Oh, look honey!” She yelped. “I won, I won!”

To Chris, each of her shouts sounded like what it was, an orgasm. His excitement was tempered with concern when Dad looked right at mom. He shook his head, “Really, Donna? Over a game?”

“It’s a hell of a game!” Mom exclaimed and Chris turned his head so his face was hidden behind mom’s hair. Her contracting pussy and her grinding hips had his cock twitching, but still not enough to get him off and he released a soft whimper of frustration.

Mom stopped moving her hips side to side and rose up a few inches, causing his cock to pop out of her pussy. Plucking the panties from her lap, she wrapped them around his cock and jerked him hard and fast.

“Shit.” He moaned, then fought to add. “Almost there, mom!”

“Hurry, Chris!” Mom laughed. “Time’s running out if you want to beat me.”

Mom jacked him faster, the soft panties caressing his aching dick. She slipped her other hand under the table and cupping his balls, tickled them with her nails.

“Hell yeah!” Chris called out as his cock erupted, spurting into her panties.

“Keep going!” Mom encouraged him as she kept stroking him, while playing with his balls. “Better give it everything you got, you want to catch up with me.”

“I’m coming,” he said, not only surprising himself with his audacity, but causing mom to burst out laughing even as she jacked him off.

“That you are, honey!” she told him.

Chris turned his head, groaning as he squirmed in his seat. The sticky wet panties were sliding over the now overly sensitive head of his cock and he was gasping and whimpering softly.

“Stop!” he whispered. “Please.”

“You give up, honey?” Mom giggled. “That all you got?”

“That’s my best shot.” He sighed as she stopped stroking him.

Mom carefully slid the panties over his cock and he cried out when she gave them a twist, sliding cum around the raw nerve of his tip.

“Calm down, kid, it’s only a game.” Dad grunted.

“It’s a pretty intense game.” Chris breathed as his mother stood up and slid off his lap.

He jumped and looked down in dismay when she lifted his shirt and with a playful wink, shoved the wet sticky mess of her panties onto his stomach and pulled his shirt down over them. She remained

standing and as casually as if nothing had happened she gathered up the plates from dinner.

“Thanks for letting me play with you, honey.” Mom winked as she began piling the glasses and silver ware on the stack of plates in her hand.

“So who won?” Dad asked.

“Oh, um, mom did.” Chris said while gingerly easing the panties from under his shirt and wadding them up to shove in his pocket.

“In more ways than one.” Mom laughed.

“Seeing you’re getting up. I take it family time is over?” Dad pushed away from the table.

“For now.” Mom told him, then with a wink at Chris added. “But I bet Chris is going to want a rematch isn’t he?”

“Damned straight.” He nodded. “Have to get some payback.”

“Well, you two have fun bonding.” Dad said over his shoulder as he headed into the living room.

“Always do, Dave.” Mom said to his back. “We always do.”

The Quiet Game

Chapter One

“One room with one bed?” Dad asked the girl behind the counter, causing Ryan to look up from his phone. “That’s all you have?”

“Sorry sir,” The young girl apologized. “There’s a convention in town. It’s all we have left.”

“The three of us can’t stay in one room, Gary.” Mom said from where she sat, next to Ryan. “Where’s our son supposed to sleep?”

“Can you give us a minute?” Dad asked the girl.

“Sure, but it’s our last room and if someone else walks in, you’re going to have to decide on the spot.” She warned.

“I understand.” Dad came over to where they were sitting.

“Look, Vicky, I know this isn’t ideal, but the next hotel is an hour from here and if something’s in town they might be booked too.

“I’ll call ahead.” Mom pulled her phone from her purse. “No way can we all stay in one room.”

“Why not?” Dad asked, “Its one night.”

“Because we’re three adults.” Mom pointed to Ryan. “He’s twenty, not two, he can’t very well sleep in the bed with us.”

“Awkward.” Ryan laughed, but to himself thought he’d slept with his mother plenty of nights his father had been on the road for work.

“Of course not, but they should have another piece of furniture in there. It’s a big room.” He turned and spoke across the lobby. “Miss? Is there any type of loveseat or sofa in the room?”

“No, but there is a big recliner that goes all the way back.” She informed him. “I’ve stayed in rooms here before, it’s really comfy.”

“He’s going to have to sleep in a chair?” Mom frowned. “That’s kind of unfair.”

“It’s no big deal, mom.” Ryan shrugged. “I’m easy.”

“That you are.” Mom smiled at him and there was far more to that innocent looking expression than his father was aware of. “Always happy to do what I ask of you, aren’t you?”

“Anything you need, mom.” He stopped himself from winking when he saw dad rolling his eyes at him.

“Okay, we’ve established you’re a mama’s boy.”

“Nothing wrong with that.” Mom told him. “I enjoy my son still wants to be close to me.”

Very close, Ryan thought. Like on top of, underneath of, and doggy style kind of close. He stared down at Mom’s long tanned legs protruding from her shorts. His cock stirred at the memory of how they’d been wrapped tightly around his waist while he fucked her against the wall of the shower last night while dad slept downstairs in front of the TV.

“Just ease up on the kid.” Dad told her. “I like he’s close to you too, but don’t give him mommy issues. As it is he hasn’t had a girlfriend in months.”

“Um, public place?” Ryan gestured around the room. Earning a laugh from a couple sitting at a table drinking coffee.

“Sorry.” Dad gave an awkward wave to the people. “Ryan’s fine with sleeping in a chair. Come on Vicky, we’ve been driving all day. I’m ready to crash.”

“Not dad’s fault the other place screwed up our reservation.” Ryan told his mother. “Let’s just stay here.”

“Guess you still like the old man too.” Dad clapped him on the arm.

“But it’s just...weird.” Mom insisted and Ryan knew she was playing it up for dad. “I mean he’s a little old to be sleeping in the same room with me.”

“Come on, Vicky.” Dad spread his hands out. “It’s not like you’re...” this time he caught himself and lowered his voice. “Sleeping friggin naked or anything.”

“Oh, gross.” Ryan scrunched his face up in mock disgust, knowing full well mom knew the truth. That he lived to see his mother naked these days.

“What about you’re damn snoring?” Mom pointed out. “Poor kid needs to sleep.”

“I don’t snore.” He said indignantly.

“You do, but you sleep like the dead so don’t know.” Mom shook her head. “Never seen anyone go out like you do. Could sleep through an earthquake.”

And through his mother squealing from down the hall while her son fucked her in his room while dad slept.

“Shit,” Dad pointed to a car pulling up in front of the hotel. “Come on Vicky, we have to decide.”

“Fine.” Mom told him. “Guess one night won’t be so bad.”

Dad hurried back over to the counter and mom turned to look at him.

“Sorry, baby. Looks like no fun for us tonight.”

“It was going to be tough even with two rooms.” Ryan told her. “If dad woke up in the middle of the night where would you say you were?”

“I’d tell him the truth,” she leaned over and whispered in his ear. “I went looking for a midnight snack.”

“Vicky.” Dad called over. “Can you come here? I left my Triple A card in the bag.”

Mom walked over to the counter and Ryan enjoyed every second of her short stroll. Mom had gotten a great tan over the summer making her tight white shorts and matching sleeveless t-shirt look even better on her.

The shorts hugged mom’s ass snugly and the top did the same for her breasts. Mom wasn’t big in the chest department, but the tight shirt displayed them well and they matched her slender build. Mom’s best feature, other than her talented mouth and insatiable pussy of course, were her legs.

Mom’s legs, were long and well-toned and being shown off even more by the heeled sandals she wore. Her long black hair was another sexy contrast to her white outfit as it flowed down past her shoulder blades.

Ryan reminded himself he was in public and gawking at his mother. He turned to look around at the handful of people sitting in the hotel's lounge. He smiled when he noticed two guys about his age watching his mother.

He could see they were staring at her ass and whispering to each other. Ryan shifted in his seat. It turned him on seeing other guys his age checking out his mother and thinking she was a hot milf. The bigger turn on was that he was fucking that hot milf.

He doubted the two kids he was staring at would agree it was okay to have sex with your mother, but only because their mother's didn't look like his. That or they'd just never thought of it. Ryan had to admit he'd never thought of his mother in a sexual way beyond it being obvious she was attractive.

That changed the night she'd had a huge fight with dad over his not wanting sex the way she did. Dad had stormed out and mom had proceeded to get roaring drunk. So drunk when he'd helped her to bed, she'd kissed him.

That kiss had turned into her stripping her top off and asking if he thought she had nice tits. He supposed a good son would have turned his back and told her to sleep it off. Instead, Ryan had found himself drawn to his mother's small, perky tits and next thing he knew he was touching them.

That turned to sucking them. Then mom's skirt had come off and his face buried in her smooth pink pussy. Mom had forever sealed his lust for her by giving him a blow job that caused his eyes to roll when he came down her throat while she moaned as if swallowing his load was the hottest thing ever. The night ended with her bent over the bed and crying out how good her son's cock felt.

Ryan shook his head, telling himself to calm down. There was no fun to be had tonight and seeing he was sharing a room with his parents even getting himself off would be out of the question.

He continued to watch the two young men stare at his mother and wondered if she'd seen them looking. Picking up his phone, he texted her. "Got two guys my age scoping you out!"

Mom looked up from where dad was giving their information to the clerk and checked her phone. She turned to look over shoulder, then replied.
“Guess I should make their day.”

Mom dropped her keys, and bent down to pick them up. Forget about the two kids near him, Ryan’s eyes glued to his mother’s ass and the supple backs of her thighs. Her shorts tightened even more, enough to tell him and her admirers she was wearing a thong because there were no panty lines to be seen.

What could be seen was the shadow of her ass beneath the white material and Ryan had to cross his legs to hide the swelling in his shorts. Mom turned around and leaning over, unzipped the bag dad had put down next to him.

That gave Ryan and company a good view down her shirt at her white lace bra. Ryan imagined the two kids wondering what her tits looked like and loved that he knew! Unable to help it, he got up and keeping his untucked t-

shirt pulled down to cover his crotch he walked over to look at the vending machine next to them.

“Damn, she’s hot.” One of them said. “What an ass.”

“Yeah and look at that mouth. Bet she could suck the damn chrome off a bumper.” The other kid whistled. “You know how those older women love sucking dick.”

“Your mom tell you she likes that?” The other one laughed.

“Don’t be an ass, but you see all those cougar and milf movies. Those women love guys our age.”

The one that had just spoke saw Ryan looking, and with a grin, pointed to his mother. “She’s smoking huh, man?”

“Yeah, she’s something.” Ryan nodded.

“Wish I knew what it would be like to fuck a woman like that.” The other guy sighed.

“Bet that guy with her is a dud and don’t take care of her.” He grinned.

“Maybe she prowls for cubs like us.” He looked at Ryan. “What do you think?”

“I don’t know, but I can ask her.” He said while his mother and father turned from the counter and began walking towards them.

“Huh? You know her?”

“Ryan come over here and grab your mother’s bag for her.” Dad called out.

“Guess you could say that.” Ryan smirked.

“Jeez, man, we’re sorry.” One of them stammered. “We didn’t mean to be...”

“Hey, don’t worry about it.” Ryan leaned down so his head was between them. “Tell you what, she’s my mom and I think she’s hot.”

“Whoa.” The other kid said, then laughed. “That was a good one. Had me there for a minute.”

“Seriously?” Ryan shook his head.

“Yeah, Frank.” His friend rolled his eyes. “Come on, what kind of kid thinks his damn mother is hot?”

Only one kind of kid, Ryan thought as he walked away to join his parents. The one lucky enough to be fucking his mother.

Chapter Two

“Goddamn, dad.” Ryan muttered, his eyes opening at the sound of dad’s latest round of snoring. How the hell could so much noise come from one person? His father sounded like a chain saw sputtering because it was running out of gas.

He stared across the few feet separating his chair from the bed mom and dad were in as if he could look his father into silence. How did his mother ever sleep? Speaking of his mother. They’d left the bathroom light on so

none of them would trip in the unfamiliar room if they got up during the night.

The light wasn't bright enough to keep them awake, but did afford a decent view of his parents in their bed from where he sat in the chair. Ryan stopped staring daggers at his father who was asleep on his back threatening to suck in the sheets, and checked out his mother.

Mom was on the side closer to Ryan and lying on her back. Her right leg had slipped out from the covers and he stared longingly at her smooth skin. He imagined her legs up on his shoulders or bent back so her feet were over her head while he slammed her hard and fast, moaning as she called his name and urged him to fuck his mommy as hard as he could.

He sighed, as in spite of his father's obnoxious snoring, his cock, as it always did, responded to both the sight and thought of mom. He looked down at her foot, thinking of how he liked to tease her by sucking her toes sometimes when she'd put them on his shoulders.

At this point he'd settle for jerking off on her damn foot right now. He rolled his eyes at the thought he was that pathetic. He then had the not so pleasant visual of his father waking up while Ryan stood by the bed, stroking his cock and blowing a load all over his mother's foot.

That was so nuts he doubted even Jerry Springer had done a show on it. His attention shifted to mom's face when she grumbled something and without opening her eyes, slammed her elbow into dad. He grunted and turned his head to face the other way, for the moment his snoring faded into a more tolerable deep breathing.

Mom rolled over onto her side, facing away from him and Ryan whispered. "Oh, so not fair."

The covers had barely been covering her on that side and when she moved it left her entire back side exposed. Mom was sleeping in a pair of loose shorts and a tank top, but the shorts had ridden so far up between her legs, he could see her ass cheeks.

The t-shirt had slid up as well, leaving her lower back exposed. Her hair had been pulled up showing off a lot of her smooth upper back as well. She curled her legs up so he was now staring at the soles of her feet. His eyes roamed back and forth like a spectator at a tennis match as he took in the full length of her hot body.

His cock was aching for release and sliding his hand beneath the extra sheet they'd gotten for him, he pushed it into his sweat pants. He groaned as he grabbed his swollen cock and stroked it enough to feel good, but not move the covers should dad wake up and turn his way.

He focused on mom's ass and her inner thigh. The shorts were so far up, he bet if he slipped his finger into them he'd be able to touch her pussy. Ryan's breathing picked up at the thought of how tight and wet his mother's slit would be.

He could practically taste her on his tongue and imagined her moaning and whimpering while he licked her and that incredible sigh of pleasure she always emitted when her son pushed his hard cock inside her.

Ryan then thought of pretty much his favorite visual, his mother on her knees between his legs, sucking his cock. Her big brown eyes looking up at him and his hands in her long dark hair. Her bare tits pressing into his thighs and her ass grinding in circles because sucking him always got her as hot as it did him.

Ryan jumped when his phone vibrated on the arm of the chair next to him. Who the hell was texting him at one in the morning? He picked it up and was surprised to see it was mom.

“You looking at mommy’s ass, baby?”

He looked up to see mom still facing away from him, but wiggling her ass back and forth.

“Don’t tease!” He texted back.

Mom rolled over onto her back and typed rapidly on her phone.

“I’m not teasing. I’m just lying here.” She pulled the covers up over her head. “Better?”

“Night mom.” He sent back, rolling his eyes.

He watched to see if she’d pull the covers down or text him back, but after a couple minutes gave up. He put his phone down and stared down at the still fairly large bulge beneath the sheet. He wanted to get off, but was she awake? Not that she hadn’t seen him stroke his cock, she asked him to do it for her all the time.

That was only for a turn on though and she always made sure she took good care of him. It’s not like she ever wanted him to actually jerk off for her. Ryan gasped when something struck him in the face and fell in his lap.

He picked up his mother's shirt and his phone lit up with a text. "Now this is teasing."

He looked up at the sound of a soft whistle and his eyes widened.

Mom was now on her side with the covers lifted up, showing off her now bare tits.

"Damn." He whispered.

Mom eased the covers back onto her shoulder and smiling, cupped her small, perfectly shaped tits and stroked her pink nipples. "Want these?" she mouthed.

Ryan typed "Not fair!"

Mom pushed her full lips into a pout and with a shrug that caused her tits to bounce, pulled the covers back over her. The covers rose up as she moved beneath them. They lifted back up and he watched her shorts fly across the room to hit him in the chest.

As he stared at them, something else struck his leg and he dropped her shorts to pick up her white thong. Mom was staring at him and when he met her gaze she winked and tapped her nose. Ryan raised the thong to his face and inhaled deeply.

He sighed at the sweet smell of his mother's cunt and then rubbed the crotch between his fingers noting the thong was wet and sticky. His arousal faded when dad released a loud snort and his snoring kicked in again.

Mom pulled the covers up to her neck, and holding them there, rolled over to face dad. That left Ryan staring at her now bare ass and his cock jerked beneath the sheet. Why was she doing this to him?

Mom pushed Dad hard in the shoulder. Grumbling something he rolled over, putting his back to her and Ryan. Mom listened to his breathing while Ryan caressed his cock through the sheet and stared at her perfect heart shaped ass.

Mom picked up one of the pillows and gently laid it over the side of dad's head. His breathing was muffled and Mom rolled back over to face him. She lifted her leg, and while he watched, slid her hand between her legs and stroked her pussy.

She put her fingers to her lips and he groaned softly when she sucked on her fingers. Mom cupped her tits and once again mouthed "Want these?"

This time he simply nodded and with a coy smile, she picked up her phone.

"Remember when you were little and we'd play the quiet game?"

He nodded, not sure what the hell she was taking about, but her next text sent his heart racing. “If you can be quiet we can play a game.”

Mom put the phone down on the night stand and beckoned to him with her finger. Ryan stared at dad laying right next to her and pointed. Mom shrugged and resumed fondling her tits and smiling at him.

Ryan got up and walked to his mother as if he were in a trance. He knew damn well this was crazy, but she was naked and her tits looked so good! He reached the edge of the bed, and after a nervous look at the pillow covering dad’s head looked down at mom.

She was still on her side and taking his hand, brought it to her breast. His fingers trembling with nervous excitement, he squeezed her small firm tit, then rubbed his palm over her swollen nipple. Mom sighed softly and held her other breast up to him.

Ryan took that nipple between his fingers and did the same to the other. Mom closed her eyes and arched her back, pushing her tits into his hands. Ryan gasped when Mom reached up and grabbed the back of his head and brought his face down to her tit. He quickly forgot his nervousness when her swollen pink nipple touched his lips and he opened wide to suck not only her nipple, but a good portion of her small breast into his mouth.

He moaned around her tit when mom grabbed his cock through his shorts and she hissed. “Shh.” He nodded into her breast, and now using both hands, mom unsnapped his shorts and eased his zipper down.

She worked his cock out of the slit in his boxers and Ryan muffled a groan when she stroked it. He couldn’t believe this was happening! He was standing at the edge of the same bed his father was in with his cock out and his naked mother playing with it.

If his father woke, Ryan might be able to tuck his cock away quickly, but how would mom explain being naked and no way would Ryan be able to get back to the chair. His concerns took a back seat to lust when mom leaned over and blew lightly on his cock.

She squeezed the tip and he released a barely audible whimper when his pre cum squirted from it and she rubbed it along his shaft, getting his cock slick in her hand. Mom grabbed the edge of the blanket and held it up to him.

Ryan took it, holding it up high enough that if dad, rolled over they'd have a few seconds to react. Mom stared up at him and flicked her tongue teasingly across the head of his cock. His hips jerked and she smiled when the head of his cock pushed against her lips.

Mom held his cock and rubbed her lips over it, getting them sticky and as he stood there, his legs now shaking in excitement, she looked up at him and wagged her tongue then whispered. "Want mommy to suck your cock?"

He nodded and mom parted her lips and slowly took him deep into her warm wet mouth. Ryan fought not to moan as his mother's soft lips wrapped around his hard shaft and she bobbed her head in a steady rhythm.

Mom wasn't making a sound as her hot mouth glided along his shaft and Ryan struggled to do the same. Mom let his cock go and putting her hands on his thighs showed off her oral skills by taking him repeatedly down to the base of his shaft while using only her mouth.

Ryan put his free hand on her head, wrapping it in her dark hair so he could watch his mother's mouth on his dick. The hand holding the sheet up was shaking so badly from nerves he was afraid he'd drop it, so he focused on what really counted at the moment, his mother blowing him.

Mom normally enjoyed making sloppy wet sucking sounds and gagging and pretty much putting on a hot nasty show while moaning in pleasure at the sensation of having her son's hard flesh in her mouth.

Right now, with the exception of a few soft sighs, mom was sucking his cock in total silence and he found it to be exciting in a different sort of way. Dad snorted and in a panic he stepped back, pulling his dripping cock from mom's mouth.

Dad didn't move however, and grabbing him by his cock, mom pulled him back to the edge of the bed. She quickly took him back into her mouth and this time kept her hand on him. He was losing the battle to remain quiet, releasing long ragged breaths as she now jerked him off as she blew him.

Mom added her other hand to his balls, squeezing and caressing them while her mouth moved faster and faster along his glistening shaft. Ryan's hips were now moving, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth and this time mom slipped and moaned softly as in his excitement he fucked her mouth.

Mom let his cock go and wrapping her arms around his waist, grabbed his ass and held him still as she bobbed her head rapidly. She was starting to make noise now, soft slurping sounds as she repeatedly drove her mouth down onto his cock.

Ryan groaned and his entire body tensed as his cock twitched each time she took him deep. He stared over mom's shoulder at dad, silently imploring him not to snore or move as his mother's skilled mouth and tongue brought him closer and closer.

“Oh.” He breathed. “Oh...oh please don’t stop!” he spoke in an urgent whisper.

Mom winked and easing back until just his tip was in her mouth shook her head back and forth. Ryan had to let her hair go and cover his mouth as his sensitive head was worked around his mother’s mouth and her tongue pressed against it.

This was Ryan’s favorite move and the one mom used as a treat to finish him when she had enough time to really enjoy sucking him. Ryan groaned into his hand when mom suddenly went back to bobbing her head for a few seconds.

His cock felt as if it were going to pop and this time when she shook her head, he groaned into his hand and his cock jerked, exploding into her mouth. Mom sighed and her eyes rolled back as her son’s cum flowed into her mouth and down her throat.

Ryan had his palm pressed tightly to his lips, keeping his noises down to a minimal groan and some pathetic sounding whimpers as his mother continued to suck him while now stroking and playing his balls.

His legs were shaking and he thought he was going to sink to his knees as his mother's amazing mouth and hands continued to work him, expertly draining her son's balls. When a hard suck could produce nothing more than a couple of drops and a dangerously loud moan, mom eased his cock from her mouth.

Mom opened wide, showing him her cum filled mouth, then swallowed and wagged her now clean tongue at him. Ryan stood there breathing hard, wondering what was next. Mom didn't leave him waiting long.

She turned herself to the side so her shoulders were now to dad's back and bending her legs up, spread her pussy open and tapped her clit. Feeling as if he were in a dream, or some absurd farfetched taboo porn movie, Ryan sank to his knees, his dripping cock still hanging out of his shorts.

Mom draped her legs over his shoulders and spread her pussy wide for him. He stared at her hairless slit and licked his lips. He had a brief thought that at this point if dad turned over they were really screwed, but his mother's pussy was inches from his face.

Like a starving man at a buffet he plunged his tongue deep into her sopping slit. Mom gasped and she slapped her hand over her mouth so quickly it would have been funny if he weren't worried about his father. Not to mention overcome with lust as his mouth filled with her sticky sweet juices.

Ryan swirled his tongue inside her and sucked hard, getting another mouthful and another muffled moan from mom. She stared down at him and whispered. "Don't tease, just make me come, baby."

Ryan ran his tongue up through the folds of her pussy and her hips jerked when he licked her clit. Mom's feet slid up and down his back as he traced wet circles around her clit and pushed a finger inside her.

Mom groaned and cupping her tits tugged on her nipples as her son ate her pussy. Ryan kept his eyes on hers and she smiled as she watched her son tongue her swollen button. Mom was pumping her hips, shoving his finger deeper and tugging so hard on her nipples it looked painful.

Her breathing was loud and each breath ending in a high pitched whimper that caused his cock to twitch. Even as he added a second finger and buried them deep inside her he was well aware he was still hard despite his mother just having sucked him off.

He couldn't deny that as crazy and reckless as this was, it was a hell of a turn on and twisted rush. Mom must have felt the same because although he'd only been licking a few minutes, her thighs were shaking and her pussy quivering around his fingers.

Mom let her breast go to pull a pillow over her face. Ryan used his free hand to grab the nipple she'd abandoned and gave it a hard squeeze while adding a third finger and roughly shoving all three inside her.

Mom's feet slid up to press against the front of his shoulders, lifting her ass off the bed. She rocked up and down, driving down on his fingers and he could hear her muffled moaning from beneath the pillow.

Ryan pumped his fingers hard and fast and went from licking her clit to sucking it. His lips smacked noisily and he was going to switch to licking again. But mom reached down and grabbed his hair, roughly shoving her face against her hot flesh and thrust her hips into his fingers.

Her toes curled and there was a disturbingly loud cry from beneath the pillow. Ryan continued to suck her clit with a reckless gusto now more concerned with the fact his mother was about to come in his face, than about being heard.

He gave his mother's nipple another hard twist and mom wailed beneath the pillow. Her pussy contracted around his plunging fingers and her hips went wild, working in hard circles and smearing her wet slit all over her son's face.

Ryan fought to keep his lips on her clit and his fingers moving as his mother came the way she always did, like a damn wild cat. Had they been alone she'd be howling like a damn animal and squealing and yelping like a porn star.

Even with the pillow and her trying to hold back she was making an alarming amount of noise, but in between her noises, Ryan was stunned to hear his father's snoring kicking back in. His borderline unnaturally loud snoring drowned out mom's sounds and the timing couldn't have been better.

Mom's pussy tightened around his fingers and her ass lifted off the bed. Her body tensed and with another muffled squealed that to Ryan seemed louder than dad's snoring, a warm wet gush of sticky fluid, flowed around his fingers and a sticky spray struck his face.

Mom went limp, her legs sliding off his shoulders and as Ryan sat back on his knees, wiping at his sticky face, mom moved the pillow from her head.

She lay there flushed and sweating from both the pillow and her orgasm.

Her chest was heaving and staring at her perfect breasts rising and falling, Ryan realized his cock was as hard as it had been before she blew him. Mom gave him a big smile, but when he stood up and she saw his erect cock sticking out from his boxers, she licked her lips.

Ryan went to pull his sweat pants up over his aching dick, but she put her foot out, teasing it along his cock. Mom slid down so her ass was right at the edge of the bed and putting both feet on his chest, whispered, “Fuck me.”

Ryan’s eyes widened and he shook his head, but when mom reached down and grabbed his cock, he allowed her to guide it down to her slit. He bit back a moan when she teased both of them by rubbing his swollen head through her wet lips several times.

“Please.” Ryan whispered and with a wink, mom pushed the head of his cock inside her.

He groaned as he eased the length of his cock into his mother’s still twitching pussy and mom sighed when he was fully inside her. Ryan rocked his hips, slowly working his cock in and out and being careful not to go too hard for fear of making the bed move.

Mom lay there with her eyes closed, her full lips parted, sighing so softly he could barely hear it. God, she looked so fucking hot! Just lying there and loving the feeling of her son’s hard cock inside her.

Ryan’s hips twitched, giving her a hard thrust and with a soft yelp, her eyes flew open. Mom stared up at him and with a wink, mouthed. “Harder.”

Ryan went as fast as he dared, his legs now striking the edge of the bed. Mom cupped her tits and rolled her nipples as he fucked her with long slow

strokes. He ended each stroke with a hard push, teasing both of them with the feeling of him driving into her.

Mom was working her hips into him as much as she could, but even with that their limited rhythm was frustrating both of them. Ryan grabbed her ankles, and moving her feet from his chest, lifted her legs straight in the air, then spread them as wide as he could.

Mom gasped and her eyes rolled as he pulled her forward so her ass was partway off the bed and he was holding her up. He began slamming her harder and mom reached between her legs, her fingers finding her clit.

Ryan stared down at the dual treat of not only watching his long glistening cock sliding in and out of his mother's pink slit, but her playing with her clit. She rubbed it in hard circles, and he moaned when her pussy contracted around his thrusting cock.

He was fucking her harder and was aware of the sound of their flesh slapping together. He forced his eyes away from his cock plundering his mother's pussy and stared at the other side of the bed. Dad was alternately snoring and breathing deeply and the pillow over him hadn't moved so much as an inch.

Feeling more confident, Ryan thrust harder and his mother let her head fall back on the bed, releasing quiet little yelps each time her son drove into her. Mom's fingers danced across her clit even faster and her pussy was clenching him each time he buried himself balls deep in her sopping cunt.

"Oh, oh, faster." Mom whispered. "Just a little faster, baby, please!"

Ryan eyed his father one more time, then throwing caution to the wind, lifted his mother as high as he could. Muscles bulging in his arm as he held her off the bed and slammed into her as hard as he could.

Mom immediately grabbed the pillow and put it back over her head. She resumed twisting her right nipple while she played with her clit. Ryan's father began snoring again and Ryan swore he'd never heard a better sound as it covered up the sound of him pounding his mother on the side of the bed.

Mom squealed beneath the pillow and her pussy convulsed around his driving cock. He struggled to hold her up as she writhed and squirmed, her hips thrusting into him as her second orgasm in the last few minutes tore through her.

Ryan was breathing hard and sweating as he strained to not only hold the lower half of his mother's body in the air, but keep fucking her as he did. Mom's muffled yelps faded and her hips stopped moving against him.

She removed her hand from between her legs and removing the pillow stared up at him. Her mouth was wide open as she tried to catch her breath and her dark eyes looked unfocused as Ryan eased her down so her ass was back on the bed.

He had stopped moving inside her, enjoying the way her pussy twitched around his cock. But once she was on the bed, he resumed fucking her with long hard strokes. Mom lay moaning, her body totally limp as she moaned softly.

Ryan felt a thrill go through him at the sight of his mother so overwhelmed by her two orgasms she seemed like a helpless rag doll as her son continued to have his way with her. He leaned over the bed, putting his hands on either side of her and kissed her parted lips.

Mom moaned into his mouth and put her arms around his shoulders as he continued to fuck her. He kept his eyes open, watching his sleeping father and his cock jerked as he did. Sick or not, this was the most exciting thing they'd ever done.

“Stop.” Mom whispered in his ear. “Ease back for a minute.”

Ryan straightened, sliding his cock from his mother and noting how both their thighs were sticky with her juices. Mom rolled over onto all fours and slid back so her knees were right on the edge of the bed.

She pulled the pillow over and lowering her face into it, shook her ass at him. This time he didn't hesitate. Grabbing her hips and entering her with one long hard thrust. Mom yelped into the pillow and squeezing her hips, Ryan tore into her.

With her ass this close to the edge, he didn't have to worry about his legs hitting the bed and he took full advantage, fucking her with long hard strokes that would have pushed her forward had he not been holding her.

Mom's muffled cries egged him on to fuck her even faster as he watched his cock pounding into her slit between her perfect ass cheeks. Mom bent her legs so her feet were along his sides, and with a smile, he grabbed her ankles.

He held them tightly as he hammered away at his mother. Mom put her arms over her head to help quiet her cries and that move sent him into a frenzy of savage strokes that within seconds had his balls tightening and his excited cock jerking at the end of each thrust.

Mom was rocking back into him, slamming her ass into his stomach as he fought to hold back, trying to enjoy every moment of his mother's quivering dripping cunt as he held her by her ankles as if she were a wheel barrow and his father snored away like nothing was going on.

Ryan emitted a sound that was more a growl than a moan as he lost the battle and his cock exploded. His mother squealed into the pillow as her son sent several long spurts of cum deep inside her already sloppy pussy.

Ryan continued to fuck her, each thrust ending with another squirt of cum in the most forbidden place of all, his mother's cunt. He stopped thrusting when his spent cock had given up everything he had, then whimpered as mom contracted her pussy around him several times, milking a few more drops from his now empty balls.

Breathing hard, he eased from inside her and froze when dad grumbled under the pillow and it moved. He yanked his pants up over his dripping cock and hissed. “Mom!” as loud as he dared.

Mom lifted her head from the pillow in time to see dad pushing the pillow from his head. She quickly rolled over onto her back, yanking the covers up to her chin. Dad sat up, but fortunately kept his back to them, allowing Ryan to take several stumbling steps backwards.

He reached the recliner, all but falling into it. The second he did his phone lit up with a text from mom. “Clothes!”

In front of him, dad stood up from the bed and stretched, but still with his back to him, allowing Ryan to gather the clothes his mother had tossed at him and slip them under the sheet as he pulled it over himself.

He closed his eyes and could hear dad walking across the room. The room darkened and he heard a click as dad closed the bathroom door. Ryan immediately threw the clothes to his mother, who sitting up, quickly slipped the shirt on.

With a smile she threw the thong back to him, then lifted her legs under the covers to slip on her shorts. Ryan had just tucked the thing back under the sheet and out of sight when his father came out of the bedroom.

He was looking his way and knowing he'd seen he was awake, Ryan got up out of the chair and headed to the bathroom.

“They wake you up to?” Dad asked in a whisper.

“Who?” Ryan asked nervously and risked a glance at mom, who was staring at dad, but as always seemed calm.

“I don’t know, maybe the next room, but someone was pretty damn loud.”

“I heard them too.” Mom spoke up and to Ryan’s dismay added. “Don’t think they were fighting though, sounded like they were,” she winked at dad. “Having a good time.”

“Good for them.” Dad spoke as he made his way back over to the bed. “I only heard them for a minute.” He chuckled while slipping under the covers. “Must have gotten pretty loud at the end. I usually sleep through everything.”

“That you do, honey.” Mom kissed him fondly on the cheek, then looked over at Ryan and winked. “That you do.”

Back Field in Motion

“Jeez, that’s only thirty five yards!” Vince groaned while the Broncos lining up for a game winning field goal. “That guy’s money from inside forty five!”

“Have some faith, kid!” Dad said from his armchair. “He’s due to shank one!”

“Hope so.” Vince leaned forward on the couch and resisted the urge to cover his eyes.

On the huge sixty five inch screen, the snap was clean and the kicker stepped up and drove the ball towards the uprights.

“Shank, shank!” Dad stood up, waving his hands to the left. “Its drifting, its....”

“No good!” Vince yelled, standing and giving his father a high five. “Holy shit, pop the Pat’s just got home field advantage! Bet we’re going to another Super bowl!”

“That’s why everyone hates us, kiddo.” Dad settled back down in his chair.

Vince sat back down and smiled at the screen as they showed the replay of the shanked kick. He then noticed the time on the DVR clock.

“Um, dad?”

“Yeah?”

“Its four thirty.”

“I know, time for the second game.” He picked up the remote and changed the channel. “Pitt and Baltimore. The winner decides seeding and who we play first.”

“Yeah, but...you’re supposed to be going out with mom aren’t you?”

“Oh,” dad frowned. “Right.”

“Better go change.” Vince pointed to dad’s ratty twenty year old good luck Patriots jersey and shorts. “Mom isn’t going to go out with you like that.”

“Yeah, well...” he shrugged and leaned back in the chair. “We’ll go another time.”

“Dad, mom’s going to be pissed! She’s been looking forward to this.”

“Whatever,” Dad waved his hand. “We were just going to a get together for someone she works with. Doesn’t even like them. It’s just an excuse for her to dress up and drag me out of the house with her.”

“Yeah, well I think she bought something for today so I think you should go or you’re going to hear about it.”

“How do you know she bought something new? You and your mom having girl time or something?” Dad rolled his eyes and pulling a beer out of the small cooler next to his chair, popped it open.

“No, she just likes to talk to me.” Vince told him, sitting back in the chair, watching his father chug the beer like a damned frat boy.

He wondered what dad would think if he knew the ‘girl time’ he spent with his mother included her sucking his cock and fucking his brains out. Many times right in his father’s bed while he went out with his ‘boys’.

“Because you’re a mama’s boy.” Dad smirked at him. “Don’t know what you think you’re going to get sucking up to her, but whatever. You’re the one people will think is a sissy.”

What Vince had been getting out of being his mother's boy was well worth his father's stupid cracks. Being close to his mother and showing her attention and affection had gotten him between her legs, her lips, and several times even in her ass.

That's why Vince knew about today. Normally while his father zoned in front of football all day, he and his mother would be upstairs in his room going at it like they were filming mom son porn videos.

Mom had a couple odd little rules about when they fooled around. One of them was if she had something planned with dad, she wouldn't play with him. Another was if she decided she was going to have sex with his father, she wouldn't do anything with Vince then either.

Fortunately for him, his father's ignoring of his mother and continuously acting like a 'real man' as mom referred to them allowed Vince plenty of chances to enjoy what his father totally neglected; his mother's smoking hot body and seemingly inexhaustible sex drive.

Vince knew his mother had bought a new dress because she'd teased him by telling him after she wore it to go out with her father, she'd let him fuck her in it the next time they were together. He knew that was pretty shitty. Hell, fucking your mother was pretty wrong according to most people, but they saw it just as...its your mother.

Vince had realized there was more to it than that. His mother was also his father's wife. Making Vince feel twice as sleazy after the first time he'd had sex with his mother. Not just incest, but she was cheating on his father and with his son and he was the other man in a marriage and also the result of that marriage.

Vince chuckled to himself as he pictured that being on an episode of Dr Phil someday. But as his mother and he continued to have sex and Vince discovered his mother craved simple attention and closeness from him as much as hardcore fucking, he felt less badly.

His mother was a good woman who deserved to be taken care of in every way and his father...well, dad could be a real dick. He worked hard, always provided and when it came to being a dad he was supportive and always got involved in whatever Vince was interested in.

But he was raised as an old school guy and although he would never raise a hand to his mother or ever be outright mean to her, he treated her with a condescending 'okay little girl' attitude. To his kind as mom called them, women were whiney, needy and 'real men' didn't cater to things like that.

So Vince had decided-and by his own admission conveniently-that he shouldn't feel bad for having a sexual relationship with his mother. In his mind he was keeping her happy and also keeping her home.

The first night he'd had sex with his mother had been when she'd gotten dressed to kill to go out somewhere when dad was out of town, then ended up breaking down in tears and confessing to Vince she was going to cheat on her father. That all she wanted was a man to find her sexy and pay attention to her and when she needed it fuck her like the whore she wanted to be.

She'd been drinking, otherwise she'd have never said that. Her words had blown Vince away and gotten his thinking of her as a woman, not a mom. The skin tight micro dress and fuck me shoes she had on helped with that.

He'd sat with his arm around her and listened to her vent and cry, then kissed her cheek and told her she was beautiful and deserved better. His mother, then asked if he meant that and when he said he did asked if he thought she was sexy,

He tried to avoid that answer, but she'd cornered him by asking if he wasn't her son and saw her like that would he think she was a sexy cougar? He'd answered yes to that, then sat there stunned when she'd stood up, shimmied out of her dress and asked him to show her how hot he thought she was.

He knew he should have run like hell and hid until she sobered up, but mom had sat on his lap and ground on him like a stripper, while removing her bra and shoving her bare tits in his face. Son or not he was a nineteen year old boy with a gorgeous horny forty year old woman topless on his lap.

One thing had led to the next and...

Vince was pulled from his thoughts by the sound of heels on the stairs. Uh-oh. Showtime. Vince decided it was time to make himself scarce, and not be part of the impending drama. He leaned forward to get off the couch and froze when he saw his mother coming down the stairs.

Correction, all he saw at first was his mother's feet encased in a pair of emerald green heels, then her legs. Her very long legs. As she descended the stairs he kept seeing leg and no dress. He saw up to her mid-thigh before any green material appeared.

Vince sat back in the chair, all desire to leave gone. He didn't care what happened at this point, there was no way he was going to pass up seeing her in her new dress. When mom came into full view Vince's eyes almost fell out of his head.

At this point he'd seen his mother naked and in every angle imaginable, as well as seeing his cock in all her holes and painted in his come. But seeing her like this was still damn hot. Especially because he could take in the smoking hot milf in front of him and know he'd fucked her and would again.

"Roger!" Mom snapped as soon as she saw him. "Why aren't you dressed?"

"Oh, come on, Diane!" Dad didn't even bother looking at her. "The games on!"

"The game's over. I had it on upstairs." Mom walked into the living room and Vince couldn't help himself.

"Damn, Mom! Look at you!"

Mom turned to look at him and seeing his father still hadn't even looked away from the TV, she winked and did a quick turn for him. Vince shook his head as he stared at his mother in the stunning dress.

It was short enough to be something worn to a club and all but painted on. Mom wasn't chubby by any means, but she had some curves. Those curves were all in the right places and on full display.

The dress hugged her hips and showed off the contours of her well rounded ass. The top was low cut enough to show off mom's more than ample cleavage and the fuck me heels did incredible things for her legs.

Vince stared hungrily at those legs. The hem was at mid-thigh and those thighs were one of his favorite things. Soft, smooth, lush flesh that he lived to kiss on his way to the gold haired treasure between them.

Mom was looking damn good from the neck up to. The dress brought out her stunning green eyes and her long blonde hair was down and styled,

leaving little ringlets around her face. Her normally full lips looked even more sensual coated in deep red and she'd added some green eyeshadow and blush, two things she normally didn't wear.

“Beautiful.” He mouthed to her.

Mom gave him a quick smile, then crossing her arms over her chest stormed over to stand in front of dad.

“Roger, get your ass up and get dressed. We're going.”

“Seriously, Diane?” Dad leaned over to the side. “You're blocking the TV.”

“Seriously Diane?” She repeated. “How about what the fuck, Roger? You don't even notice me?”

“Of course I do.” Dad exclaimed. “How can I not? You’re in front of the game!”

“That’s it?” Mom put her arms out. “Not a compliment? Not hey, hon, you look great? Nothing?”

“You just complimented yourself. Why should I?” Dad smirked.

“You do look great, mom.” Vince told her wondering what the fuck was wrong with his father. What kind of guy could see a woman in a dress like that and still think about football?

“Thank you, Vince.” Mom beamed at him.

“Brown noser.” Dad waved his hand at him.

“Shut the game off.” Mom demanded.

“For Christ’s sake, Diane. You said you barely even know this person.”

“But its at the yacht club. It’s a nice place and there’s going to be great food and dancing and a fun day with your wife.”

“Fun for you anyway.” Dad muttered. He finally really looked at her and pointed. “What the hell are you wearing?”

“That’s not exactly a compliment.” Mom rolled her eyes.

“Not exactly fitting either.” Dad shook his head. “That thing is like twenty years too young for you! Girls Vince’s age pull dresses like that off. You look ridiculous.”

Vince stood up from his chair. “I forgot, I have to be...” he shrugged.
“Anywhere but here.”

He walked past mom, catching a whiff of her perfume and stealing a quick peek down her dress as she stared down at dad who was paying her no mind after his callous remark. As he made his way around the couch and headed for the stairs, Vince selfishly wondered if this could work out for him.

Maybe mom would get so pissed she’d storm upstairs and fuck him. Wouldn’t be the first time. As always he felt conflicted. He’d like to see dad be nice for once and be good to mom and the two of them have a great time.

But dad’s bad behavior always led to Vince scoring big time and goddamn his mother looked hot.

“No, what’s ridiculous is a man with a sexy woman in front of him who’d rather watch a fucking football game.” Mom declared.

Vince had went into the kitchen to grab a coke to take upstairs with him. At mom's words, he stopped and stood behind the counter that separated the large eat in kitchen from the living room. He was curious about dad's response because he couldn't get over it himself.

"Full of self-compliments today, aren't you?" Dad asked. "Calling yourself sexy? Suppose someone has to."

"What a fucking tool." Vince muttered. He went to turn figuring he'd heard enough, but mom had seen him standing there and shook her head.

He wasn't sure if she was telling him to stay or just showing disbelief in dad's comment. But when Vince walked back over to the counter she nodded, then looked down at dad who was making a show of leaning way over the arm of his chair to watch the game.

“You going to tell me you don’t think I look good?”

“Diane, you’re an attractive woman.” Dad said and Vince sighed in relief that his father may have avoided seriously hurting mom’s feelings.

“Thank you.” Mom nodded. “That so hard?”

“But for your age. Dress like a forty year old mom and you look good. Dress like some desperate middle aged housewife trying to turn some heads and you look pathetic.”

“Personal foul!” The referee called out on the TV in perfect timing. “Fifteen yards.”

“And a night on the fucking couch.” Mom snapped. “You want to talk about me? What about you? Only a loser would sit there staring at football with his wife dressed like this.”

“I can see you anytime, Diane.” Dad explained as if she were dense. “They don’t replay these games.”

“So you’d rather watch football than go out dancing with your wife who did everything she could to look hot for you?”

“You got it!” Dad gave her a mock clap. “If you want to go so bad, go alone.”

“It would serve you right if I did.” I bet a lot of guys wouldn’t mind dancing with me.”

“Bet they’d all think you’re for sale to.” Dad told her. “You look like a desperate hooker trying to keep up with the young talent.”

“You asshole!” Mom yelled at him. “Know what, Roger? Go fuck yourself. That is if you can even get it up to do that.”

Mom stormed away from him and dad loudly announced. “About time.” Then clapped. “Yes, Interception! Fuck you Pittsburgh!”

Vince thought mom would head for the stairs, but instead she walked behind dad’s chair, then pointed to Vince. She turned and grabbing the hem of her dress, lifted it up, showing off her ass. Vince licked his lips at the sight of his mother’s well rounded ass in a skimpy green thong that was little more than string between her cheeks.

She leaned over the back of dad’s chair and wiggled her ass at him. What the hell was she doing?”

“What are you doing?” Dad turned partway around to look at mom was she was now right over his shoulder.

“Figured since you’re not going to go, I may as well watch some of the game.” Mom continued to work her ass back and forth seductively as she spoke. “This is for seeding after all.”

“See! You’re into football!” Dad exclaimed. “Want to sit on the couch and watch?”

“I’ll just stay here for now.” Mom slipped her arm beneath her and Vince’s mouth dropped open when she pulled her thong to the side, exposing her pink pussy to her son. “Trying to break in the shoes a little.”

“Wow, you women are weird.” Dad grunted. “But suit yourself.”

“Oh, I will.” Mom was now running her fingers through the lips of her pussy and Vince almost dropped his coke when she slipped two fingers inside.

He stood there with his cock rapidly hardening as he watched his mother playing sticky finger with her head right over dads. She slipped her fingers out, and worked them up to her clit, rubbing it in circles.

Mom looked over her shoulder and mouthed the words “Come here.”

Vince shook his head, and parting her lips, she waggled her tongue seductively at him. “Come here.” She repeated.

She looked back to the TV and said. “Roger, turn this up! You’re not even using the surround sound.”

“Its loud enough.” He said, but lifted the remote anyway. He turned on the surround sound and Vince was so jumpy he flinched when the sound of the crowd roared from the speaker mounted on the columns on each side of the counter.

“That’s better!” Mom spoke over the noise. “Football should be loud. Should be the only thing you can hear!”

She kept facing him, but her fingers were busy on her pussy again and Vince swallowed hard, when she stopped rubbing her clit and beckoned him the fingers between her legs. Feeling as if he were in a dream, Vince moved around the counter and slowly walked up behind his mother.

She looked over her shoulder and first put her finger to her lips, telling him to be quiet, then pointed down. Vince’s heart pounded in his chest when he realized what she wanted him to do. He stood behind her, staring at her obviously wet pussy and reaching between her legs, ran his fingers through her lips.

God she was wet! Mom smiled at him over her shoulder and removed her hand from between her legs. Mom put her arm around dad and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Not mad anymore I take it?” He heard dad ask.

“What’s mad going to get me.” Mom told him, then pointed. “Ha! Flag for holding!”

It dawned on Vince that between her arm around him and head on his arm, mom had made it so dad couldn’t turn around to look behind him or get up with no warning. He rubbed her pussy more confidently and mom worked her ass back and forth, helping him stroke her.

Vince couldn’t believe the balls this took! Speaking of balls, his were aching with need. Not just because he was playing with his mother’s pussy, but what she was doing to get even with his father was exactly what he deserved for treating her like that.

Vince eased two fingers in her and when he placed his thumb on her clit. Mom groaned.

“What?” Dad asked.

“That pass, he should have caught it.” Mom sighed.

Vince worked her clit faster while thrusting his fingers, wondering how long his mother wanted him to do this. They couldn’t get away with it too long could they? Mom glanced over her shoulder and mouthed “Down.” And wiggled her ass into his hand.

Damn. But an evil little smile spread across his face as he knelt down behind his mother. He fondled the soft cheeks of her ass, kissing and licking them until she pushed her ass into him impatiently.

Vince spread her cheeks open, pulling the thong to the side with them and on a whim, plunged his tongue into his mother's pink asshole. Mom squealed and followed it up with, "First down!"

She wiggled her hips as Vince smiled into her soft flesh. He took his time, tracing a wet circle around her ass before briefly tongue fucking it. He heard a commercial blare and paused, but mom shook her ass in his face, telling him to continue.

He ran his tongue down through her lips and pushed it into his mother's succulent slit. Mom worked her hips, moving his tongue around inside her and a feeling of the surreal came over him. How the hell could he be doing this? Kneeling behind his mother, slurping her juices out of her pussy behind his father's damn chair?

More so how the hell could mom do this? He supposed none of that mattered. At the moment all that mattered was his mother's hot wet twat in his face. His nose was pressed between her cheeks and he loved the dirtiness of it and knew she did too.

Vince worked his tongue down to her clit and as he did, slid his hand over far enough to push his thumb into her ass. Mom yelped then said something about someone dropping a pass. Vince swirled his tongue around her clit and managed to work a finger from his other hand into her sopping wet slit.

Mom's thighs tensed and her ass was quivering in Vince's face as he fingered her holes and alternately licked and sucked her clit. He heard dad yelling something about the blind referee and his heart skipped a beat, but mom was still working her hips, encouraging him to work her.

Mom was now bouncing up and down, sliding her pussy along his tongue and her ass and pussy contracted around his fingers. He pushed his thumb deeper while sucking her pink button harder. Mom pushed up higher and he felt her legs trembling as she squirmed in his face.

Vince had been with his mother enough times to know what really worked for her and when his father made him flinch by yelling "Go, Go!" He eased his thumb from her ass then roughly shoved his index finger deep into her.

He thrust another finger into her cunt at the same time and mom cried out, “Fuck yeah! Go, go! Oh keep going!”

Dad was yelling right along with her and Vince wondered if there was a market for porn comedies because if there was? What they were doing right now could qualify. His father whopped and clapped at Baltimore scoring a touchdown while right in his ear his mother squealed in excitement from her son eating her pussy.

Mom’s hips bucked and she writhed in his face as her holes convulsed around his fingers and she ground her sticky hot snatch into his face. Mom’s ass and pussy relaxed around his fingers and with a final kiss to her clit, Vince eased his fingers from her.

He stood up, planning on going back into the kitchen and hoping she would follow. Instead she pushed herself up on the back of the chair and looked over her shoulder at him. “Fuck me.” She mouthed.

He shook his head. No fucking way.

Mom pushed her lips into a pout. “Please fuck me.” She shook her irresistible ass at him. God, was he this crazy? But his cock was aching in his jeans and mom did have it so dad couldn’t see him without having to get her to move first.

Taking a deep breath, Vince unsnapped his jeans. He eased his zipper down and fumbled with his boxers, sliding his hard cock out of the slit in them, so all he’d have to do is close his jeans if dad tried to move.

Mom had spread her legs wider and Vince noticed she was at a perfect angle, her pussy dead even with his cock. He pushed the tip through her wet slit several times, and mom shoved back against him, demanding his cock inside her.

Vince stared down at the back of his father's head, thinking wow, this was beyond low. Then he recalled him saying his mother was dressed like a hooker. Grabbing her hips, Vince eased his cock inside her.

Mom groaned something she then covered up with a comment about a bad play call. Vince pumped her slowly in order not to move the chair. He moaned softly as he fed his cock into his mother's hot wet pussy and she pushed back, shoving him deep inside her.

She yelped then said "Oh, I thought he fumbled." That was followed with a wicked giggle that sent a thrill through her son as he watched his cock sliding in and out of his mother's pink slit. She was so wet his shaft was glistening and still quivering from her orgasm.

"Back field's in motion." Dad pointed to the TV. "Bet it's a screen."

"Back field in motion, alright!" She agreed, wiggling her ass into his plunging cock.

Vince lowered his head to further muffle his heavy breathing as she stood there, slowly fucking his mother. Her pussy felt damned good, but fucking her like this was a tease. He knew he would come eventually, but the longer he stood here the more chance dad might want to get up.

Mom managed to surprise him even more when she kissed her father on the cheek.

“What was that for?” he asked.

“Just showing you what I think of you.” Mom replied, then made it a point to slam her ass hard into her son’s cock.

Wow, mom was rubbing it in. Not that dad would ever know, but still...note to self, Vince thought. Don’t piss off mom. She was moving up and down

and side to side, working his cock around her wet pussy and he squeezed her hips harder in frustration as he struggled to find a way come quicker.

“Hey, honey.” Mom propped herself up on the back of the chair and gestured for Vince to stop. “How about some popcorn?”

“Yeah, sure.” Dad told her. “That would be great! You don’t mind.”

“Not at all, sit and watch.” Mom stood up and turning to Vince pointed to the kitchen.

He turned his back and walked awkwardly into the kitchen, his dripping cock bobbing in the air. He made it around the corner and turned to see mom right behind him.

“Roger I need to make a quick call first okay?”

“Take your time!” Dad called out without turning around.

“This is...” Vince’s words were cut off by his mother’s lips pressing into his.

They were behind the column and out of site, or at least he hoped they were. Mom kissed him roughly, her lips seeking to devour his. Her tongue drove into his mouth and he moaned into the kiss when she grabbed his cock and pumped it in her first.

Vince’s hands found her breasts through the dress and mom pulled away from him. Grabbing the top of the dress, she pushed it down, causing her big round tits to pop out. Her nipples were as pink as her pussy and hard as his cock.

Mom leaned against the column and grabbing Vince's head, shoved his face into her tits. He sucked on her nipple moaning as she resumed stroking his cock.

"I wanted you to fuck me so hard." She whispered. "I wish you could have just slammed me and blown a big fucking load in my cunt while your father watched his precious football."

"Sorry," he moaned as he switched to sucking her other nipple. "I couldn't do it that hard."

"You'll do it hard now."

Mom stepped over and putting her knee up on one of the stools, pushed her ass out at him. Her ass was below the counter and close enough to the column that Vince could stay behind it as he plunged his cock inside his mother.

This time he went at her the way he wished he could out there. He hammered away at his mother's juicy cunt with long hard strokes that had her putting her face in her hands to muffle her yelps.

The TV was loud enough dad couldn't hear the sound of his son pounding his mother's flesh and Vince took it up a notch, tearing into her so hard, mom had to grab the edge of the counter to so the stool wouldn't spin.

She was low enough she could have her tits hanging out and letting her hips go, Vince reached around beneath her and squeezed her nipples as he fucked her. He gasped when something struck his balls and he looked down to see she was playing with her clit as he fucked her.

"Hold on until I come, honey, please." She whispered. "You do it, I'll give you a big treat." She giggled in between her soft yelps. "Your father too."

He wasn't sure what she meant, but was sure of one thing...his mother was the hottest raunchiest woman he'd ever met. With a bit of a mean streak too as she stared over the counter, watching his father while his son fucked her and played with her tits.

"Little more." Mom moaned as her pussy contracted around his cock.

"Keep going, baby. Keep fucking mommy. Fuck her while your real man daddy watches his stupid game."

Mom whimpered, then kept whispering as her words worked her closer to her orgasm.

"You sat there and ate your mother's cunt and I came in his ear. That's how fucking clueless he is. I had a big hard dick inside me while I watched TV with him." She giggled. "Wonder what his 'boys' would think of him if he knew he was getting his son's sloppy seconds on the few occasions I actually fuck his pathetic ass."

Mom's words had him going too and he whimpered as he fought to hold off. He knew he'd lose the race if she didn't come soon. He let go of her right tit and with no hesitation, shoved his finger in her ass again.

Mom put her head down and squealed into the counter as her pussy convulsed around him. Her asshole contracted around his thrusting finger and she bucked so wildly, he had to get his arm around her waist so she wouldn't fall off the stool.

Vince had to slow his thrusting so he wouldn't come, but mom seemed fine with that, whimpering softly as she rocked back into him as the twitching in her pussy and ass slowed down and became less pronounced.

"Hey, Diane!" Dad called out. "Can you put extra butter on the pop corn?"

"No problem, honey!" Mom called out.

Vince grabbed her hips, prepared to finally come, but mom pulled her dress up, then slid off the stool and straightened, causing his cock to pop out from inside her.

“Hold on.” She winked at him. “Told you I’d give you a treat.”

“I...what are you doing?” Vince remained behind the column as his mother went to the cupboard.

She grabbed a bag of microwave popcorn and putting it in the microwave set it for three minutes.

She walked back over to him and without pausing, dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth. Vince stifled a loud cry as his mother bobbed her head rapidly. Mom loved sucking his cock and she usually took her time. She’s lick, stroke, tease, and really enjoy him.

This time however, mom was sucking like it was a competition. She worked her head rapidly taking the full length of his sizable cock easily down her throat. He groaned each time her lips touched the base of his cock and she emitted a wet gagging sound that always drove him crazy.

Mom was pounding his cock into her mouth so hard her eyes were watering and mixture of spit precum and at this point her own juices were oozing down her chin. Her stunning green eyes were on his and bright with lust as she gobbled his son's cock like an out of control porn star.

“Oh, oh fuck, mom.” Vince grabbed her head, wrapping his hands in her long blonde hair and loving the way his mother was now completely covered.

His mother on her knees in her new sexy dress and fuck me shoes, sucking her son's cock while his father was in the next room. Vince groaned when mom added her hand in the mix, stroking him as she sucked.

“Yes.” He moaned. “Please don’t stop sucking mom! Please!”

Mom took him all the way once more and slipping her tongue out licked his balls while shaking her head. Vince slapped his hand over his mouth to cut off the loud cry that escaped him as his cock erupted in his mother’s mouth.

Mom squealed and her eyes widened, but she kept sucking. Eyes watering, moaning, gagging and slurping for every drop her son could give her. Vince squirmed against the column, whimpering as his mother used her considerable cock sucking skill to drain every drop from her son’s balls.

“Stop.” He gasped when he had nothing left and she kept sucking anyway. Her mouth was full of cum and it sliding over his sensitive head was driving him crazy.

He jumped when the microwave went off and quickly rising to her feet, mom went over to it. She removed the bag of popcorn, opened it and with a

wink, opened wide and let the mouthful of cum she'd been holding drool out into.

“No.” Vince whispered, stunned. “You wouldn’t.”

Mom moved her head back and forth, pushing her cum coated tongue out and pushing every drop of white fluid into the bag. When she was done, she closed the bag and shook it in one hand while she reached up and got a bowl from the shelf.

She put the bowl down and poured the popcorn into it. Grabbing a spoon she mixed it around until the sticky white fluid could no longer be seen.

“Told you this would be a treat for both of you.” Mom smiled, and kissing his cheek walked into the parlor.

She reached around dad, handing him the bowl. “Here you go, honey!”

“Thanks!” Dad replied, “Extra butter?”

Even as he asked, he popped some of it into his mouth causing Vince to grimace.

With a big smile mom nodded. “Trust me, Roger, there’s plenty extra in there!”

The End

