

Peeping Tom Mom  
by Kathy Andrews

## FOREWORD

PEEPING TOM MOM is the story of a teenage boy and his mother. They find themselves victims of the ravages of sexual need, and seek release in the heat of each other's body. They have no trouble setting aside the traditional taboo against incest as their lust becomes the most important factor in their lives.

Once they break the taboo, one perversion leads to another until they find themselves roaming the streets of their small town, mother and son peeping through windows and looking for cheap thrills. Their friends are drawn into the web of carnal delight and their lives are devoted to greater and greater pleasures.

This account of sexual aberration is strictly fictional, but we all know that some of our neighbors and acquaintances are acting out these scenes in their real, everyday lives. In these pages, those of us who've had no first hand knowledge of these practices can get a glimpse of what goes on behind the drawn drapes of middle America.

## CHAPTER ONE

The woman's cunt was hairy, very hairy. Peggy Mason stood outside the window in the darkness, peeking into the bedroom. The woman, about her age, was on her back, legs wide apart. Her tits, Peggy noticed with pleasure, were not nearly as good as her own. Neither were the woman's legs; nor her hips, nor her waist. But, although Peggy's cunt was quite hairy, it was nothing compared to the hair that covered this woman's cunt.

In fact, Peggy found nothing really attractive about this woman. She was average in looks, average in height and weight, nothing special to look at.

Crouching in the shrubbery, the full moon over her shoulder, Peggy watched the woman, feeling oddly excited. It wasn't exactly the woman that excited her; she had seen plenty of naked women before, mostly while in school. Her excitement came from the fact that the woman had no idea someone was peeking in the window, seeing her naked.

Peggy had never been a window peeper. She had never thought that that would excite her. Peggy got her kicks by doing, not looking. Still, there was a tingling between her thighs, and her tits seemed a bit more swollen, her nipples especially.

She would not have been crouching in the bushes now, looking in at the naked woman, if it had not been for her son, Jeff.

He had been acting strangely lately, and she found he was slipping out of the house late at night when he thought she was asleep. After giving some thought to it, Peggy had followed her son the night before and was surprised to see him looking into lighted windows. She had not peeked into any windows herself, but had followed her son for a while. Finally she went back home, troubled by what she had discovered about her son.

She could easily see why this naked woman would excite Jeff, though. This was the window he had looked in the longest the night before. But then, any naked woman would probably excite him. He was at the age where something of this sort would thrill the hell out of him. And the woman in the bedroom, lying on the bed, her legs wide apart, was one of the teachers in his school. Peggy had met her, talked to her.

Of course she would appeal to Jeff, Peggy thought as she watched the woman start fondling herself. In a way, it excited her, too, watching a woman caress her naked body. The excitement was, Peggy knew, the idea of watching without anyone knowing she was watching.

She stayed for a while longer, but when the woman began to vigorously finger-fuck herself, Peggy turned and went quietly back to the sidewalk and started home.

It bothered her that Jeff was going out late at night and watching people secretly. The town was not that large; everyone knew everyone. If her son should be caught, they would have to move, and quickly, because Peggy would be unable to face the shame.

Maybe she should not have gone out this night and looked into that window. But the urge to see what her son had been watching the night before had been too strong for her to resist. And now that she knew, what was she going to do about it? Bawl him out, whip his little ass? Peggy had not spanked her son. She could, maybe explain to him that what he was doing was wrong, that he could be caught and they would have to move. All his friends were here, too. That might be a good argument with him. They had lived here for ten years, ever since Peggy had divorced his father. They knew almost everyone.

Reaching her home, she paused and looked at the dark house. It was much too big for the two of them, but it was given to her by her grandfather. There were no payments and no rent to come out of what money she had. The only light in the house was coming from her son's bedroom. Feeling a bit guilty, Peggy slipped alongside the house until she could look into her son's bedroom.

Jeff was on his bed, wearing white shorts. She could see the slight bulge of his cock, and somehow that thrilled her. She had not seen her son undressed for the past few years. She had, of course, seen him in bathing trunks and cutoff jeans, but seeing him in his shorts was different. It was erotic, she thought. Yes, that was it... erotic.

Her eyes stared at the bulge of his cock. Jeff had a book propped up on his chest, and as she watched, he started getting a hard-on. Peggy's breath caught in her throat as she watched his cock swell, growing into hardness. She could now see the outline of his cock, even the swollen head. There was a twitch between her thighs, and Peggy realized her cunt was hot, very hot and wet. In fact, she was so wet the crotch of her panties was becoming soaked.

Peggy could hardly believe what she was feeling. She could never be sexually attracted to her son, never. Yet, at this moment, she found it very difficult to pull her gaze from his cock. His was not a very large cock, at least from what she could see in the window. But Jeff was still young, and his cock would grow. He was expected to grow, to learn. But her? She certainly was not expected to feel so wet and hot between her thighs! She was not expected to become aroused so intensely by the sight of her son's cock, so very hard inside those white shorts.

She saw her son move his hand down his stomach, then lightly press his palm upon his prick.

That was all he did.

And her cunt almost exploded with an orgasm.

Weird, Peggy thought. Weird as hell!

Jeff did nothing else, just pressed his cock, and then removed his hand. And she almost came in her fucking panties!

Peggy slipped away from the window, aware that she was shaking, that her legs felt weak, that her cunt was almost boiling. She stood in front of the house for a time, her mind reeling, confusion flooding her.

The house was old, but in good condition. Like most old homes, there was a front porch, and a porch swing, with two other chairs near by. Peggy climbed the stairs slowly and sat in the wooden porch swing, rocking back and forth. She folded her hands in her lap and thought. But all her thoughts were jumbled up, the hardness of her son's cock getting into her mind, her weird reaction to the sight. It was possible, she thought, her response to that would have been the same if it were any man, some stranger she had seen through the window. Peggy wasn't certain about that since she didn't go around looking into lighted windows.

But her son?

Seeing his cock, making her so very wet and shivery?

But she had not seen his cock--all she had seen was that he had a hard-on.

The night was very warm, with only the slightest of breezes. She swung back and forth slowly in the porch swing; hearing the crickets and the soft, comforting sounds of other night creatures. The hot throbbing of her clit continued, and the puffy lips of her cunt twitched.

Peggy had no idea how long she sat on the porch swing, her thoughts tumbling about in her mind. After a while she stood up and entered the house, her movements stiff and wooden. A quick check on her son told her he was now asleep, and she went into her own room. Turning on the lights, she filled her bedroom with brightness and stood before her mirror looking at herself.

Peggy had long, wavy chestnut-colored hair that hung past her shoulders in soft strands. Her face was slightly oval, like an egg. Her wide eyes were blue. They were wide and clear and sparkled when she felt good. They could, in turn, become cloudy with heat when aroused; still retaining that sparkling look. Her nose was small, right for her face. Her lips, full and moist, drew the eye of these speculating upon her erotic nature. Her neck was long and slender, very graceful.

Peggy opened the man's shirt she wore, sliding it from her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Her tits strained against the confines of a lacy bra. The light brown of her nipples could be seen through the transparent material. As she arched her shoulders, reaching behind to unhook the bra, it looked as though her tits would break free. The bra fluttered to the floor, and Peggy stood with shoulders back, gazing at her tits, turning to view them in profile, then facing the mirror again. Her tits were rounded, firm with a creamy texture to the skin. They sloped downward, then curved sharply underneath. Her nipples pointed out and up, almost toward the ceiling. They were quite sensitive nipples, always swelling at the slightest provocation.

Her tits were, she was pleased to see, a hundred times prettier, firmer, curvier, sweeter than those of the woman her son had been peeking at.

Peggy opened her jeans and shoved them down. They were tight on her hips, and she had to wiggle her ass a bit. She drew them from her feet and they joined the shirt and bra. She stood before the mirror wearing her tight bikini panties, examining her body critically, searching for flaws and finding none.

Her waist was narrow and small, hardly any change since her high school days as a cheerleader. Her stomach was flat, with only the slightest hint of a curve to it. Her belly button was a perky, attractive dimple. A very thin but dark line of hair came from her belly button and disappeared into the elastic of her bikini panties. Peggy rolled the tight panties down, bending to kick free of them, her tits hardly moving, they were so firm and tight.

Her hips rounded outward in a feminine, yet slim way, blending gracefully with her very long, slim thighs. As she placed her knees together, the flesh met sweetly. The hair of her cunt was dark, long and still curly. Although her cunt was quite hairy, hers was nothing like the woman's she had seen tonight, the one that fascinated her son so very much. The hair on Peggy's cunt was thick, a most beautiful triangle. Where some women found it necessary to trim and shave their cunt hair, Peggy had no reason for that. Her cunt hair grew in straight three-sided perfection.

Peggy spread her feet on the floor, and the mirror reflected her body. The pink of her cunt was exposed as she arched her hips forward, the thick curls parting to expose her pussy. Again she looked at herself in profile.

Her ass swelled out teasingly from her waist; curving into her thighs. The crack between those rounded cheeks looked deep and inviting, hot and eager. Turning her back to the mirror, she looked over her shoulder, and gave herself a playful wink, shaking her pretty ass.

"Idiot," she whispered to herself, jerking the sheets down on the bed, then going around and turning off all the lights. The night was too warm for a blanket, so she pulled the sheet up to her neck, turned onto her side, drawing her knees up and shoving her hands between her thighs.

It was a long time before Peggy could sleep.

## CHAPTER TWO

For two days Peggy followed her son around when he slipped out at night.

She watched him closely at home, trying to detect any signs of abnormality. All she found was a normal, healthy young boy, but a boy who was peeking into lighted windows at night.

One day, while he was gone, she searched his room carefully but had no idea what she could be looking for. His nocturnal wanderings had aroused her curiosity. She found a few things that would interest a boy his age a couple of centerfold pictures of naked women, a few books intended to arouse; a rubber still in the tin foil. Nothing at all unusual for a boy like him.

Peggy wasn't sure her son could come. He was still so very young. But the ability to come had nothing to do with interest in sex or looking at naked women.

Peggy was often outspoken and blunt. She was not hesitant to discuss such intimate subjects as sex. But after searching her son's room, she realized she had been neglecting his education in this vital area. The school, she knew very well, failed in this area of teaching. Most schools left that up to the parents, as if they were too ashamed to mention the very words.

She decided to set Jeff down and have a long talk.

But it was her son who did most of the talking.

That evening, after dinner, she sat next to him on the luxuriously soft couch. She took her son's hand and said, "We have to talk about something, honey."

Jeff lifted his wide, innocent eyes to hers, and Peggy felt at a loss for words.

"You wanna talk about sex, Mom?"

Peggy felt her heart flip-flop.

"Well, yes... I think we should, don't you?"

"Sure!" Jeff replied eagerly, his eyes shining. "Are we going to talk about boys or girls?"

His eagerness was contagious, and Peggy smiled at him. "I'm sure you want to talk about girls," she said, her voice strangely husky.

"Yeah!"

In a faltering voice, Peggy began by telling her son she knew what he was doing on those nights he slipped out of the house. She thought he would be embarrassed, but instead Jeff became quite excited.

"I sure see some funny things, Mom," he said, the excitement obvious in his voice. "You should see the things I do! I saw this woman, a teacher, all naked and playing with herself. And that's not all, either. I saw a girl, babysitting, I think, and she had her boyfriend over and she done a lot of things with him."

Peggy knew her son was controlling the conversation now, and his eagerness, his intense excitement, his total lack of embarrassment or shame clutched at her emotions. She observed his excitement and found that, too, becoming contagious. She was surprised to find herself becoming excited, to find her tits swelling, her cunt twitching.

"And there's a man and his wife. I think it's his wife. I've never seen her around town. And, Mom, they were doing it! I saw them doing it!"

She thought briefly of asking him what "doing it" meant, but was afraid Jeff might tell her, and tell her in a way she could not fail to understand.

Jeff went on and on about that, about watching the man and the woman "doing it." The more he talked, the more excited he became. Peggy dipped her gaze and saw her son had a hard-on bulging against the front of his pants. He was working himself up, becoming more and more excited as he told her of seeing the man put "it" in the woman and how they moved and all of it.

Strangely enough, Peggy was becoming intensely excited herself. She wasn't sure if it was because of her son's excitement or the way he described what he had seen. Probably a little of both, she thought.

Then he said, "Come with me, Mom. You can see them doing it, too! It's fun to watch. Come with me, please!"

Peggy felt herself wanting to, and thought she was losing her mind. Go walking around in the dark of night and peeping into windows, secretly watching the private activities of others? Yes, she admitted to herself, it could be exciting. She had a curiosity about what people did when they thought no one was looking. Before she knew it, she was nodding her head in agreement.

As the evening wore on, she found herself becoming as excited as Jeff, hardly able to wait until it was dark enough and late enough. She drank two tall glasses of iced tea and almost went out for cigarettes, a habit she had quit a number of years ago. The fluttering in her heart and the swelling heat between her thighs was bothersome. In fact, she changed her panties twice in one hour because they had become so soaked with her seeping fuck juices. Jeff, going on and on about what they might see, seemed oblivious of his bulging hard-on. His prick swelled against his pants, almost in perfect outline, and Peggy kept shifting her gaze from his cock, only to find she was staring once again.

At midnight, they left the house. Peggy wore a shirt that buttoned down the front and her tight jeans. She even thought about tying a handkerchief over her lower face and giggled about the dramatic idea.

Jeff slipped his hand into hers as they walked, and he walked swiftly, dragging her because she was holding back. Jeff had been peeping into windows for some time before she had discovered it, and he seemed to know just where to go. He didn't search for lighted windows. He passed up some with the comment there was nothing interesting there. They walked past the schoolteacher's house, although her bedroom was lit up.

"This is where I saw the man and his wife," he whispered as they came to a corner house. "And, look, Mom! There's a light in the bedroom! Come on, we don't wanna miss anything!"

Her son pulled her alongside the house, and she was so frightened she tried not to breathe. Jeff pulled her up to the window. It was open, and the soft sound of music drifted to them.

Peering over the sill, Peggy saw a man on the bed. He was stark naked, and his cock and balls were easily seen. She knew the man. He ran the local supermarket, the manager or something. He was always looking at Peggy with a gleam in his eye, making her uncomfortable. His cock was thick and stubby, with an enormous head. His balls, full and large, were the hairiest Peggy had ever seen.

"Will you hurry the fuck up!" the man called out to someone in the bathroom.

"I'll be there," came a feminine voice, "just hand job that fucking cock until I'm ready, you horny asshole!"

Peggy felt her son's hand tighten in hers, and she glanced at him. The light from the window reflected on his face, his eyes huge and slightly glazed; his mouth open and his tongue running about his lips. She could hear his heavy breathing and realized how excited he was. Turning her eyes back to the man on the bed, she watched him stroke his throbbing cock slowly.

The deep burning sensation in her cunt became more pronounced, not because she wanted to grab the man's cock herself, but because she was watching him.

A woman stepped into view. Peggy didn't know if it was his wife or not; she had never met the woman. But she was an attractive woman. Tall, with a good body, good tits, and strong legs. Peggy watched the woman lean over the bed and grasp the man's cock. She pumped it a few times, grinning lewdly at him.

The hair on her cunt was almost red, like a burnished copper penny. "You're still hard, I see," the woman said, her other hand cradling his balls, still pumping on his prick. Then the woman leaned forward and kissed the head of the man's cock.

Peggy heard her son gasp in pleasure and felt his fingers grip hers tightly. The man grabbed the back of the woman's head and arched his cock upward, fucking half of his prick into her mouth. The woman struggled away, glaring at him.

"I'm not a fucking cock-sucker, you asshole," the woman said. "You want some pussy, okay, but I won't take that thing in my mouth. You try that again and you can go diddle it yourself."

"Damn it, other women will suck a guy's cock," the man replied.

"How would you know?" the woman said, jacking on his prick again as she sat on the edge of the bed. "Have you been getting blow jobs in the lettuce or something at the store?"

"I bet Peggy Mason would suck a cock," the man said.

Peggy's breath felt like a huge, hot ball in her throat. She shot a glance at her son, and saw his eyes gleaming hotly.

The man, apparently, not only looked at her with those eyes, undressing her all the time, but talked to his wife about her, too. Although what she had heard came as a surprise, she was very much aware of the fiery heat inside her jeans. Being talked about that way sent a rippling shiver up and down her spine. She did not feel any anger against the man. Men talked about women that way all the time.

"You let me catch you with this cock in her fucking mouth, or anyplace else, and I'll shove it up your asshole, buddy boy," the woman said.

"I still think she'd suck a guy's cock off, under the right circumstances," the man said, fondling the woman's tits.

"Well, you just pretend my cunt is her mouth," the woman snickered, swinging her legs over him so that she was half-sitting and half-squatting above his upright cock. "You can fantasize about her sucking you while I fuck it. I bet my pussy is wetter and hotter than her mouth, anyway. Besides, you old fart, you've never had better pussy than mine."

Peggy was holding her breath and her eyes were huge and hot as she watched them. Her cunt was boiling, something she had not expected to feel earlier. Her son was gripping her hand very hard, his breathing even louder now. She just hoped the man and woman were much too excited to hear him.

She watched the woman reach behind her naked ass and take hold of the man's cock, twisting her ass until she had the swollen head

positioned. Peggy and her son could see the hairy wetness of the woman's cunt, and they stared as the big head of his cock disappeared into that wet pussy.

"Oooooooooo, so big and nice!" the woman murmured, her eyes closed as she settled herself down, the man's cock fully inside her pussy. "God, I love it when you're so hard and big!"

The woman leaned over and braced her body with her hands, her tits dangling close to the man's face. She began to thrust her spreading ass up and down, her cunt fucking his cock slowly as she mewled with pleasure. Peggy and Jeff were in a position to see the woman's cunt stretching about the man's cock, to see the glistening wetness on him, to watch his balls writhe

and draw up. The pucker of the woman's asshole winked as she moved her ass.

Jeff tightened his fingers about his mother's hand, squeezing hard. Peggy was breathing heavily now, fascinated by what she was watching. She had never felt so aroused in her life. Her tits seemed painfully swollen, and her nipples felt as if they would burst. Her cunt was on fire and her ass flexed, her knees becoming weak. She could feel her son trembling next to her and felt an almost overpowering desire to grab his cock. Somehow, she managed to keep her hands off him, her eyes wide and hot as she watched the man and woman fucking. The woman was bouncing her naked ass up and down faster now, groaning loudly. She wiggled her ass and slammed down hard on the man,, grinding her crotch against him as she took his cock as deep as she could.

"Oh, you hot fucker, you!" the woman groaned. I love that cock, Hank! You're so fucking big in my cunt! God, do you stretch my pussy! Oooo, I'm going to suck your cock off!"

The man ached his hips up and clawed his fingers into the woman's ass, trying to bring her down tighter. "You've sure got a hot one," he groaned. "Always so fucking hot and wet! Has your cunt always been this hot and wet?"

"Always!" the woman gurgled, fucking her cunt up and down on his cock again. "I've always had a hot cunt, and you know it! Now, shut the fuck up and let's get to going, you asshole!"

Peggy had to lean against the house, her knees shaking very badly. She felt as if she would be coming in no time. The way the woman swung her naked ass up and down, she and her son could hear the wet slapping sounds. She wanted to curl her hand between her thighs and press hard against her bubbling cunt, but one hand was bracing herself on the wall and Jeff was clutching her other hand so tightly, she wondered if she would have a broken finger or two when he released her.

The man was thrusting his hips up and down now while the woman held her ass up. She and her son could watch his cock penetrate the woman's hair-rimmed, very wet cunt. They could see her pink flesh cling to his cock, then sink inward as the man fucked into her powerfully, his balls tight now at the base.

"Uh... uh... uh!" the woman gasped as the man fucked his cock in and out, causing her tits to swing and sway. Her nipples were long and hard. She had her head back, her eyes closed, her face contorted with ecstasy. "Bang me! Bang the piss out of my cunt! Ohhhh, Hank, fuck the hell out of me!"

"I'll fuck your hot ass!" the man grunted, fucking powerfully into her pussy. "I'll reclaim your cunt good! I'm going to fuck you until smoke comes out of your fucking ass!"

"Oh, God... yes, yes!" the woman wailed.

The woman's naked ass cheeks jiggled from the force of his fucking, her tits swinging about. The man clawed at her ass, spreading her ass cheeks, unknowingly revealing the fullness of her cunt and asshole to Peggy and Jeff. He hunched up and down, grunting with his effort. "I'm about to come!" the man growled. "Ready? Are you ready to come with me?"

"Go... go... go!" the woman shouted, her naked body shaking now. "Squirt it to me! Shoot it in my cunt! Ooooo, I'm there! I'm coming... I'm coming!"

The man fucked hard into her cunt, holding his cock deep. His balls became very tight, then writhed as he yelled in ecstasy, his body stiff.

Peggy and Jeff were frozen at the window, their eyes hazy with passion. Jeff continued to cling to his mother's hand in a painful manner, but Peggy felt no pain. They watched the woman relax, sliding her legs down the man's, her naked ass shivering as she stretched out on top of him, kissing about his face. The man caressed her back, but spent most of his time feeling the cheeks of her ass and thighs.

Finally the woman rolled from him, and his cock glistened wetly. Peggy and Jeff stood there, watching them stroke and fondle each other. The woman bent one leg at the knee, swinging it back and forth, running her hand about her tits and down into the thick curls of her cunt.

"Now tell, me a blow job is better than that," the woman said. "There isn't a mouth around that can do what my cunt can do to your cock, Hank."

"You're probably right," the man said. "Still I'd bet a head of lettuce to a rotten tomato that Peggy Mason could suck a mean cock."

"You think any pretty woman will suck your cock," the woman replied.

"I'd sure like to have her give me a knob job," the man said, teasing the woman now. "I'd drink up a few gallons of her piss just to see how pretty her cunt was."

"You're a fucking pervert," the woman snorted. "All you think about is getting blow jobs."

"Hell, a guy can dream, can't he? When did they pass a law saying a guy couldn't dream about that?"

"Dream all you want, lover boy," the woman said, sitting up and swinging her legs over the side of the bed. "Just make sure you don't go sticking that cock anyplace but up my cunt, you hear me?"

Peggy and her son saw the woman enter the bathroom, and she pulled at her son's hand, wanting to get away now.

Jeff came along reluctantly. On the sidewalk he said, "But, Mom, they'll do it again. They always do it two times."

"We're going home," Peggy said firmly.

Jeff walked beside her quietly. She knew that if he had been by himself he would have stayed and watched them again. But she wanted to go home. There was the strangest feeling in her. Her cunt was very wet, almost soaking the crotch of her jeans. Her nipples were so sensitive and tender she could hardly stand the way they brushed against her shirt.

Entering the house, she told her son to get into bed and go to sleep. Once she made sure he was in his room; she went to her own. The scene remained in her mind, and the comments of the man seemed to burn there, too. She had had no idea he thought of her that way. She had been nervous enough when he looked at her that she had started going to the more expensive market down the street.

Climbing into bed, Peggy could not resist doing something she thought was a long-gone childhood habit--she began playing with herself.

The scene she and Jeff had witnessed had excited her more than she would have thought. Her cunt was fiery, her pussy lips swollen, her clit tingling and almost too sensitive for her to touch.

Peggy turned onto her stomach and drew her knees under, raising her ass high. She spread her knees and placed her face on a pillow sideways, her tits on the bed as she bowed her back. She shoved her right hand to her hairy cunt and squeezed a tit with her left. She rubbed at her cunt, waving her naked, succulent ass about, moaning softly, her eyes closed. The tingling pleasure grew inside her, then became intense. She was about to come, and her fingers moved faster and faster. Her moans became louder. The scene of the woman fucking the man burned in bright heat behind her eyes, and she saw it all once more as her fingers agitated her clit into a shattering orgasm.

She remained with her naked ass high in the air, her breathing slowing. Finally she shoved her legs out straight and rested on her stomach, the cheeks of her sweetly rounded ass quivering.

"Peggy Mason, the cock-sucker," she whispered to herself.

A soft giggle bubbled from her. She pictured herself with that man, on her knees, surrounded by fresh leafy lettuce, sucking his stubby cock hungrily.



"That's the silliest thing ever," she whispered to the darkened room. "If I was going to suck some man's cock, it sure wouldn't be his!"

Since she had been out so late the night before, Peggy didn't wake up until almost ten that morning.

The sunlight came in the window, and for a moment she wondered why that was. She always pulled the drapes. A frown came over her pretty face, remembering how excited she had been when she and Jeff got back home. She had forgotten to pull those damned drapes! She wondered vaguely if someone else had been prowling the neighborhood, someone peeking in at her as she finger-fucked herself so wickedly.

So what? She thought; stretching and yawning. Give the horny kid a break. She swung her long beautiful legs over the bed and sat up. Her eyes became wide. Why would it have to be a horny kid peeking at her? If anyone peeped at her, it could just as easily have been a man, or a woman. Why did she think it would be a kid?

Jeff, for instance.

She shrugged that thought away and stood up. She walked nakedly into her bathroom and added scented oils as the tub filled. She sat on the toilet as the tub filled, watching the steam rise. Steam like last night, she thought to herself with a soft giggle. I was sure steaming last night. I never felt so damned hot in my life. Did Jeff... Peggy frowned, but the thought remained. Did Jeff jack off in his bed, the way I did to make myself come? The image of her son in his bed, his cock gripped by a fist, pumping frantically up and down, sent a thrill shooting from her toes to her head.

Peggy sank into the hot water, leaning back as the heat soothed her flesh. She found herself wondering about the coming night, if Jeff would want her to go out with him again... and if she would go. Mother and son, she thought, wandering around at night and looking in windows, watching people fucking! It was about as crazy as could be. A man, or a boy, peeping it windows was common enough, and perhaps a girl or woman now and then but mother and son? Crazy as all hell, that was for sure!

Crazy it may have been, but Peggy found herself anxiously waiting for darkness. Jeff was in and out of the house most of the day and she had little time to talk to him. However, she found her gaze straying to the front of his pants every time he came in the door. She wondered if she was looking to see if his cock was hard or not, and wondered why she was looking at his crotch in the first place.

Jeff paid no particular attention to her, no more or less than he always did. In a way, she felt he should be talking to her, looking at her, or something. After all they had, just the night before, shared one unusual thing together. Somehow Peggy felt he should act differently toward her, but she wasn't just sure how.

During dinner, he talked about his day, who he had seen and played with. But not once did he mention what they had seen the night before. Nothing had changed. Every thing was as it had always been. Peggy was beginning to wonder if her son was a Jekyll and Hyde type boy. Maybe he was a little boy during the day, and, when it was dark, became a horny boy who had to peep into windows and watch people fucking. The idea was outlandish to her. If a boy or girl was horny, they were horny whether it was day or night. At least they were, to her way of thinking. Day or night had nothing to do with when a person got all steamy for a fuck...or a jack off... a finger fuck. They were horny no matter what time of day or night it was.

At bedtime, Jeff still gave no indication about her going with him. She was becoming nervous again. Not nervous, really, but anxious. Peggy had to admit to herself she wanted to go with him, and maybe they could see more excitement together.

At eleven, Jeff came to her. "Ready to go, Mom?"

Peggy's heart thudded. "Go where?" she asked innocently.

"Like last night, Mom," he said. "Don't you wanna go with me tonight?"

Peggy was in her chair, and he stood near. Her eyes raked the front of his pants, but he didn't have a hard-on. Then she noticed her son was gazing openly at her thighs. Her skirt had hiked up past her knees as she sat there, almost to her lap. Peggy didn't flush or feel embarrassed. Instead, her gaze went back down to his pants, and she admitted she was disappointed by his lack of a hard-on. She stood up, saying, "Let me change first."

Again she dressed in tight jeans and shirt, wondering why she felt it necessary. Her skin and blouse would have been okay, and probably cooler since it was so hot.

By the time she had locked the door and put the key into her pocket, Jeff was clutching her hand again, and they walked off down the sidewalk. The street lamps cast a silvery kind of harsh light, and they walked slowly. Peggy noticed her son was looking at houses as they walked and hoped he would not choose a house nearby.

Roughly four blocks away, he pulled his mother off the sidewalk and they crept silently along the side of a house until they reached a lighted window. Peggy wondered how many people in this town left lights on in the bedroom, with the drapes wide open. It was, she thought, almost as if they wanted someone to peek in at them, to watch the things they did with one another.

There was no one in the bedroom, but when she started to pull at Jeff's hand, he drew her back, whispering, "Wait, Mom. Someone will be here in a minute." Jeff was right.

A man and woman came from an adjoining bathroom, both of them naked and still damp from a shower or bath. Peggy recognized the man right away. He was the young doctor who had recently set up practice in town. She had seen him once for a minor throat problem. The woman she knew, too. And it sure wasn't the doctor's wife. It was Sandra, Peggy's next door neighbor. Peggy wondered if Sandra's husband knew what was going on. He probably didn't; he was out of town so much on his job as a salesman.

"That's Sandra," Jeff whispered excitedly.

"Shhhh!" Peggy shushed him. "They might hear us."

"The window is closed, Mom," Jeff pointed out. He was staring with hot eyes into the room. "She's so pretty," he whispered. "Pretty titties, too."

Peggy gasped. Jeff had never said things like that in front of her before. But she had not gone out peeping into windows before, either, with or without her son.

Sandra was a tall redhead, with the creamy flesh usually associated with a redhead. Her green eyes shined with friendliness all the time. Her tits jutted out beautifully, with pale pink nipples. Even the hair on her cunt was red, Peggy noticed; She had very long, very luscious legs, and a swelling ass that was almost boyish.

The doctor was tall, with dark hair and dark eyes and a muscular body. His cock, standing out very hard with a huge head, was covered at the base with dark hair, but surprisingly he had very little hair on his balls.

"Have you seen them before, Jeff?" Peggy whispered to her son.

"Only the doctor," Jeff whispered back, "and with a different woman, his wife, I think. I've never seen Sandra with him. I saw her in her bedroom once, though."

Peggy had not realized just how beautiful her next door neighbor was until now. In fact, she would not have suspected that Sandra would be with any man except her own husband. And here she was, stark naked with the new doctor in town.

They watched the doctor and Sandra hug each other, kissing hotly. The doctor's hands moved down Sandra's back and caressed the swell of her ass, squeezing her ass cheeks as he pulled her lower body against his hard-on.

Peggy was breathing noisily as she saw Sandra pull back from the doctor, looking down

at his cock with a smile on her face and heat in her green eyes. Sandra went to her knees before the doctor, caressing his cock with both her hands, grinning wickedly up at him. The doctor held her head, urging Sandra's lips to his prick. Peggy saw Sandra say something to the man, but they could not hear because of the closed window.

Sandra ran her tongue from her lips. Peggy thought it was the longest tongue she had ever seen. Sandra lapped the head of the doctor's cock, twirling her tongue about, then licked up and down the thick prick shaft. When she got to the cock head again, she opened her mouth, took his prick inside and sucked on his cock for awhile. Sandra, Peggy noticed, could not take all of it into her mouth, but only about half. But what she could do with that half sent a burning stab of hunger through Peggy, making her cunt throb and seep against the tight crotch of her jeans. The seam of Peggy's jeans was tight against her cunt, smashing at her clit, and she wiggled her ass as she watched Sandra sucking the doctor's thick cock.

After a few moments, the doctor pulled Sandra to her feet; kissed her again; then sat her on the edge of the bed. The doctor squatted on the floor as he spread Sandra's legs wide. Peggy heard her son grunt as they saw Sandra's wet, pink cunt. The red hair was thick at the top, thinning out along the puffy, steamy lips of her cunt. They could see the hardness of Sandra's clit.

"Oooooooo, Jeff moaned as the doctor squatted between Sandra's opened thighs, kissing and licking at them. They could see his tongue lick at the soft, creamy inner surfaces, going toward Sandra's cunt. "That's nice."

Peggy shivered, almost feeling the doctor's tongue probing her thighs. Jeff was not clutching her hand tonight, and she moved it along her lower stomach, but not quite touching her crotch.

Sandra was leaning back on her elbows, her legs spread very wide, her eyes closed; her red hair hanging down. The doctor ran his tongue higher, and then Peggy moaned as she saw him flick his tongue tip about Sandra's clit. She stared with hot, glassy eyes as the man lapped up and down Sandra's cunt, licking from her asshole to the tip of her clit, up and down... up and down. Sandra shook, lifting her hips from the bed and grinding her cunt into the doctor's face. Peggy and Jeff could almost see his tongue as it dipped into Sandra's cunt, flicking in and out like a cock. The man was holding the naked cheeks of Sandra's ass, lifting Sandra's bubbling cunt into his face. The doctor seemed to bury his face into that wet hairy cunt and smear his cheeks.

Again the doctor began lapping his tongue up and down Sandra's cunt, wiggling it into her pussy now and then, but paying most of his attention to her rigid clit. Sandra, Peggy and Jeff could see, was twisting and churning her cunt into the man's face with ecstasy. Once in a while a shudder seemed to go through Sandra, and Peggy realized she was coming time and again.

Before she knew it, Peggy had her palm resting on the front of her son's pants, feeling the hot hardness of his cock on her palm. She had no idea how her hand had gotten there. She was sure her son had not pulled her hand to his cock, and she didn't remember putting it there herself. She felt his cock throb and her cunt boiled into a small orgasm, making her moan softly.

The doctor, still squatting between Sandra's thighs, was licking up and down the woman's cunt with obvious hunger. He fucked his tongue deep into Sandra's pussy, his mouth wide open. It seemed to Peggy that he was sucking on those puffy, hairy cunt lips as he fucked his tongue back and forth. Sandra was hunching her crotch up and down, grinding into his face and, from her expression of intense ecstasy, probably coming like crazy.

Peggy wished she could hear them, as well as see. But the window was closed and not a sound came to her. She still felt her son's cock against her palm, and it seemed that Jeff was pushing his prick harder into her hand. Her mind was telling her to move her hand, but her cunt was telling her to leave it there.

The doctor had shoved Sandra's legs back until her knees were smashing her tits, burying his face into her crotch. Peggy saw the doctor drag his tongue about Sandra's asshole, licking at the pucker, then move his tongue back to her extremely wet and slippery cunt, lapping at the fuck juices eagerly. Sandra had her legs high in the air, twisting her head from side to side, obviously squealing or moaning or something as the doctor made her come and come with him.

is lips and tongue.

Finally the doctor allowed Sandra to rest. Sandra's long legs hung over the edge of the bed, wide apart, her cunt twitching visibly. Peggy watched Sandra say something to the doctor, which made him laugh. His cock, when he stood up, thrust out hard at an angle. Since the lights were bright and Peggy and Jeff were hardly five feet away, Peggy could see his cock was dripping from the piss hole. She ran her tongue over her lips as she stared at it, wondering what that thick cock would feel like between her lips, if she could get his prick all in her mouth, could deep throat his cock. Sandra had been unable to.

Feeling her son's cock throbbing against her palm, Peggy shot a quick glance at Jeff. He did not look up at her; he was totally absorbed in what they were watching. She thought it would be best if she moved her hand, yet she didn't want to. The fire between her thighs sent shivering thrills up and down her spine and not all of that feeling was because of watching Sandra and the young doctor. Part of that delicious sensation was because she was pressing upon her son's hard cock. She felt only a minor guilt as her son pressed his cock harder into her palm. She should not have touched him there. Still, she didn't know how her hand got there in the first place.

The doctor had moved onto the bed with Sandra, lying on his back, arms under his head, his cock standing up very hard and beautiful. The thick mat of hair at the base created an intense erotic picture to Peggy. Her eyes burned upon the sight as the heat boiled through her body, fuck juices seeping from her cunt so hot they seemed to be scalding her flesh. Sandra shifted on the bed, her green eyes still somewhat glazed from the many orgasms the man had given her with his tongue and lips.

Peggy and her son watched Sandra stroking the doctor's thighs and hips, her face near his prick, her expression one of eager anticipation. Sandra drew teasing circles about his balls with the tips of her fingers, whispering something to the man, who nodded and grinned down at her. Sandra cradled his balls, twisting and squeezing them, causing the man to close his eyes with delight. Sandra's face was close to his hip, and Peggy moaned with desire as she saw the woman's pink tongue flick out. She heard her son grunt as they saw Sandra lick at the man's flesh with the tip of her tongue, her hand on his balls sliding up to grip that thick; hard cock, to stroke a few times, to squeeze with a sensuous, loving pressure. And, all the time, Sandra's tongue was flicking about his flesh, moving over his hip and darting along his thigh, tasting, kissing.

Peggy's cunt quivered, twitched, and she moaned low in her throat as an orgasm suddenly ripped through her. The sound she made caused her son to glance up at her, but Peggy was the one now absorbed in what Sandra was doing with and to the young doctor. She did not see the look her son gave her, but she did feel the greater pressure of his throbbing hard-on against her palm. Peggy pressed her hand against his cock and moved slightly, rubbing him there. Inside the window, Sandra had parted the man's thighs, running her tongue about the inner flesh of them. Sandra was on her stomach with the lower half of her legs hanging over the bed, her naked ass swelling up in twin, lovely cheeks. Her ass writhed as she lapped almost gently at the insides of the man's thighs, her tongue making circles. Peggy saw Sandra suck at his flesh, her lips pursed, her eyes open and fiery with an intense, hungry desire.

Peggy had never seen anyone so hungry to kiss and lick between someone's thighs. She thought the young doctor had been hungry for Sandra's pretty cunt, but Sandra seemed like a woman starved, as if the thick hard cock and almost hairless balls were her sole source of life. Sandra pressed her face into the man's crotch, burying it there and twisting from side to side, her naked ass twisting lewdly. Peggy and Jeff watched Sandra rub the man's balls all over and into her face, both knowing the ecstasy Sandra felt from her expressions. Oddly enough, it was Sandra's ecstasy that Peggy enjoyed more, not the pleasure the man must surely be getting from this. Jeff, on the other hand, was considering the feeling the doctor must have because that lovely face of his next door neighbor was rubbing into his crotch. His cock throbbed very hard against his mother's palm, and he twisted slightly, rubbing the hard-on into her hand. Peggy responded by applying more pressure upon her son's cock.

Sandra was licking up and down the man's prick now, her tongue protruding what looked like a good three inches to Peggy. Again Peggy licked her lips, almost tasting the hot hardness of the man's cock. Sandra twirled her tongue about that swollen cock head, swiped it about the smooth tip, licking up the dripping fuck juices. Again Sandra took, the doctor's swollen cock into her mouth and nibbled her lips around the head, sliding her mouth downward. Peggy watched

hed as Sandra struggled to take more of that hard cock into her mouth. She still could not swallow more than half. But Sandra sucked hungrily on that half, using her fist on the rest, licking up and down, her other hand busy with his delightful balls. As Sandra lifted her "mouth from the doctors cock, Peggy moaned as if she had lost the taste. Sandra kissed the smooth cock-head, then licked down the prick-shaft and onto his balls. Her lips opened widely, and one of the man's balls disappeared into her wet, hot mouth. The doctor twisted his hips, grinding his crotch into Sandra's face. He shoved his hands from his head downward, cupping Sandra's cheeks while he looked down the length of his body, watching her suck and lick at his sensitive balls. Sandra's naked ass was twisting around in a more pronounced manner, Peggy saw. Knowing herself, Peggy knew very well Sandra was most likely enjoying many orgasms; just by sucking and licking the man's balls and cock. She, too, had come when sucking cock, so she was very familiar with what Sandra was feeling. Going from ball to ball, Sandra sucked them both, once trying to get both of them into her mouth and failing just as she had with his cock. But her tongue and lips were all over his balls, kissing, sucking, and licking. As she used her mouth, her hands were busy with his cock, stroking, feeling, pumping, and squeezing. Once, Sandra lifted the doctor's legs, pressing them back to bring his ass off the bed. Peggy gurgled in a hot, soft way as she watched Sandra's tongue flutter about the man's asshole, her nose and eyes pressing into his balls. Sandra licked at the doctor's asshole for a while, then let his legs down, going back to his cock and balls, running her tongue up and down the prick-shaft, sucking the swollen cock-head between her lips, then licking the shaft of his prick again, lapping at his balls. The man was beginning to wiggle about now, and he said something to Sandra. Peggy wished they could listen to what was being talked about, knowing the words would increase her excitement and probably that of her son. Peggy realized that Sandra was having herself an erotic time, giving the man a fantastic tongue job between his thighs. His cock jerked about, throbbing and becoming harder and thicker, and longer all the time. Now and then, when Sandra probed an especially sensitive area in his crotch, the man would lift his shoulders from the bed, his handsome face contorted with almost unbearable pleasure. When he did that, it seemed to delight Sandra. Peggy could almost hear the tinkling giggles the lovely woman made as the man almost doubled up with ecstasy. Sandra began running her tongue swiftly about his balls and cock, going to his swollen prick-head and sucking, then moving back down again. The man was twisting and thrashing around almost as if in pain now. But Peggy knew it was not pain but the most intense of all ecstasy. He was close to coming, and Sandra knew it as well as Peggy. Her tongue and lips moved swiftly, going all over his cock and balls, her swelling naked ass writhing and grinding on the bed now. Obviously Sandra was enjoying strong multiple orgasms, Peggy realized.

The doctor came.

Thick, creamy come juice gushed from the piss hole of his cock, flying almost a foot into the air, then arching back to splash directly into his belly button. Sandra raced her lips and tongue up his squirting cock, but he spurted once more, this time spattering her face. Then Sandra had her lips around the head of his cock, her cheeks sinking inward; then ballooning out, sucking in a frenzy, taking his spewing come juice into her mouth.

Peggy's cunt convulsed again with a very strong, very hot orgasm. She moaned loudly before she could stop the sound, and her son pressed his cock hard against her palm. Her tongue ran over her lips as though she were jealous of what Sandra had in her mouth, jealous of the sweet, thick come juice flooding her throat.

She became aware that her son was twisting his hips, rubbing his cock hard into her hand. There was an increase in the throbbing. She felt the writhing of his prick through his pants. Wetness soaked through and onto her palm, and she realized her son had come, too. He had come off in his pants.

They stayed a bit longer, both fascinated, to watch Sandra remove her lips from the doctor's cock, flick her tongue over the piss hole, then started licking away the come juice on his stomach; The scene they had just witnessed had created a flurry of erotic sensations within Peggy, and she knew how much her son had enjoyed it. The evidence of that was the mess in his pants.

They watched Sandra crawl up and rest beside the man, her naked body pressed against his. They kissed and fondled each other, talking. The doctor lit up a cigarette, sharing it with Sandra. Even without being hard, the man's cock seemed to remain thick and long. His prick fascinated Peggy, just as Sandra's pretty cunt seemed to fascinate Jeff.

Finally Peggy pulled at his hand, and they went back to the sidewalk. Both were emotio

nally drained, holding hands as they started back home. They didn't talk. Yet both Peggy and Jeff were aware that something had changed between them this night. Peggy did not mention feeling his cock through his pants, nor did Jeff comment on it.

Peggy realized she was excited.

She had suppressed her natural erotic nature for too many years, and now it was bubbling from her. Seeing the things she had seen the past two nights was creating a storm of erotic feelings.

She had never been one to sit back and observe when it came to fucking. But then she had never been anywhere near someone else fucking, until now. Peggy was—or had been—a participant in sex. She had never so much as thought about watching others fucking and sucking. If she had, it must have been so brief she could not remember it. She did, though, fantasize. All people did that, didn't they? Only in her fantasies, she was being fucked, sucking on a cock, or having her cunt licked. Her fantasies never consisted of being an outsider, an observer while others received all the pleasure.

Now, though, she could understand the raging desires of some people to watch others. She had found the pleasure of peeking in, secretly watching people fuck and suck themselves to orgasms. Jeff had introduced her to this secret kind of pleasure. Not exactly introduced her to it, but showed her the enjoyment to be found in it. Following him that night had shown her.

And now she and her son went out together at night to peek into windows.

For a week they went out, usually leaving the house about eleven, and they always found something going on. Sometimes it wasn't much; perhaps some man jacking off or a lonely woman feeling herself up. During the week, they managed to watch a man and woman fucking once, and it had not been all that exciting. He simply climbed between the woman's legs and fucked her, nothing more. It was, all in all, a disappointing week for them.

Until she discovered Jeff trying to look under her dress.

Neither of them had mentioned her pressing against his cock; feeling him come off. It was as though they were ashamed to mention it, afraid something would happen they could not handle.

One morning Peggy had awakened feeling someone looking at her. It had been one of the hottest nights yet, and she had kicked the sheet from her body during the night. For some reason, she had slept in her panties, so actually she was not all that naked. Before she moved at all, she slit her eyes and saw Jeff looking in at her. For a moment she almost grabbed for the sheet, but decided instantly it didn't matter. He could see her tits, but not her cunt, so it was all right.

Later that day, she found her son watching her, his eyes burning hotly, and Peggy felt as if her son could see through her clothing or that he was undressing her. At first she was uncomfortable, but then found it pleasant to have him look at her that way.

She had not touched his cock since watching Sandra and the young doctor, either, but she felt that her son wanted her to. It was nothing he said, but he was close to her a lot lately.

Peggy had seen Sandra since that exciting night. She had seen her one morning turning on the lawn sprinklers and had chatted with her. Sandra seemed no different than always, friendly and cheerful. Peggy found out her husband was out of the state, that he would be gone for the next two weeks, and that Sandra actually missed him.

"In a way, Peggy," Sandra said, "you're sort of lucky. You don't have to miss a husband. I wish he would quit that damned job and get something so he could be home with me."

Peggy thought she might be lucky in that sense, but she missed the steady diet of a hard cock. She didn't however say this to Sandra. She wondered what Sandra would say if Peggy to

ld her she knew all about the doctor. But Peggy had no desire to embarrass her friend.

Sandra was perhaps twenty-six, a very beautiful woman. She usually wore shorts and some skimpy halter on the hot summer days, and the pair she wore that day was so brief, the half-moons of her pretty ass were showing. Peggy often admired women who could dress in such an exposed manner, but could never bring herself to do so. It wasn't that her body was anything to hide; hers was as beautiful as Sandra's any day.

Jeff came out as Peggy stood talking to Sandra, and Sandra greeted him, mussing his hair. "You're getting to be quite a big guy, aren't you, Jeff," Sandra said. "Peggy, you're going to have to watch this kid. The girls are going to be after him in a year or two."

Peggy smiled affectionately at her son, putting an arm around him. "Not my boy," Peggy laughed. "He's going to stay with his mother forever, aren't you, darling?"

"You bet, Mom," Jeff replied, wrapping his arm about her waist, but glancing at Sandra's thighs. "I won't ever leave you."

Sandra laughed. "That's what you think. Some cute little girl is going to wiggle her behind at you one of these days, and you'll forget mamma pretty damn quick, believe me."

"Never," Jeff said, firmly squeezing his mother's waist, then dropping his hand.

Peggy gasped softly. Jeff had placed his hand on her ass, giving her a fast squeeze, then jerking his hand away. It happened so fast, Peggy wasn't sure it happened at all.

"If you were a few years older, Jeff," Sandra said, winking, "I'd take you away from your mother fast. Come to think of it, I just might try it anyway."

Sandra turned around, looking at Jeff over her shoulder as she wiggled her half-exposed ass. Jeff's eyes became huge and his mouth opened.

Sandra laughed. "See what I mean, honey?" "Oh, stop teasing him, Sandra," Peggy said, but she wasn't angry. She knew her son was imagining Sandra naked again, sucking on the doctor's cock and balls. "It's cruel to tease a guy that way."

"Who's teasing?" Sandra giggled, and Peggy saw the woman's eyes rake over the front of Jeff pants. "I mean every bit of it."

She really does mean it, Peggy thought. Sandra would really fuck her son! Somehow, so the idea of Sandra fucking Jeff was exciting to her. She didn't think Sandra was one of those confirmed cock-suckers, but someone who would love to fuck a hard cock just as much as take a prick in her mouth. Peggy looked at Sandra, seeing the beautiful face, those green eyes sparkling with what she decided was erotic mischief.

"You can have him," Peggy heard herself saying, "but he must be returned to me."

Sandra laughed. "I think you mean that, Peggy."

"I mean it if you do," Peggy replied.

"And what does Jeff think about that?" Sandra said, gazing down at Jeff.

Jeff grinned at her, pressing against his mother.

The conversation drifted away from unsaid sexual activity and soon Peggy returned to her house, Jeff following.

All afternoon, Peggy and Jeff skirted the conversation with Sandra, but she could see he was wondering about it, wondering if Sandra meant what she had implied. She wanted to assure her son that Sandra did, indeed, mean every word. But she wasn't certain herself. Perhaps Sandra was only teasing, not intending to go through with anything like that at all. Still, the hunger Peggy had seen in those green eyes had been obvious. But then again, Peggy thought, the hunger could have been deceiving. She had watched Sandra and the doctor alongside her son, so maybe she was seeing something that wasn't really there.

They were going out again that night, and both were hoping to find something a bit more exciting and stimulating than what they had seen the past few nights.

By ten-thirty, it seemed as though she and her son had reached a turning point. There was something in the air now, something neither wanted to speculate about, but both knew something would happen tonight.

When it came time to go, Peggy realized she was still wearing a flowery summer dress. She had always gone out in tight jeans and a shirt before. But, as she thought about changing, she saw Jeff was eager to leave. Deciding what she wore made no difference; they locked up the house and started walking around. It was surprising no one else was out, but it was a fairly small town, and everything shut down when the sun set.

They had been out only a short time when they found something promising.

They had gone between two houses and entered the back yard of one, where they found a well-lighted bedroom. It was, according to the furniture, the master bedroom of the house. They peeked in and saw nothing but an empty room and started to walk away. Then Peggy caught her son's hand and pulled him back. A woman's clothing was on the bed, laid out the way a woman would who was bathing or taking a shower. And she had heard water running which indicated a shower. "Let's wait just a minute honey," Peggy whispered to Jeff, holding his hand. "This could be interesting."

In a few minutes, a tall woman came into the bedroom, fluffing her hair with a towel, stark naked. Peggy had seen the woman around, but didn't really know her. The woman was perhaps forty years old, somewhat slender. Her titties weren't all that firm, but her ass looked good, as did the thick curls of her cunt.

"I'm ready, Joey," the woman called.

A young boy perhaps a year or so older than Jeff came in. Jeff giggled. "I know him, Mom," he whispered to his mother. "We go to school together."

"Is that his mother?" Peggy asked.

"I think so... I don't know for sure," he replied.

They stopped talking, afraid the naked woman and the boy would hear them. The boy was wearing a pair of striped boxer shorts, the fly gaping open.

The woman shoved her hand into the fly and pulled the boy's cock out.

"You're almost hard, Joey," they heard the woman say. "Mother will make it real hard for you. You like it when mother makes your little cock hard, don't you?"

Joey replied by nodding his head.

"And what are you going to do with this cock, baby?"

"I'm gonna fuck you, Mother," Joey said.

"That's right, Joey," the woman murmured, jacking on her son's cock, feeling his prick grow into hardness in her hand. "But you've got to say where you're going to fuck me with it. I want you to say it the way I taught you."

"I'm gonna fuck your cunt, Mother," Joey replied, handling his mother's titties. "I'm gonna stick my cock up your cunt and fuck it good. I'm gonna fuck your cunt and fill it up with all my come juice, Mother."

"That's right, Joey," the woman gurgled, stroking her son's cock vigorously. "Mother is a cunt, Joey. You must never forget that mother is a cunt!"

"I won't forget, Mother," Joey said, sliding one hand to his mother's thick pussy hair. "You're a cunt, nothing but a cunt! A cunt to be fucked, a cunt that has to be fucked because



e that's all you are--a fucking cunt!"

Peggy knew immediately what this situation was. This woman, apparently, had masochistic wishes, and exercised them with her son. But Joey didn't seem in the least reluctant. Perhaps, Peggy thought, Joey was sadistic, and if that was so, they made a perfect pair. They could both exercise their desires together.

"Yes, Joey," the woman moaned, jerking on her son's cock with a tight fist. "I'm a fucking cunt! You know what you're supposed to do with your fucking cunt' mother, don't you?"

"I'm gonna fuck your fucking cunt, Mother," Joey said, and suddenly thrust two fingers into his mother's cunt almost violently. "Ohhh that's good!" the woman groaned, spreading her legs, pumping almost frantically on her son's cock now.

"Fucking cunt!" Joey shouted; "Fucking cunt mother... fucking cock-crazy cunt mother!"

"Yes, yes!" the woman urged in a thick voice. "I am cock crazy, Joey!"

"You'd fuck a goddamn dog, wouldn't you, fucking cunt mother?" Joey snorted, fucking his fingers in and out of his mother's pussy as she half-squatted now, legs wide. "You'd fuck a dog's cock, wouldn't you?"

"Yes! Oh, God yes! I'll fuck a dog, lacy!" "You'd suck cock and eat cunt and assholes, too, wouldn't you, fucking cunt mother?"

"Let me!" the woman shouted, excited to a frenzy by now. "Let me eat your fucking asshole, Joey! Let me shove my tongue up your fucking asshole and eat it! I'll eat your asshole, your cock, your balls!"

"You'd eat a dog's cock, too, wouldn't you?"

"Yes! Oooo, yes I would!" The woman groaned in a sexual frenzy, dropping to her knees and trying to swallow her son's cock, balls and all.

Joey grasped his mother's head and fucked his cock so hard into her mouth, the woman gagged. But she shoved her lips down tight at the base, the full length of his cock deep in her mouth. Joey began to fuck his mother in the mouth brutally, banging hard against her lips, watching her.

"Eat my cock, cunt mother!" Joey shouted down at her in a thick, gruff voice. "Suck my cock with your cunt mouth, you asshole fucking cunt mother!"

"Mmmmm!" the woman gurgled wetly.

Peggy trembled at what they were seeing. It was brutal, but no one was being physically harmed. And in a way, it excited her. She was still clutching her son's hand. When she felt him pull it to the front of his pants, she made no resistance. His cock was hard, straining at the front of his pants as he watched the woman on her knees, sucking wildly on Joey's cock.

Peggy was aware that her son was fumbling with his fly, but she was so interested in watching this woman sucking on her son's cock so greedily, she wasn't really aware of what Jeff had done until her fingers were wrapped about his hard prick. Feeling her son's cock this way caused a stab of burning ecstasy to explode between her thighs. She squeezed Jeff's prick tightly, but did not move her hand. She held his cock in her hot fist as they watched and soon realized Jeff was fucking her fist slowly. She tightened her fingers on his cock even more.

"That's enough cock sucking!" Joey ordered. "Lie on the bed and spread your fucking legs out, cunt mother!"

They watched the woman scramble to the bed, spread out on her back, her legs as wide as she could make them go. Her hair-lined cunt was fully exposed, her pussy lips glistening with wetness. When Joey told his mother to finger-fuck herself, the woman rammed two fingers into her cunt and fucked them in and out, lifting and churning her naked ass.

"Take those fucking fingers out of your hot cunt," Joey said. "You can lick the juice off them while I fuck your hairy cunt!"

"Yes, yes!" the woman groaned, arching her hips up as Joey pulled at her, his cock jerking about.

He stood then at the edge of the bed, and Peggy and Jeff watched him fuck his cock up his mother's steaming cunt. He began to fuck her fast and hard, the soft, wet smacks of his lower stomach against her crotch coming to them.

"Oh, God, Oh, dear God!" the woman shrieked in ecstasy, thrashing about with wild movements, arching her cunt onto her son's cock.

Jeff was fucking his prick in and out of Peggy's tight fist a little faster. She clung to her son's cock with an almost desperate grip, watching the boy in the room fucking his mother. It wasn't a gentle fucking, either.

Suddenly Joey yanked his cock out of his mother's cunt, slapping her on the hip. "Get on your fucking knees," he demanded. "I'll fuck your hairy cunt like a dog! I'll fuck your cunt like you were a bitch dog, cunt mother! Come on... shove your fucking naked ass in the air for me!"

"Oohh, please, Joey!" the woman cried, twisting onto her stomach and drawing her knees under, lifting her ass high. "Fuck my bitch dog cunt! I'm a bitch dog, Joey! Fuck me like a dog!"

"You wish I was a dog, don't you?" Joey said, fucking his cock into his mother's cunt from behind. "If I was a dog, you'd suck my dog cock, wouldn't you?"

"God, yes! I'd suck your dog cock!" the woman screamed, wagging her ass frantically as her son fucked her swiftly;

"You like to fuck a dog, don't you?"

"Yes!"

"You suck dog cock, don't you?"

"Yes, I do!"

"You suck wet cunts, don't you?"

"Wet cunts... Yes!"

"Hard cocks?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Eat assholes!"

"Ohhhh, I'll eat every asshole I can get my hot, fucking tongue up! Yes, I eat assholes! Fuck me... fuck my fucking hot cunt! Ohhh, shit... I'm coming! Ream my cunt with your hard cock! Fuck my face with your cock... With your asshole! Fuck my face and cunt and asshole!"

The woman's uplifted ass shuddered wildly. As she came, screeching loudly, her fingers clawed at the sheets on the bed. "Joey continued to fuck his cock in and out of his mother's spasming cunt, fucking hard and fast and deep.

"Don't come!" the woman shouted: "Oooo, don't come in my cunt, Joey!"

"I won't," her son replied, grunting. "I know where you want my cock to come, fucking cunt mother!"

As soon as the woman finished coming, Joey jerked his throbbing cock from her. The woman twisted about quickly, her tits swinging. As she turned, Joey climbed onto the bed and stood between his mother's thighs, his cock standing out, soaked with the juices of her pussy.

Peggy choked back a groan as the woman began to devour her son's cock and balls with her mouth, making wild-sounding animal noises, gripping his ass cheeks tightly. Her stretched lips sucked back and forth hungrily, her eyes closed. She sucked in a noisy way, slurping in soft wetness on Joey's cock. Then she pulled her lips away and shoved her mouth to his young balls, licking in mindless ecstasy, cleaning his cock and balls of her cunt juice. Then she started lapping up and down his cock and balls; her tongue stuck way out.

Joey held his mother's head, his hips arched forward, watching her work her tongue about his balls and the shaft of his cock.

Then he came.

The woman pulled her face back a few inches, gripping her son's cock in one hand, jacking on it as the come juice spurted directly into her face. She held her mouth wide open, her tongue almost touching her chin. Come juice splashed into her mouth, but most was on her face. The woman gurgled and whimpered, and, the way her body trembled, she was coming again.

Peggy's son was fucking his cock in and out of her fist and she clung to his prick hotly, her eyes glassy as she peered into the window.

Jeff suddenly came...

#### CHAPTER FIVE

"Ohhh, no!" Peggy whimpered softly, feeling her son's cock squirting. She quickly cupped the swollen prick-head, feeling the hot come juice spurt into her hand.

While Jeff came off in her hand, Peggy's cunt squeezed in a contraction that almost made her cry out in ecstasy. She stood there, pressed against the wall of the house, watching Joey squirt come juice into his mother's ecstatic face, her son coming off in her hand, and her cunt going through series after series of delicious, steamy orgasms.

Her mind was reeling. This was not supposed to happen; Jeff was not supposed to come; Jeff was not supposed to take his cock out of his pants; Jeff was not supposed to...

But he had.

And Peggy was clinging to her son's cock and coming so strongly her knees almost doubled, her legs shaking very badly. She clung to the swollen head of Jeff's cock, feeling his hot cum juice smearing her palm, dripping between her fingers... and she came and came and came.

It seemed a long time before she calmed down. She pulled her hand from her son's cock and wiped her hand on her dress, not looking at him. Jeff was breathing heavily from the discharge, and Peggy hoped those in the bedroom could not hear him.

Joey was now smearing the head of his cock about his mother's face, wiping his prick through the viscous come juice that glistened on her flesh. The woman was licking at his cock with her tongue every time his prick came within reach. After a while, Joey sat down on the bed, leaning at the headboard, his knees bent. His cock and balls dangled there, and the woman kept trying to shove her face into them, but Joey would push her away.

"Not yet, fucking cunt mother," he said. "I'll tell you when you can suck my cock."

"Yes Joey, his mother said almost shyly. "You tell me when to take it in my cock sucking mouth, darling." She lifted the corner of the sheet and wiped her face, then seemed to wait patiently until her son wanted her again.

Peggy thought about leaving, but she had a hunch there would be more in a few minutes.

Jeff stayed, too, of course, and his cock had been replaced in his pants. Peggy's palm felt sticky, but it also felt good. She thought about bringing her palm to her mouth and licking at it, but felt her son would notice, and then he would want something else from her. Perhaps he would even try to fuck her when they got back home. Peggy didn't think she was ready for that. She didn't think she was ready to have Jeff fuck her, but there was something going on in the back of her mind, something that seemed to be pushing her into it. She wondered, brief

ly, what it would be like to have her son fuck her, the way Joey had fucked his mother. No, not that way! Peggy, if she fucked Jeff, would not want it violent that way. She had no desire to be abused in any way.

This mother, however, seemed to thrive on being abused by her son in any way he wanted.

"Suck my ass," Joey said. Peggy gasped.

"Are you gonna suck my asshole, fucking cunt mother?"

"You know I will, Joey," the woman replied. "You know I'll do anything you want me to do, anything." "Then suck my fucking asshole!"

"Sit on my face!" the woman urged in a thick voice. "Sit your sweet ass in my face, and I'll suck it good for you. I'll tongue-fuck you in your sweet asshole, Joey!"

"I know you will," he said; climbing on top of his mother, facing her feet. "Because if you don't stick your fucking tongue up my asshole, I'm gonna pull your fucking nipples off!"

He squatted in his mother's face, his knees apart. Peggy and Jeff could see his cock and balls, and could also see the woman's tongue dart against his asshole. Joey twisted and pulled at his mother's long nipples as he twisted his ass into her mouth. The woman was moaning again; the sounds muffled now because she was sucking at her son's asshole as her tongue fucked in and out.

Peggy felt her son's hand sliding about her ass. She turned and looked at him. The light from the bedroom was on his face, and he was smiling, his eyes bright with desire. Peggy returned her son's smile, and turned back to what was happening in the bedroom. There was no harm in Jeff feeling her ass, she felt. After all, she allowed him to fuck her fist and even come off into her hand. Besides, he was very excited, and it would be terrible to make him suffer. He wanted to touch her, to feel her ass as they watched this crazy mother and son fucking and sucking and everything else.

If Jeff wanted to feel her ass while they watched, there would be no harm in that, she decided. He was moving his hand about her ass almost shyly, as though he expected his mother to make him stop. Peggy wiggled her ass, away of letting him know it was okay.

On the bed, Joey was pulling hard on his mother's nipples as he began to grind his ass into her mouth. There wasn't much Peggy and Jeff could see now, except Joey's cock and balls on his mother's chin, and the way she smashed her mouth into his asshole. They could see, too, right up between the woman's legs, could see her hairy cunt, could watch her writhe her naked ass, open and close her thighs. They could hear, too, the moist sucking, sounds the woman made on her son's asshole. Now and then Joey would lean forward and thrust a couple of fingers into his mother's cunt. When he did that, she would lift her ass from the bed and try to make her son fuck her this way, but Joey refused.

"Eat my asshole, damn you!" he shouted. "You can finger-fuck your own fucking cunt when you finish! Tongue my ass, cunt mother! Eat my ass out... Shove your tongue way up my hacking asshole, Cunt bitch.... Asshole cunt-sucking mother!"

The woman apparently loved it when her son talked that way to her. It was obvious in her movements, in the hungry sounds she made as she licked, and sucked and tongue fucked her son's asshole.

Jeff was now squeezing her ass cheek, and Peggy looked at him again. Jeff didn't turn his face toward her; he kept gazing at the two on the bed. Peggy liked the way her son squeezed her ass and quickly, before she could change her mind, lifted her skirt and placed his hand on her panties.

Then Jeff looked at her.

Peggy grinned at him, very lewdly. "Play with it while we watch them," she whispered.

Her hand moved to the front of his pants and found his cock hard again. He had not zip

ped his fly. With her son's hand feeling about her ass, Peggy slipped her hand into his fly and pulled his cock out, stroking his prick now as they turned their attention back to the bedroom. Peggy turned loose of Jeff's cock, sliding her hands back into his open fly. She cupped his balls tenderly, rolling them about in her palm. Encouraged, Jeff shoved his hand down the elastic of his mother's panties, feeling the smooth heat of her naked ass, finding the split between her ass cheeks. Peggy shivered as her son fondled her ass inside her panties, and she pulled her hand from his pants and began to jack on his cock.

"I'm gonna come again!" they heard Joey groaning. His cock was standing out hard, jerking up and down, and he was still grinding his asshole into his mother's face. He dug his hands hard into his mother's tits, and thick come juice spurted over the woman's trembling stomach, some of it flying as far as her cunt hair. Time and again, Joey came, spewing come juice until his mother's stomach was drenched. It seemed to Peggy that the woman was so intensely aroused by having her son squirt come juice onto her body that she was sucking wildly at his asshole, twisting her hips hard, and probably coming herself.

Jeff was clutching her ass hard; and his cock throbbed hotly in her fist. Peggy pumped on her son's prick without hesitation now, thrilled to have his cock in her hand. She seemed to have a problem deciding what to hold and caress because she kept scooting her hand into his pants to fondle his balls, then returning to jacking him again. She found herself wishing Jeff would slide his hand around in front, feel her cunt, rub at her swollen cut, maybe even stick a finger up her tight, scalding wet cunt. But he seemed to be content feeling about her ass at the moment. She wondered if Jeff would come again, and decided, if he did, she would keep jacking him off and help him splatter the side of the house with that come juice. It would be a waste of come juice, she thought, but there was no place else for him to come at the moment.

At the moment!

Peggy was almost shocked by what she felt go through her mind. It had been a fast thought, very fleeting.

I've got to turn him over to Sandra, and fast! She told herself. The fleeting idea had jumped into her mind that all she had to do was lift her skirt, stretch the crotch of her panties to one side, and her son could fuck her quickly from behind as they stood there.

On the bed, Joey was standing up, straddling his mother's body now. He was looking down at her, and Peggy heard Joey saying,

"... right in your fucking cunt!"

"Oh, yes, Joey!" his mother urged in a very thick voice, spreading her legs very wide and arching her cunt up into the air. "Piss on me! Piss on me, please, darling!"

Peggy wasn't certain she was hearing right. No one would enjoy being pissed on, would they?

"I will, cunt mother," lacy said. "I'm gonna piss right on your fucking hairy cock sucking cunt!"

"Do it! Oooo, do it!" the woman urged, twisting her hips around, the lips of her cunt glistening with wetness. "Piss on my fucking hairy cunt, darling! Piss on my hot fucking cunt and I'll eat your asshole out again!"

"You'll do more than that, cunt mother!" Joey snapped, aiming his cock toward her hair-lined pussy. "You'll let me piss in your cock-sucking mouth, too!"

"Oh, I will! I will!" the woman gurgled, her eyes bright as she anticipated her son pissing on her cunt. "If you want to piss in my cock-sucking mouth, Joey, you can! You can do anything with your fucking cunt mother!"

Peggy and Jeff's eyes went huge as Joey began to piss directly upon his mother's cunt. The piss splashed all over her, matting her cunt hair, drenching her pussy good. The woman was wailing in delight, clawing at her cunt, pulling her pussy open to let her son piss in. She was screaming that she was coming again, that she wanted piss all over her naked, fucking body!

Joey lifted the stream, and pissed on his mother's tits. The woman lifted her hands and washed her tits in his piss. And when Joey lifted the stream higher yet, she opened her mouth as wide as she could. Joey pissed into his mother's mouth, and the woman began to lift herself up, mouth wide open. Joey kept peeing into his mother's mouth as she sat upright, and her lips moved over the head of his cock. Peggy wasn't sure, but it seemed to her that the woman was swallowing, drinking her son's piss directly from the head of his cock. She knew Joey was still peeing because she could see piss spray from the woman's stretched lips. When Joey finished, she released his cock. A drop of piss clung to the piss hole, and the woman licked it away.

"That's enough for tonight," Joey said. "I'm going to bed,"

Peggy and Jeff watched him leave, and the woman curled up on the wet bed, her expression showing her delight. Peggy and her son slipped from the window and returned to the sidewalk. It was well past midnight now, and she realized they had been watching Joey and his mother for a good hour and a half.

"Wheeee!" Peggy said. "That was really something, wasn't it honey?"

"I never saw anything like that before, Mom," Jeff said. "That was the first time I saw them. Boy, I wish I could tease Joey about it. But I guess I can't say anything. He'd know I was peeking then."

"That's right, Jeff," Peggy said. "You can't ever say what we do. We've got to keep it a secret."

Then she noticed his cock was still out of his pants. They were standing beneath a street lamp, the harsh glow casting shadows about them.

"Your cock is still out," Peggy said.

Jeff giggled, shoving his cock into his pants. Peggy realized what she had said, and for a moment a hot flush came over her face, then she giggled too. They started home, holding hands, but before they had gone a block, she stopped and turned her son toward her. There was no street lamp here, and she could barely see his young face.

"You came in my hand, Jeff," she said in a low voice. "And you played with my ass. That wasn't supposed to have happened, you know that, don't you?"

"Well, you jacked on my cock, Mom," he accused. "It wasn't me that took it out, either. You did that."

"But you took it out first, and it was you that wrapped my hand around it." She looked hard into his shadowy eyes.

"But you lifted your skirt for me," he said.

"Yes, I guess I did," Peggy whispered, then looked around. All the houses were dark now, everyone probably asleep. She moved her hand along the front of his pants and found his cock throbbing away there. She squeezed his prick, then pulled his cock from his pants again, holding his prick-shaft. "Well, it's done, so I guess I can touch it again."

As she clung to his cock and started walking along the dark sidewalk again, she felt her son lift her skirt in back and once more shove his hand into her panties, cupping the cheek of her ass. They walked home this way, hardly caring if anyone could see them. They were both intensely excited by what they had watched this night.

Unlocking the front door, Peggy left the house dark as they entered. There was a yearning between her thighs, and, although she must have come a dozen times watching Joey fucking his mother, she realized she wanted more than that. She wanted to be fucked!

But Jeff, fucking her? She wasn't like that woman they had just seen. She wasn't like her in any way.

But she wanted a cock in her cunt, just the same.

Peggy went into the kitchen for a glass of water, feeling very thirsty. By the time she returned to the living room, Jeff was no longer there. She felt a deep sense of disappointment. She had, while drinking the water, decided neither she nor her son could avoid any further intimate contact. Things had gone so far, so fast that fucking each other had become inevitable.

She didn't check on him. Going straight to her room, Peggy removed her clothing, including her panties, and crawled beneath the sheets. She was restless, aroused to a high pitch. Her cunt kept burning, throbbing. The images of Joey and his mother whirled about in her mind. She experienced all of it once again, and found herself even more restless than before. If she could keep the images out of her mind, Peggy thought, perhaps she could sleep. It wasn't the images, exactly, that made her so restless; It was remembering how she had held her son's cock, the way he had come off into her hand, the way her son had fucked her fist, feeling her ass.

The sun was coming up by the time she finally went to sleep. CHAPUR SIX

Jeff's attitude toward her was one of shyness, of nervous glances.

Peggy realized her son was wondering if and when they would get it on with each other. She knew it frustrated him. But no more than her! Both were hesitant to make the first move, the initial approach. They avoided talking about that particular night, about watching Joey.

They were polite in their conversations, going out of their ways to do something for the

It created an atmosphere of tension, of almost coolness toward each other, a coolness that neither wanted. It was almost like a man and wife, who, after a bitter argument, were searching for ways to make up, but wanting the other to start.

A day or so later, Peggy found the car had a dead battery and refused to start. She had to do some shopping, but the center was too far to walk. The town was quite small, but spread out. There was a local bus service that ran, often as not, late and inefficiently. It was the only means of transportation, though, and she asked her son if he wanted to go with her.

The bus, at first, was not crowded. She and Jeff sat on a bench type seat, and directly across from them was a woman perhaps in her early twenties. Neither had seen this woman before, but both noticed right away that she was very careless in the way she sat. Peggy glanced at Jeff and saw the brightness in his young eyes as he looked at the woman. She saw the same thing her son saw--the woman's creamy thighs under her dress and the shadow of her panties. The woman was quite good looking, sitting unconcerned with her knees open. Jeff, of course, had a raging hard-on before long. He squirmed about in the seat, licking his lips, gazing boldly at the woman, looking under her dress.

The closer they got to the shopping center, the more crowded the bus became. Peggy stood up a few blocks before their stop, with Jeff standing behind her. She felt his hard cock pressing against the back of her tight jeans, felt his prick throbbing there. She began to sway her hips from side to side, rubbing against his cock. She looked over her shoulder and smiled at him, getting a grin in return,

Her shopping was done quickly, and they took the bus home again. This trip was uneventful, and Jeff talked about the woman they had seen. He still skirted what they had watched the previous night, and Peggy didn't mention it either. When they got home, her son, though, disappeared often into the bathroom, and Peggy was sure he was jacking off. She wanted to watch him, to just open the bathroom door and stand there and watch as his fist moved up and down his cock. But she didn't want to embarrass her son, either.

Shortly after dinner, while it was still light outside, she saw his cock bulging from his pants. He had been talking again about the woman they saw on the bus. She allowed her eyes to gaze unabashedly at the lump in his pants, and when her son started for the bathroom again, she surprised herself by saying, "Stay here, Honey. You don't have to go to the bathroom for that."

"For what, Mom?" Jeff asked, his gaze on the swell of her tits, pretending he didn't k

now what she was talking about.

"For playing with it, baby," she said, her voice going throaty.

"You know?"

Peggy nodded her head. It's obvious you're playing with it."

"I can't help it, Mom," Jeff replied. "I get so excited, sometimes, talking like this.

"

"I've noticed," Peggy murmured, "but you don't have to use the bathroom. Do it here."

Jeff said nothing, but his eyes burned on his mother's swelling, round tits. Peggy gazed hotly at the front of his pants, almost seeing the outline of his throbbing cock.

Peggy was on the couch, her legs crossed; her foot swinging back and forth. There was a tingling feeling between her thighs, and her cunt was wet with excitement. Jeff was in the middle of the floor, stopping there on his way to the bathroom. Peggy brought one hand toward her neck, then laid it on one firm tit deliberately, her fingers moving slowly.

No more words passed between them, but Jeff opened his pants and took out his cock. Peggy's breath caught in her throat as she stared at her son's prick. His cock stood out a good five inches, the head swollen and smooth. She swallowed hard as she looked, her fingers digging into her tit, her nipple burning through onto her palm.

As Jeff realized his mother meant it, he opened his pants all the way, letting them fall to his feet. Peggy began to breathe again in ragged gasps. His balls hung heavily beneath his cock. A lurching sensation shot through her crotch and her clit became knotted. Her swinging foot moved faster, although she was not aware of it. Jeff wrapped his hand about his prick and, gazing directly at his mother, began to jack off.

Peggy was moaning softly in her throat as she watched Jeff's fist moving, sliding from the base of his cock to the sweetly swollen head. His balls swung with his fist-pumping motion and his hips arched forward. Peggy felt a steamy excitement rumbling through her body. She uncrossed her legs and leaned forward, her eyes bright, somewhat cloudy, with erotic desire in them. Jeff slipped his fist back and forth on his cock, panting as he jacked off in front of her. Watching her son jacking off openly sent hot flashes searing up and down her flesh. She leaned back on the couch, opening her knees and pulling her skirt up a bit.

Jeff's gaze followed her skirt, seeing his mother's very long thighs, then the frilly lacy crotch of her panties. Peggy's legs trembled, and she parted them a few inches; her eyes glazed as she stared at his jacking fist on his cock, his balls swinging back and forth. There was an overpowering desire to take hold of his cock and let him fuck her fist the way he had done the night before. She wanted desperately to feel that hard prick throbbing in her hand, to feel him come into her palm again. She shook with an overwhelming urge to grab his cock and jack him off herself. Her cunt was on fire, the liquid flames devouring her. Her hair-lined pussy lips twitched and swelled, and her clit was throbbing with each beat of her heart. "That's beautiful," Peggy murmured, opening her knees farther. "That looks so beautiful, you jacking off, Jeff."

Her son made no reply except to grunt.

"You have such a beautiful cock, darling," she went on, her voice very low and throaty, her eyes fixed upon his cock, fist and balls. "So hard and long... A really beautiful cock, Jeff."

His body was shaking, hips arching forward. His gaze was hot on her crotch, and Peggy felt as if her son could see through her panties, see the wetness of her cunt, see how hot and excited she really was. His fist was moving faster and faster, his tongue hanging out of his mouth now. Peggy knew Jeff was about to come off. With a soft sob of pleasure, she threw her knees very wide, lifting her ass up from the cushions of the couch, her crotch totally exposed to him, dark curls of cunt hair twirling from the lacy crotch of her panties. Peggy's hands moved along her thigh, and, a few inches from her cunt, she dug her fingers into the sensitive flesh just as Jeff came.



"Uhhhh!" he groaned, the thick white come juice spurting out of his cock and flying a foot away before falling to the carpet.

"Ohhh, nice!" Peggy moaned, watching his cock spurt time and again. Her cunt convulsed almost at the same time her son began to come. "Nice! Beautiful! Oh, you're coming, honey! Oo ooo, you're coming ... really coming!"

When he began to spurt, Jeff squeezed his cock at the base, his other hand gripping his balls, his eyes turning glassy with self-induced ecstasy. Peggy whimpered softly as her cunt contracted in those delicious spasms, her gaze hot on the head of his cock, watching the white come juice fly from his flaring piss-hole. She dug harshly into her thigh with sharp fingernails, her ass writhing uncontrollably.

When he finished coming off, Jeff slowly sank to his knees, then sat back on his heels, panting heavily, his cock still oozing come juice. His eyes focused again on his mother's widely spread legs, on the crotch of her very wet panties. They both became still, looking at each other ... Peggy at her son's cock, he at his mother's pantied cunt.

The room was dim and the puddle of white come juice on the carpet stood out. No lights had been turned on yet. Slowly, Jeff got to his feet, fishing in his pocket for a handkerchief.

"I'll clean it up, honey," Peggy said in a soft voice. "Leave it."

There were tears in her eyes but they weren't tears of shame. Her eyes were flooded with delight, with a release of the pressure that had built inside her. It was as if a safety valve had finally worked. She smiled at her son, receiving a smile in return. She closed her knees and stood up, finding a Kleenex to wipe up the come juice on the carpet. As she cleaned it, the back of her hand brushed the seeping piss hole of her son's cock. She felt as if she had suddenly been branded.

Lifting her hand, she gazed at the wetness there. Looking at Jeff, she giggled, a somewhat nervous, half-crazy sort of sound. With her gaze on his eyes, she kissed the back of her hand, then ran her tongue through the slippery wetness.

Jeff's face brightened as he watched her tongue move along the back of her hand. He reached for her, his fingers touching her bare knee lightly. Peggy shuddered, letting her son stroke her knee and a few inches of creamy thigh flesh. Then she stood up quickly.

"We better get ready if we're going out tonight," she said in a shaky voice.

They always spoke of it as "going out," never about looking in windows. And why she said, "get ready" made no sense. There was nothing about getting ready—they wore no special clothing, took no special precautions. Peggy had spoken out of a sudden nervousness.

They went out earlier than usual, and walked a great deal. It was much too early to catch something exciting going on, and they finally stopped at a small cafe for something to drink. They lingered over their drinks, talking quietly to each other.

They spent two hours searching the neighborhood, and found nothing of real interest. The only thing they saw, about midnight, was a man sitting on his bed jacking off and looking at a centerfold picture.

Returning home disappointed, she went to her room and Jeff went to his. Peggy undressed and rested on the bed, the light on, feeling very frustrated. Watching her son jacking off and failing in seeing anyone fucking and sucking had drained her.

"Mom!"

Peggy sat up. "What is it, Jeff?" "You just gotta see this!"

His voice was filled with excitement. She swung her legs off the bed and grabbed a gown, throwing it over her shoulders quickly, holding it together with one hand, and walked to her

son's room. Jeff's room was dark, and she saw his outline in front of his window. She went up behind him... and giggled.

Jeff's bedroom window faced the bedroom window directly across the ten-foot expanse of lawn. It was Sandra's home, and it was Sandra's bedroom.

Sandra was walking about with every light burning brightly, undressing. By the time Peggy arrived to see, she was down to her bra and panties.

"It's only Sandra," Peggy whispered to her son. "You've seen her before, with the doctor, remember? What's so exciting about looking at her undress?"

"I've never seen her do this before, Morn," Jeff said. "She's always had her lights off or the drapes pulled or something."

There was something exciting about watching her friend, undress, prepare for bed, secretly. She stood behind her son and looked over his shoulder, but it was obvious Sandra was not simply preparing for bed. For one thing, the way she moved about, slowly removing her clothing as if she were on a stage doing a tease, Peggy had a hunch Sandra wanted to be seen. For another thing, she wiggled her ass and shook her titties more than a woman would while getting ready for bed.

They watched Sandra remove a pair of nylons from her dresser and slowly pull them up her long, slender thighs. Then she put on a pair of high-heeled shoes. Again she walked about, in bra and panties, nylons and heels, fluffing her hair. When she lifted, her arms, it caused her fabulous tits to protrude deliciously. After a while, Sandra removed her bra, and faced the window. Her tits were beautiful, round, almost pointed, with lovely sugary nip pies, erect with desire. Turning her back to the window, she began to peel her panties down, wiggling her creamy ass in a tantalizing, inviting manner. Tossing the panties to the floor with the bra, Sandra opened her dresser drawer again, and brought out two candles. Peggy knew immediately what Sandra was going to do.

"Why does she want those candles, Mom?" Jeff asked.

Peggy was leaning against her son's back and felt him shaking. She wrapped her arms around his waist and held him lightly. "Just watch what she's going to do with them, Jeff," she whispered close to his ear.

Sandra leaned back on the bed, her legs facing her window. She spread her legs wide, her hair-rimmed cunt revealed to Peggy and Jeff. They watched her lick a candle with her long tongue, then place it into her mouth, sucking on it, fucking it between her lips. She wiggled her naked ass while sucking the candle, then moved it down her body, slowly, until she came to her hairy cunt.

"She's gonna fuck that candle, Mom!"

Peggy nodded, feeling her son's ear against her cheek. She tightened her arms about his waist, feeling his hard ass cheeks against her body. Jeff was naked except for a pair of shorts, and she began to stroke his chest, playing with his nipples as they watched Sandra.

Sandra rubbed the candle about her swollen clit, then ran the shaft up and down the wet lips of her cunt, twisting her ass, lifting from the bed, drawing her high heels to the mattress, knees wide. She began to press the candle into her cunt very slowly while agitating her clit with the fingers of her other hand. The candle went deep into her cunt, and for a long moment Sandra held it there and writhed, twisting her hips about.

"Fucking a candle!" Jeff cried. "That's crazy, Mom!"

"Not so crazy when a girl is hot, honey," Peggy murmured against her son's ear.

"Then why don't she go to the doctor?"

"Maybe he's busy at the hospital or something, Peggy whispered, and she found she was stroking her son's ear with her wet tongue. She pinched his tiny nipples, both of them. She pressed harder against his tight ass, twisting from side to side.

Sandra, holding her crotch in the air, knees wide, began to fuck herself with the candle, fucking it in and out, still rubbing her clit with her other hand.

"I wish we could hear her," Jeff said.

"All we'd probably hear would be moans and sighs and--"

"I'd still like to hear her," Jeff said, his voice thick.

"I'll moan for you, baby," Peggy said, and began to make ecstatic sounds against his ear as they watched Sandra fucking herself with the candle. She moved her right hand down his chest, her fingers playing with the waist of his shorts.

Sandra lifted the other candle, still fucking herself with the other one. She began to fuck her mouth with the second candle; her naked body twisting around on the bed as pleasure flooded her. They watched her turn onto her side, drawing her knee up, moving her hand behind her creamy sweet ass, keeping the candle moving in her cunt as she sucked the other one.

After a bit, Sandra flipped onto her stomach and drew her knees beneath her body, arching her rounded ass into the air, her feet hanging over the bed. Peggy and Jeff stared at Sandra's naked ass pointed at them. The candle was still shoved up her cunt, and Jeff gasped as they saw the other candle come sliding along the spreading crack of her ass, then probe at the tight pucker of her asshole.

"What's she gonna do, Mom?"

"It looks like Sandra is going to fuck herself in the cunt and asshole at the same time," Peggy replied. It was kind of strange that they only talked this way, used those words, when watching someone, never when alone. "Yes, Sandra is going to fuck her cunt and asshole at the same time! Look!"

Sandra was pressing the candle into her asshole, bowing her back and slowly hunching her ass. The candle moved slowly, going deeper into her tight asshole, the other one still inside her cunt. Sandra had her free hand holding the candle up her pussy, while using the other hand to push a candle into her ass.

Peggy's hand at the waist of her son's shorts slipped downward, finding his cock throbbing hard, pressing against the fabric. There was a wet spot where the head of his cock was and she rubbed lightly, then closed her fingers around her son's prick, squeezing and jacking in short, quick strokes.

Her robe flapped open and her tits were against his naked back, her nipples tingling hotly with the contact. She rubbed her tits there as she jerked on his cock, holding his prick through his thin shorts.

Sandra was now fucking the candles in and out of her cunt and asshole together, her naked ass twisting about in erotic movement. She began to alternate the strokes, pushing one candle up her cunt as she withdrew the one inside her asshole, then pushing a candle into her ass while withdrawing the one up her cunt.

"Is she gonna come that way, mom?"

"I'm sure she is," Peggy murmured, licking at his ear again while she jerked on his cock. "I bet it feels very good, too."

"You ever fuck yourself with a candle, Mom?" Jeff asked, pressing his cock into her hand.

Peggy made a noncommittal sound as she probed his ear with her tongue. Jeff's cock was throbbing sweetly in her hand, and she loved the way his naked back felt against her swollen tits. She smashed her tits into him, feeling a very sweet sensation flow through her. She stopped jerking his cock and cupped his balls tightly, not wanting to make him come just yet.

Sandra was fucking the candles faster into her cunt and asshole, her ass swinging about. It was obvious she was about to come.

When Sandra came, her whole body shook, and it seemed as if she were screaming. After she came, she slowly sprawled out on the bed; the candles still fucked up her cunt and asshole .

Peggy and Jeff watched until she eventually pulled the candles from her body. They watched as she replaced the candles in her dresser, peeled her nylons and high-heeled shoes off, and turned out her lights.

Peggy and her son remained at the window. She squeezed his balls and pressed her body tightly against, then moved her hand back to his cock. She stroked his prick with light fingers, then shoved her hand into his shorts, grasping his cock tightly with hot fingers. She ran a thumb over the piss hole and found he was dripping an awful lot. Pushing his shorts down his hips, she began to pump her son's cock vigorously, her tongue fluttering about his neck and ear; her cunt boiling as she pressed tight into his ass.

"You feel so good, Jeff," she whispered. "You're so very hard! You have a beautiful cock, honey." She felt her son's body shudder, and, afraid he would come off, she removed her hand. She pulled the drapes across the window and moved to his bed, fumbling in the darkness for his bed lamp. It filled the room with a dim light, plenty to see by, but not bright or harsh .

Jeff turned to face his mother and saw her robe hanging open, her tits and bushy cunt revealed for the first time.

Peggy smiled at her son as he gazed at her body.

His cock stood out firmly, his balls very tight. Peggy held her robe wide open, her legs a few inches apart, letting her son gaze at her nakedness all he wanted. She knew how lovely she looked, and holding the robe wide created an erotic, invitational gesture to her son.

After a long time, Jeff moved to his bed, sitting on it, his cock arching up from his lap. He leaned back and pulled his leg up onto the bed, and his cock stood straight up as he rested there, looking at his mother's naked body with hot, moist eyes.

Peggy sat on the side of his bed and wrapped her hand around his cock again, pumping slowly, squeezing, and watching fuck juice drip from the piss hole. She fondled his balls, bringing her other hand into play. She squeezed and twisted her son's balls tenderly while jacking on his cock. Twisting on the bed, Peggy drew her knees up, sitting on one foot. Jeff's eyes raked over her swelling tits, gazing at the light-brown nipples. Peggy's nipples were rubbery in hardness. Then he lowered his gaze to her slightly shivering stomach, then to the thick curls of her cunt hair. His mother lifted her foot to the bed, bending her knee but keeping her legs wide. Jeff gazed at her cunt, seeing the glistening wetness, the curly hair along each cunt lip, the protrusion of her clit.

"You can touch me," Peggy whispered with a very thick voice. "You can touch mother if you want to."

Jeff nervously stroked the inner smoothness of her thigh, his fingers going up and down as she jerked slowly but firmly on his cock, still twisting his previous sweet balls. He moved his fingers closer to her cunt, but hesitated.

Peggy smiled, her dark eyes shining, smoldering now.

"You can touch that, too," she whispered. "You can touch my cunt, play with it. You can play with my tits if you want, and feel me up." Hesitantly, Jeff moved his fingers through the soft cunt hair.

"Pretend I'm Sandra if you want, honey," she said, gripping his cock hard. "Pretend I'm Sandra, and you're feeling me up and this is my hand on your cock. Pretend I'm Sandra if it

will make you feel better about this."

"I don't wanna pretend, Mom," Jeff said in a strangled voice. "I don't wanna pretend you're Sandra."

Peggy's eyes glowed down at him. "It's me you want? You want me, darling, not Sandra?"

Jeff nodded his head.

"Oh, that's nice!" she cooed. "I was hoping you'd say that, Jeff! I don't want to be some dream girl: to you, some phantom girl. If you touch me, I want you to know it's me, your mother, you're touching."

He toyed with the soft hairs of her cunt.

"Feel me!" Peggy hissed. "Feel my cunt, honey! Play with mother's cunt, please!"

She trembled with ecstasy as her son's hand moved to her pussy, rubbing lightly, feeling the puffy lips of her cunt and the liquid heat. She shivered, and moaned when he worked a finger into her cunt. A squeal of pleasure bubbled from her when her son began to fuck his finger in and out of her cunt. But she was sitting down, and it was a little hard for him to do.

Lifting to her knees, she spread them. She had to turn loose of his cock for a while, but she didn't mind too much. Standing on her knees, she arched her hips forward and gurgled softly as her son fucked his fingers in and out of her cunt. His eyes were bright and hot. Peggy shoved her hands to her crotch, pulling the lips of her pussy apart, trying to look down between her legs, wanting to see her son's fingers fucking her. But she couldn't see anything but his wrist. This was the first time he had touched her anyplace but on the ass, and her emotions were soaring with burning desire.

Neither spoke. She remained on her knees for some time while he finger-fucked her, and she held her cunt wide apart so her throbbing clit protruded into view. His cock jerked about, dripping and fuck juice running along the shaft. Peggy knew what she was going to do, and there was no way she could stop herself.

She was going to fuck her son.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion. The only sound in the room was their breathing, which was loud and jerky. She placed her hand on his arm and removed his fingers from her cunt. She noticed his hand was soaked, as were the insides of her thighs. She had never been wetter in her life.

Swinging a leg over his, she straddled him for a long moment, as if gathering her nerve. Jeff waited, hardly breathing, watching her, his eyes fixed upon her pussy.

When she began to inch her way up his body, sliding her knees along his thighs, Jeff lifted his eyes and looked into the hot ones of his mother. They stared into each other's eyes as Peggy now held her cunt above his upstanding cock. She took hold of her son's prick at the base and slowly rubbed the swollen head back and forth on the slit of her cunt. Still looking into her son's eyes, she lowered her hips, feeling her son's cock spreading the lips of her fiery pussy.

And then there was a sound other than hot breathing.

"Oooooo!" breathed Peggy, her eyes almost closing as the ecstasy began.

Very slowly she lowered herself, taking more and more of Jeff's very hard cock into her cunt. The more she took, the better she felt. Her cunt stretched about the hard, throbbing prick shaft; the friction burning her. She pulled at her cunt as she went down lower. Then the full length of her son's cock was stuffing the gripping, fiery cunt. She felt his balls touch her ass as she sat there on his prick.

"Oooooo!" she mewled again.

Jeff's shorts were still at his thighs. There wasn't much she could do about them right

t now. But there was something she could do about her robe. She slipped her arms from it and tossed it to the floor, never lifting her cunt up on his cock. She sat there, naked now, and began to writhe onto him, sliding her crotch a few inches back and forth, her tits jiggling in a tight way.

"Oooooo honey!" she moaned softly. "Ohhhh, baby! Ahhhh, you feel so good,

His hands rested on her knees, feeling his mother's wet, searing cunt gripping his cock. His eyes rolled and became unfocused.

Peggy leaned over, a hand on each side of his shoulders, her tits dangling above his face. She began to lift and lower her ass on him, fucking his cock with her pussy. Jeff slid his hands up her slender, smooth thighs. Then he was cupping the cheeks of her ass.

"Suck my nipples," Peggy pleaded in a hot voice. "Suck my titties, honey! Please, Jeff suck my titties!"

She leaned down farther, rubbing a nipple back and forth on his lips. When he captured it with his hot mouth, Peggy moaned with delight. Jeff's tongue swirled about her rigid nipple as if he had been sucking tits for years. His lips were wet and hot, making her shiver with pleasure. He drew hard on the nipple, his tongue swirling about eagerly, his hands now digging into her ass cheeks.

Peggy began to fuck him faster, moist sounds coming from her cunt as she rode up and down his cock. Jeff arched his hips up, shaking with ecstasy, his ass off the bed, letting his mother fuck him. Peggy didn't mind; she didn't care if he moved at all. The fiery hardness of her son's cock filling her cunt was all that mattered to her. She bounced her ass up and down, groaning with ecstasy now. Jeff pulled hard at her tit, his fingers digging into the smoothness of her now churning ass. Her hairy cunt clung tightly to his prick as she thrashed, holding him like a vise of wet heat.

"Oooo, so sweet!" Peggy mewled, watching him suck hard at her tit. She banged her cunt up and down, fast and hard, thrilled to have his cock fucking, in and out of her fiery cunt at last. "You're so sweet, Jeff! Oohhh, it feels so very good! God, honey, but you seem so big inside me!"

Peggy slid her legs downward, holding him tightly as she stretched out on top of his body, his cock buried deep in her cunt. Jeff clung to her tit with his hot lips, and she began to fuck him swiftly, pumping her ass up and down with swift, short thrusts, never losing his cock. She fucked her hairy cunt up and down, twisting now and then, sighing with the fiery ecstasy. Her naked ass thrashed, and the way he was gripping her lovely cheeks did nothing to prevent her movements.

With an abrupt, surprised squeal, Peggy rammed her cunt down tight. "Ohhh, I'm coming!"

Her naked body shook as she came, her orgasm sending a flaring heat through her. Her cunt flexed around her son's cock with wave after wave of contractions. All the time she was coming, Peggy squealed in a throaty way. Jeff kept sucking her tit hard, making whimpering sounds. As soon as Peggy's orgasm was over, she lifted her head and looked into his eyes.

"You didn't come," she said, a--statement of fact. "But you will. Oh, how you're going to come, honey!"

She began to fuck him again, bouncing her ass with an eager vitality. She was surprised at the swiftness with which her ass moved, surprised at the friction of her cunt on her son's intensely hard cock. She had never fucked anyone this way before. She had been on top, but she had never fucked with such erotic abandon. She was gasping, more from the delightful sensations than from her efforts. Jeff was clinging to her naked, thrashing ass with an expression on his face indicating he might make it.

"Mmmmm, you're so very hard in me," Peggy gurgled hotly. "You fill my cunt so full, Jeff! Your cock stretches mother's cunt and fills it so sweetly! You're going to come, baby! Mother promises you that... you're going to come like you've never come jacking off!"

She fucked her cunt up and down violently on his cock.

"I'm going to fuck your cock, Jeff!" she growled with a deep voice. "Mother is going to fuck your cock ... jack your cock off with her hot cunt! That's what I'm going to do, jack you off with my wet, hot, hairy cunt!"

All Jeff could do was grunt and gasp in ecstasy, his eyes rolling about in his head. He lay there, stiff as a board, his hips uplifted, his cock being fucked with the wet heat of his mother's beautiful and ever-so-tight cunt.

Peggy felt herself on the brink of coming again, and her hips churned even more furiously. She began to pant in short, ragged breaths, her own eyes closing and becoming cloudy with ecstasy.

"I'm going to do it again, Jeff I" she screamed loudly. "I'm going to come again!"

She rammed her cunt down tightly as she erupted into tremendous orgasm. Her cunt convulsed in a powerful way around his cock, squeezing with wave after wave of liquid fire. Peggy could not stop screaming. The ecstasy was about to drive her insane.

Although she was coming mindlessly, Peggy felt her son's cock explode. He made a sound that seemed to come from a far distance as he came. His come-juice burst from his cock with rapid squirts, splashing the satiny walls of her eager, thirsty cunt. This triggered another orgasm in Peggy, and she lifted her head, neck straining and howled with the sweetest of all ecstasy, her ass shaking as she pressed her cunt hard onto his gushing cock.

Everything seemed to stop at once.

She slumped on top of her son, breathing noisily, her tits smashed almost flat against his face. She was only vaguely aware of his hands sliding up and down her back, fingering her spine, caressing and feeling that naked creamy ass cheeks, the backs of her shivering thighs.

After her breathing had slowed, she rolled from him, looking down at his cock. His prick glistened with the moisture of her cunt, looking so pretty to her, so lovely and... delicious.

Did you enjoy that, Jeff?" she asked in a whispery voice, moving her hand down his stomach to very tenderly fondle his balls. "Did it make you feel better?"

"I loved that, Mom," Jeff replied. "I had no idea it was this good."

Peggy lifted her head and looked at him. "You mean to tell me you've never fucked a girl, Jeff?" He shook his head, as if ashamed of the fact, his face slightly flushed.

"I got your cherry?"

He nodded.

Peggy squealed, and she began kissing her son with hungry pleasure, running her tongue about his lips and chin, then probing at his throat. "I'm so glad!" she said in a soft voice. "I'm glad I was your first piece of ass, honey. You don't know what that means to me."

She curled her arm beneath his head, cradling him in her armpit. Jeff moved a thigh across her body, curling a hand about a tit. She lay there, looking up at the ceiling. The dim light was still on, and she felt so good. Her body felt as if she were tingling all over. She enjoyed the way he pressed his wet cock and balls against her hip, the way his breathing warmed her naked tit. Somehow, he had gotten his shorts off his legs, she noticed.

Peggy felt no guilt about what she had done. Everything had all been leading up to this since that first night she went out the door with him, peeking into those windows. She had known, in the back of her mind, when she had left with him, had watched the supermarket man fucking his wife that this would happen sooner or later, that she would fuck her son.

She looked down at his sleeping face, seeing how terribly young he was. But his youth

made no difference. The age a boy was when he felt those hot juices running meant nothing. When those juices boiled, something had to happen. Boys his age jacked off like crazy constantly, she knew. Jeff had probably been jacking off for at least the past six months, once he found out he could come and the amazing feeling coming provided. She wondered when and how he discovered peeping into windows. She wondered if it was something he had thought up himself, or if he had seen someone by sheer accident and had just kept it up because it was so damned exciting.

Her thoughts drifted away as sleep overcame her.

Peggy awoke later, feeling pressure against her ass. She was on her side, her back to Jeff. She was facing the window, and could see it was daylight even through the thick drapes.

She felt her son's hand caressing up and down her thigh, felt the pressure of his cock upon her naked ass cheeks. "Mmmmm," she said sleepily, "You want some, honey?"

"You feel so warm, Mom," Jeff said, against her back, his cock throbbing at the crack of her ass.

"So do you," she replied. "Especially your hard cock there. Did you wake up with a hard-on, darling?"

"I always wake up with a hard-on, Mom,"

"Want to stick it in something nice and warm and wet?"

"Warm?" he laughed lewdly; "Your cunt isn't warm, Mom... Your cunt boils!"

"Well... If you don't want it...." she teased, starting to pull her ass away.

But Jeff grabbed her hip and held her tight against his cock. "I didn't say that," he yelped, as if afraid his mother would get out of bed. "I want it!"

She giggled like a little girl, shoving her ass against his cock. "Put it in me, Jeff."

She felt him searching around with the head of his cock, and she drew her knees up, holding them against her tits with both arms. She felt her son moving behind her, his cock leaving a moist trail along one cheek of her ass.

"You wanna fuck this way, Mom?"

"Anything wrong with this way?"

"No!" he said, the swollen head of his cock finding the hairy lips of her cunt. "This is fine with me."

"I thought it would be," she gurgled as he slipped his cock into her pussy slowly. "Ooo, that feels very good, Jeff." A morning fuck is one of the best, I think.

Jeff's cock went deep into her cunt, and she moved a hand between her thighs, grasping his balls. "Ooooo, shove it deep, honey! Oh, damn

... your cock is so fucking hard again I love it when a cock is that hard, Jeff! Ahhh, baby, fuck me!"

She wiggled her naked ass, resting on her side as her son began to fuck his cock in and out jerkily. The way his prick stretched her cunt lips, the stuffed feeling his cock gave her sent burning tremors racing up and down her body. She wiggled her ass with him, thrusting back as he fucked forward, moaning in pleasure, squeezing and twisting at his precious young balls.

His breath was hot against her back, and she murmured encouragement as he slipped a hand to her tit, closing his fingers and massaging hotly. Ecstasy began to grow inside her, and she moved her ass faster, but her position on her side made movement a little difficult.



"Wait, baby," she whispered. "Just a minute."

She pulled her ass away, and climbed to her hands and knees, waggling her naked, beautiful ass. in the air. "Get on your knees behind my ass."

Jeff moved quickly, snorting with eagerness. She lowered her head to the pillow, arching her ass invitingly to him. Jeff gazed down at his mother's ass, seeing the twinkle of her tight asshole and the hairy lips of her cunt pooching from her thighs. He moved his cock to her pussy, and fucked deeply with a grunt.

Peggy murmured her delight, swinging her uplifted ass about. "Ohh, yes, Jeff! Now you can fuck the hell out of me! Fucking this way makes me feel so good, and I come so fucking fast in this position! Fuck it, Jeff! Ohhh, baby, fuck it hard and fast. My cunt is so hot so wet. .. And it needs your beautiful, hard cock! Fuck me, fuck me!"

Jeff was gripping her hips with tight fingers, fucking his cock in and out of her tightly clinging cunt, gasping with noisy sounds. Even that thrilled Peggy, her own grunts loud as he fucked into her pussy hard enough to shake her tits and slide her head on the pillow. When the top of her head began to bang at the headboard of the bed, she felt nothing but his cock fucking so deliciously into her fiery cunt. The bed was shaking, but she didn't even feel that. Her hands clawed at the sheets. The sounds coming from her were those of a woman experiencing the ultimate in ecstasy.

"Oh, baby, you're going to make me come... if you keep fucking me so damned fast and hard!"

"I wanna make you come, Mom," Jeff groaned above her shaking ass. "I wanna feel your cunt squeeze my cock the way it did last night! That was good, Mom!"

"You have to come, too!" she yelped. want to feel you squirting come juice up my wet snatch, Jeff! If I come, you have to come, too!"

Peggy tried to whip her ass back and forth with him, but her son was sucking her very hard and fast. She had fucked him last night while he lay as rigid as a board, so maybe, she felt, it was her turn to be still. But she wasn't the sort of woman who could be still when a hard cock was fucking her. She had to move. Somehow, she managed to shake her ass erotically as he clung to her hips, the lips of her cunt closing tightly about his fucking cock. The deep muscles of her cunt, when friction like this began set up a squeezing movement that was almost like lips sucking a cock. As her son fucked her, Peggy's cunt seemed to be sucking him off at the same time.

She could, she knew, make her son come off without moving. She could make him come simply with that sucking action of her cunt. But she preferred the thrusting friction of fucking.

"Ohhh, almost there!" Peggy wailed, digging her nails into the sheet. "I'm about to come, Jeff! Oh, harder and faster and deeper! You're going to make me come!"

When she came, Peggy screeched with the ecstasy. It started as a groan and grew into a high-pitched wail. Her cunt grabbed at her son's hard cock, milking it with wet heat. Jeff fucked his prick deep into his mother's tight cunt, screwing his face up. His balls felt smashed, he pressed so hard. Then he came, come juice flying from the head of his cock like water from a water hose with a great deal of pressure built up in it.

"Oh, my God!" Peggy wailed, her eyes squeezed shut with ecstasy. "Ohhhhh... my God! You're filling me, darling! Oow, so much! You're coming so fucking much in my cunt! It's so good ... so fucking good! Drown me, honey! Drown me with that sweet, sweet come juice!"

The sensations were so terrific, Peggy didn't even know when her son pulled his cock from her cunt. She still had her ass high in the air, her pussy pulsating wildly, her asshole winking tightly. Jeff, sprawled back on his elbows, gasping heavily, watched his mother's asshole flexing, the puffy lips of her hairy cunt twitching.

He remembered seeing the doctor with Sandra, and, before Peggy realized it, Jeff shoved his face into her ass and began licking at her asshole with his wet tongue.

"Ohhh," she mewled, arching her ass into his face. "You know how to make me feel so good!"

Jeff laughed as he pulled his face out of her ass. He slapped her cheeks playfully.

"That's enough of that shit," she said, but her giggles removed any hint of anger, which she didn't feel in the first place. "Who do you think I am ... Joey's mother? I don't go for any of that rough shit, darling."

"I'm gonna get a shower," he said, jumping from the bed but leaning over and kissing her mother's creamy ass before he walked into the hallway. "You've got a hell of a pretty ass, Mom."

"Thank you," she laughed. "I think, anyway!"

"Gives me some good ideas," Jeff said from the hall.

"Fuck you, darling!" she called out.

"Fine with me. Just as soon as I get showered."

"Asshole," she murmured as she climbed off his bed.

Peggy had just slipped into her robe when the doorbell rang.

On her way to answer it she noticed it was almost noon. She heard the shower going as she went past the hall bathroom, then stepped in quickly; calling to Jeff, "I'm closing the door, honey... someone is at the front door."

She opened it and saw Sandra standing there. "I thought you and I needed coffee together." Sandra smiled brightly.

"I don't know about you," Peggy said, running her fingers through her mussed hair, "but I need coffee, together or alone."

"Mmmm, just got out of bed, I see," Sandra said as she came in. "I had no idea you slept so late, Peggy."

"I had trouble sleeping," Peggy said, going to the kitchen and setting the coffee to brewing.

"Any particular reason for that?" Sandra asked. There was an expression on her beautiful face that made Peggy not reply. Sandra was dressed in a very becoming sundress with narrow, fragile straps over her shoulders, her tits half-naked. The dress was very short, and when she sat down, it rode almost to her lap, revealing her tantalizing thighs almost to her crotch.

As they talked, Peggy found herself hoping desperately Jeff would put on clothes before coming into the kitchen, or at least his pants. She didn't want Sandra to know they were fucking. Sandra was probably the hottest ass Peggy knew, and, now that she knew Sandra was fucking the doctor and her candles while her husband was out of town, she was sure Sandra would try to make something nasty out of the relationship between her and her son.

But Sandra wasn't that kind of woman, she hoped Sandra didn't run around the town telling what she knew. She could probably keep a secret forever.

Jeff stepped into the kitchen.

And Peggy almost dropped out of her chair; He had his shorts on but his cock hung out of the fly, almost hard again.

"Jeff!" she yelped.

Jeff stopped, frozen where he stood.

Sandra saw him, her eyes raking over his prick, a smile spreading over her face.

"Well, look at that!" Sandra said, "Mmmm, I had no idea you had such a lovely cock there, Jeff."

"Jeff, put some clothes on!" Peggy groaned, embarrassed.

"Oh, no, don't do that," Sandra said. "Let's get a good look at that pretty thing. My but it looks good enough for a girl to eat!"

"Sandra!" Peggy groaned. "That's my son!"

"I know very well who Jeff is, Peggy," Sandra replied, licking her lips. "I'm not ashamed to admit I'd love to have a taste of that cock."

"Sandra, please!" Peggy's face was flaming with embarrassment, her eyes wide as she stared at Sandra.

"I sure do please," Sandra said. "You know, I think something is going on here. A boy just doesn't walk into the kitchen with his cock hanging out... not when his mother is there."

"What are you implying, Sandra?" Peggy asked, but without force in her voice. They had been caught, she knew. Sandra was no dummy. She knew what was going on.

Sandra ignored Peggy, gazing hungrily at Jeff's cock. But he turned suddenly and ran from the kitchen. Sandra laughed, a deep, throaty laugh. "Come on, Peggy, let me in on this. I'm your best friend, you know. If there's a little incest going on here, I want in on it."

"You're horrible," Peggy said, feeling some of the heat leave her face. "The things you imagine."

"I'm not imagining anything, and you fucking well know it, Peggy, my darling. You're fucking Jeff. That's a plain fact now. You're fucking your son."

"And you're fucking the doctor!" Peggy snapped before she could stop herself.

"You're right about that, except for one thing," Sandra gurgled. "I'm not fucking him; I'm sucking him. There's a difference between fucking and sucking, isn't there?"

"Not that I can see," Peggy said.

"Well, for one thing I promised my husband a long time ago that I would never fuck around on him. I didn't, however, mention anything about not sucking. I like to keep my word when I can."

"I still say you're horrible."

"But you know something?" Sandra said, ignoring Peggy's accusation. "I'd break my word if I could fuck that cute cock of Jeff's. Yes, I most definitely would break my promise."

Jeff came back wearing pants--his expression sheepish. But he could hardly keep his eyes off Sandra's exposed thighs. Sandra, of course, noticed that. While he stood at the sink, facing them, she twisted in her chair and deliberately spread her legs.

Peggy gasped softly, and Jeff stared, his mouth open. Sandra was not wearing panties beneath her sundress, and her hair-rimmed cunt could be seen. Sandra, with a straight face, looked at Peggy while Jeff gazed up her skirt. "I won't ask how you know about me and the doctor," she said. "I think I already know. For instance; last night..." She let it fall off, a knowing expression on her face.

"Last night?" Peggy said, foolishly.

"You don't think I was doing all that just for my entertainment, do you?" Sandra asked, winking at Peggy.

"You knew Jeff was--"

"Of course," Sandra said, turning her gaze back to Jeff. Peggy saw her gaze burn upon the front of Jeff's pants, where his cock was now obviously hard.

There was tension in the air, a heavy tension which seemed to crush Peggy. She knew what Sandra was up to but did not in the least find it distasteful. On the contrary, she was anxious for it herself. Jeff's cock bulged out very hard against his pants, and his eyes were very hot as he stared without shame under Sandra's dress.

Then--and Peggy felt it was deliberate--the thin strap on Sandra's right shoulder started to break, and suddenly her round beautiful, firm tit was exposed, her nipple sweetly hard. Sandra made no attempt to cover her tit. She licked her lips and began to tease her nipple with the tip of a finger. Peggy's cunt swelled and her clit began to throb as she watched that finger circling the succulent nipple, hardly knowing that she, too, was licking her lips.

Jeff, his eyes shifting about, going from Sandra's creamy tit to her revealed cunt, was trembling, his legs weak. Sandra slipped her hand around her naked tit, giving herself a squeeze, then slid her hand downward. She began inching her skirt up, her eyes blazing with desire at the lump of hard cock in Jeff's pants. Peggy's gaze followed Sandra's hand, her breathing quickening.

With her skirt at her lower stomach now, Sandra shoved her hips forward on the chair, spreading her legs farther yet. She crooked a finger at Jeff, paying no attention to Peggy now. Jeff moved toward the woman, glancing nervously at his mother. Peggy nodded her head, and Jeff stepped closer to Sandra. Peggy watched her friend opening her son's pants, panting with excitement now. This was better than peeking into a window, she thought, watching Sandra shove her son's pants down to his feet. Jeff's cock throbbed straight out, his balls tight at the base. His prick head was intensely swollen, and Peggy saw fuck juice dripping from his piss hole. "Oh, that's what I call a beautiful cock!" Sandra crooned, closing her fingers around Jeff's prick and feeling, stroking, and squeezing his cock. She fondled his balls, twisting them gently but eagerly.

"What are you, going to do?" Peggy asked. The answer was obvious, but she had to ask anyway. Her voice was very husky and her eyes were blazing hot. She wiggled her ass on the chair, finding it extremely exciting to watch Sandra fondle and play with her son's cock this way. Her robe had parted by now, and both her sugary tits were exposed, her nipples rubbery in hardness, tingling deliciously.

Sandra didn't answer Peggy. She moved Jeff by placing her hands on his hips until he was between her thighs. Jeff, being short, stood with his cock only a few inches above Sandra's pulsating, hairy cunt.

"You're going to fuck me now, Jeff," Sandra said almost conversationally. "You're going to put that lovely hard cock in my cunt and fuck me. My promise to my husband can piss up a rope. I want that sweet cock in my pussy!"

Peggy felt as if she were dreaming, but having a beautiful dream. Watching her friend fondle her son's cock was thrilling, and it made her cunt boil with wet heat. Her eyes, although slightly unfocused with desire, burned as she watched Sandra move a little. Then the head of her son's cock was, touching her puffy, fiery cunt. It was kind of weird, Peggy thought. They should be in the living room, the bedroom, someplace besides the kitchen, sitting in kitchen chairs. But Sandra sat there, her ass shoved forward, her skirt about her waist. Now; that lovely, sweet, glistening cunt lifting slightly. And then it seemed to Peggy that Sandra's pussy sucked Jeff's cock right inside.

"Oooo, so nice!" Sandra murmured. "I like this! I haven't had a hard cock in my cunt for or two weeks...I need this! Oh, I need it so bad!"

Sandra clung to Jeff's hips, squirming her ass up and down, sliding the scalding lips of her hair-framed cunt back and forth on Jeff's cock. Peggy saw her son reach for Sandra's tits, pulling the other thin strap away. His ass pumped, his cock sticking into Sandra's cunt as

he squeezed at her firm titties, grunting with effort. The soft, ecstatic whimpers and sobs coming from Sandra sent shivers of pleasure up and down Peggy's flesh as she watched her son's cock being devoured by that searing, wet cunt. She did not realize she was clawing into her own tits, her eyes cloudy with passion. If she had known, she would not have stopped. It felt good to fondle her tits as she watched this woman fucking her son.

She could see the way Sandra's clit, longer than her own; scraped along the shaft of her son's slippery cock. She could see almost everything, but she felt a desire to be closer to them. She moved over until she was standing at their sides, her robe flapping open now. She still holding her tits with both hands, her nipples were protruding between her fingers. Jeff, humping his hips, fucking his cock in and out of Sandra's grinding cunt, immediately caught on to his mother's tits with his mouth and began to suck hard. His hand slipped past her robe, around her shaking hip, and clutched one of her tight ass cheeks.

Peggy was not in the least surprised or offended when Sandra shoved a hand between her thighs, sliding it upwards. Peggy spread her feet, arching her hips forward, and Sandra caressed her cunt, rubbing her hand back and forth, then working a finger into Peggy's cunt, fucking her finger in and out as she churned and thrust her cunt onto Jeff's cock.

"Oh, God!" Sandra groaned, her head twisting around as her hips moved up and down. "Ohhh, this is good! Fuck me, Jeff! Oooo, honey, ram my cunt! God, God ... I can't get enough cock! Fuck me, fuck the piss out of me, Jeff!" Peggy found her passion growing higher as she listened to Sandra, watched her naked hips thrash about as Jeff fucked her vigorously, his balls beating back and forth on her grinding ass, his cock going deep. Sandra was finger fucking her frantically now, and Peggy could not resist the opportunity to grab one of those rounded tits of the overheated woman. She found Sandra's tit a delight to touch, to cup and squeeze. It also sent Sandra into a whirlwind of motion, her hips grinding and churning in a frenzy. The finger up Peggy's cunt fucked wildly, and Peggy was bordering on an enormous orgasm, her cunt pulsating and sucking at Sandra's finger.

"Oh, bang the piss out of my hot fucking cunt, Jeff!" Sandra screamed in ecstasy. "Ram the shit out of my hot ass, honey! I love it love it! Oooo, hard, baby!"

Peggy squeezed Sandra's tit hard with her fingers, feeling the rigid nipple burn into her palm. She was now humping her own hips on the finger of Sandra, her son digging his hand into her tightening punching ass.

"Fuck her, Jeff!" Peggy wailed, feeling her orgasm ready to explode. "Ohhh, darling, fuck Sandra's cunt! Squirt it to her... come in her hairy pussy, Jeff! Ooooo, that's beautiful, so fucking beautiful, your cock fucking her! Fill her hot twat with your sweet, sweet come juice!"

"Yes! Oh, God ... yes!" Sandra wailed. "Let me have it, Jeff! I want it--need it! Come in me!"

Jeff was fucking frantically into Sandra's gripping cunt, his eyes shifting about as he tried to watch her hair-lined cunt gobbling his cock and watch his mother's lovely pussy being finger-fucked so aggressively.

Sandra suddenly shrieked, her hips slamming up hard, Jeff's cock deep. "I'm coming!" she yelled. "Ohhh, I'm coming so fucking hard!"

Immediately Peggy's cunt exploded around the deeply buried finger of Sandra, her body shaking as her eyes rolled in her head. Her legs weakened, but remained upright, her hips jerking as she came time and again, her orgasms flowing with wet heat through her. The insides of her thighs were as slippery as her cunt with all the fuck juices seeping from her fiery pussy.

Jeff rammed hard into Sandra's clinging, flexing cunt, gushing come juice into her with loud grunts. His small body seemed to be having tremors as he came.

Peggy slumped away from Sandra's hand, leaning weakly against the kitchen table, her cunt still pulsating hotly, her tits trembling, ripples moving about her flat stomach. Jeff, very weak, slumped down to the floor, his cock pulling free of the clamping cunt lips of Sandra, who had slumped tiredly in the chair, her legs still spread wide. Peggy could see her son's come juice gleaming on the hairs of Sandra's cunt, could see it drip from her. She licked her l

ips, feeling another slightly milder orgasm burst within her pussy.

"Oh, my God!" Sandra moaned, struggling to sit upright, a satisfied smile on her beautiful face. "That was what I call a fucking! I needed that fuck so bad ... I can't tell you how badly I needed a cock up my cunt."

Jeff, sitting on the floor at her feet, grinned up with pride on his young face. His cock, soaked with the juices of Sandra's cunt, dangled between his thighs. Peggy, too, had a radiant smile on her face. She knew, after watching Sandra the night before with those candles, of her son's desire to fuck the woman. She was pleased that it happened, and was even more pleased that she had watched them actually fuck. Being finger-fucked by Sandra at the same time was not in the least embarrassing to her. She was comfortable with her sexual nature; she knew that in the heat of wild, frantic passion anything could--and usually did--happen.

They had all calmed down a bit now. Peggy looked at Sandra, her eyes shining. "Tell me the real reason you don't fuck the doctor, Sandra. Promising your husband you wouldn't fuck is just an excuse."

Sandra grinned. "You're right," she said. "The real reason is I don't like enormous cocks all that well. I prefer a cock like Jeff's. I tried to fuck him and that goddamn monster hurt. I can't take those big fuckers. Now Jeff's cock." She glanced down at it and licked her lips. "That was just right for my pussy."

"Then you mean your husband's cock isn't large?" Peggy asked.

"Larger than Jeff's, of course," Sandra said. "But he's a man, and Jeff has a ways to go yet. But I can take my husband's cock quite comfortably. He knows about me, He knows I'm a real hot ass, and I won't go without a cock very long."

"Your husband knows you're fucking around?"

"I don't like that term 'fucking around'" Sandra said. "I'm not an easy fuck. But I do fuck who I want to fuck, and, yes, he knows."

Jeff had been stroking Sandra's thighs, feeling them, his cock standing up again. Sandra's eyes watched his prick grow. She was ginning from ear to ear.

"I love it when a guy can get a hard-on so fast after fucking me," she said.

"Why don't you suck it?" Peggy heard herself say. She didn't know why she said it, except what she and Jeff and, Sandra were doing excited her. "Yes, why don't you suck\* my son's cock off... like you sucked the doctor's cock. I think Jeff would love a blow job."

Without saying anything, Sandra glanced at Peggy, her eyes gazing at her tits and cunt for a moment, then she slipped from the chair and pushed Jeff onto his back, his cock jutting up in hardness, still glistening with the juices of her cunt. Sandra removed his pants from his feet, then leaned over him. She braced herself with one hand and jerked her skirt past her ass with the other.

Peggy looked at those long thighs, the creamy shape of Sandra's naked ass, the spreading of those smooth cheeks, the, tight pucker other asshole, the hairiness, of her cunt as her pussy seemed to pooch between her thighs. Her cunt began to steam again.

She watched with hungry eyes as Sandra began to lick about her son's balls, her long tongue lapping at them, making Jeff tremble with pleasure. When Sandra sucked both Jeff's balls into her mouth, Peggy pressed the heel of her hand hard into her throbbing cunt, moaning softly with voyeuristic delight. As Sandra sucked Jeff's balls, Peggy watched that beautiful, tantalizing ass wave and shiver. When Sandra released his balls and began lapping her long tongue up and down his wet cock, Peggy saw Sandra's cunt actually flexing as she wiggled her ass.

But it was much more exciting to watch Sandra lick the fuck juices off Jeff's cock, and that was where her eyes gazed. When Sandra took Jeff's cock into her mouth, sliding down the prick shaft to the base, moaning in hungry ecstasy, Peggy's cunt exploded with an orgasm. She dropped to her knees in a position where she could watch Sandra's stretching lips suck up and down Jeff's cock, but still keep a hot eye on her lovely, naked ass and busy pussy. When Sand

ra became so hungry for Jeff's throbbing prick that she had to suck fast, Peggy 'could not resist touching that inviting flesh. She ran her hand about Sandra's ass, her fingers touching lightly at the puffy cunt and dragging from the swollen clit, up the slit, and toying about the tight heat of her asshole. Then with Sandra bobbing her mouth up and down in a moaning frenzy, her ass swaying about and arching into Peggy's hand, Peggy fucked two fingers into Sandra's cunt, finding Sandra's pussy very wet and intensely hot. She fucked her fingers in and out of Sandra's cunt while the woman sucked with a mindless hunger on her son's cock. The moans coming from Sandra were enough to let Peggy and Jeff know how greedy she was to have a hard cock inside her mouth. "Mmmmm!" Sandra gurgled, lifting her lips a fraction off Jeff's cock. "God, does your cock taste good, Jeff! It fits my cock-sucking mouth just right, too! I can take it all the way down my throat! You're going to get a beautiful blow-job, baby! When I can swallow a cock like this, I'm a damned hungry cock-sucker!"

She slammed her mouth back down onto Jeff's cock, gurgling and swinging her uplifted ass about as Peggy finger fucked her almost violently. Peggy gripped her son's tight balls in her free hand, pulling and twisting them while Sandra's lips sucked hard. She could feel the hot wet stretched lips brush her hand often as Sandra deep-throated Jeff's cock.

Peggy could feel the sucking motions of Sandra's pussy on her fingers, and thought fleetingly that it was an odd coincidence they both had cunts that could do that. She rammed her fingers deep into the amazingly wet pussy of Sandra as the woman shoved her ass back, her head dipping and rising as she sucked almost frantically on Jeff's cock. Jeff was twisting and writhing his ass about on the floor, the wet heat of Sandra's mouth sending fantastic pleasure through his young body.

When Sandra came, Peggy felt those hairy hot cunt lips squeezing at her fingers. She didn't need to hear the ecstatic moans bubbling from Sandra's cock-filled mouth to know the woman was going through powerful orgasms, one after the other.

Jeff arched his hips up, grunting loudly. Peggy jerked her fingers out of Sandra's convulsing cunt and leaned down between his thighs, watching his balls writhe as they became tight. She saw, with hot, slightly unfocused eyes, his cock pulsating, and heard the gurgles coming from Sandra. She watched Sandra's throat working, knowing her son was gushing his come juice into her mouth and Sandra was swallowing it hungrily, mewling in passion as she did so.

A white glob of come juice escaped Sandra's tightly sucking lips and ran down to his balls. Sandra kept sucking with loud, wet swallowing sounds as her mouth flooded with the thick, sweet come juices spurting from his piss hole. As Sandra pulled her lips from Jeff's cock when he finished coming, Peggy moved her face forward. But Sandra darted her tongue out and lapped up the come juice that had dripped onto his balls. Peggy had not even realized she was moving her face forward until then. She ran her tongue over her lips, settling back on her heels, wondering if she would really have lapped her son's come juice off his balls if she had beat Sandra to it.

Peggy didn't know; but she found herself wondering what her son's cock would feel like between her own lips, if his come juice would be sweet on her tongue.

This business of peeking into windows had certainly started other things, Peggy thought as she sat watching her son in the shower.

She had scrubbed his back for him, and, by the time she had finished, he had had another of those beautiful hard-ons. She had bathed earlier and was sitting on the toilet in her panties, legs crossed, foot swinging. Jeff had chattered and talked constantly since Sandra had gone home. He detailed every feeling he had had to his mother, what it felt like to have his cock sucked off, the heat and wetness of Sandra's mouth, his pleasure of coming off in her mouth and her swallowing his come juice. He asked his mother if all women who sucked cocks swallowed a guy's come juice, but Peggy told him she had no idea.

"Do you suck cock, Mom?"

Peggy was watching him soap his cock and balls, watching the smooth prick head, his pi

ss hole flaring as he stroked his soapy cock. She wondered how he could still be so hard; Sandra had stayed with them most of the afternoon and Jeff had fucked the woman twice more. And still his cock was up and ready for more pussy. She wondered, but she was intensely pleased.

She thought about his question, wondering how to answer. She had, of course, sucked cock before. Yet she hesitated to let him know. She didn't know why she was holding back. Perhaps there was still a lingering bit of guilt about fucking him. She had felt no guilt last night, but that had happened because they both had been so aroused and excited by watching Sandra and her two candles; She wondered if she would have fucked her son if they had not seen that. They had been, she knew very well, on that particular path from that first time of peeking in a window together.

She did not answer his question. She uncrossed her legs and, watching his hard cock, shoved her ass toward the edge of the toilet, spreading her knees; She began to rub at her cunt through her panties, slowly but firmly. She knew Jeff found a particular enjoyment in watching a woman play with herself, and she enjoyed pleasing him. She thought of Sandra's wet lips wrapped about his cock, and that made her cunt become hot very fast.

Jeff stepped out of the shower, his body dripping water everywhere. Peggy looked at him with moist, hot eyes, still rubbing at her panties. Jeff stood looking for a moment, then went to his knees.

"What are you going to do, honey?" she asked.

Jeff laughed as he caressed her long thighs, then pressed his young lips to the inner creaminess of one. He kissed his mother's thigh, then began to lick. Peggy moaned as his tongue moved higher, going toward her crotch. She pulled her hand away, resting it on her stomach at the elastic of her panties, watching his young face between her legs.

Jeff ran his tongue up and down the crotch of his mother's panties, tasting the wetness of them, and he laughed again. Then he was no longer laughing; Jeff pressed his mouth tight against his mother's crotch, his lips wide open, sucking at her panties.

"Oooo, darling," Peggy mewled, grabbing the back of his head and pulling his face tight into her cunt. "Are you going to lick me?"

As she said that, she clawed her panties to one side, exposing her bubbling cunt to him. Immediately, Jeff shoved his mouth against his mother's cunt, sucking at her puffy pussy lips, his tongue flicking about. Peggy made a soft sob of delight, arching her crotch up and writhing.

"Oh, good!" she groaned as his tongue seemed to move into her cunt. "Oh, baby, that's good!"

Jeff slipped his hands underneath his mother's ass, cupping her cheeks as his tongue darted and swirled into the wetness of her cunt.

They had been planning to search the area for something exciting to look at, but neither thought of that in this moment. This was the first time Jeff had licked her pussy, and Peggy was thrilled. She refused to admit to herself she had felt a little jealous while he fucked Sandra. But his darting tongue up her cunt made all that evaporate. He had not sucked Sandra's cunt, despite the hungry blow job the woman had given him. Peggy was getting her cunt sucked by Jeff for the first time, and it was almost as though she was receiving his virginity all over again. She had given him his first piece of ass, and now she was being sucked by him his very first time. That made it all okay to her. He could do anything he wanted, she told herself, as long as it was done to her first. She knew she was being possessive, but she couldn't help it.

Peggy lifted her knees and draped them over her son's shoulder, holding his face with her hot, smooth thighs, twisting her cunt into his mouth. Jeff's tongue fucked in and out, licking at the flowing fuck juices, swallowing as his mouth filled. Peggy arched her hips up, trying to get her cunt tighter against his sucking mouth.

"Oooo, Jeff, darling!" she gurgled hotly. "Oh, baby! Ahhhh, that's good, honey! Ohhh, you've got a long tongue, Jeff! You stick your tongue so far up my cunt!"



His eyes twinkled up at her, his nose buried into the soft mat of her cunt hair, his lips sucking at her as he tongue-fucked her swiftly. Her eyes burned down at him. Her stomach rippled with pleasure, hips grinding. She held the back of his head tightly, her thighs scissoring about his face.

"Suck me, Jeff!" she sobbed with that pleasure. "Ohhh, suck me, darling! Suck mother's cunt, baby! Suck it! Suck it! Tongue-fuck my pussy, Jeff! I'm so hot, so fucking hot now! Fuck in my wet cunt with your tongue, darling!"

Peggy was almost lying on the toilet with her back as she moved her crotch over the edge. It was an uncomfortable position, but she wasn't feeling anything but ecstasy as his tongue fucked in and out of her tight wetness. His upper lip seemed to be pressing against her swollen clitoris, increasing the staining pleasure between her legs. Wet slurping sounds came from his tightly pressing mouth as his tongue fucked and licked.

Jeff managed to pull his face out of his mother's cunt, and, when Peggy started to protest, he began licking and kissing at the smooth flesh near her pussy, sliding his tongue across the sensitive lips of her cunt front thigh to thigh. Then he began lapping up and down her slit and she felt the tip of his tongue probe her asshole before he dragged his tongue up and into her cunt. Then his tongue was out again and his lips closed about her knotted clit, sucking hard as his tongue flicked back and forth.

"Ohhhh, that's good!" she squealed. "Suck me like that, darling! Ohhh, suck my clit my hot, hard clit!"

But Jeff pulled back again, keeping his face close so he could lap up and down her cunt, could twirl his tongue around his mother's throbbing clit. Peggy was about to go out of her mind with erotic sensations, urging him to suck and tongue her cunt.

Jeff licked and sucked at each cunt lip in turn, then chewed lightly at her clitoris. Finally he rammed his tongue deep in her hairy twat and thrust it in and out like a cock, his top lip pressing tightly onto her clit.

Peggy went wild, her head twisting about as the boiling ecstasy increased with intensity. She beat her heels on his back, her inner thighs squeezing hard at his face.

"You're going to make me come!" she screamed. "Ohhh, there it is! You're making mother come! My cunt is... my cunt... is coming!"

Jeff felt his mother's cunt closing about his tongue. He fucked his tongue in and out, tasting the sweet juices she flowed into his mouth. The sound of his wet sucking and licking seemed to increase the power of her orgasms and her body was trembling as she came and came.

Peggy came so much that her legs fell weakly from his shoulders, twitching. Jeff's young face was smeared with the juices of her pussy, his lips and cheeks and chin. But his eyes shined brightly with satisfaction. His cock stood up very hard, and Peggy whispered thickly, "Put your cock in my cunt now, Jeff. Fuck me now."

Holding his mother's thighs, Jeff, on his knees, fucked his mother as she sprawled precariously on the toilet.

Peggy mewled softly as her son's cock fucked in and out of her sensitive cunt. Her clit after coming so much, could hardly stand the scraping, but she managed. Besides, his cock fucking in and out of her cunt overcame that sensitivity. The thick hardness of his cock stretching her cunt felt, better to Peggy than anything in the world, and she would have kept his prick inside there all the time if such had been possible. His sweet, precious balls, swinging against her quivering ass cheeks thrilled her greatly. She wished her panties were off so she could feel them better but didn't want to stop this fucking to remove them. She wanted her son to fuck her hard, really bang the piss out of her, bruise her tender cunt even.

"Harder!" she yelled at him. "Fuck me harder! Beat my cunt, Jeff! Ohhh, baby, beat the piss out of mother's hot wet cunt! Fuck that pussy... that twat.... snatch... cunt!"

She felt her son's cock swell and throb within the tight grip of her cunt. Then he was

coming, squirting rapidly into her receptive cunt, the thick sweetness spattering the walls of her steaming, velvety pussy. Jeff fucked hard into his mother's cunt as he came, feeling her pussy drawing on his cock, sucking the come juice from his tight balls. His young face was screwed up with intense ecstasy, sounds of delight coming from him.

"Fucking panties," Peggy complained after he pulled his cock out. "I'm going to stop wearing them. They seem to get in the way lately."

Jeff thought that was a wonderful idea for her to go without panties and told her so.

"Really?" she asked pleased he would enjoy that. "You think that would excite you, me being naked under my clothes?"

"Only when you wear dresses and skirts, Mom," he said. "It don't matter about jeans."

"Then that's what I'll do--no more panties!"

And she stripped them off.

The night was dark, lit only by a half moon. Slipping along the darkened streets, Peggy held her son's hand tightly. Both were anxious to find something interesting, both were keyed up. The increase of sexual activity contributed to this eager feeling, of course.

However, it was a good feeling.

Peggy was dressed in a light colorful summer dress, without panties or bra. She was, other than the dress and shoes, naked. A sense of freedom, delicious wicked freedom, was in her.

They looked into a few lighted windows, found nothing of interest, then walked on. Peggy sensed Jeff's growing disappointment. They stopped just outside the circle of light from a street lamp, and Peggy hugged him against her body, one hand clutching the cheek of his ass while she thrust her tongue into his mouth. She felt his cock hardening against her body. Twisting against his cock, she moaned softly into his mouth.

"We'll find something," she whispered.

What they found was a young girl and boy friend. It wasn't all that exciting to Peggy, but Jeff enjoyed it. Apparently the girl's parents weren't home, and they watched from the concealment of thick shrubbery as the boy fondled the girl's tight tits. The girl, with her fist gripping the boy's cock, stroked and sighed and squealed a lot. When the boy shoved the girl's dress up, the girl widened her legs so he could get into her panties. This seemed to excite Jeff; his cock was throbbing very hard when Peggy ran her palm over his hard-on.

Peggy pulled her son's cock from his pants, and stroked, looking a few times into the window, but mostly at her son. She could see his expression in the light coming through the window, and his eyes shined. The sight of a young boy and a girl feeling each other up hardly did anything for Peggy, but her son's excitement did. It made her hot, very hot. Jeff whispered to his mother that he knew both the boy and girl, who were a few classes above him. They were, he told her, quite popular in school, always walking about the corridors holding hands and whispering. They had been elected the school's king and queen at the last prom dance.

"They won't fuck," Peggy whispered against Jeff's ear. "They're just going to feel around."

But Jeff was excited watching them. Peggy had a hunch her son either was going through, or had gone through a crush on this older girl. She pumped on his cock, feeling his prick throb as his eyes stared at the girl's long slim thighs, and heard him swallow when he got a glance of her little cunt, the boy pushing her panties to one side.

Being more interested in her son than in what was happening in the house, Peggy loosened Jeff's belt and shoved his pants down there in the bushes. She used one hand to jack on his cock, the other to fondle his tight young ass. She pressed her crotch to his hip, rubbing and running her tongue about his ear, breathing hotly. Her pussy was bubbling, her inner thighs slippery again with the seeping cunt juices.

Running a fingertip over his piss hole, she found he was dripping. Without saying a word to her son, Peggy slipped to her knees, where she squeezed at his young ass, jacking on his cock, and began to run her tongue and lips about his hip, his thigh, licking and tasting his sweet flesh. She felt her son shaking with excitement as he gazed in the window, his cock pulsating powerfully in her fist. She trailed her tongue about his hip, shoving her face behind him to lap daintily at the cheek of his ass. She ran her tongue down where his ass cheeks creased into his thigh, then drug her tongue up the back of his ass. Again she worked her mouth and tongue to his hip, then turned him so he faced her. His cock jerked up and down before her face. She could barely see his cock and balls, but that didn't matter.

Holding his cock at the base with a thumb and forefinger, Peggy probed the tip of her tongue against his dripping piss hole. She heard her son gurgle with delight as his hand rested on top of her head. As she tasted the oozing juices of his cock, Peggy's mind reeled with erotic ecstasy. She twisted and twirled her tongue around the smooth head of his prick, feeling his cock grow even harder. Shoving her hands around his hips, she cupped the cheeks of his ass, her tongue fluttering about his cock, licking the hard shaft, probing at his young, precious balls, sliding up his cock again to the smooth prick head, where she probed his piss hole at the tip.

Peggy began to moan softly with a hungry eagerness, kissing at her son's cock. She clutched the cheeks of his ass, her fingers squeezing. Jeff, trembling, arched his hips forward and the head of his cock slipped between his mother's lips. The hardness of his cock, the searing heat, the gripping piss hole on her tongue caused Peggy's body to shudder with ecstasy, and she came in a wet, mild orgasm; her ass shaking.

A moan of delighted hunger came from her tightly stretched lips, and Jeff fucked more of his cock into his mother's mouth as he kept watching the boy and girl in the room. Pulling at his young ass, Peggy worked Jeff's cock farther into her mouth until she felt the prick head at her throat. Her lips clung to the base, and his balls rested at her chin. She held Jeff's cock deep in her mouth, her tongue pressing against his prick, her eyes closed as a hot sensation ran through her body. Her cunt was tingling with pleasure, the hairy lips swollen, her clit knotted.

"Ummmm!" she whimpered when Jeff started fucking her mouth. "Ooommm!"

He held her head with both his hands now, moving his cock back and forth, fucking between her clinging lips. Peggy used her tongue as she sucked him, holding still so he could fuck her mouth like a cunt. She clung to his young tight ass with both hands, ecstasy boiling through her because Jeff was fucking her wet, hot, hungry mouth.

She was answering his question at last as to whether she sucked cock. There on her knees, concealed by the thick bushes, with him watching a girl and boy feel each other up, she was giving him his answer.

Pressing her tongue hard at the underside of his cock, her lips tight, she created a slippery wetness for him. She was thrilled when that swollen cock-head probed her throat, and she had the insane desire to swallow that beautiful hard prick down into her stomach. She gurgled with happiness as he fucked her mouth, fucking his cock in and out slowly for a while, then speeding up as his excitement increased. She felt his cock throbbing between her lips harder than ever. Her lips stretched about his cock. His balls swung against her chin as he fucked in and out. She loved the way his thighs brushed the tingling thrust of her tits.

The soft gasping above her head was enough to inflame Peggy's mind. She sucked on his cock as he fucked her, feeling as if her lips would be bruised by his powerful plunges. She didn't care if they were bruised; the ecstasy she was feeling to have his cock inside her mouth wiped away everything but her pleasure. She was going through a series of orgasms, her cunt twitching with sweet contractions. As hard as she tried, she could not stop the hungry gurgles that came from her. All she could do was hope they didn't make enough noise to be caught outside this window.

"Ohhhhhhh!"

The sound Jeff made almost startled her. She had not expected it. He had been breathing heavily as he fucked her mouth, but the moans were unexpected. She glanced up his body with h

is cock buried in her mouth. He was still watching whatever was going on inside the house, his hips arching back and forth. If he was going to lose control and make noise, Peggy wanted to hurry him along toward discharge.

She began to thrust her mouth forward as he fucked into her throat, sucking back as he pulled away. She began to suck with hot, hard, quick movements while he kept fucking her mouth. She clawed at his tight young ass with strong fingers, pulling him toward her. Jeff's cock lurched.

Come juice splashed against her throat. Peggy with her eyes closed, wailed softly with ecstasy. Jeff's come juice was very thick, but, best of all, it was delicious. Her tongue was coated quickly, and he moved his hips back and forth, his cock squirting in rapid spurts, filling her mouth as she swallowed wetly, her tongue fluttering on the pulsating hardness. Her cunt was convulsing as Jeff came into her mouth, and Peggy could not stop a soft sob of ecstasy. Her fingers dug hard into the tight cheeks of his ass, pulling her son's cock as deep into her mouth as she could, letting him finish coming down her throat.

Fearful of the noise they were making, Peggy nevertheless clung to her son's cock until he finished coming. When it was over, she pulled her mouth from him, dragging his pants up at the same time. She glanced into the window, seeing that the girl was jacking in a frenzy on the boy's cock as he sprawled back, letting her please him.

"Come on," Peggy whispered. "Let's go home. We made enough noise out here to wake someone up."

They slipped away as quietly as possible, walking fast to get away from that house.

#### CHAPTER TEN

"Mind if I come in and get fucked?" Sandra said, grinning at Peggy.

"You might as well." Peggy smiled. "Like they say, once you do it, the next time is easier."

"You're a real friend, Peggy," Sandra said as she came into the house. "There aren't many women that would share their son with a friend."

"That's for survival," Peggy replied. "Jeff is so damned horny all the time I need the help."

Sandra looked around. "Where is that little fucker?"

"I had to send him to the store. He'll be back soon," Peggy said. "How about coffee?"

"Sounds good," Sandra said. "Next to a morning fuck, coffee is best. But if I had my d-ruthers, I'll take a fuck before anything else."

"It's a nice way to wake up." Peggy grinned.

"You got it this morning, huh?"

"Jeff woke me up by sticking his cock in me."

"You don't know how lucky you are, Peggy."

They sat in the living room with their coffee. Sandra was wearing another sundress, a bright yellow thing that molded her perfect tits and showed off her slender thighs to perfection. Peggy was dressed in shorts and a thin cotton blouse. They sat at opposite ends of the couch, facing each other.

"Sandra," Peggy said, "you said something the other day that puzzles me. You said you promised your husband you wouldn't fuck around, then later you said he knew you fucked around."

"A figure of speech, that's all," Sandra said. "I don't fuck around, Peggy ... I suck

around, and, yes, he knows that I'm doing it. Since I've been married, no one else has fucked me until Jeff. But I've sure sucked a lot of cocks off!"

"Don't you feel a little, you know, adulterous?"

"Yes, and I called him last night," Sandra said. "I told him."

"You what?" Peggy snapped, her eyes wide. "My God, Sandra! Do you know what could happen?"

Sandra grinned at Peggy. "I know what could happen, and want to know what he said?"

"He's going to kill us, right?"

"Nothing so, drastic," Sandra said. "My husband has had his eye on you for some time. He has this itch to stick his cock up your cunt, Peggy."

Peggy couldn't believe it. "That's crazy," she said.

"Not so crazy," Sandra replied. "That asshole is always looking at you with that horny gleam in his eyes. It's true. He wants a piece of your cute ass, Peggy."

Peggy gazed at Sandra, feeling a thrill tingling through her stomach, a heat growing between her thighs. "You know that and it don't make you mad?"

"It made me so mad," Sandra laughed in a sultry sound, "I told him on the phone I just might be able to arrange his little fuck with you."

"You didn't!"

"I did.".

But... you didn't ask me, Sandra."

"Would it be necessary to ask you first?"

For a moment Peggy couldn't answer, then she shook her head. "No, not at all."

"Then you'll fuck him?"

Peggy nodded her head, feeling a little shy to admit she would fuck Sandra's husband. "I will," she whispered.

"I thought so," Sandra said. "That made him so excited, he's cutting his trip short and coming home tomorrow. We've never done this before, by the way."

"Done what?"

"Swapped, I guess you'd call it," Sandra said. "My husband for your son."

"In the same room?" Peggy asked, feeling the anticipation of excitement starting inside her body.

"That's the only way, wouldn't you say? We can watch and do together."

"Wait until Jeff hears about this," Peggy laughed. "He'll go wild for it."

"Go wild for what, Mom?"

He came in the door at the end-of the conversation, grinning when he saw Sandra there.

"Never mind," Sandra said. "We're talking about a surprise, that's all."

"What surprise?"

"It wouldn't be a surprise if we told you, would it?" Sandra replied. "Why don't you set those bags down and come over here." She patted the center of the couch between her and Peggy.

As soon as Jeff was between them, Sandra draped an arm across his shoulders and began kissing him., Peggy watched Sandra's long tongue lick at her son's lips, and a glance at his pants showed a hard-on. Sandra was running her tongue in and out of his mouth. Peggy began opening her son's pants while Jeff was squeezing at Sandra's firm tits with both hands.

She had to drop to the floor as she pulled his pants off, his cock standing up very hard. Removing his pants from his feet, she shoved his knees apart and pressed her face into his crotch, twisting back and forth against his balls and lovely prick. Sandra pulled her tongue from his mouth and watched as Peggy licked up his cock, then closed her lips about his prick, going down all the way.

"Mmmmm, you love to suck cock, too, Peggy," Sandra hissed in a hot voice. She leaned down. "Move over and let me have a taste."

Jeff, sprawled out with his legs wide, looked down at his mother sucking his cock. He watched her move her mouth away, and then Sandra sucked his prick into her wet mouth. As Sandra sucked his cock, Peggy's eyes glowed with a heat that seared her body, and she pulled her son's balls into her mouth, sucking them as she had this very close view of Sandra sucking Jeff's cock.

Jeff, with a hot mouth riding up and down his cock and his mother sucking his balls, squirmed about in erotic ecstasy. Sandra's and Peggy's mouths sent trembling desire up and down his young body as he removed his shirt. Then his mother was sucking his cock and Sandra was squeezing his balls. He arched his hips up, twisting about.

Sandra spread out on the couch, on her stomach with her face near his hip. Peggy stayed on her knees between Jeff's legs, and they began taking turns on his cock, each sucking awhile, then giving over to the other; Peggy and Sandra mewled and giggled like two naughty little girls, their tongues often touching each other's as they passed Jeff's pulsating hard-on between them.

"Somebody is gonna make me come!" Jeff moaned.

"That's the idea, baby," Peggy said, her voice thick with erotic emotion. Sandra was sucking on his cock at the time, and she was rubbing his precious balls against her lips. "We want you to come."

Sandra sucked back from Jeff's cock and shoved his prick into Peggy's mouth, her eyes gleaming hotly. "We don't care who gets that come juice, Jeff," she said, watching Peggy suck greedily on the throbbing hardness. "You can come in either of our mouths. Right, Peggy?"

"Mmmmmmm!" Peggy murmured a reply, her tongue fluttering around her son's cock!

Peggy started licking along the shaft of her son's cock, with Sandra on the other side, her tongue racing up and down, too. Their tongues met at the tip of the swollen head, both tasting the seeping sweetness at his piss hole together.

Jeff watched those tongues with blazing eyes, making grunting sounds of delight. Being licked and sucked by his mother and the beautiful Sandra at the same time was a fantasy come true for him, or any young boy with intensely erotic thoughts. He could not reach his mother's tits, but he dug tightly to Sandra's.

"I think I'm gonna come!" he groaned. "I sure think I'm gonna come!"

"Oh, do it!" Sandra mewled.

"Come, baby!" his mother urged hotly.

Their tongues raced about the head of his cock, each trying to take his prick into her mouth. Sandra had hold of his balls, and Peggy was squeezing the base of his cock.

The bubbling squirting of come juice splashed into both those open mouths. Peggy was taking a spurt of come juice into her mouth, then moving his cock a fraction so Sandra got some, too. Still, Jeff came so much that their faces were coated. The thrill of having come juice spurting into her face sent Peggy's cunt into a boiling orgasm, making her squeal loudly as her tongue tried to capture the gushing fuck juices, fighting with Sandra's tongue for his come juice.

When Jeff slumped, finished, Peggy and Sandra saw each other's face and laughed. "We're not quick enough, I guess," Sandra giggled.

Peggy ran her tongue over her lip. "I don't know about you, Sandra, but I want that cock up my cunt."

She stood up and began to strip, dropping her shorts and blouse to the floor, then standing naked, eyeing her son's cock with hot eyes. Sandra jerked on Jeff's prick, and was pleased to see his cock swelling so hard, and so fast.

Peggy straddled her son, and Sandra fitted his cock up her cunt. As Peggy bounced her naked ass up and down, fucking her son happily, Sandra removed her dress. Since that was all she had on, she was naked before the dress hit the floor. Watching Peggy's ass bouncing up and down, Sandra knelt between Jeff's knees. Staring at Peggy's wet cunt fucking up and down on that lovely cock, she shoved her face forward and began to suck at his balls. Peggy's ass brushed at her nose as it wiggled. Sandra ran a hand under Jeff's ass, clutching a tight ass cheek as she sucked hotly on his balls. Her other hand was caressing up and down Peggy's smooth, creamy thigh and hip.

Jeff was holding his mother's ass, his fingers tight as she thrashed, her cunt fucking down, taking his cock deep into her extremely wet cunt, squealing with delight at each thrust.

"Goddamn, I'm gonna come again!" Jeff groaned. "I'm gonna come again... fast!"

"Oooo, yes!" Peggy wailed, her ass fucking up and down with short, jerking motions. She fucked him frantically, but, as she steamed into an orgasm, her cunt slipped off his cock. "Ooooo, shit!"

As Peggy tried to get her son's cock back in to her convulsing cunt, she found Sandra's face in her way. Sandra had captured Jeff's cock as soon as Peggy's cunt left, and now had his prick deep inside her mouth. Peggy's pussy was contracting against her son's lower stomach, and Sandra was gurgling in wet ecstasy as Jeff's cock spurted come juice down her throat. Sandra's nose was shoved into Peggy's ass, feeling her asshole flex while her cunt went through rippling orgasms.

"Delicious!" Sandra whispered as she moved her face away. "Cunt juice and cock juice together."

Peggy slipped off her son's stomach, moving her ass over the cushions, legs wide, breathing hard, her eyes glowing with pleasure. Before Peggy knew what was happening, Sandra had rammed her face into Peggy's crotch, sucking at her cunt. It did not last for long, though.

"Mmm, I'm going to eat that cunt one of these days," Sandra laughed, licking her lips. "I bet I can lick your cunt as good as I can suck a cock off, Peggy!"

"You wouldn't!" Peggy said, not as shocked as she sounded.

"You just watch me," Sandra said. "I'll catch you in the right mood, and watch out!" "You would!" Peggy said, partly astonished and partly eager to try that. "You really would; wouldn't you, Sandra?"

"I get to watch!" Jeff said. "I get to watch if you eat Mom's cunt, Sandra!"

"Of course you can," Sandra said, stroking his prick gently and tenderly. "We have no secrets from each other now, do we?"

The question required no reply, and after a while Peggy got them more coffee.

"I need cock, not coffee," Sandra said.

"You'll get it," Peggy agreed. "But we've got to give the poor kid a rest, don't we? His cock looks a bit wilted to me."

The talk, naturally, was all about fucking. Peggy found it was not at all uncomfortable to be sitting naked, her son naked, and Sandra naked, talking about cock and cunt and fucking and sucking. Sandra, not at all bashful, told them of the first time she had sucked a cock! She had been younger than Jeff she related. She laughed when she said for two years she thought that that was the way boys and girls fucked. "I suppose that's why I love being a cock sucker," she finished. "I thought a girl was supposed to suck cock and her cunt was only to piss with."

Peggy told of seeing young Joey and his mother, detailing everything. Sandra made a face when Peggy drew a word picture of the boy pissing into his mother's mouth.

"To each his own," Sandra said. "It's all right as long as everyone agrees, and no one gets hurt. Sounds to me like they both went in for that weird stuff willingly."

Jeff, listening to them, found himself with a raging hard-on again. He had been sitting between his mother and Sandra, an arm about each, fondling their tits.

Sandra took his cock in her fist, pumping on his prick shaft, eyeing his cock hungrily as she and Peggy talked.

"I'm as ready as this hard cock," she said in a thick voice.

She was on her knees quickly, her rounded and quite naked ass arching into the air. She ran a hand between her thighs, rubbing at her cunt, looking over her shoulder and saying, "Fuck that hot cunt, Jeff! Fuck me before I have to make myself come!"

But Jeff had his own idea. "Mom, you get down there, too. I wanna fuck both of you at the same time."

"Come on, Peggy!" Sandra murmured. "We have to keep him happy if we want that cock."

Peggy moved down beside Sandra, their hips touching. Jeff slipped to his knees and plunged his cock into his mother's cunt, fucking her slowly. Then he pulled out and fucked into Sandra's wet pussy. As he went from cunt to cunt, Peggy and Sandra began to kiss each other, further exciting Jeff, who was watching their lips and tongues as he fucked first one then the other. As he fucked his cock into one cunt, he felt his hand about the other.

Peggy swirled her tongue into Sandra's mouth as her son fucked his cock into her pussy. When Sandra sucked at her tongue, Peggy began to wonder how it would be with that mouth sucking at her cunt. She had never been with a girl that way, but now that Sandra had talked about it, had actually kissed her pussy, Peggy found herself eager to give it a try. She knew Sandra's cunt would be soft and wet and hairy against her mouth, then wondered why she was thinking about licking Sandra's cunt ... nothing had been mentioned about that.

Still...

"Oooo, ram it to me!" Sandra moaned against Peggy's mouth. "God, I love that young cock fucking me! Bang the piss out of my cunt, Jeff! Pound my hot ass ....fuck it, baby!"

Oddly enough, Peggy found that she felt pleasure mostly because of Sandra being fucked by her son. She loved feeling Jeff's cock penetrating her bubbling pussy. But listening to Sandra's hot words of encouragement, knowing her son's cock was up her bushy cunt, somehow excited her tremendously

She found herself wanting to watch Jeff fuck Sandra, to see his cock fucking in and out of her cunt. She thought, somehow, it would be more exciting to see her son fucking Sandra than having him take turns on them this way. She could always fuck him when they were alone, suck his cock, have him eat her cunt. Perhaps going with him and peeking into those windows was making her more voyeuristic.



She was starting to move away when her son made a loud grunting noise. His cock had just pulled from her cunt and was on its way to Sandra's pussy.

She felt a hot splash of come juice on her ass, directly against her tight asshole. She turned in time to see her son squirting come juice all over Sandra's waving ass and cunt as he tried frantically to fuck his gushing cock into to her pussy.

With a quick motion, Peggy twisted about and caught his cock with her lips. And that was where Jeff finished coming--in her mouth.

Sandra wailed with disappointment. "I was almost there!" she complained, turning to see Peggy with her lips grasping the head of Jeff's cock. "It's all over my fucking ass... not in my fucking cunt!"

She took the final spurt of her son's come juice in her mouth. Peggy's pussy contracted into a wild, raging orgasm so strong that she sprawled to the floor on her stomach, her ass shaking as she came, her hands clawing at the carpet.

Sandra saw Peggy's creamy ass twisting about; knew she was coming with intense ecstasy. Also, she saw the thick gleam of come juice between the crack of Peggy's ass. With a wild groan, she pulled those creamy ass cheeks wide apart and buried her face there, licking hotly against Peggy's juice-covered asshole, sucking at the same time.

Feeling Sandra's tongue lapping her asshole, Peggy shivered as the heat began to cool down. Peggy remained on the floor, resting on her stomach, her head turned sideways and watching Sandra sucking and licking at Jeff's cock and balls now, thinking of Sandra's husband, who would be here tomorrow night. A burning sensation near her ass sent another thought through her--tonight, after Sandra had gone, she was going to have Jeff fuck her in the asshole.

After all, she thought, if we're going to get involved so heavily, we should try it all.

THE END