

Cheating With Mom

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Chapter One

Andrew killed the headlights before easing into the driveway behind his father's Ram pickup. He shut the car off and got out, closing the door as quietly as possible.

Rather than enter through the backway which was the quickest way to the stairs leading up to his room, Andrew walked around to the front to avoid setting off the floodlights in the back yard. The lights would be visible in his parent's bedroom and he was doing everything his could to not wake them.

As soon as he entered the house, he slipped his shoes off and feeling his way along the wall of the front hall went into the living room. Andrew moved silently, carrying his shoes in one hand and his keys clenched in his hand tightly so they wouldn't jingle.

"Ow!" he yelped like an idiot when his foot encountered the wooden leg of the couch, and stood there wincing at the sharp pain in his toes.

Luckily all the lights were off in the house except for the small one over the kitchen counter mom always left on for him when he worked the night shift at Starbucks. In the minimal glow of the light he was just able to make out one side of the dining room table and avoid walking into it.

"Hey, baby, you're late." Mom spoke from the darkness of the other side of the room.

Andrew gasped and dropped both his keys and shoes while spinning around to where her voice had come from.

"Smooth." Mom laughed softly. There was a click and Andrew blinked as the light above him came to life.

His mother was sitting at the table in her old frumpy black robe, a cup of tea in front of her. Her long black hair down, but tousled as if she'd been asleep.

"Took a little longer to close tonight," he spoke quietly. His parent's room was directly above them and he didn't want to wake up his father. "Why were you sitting in the dark?"

"Why were you trying to avoid me?" she returned the question with a sly smile, her blue eyes focusing on his crotch which had a mind of its own and already responding to the fact his mother was waiting for him.

“Just didn’t want to wake you guys up” That was the truth because he was trying to avoid the exact scenario he found himself in.

“I was already awake.” Mom rose from the chair and coming around to his side of the table, stood in front of him. “Figured I’d come down here and,” she licked her lips and his heart hammered in his chest. “Maybe have a snack.”

“Snack.” He repeated, his eyes lingering on her robe which he now noticed was barely tied, exposing the inner half of her breasts.

“Yes, a snack.” Mom took his face in her hands and kissed him softly. “You hungry, baby?”

She had leaned close, her breasts pressing into him and her breath hot on his neck. His cock was now hard and throbbing to the rhythm of his racing heart. He groaned when she grabbed it through his pants. “Hmm, you feel hungry.”

“Mom...dad’s upstairs!” he whispered.

“He was upstairs Sunday night too when I was waiting for you in your room.” She kissed his neck, then flicked her tongue in his ear, sending a shiver through him. “You were so worried being down the hall from our room I figured I’d wait down here for you.”

“We can’t keep doing this.” He was telling himself more than her at this point.

Part of Andrew still couldn’t fully grasp the reality he was fucking his mother. The part that could though, was torn. On one hand, the one that made sense, it was wrong on so many levels and something he shouldn’t keep doing.

But on the other side of things? It was hot as hell for the very same reasons, that it was wrong. Add the fact his mother was an insatiable wild cat who was after him constantly whether his father was around or not and reason kept losing out.

“Doing this?” she giggled and squeezed his cock hard enough to make him moan. “It’s called fucking, Andrew, and I love it and so do you.”

She leaned back from him and hopping up on the edge of the dining room table, untied her robe and let it fall open.

“Not fair,” he whispered. So not fair.

Mom’s body, which he’d been enjoying in ways no son should for the last few weeks, was incredible. Years of attending the gym and jogging had left her toned and tight, especially her long legs.

Those legs were now spread open as Mom lifted them and placed her feet on the tops of the two chairs he was standing between. Andrew stared between her thighs, admiring the pink lips of her pussy below a patch of black fuzz.

He lifted his gaze to her tits which were things of wonder. Not all that big, but damn they were tight and perky and her rose colored nipples were always hard and tight in anticipation of her son’s eager mouth.

His mouth was feeling pretty eager, although it wasn't her nipples he was thinking about at the moment, but her pink slit as she reached between her legs and spread herself for him.

"Sure you're not hungry, baby?" she stroked her clit. "Just a little?"

"I..." he was cut off by mom grabbing his shirt and pulling him against her.

She kissed him hard, her tongue plunging into his mouth as she expertly unsnapped his jeans and pulled his zipper down. He moaned into her mouth, his tongue caressing hers while she reached into his boxers and grabbed his aching cock.

"So hard for me!" she purred, her lips sliding from his mouth to his neck.

She sucked hard on the tender skin there and Andrew wanted to tell her to stop. It was bad enough his father and a couple of friends had busted him up about the hickey she'd left there last week, but knowing it was from his mother made it worse.

But just like anything else, he couldn't tell her no. His regrets were before and after, but during? His mother was the hottest sex he'd not only had, but could ever imagine. Mom sighed into his neck while she pumped his cock and he grabbed her breasts, his fingers teasing her nipples while he fondled her firm flesh.

Mom pushed his cock down through the wet lips of her pussy and Andrew whimpered when she teased him by easing the head of his cock inside her, but not going any further. She worked his sensitive tip in circles in her tight wet pussy and released a moan of her own when he lowered his head and sucked on her right nipple.

Mom wrapped her arm around his shoulders, and putting her other hand on the back of his head, held him to her breast. She thrust her hips, plunging the full length of his cock into her hot wet slit.

Andrew moaned around her nipple, and she purred. "Shh," over his head as she played with his hair and arched her back, thrusting her tit further into his mouth. The fact she was shushing him because his father, her husband, was asleep ten feet above them should have made him nervous.

But again, in the heat of the moment, all that mattered was his cock inside his mother and the fact she wanted him like no other girl ever had. Mom pushed his pants further down his hips, then slid her hands up under his shirt, rubbing his chest, then encircling him to caress his back as he fucked her.

Considering he was fucking his mother which was a taboo he didn't think could be topped, Andrew would think nothing could make it hotter, but his mother always proved him wrong.

Right now, taking her on the table was an extra dirty thrill as was the fact he was completely dressed and her robe was still on. Mom leaned back, putting her palms on the table to brace herself.

That removed her breast from his mouth, but allowed him to straighten up and now fuck her with long hard strokes that had them both grunting with each of his thrusts.

"That's it, baby. Nothing fancy, just giving your horny mother what she wants! Just my son slamming his big fat cock into his mother's needy cunt, just the way I like it, nice and fucking hard!"

Mom leaned further back, now resting on her elbows and lifted her legs, placing her feet on his shoulders as he hammered into her.

“Look at you taking your mother right here on the dining room table!” Mom sighed. “The one your father’s going to eat off tomorrow morning.

Her pussy contracted around his cock as she spoke and he pushed her ass up off the table, shoving his plunging cock deeper into her. “You like that don’t you? Like knowing you’re taking his pussy?”

“N...No,” he breathed even as he grabbed her legs and bent them back. Mom was forced back with them and was now lying flat on her back on the table. “But I like fucking you.”

“Oh, guess it’s me that loves it then.” Mom laughed then yelped when Andrew grabbed her ankles and held her legs up while slamming into her.

The table was rocking and Andrew slowed up in fear the noise would wake up his father.

“No,” Mom whimpered. “Faster, baby! Just fuck me!”

“The table’s...” he stopped when mom pulled her legs from his grasp and putting her feet on his chest, pushed him back a step.

Mom rolled over onto her stomach and sliding off the table, put her knees on one of the chairs, while resting on her forearms on the table.

“Now fuck me!” she demanded, looking over her shoulder at him.

Andrew flipped her robe up over her ass and grabbing her hips, groaned as he entered her from behind. He fucked her hesitantly at first until he was sure the table wasn’t making any noise in this position and then tore into her.

“Fuck!” Mom yelped, then lowered her head into her folded arms.

Andrew’s cock stiffened even more at the sight of mom’s head buried between her arms to muffle her sharp yelps as he fucked her on the chair. Damn this was hot, how the hell did she come up with this stuff so quick?

“Look at us,” Mom turned her head and moaned. “In the mirror.”

Andrew turned his head his eyes widened. There they were reflected in the mirror over the mantle on the other side of the room. His mother looked like a damn porn star the way she was half on the chair, half on the table.

For that matter so did he as he stood behind her, fully clothed while holding her hips and driving his long thick cock into her sopping slit. He jumped when something grazed his balls. Mom’s had slipped her hand between her legs, rubbing her clit.

Andrew moaned and his cock twitched inside her as his hardcore fucking of her already had him nearing the point of no return.

“No, not yet!” Mom moaned, “I want to come on my son’s cock! Let me come first and I’ll give you a treat!”

Andrew knew exactly what that treat was and the thought of it didn’t exactly cause him to become less excited. Instead he decided to go all in and spreading her ass cheeks, shoved a finger hard into her pink rosebud.

He knew she loved that because she asked him to do it when he went down on her, but he was still surprised when she had to fold her arms over her head and he could still hear her wail of pleasure.

His first thought was his father, but the second was how both her holes were now contracting around him, squeezing his finger and cock. Mom bucked her hips against him and squealed and yelped into her robe while he managed to keep fucking her, pounding his cock into her quivering pussy.

“Oh, fuck, oh mom,” he groaned as balls tightened and he struggled to hold back and let her finish while enjoying every second he could inside her. “I...can’t wait, I...”

“Hold it,” Mom gasped.

Andrew slid his cock from her now dripping pussy and moaned as he squeezed the base, pinching off the load threatening to explode from him. Continuing to show off her porn star like agility, mom quickly turned on the seat into a sitting position and grabbing his cock, pulled it to her face.

“Fuck!” Andrew called out and then slapped his hand over his mouth as he released his cock, sending a long spurt of cum into his mother’s wide open mouth.

She winked at him as he groaned into his hand and her hand replaced his on his cock, jacking him off into her mouth. Andrew stared down at her and had another of those is this really happening moments.

Was he really standing in the dining room with his pants hanging off his ass while his mother jacked him off into her mouth? She was making a show of it, keeping his tip right at her lips so he could see each line of sticky white cum splash her tongue.

She added her other hand, rubbing his balls while she stroked, helping to drain them. When she could coax no more from his spent cock, Mom took him into her mouth and sucked, swirling his cum around his sensitive head.

He whimpered and she giggled around his cock. She eased him from her lips and swallowed, opening her mouth to show her now clean tongue. She kissed the tip of his cock.

“Hmm, that hit the spot, baby, I...” mom’s eyes widened and she turned her head towards the kitchen.

“Crap!” Andrew exclaimed. The stairway light had come on they could hear dad coming down the stairs.

Mom stood up and pulling her robe around her, tied it tightly and made her way back around the table to sit in front of her empty tea cup.

“Andrew!” she hissed, pointing at him.

Her urgency snapped him out of his panic and as dad's shadow appeared at the bottom of the stairs he yanked his boxers and pants up over his rapidly deflating cock. He sat down across from mom, snapping his pants and zipping up as he scooted the chair as far under the table as he could.

"What are you two doing down here?" Dad grumbled as he came around the corner. "What's with the yelling?"

"Sorry, Dave," Mom put on a perfectly natural smile with no trace of nervousness. "Andrew was telling me about that idiot kid, Frank that he works with. Had me cracking up."

"That why you're all red?" Dad asked mom. "You look like you have a fever."

"Nope just way too much fun."

"Guess so, glad to see you can have some fun at work, Andrew."

"Yeah, its not so bad." He hoped he didn't sound as nervous as he felt. "Working with dumb ass's can make the time go by."

Dad laughed and Mom joined in and made him jump when she slipped her bare foot under his pants leg, teasing him, then laughing even louder at the look on his face.

How the hell could she not only not be nervous, but sit there making jokes and playing damn footsy with him? Andrew had learned in his limited time as his mother's lover that she got way too much of a kick out of fooling around behind dad's back.

Andrew, now that the sex was over, felt guilty while his father stood there looking at him with no idea that two minutes ago his mother had been ass up on chair he was now sitting in.

"How come you're up, Robin?"

"I couldn't sleep so I came down here and had a cup of tea, then Andrew came home and we got chatting."

"Can't sleep a lot lately." Dad was no longer smiling. "Get up in the middle of the night a lot these days."

"Maybe that's because there's not much incentive to stay in bed, hmm?" she smirked at him.

"Well, hey, I'm going to head on up and shower, I smell like coffee."

"Something smells around here, alright." Dad grumbled in mom's direction, but as Andrew went by he gave him a friendly clap on the arm. "Get some sleep kid, got class tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah, but only a nine to eleven."

"That reminds me, hon," Mom also rose from the table. "I'm leaving my car at the dealer tomorrow morning for inspection. "Can you pick me up at five, Dave?"

"Why don't I get you at lunch? Then you can have it to go home?"

“It won’t be ready by then.”

“You can ask for it to be.” Andrew had been walking away, but found himself lingering in the kitchen. He turned to see the two of them staring at each other. Dad looked annoyed, but mom, as always seemed calm. “Why don’t you?”

“I have plans at lunch.” She told him.

“Bet you do.” Dad gave her a nasty smirk and Andrew’s stomach tightened. This wasn’t sounding good.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Mom raised her eyebrows.

“I think you know.”

“Right, I’m a mind reader.” She rolled her eyes. “I’m heading back to bed. Night Dave.”

She started to walk past him, then saw Andrew standing in the kitchen. She gave him a sly smile, then turning to dad, said, “Not sure why you’re mad, honey, but I love you.” She then kissed him hard and Dad’s eyes widened in surprise.

From his vantage point Andrew saw mom make a show of pushing her tongue into Dad’s mouth. The tongue that minutes ago had a load of his son’s cum all over it.

“What the heck was that for?” Dad pulled away from her.

“Oh, just because.” Mom gave him a huge smile, then turning away from him and facing Andrew winked and ran her tongue over her lips.

Andrew quickly turned and headed up the stairs, feeling like a first class asshole. Man this was fucked up, he thought as he reached the hallway and headed for the bathroom. But who was he kidding? What was going on with him and his mother was no doubt wrong and he should be ashamed of himself, but he had to admit.

It was hot as hell.

Chapter Two

“Hey, mom,” Andrew answered, as he walked across the parking lot.

“Hey, honey, you’re not still in class are you?” Mom asked.

“Nope, I shut my phone off in class. Just got out a few minutes ago and turned it back on.”

“So where are you off to?”

“I was going to pick up my check, hit the bank, then probably go home and catch a nap. Late night last night.”

“But a good one,” she purred. “You fucked your mother hard, you bad boy.”

“Yeah and we almost got caught.” He reminded her as he reached his car and got into it.

“Almost doesn’t count, baby.” Mom pointed out, then sighed. “I lay there last night and all I could taste was you.”

“Lucky dad didn’t taste me.” He rolled his eyes and reaching his car, “Be careful, mom.”

“I was getting so horny thinking about that big load you shot in my mouth I almost got up and came into your room looking for more.” She went on, ignoring his last comment.

“You...you did?” he started the car, but remained parked.

“I did. I lay there thinking about sneaking into your room while you were asleep and waking you up by pulling your covers down and sucking your cock.”

Mom had lowered her voice to the sultry phone sex operator style purr that drove him wild. The first time he’d ever heard it was the night she’d come home drunk. The first night they’d...

“We were in a hurry last night and I didn’t get to wrap my nice soft lips around my son’s big hard dick.” She sighed in his ear through the phone. “That dick’s getting hard now, isn’t it baby?”

“Yes,” he admitted while shifting in his seat as his cock bent uncomfortably in his pants.

“I love blowing you. Love hearing my baby boy moan while mommy teases you with her tongue, licking your shaft, then those big full balls.”

Andrew’s hand strayed down into his lap and his breathing picked up as he stroked his cock through his clothes.

“I feel bad when my baby’s balls are that full,” Mom was breathing hard into the phone and he envisioned her touching herself even though she was at work. “That’s why I love to suck you off and drain all that cum and take it in my mouth.”

She moaned and he closed his eyes, resisting the urge to start jacking off right here in the parking lot.

“But last night I would just suck you to get nice and hard for me. You’d taste like your mother’s pussy and I love that.” She was moaning in between her words and he was hit with another twilight zone moment, thinking here he was listening to his mother having phone sex with him.

“Then I’d hop on and take a long slow ride on that beautiful cock and this time when you came you’d shoot it nice and deep into your mother’s greedy cunt.” She whimpered, “God, how I love the feeling of my son filling me with his hot cum.”

“Mom, are you...getting off?” he whispered.

“No,” she sighed. “I have a client showing up any minute now, but I’m so wet I might have to meet them with no panties on because these are soaked through.”

“Damn.”

“Goddamn it that I’m at work.” She laughed. “My boy has the day off and your father’s working and I’m stuck here.” She laughed. “Wow, speaking of there was a reason I called you other than telling you how bad I wanted more of you last night.”

“What do you need?” he asked, in a way grateful to be off the subject of sex with her. He really needed to find a way to get this crazy affair to stop, but he just started thinking with his cock the second she...pretty much mentioned cock.

“A ride,” she tittered like a little girl. “The kind I was just talking about, but for now I’ll settle for an actual ride.”

“To where?”

“I need to get my car at the dealer.” Mom told him. “It’s ready early.”

“Thought you told dad you had plans at lunch and couldn’t go even if it was ready?”

“Oh, right. They cancelled so I have time to run out and this way your father doesn’t have to come get me after work. Can you come get me at twelve?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Great! Tell you what, I’ll make it worth your while and we’ll have something to eat.”

“Sounds good,” Andrew told her. “I’ll see you soon.”

“Okay, sweetie. Hey, did you see the texts I sent you while you had your phone off?”

“No, I’ll look now, love you, mom.”

“Love you, baby boy,” she laughed. “In every way these days.”

She hung up and curious, Andrew looked at his phone and saw she had sent him some pictures.

“Goddamn,” he whispered as opened the text.

His mother had taken a selfie of her in a black lace bra, her nipples clearly visible through the flimsy material. The next pic featured the bra pulled down with her tits popped out and her long red nails teasing her nipple.

The third was her lifting her left breast while lowering her head and licking her own nipple. The next series was even better. Mom had put her back to a mirror and was snapping pics over her shoulder, showing off her ass in a black string thong.

He opened each picture, his cock aching in his jeans as the series featured her pulling the thong down, then bending over to show her pussy from behind. The last one he lingered on. A picture of her legs spread wide and a snapshot of her pussy. She had it spread open and sent the message, wish you were here.

Phone sex and now sexting from his mother. Andrew shook his head, who the hell would ever believe this? This was stuff reserved for taboo porn movies and stories, it wasn't supposed to be real.

Mom needed to be careful too. This wasn't the first set of pics she had sent him. Like a sexed up coed, mom had been sending him sexy pics since their first time. Andrew smiled at the memory of showing some of the topless ones where her face wasn't visible to a few of his friends and how they raved over how nice her tits were.

Unable not to brag he'd told them he was fooling around with an older woman, a milf. He just left out one important detail.

It was his milf.

Chapter Three

Andrew pulled into a visitor's spot in front of his mother's advertising firm and texted her to let her know he was there. His phone rang a moment later and he saw it was her.

"Hey, honey, I'm just wrapping something up and might be a few minutes, why don't you come in and wait?"

"Okay, I guess." Andrew hung up and exiting his car walked up to the front of his mother's firm.

He approached the glass doors and briefly took in his appearance, using the quick scrutiny, to run his fingers through his hair trying to smooth down an unruly cowlick over his ear.

His parent's joked Andrew was a combination of both of them. His black hair was just like moms, but his hazel eyes came from his father. To his chagrin however, Andrew's face favored his mother. Not that his high cheek bones and soft smooth features didn't get him compliments and attention from girls, but it got him referred to as pretty far too often.

He covered it up by not shaving every day to keep a dark scruff on his face, but he couldn't grow a full beard and would get frustrated and just deal with looking younger than he was. If he'd had a choice he'd have preferred to have his father's strong jaw and rugged features.

At least he favored him physically, standing just over six feet with broad shoulders and a physique that had been filling in thanks to the gym and lacrosse the last couple of years.

That build helped out with the pretty comments as he looked like he could kick someone's ass although much like his mother, he was a lot quicker to smile and laugh than lose his temper. Andrew had to admit his qualities, including the good nature, had gotten him some success with the girls.

He wasn't seeing anyone at the moment and wouldn't until whatever was going on with his mother played out. Andrew didn't like the idea of playing someone, not to mention the fact that as wrong as it was, he couldn't imagine better sex with any girl his age.

As she proved last night, and many times before that, his mother was everything porn made cougars out to be. Mom was aggressive, insatiable, knew what she wanted and wasn't shy about getting it. She talked dirty and acted like an overheated porn star.

Andrew found himself wondering what going back to a girl his age would be like after mom. The expression ruining him for all other girls came to mind. Maybe he'd end up trying to hit on older women. Not that he would know how, it's not like he'd ever tried and mom had pretty much come on to him last month.

Andrew entered the building and taking the elevator up to the third floor went down the hall and into the suite of offices where his mother worked.

"Hey Andrew!" Colleen, his mother's assistant, greeted him. "Been a long time, how have you been, how's school?"

"Good and great, thanks." He returned her smile. "Is my mother almost ready?"

"I'm not sure. She doesn't have anyone in there with her." She picked up the phone and hit a button. "Robin, Andrew is here. Okay."

She hung up and waved her hand behind her. "She says she's almost ready and to come in."

"Thanks," he walked around her desk and knocked softly on his mother's door, then entered.

He didn't see her behind her large desk and she wasn't sitting at the small conference table in front of the large picture window overlooking the parking lot.

"Hey, baby, looking for someone?" Mom spoke behind him and he turned to see her coming out of her private bathroom.

"You ready to go?" Andrew asked while doing what he'd never done until recently, but now couldn't help doing, check his mother out.

He was still surprised he'd never noticed how damn sexy his mother was before. Then again sons weren't supposed to think of their mothers that way in the first place. But Andrew was pretty sure if any other guys his age had actually fucked their mother they'd be seeing their mom in a whole new light.

Mom dress inappropriately for work, but she'd always known what she had and how to use it for an advantage with male clients. Her red skirt was just long enough not to be considered improper, but didn't go too far past her mid-thigh, showing a fair amount of her long legs. Those legs were accentuated by a pair of red heels that strapped around her ankles and looked to be more suited to a club than work.

The skirt was tight enough to hug her hips and show off the curve of her ass just enough to entice, but not be blatant. Mom's red blazer was businesslike, as was the white button up blouse beneath it. All in all mom sported what she referred to as her 'business sexy' look and she wore it well.

Her dark hair was down, but style nicely, with ringlets framing her face. She wore her makeup lightly with just blush to give her some color, and her lips were done in a subtle pink that brought out how full they were without being too much.

"I'm always ready to go, baby boy." She replied, smiling at him. "You're staring, like what you see?"

"Sorry!" he blushed. "But, yeah, you're beautiful."

"Never be sorry for looking," Mom walked over to him and touched his cheek. "I love how you look at me, Andrew." She kissed him gently. "Your father used to look at me like that, but that was a long time ago."

"Sorry, um, you guys should talk about that." He stepped back nervously. She always made him feel nervous these days.

"We have. It's my fault for wanting to be desired and have sex more than once a month according to him." She shrugged. "But that's not a problem anymore now is it? Now I have my sexy son to take care of my needs don't I?"

"We better get going or you'll be late coming back." Andrew told her.

"That's right you're here to give me a ride." To his relief mom walked past him and over to her door. His relief turned into his heart skipping a beat when she turned the lock and kept walking over to her desk.

"Mom, what are you doing?" he asked as she walked behind her desk.

"Come over here," she beckoned him with her finger.

"But, um, the ride?" Even as he spoke he was walking over to her desk, his cock swelling despite his wanting to do the right thing and just take her to get her damned car.

"Yes, you can give me a ride." She nodded, "But here, I thought you might like these." She reached into her top draw, removed something and tossed it at him.

Andrew caught the black bundle and found himself staring at her black lace panties.

"Told you I was so wet I had to take them off." Mom pulled her skirt up and he swallowed hard when she exposed the fact she was naked beneath it. She opened her legs slightly and holding her skirt up, rubbed her pink slit. "I'm still so wet."

Andrew rubbed the panties between his fingers, noting how moist they were. Unable to help it, he lifted them to his face and inhaled deeply.

"Why settle for that, baby?" Mom sat down in her large leather office chair and draping her legs over the arms of it, rubbed her pussy. "Come on over, after all I did promise you something to eat didn't I?"

"Mom, you're at work!"

"Nothing gets past you, honey!" Mom laughed, then moaned when she pushed two fingers inside her pussy. "Being at work is what's going to make this even hotter. Now how about you come on over here and suck your mother's wet cunt?"

Andrew looked over his shoulder at the door as if he were afraid someone would come in, but as he had before, obediently approached her. Mom put her foot against the desk, pushing against it and rolling herself back a little more so he had more room.

Andrew's eyes were on her pussy as she continued to finger herself, and slowly sank to his knees.

"That's my boy," mom purred as he placed his hands on her soft inner thighs and kissed each one of them. "Come give mommy a nice big wet kiss."

She moved her hand and Andrew placed his face between her thighs, his tongue swirling through her soft wet lips.

"Yes," Mom sighed as he worked his tongue through the folds of her pussy before slipping it inside her. Christ she was so wet!

Andrew swirled his tongue inside her and slurped hard, getting a mouthful of her sticky juices.

"Take your shirt off for me." Mom whispered, and lifting her foot slipped the strap from her ankle and kicked her shoe off.

Andrew tugged his t-shirt off as she removed her other shoe and when he resumed his position of having his face buried between her soft thighs, she put her bare feet on his shoulders, sliding them back and forth.

Andrew fucked her with his tongue, moving his head back and forth while he slid his thumb through her lips and pressed on her swollen clit. Mom moaned softly and he looked up to see her unbuttoning her blouse.

His eyes followed her fingers as he worked his tongue up through her wet slit and traced a wet circle around her clit. Mom opened her blouse exposing the black lace bra she'd been wearing in the pictures she'd sent him this morning.

"Like it?" Mom teased her hard nipples through the lace with her fingers. "Bought it just for you. I've been buying all kinds of sexy things for you, baby."

She moaned and let her head rest back on the chair as he sucked her clit between his lips. "It feels so good to buy sexy things for someone who appreciates them." She pulled her bra down under her tits, using it to prop them up to an even sexier angle as she had in the other pic she'd posed in for him earlier.

"Hmm, just like that," she whispered when he sucked gently on her swollen button. "Lick mommy's pussy, baby. Take good care of her like she takes care of you."

Mom cupped her breasts and taking her nipples between her fingers rolled them between them.

"Make me come for you right here at my desk and we'll switch and you can sit back and I'll suck your cock." She moaned and rocked her hips, pushing her clit harder to his tongue.

"I dreamt of this the other night. You and me right here, you eating my pussy, then me blowing you." She sighed and moved her hips faster. "Right here in my office, sooo fucking hot!"

Andrew had to admit she was right. The fact that someone was sitting just outside her door while he was on his knees with his face buried in her wet pussy had his cock rock hard. Mom draped her legs over his shoulders and rubbed her bare feet up and down his back playfully as he alternated between licking and sucking her clit.

“You’re so good at that,” she moaned. “Bet those little tarts you were with before never appreciated it.” She lifted her hips higher. “Put your fingers inside me, baby. Feel how wet I am for my son.”

Andrew pushed two fingers inside her and she contracted her pussy, squeezing them as he pumped them in and out of her.

“Can’t blame them,” Mom breathed as she worked her hips in time with his fingers. “When you’re young and pretty and the guys are young and horny and eager you think it’s always going to be this good.”

She moaned and sliding her feet up to his shoulders pushed against him, raising her ass higher off the chair. “Put another finger in, get me ready for that big dick.”

Andrew eased a third finger inside her and thrust them deeper than he had been before and mom purred in approval.

“Hmm, nice. But then we get older and the boys get older. They get tired and they lose interest and start making excuses. Its not fair we peek in our thirties and forties and they can’t keep up.”

Mom was now tugging on her nipples, stretching her pink flesh to the point he was surprised it didn’t hurt.

“Well, not all. I’m sure there’s some good men who still satisfy their horny women, but I didn’t marry one. Hell he hasn’t sucked my clit in two years.”

Whoa, that was more than he needed to know, but did make him wonder what was wrong with his father? He’d suck this pussy seven days a week and twice on Sunday and he had no doubt his mother would let him.

“But now I have my son and you’ll suck your mother’s cunt anytime and anyplace won’t you?”

“Mm-mm” he agreed his tongue swirling in hard fast circles around her clit while he buried his fingers knuckle deep inside her.

“And that cock!” she released a long moan and her pussy clenched around his fingers. “Always hard, always ready and always wanting his mother!”

She was working her hips much faster and her thighs were quivering against his cheeks as she closed her legs around him.

“Yes that nice big young cock that I can’t get enough of! I know you have all those pretty young girls after you so I know I need to keep you satisfied don’t I? I have to keep sucking and fucking that cock and make sure it’s all mine, don’t I?”

All hers, how the hell could they keep doing this? But why couldn’t they? He loved when she talked like this, telling him how much she wanted and needed her son to fuck her. She wasn’t kidding

either, she was on him any chance she could get and today proved that as she found yet another way for them to have time together.

“Going to fuck me after this aren’t you? Going to fuck me right on top of my desk like the dirty fucking whore I am!”

She was arching her back and her toes curled into his shoulders. Andrew sucked her clit hard while driving his fingers into her and giving her nipples a hard twist, mom sucked on her lower lips and let loose with a muffled squeal.

She rocked in the chair, her feet pushing hard against him and her pussy convulsing around his thrusting fingers as she came. Andrew kept sucking and licking her quivering clit and mom squirmed in the chair, struggling to keep her sounds of pleasure muffled.

Those suppressed yelps and squeals had his cock twitching in his pants, and aching to be where his fingers were, thrusting into his mother’s tight wet pussy. Mom moaned and slumped back in the chair, her feet sliding from his arms.

She sat there, breathing hard, her face flushed and her tits rising and falling seductively with her breathing. Andrew rose up on his knees and she moaned when he eagerly sucked on first one nipple, then moved to the other.

“I love how you love them!” Mom grabbed his face her hands and lowering her face, kissed him hard. She moaned and still holding his face, licked his lips, “My pussy tastes so good on you!”

She tugged on his shoulders and when he stood she pushed him back so he was leaning against her desk. Mom grabbed his jeans and practically tore them open. She yanked his zipper down and pulling his cock from his boxers took it deep into her mouth.

“Fuck,” Andrew moaned while watching his mother devour his cock.

Mom was bobbing her head rapidly, her lips wrapped tightly around his shaft and her blue eyes staring into his. She pulled his pants down past his hips and below his knees all the while sucking his cock in a steady rhythm.

Mom opened wider and took him all the way to the base of his shaft. She made a sexy gagging sound as she pushed her tongue out and he gasped when she licked his balls while holding him buried in her throat.

She released him with a loud slurping sound and a spray of spit and pre cum. Standing, Mom grabbed his shoulders and turned him. Andrew let her him around so their positions were reversed then gasped when she gave him a playful shove, sending him falling back into the chair.

Mom took to her knees and pinning his cock against his stomach, swirled her tongue around his balls. Andrew sat back moaning while watching his mother’s soft pink tongue bathe his balls. She sucked on each of them, taking her time while slowly stroking his slick cock.

“Look at you,” she whispered, while now rubbing his cock against her face. “You the boss now, baby? Sitting back in this fancy chair while your slutty mother sucks your cock?”

“I’m living the dream for sure,” he told her. Mom laughed, her blue eyes bright.

“See, baby? This is what sex should be! Fun! You like having fun with your mother?”

“Love it,” he told her as she turned her cheek and slapped his cock against her other cheek.

Mom opened wide and sticking her tongue out now slapped his cock onto it.

“Love your mother being dirty for you? Like her on her knees in her expensive designer clothes sucking your dick like a fucking whore?”

“Wow, mom,” he sounded like a fool, but she continued to amaze him when she talked like this.

“I am a whore, but I’m your whore. I’d be your dad’s whore, but he doesn’t like that so it’s a win for you baby boy.”

Andrew nodded, he hated when she talked about dad in the middle of fooling around, but on the other hand it seemed to fire her up even more and as she said, he got the benefit of it. Mom stroked his cock and looking him in the eye whispered.

“How would you treat a whore while she sucked your cock, baby? Especially one so slutty she’d blow you in her office. You wouldn’t be nice to her would you?”

She took him deep into her mouth and remained still. She stared up at him expectantly and he knew what she wanted. His heart racing in excitement, Andrew grabbed her long hair in his hands and pulling her head down by hit, pumped his hips.

Mom squealed for his benefit and gagged and gurgled as he fucked her mouth. He wrapped his hands tightly in his fists, keeping her mouth all the way down on his cock as he fucked her mouth.

Mom kept her eyes on his and at this point they were watering and her face turning red from choking on his cock. But she was playing with her nipples and her ass was working in circles and she squirmed in excitement from her son roughly taking her mouth.

Mom had her mouth open wide and there were trails of spit and drool dripping down his cock that she noisily slurped up as her son used her mouth like the whore she enjoyed being. Mom put her hands on his thighs and he stopped pulling on her hair.

She drove her mouth up and down his cock several more times, then pulled back from him. Andrew let her hair go standing up in front of him, Mom lifted her skirt over her hips and knelt on the chair, her knees outside of his legs so she was straddling him.

Mom reached back and grabbing his cock guided it to her pussy.

“Told you I needed a ride.” She purred then let her weight go, impaling herself on his cock.

They both gasped and Mom buried her head in his neck, yelping into him as she worked her hips, riding him hard and fast.

“This is my idea of a lunch break.” Mom kissed his neck and sitting up in his lap, slipped her blouse off, but left her bra on under her tits.

Mom raised her arms up, taking her hair up in her hands and slowed down, now sliding her hips across his lap and riding him slowly and sensually.

“Fuck your hot.” He breathed and leaning forward, sucked on her left nipple.

“Baby, I love how you look at me.” She moaned and lifting his head from her breast kissed him.

This time the kiss was slow and passionate, their lips sliding across each other and their tongues invading each other’s mouth and dancing across one another. Mom was now bouncing up and down on his cock, riding him harder as they kissed.

Andrew ran his hands over her shoulders and through her hair then down the soft smooth skin of her back. Mom leaned into him, her tits pressing into his chest and her hard nipples poking into him,

Andrew slid pulled her skirt up over her hips, then grabbing her ass, squeezed her cheeks hard. Mom gasped, then yelped when he thrust his hip as hard and fast as he could with her on top of him.

Mom lowered her head to his shoulder and yelped softly in his ear each time he slammed up into her. Mom then leaned back, reaching out and grabbed the edge of the desk. Leaning backwards like that she worked her own hips. The position didn’t let him get that deep, but holy shit it was hot.

He watched his cock working at an angle into her pussy and loved how wet it was from her.

“Think this is hot?” Mom slid her legs off the chair and turning around sat down in his lap. “How’s this?”

“Oh my God,” Andrew groaned as his mother worked her ass in his lap like a damn stripper giving a dance.

His cock looked even better working into her pussy from behind and between her firm ass cheeks. Mom was leaning on the desk and now rocked back and forth letting him watch the entire length of his cock slip into her from behind.

Andrew grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them open, eyeing her pink rosebud as he did.

“Bad boy,” Mom looked over her shoulder. “You thinking about fucking your mother’s ass again?” she shook her head. “Told you we have to be totally alone for that because I’m going to squeal like a pig when you shove that big cock in there.”

Andrew’s cock jerked inside her at just the thought of having her ass, the one thing they hadn’t done yet because as mom said most of their sex was either with dad asleep or them not sure how much time they’d have.

But she promised she would at some point and had no doubt she’d deliver. In the meantime he was living in the moment while watching her fuck him in yet another porn star scenario. Her skirt up over her hips as she stood in front of him, using her desk to push back and forth on his cock.

Andrew moved his hips faster, and moaned as he could only fuck her so hard this way and she wasn’t moving any faster. Mom laughed softly, and still watching him over her shoulder asked, “Am I teasing, baby? Does my son want to fuck his mother nice and hard?”

“Fuck yeah,” he stood up, sending the chair rolling back and squeezing her hips tore into her.

“Oh, shit!” Mom gasped and clapped her hands over her mouth as he went to town on her, hammering into her with long hard strokes.

Andrew smiled as each time he thrust into her, she released a muffled yelp into her hands. All the other positions had been hot and fun, but she'd been teasing and now he was getting exactly what he wanted and she said she loved, a good hard fuck.

“Hold on!” Mom gasped and stood, sliding his cock from inside her. “I want it like this, I want to watch you!”

She turned and shoving a pile of paperwork onto the floor lay back on her desk, propped up on her elbows like she had been on the table last night. She put her feet on his chest and once again covered her mouth when Andrew enthusiastically drove his cock back inside her.

Mom slipped her legs up higher so they were straight up, her feet pointing at the ceiling and bracing his hands on either side of her hips, her as hard as he could.

Unlike the table last night, mom's desk was much heavier and solid and the only noise was the sound of Mom yipping into her hands and their flesh slamming together. Andrew groaned at not just how good she felt, but how amazing this was, briefly returning to his earlier thoughts there was no way a girl his age would ever fuck like this.

His balls tightened and he was moaning softly with each thrust. Mom lowered her hands from her face and in between her heavy breathing and moans whispered, “Inside, baby! I want to...Oh!”

Mom's eyes rolled back and she emitted a long sexy purr as with a gasp, Andrew lost control and his cock erupted inside her. He kept thrusting, each one ending in more cum squirting into his delighted mother.

“So good,” she cooed, “That feels so good, honey.” She contracted her pussy around him, causing him to whimper as she helped milk his spurting cock.

Andrew stopped moving his hips, but she continued to work him with her pussy, wringing every drop from him.

“Now, that's lunch.” He gave her a tired smile, as he carefully eased his oozing cock from her.

“Wow, should have had you show up at the end of the day. Going to be hard to get back to work now.” Mom slid off the desk and pulling her skirt down, smoothed it out as Andrew pulled his pants up.

Mom pulled her bra up over her tits and walking across the room went over to the small fridge in the corner and removed two bottles of water. Andrew picked up their shirts while watching her and admiring the way she walked half-dressed around her office.

“Better wash up.” He told her. “Your make ups running.”

“Because someone fucked my mouth and made my eyes water.” She sighed. “The things a mother puts up with from their son.”

“Pretty sure none of my friend's moms deal with that.” He held her shirt out for her and she smiled as she turned and slid her arms into it.

“What a gentlemen,” she giggled. “And I don’t know that some of your friend’s moms would even know how to suck dick. Some of them look pretty damned uptight.”

She sat down in her chair and continued as she put her shoes back on. “But so was I up until a month ago. If their husbands are like your father maybe they should be after some hot young cock.”

“You always talk this dirty?” He laughed as he pulled his shirt back on.

“Used to when your dad was into it. Then he hit that phase of losing interest.” She shrugged. “But seeing we both like it, I’d say this is working out pretty damn well for us, isn’t it?”

“But not for...” he stopped when her phone buzzed and she picked it up. It was for the better because he was going to ruin it by saying it didn’t work out for his father and she would get upset.

“Okay, tell them to give me a few minutes.” Mom spoke into the phone. “Andrew needed help with a project and we’re just finishing up.”

She hung up and turning to him slipped her arms around him and gave him a tender kiss that surprised him after the hardcore fucking. This wasn’t the first time she’d been sweet and he found he liked it and wondered if there would ever be a time she’d be like this during sex.

Wow, he was pretty far gone into his little taboo twilight zone, he was wondering if his mother would ever make love to him instead of fucking him like a wildcat.

“Sorry, baby, but I have to get back to work.”

“Better clean up,” he reminded her. “You’re a hot mess.”

“Why thank you!” she laughed and kissed him once more, this time a quick peck. “But you’re right. Can’t meet clients with the freshly fucked look now can I?”

“Hey, it might help if they’re guys.”

“Sad, but true,” she sighed, then gave him a sly smile. “Wonder what they’d think if they knew I was sitting there with my son’s cum oozing out of my cunt?”

“Mom, you’re just...wow!” he laughed.

“I hope I’ll be your wow from now on, honey.” She said with a rare serious look on her face. “I love being with you.”

“I do too.” He phone buzzed again and Mom rolled her eyes.

“Gotta get moving.”

“Okay, I’m working the late shift again, so I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Or at midnight.” Mom laughed at the look on his face. “What can I say? I’m insatiable.” She turned away and picked up the phone.

Andrew made his way out of the office and with an awkward wave at Colleen, who had no idea what he and his mother were really doing, left the suite. He had just left the building when his phone beeped signaling a text.

Andrew pulled it from his pocket and saw it was a text from mom.

“Thanks for the ride, baby!”

Andrew grinned and whistled happily as he walked to his car. He found himself thinking about mom’s remark about meeting clients with his cum oozing from her. That and already thinking about getting more from him later.

Andrew’s smile widened at the thought that if mom was a problem, he supposed it wasn’t a bad one to have. He’d just had sex guys his age only dreamed of and now it was on to home, a nap and maybe more hot sex when he came home after work. All in all it was a good day and could only get better.

“Hey, Andrew!”

He turned around and felt as if someone had kicked him in the stomach.

His father was standing in front of his truck three spots away from where Andrew was parked.

“H...hey, dad.” He tried not to sound as scared as he felt as his father walked over to him. “What’s up?”

“Hoping you could tell me.” Dad looked pretty damn serious and Andrew flinched when he reached out to him and put his hand on his shoulder. “Son, we need to talk.”

Chapter Four

Andrew sat in the corner booth D’Angelo’s waiting for his father to get his sandwich. He took the time to keep repeating the mantra that everything was okay. At least as far as what was going on between him and his mother.

There was no way dad could know they were having sex. If nothing else Andrew figured if he had figured it out there wouldn’t be a conversation being had in a sandwich shop. No, if dad knew he was fucking his mother he’d be thrown out of the house and most likely with a beating as an added bonus.

Something was definitely up, but it wasn’t that. But it had to involve mom because dad had told him to get in his car and follow him here. Andrew had suggested they just ride together and dad bring him back to his car, Dad had responded he didn’t want mom looking out the window and seeing his car still there and wonder what was up.

It worked out better that way anyway as Andrew was able to send mom a text telling her that if dad asked they had lunch together in her office and it was pizza from Papa Johns. When mom had texted back ‘why’ he’d replied he would tell her later.

Doing things like that, lying and needing to create a cover story made Andrew realize that hot sex notwithstanding, this wasn't a good situation.

Dad came over to the booth with his Pastrami sandwich and two cokes. Pushing one over to Andrew he pointed to the counter. "Sure you're not hungry?"

"Told you, I picked up pizza on the way to see mom for lunch."

"Right." Dad nodded, "So tell me something. How did you end up having lunch with your mother?"

Andrew used chugging some of his soda as a way to get his answer straight in his mind, then spoke as casually as he could.

"She called me after I got out of school and asked if I could take her to get her car."

"After she told me it couldn't be ready by then?" Dad asked, then took a bite of his sub.

"It ended up being ready early." Andrew shrugged.

"But," Dad paused to finish chewing. "She said she had plans."

"They cancelled so she asked if I wanted to bring some food, eat quick and get her car."

"Then why wasn't she leaving with you to get it?"

"Because a client showed up early."

"That seems kind of..."

Surprising himself, Andrew cut him off. "What's with the twenty questions dad? And why were you hanging around outside mom's work?"

He was being pretty damn ballsy, turning this around on his father after what he'd really been doing, but he had to admit it sounded convincing and what he would say if he was innocent.

"I just want to know what was..." he trailed off and with a sigh slumped down in the booth. "Okay, no more games. Andrew, I'm pretty sure your mother's cheating on me."

Andrew could feel the color draining from his face and he leaning back, he slipped his hands into his lap so dad wouldn't notice them shaking. Be cool, there's no way he could know.

"Yeah, I don't blame you for looking like that," Dad nodded, "I'm taking it even harder, trust me."

Andrew's relief was palpable, his scared shitless look had actually worked in his favor. Dad just thought he was shocked.

"Why would you think that?"

I have my reasons." Dad seemed to lose some of his aggressiveness. "Things."

“What things?” Anthony knew the last thing he should be doing was pushing. Yet if he were innocent, he would be. Plus he needed to know what clues his father had.

“Just things.” He looked around evasively.

“Dad, you just sat here and told me you think my mother is cheating on you. That’s a pretty strong accusation and I’m twenty years old. I’m an adult and you’re my parents. I should hear the whole story, no?”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Dad agreed. “You’re a man now and a good one. Working, studying, never in any trouble. You’re a stand-up guy and I’m proud of you, kid.”

“Thanks, dad,” he replied softly, talk about feeling like a jerk. He was a stand-up guy alright. He stood up while his mother sucked him off in the damn kitchen.

“I shouldn’t expect to bring this up and you not need to know why.” Dad leaned forward and spoke quietly so the people in the next booth wouldn’t over hear him.

“Your mother’s been up to something. I looked at her phone when she was in the shower and she’s taking racy pictures of herself.”

“Um, okay.” He answered slowly, thinking of the texts from earlier today. His mother was crazy not deleting the pics and what if he looked in her...

“I looked at her texts, but I think she’s deleting them because I don’t see any numbers I don’t recognize and she’s not sending the pics.”

“Maybe she’s not sending them to anyone?”

“Oh, come on, Andrew. You just said you’re an adult. Think like one. Why else would a woman take those kind of pictures? If she’s not texting them to someone I figure she’s putting herself on one of those singles sites.” He grunted. “I’ve been looking at a lot of them and can’t find her on there.”

“You’re looking online for her?” Andrew let his natural surprise make him look good while relaxing a bit. His father was right, his mother was cheating, but a lot closer to home than he was looking.

“Even checked that cheating site Ashley Madison.”

“You realize she wouldn’t be on there under her real name, right?”

“I went on a site that will tell you if anyone’s e-mails are associated with a singles site and came up empty.” He sighed. “I used an image searching site too, and can’t find any of the pics she had on her phone online anywhere.”

“From her phone?”

“I sent them to myself and deleted the texts.” He smirked. “What she’s doing I’m sure.”

Andrew wondered what his father would think if he knew the nude pics mom had taken of herself were also on his son’s computer and had been for him in the first place.

“So anyway, seeing they’re nowhere I can find them, they’re going to someone.”

“You, um check the phone records online?” Andrew asked, even though he knew the answer because it was one of the first concerns he’d voiced to mom.

“Can’t. I’m on my company’s plan so your phone and hers are on her account. She changed the passwords last month”

“Okay, but what would make you check her phone in the first place? What was she doing to even make you think of it?” Because whatever it was, she needed to stop.

“Your mom and I had been fighting a lot about…” he looked away and mumbled. “How much sex we have.”

“Jeez, okay, I guess I don’t need details.” Andrew was getting pretty good at acting offended and surprised, maybe he should sign up for the drama club at school.

“She wanted it twenty four seven and I didn’t.”

“Why not?” Andrew couldn’t help asking the question because seeing how he had firsthand experience with how hot his mother was it amazed him his father would ever turn her down.

“What?”

“I asked why you wouldn’t want too.” Andrew spread his hands out. “Mom’s pretty hot for her age.”

“What kind of comment is that?” Dad raised his eyebrows. “That’s your mother you’re talking about.”

Shit! “Sorry,” he lowered his head. “I didn’t mean that I thought she was hot, but come on, dad, you don’t think I hear it from my friends?” he gave a convincing eye roll. “I’ve been hearing about my milf mom since I was fourteen.”

“Yeah, I suppose you have and part of that is because she won’t dress and act her age. She liked showing off for your friends.”

“Say what?” That did surprise him.

“She told me more than once she liked seeing your friends look at her, especially now that they’re twenty or so. She like the idea of being a cougar to them.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“More and more lately. That kid Frank you make fun of? You’re mother’s told me a few times he stares at her and how good looking he is.” He grunted. “Better watch out for him.”

“Come on, dad.” Andrew went back to defending his mother. “I’m sure mom is flattered when a guy looks at her, but she’s not like that.”

“Yeah? Dad pointed to him. “Know that for sure?”

"I'm pretty sure mom is not the kind to cheat." He spoke confidently even while he called himself a liar in his mind.

"Okay, so explain to me why she was acting like a over sexed teenager for the last few years and complaining all the time about wanting it more, then all of a sudden she stops?"

"Maybe she..." he shrugged. "Gave up?"

"Or maybe she's getting it somewhere else so isn't bothering me for it." He leaned closer so Andrew could hear him as he spoke softer. "She always in a good mood all of a sudden too."

"She always seemed in a good mood before."

"To you, she was different with me. Always bitching and sniping at me about pretty much everything. But hasn't asked for sex in forever. Before she wanted was mad I wouldn't fuck her like a damn porn star."

"Whoa!" Andrew put his hands up.

"Sorry, but imagine hearing that all the time? Shit, she even suggested I take Viagra." He sighed. "But now? She's smiling away and hasn't asked me once for sex."

"Maybe she's uh...well..." Andrew whispered. "You know...batteries?"

"No woman would be happy with just that, but funny you mention it." Dad nodded. "She hasn't touched the stuff she has in her nightstand in weeks either."

"How the hell would you know that?" Andrew was genuinely taken aback at how far his father was taking this.

"I keep checking, nothing's been moved and I..." he seemed to catch himself.

"You what?" Andrew pressed.

"I put a dead battery in her favorite and it's still in there. She hasn't used it."

"Dad you're past paranoid, you know that? Doing something like that is pretty far gone."

"Whatever. Point is she was going through batteries like water, now she never uses them and never wants anything from me. She's taking nude pictures of herself and she keeps getting up in the middle of the night when I'm asleep and slipping out of the room."

"You can't think she's fooling around in the house?" Please say you don't think that.

"Of course not," he made a disgusted sound. "At least not while I'm in the house."

"Then what's the big deal she gets up during the night? Maybe she's got work on her mind. You know she gets ideas for campaigns when she first wakes up. Maybe she's working on them."

"No, she talks on the phone. I've heard her."

“You have?” The roller coaster ride of nerves took another plunge. Mom called him when he was on his break at work and talked dirty with him a few times. “You hear what she says?”

“Not much, too hard to get that close to her, but I’ve heard her saying somethings I won’t repeat. Things she’s telling whoever it is she’s going to do with them.”

“You ask her?”

“Hell no,” he scoffed. “She’ll deny it. No, I need to catch her in the act. That’s why I came here. I was sure she had plans with someone for lunch and that’s why she didn’t want me coming here.”

He tapped his cell phone in his shirt pocket for emphasis. “Was going to get a couple of pictures with her leaving with him.”

“And you see she had lunch with me.” And was his lunch, a box lunch that crazy part of him that thought screwing his mother was just fine giggled in his mind.

“But you said she told you her plans changed. She got stiffed on getting stiffed so figured she’d have you come by.” He frowned. “And you never got her car. You said someone showed up unexpected? Who?”

“Clients and I saw them waiting on my way out.” He shrugged. “Unless you think Mom’s into married couples, they were there for work.”

“Don’t get smart with me about this.” He snapped.

“Sorry, but you’re telling me my mom’s a cheat with no proof.” Pretty bold statement, but he figured indignation would work better than looking guilty.

“I told you I heard her talking dirty and what about those pictures? She’s taking them just for herself? She talking to herself? She all of a sudden just decide screw it, I don’t want sex anymore?”

“I don’t know,” Andrew spoke slowly trying to come up with something. “You know maybe she’s showing the pics off somewhere, like some kind of mid-life thing. There’s a lot of amateur porn sites that people post pictures and other people comment. Maybe she’s doing that to get some attention, but not, you know do anything else.”

“So who is she talking to?”

“Couple times she talked to me.” Andrew admitted, “Sometimes I don’t get out right on time and nights she’s up she calls to see if I’m okay.”

“That explains that I suppose.” Dad admitted

“Explains what?”

“A couple times when I heard her talking dirty, I waited until she went back to sleep and looked at her phone. I saw your number in there around that time.” He rolled his eyes. “I know she wasn’t talking to you like that.”

Andrew spoke quickly so that last comment didn’t have time to really hit him. “Then maybe you didn’t hear her right and she was never talking dirty.”

“I can’t think of anything else she could have said that sounded like I can’t wait to have your cock in my mouth.”

“Jesus, dad!” Andrew gasped. “I don’t need details.” Besides you liar, you’ve heard her say that in your ear never mind the phone.

“You said you’re an adult. Point is she’s fucking around, Andrew. So far she’s being pretty sneaky, but sooner or later I’m going to catch her.”

“Then why are you telling me this?” Andrew asked.

“Because I just found out I have to go to a conference in New York for three days so I’m leaving early tomorrow morning and won’t be home until Monday night. That means your mother’s going to think she can do whatever she wants.”

He put his hand on Andrew’s forearm. “But you’re going to watch her for me. Call out on Sunday because she’ll expect you be in work.”

“Dad, I need the money, I…”

“I’ll pay you what you make for the shift and you’ve never called out the year you’ve been there. You’re going to tell her you’re going to work then watch to see if someone comes over or she leaves.”

“I don’t want to spy on her, dad.” Andrew tried not to think of what he and his mother could do with an entire night to themselves at home. “Seems sleazy.”

“Cheating is sleazy.” Dad reminded him. “But tell you what, kid. You don’t think she’s cheating, right?”

“Right.”

“So we see who’s right. If you watch and all she does is stay home alone, then maybe you’re right. But if someone comes over? I want you to get a picture of who it is and her with him. If she leaves, you follow and same thing. I want a picture.”

“Okay, I guess,” he sounded reluctant, but it would be easy enough seeing the only man mom would be with was him.

“I trust you, Andrew.” Dad said softly. “You see her doing something you’ll tell me, right?”

“Of course, but that works both ways. If I tell you nothing happened you going to let this go?”

Dad frowned, “Those pictures on her phone and other things make it hard to think nothing’s going on.” He put his hands out and spoke in a softer tone.

“Those pictures are what bugs me though, everything else I suppose can be explained. But even with them? Andrew, I know you love your mom, but I know you love me too and wouldn’t want to see her hurt me so if you tell me no, then I’ll believe it.”

He looked at his watch, “Crap, have to get back to the office and you need to go rest up for work. Good talk, kid.” He clapped his shoulder. “I know you’ll do the right thing for me, Andrew. Know why?”

“Why?”

“Because we raised you right and you’re a good man and a good man wouldn’t lie about something this serious.”

Dad slipped out of the booth and headed for the door, but Andrew remained where he was. His father’s last words had stung him. A good man? Yeah, he was a good man alright. A good man who was not only fucking a married woman, but the married woman was his damned mother.

Andrew was being led by his damn cock and the fact he loved his mother and wanted to make her happy. But he couldn’t keep doing this. It was hurting his father just to think his mother was cheating, what if he ever found out not only was she, but with his son?

No, as hot as the sex was and as much as mom enjoyed it and he liked making her-and himself-happy, he had to put a stop to this. If for no other reason than dad was getting close to catching them and it would be a matter of time before he would.

Chapter Five

Andrew pulled into the driveway and getting out of the car wondered how he was going to get past his mother. She’d sent him a text at eleven thirty that she’d be waiting for him on the couch and had included a pic of the length of her long luscious body.

Andrew had stared at her breasts, barely contained in a transparent lace blue bra, her soft stomach and long legs stretched out on the couch. Her legs were open to expose a matching lace thong and her hand inside it, playing with her pussy.

He’d been hard ever since and kept taking his phone out and looking at it. He’d even shown it to Frank just to see the look on his face and hear him tell him what a lucky fucking bastard he was. Andrew had felt himself wavering on the ride home. He’d been fucking his mother for a month now what would one more night mean?

Tomorrow, he would tell her tomorrow they couldn’t fool around anymore. There wouldn’t be time tonight to really explain it to her and she’d be so wound up she wouldn’t listen anyway. But tomorrow he would catch her as soon as she got home and tell her they had to talk and..

No, he had to stop it now. His father mentioned mom being up in the middle of the night several times today and he’d come down last night. Had he come down a couple minutes sooner while he and mom were still having sex they would have been caught red handed and oh, man what a scene that would be.

Andrew stared at the house which was in darkness except for the small glow coming from the kitchen window where mom had left the night light on as usual. She said the couch, so she'd be in the front of the house. Maybe if he slipped in the back he could get upstairs with her hearing him.

No, he shook his head, she'd most likely heard the car pull into the driveway and knew he was home. Andrew walked towards the house resigning himself to the fact he'd have to talk his way out of sex with her.

He walked around the back of dad's truck and stopped when an idea hit him. He stared at the truck, then looking over at the house next door whispered, "Sorry misters and misses Williams" he then slammed his hip into his father's truck.

He stepped back and winced when his father's alarm went off, his lights flashing and the air filled with the sound of the horn beeping. He ran to the house, a feeling of satisfaction coming over him when he saw the bedroom light go on above him.

The window opened and his father leaned out, pointing his remote at the truck. It went off and seeing Andrew beneath him he hissed. "Did you do that?"

"Sorry, dad." He called up as quietly as he could. "I tripped and banged into it."

"Okay, just get in here before the neighbors want to kill you."

Dad slammed the window shut and Andrew entered the kitchen in time to see mom coming in from the dining room. As always she had the long frumpy black housecoat on, but he knew what was underneath it and needed to get upstairs without seeing it.

"You okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, I fell into dad's truck." He grinned sheepishly. "I know, smooth, right?"

"Yeah," Mom nodded. "But stay down here with me and..."

"Dad's up, mom and he came down last night." He whispered. "Too close for comfort. I'm going upstairs."

"But I thought," she leaned into him and whispered. "You could fuck me on the couch."

"Mom, we can't."

"But I bought that bra and panties just for you tonight." She kissed his neck. "He'll go back to sleep and then you can sit back on the couch and I'll get on my knees and suck..."

"Can't." he pulled away from her. "Mom, we have to talk about this, but can't right now."

"Talk about what?" she looked confused.

"Andrew you okay, did you bang yourself up out there?" Dad saved him by calling down the stairs.

"I'm fine, dad." Andrew called back, "On my way up to go to bed," he forced a laugh. "Unless my clumsy ass trips up the stairs."

He gave mom a quick peck on the cheek, “Love you, see you tomorrow.”

“Okay,” she lowered her head. “Guess you don’t want me.”

Shit, he hated leaving her looking like that.

“Dad told me he’s going away tomorrow.” Andrew winked. “We can spend time together tomorrow night.”

“I know!” she beamed. “We’re going to have so much...” she stopped. “When did he tell you that? He told me when he came home and you were already at work.”

“Oh, I talked to him earlier, night mom.” He turned and this time all but ran across the room and up the stairs.

Andrew skipped his usual shower so he could get right into his room. Closing the door behind him, he thumbed the lock. He felt like an idiot doing it, but it’s not like his mother hadn’t snuck in before.

Now that he was awake, dad might wait for her to come back upstairs, or even sneak around the house seeing if she was on the phone with anyone. Andrew didn’t bother turning the light on and undressed in the dark before sliding under the covers.

He lay there listening to the quiet house for a few minutes. He had just relaxed when he heard the familiar creak of the top step indicating his mother had come upstairs. The hall light shined through the bottom of his door and he held his breath as he heard her coming down the hall.

She had to pass his room to get to hers and he swallowed nervously when the light beneath the door was partially blocked out. Mom remained in front of his door and he listened to see if she would try the door.

To his relief her shadow drifted away and a moment later he heard the door close to his parent’s room. Andrew closed his eyes and as his heart stopped racing he relaxed into the bed and had another of his twilight zone moments, but this one not a fun sexy one.

He was in a scenario out of either Hollywood or some cheating porn movie. He was twenty years old and the other man. The lover of a woman who was cheating on her husband. It was a bad enough situation under any conditions, but worse for him.

The couple he was helping ruin was his parents.

He released a long breath and wondered how the hell he’d gotten him into this mess. The answer was the same for how he was still in this mess.

He couldn’t tell his mother no.

For the hundredth time since it happened, Andrew thought back to the night this had started. As always, part of him wished he’d acted differently. The other part of him, the part that kept this going, wondered why he’d want it to end differently.

Chapter Six One Month Earlier

Andrew jerked awake at the sound of his cell ringing. He rolled over to see it was after midnight and grumbled, “What the fuck” while fumbling for the phone. Holding it in front of his bleary eyes he saw it was the local area code, but didn’t recognize the number.

“Fucking crank.” He swiped end call and dropped it on his bed.

Andrew closed his eyes and settled back into the pillow when the phone rang again, “Goddamn it!” he picked up the phone and seeing the same number, answered. “Who the hell is this?”

“Andrew!” A woman’s voice replied and sounded relieved. “It’s Janice, and I’m sorry to wake you up.”

“Janice?” Andrew sat up and was now wide awake. Dad was away for a conference and Mom had gone out with her longtime best friend to have a few drinks. “Is my mom, okay?”

“She’s fine,” Janice laughed. “In fact I’d say she’s feeling no pain.”

“Huh?”

“She had a lot to drink and that’s why I’m calling. I’m downstairs and I’m not sure I can get her in the house myself.”

“I’ll be right down.” Andrew tossed the sheet off and slipping on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt tried to envision his mother drunk.

Mom wasn’t exactly a dud, but she was no party hound. Other than a slight buzz on New Year’s Eve a couple of times, he never seen her drink enough for it to matter. But mom and dad had been fighting a lot lately and she’d been pretty stressed.

Janice had made plans to take her out last week when dad announced his trip and insisted she was going to make sure mom forgot her troubles for a night. Andrew turned the light on at the foot of the stairs and crossing the living room opened the front door.

Mom was leaning on the railing halfway up the porch stairs with her head down and Janice was behind her, with her hand on her back, keeping her steady.

“Hey, mom, you feeling okay?” he asked.

Mom lifted her head and gave him a huge lop sided smile. “Hey, baby boy! I’m just fine!”

Just had come out ‘jusst’ and every other word had been slurred to some degree. Even in the dim light of the porch, he could see mom’s blue eyes were glassy and her cheeks were bright red.

“Baby boy?” he scrunched up his face. “Where did that come from?”

“You are my baby boy!’ Mom staggered up a step and Andrew quickly got in front of her and caught her by her shoulders before she fell.

Mom smiled in his face and he wasn’t sure what she was drinking except it was strong as hell. “You don’t want to be my baby boy anymore?” her smile faded. “You don’t want me either?”

“Hey, mom, don’t get upset.” He spoke quickly as her eyes filled. “I’ll always be your baby boy.” He kissed her cheek and was rewarded with another drunken smile.

“I love you so much!” Mom threw her arms around his shoulders and he had to catch the railing not to get taken down by her.

Janice came up next to them and slipping her shoulder under mom’s arm slipped it around her neck. “Told you.” She grinned.

“Guess so.” Andrew got under mom on the other side and the two of them helped her stagger up the stairs and across the porch.

“This is no fun.” Mom declared to pretty much no one. “Going home alone? This sucks!” she made a farting sound with her lips. “I told you I wanted to get fucked tonight!.”

That was pronounced Janish, but it was her words that caused Andrew’s eyes to widen.

“Hey, easy with that talk.” Janice told her, then catching his eye, she whispered. “Pay her no mind. She’s drunk.”

“Damn straight I’m drunk. I got drunk so I could get fucked and that guy in the black shirt was going to take me home!”

Andrew couldn’t believe what he was hearing as he awkwardly turned to the side and half guided, half dragged, his mother into the house with Janice pushing her along from the other side.

“That wasn’t going to happen, Robin.” Janice sounded as if she were speaking more for Andrew’s benefit. “You know you’re not like that.”

“The hell it wasn’t! You saw him dancing with me. Hmm,” Mom purred drunkenly. “His hands were everywhere and when he ground into my ass? God he was hard!”

“Robin!” Janice snapped at her. “Your son’s right here.”

“He wouldn’t be at Gary’s house. That was his name, Gary.”

“Right, Gary.” Janice rolled her eyes and grunted as Mom leaned more of her weight onto her.

They steered her to the couch and putting his arm around her waist, Andrew managed to turn her around so her back was to it.

“Here, sit down, mom.” He pushed lightly on her shoulder to get her to sit.

Mom obediently lowered herself to the couch and stretched her legs out. She released a long sigh and pointed to her legs.

“Look at these shoes and this dress. I bought them just for tonight so I could score some cock and you dragged me home!”

Andrew hadn't paid any attention to what mom was wearing beneath her short black leather jacket, but now glanced down. He blinked at the black stilettos and wondered how the hell she could walk in them even before she got drunk.

The heels had to be five inches and featured straps that crisscrossed over the top of her foot and buckled around her ankle. They were fuck me shoes worthy of a stripper and it amazed him to see them on his mother.

He was equally amazed at what wasn't on his mother, as in how short her dress was. He could see bare flesh all the way up to her upper thigh and the black hem hugged her legs tightly and he figured the whole thing must be painted on.

“I'm sorry, Andrew.” Janice frowned and put her hand on his arm. “She's not feeling herself.”

“Oh, I'll be feeling myself! God knows no one else is going to be feeling me tonight thanks to you!” She looked at Janice, her lips in a pout. “Thought you were my friend.”

“I am, that's why I got you away from that creep and brought you home.”

“He wasn't a creep. He was hot.” She leaned back into the couch and licked her lips. “Damn, I wanted to blow him.”

“Wow.” Andrew whistled.

“Yeah, that's what he would have said!” Mom told him with a seriousness that would have made him smile if she didn't follow it up with. “I love sucking cock!”

She ran her tongue across her lips which Andrew now noticed were painted a deep red that he figured would pretty much make guys think about what she was just talking about.

“That's enough!” This time Janice accompanied her yelling at her by grabbing her arm and giving her a shake. “Get ahold of yourself, girl. You don't talk like that in front of your son!”

“Oh,” Mom blinked and looked closely at him, as if she were just seeing him. She then shrugged. “Whatever, he's twenty. He's a man now and I bet the little sluts he's screwed around with at school talk dirtier than that.”

“Not really.” He grinned, then tried to look serious when Janice shot him a look.

“No?” Mom looked surprised. “Then they're just being insecure little girls. A real woman talks and acts like a whore for their man.”

She pointed a finger to him. “But only your whore. She acts that way with every guy, you get away from her.” She nodded and looked serious. “A good girl is only bad for their man.”

“I'll remember that.” He nodded gravely, “How about I get you in bed?”

“See that?” She now gestured to Janice. “I've been dying to hear that all night and when I do? It's from my son!”

“And he’s right. You need to go sleep it off, Robin.”

“I suppose, but only after I get off.” Mom leaned back into the couch and closed her eyes, but kept speaking. “Hope I remembered to buy batteries. Been killing a lot of them lately.”

“Robin, how about you just stop talking?” Janice muttered, then taking Andrew by the arm led him a few feet away.

“I’m sorry for how she’s talking.” She whispered, even though mom’s eyes were closed and she was still on the couch. Maybe she’d passed out. “I have never seen her drink like that before.”

“Its okay,” he shrugged. “I hear worse all the time in school.”

“Different from your mother.” She paused and stared over at mom as if making sure she wasn’t paying attention. “You know that talk about going home with another guy was just the booze, right?”

“I know,” he nodded. “I’m sure mom’s not like that.” He then thought for a minutes. “But I do wonder what would have happened if you didn’t stop her. She seemed pretty serious.”

“I was there so it doesn’t matter.” Janice assured him. “But do me a favor, Andrew. Don’t tell your father about this.”

“Hell no!” he shook his head. “Why would I do that?”

“I don’t know, maybe because you’re worried she would and thought your father should know.”

“That would just make them fight and...” he caught himself, but she nodded.

“Fight more you mean. “ He must have looked surprised because she put her hand on his shoulder and added. “I’m her best friend and we talk about everything. They’ve really been going at it and she’s frustrated and I thought she needed a night like tonight.”

Janice pointed over her shoulder at mom. “Then she comes out of the house dressed like that and she was all over the dance floor. I let her go figuring she was enjoying the attention your father never gives her, but whenever it looked like a guy was getting ready to make a real move I got in the way.”

“Wow, I can’t picture that.” He told her, but looking over at his mother he found his eyes drawn to her long legs and those flat out fuck me heels. “But I wouldn’t believe those shoes if I wasn’t looking at them.”

“I won’t take her anywhere like that again, promise.” Janice told him. “But try and be a little extra nice to her whenever you can. She’s feeling pretty lonely so maybe you can try doing somethings with her.”

“You know why her and dad are fighting?”

Not all the details,” Janie replied, but her eyes darted away and he had a feeling she was lying. “I know he’s been working more and not paying her much attention. Your mom’s not needy, but she’s

in her prime and..." she stopped. "Okay, sorry, I've had a few too. Need to stop running my mouth."

"So its about sex." Andrew sighed. "Trust me, I've heard a few of their arguments so I'm not surprised. Hopefully they work it out."

"They will." Janice smiled reassuringly. "That's why you don't want to mention tonight and stir things up."

"Got it."

"You need help getting her upstairs?"

"She's sleeping now." Andrew noted. "I'll get her shoes and coat off and stretch her out on the couch, let her stay down here."

"May not want to leave her alone. She did have a lot."

"I'll stay down here on the loveseat if I have to." He volunteered. "Keep an eye on her."

"You're a good man, Andrew." Janice kissed his cheek. "Take care of our girl, okay?"

"Promise."

"Have her call me in the morning." Janice smiled and held up her phone. "I have a lot of pics from tonight I can't wait to embarrass her with."

"Thanks for getting her home." Andrew walked her to the door noticing Janice was showing a pretty good amount of leg herself and her red dress was clinging to her ass and hips giving him a nice show as he followed her.

Andrew had been watching a lot of milf porn and Janice definitely fit the bill. Being she was single he wondered if she'd done some teasing of her own tonight. With a wave she walked down the steps of the porch and he waited until she got to her car before shutting the door and turning his attention back to his mother.

She remained leaning back into the couch with her head back and her eyes closed. Her breathing was slow and steady and Andrew breathed a sigh of relief. With Janice now gone and mom quiet he took a good look at her as he walked over to the couch.

Mom's dark hair was down and she'd put some curl into it, two things she rarely did. In addition to the deep red lipstick, mom's eye lashes were thick with mascara and she'd added a lot of blue mascara.

Seeing her lying there like that in her way too short skirt and stripper quality shoes Andrew realized she looked trashy. He also found his eyes kept finding their way to her legs. Not that he hasn't seen mom in shorts before, but for some reason it never occurred to him his mother had nice legs.

Okay, that thought was as awkward as some of the things she'd said. Andrew leaned over as slowly as he could so as not to wake her, eased the zipper of her jacket down. He managed to get all the way to the bottom before mom, murmured,

“Hmm, that’s a sexy sound.” He eyes opened partway and stared down at him. “Be sexier if it were me unzipping someone.”

“Save that thought for dad when he comes home.”

“Oh, please.” Mom waved her hand. “What for? Unzipping him lasts longer than sex.”

“TMI, Mom.” Andrew finished unzipping her. “Want to sit up so I can take your coat off?”

“Sure, I’ll take it off for you, baby!” she giggled, but her eyes were closed again and Andrew was pretty sure she didn’t even know who she was talking to at this point.

She did lean forward for him and allow him to slip the jacket down her shoulders and she sluggishly lifted her arms for him to pull the sleeves off. Andrew tossed the jacket onto the nearby chair.

“You want to lay the other way so you can…” Andrew stopped speaking and not because his mother had leaned back and closed her eyes again, but because of what he was confronted with.

The one piece, sleeveless black dress was not only painted on, but featured a plunging neckline that left her skin visible halfway down her stomach. The inner half of her breasts were on full display as was the fact his mother wasn’t wearing a bra.

The dress was tight enough to not only show off every curve of her breast, but her nipples as well.

“Goddamn,” he whispered, suddenly, and inappropriately transfixed by the sight of his mother’s breasts. What the hell was wrong with his father? His mother was fucking hot!

Andrew wasn’t thrilled with that last thought, but what the hell, she was. He knew his mother was an attractive woman and was sure guys his age would consider her a milf type, but he’d never thought of her in that way. In his defense though, he’d never seen her like this.

“My eyes are up here,” Mom giggled and Andrew blushed furiously.

“S…sorry.” He stammered.

“Its okay,” Mom was speaking sluggishly and her eyes were barely open, but she still nailed his thoughts perfectly. “At least one man in the house likes my boobs.”

“I wasn’t looking like that!” He exclaimed defensively. “I just never saw you dressed like this before.”

“You weren’t?” she sighed. “Okay, back to no one caring about my boobs.”

“How about you lay back and get some sleep, mom?”

“I guesh I should,” she slurred. “Wet dreams are better than nothing.”

“Then just turn around and stretch out here. I’ll grab a blanket from the closet.”

“I want to shleep in my own bed.” She winked. “No toys down here.”

Outwardly Andrew didn't respond to her comments, but in his mind he was having a hard time not putting visuals to her off color remarks.

"You think you can make it up the stairs?" he asked dubiously.

"Not in these things!" she laughed and stuck her legs out. "Can you take them off for me?"

"Sure." Andrew got down on one knee and resting his mother's calf on his leg undid the buckle on the shoe and eased it from her foot.

"That feels good." She wiggled her toes. "They look hot, but they hurt." She giggled. "They're meant to be up in the air more than on the floor."

"Whatever you say." He put the shoe down and guided her other leg over.

"I like that," she whispered. "Whatever I say. That's how it should be." She lifted her leg and placed her bare foot on his arm and curled her toes into his bicep.

"Look at you, baby boy!" she eased her soft foot up and down his arm. "You're really filling out."

"Yeah, uh thanks." Andrew muttered while he fumbled with the buckle on the other shoe which was stuck.

Mom worked her foot up to the top of his shoulder and wiggled her toes. "Hmm, that's just where I wanted my feet tonight. Up on a sexy man's shoulders."

"Mom, you need to chill with the sex talk." He turned his attention from her shoe to look at her, but froze.

With her foot on his shoulder, he could see straight up her skirt. All that was between her thighs was a thin strip of black material that was so tight he could see the lips of her pussy outlined through it.

His fingers trembled on her shoe as unable to help it, he continued to stare. Mom's thighs were supple and toned and it occurred to him that as minimal as the thong was he saw no trace of hair anywhere and wondered if her pussy were shaved.

That was followed by him wondering what was wrong with him. This was his mother. So what she was dressed trashy and talking dirty that was no excuse to think like a pervert. Not to mention she was drunk out of her mind.

Andrew tore his gaze from between her legs and was relieved to finally undo the strap. He eased that shoe from her foot and she sighed, "My foot hurts, honey, rub it for me? Just for a minute?"

"I guess." He cupped her heel in his hand and gently massaged the sole of her foot with his other hand.

"That's sooo nice," she released a throaty purr that caused him to swallow nervously and fight the urge to look back up her dress.

Andrew kneaded the ball of her foot and worked his fingers under each of her toes. As he did mom made soft noises that could only be described as moans and seemed sexual. He was starting to sweat and his hands were shaking.

Mom still had her other foot on his shoulder and he flinched when she lifted it and put her toes directly in his face. "Kiss them better." She emitted that drunken giggle again that for some reason he now found...sexy.

"Mom, please." He turned his head, but she pushed her toes into his cheek.

"I used to kiss your little piggy toes. Don't be one way."

"If I do will you get up and go upstairs to bed?"

"Promise."

Andrew turned his head and quickly kissed the tip of her toe and she laughed which made him kiss the tips of the others in rapid succession. As he did she'd pushed the other foot onto his stomach and he stared at her deep red toe nail polish.

His mind was suddenly filled with an image of her on her back, her skirt over her hips and her feet on a man's chest while he held her ankles and fucked her. In his vision her fuck me heels were still on and she was moaning and begging him to fuck her harder.

Andrew let her foot go and stood up so quickly mom yelped as her feet hit the floor. What the fuck was that? She was drunk, not him.

"Do they smell?" Mom looked so serious, he laughed, harder than he had to in order to help shake that taboo scene that had just played out in his mind.

"No, got a Charlie horse from kneeling."

"I remember those days!" she nodded and gave him a lascivious wink. "I've done some of my best work on my..."

"Okay, let's go!" Andrew grabbed her wrists and pulled her to her feet.

Mom came to her feet and immediately staggered into him. Throwing her arms around his neck, she laughed and kissed him on the lips.

It was only a quick peck, but still stunned him. Mom smiled at him and hugged him tightly.

"Love you, Andrew" she whispered in his ear.

"Love you to," he replied awkwardly hugging her back and trying to ignore her breasts pressing into his chest.

"You feel good." Mom remained clinging to him. "You used to love to hug your mother now I'm lucky if I get a wave on your way out the door."

"Sorry, I'll work on that." Andrew promised. "How about we go upstairs?"

"Fine, rush me off to bed." Mom turned and wandered towards the stairs.

Andrew stayed close behind her, his hands out ready to grab her if she fell. Mom was pretty much walking sideways at this point and part of him wished he had his phone with him to film it and show it to her tomorrow.

She managed to get to the stairs and holding onto the railing proceeded to walk up one step at a time with painful slowness. Andrew stayed close behind, keeping a hand on her back to keep her from falling backwards.

As she moved slowly up the stairs Andrew couldn't help but notice the dress was as tight in the back as the front. His reaction was disturbingly similar in the sense that he was now realizing his mother had a pretty nice ass.

The dress hugged her hips and was tight enough around the curve of her ass to show there was no panty lines, but he knew that already having seen her skimpy thong. Mom made it to the top of the stairs and Andrew now took her arm to guide her down the hall to his parent's room.

He turned the light on for her and when she stood there swaying and looking more dazed than she had earlier, he took her hand and led her to the bed.

"I like that." She squeezed his hand. "I miss being close to you, Andrew, I really do."

"I'll work on being around more." He recalled Robin saying his mother had been feeling lonely lately. "How about we go grab lunch and a movie tomorrow?"

"That would be nice." She kissed his cheek. "You really are a good boy."

"I have good parents."

"One, anyway." She rolled her eyes.

"Be nice, mom." He chided her. "Dad's a good guy."

"Yeah, that's because you don't know."

"Know what?" What was she on about now?"

"He..." she blinked and for the first time since she came home, looked as if she had her wits about her. "He doesn't pay me much mind these days, that's all."

"Can't see why not, you're a beautiful woman." Andrew wasn't just saying that to make her feel good. He'd noticed it for the first time tonight, but had replaced hot with beautiful because what son referred to their mother as hot?"

"You think so?" Mom smiled, but this time it wasn't a big drunken one, but sweet and shy with her lower her head and looking up through her eyelashes at him.

"Know so." He told her, "I bet those guys at the bar were interested, what man wouldn't be?"

"The one who should be." The smile left her face, then returned to that inebriated exaggerated one. "But you're right, a lot of guys bought me drinks and danced with me."

"Then you had a good time and..."

“No, a good time would have been not going to bed alone.”

“No choice there, mom.” Andrew put his hand on her shoulder and tried push down to get her to sit on the bed, but she remained where she was. “And you’re not that kind of woman.”

“People can surprise you sometimes, honey.” She spoke softly and now looked sad, her eyes filling up. Please go to sleep, Andrew silently implored her, he couldn’t deal with tears.

“Well, I’m pretty sure I know my mom and she’s an amazing woman in every way.” He kissed her forehead. “That’s how I got to be such an awesome kid after all.” He joked.

“You’re a good son.” Mom agreed putting her hand on his cheek. “Honey, will you do something for me?”

“Anything you need.” He instantly regretted his choice of words considering some of the things she’d blurted out tonight.

“Will you sleep with me?”

“What?” he exclaimed, stunned. Was she...

“Would you spend the night in bed with me?” she didn’t seem to notice his reaction. “I...I just don’t want to be in this bed alone tonight.”

“That’s kind of um, weird, mom.”

“No, its pathetic is what it is.” She lowered her head “But your mom’s feeling pretty pathetic right now.” She looked up at him, and whispered, “Please? I’m so tired of feeling lonely.”

“Dad’s only gone for a couple nights mom.”

“I’m alone even when he’s here.” She shrugged, then gave him a sad smile. “But never mind, you’re right. I’m being a loser.”

“Don’t say that mom.” His heart went out to her. His mother was always so strong and self-assured. It bothered him to see her like this. “And sure, if it will make you feel better, I’ll stay with you.”

“Really?” her eyes lit up.

“Can’t have you being lonely now can we?” he winked. “And this way I can tell my friends I spent Friday night in bed with a sexy older woman.”

Andrew figured it technically wasn’t the smartest thing to say seeing how raunchy she’d been, but in her current state he felt she needed some assurance and what did he think, that’s she’d put a move on him?

“Tell them you fucked some drunk slutty cougar?” Mom’s smile made his comment worth it.

“You’re not slutty, just drunk.” He pointed out. “You need to change.”

“Right, can’t sleep in this.” She looked down at the dress. “Funny how the less material a dress is the more it costs.”

“Take your word for it. I haven’t been dress shopping in a while.” He joked to keep her happy and not slide back into those depressed moments she kept having.

“Good thing, I don’t think you have the legs for it.” Mom returned the joke then grabbing the hem of her dress proceeded to pull it up.

“Whoa, Mom!” Andrew grabbed her arms trying not to look down as she’d gotten the dress over her hips. “Not in front of me!”

“Oh, sorry.” She blinked. “Wow, where’s my head?”

“Floating in whatever you were drinking.”

“Yup,” she flashed a lopsided smile. “Let me grab something.”

“I’ll leave, just call me when you’re…”

“Just stay and turn your back.” She gave him the puppy dog eyes again, “I don’t want to be alone.”

“Okay, fine.” He sighed, but turned his back to her.

Andrew rolled his eyes when he found himself facing the mirror over his mother’s bureau and he could see her behind him. Mom had gone over to the chair in the corner of the room where some clothes were piled and grabbing the dress pulled it up.

Close your eyes, he told himself, but instead watched the dress come up over her hips. Her back was to him and his eyes widened at the sight of her ass in the thong which was nothing more than a piece of black string between the cheeks of her ass with a pink bow at the top.

Mom’s ass looked pretty damn tight and firm and her cheeks nicely shaped. Looking at that thong had him thinking she may really have been looking for something tonight at that club. A woman didn’t wear something like that because it was comfortable.

The dress went up over her head and as she leaned over to drape it over the chair, Andrew was now staring at his mother in just a thong. Her long dark hair looked good along the smooth creamy skin of her back and the backs of her legs looked even better than before as she rose up on her toes to push the dress down the back of the chair.

His eyes locked onto that thin strip of black between her thighs and ass. And a part of him he would never want to admit to anyone he had hoped she might pull the thong off. Mom picked up a shirt from the chair and as she lifted it up over her head she turned just enough for him to get a look at her breast from the side.

Mom’s tit was bigger than he’d imagined they would be. Then again, when the hell had he ever thought about him. She began to turn around and he knew in a second he’d have a full view of her tits. He also knew she would see him and quickly turned at an angle so if she looked in the mirror she would see he was facing away from it.

“All set.” Mom called out and he faced back to the bed to see her pulling the sheet back and climbing into it. She’d put on a simple black night shirt that was not quite as short as her dress, but short enough he’d never seen her wear it around the house.

She rolled over and turned on the small lamp on top of her night stand, clicked it a couple of times until it was only the dim glow of a night light. That move caused the shirt to ride up just enough for him to see the cheeks of her ass and Andrew was appalled to feel a stirring between his legs.

He turned away and shut off the main light and slipping off his sneakers slid into the bed next to her. Mom remained on her side, facing away from him and he grabbed the sheet and pulled it up over her waist so he wouldn’t have to deal with trying not to look at her ass which should under no circumstances be an issue, but was.

Andrew lay on his back and listened to his mother’s breathing planning on leaving as soon as she was asleep. With all she’d had to drink once she went out she’d be dead to the world for hours. When she was quiet for a few minutes he began to ease off the bed when she moaned in her sleep.

“Mom, you okay?”

The answer was another moan and this one was distinctly sexual.

“Hmm, baby,” she groaned. “That’s such a nice cock.”

“Oh my god.” Andrew whispered. It was time to get out of here.

“God, I need it in my mouth.” Mom continued.

Get up and get out he urged himself, but remained where he was. To his disbelief mom was now making loud slurping sounds in her sleep as she sucked a cock in her sleep. The sounds were disturbingly authentic and his heart was now pounding in his chest as she alternately moaned and made those sloppy wet noises.

“Yes,” she moaned, “Cum in my mouth, give me every last fucking drop!”

“Mom,” Andrew rolled over behind her and put his hand on her shoulder. “Wake up.”

“Yes!” she cried out so loud he jerked his hand back. “Just like that, honey! Tongue fuck me!”

“Holy shit.” He muttered as his mother now switched to sighing and moaning softly.

He jumped at movement against his thigh and saw his mother’s hips were rocking beneath the sheet.

“So good,” she purred, “Right there, baby. Lick that clit!”

Andrew remained still and at this point wasn’t even lying to himself that he wanted to leave. To his chagrin his cock was swelling rapidly as his sleeping mother continued to sound like a phone sex operator.

His cock jerked in his shorts and his breathing picked up as mom’s moans were growing louder and higher pitched as she headed for an orgasm in her wet dream. Mom moaned louder and her hips went into overdrive and Andrew gasped when she pushed her ass back into his crotch.

He pulled back, but couldn't resist easing the sheet down to watch his mother's ass while she thrust her hips back and forth. The shirt was halfway up her ass and even as he tried to tell himself not to, he grabbed the edge of it and carefully lifted it higher over her hips so her ass was fully visible.

Her cheeks were flexing as she thrust and Andrew was now breathing through his mouth while he watched. Mom startled him by going into a series of high pitched yelps and calling out.

"Harder! Oh, yes, fuck me with that big cock! Give me what I need!"

Andrew's cock was aching and there was a part of him that was ashamed of himself, but another that was totally turned on despite the fact this was his mother. Worse his mother who was drunk as a skunk and never usually like this.

Mom rolled onto her stomach and her ass was now working up and down as she met the thrusts of her dream lover. Andrew felt as if he were drunk himself, but in his case it was an unhealthy lust that was affecting his inhibitions.

His hand trembling, he gently placed it on her bare ass cheek. She moved beneath him as she grunted and groaned as if she were getting as good and hard as she was dreaming of. Andrew gave her ass a soft squeeze, amazed at how firm her flesh was.

He moved his hand when Mom moved again, this time rolling back over onto her side so quickly, she pressed against him before he could move.

"Fuck yeah!" she moaned. "Pound my sloppy fucking cunt! Give this cheating whore what she came here for!"

Dream or not those words briefly cut into his voyeuristic enjoyment of his mother's simulated sex. She really wanted to cheat on his father. Issues or not that wasn't cool. He couldn't even blame the booze because she'd been sober before she went out and had chosen to dress to kill.

He was pulled from those unpleasant thoughts by the shocking, but far more pleasant sensation of his mother working his ass into his crotch. Even through his shorts and underwear, her grinding into him caused him to moan softly as she rubbed his throbbing cock

"Hard! God you're fucking me so hard!" she whimpered and the sound was so sexy he lost control of his own hips and thrust into her ass.

Mom moaned and continued to grind into him her ass now working in tight circles as if she were giving him a lap dance. Andrew stifled a moan as his mother unwittingly dry humped him and he worked his hips gently in time with hers, adding to the sensation.

His cock was oozing into his underwear and mom's ass was grinding so hard into him he thought there was a chance if she kept it up a little longer he might actually come. Coming in his shorts from his unconscious mother dreaming of cheating on his father.

Andrew shook his head, forcing himself back to reality and how wrong this was on every level. He went to ease back when Mom shoved her ass back into him, but this time left it pressing against his crotch.

"Oh, honey, you're hard!"

Andrew remained where he was thinking it was still the dream, but to his surprise, mom reached behind her and rubbed his cock through his shorts. "Really hard!"

Andrew's heart skipped a beat when she lifted her head and glanced over her shoulder. She was awake! Awake and with her hand on his cock! He closed his eyes and fake mumbled something and rolled over onto his back, feigning sleep.

He felt mom roll over and gasped when her hand once again found his cock, but this time squeezed it.

"Mom, what are you doing?" he tried to sound groggy.

"You're so hard!" she breathed and in the dim light he saw her eyes were still glazed and now focused on his crotch.

"Mom, move your hand!" he put his hand on her forearm to ease her away, but she resisted him and was now rubbing him through his shorts.

"I dreamt of that guy from the club taking me to his place and giving this dirty girl just what she needs."

"Mom, stop." He pushed on her arm again, but nowhere near as hard as he could have. It was as if his body was betraying his mind and doing what it wanted rather than what was right.

"I dream of a hard cock and wake up to one." She looked at him, but her hand remained busy on his cock.

A moan escaped him as she rubbed him harder and his aching cock responded to her touch.

"That feel good? Feels good to me!" she released his cock, but only to unsnap his shorts.

"Mom! What are you doing?" he went to sit up, but she pressed her other hand into his chest.

"What you want me too." She leaned over him so her face was directly over hers and whispered. "I was awake the last few minutes, Andrew. I felt you rubbing into me. I heard you breathing hard."

"N...no." he shook his head. "You were having a dream and I didn't want to move and wake you up."

"Then why are you hard?" Mom pulled his zipper down and his heart pounded so hard it felt like it was going to come out of his chest. "You're hard for me aren't you baby?"

"Mom..."

"Please?" Mom asked softly as she finished pulling his zipper all the way down. "Please be hard for me! Please tell me that I made you hard."

"Mom, this isn't right." He tried to sit up again, but she let her weight go, laying across his chest while her fingers now caressed him through just his underwear.

Mom's forearm was on his chest and her chin resting on it, her face inches from his as she whispered. "A lot of things aren't right, Andrew, but this?" she squeezed his cock for emphasis. "Feels so fucking right."

"I'm your son."

"That didn't bother you when I was rubbing my ass on your cock." She pointed out and he knew his immediate blush proved her right. On cue she smiled. "Hmm, so its true isn't it? You get all hard from my ass?"

"You're drunk and..."

"You're not, and you're hard." She resumed stroking him through his underwear then giggled. "And dripping."

"It was um..."

"It was me, wasn't it?" Her eyes were wide as if she were pleading for him to answer yes. "You like how I looked tonight? You like touching your mother's ass and letting me dry fuck you?"

"It was..." he moaned when she slipped a finger into the slit in his boxers and slid her finger directly against his cock.

"It was me." She whispered. "Please say it was. Please tell me you think I'm sexy, baby. Tell me you want me."

"Want you? You're my mother!"

"I'm a woman, baby. I'm a lonely women who needs attention. A woman who needs this." She pulled her finger from inside his boxers and he gasped when she slipped her hand inside and wrapped her fingers around his aching dick.

"You need it too. That's why you're so hard. Being horny is no fun, honey." Mom leaned so close her lips grazed his when she spoke. "My baby's horny and I think I should take care of him. Isn't that what a good mother does?"

"Oh, shit, mom," Andrew groaned as she slowly stroked his cock. This had to be a dream. No way was he lying here with his mother jerking him off.

"I like that, baby," Mom was all but speaking into his mouth. "I like that little moan and hos you're cock's throbbing in my hand." She teasingly flicked her tongue across his lips. "But know what else I like?"

"What?" he barely breathed the word as she increased the speed of her hand on his cock. Why wasn't he pushing her off him?

"The way you looked at me downstairs." She giggled as his eyes widened. "You don't think I saw you looking at my legs and my tits." She leaned over and pressed her lips to his ear. "The way you looked up my dress?"

This time his only response was a groan when she squeezed the tip of his cock, sending squirt of precum into her hand which she used to get his shaft slick as she resumed pumping him.

“You want me, don’t you?” she flicked her tongue across his ear. “You have to want, baby.” She paused then added in a subdued tone that contradicted her aggressiveness. “Your mother needs you to want her. I need someone to want me. Please tell me you do.”

“But...”

Mom eased her face back over his and silenced him with a soft kiss that sent a shiver through him.

“You tell me you want me and I will take good care of you, baby.” She slowly licked her still lipstick coated lips. “Everything you want. There’s nothing I won’t do for my boy.”

Her speech was still slurred and her eyes were half open and glassy. It was obvious she was still under the influence. This was wrong. She was sexually frustrated and trashed and had just woken up from a nasty dream to find her perverted son rubbing up on her.

No, he had to tell her no.

“Baby, please tell me you want me.”

“Mom, we can’t.”

Her lip trembled and she lowered her eyes, when he didn’t respond right away she pushed herself up into a sitting position and let go of his cock.

Andrew had mixed feelings. Frustration from having been worked up for nothing, but relief his mother had stopped her drunken seduction.

“You know,” she looked at her hand which even in the limited light Andrew could see was coated with his sticky pre cum. “You said we can’t. That doesn’t mean you don’t want me.” She put her fingers in her mouth and sucked on them.

“Hmm,” her eyes rolled back. “Sweet.” She sighed.

Not fair, so not fair.

“I’ll make a deal with you.” Mom stared down at him. “If you can look me in the eye and tell me you don’t want me, you can go and I’ll leave you alone. Deal?”

“O...Okay.” he took a deep breath and prepared to do the right thing for the first time tonight and lie to her so she’d stop.

“Mom, I...”

“Hold on,” she grabbed her shirt and before he could realize what she was doing pulled it up over her head and tossed it on the floor.

“Oh, shit.” Andrew groaned as his mother cupped her bare tits.

“You were saying something?” she lifted her tits, her red nails stroking her pink nipples.

Mom's tits weren't that big, but they were perfectly shaped and sitting high and proud in spite of her being in her forties. They looked as firm as her ass and as he watched, his cock twitching and all traces of wanting to do the right thing fleeing from his mind, mom lowered her head, raised her left tit and sucked on her nipple.

"Jesus, that's hot." He moaned.

"You do want me!" Mom exclaimed and leaning over pressed herself to him.

Andrew gasped when she kissed her hard, her soft lips crushing into his. She worked her mouth back and forth, sliding across his, groaning as she sought to devour his mouth. Stunned at first, Andrew lay there unmoving, but when her tongue slipped between his lips, he moaned and returned the kiss.

Mom whimpered softly and the sound sent a thrill through him. His tongue danced across hers and he could taste the liquor from earlier, but who the hell cared? Mom's bare tits were pressed into his chest, her hard nipples poking into him.

More importantly her hand found his cock and once more began jerking him. He put his arms around her, his hands roaming over the soft skin of her back and into her long hair.

"Yes," mom moaned into his mouth. "Touch me! Touch me anywhere, touch me everywhere!"

Andrew whimpered as she stroked him faster and now moved his hips, pushing his hand through her slick hand.

"Hmm, my baby needs it too, doesn't he?" she asked as she removed her lips from his and slid them down across his neck.

"Yes," he groaned. "That feels so good, mom." Jesus he sounded like one of those dumb taboo movies all over the internet, but her hand did feel good and as much as he hated to admit it, the fact this was his drunk mother jacking him off added an extra thrill.

"Someone's already close." She kissed the top of his chest then made him moan when she traced a wet circle around his nipple with her tongue. "Going to come for your mother?"

"I...sorry," he felt like an idiot because she was right, he was already close.

"Don't be." She stared at him with those glassy lust filled eyes. "We'll take the edge off so you can fuck me longer."

"Fuck." He repeated numbly as the reality struck him like a mental blow. He was going to fuck his mother.

"Oh, yeah, fuck." Mom was now sliding down the bed, kissing him along the way and leaving red lipstick imprints along the way. "Your mother's going to get some cock tonight, baby. Your cock."

Andrew's eyes felt as if they were going to fall out of his head when he realized where his mother was heading. Kneeling between his legs, she took his cock in her hand and opening her mouth let a line of spit trail from her lips down to his cock.

He moaned when she jerked it, getting it even wetter. “Thing is you can give yourself a damn hand job and other thing?” Mom looked him in the eye and licked her red lips. “I’ve been dying to suck a big hard cock.”

“Oh my god!” Andrew moaned when with no further hesitation his mother took his cock into her mouth.

“Hmm!” Mom exclaimed and bobbed her head rapidly.

Andrew couldn’t believe what he was seeing-or feeling-as his mother knelt between his legs, sucking his cock. Not just sucking it, but going at it like a starving woman at a buffet. Mom put her hands on his thighs and used only her mouth to work his cock.

Andrew lay back moaning and whimpering like someone who’d never had sex before as his mother sucked him like it was a competition. Her lips were wrapped tightly around his cock and her tongue swirled around his shaft as she bobbed her head along the length of his shaft.

Her hands on his thighs made it even hotter as his mother showed off her skills by giving her son a hands free blow job. Her eyes never left his and when her long dark hair fell across her face, she let it remain.

That somehow added another thrill as her now tousled hair partially across her face added and even more wild look to her. But when it began to obscure the sight of his cock sliding in and out of her mouth, Andrew brushed it to the side and kept his hand on her head.

Andrew pushed and pulled, gently guiding his mother’s mouth along his cock and thinking he was going to burn for this, but boy was it worth it. He gasped and his legs trembled as mom sucked even faster and her moans went up in pitch.

“Hmm-mm, Hmm-mmm!” she implored him as she sucked fast and hard.

She opened her mouth wider and made the sloppy wet sounds she had in her dream, but these were so much better because she was actually slobbering over his cock. Spit and pre cum flowed from her mouth down his shaft, and she eagerly slurped it back up each time.

She was taking him down to the base each time and doing it so effortlessly he was amazed. His balls tightened and his own moaning went up in pitch as he fought to hold back and enjoy every second of the porn star quality blow job his mother was giving him.

“Oh, oh fuck,” he groaned as his cock twitched in her mouth.

Mom showed no sign of slowing down and Andrew was confronted with a thought that would have made him laugh if he weren’t ready to come. What exactly was proper blow job etiquette with one’s mother? Was it rude to come in her mouth?

Apparently not as when with a loud cry his cock erupted, mom’s reaction was a delighted squeal and she continued to suck him harder than before. She slowed her head down, but was now sucking so hard her cheeks hollowed and Andrew groaned and gasped as she greedily sucked the cum from his spurting cock.

Mom grabbed his cock at the base and pumped him, jerking him off into her mouth as moaning as if sucking down her son’s cum was the best thing in the world. Andrew was in sensory overload,

watching his mother devour his cock, but also taking in her amazing ass in the skimpy thong wiggling back and forth.

Her tits were pressing into his thighs and her nipples were so damn hard. His hips were moving of their own accord, further burying his cock in her mouth, but she didn't mind.

As he watched her continue to suck for glory, he noticed the red lipstick smeared on his cock and had another moment of the surreal. He was going to go to sleep with his mother's lipstick around his cock.

With a noisy slurp, mom removed his cock from her mouth and smacking her lips, sighed. "Damn, I missed sucking cock. I need to take my time next time."

Next time Holy shit, he'd figured this was going to be something that there would be the biggest walk of shame ever in the morning and she was saying next time? Between his legs, mom had risen higher on her knees and pulled her thong down.

Andrew stared in awe at her completely smooth shaved pussy and licked his lips as she lifted one knee at a time to remove the thong. Her tits jiggled as she moved and without realizing he was going to do it, he sat up, put his arms around her and buried his face in her chest.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Mom cried out, wrapping her arms around his shoulders as he sucked his mother's nipple as eagerly as she had his cock.

Her nails teased up and down his back and she moaned softly as she worked his head side to side, sucking each nipple in turn then going back for more. He cupped her tits as she sucked them, fondling them and like her ass he was delighted with how soft yet firm they were.

Mom eased back from him, laying on her back and he followed suit so he was now kneeling over her. Mom lifted her legs, put her feet on his shoulders and pushed, "Your turn, baby boy," she told him. "Mommy needs to cum too."

If someone had asked him a couple hours ago if he's lick his mother's pussy he would have smacked them just for saying it. Now? He could get down between her legs fast enough. He still had his damn shorts and boxers on and even as he buried his face between her thighs he pushed them down to his knees as she had.

"Oh, baby!" Mom squealed as he plunged his tongue into her sopping slit.

Andrew couldn't believe how wet she was and gave up on trying to get his shorts off so he could focus solely on his mother's incredible pussy. He rubbed his face up and down her wet sticky lips and mom giggled, then moaned when he rubbed his nose into her clit.

Her moan rose in volume when his lips then circled her clit and gave it a hard suck. Andrew spread her pussy wide and swirled his tongue rapidly around her clit, before working his way back down, his tongue exploring the folds of his mother's pussy.

He slipped his tongue inside her again and loved how she rocked her hips, pushing her son's tongue deeper inside her. Andrew took a deep breath, inhaling his mother's scent and loving the feeling of her smooth slick pussy.

Mom slid her feet down his back, teasing her soft soles along his back as he now moved his head, tongue fucking her.

“My clit,” she moaned. “Suck my clit honey. Take the edge off for me too!” she released a long sexy sigh as he obeyed, taking her clit gently into his mouth and teasing it with the tip of his tongue. “Tomorrow I’ll let you make me breakfast in bed, but for now, just make your mother cum in your face.”

Wow, she was as raunchy as she’d been earlier except now it was a lot more than talk.

“Shove your fingers in my cunt,” Mom enforced his last thought. “Feel how wet your mother is for you and think about your cock being in there.”

Andrew complied, easing two fingers inside her and was surprised at how quickly his resistance to her had faded. This was supposed to be a line you never crossed. The most taboo of taboos and all it had taken was seeing his mother in a slutty dress watching her writhing and moaning on the bed.

Mom moaned and he gasped when she contracted her fingers around his fingers and as she’d said, he imagined her doing that to his cock.

“Another finger,” she demanded. “I’m not one your little girlfriends, I’m a real woman.”

Andrew pushed another finger in and mom jerked her hips, plunging them hard into her.

“Finger fuck me.” She gasped. “Nice and hard the way you’re going to fuck me.”

Andrew thrust his fingers as hard as he dared while pressing his tongue firmly to her clit and swirling it in tight circles. Mom cupped her tits and squeezed her nipples, all the while staring down at him with that look of pure lust she’d had the entire time.

She slid her feet back to his shoulders and pushed hard, lifting her ass off the bed.

“Yes, right there!” Mom cried out, tugging her nipples so hard it looked painful. “Lick it! Lick your mother’s slutty cunt, the cunt you’re going to be fucking as soon as I come!”

That kicked Andrew’s tongue into an even higher gear and he pumped his fingers knuckle deep into her hot tight pussy.

“Oh,” Mom’s toes curled into his shoulders. “Oh a little more, baby! Keep licking! Slam those fingers into that sloppy pussy!”

Andrew buried his fingers inside her and flinched when mom released a long loud wail that had him concerned the window was open a couple of inches. Dad was gone and if the neighbors heard this...

Dad. For the first time he thought of his father. His mother. Dad’s wife had just sucked him off and was on the verge of coming in his face and offering sex. How was he going to look at dad after this?

That would be something he’d deal with later as right now all that mattered was his mother’s hips bucking and grinding her pussy into his face. Her hot flesh convulsed around his fingers and as he continued to lick and suck her clit, mom yelped and squealed in ecstasy.

Mom lifted her hips higher and her pussy contracted his fingers tightly. Her thighs trembled and she whimpered for a moment before releasing another loud wail. Andrew flinched as a wave of sticky fluid squirted around his fingers and all over his chin and the sheets.

“Oh, fuck!” Mom cried out and her body went limp, her feet sliding from his shoulders as she lay there, her chest heaving.

“Damn.” Andrew rose to his knees, and wiped at his sticky face.

“Been a long time since I came on something besides a toy.” Mom smiled up at him.

Her face was flushed and she was sweating. Her tits were rising and falling with her breaths and were also slicked with sweat. Her nipples were still hard and with a smile he noted so was he. Mom saw it too and lifting her legs put her feet on his chest.

“Fuck me.” She told him as casually as if she’d told him to clean his room.

“Let me get these stupid things off.” He went to tug on his shorts, but she repeated, more firmly,

“I said fuck me!”

Far be it from Andrew to make his mother ask again. Putting his hands on her thighs he eased his cock into her still quivering pussy and cried out when she pushed her hips up, taking him completely into her forbidden heat.

Andrew moaned at how tight and hot her pussy was and worked his hips slowly, but she shook her head beneath him. “Fuck me, Andrew! I need that hard young cock to pound my needy fucking cunt as hard as you can tonight!”

Andrew had thought she was past the point of surprising him, but her words still stunned him. Not enough that he wouldn’t listen. Leaning forward until his hands were on the bed, he pushed her legs back so far her feet were over her head and tore into her, thrusting as hard and fast as he could.

“Fuck yeah!” Mom howled beneath him, her eyes bulging. “You’re so fucking deep!”

She let her head fall back on the bed and yelped repeatedly as her son pounded her pussy like he was auditioning for a porn shoot. Andrew’s gaze went back and forth between the implausible sight of his glistening cock plundering his mother’s pink flesh and watching her amazing tits bounce wildly as he fucked her.

Between the orgasm and the lingering effects of the alcohol, mom was laying there like a limp doll, her hands out to the sides just letting her son fuck her. Andrew loved the way she looked, sweaty, exhausted and satisfied and it drove him to slam his cock down even harder into her.

“Oh, fuck!” Mom moaned. “Look at you, baby! Look at you taking your mother’s pussy. Claiming it and making it yours.” She yelped when her words caused him to deliver an especially hard thrust.

“It is yours now, all yours.” She reached between her legs and once again surprised him by rubbing her clit as he fucked her. “And I’m going to make it mine by coming all over it!”

Her red tipped fingers danced across her clit as she rolled her right nipple between her fingers.

“Yeah, just like that!” Mom encouraged him. “Long hard strokes! Fuck me as hard as you can for as long as you can! I’m not going to break!”

Andrew shook the sweat from his eyes and slid his hands further up on the bed, pushing her legs back another few inches. Mom cried out as she was being bent like a pretzel, but her sounds of pleasure increased and her pussy was quivering around his driving cock.

“That’s right, you’re fucking me!” Mom stared up into his eyes. “Fucking your mother!” she laughed and it wasn’t an entirely pleasant sound. “Fucking your daddy’s wife. Fucking his pussy, his woman.”

Andrew knew that should bother him, but like everything else tonight just got him more excited. He was breathing hard and his body trembled as he continued his relentless assault on his mother’s pussy. His pussy according to her.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Mom threw her head back and this time her cry was like the howl of an animal as she came on her son’s plunging cock.

Andrew gasped as her pussy exploded around his cock, contracting and sending another explosion of sticky juice out when he drew back to slam her again. Mom’s head remained back and her mouth was open in a continuous O as her orgasm seemed to overwhelm her.

Her hips bucked as much as they could as he, at this point, savagely fucked her, her noises and the way her pussy gripped his cock driving him to new heights of lust.

“Oh my god!” Mom yelled, then began crying out his name repeatedly.

His cock twitched each time she did and his balls were clenching as his body prepared to erupt for his mother for the second time tonight.

“Yes!” Mom moaned, staring up at him and looking completely spent, “Come for mommy, baby. Come right inside my pussy! Let me feel that nice big hot load! I want it! I want it all I...mmmm!”

Mom purred and Andrew gasped as his cock lost the battle to hold off and flooded his mother’s still twitching pussy with his hot cum. Mom moaned and whimpered as he slowed his fucking and each thrust ended in another spurt.

“Yes,” she sighed, “That’s it, paint my pussy.” She giggled. “Now it’s yours, baby. You came in it, you own it.”

Andrew groaned and unceremoniously flopped down onto his back on the bed next to her staring at the ceiling as his heart raced and he fought to catch his breath. They’d moved so much they were now on the opposite end of the bed with no pillows, but he didn’t care.

Right now Andrew could have been lying on rocks and he would have felt fine. Mom rolled over to him and with a smile, that was now shy and not sexy, she gave him a soft kiss. Unlike the previous one, she wasn’t trying to wage war with his mouth and he moaned softly as she gently caressed his lips with hers.

“Andrew, that was amazing.” She lay down next to him and put her arm across his waist. “I so needed that.”

“Happy to help.” He sighed. “Goddamn, mom. I can’t believe we did that.”

“Me either, but wow, it was good!” she shrugged against him. “Tell you what, if this makes me a bad mom then I’m hopeless because I loved every minute of that.”

“Me too.”

“I’m so glad you wanted me, baby.” She kissed his cheek. “I plan on making sure you keep wanting me. Anything you want, you tell me.” She slid her hand down and grabbed his cock. “Nothing’s off limit, honey.”

“Nothing?” Again, instead of regret all that entered his mind was a rapid succession of images no son should ever want to see.

Sex with his mother in every position. In his bed, in the shower, all over the house. Her blowing him and the two of them in a sixty nine and even...would she let him fuck her in the ass?

“Nothing,” she told him. “You made your mother very happy tonight and I like being happy.” She slipped her hand lower and rubbed his balls. “Think you want to keep me happy?”

“I’d love to make sure you’re happy.” She turned his head to her and winked. “You know, take it for the team.”

“The team will take it any way you want to give it.” She laughed. “Be warned, I’ve been frustrated for a long time. You have work cut out for you.”

“Maybe I won’t be able to keep up.” He was only half joking. Here she was drunk and he was the one that was ready to fall asleep.

“You will. Anytime I want more, I’ll just suck your cock.”

“We’ll have to test that theory.”

Mom giggled and they remained silent. Mom draped her leg over his and cuddled up to him and slipping his arm around her he was amazed at how good she felt. He was just as amazed he hadn’t fallen asleep yet.

But now his mind was racing with the reality of what they’d done.

“Mom?”

“Hmm?” she asked without opening her eyes.

“What about, dad?”

“What about him? What he doesn’t know isn’t going to hurt him.”

“But...what happened that you wanted to have sex with another guy?”

“Don’t worry about it.” Mom sighed. “Just enjoy this.”

“But I’m your son. You were so upset at him you ended up sleeping with me and...”

“Honey, aren’t you tired?”

“Well, yeah, but now I’m thinking and...”

Andrew stopped when his mother rolled over on top of him, his leg between hers, her hot wet pussy pressing on his thigh.

“I’ll give you a choice, baby.” Mom slid down between his legs and he groaned when she took his cock in her hand and stroked it. “If you can’t sleep we can either talk about your dad..”

Mom took him into her warm wet mouth and Andrew groaned as she sucked him for several seconds, using her lips and tongue to coax his spent cock into beginning to harden.

“Or, she removed him from her mouth. “I can keep sucking you and then I’ll ride you until you come.” She rubbed the head of his cock along her sticky lips. “Which is it? Talk or your mother’s mouth?”

Andrew thought of his father, but even as he did his eyes were on his semi hard cock inches from his mother’s full lips and talented tongue, her hot mouth and even hotter pussy.

“You.” He told her and sighed as she immediately took him into her mouth and bobbed her head, bringing his cock back to full readiness.

Sorry, dad, he whispered in his mind as his mother sat up, swung her leg over her hips and sat down, impaling herself on her son’s tired, but still eager cock.

Chapter Seven

Andrew walked slowly up to the house and prepared himself to do something he should have done before, the right thing. No matter how hot sex was with his mother and how much happier she was because of it, he couldn’t cave to her now or again.

Dad’s suspicions was the game changer. How long before mom forgot to delete a phone call or text. Worse, if dad continued looking in the wrong places, which was everywhere but home, what if he hired a private investigator?

Sooner or later they’d be caught and their family ruined. For the most part mom and dad had gotten along better without the fighting over sex, but there was something else and he had a feeling it was more than his recent doubts about mom being faithful.

Andrew had gone to class, then stalled coming home as long as he could, running some errands and hanging out with Frank for a couple hours, helping him fix his computer. But he had no work tonight and mom had texted him four times asking where he was and when he was coming home to ‘play with her’

She'd even gotten out of work early and he knew the temptation to not have this conversation until after an entire weekend of fucking with no worries had come to an end. But that was taking the easy road yet again.

As soon as he entered the house. Mom called out. "I'm in the bedroom, baby boy! Come and get it!" she laughed and just her voice and the promise of her body had him getting hard. Andrew walked down the hall repeating to himself. "I won't give in."

He walked into his mother's room and immediately felt the doubts creeping in. Mom was laying on the bed in the candle lit room in a sexy sheer red negligee that exposed the fact she had no top beneath it, her bare breasts visible through the red lace.

The bottom was a pair of matching red lace panties and as soon as he entered she stretched her arms over her head, lifting her tits up to an even sexier angle and opened her legs. Showing off the fact the panties were crotch less.

"Hungry, baby?" she asked. "Dinner's on me tonight." She emitted that nighty giggle that drove him crazy. "Okay, maybe I'm just a snack before dinner."

"Mom, we have to talk."

"Not until you come lick my clit and fuck me." Mom told him. "We didn't get any last night and I spent all day thinking about what we're going to do this weekend."

Mom sat up and wagged her tongue provocatively. "Come on over here and let mommy convince you that you need to fuck her instead of talk."

"Not this time." He say down on the edge of the bed. "I'm serious mom, this has to stop."

"Another attack of conscious?" Mom sighed. "Honey, I told you, what your father doesn't know won't..."

"He does know!" Andrew snapped at her.

"W...what did you say?" Mom's eyes widened. "There's no way he could. If he did we'd..."

"Be in big fucking trouble." Andrew told her. "And you know it. I can tell by the look on your face when I said it."

"But he doesn't." Mom rolled her eyes. "You're just starting the same conversation again. You feel guilty, I say don't. You say it's wrong, I ask why...then," she winked. "I lay you back and cuck your cock and hop on that big hard dick of yours and it's all forgotten again."

"Mom, dad was waiting for me outside your work yesterday at lunch time."

"He was?" The smile left her face. "How did he know you were there?"

"He didn't go there looking for me. He was there looking for your lunch plans."

"What do you mean?" Mom slid off her side of the bed and coming around, sat next to him.

"He was looking for whoever you've been fucking." Andrew sighed. "Which of course is me."

Mom put her hand over his and squeezed it. “Okay, honey. You’re right, we need to talk. How about you tell me what you and your father talked about.”

A feeling of relief flowed through him as mom appeared to be taking this seriously now. He took a deep breath and as mom sat there listening attentively, he explained yesterdays unexpected and disturbing meeting with his father.

When he finished she put his hand on her leg. “I’m sorry, mom, but we have to stop. He’s going to catch us sooner or later.”

“You said that a month ago,” mom muttered, but she looked distracted.

“A month ago dad wasn’t looking at your phone and stalking your work.”

“And all he’ll ever see is your number on my phone and nothing else. Nor will he ever see another man near me because there isn’t one.”

“But all it takes is a slip, mom. The other night he came downstairs right when we were done. A minute sooner and...”

“We’ll be more careful.” Mom nodded. I’ll slip into your room. The door locks and all we have to do is say we were talking. He’s not going to suspect us. Who would?”

“Mom, now that he thinks he’s on to something it’s different.”

“I’ll buy a damn phone from Wal-Mart and use it just to talk to you.”

“And if he finds it he’ll wonder why you have a phone just to talk to me.” He shrugged. “I love you. Mom, but if we keep going this is going to end up really bad.”

“If your father caught us what would happen is you’d pretty much end up choosing between us.” Mom said softly. “I can’t see your father going to the police over this. You’re twenty, you’re of age and I’m not forcing you.”

“But...I mean I’d hate to not have both of you in my life.” Andrew explained. “I know you and dad have problems, but he’s good to me and still okay with you most of the time. You guys don’t have sex that’s all and...”

“That’s all, huh?” Mom grunted. “You think I’d get so mad at your father for not fucking me that I’d resort to cheating? I’m that shallow?”

“You are cheating.” He lowered his head. “I am too. We’re treating dad like the bad guy, but we’re in the wrong.”

“Yeah, he’d like you to think that.” Mom hissed in sudden anger. “That classless son of a bitch!”

“What do you mean?” Andrew was confused. “We’re cheating, not him and...”

“Stop!” Mom put her hand up. “Just give me a minute.”

Andrew nodded and watched Mom sit there and tap her chin. He deliberately didn't let his eyes wander and look at her legs or tits. He stared down at their feet and even made sure not to stare at hers and recall the foot job she'd give him under the blanket while they shared the couch, watching a movie while dad dozed in his recliner.

Thinking about things like that made him think his mother had some nerve being pissed at dad.

"I'm upset because your father went running to you. He not only told you he thought I was cheating, but was telling you why he thought it and telling you about pictures on my phone."

"Kind of knew about them, mom. You took them for me."

"But he doesn't know that." Her eyes were hard and she was speaking with an edge to her voice. "Think about it. He tells you your mother is taking nude pictures of herself and sending them around."

"You know what we're doing, but if you didn't? He'd have you thinking poorly of me. Getting you on his side. Even asking you to watch me this weekend while he's gone."

"I see your point, I guess."

"But me? I wouldn't do that to him." Mom shook her head. "I did the right thing and didn't poison you towards him even when what he did led us to each other."

Mom put her hand on his cheek. "In fact I was glad I didn't because he was what got us together and you know I enjoy it for more than sex. I love loving you, Andrew. I feel like we get to share something the world thinks is wrong, but I think is special."

She kissed his cheek. "So I figured a lot of good came from bad and I'd be the better person in this. I should have known that he couldn't be."

"I have no idea what you mean, mom."

"Andrew the night I went to the club with Janice I fully intended on cheating on your father. I did, but it was with you. But have you asked yourself what you make me do it? What would have me to that point? That it was just being a horny neglected wife?"

"I tried to ask, but..."

"I wouldn't say because again, I took the high road. But guess what? Its time you learned the real reason me and your father fight. Trust me when I found this I had no desire to ever have sex with that man again."

Mom got up and walking over to her dresser, bent over to open the bottom drawer. This time Andrew couldn't help staring at her bare pussy framed by the red lace of the panties. He imagined getting on his knees and eating her from behind, then standing up and fucking her from behind right over the dresser.

Mom removed a small metal box and placing it on the dresser, reached up to the top shelf and picked up a small key. Unlocking the box she took something out and came back over to the bed.

"You know your dad's partner, Bill, right?"

“Bill?” Andrew smiled. “He’s awesome, he used to take me to wrestling all the time because dad thought it was stupid.”

“Haven’t seen him around last couple of months have you?”

“No, dad said they had an argument over a case.”

“Your dad’s a liar.” She said, surprising him. “I’ve known Bill as long as I’ve known your father. We all went to PC together. Been friends a long time.”

“In fact Bill is such a good friend that he decided he couldn’t sit by and not tell me what was going on.” She sighed. “Course dumb me sticks up for your dad and gets angry at him. Then he shows up with these.” She looked down at her hand. “You sure you want to know how this started.”

“I can handle it.” Andrew assured her and put his hand out.

Mom put a white envelope in his hand and sat next to him as he opened it and removed the contents.

“Holy fuck!” Andrew exclaimed, so surprised he dropped the picture of his father with another woman.

Mom remained silent as Andrew rubbed at his eyes as if they’d deceived him. He picked the pictures up and this time forced himself to look. The picture had been taken through a window of what must have been a hotel window.

There was a young blonde woman on the bed on her knees and his father was behind her, fucking her.

“Who the hell is that?” he whispered, more to himself than his mother.

“He probably never knew her real name.” Mom sighed. “Keep going.”

Andrew put that pic on the bottom of the stack and was now confronted with one of his father sitting on the edge of a bed while another young girl, this one a redhead was on her knees blowing him.

The next was him with a brunette girl in a slutty schoolgirl outfit sitting on his lap with his hand up her skirt while she kissed him.

“All different girls.” He said when the next pick was yet another girl. This one on a blonde with pig tails riding his father.

“All young and all hookers.” Mom grunted. “Sorry, I mean escorts, most of them local coeds making some extra money.”

She took the disturbingly thick stack of photos from him. “You get the point, no need for you to see all of them. Let’s just say he seemed to want to test all the talent the agency had to offer.”

“H...how long was he doing this?”

“Bill helped me out by checking into your father’s business expense account. He’d been withdrawing cash on it at least once a week going back almost a year.”

“Oh, my god!” Andrew put his head in hands. “I can’t believe it!”

“Neither could I, but there it is and when I showed him those he admitted it. Kind of had to.”

“Then why are you still together?” He lifted his head to look at her.

“For you.” Mom said softly. “You’re a good boy, Andrew and always been close to both of us and this would have devastated you.” She shrugged. “Plus financially, with you in school and the house and...it was just easier to play the part.”

“Your father was still having sex with me then. I noticed some of the dates and times of his hotel rentals were during the afternoon on Fridays, our date night. He would fuck his little hookers then take me out and come home and give me their sloppy seconds.”

She lowered her head. “We got pretty nasty when we fought and he told me I’d sucked his cock more than once on a day he’d been with another woman and he hadn’t showered.” He was getting off fucking me and thinking of them and mocking me.”

She put the pictures back in the envelope.

“So we decided to go through the motions at least until you graduate, but in the meantime I told him I so much as see his cock I’d slice it off.”

“But you guys sleep together every night.” Andrew tapped the bed. “How do you do it?”

“Its not easy, but I do. He stays on his side I stay on mine.”

“Is he still with those girls?”

“I wold imagine so.” Mom shrugged. “His secret is out and God knows I don’t want him. He didn’t even make a real effort to apologize. He...he told me he was tired of fucking a middle aged mom and wanted the young ones because they were more fun.”

Andrew shook his head. ‘Talk about how things work. I’ve been with a few girl my age and you’re so much better and in general guys my age think milfs are hot.”

“Grass is always greener.” Mom smiled and took his hand. “I have to say, I’m enjoying my sexy young cub.”

“Mom, I’m so sorry about this.” Andrew’s jaw clenched. “I’m going to start following him and catch him with one of those girls and tell him where to go and what to do when he gets there.”

“Don’t.” Mom told him. “Better off with him not knowing you know. It would just create more issues.”

“Then get a divorce, mom. He’ll have to pay to help keep me in school. I’d like to think he’d want to. Sell the house. I mean who cares about that crap if you’re not happy?”

“But right now I am happy honey. I have you now and it’s because of him.” She turned sideways to face him on the bed and took his hands in hers.

“Do I still have you, honey? Or do you still want to stop?”

“Well...I...we could still get caught.” He frowned. “But tell you what, I don’t feel bad about hurting him anymore. He deserves to have you getting what you need from anyone but him.”

“Better it be with someone I love though, no?” she kissed him gently. “I won’t force you to be with me, honey, but I love you and I love us together and its worth the risk.”

Andrew nodded as he looked down at his hands in hers.

“So know what I had planned this weekend?”

“A lot of sex?” he gave her a weak smile.

“Something special. Seeing he’s not home until Monday I booked a room at a hotel in Boston for tomorrow night.”

“Why?”

“So you and I could go out to a club and your mother could dress nice and trashy for you.” She lowered her voice to a seductive purr. “I planned on wearing the black dress from the first night we were together.”

“But this time you get to see me in it all night. I figure we can dance and your mom will get all nasty with you on the dance floor and the hottest thing about it? No one will know we’re mom and son. They’ll think I’m a slutty cougar with a hot young stud.”

“Damn.”

“Then back to the hotel where we were going to have insane sex in the hot tub in the room, but before that I figure you can fuck me with the dress on and,” she winked. “Those shoes.”

“That sounds...wow.” He admitted.

“But only if you want to.” Mom looked down at her revealing lingerie. “Guess I wasted the money on this. I bought it for tonight. Bought a couple more fun things too. And I was thinking there’s one thing I haven’t let you do yet.”

“Are you...”

“I figured I’d really make the weekend special and let you fuck my ass.”

“Not fair, mom.” He sighed. “So not fair.”

“None of his is fair.” She said seriously. “And all kidding aside, if you don’t want to be with me I’ll be upset, but will respect your decision. But just don’t stop because you feel bad for your father. That’s why I showed you that. You can think less of both of us now I guess.”

“I don’t think badly of you mom.” He pointed to the envelope. “Going to be thinking pretty poorly of dad though. I really want to say something to him. You’re right. He has balls telling me you’re a cheat and he’s probably still screwing hookers.”

“Probably has one lined up for the weekend.” Mom rolled her eyes. “Or two. But you can’t say anything.”

“I know, it just sucks because I can’t tell him off for it.”

“Well you know, if you want to get back at him.” Mom leaned over and whispered in his ear. “You can always keep fucking his wife.”

“That would be what he’d deserve isn’t it?” Andrew agreed, “But...”

“I’m going to do what I did the first night we were together. I’m going to give you a choice. If you really feel you can’t be with me, then just leave the room. I’ll change and we’ll watch a movie and order pizza.”

“But,” Mom laid back on the bed, stretching out on it. “If you want to stay with me, this,” she once again opened her legs exposing her freshly shaved pussy. “Could really use some attention so you choose.”

Mom spread her pussy open and rubbed her clit with her finger. “Poor little pussy, going to be all alone again.”

Andrew stared at her glistening slit and up at her perfect breasts and saw her staring longingly at him.

“Please, baby? Please keep your mother happy? Keep us happy?”

“Know what?” Andrew kicked his shoes off and standing up, peeled his shirt off and unbuttoned his jeans. “Fuck dad!”

He took his cell phone from his pocket and putting it on the night stand, pushed his jeans and boxers down and his rapidly hardening cock sprang free.

“No, just fuck his wife.” Mom told him. “Like now, right now!”

Andrew stepped out of his jeans and crawled naked onto the bed up between his mother’s legs. He went to lower his head to lick her pussy, but mom stopped him by putting her bare foot on his chest.

She slid her foot up and putting it under his chin, lifted his head so he was looking at her. Mom pulled open the top, baring her heaving breasts and whispered.

“I said fuck me. We have all weekend for everything else. Right now, you just shove that hard young cock in your mother’s pussy.” She smiled tightly. “The pussy that used to be his. The pussy he’ll never have again, but you can have whenever you want.”

“I like how you think, mom.” Andrew positioned himself over her and leaning down to kiss her, eased his cock into his mother’s warm wet pussy.

“So nice.” Mom moaned as he sank deep into her welcoming heat and moved his hips.

Mom wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling her deeper inside and moved her hips in time with his. She put her arms around his neck and they moaned softly as they kissed. This was the first time he could remember going slow with her and he was loving being this close.

In a way it was better than the raunchy fucking, but only because he knew he'd be getting his share of that. His cell rang on the nightstand and still kissing mom, his tongue now invading her mouth, he opened his eyes and stopped moving his hips.

"Fuck, its dad." He frowned. "I'll shut it off." He reached for the phone, but mom grabbed it first and with an evil smile, slid answer and shoved it at him.

He stared at her as she winked, then made him gasp when she thrust her hips, pushing him deep inside her.

"Andrew, you there?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, I...I'm here." He answered unsteadily as mom pushed his chest and urging him to sit up on his knees.

Mom smiled up at him and rolling over, put her ass in the air.

"You okay? You sound funny?"

"Was in the bathroom, had to run and get the phone." He lied while grabbing his cock, holding it and trying not to moan as mom eased back, shoving his cock slowly into her pussy.

"Oh. So how's it going there?"

"Just fine," he breathed as mom rocked back and forth, fucking his cock as he remained still.

"What are you up to?"

Oh, just fucking mom doggy style while I talk to your two timing ass he thought, but replied. "Not much just hanging out."

He put his free hand on mom's ass and thrust his hips in time with her, fucking her while his father spoke in his ear.

"So where's your mother?"

"Mom" he repeated so she would know he was asking about her. "She's in bed." And getting fucked on her knees by your son.

"In bed? Its six o clock!" he paused. "She plan on going out tonight?"

"I don't know what she's doing later."

"You , baby, just you!" Mom whispered, looking over her shoulder and smiling away at him.

Andrew made her yelp by slamming her hard and held back a laugh when dad asked, "What was that?"

“A pop up on my lap top.” He stared down at his mother who was still wearing the sheer top and admired her smooth skin beneath the red lace.

But not as much as he admired her tight little ass in the panties as he slid his cock into her wet list. He spread her cheek with his hand and placing his thumb on her asshole, eased it in and his cock twitched as she moaned into the pillow so dad wouldn't hear her.

“Oh, sounded like a girl.” Dad laughed. “Thought you might have a friend over.”

“No offense, but I wouldn't have answered the phone if I was getting laid.”

“Getting laid?” Dad whistled. “Sounds funny coming from you, but sometimes I forget you're a man now.”

A man who's got his finger in your wife's ass. Andrew was having way too much fun with this now that he knew what a prick his father really was.

“Well, if she goes out you going to do as I ask and keep an eye on her.”

“Trust me, dad.” Andrew pumped his mother faster, loving the sound of her muffled yelps into the pillow as her son pounded her. “Anywhere mom goes?” He looked over to the mirror, watching himself fucking his mother. “I'll be right behind her!”

The End