Hey Dad, Watch This!

Laura Lovecraft

Chapter One

Tommy jumped at the sound of a car door in the driveway. He'd just entered the kitchen to grab a snack, but when he saw mom was home, he was overcome with a different kind of hunger.

Watching her walk up the driveway, Tommy went from thinking about cold leftovers, to craving the hot, sticky sweet dessert between his mother's legs. Those legs were on full display, and looking damn fine in the simple, but sexy white sundress, she was currently modeling for him as he watched her out the window.

Mom stopped to talk to their neighbor, Mary, who had come over to the hedges to say hello. Tommy couldn't help noticing Mary's son Derek peeking out the second floor window, staring down at his mother.

Tommy knew to look there because Derek always seemed to be in the window when mom was sunbathing by the pool, or like now, had just gotten home. Not that Tommy could blame him for looking; his mother was a flat out, one hundred percent, bona fide Milf.

Even now, in a plain white sundress with her hair pulled back into a ponytail, his mother looked amazing. The dress was short enough to be sexy, but long enough not to be considered inappropriate.

It still showed off more than enough of his mother's legs to call attention to them and Tommy, as always when mom was involved, was happy to pay attention and as opposed to when it had been his stomach growling minutes ago, it was now his cock responding.

He idly rubbed his growing erection through his shorts while he continued admire his mother's fine form. The sleeveless dress left her shoulders bare as well as a good portion of her upper back.

He took in the smooth deeply tanned skin of her back which was visible with her hair up and loved the way it looked against the white material of the dress. At this point his cock was completely hard as he envisioned covering his mother's back with another white substance that would look even better on her.

Mom was now leaning forward, bending over the hedges to show Mary something and the hem of the dress rose enough to give him a view of the backs of her supple thighs. He glanced at the clock on the microwave and saw it was only two thirty, normally if she worked Saturday she wasn't home until four.

Dad golfed every Saturday and was usually on the course until three and would have a beer or two with his buddies after that. That meant there was at least an hour window that he could be between those thighs he was currently admiring.

“Come on, mom. Mary’s not that interesting,” he muttered while shifting his cock which was bending painfully in his shorts.

He looked up to see Derek still looking out the window and wondered if from his angle, he was getting a look down his mother’s dress. Derek made no secret of the fact he thought his mother was hot and would bust him up about how he’d have sex with her in a heartbeat.

Tommy had never taken it personally, feeling it was a compliment to his mother who worked hard to look good while his slob of a father’s idea of working out was some sixteen ounce curls in front of football all day on Sunday.

He used to laugh when Derek would make his comments. He still did, but now there was an additional reason for it. Tommy had been fucking his mother for the last three months, and she was as wild as any of the women he’d seen in the milf movies he used to be obsessed with up until he started having sex with his own milf.

He found at times he wanted to say something. To be able to brag about what a damn hot fuck his mother was. To tell someone how great she was at sucking cock and how she talked like a nasty web cam girl and fucked in every position you could think of.

But as mom had said the night they’d first had sex, this had to be their dirty secret. She was obviously right, but damn it sucked not to be able to tell someone. He still wasn’t sure what exactly had happened that first night.

Mom had come into his room upset about something, but wouldn’t say what. She asked him odd questions about whether or not he thought she was attractive. The questions grew more bold, asking him if she weren’t his mother would he want her.

Tommy had been surprised to discover that as the conversation continued he was seeing her as a woman, not his mom. She was a sexy for her age, heck, she was sexy for any age. Not just sexy, but beautiful.

He loved her huge dark eyes, and long black hair. Her smooth features that made her seem younger than her age of forty five, and the biggest shock to him was how he found himself staring at her red painted lips.

He used to say his mother had puffy lips. Puffy was an expression she told him would never get him anywhere. The word was full, and if you wanted to be smooth, sensual. Regardless of his word choice, her lips had him thinking about what she could do with them.

When he gave her the answer she seemed to be looking for, that yes she was attractive and if she weren’t his mom he’d be all over her. The conversation then went full twilight zone when even as her eyes filled with what he hoped were happy tears, she asked him if he wanted to kiss her.

He’d figured she meant on her cheek, but when he leaned in, she turned her head and his lips pressed to hers. The rest of the night was a surreal blur; the two of them making out like lovers while their hands roamed over each other’s bodies.

Next thing he knew, their clothes were off and he was sucking his mother's tits while she moaned his name and played with his cock. Tommy recalled laying there stunned, and unable to do anything but moan, as his mother dropped to her knees and sucked him until he came in her mouth.

He was glad she did because after he licked her to a squealing orgasm he'd been able to fuck her long and hard in several positions before finishing doggy and sending a hot load deep into his mother's quivering pussy.

Tommy's brief trip down taboo memory lane, one he took frequently as if he still thought the last three months had been a dream, had him not only rubbing his cock, but his hips were moving and he was breathing hard.

Mom was still showing something to Mary and as he impatiently waited for her to come in he thought about the reason she had given him as they lay naked in each other's arms that first night they'd crossed a line most people thought should never be crossed.

Dad was cheating on her.

Mom didn't want him to know she knew because she was afraid a divorce would cost them the house, affect paying for Tommy's education, and hurt both their careers. Mom and dad were both therapists, and dad worked with couples. Having it discovered they couldn't keep their own life in order wouldn't be a good look for either of them.

Instead, Mom decided to let him think he was getting one over on her by fucking call girls when he claimed he was working or out with his friends. Meanwhile she would not only be having her fun, but with the added insult of her lover being their son.

Tommy smiled when mom finally said goodbye to Mary and turned towards the house. He licked his lips as his eyes focused on the top of the dress which, like the length, showed enough of his mother's impressive cleavage to be noticed, but not too much.

His mouth watered at just the thought of having her large wine colored nipples in his mouth and his cock twitched at the idea of what she could soon have in hers. Tommy leaned against the counter, forcing himself to at least let his mother get in the room before giving in to his desire to take her right there over the kitchen table.

"Hey, honey!" Mom beamed as she entered through the back door. "I'm glad you're home!"

"Glad you're home," he replied, making a show of looking her up and down. Even her feet looked good, encased in a pair of strappy white sandals with a slight heel, her red tipped toes matching her fingers.

"Wow, you are glad to see me, aren't you?" Mom strolled over and with no hesitation grabbed his crotch. "Baby, is all this just from watching me out the window?"

"Damn straight it is." Tommy took her face between his hands and kissed her.

"Hmm." Mom sighed and playfully flicked her tongue against his lips. "I like this look; wearing nothing but those tight shorts, that big fucking bulge telling me how bad you want me."

Tommy slid his hands down between them, but when he grabbed the hem of her dress, planning on lifting it up over her head, she stepped back.

“Hold on a minute!” Mom laughed. “I know you’re eager and I love you for that, but I want to show you something.” She rolled her eyes at the smirk her words brought to his face. “I’ll show you that after, but I have really good news!”

“I’m always up for good news.” He leaned back against the counter.

“Always up for your Mom, that’s for damn sure.” She gave his cock one more squeeze before reaching into her purse and removing a manila envelope.

“I’m home early because they called me into the office to give me this.” Mom removed a certificate from the envelope and held it up to him.

“Cool!” Tommy exclaimed. “You passed the hypno therapy course!”

“Yup, and end of next week I go to the board and get officially licensed by the state to be able to use it as part of my practice!”

“Dad thinks this stuff is bullshit,” Tommy shrugged. “Honestly, I’m not sure I buy it all the way.”

“It works, and even on people who think they can’t be put under.” Mom replaced the certificate in the envelope and then produced a silver chain from her purse. “They gave me this to replace the cheap one I was using during training.”

She lifted her hand and let the chain roll down to expose the silver ball at the end of it.

“You seriously use that?” Tommy laughed. “Do you say you’re getting sleepy?”

“No, smart ass.” Mom shook her head. “But I could. It’s not the words it’s the tone. Hey, come sit at the table and I’ll show you. I’ll put you under and you won’t even remember it happening.”

“No thanks.” Tommy grinned. “I’ll come out of it and find out you made me do all the housework while you took a nap.”

“That’s not a bad idea!”

“Or worse,” Tommy tried to look offended. “You’ll make me do dirty disgusting things with you, my own mother.”

“Baby boy,” Mom replied in that sexy phone sex purr that drove him wild. “I don’t need this to make you do those things to me.”

“True, but you seem to be more interested in this than using this time we have before dad gets home to have some fun.” He deftly plucked the chain from her loose grip. “Maybe I can use this to get you to have some fun.”

“Hmm, I don’t know.” Mom winked. “I don’t think this will work on me.”

“Let’s see.” Tommy swung the ball back and forth in front of her. “Mom, you want to let that gorgeous long dark hair down, don’t you?”

“I think I should let my hair down,” Mom whispered, trying hard to keep a straight face while removing the scrunchie from her hair. She shook her head, letting his hair cascade down her shoulders and back.

“Now I think you should go sit down at the table.” Tommy walked over and turned a chair around so its back was to the table.

“I really need to sit down.” Mom made a show of walking slowly over to the table as if she were sleep walking and he had to fight not to laugh.

She sat in the chair and this time he did laugh when she struck a proper pose, crossing her legs and folding her hands in her lap.

“Dangle your shoe off your foot, you know like you do when you like to tease when dad’s home.”

He smiled as his mother obeyed, pushing her sandal against her leg to slid it off, but keeping the strap between her toes as she playfully kicked her leg.

Tommy was having fun, but his cock was throbbing painfully once more and he couldn’t take too long if he wanted to have sex without dad showing up in the middle of it.

“Show me your tits.”

“Smooth.” Mom stuck her tongue out at him, but obediently slid her arms through the straps of the dress and pushed it down.

The dress was padded so it could be worn without a bra and Tommy’s heartbeat picked up when his mother’s breasts sprang free. Mom’s breasts weren’t big, but were what she called a ‘good handful’, and were still firm and sitting pretty, another sexy little description she used for them.

Her dark nipples looked as hard as his cock felt and his fingers twitched as if he were already touching them.

“Play with them. Show off those beautiful tits.”

Mom cupped her breasts, lifting them as if offering them to him. Her thumbs stroked her swollen nipples and she moaned softly through her parted lips. Still holding the chain in his left hand, Tommy unsnapped his shorts and tugged on his zipper.

As he pushed his shorts and boxers down to reveal his raging hard on, Mom licked her lips in anticipation. Tommy’s cock was so hard it bordered on painful and he wanted nothing more than to slip it into his mother’s willing mouth.

He managed to hold back a minute to enjoy the look on her face. Mom’s large expressive brown eyes were wider than usual as he teased her by slowly stroking himself. Even better was the way she sucked on her lower lip as she eyed his cock with a look absolute lust.

“Open wide.” Tommy’s voice shook as he spoke and his hand trembled around his cock.

At this point he’d lost count of how many times his mother had sucked his cock and he’d fucked her, but he still felt that same nervous excitement as he had that first night. In front of him, mom

continued to play with her nipples, but had her mouth open, her tongue out, waiting to taste her prize.

Tommy slapped his cock against her tongue and the way she moaned sent a shiver through him. He squeezed his cock, causing pre cum to spurt onto her waiting tongue and this time it was a whimper that escaped her when he rubbed it in with the purple head of his cock.

“I think you should…oh, fuck!”

No longer willing to wait, mom leaned forward and took his cock deep into her mouth. The game forgotten, Tommy groaned while his mother bobbed her head. He put his hands in her hair, pushing it back so it wouldn’t obstruct his view.

The view was one that was never going to get old. Mom’s red lips sliding up and down his now glistening and lipstick smeared shaft. Her eyes were closed and she moaned each time she took him deep, as if sucking him was giving her as much pleasure as it gave him.

Her hands left her breasts, but only to rest on his thighs as she showed off her oral skills by giving him a hands free blow job. Tommy cupped her breasts and she sighed around him as he took over rubbing her nipples.

Mom squirmed in the seat, her hips moving and her moans getting louder as she sucked him faster. She opened wider and angling her head proceeded to take him all the way down.

“Goddamn, mom, you give amazing head.” Tommy moaned when her lips pressed against the base of his cock.

Mom giggled and sliding him from her mouth looked up at him. “Remember that when it comes time for you to buy me something for mother’s day.”

She pushed his cock up against his stomach and Tommy sighed and his hands tightened in her soft hair when she swirled her tongue around his balls. Mom sucked on each of them while lightly stroking his cock, before running her tongue up the length of his shaft and taking him back into her talented mouth.

This time she bobbed her head much faster while easily deep-throating him. Each time her lips reached the base of his cock she made a wet gagging sound, but continued her rapid sucking. He groaned when she cupped his balls, fondling them as she sucked.

He’d had enough experience with his mother at this point to know she wasn’t playing or just getting him hard and wet for her. Mom was sucking for the prize of her son’s hot cum filling her mouth.

As much as Tommy loved that, he knew they didn’t have a lot of time and he really wanted to fuck her. He pushed on her head, easing her mouth from his cock.

“Aww!” Mom looked up at him, spit and pre cum dripping down her chin, and pressed her lips into a pout. “I want it, baby!”

“I want you.” Tommy grabbed her arms and pulled her to her feet.

Grabbing the top of the chair, he pulled it out of the way so quickly it fell onto its side. Paying it no mind, he took mom by her arms once more and this time spun her around so her back was to him.

He gave her a not so gentle shove to bend her over the table, then catching the hem of her dress, yanked it up over her hips.

“Yes!” Mom cried out when he slipped his fingers into her white lace thong and pulled it down her thighs. “God I love how you take what you want!”

Tommy dropped to his knees to pull her thong off and mom giggled again as she lifted each sandaled foot in turn to let him take it off. He loved hearing her laugh like that. She sounded like a giddy little girl.

He also loved the other noises she made. Noises like the surprised squeal when he spread her ass cheeks apart and with no hesitation buried his tongue in her pink rosebud.

“You bad boy!” Mom exclaimed as he swirled his tongue around her puckered flesh.

As Tommy gave his mother a quick little rim job, his cock jerked between his legs at the memory of having more than his tongue in her ass last week. Imagine telling Bill that one, ‘so I fucked my mother in the ass last night’

Mom released another high pitched noise when he plunged his tongue into her wet pussy. He spread her ass further apart, squeezing her firm cheeks and pressing his face into her ass and moist pink flesh.

Tommy removed his tongue from inside her and worked it through her lips before reaching her clit. He gave it a hard suck that made her gasp, and then worked his tongue around her hard button. Mom moaned and wiggled her hips, grinding her smooth wet slit in his face as he alternately sucked and licked.

“That feels so good!” Mom groaned. “But just fuck me! I need that big dick in my needy little cunt.”

“Well, I m supposed to listen to my mom, right?” Tommy stood up and keeping her cheeks spread open, rubbed the head of his cock along her pussy.

“Don’t tease!” Mom pushed back into him moving up on her toes to guide the head of his cock into her.

With a smile Tommy thrust his hips and buried himself inside his mother’s tight wet heat.

“Just like that!” Mom moaned as he fucked her with long hard strokes, plunging the full length of his cock into her each time. “Just give mama what she needs, baby!”

Tommy shifted his grip to her hips, holding on as he stood there with his shorts around his knees banging his mother over the table.

“Like this look?” Mom gave her hair a toss, sending it to one side so she could look over her shoulder at him. “Like my dress still on? Skirt up, top down, like a dirty little slut?”

“What do you mean like one?” He teased as he continued to fuck her in a steady rhythm.

“Only a slut for you, honey!” Mom laughed. “Now go on and give it to me! Just pound that cunt and let me feel you shoot that big hot…Shit!”

“Whoa!” Tommy gasped when she pushed herself up from the table so fast her back hit his chest as his cock popped out of her pussy and bent awkwardly against her thigh.

“Your father’s in the yard!”

Chapter Two

Mom hurriedly pulled her dress up, slipping her arms back into the straps and pulling it over her breasts.

“I didn’t even hear him pull in!” Tommy’s voice betrayed his nerves as he yanked his underwear and shorts over his rapidly deflating cock.

“Good thing I turned back around and saw him messing with the latch on the gate.” Mom smoothed her dress down and looked at him. “How do I look?”

“Your lipsticks a mess.” Tommy grabbed a napkin from the table and handed it to her.

“Because it’s all over your cock.” Mom winked as she wiped her mouth. She seemed a lot calmer than he was. Tommy’s heart was pounding just at the thought of what could have happened if his father had walked in on him fucking his mother.

As he heard dad’s footsteps on the deck, Mom’s eyes widened and she pointed to the floor. “Pick that up!”

Tommy looked down and saw the overturned chair and quickly bent over to grab it. He’d just straightened it when his father came walked in.

“Hey, Donna what are you doing home? Thought you were working all day?”

“They had me come in to give me a surprise.” Mom sounded as calm as she looked. “You’re home early yourself.”

“Cut it short after nine holes, just hung around and had a couple beers and shot the shit for awhile.”

As dad spoke, Tommy tried not to roll his eyes. The last thing his father needed was a couple beers. As it was he looked like he had a twelve pack hanging over his belt. Dad was only a year older than his mother, but wasn’t aging nearly as well.

As opposed to Mom, who took yoga once a week, and used the treadmill and exercise bike in the basement every night, his father's idea of working out was walking to the kitchen to get a snack. Even when he played golf he drove the cart no matter what size the course was.

Tommy looked just like him. Same greenish hazel eyes, sandy brown hair, and smooth even features that he felt were a little too soft which is why he always sported at least a day's scruff unless he had to go somewhere important.

He hoped to hell what his father looked like now wouldn't be him. Then again, his father's appearance had more to do with bad habits and laziness, then age and genetics. His father ate too much and drank way too much beer, leaving him not only with an ever expanding beer gut but a round face and well on his way to a second chin.

Not for the first time since he learned about what his father was doing, he wondered if he were paying the secretary to have sex with him.

"You feeling okay, Tommy?" Dad went to the fridge and pulled out a bottle of Heineken. "The central air's cranking and your all red and sweaty."

"I went for a run, just got back." Tommy surprised himself with how smoothly the lie came out.

"Barefoot?"

Tommy looked down at his bare feet. "I tossed my running shoes downstairs to wash them later." He forced a smile. "Been awhile and they're getting kind of ripe."

"That where your shirt went too?"

"Yeah, it was soaked through."

"Then you should have gone and put another one on. You're not a boy anymore. You shouldn't be walking around in front of your mother like that.

"She's my mother, its not like she looks." Tommy good see his mother grinning out of the corner of his eye at his words. "Maybe you're just jealous of this." He slapped his hard flat stomach. "Like the good old days for you, huh, dad?"

"Keep it up smart ass. You'll get old to one day." Dad popped open the beer and took several long swallows before lowering it and pointing to something on the floor. "Hey, Donna, you drop something?"

Tommy followed his finger and his heart skipped a beat when he saw the thong under the table. He looked quickly to Mom, who once again amazed him with how casually she bent to pick it up.

"Must have fallen out of the laundry basket when I brought it up before work." Mom walked over to the basement door, and opening it, tossed the thong downstairs.

"Nice, Donna." Dad rolled his formerly bright, but now perpetually watery eyes. "Just leave your underwear on the floor down there."

"Why do you care?" Mom retorted. "Only things down there are the washer, dryer, and exercise equipment. Nothing you'll ever touch."

“Classy.” Dad grunted. “That time of month?”

“Equally classy.” Mom folded her arms over her chest and glared at him.

“Can’t believe you wear those stringy things. Is that your midlife crises?” Dad laughed as if he’d said something that was actually funny. “Forty five and dressing like twenty five?”

“Hey, guys, go easy.” Tommy interrupted them before things went even further downhill.

“Yeah, sorry, kid.” Dad sighed. “Just wished your mom would act and dress her age.”

“I wish you looked your age.” Mom waved her hand disgustedly at him. “Instead of the before guy in the gym ads.”

“Hey, mom,” Tommy cut off whatever Dad’s snarky reply was going to be. “Why don’t you tell Dad your good news?”

“Like he cares.”

“Dad, you care, right?” Tommy stared at his father pointedly.

“Course I do.” Dad leaned against the counter. “What surprise did work give you? A bonus?”

He resumed chugging his beer as Mom went to her purse and removed the envelope. She pulled out the certificate and showed it to him. “I’ll be officially licensed next week.”

“That is good.” Dad wiped the froth from his mouth with the back of his hand while dropping the empty into the recycling bin next to him. “Another service you can provide. Means more money.”

“Yes, but it means I can help people in this way to. Help them to quit smoking or drinking.” She poked him in the stomach. “Lose weight.”

“Whatever.” Dad shot her a look. “It’s all bullshit anyway. That stuff only works because they want it to, not because it’s real.”

“It is real, Sam. As long as the person is relaxed and not deliberately fighting it, they can be put under.”

“Bullshit.” Dad tapped his chest. “Prove it, put me under.”

When mom shook her head, he put his hand over his heart. “I won’t fight it, I’ll let it happen if it can really happen. I promise.”

Mom stared dubiously at him, and then looked over at Tommy. Her eyes narrowed and a sly smile crossed her face.

“Okay, pull the blind down.” She gestured to Tommy. “Close the door and shut the light off, I need the room as dim as possible.”

Dad pulled down the blind on the window over the sink and as Tommy did as she asked, she heard mom tell dad to sit down.

“No, turn the chair to the side so I can stand in front of you.” Mom directed him, then picked up the silver chain Tommy tossed on the table when he was fucking her.

“Okay, I want you to take a few deep breaths, relax, and watch the silver ball.” Mom stood directly in front of him, slowly swinging the chain back and forth.

“I want you to pick a great childhood memory, Sam. Focus on something that made you happy as a kid. The best day you can remember.” She paused. “Got it?”

“Yeah,” Dad smiled. “First time my dad took me to a Red Sox game.”

“So think about that.” Mom’s voice had lowered to a smoky tone and she spoke slowly. “Remember everything about it. The stadium, the players, the smell of hotdogs and popcorn. Think about how much fun it was.”

Dad’s eyes were still following the ball, which mom was swung it more slowly.

“Most of all remember what a perfect day it was and how happy it made you.” She stopped the ball from moving. “You were really tired when you got home, weren’t you? It was a long day and all that excitement wore you out.”

“Really tired.” Dad’s voice was soft and seemed distant. “But happy.”

“Bet you dreamt of that game all night.”

“I did.”

“So close your eyes and dream of it now. Go to that happy place, and as you see that game in front of you I’m going to count backwards from twenty and you’re going to be sound asleep.”

Mom waited until Dad’s eyes closed. “Twenty, nineteen…”

As she counted Tommy focused on his father’s face. His eyes were closed and his mouth hung partway open as if he had really fallen asleep. His breathing was slow and deep and as Mom neared one, he began to snore.

“Holy crap,” Tommy whispered.

“You’re asleep, right, Sam?”

“Yes, sleeping.”

“But your subconscious isn’t and that’s who I’m talking to. You’re subconscious knows everything you have ever done. Your subconscious can’t lie, and it will take any suggestion I make to you. You will answer anything I ask and do anything I tell you.”

“Yes.”

“Is he really under?” Tommy came over to look over her shoulder.

“Open your eyes.”

Dad’s eyes opened and stared straight ahead, as if he were looking through mom, not at her.

“You’re just playing along, huh dad?” Tommy slapped the table hard, trying to startle him into looking his way, but his eyes didn’t shift from whatever he thought he was looking at.

“Sam, I want you to watch me.”

His father’s eyes shifted to her, and Mom surprised him by turning her head and trying to kiss him.

“Mom!” Tommy pulled his head away.

“It’s fine.” Mom frowned when he shook his head. “Okay, want proof?”

“Sam?”

“Yes?”

“Are you cheating on me?”

“Yes.” His father answered with no hesitation.

“Oh my god,” Tommy breathed.

“When was the last time and with who?”

“Today. I didn’t go golfing. I went to Sarah’s house and we had sex.” He smiled proudly. “Twice! God, that tight young body!”

“You asshole.” Tommy muttered.

“Convinced he’s under?” Mom looked at him and he could see the anger and hurt in her eyes.

“Yeah, and hearing him say it makes me think you should toss him on his ass.”

“Not until you finish school.”

“That’s another year!”

“And during that year this dog can do whatever he wants, and meantime? I’m going to do you.” Mom smiled. “And when he’s out? You’ll be doing me every night in his old bedroom.”

“Promise?” Tommy returned the smile.

“Promise.” She gave him a quick kiss, one he accepted this time, eyeing his father as he did.

“Okay, so what now? You wake him up and he doesn’t remember anything, right?”

Mom ignored him and stayed on the disturbing topic of Dad’s infidelity.

“You think I have no idea about what you’re doing, don’t you?”

“Yes, I’ve been banging Sarah for almost a year. A couple times I had sex with you the same day.” He laughed quietly. “You sucked me after I fucked her.”

“Son of a bitch!” Tommy swore. “He’s laughing!”

“This is how he really feels.” Mom’s smile was gone. “Sloppy seconds, huh? I’ll remember that.”

“Just wake him up,” Tommy grunted, then flashed a nasty smirk. “Better yet, leave him sitting here and let’s go upstairs and fool around.”

“Fool around?” Mom cocked her head as she stared at while he sat there with that blank expression on his face.

“You know something, Tommy?” Mom looked over at him, a nasty smile on her face. “That’s a damn good idea. Let’s have a good old fashioned down and dirty fuck.”

“Lead the way.” Tommy laughed.

“We’re not going anywhere, we’re going to fuck right here in the kitchen.”

“Oh,” he frowned. “You know, mom, even if he’s in asleep or in a trance, I don’t think I could do it with dad in the room. That’s really creepy.”

“And your father’s turned into a real creep.” Mom reminded him while shooting his oblivious father a dirty look.

“Can’t argue that, but believe it or not I still kind of bad here and there that we’re having sex behind his back. Doing it right in front of him would be even worse.”

“You’re a better son than he deserves.” Mom briefly touched his cheek. “Still worried we’re doing something wrong, and how upset he’d be.”

“Or maybe just getting in trouble and giving him a reason to divorce you.”

“So let me ask you a question.” That uncharacteristically mean smile was back on her face. “What if he wanted you to?”

“Huh?”

“What if your dad wanted to watch us?” She emitted a laugh as harsh as that smile. “What if he told us to? Have to obey your parents, right?”

When it dawned on him what she meant, he started to protest, but she’d already turned back to dad, speaking slowly in that soft tone she’d used to put him under.

“Sam, I’m going to tell you what you what you’ve secretly fantasized about. When I snap my fingers it will be what you want more than anything. You’ll do everything I say and love everything you see. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“Sam, you want to see your son fuck your wife.”

“Mom, no.” Tommy tried to grab her arm, but she pulled it away from him. “This is going too far, seriously.”

“He’s been fucking another woman and you heard what he just said. He had me going down on him after he’d shoved his dick in that little slut! He’s lying about when he’s working and insults me anytime he can.” She gave Tommy a hard stare. “Is that right?”

“No.”

“Then relax and enjoy a little payback that he’ll never remember. He’ll think he still has his secret, but baby, we will have a secret even bigger than the one we already have.”

“He won’t come out of it?”

“No chance.” Her face softened, and she looked like his mother again. “You trust me, right?”

“Always.”

“Then you relax and play along and if you start getting nervous just think about what you heard him say. Think about how mad it makes you and take it out on him,” she winked. “And me.”

“I’ll try.”

Mom gave him a quick peck on the lips, then went back to giving his father his instructions.

“You want Tommy to fuck me. You’ve been thinking about how hot it would be. You love the taboo of it. You want to see your wife suck your boy’s cock and for him to eat my pussy and make me come the way you haven’t in years.

“You want to see him fuck me right here in the kitchen; over the table, on the table and most importantly, right in front of you. Isn’t that what you want?”

“Yes.”

“Take a minute and think about it. Picture it. Picture all the nasty things you want to see our son do to me.” Mom was breathing hard as she spoke, and to his surprise, Tommy’s cock was rising as he listened to her tell his father what he wanted.

“You ready?”

“Ready.” Dad whispered in that faraway voice.

Mom nodded, and then putting the chain down on the table, snapped her fingers.

“See, told you that crap doesn’t work.” Dad sounded himself and Tommy took a nervous step back.

“Guess not.” Mom grabbed Tommy’s wrist and pulling him back toward her, continued. “You okay, Sam? You’re looking at me kind of weird.”

“You know what I was thinking?”

“Do share.” Mom was smiling, but Tommy wanted to try and tell her to be careful, but they were too close to dad for him not to hear.

“I was thinking it would be really sexy if you kissed Tommy.”

“A kiss?” Mom gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Done.”

“No, a real kiss.” Dad nodded as if agreeing with himself. “A hot one, with tongue.”

“Oh, my!” Mom gave him a mock look of surprise and put her hands to her face. “Sam, that’s wrong, no?”

“I really want to see it.” Tommy’s jaw dropped at his father’s next words. “Just thinking about it makes me hard.”

“Hmm, well how can I say no to that?” Mom turned and slid her arms around Tommy’s neck. “Come here, baby boy, and give Mommy a kiss.”

She pressed her lips to his and Tommy returned the kiss, but had his eyes open watching dad over her shoulder. He was smiling as mom parted her lips and shoved her tongue between Tommy’s.

She turned them to the side so his father could see both of them as her mouth seemed intent on devouring his. Tommy began to relax, slipping his tongue out to meet hers as their kiss deepened. Mom’s hands left his neck and moved up and down his arms, squeezing them and moaning into their kiss.

Tommy’s erection had dwindled when his father first woke up sounding himself. He didn’t think he could do this, but as his mother’s tongue danced across his and her hands roamed his body, his cock quickly returned to its former sate of excitement.

Mom ground herself lewdly into him, lifting her leg and rubbing it along his while working her hips. Tommy’s hands had been on her hips, but now mimicked hers, letting them slide up and down his mother’s body.

He slid them under her dress and hesitated, but when Mom whispered, “Go ahead, show him.” Tommy lifted it up over her hips and fondled her ass.

“See that, Sam?” Mom turned to face dad, but Tommy continued kissing her as she spoke. Moving her hair and working his lips along the soft skin of her neck. “Your slutty wife isn’t wearing any underwear. Know why?”

“Why?”

“I took them off for Tommy. Your son was fucking me over the table, but we had to stop when you came in.”

“You didn’t have to stop. I would have loved to see it.”

Dad sounded so normal, Tommy lifted his head to look at him and his eyes widened when he saw his father rubbing his crotch through his ugly plaid golf shorts.

“That all you want to see? You don’t want to see us play first?”

“I want to see everything.”

“Like what?”

“Tommy,” He jumped when his father said his name.

“Answer him,” Mom whispered.

“Yeah, dad?”

“Your mother has great tits doesn’t she?”

“Beautiful tits.” Tommy shocked himself with his reply and noted Mom smiling and nodding at him. “Best tits I’ve ever seen.”

“Then why don’t you suck on them?” Dad gave him an excited smile. “God, I want to see your mom’s tits in your mouth.”

“Yes sir.” Tommy slipped his fingers under the straps of mom’s dress and pulled them down.

Mom worked her arms through them and raised them over her head. Tommy, his cock aching at this point, yanked her dress down, allowing her tits to pop out. He took them in his hands, squeezing and running his thumbs over her nipples while Mom moaned.

“That’s hot, isn’t it Sam? Seeing our son play with his mommy’s tits.”

“Be even hotter when he sucks on them.”

“You heard your father.” Mom’s face was flushed and her words were spoken in that smoky purr that made him want to fuck her right then and there. “Suck my tits.”

Tommy went to crouch down, but Mom caught his arms to stop him. She hopped up on the edge of the table and lifted her tits to him. At that height, Tommy only had to lower his head and mom groaned as he eagerly sucked her right nipple into his mouth.

“That’s it.” Mom sighed. “Suck Mama’s tit. Show daddy how much you want them.”

“Yeah, Tommy.” Dad’s voice had the same husky tone to it as Mom’s did. His face was also as red as hers, and he was sweating as he sat there breathing heavy and rubbing his dick. “Lick it too, let me see you lick it.”

Tommy slipped his tongue out and made a show of slowly working his tongue around his mother’s rosy nipple. Mom dropped her hands between them and he moaned when he felt her unsnap his shorts and heard his zipper opening.

He switched to her other breast, again showing off with his tongue before sucking it between his lips. He played with her other breast, rolling her nipples between his fingers while his mother pushed his shorts and boxers down his hips.

“You want to see how hard our son is for me, Sam? Want to see the big hard cock he’s going to shove in your wife’s mouth, then her cunt?”

“Let’s see that big dick, son.” Dad was nodding like a bobble head. “Show me how excited your mom gets you.”

Mom shoved his shorts down as far as she could and he groaned around her tit when she grabbed his throbbing cock and squeezed it.

“See that, honey? That’s a real cock! Not that flaccid little thing I used to have to suck hard just to get sixty seconds of it.”

“He is big!” Dad had a tone of admiration Tommy found slightly disturbing. “And really fucking hard.” He released a soft moan. “Your hand looks good around his dick, Donna. You should stroke it.”

“Whatever you want, baby.” Mom pumped his cock in her fist.

She squeezed the tip, sending a spurt of pre cum oozing from the tip and down her fingers. Mom rubbed her hand over his sensitive head, making his hips jerk, and to release her nipple as he moaned.

She worked the pre cum around him before stroking him faster. Her now slick hand glided smoothly along his shaft and he released another moan when she cupped his balls in her other hand.

“Oh, Sam, our son’s balls are so swollen and heavy,” Mom whispered. “The poor things are full of cum. What do you think we should do about that?”

“I think you should be a good mother and drain those balls, don’t you?”

“A good mother, and a good wife.” Mom told him. “Good wives make their husband’s happy, right?”

“By taking good care of their sons.” Dad nodded so hard Tommy thought his head was going to fall off. “Tommy, be a good boy and let you mother suck your cock?”

“I do as told.” Tommy once again surprised himself by laughing at his own words.

“Then you sit right down in that chair.” Mom pointed. “And let me get on my knees for my baby.”

Tommy turned the chair so its back was to the table and his father would be able to watch. He stepped out of his shorts and pulled his shirt off before sitting down. Mom slid off the table and standing in front of him shook her head.

“See this, Sam? This is a body. Nice arms, broad shoulders, and a hard flat stomach. You have to lift your stomach just to see that little dick of yours, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Have to use that little slut’s ass as a shelf for that gut when you fuck her doggy.”

“Sometimes yes.”

Mom stared hard at him, her lips turned down in a scowl, but when she spoke she had that same sexy tone. “Dress on or off? Want it around my waist, or do you want me completely naked while I fuck our son?”

“Naked, you have an amazing body.”

“Thank you.” Mom pulled the dress up over her head and Tommy licked his lips at the completely smooth slit between her thighs.

Dad noticed it too.

“You shave now?”

“Shows you how long it’s been.” Mom spoke while slipping her sandals off so like Tommy, she was now completely naked. “I get bikini waxes not just for the pool, but because our son likes his mommy nice and smooth when he eats her, don’t you?”

“Love it.” Tommy reached between her legs, but she pushed his hand away. “Daddy wants me to suck you, honey.”

She sank to her knees and brushing her hair to the side so his father could see, opened wide and took his cock into her mouth.

“Damn, that is fucking hot!” Dad moaned and rubbed his cock faster through the shorts. “I’m so hard right now!”

Mom released Tommy’s cock and muttered. “First time you been hard in this house in months.” She then resumed sucking his cock with an enthusiasm that caused Tommy to moan like an idiot and slump back in the chair, groaning as she easily throated his entire length.

“Suck it,” Dad told her, his eyes wide and sweat now sliding down his red cheeks. “Suck that cock, Donna. You always were great at giving head.”

Mom moaned and opening her mouth wider, allowed trails of spit and precum to ooze from her mouth and down Tommy’s shaft. She quickly slurped it back up as her hot wet mouth descended once more on his long thick shaft.

Tommy wrapped her black hair in his hands and tugged, guiding her mouth along his glistening cock.

“I like that, Tommy!” Dad breathed. “I like you treating mom like some little slut you met in school.

“Like watching mom suck my cock, dad?” Wow, he thought just screwing mom was strange, this was flat out twilight zone…and he was seriously getting into it. “She’s swallowed my cum then kissed you good night, you know.”

“Wish I knew!” Dad sighed wistfully. “It would have really turned me on.”

Speaking of turned on, Mom was moaning between his thighs and working her hips as she knelt on the kitchen floor, completely naked and blowing her son right in front of his father. Her eyes were closed and in between her moans she made sloppy wet sucking sounds with an occasional gagging noise mixed in.

Tommy's hips were moving and even though she'd only been sucking a couple of minutes, he felt his thighs trembling and his balls tightening. Mom sensed him getting ready to explode, and removed his cock from her mouth in a spray of pre cum laced drool.

"Honey?" Mom looked over to dad. "Sucking my boy's cock has me really horny! Don't you want to see him lick my pussy and make me come?"

"He should make you come." Dad's expression was so serious, Tommy had to hold back a laugh. "Look how good you've been to him."

He gave Tommy a stern look. "Don't be one way, Tommy. Get your mother up on that table and eat her pussy."

"That's a chore I can handle." Tommy grinned as Mom stood up in front of him and put her back to the table, waiting for him.

Tommy grabbed her hips and lifted her onto the table as she emitted that hot little giggle he loved. As mom slid back a few inches, Tommy reversed the chair so he could sit down between her thighs.

Mom leaned back on her elbows and spread her legs. She put one bare foot on Tommy's shoulder and the other on his father's.

"Hold that, will you?" Mom smirked at him, then looked down at Tommy. "Be a good boy, and show dad how you lick your mother's pussy."

Tommy caused her to yelp when he pushed two fingers inside her. He couldn't believe how wet she was. Not that mom wasn't always wet when they played; but she was to the point where her sticky juice squirted out around his fingers as he plunged them into her.

"Good job, Tommy. Get that pussy ready for that big cock." Dad told him.

"He's a lot bigger than you, isn't he?" Mom gestured to his crotch. "Rub it harder. I want you to come in your pants like the pathetic slob you are."

"He is bigger than me." Dad moaned as he unzipped his shorts and slipped his fingers inside to rub his cock. "Can't wait to see you take that cock in your pussy."

"This pussy?" Mom spread herself open. "This clit?" She tapped her swollen nub with a red fingernail.

"Yes. Tommy what are you waiting for? I told you to eat your mother's pussy!"

"Sorry, dad!" Tommy leaned between Mom's thighs and her hips jerked when he teased his tongue around her clit.

"Looks good." Dad was breathing harder than before and was squirming in his chair as he played with himself. "That's what I call giving your mother a kiss."

"Priceless." Mom breathed then groaned when Tommy sucked hard on her clit while adding a third finger, stretching her pussy wider.

“Fuck, yeah,” Mom grabbed a handful of his hair and pressed his face to her wet flesh. “Work your mother’s sloppy cunt. Shove those fingers in nice and hard, just the way you’re going to fuck me.”

Tommy pumped his fingers, and Mom moved her hips, quickly matching his rhythm. He swirled his tongue around her pulsing clit as fast as he could while pressing it firmly to her slick flesh. Mom was as worked up as he’d been as he felt her thigh shaking against his cheek.

She released his hair and cupped her tits, playing with her nipples as Tommy switched from licking to sucking.

“Look good, baby?” Mom asked. “Is your son doing a good job on your wife’s pussy?”

“He’s really into it.” Dad declared. “I think he likes it.”

“I think he loves it, and so do I.” Mom laughed. “So do you, right Sam?”

“Love seeing my boy taking good care of his sexy mom.”

“Sam, you say the sweetest things,” Mom paused to moan. “Want to help?”

“I’d love to help you come.”

“Then lick this.” Mom lifted her leg and shoved her foot against his mouth. “Lick and suck my toes while you watch Tommy going down on me.”

Tommy was able to turn his head enough to watch Dad eagerly open his mouth and moan as he sucked on each of mom’s toes, before working his tongue around them.

“Yeah, I like that.” Mom purred. “Now lick my foot, up and down, heel to toe, like the dog you are.”

She lifted her foot higher and with a look of naked desire on his face, dad placed his tongue on mom’s heel and licked to the tip of her big toe, before sliding it back down her foot. He was doing it as if there was nothing more exciting to him, and his arm moved back and forth as he kept playing with his cock.

Tommy turned his attention back to his mother’s pussy which was now contracting around his fingers. Her toes curled into his shoulder and she had forgotten about Dad as she whimpered and wiggled her hips, straining to come.

Tommy sucked her clit harder and wiggled his fingers inside as he pushed them so deep his knuckles pressed against her moist lips.

“Fuck, just like that!” Mom groaned. “Keep sucking that clit, baby! Mommy’s going to…”

Her words turned into a high pitched wail as her pussy convulsed around his fingers and her hips bucked, grinding her pussy into his face. Mom went into a series of sharp high pitched noises he compared to sexy little hiccups as she twisted her nipples and rubbed her quivering pussy in his face.

“Wow, she comes loud for you!” Dad whistled around mom’s foot. “You really know how to make your mother feel good.”

“Going to make me feel even better,” Mom whimpered as her hips slowed and her toes relaxed against his shoulder. “Because now he’s going to slam that fat fucking cock in his mother’s hot little twat.”

Tommy’s cock had been at attention the entire time and he couldn’t stand up fast enough. The table was the perfect height and as he grabbed Mom’s ankle and lifted her left leg in the air, he plunged into her still twitching flesh.

“Just like that! Mom cried out. “Nice and hard, show your father how a real man fucks his wife.”

“Damn, you are giving it to your mother.” Dad groaned. “Look at your dick sliding into that smooth pussy.”

“You look at it. You watch your son take me the way you haven’t in years.” Mom lifted her foot from dad and placed it on Tommy’s shoulder.

He wrapped his arms around both her thighs and lifted so her legs were now straight in the air, pressing against his chest.

“Harder!” Mom demanded, as she cupped her tits which were bouncing wildly as he fucked her. “Pound that pussy; show your father how you fuck your mother whenever he’s not home!”

“I can’t see.” Dad caused Tommy to hesitate when he rose from the chair.

Keeping his hand in his pants He walked around the other side of the table so he was standing behind Mom’s head, staring down at Tommy’s cock plundering his mother’s pussy.

“Look at him go. He’s giving it to you good.”

“He always does!” Mom stared at him. “See this look? Its called being satisfied!”

“I bet you are.” Dad didn’t even sound insulted. “He’s really stuffing you!”.”

Tommy couldn’t watch his father so instead he enjoyed looking down and watching his cock slide in and out of Mom’s pink slit. He’d never fucked her like this before, with her legs straight up, but he was enjoying both the feeling and the view.

Mom’s feet wiggled over his head and he could feel her trying to move her hips as her son relentlessly hammered her. The table rocked back and forth, making a creaking sound and he wondered how they would explain it if it broke.

“Hey, Sam,” Mom spoke in between her gasps and groans. “Don’t you want to watch him fuck me from behind?”

“Damn straight I do.” Dad said with that bizarre enthusiasm. “You heard mom, bend her over the table.” He clapped his hands. “I want to watch her face while you fuck her.”

Tommy withdrew his now dripping cock from inside his mother and grabbing her hips, made her cry out when he rolled her over on the table. Mom had barely gotten her feet on the floor when Tommy grabbed her hips and thrust into her hard enough to make his balls slap against her pussy.

“Oh, my god!” Mom squealed. “That’s so fucking deep!”

Damn, kid, her eyes are bulging!” Dad clapped his hands. “Keep fucking her like that!”

Once more, Tommy had to look down, as even as much as he was into this, he couldn’t face his father across his mother’s body. But as before, it was a damn hot view, this time with the added benefit of staring at her ass.

He switched his grip from her hips to her ass cheeks, squeezing and spreading them as he tore into her. The table protested louder, but at this point he was so caught up in taking his mother harder than he ever had before, he didn’t care.

“Ohhhh, fuck!” Mom wailed under the assault of her son’s cock. “Ohh, ohh, you’re fucking me so good, baby!”

“She can’t even keep her mouth shut.” Dad stared into mom’s face. “Love the way she’s all red and sweaty.” He whistled again. “Tommy, you’re working your mother over really good!”

Tommy couldn’t have replied if he wanted too. He’d been fucking her so hard he wasn’t able to last much longer. His knees were shaking and he was having a hard time breathing as he strove to fuck her even harder, to really show his cheating dog father how his son could satisfy Mom better than he ever could.

He was breathing in ragged gasps with desperate sounding moans worked in and Mom called out to him. “Don’t come inside me. You’re father told me to drain your balls, didn’t you, Sam?”

“You heard mom, not inside young man. You come in her mouth just like I told you to.”

“Shouldn’t you be playing with yourself?” Mom asked him in between her sharp cries.

“Yes, I want to cum when he does.”

“Then get to jerking that little thing.”

“Oh, fuck, mom.” Tommy gasped as his hips sped up, and he was now fucking her with short jerky strokes. “I’m going to come.”

“Hold it back for me!”

Tommy yanked his cock out mid thrust, and squeezed it just below the head. He grunted at the sensation of his load being cut off, but held it tight as mom slid off the table and onto the chair.

“Watch this, Sam.” Mom opened wide, her tongue out, waiting for her prize.

Tommy released his cock and gasped when the first spurt was so hard it bordered on painful. The thick stream of white fluid shot directly onto Mom’s tongue, some splattering into her mouth, the rest oozing down both sides of her chin.

He groaned when mom leaned forward, taking the tip in her mouth as he stroked it.

“There you go, Tommy, give her all of it.” Dad encouraged him. “Let mom get all that cum out of you.”

His words were rushed and his voice shaky. Tommy turned his head to see his father had his shorts undone and his hand in his underwear jerking off into them. His attention went back to mom who was greedily sucking on his spurting tip, her eyes rolled back and moaning softly as he filled her mouth with cum.

Mom took over jerking him, and he groaned when she sucked hard and squeezed his cock, wringing every last drop from him. Mom carefully eased his tip from her lips and turned to watch dad.

“Hmm?” She caught his attention and tilting her head back, opened her mouth to show the huge puddle of cum on and around her tongue.

“So fucking hot!” Dad’s voice was barely audible as his hand worked feverishly in his underwear. “Look at all that cum in your mother’s mouth!”

Mom tilted her head back and gargled the load before pushing some it out from between her lips, creating a sticky white froth around her mouth. She slurped it back into her mouth, lifted her tits, and holding them up, cocked her head at dad.

“Yes,” he moaned, his hand making a slapping sound in his underwear as he beat his meat like a horny teenager. “Show me.”

Mom parted her lips and let her son’s cum ooze from her mouth. She slowly turned her head side to side, catching both her breasts with his thick white cum. Tommy watched, his dripping cock twitching as the cum slid down her breasts and over her swollen nipples.

Some it slid down her chin and onto her chest between her tits. It dripped from her nipples down to her stomach and thighs, and Tommy was once again amazed at how his mother continued to surprise him with how downright dirty she could be.

“That’s a lot of cum, kid.” Dad’s voice was strained and his face red as a beet, sweat glistening on his face. Wow he was working hard to get off.

“It would take three of your pathetic loads to fill my mouth, wouldn’t it?” Mom rose from the chair and walked up to him. “Look at me, Sam. Look at your wife’s mouth and tits covered in our son’s cum.”

“So much, so hot.” Dad gasped between his words. “You’re being a good mom being a bad girl for our boy.”

“Used to be your bad girl before you decided to fuck some little slut who’s so young she probably thinks you’re actually decent in bed.” She stared down at his crotch and rolled her eyes.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake!”

She grabbed his arm and yanking his hand out of his underwear, replaced it with hers.

“God, you can’t even jerk off right can you?”

Dad groaned as mom’s hand rapidly pumped his cock.

“Two fingers, I’m using two damn fingers around you, because its all I need, isn’t it?”

“I’m not as big as our son,” his words sounded as if it were an effort to speak and he squirmed in the chair as mom’s arm moved so rapidly her jerking must have bordered on painful.

“Cum for me. Cum while you stare at your son’s cum sliding down my tits. You wanted to see him fuck me and we put on a hell of a show, now go ahead and shoot whatever you have left in those shriveled balls of yours.”

“I’m trying! I came twice for Sarah already,” Dad whined.

“And you’ll cum now because of how turned on you are watching me suck Tommy dry after he fucked me like a goddamn whore.”

“Oh, yeah!” Dad’s hips jerked. “He fucked you so good! Made you come really loud and the way you just took all that cum in your mouth! Such a good slut for my boy.”

“There you go,” Mom hissed. “That little thing is twitching. Now shoot off in your boxers like the sorry excuse for a man you are.”

Dad made a weird groaning whimpering noise and Tommy grimaced as a wet stain appeared in his father’s gray boxers and spread as mom kept pumping him.

“I’d say every damn drop, but there’s not much more than a few dribbles is there?”

“N..No!” Dad made a desperate groaning sound and grabbed her forearm. “Stop, please.”

Mom removed her hand from his underwear and stared distastefully at the cum on her fingers. With no hesitation, she shoved her fingers in his mouth.

“Suck them clean.”

Tommy grimaced, as his father slurped on her fingers, not seeming to mind what he was doing.

“Good boy.” Mom removed her fingers, then slid her fingers across her breasts, scooping up some of the cum still splattered on them. She sucked her fingers into her mouth, then scooped some more, this time from her stomach.

“Now, what was that joke, you made about sloppy seconds?” Mom grabbed dad’s chin, and tilting his head up to face her, whispered, “Open wide.”

“Oh, gross!” Tommy turned away as Mom lowered her face to his and pushed the gooey contents of her mouth into his. “Jesus, Mom!”

“Wants to laugh about me sucking his dick after its been in some slut’s cunt? That’s what he gets.” Mom grabbed a handful of napkins from the table and after wiping her chin, cleaned the remaining cum from her body. “Don’t worry, he won’t remember it.”

“Still nasty,” Tommy picked his shorts up from the floor, and slipped them on.

“But fun.” She noticed him frowning and sighed. “It made me feel better, and don’t even pretend you weren’t into it.”

“You’re kind of persuasive.” Tommy donned his shirt. “And yeah, he kind of deserved it. But even though he won’t remember it, that last part was a bit much.”

“Okay, next time we’ll just stick to fucking in front of him.”

“Next time?” He shook his head. “How about we just stick to our plan and fool around behind his back until you’re ready to divorce him?”

“Fine.” Mom tossed the soiled napkins in the trash, and grabbing her dress from the floor, slipped it over her head and pulled it on.

She leaned over and with her face scrunched up in disgust pointed to Dad.

“Zip up, and cover that nasty mess.”

Dad nodded and as he fixed his shorts over his sticky boxers, Tommy pointed to him.

“What about that? Shouldn’t you have him clean up before you wake him up?”

“Play along.” Mom winked at him as she sat in the chair and put her shoes on. “Because this is where I do get some fun he’ll remember.”

She grabbed the silver chain and went back to stand in front of dad.

“Okay, Sam. I want you to do what we did before. Watch the ball and relax. I’m going to start counting backwards from twenty and this time when I get to one, you’re going to have no memory of what you just saw, understand?”

“Yes.” Dad’s voice had that faraway tone again.

“When you wake up it will seem as if no time has passed at all, and you were never asleep, because you were right, this is bullshit and never works.”

“I was right.” His eyes closed and his chin rested on his chest.

“Yes you were.” Mom stopped swinging the chain. “Twenty….nineteen…”

Tommy had seen firsthand that what his mother had done worked, but he still felt the nerves creeping back in as she counted down. If dad remembered any of what had just happened they were seriously screwed.

Mom reached one and she snapped her fingers, Dad’s eyes flew open.

“See?” He waved his hand at her. “Told you this shit doesn’t work!”

“Really?” Mom smirked at him. “You so sure it didn’t?”

“Of course it didn’t. You started counting and you just got to one and nothing happened.” He laughed. “Maybe your patients will be more gullible.”

“Sam what time was it when you got home?”

“About three. I looked at the clock before you started your mumbo jumbo and it was three fifteen.”

“What time is it now?” Mom pointed to the clock on the microwave which read three fifty five.

“Huh?” Dad shook his head and pointed to Tommy. “Okay, I get it. You had wise ass change the clock.”

“Hon?” Mom plucked Dad’s cell phone from his hip and thumbing the button showed him the screen. “Think I hacked your phone?”

“Or mine?” Tommy removed his from the pocket of his shorts and showed him the screen.

“Damn.” Dad shook his head. “I seriously lost over a half hour?”

“Yup.” Tommy nodded.

“What did you make me do?” Dad looked annoyed. “Say stupid shit? Buy something for the two of you?”

“I asked you about your day.” Mom gave him a serious look, and Tommy had to look away so dad wouldn’t see him smile when he saw the look of panic on his father’s face.

“You…did?”

“Yes, it seems you had a great time today.” Mom maintained a straight expression. “Finished two holes in no time.”

Wow, Mom was really walking a fine line. In front of her dad looked like a dear in headlights, but mom eased up on him.

“No wonder you were home early, you said you had your best day on the course ever.”

“That’s what I said?” The relief on his face was almost as comical as the panic.

“Yeah, you were bragging about how well you scored I changed the subject.” Mom shrugged. “All that talk of balls and holes, you’d think you were talking about sex.”

“Right.” He gave her a weak smile. “So, what else did you ask me?”

“Well,” She looked at Tommy. “Should we tell him or let him find out on his own?”

“Up to you.” When Mom mouthed the words ‘Play Along” he added. “It was pretty gross though, I’m sure as soon as he stands up he’ll figure it out.”

“What the hell are you two talking about?” Dad now sounded irritated and stood up from the chair. “What did you do to me, Donna?”

“Its what you did to yourself.” Mom laughed. “Or maybe thought about someone doing it to you?”

“I don’t know what the joke is, but I’m going to go take a shower and a nap.” He took a few steps towards the door leading to the living room, then stopped. He looked down at his crotch and this time Tommy couldn’t help laughing when he tugged on the front of it and grimaced.

“What the hell did you do? Tell me to piss myself?”

“Nothing like that at all.” Mom told him. “I told you I wanted you to pick one of your best memories and relive it and tell me about it.”

Mom gestured to Tommy. “Not exactly what we were expecting was it?”

“God no!” He did his best to look offended. “It was pretty gross, dad.”

“What was?” Dad was pressing on his crotch and by the look on his face he was beginning to realize what the mess in his underwear was.

“You started moaning and moving your hips and saying some pretty raunchy things.” Mom shook her head. “Next thing I know you’re pretty excited shall we say.”

“And you let it go on with our damn son in the room?”

“I thought it was kind of funny, actually.” Tommy laughed again.

“I was going to stop you, but just like real life it was over as soon as it started.” Mom sighed. “Even in your best memories, you’re a minute man.”

“Real goddamn cute, Donna.” Dad shot her a nasty look. “In front of Tommy you say this shit?”

“Little payback for your cracks about me.” Mom replied calmly. “And I didn’t ask you to have a damn wet dream in front of us.”

“Whatever, I’m going to shower.” Dad glowered at her. “You’re a class act, Donna. A real sick individual.”

“Me?” Mom shook her head. “I wasn’t the one moaning Mom over and over before you popped off in your pants.”

“What?” Dad was so taken aback his mouth hung open.

“I didn’t know grandma was so hot back in the day.” Tommy whistled. “Guess you had a thing for her.”

Dad looked as if he were going to yell at him, but instead, his face as red as it had been earlier, he stormed out of the room.

“High five!” Mom laughed and put her hand up.

Tommy slapped her hand , then laughed as she threw her arms around his neck.

“That was so much fun.” Mom exclaimed, then pressing her cheek along his whispered in his ear, “All of it. Damn you fucked me hard.”

“I got into that way more than I should have.” He admitted.

“Told you to trust me.” Mom leaned back, but let her arms loosely around his neck. “I mean even your dad told me what a good mom I am for fucking you.”

“Right,” Tommy nodded. “Hey, Mom, can I ask you a question?”

“Honey, the way you make your mother’s pussy purr, you can ask me anything.”

“Did you mean what you said about after school you’re going to divorce dad?”

“Yes, I want you to finish so I don’t have to worry about him not helping to pay for you and I’ll have enough money to keep the house without paying your tuition.”

“Not just that, I meant about me being with you every night.” Tommy gave her a nervous smile. “You and I really going to be together, like a couple?”

“Honey, you think I’m fooling around with you just for payback and when he’s out, I’m going to go find someone else?”

“Well, I am your son and we couldn’t be like, you know, public.”

“Then I guess people will think I’m afraid to date after the divorce and you’re,” She stuck her tongue out at him. “Just a loser mama’s boy who doesn’t have a girlfriend.”

“Thanks.” Tommy grinned.

“But you’ll be a boy fucking his mama and keeping her very happy.” Mom kissed him softly on the lips. “And I’ll try and make you happy too.”

“You always make me happy, mom.” He slipped his arms around her and gave her ass a squeeze. “So when’s the next time you can make me happy?

“You want more, already?” Mom’s eyes widened, but she was smiling. “You can’t get enough can you?”

“Hey, I’ve seen what happens when you’re not satisfied.” Tommy told her. “I don’t want to be hypnotized and coming in my pants.”

“Only place you’ll be coming is inside or all over your horny mother.” Mom squeezed his cock and this time her surprise was real. “My god, you are ready again.”

“What can I say, I like to make my mom happy. After all Dad told me he wants me too, right.”

“Then maybe I’ll go tell him he needs to take a long nap and we’ll…” Mom stopped when he gave her a reproachful look.

“You said this one time, be good.”

Mom sighed dramatically. “I was trying to be.”

Chapter Three

Tommy lifted his head at the sound of his cell ringing on his nightstand. He saw it was only nine thirty and was surprised he'd dozed off while watching TV. Rolling onto his side, he saw it was Dad calling him.

"Hey, dad."

"Hey, Tommy, were you sleeping?"

"Yeah, I fell asleep. What's up?"

"Nine thirty on a Saturday and in bed? Kid you need to get a life." Dad laughed in his ear.

"Thanks, I'll work on that. Did you need me for something?"

"Yeah, come on downstairs."

Oh, shit. His stomach tightened. Had his father remembered anything from earlier? No, he'd sound pissed as hell if he did. But still what could he want?

"You in your den?"

"No, I'm in my bedroom. Your mom and I need to talk to you."

Okay, mom was there, that should mean everything was okay. Unless he wanted to confront both of them?

"Stop worrying." Tommy told himself as he kicked off the sheet and swung his legs off the bed.

He pulled a pair of sweat pants on over his underwear, and recalling his father's bitching about him walking around without a shirt earlier, pulled on a Bruins t-shirt. He left the room and qucky made his way downstairs and down the hallway to his parents bedroom.

He knocked and mom responded. "Come in, honey."

When Tommy entered the room Dad was sitting in the chair by the window mom would sit and read in sometimes before bed. He still wore the shorts and t-shirt he'd put on after his shower earlier, and didn't look pissed off when he saw Tommy. In fact he was smiling.

"There you are! We were just talking about you." Dad gestured with his hand. "Don't stand in the doorway, come on in."

“Sure.” Tommy walked into the room and that’s when he noticed mom standing next to the bed in the long purple bathrobe she always wore around the house. It was frumpy as hell, and he always busted her up by calling it her old lady robe.

“Come stand over here so your father doesn’t have to look back and forth to talk to us.” Mom gestured to the other side of the bed.

Tommy shrugged and walked up to the bed. He noticed mom’s hair, which she usually wore up when she went to bed was down, and her lips were coated in hot pink. Why would she be wearing lipstick to bed?

“So what’s up?” He asked when he reached the opposite side of the bed from where mom was standing.

“Me.” Dad grinned at him, and then laughed. “And probably you, pretty soon.”

“Huh?”

“Your mom was just showing me something she bought for you and was saving it for a surprise.”

“Really?” Tommy looked to his mother. “You bought me something?”

“Just for you.” Mom nodded. “Because you’re such a good son.”

“But as soon as I saw it,” Dad continued. “Not only didn’t I want her to wait, but I wanted to see your face when she gives it to you.”

“What is it?” Tommy asked. Mom’s hands were by her sides and empty and a quick look around the room showed no signs of a gift bag or anything other than the usual items in their room.

“Shall I?” Mom addressed dad who gave her a thumbs up.

“You want to help me give it to him?” Mom beckoned dad with her finger.

“Hell, yeah!” Dad excitedly rose from his chair and went over to stand behind mom.

Mom winked at Tommy as Dad reached around her waist and untied her robe. He pulled it open and yanked it down with a flourish.

“Tada!” He yelled as he stepped back.

“Holy shit.” Tommy whispered.

“You like?” Mom raised her arms above her head, modeling the ‘gift’ Dad had just unveiled.

Mom wore a sexy black lingerie set, the bra barely containing her breasts and the cups transparent lace. Her matching panties were crotch-less, showing off her smooth pink slit. The set included a garter belt, the slinky straps attached to her black thigh high stockings.

“Show him the back, Donna!” Dad encouraged her. “Looks as good as the front!”

“If that’s what you want, Sam.” Mom did a slow turn revealing the panties were nothing more than string in the back leaving her ass completely bare.

Mom bent over and shook her ass at him, her pussy peeking out at him from between her black clad thighs.

“Damn, look at his face.” Dad clapped. “He’s speechless!”

“How do I look, baby?” Mom ran her hands over her breasts, then down her stomach and between her legs, spreading and stroking her pussy.

“Incredible, but…” Tommy’s eyes narrowed when he finally noticed what was around mom’s neck.

The silver chain with the ball.

“I think you’re so hot, he’s getting nervous.” Dad observed as he went back to his chair. “Think you’re going to have to make the first move, Donna.”

“My pleasure.” Mom put her hands on the bed, then her knees.

Tommy watched, his cock hard and his heart racing as his mother crawled across the bed. When she reached him, she sat up, and grabbing his shirt tugged it up. He lifted his arms for her, allowing her to pull his shirt off.

Mom threw it on the floor then ran her nails lightly down his chest, sending a shiver through him. Tommy gasped when mom first licked, then sucked on his left nipple. She slid her tongue up his chest, then taking his face in her hands, kissed him.

“You said just once,” he whispered against her lips.

“I know, but it made me so fucking hot,” Mom replied in his ear, her tongue teasingly flicking across it. “I was so wet when I came to bed, I was squirming. I need your cock, baby, and I’m not waiting for the next time he’s not home.”

Mom reached down abruptly shoved his sweats and underwear down, releasing his aching dick.

“That’s my boy!” Dad whistled. “Big, hard and ready to make his mom happy.”

“Yeah, ba-by!” Mom eased back, flashing him a little girl pout. “Make Mommy happy. After all, I bought this just for you.”

“And for me too,” Dad chimed in. “Can’t wait to see you fucking her with those panties and stockings on!”

“You really going to say no?” Mom cupped his balls in one hand, while stroking him with the other. “Look at him, Tommy. This makes him happy.”

“Because you told him it does.” He replied, softly, his hips rocking, thrusting his cock into his mother’s hand.

“And I tell him not to remember so it’s not really doing anything bad to him. This is all reward, baby. No risk. Just some hot nasty fun at his expense because he broke my heart.”

Mom spoke softly sonly he could hear, then turned to Dad.

“Tommy’s a little nervous. Thinks you don’t like this.”

“Like it?” Dad shook his head. “I love it! Hell, I’ll show you how much.”

Dad lifted his hips and shoved his shorts down exposing his erect cock. He was smaller than Tommy, but not as small as mom had joked about. He grabbed his cock and stroked it while pointing to them.

“See how hot it makes me? I want to get off watching you fuck your mother. This is really quality time for all of us!” He relaxed back into the chair, his hand slowly stroking the length of his cock.

“Come on, you two, let’s see the show!”

“You heard your father.” Mom slid her legs out behind her, stretching out on the bed on her stomach.

Propped up on her elbows, Mom’s mouth was level with his cock and opened wide, she wiggled her tongue at him. “Give it to me, baby. Feed mommy that cock.”

“Come on, kid.” Dad spoke up. “What can you say to that besides yes?”

“I can say,” Tommy winked at her, and grabbing her hair shoved his cock deep into his mother’s mouth. “Hey, Dad, watch this!”

The End