

# Mom's In Trouble Now

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## Chapter One

Dennis sat by the window of his second floor bedroom watching his mother by the pool. His phone was in one hand, recording her, and as always his other hand was rubbing his cock through his shorts.

He glanced down at the phone to make sure he had her lined up and watched her through it. It was a much better view with the zoom feature. Right now his mother was doing what she did best; cock teasing.

She was in a bikini that most women her age wouldn't wear even if they did have the bodies for it. They wouldn't because they were decent mothers who had some self-respect and cared about what others thought about them.

Good mothers cared how it would look for their husbands and more importantly their kids. His mother, from as early as he could remember showed herself off, not caring what that left his father and Dennis as he got older, to deal with.

Dennis was now twenty and for a few years had been hearing about how his mother was the hottest fucking milf any of his friends in high school and now college knew. He played it off casually with them, smiling and joking about it, but inside, it drove him crazy.

He knew it bothered his father too and in different ways. It wasn't easy to see every one of your coworkers or friends drool over your wife and make comments about her. During the year mom had been gone, dad had told him he'd had guys keep asking if she was a hot wife and liked to play with other guys.

Dad would get pissed off at them, but it was a big reality check when Dennis had caught her red handed. Fucking a guy not much more than a year or two older than him. He felt the usual wave of frustration and self-loathing when he considered how he'd not just caught her red handed, but one handed as well.

From the moment he'd seen his mother with that guy, fucking him in her and dad's bed while he was away for work, Dennis had some serious mixed feelings about her. Some were natural, like his anger and hurt that she would do that to his father, and in a way to him.

His bitterness that his father, after a year, had decided to take the cheating whore back was also normal. What wasn't was his now unnatural lust and desire for her. Since standing outside the house that night, peering through the partially open window and watching his mother fuck and suck, he couldn't stop thinking about her.

He'd always known she was 'hot', it was hard not to when your friends kept wanting to come over just to ogle her, but she wasn't hot to him. How the hell could she be? She was his damn mom. But after seeing her in action, fucking like a damn porn star, he now saw her the way his friends did; as a sexy cougar, who he knew for a fact, liked to fuck young guys.

His attention returned to the scene below when he heard a splash. Mom had jumped into their large in ground pool and was swimming under water towards the other end. The water was crystal clear and he could see her long legs and sleek slender body gliding under the water.

Mom came to the surface, and rolling onto her back, stretched out her arms and legs. Now floating, she leisurely kicked her feet, propelling herself slowly across the water. Dennis's cock ached between his legs as he took in her amazing legs, flat glistening stomach and best of all, her incredible breasts.

As his best friend Tom had said on many occasions, his mother had one hell of a rack. Her tits weren't huge, but more than a good handful and were still sitting high and proud despite her closing in on forty four.

The purple bikini top was pretty minimal, leaving both the tops and inner halves of her tits exposed. She was deeply tanned from laying by the pool every day and he could just imagine what those tan lines would look like.

When she was close to the edge of the pool, she rolled over and swimming to the ladder, pulled herself up, to exit the pool. He rubbed his cock harder when she bent over to grab a towel, showing off an ass so firm, girls his age would be jealous.

Like the top, there wasn't a whole lot to the bottom of the bikini, meaning there was a lot of that sweet looking ass showing. Sweet looking? He rolled his eyes even as his hand remained on his cock. She had done this to him, his mother had given him these sick thoughts by being such a damn slut.

His cock twitched at the word. It turned him on to refer to his mother like that. When he jerked off to the countless pictures and videos he had of her, he always demeaned her in his mind. Calling her a whore and a skank, referring to her as a cunt and anything else that came to mind.

He knew he should never refer to his mother in a derogatory way, but in his case it was hard to say she wasn't those things. Even now his mind was filled with thoughts of look at the little gold digging pig, showing off for the neighbors.

Just standing there in a bikini made for a coed on spring break, not a wife and mother in her forties. Mom had made a show of putting her arms over her head and shaking out her long wet black hair, a move that pushed her tits out.

She was facing the Thompson's house and Dennis could see Jack and his dad on their second floor porch, staring into their yard.

"You know it too, don't you, you fucking tease?" he asked softly.

She sure as hell did as for some reason she saw fit to need to face the pool and put her back to them while she bent over to dry her legs. Dennis could just imagine the view they were getting of her ass. But that was okay as he was zooming in on her tits which looked ready to fall out of her top.

Dennis heard his father's voice and his mother turned and gave him that big fake smile of hers. Dad came into view wearing just a pair of shorts and stretched out in one of the lounge chairs. Mom went right over to him, crouching down and giving him a big hug and a kiss.

She sat on the edge of his chair and he could hear her talking, but couldn't make out the words. He could hear her tone though and it was that phony ass simpering, brown nosing one she always used.

Since she'd wormed her way back into their house and life, mom had been so over the top sweet and 'loving' to dad that it made him sick. How the hell could his father not see what a fraud she was? Then again, dad might be seeing just what Dennis kept seeing, that goddamn body built for any sin you could think of.

Dennis figured he'd probably thought of all of them and it pissed him off. He knew deep down he still loved his mother. She may have been embarrassing at times with her slutty appearance, but she'd been good to him and he'd only become really angry with her last year, but that anger coupled with the taboo obsession he blamed her for, made it hard to remember sometimes.

Now that dad was out there, he lowered his phone, but kept watching, staring at her cleavage as she faced his direction while talking to dad. She had her hand on his chest, her slender fingers tipped with long red nails looked damn sexy and he envisioned them on his own chest. No, screw his chest, around his cock.

Her hand rubbed back and forth and she was smiling away at dad who was smiling right back like the sucker he was. Mom had been extra nice the last couple of weeks because for the first time since she'd come back six months ago, he was going away for a week.

Dennis had overheard mom asking dad, if he trusted her or was he going to be worried. He said he knew she was sorry and it wouldn't happen again and he trusted her completely. Dennis had been bold enough to bring it up himself and dad insisted he trusted her and so should Dennis, people made mistakes.

"Oh, you little pig." He whispered.

Mom had slid her hand down and was now rubbing dad's cock through his shorts. His eyes widened when she unzipped them and reached in. Her lips were moving, but he couldn't hear her. She was probably whispering dirty things as she played with dad's cock.

His own cock was so hard it hurt and reaching down, he freed it from his shorts and pumped it. Below, his mother had removed his father's cock and was now stroking it. Dad looked shocked and his head turned towards the Thompsons.

But the second dad had shown up, Jack and his father seemed to suddenly lose interest in being on the porch and had drifted into the house. Dennis remained where he was, off to the side just far enough he couldn't be seen if they looked towards his window, but he could still watch them.

He pumped his cock as his mother stroked his father. Now that he knew no one was watching next door, Dad had relaxed, laying back with one arm around mom, rubbing her back and playing with her hair and the other by his side as he watched her jerk him off.

Dennis had thought she was just going to tease for a moment, but her arm was moving faster and she was really going to town. Keeping his hand on his cock, he brought his phone back up and hit record again, he wanted to be able to watch this again.

He knew it should be awkward and flat out wrong to be watching them, but all he did was fantasize about her anyway so what was the big deal. It was a little odd seeing his father's cock, but it's not like he was getting off to that, just what his trashy mother was doing right out in broad daylight.

Dennis slowed his own stroking, now just teasing himself. He would get off as soon as he could watch this on his computer screen. He zoomed the phone close, watching her fingers pump his father's cock.

Mom rubbed her hand over the tip and used his pre cum to get his cock slick for her. As her hand now glided faster along his shaft, dad moved his hips, thrusting his cock into her grip. Mom slipped her other hand into his shorts, rubbing his balls while pumped him.

His hips moved faster and Dennis's heart raced in anticipation of seeing his father explode in his mother's hand. To his surprise, and pleasure, mom's face came into view and opening wide, she took Dad's cock into her mouth.

She bobbed her head rapidly, her eyes closed and dad's hips went wild, jerking up and down as he came in her mouth right there by the pool. Mom stopped moving her head and pumped his cock, jerking him into her mouth.

"Work for it, you slut," Dennis said quietly, "Suck down every fucking drop."

Mom's eyes opened and they rolled back in her head as she sucked down dad's load and his cock jumped in his hand. Mom eased her mouth from dad's cock, then gave it a playful kiss before tucking him back into his shorts.

She gave him a huge smile and kissed his cheek. She spoke briefly to him and he just nodded and smiled like he didn't have a care in the world. How could he after he'd just gotten jacked and sucked off? Dennis had to admit, it was easy to see why dad had taken her back, she was a goddamn freak, question was, was she only a freak for him these days?

Mom stood up and left his view. He heard the squeaky deck door open and close downstairs and stepping away from the window Dennis listened closely. He heard her coming up the stairs and tucked his cock into his pants in case she decided to knock and want to talk to him.

Her footsteps went past his room and down the hall. He waited a minute then opened his door and peered out into the hallway. He saw the bathroom door shut and heard the shower come on. Going by his mother's daily and oh so busy schedule, what would come next is a nap because she worked so hard hanging around the house swimming and shopping with dad's money.

Dennis closed his door and sat down at his desk and finding the video he'd just recorded e-mailed it to himself. He opened it up and as it began playing, sat back, opened his shorts and resumed stroking his already hard cock.

He watched the hand job close up, his dick throbbing while watching his mother casually jack off his father by the pool. A little unnerved by seeing his father, he didn't get fully into it until the part where he'd zoomed in on just her hand on his dick.

"Stroke it you little slut." I moaned while pumping my cock faster, "Jack that cock."

She smeared his father's pre cum around with her hand then resumed pumping his now slick cock harder. Dennis was breathing hard, his cock twitching in his hand while watching the one in hers. He slowed slightly, trying not to cum until the end.

It wasn't easy, nothing got him hotter than his mother and this was the first time he'd seen her 'in action' since he'd caught her cheating. He continued to stroke, his eyes focused on her hand, picturing it around him, her long red nails, her soft touch, the fact it was her.

He was breathing hard and so turned on, even going slow had him getting close. He paused, letting himself calm down, but still watched. His father's cock was thrusting through her sticky hand and he wished there was volume.

She had been talking softly the entire time and he'd love to hear the dirty things she was saying and promising. When her mouth came into view, engulfing his father's cock, Dennis sped up, pumping his cock hard and fast while she jerked dad off into her slutty mouth.

Her beautiful crystal blue eyes widened, then rolled back as she hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard for every precious drop of what Dennis imagined was her favorite treat.

"Take it you bitch, take every fucking drop, take it all!" He groaned and his cock exploded in his hand.

Dennis watched his cum spurt from his cock, squirting upwards, then landing on his bare stomach. No longer watching the video he thought of that load going in his mother's mouth, or better yet, her face.

Yeah, paint that whores face with a nice big load just like all the guys he bet she fucked behind dad's back did. Dennis kept pumping, emptying his balls and day dreaming it was his mother draining them.

When he had nothing left, he stared at the huge mess on his stomach and as always felt a wave of self-loathing. Not that he'd whacked off, but who he did it to. He glanced at the screen which had stopped on the image of his mother smiling at his father, his swollen cockhead inches from her face. Damn, to get that view...

Dennis grabbed the always present box of tissues from his desk and proceeded to wipe off his stomach while still fixated on his mother, thinking of her licking it clean, she probably would, the cum slut.

He came out of his lust induced fog at the sound of footsteps right outside his door. Leaning forward, he found the mouse and was just closing the screen when his door opened.

"Hey Dennis, dad wants to....oh, that's disgusting!"

Dennis had gotten the picture of his mother minimized just in time, but his now soft cock was still out and some of the mess still on his stomach.

She quickly turned and put her back to him and as he turned red and hurriedly wiped himself off he snapped.

"What the hell, Linda, you don't knock?" He snapped, carefully tucking himself back into his shorts and zipping up.

“I would have figured since you knew we were home you’d lock your door if you were going to jerk off.” She countered, “Or, God forbid wait until tonight when we’re sleeping.”

“Yeah, well thought you guys were by the pool.” He forced himself to eat some crow while grabbing a t-shirt and slipping it on, “My bad.”

She peeked over her shoulder and seeing him dressing, turned back around, “And I’ve told you before, I’m your mother, you don’t call me Linda.”

“My mother left over a year ago.” Dennis told her, “You’re just Linda now.”

“Dennis,” She pointed her finger at him, “Your father told you to knock that off months ago. I haven’t told him you still do it when he’s not here, but if you don’t stop, I will.”

“Bet you’d like that.” He smirked, “Payback for me ratting on you? Course what you did is what made you Linda to me.”

“I’ve said I was sorry a hundred times, Dennis.” She lowered her hand and her features softened, “And I am. But it was your father I hurt a lot more than you and he’s forgiven me.”

“Because he’s soft on you.” His smirk turned even nastier, “Well more like he’s hard for you. Dad took you back because you’re hot, Linda. He decided he missed having his hot little trophy wife on his arm.”

“That’s not the way to talk to your mother!” She became angry again and Dennis loved how her blue eyes flashed and her face flushed.

He loved that pissed off look and would love it even more if she were on her knees getting fucked by him when she had it. Wow, he was twisted, but who cared? She wasn’t worth treating any better.

“Act like one and we’ll talk about it.” He shook his head, “Let’s face it Linda, you can fool dad because he’s a sucker for you, but I know you came back because without dad you had to work and couldn’t live in a big house and go swimming and shopping all day.”

“How dare you!” She crossed her arms over her chest and he tried not to focus on the way it pushed her tits up into view in the loosely tied robe she wore.

The robe was short as well and he needed to force his eyes to stay up rather than check out her long legs.

“You’re a gold digger, mom,” He rolled his eyes, “I’m sure not back in the day, but that’s what you are now and you had the best of both worlds didn’t you? Dad keeping you from working and paying for everything and fucking your little boy toys on the side.”

“I’m going to...”

“What? Tell dad?” Dennis laughed, “Not like he doesn’t know, I didn’t want you back here, but it’s his house. He’s just thrilled to be getting laid again, that’s all you’re good for to him.”

“You little shit.” She whispered, “I can’t believe you talk to me like this! I said I was sorry! I made a mistake, I...your dad he just didn’t keep me happy and I should have...”

“Left. If you weren’t happy you should have left, it would have sucked, but I’d have been fine with that, instead you used dad, had your fun and with him too, gave him your sloppy seconds.”

“Dennis Thompson, you say one more thing to me like that and I think you’ll be the one looking for a place to live.”

“Oh, please!” He waved his hand, “I…”

“You’re twenty and could live on campus or get a roommate, you stay here to sponge off your father too. To have a pool to bring your trashy little coeds back here to impress, look my daddy has money, want to have sex with me?” She smiled, at the look on his face, “Yeah, works both ways doesn’t it?”

“I never hurt dad.” He pointed out “And I’m his son and can stay as long as I want. I’ll leave after college, you’ll be leeching off him forever.” He grunted, “Sucking off others too I’ll bet, then when you’re old and can’t get the boys anymore you’ll just settle in with dad.”

Mom looked like she was going to blow up, then stopped and Dennis wanted to roll his eyes when her eyes filled up and her lower lip trembled, here we go. Righteous indignation and the mom card were always followed by the water works.

“It hurts you think of me that way. You’re my son Dennis, you were always close to me before what happened.”

“Screwing a guy in my dad’s bed kind of changes things.” He told her, but had backed off on his tone a bit, even now she did have a way of getting him to feel bad to a certain extent.

“I know, but I can’t take it back, I can just move on.”

“Easy for you to move on, you did the screwing not the other way around.”

“I know.” She nodded a single tear rolling down each cheek

Credit where it was due, she was good. Good enough to win back dad. Little water works, lot of hot sex, yup old man didn’t have a chance. But the water works seemed fake to him and he was never going to get the benefit of what she was really good at.

“Then stop expecting me to be your little boy.” He told her. “You got dad wrapped because you fuck him. You can’t play me though.” But he’d like her to.

“That hurts, you see me as a whore, Dennis it really does.” He was going to say something else snarky, but she put her hand up.

“Reason I came in was I was getting ready to shower and dad called me and told me to come tell you he wants us all to go out to Capital Grill for dinner seeing he’s leaving tomorrow morning.”

“That overpriced place? Ugh, big bucks and little food and what the hell is most of that stuff?” He scrunched his face up in disgust.

She gave him a smile, a real one, one that touched those amazing blue eyes and at times like this he had to admit she wasn’t just hot, she was beautiful.

“I feel the same way, I’d rather have a spinach pie and a slice of pizza from Caserta’s, but it’s what he wants and he’s leaving for a week so let’s make him happy.”

He had to hold back a remark about how she had just made him happy, but instead decided to cave and nodded, “Fine, I’ll get dressed, but man, Caserta’s pizza sounds damn good.”

“Then how about we go for lunch one day this week?”

“Um, I’ll see what my schedule is.” He lied, he could go, but why would he want to. Then again he planned on watching her like a hawk.

“”Okay, well...”

“No, actually Wednesday would work.” He quickly cut her off, one less chance for her to step out.

“Great, it’s a date.” She gave him another big smile and turned to leave the room.

Dennis watched the supple backs of her thighs beneath the short robe along with the sway of her hips and almost got caught gawking when she reached the door and turned around quickly.

“Oh, one thing, Dennis.”

“What’s that?”

“For God’s sake lock the door if you’re going to jerk off, or better yet how about you find a girl to actually have sex with? So worried about what I’m doing, you’re not doing anything or anyone.”

She turned and left the room without another word and he stood there fuming.

“What a goddamn bitch.” He muttered.

Man there were times mother or not he hated her. But on the other hand, god did he want her.

## Chapter Two

Dennis stared up at the ceiling, wishing to hell he could fall asleep. They’d gotten home from a late dinner over three hours ago. He’d done a couple hours of homework and then gone to bed where he’d been awake for the last hour.

Dinner had been tough. It was hard for him to sit there and smile while his father looked like a love struck puppy with his mother. Good old ‘Linda’ had continued doing what she’d always done, dressed like a sexed up call girl.

The red skin tight short as hell blood red dress along with those five inch fuck me stiletto heels with the straps that wound around the ankles, was the definition of his mixed emotions. Part of him was pissed and appalled she dressed like that.

She really did look like a damn hooker, especially with her long black hair teased out and her slut red lipstick. It made it look like either his father was paying her or-and closer to the truth-she was just a classless tramp who always had to show herself off.

But the dress also brought about that sick frustration and desire for her. Christ, she looked good! Her tits looked like they were ready to pop out of the low cut painted dress and her long legs were visible up to her mid thigh.

The fuck me shoes made them seem even longer and added to their shape. Mom went to the bathroom twice and each time his eyes followed her ass and so did the eyes of any guy that she walked past.

It was tight enough to show off the fact that...there was nothing to show off. Either she was wearing the most minimal thong there was or she might be butt ass naked under there, which he would not put past her.

He'd spent two hours sitting there with his cock in various states of arousal and had even gone the lame route of dropping a couple things to glance under the table in hopes of getting a look up the short dress.

He hadn't gotten the up skirt he'd hoped for, but instead the second time caught her hand in her father's crotch, rubbing him under the table. Making it even worse was she didn't stop even though she knew he was under there grabbing his fork.

When he'd sat back up, she had looked at him and winked. She not only knew he'd seen her, but was taunting him. Dennis knew she wasn't teasing him in the sense she thought he would want her-if she ever figured that out his life would be hell-but showing him she had dad wrapped and just the way he suspected, with sex.

On the upside it would be a less annoying week with his father gone. At least 'Linda' wouldn't be acting like a love struck teenager and he never listened to her anymore when his father wasn't around so she couldn't really give him a hard time.

Question was would she be giving anyone else a hard time? Dennis was seriously considering lying about his schedule and maybe even cutting a couple classes to spy on her a little, but no way he could follow her all the time, if the slut was going to cheat, he doubted he'd catch her.

Dennis yawned, but knew he wasn't going to fall asleep yet. He closed his eyes anyway and letting his mind drift recalled the fateful night he'd caught his mother cheating. The night that had both initially ruined his parent's marriage, but also gave birth to his incestuous urges.

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“Huh, who’s that?” Dennis asked aloud as he turned the corner and saw a black car pull sitting behind his mother’s in the driveway.

.He slowed down as he approached the house and killed his headlights. He had an odd feeling about the car and was unsure why. His father had left today for a weeklong trip for work and odds are mom had a friend over to watch some chick flicks or an American Idol marathon.

But none of her friends drove what he guessed to be a 2012 or so mustang that’s for sure. Adding to his unease was the fact he wasn’t supposed to be coming home. He had planned on spending the night at Tom’s and playing the new call of duty on line and not coming home until tomorrow afternoon.

He was supposed to head over at six, but had gotten sidetracked and was running late. Mom practically harassed him to get out of the house after she had gotten out of the shower and realized he was home.

She hadn’t even gotten dressed and was still in her robe when she got him moving. The last few weeks Dennis had begun to suspect something wasn’t right. As much as hated to think it, he was starting to wonder if his mother was stepping out.

She left the house several times during the week, always when dad was in work and always dressed pretty damn hot, like she was going to a club. She insisted she was meeting friends for drinks and lunch and fact was she always dressed on the revealing side, but not like that.

“Seeing ghosts.” He muttered, parking in front of the neighbor’s house. That’s what his father always said when people got themselves worked up about things they had no real proof of.

He hoped he was and he’d never thought it until a couple weeks ago, but this car being here had his mind racing. Dennis approached the house and was just getting ready to head up the walkway when the living room light went off.

He quickly past the front of the house and going around the side saw the hallway light come on through the dining room window. Going up to it he peered in through the few inches of open window beneath the blind. He saw his mother standing there in a black skirt and nothing else!

“Whoa.” He whispered, his eyes widening.

It was dark and there was no light on in the living room so he doubted his mother could see him near the window, but he could see her just fine. In the back of his mind he knew mom and tits weren’t words that should be used together, let alone should he stare at them, but for some reason he couldn’t look away.

Because of how she dressed-and his friends jokes about it- he’d always been aware his mother had an impressive chest, but actually seeing them? Mom’s tits weren’t what he’d call huge, but they were pretty damn big and not just perfectly rounded, but sitting pretty high for her age.

Her nipples were a rosy red and even from a distance he could see they were hard. Mom was facing down the hallway and cupping her tits shook them up and down, showing them off. She was smiling away and still cupping them, ran her thumbs around her nipples.

Dennis could feel his heart racing and his face flushing even though the night was pleasantly cool for June. His eyes were glued to her tits, especially her red nails teasing her swollen nipples. To his chagrin, he felt his cock swelling in his pants. Jesus, you perv, get away from the window!

He did manage to get his eyes from her tits, but they went down to the extremely short tight black skirt she wore wandered down her long legs to where her feet were incased in the highest pair of black heels he'd ever seen.

But he remained there and his breath caught when she spoke,

“These what you want baby? These the tits you want to suck on?” She winked, “Maybe I’ll let you fuck then if you’re a good boy.”

She released her tits and beckoning with her finger walked backwards out of his sight. A moment later a tall kid who didn’t look like he was more than a couple of years older than him came into view. He had dirty blond hair and was smiling like the cat that ate the canary as he followed his mother.

He was shirtless and Dennis couldn’t help but notice pretty damn ripped, his arms bulging and his stomach looked like you could crack a damn walnut from it. He also went out of sight and glancing down the side of the house, Dennis saw the light in his parent’s bedroom go on.

Another light went on with it, one in his mind; his mother was cheating on his father! What the hell should he do? Call him now? If he did would he even believe him? Dennis had brought it up a couple weeks ago asking his father if he thought mom was loyal and he’d flipped out on him.

Dad would probably tell him he was full of shit or even if he considered it, once he talked to mom and she denied it, he’d take her side because he wouldn’t want Dennis to be right. His phone whistled on his hip, telling him he had a text.

That’s what he would do, if the bedroom was open a few inches like it usually was on a nice night, he’d peek in and get a couple of pictures. Better yet he could record a couple minutes of what was happening. Dad would have no choice but to believe him.

Dennis made his way down to the corner of the house where their bedroom was and he nodded in satisfaction when he saw the window was open and the blinds were up a few inches to let the cool air in.

He cautiously crept up to the window, and crouching low enough to see in, paused to set his on record and hold it up in front of him, using it to view the bedroom. What he saw caused his eyes to widen.

The guy was now only in his boxers and sitting on the side of the bed. His mother was straddling his legs and had her arms wrapped around his next as he sucked on her tit. The foot of the bed was facing Dennis and with them on the side of it, he could see everything.

Even though the view he had was plenty good enough to for proof, Dennis tapped the screen zooming it in. From only about a dozen feet away, it gave him one hell of a view. He watched the guy suck each of her nipples in turn, fondling the other while he did.

He was holding her tits up and she had her head back, her long dark hair flowing over the smooth tanned skin of her back. Mom was moaning and the sound sent a strange shiver through him.

“Hmm Jack you’re a bad boy, look at you sucking my titties.” She groaned, running her fingers through his hair, “What if your mom found out you were fucking one of her friends?”

“What if your husband found out you were fucking a guy your kid’s age?”

“Oh, please.” She laughed, “My son’s a year younger than you! And what my husband doesn’t know will keep me very happy!”

Her hand dropped into his lap, rubbing the large bulge there, “Speaking of happy, baby, you seem pretty happy to see me right now!”

“Always happy to see you, Linda.” He told her, then resumed sucking her tits while his arms encircled her waist.

She took his face in her hands and bringing it up, kissed him. He pulled her too him, her big tits pressing between them as they kissed. They were moaning and looked like they were trying to devour each other’s mouths as their tongues waged war between their lips.

His hands went lower, cupping mom’s ass and Dennis noticed her hips rocking along his muscular thigh, grinding her pussy on him. Her pussy? Slow your roll Dennis this is your damn mother!

Mother or not, his heart skipped a beat when she slid off Jack’s leg and stepping back, put her back to him. She reached behind and slowly unzipped her skirt for him. Enough, Dennis, you have her on this kids lap with him sucking her tits, walk away.

But instead he watched, holding his breath as she grabbed the skirt and pushed it down her hips. With a sexy little shimmy she worked it down her legs and let it fall to the floor. Mom then turned around, presenting her ass to Jack and Dennis’s mouth went dry.

The black thong beneath the skirt was little more than dental floss between her ass cheeks and goddamn was her ass firm and tight looking. She bent over and gave it a playful shake and yelped when Jack leaned over and gave her a smack on her ass.

Dennis’s cock twitched at the sound of both the slap and her sexy little yip. He tried telling himself to get out of there again, but knew there was no chance of leaving just yet because mom had just hooked her fingers into her thong and was easing it down.

With teasing slowness, she pushed the strings down over her hips and thighs until it was down below her ass. She bent over to pull it down the rest of the way, leaving both Jack and Dennis staring at her pink slit framed beautifully by her thighs and ass.

“Goddamn.” He whispered into the night air, his hand straying to his crotch.

Mom turned back around to face Jack and pointed, “Your turn, baby, show your mother’s slutty friend what she’s been dying to taste since last week.”

Last week? He’d been right, mom had been fooling around before tonight and he doubted ‘last week’ was her first time. In front of him, Jack had stood up and unsnapping his jeans pulled both them and his underwear down.

His cock sprang free and before he could get his pants from around his feet mom pushed him onto his back on the bed, dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth. Jack moaned and Dennis came close to releasing a surprised gasp while he watched his mother sucking Jack's cock which he couldn't help but notice was pretty damn big.

She was moaning and her blue eyes were locked onto Jack as she bobbed her head, taking him deeper between her slut red lips with each movement. Dennis grabbed his own hard cock through his jeans when she reached the base and made a wet gurgling sound.

Mom shook her head back and forth and Jack moaned louder as she swirled him around in her mouth. Mom released him with a loud sucking sound and shocked Dennis by spitting on Jack's cock.

She pumped it in her fist, getting him even wetter, then spit on his again, but this time took him into her mouth, noisily slurping up the mess.

"Oh, fuck, you can suck cock, Linda!" Jack pushed himself into a sitting position and grabbing her long hair wrapped it around his hands so he could watch her work his dick with her hot mouth.

Dennis certainly didn't mind the move because it was giving him one hell of a show through the phone. The view was so good he could see mom letting spit and pre cum drool from the corners of her mouth then suck it right back up when she took him deep.

She was bobbing her head faster than before and her hands were on Jack's thighs, showing off by giving him a hands free blow job.

"Yeah, baby?" She asked, spit flying from her mouth and down her chin when she released him, "I suck better than the little girls your age?"

"Hell yeah."

"That's good because this hard young cock is so much better than guys my age." She sat up higher on her knees and wrapping her tits around his cock smiled, "Didn't I tell you, you could fuck them if you were a good boy?"

Jack thrust his hips, pushing his cock through her tits, and lowering her head, Mom flicked her tongue across his swollen purple tip each time his cock came through from between her gorgeous tits.

Jack moaned each time she did and lifted his hips, trying to push it into her mouth. Mom obliged him, opening wide and letting him push the head between her lips each time. Releasing her tits she grabbed his cock and took him into her mouth once more.

This time as she sucked she used her hand as well, jerking him while she clew him, her other hand cupped his balls and Jack was now moaning like an idiot, but Dennis didn't blame him, he figured he'd be moaning just like that if he was getting sucked like that.

By his mother followed that thought and he cringed at it, but yet he was rubbing his fully erect cock while he soot outside the window like a fucking pervert watching his mother blow a guy that was not his father.

Mom stopped moving her head and as if taking a cue, Jack thrust his hips and began fucking her mouth. Mom was making wet sloppy gagging sounds as he did and spit and pre cum were oozing down her chin and her eyes were watering from how hard he was fucking her mouth.

She was now moving her head, bringing it down when he thrust upwards and letting his cock plunge deep down her throat. She was working Jack's cock like a damn porn star and his mans were continuous and his hips thrusting wildly.

"Hmm!" Mom encouraged loudly and began stroking him again as he plundered her mouth. Jack cried out and mom made a high pitched sound of delight around his cock.

Jack's hips jerked and he was moaning and whimpering and mom was sucking so hard her cheeks were hollowing as she pumped his cock hard and fast. Jack moaned and fell back onto the bed, breathing hard.

Between his legs mom eased her mouth from him then looking jack in the eye opened her mouth and let cum spill from it, thick globs of it sliding down his twitching cock. With a nasty smile, mom began licking him clean and Dennis thought his own cock was going to pop in his pants.

Mom got up and stretching out on the bed tapped Jack and laughed, "My turn!"

Jack groaned and rolling over slid down on the floor. Mom put her feet up on his shoulders and sighed when Jack buried his head between her thighs. Dennis couldn't see him licking her pussy, but he could sure as hell watch his mother while he did.

Mom was playing with her tits, fondling them and pulling on her nipples. Her eyes were closed and her lips parted, her long black hair fanned out on the white sheets, damn she was fucking hot!

He had no idea what the hell was wrong with him, but he was starting to sweat despite the night not being that warm and he was trying to ignore the fact his hand was on his aching cock. Mom was rocking her hips and sliding her feet up and down Jack's back and shoulders, moaning and urging him to lick her faster and get her off quick because they had all night.

All night because he wasn't supposed to be here.

All night...it dawned on him he'd been taping for a while and when he showed this to his father he'd ask why the hell he'd stayed there so long. He was wondering the same thing as he stopped the record feature.

He remained looking through the camera's zoom feature and his cock strained to burst from his pants when mom through her head back and released a loud wail. She clamped her legs around Jack's head and bucked her hips wildly.

She squealed and moaned, while tugging on her nipples and grinding her pussy in Jack's face. When she groaned and slumped back on the bed, Jack stood up between her legs, his cock once again hard and grabbing her legs, pushed them back and slammed into her.

Mom howled as Jack fucked her hard and fast, slamming her so hard her amazing tits were bouncing wildly. Dennis heard a soft sound and looked down to see he had just unzipped himself.

Staring at his hand like it had a mind of its own he reached into his pants and grabbing his throbbing dick pumped it while still holding the camera to the window. Jack was pounding away on his mother and she was loving every minute of it.

She said something Dennis couldn't catch as his focus was now split between the phone and jerking himself off. Mom rolled over onto her hands and knees and backed up to the edge of the bed. Jack grabbed her hips and slammed himself deep inside her.

She squealed as he began pounding her doggy style and realizing he needed something to show dad figured this would be it. He used his thumb to hit record while still stroking himself. God was this an all-time low standing outside his own house watching his mother have sex and getting off to it.

Jack was going to town, hammering away on her Mom was wailing like a banshee, her mouth wide open and eyes bulging. She was sweating and strands of her dark hair were stuck to the side of her face and her sweat slicked back.

She was rocking backwards, slamming her fine ass back into his thrusting cock. The air was full of the sound of flesh pounding flesh and his balls were tightening as he pumped his cock as fast as they were fucking.

Mom was moaning something about just giving it to her and they'd go slow later. Jack was sweating and grunting and driving his hips forward so hard if he wasn't holding Mom's hips she might have been pushed off the bed.

He moaned and Mom yelled, "You know where I want it!"

She rolled onto her back and leaning over, Jack released his cock, sending a long spurt of cum onto her tits. It splattered on her right nipple and Jack proceeded to move his cock back and forth, spraying both her incredible tits.

Dennis released a low groan that fortunately couldn't be heard over their moaning and his cock erupted in his hand, squirting his cum all over the side of the house, beneath the window. Jack had finished coming all over her tits and with a sigh stepped back and picking up a towel from a chair next to the bed handed it to her.

Mom sat up, wiping at her tits and laughed, "Goddamn, I needed that! How about we take a little nap, then when we wake up we'll fool around in the shower?"

"Damn, your hot, Linda." Jack replied flopping down on the bed, "Man would my mom shit, but it would be worth it!"

"No for me." Mom giggled and laid back on the bed, moaning softly as Jack rolled over and sucked on her nipple while she lay there, "But he'll never know."

Dad, right dad. Dennis shut the recorder off, glad he'd gotten that last part with her laughing about it. Slipping the phone in his shirt pocket, Dennis gingerly put his oozing cock back into his pants and winced at the sticky mess now against his stomach.

He slipped away from the window and going around the corner he sat on the back porch and took a couple minutes to calm down and decide what to do. He could call dad first and try to explain it or send the video of them fucking first.

He decided to send the video to avoid any argument at all, but meantime there was no way he could leave Jack here to fuck her some more. Dennis felt a wave of guilt, he should have snapped a few quick pics then barged in and sent Jack packing, instead he'd...what the hell did he do?

How did he get into that? What was wrong with him? Not only did he watch his mom fuck, but got turned on and she was cheating on his father? Christ he was an asshole! But he wouldn't have done that if she wasn't being a cheating fucking whore and right in dad's bed.

He felt a wave of anger at both himself and his mother and knew he had to make this right. He quickly checked the video to make sure he would send dad the quick one with them fucking and talking and naming it 'mom' saved it on his phone, then pulling up his e-mails sent it to his father.

Dennis then called his father, who picked up on the fourth ring and sounded half asleep.

"Dennis, everything okay?"

"dad, um, listen I..."

"What is it?" Dad asked quickly, picking up on how nervous he sounded.

"Okay, look, I was supposed to sleep over Tom's but I had to come home and uh...I'm not sure how to say this."

"Say what, Dennis? What's going on, your mom okay?"

"Oh, she's fine alright." He sighed, "Dad I sent you an e-mail with something attached to it."

"What is it?" His father sounded as nervous as he did now.

"Just watch it and when you're done, call mom because I'm going in the house and taking care of this now." He hung up despite hearing his father asking what the hell was going on.

Dennis went in quietly through the back door and moving quickly so he wouldn't lose his nerve walked down the hallway. The bedroom door was wide open and he could see Jack and mom laying on the bed, side by side, their hands idly fondling the others, body.

Stepping to the side of the door he reached around and hammered on it several times and when he heard Mom gasp and Jack say "What the fuck?" he swung into the room and yelled

"What the fuck is right! I don't know how you are, but you better get the fuck out of my house now!"

"Whoa!" Jack jumped out of the bed, his hands up and his dripping cock flopping around, "Hey listen, um, Dennis, I..."

"Get your clothes and get the fuck out before I go get my father's gun you piece of shit!" He shouted at him, he was bluffing he had no clue where the gun was, but wanted to scare Jack whom he was fairly certain could kick his ass.

"Hey, she invited me over!" He grabbed his pants and almost fell getting into them, "I don't want no shit over this!"

“Dennis!” He turned to look at mom who had pulled the sheet up over herself.

Her blue eyes were wide, a look of absolute panic on her face as he turned to look at her.

“And you!” he pointed to her, “How the hell could you do this?”

He turned around when he sensed movement, but saw it was Jack slipping his shoes on. With a quick look back at Mom he bolted out of the room and a moment later Dennis heard the front door, then the mustang roared into life.

He turned back to his mother and over the sound of tires squealing as Jack tore down the street, she pleaded, “Honey, listen to me! It’s...”

“Don’t honey me!” He snapped, “Ever again! And it’s what, mom? What is it?”

“H...Dennis, listen, I...” Her eyes were filling up and her lip trembling, “I know how bad this is, but you need to understand my side, I...”

“Bullshit!” He yelled at her, “There is no side for you except the wrong side!” he laughed nastily, “Or if you’re Jack, the front side, the back side!”

“Dennis please!”

“Please, what? I listened before I came in! I heard you say something about last week with Jack, you’ve been fucking that kid for how long?”

“Just a couple times, I swear!”

“Two times too many, but please. I bet your slutty ass has been banging guys before Jack.”

“Don’t talk to me like that! I’m your mother!” She sat up so quickly the sheet fell and because she was facing him, he turned his back right away.

Like he should have earlier.

“You’re not my mother, my mother would never fuck another guy, let alone a kid my age and do it in my dad’s bed!”

“Dennis, I am your mother and you need to let me try to explain this to you, there’s a reason, you’re dad, he just...well, you know doesn’t take care of me!”

“Try again!” he rolled his eyes, “I’ve heard you guys, you do it plenty, you just want more than him! You screw dad to keep him happy and keep you home on your lazy ass and spending his money, spending it on trashy dresses for your boyfriends, I’ll bet!”

“Dennis! Don’t you dare speak to me like that!”

“What are you going to do, tell dad?” He raised his eyebrows.

“No, I,” The look of fear was back in her eyes. “Dennis, please don’t tell your dad, please let’s talk first and then...”

“Too late.” He walked up to the bed standing next to the night stand. “I already told him.”

“You...you what?” She asked, her eyes wide.

“Yup,” He nodded and removing his phone from his pocket, brought up the video. “In fact, I went one better and showed him.”

Pressing play he showed her the phone, trying not to let the sounds of her yelping get to him as well as making sure his eyes stayed on her face and not her barely concealed breasts.

“Oh my god.” She whispered, “I...I can’t believe you sent him that.”

“I can’t believe you did this.” He stopped the phone.

“I don’t know what to say to him,” She said softly more to herself than him.

As of on cue her cell phone rang on the night stand and Dennis saw his father’s picture on the phone, picking it up he answered,

“Hey, dad, hold on a sec.”

With a nasty smirk he handed the phone to his mother

“Better think of something and make it a good one, Linda”

## Chapter Four

Dennis awoke with a start, blinking, he glanced at the clock and saw it was one am. He must have finally drifted off, he jumped at the sound of a soft knock and a second later his door opened and his father popped his head in.

“Hey, kid, you awake?”

“Am now.” He said, clearing his throat, “Everything okay, dad?”

“Pretty much, but I want to talk.” He closed the door behind him and coming over sat in the chair at his desk and spun it around to face Dennis.

“Now?”

“I want to talk to you alone and your mom is getting up early to make me breakfast before you take me to the airport.”

“Okay.” Dennis nodded, “What’s up?”

Dad frowned and ran his fingers through his thinning sandy brown hair. Dennis didn't prod him, his father always chose his words carefully when things were important, so he was used to it. Looking at his father was pretty much looking in a mirror, but a couple of decades down the line.

They shared the same hair color and deep brown eyes. Their build was similar in the sense they were both on the husky side, but Dennis right now was pretty solid as his father had been back in the day, but these days dad was getting a bit soft.

He wasn't soft earlier with mom jacking him off, but Dennis quickly buried that thought.

"Look, I'll just cut to the chase. This is the first time I've gone away since your mom came back and I...its bringing up bad memories."

"That's pretty normal." Dennis told him, "I still think about it."

"I know and I think maybe too much. You need to lighten up on her, Dennis. She's still your mom and she is sorry for what she did."

"Then why you worried?" Dennis pointed out.

"Because like you said it's normal, but do me a favor no more Linda crap okay? She's mom, got it."

Little tramp had ratted him out again.

"Okay, promise." Promise he'd try anyway. "Is that what you wanted, to tell me to behave?"

"Yes and no." He sighed, "Dennis I want you to try and keep an eye out for me. I know she said she was sorry and I believed her, but now, I'm just nervous and hopefully for nothing."

"She did do it before."

"Because we never...look, I didn't give her what she needed and it was no excuse on her end. But I've been a lot more uh, active with her so she should be happy."

"Dad, all you need to do to make mom happy is keep making enough money to keep her in clothes and by the pool." Dennis said, "That was a cop out, it wasn't about you, it was about her wanting to screw young guys."

"Watch your mouth Dennis." Dad warned. "I let you say all that before and I've heard it ever since she came back, getting old."

"But you're worried."

"I admit that, but hopefully again it's nothing, but if you see something like before you let me know."

"And what if I do?" He asked, "She begs and..."

"I told her when she came back, one more time and we're through and like before she won't get a dime from me because it was adultery. I won't be a fool twice."

“Got it.” Dennis felt better hearing him say it. “But I got school dad and a work a couple nights during the week.”

“I know. Do what you can.” Dad shrugged, “I thought about a private investigator to be honest with you, but then I would have felt terrible if she ever found out.”

Or what the investigator might find out, Dennis thought to himself.

“I’ll keep an eye out as much as I can, dad.” He told him.

“You see anything you call, okay?” He frowned, “Hopefully it won’t be like last time.”

Dennis knew his father was looking for him to say something supportive, tell him it would be fine and mom had changed. Instead he just gave him a weak smile and said.

“Hopefully.” He loved his father, but that was the best he could do.

“Well, I’m going to slip back into bed, I’ll see you in the morning. Thanks for getting up early to take me.”

“No worries, night dad.”

Dennis watched his father leave the room then slid back down on the bed and closed his eyes. A moment later they opened.

Private investigator.

Tom was in his third year of criminal investigation to be a PI.

Sitting up he grabbed his phone. Tom worked two overnight shifts a week as a security guard at the airport and tonight was one of them. Tom had been his best friend since fourth grade and was well aware of what his mother had done and how he felt about it.

Tom’s father had cheated on his mother and he was no fan of anyone that did that and fully agreed with Dennis not trusting mom since her return.

“Hey man, what’s up?” Tom answered, “Besides you for some reason.”

“Hey, got a minute?”

“Dude, I got all night, this place is a tomb between midnight and five. Everything cool?”

“I need a favor.” Dennis smiled into the phone, “But it’s kind of one for you too, gives you a chance to practice being sneaky for a living.”

“Keep talking, bro.” Tom laughed.

“My dad’s got that trip and he finally admitted he’s worried what my mother might do.”

“What or who?”

“Exactly.” Dennis agreed, “But I have classes and work, so I was wondering if maybe you could you know, get some experience for your future career.”

“Hell yeah, I’ll do that, but more as a favor to you and your dad.” He sounded excited, “And my folks just bought me this awesome new camera with night vision, I could try it out!” He paused, “Uh, would you want pictures or me just calling you?”

“Pictures.” He said quickly, thinking if she did anything and got the boot they’d be the last thing he could add to his collection of mom’s greatest hits.

“Okay, but I have to work another night this week and classes three days so I’ll do what I can.”

“Appreciate it, Tom.”

“Hey, anything to help you out and get a cheat what they deserve.”

“Thanks, and I’ll see soon, bringing my dad there for a five thirty flight, I’ll bring you coffee.”

“You’re the man!” Tom laughed and hung up.

Dennis put the phone down and smiled, between him and Tom they’d be bound to see something, if there really was something to see anyway. Now awake, he got up and locking his bedroom door, sat at his desk.

He went into his computer and found the folder marked “MXX” and opened it. In the folder were dozens of pictures he’d taken of his mother in various sexy ensembles. Her bikini’s, slutty little dresses, those painted on daisy duke shorts she wore and even one he’d grabbed through the window of her topless in just a red thong.

There were some short videos, mostly her by the pool swimming and cock teasing. Today’s masterpiece was in there, but the one he’d watched countless times was the one he went to now. The videos of her with Jack.

Making sure his volume was down, Dennis sat back, removed his already hard cock and pressed play, getting ready to jerk off yet again to his mother fucking and sucking all the while picturing himself in Jack’s place.

## Chapter Five

“Oh, come on! What the hell are you swinging at?” Dennis yelled at the TV while watching the Sox just squander yet another chance to score.

“Losers.” He muttered, grabbing the can of coke from the coffee table and chugging half of it.

“At it again, huh?” Mom came into the living room and he looked up at not just her words, but the sound of heels on the hardwood floor.

“Yeah, they suck.” He answered, keeping his voice neutral.

Mom had on a one piece purple sun dress, but it was low cut enough to show the top and inner half of her breasts. The hem was higher than her mid-thigh, way too short for a woman her age, or at least for a married woman going out without her husband.

The clicking was from a matching pair of heeled sandals featuring straps that wound up her leg to tie just under her knee. Her long dark hair was down and her face made up, her lips a deep shade of red. Her finger and toe nails were the same purple as the dress and all in all she had the look of dressed up to get messed up.

“Where you going all dolled up?” He asked.

“Meeting the girls for lunch. I’ll be home in a few hours.”

“Dressed like that?” He raised his eyebrows, “Who you trying to impress?”

“No one, Dennis.” She rolled her eyes. “I like to look good.”

“You mean you like others to think you look good.”

“Dennis, when you’re your age, it’s no big deal to look good, especially for the girls. When you get to be my age it’s not a given and I’m proud of how I’ve stayed in shape. I’ve worked hard to look like this.”

“Only hard work you’ve done.” He smirked.

“Whatever, Dennis, I don’t owe you an explanation, I do what I please, got that?”

“Oh, I know all about you doing what you want.”

“Done with this conversation.” She stalked past him and he stared at the way the dress hugged her ass. “I’ll see you later.”

“I’ll be here. Have fun with the girls.” He waved, but she didn’t look back as she stormed out of the house.

Dennis jumped up and slipping his shoes on, grabbed his keys off the table. He was going to give her a minute then follow her. The first three days dad was gone, she’d been home most of the time and when she’d gone out she was dressed to show off, but nothing like yesterday when she’d had on a red dress similar to the one today.

Yesterday he’d saw her while he was getting ready to head for work and had no way to follow her. He’d texted Tom, but had no response. But today he could try and see where she went. He went to the front door and peered out the small window, watching her back out of the driveway and head down the street.

He noted which way she turned and left the door, racing down the porch stairs and heading for his car when he heard a horn.

“Dennis wait up!”

He turned to see Tom had just pulled up in front of the house and was yelling out the drivers window to him. Even better, he would follow him with Tom, it would be easier in his car.

“Hey, let’s go! I think my mother’s going to...” He trailed off when Tom got out of the car and saw a manila envelope in his hand.

“Let her go wherever she’s going.” Tom when he walked up to him, “Everything you need is right here.”

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“I got these yesterday.” Tom said from where he’d flopped down on the couch. “I had the day off and decided to really get some practice and sat in my car down the street from your house from eight in the morning on.”

“Okay.” Dennis was trying not to be impatient.

His eyes were locked on the envelope. There could only be one thing in there. Proof his mother was still fucking around. Excited as he was the end of her playing and using dad would be over, he also had another, darker urge to see those pictures.

“I see her coming out in that goddamn party girl red dress and I follow her. She did go for lunch at a little restaurant over on the east side with a couple friends. I decided to stick it out and was glad I did.”

Every time the waiter brought over drinks she was flirting her ass off with him and I had the feeling it wasn’t the first time, they seemed to know each other.”

“Her friends leave and she goes and sits at the bar for an hour chatting away with the guy, then he disappears behind the bar and comes back out and leaves with her right behind him. He hops in his car and follows her to that shitty dive highway motor inn, the one where they rent those tiny little cabins instead of rooms?”

“Yeah, I took Lisa Wilson there after the prom.” Dennis admitted.

“Seriously? Hope you brought the Lysol.” Tom smirked, “Anyway, I was snapping away while she was flirting at the bar then got some pics of them walking into the little love shack together. Including a great one of him with his hand on her ass.”

“Oh, good.” He said trying not to sound disappointed that he wouldn’t get any personal satisfaction from the pics.

“But great thing about those little shit shacks is they have windows and theirs was open just enough.” He hefted the envelope “Got a few no doubters in here.”

“Let’s see them.” He put his hand out, noticing it was trembling, but Tom would figure he;d be nervous anyway.

“Right, well uh, just letting you know the bottom few? Well, um, you may not want to look, I mean this is your mom.”

“Okay.” He wanted to snap, just give them up, but nodded, “Appreciate it.”

He took the envelope and as he opened it asked, “Why didn’t you tell me yesterday? Now she’s back out again now and I’m sure with the same guy.”

“I had to get the pics printed first and honestly, I wanted to do this in person and you worked last night and so did I.” He grinned. “I was across the street since ten waiting for her to fucking leave or you to come outside.”

“Could have called.”

“I did dummy, you’re phones off.”

“Oh, shit.” Dennis pulled it out and saw, he’d never turned it back on after work last night.

He slid the stack of pictures out and looked at them one by one, putting them face down on the table when he was done.

“Wow, these are damn good.” He whistled, “Looks like you’re on top of them.”

“I was across the street, damn camera is something, man!” Tom laughed, “My first case!”

The first few pictures was his mother at a table with three other women. Dennis noted they were all attractive, but none dressed the way she was. The waiter was damn young, barely older than Dennis, apparently Jack was no fluke and his mother liked them young.

He was tall with dark hair and a five o clock shadow look. Tom’s pictures were so good there was one that caught them smiling at each other and he was right, it was obvious this wasn’t a first meeting.

There were more shots of mom at the bar, chatting away with the kid, at one point they were leaning so close they could have kissed each other. Dennis tried not to linger on her long legs in the short skirt as she had them crossed on the barstool and kept going.

Pictures of them by his mom’s car and one where they kissed before she got in. The next were them walking into the office of the hotel, then walking hand in hand towards the little cabin. He saw the one with the guys had on her ass as they entered the small one room building.

“Okay” Tom spoke up, “Next ones, are a little you know, inappropriate. But I...well I figured you want real proof right?”

Dennis grinned at him, “Tell you what Tom, if you had a little fun perving on my mother, I’ll let it go, consider it your payment.”

“Yeah, well, shit man she is hot.” Tom whistled, “Always told you that.”

“You keep a set to whack off to?” Dennis smirked, knowing full well if the next pics were good he would be doing it.

“That...wouldn’t be professional.” Tom said with a straight face, then laughed, “Course I’m still an amateur.”

“Whatever, I just don’t need to hear about it.” He then pointed to him, “I just better see them on some damn porn site or anything.”

“Hell know, that wouldn’t be cool to you or your dad.” Tom looked offended, “Come on, man, I’m not that bad.”

“Sorry.” Dennis shrugged, “It’s not like she wouldn’t deserve it, but you’re right, my dad would get upset.”

“You too, no?”

“At this point I could care less about good old slutty soon to be divorced once and for all Linda.”

For a moment his mind was filled with that idea. Posting pictures of his mother on some milf porn site. Uploading the video of her and Jack, hundreds, maybe thousands of guys blowing loads to her. It would be a huge turn on, but he wouldn’t do that to his dad.

He flipped to the next picture. “Jesus.” He said, then hoped to hell Tom thought he meant it in surprise, not admiration.

The guy was on the bed, laying there in just his underwear and mom was now just in a tiny red lace bra. The lace was transparent and he could see her nipples through it. The red thong was as tiny as the bra with a similar patch of lace, the shadow of her pussy visible behind it.

She was holding her hair up, her hips out, posing for him, her tongue running across her red lips.

“Yeah, that’s what I said, she is smoking.” He pointed, “That’s the last one you should look at, seriously.”

Dennis flipped it over and froze at the sight of his now topless mother leaning over the guy who was now naked, his cock hard and pointing straight up at her open mouth as she held it teasingly over his swollen tip.

Her tongue was out, less than an inch from his hard flesh and Dennis forced himself to quickly flip the rest of the pictures over on top of the stack.

“Goddamn!” He hoped he sounded appalled, “You weren’t fucking kidding.” He gave a mock shudder, “I should have listened, damn.”

“Like I said no doubters and the rest are worse so don’t look.” He lowered his head, “I admit I watched more than I should have, sorry.”

“Don’t be,” He’d be looking plenty very soon. “She’s not your mom.” His voice hardened, “Not mine either anymore. Should call these pictures Linda’s last free ride.”

“Yeah, man I feel bad for your old man. You’re going to tell him, right?”

“Of course, why wouldn’t I?”

“I don’t know. She does make him happy and some people think ignorance is bliss.” Tom frowned, “You know some guys pretend they don’t know and sort of like it.”

“That isn’t my dad.” Nope, it was his son who liked it, “He needs to know.”

“Okay well, keep my name out of it if you can? It would be more embarrassing for him if he knew I saw this,”

“Good point.” Dennis agreed, “So don’t say anything to him.”

“No way. But if she’s still here in a week I guess I know I might be right.” He got up. “Gotta go, let me know how things turn out.”

“Thanks Tom.” Dennis got up and shook his hand as they walked towards the door. “Wish I could pay you something.”

“You did.” He smirked, “I have a set of Linda’s final ride, remember?” he grunted, then laughed when Dennis gave him a playful punch in the arm.

“Get out of here perv.”

Tom waved as Dennis closed the door behind him, then all but ran back over to the table and grabbed the pictures. He started at the beginning so he wouldn’t miss a good one and got to the one of mom preparing to suck the waiter’s cock.

The next one was her with her mouthful, she had him down to his damn balls. The window must have been behind the bed because her blue eyes staring straight at the camera.

“Slut.” He whispered, even though his hand was already on his cock.

Jack must have simply watched and snapped random pictures, but the next one was a keeper. His mother smiling away with an entire face full of cum. It was all over her cheeks, her chin and dripping out of her open mouth onto her tits.

The next picture was his mother straddling the guys face, riding him as he licked her pussy. She was holding her tits and looking down at him, smiling. Next, she was still on top, but had slid back, now riding his cock.

Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, a look of pure lust on her face as the waiter had one hand on her right tit and the other was between her legs, playing with her clit.

The last two pictures was her getting fucked, one on her back with her legs up, her feet on the guy’s shoulders. The last was her being pounded doggy and facing the camera, her eyes bulging and her mouth wide open.

The guy had a handful of her hair, pulling her head back as he went to town and he could just imagine her squealing and yelping as he gave it to her. Credit where it was due, the pictures were crystal clear and close up, not just indisputable proof, but he’d enjoy these.

In fact seeing good ole slut Linda was probably on her way to enjoy some more of her waiter friend, Dennis figured he’d go upstairs and christen his new collection.

## Chapter Six

For the tenth time in the last half hour Dennis told himself to e-mail his father. After he had released his frustration so to speak to the new sex pics of his mother, he had scanned them to his computer.

They made quite the addition, and the last one, to his collection of Linda's greatest hits and he looked forward to the best of both worlds. Jacking off to the pics, but not putting up with her. But if that were the case, why hadn't he e-mailed dad yet, then called like last time?

For some reason he wasn't as pissed as last time. Maybe because he expected it, or that it had happened before. But he found himself wondering if the last time his rage hadn't been driven by his own unexpected reaction as much as her cheating.

He still felt twinges of self-loathing when he got off to her, but it was a lot easier these days. Oddly enough, Dennis was beginning to think of how he would miss her. No more ogling her by the pool or seeing her dressed to kill, no more teasing her which he enjoyed more than he should.

But this was about his dad anyway more than him and he needed to know. Or did he? Tom had made a weird point earlier. Dad was totally happy with mom, she was sweet to him, looked damn hot and he seemed to enjoy that and it wasn't like she wasn't fucking him, hell she'd blown him by the damn pool a few days ago.

Dad's only issue was could he trust her. If Dennis had nothing to report this week, dad would relax and be fine. Was ignorance bliss? Was his dad happier with her than without her? Even though she'd been gone a year he had never filed for divorce, just spent the time apart.

He heard a car door and leaned over to look out his window. Mom was walking up to the house swinging her purse and whistling away, little fucking tramp. Coming home all happy after taking a load to her face and who knows where else from some punk kid. Probably yesterday too.

Dennis looked at his phone again, what he was waiting for? He heard the door then footsteps on the stairs. With a start he realized he still had the picture of mom with the load on her face on his computer.

He jumped off his bed and ran over to the desk and was just shutting it down when, as she had before, Mom opened the door without knocking and peeked in.

"Hey, Dennis, did you eat?"

He knew she did, that was for sure, eat and eaten.

"Lunch, but not supper yet." He replied, "All that time for lunch for you?"

"Oh, we went and did some shopping, had a nice girls days."

“Yeah?” He was going to make a crack and ask about how service was at lunch, but instead said, “That’s nice.”

“It was. Hey you want some Chinese? I’ll call Best Taste, they deliver.”

And so do you. But he smiled, “That sounds great, I’ll have the General Tsao, extra spicy.”

“Better stay on your side of the couch after that.” She laughed, “Okay I’ll call it in.”

She left his room and he wondered why he hadn’t laid into her. He had her dead to rights. He looked at the envelope on his desk and realized he was lucky she hadn’t seen it and asked about it.

He heard her speaking from her room ordering food, then heading into the shower to wash her boy toy off her. He leaned back in his chair and shrugged. No reason he had to do it right away. He could call dad late tonight or in the morning.

Meantime he’d do what she had done to dad and him for the last few months, just play nice and pick his spot. In fact maybe he would wait and see if she tried to go out again tomorrow and tell her then, tell her before dad, really make her sweat.

Sweat and beg. Last time there was nothing she could say, he had already told her dad knew. This time though he’d tell her he hadn’t sent proof yet. Oh, she would plead and plead and whine and beg.

The thought of her wide eyed, her lip out, and that scared look on her face and saying “Please Dennis, oh please!” was a pleasant one. So pleasant his cock was swelling even though he’d just gotten off.

Yup, he would wipe that sneaky smile and snotty look off his mother’s face once and for all.

## Chapter Seven

Dennis sat on the couch in the living room, his heart pounding in anticipation. He was supposed to be in class today, but skipped them. Last night over dinner, mom had mentioned going out again today.

She was going out for lunch with another ‘friend’ and had played along, asking who and where they were going. Mom had answered the same café Tom had seen her at so she had unwittingly let him know she was going back for more of her favorite waiter.

When Mom saw him this morning, heading into the shower at ten, when she usually woke up, he’d told her he wasn’t feeling too well. She’d feigned concern, but he could tell there was something else behind those blue eyes.

She was worried and little did she know, she had a very right to be. But not nervous enough to stop her from doing what she wanted. An hour ago, he’d heard her get into the shower and for the last few minutes he heard her walking around upstairs in some type of high heel.

He glanced over at the folder he'd put yesterday's pictures in. Deciding to go for an extra effect, he placed the one with her face dripping cum on top. He couldn't wait for her to see that one. Under he put the best shot of the waiter banging her from behind.

He smiled at the idea dad had called her earlier and he heard her chatting away like nothing was wrong. Little tramp was so sure she was having her cake and eating it too. Dad had called him as well and he'd felt bad saying everything was going fine, especially when he specifically asked about mom.

He'd said as far as he knew she was where she said she was going to be, technically not a lie, she had been going for lunch, he'd left out what dessert was.

Dennis jumped and his stomach tightened when he heard her coming down the stairs. Her legs, those sinfully long and way to fine legs, came into view first, her feet encased in a black version of yesterday's sexy strappy sandals.

A lot of leg was visible before the hem of her black skirt came into view and her top was a slinky sleeveless black blouse that wasn't just tight, but short enough to leave some of her flat tanned stomach visible.

As always the top of her equally tan tits were showing and the rest close to popping out. Her lustrous dark hair was down and teased out and her lipstick slut red, the new color of her fingers and toes, that she must have painted last night.

Goddamn, mom or not, she was so fucking hot. The fact he knew she wasn't all show no go, made her even hotter, she was as wild as she looked. That shouldn't excite him, but it did. Speaking of excited, even though all he was going to do was tell her she was through here, his cock was throbbing in his pants.

"Hey, hon, I'm going to get going. There's left over from last night in the fridge and plenty of sandwich stuff if you get hungry." She blew him a kiss, "Hope you feel better."

"Feeling better already." He said more to himself than her.

Mom headed into the dining room where she had left her purse on the table and he followed her into it.

"Hold on a sec." He told her, pulling the folder from behind his back and placing it on the table. "I need you to sign something for me for school."

"Oh." She frowned, "You're home and need something signed, you get in trouble, Dennis?"

"There." He paused to keep from sounding excited, "Might be some trouble involved."

"Oh, honey, what did you do?"

"Better you see for yourself."

She sighed and stepping up to the table, opened the folder.

"Oh my fucking god!" She shouted, stepping back as if the picture had bit her.

“No,” Dennis leaned over and flipped the pic to the side to show the one of her getting it doggy. “I think that’s the ‘oh my fucking god’ face.”

“I...oh, no, no, no!” Mom had her hands to her face, her eyes wide and staring at him in shock, “You...followed me!”

“Yeah I did.” He took the chance to keep Tom out of it. “Been waiting for just the right time, figured now is just fine.”

“But...that was two days ago.”

“I know, I figured I’d see if it was a onetime thing, but yesterday and you were running back out for more today.” He had gambled on yesterday had been the same deal and she wasn’t denying it.

“But,” She took a shuddering breath and he saw her hands were shaking.

Her tits were heaving with her excited breathing and he was having a hard time not staring at them. The big scared eyes were there, but the lips and tears were yet to start.

“But what Linda?” he laughed, “Only butt I see here is yours, right up in the air where it usually is.”

Stepping forward she closed the folder, “You shouldn’t be looking at those! I’m your mother!”

“You shouldn’t be in those!” He yelled at her, “Don’t put this on me you cheating whore!”

“Your...” She shook her head in confusion, “Your father just talked to me this morning, he was fine and...” She swallowed nervously and looked at him, “You haven’t told him yet.”

“Nope, wanted to show you first,” He spread his hands, “This time I want you to know in advance I’m sending these to him.”

“Dennis.” She reached out to him, but he stepped back.

“Dennis nothing, better stop packing Linda and maybe start looking for a job or some other guy with money to fuck, your free ride here’s long gone.”

“But this will hurt your father!” She kept trying, “He loves me and he’s happy with me! You want to ruin that?”

“Me? Goddamn, you’re something!” He shouted at her, “You’re the one fucking cheating! You’ll hurt him, not me, just like before! You knew you hurt him and you’re still doing it!”

“But he doesn’t know!” She said it as if it she really thought that mattered. “And I don’t do anything with his friends or where people know me, I always go places we’ve never been and...”

“What’s wrong with you? How the hell can you make this sound like its okay?” Dennis demanded.

“Ignorance is bliss.” She said it casually, but Dennis was struck by Tom’s identical words. “He doesn’t know and I do love him and he loves me and I am very good to him, Dennis.” She sighed.

“As good as he lets me be because your dad just doesn’t...” She left off and stood there looking at him.

She was working the demure angle, head down, lip out, tear filled blue eyes looking up through her lashes.

“Doesn’t what? Fuck you as much as you want?”

This wasn’t anything he needed to know, he should be putting his back to her and heading off to call dad. But that obsessed side of him wanted her to say something, anything, about sex, just here her say it, especially in the meek tone she was trying to play him with.

“No, he doesn’t.” She raised her head and met his eyes. “You’re twenty Dennis, I’ll give you the truth. Your dad and I have what most would say is a decent sex life. But it’s not enough for me.”

“Obviously.” He tapped the folder. He’d rather open it and make her see the pic again. but she was his mother, he wasn’t supposed to ever want to see her like that.

“It was when we were younger and he was more into it. But now? He’ll have sex, but he won’t really fuck me. He won’t give it to me the way I need it. Hard and fast and even a little rough, but mostly I love it dirty.”

“Okay, I get it.” He waved his hand at her, but in reality he didn’t want her to stop, he wanted to hear her talk about herself like this.

“Your father says it’s wrong to treat me like that, even if I say I love it. I want to be his whore, his little slut, but he won’t let me, but I need to be that way sometimes.” She shrugged,

“And what can I say? I’m into young men, I love how they fuck and a guy my age wants an affair, all I want is sex and those kids are happy to give me just that.”

“Well, you’re right about one thing, you’re a slut alright and dad’s going to find out.”

“Dennis, please! He’s happy and I’m happy and part of why we’re happy is I’m getting what I need and not bothering him and he...”

“Tell you what, if dad decides having you around is worth knowing he’s getting some punks sloppy seconds then that’s between you two, but he should be able to make the choice, not just go around getting used.”

He slid his phone from his pocket, “Going to call him right now, so like I said, better start packing all your slutty little dresses and shoes.”

“Please don’t!” Mom lost all pretense of trying to stay calm and use her twisted logic on him.

“Please honey, please don’t tell your dad! I...I’ll be good I promise!”

“Good? As in a good lay for your next boy toy? This is the second time, you’re not going to change and now you can fuck all the young guys you want.” He smirked, “Course they have no money, so you’ll have to get an old one to pay for you.”

“Dennis please! I’m your mom! Don’t do this to me! Don’t do this to your dad, or all of us! Please!”

“Too late.” Dennis was done with it, it was fun hearing her beg, but he couldn’t play this up any longer, time to do the right thing. “Calling dad now and...”

He stopped when she dropped to her knees in front of him.

“I’ll do anything Dennis! Anything you want, I’ll get it for you! Anything you want me to do, I’ll do it!”

He looked down into her wide blue eyes and that trembling lip, then his eyes lowered he found himself staring down into her dress. Those tits, those goddamn big form, gorgeous tits. The sight of her on her knees, begging and saying his name, her face was a foot from his damn cock.

He was glad she was looking at his face because there was a very noticeable bulge growing between his legs. He looked back at her face, those full red lips, the big eyes, that long dark hair. He envisioned her blowing him, sucking him off, draining his balls the way she did those guys.

“Anything?” He whispered, unaware he was going to speak.

“Anything! I promise! Please?” She clasped her hands together in a classic begging pose and he thought of them bound, or behind her back, just using her mouth to...

“Take your shirt off.” He spoke so quickly, he’d surprised himself.

“Okay, I’ll...” She stopped and stared at him. “Did you just ask me to take my shirt off?”

Shit, he was fucked! No, she was. He had the pictures, proof of what she did. What would she have for proof if she told dad her son wanted to see her tits.

“No, I told you to take your shirt off.” He repeated and when she didn’t move right away snapped, “Now!”

“I’m your mother.” She shook her head and started to get up, but surprising himself again, he put his hand on her bare shoulder and held her there.

“No, not right now you’re not.” He told her, “What you are now is a cheating slut who said she’ll do anything not to get found out. So do what I said.”

“Dennis, why...?”

“You said you like young guys, you said you like getting treated like a whore, so what’s your problem, mom? Take your damn shirt off or I call dad.”

She stared angrily at him and he met her gaze with a smirk on his face. God he was hard! He looked down at his prominent crotch and she must have followed his eyes because she gasped,

“Dennis! You...this is exciting you!”

“Damn straight it is!” He growled, his frustration over the way he felt about her for the last year and a half boiling over. “You did this to me!”

“D...did what?” She tried to stand again, but he held her down, squeezing her shoulder harder this time.

“Made me think of you like a hot slut and not my mother.”

“That’s not true! I never did anything to you that wasn’t appropriate!” She stopped trying to stand and whether it was his imagination or not, it seemed she kept looking at his crotch.

“You’ve paraded around the house like a trashy teenager my whole life! Then I see you fucking that asshole in your house and I watched! I watched and I shouldn’t have, but I couldn’t stop!”

“Dennis! I’m…”

“My goddamn mother, I know! But you made me see you like a hot fucking milf, right down to you saying you like fucking guys my age.”

“But they weren’t my sons.” She shook her head, “I… I’m sorry if I made you see me that way, but I am your mother, Dennis and this,” She pointed to his crotch, “Is so wrong.”

“I know it is that’s what makes me so mad at you, but you were like a damn porn star and I can’t stop thinking of you, so know what?”

He shifted his grip from her shoulder to her long hair, wrapping his hand in it and yanking her face up to look at him.

“You don’t want dad to know? You want to get away with this? That’s what you want?”

“Y…yes.” She winced, “You’re hurting me.”

“No, just being rough like you like it.” He leered at her, “So tell you what, mom. What I want is for you to fuck me like you fucked those kids and dad will never know and I’ll get what you’ve been teasing me with for almost two years!”

“You really want me to fuck you?” She asked softly, trying the wide eyes again. “Seriously? You’d make me do this? With my son?”

“You made you do this.” He was breathing hard and felt as if his cock were going to burst through his jeans. “Now take off your shirt, or go upstairs and pack all your damn shirts.”

“So it would be okay for you to fuck me?” She asked, “That wouldn’t be wrong to do to your father? I’m a whore for fucking a cute waiter, but sex with my own son, dad would be fine with that?”

Dennis smiled, “Ignorance is bliss; right, mom?”

The look of dismay on her face was priceless.

If dad don’t know he can’t feel like I betrayed him, and,” He ran his fingers down her cheek, “He won’t know about your little waiter.”

“My choice is your father being heartbroken and throwing me out or sick sex with my son?”

“Yup, I get a ride from slutty Linda and you keep your free ride with dad. But now or never, take off your shirt.”

She lowered her eyes from his face and he let her hair go.

“Fine, maybe I’ll see you at some shitty motel sometime, mom.” He started to turn, then stopped when she grabbed the bottom of her slinky tank top and pulled it off.

He had to bite back his surprise, as he’d really thought there was no shot in hell at this. He took a breath and whistled at the sight of her tits barely concealed in a lace bra similar to the one she’d worn for her latest cub in the pictures.

“Bra too, I’ve seen you in bikinis that showed more.”

“Really, Dennis?” She tried again with the pout.

“Really, mom.” He mocked her, then glanced at the table, and his cock twitched, if he was going to do this, he should really play it up.

Walking to the far end of the table, he pulled a chair out so he would be facing her and sat down. As soon as he’d walked away she had stood up which played into his hands even more.

“Bra.” He snapped his fingers, “Now.”

She released a long sigh and her shoulders slumped in resignation. His heart pounded when she reached behind her and unhooked her bra. The cups loosened around her tits, showing him just the edges of the white skin of her tan lines.

“Look at me when you do it.” He snapped, “Watch your son watching his slut mother strip for him.”

“You’re sick, Dennis.” She said, but proceeded to slide the strap of the bra down and off her right arm.

“You made me that way by making me see you like this.”

“Then if I did, I guess I deserve this.” Mom said softly, then repeated her previous move, slipping her left arm from the bra, but still holding it to her breasts with her free hand.

“Trust me, I’m going to give you exactly what you deserve.” He quickly removed his own shirt and slid his shoes off, “And exactly the way you like it, now let’s see those tits mommy.”

She gave another of those make believe sad little sighs and let the bra fall to the floor.

He nodded in approval, “Goddamn, you have nice tits, mom you really do.”

“Glad they make you happy.” Mom muttered.

“They do, but how about you show them to me? You know, like you do to your boyfriends.” When she stared at him, he laughed, “Let’s go, mom, show off those titties.” He placed his hands under his nipples as if he were lifting them.”

To his surprise, she didn’t argue. Cupping her tits, she lifted them higher and shook them up and down for him, wow, he hadn’t expected that move.

“That’s a good slut.” He told her, loving the way her eyes hardened every time he called her that, “Now play with those nipples.” He smiled, “The ones that are hard even though you’re supposed to be mad.”

She blushed and mumbled something about it being cold. Dennis ignored her, his mind racing with the idea she might actually be getting off to this. Was she going to like it? Did he want her to?

His thoughts melted away when his attention focused on her sliding her thumbs across her nipples.

“Like that?” She asked, “That get you excited, you sick little bastard?”

“You know it does.” He replied, turned on by her attitude, “You make your baby boy hard, you’ll see real soon how hard.

“Then let me make it better.” His eyes widened when she lifted her tit, and lowering her head, tongued her nipple.

“Wow.” He slipped, sounding like an idiot, but damn, that was hot.

Mom made it even hotter, when she sucked on her nipple, leaving a perfect outline of her lips from her lipstick around it, when she let it go to suck on the other.

“How’s that? Baby boy?” She sneered the last two words, “Going to pop off in your pants yet?”

“Yeah, keep talking like that, mom, you’re just making it better for me.”

“I have to, if I don’t you’ll rat me out like the little bitch you are.” She told him, then releasing her tits, reached around and unzipped her skirt, “You want this off, don’t you?”

“I want everything off.” He pointed to her feet, “Except those, leave those hot little fuck me shoes on for me.”

“Yes sir.” She turned around, letting him watch her push her skirt down over her hips.

Dennis unsnapped his and pulled the zipper down on his jeans, letting some pressure off his aching cock. He was breathing hard, watching her expose her ass in just the skimpy little black thong, inch by teasing inch.

Mom was swaying back and forth as she did it and again, was this her simply giving up and giving him what he wanted to not be outed to dad, or was she as twisted as he knew he was and getting hot?

She shimmied, letting the skirt pool around her feet before kicking it to the side. She hooked her fingers into her thong and put on an even sexier show of working first one side down, then the other.

Dennis had planned on constant resistance and telling her to do everything one step at a time. Mom had taken over for the moment and he had no qualms about it. His wyes worked back and forth, following her ass as her thong was pushed past the curve of her cheeks.

She then moved quickly, shoving it down to the floor and bending over in front of him, completely exposing her pussy to him. Fuck she was good at this, but then again, how many guys had she done it for?

Mom straightened and turning, put her arms up over her head, truly posing for him.

“This better than jerking off to my pictures?”

“What?” He was caught off guard, had she seen his computer?

“Please, you’re black mailing me into this because you want me, no way you haven’t made use of that picture.” She lifted her chin, “Target practice, Dennis?”

“Get on your knees!” She was pissing him off again.

She sank to her knees and smirked, “I can’t reach anything from here, Dennis.”

“That’s because you’re going to crawl over to me.” He snapped his fingers, “Here, doggy, doggy!”

Her smile vanished and her eyes flashed, but leaning over, she got onto her hands and knees and obeyed him. Dennis had to force himself to keep his hand from his cock while watching his mother come towards him on her hands and knees.

Her blue eyes, still with a defiant look in them, despite her doing as he asked, were fixed on his. She had lowered her upper body as she came forward, her nipples grazing the floor and her amazing ass pointed in the air.

He swallowed hard when she reached him, sitting back on her knees between his legs. Her tits not much more than a foot from where he had folded his hands in his lap.

“What now, son?” She asked, sarcastically, “As if I didn’t know.”

Dennis ignored her sarcasm and stared at his naked, but for her shoes, mother between his legs. She was breathing as hard as he was and her tits were heaving. His eyes dropped lower to the pink cleft between her legs and no longer able to wait he stood up.

He pushed his pants and underwear down, causing his cock long hard cock to spring free. Remaining standing in front of her, he grabbed his cock and slapped it against her face. Mom yelped and pulled her head back, then cried out louder when he grabbed her hair again, holding her head still.

“Please, you should be used to having cocks in your slutty face!” He whipped his cock back and forth, smacking her in both sides of her face with it.

Each time it sent a shiver through him and was accompanied by his mother cringing and pushing against his hand, trying to lean back.

“Stay still!” He let his cock go and slapped her left tit hard enough for her to yelp again.

His cock twitched and he slapped her other tit, even harder. She put her hands up and he yelled down to her, “Put your hands behind your back!”

She gave him a nasty look, but put her hands behind her back as he asked. Grabbing his cock again he pushed the tip against her cheek and rubbed it back and forth, smearing it with his precum.

He had to hold back a moan as he dragged it across her chin and her other cheek, making her face a sticky mess.

“Stop it!” She moaned, “I thought you’d see this was wrong and stop!” She whined this time and looked up at him, “You can’t really want me to do this!”

“Open your mouth nice and wide.”

She didn’t do it and he slapped her tits, this time catching both with one blow. She grunted and tilting her head up, opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out. He smiled and slapped his cock hard against her wet tongue several times.

She moaned and started to move, but stopped when he reached down and grabbed her tit, squeezing it firmly. But not roughly, at least not yet.

Dennis squeezed the tip of his cock, causing pre cum to ooze onto her tongue. She whimpered, but remained still as he now rubbed his swollen tip across her soft wet tongue. He was shaking and wanted nothing more than to ram his cock down her throat.

But he wanted her to squirm and knew he would get what he wanted whenever he wanted to. He traced her lips with his cock, smearing her lipstick and getting them sticky.

“Tell me you want it.”

She shook her head, then moaned when he took her nipple between his fingers and pinched it.

“Let me hear it.” He whispered, hearing the tremble in his voice.

“I...I want to suck your cock, baby.” She said softly. “Please?”

He’d wanted to make it last longer, but couldn’t hold back anymore. He thrust his hips, burying his cock deep into his mother’s mouth. He moaned as she wrapped her lips around his shaft and her eyes closed, slowly bobbed her head.

“Oh, fuck.” He groaned as she worked her mouth along his cock, “That’s it, mom, suck my cock. Suck it like you sucked all those other young guys.”

He slowly sat down in the chair and pushed his jeans down past his knees. Mom continued to slowly suck him as he did and he had to fight to not keep moaning. Dennis was in sensory overload and unable to decide what was better?

The actual feeling of his mother’s warm wet mouth and soft lips and tongue on his cock, or how good his dick looked in her mouth. It was damn close because seeing his slutty mother naked on her knees, hands behind her back, bobbing her head and devouring his cock was pretty damn hot.

But wow, it felt fucking good! She was still moving her head slowly and he was fine with that for now because he was so wound up he might pop if she really worked it.

“You like it? You like your son’s cock in your mouth?” He goaded her. “You look damn good doing it, you know?” he laughed, “Like you’ve had a lot of practice.”

She opened her eyes and met his gaze and his cock twitched in her mouth at the look of humiliation there. Her face was red and she was whimpering each time she downed him. She was only taking him halfway and he whispered, “Deeper, I know you can do better than that.”

She opened her mouth wider and he gasped when she took him down to the base of his shaft.

“Oh, God.” He moaned when her tongue slid out and licked his balls.

Mom shook her head back and forth and he continued to moan as the tip of his cock rolled around her hot mouth and her tongue swirled around his shaft. Dennis was trembling and trying to distract himself from how fucking good her mouth felt, he reached down and fondled her tits.

He wasn’t rough this time, but enjoyed how soft yet firm they were, as well as how hard her nipples were. He teased his fingers across them and she surprised him by moaning around his cock. He cupped them, amazed at how heavy they were and continued stroking her nipples with his thumbs.

Mom moaned louder and moved side to side as if trying to get him to stop. The little whore liked him touching her!

“For someone whose so appalled you’re pretty turned on aren’t you, mom?”

She shook her head and he moaned again as she worked his cock in her mouth. She slid back, her lips and tongue pressed tightly to his shaft and making him feel every inch as she worked her way to the tip.

When she had just his tip in her mouth, she sucked hard and he released a sharp cry of pleasure at the sensation of her mouth as well as the pre cum squirting into her mouth. She released him and laughed,

“You sound like a little boy, what’s the matter, Dennis, you never have a real woman suck your dick?”

“Never had a girl with so much experience sucking cock.” He told her, “None of my girlfriends were whores.”

She went to take him back into her mouth, but he eased his cock back, “Lick it, let me see you licking my cock.”

“Oh, you mean tease you because if I keep sucking you were going to come like a boy.” She cracked, but obediently ran her tongue along his shaft.

He watched her lick the length of his cock to the tip then glide down the other side, she removed her hand from behind her back and grabbed him near the base of his shaft. “May I?” She asked.

“Yes.” He answered, too quickly, as she’d started lightly stroking him while swirling her tongue up and down his cock, she teased it around the sensitive rim of the tip and his hips jerked.

She giggled at him, then yelped when he pinched her nipples. She resumed licking his shaft and he breathed, “My balls, suck my balls.”

“I would have if you’d waited,.” She sighed, her breath hot on his cock, “The twenty year olds I fuck are men, they aren’t grabby boys.”

She once again took away his comeback by forcing him to moan when she pinned his cock to his stomach and sucked his balls into her mouth. He released her tits and slid his hands up her arms and into her long soft hair.

Mom’s eyes were on his while she worked each of his balls, first sucking, then licking them. She shocked him by spitting on them, then swirling it around with her tongue, bathing his balls with it. She was barely stroking him, but his cock felt ready to explode.

She ran her tongue up the length of his cock and without asking sucked him back into it. He didn’t protest instead he tried to focus on touching her. Her hair, her back, trying not to concentrate on just how good her mouth felt and how good she looked blowing him.

He wanted to hold off as long as he could and leaning further over, ran his hand down her back, and managed to grab her ass cheek. She groaned around him and sucked him faster and bringing her other hand around, rubbed his balls while she went down on him.

Dennis was breathing hard and both pleased and frustrated. She felt so good, but he was losing control, she was doing what she wanted and making fun of him for not being able to hold back. He leaned over further, pushing his cock deeper into her throat, but she didn’t protest, in fact it caused a her to make a wet gurgling sound that made him moan in response.

He grabbed both cheeks of her ass and squeezed again, then slid his fingers further over to spread them open. She moaned around him and he realized playing with her ass wasn’t doing anything to slow down his impending explosion.

He ran his fingers down her ass and between her legs and gasped when the edge of his hand slid through her pussy. Her sopping wet pussy.

“You little slut!” He gasped, “You’re fucking wet from sucking your son’s cock!”

Mom whimpered something, but then moaned loudly when he ran his fingers through her soft wet pussy lips. He found her swollen clit and her hips jerked, pushing her pussy into his hand while she moaned around him.

Dennis say back and grabbing her face, pulled his cock from her mouth.

“You’re fucking turned on!” he laughed, “You goddamn sick whore! What’s sicker than getting turned on by sucking your son’s cock?”

“The son who wants her too.” She wiped her sticky mouth, “Now how about you let me finish, so you can leave me alone?” She spit on his cock and he groaned when she jerked his cock, getting it even wetter.

She took him back into her mouth, but this time he grabbed her hair and holding her head still, began thrusting his hips, fucking her mouth. She squealed and it made him shove his cock deeper down her throat.

“Like that don’t you! Probably getting you even wetter!”

Her response was a series of wet gagging noises that had his legs trembling. He kept thinking of her wet pussy and how sucking on him had gotten her that way. The way she'd moaned and moved when he touched her clit, the little bitch was ready to come herself.

That put an image in his mind and pulling her from his cock he stood up and pulling on her arms, made her get to her feet.

“What the hell are you,,,,hey!”

She cried out in surprise when he grabbed her by her ass and lifting her up sat her on the table. He shoved her onto her back and walking quickly around to the other side of the table caught her by the arms and pulled her across it.

When her head was hanging off the table he shoved his cock into it and as she made wet gagging sounds, he reached between her legs and shoved two fingers hard inside her. She squealed around him and he moaned while he thrust his hips, fucking her face.

“Christ you're wet and hot!” He thrust his fingers deeper inside her and when his thumb found her clit, her hips jerked and she made a high pitched noise around his plunging cock.

He pulled back then shoved himself in so deep his balls hit her chin. She gurgled and her hands came up to push against his chest. He eased back a little, then resumed throat fucking her. He rubbed his thumb in circles stroking her clit and her hips pumped in time with his fingers, pushing them deeper.

Dennis slowed his thrusting, wanting her to come first, wanting to make her come with his cock in her mouth.

“Whore,” He hissed at her, “Going to come while our son fucks your face? You were right you do like to be treated like shit. That works out because I like treating you like that.”

He reached under her head to hold it still and push her mouth harder into her mouth. She was making sloppy wet sucking noises with some gags mixed in and Dennis saw her eyes were watering and there was drool flowing down her chin and onto his thighs from them touching her face when he went deep into her.

But her hips were moving faster and to his delight she was now cupping her tits and playing with her nipples, moaning and whimpering around his cock as he assaulted her mouth. Dennis rubbed her clit faster and harder and she clamped her legs shut, pinning his arm.

“Come!” he moaned, “Come while you blow me! Come with me fucking your slutty fucking mouth, come on, mommy, show your son what a good job he's doing!”

She pulled hard on her nipples and Dennis gasped when her sopping pussy contracted around his fingers. Her back arched off the table and she was making a long whining sound around his cock. Seeing how hard she was working her nipples, Dennis pressed his thumb into her clit as hard as he dared and roughly added a third finger inside, her jamming it roughly into her.

Mom emitted a long high pitched howl around his cock and her hips bucked wildly. Her hot wet pussy convulsed around his thrusting fingers and he gasped in surprise when she began sucking him harder, moving her mouth into his plunging cock.

Even as she yelped and moaned around him, her lips and tongue worked him and he felt his balls tighten and his legs tremble as he face fucked his mother as she came on the damn dining room table...while her son was in her mouth.

“Oh fuck!” He called out as his hips lost control, slamming her mouth even harder.

Mom was still writhing and squirming and making that incredible, gurgling squealing noise and he couldn't hold back. Whipping his cock out of her mouth, he groaned loudly and jerked his cock.

A long thick spurt of cum splattered all over her cheek and shoulder. Moving his cock to the side, the second stream squirted directly into her mouth. He continued to pump his cock while still rubbing her clit.

His cum was flying all over her face as he jerked it hard and fast, on her cheeks her nose and chin, even on her forehead. Mom had pushed the cum in her mouth out with her tongue and that was dripping down both sides of her mouth.

“Fucking pig!” He gasped, thrilled with how big of a load he was painting her face with, “Cumming with your son jacking off on your face!”

With his cock out of her mouth, her squeals were even louder and she was coming as long and hard as he was. Her pussy convulsed around his fingers once more and with a long sigh, she let her legs open and released her tits, her body going limp on the table.

“Oh...so....so wrong.” She moaned, wiping at her face.

“Leave it there!” He slapped her hand away, “Just lay there with it on your skanky face.”

He was just saying that to bother her because her face looked good covered in his cum. She was breathing hard and flushed red from her orgasm. She pulled herself further onto the table so her head was no longer hanging off, but made no further attempt to remove the sticky mess from her face.

The lower part of her legs were now dangling off the table and looking down the length of her incredible body, Dennis realized he was still hard, damn hard, like he'd never even come. Moving around the table he positioned himself between her legs.

“What are you doing?” She demanded when he grabbed her ankles and pulled her forward so her pussy was at the edge of the table.

“I wouldn't think you'd have to ask.” He smirked and pushed his oozing cock along her thigh.

“No!” She pushed herself up on her elbows, “You can't do this!”

“You just came with me jerking off on your face, don't pretend you don't want this.” He slapped his cock against her clit and she gasped, but shook her head, sending cum dripping down her face and neck.

“Sucking you off was bad enough, you can't fuck me Dennis! I'm your mother, you can't...oh my god!”

She cried out and Dennis moaned when in one smooth thrust, he drove himself deep inside her. Her pussy was so fucking wet and hot and....hers. His cock was inside his mother.

A year and a half of taboo lust and frustration was finally being made a reality and grabbing her legs behind her knees, he pushed them back and tore into her, fucking her with long, hard and angry strokes.

“Stop!” She yelled, “Dennis, please, stop doing this, we can’t its, not right its....oh fuck!”

Dennis had switched his grip from behind her knees to her long heels and using them as handles he spread her legs as wide as he could and resumed hammering away at her.

“Awfully wet for not wanting it!” He told her in between his own groans as he repeatedly slammed his cock into her.

“Oh, oh oh!” Mom cried over and over and he noticed she was now staring between her legs, watching his long glistening cock plunder her pink slit. “Oh, god, Dennis!”

“Love it and you know it!” He hissed at her and putting her legs together, grabbed her ankles again and lifted.

The muscles in his arms bulged as her ass came off the table and he was now fucking her even deeper.

“Fuck!” She cried out, “Dennis you....oh, god you have a nice fucking cock!”

Her words sent a thrill through him as did the look on her face. Her blue eyes were wide and glazed over with the same out of control lust he was feeling. Her big tits were bouncing wildly as he slammed her and her lips were parted as she emitted high pitched little yips with each thrust.

Best of all her face was still coated in cum and some of it had splashed onto her chest and upper part of her tits. He stared at her gorgeous rosy nipples and placing ankles on his shoulders, he leaned over the table.

She squealed as he bent her legs back, pounding her even deeper, then moaned when he sucked her right nipple into his mouth.

“Yes!” She called out, “Suck that tit, suck mommy’s tit! Oh, you’re bad fucking boy!”

“And you’re a slut mother.” He snapped around her nipple, “A cock teasing whore who made me want you.”

“You made you want me.” She corrected him, then groaned when he switched to sucking her other nipple, “But who fucking cares who started it, just fuck me!”

His first reaction was he’d really wanted her to protest all the way through, feel like he was paying her back. But hearing her tell him she wanted it was an even bigger thrill, she was as twisted as he’d felt the last year or more and he suddenly felt less guilty.

Less guilty and more fired up and ever as he continued sucking her tits, while fucking her as hard as he could while bent over like this. Mom slipped her arms inside her legs and grabbing her ankles, held her legs back for him, freeing up his hands.

“Little fucking porn star aren’t you?” He asked as he swirled his tongue around her nipple and grabbed both her tits, fondling them and rubbing her nipples as his mouth worked back and forth between them.

Dennis his hands on the table and pushing himself up, remained over her, but was able to fuck her harder. Mom was staring down between them, and he lowered his head to also watch himself committing the ultimate taboo, fucking his mother.

His cock looked good plunging in and out of her hot little twat, her pink lips wrapping tightly around his shaft and sucking at him when he slid out before pounding back into her. Mom let her legs go, draping them over his shoulders.

“I want to come on your cock.” She moaned while reaching between them and rubbing her clit.

Dennis moaned and fucked her harder, spurred on by watching her red tipped nails stroking her pussy. She moaned and brought her other hand into play, stroking her right nipple. He leaned down to suck the other, then it struck him, there was a hell of a lot better place he could put his tongue.

If this was going to be a one-time get out of jail free card for his mother, then there was no way he should pass up his one and only chance to get a taste of his mother. He slid back, his cock sliding from her with a sloppy wet sound.

“What are you...ohhhh!” Mom emitted a long sexy sigh when he dropped to his knees and buried his face between her thighs.

“Yes, oh look at you!” She moaned, “Do it, baby, shove that tongue in your mother’s juicy fucking cunt.”

Dennis drove his tongue hard into her oozing slit and suck hard, moaning at as his mother’s sticky sweet juices filled his mouth. He inhaled deeply, his nose filling with her forbidden scent, then swirled his tongue inside her.

She wrapped her legs around his head, and lifted her hips, grinding her pussy into his face. Dennis had no complaints as he slid his tongue from inside her and worked it up through her warm slick flesh.

Mom’s hand was still between her legs and she spread her pussy wide for him, tapping her clit, “Right here, come on, Dennis give your mother a big wet kiss.”

He flicked his tongue across her clit and the moan that escaped her, caused him to suck it hard into his mouth so he could hear her make another sexy sound. He wasn’t let down by the sharp cry from her when he sucked her clit in and out of his mouth and slipped two fingers into her.

She moved her hips in slow circles, keeping his lips fastened to her clit and working his fingers around inside her.

“Put in another one.” She gasped when he added a third finger and her pussy contracted around them, “Stuff my slutty cunt! The one you were fucking, the one you’re going to be fucking again after I come!”

Cunt? Damn she was raunchy. Then again, could you get raunchier than having sex with your son? He stopped sucking and swirled his tongue around her clit, flicking it up and down then side to side.

Mom whimpered and moaned, her pussy squeezing his thrusting fingers. He looked up to see she was now playing with her tits, pinching her nipples while she stared down at him. There was still some cum on her face and his cock was bobbing between his legs, like a divining rod.

His mouth and nostrils were full of her taste and scent and her clit was as swollen beneath his tongue as his cock felt. Her pussy was pulsing around his fingers and he still couldn't believe he was really doing this, the only thing that could make this better was if he'd thought to try to film it somehow, the ultimate mom video, him fucking her!

"Yes, oh right there!" She whimpered, "Lick me faster! Lick mommy's clit, baby, make me cum so my cunt will be even wetter for you!"

Dennis licked as hard and fast as he could and she moaned as her legs trembled around him,

"Shove a finger in my ass."

His eyes widened and mostly because he hadn't thought of that! But that just went to prove she was as warped as he was and even as he shoved a finger roughly into her ass it occurred to him there was no doubt he took after her when it came to sex drive.

Mom threw her head back and howled like an animal as both her pussy and her tight asshole convulsed around his fingers. She clamped her legs even tighter, pinning his face to her and bucked her hips wildly, smearing her wet pussy all over his face.

Dennis continued to finger both her holes and suck her clit as she released several long loud wails that he wondered if the damn neighbors would hear. Hopefully not as most knew dad wasn't around and might rat mom out themselves.

Mom writhed and squirmed on the table, yelping and squealing repeatedly as her ass and pussy quivered around his fingers. Her legs fell from around his neck and she gave a long shuddering moan as her body slumped back onto the table, her chest heaving and her eyes staring at the ceiling.

"Oh...oh....wow." She whispered a stunned look on her face. "I came so fucking hard."

"Speaking of hard," Dennis stood up and grabbing her wrists yanked her off the table. "I'm ready for more of that nasty cunt you keep talking about."

Mom tried to stand, but staggered into him, her tits pressing into his chest. She looked up at him and he noticed most of the cum was gone from her face, washed away from the sweat on her face. She looked up at him, an odd expression on her face, but before she could say anything, he took her by the shoulders and spun her around.

He pushed her hard, so she bent over the table and taking her by the hips he plunged his cock inside her.

"Fuck yeah!" She yelled, "Just like that! Go on, baby, fuck me like the slut I am!"

Dennis planned on doing that anyway and grabbing a handful of her hair, yanked her head back and really tore into her. She howled as he hammered her so hard his balls were slapping against her

pussy and grabbing the edge of the table she thrust her hips back into him, trying to drive him even deeper.

“Like that you fucking whore?” He asked, and looking down at her perfect ass, dealt her a hard slap with his free hand.

“Ow!” She yelped, but added, “I am a whore, and today I’m my son’s whore!”

“You’re everyone’s whore.” He slapped the other side of her ass, noting the first side already had his angry red hand print on it.

She cried out again, but her pussy clenched around his cock. He dealt her another one and this time she moaned and wiggled her ass into him.

“Holy shit, you like being spanked, don’t you?”

“I told you I like it rough,” She looked over her shoulder at him, “I’m not one of your little girls, you want to spank your mother? Do it, but make me remember it!”

“What did you used to tell me when I was little, you won’t sit down for a week?” He laughed harshly then went to town on her.

He slapped her ass so hard his palm stung and went back and forth from cheek to cheek. She yelped and jerked with each blow, but kept shoving her ass back into him.

“Don’t just smack me, fuck me while you do it!” She snapped, “Come on Dennis, if you’re going to punish your mother do it like a man!”

He resumed fucking her as hard as he could, pulling her hair and slapping her ass. His hand was stinging and both her ass cheeks were red and swollen, but her pussy was getting even wetter, so wet his thighs were moist from it.

He stopped spanking her, but let her hair go and grabbed her cheeks, one in each hand and squeezed her stinging flesh as hard as he could. She whimpered, but then egged him on.

“That’s it! Fuck me, spank me! Treat me like the fucking whore I am!”

“You are a whore, a cheating whore!” He had to speak in between his deep breaths as he pushed himself to thrust even harder.

The table was rocking and he saw her knuckles were white where she was grabbing the edge of the table.

“But you want this whore!” She called out to him, “You wanted your own mother!”

“Because she’s more slut than mother.” He was getting tired and pissed off she was seemingly unfazed by his pounding her.

“That’s why you wanted her! You wanted to taste your mother’s slutty pussy! You wanted her to suck your fucking cock then shove it in her sloppy whore cunt!”

She cried out when he gave her a pair of slaps to her ass, then really blew his mind.

“You want to treat me like whore? Then why don’t you really make me into one, Dennis? Why don’t you make your pay by fucking her whore ass?”

“I…” He was totally caught off guard.

“Go ahead! Fuck my ass! This is your only chance to teach me a lesson so make it a good one,” She gave him a nasty smile, “Little boy.”

Dennis slid his cock from her pussy and pushed the head of it into her pink rosebud. He’d never had anal sex before and began to ease into her ass. She caused him to gasp when she pushed herself back into him, burying his cock in her ass.

She emitted a high pitched squeal that sent a shiver through him and as he stood there in shock she worked her ass back and forth, fucking him. Goddamn her ass was tight, tight and only a little wet.

He began to move his hips, but slow and she yelled at him, “Is this how you fuck me? Put some fucking effort into it!”

Her words brought his anger back and taking a deep breath, he tore into her, pounding his mother’s ass like he had her pussy. All his fantasies of putting her in her place he’d never thought of her ass, but now knew he’d never stop thinking about it.

Mom’s ass was tight and because it was nowhere near as wet as her pussy it hugged him tighter and he could feel it pulsing around him. He leaned forward, grabbing her shoulders and fucked her with long hard strokes, loving the high pitched howls she made as he sodomized her.

“Fuck yeah! Oh, you’re showing me aren’t you? Fucking my ass, I couldn’t be a bigger skank could I?” She cried out, “Keep fucking me! Make mommy your bitch!”

“Damn.” He breathed, turned on as much by her words as their actions.

“Like that? Like owning your mother? Her mouth, her cunt, now her ass? You’ve claimed all of them haven’t you? Made me your filthy little pig! Treating me like the fucking cum dumpster you think I am.”

“Oh shit.” Dennis moaned as her words brought him closer to the point of no return.

He was breathing hard and his heart was pounding as he pushed himself to keep fucking her as hard as possible. His legs were shaking and his cock was twitching each time he drove it into his mother’s asshole.

He was sweating profusely, and had to shake his head to clear it from dripping into his eyes. His mother was staring back over her shoulder and her face was glistening with sweat as well. Strands of her dark hair were plastered to her cheek and across her sticky back as well.

She was bright red from heat and excitement and her eyes were blazing. Her mouth was shaped into a round red “O” as she was continuously squealing from her son’s brutal assault on her ass. Dennis jumped when he felt something against his balls and saw she had slipped her arm beneath her and was rubbing her clit.

His mother was playing with herself while he fucked her ass.

“Hmm, baby!” She gasped in between her yelps, “You look good all sweaty! Look at that body, and what a big fucking cock you have for me!”

He slammed her even harder and her eyes rolled back and her squeals went into an even higher octave.

“And you’re such a good looking boy, just like your dad when we were young! Hmm, honey if you weren’t my son, I’d fuck you.” She moaned, then laughed, “Oh, wait you are fucking me!”

“But I’d fuck you every night if you weren’t mine! Your slut mother would be sucking you and riding you and letting you have any hole you want whenever you want it! I’d make you my new boy toy, baby! Because oh my god are you fucking me right!”

She proved she wasn’t kidding when her body stiffened and her ass constricted around his cock. Mom let loose with another of those animal like howls that could shame a porn star and bucked her ass into him, her fingers still dancing across her clit.

“Oh God!” Dennis gasped as her ass squeezed then released his cock as she came, clutching at him and bringing him closer and closer.

“Give it to me!” She shouted over her shoulder, “Blow that big fucking load all over my ass!”

Her hand caught his balls and gave them a gentle squeeze. With a cry almost as loud as hers, Dennis whipped his cock from her ass. He’d been so close he couldn’t grab it in time to hold off and a long stream of cum squirted between her cheeks and over her now gaping asshole.

Dennis had planned on giving his mother’s face a fresh coat of cum, really humiliate her, but that first shot looked so good dripping down and into her ass, he continued jacking off there. Despite it being his second orgasm in a short time, his excited balls had worked up another big load.

He sprayed both her swollen red ass cheeks and then pushed the tip against her pussy, pumping his cock into her sopping wet flesh and watching it ooze down her lit and thighs.

“Oh, “Mom shuddered, “That feels so fucking good on my clit.”

Dennis finished emptying his balls on his mother’s backside and taking a step back, all but fell into the chair, his heart pounding and breath coming in ragged gasps. He’d never been this spent during sex, but he’d never had sex like that!

Mom slid to her knees, her head resting on her arms as she folded them on the edge of the table. Her back was rising and falling with her own heavy breathing and his eyes lingered on the stick white mess between the cheeks of her ass.

“Well, I didn’t see that coming this morning.” She said softly and turning around, stretched her legs out, now sitting on the floor, her back against the leg of the table.

She was as red and sweaty as he was, but he would have to admit her sweat slicked tits and stomach looked better than his by far. Her once teased out hair was now hanging limp and sticking to her sticky shoulders and chest.

To Dennis she still looked hot as hell, the freshly fucked look and fucked by him. He simply sat there catching his breath and staring at her, unsure of what to do next.

Mom slowly removed her shoes and stood up. He received another thrill when he saw how sticky her inner thighs were from her own gushing pussy and some of cum that had oozed between her legs from his second load.

She took a couple steps and winced, rubbing her red ass that bore a perfect imprint of his palm and fingers on each cheek.

“You really fucked me hard, Dennis.” She shrugged, “I never let the guys be that rough with me. Can’t take too many chances.” She gave him a smirk, “But if a woman can’t trust her son who can she trust?”

“Don’t think they make mother’s day cards for ass fucking.” He said tiredly.

“Not bad.” She laughed dryly, “Not only doing it, but joking about it, we’re a real pair, that’s for sure.”

She took a few slow steps and Dennis took pride in the fact she was walking gingerly. Mom bent over and grabbing her skirt from the floor, pulled it on. She picked up the top and sliding down over her sweaty tits, kicked the bra and then the thong over to him.

“Here you can keep these, add them to your collection.”

“What’s that mean?” He demanded, then wanted to kick himself for being so defensive.

“If you’ve been thinking of me like this since the first time you caught me, I’m sure you’ve been into my panties before.”

Mom walked over to stand in front of him where he sat there completely naked, his softening cock dripping down his leg. He jumped when she reached down and squeezed it.

“You do have a nice dick, honey. And I’m pretty sure who you take after when it comes to thinking about sex. I wish your father would take me like that.”

Take her, even as tired as he was, that caused a twitch in his cock, course the fact it was still in her hand might have helped. She must have felt it because she smiled,

“Proof as we speak.” She let his cock go and the smile faded. “Did I give you what you wanted Dennis?”

“I...yeah.” He nodded, his eyes staring at her nipples through the thin shirt.

“Then you’re going to keep your end of the deal and not tell your father?”

He paused, then sighed, he had no choice she’d delivered and in spectacular fashion.

“I won’t say anything to him.” He said, but added, “You shouldn’t keep doing it mom, its wrong.”

“So is catching your mother red handed, then using it to fuck her behind your father’s back.” She raised her eyebrows to him, “In fact you just helped me cheat on him again, didn’t you?”

“Well...”

“But that was okay because you were getting what you want, isn’t that right Dennis?”

He started up at her helplessly, he had no argument at all and her words made him realize just how right she was. He’d just screwed his dad over as much as she had.

“Right.” She answered for him, “But when I get what I want, that’s wrong? I think you should remember this every time you try to get on your horse.”

She turned and walking over to the table, picked up the folders with the pictures and tore it in half, then tore each half into several small pieces, dropping them on the table. She picked up the stack of paper when she was done and carrying them with her, headed up the stairs.

He watched her, taking in her ass and legs one last time, and she must have felt him looking because she looked over her shoulder.

“Hope I was worth selling out your father, Dennis.” She gave him a wink, and without another word went upstairs.

## Chapter Eight

Dennis gratefully pulled into the driveway and shut off the car. He was exhausted. He had barely slept last night. His mind was in overdrive and bouncing like a damn pinball machine between two problems.

The first-and worst-was his mother had him dead to rights; he’d betrayed his father over his lust for her, a lust he had no right having. Just because she cheated and dressed trashy didn’t mean he should be attracted to her.

It was his fault he’d watched her fuck two years ago, his fault it got to him and he used blaming her as an excuse to let his lust grow. It hadn’t been bad the year she was gone, but once she’d come back it had been in overdrive.

So much so that when he caught her again and had the chance to get rid of her, and for good this time, he gave in to his desire. That desire was the second problem, even with guilt now gnawing at him about his father, he couldn’t stop replaying the scene with mom.

Over and over he pictured her blowing him, fucking her, the scent and taste of her pussy and the way she talked; so goddamn dirty. Not to mention the fact she got into it to the point she was begging for him to fuck her and made herself come while he fucked her ass.

Or had she? At the end when she asked if she’d held up the deal, she’d seemed totally detached and more concerned with making him feel like an asshole. It may have all been an act, her playing him and acting how she figured she would want him to.

Sure he'd gotten what he'd wanted, but now he wondered if it was worth it. Oddly enough he found himself feeling bad about how apathetic she had been afterwards, no attempt to be nice to him, no sign of affection, it was as if she'd really been a whore and he was the john, play the part and out the door.

But he still kept coming back to the sex with her and ended up jerking off in an attempt to get it out of his system and to try to sleep. It had worked, sort of. He had fallen asleep for awhile, but dreamed of her, waking up with another damn hard on.

This morning he had classes, then came home for a couple of hours before work. He'd been surprised to see mom was home. He figured she might use his contributing to her cause of cheating to just keep doing it.

Instead she was on the couch watching TV. She'd said hello and asked how school was. He'd mumbled it was fine and went upstairs, feeling way to awkward to talk to her. Hell, he'd felt so odd he hadn't even taken time to linger and stare at her long legs and usual cleavage in the daisy duke shorts and tiny t-shirt she'd been wearing.

Work had dragged, the store was slow and he was dead on his feet. Making it worse was dad had called him earlier and he had dodged him all day, but called him at break to get it over with. They made small talk and when dad asked if he had noticed mom doing anything, Dennis had bold face lied and said she'd been around most of the time so far all week.

Dad said he would be home in a couple days and Dennis felt lower than ever. Now that he was home he couldn't wait to crawl into bed and hopefully fall asleep and feel better tomorrow. Again he was half surprised to see mom's car there and even more to see all the lights were off.

It was only ten, she never went to bed this early.

But at least he wouldn't have to have another awkward exchange with her. He went into the bathroom and taking a quick shower, tossed only his jeans back on to wear down the hall to his room.

When he entered and closed the door behind him, he reached for the light switch then jumped when he saw Mom sitting in the chair at his desk.

"Jesus Christ!" he gasped, "You scared the hell out of me!"

"I can see that." She gave him a big smile that instantly had him on guard.

"What are you doing in here, sitting in the dark?"

She shrugged and he took in the very short black robe she was wearing. Her legs were crossed and he could see her eight leg up to her damn hip. She was barefoot and not wearing any make up, but her long hair was down.

The robe was loosely tied giving him a good view at the inner half of her tits. As always, his mother looked disturbingly hot.

"I wanted to surprise you. Guess I did."

“Yeah well, it’s kind of creepy, you know?” He came further into the room and stood in front of the foot of his bed, facing her.

“Maybe, but know what’s creepier?” She turned in the chair and shaking his mouse brought his computer screen up. “A boy who has an entire folder of pictures of his mother.”

Dennis’s stomach tightened when he saw the rows of pictures of his mother in her bikini and dresses and other trashy ensembles.

“And...look we have movies!” She brought up another tab and hit play.

Dennis stood there, his face flushing as the video of mom blowing dad by the pool played.

“I found the one of me with Jack that you sent your father. How many times you whack off to that one, you little shit?”

“I...” He sat down on the edge of the bed, his shoulders slumped, “I told you yesterday I’d been thinking of you.”

“You did and that’s why I came up here and started snooping. That kind of attraction does not happen overnight. Neither does being so frustrated by it you’d actually fuck your own mother and... cheat on your dad with her!”

“I’m sorry, mom.” He told her.

“Seriously?” She looked surprised, “No argument, no attitude, no calling me slut or Linda?”

“No, it’s my fault. You being the way you are isn’t an excuse to do that.” He pointed to the computer, “Or do what I did yesterday.”

“Wow, where’s this coming from?” Mom asked and Dennis noted her tone had softened and like him, she didn’t seem ready to fight with him at the moment.

“You were right yesterday, I screwed dad over. I’m no better than you.” He looked down, “I’m a sick twisted asshole.”

“Hey.” She stood up and stepping over to him touched his cheek gently, “Don’t talk about my son like that.”

She shocked him by kissing the top of his head. “You’re a good boy Dennis. Smart, responsible, sweet and you did the right thing telling your dad about me.”

“You think that?” He looked up at her and for the first time in a long time, looked at her face and not her tits.

“I do. I’m wrong Dennis. I know I am. Believe it or not I do feel bad when I step out. Not at the time, but later that night and I say I won’t ever again, but I do it. I can’t help myself and I know that’s a cop out, but its true, I’m addicted to sex, I have to have it and I need it in a way your dad won’t do it.”

"I can't say anything about that anymore." he confessed, "You didn't offer me that yesterday, I asked for it. I blackmailed you. I sold dad out to give in to the same thing you do all the time I guess."

"Like mother, like son." She said softly, putting her hands on his bare shoulders. "Thought of that a few times yesterday, you do take after me when it comes to lust."

"Not really. You wanted guys your son's age, I wanted my mother."

"And I let you do it to me. A good mother would have said go ahead and tell on me, I'll leave. No way I'd fuck my son." She gave him a sad smile, "But I'm not a good mother, or wife. I'm only good at one thing, what we did yesterday."

"You're a good mother." He told her, unsure of where this was all coming from. "My only problem with you was what you do to dad. You were always good to me."

"And in a way you're still a good wife. Dad is really happy with you and loves you. I think you love him too and its not like you don't try with him." He pointed at the computer. "No husband could complain about a blow job by the pool."

"I do what I can." She grinned. "I do love him and its not like we don't play, but he's too soft for me. He hates even talking dirty." She looked over her shoulder at the computer, "Tell me something."

"What's that?"

"That video really turned you on, didn't it?"

"Yes." He nodded glumly. "Sick."

"And yesterday, you loved me acting like that didn't you? Liked your mother being a bad girl."

"Bad is an understatement." He chuckled, "You put porn stars to shame."

"I had to deliver right?" She rubbed his shoulders as she spoke and at the contact his eyes did make their way to her breasts.

"My turn to ask something."

"Go ahead," She rolled her eyes, "After yesterday you couldn't know me any better."

"Were you acting? Were you just doing what I wanted so you wouldn't get in trouble?"

"Dennis, I know you've been with a few girls, but not sure how much. But you should know a woman doesn't come three times when she's just going through the motions."

"Really?" His eyes widened, "You did like it?"

"At first I was kind of shocked." She paused then caught him off guard by turning to the side and sitting on his leg, while putting her arm around his shoulders.

He could smell her perfume and looking at her smooth features and baby blue eyes up close and during a calm conversation it dawned on him, she wasn't just sexy, she was a beautiful woman.

"Then I thought I'd play along and you'd realize how wrong it was and stop. But it was pretty obvious early on you wanted me and that's when I knew you're little infatuation was more serious than I thought."

"What do you mean?" He asked, confused.

"Honey, I know you've been looking at me in ways you shouldn't. You think you were subtle, but I caught you gawking so many times I lost count."

"Great." He muttered.

"And the way you treated me showed me that too. You were trying to see me as a woman, not a mom. That's when all the Linda shit started. You weren't just mad at what I did, but what it did to you. I knew it before you admitted it yesterday."

"But you never brought it up?"

"You would have denied it," she explained, "Plus I knew I helped egg it on. So yesterday? I decided to take responsibility for what I created and give you everything you wanted. Thought it would get it out of your system."

"So you weren't into it?"

"Again, Dennis, I think the people down the street knew I was into it. I...like I said we're pretty similar, as wrong as it was I got as into it as you. Then like usual when I step out, I felt bad afterwards. But I figure at least in a way I was a good mom and gave you something you needed."

"Um, yeah." He shook his head, "Doubt you could write that for good parenting magazine though."

"True." She laughed softly, "So tell me, did it get it out of your mind? Or did it make it worse, now you want more?"

"That's not easy to answer." He avoided her eyes.

"Answer honestly, Dennis. You and I need to start over with each other. So just tell me the truth."

"No, I was thinking about it all night last night and the whole damn day today."

"I see." She light trailed her nails down his chest and a shiver went through his body and to his dismay his cock was beginning to swell.

"We have a problem Dennis." She pointed at the computer. "All that stuff with me. I think your father should know."

"What?" He started to try to stand and toss her off him, but she pressed her hand on his chest and gave him a sly smile.

"Yup, I don't think your father would be too happy if he knew how you felt about your mommy, do you?"

"I can't believe you would do this to me!" He snapped, "Well, tell you what, I still have copies of those pics you ripped up on the computer."

"I know, I saw them." She sighed, "But your dad will still be mad at you too, maybe even toss you out, get rid of both of our sick asses."

"What the hell are you..." He stopped when she put her finger to his lips.

"There's a very simple solution Dennis." She tightened her arm around his shoulder and turned his head to face her.

"What?" He asked, nervously.

"I think you should do whatever I want so I won't tell." She leaned close and whispered in his ear, "I think you might not mind what I want."

"You want to...oh." He groaned when she grabbed his cock through his jeans.

"Hmm, I love this look, just jeans and nothing underneath." She purred, "But see this time, Dennis we're going to do this my way, whatever I want, understood?"

"And you promise you won't tell dad?" he played along, her hand now fumbling with his zipper.

"If you're a good boy and do it my way."

"Whatever you want." He told her, his heart racing as she unsnapped his pants and slid her fingers inside to caress his shaft.

"Good answer," She cooed and kissed his neck softly while her slender fingers wrapped around his cock, pumping him slowly.

"See we both have this problem. I want young guys who'll fuck me hard and be dirty with me. You're a young man who wants to fuck his mommy nice and hard, so I think this could work out."

"But...dad." He made himself say the right thing even as her hand slid past his cock and massaged his balls.

"Not totally fair to him, but...rather than me stepping out and sooner or later people seeing me and making him look bad, what if I got what I needed right here? What if whenever I needed to scratch my itch, my son took care of me?"

"Whenever..." His eyes widened and his cock jumped

"Hmm-mm." She spoke in his ear her hot breath on her neck sending a pleasant thrill through him. "We'll both keep each other's dirty secret. In fact we'll be each other's dirty secret. I'll still be his dutiful wife so you'll have to share, but you'll be keeping me out of trouble won't you?"

"Yes." He nodded, his arm going around her waist and pulling her against him.

"And you'll be a dutiful son making sure his slutty mom doesn't get sex anywhere, but right here," She giggled, "We'll just keep it in the family, right?"

“Oh, yes.” He groaned when she licked his ear and resumed pumping his cock.

“But you can’t be jealous when I’m with dad.” She took him by the wrist and pulled his hand inside her robe, placing it on her breast. “But no worries, baby, you’ll get plenty because your mom never gets enough.”

“Good.” He replied gliding his palm over her hard nipple, “Because I don’t think I’ll get enough of you.”

“But I’m mom, no Linda. I’ll be your bad girl, baby, but I’m your mom and you see me that way. Think of me as,” She laughed in his ear, “A mom with benefits.”

“I like the benefit plan.” He replied, now rolling her nipple between his fingers.

“Good, but seeing you’re in trouble this time, it’s my way, understood?”

“Can I go wrong?” He turned to face her, a smile on his face.

“Hope not, now first thing you’re going to do for me?” She said softly, “Is I want something I didn’t get yesterday?” She cocked her head and parted her lips, “A nice kiss.”

He leaned in and gave her what he’d planned on being a fairly quick kiss, then getting her robe off, but she wrapped her fingers in his hair and held his lips to hers. Within a few seconds he was no longer thinking of anything, but kissing her.

Mom’s soft full lips caressed his, and he groaned when her tongue playfully flicked across his mouth. He removed his hand from her breast and now putting both arms around her, crushed her to him.

Mom moaned in her throat and this time darted her tongue between his lips. He eagerly met it with his own and they sighed as they engaged in a long, deep, passionate kiss. Her hands roamed across his back and shoulders, down his arms and back into his hair.

Dennis caressed her back through her robe and was thinking he should have gotten it off first. Mom was on the same page as her hands slipped between them and pulled the robe open. Dennis slid it from her shoulders and moaned when she pressed against him, her hard nipples rubbing into his chest.

Mom slid from his knee and still kissing him stood between them her head lowered to keep their lips in contact. His hands went to her breasts and hers into his pants. They whimpered and moaned into the others mouth as he fondled her tits and she stroked his raging hard on.

Mom broke the kiss and thrusting her breast into his face groaned in pleasure when he eagerly sucked her nipple into his mouth. Dennis slid his hands around her waist and she gasped when he trailed them down her ass and gave it a hard squeeze.

He switched to sucking her other nipple while spreading her cheeks and managing to get his fingertips into her wet flesh. Mom stepped back and with a smile pointed to the floor. “How about we trade places?” She laughed, “After all I get to come first this time.”

“Whatever you want, mom.” He stood and after taking his jeans off, knelt down on the floor.

“Oh, careful with that, Dennis, you’re young, but I could still wear you out, trust me.”

Mom sat back on the bed and then lay back, propping herself up on her elbows and spreading her legs. Dennis eyed her pussy hungrily and leaned in, ready to start licking.

“Hey, I said we do what I want.” Mom put her right foot in front of his face, “Lick and suck my toes.”

“Your toes?” Even as he asked, he cupped her heel in his hand and brought her foot to his face.

“Yes, I love having my feet worshiped. Do a good job with your tongue and you’ll get me so horny I’ll want you to lick my pussy.”

Dennis flicked his lips tentatively across her toes, then after hearing the moan she emitted, licked the more confidently. He licked each toe, then sucked the first two into his mouth. Mom moaned even louder and her eyes were focused on her foot in his face, her hips rocking up and down, it really did turn her on.

He sucked on each of her toes, his tongue swirling around them and his own hips moving, thrusting his hard cock into the air, dying for it to be inside his mother. He turned his head and lifted her other foot, licking and sucking each of her toes.

On whim, he lifted her foot higher and licked it from heel to toe and she moaned, “Oh, do that again!”

With a smile, he licked her foot rapidly up and down, then went back to the other.

“Hmm, that’s so nice, now you need to get that tongue inside your mother’s cunt and on her clit.” She told him.

“Damn you talk dirty.” He told her, as she placed her feet on his shoulders and he leaned in, inhaling the addictive scent of her pussy.

“I do more than talk dirty.” She giggled, then sighed when he plunged his tongue inside her.

“That’s’ it, lick my pussy, baby, give me what I need, make sure I don’t go looking anywhere else, right?”

“I’ll do what I can.” He whispered into her hot flesh and replacing his tongue with tow fingers, worked it up to swirl around her swollen clit.

“Something tells me you’ll be doing plenty.” Mom lay back on the bed and cupping her heavy breasts stroked her nipples.

Unlike yesterday, Dennis took his time licking her. Teasing her clit with his tongue and lips and gently pumping his fingers into her. Mom purred and moaned softly, her feet sliding playfully up and down his back and her hips rolling, following his tongue to keep it on her clit.

He found he was in no hurry. Yesterday he’d been fueled by frustration, anger and lust, but this was a slow playful experience and he had enjoyed the kiss far more than he’d expected. Mom’s hips moved faster and her pussy contracted around his fingers each time he pushed them in.

Her moaning became louder and her toes curled hard into his shoulders as her ass lifted off the bed.

“Hmm, right there, baby boy, keep licking just like that.” She released a long loud moan, “Keep that tongue moving and maybe I’ll show you what mine can do.”

Dennis sucked her clit harder and faster and with after a series of sharp high pitched little yelps, mom cut loose with a long loud squeal. She came hard, her hips bucking wildly and grinding her quivering pussy into his flickering tongue and thrusting fingers.

When she sighed and let her legs fall from his shoulders, Dennis stood up and as he had done yesterday, lifted her legs to fuck her, but she stopped him, by pushing her foot against his chest.

“My rules.” She patted the bed, next to her. “Lay down right here.”

Dennis saw no reason not to trust her and stretched out on his back next to her. Mom quickly showed him he was right by rolling over and kneeling between his legs, sliding down the bed and taking his cock into her mouth

“Hmm.” She moaned, her blue eyes on his as she slowly bobbed her head.

“Damn that feels good.” He sighed, reaching down and moving her hair from her face so he could watch his cock slide between her perfect lips. “Looks great too.”

She winked and took him deep, shaking her head back and forth while he moaned and squirmed from the movement of her talented tongue around his cock. Mom bent her legs and kicked them playfully as she bobbed her head and he now found himself staring at her red tipped toes and thinking he had enjoyed sucking on them, another part of her to lust after.

Mom released his cock and trailing her tongue up and down his shaft, dipped her head and swirled her tongue, bathing his balls with her soft pink flesh. She sucked on each of them in turn while lightly stroking his cock.

He was so hard he thought he was going to pop and when she took him back in her mouth, he moved his hips in time with the bobbing of her head. Mom sighed around his cock, her eyes now closed and a look of sexual bliss on her face as she sucked on her son.

She let his cock go and sliding back up the bed swung her legs over his, straddling him. Leaning over she placed her hands on his chest and worked her sopping slit up and down the length of his cock. He moaned and moved his hips, trying to get inside her.

With another playful smile, she raised up higher and pushing down on the head of his cock, slowly impaled herself on his cock. They both moaned when he was all the way inside her and she rocked her hips, slowly riding him.

Leaning over, she placed her tits in front of his face and Dennis took turns sucking on them as she moved from side to side, offering them to him. She moved her hips faster, now bouncing up and down and sitting straight up on him, cupped her tits and played with them for him.

“How’s your slutty mother look now?” She asked, posing for him, while still rocking back and forth, working his cock in her hot wet pussy.

Smiling up at her he said, "My mother looks beautiful."

To his delight, she blushed, "That's so sweet." She giggled, "As sweet as you can be with your mom riding you anyway."

She dropped back down over him and kissed him softly, "I liked hearing you say that, baby. You really think I'm beautiful?"

"Of course you are," he kissed her neck and said in her air, "And I do love you mom, things were just real confusing for a while."

"I love you too!" She looked giddy at his words. "Things are a little weird now too, but at least we're close again."

"Real close." He laughed and wrapping his arms around her, pinned her to him.

"I like that." She kissed him again, a slow gentle one as her nipples pressed into his chest and she worked her hips up and down his cock.

"This feels so good." He told her, moving his hips in time with his.

"It does, but it's a tease isn't it?"

"Well...."

"Go ahead, baby, fuck me nice and hard and come for me."

"Yeah?" He thrust his hips harder even as he asked.

"Oh, yeah." She sighed in his ear. "I love hearing you say sweet things to me and tell me you love me, but when it comes to sex, honey? Your mom needs to get fucked with a nice hard young cock and..." She moaned as she let herself go and lay on his chest "You have a very nice young cock."

"Well you are my mom and I should listen to you." He said with a wicked smile and squeezing her tightly to him, put his feet flat on the bed and lifted up so he could drive his cock hard into her.

"That's right!" Mom moaned, "Mom will never steer you wrong, especially in bed."

She stopped talking and went into a series of sharp yelps in his ear as he pounded into her helpless pussy as hard as he could. Each sound drove him to try to fuck her harder and within minutes his balls were tightening and his cock twitching inside her. He slowed up, but she whispered,

"Give it to me, baby, take the edge off, we have all night." She moaned softly, "Honey we have all the time in the world from now on."

Her words sent him over the edge and after several more savage thrusts his cock exploded inside her.

"Oh, fuck yeah." She groaned, as he continued to fuck her, each thrust ending in another long stream of cum shooting deep inside her. "Hmm, I love that feeling, give it all to me, Dennis, give your mother every drop."

He did as she asked, pumping her with short hard strokes as his balls emptied into his mother, painting the insides of her pussy. She purred and cooed in his ear with each spurt and when he stopped, she made him moan by contracting her pussy around his cock, milking a few more drops.

“Wow that felt good.” She giggled, “Can’t let the boys do that, but I can let my boy do it, can’t I?”

“I’ll do anything you’ll let me.” He said turning his head and giving her a quick kiss.

“Hmm, smooth talker!” She laughed and rolling off him onto her back, stretched, arching her back and pushing her tits out.

His eyes roamed appreciatively up and down her magnificent body and he whistled, “God, you look good, mom.”

“So do you, baby.” She gave his cock an affectionate squeeze.

They jumped when his cell rang from the top of the pile of clothes he’d put on his bureau when he came into the room. He sat up and sliding to the foot of the bed, leaned over and grabbed it.

“Crap, its dad.” He sighed, “Timing is everything.”

Mom sat up next to him and taking the phone from his hand, answered it before he could stop her.

“Hey, baby!” She said cheerfully. “How are you?”

She put her finger to her lips to him.

“No, you dialed the right number, we’re in the parlor watching a movie, but he fell asleep, poor kid had classes and work all week, he’s beat.”

She listened, nodding along as she did.

“I know, you don’t want work affecting his grades, but he’s been studying, I’ve been making sure of it all week.”

She paused again.

“I know school’s more important than money,” A sly smile appeared on her face, “Don’t you worry, I’ve been riding him pretty hard while you’ve been gone.”

The End