

Mom's Got Me Hard At Work

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Chapter One

Adam looked up from the online application at the sound of a car in the driveway. Leaning over in his chair, he pulled the blind to the side to see mom was home. He waited a couple minutes, watching his mother go through the usual routine of walking down to check the mail.

As always his mother looked damn good in her work attire. Adam had heard his mother refer to her style as 'business sexy' and felt that was a perfect description for it. Mom's outfits could never be called inappropriate, but her skirts were on the tighter side and although not too short, were several inches above her knee.

Today's skirt was gray and accompanied by sheer black stockings. Mom always wore stockings, but black was Adam's favorite on her by far. He also knew they, like all of her stockings, were thigh highs.

Mom's legs were displayed well in them and ended in a pair of short black boots just high enough to be seen as sexy over professional, but weren't quite fuck me heels. Her gray blazer was stylish and professional, but when she turned from the mail box Adam was far from disappointed to see what she wore beneath it.

The black silky top was low cut enough to have the same effect as her skirt, showing enough cleavage to call attention to her ample breasts, but not so much it looked trashy. Mom went into the next step in the ritual, bending over to pick up the evening paper her and dad still subscribed to preferring to read it 'old school' as dad joked.

This was Adam's favorite part of mom's outdoor coming home routine. If she were facing away from him when she picked up the paper, he'd get a good look at her ass framed in the skirt which would tighten when she bent over.

Today she was facing the house which from his vantage point from the second floor gave him a peek down her blouse. Even from this distance he got a quick glance at his mother's large breasts cradled in her black lace bra.

Mom walked back up the driveway, giving Adam an opportunity to watch the sway of her hips and the way her skirt hugged her ass. Mom completed her routine by walking past the side door of the house to peek into the garden to see if anything needed to be watered.

By the time she entered the house, Adam figured it was a safe bet dad hadn't left work with her. If that were the case he would have only been a minute or two behind her. Not that this was unusual

these days. Seemed like dad worked later more often than he used to and if he wasn't working in the office, he was out meeting prospective clients.

That could mean another argument later on when he did get home. Adam wasn't sure if his working late was the cause of the arguments, or the result of them and he was trying to avoid coming home. One way or another it wasn't a good thing.

Not that Adam had any worries about his parents. They'd been together twenty five years which had included some lean times and more serious drama than mom's claiming he didn't ever want to do anything but work these days.

On a selfish note dad not being home gave Adam a chance to indulge in a routine of his own. A routine he knew he should be ashamed of, and was at times was, but nevertheless something he looked forward to.

A little too much these days as not only was it wrong on many levels, but had him happy when his father didn't come home right away. Adam heard the door shut downstairs and quietly made his way down the stairs just as mom had reached the couch in the living room.

Years ago when he was a child, Adam had discovered the small landing where the stairs curved was the perfect vantage point to sit and observe the living room without being seen. He'd squat here eavesdropping on his parents when he thought he might be in trouble or trying to listen in to see what they might be buying him for an occasion or, as he grew older, what they really thought of who he was dating.

He felt a little ridiculous at the age of twenty two and having just graduated college crouching there. Not to mention that at this point he stood slightly over six feet and it was physically awkward to get low enough to not be seen from the couch.

But well worth it, he thought with a smile as he watched Mom go through the next phase of her routine. The first part she always did regardless of whether or not Adam was downstairs or not. That was to first remove her blazer to expose the tight sleeveless shirt beneath it.

Draping the blazer over the arm of the couch, mom reached up and removed the clip from her hair. As she did her shirt rose up to expose her stomach. Mom wasn't chubby, but could never be called slender.

Her stomach was still fairly flat, but not hard like the picture perfect porn stars, but on the softer side and to Adam that made it even sexier, his mother wasn't a fake fantasy, but a natural woman who looked damn good for her age.

Mom let her hair down and as always gave her head a shake, sending her long honey blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and back. Adam always got a kick out of that move. It was something a woman would do in a movie or in front of their lover to show off, but mom always did it when she was alone, or thought she was.

The process continued when she sat on the couch to take off her shoes. It was a simple thing many people did when they came home from work, especially women who wore heels. Yet his mother had a way of making it seem sexy. Adam loved the way she bent over, especially on days like today where there was the added treat of watching her unzip the boots.

His mother always took her shoes off slowly and released a soft sigh when she slipped one off. That sigh was one of relief, but it was still a sexy little noise that Adam was convinced would sound so much better if it was in his ear and maybe even with his name involved in it.

After her first boot was off, mom crossed her leg and briefly rubbed her foot. Adam enjoyed the way her fair skin with her red tipped nails looked on the black material as much as a few more sexy little noises she emitted while doing it.

Mom repeated the procedure with her other boot, then stood up. Adam smiled in anticipation as what she was about to do next was something she only did when her son wasn't home or up in his room where he should be rather than perverting on his mother on the stair case.

Mom hoisted her skirt up to her hips and again Adam appreciated the way her white thighs contrasted with the dark stockings. Mom slowly rolled her stocking down her right leg, then switched to her left.

Slowly was what made it even sexier, and Adam swore she did it as if someone were watching. He knew she and dad had argued about sex because the last couple times he'd them yelling while in his room, before slipping down to this vantage point to listen in.

Because of that Adam wondered if his mother removed her stockings in that slow sensual manner while pretending she was doing it for Dad or maybe some fantasy lover. He'd over heard her say she did her best to be sexy for him and it would be nice if he noticed these days.

Instead her son was noticing, but Adam doubted his mother would find that flattering. Mom sat back on the couch and his eyes widened when instead of leaning over to finish rolling the stockings down her leg, mom did something even better.

She stretched her right leg out and up, and rolled the stocking down, before peeling it off her foot. Adam had been hoping for a little peek down her blouse when she leaned over. Instead he got a look up her skirt and in addition to seeing a lot of her creamy inner thigh caught a glimpse of black material between them.

Not that Adam wasn't intimately familiar with his mother's underwear, but seeing them on her was a pleasant surprise. Mom repeated the move with her other leg, then both shocked and thrilled him when she put her arms behind her and under her blouse. A moment later, she pulled her bra out from under her top.

She leaned over to collect her shoes and Adam's cock responded to the all too brief glimpse he received of his mother's braless tits. Mom rose to her feet, and grabbing up her bra and stockings along with the blazer walked towards the stair case.

As she drew closer, Adam could see her nipples poking through the slinky top. He also took note of despite their size and his mother's forty five years, her breasts were still sitting pretty high on their own.

When mom put her foot on the landing, he noted her deep red toenail polish. Mom went for weekly manicures and pedicures and part of what he found so damn sexy about her was how, as she'd told his father, she did everything she could to stay looking sexy.

He jerked his head up at the sound of a creak announcing Mom was on the first step. That creak had been there for years, and Adam had learned to avoid it early on when he wanted to sneak up or down the stairs.

At the moment it meant he'd been so wrapped up in checking his mother out, he no longer had time to slip back upstairs without her seeing him. Instead, he stood up and made his way downstairs. He stopped short as she came around the corner and did his best to pretend to be surprised.

"Whoa!" Adam exclaimed putting his hands on her shoulders as he deliberately almost walked into her to be convincing.

"Jesus!" Mom's eyes widened in actual surprise and she rocked backwards and might have fallen had Adam not had his hands on her. "I didn't hear you coming down."

"Sorry." Adam had made the mistake of lowering his eyes as he spoke so his mother wouldn't be able to tell he was lying, like she seemed to always be able to.

Her erect nipples were showing prominently and he found it odd seeing it was warm in the house. Then again, that material probably felt good sliding across her sensitive skin and...

"Hello!" Mom waved her hand in front of his face.

:"Huh, oh!" He looked up and hoped his face wasn't turning as red as it felt. "I was just..." He blinked when he noticed one of mom's stockings had fallen out of her arms and pounced on the excuse for why he was looking down. "You dropped something."

Mom turned and looked down, then with a sigh squatted down and picked up the stocking. Adam risked a quick glance down and saw most of her breasts including the darker skin around her nipples. With an act of will he jerked his head up even though he was sure had he kept looking he would have seen them as well.

"Thanks," Mom smiled having no idea her son had just been gawking at her tits. "Your father won't be home for another hour or so. Can you wait to eat?"

"Sure." He nodded. "Dad working late again?"

"Sort of." She gave him a mischievous smile. "He's working on that surprise he told you we have for you."

"Cool!" Adam beamed. "Glad you're not mad at him for once."

Bad move as her smile faded. "Sorry, Adam. I know you hear us arguing lately. It'll pass. Your father still treats work as a priority and I think we're at a point where he and I should be the priority. Know what I mean?"

"I think so."

"All work and no play might make Jack a dull boy, but it makes Jane a frustrated bitch." She smirked. "That more clear?"

"Crystal." Adam said awkwardly. "But a little TMI."

“You’re a twenty two year old college grad. I would think you could handle knowing your parents have sex. Or at least one of them wants too.”

“Right.” If only she knew how much he’d thought of her having sex. “But I can wait for dad for dinner.”

“Good because I want to take a nice hot shower and relax for a little while first.”

“Go for it, you deserve it.” He told her, knowing he should feel bad about his real motivations for wanting his mother to take a shower.

“Aren’t you sweet?” Mom put her hand on his cheek, and Adam felt a brief stab of guilt. If she only knew what he’d been doing, sweet would be that last thing she would call him.

He felt even worse when she put her free arm around him and gave him a quick hug.

“Jeez, mom.” He feigned annoyance, when in reality he was enjoying her soft hair on his cheek and the smell of her perfume.

“You may be a man to everyone else, but to me you’ll always be my sweet baby boy.” She said softly.

Right now her sweet boy was getting a pair of cheap thrills. The first being the words baby boy. It made him think of some of the mom son porn he’d been watching occasionally over the last few months.

The bigger, and far better, thrill was the feel of her breasts pressing into him through his t-shirt and her flimsy top. He was distinctly aware of her still erect nipples poking him and thought it odd they’d still be that way while talking to her son.

“So you interested?” She eased back, but kept her arm around his neck. She had a sly smile on her face, and gave her head a sexy little toss, sending her blonde hair back over her shoulder.

“Hmmm?”

“Interested?”

“You heard me? You interested in what I have for you?”

Adam blinked. No way could this be what it sounded like. This was straight out of one of those mom videos that were long on hot sex, but dumb as hell when it came to an actual story.

“W...what do you have for me?”

“Got to know if you’re interested first, silly.” Mom leaned forward just enough for her breasts to push into him again. “Are you?”

“Of course I am.” He could hear the slight tremble in his voice.

“Then ask me what I have for you.”

“Okay.” He took a deep breath, trying to keep focused on reality and not some taboo fantasy he shouldn’t be having in the first place. “What do you have for me, mom?”

“What I have is...” She leaned in, her face so close to his he could feel her breath on his cheek. Mom cocked her head slightly, her full red lips parted. His heart pounding, Adam tilted his head slightly the other way, his lips pressing together, prepared to accept the kiss he couldn’t believe she was going to give him.

Mom’s head kept moving and when her lips reached his ear, instead of his mouth she exclaimed. “You have to wait until tomorrow to find out!”

She laughed and clapped her hands, and Adam felt a surge of relief that she hadn’t noticed he had thought she was going to kiss him.

“Really, mom?” He muttered, annoyed at himself for even thinking anything was going to happen, but at least that made his words convincing.

“I’ve been telling you for a week, your dad and I have something special for you, but you don’t get it until tomorrow.”

“Tease.” He told her and meant it in a way other than whatever the surprise was. Standing there braless, her nipples poking through the shirt, and rubbing up on him.

“I am, aren’t I?” She giggled. “I love to tease.”

“Then I guess I find out tomorrow.”

“You didn’t make any plans, right?”

“You told me not to.”

“Good.” She removed her arm from his neck and finally moved to the side of the landing so she wasn’t directly in front of him, inadvertently teasing him with her tits. “Adam, I can’t wait to see your face when you see it.”

“Sounds good.” He smiled tightly as she walked past him to go upstairs. He turned to follow, but she looked over her shoulder at him. “Where are you going?”

“I was in the middle of filling out an application. I’ve sent out a dozen this week, hopefully I get some bites.” He sighed. “I was really hoping I could have worked with you guys, but Bill said there wasn’t any room.”

“Not now, but maybe down the line.” Mom shrugged, and the way her tits bounced in front of his face wasn’t just hot, but it dawned on him she never went around without a bra in front of him. Then again why the hell would she worry about it? Fact was he wasn’t supposed to be looking.

“So can I ask you something?” Mom cut into his thoughts.

“Yeah, sure.”

“If you were working on an application why were you heading downstairs?”

“Down...” Goddamn idiot. “I wanted to grab a coke.” He gave her a goofy grin. “Guess I forgot while we were talking.”

“Well, your father always said I could be a distraction.” She sighed. “Back when he could be distracted.”

“Time for that coke.” Adam turned and went downstairs. He entered the kitchen, grabbing a coke from the fridge and then quickly made his way back upstairs.

Mom’s bedroom door was shut, but he knew she would be coming out to head into the bathroom any minute. Adam went into his room, but left his door open a couple of inches so he could see when his mother left her room.

Adam sat on the foot of his bed and winced when his cock bent awkwardly. He was already hard at the thought of what he was going to do. Sitting there with his cock throbbing, he let his mind wander back to the event that had kicked off this taboo obsession he’d developed for his mother.

It had been a few months ago and his parents had come home from a meeting with clients. Adam had been wanting to talk to his father about his project for finals and once he heard them come in, gave it a couple minutes before heading downstairs.

He hadn’t made an effort to be quiet, but as he reached the curve of the staircase, he stopped when he heard music playing softly. Adam peeked around the corner to see his father sitting on the couch with his shirt off, smiling up at his mother who was dancing in front of him.

More accurately, she wasn’t dancing, she was stripping! Adam’s first reaction was why would they decide to fool around in the living room when he was home? Then he realized he’d never told them he was letting his best friend Ted borrow his car tonight for a date so they had no idea he was home.

His next reaction was completely normal. He began to turn and head back up the stairs to his room where he’d do his best to not think about his parents fucking downstairs. That’s when he heard his mother over the music.

“You can’t lie to me, Frank, you loved the way they were looking at your wife tonight.”

Mom uttered those words while she had her back to his father and in the process of sliding her long sleeved black blouse off her shoulders. Mom shimmied down to the floor, then back up again. By then she had the blouse off and spinning around playfully tossed it at dad.

The bra beneath was red and composed of mostly lace, leaving all but her nipples visible through it. Adam found himself not only turning back to face the show, but sinking down into a crouch so he couldn’t be seen if either of them looked over that way.

He couldn’t hear his father’s response, but mom laughed as she once again put her back to him while swaying her hips seductively to Wilson Pickett’s Mustang Sally.

“Oh, please, they were gawking at me all night and you were watching them watch me.” Mom unhooked her bra, and slid the straps down her shoulders.

Adam realized he was holding his breath and his heart raced in anticipation of his mother whipping her bra off the way she had her shirt. He knew he shouldn’t be watching, knew he should be back upstairs, but he was totally captivated by seeing his mother as a woman, and not a parent.

Mom did whip the bra off, but had begun to turn as she did. Adam caught the briefest flash of her bare breasts, before she'd turned around, but it would be a moment that six months later he was still replaying in his mind.

Adam had been aware to some extent his mother had large breasts, if for no other reason than some of his friends pointing it out and busting him up about it, but had never really focused on them. That changed that night as he was amazed at just how big they were and how large her rosy red nipples were in that far too quick view of them.

Mom had put her back to him and stepping up between his father's legs, leaned over and shoved her tits in his face. Dad's arms encircled her waist and mom moaned loud enough to be heard over the soft music.

The only light in the room was coming from the two candles mom had lit on the coffee table, and growing bolder, Adam had moved from his perch and crept down a couple more stairs.

"They were staring at these tits, weren't they? Your tits, the ones you're sucking on right now."

Mom eased back and shook back and forth and Adam wished he had dad's view of her tits bouncing in front of his face. This time he did hear his father's words.

"That's why I don't like you showing them off, it's not professional and..."

"Oh for fucks sake." Mom was slurring her words causing Adam to realize she was drunk. "Why can't you just enjoy the fact other men think I'm attractive and admit it helps work when that's all they think about?"

"Because its....what are you doing?"

"Let's see if you complain this is unprofessional."

Mom slid down to her knees and Adam's eyes widened when after a moment of fumbling, she must have opened dad's pants. Mom's head bobbed up and down and Dad moaned softly and let his head fall back on the couch.

"Holy shit," he'd whispered as he took in the view of his mother kneeling on the floor topless and blowing his father.

Adam was uncomfortably aware that his cock wasn't just hard, but painfully hard as he watched his mother act like some horny milf from a porn movie. The sexiest part of the scene was his father was still completely dressed, even his tie was still on and here was his half naked mother sucking him like some...

"Hmm, you like that, baby?" Mom spoke, cutting into his racing thoughts. "Like me sucking your cock like the slutty little intern I used to be?"

"I...hell yeah." Dad whispered.

Mom's arm was moving, pumping dad's cock as she looked up at him.

"That's how we used to play back at the start wasn't it?" She paused to bob her head several times so rapidly dad gasped, then released him with a wet smack of her lips.

“I was your assistant and if they only knew how much I really did for you back then.” Mom resumed her sucking and dad put his hands in her hair, pushing and pulling on it, moving her head more roughly up and down his cock.

“Lucky bastard.” Adam thought as his hand strayed to his crotch, rubbing his swollen cock through his sweat pants.

Mom was making sloppy wet sucking sounds that carried to where he hid, and he could just imagine her spitting and slobbering the way the porn stars did it. Dad was moaning louder and Adam was convinced his mother was going to suck him off.

The idea of his mother, the woman who raised and adored him, taking a load of cum in her mouth should have appalled him, but instead his balls were aching from how hard he was. Mom surprised him by pulling head back rising to her feet.

She turned her head towards the stair case and for a heart stopping moment, Adam had thought she'd spotted him. Yet even as he crouched in the corner like the perverted peeping Tom he was, he couldn't help but notice the sticking strands of spit and other fluid dripping from her chin.

He could see her breast from the side just make out the tip of her nipple in the dim light. Mom turned back to dad and after kicking her heels off, she leaned over, braced her hands on dad's shoulders and stepped onto the couch.

“Wow.” Adam mouthed the word as his mother now stood straight up on the couch and hiked her skirt up.

Adam was surprised to see her black stockings were thigh highs leaving her upper thighs and her ass exposed except for the black thong, she pulled aside to pulled her thong to the side to shove her pussy in his father's face.

Adam briefly took note of his father's hard cock, still glistening in the candlelight from his mother's wet mouth, but quickly looked away as seeing his mother was one thing, but that was too much.

Course seeing his mother acting like a drunken wanton woman should have been more than he could stand, but here he was so hard it was getting to be painful. Mom put one knee up on the top of the couch and lifted her skirt higher.

Adam rubbed his cock harder as his mother worked her hips, grinding her pussy in his father's face. Mom was fair to downright pale and her creamy white ass cheeks looked incredible over the dark stockings.

Then again, mom's ass itself was incredible. Her well rounded ass matched the rest of her soft curvy body and when Dad's hands came around and gave each cheek a playful slap, they jiggled and Adam found himself hoping his father would spank her harder.

Instead squeezed her cheeks and spread them open, he pulled the thong further to the side and Adam cursed the dim light because if it had been brighter he was sure he would have gotten a glimpse of his mother's pussy from behind.

Part of him was shocked at the idea he wanted too, never mind the fact he was sitting there spying on his parents fooling around. Not just spying, but harder than he could ever remember being while doing it.

“Yes!” Mom gasped. “Just like that! Suck that clit, baby. Suck it until I come in your face and then take a ride on that big fucking dick!”

Adam was blown away. Did his mother always talk like that or was it the fact she was drunk? For that matter did she always do things like stand on the damn couch and pretty much attack his father’s face with her pussy?

“Right there!” Mom called out, “Oh yeah, baby!”

Mom followed those words with a long loud howl of pleasure that had Adam’s cock twitching in his pants. His mother had grabbed his father’s head, wrapping her fingers in his curly hair and roughly grinding her hips into his face.

Again, the thought of how lucky his father was went through his mind. Here he thought his old man was the stereotypical boring architect and mom was pretty much the prim and proper office manager type. Yet here they were on the damn couch going at it like teenagers.

At least mom was anyway, as dad had actually seemed to be griping about it earlier. He hadn’t been griping though when mom had gone down on him like Jenna Jameson. He also didn’t seem to mind it when mom stopped bucking her hips and lowered herself down onto his lap.

Mom reached back, grabbing his father’s cock and guiding it between her now spread legs and into her pussy.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” She squealed as she sank down on what Adam couldn’t help noticing was a pretty big cock.

The four girls Adam had slept with since his first time back in junior year of high school had all remarked he was pretty well hung and he was now a little uncomfortably aware of where that had come from.

“Shh.” Dad moaned as she worked her hips back and forth, sliding across his lap with his cock buried deep inside her. “The neighbors.”

“I hope they hear us!” Mom laughed. “I hear them all the time.” She rose up and drove down so hard on dad’s cock the couch squeaked in protest. “Bout time I got it as good as she did!”

Ouch, that sounded like a cheap shot, but all his father could do was moan when mom raised her knees so her feet were flat on the couch and was now bouncing up and down, riding him like she was on one of those fake bulls at the country bars.

“I suppose I’m the one giving it, but who cares? I’m finally getting me some cock!” Mom was talking pretty loud and the windows were open. Adam hoped for his father’s sake they couldn’t hear her.

“Linda, keep it down!” Dad managed to hiss in between his groans.

“Fuck that, I’m taking advantage of it being up!” Mom laughed, and then cut off dad’s next words by shoving her tits into his face.

Adam remained there, his face flushed, sweat trickling down his back and rubbing his raging hard on while watching his mother ride his father hard and fast. Seemingly a little too fast as Dad gasped and moaned, “Slow down....I...”

“Not yet!” Mom complained. “Its only been a couple of minutes and I want to come on your....Oh!”

Dad released a long groan as he came, his hips thrusting up from the couch into his mother’s descending pussy. After several hard pumps, he stopped moving, and with a sigh, grabbed mom’s shoulders. “Okay, I...”

His words turned into a startled yelp as mom continued to ride him even harder than before. “I want to come again!” She whimpered. “Keep fucking me, Frank! I...”

“Stop!” Dad snapped and grabbing her shoulders, held her in place on his lap. “I...I can’t.”

“You can!” Mom told him, then easing off his lap, squatted down between his legs. “I’ll suck you hard again!”

“Jesus, Linda!” Dad actually covered his now only semi hard cock with his hands. “Stop acting like a sex starved animal!”

Adam heard his words, but his attention was drawn to his mother’s open legs where a trail of whit fluid was dripping from his pussy to the floor. It was at the same time disturbing as it was his father’s cum, but also incredibly hot the way his mother had assumed a classic porn position to suck him after they’d just fucked and while her pussy was literally dripping.

“Well if that wasn’t the first time in over a month maybe I’d be satisfied with just the once.”

Mom quickly stood up, and Adam was hoping she’d turn around and give him a full view of her tits. But mom pushed her skirt down over her hips and staring down at his father who was tucking his still oozing cock into his pants.

“Christ, Frank, most men would give anything to get fucked like you just did, especially at our age and twenty five years later.”

“Little full of yourself, aren’t you?” Dad commented, shocking Adam, what the hell was wrong with him? Mom was right, he was twenty two and had had some fun with his girlfriends, but had never been fucked like that.

“I’d rather be full of you, but for more than three minutes.”

“Well if you weren’t sucking me like a fucking whore trying to hurry up and get to her next John, I’d have lasted longer.”

“Oh, boy, dad.” Adam whispered as he slowly eased back up to his original spot. That wasn’t smart.

“Tell you what, Frank. How about you go to work tomorrow and take a survey. Ask all the guys if they’d complain if their wife dropped to their knees and sucked their cock like a porn star.”

“Can I throw in you were drunk and was only horny in the first place because you were getting off on those guys staring at you like they’d never seen a woman before?”

“What can I say, it was nice to be looked at.” Mom shook her head. “I can’t believe you managed to fuck up a hot time.”

“Was it nice to be looked at or was it the half dozen long island ice teas you had?” Dad stood up in front of her. “You were drunk and flirting. I should say flirting more than usual.”

He put his back to her to walk towards the kitchen.

“They signed didn’t they?” Mom said to his back. “They didn’t sign because of your pitch they signed because they’re men and had my tits on their brain.”

“No wonder you got along, you have sex on your brain constantly.”

“Oh, how you suffer.” Mom bent over and picking up her blouse slipped it back on. “Funny, you weren’t so offended by my flirting and my being drunk that you stopped me from sucking your dick.”

“I never said I don’t enjoy it, but I don’t like you coming onto me like a drunken slut.”

“If I waited for you it would be another month.” Mom finally turned his way, but to his dismay she’d buttoned her shirt.

At that point his hard on was fading as his parents arguing was getting to him. He’d heard them argue a few times before about dad not paying attention to her, but the name calling was a new thing.

“Poor you. Good career, nice house, a decent husband, great son to be proud of, but oh, I need to get laid more!” Dad called out from the kitchen. “I bet most women would give anything to have all that and not care if they weren’t having porno sex.”

“Please, both people have to want it to have porno sex.” Mom said, then paused and Adam’s heart went out to her when he saw a tear trickling down her cheek.

“Thanks for making me feel like the whore you think I am.” She yelled out to the kitchen, then headed for the stairs.

Adam quickly stood up and moved up the stairs as fast as he could without making any noise. He managed to reach the top of the stairs before mom made it to the curve, but she must have been running up the stairs because before he could make it to his room, she spoke behind him.

“Adam! I didn’t know you were home!”

Adam turned and gave her what he hoped was a casual shrug. “I let Ted use my car for a date tonight.”

“Oh.” Mom’s blouse wasn’t completely buttoned and she quickly crossed her arms over her breasts. “Um, you weren’t downstairs just now were you?”

“No,” he shook his head. “I went to bed early, just had to go to the bathroom.” He decided to play it up. “You okay, mom? You look upset.”

“I’m fine we landed the clients.” She gave him a half hearted smile. “Be a good account for our firm.”

“Great, so why do you look sad?”

“Money and work isn’t everything, Adam.” Mom walked up to him and put her hand on his cheek. “You’ll be graduating next month and looking for a job. Work’s important, but never put it before family.”

“I won’t.”

“And when you meet that special someone?” Mom’s eyes were starting to fill up. “You always make her feel like she’s the most important thing in the world, and if she don’t treat you the same? She’s the wrong one. Got it?”

“You and dad have another fight?” His concern for his mother caused his words to sound believable as despite what he’d seen and his reaction to it, he now felt like a normal decent son who was worried about his mother.

“Yeah, but don’t worry, its nothing important.”

“Must be if you’re upset.”

“Okay.” Mom rolled her eyes. “It was about sex, happy?”

“Um, right, I won’t worry about it.” Adam nodded.

“Goodnight, hon.” Mom kissed him on the cheek. “And remember what I said. You find the right girl you make her happy in every way.”

She walked past him and Adam watched her as she moved slowly down the hall, putting her hand out along the wall at one point when she drifted to the side. Adam watched her ass in the snug skirt imagining how good it looked when she was riding his father.

Adam shook his head; he needed to forget he saw that or if nothing else try not to look at his mother like that. He continued to stare at her and thought that wasn’t going to be easy, especially when he caught sight of the long line of cum down the left leg of her stocking.

Mom went into her room and Adam heard he distinct sound of the lock clicking on the doorknob. At the sound of his father coming upstairs, Adam turned to go into his room and was just opening his door when dad appeared at the top of the stairs carrying his mother’s heels in one hand her bra in the other.

“Adam?” Dad looked as surprised as mom. “Where’s your car?”

“Ted’s using it.”

Dad looked down at what was in his hands and rolled his eyes. “Sorry about this, your mom had a little too much to drink and...”

He stopped when Adam put his hands over his ears. “Blah blah blah!” He said with a grin.

“Right.” Dad sighed. “Better off that way. See you in the morning.”

“Night, dad.” Adam entered his room, but as soon as he heard his father walk by opened it a couple inches and peeked into the hallway.

Dad reached their bedroom and when he tried the knob, muttered, “For Christ’s sake.” He knocked softly and when there was no answer, he said. “I brought your clothes up here so maybe our son won’t know his mother was stripping in the damn living room.”

Once more there was no reply and with an exasperated sigh his father dropped the heels and bra in front of the door and turned away. Adam closed the door and stood behind it until he heard his father stomp back down the stairs.

Exiting his room he crept down the hallway and winced at the sound of a door slamming downstairs. Dad had an old couch in his den and on the occasions they’d fought over the years he would sleep down there.

Adam listened at his mother’s door. He couldn’t hear anything and there was no light coming from under the doorway. Adam picked his mother’s heels and bra up and quickly slipped back into his room, thumbing the lock as he did.

He stared at the black heels in his hand noting they were a lot higher than what she usually wore to work. Adam sat on the bed and feeling like a total loser, but unable to help it, pulled his sweat pants and underwear down.

His cock had begun to swell just from staring at her shoes and holding it at the base he rubbed it along the smooth surface of his mother’s shoe. He thought of the sexy way she’d slipped them off to climb onto the couch and how sexy her feet looked in the black stockings she’d left on.

Mom wasn’t tall and her feet were on the smaller side, giving Adam a thrill that his cock was as long as her shoe. He thought of it being his mother’s stocking foot he was rubbing on and moaned softly. Now moving his hips as he thrust against the shoe.

Adam picked up the black lace bra and bringing it to his face sniffed it. The smell of his mother’s Chanel cocoa filled his nose and his cock twitched as he rubbed the lace between his fingers. He thought of large the cups were and how soft, warm and heavy her breasts would feel in his hands.

Adam stood up and putting the shoes on the bed wrapped the cup of the bra around his shaft. He pumped his cock and was so aroused that in less than a minute his balls tightened and he groaned at the sensation of his impending orgasm flowing through his cock.

He pointed his cock down, so nothing would get on the bra and groaned when he exploded, sending a long thick stream of cum across his mother’s heels. He continued to stroke, moving his cock side to side and coating the side of each of her heels with some of what he swore was the biggest load he’d ever blown.

When he’d finished emptying the contents of his balls on his mother’s shoes, he sat back down on the bed and felt a mixed sense of relief and embarrassment. He was twenty two and had sex on a

pretty regular basis until breaking up with Kara a few weeks ago. Yet here he was jacking off with a bra onto high heels.

His mother's bra and high heels.

Adam felt a wave of shame flow over him. He'd never done anything like this back when he was a young teen and whacking off to anything in sight, now he was a man jerking off to his mother because he'd seen her having sex.

Yet as soon as he thought of what he'd seen his semi hard cock twitched between his legs while he replayed what he'd witnessed. He couldn't stop himself from doing it and even though he'd just gotten off, his cock was slowly swelling to a full erection.

He stared at the bra in his hand and with a sigh of frustration, he wrapped it back around his cock and jerked himself hard and fast until with a whimper he managed to coax the second load in less than five minutes and once again all over one of the shoes, but this time with the vivid image of doing it deep inside of his mother's pussy.

Chapter Two

Adam looked up at the sound of his mother's door closing. He'd become so engrossed in his replaying of the first night he'd succumbed to his taboo lust and gotten off to his mother, he'd almost missed his cue.

Adam peered out of his room to see his mother walking down the hall in her robe. His eyes narrowed as he hadn't recalled seeing this one before. Mom's usual robe was purple and he swore had to be ten years old. It was knee length, shapeless and downright frumpy. A typical mom 'housecoat' as dad called it.

This one was also purple, but shorter, much shorter he noted as he stared at the backs of her lower thighs. It was also silky and Adam wondered if it were actually part of some type of lingerie set.

Then again, sad to say, Adam had spent far more time than he should have perusing the contents of his mother's bureau and closet and had found some pretty damn hot ensembles and even 'painted' a couple of them as it was obvious from where they were tucked away that she didn't wear them much.

He hadn't seen this robe and figured it was new. When mom entered the bathroom, Adam stood there waiting until he heard the shower come on, just in case his mother forgot something and came back out. After all, how could he explain being in her room looking through her hamper?

Adam went back to that first night, recalling how after he'd cum on her shoes for the second time the guilt had gotten to him. Suddenly panicked, as if he'd somehow get caught, he'd grabbed a t-shirt and wiped his mother's shoes clean, obsessively rubbing them and peering closely to make sure he got every drop.

Adam had ran the bra through his fingers an inch at a time to be sure there wasn't a drop anywhere on it before slinking down the hallway in the dark and placing them back in front of the bedroom door.

Yet that hadn't stopped him from a couple days later when his parents weren't home, giving in to temptation and going through his mother's bureau. He'd found several thongs in a variety fo colors and was going to jerk off with one.

That's when his eyes fell on her hamper and it dawned on him how much better one she'd just worn would be. Two months later he'd developed the routine he was looking to continue today, waiting for his mother to shower to slip in and get one fresh off her body.

At the sound of the shower coming on, Adam made a beeline for his mother's room. As soon as he entered, he made his way to the hamper and opened it. He rummaged underneath the blouse and skirt she'd tossed in there and with a smile found his prize.

Adam lifted the black French cut panties featuring a small black bow over the patch of lace in the front. He didn't care that they weren't quite as sexy as a thong, all that mattered was that his mother had spent the day in them.

He closed the hamper and left her room, all but running back to his. As soon as he closed and locked his door, he flopped down on his bed. Even as he fumbled for his zipper he had pressed the panties to his face, inhaling deeply.

His already hard cock sprang free and he sighed at the scent of his mother's pussy from the crotch of the panties. They still smelled of the vanilla potpourri she kept in her drawer and for him that smell would always be associated with the smell of pussy, his mom's pussy.

With a thrill Adam felt the crotch wasn't just damp in the center, but sticky. Mom had been horny and wet at some point, and he remembered her nipples being erect on the couch, and the way she'd undressed sensually as if someone were there.

As he slowly pumped his cock while going full out perv and licking the crotch of her panties, he wondered again if she were imagining herself undressing for a lover. Adam had also learned from his snooping that his mother had a small vibrator she kept in the pocket of the old frumpy robe.

From what he'd heard standing just outside the bathroom door she sometimes used in the shower when she didn't think anyone was home. Closing his eyes and moaning as he got a taste of his mother's sweet sticky juices from the panties, he wondered if she had it in there with her now?

She obviously knew he was home, but why would she think her son would be outside the door with his ear pressed to it like a damn stalker? He continued to tongue her panties like a dog licking a plate, trying to get every last drop from it.

Adam imagined he was licking her pussy. Her legs spread and draped over his shoulders while she played with his hair and moaned his name as he sucked on her delicious pink slit. She'd cum screaming like she had for dad that night, then beg him to shove his dick inside of her.

Adam reluctantly removed the panties from his face and wrapping them around his cock stroked it faster. He let his head fall back on the pillow and jerked fantasizing the soft silky material was the even softer silkier flesh of his mother.

He thought of her over him, riding him sensually, his hands over her big beautiful breasts, fondling her rosy nipples. He moaned as his imagination went wild, imagining her turning around and riding him reverse cowboy allowing him to watch his cock slide in and out of her pussy while he played with the plump cheeks of her amazing ass.

“Oh, yeah.” He whispered into the empty room. “That’s it, mom, ride my cock. Ride me like the nasty little slut you were for dad that night.”

He squeezed his cock tighter and slid the panties over the head of his cock with his thumb as he continued to talk himself through his latest incestuous fantasy. “If dad doesn’t want you to act like a porn star, you can be mine. Your baby boy will let you get as dirty as you want to be.”

Somewhere in his mind he was aware of how pathetic he sounded, like one of those idiot ‘sons’ in those out there mommy porns, but it was what he’d fantasized about most the last two months. His sex starved frustrated mother who was so tired of being married to a man who for whatever reason had no desire to let his wife be his whore coming to her son to satisfy her.

Adam would give her exactly what she wanted, being good to her by letting her be bad. His mind switched to fucking his mother doggy style. Nothing fancy, just pounding her from behind while she squealed and yelped. He thought of spanking those round cheeks and watching them jiggle with a nice red hand print on them.

Adam moaned and thrust his hips into the panties as his fantasy self pounded into his mother like some cheap slut he’d picked up in a bar. He’d whip his cock out and she’d roll over onto her back, lifting her tits and offering them to him so he could spray a big hot load onto them.

The first squirt would catch her in the face though, right in her slutty mouth and she’d lick it from her lips while her son came all over her...

“Fuck!” He groaned as his cock erupted, filling his mother’s panties with the load he was currently envisioning dripping down her chin and all over her tits. “That’s it baby,” he pictured her saying. “Paint mommy’s big titties!”

She’d take over, grabbing his big cock in her small hand and jacking him off, pushing his tip onto her nipple and squeezing out the last drops that in reality were oozing into the now saturated and sticky panties.

Adam released a long sigh and gingerly peeled the sopping panties from his cock. He carefully balled them up and putting them on the bed next to them, lay there catching his breath. He wouldn’t try to sneak them back into his mother’s hamper because she or even worse, dad, might touch them while throwing clothes into the laundry basket.

Instead, as he’d been doing the last few weeks, he’d wash them with his own laundry, dry them, then toss them back in her hamper when she wasn’t home or downstairs. Adam smiled at the comment mom had made last week that he seemed to be doing his laundry every other day as opposed to her usually having to yell at him to do it.

Adam had closed his eyes and was just beginning to slip into a satisfied doze when he heard his door knob turn and the door rattle. His eyes flew open when that attempt was followed by a loud knock.

“Hold on, mom!” Adam tucked his still dripping cock into his jeans and hopping off the bed, zipped up. He stared down at the soiled panties and after a few seconds of panic, shoved them under his pillow.

He opened the door to his mother standing there in the purple robe, her long blonde hair darkened from still being wet. He was assailed by the pleasant scent of her strawberry body wash and realized that was another innocent scent now tainted with his misplaced lust.

“Everything okay?” He asked.

“Why was your door locked?” As she spoke, Adam couldn’t help but notice the robe wasn’t tied that tightly and he could see the inner half of the tops of her breasts.

He also noticed, as he had many times since seeing his mother in a whole new way, that even without make up and her hair a damp mess his mother was a beautiful woman. Her large baby blue eyes were the highlight in a face still smooth and wrinkle free and with the high cheek bones of a classic beauty. Even without lipstick to accentuate them, mom’s lips were still full to the point they were on the larger side, which gave her smile a slightly lopsided appearance that his father always said was adorable, but had made her son acutely aware of where those lips would look best.

“Well?”

“Sorry.” He needed to be more careful with his little waking fantasies. Not that mom would ever think he was looking at her in that way, but she also wasn’t stupid and if he got caught staring enough she might wonder what the hell he was doing.

“I was just taking a nap.”

“And needed to lock your door?” She had her hands on her hips and looked annoyed causing the first fluttering of nerves to touch his stomach. Something was up.

“I just thought, uh…”

“Okay, let’s cut the shit.” Mom pointed past him into his room. “Where are they?”

“They?” The fluttering turned into the sensation of a full blown kick. “Um, who are you talking about?”

“Don’t play coy, Adam.” Mom pushed past him and entering his room looked at his desk, then to his dismay walked over to his bed. “My panties, where are they?”

“Your…” He swallowed nervously as he followed her to the bed. “Why the hell would I have your underwear?”

Mom turned to face him, her hands back on her hips and her barefoot tapping. Her blue eyes, usually wide and soft were narrowed and she looked pissed. Adam had obviously reached a point of no return because as scared as he was, he couldn’t help but think of the expression you’re cute when you’re angry, because she looked pretty damn hot.

“Adam, either you can give them to me or you can sit there while I tear your room apart like I used to when you were a kid and would hide things we didn’t want you to have.”

“Mom, I...”

“Before you decide keep in mind your father will be here soon. So ask yourself if you want him to come up here and ask me why I’m ripping your room apart.”

Their eyes met and feeling his face flush with shame, he averted his gaze from her and whispered. “Under the pillow.”

Mom nodded and flipping his pillow over picked up the balled up panties. She frowned when she grabbed them then as he stood there feeling like a little kid about to be in the worst trouble of his life, she pulled them apart.

Adam winced at the white sticky strands of cum exposed as she opened them. Mom’s face scrunched up in disgust and shaking her head, she turned to him.

“What the hell is this all about?”

“Mom, I...”

“And how long have you been doing it?” She demanded, then her eyes widened and she laughed without humor. “Well, now I know why you’ve been doing so much laundry the last few weeks.

Without warning she threw the panties at him. He reflexively caught them and grimaced when he got a handful of his own jizz.

“Oh, you think that’s gross?” She asked. “But you didn’t think it was gross when you were doing it did you?”

“Mom, I’m so sorry.” He said softly.

“Because you got caught.” Mom crossed her arms over her chest, but under her breasts causing them to push further out of her robe.

As much trouble as he was in his eyes shifted down to the tops of her creamy globes and by doing so he walked right into his mother’s trap.

“That what you were thinking about, Adam? My tits?”

“Mom, I...”

“Stop talking!” Mom shouted at him. “Do you know how fucking wrong this is?”

Adam obeyed her and remained standing there with his head down as she yelled at him.

“Can you imagine what your father would say about this? That his son is jerking off into his mother’s underwear like a fucking pervert? And thinking of her when you do it?”

Her voice rose as she spoke and Adam wiped at his eyes as they began to fill.

“You are thinking of me aren’t you?”

“No,” He gave it one last try I...”

“Liar!”: Mom shouted directly into his face causing him to flinch. She snatched the panties from his hand and held them between their faces. “Just be a man and fucking admit it and we can go from there!”

“Okay,” he stepped back from her and forced the words out of his now tight throat. “I...I was thinking of you.”

“Wrong!” She snapped. “Was would mean you don’t anymore. You just did this!”

“Mom, please stop yelling.” He whispered. “I know you’re mad and you should be, but...”

“But what? I’m supposed to laugh this off, be okay with it?”

“No.” He sighed and forcing himself to look at her asked. “Are you going to tell dad?”

“I don’t know yet.” She had lowered her voice and turning away from him paced back and forth, the soiled panties still in her hand. “I should because this is a pretty big deal, Adam.”

“I know.”

“Especially seeing what we’re planning on doing for you tomorrow.”

“Whatever it is forget it, I don’t deserve it.”

“Not that easy, Adam.” Mom sighed. “It’s not just you that would be affected. We’d have to come up with one hell of an excuse not to...” She stopped and staring down at the panties took a deep breath. “Okay, sit down and let’s talk about this.”

She gestured to the bed and Adam sank down onto the side of it. Mom sat down next to him and for a moment stared down at the panties now held in both hands. Adam wondered why the hell she didn’t put them down, especially considering there was now cum on her hand.

He looked away before whatever was wrong with him raised its head and started raising his. After all that was his cum on his mother’s skin. The closest he’d ever get to any of his fantasies.

“You know when I was eighteen I caught your uncle Gabe doing this exact same thing?”

“You did?”

“Yup, not just my panties and stockings, but our mothers.” Mom shook her head. “Talk about déjà vu’ because I was the one that caught him doing it.”

“Did you tell grandma?”

“No, I was grossed out, but didn’t want to see him get in trouble and he was so scared he started to cry.” Her mouth twitched into a small smile. “He was only fourteen.”

When Adam didn’t add anything, she continued. “But for your uncle it was different and its why I know you had to be thinking of me not just some random woman or fantasy.”

“Look, mom, I said...”

“See your uncle was a virgin. At that point he hadn’t even kissed a girl and at that age he was jerking off so much I’m surprised his dick didn’t fall off. He was frustrated and horny and I was older and attractive and he used to peep at me in my room and the shower. That led to him stealing my underwear. He did the same thing to mom. Damn lucky I caught him.”

“But you’re twenty two and I know damn well you’ve had sex and with a few girls since high school. You’re not a frustrated teen, you’re a man. Meaning the only reason you’d be using these?” Mom held them up before finally tossing them on the floor. “Is you’re thinking about me.”

“I admitted I was.”

“Adam, I don’t understand. Like I said, you’ve been with girls.” She turned slightly so she was facing him and Adam made sure to keep his eyes up because mom had made no move to tighten her robe.

“Did you think of me when you were young and something just brought it back?”

Seeing no reason to try to make anything up, he shook his head. “No, it just started a few weeks ago.”

“How?” Mom spread her arms out. “I’ve always dressed and acted the same, what the hell could get you interested in me now?”

Adam didn’t answer right away. At this point he should just tell her the truth, its not like any answer would be a good one.

“Wait.” Mom filled the silence. “Have you been watching those mom son porn that’s all over the net?”

“I...how do you know about that?”

“First, don’t turn this around on me.” Mom warned him. “Second? Kay parker’s taboo and all the sequels came out in the eighties. They started all of that shit off.”

When Adam raised his eyebrows slightly, she rolled her eyes. “Fine, I watch porn, okay? You know your dad and I haven’t exactly been hot and heavy so I...I watch for the same reason anyone does. I see a lot of mom step mom stuff on the sites, I just ignore it.”

Adam forced himself not to think of his mother on her bed, her fingers and the toy between her legs while she watched porn.

“So is that it? You start watching that crap and thinking it happens? Did it make you think of me like that?”

“No. I’ve watched some of it the last few weeks, but after I uh...” He looked away.

“Adam, we’re at a low point here so nothing you say is going to put you deeper in a hole.”

“Fine, I...watched you and dad.”

“I know you did.”

“It was the night that....what?” He exclaimed. “Did you just say you knew?”

“Yes.” Mom nodded glumly. “Not during, but when your dad and I started fighting I saw a shadow on the wall from the candle. I turned around and saw you move up the stairs.”

“Then why didn’t you say anything to me when you came upstairs?”

“What was I going to say, Adam? Hey, did you just see your mom doing her porn star impersonation?” She grunted. “I had no idea how long you were there and tried to tell myself you hadn’t seen much.”

“I saw everything.” He confessed.

“I figured you did. I noticed you looking at me a lot. Staring is a better word.” She shrugged and Adam lost the battle and watched her tits all but bounce out of the robe. “First I told myself it was me being paranoid, but then I...” She took a breath.

“My turn to admit something to you.” This time she lowered her eyes when she spoke. “I know you’ve been watching me when I come home.”

“I was right!” He blurted.

“Excuse me?”

“Oh, sorry.” He blushed. “The way you undressed today was like someone was watching, especially the stockings.” He smiled nervously. “And you never take your bra off if I’m home.”

“Touché” She patted his leg. “I was playing it up and that was wrong. But I’d begun to wonder if you were going in my room because I found some things moved and once I went back into the hamper to look for something I left in my pocket and for some reason happened to notice the bra I’d worn wasn’t there.”

“I set you up today. I knew you were home, knew your dad would be late so put on a little bit of a show then followed the usual routine.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

Mom nodded and he took the plunge. “If you knew what I was doing why didn’t you just come right out of the shower? Fake me out turning the water on then come catch me in your room? Why did you give me time to...you know?”

Mom pursed her lips in thought and to his surprise a slow flush appeared on her normally fair complexion. “I...kind of found it flattering.”

“You...wow.” He whispered, then risked a grin. “Sounds like one of those movies I watch.”

“Don’t get smart!” She snapped. “I was wrong to feel that way and wrong to play games instead of just confronting you, but your dad and I...” Her shoulders slumped. “We haven’t had sex since that night. He really upset me with what he said and he made me feel dirty and not in the good way.”

“I’m sorry, mom.”

“Not your fault. But me acting like that led to this.” Her shoulders slumped. “Now I feel even dirtier.”

“Don’t it’s my fault. Soon as I saw what you guys were doing I should have went and hid like a good son would do.”

“You’re a great son, Adam. This was wrong, but it doesn’t make you a bad person.” Mom chuckled. “Pretty goddamn sad that I give my husband kinky sex any other man would want and he turns it into a fight, but it gets my son as into me as I wish he was. Irony, I’m doing it wrong.”

Adam couldn’t help laughing at that and Mom looked like she was trying to be annoyed, but broke into a smile. “I can tell you my mother never prepared me for these kind of conversations when giving parental advice. Hey, ma, what do you do when your son wants to have sex with you?”

Adam stopped smiling, and so did she. But her next question blew him away.

“Adam, do...do you want to have sex with me?”

“What?”

“Oh my god!” Mom put her hands up. “I didn’t mean it the way it sounded. Whoa.” She paused and took a couple of breaths. “I meant is that what you thought of.”

“I’d rather not answer that.” He looked around evasively.

“Which is an answer in itself.” Mom gave him an odd smile and affectionately touched his cheek. “I’m flattered in a way.”

“Seriously?”

“I’m your mother, Adam, but end of the day I’m a middle aged woman who works hard to look good and it is a compliment to know a man thinks of me in that way.”

“Even though its me?”

“With you it’s a little awkward, but still kind of flattering. Now other guys your age? It’s a turn on.”

“It is?”

“Okay, I need to stop because all I’m going to do is contribute to thoughts you shouldn’t be having. But it is natural for an older woman, or man, to be seen as desirable by someone young enough to be their kid.”

“Dad was saying you were flirting with those guys that night.”

“I was being friendly and showing a little more leg and tit than usual. I’ve worked hard to be a partner in your dad’s firm and never used what I had to get ahead, but now that I’m there? If using what I have is enough to make up a clients mind, I’ll do it.”

The way she said tit sent a thrill through him. He’d heard her talking dirty to dad that night and bet she’d get even dirtier if he would respond to it.

“And it did turn me on, maybe a little more than it should have, but I was drinking and your dad looks at me like I’m a damn project and not a woman so I guess some misplaced attention is better than none at all.”

“So, um, what happens now? Am I punished?”

Mom put her hands to her face. “Oh, Adam we were having an adult conversation and now you go and sound like a little kid.”

“I just meant am I in trouble for this? Will you tell dad?”

“I’m not going to tell your father.” Mom assured him. “This will be our little secret. A dirty little secret I suppose you could say. I don’t think I need to say that you need to stay out of my room and if I catch you with my things again I will tell him.”

“You just did say it.”

“Don’t be funny.” She poked him hard in the chest. “Your dad and I have a a very big surprise for you tomorrow and I don’t want it ruined over this so we’re just going to forget it, okay?”

“Okay.”

“No more doing disgusting things with my clothes?”

“Promise.”

“Good.” She stood up in front of him which put her partially exposed tits at eye level. “I’m glad we talked about this, Adam. I shouldn’t have waited this long.”

“I shouldn’t have been doing it in the first place.”

“True, jacking off into a pair of panties isn’t just kind of pathetic, but a shame to waste it like that.”

“Waste it?”

“Never mind.” Mom leaned over and he quickly averted his eyes from her tits in case she was testing him.

She gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. “Not mad, Adam, okay.”

“I’m glad.” He returned her hug and couldn’t help but enjoy the thrill her breasts pressing into him elicited.

He jumped at the sound of a car door beneath his window. “Good timing.” He sighed in relief.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Mom said, straightening.

“Right!” He winked. “Forgot all about it.”

“Oh, I won’t forget it. We’ll just deal with differently.”

“Yes.” He nodded. “No more doing what I was doing.”

“Just remember its our secret.” Mom put her finger to her lips. “And like I always told you about kissing and telling, guys who keep secrets get rewarded for it.”

“Um, yeah, but this won’t be what you were talking about.”

“True, it wouldn’t be anything like that, but seeing we cleared this up, maybe that surprise you’re getting tomorrow might be just a little extra special.”

Adam smiled. “I can’t wait to see it.”

“And I can’t wait to see your face when you get it.” Mom beamed at him, and turning away left the room, closing the door behind her.

Adam released a long sigh. That went a hell of a lot better than it should have. He looked over at the waded up panties and picking them up thought about the way his cum looked on her hand. That comment about her being flattered by him getting off to her, and then saying it was a waste were... interesting. Waste of what? A big load would be his thought.

His cock was swelling and at this point he thought he had to be seriously twisted to be getting horny after his mother had just confronted him about it. He stared at the panties for a few more seconds then walked over and tossed them in his waste paper basket.

He nodded in satisfaction that he’d done something he hadn’t done in the last two months, the right thing. Adam dimly heard mom and dad talking downstairs and smiled. He had no idea what the surprise was, but was sure he’d love it.

Chapter Three

“Why are we stopping here?” Adam asked as they pulled into the parking lot of WB designs, the company his parents, along with dad’s long time best friend and co-worker Bill had bought from the original owner when he retired several years ago.

“Who said that?” Mom made a show of looking around and into the back seat before acting surprised when she saw him next to her. “Oh, Adam! I thought I’d left you at home. Nice of you to actually say something!”

“Sorry.” He sighed. “I still feel weird about yesterday.”

“So you get caught doing something you shouldn’t be and then ignore me?” Mom raised her eyebrows. “Doesn’t seem fair.”

“I know, but I just feel kind of weird about it.”

“I’m not going to tell your father so what’s the problem?” Mom had been ready to open the car door, but now had turned in the driver’s seat to face him.

“It’s embarrassing.” Adam explained. “Part of me knew I shouldn’t have been doing it, but then once you caught me I realized just how bad it really was.”

“I told you that we’d leave it at me being flattered about it and you promising not to get off to my panties anymore.”

“And that’s really it?” Adam asked her. “You’re really upset or think I’m weird or creepy?”

“I’ve always thought you were weird.” Mom laughed. “But as for creepy? Like I said, I caught your uncle doing it so maybe that made it easier to deal with.”

“But you said it was different because you understood why he did it, but not why I did.”

“That was my first reaction, but I was still mad. Once I calmed down I realized why and,” She leaned over and put her hand over his in his lap. “I feel responsible too. The way you saw me act triggered you thinking of me in that way.”

“But I wasn’t supposed to be watching in the first place.”

“You weren’t, but,” Mom paused and seemed to be trying to choose her words before she spoke.

“Like I thought about your uncle, whether its family or not in the end we’re men and women and have primal urges and desires and I think in sexually charged situations those instincts over rule what society tells us.”

“That’s really deep.” Adam wasn’t kidding, he hadn’t really considered the situation much past the basics of he was aroused by his mother and shouldn’t be.

“I gave it some thought before I confronted you.” Mom gestured towards the building in front of them. “I did that mainly because I was worried it might be your father that caught you. Otherwise I would have let it go to see if it was just a phase.”

“So you knew, but would have let me keep going?” Adam was confused. “But it was wrong, and it did make you mad.”

“Like I said I’d thought on it for awhile.” She gave a sly smile. “Maybe I wasn’t as mad as I let on. Maybe I just wanted to get you to admit it and be honest with me.”

“So you weren’t mad at all?”

“Not really.” Mom’s smile faded. “I know what it’s like to want something you can’t have. The way I acted on the couch with your father that night? I want that, Adam. I want to get wild and have fun, but he seems to think that’s bad behavior for a woman my age, let alone his wife and mother of his son.”

“Dad’s a dumb ass then, who wouldn’t want that?” Adam said, then quickly added. “I mean you know, not that I’m saying...”

“First he says nothing, then he keeps talking when he doesn’t have to.” Mom sighed. “Let’s get back to how we started this conversation. I know you feel awkward, but you don’t have to. If I can be okay with this, you should be too. So don’t ignore me like I did something wrong.”

She leaned over to kiss his cheek. "I'll always love you and be very proud of you."

"Thanks, mom." He smiled at her. "We'll just forget it ever happened."

"For now, anyway." Mom winked and Adam simply nodded, thinking that last statement just conflicted what she'd said.

Speaking of conflicted, part of why he hadn't spoken to her since they'd left the house was his own conflicted feelings. He knew the feelings of guilt and embarrassment, shame even, were the right ones.

Yet ever since he'd gotten in the car with his mother, he struggled to keep his eyes off her. Mom was in her usual skirt blazer combo, but this time the skirt was several inches shorter and he couldn't help but notice, far tighter than usual.

Unlike her other ensembles this skirt was on the wrong side of inappropriate and matched her black stiletto heels. With a start Adam had recognized them as the pair she had worn the night he'd watched her fuck his father on the couch.

Those heels were currently next to him on the console between the seats. As always his mother drove without shoes and when he was younger he thought it was odd, but now it had a different affect on him.

Mom wore the sheer black stockings that had also been part of that night's ensemble, but seeing she favored them he didn't find that odd. But he did find them distracting as he watched her work the pedals while driving.

Mom's feet looked good beneath the sheer material with her deep red toenails and he noticed she was sporting a ring on each of her middle toes. He thought of how she removed her shoes every night, rubbing her feet and moaning.

He thought of how hot she looked as she kept the stockings on while having sex and pictured her stocking feet on his chest or even in his face. At that point Adam realized just how hopelessly obsessed with his mother as he sat there trying to hide a raging hard on while staring at her damn feet.

The top was just as revealing as her skirt as before they'd left the house mom had come downstairs with her blazer carried over her arm. The top she had on was her typical sleeveless variety, but like the skirt it was lower cut than usual and much tighter.

Rather than being pinned up, her curly blond hair was down and her make up seemed heavier than usual, her bright eye shadow matching the teal top. Adam had been stunned to see her like this.

After last night he figured mom might tone down how she dressed around him, instead her 'business sexy' was now bordering on business slutty. He nervously wondered if this wasn't some type of test she was giving him to see if he would stare at her.

That, not so much last night's situation was what had kept him silent. He'd been struggling with his inability to throw the switch back to seeing her as mom, especially in this ensemble.

“As to why we’re here, I have to run in and see your father about something really quick.” Mom eased her seat back and bending her leg, slipped her shoe on. Her skirt lifted and Adam could see her creamy thigh over the stocking and quickly looked out the window.

“Okay, I’ll wait here.”

“Seriously,” Mom asked. “You don’t want to come in and say hi to your dad and the people you worked with for your internship?”

“Know what, mom?” Adam pointed to the building as she had. “I’m kind of pissed off I didn’t get hired. I’m not saying that just because of you and dad, or Bill, but I did a good job while I was there.”

“You did, but like I said hon, there’s not really much room and we have to be careful because of who you are. Bill and Dad have always been fair they don’t want to hear they promote nepotism.”

“It would only be that if I sucked and they still hired me.”

“Well, swallow the sour grapes and come in with me. Be a man, Adam, not a little boy.” She caught his eyes and held his gaze. “Trust me, men get a lot more in life than little boys. Today may just teach you that.”

Without waiting for him, she exited the car and with a sigh, Adam got out and paused to lean over and adjust his tie in the side mirror.

“You look great, honey.” Mom came around to his side of the car. “Very professional.”

“Like to know where we’re going I had to dress like this.” He told her. “What kind of surprise are we going to anyway?”

“One that wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you.” Mom chided him, then reaching up fussed his tie and ran her fingers through his short blonde hair. “Little mousse wouldn’t hurt you know.”

“Pretty boys use that.”

“And you’re my pretty boy.” Mom told him with another wink. “Nothing wrong with looking good, Adam. Now stop complaining and follow me.”

Mom turned on her heel and walked across the parking lot. Adam watched her walk away, his eyes alternating between her long legs in the heels and her curvy ass in the too-tight skirt.

“Coming?” She called over her shoulder.

“Right behind you.” he took a few hurried steps to catch up, but remained behind her to enjoy the view while thinking he’d be coming at some point later and was pretty sure what he’d be coming to the thought of.

Chapter Four

“Hey Adam!”

“Hey, Joyce.” Adam gave a friendly wave to the older woman walking by him and mom in the hallway.

He did the best he could to give her-and all the other people who had greeted him- a sincere smile, It wasn't their fault he'd been screwed and they seemed really happy to see him.

“There's the man!” Bill, mom and dad's partner had just come around the corner. “Good to see you, kid, you're looking sharp!”

“Thanks Bill.” Adam shook his hand and again forced himself to be cordial. “Just figured I'd pop in with mom and say hi.”

“Right.” Bill's smile widened and it looked as if he were trying not to laugh. “Well hopefully I'll see you again real soon.”

“Doubt that, he'll be working soon.” Mom told him and Adam wondered if it was a veiled shot at him.

Mom resumed making her way through the firm. As they walked, Adam saw quite a few guys follow mom with their eyes as she walked by, all of them giving her a slow up and down. Not that Adam could blame them, he was her son and it was an effort to keep his eyes off her ass in the tight black skirt.

Mom walked past the corner office she occupied and took a left heading for the far corner of the firm where dad had his office. As soon as he came around the corner he saw his father leaning against the first door on the left.

“Hey, there you are!” He greeted mom, but didn't move away from the door. “You hit some...” he stopped and he looked mom up and down, but unlike the other guys he didn't look too happy. “Linda, what the hell are you wearing?”

“New outfit, you like it?” She gave him a sly smile. “Or is it too much?”

“More like not enough.” Dad had lowered his voice. “And way too provocative.” He shook his head. “You're a little past dressing like that, no?”

“You're as old as you feel, Frank.” Mom said with no trace of a smile. “Maybe I want to feel young today.”

“Ahem.” Adam cleared his throat. “Come on guys, you're at work and supposedly I need to be somewhere soon.”

“Right!” Dad's smile came back. “Sorry, I didn't mean to ruin the moment.” He shot a look at mom. “We'll talk later.”

“Can't wait.” Mom muttered.

“What was that?”

“Just whispering to Adam.” Mom shrugged. “Teasing him a little.”

If only she knew how much she really was teasing him, he thought, especially when she leaned back against him. In her heels she was tall enough for her ass to rub into his crotch, and he was caught between wanting to step back in case she got a ‘reaction’ from him or to stay where he was to show he thought nothing of it.

“Hope you’re not spoiling anything.” Dad was still leaning against the closed door which seemed odd considering Adam thought it led to an office that belonged to someone.

“No worries, Frank, I can keep a secret.”

She turned her head and whispered out of the side of her mouth. “Isn’t that right, Adam?” She followed that remark by shoving her ass back into him and there was no doubt the move was deliberate.

Great, she was fucking with him in front of his father to bust his balls. Adam supposed after what happened she deserved to make him a little uncomfortable about it, but wished it wouldn’t be in front of dad.

“Not to be rude, but didn’t you say I have to be somewhere?” Adam asked, hoping to get his mother’s attention away from busting his balls. The balls she was subtly moving her ass against by slowly turning from side to side. Not enough to be obvious to his father, but enough for her to be sliding her ass across his crotch.

Fortunately his father being five feet away from him was keeping his body from reacting. Well not completely as he was alarmed to feel some stirring between his legs, but he wasn’t fully hard like he’d be if they weren’t in his parents company and in front of dad.

“Oh, that’s right.” Dad snapped his fingers. “You have a big surprise coming to you, don’t you?”

“He has no idea how big of a surprise.” Mom giggled and Adam had to take the chance of her knowing she was getting to him and stepped to the side so she was no longer between him and his father.

“Well, what if I told you I was the one who had has that surprise with me right now?” Dad asked him.

“I’d say proof or it didn’t happen!” Adam laughed.

“Then let’s get some proof, shall we?” Dad remained where he was, but pointed to mom. “How about you make sure he can’t peek?”

With a laugh mom walked around behind him and reaching around, put her hands over his eyes. “Like turning back the clock when we gave you your first bike, then car!”

Adam laughed softly, but while thinking back then he wasn’t focused on his mothers breasts pressed into his back or how good she smelled.

“On three.” Dad said, “One, two....three!”

Mom removed her hands from his eyes.

“Surprise!” Dad moved away from the door he was standing in front of.

“No way!” Adam exclaimed, excited by something other than his mother for the first time in far too long.

The top of the closed door was frosted glass and etched into it was his name.

“Oh, my God! That means I have a job here!” Adam clapped and turning to his mother gave her a huge hug and a kiss on the cheek, the kind of kiss a normal son would bestow on his mother. Very different from the ones he’d fantasized about recently.

He drew away from mom who was smiling happily at him, and hugged dad as well.

“Thanks dad! This is so cool!”

“You have yourself to thank, Adam.” Dad eased from their embrace, but kept his hand on his shoulder.

“You worked your ass off, graduated with high honors and did a hell of a job interning last summer. I really thought there was no room for you, but we just had someone give notice last week and Bill said if I didn’t bring you aboard he would call and offer you the job.”

“And tell him what else is great about this office.” Mom walked over to dad and put her arm around his waist.

“There’s something else?” Dad grinned.

“Of course there is silly.” Mom laughed, then winked at dad, “Something very memorable, actually.”

“Oh!” Dad’s eyes widened, but he quickly regained his former smile. “Well, I don’t think that’s something we need to mention.”

“True, it is ancient history.” Mom’s smile turned into that cold look she seemed to have with dad more often than not these days. “But sometimes when memories are all you have.” She shrugged and left the rest of her comment hanging.

“That’s because some people mature and some don’t.”

At the moment Adam wasn’t concerned with his parents latest little snarkfest. All he cared about was his own office. That meant...

“Hey, I get paid right?”

“Of course you do!” Dad clapped him on the arm. “It’s only entry level, but you graduated last week, how many of your friends already have a job?”

“This is amazing!” Adam put his fist up to his father, who awkwardly bumped it with his own. “Best day ever!”

“And who says it won’t keep getting better?” Mom asked as she opened the office door with a flourish and struck a game show hostess like pose at the door with her hand on one hip and her arm out stretched.

Her blazer was open and the top of her breasts jiggled as she did it and Adam could see how dad would be annoyed with her mode of dress today.

“So what your mother meant about what else is special about this,” Dad’s voice caused him remove his eyes from mom and look back to him. “Is this was my first office back when I joined the firm twenty five years ago.”

“Seriously?” Adam stepped forward, careful to keep his eyes up and not glance down at his mother’s prominent tits as he eased by her to enter the office.

“Yup, this is where it all started.” Dad continued behind him while Adam turned on the light and surveyed his new office.

It was small, but had a good sized desk with a leather chair behind it and two small chairs in front of it. Off to one side was a square drafting table and Adam smiled at the rows of supplies lined up in neat rows on the shelf that ran along it.

A small fridge and filing cabinet completed the furnishings and a window which stared out over the parking lot. Adam excitedly went over behind the desk, his hand caressing the brand new Dell computer.

On the other hand, the desk looked pretty old. It had several scratches and scuffs and Adam noticed one of the drawer handles was missing. Upon closer inspection the leather chair had seen some serious use as well. Noticing him looking, dad said.

“The desk and chair were mine. When your mother convinced me I was a big enough hot shot to deman new furniture I couldn’t part with them so I put them in storage. He tapped the desk with his knuckles. “I came up with some great concepts sitting here and I bet you’re going to have even better ones.”

“That desk has had some hot projects on it for sure.” Mom wandered over and ran her nails across the top, then reaching past Adam tapped the chair. “This baby’s seen some work too.”

“Right.” Dad shot her a look, then pointed. “Open the top right drawer.”

Adam did as he asked and with a smile removed the red gift bag. Reaching into it he removed a bronze plaque with his name on it. “This just keeps getting better!”

“Day’s still young too.” Mom said as she gestured to the chair for him to sit. “Something tells me it may get even better.”

“Let me get a picture!” Dad lifted his phone and with an ear to ear grin Adam put his plaque on the front of the desk and sat down.

Mom put her arm around him and placing her cheek against his smiled while dad took a couple of pictures. Adam was excited enough about the job for his smile to be real, but mom’s warm cheek pressed to his and her soft hair tickling him, along with the scent of her perfume had his cock stirring once more.

“My turn.” As dad came around the desk, mom kissed his cheek and whispered, “I have one more surprise for you, one just from me, I’ll come back later.”

Mom switched places and took a picture of dad standing behind him with his hands on his shoulders.

“So when do I start?”

“Today!” Dad clapped him on the arm. Why do you think your mother told you to dress up and we made sure you had no plans today?”

“Today? But it’s Thursday.”

“I started on a Thursday and your mom and I wanted to make this as close to history as we could. Plus this way you work a couple days to get into the swing of things then get the weekend to rest up for your first full week.”

“Love it.” Adam nodded and with a flourish, pressed the button to turn the computer on.

“Your e-mail is AWalters@WBdesigns.net” Mom informed him.

“Once you’re settled in, check it because Bill e-mailed you your first project.” Dad’s words sent a thrill through him. A project, he was officially going to be an architect. “It’s an existing building they want to add to, nothing major, but enough to get you started.”

“I’ll make it shine, Dad.” Adam promised, already clicking the e-mail icon to get a look.

“I know you will.” Dad glanced at his watch. “I have to get going, have an early meeting. I’ll check in on you in a little bit.”

“I’ll be here, hard at work.” Adam promised.

“Oh, I have no doubt about that.” Mom laughed. “Frank did you tell him about Zoom?”

“Right, when we speak to each other in the office we always use video chat. I already set up your account so anytime you get a call it’s from someone here so always answer it.”

“In other words, I can’t ditch the tie and have crumbs all over me?”

“Pretty much.” Dad laughed, and left the room.

“I have to meet with a client too.” Mom told him. “But I’ll come by and see you soon.” Her lips curved into a smile. “How about I bring you something for lunch?”

“Sounds good, what are you bringing me?”

“I’ll make it a surprise, but I know my boy and trust me, it’ll be the best lunch you’ve ever had.”

“Thanks, mom! You’re the best!”

“I hope that’s what you’ll say when you see my little surprise.” She said with a wave as she left the office, closing the door behind her.

“Damn,” Adam whispered staring at his e-mail folder....his e-mail folder!

This day really couldn’t get any better.

Chapter Five

Adam sat back and rubbed at his tired eyes. Glancing at the time on the computer he was surprised to see it was twelve thirty. He’d opened the project folder as soon as his parents had left his office and had been glued to it ever since.

Dad was right; it was pretty simple, just adding a small wing that could hold several offices to an existing structure. But Adam had gotten creative, putting in some skylights and taking the liberty to add a small glassed in break area seeing the building over looked the water.

Adam had sent his preliminary sketch to Bill and had smiled ear to ear when his father’s longtime partner had told him it was a great idea and to run with it. He let his eyes wander over the three dimensional design, noting some things that still needed work.

But deciding to take a break, Adam checked his e-mails. There were several from people he’d known since he’d been a kid coming by to see dad at work, all welcoming him aboard. There were a few companywide memos’, that he was thrilled to be included in as well.

He leaned forward, intending on making some changes to the design, when there was a soft knock on his door.

“Come in.” He called out, his eyes still on the computer screen.

“Look at my boy, working away!” Mom laughed as she entered the office.

“Trying to get this done by the end of the day so Bill and dad can let me know what they think.”

“That’s a great goal, honey, but it’s after noon and you need to eat.”

“I’m fine, mom.” He told her as he moved the outer wall of the outdoor break room out a little further.

“Yes you are, Adam.”

Adam looked up, not as much because of her words, although that comment wasn’t exactly motherly, but the sultry purr they had been uttered in.

“Thanks. You look good today too.” He realized that might not have been the best thing to say considering last night, but he’d kept it pretty basic.

“Smooth, baby boy, real smooth.” Mom smiled as she walked up to the desk. “I’d say you’ll be a hit with the girls here, but you haven’t been looking at girls your age lately have you?”

“I thought you said we were going to forget about that.” Adam sighed.

“If you remember I said we’d forget about it for that moment.” She stopped a couple of steps in front of his desk and he saw she’d buttoned her blazer making him wonder if dad had said something to her. “Maybe I want to talk about now.”

“Here? Mom, its my first day of work and...” He glanced at his computer. “I really want to finish this.”

“And you will, but first, how about you take a lunch break with your mom?”

“You didn’t bring anything.” Adam noted.

“Just because I don’t have anything with me doesn’t mean I don’t have anything sweet to eat.” Mom winked and Adam noticed her baby blue eyes were not only wider than normal, but much brighter. In fact they looked glossy and now that he was really looking, her face was flushed.

“Mom, have you been drinking?”

“I may have slipped out for an early lunch and had a martini or two.” She giggled. “Or maybe it was three or four.” She shrugged. “Don’t worry, the bar is two buildings over. I walked.”

“But you shouldn’t be working while you’re um...”

“Tipsy? Baby boy, I’ve done some of my best work with a good buzz, just ask your dad.” She frowned and waved her hand. “Forget it, don’t ask that dud anything.”

“Okay, well I wasn’t really hungry anyway. How about...what are doing?” Adam asked nervously as his mother unbuttoned her blazer.

“Its warm in here, don’t you think?” She finished unbuttoning the jacket and began to remove it.

“Maybe you should leave that on.” Adam blurted out. He didn’t care if it made it look like he couldn’t handle it, but fact was he couldn’t. If she were playing games with him to see how he’d react, she’d won.

“Why?” Mom snapped her fingers. “Oh, I get it. That’s not how you want me to take it off. Let’s see...” She pursed her lips in thought and showed off the fact she’d put on her red lipstick heavier than usual. “Right maybe more like this?”

Mom swayed slowly back and forth as if dancing to an unheard song. She then turned her back to him and continuing to swing her hips sang softly. “Mustang Sally, guess you better slow that mustang down.

“While singing mom eased the blazer slowly down her arms, exposing the fact her top was open in the back past her shoulder blades. The smooth creamy skin of her back was soon partially covered by her long blonde hair flowing over it as the blazer came down.

“What are you doing,” he whispered, but his eyes were glued to her.

Mom shimmied down to the floor still softly singing, then on the way up whipped the blazer off. She turned around and still shaking her hips draped it over the chair. Mom then put her hands in her hair and lifting it up over her head continued to sway seductively.

“That better, baby?” She asked, letting her hair come down. Leaning over the desk until her face was close to his she whispered. “Was that as sexy as the night you watched me?”

Adam could smell the alcohol on her breath, but also how her full red lips were parted and how heavy she was breathing. He swore she was aroused. Did drinking really have this affect on her all the time?

Wait, what was he thinking? He was her son, not his father. Her being drunk had simply upper her teasing him was all.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“I’m just trying to help history repeat itself.” Mom laughed, then straightening up tapped her chin. “What was next? I was a little drunk so its hard to remember?”

“Mom..”

“Yes!” Mom exclaimed. “I know what I did, next!”

She resumed her sexy little dance and Adam’s eyes widened when she once again put her back to him, but this time slipped her hands up her back.

She was undoing her bra!

This was the same crossroads he’d faced that night. It was time to do the right thing and tell her to stop. To get up, hand her the damn blazer and tell her to knock it off. If she didn’t listen, he would just leave the office. She sure as well wouldn’t follow him acting like this.

That was the right thing to do. But as he had the first time, the desire to do the right thing was blocked by the greater desire to watch his mother act like a drunk coed, except this time it was for him and not his father.

Not that he thought for an instant she would do anything really crazy with him, but he’d let her show as much as she wanted before stopping and busting his chops for not being able to tell her to stop. But if he were going to get bitched at he may as well enjoy getting in trouble.

He waited for his mother to stop and turn it around on him, but instead she unhooked her bra and doing another quick spin to face him, whipped it out of her shirt.

“Here you go.” Mom tossed it at him and Adam’s half hearted attempt to catch it ended up with it hitting him in the face and falling into his lap.

He didn’t bother to look down at the lacy blue bra that matched her top. Rather his eyes were glued to his mother’s now braless tits. Her hard nipples were visible through the thin material as was the fact that despite their size they’d barely sagged without the bra.

No longer being contained in a bra also showed off how heavy she was breathing as her large breasts rose and fell as she stared at him.

“What, you don’t want to sniff mommy’s bra?” She sighed, but then flashed a sexy smile that both made him nervous yet caused his cock to twitch at the same time.

“I get it. The bra isn’t enough anymore. You’ve moved on.”

Mom reached into the pocket of her blazer and flipped something at him. This time Adam reflexively caught and found himself staring at his mother’s thong. The minimal lacy garment was the same shade of teal as the bra, and he had to fight not to bring it to his face.

“Go on.” Mom told him as she sauntered around the dress, her tits bouncing with each step. “Sniff it, just like you’ve been sniffing them the last few weeks.”

“Mom...” He swallowed hard, staring at the thong in his trembling fingers. His eyes darted to a shadow moving past the frosted glass of his office door and the reality of where they were was driven home to him. “Someone could come in!”

“I locked the door, baby.” Mom had come around the desk and pushing him on the shoulder, rolled him back a couple of feet.

She eased his computer to one side and sat on the desk, playfully kicking her legs back and forth.

“Now how about you enjoy the sweet little treat your mother brought you?” The seductive smile was back in place. “The first of many if you’re a good boy.”

Adam stared at the thong, then up his mother, his eyes lingering on her excited nipples visible through her top.

“I’ve been horny all morning, and was so wet at the bar during my liquid lunch I was squirming on the stool.” She was speaking in that damn phone sex purr and despite his nervousness and confusion, his cock was fully erect and throbbing along his thigh.

“Go ahead,” Mom urged him. “Look at the crotch and see what I mean.”

“Okay.” Adam took a deep breath. “I don’t know why you’re teasing me like this, mom, but it’s not cool. I thought we were going to let this go.”

“A woman can change her mind can’t she?” Mom shrugged. “I told you I knew what you were doing, but waited to say something. Know why?”

When Adam shook his head, his eyes still darting between her nipples and the lacy underwear in his hand she continued.

“Because the more I thought about it, the more it turned me on.”

“Turned you on?” Okay, maybe this whole thing, from his getting his dream job, an office, his mother braless was just a damn dream, because this couldn’t be for real.

“Got me hot and wet thinking of my own son thinking his mother’s so sexy he’s sniffing my thongs and jerking off into them. I told you I knew you were there that night and I after telling myself it was wrong I gave in and...”

She reached out and plucked the thong from his fingers, holding it up in front of him.

“I went into my room, and locked my door and I lay there in just my thong and I rubbed my pussy through it.” She spread the thong open, exposing the crotch and the large dark stain in the middle of it.

“I rubbed myself thinking of you watching me fuck, then thought of you in your bed with my thong around your cock.” She brought the thong to her face and sniffing it, released a low moan that had his cock twitching.

“Hmm, I love how I smell and knowing you loved how I smelled had me coming to the idea of you filling that thong with a big fucking load that I bet you wished was going in your mother’s mouth or better yet in her slutty little cunt.”

“Jesus, mom.” Adam whispered, stunned as much at her language as her current actions.

“That’s what you were thinking wasn’t it, you naughty boy?” Mom further shocked him, by flicking her tongue across the wet spot, then sighing when she slipped it back into her mouth. “Sticky and sweet.”

Adam was pretty sure his mouth was hanging open at this point and a trickle of sweat ran down his back as he sat there too stunned to say anything to her.

“You didn’t answer me, Adam.” Mom chided him. “Is that what you think when you jerk off? You think about filling mommy’s mouth with cum? Think about shooting it deep inside my pussy?”

“I...yes.” He answered honestly.

After all, the way mom was carrying on right now she couldn’t exactly bitch at him. Not to mention the fact that as implausible as it seemed there was no way she could be screwing with him. The woman had just licked her own fucking thong!

“Good answer, now we’re getting somewhere.” Mom nodded approvingly, then flipped the thong back to him. “Now go ahead, you know you want to.”

Seeing she was giving him permission, why the hell not? Adam slipped his fingers through the blue material until, he had them behind the crotch and putting them to nose inhaled deeply. A soft sigh escaped him as his eyes rolled back and mom smiled.

“I like that noise and the look on your face, baby boy.” Mom was still speaking in the soft purr, but now there was a breathy quality to her words.

There was no doubt about it, this was exciting her and as he inhaled, once more taking in the forbidden scent of his mother’s pussy, Adam’s nervousness began to fade. This wasn’t a dream, it was for real.

What had gotten into his mother, he had no idea. If it was as simple as this is how she behaved when buzzed then he should be ashamed of himself for taking advantage of her, but then again he should have been ashamed of his behavior since that night and wasn't. Why start now?

"Lick it," Mom told him and this time there was an actual tremble in her voice and even when she was done speaking her lips remained parted as her breathing became even heavier.

Keeping his eyes on hers, Adam slowly licked the wet spot in the middle of the crotch and a shiver went through him as he coated his tongue in her sticky sweet juices.

"Like how your mother tastes?" She asked and his eyes were drawn back to her breasts which were heaving at this point. Goddamn she was worked up!

"Know what I wanted to do last night when I caught you? I wanted to take those panties back to my room with me and lick them. Get a taste of the two of us together before I ate my son's cum out of my thong."

"Holy fuck that's...dirty." He could barely get the words out and he was now so hard his balls were aching.

"But then I decided to leave them with you and act offended in case I couldn't go through with this." She continued and Adam's cock began to throb in time with his aching balls when she put her hands over her breasts and teased her thumbs over her nipples through the top.

"Besides, if I'm going to be a really nasty mother and eat my boys cum, shouldn't I be sucking it straight from his cock while he empties his balls in my mouth?"

"Mom, are you...drunk?" He forced himself to ask. "Because this is...I mean are you serious?"

"Aren't you a good boy?" Mom beamed at him, but her fingers remained in motion over her nipples and the tremble in her voice was even more pronounced. "Don't want to take advantage of your mother?"

"I wouldn't want that."

"But you want me, don't you?" Mom slid her hands down her full breasts, then down her stomach. She grabbed the bottom of the shirt and lifted it several inches, showing off her stomach. "You want to fuck me, Adam. You admitted it last night."

"I did." His eyes were locked on the top which she had eased up a few more inches until he could just make out the curve of the lower part of her breast.

"Did, or still do?"

"I'm pretty damn interested." He told her and she giggled at him.

"Like that answer. Well, Adam the way I see it is a good mother should always give her son what he wants," She winked. "Even if what he wants is to fuck her like a nasty little slut."

"You're not a slut, mom."

She rolled her eyes. “Newsflash, Adam, in case you didn’t notice when you watched me then and what I’m doing now? I want to be a slut, but not a real slut, just your slut.”

“My slut.” He felt like a parrot, but this was pretty damn out there.

“Your father doesn’t like when I act like a dirty girl, hell, he doesn’t even like when I want sex in general. But I need it, Adam. I’m an attractive woman in her sexual prime and I need to get fucked and sucked and treated like the dirty girl I want to be.”

The shirt eased another couple of inches and he could now see the darker skin of her breast that surrounded her nipple. “You going to let your mother be your dirty girl. Adam? Your own personal cougar? A hot sex crazed milf who can’t get enough of your hard young cock?”

“I’ll be anything you want to be.” Another shadow passed the door. “But, here? I mean who about after work? Dad will stay late as usual and...”

“Here and now.” Keeping the shirt where it was, Mom lifted her legs and put one heeled foot on each arm of the chair. “Remember I told you there was another reason this office was special?”

Adam nodded as his eyes now dropped from her breasts to her white creamy thighs visible over her thigh highs. With her legs open and her on the desk he could see almost all the way up between her legs.

“Well our dad’s first day in his office was also the first time we ever had sex.”

“Seriously?” That caught his attention, but as soon as he tried to look at her face, his eyes stopped at where she was still holding the shirt over her partially exposed breasts.

“We started dating just before we were both hired here out of college. We had to keep it secret because we were knew and at the time I was just a secretary. Just like today, I told him I’d bring him lunch, then came in, locked his door and gave him the best meal he ever had.”

“Right here?”

“He ate my pussy right on this desk, then fucked me on it.” She leaned forward and letting her tops go, reached down and grabbed his hands which he’d been keeping in his lap, unsure of what to do with them.

Mom put his hands on her knees and eased them down her calves. The feel of the soft thin material of the stockings and her warm even softer skin beneath them caused his cock to twitch. She moved his hands up and down, then released them and smiled when he continued to stroke her lower legs.

“That’s it, baby boy. Feel free to feel free.” She purred. “But before he fucked me on that desk, know what I did?”

She beckoned him to lean forward and when he did, she leaned close and whispered in his ear. “I got on my knees and sucked his cock until he blew a big fucking load down my throat. You’re dad was about your age and seeing his big dick was still hard, I climbed on top of it and rode him right in this chair.”

She leaned back and plucking the thing from his hands tossed it on the desk, then put her hands over his, and this time guided them past her knee and up her thighs. She moaned softly when his hands went past the thigh highs and were touching the soft smooth flesh of her inner thigh.

“he was nervous too, but we’d both been so hot for each other and I wanted to make his first day so very special.”

She grinned. “Even back then he was taken aback, said for our first time we should be making love in a nice bed. But once I got on my knees and had these nice red lips around his cock he was fine with our first time being raunchy and his sweet little girlfriend being his nasty little whore.”

Mom pointed to him, “So you going to let mommy be a bad girl for you? Going to let her be your dirty little secret right here and now, or you too nervous?”

“I want it.” He spread his hands out on her thighs and couldn’t believe how soft and smooth they were. Not to mention the fact his fingers were inches from her pussy. “But we could get caught here. Later...”

“I want it now, Adam and it took liquid courage to admit I want my son because he wants me and not as a sweet little thing, but the wildcat your father won’t let me be. Maybe later I’ll still feel that way, or maybe I’ll change my mind.”

She put her hands on his cheeks and drew his face to within inches of hers. “But I can promise you that if we do this and its as hot as we both want it to be? Then I’m going to want a lot more of it, baby boy. I’m ready for us to be each others dirty little secret, but its your choice.”

“It is?”

“You were worried about taking advantage of me. Well, I don’t ever want to force you to do anything. You really think this is wrong say the word and I leave. No hard feelings.”

She gave him sly smile and dropping her hand in his crotch gave his swollen cock a squeeze.

“But someone’s feeling pretty hard.” She sighed and rubbed her hand along his bulge. “Come on, baby, let mommy make this day really special.”

Adam moaned softly when she squeezed his cock once more before she leaned back and lifted her right leg off the arm of the chair. She bent her leg and slowly slid it off, letting it fall to the carpeted floor with a soft thump.

“These shoes are sexy, but these heels could hurt when there’s not a lot of room.” Mom put her stocking foot directly on his crotch and curled her toes into it, making him groan and squirm in the chair.

She removed the other shoe and lifting her leg, put her foot directly in his face.

“Besides, you like my stockings don’t you? Like seeing me take my shoes off so you can look at my feet in them?”

“Yes.” He whispered, then moaned once more when she shoved her toes into his lips.

“Go ahead, suck on them.” Mom told him as she moved her foot back and forth along his raging hard on. “I know you like my feet and your father never plays with them.”

“Dad.” Adam’s eyes widened. “Mom, what about him? I mean this is cheating on him.”

“Is it really cheating when its family?” She laughed. “Got that from one of the old Taboo movies. Honey, he’ll never know and its not like I’m really stepping out. I’m just getting a lot closer with my baby.” She lifted her other foot and placed one on each of his cheeks.

“Take a look, Adam.” Mom pulled the front of her skirt of higher. “You did realize that if you were playing with my thong that your naughty mother doesn’t have anything under her skirt, right?”

“Oh my god,” Adam breathed as he was confronted with the sight of his mother’s bare pussy.

“That’s better.” Mom reached between her legs and ran her fingers first through the small patch of golden fuzz over her slit, then through her pink lips, spreading them for him. “Suck on mommy’s toes, baby.”

She eased both her feet to his mouth, her big toes pushing against his lips. Adam parted his lips and sucking her toes into his mouth, flicked his tongue across them.

“Yes.” Mom moaned, her fingers sliding up and down through the slick wet folds of her pussy. “Lick them, suck them. Think about the times you had those stockings wrapped around your dick and came all over them.”

The way she moaned eased Adam’s nerves, and grabbing her ankles, he lifted her feet and shamelessly licked each of them from heel to toe.

“Hmm, look at you, worshiping your mommy’s feet.” She moaned loudly and Adam released a surprised gasp when she slipped two of her red tipped fingers inside her pussy while rubbing the other over her swollen clit. “You that eager to lick anything I put in front of you?”

“Oh, yeah.” He demonstrated by once again licking her foot heel to toe, then sucking on her stocking clad toes, but kept his eyes on what would be the ultimate prize, his mother’s pussy.

“Yeah, then how about you lick these?” Mom grabbed her top and this time there was no teasing, she simply pulled it off and dropped it on the floor with her shoes.

“Oh, fuck, mom.” Adam lowered her feet and stared in awe at his mother’s breasts.

They were as big as he imagined and even though gravity and her age had them hanging a little lower than a girl’s his age would be they were still sitting pretty damn high and proud for a woman in her mid forties.

Her large nipples were rosy red, as hard as his cock, and both turned slightly upward as if pointing at him.

“Like that look on your face, baby boy.” Mom put her feet in his lap, grabbed his tie and pulled him forward. “You look hungry.”

Adam gasped when she slipped her hand behind his head and shoved his face down to her left breast. “Suck your mother’s tit, Adam! Show me how bad you’ve wanted them.”

Adam didn't hesitate and opened wide, eagerly sucking her nipple into his mouth and sucking hard enough to make her cry out.

"Fuck yeah!" Mom hissed as she arched her back, and cupping her breast shoved it harder into his face.

She turned to the side, offering him her other tit and he attacked it with equal gusto, sucking her nipple so hard his lips smacked around it. Mom guided his hand to her other breast, then dropped hers into his lap and he moaned around her nipple when she felt him tugging at his belt.

Adam continued to lick and suck her nipples while fondling her other breast, his heart racing as mom deftly undid his belt and unbuttoned his slacks. A shiver went through him at the sound of his zipper coming down.

"Let's get that poor trapped cock some breathing room, shall we?" Mom whispered over his head as he switched off and all but devoured her other breast, not only sucking on her nipple, but as much of the soft flesh of her breast as he could fit in his mouth.

"Easy, baby." Mom cautioned. "It would be pretty hard to explain a hickey on my tit to your father." She sighed. "Not that he's been seeing much of them lately, but can't take any chances."

Adam couldn't help but thinking this was coming from a woman who was half naked on her son's desk in the middle of the day. But that thought, and any other gave place to the fact his mother had slipped her fingers into the slit in his boxers and had wrapped them around his cock.

He moaned around her nipple as she moved her wrist, gently jerking his cock as far as she could with it trapped in his shorts.

"Honey, this cock feels awfully thick and really swollen." Adam felt her tugging on his boxers and a moment later he groaned as he felt his cock spring free through the slot.

"Damn." Mom whispered. "That's a big fucking cock, baby." She squeezed him harder and this time stroked the full length of his shaft. "Your dad's pretty hung, but I think you got him beat."

The mention of his father should have upset him, but his focus was on her hand around his dick and the fact she was telling him how big he was. Mom squeezed him harder causing his pre cum to ooze from his tip and drip down his cock.

She slid her hand over the sensitive tip of his cock, making him whimper, as she coaxed more sticky fluid from him, then resumed stroking him. Her now slick hand felt even better and his hips moved of their own volition, trying to push his cock faster through her hand.

"But you won't waste it like he does will you? You'll be a good boy and give your mother his big cock whenever she wants it won't you?"

"Anything you want, Mom." Adam groaned as she slowed her stroking, teasing him.

"Then why don't you return the favor and play with me?" Mom grabbed his hand from her breasts and with no hesitation, shoved it under her skirt and onto her pussy.

Adam released a sharp breath at how sopping wet she was and the feeling of her pushing his fingers through the soft folds of her slit. Mom moaned and pushed his hand harder into her moist flesh.

“Shove your fingers in my cunt.” She demanded then did it herself, slipping her fingers around his index and middle fingers and pushing them inside her.

Adam’s cock twitched in his mother’s hand at the feeling of how incredibly hot wet, and tight his mother’s pussy was. Mom took his wrist and moved it back and forth, and taking her cue he took over, thrusting his fingers into her.

Mom was so wet he could hear his fingers plunging into her and her moaning just over his head as he continued to work both her nipples, sucking one, then going to the other, had him boldly shoving his fingers in and out of her as if he were fingering some coed he’d gotten lucky with and not the woman who raised him.

“Put your thumb on my clit.” Mom moaned when he obeyed and he followed suit when her pussy contracted around his fingers showing how much she loved it.

He worked his thumb in slow circles and mom whispered, “Oh, yes, Adam, oh just like that, baby.”

Her words-and the purr they were uttered in were the sexiest things he’d ever heard. His cock was throbbing in her hand and his balls tightening. His legs were beginning to tremble and his hips moved faster in anticipation of blowing a load then and there from his mother jerking him off.

Mom released his cock.

He whimpered in disappointment, but it changed into a surprised groan when mom grabbed his face in her hands and kissed him hard. Her lips pressed into his and a moment later her tongue slipped out and ran across his lips.

Initially Adam was too stunned to return the kiss, but as soon as he felt her probing tongue, parted them and let her into his mouth. Mom sighed softly as her tongue danced across his and her lips moved more slowly, now gently sliding against his.

He moaned into her mouth when she put her feet in his lap, one on each side of his cock. That move pinned his hand between her soft thighs as he continued to finger her, but he didn’t mind, especially when she moved her feet up and down, jerking him off with her stocking feet.

“You do like my feet don’t you?” She whispered against his lips. “Maybe sometime I’ll give you a nice foot job. Just let you lay back and watch my bare feet play with your cock until you make a mess all over them. Would you like that?”

“I’d like it all.” He whispered into her mouth. She’d slowed her feet down and at the moment was teasing his cock, holding one foot against it while the other barely stroked him. He gasped when her toes reached his tip and curled around it.

He imagined what she’d said, picturing her soft bare feet pumping his dick and him erupting all over them, his thick white cum coating her red nails and sliding along her arch and between her toes.

“But nothing like that at first. Your mother’s way to pent up to waste a load on her feet. You’re going to have to fuck me senseless before I’ll be patient enough to take my time for that. But I can

see me playing some footsie with you at the dinner table, get you hard under the table while your father yaps about work.”

Again the idea he was doing this with his mother, thereby helping her cheat on his father should have instilled some type of guilt with him, but the imagery her words provided just got him harder.

“Or even a nice hand job under the table.” Mom sighed. “Pumping your dick and making you cum right there at dinner and you having to stay nice and quiet.”

Her pussy tightened around his fingers again and a fresh wave of warm sticky fluid flowed around them, showing him his mother wasn't just trying to turn him on, this was getting her even hotter than she had been.

That point was driven home when she clamped her thighs tighter around his hand and breathed, “Harder! Move your fingers harder, I'm not some sweet little thing you need to be careful with. I'm a real woman, Adam and one that needs to cum on her son's fingers right here on a desk like the fucking whore I am!”

Her words were enough to get his fingers thrusting harder and without being told he pressed his thumb more firmly to her clit and moved it as fast as he could. Mom moaned and after giving him a brief, but passionate tongue filled kiss, got a hand full of his hair and shoved his face back into her tit.

“Suck it!” Mom moaned, “Harder! Suck that nipple the way you're finger fucking me! Nie and rough!”

Adam sucked her nipple as hard without being told grabbed her other nipple between his fingers and twisted it harder than he would have if she hadn't been telling him not to treat her gently. Mom groaned and arched her back, driving his fingers deeper into her sopping slit.

Her fingers dug into his scalp, but he barely noticed the brief pain as her other hand went over his, pressing it against her and squeezing her fingers over his, pushing them to pinch even harder.

“Yes,” She moaned. “Oh, just a little more!” Her feet tightened around his cock and her pussy quivered around her fingers. “Shove your fingers deep and leave them there,” she breathed.

Adam did as she said and mom surprised him by pushing his hand away and grabbing her nipple pulled it, stretching her pink flesh, then gave it a hard twist. She lowered her head and Adam flinched at the muffled squeal she released inches from his ear.

Mom leaned back, resting her elbow on the desk, and bracing herself lifted her ass from the desk and bucked her hips, thrusting hard into his fingers. Adam leaned forward to continue to suck her tit while watching her tugging and twisting the other one.

He kept his thumb moving on his mother's clit as her pussy convulsed around his fingers and she released series of long loud muffled squeals as she struggled to keep her lips closed as her orgasm tore through her.

Adam had been afraid of being caught, but part of him wished he could hear her really letting loose. Then again she'd promised there would be more to come so as hot as this was there would still be more to look forward to...like hand jobs under the table and who knows what other games his mother's sex obsessed mind could come up with.

Mom's muted squeals turned into loud ragged breaths as she relaxed her thighs from around his wrist hand. She sat back, breathing hard, her face beet red and now glistening with sweat. Her breasts also had a light sheen of sweat on them and even though he'd eased his lips from her tit, he continued to watch them jiggle from her heavy breathing.

"Wow, I needed that." Mom gave him a satisfied smile. "You can only cum so hard using toys."

She looked down to where his aching cock was pinned between her feet. His head was an angry purple color and pre cum had leaked down his shaft and onto her stockings.

"Speaking of needing something, your poor cock looks so swollen! It must be awfully painful.."
Mom slowly ran her tongue across her red lips. "I think I should give it a kiss and make it better, don't you?"

"Please?" He asked her. "I need to cum so bad, mom."

"Then let me show you how a good mommy always takes care of her, baby."

Mom stood up in front of him and impulsively he kissed her stomach and sliding his arms around her slipped his hands under her skirt and squeezed her bare ass. Damn her cheeks were firm!

"Hmm, you like this look don't you? Your mommy topless in her skirt and stockings with no panties?"

Adam continued to kiss her stomach while fondling her ass until she pushed gently on his shoulders. "You can take your time enjoying me next time, and trust me, I'll let you." She giggled.

"But we only have an hour for lunch and there's a lot more fun to be had." Mom pushed his chair back some, then sank to her knees between his legs.

Taking his cock in her hands she slowly pumped it and whistled. "My fingers can't even touch around it! Damn this dick is going to feel good in my pussy."

She kissed the tip of his cock and he groaned when her tongue flicked across the sensitive rim. "But not just yet. You're way too excited right now and would cum really quick."

Mom rubbed his cock along her soft cheek and Adam squeezed the arms of the chair, trying not to thrust his hips or beg her to just suck it.

"Nope, when you fuck me I want you to last and only way that's going to happen is to take the edge off."

She lowered her head and ran her tongue up one side of his shaft, over his head, then down the other. Adam was sweating and as his mother swirled her tongue over his tip, he grabbed his tie to loosen it.

"No." She said softly. "You stay just like that. I like you all dressed up in your nice shirt and tie." She opened her mouth and after blowing on his cock, gently rubbed it along her soft lips.

"And it makes me feel like a real slut to be on my knees topless while my boy's completely dressed with just his dick sticking out."

She lowered her open mouth over his cock, but didn't close it, just breathed heavy and barely grazed his tip with her lips.

"Please." He moaned. "You can play next time, remember?"

"Oh, that's good." Mom purred. "But you're right." She eyed his cock as she pumped it in her fist. "Too bad, I really wanted to make the first blow job you get from your mommy one to remember, but I guess I'll just suck you off like a cheap whore."

She spit on his cock and stroked it faster. "But I guess that's what I am seeing I'm on my knees in an office ready to blow my son."

With no further hesitation, she opened wide and in one smooth motion took his cock deep into her mouth.

"Oh, god!" Adam exclaimed as his mother opened wider and kept going until his entire cock was engulfed in her warm wet mouth, her lips wrapping tightly around the base of his shaft.

Mom's eyes were on his as inch by teasing inch she slid her mouth back up his cock until just the tip was between her soft lips. Her tongue swirled around his tip and she sighed. "Shame I can't show off how I can lick your balls while I deep throat you. I guess we'll have to wait until...tomorrow when your dad has dinner with a new client."

"Tomorr..ow!" Adam's words turned into loud moan as mom took him back into her mouth. But this time didn't tease.

Her head bobbed in a steady rhythm and Adam sat back in the chair, squirming in his seat and groaning as he watched the surreal sight of his cock sliding between his mother's red lips. Mom now had her eyes closed and was moaning softly as she worked her mouth up and down his shaft.

"I can't believe this is happening." He breathed as he reached out and gently brushed her hair from her face so he could get a clear view of his dick moving in and out of her mouth.

Mom winked and removing his cock, sat up higher on her knees and wrapped her tits around his cock.

"Oh, damn." He whispered as she spit on his cock, then parting her lips let a long trail of saliva flow from her lips and down his shaft and her tits.

She lifted her tits up and down and each time his head popped out from between her soft tits, gave it a quick hard suck.

"Go ahead," she encouraged him. "Move your hips, baby. Fuck mommy's tits, " She paused to suck his tip, this time lingering to swirl her tongue around it. "And my mouth."

Adam didn't need to be told twice and worked his hips as much as he could in the chair. His cock thrust faster between her slick breasts and pushed deeper into her waiting mouth each time.

"Hmm-mm!" Mom moaned and moved her tits faster.

Growing bolder, after all his mother was titty fucking him while blowing him so it was clear she'd be good about pretty much anything at this point, Adam wrapped her soft blonde hair in his hands, and held her head still as he thrust up from the chair and pushed his cock further into her mouth.

Mom released her tits and putting her hands on his thighs drove her head down as he thrust his hips. Mom made a wet gagging sound, but took him down to so deep she left a lip stick smear on his boxers when she lifted her head from his crotch.

She released him long enough to moan. "That's it, fuck your mother's mouth until you blow that hot fucking load down my throat!" She spit on him and stared at his wet cock while spit and pre cum oozed down her chin and onto her sticky tits.

"Give me what I got off to last night! Fill your mother's slutty mouth with all that cum you've been wasting in my underwear!"

Mom took him back into her mouth and this time bobbed her head so fast he cried out. Mom had her mouth opened wide and was making sloppy wet gagging sounds as she drove her head down into his cock.

Her eyes were now watering and there was spit and drool flowing down his shaft only for her to noisily slurp up as she worked his cock like a goddamn porn star.

"Oh, god, mom." Adam moaned as his balls tightened and his cock twitched each time she buried him in her hot mouth.

He pumped his hips, hard and fast, and had gone all in by using her hair as handles, pulling and pushing her mouth up and down his cock. He moaned and whimpered as he felt himself getting closer.

Part of him wanted to slow down and make it last a little longer, but he was sitting here fucking his mother's mouth like she was the nasty slut she said she wanted to be and there was no way he wanted to stop.

"Oh, fuck, mom." He whispered. "Please keep sucking! Ph, just like that I..."

Adam jerked in his chair as a ringing sound came from his computer and his screen which had gone into sleep mode popped back up. There was a box in the middle of it that declared 'Incoming call from Frank Walters.'

"Mom, stop!" Adam couldn't believe he was uttering those words, but held her hair to keep her head still and pulled his dripping cock from her mouth.

. "Seriously?" She sat there breathing hard, drool and pre cum dripping from the corners of her mouth. "You'd rather talk to your father than blow a load in your mother's mouth?"

"He...he knows I'm in here!" Adam groaned, he'd been so close. "What if he comes down the hall and the doors locked?"

"Then I get my shirt on real quick and we say we were talking and I accidently locked the door." Mom rolled her eyes. "But go ahead and talk to him."

Mom released his cock and sat back on her knees crouching lower so her head would be out of view of the computer. A sly smile crept across her face. "I'll wait down here."

"Mom!"

"Better answer, if it rings any longer, he might come in here like you said then I'll have to leave and no more fun for us."

Adam hit accept the call, and dad's face popped up in a small box on his screen.

"Hey, kiddo! How's it going?"

"Oh, um, it's going pretty good." Adam gasped when mom grabbed his cock and lightly teased her red fingernails along his shaft.

As soon as he'd hit the key to answer the call, his cock had begun to soften, but her soft fingers had him fully erect in seconds. He reached down to move her hand, but with a giggle she slapped his hand away and stroked him harder.

"Adam?"

"Oh, sorry, dad, I was uh...just looking at something."

"Under your desk?"

"Yeah, I dropped my pen, just looking to see where it went." Adam kept his eyes down, focusing at what was really under the desk, his mother with her tits out and his cock in her hand. Mom was now using both hands, sliding her fingers gently up and down both sides of his shaft while smiling up at him.

"His eyes are up there, son." She winked.

Adam looked back at his father. "Don't see it, I'll just grab another one."

"You okay, Adam?"

"Sure, why?"

"You're all red and it looks like you're sweating. The ac working? Sometimes it fritzes and blows warm air."

"Got warm air blowing on you, baby?" Mom put her mouth over his cock and blew on it.

"It was doing that," Adam nodded.

"Oh, then I'll come in and check the settings, show you how to fix it."

"No!" Adam said quickly. "It's working now, it was just doing it for a little while."

"You sure?"

"I'm fine really." Adam insisted. "So, what's up?"

“This big cock.” Mom giggled and teased her tongue around tip of it.

“Just checking in to see how you’re doing. I’ve been dying to know, but promised myself I wouldn’t bother you until lunch.”

“It’s going really well.” For the first time he felt a pang of guilt as he sat here talking to his father who was so proud of him....while his mother was kneeling between his legs waiting to resume blowing him.

“How about that project?”

“Good, you were right, nothing too hard.”

“Oh, its hard.” Mom purred between his legs. “Let’s make it harder.”

“Oh!” Adam gasped when mom sucked his cock back into her mouth.

“What?” Dad asked from the screen.

“Nothing.” Adam put his hands over his mouth when mom went into the same full out hard core cock sucking mode she’d been in when dad called. He let out another loud moan behind his hands and when he saw Dad frown on the screen, he removed his hands from his face.

“Sorry, thought I had to sneeze.”

“Seems like you still do, you sound like you’re not breathing right.”

“Yeah, uh, know what, maybe its allergies.” Adam could hear the tremble in his voice, but it was the best he could do with his mother’s blonde head bobbing in his lap as she sucked his cock like she was auditioning for a porn shoot.

“So has your mother been by to pester you?”

“Mom?” Adam’s eyes darted down to where his mother now had her mouth open and as she had before was making a sloppy mess of his cock on the way down, then slurping it back up.

“Yes, you know you’re mother? Blonde, blue eyes? Gave birth to you?”

“You know, the dirty fucking whore sucking you off under he desk?” Mom whispered then proceeded to slap his tongue against her tongue while looking up at him.

“No, I haven’t seen...her!” Adam blurted the last word when she took him back in her mouth and rapidly shook her head back and forth.

“I’m surprised, she didn’t come by to see you at lunch.”

“Nope, haven’t seen her since this morning.” Adam spoke the words in a rush to get them out without breaking into a moan.

He reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair, but mom kept shaking her head, and he had to cover his mouth again with his free hand. He was breathing hard and could feel the sweat sliding down from his forehead as she worked the head of his cock around in her hot mouth.

He'd never had a girl do that before and the sensation of his sensitive head being worked around her wet mouth while her tongue swirled around it was incredible.

"I'm fine, just had to sneeze again and...Oh," he swallowed hard and could no longer control his breathing as mom put her hands back on his thighs and continued to stare at him, now bobbing her head fast and hard, repeatedly deep throating him and showing off her skills with an incredible hands free blow job.

"Hey, dad, I think I...I need to get a drink I'll..." Adam was just able to clap his hands over his mouth to cover his groan when his cock exploded in his mother's mouth.

He kept his hands over his face as she gurgled and moaned between his legs, but kept sucking, her blue eyes rolling back as her son filled her mouth with his cum.

"Adam!" Dad looked alarmed. "Can you breath okay?"

Taking a deep breath, Adam lowered his hands and nodded. "Yes." He forced the word out even as his mother grabbed his cock and jerked it hard while still sucking, doing everything she could to drain her son's balls and take every drop he could give her.

"Fine." He managed in a choked whisper as mom stopped sucking, but kept him in her mouth, now swirling her tongue around now over sensitive cock. "Swallowed wrong."

Mom giggled around his cock and easing him carefully from her mouth opened it to show the huge puddle of cum on her tongue, then swallowed and showed off her now empty mouth. "I always swallow just right, see?"

"Go get some water." Dad told him. "And maybe go take a walk outside and get some air. You look like you could use it."

"Sure, in a little while I want to finish what I'm doing first."

"That's my boy!" Dad beamed at him. "First day on the job and already working hard!"

"You are still hard." Mom sighed, and rubbed his cock along her soft cheek, smearing cum on her face from his still oozing tip.

"Really surprised your mom didn't stop in, I figured she'd bring you lunch."

"Oh, don't you worry, Frank." Mom continued to rub her face on his cock like a kitten nuzzling up to something. "Your son is going to eat just fine." She rolled her eyes. "If you'd ever shut up."

"Well, I'll let you get back to work." Dad waved to him from the screen. "Proud of you son."

"Thanks dad." Adam forced a smile as his father disappeared. "Oh, shit." He groaned slumping back in the chair.

“Sorry, baby. I know it would have been more fun for you if I waited, but that was more fun for me!” Mom slid her finger along her cheek, scooping up the cum smeared there, and slipping it into her mouth sucked on it. “Damn, that’s good.”

As was usually the case that feeling was short lived as mom stood up and sat on the desk in front of him. “See even your dad figured I’d bring you lunch.”

“I don’t think he was talking about the same thing.” Adam wiped at his sweaty face.

“Because he doesn’t remember the nice hot lunches I used to bring him.” Mom rose from her knees and sitting on the desk, spread her legs open. Hiking her skirt over her hips, she tapped her once again swollen clit. “Now how about you eat your mother’s cunt? Because after having that beautiful dick go off in my mouth I need to cum again.”

Mom lifted her legs and draped them over his shoulders. Before he could react, she crossed her ankles behind his head and pulled his face down into her pussy. Not that Adam minded, the second his face was pressed into her hot flesh, he inhaled deeply and he moaned at her scent.

“Oh, hell yeah!” Mom gasped when Adam spread her lips open and with no hesitation plunged his tongue into his mother’s hot sticky box.

He moaned as his mouth filled with her juices and her fingers ran through his hair as he worked his tongue around inside her. He sucked hard and was rewarded with not only a mouthful of her sweet nectar, but a high pitched squeal of delight.

Adam slipped his tongue from inside her and worked it up through her lips until it encountered her swollen pink nub. He kissed it, then as he had done her nipple sucked it hard enough to make his lips smack.

“I love it!” Mom groaned and keeping her fingers in his hair moved his head back and forth smearing his face into her sticky snatch. “Lick mommy’s pussy, baby! Just like I sucked your cock, no playing around, just shove your fingers in my cunt and work that clit until your mother comes in your face!

Mom bucked her hips, grinding her wet pussy in his face and working her clit into his tongue. As she’d told him to, Adam slipped his fingers back into her wetter than ever pussy, and this time was bold enough after several thrusts, to work a third finger in.

“That’s it,” Mom groaned in approval. “Spread that cunt open, get it ready for that big cock.” She removed her hands from his hair and he looked up to see she’d cupped her swaty tits and was running her thumbs over her nipples.

“Still hard aren’t you?” She asked. “Hard and ready for your mother to take a nice hard ride on it.”

She was right, his cock had barely softened and was jerking between his legs as he licked and sucked his mother’s clit while shoving three fingers in and out of her amazing pussy.

“Going to sit right on that big dick, baby boy! Fuck you in the same chair I fucked your father in. Then you’re going to fuck me right on this desk. Fuck me until you shoot another load, this one right up inside mommy’s hot little twat.”

Adam was breathing hard into her wet flesh as he licked as fast and hard as he could. He would have loved to really savor eating her, but like she'd said, they only had so much time and according to her this was just the beginning and there would be plenty of time, maybe a damn lifetime, to enjoy this amazing woman's sexy body and for her to enjoy him!

"Oh, oh, shit, baby!" Mom whimpered. "Suck it! Suck it hard and fast! God I can't believe I'm going to cum already!"

Her pussy tightened around his fingers and her hips were working in tight circles, moving her clit in his mouth as he sucked on it. Mom was now tugging on her nipples and twisting them to the point it looked painful.

She was staring down at him, her face flushed and her make up now running as sweat tricked down her cheeks. Her hair was sticking to the sides of her face and she looked like a hot mess and it was driving him wild. God, he couldn't wait to get his cock inside her!

That was going to happen pretty quickly as mom threw her head back and again emitted a series of sexy grunts and barely audible yelps and squeals as she came hard in her son's face. Her hips bucked wildly smearing her sticky flesh all over his face, but his tongue kept moving and she kept coming, her pussy pulsing around his fingers and warm sticky fluid flowing out from around his fingers and onto his chin.

Mom moaned, then pulling her legs from around his head, put her feet on his shoulders and rolled him back. She immediately, slipped off the desk and as she had before straddled him on the chair. This time however, she grabbed his cock, guided it to her pussy and sat down on his lap.

Adam groaned and mom covered her face, to muffle the loud yelp as her son's cock plunged deep into her hot and still quivering cunt.

"Oh god!" Mom moaned. "Oh, fuck that's a big cock!" She remained impaled on him, her hips moving in slow circles as her pussy slowly spread open around him.

Adam didn't care about what she was doing. He was in no hurry as he sat there reveling in the sensation of having his cock balls deep in his mother.

"Oh, that's so good!" Mom was now sliding back and forth on his lap. "Adam, you better start getting a lot of rest because your mother is going to need a lot of this cock!"

She switched to bouncing up and down, and the chair squeaked in protest and sank a couple of inches as his mother rode him. She put her hands on his shoulders and with a laugh threw her head back and moved faster while shoving her nipple into his mouth.

Adam sucked on it while putting his arms around her and cupping her firm ass cheeks lifted her up and down, guiding her pussy along his cock.

"So fucking good!" Mom groaned again. "But it's not hard enough, baby! Mommy needs a good hard fucking this time out!"

She slid her legs from the chair, and stood up, but only long enough to sit back on the desk. Adam quickly stood up and grabbing her ankles, spread her legs and buried himself in his mother's pussy.

She slapped her hands over her mouth once more as Adam, all inhibitions gone, tore into his mother, fucking her with long hard strokes that had her tits bouncing wildly and the desk rocking back and forth.

Adam stared down at her, transfixed at the sight of his long thick glistening cock sliding in and out of his mother's golden haired pussy. She had taken her hands from her mouth and slid her arms along her thighs, her hands gripping the edge of the desk.

Adam fucked her even harder loving the way her eyes widened and rolled back as he hammered away at her. He braced her feet against his chest and grabbing her tits, roughly squeezed them as he fucked her.

Mom slipped her hand between his arms and began rubbing her clit in hard fast circles.

"Fuck me!" She hissed, her eyes wide and bright with pure lust. "Take your mother! Take her right here on your desk! That's right baby!" She paused to whimper as her fingers blurred on her clit as her son plundered her sopping slit.

"Your desk! Your office and your pussy!" She smiled at the look on his face. "Yes, your pussy! Your mother's cunt is all yours baby boy! You're making it yours! Claiming it right here and now!"

She gasped and her toes curled hard into his chest. "Making it yours by making me cum on it! Oh my fucking god!" She gasped. "Pinch my nipples! Do it hard!"

Adam did as she asked and she groaned. "I...I'm cumming for you again!"

Her head fell back on the desk and she sucked on her lower lip as she went into another round of barely suppressed moans and cried of pleasure. Adam gasped as her pussy convulsed around his cock, making it even tighter and hotter as he continued to fuck her.

His cock was making wet squishing sounds each time he drove into her and her juices were now oozing down her thighs. He was aware of a spreading stain on the thighs of his slacks as he slammed into her, smearing the sticky mess into them.

"Oh my...my god." Mom wheezed. "Oh, honey...three times...I came three times..." She lay there like a limp rag doll as he kept up his frenzied fucking. "Honey I should have fucked you as soon as I knew you watched me that night."

"I'll make up for it." He whispered, then gasped as he felt his legs beginning to tremble and his cock tighten within her.

"Wait." Mom put her hands up. "Stop, for a minute. I want to give you one more treat."

What could be left? Regardless he slowly eased his now dripping cock from her. Mom forced herself into a sitting position, then made him cry out when she unexpectedly took him into her mouth.

She bobbed her head several times before releasing him and moaning. "Damn I taste good on your dick."

She put her hand on his chest to ease him back and getting to her feet with a groan she put her back to him and leaned over the desk. "There you go, baby, take your mother from behind! Fuck me like...oh you bad boy!"

Mom squealed as unable to help himself he spread her ass open and shoved his tongue into her pink rosebud.

"Oh that's so....dirty!" Mom exclaimed as he swirled his tongue around her ass. "But we're running out of time so how about you give me a rim job another time and right now just fuck me as hard as you can until you cum inside me?"

"Yes ma'am." Adam whispered with a grin and spreading her cheeks open once more to admire the view of her ass and dripping pink slit he drove his cock into her so hard his name plate fell off the desk.

Mom buried her face in the desk to muffle her yelps as he tore into with all the strength in his hips. He hammered repeatedly into her with long fast strokes loving the way she yelped with each one.

He pushed her skirt up to her hips and grabbing it, used it as a handle as he fucked her. Turning her head on the desk, mom groaned. "My hair, get my hair with the other hand!"

He grabbed her long hair and wrapping it around his fist, pulled back, forcing her to prop herself up on her elbows as he continued his relentless assault on her pussy. He was breathing hard and sweating to the point he was wondering how he was going to explain it later, but at this point all that mattered was the sight before him.

His mother topless, her skirt up to her hips in her sexy black thigh highs bent over the desk, squealing softly as she urged her son to fuck her.

"Harder!" She groaned. "Come on, baby, give mommy what she needs! Give me the rest of what I thought of when I masturbated last night! Come for me, baby boy! Shoot that hot cum in my sloppy cunt! Officially make your mother yours!"

Adam groaned as his balls tightened and staring down at his mother's firm ass and little pink asshole he wondered if she'd ever let him fuck her in the ass? The thought of her squealing like a stuck pig while he pushed his big cock into her ass sent him over the edge.

He gave her several more savage thrusts that had her covering her mouth, then with loud gasp his cock erupted and her sent a long stream of cum deep inside her mother.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Mom whimpered, wiggling her hips back into him. "More, baby, give me more!"

Adam obliged, continuing to fuck her, each thrust ending in more cum squirting inside her. He whimpered and moaned as he kept going, his balls emptying as he painted the walls of his mother's hot quivering cunt.

"Oh , shit." He groaned as he buried himself in her one last time and she contracted her pussy around him, milking a few more drops into her greedy pussy.

Adam eased from within her and unceremoniously fell back into the chair so hard he almost tipped over. He sat there fighting to catch his breath while watching his mother. Mom remained bent over the desk and Adam saw some of his cum oozing from her slit and down her thigh.

“Mom, that was unbelievable.” He told her. “I...it doesn't seem real.”

“Pretty real to me.” She straightened and turning around leaned against the desk. “I have a cunt full of cum and wow and I sore.” She smiled. “But it's a good pain. Damn you fucked me hard.”

“You told me too.”

“Baby, if you're going to always do what I tell you to, we're going to have a lot of fun.”

“You want to again?” He asked hopefully.

“You think I was just saying we'd be fucking all the time as a way to get you going? She whistled. “Baby boy I haven't been fucked like that since your father was really into it and that was a long time ago.”

“I feel bad about dad.” He admitted.

“Bad enough to not do it again?” She asked as she pushed her skirt down over her hips and bending down, picked up her bra and blouse.

“Well, let's not get crazy.” He said and smiled when she laughed.

“That's my boy.” She put her bra back on and slipping her shirt down over her head, leaned over and gave him a soft sweet kiss. “Best day ever?”

“Hmm...new job, sex with my mother, more sex with mom in the future...I think so!”

“Good, I do aim to please you know.” She winked as she sat on the desk and slipped her shoes on. “And just think, all this because you got caught doing something you weren't supposed to be doing. Guess it pays to be bad sometimes.”

“I'll say.” Adam sighed as he slowly tucked his exhausted cock back into his boxers and zipped up. “Guess I made out a lot better than uncle.” He laughed.

“True,” Mom nodded as she put her blazer back on. “He only got to fuck me once, you're going to keep getting it.”

“What?” Adam blinked. “You...you fucked your brother?”

“Honey, I just fucked my son.” She removed her phone from her pocket and looked at it. “You think I'd do it that easy if I hadn't had a little experience crossing the line?”

“But...holy shit.” He shook his head. “Was it just because you felt bad for him? Had you thought about it before? Did he...”

He stopped when she shook her head and showed him her phone.

“Its one, baby, lunch is over.”

“But...”

“But nothing. This is your first day and you need to get back to work and finish that project.”

He stared at her, and with a grin nodded. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll get right back to working hard.”

“That’s the spirit, because you know what I always say.”

When he shrugged she smiled. “I always say work hard play hard so the harder you work the harder we’re going to play.” She touched his cheek. “What do you say to that?”

“I say get going, I have work to do!” He laughed.

Mom gave him another quick kiss and purred. “Honey, your work’s just begun.”

The End.