

Masked Emotions

sunburycd

The blond girl in long pink pajamas pressed her topless roommate against the wall and had a hand down the front of her friend's sleepwear. They kissed, and in response, I moved my hand more rapidly up and down my shaft, my orgasm approaching. Quicker; tighter, as the girls found their way to the bed and I felt pre-cum lubricate my masturbation. Nearly there! One going down on the other, her face buried in her lover's sex. So close...

The phone vibrated in my hand, startling me, and a caller I.d. popped up over the action on the small screen.

"Mom." I slowed my breathing. "Hello."

"Whatcha doin'?"

Caught nearing completion, I felt myself unnecessarily blush and struggled to come up with a lie.

"Ah, just watching a movie," I told the truth.

"Oh yeah, what one?"

"Oh, nothing you'd know. What's going on?" I quickly changed the subject.

"Your father's gone away again for work," she informed me. "I wanted to ask a little favor of you?"

My hand remaining on my erection, it was actually somewhat exciting talking to my mother over the phone. I recalled similar in my late teens. Receiving a grateful blowjob from a past girlfriend. My parents away on vacation and calling home to be sure all was okay. God, that had been almost fifteen years ago, I realized, and wondering where the time had gone, brought myself back to the conversation at hand.

Dad traveling on work trips wasn't a new thing and I supposed she needed me to go around and mow the lawns, change a blown lightbulb?

"Yeah, what's up?" I continued to gently stroke my cock, feeling just a little shame at my action.

"Well, it's a big one actually," she divulged and I smirked at her unbeknownst double entendre as she continued. "Work's having after-hours drinks. A kind of party. And with your father being called away last minute, well, I really don't want to go alone. It'll be an open bar," Mom threw in to apparently sway me.

I inwardly groaned. A party with a bunch of people I didn't know. A work party at that. It didn't sound the most enticing of offers. I then thought of the free alcohol. It was a late start at work the next day. There was the possibility of a free feed as well. I'd also be catching up with Mom whom I'd admittedly not seen in months. It was then the guilt of touching my cock whilst talking to her cut in and I agreed to her request.

"What time tonight?" I asked and her answer came quickly.

"Oh, it's not tonight. It's Friday," she replied and then added another pivotal factor before hanging up, a wicked delight in her voice. "And it's a costume party!"

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What was I complaining about really? Yes, it was the loss of a Friday night. But what had I planned myself? The hope of an arranged Tinder date? A bar crawl with some friends? Mom had texted back immediately with the news a costume had already been arranged for me, so all I really had to do was show up and be the pleasant son to her colleagues. I could do that.

I arrived no more than ten minutes early Friday night and let myself into my family home, music playing and an opened bottle of white wine on the benchtop in the kitchen. Calling

out my presence, Mom made it out of her bedroom and down the hall, empty wine glass in hand. Clearly having just stepped from the shower, she wasted no time in greeting me with a hug and kiss; the smell of wine strong on her, I wondered if it wasn't the only bottle that had been opened that afternoon? As she poured herself another glass and I waved away her offer of one myself, I happened to notice something I hadn't at first.

Her robe.

Tied securely around the waist, it clung tight to her body. Too tight. With the sheen of water still on her legs, it seemed she'd forgone toweling due to my arrival and merely wrapped herself in the thin white robe on her departure from the bathroom. The effect was the gradual dampening of the satin or silk. Most prominent upon her breast. Even as I tried not to watch, the pink of her nipples showed through the material and the sight became more and more uncomfortable. To the point where I broke into her small talk conversation and asked where my costume was? Simply for a chance to get away from the situation.

"Oh, it's in your room Honey," Mom, even after my ten years out of the family home referred to my old bedroom.

To be honest, I was actually looking forward to trying it on. When she'd texted 'Batman' as the answer to what I would be wearing, I was somewhat excited. The fanboy in me coming out. What I found lying in a clear plastic wrapper upon my bed, however, wasn't the Batman I had in mind.

Adam West. Not Christian Bale. There was a grimace as I held the clearly inexpensive spandex costume in my hands but I thought I'd reserve my final judgment until I had it on.

"Did you find it alright?" Mom needlessly called from the hallway and I laughed at her concern.

"Ah, yeah!" I yelled back. "You left some details out!"

I heard her giggle from the other side of the door.

"Well, we had to match," she replied. "I'm going as Julie Newmar's Catwoman."

I tried to picture Mom dressed as the character and the image wouldn't come, focusing instead on getting myself into my suit, until finally, job done, I turned to the mirror and wasn't entirely upset at the reflection.

There was a problem, however. And though not fatal, it did affect the overall look. I was wearing boxer shorts and the tightness of the one-piece spandex (no extra outside underpants) revealed their material and even the checked print through the thin fabric. It looked stupid, and happy with how my chest and arms appeared in the body-hugging design, I wanted to look my best all over. I began the task of removing the costume.

Boxer shorts off, I again stepped into the bodysuit and pulled it over me. I hadn't expected how pleasant the silky spandex would feel upon my now exposed genitals and as it pressed

onto me, I could feel myself swell slightly at the sensation. Cape on. Cowl, yellow utility belt, gloves, and boots, I looked back into the mirror and was suitably satisfied with the result. It left nothing to the imagination, however. The clear outline of my dick and balls. Who'd be looking? I declared with fists pressing my hip and chest out in a superhero stance, before I confidently left the room.

In the kitchen, Mom still hadn't returned and I took up the earlier offer of wine, pouring myself a glass for confidence. It was as I lowered it from my lips that I heard the click of heels enter the room and turned to see her approach. It wasn't what I'd struggled to picture.

"Ooh, I'll have another one too Batman!" She purred as she walked towards me and I didn't know where to look.

She was dressed as Catwoman alright, but the costume was significantly different from that of the television show of the '70s. Feeling myself begin to blush, I stared straight into her face but my peripheral vision allowed me to still take in her

appearance below. The black catsuit, more a bodystocking, was entirely see-through! Was she not aware? An amulet of sorts hung around her neck, dropping down between her surprisingly (for her age) gravity-defying breasts. Her nipples, which I'd admittedly spied earlier, were again clearly visible. But it was under the gold belt around her waist where the most contention lay.

I could see my mother's pussy! The seamless bodystocking was taut around her groin, the darkness of the nylon almost matching her skin tone as it hugged her crotch. Perfectly smooth was the skin above the slit of labia and the thought entered my head for the first time in my life. My mother shaves her pussy!

"Well?" She turned in a circle upon her high-heeled ankle boots and I allowed my eyes to drop to her ass. To take in her beautifully curved buttocks, just as exposed as her groin, the dark crevice of her crack. "How do I look?" She questioned.

Again, her boobs and pussy came into view and I quickly set to pouring her a glass from the bottle.

"Ah," I paused. "Don't you think you've forgotten something?" I hinted at her lack of underwear as I slid the wine across the benchtop and she looked puzzled for a moment before coming to the realization.

"Oh, silly me," she laughed and headed back the way she'd come and I treated myself to another peek at her ass. Purely out of curiosity. Oh, who was I kidding? She had a nice bum! There I said it.

With her out of the room, I took a moment to compose myself and downed the remainder of my glass to steady my nerves, adjusting my semi-erect penis to a more comfortable position. It wasn't because of her, I told myself. I wasn't getting a hardon for my mom. It was just the spandex against my skin that was arousing. Nothing more.

"Ta-da!" Mom's voice re-entered the frame and she returned with cat ears in her reddish-brown hair and a black mask over her eyes. She hadn't put on underwear. And as I gazed upon her near, no, actual nudity, my cock began to unwittingly harden. Struggling to come to terms with the fact I was turned on by my mother, I quickly sat upon a stool behind the benchtop, taking my arousal from potential viewing. Just in time too as Mom came around beside me and took up her glass. She was clearly more than tipsy and I wondered if it had anything to do with her carefree attitude to her appearance? It also raised another issue.

"Hey, how are we getting to this thing anyway?" I questioned as I poured myself another, this time, half glass. "I could arrange an Uber."

"No, it's been organized," Mom looked up to the wall clock. "Actually, the service should be here soon. They've arranged limos for everyone!"

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She wasn't lying. No more than five minutes later we were in the back of a Cadillac, and twenty minutes after that, arriving at a lavish private residence. Mom had had a vodka from the car's minibar during the voyage and as we walked up an extended drive, she wrapped an arm around my own and leaned into me, confessing she had to pee.

It wasn't something I'd ordinarily want or expect to hear, but strangely I found it again kind of arousing. What the fuck was wrong with me? When we reached the wide staircase leading up to a broad porch, it was then she stopped and turned me towards her, an unexpectedly anxious look in her eyes.

"What?" I smirked.

"I haven't been entirely truthful with you!" She admitted and I could even see her eyes turning glassy behind the mask.

"What? What is it?" I returned, admittedly concerned, and raised a hand to press to her upper arm in an open sign of affection.

She looked down at it momentarily and a half-smile came to her mouth, just as quickly disappearing.

"Your father isn't away on a work trip," she strangely confessed and I frowned, though it was probably lost to her behind my mask.

"What do you mean?"

"He left me," she admitted and her eyes became noticeably teary. "Months back."

It was a revelation. And the strangest time and manner for her to break the news of my parent's breakdown in marriage. I was still processing what she'd told me when she continued.

"It's why you're here tonight. Why I chose the Batman costume. I know he was your favorite."

"Wait, what? So, Dad was never going to be wearing this?" I looked down at myself. "What do you mean 'why I'm here?'" I added.

"It's another thing I need to ask of you," Mom continued. "I've been lying to them," she nodded in the direction of the house. "Said I was dating a younger man," she began to blush. "Just for tonight. I know it's a big thing to ask. But could you pretend to be 'Him?'"

It was all too much too soon. My parents split after what, a nearly thirty-year marriage? Was it why he'd never answered each time I called the house? Why hadn't he told me? Why had Mom seemingly lied for so long? And why did I have to pretend to be her date? It was all so weird. And told her as much.

"I know it's strange," Mom conceded. "And I'm sorry to lay this all upon you now. It's just they're all so cliquey at this place. No one knew me when I started, I just wanted to be interesting to them. Not just a divorced fifty-year-old single woman."

She'd started this new job at least six months earlier. How long had she, and in turn Dad, been keeping their separation secret?

She was awaiting my reply and I'd almost forgotten how exposed was her body as I stood before her. She was just my mom again. My beautiful, sweet, and loving mom. And now clearly so vulnerable.

"Of course I will," I smiled and without thinking, took her in my arms. The moment her body pressed to mine, however; her state of undress once more came into stark reality. Her supple flesh under my gloved hands, breasts pressing my own barely covered chest. I pulled back and looked again into her eyes. "But we're gonna talk about this separation thing later," I scolded her and in turn, she threw me a mischievous smile.

"So, Sylvia. This is your mystery man!" A voice came from our side and we turned to see Lady Godiva and Abraham Lincoln approaching. A sexy Godiva at that. Long blond wig strategically positioned over her breasts. Though the reveal of a tiny vine leaf upon her crotch made me think she may have been Eve. What kind of party was this? I wondered.

"Oh, Danielle. Hi. Yes," Mom began and was interrupted by Abe presenting me his hand.

"Paul Evans," the man introduced himself, and not knowing how much Mom had told her colleagues about her 'mystery man,' I furnished her lie with my charade.

"Wayne. Bruce Wayne," I smiled, shaking his hand, and understanding, he and Godiva/Eve laughed at my joke.

"Ok, it's like that is it? Keeping up the mystery!" Godiva winked at Mom and leaned in to kiss her welcome. I had to

admit, the sight of my near-naked mother and her just as unclothed acquaintance in an embrace, albeit merely formal was again pretty arousing and when Abe as well winked at me, I could see I wasn't alone.

"Well, we'll see you inside," Godiva/Eve/Danielle shook my hand grinning and the two left us once more alone.

"That was perfect," Mom turned back to me smiling, all of her earlier apprehension seemingly dissolved. "Thank you for this."

"Hey, what's a son for?" I grinned. "...If not to pretend to be his mother's secret lover to put one over her workmates!"

She laughed and once more took my arm as we headed inside. Her breast against my bicep, pleasantly uncomfortable, if that was a thing? My own words, 'secret lover' still tossing around my head. I was beginning to feel very weird.

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Introductions to people whose names I immediately forgot. References to work-related matters I didn't understand, and an unexpected overload of attractive women in surprisingly stimulating costumes, met our first few minutes at the party. Mom inquired as to the location of the bathroom and left me to handle obtaining drinks for us both. The course of which was disrupted by my encounter with Heath Ledger's Joker, a friendly exchange of casual conversation between us before my arm was unexpectedly clasped and Mom reappeared.

"That was quick," I mused and Mom smiled at my nemesis as well as new-found friend.

"Sorry Gary," she said. "Can I just borrow Batman for a moment?"

"Of course. You look great by the way Sylvia," he raised a glass and was distracted by a Baywatch Pamela Anderson, eager to follow her through the throng of people.

"What's up?" I asked Mom.

"There's no lock on the door!" She grimaced and I noticed actually fidget to emphasize her need to go. "Can you watch me?"

"Watch you!?"

"I mean watch the door, Silly," she slapped my chest, her hand staying put slightly longer than was necessary. Or was I imagining things?

"Lead the way," I directed, and despite the Baywatch Babe still in sight. Despite the Lara Croft with the smallest, tightest shorts I'd ever seen. I watched my mom's ass as she headed through the house.

It was as I guarded the door I thought more about her costume. Understanding her need for me to stand watch.

She'd have to remove it to go to the toilet; it'd certainly be embarrassing if someone happened to enter. And then another image entered my mind. Or she could pee right through it? Stand astride the bowl and release her stream of pee straight through the thin material. I immediately scolded myself for imagining it. She's your mother Dude! I told myself but it didn't chase the vision away. Only made it stronger. My dick as well joining in on the incestuous and fetishistic fantasy and swelling behind the spandex. No! I inwardly yelled and forced my mind on other things, spotting a large older gentleman in a Borat swimsuit. His hairy back as he awkwardly danced with what looked to be Marie Antoinette. That did it. And finally, I heard the toilet flush and Mom soon reappeared.

"Drinks?" She smiled and I tried to not look at her breasts behind the see-through catsuit.

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A lot of 'work' talk. More names and faces I'd most likely never see again. There was less discussion of the fake relationship between Mom and me than I'd imagined so there was little need to come up with a backstory on the spot. No, 'how did you meet?' We did get an, 'are you getting married?' Which Mom laughed at and took my hand, fobbing off the question with a 'we're just having fun together' response as she kissed my gloved knuckles. But after, our hands remained locked.

We drank. Probably too much. Mom kept attempting to drag me to the dance floor and I repeated my response.

"Batman don't dance!"

But eventually, when voices raised in obviously inebriated fervor and suitably lubricated, most of the party had taken to the floor, I relented, and carefree, moved (probably awkwardly) in time with the music.

A masked Freddy Krueger attempted to cut in, Mom seemingly unsure of who he was and rejected his advance on

her, yet moments later I and many of the men present looked on intently as she and a middle-aged cheerleader ground against each other. The woman's hands caressing Mom's curves in front of us all, and ridiculously I was jealous. Of whom? I wondered. Mom? Or the cheerleader?

The music changed. From upbeat to a slow number and surprisingly, Mom left her friend and sought me out. I'll remember the moment as long as I live. Time almost slowing as her eyes found mine. Slipping through couples as she crossed the floor to stand before me.

"I suppose we should dance," I whispered as she came within earshot. "Make it look convincing."

She was well ahead of me, arms raising around my neck to pull me into her body as I in turn wrapped her own. Breasts pressing me. Her chin raised to look up into my eyes. Again, she thanked me and I told her it wasn't necessary as I allowed my hands to caress her back. We could've been lovers. For all intents and purposes to those onlooking, we were.

"I should've told you sooner," Mom whispered and I saw the glassiness return to her eyes.

"Probably," I agreed but didn't want to punish her. Dad could've said something as well! "What happened?"

She rolled her eyes behind the mask.

"He found a newer model," she bluntly stated. "Isn't it always the way? He said he no longer found me sexy." I scoffed at the assertion and Mom tilted her head. "What?"

"Well, I mean..." I didn't know how to form the words. To tell my mother I at least thought she was desirable. Indeed, 'sexy.' I nodded my head down, dropping my eyes toward her catsuit. "...just look at you!"

"What? Do you think I look good?" She asked, scrunching her nose and I found the action adorable, wondering why I hadn't noticed it before then?

"Good?" I laughed. "Mom!"

"It's a bit risqué, isn't it?"

"It's scandalous," I laughed and she smiled.

"I just wanted to fit in. You've seen the women here," she looked around. Her eyes and mine settling on the Baywatch Babe. "You should see what they wear at work! I just wanted to feel sexy again."

"Mission accomplished," I admitted, and having declared my opinion, felt myself blush.

"You know," she leaned in further and whispered. "I'm not even wearing underwear."

It was the final straw. Not a revelation but hearing her say the words had my cock hardening. I pulled my groin back from her body lest she feel my erection. I had no idea what was really going on here, but something like that could damage our relationship irreparably. She was clearly vulnerable. The last thing she needed was an oversexed son with incestuous desires. Or was it? Was I that stupid? Hadn't everything she'd done over the last hours been a clear signal of exactly that?

"Well while we're being so honest with each other," I sniggered. "Neither am I!"

She giggled and rested her head on my shoulder and I could smell the perfume of her hair. I ran a hand over her back and stopped above the curve of her buttocks, my cock fully erect and I could only imagine how obtrusive it actually looked.

"It's funny," Mom whispered. "I could almost believe we really were lovers."

Her eyes looked up into mine and there were no more tears. Only an intensity that if she were any other woman I'd recognize as lust. Was it? It was now or never I decided. If it went wrong, I could blame the alcohol.

"Well then maybe I should make it even more convincing," I breathed and lowered my hand to caress her buttock. The reaction was immediate and ultimately convincing I'd done the right thing, her mouth falling open, eyelids heavy.

"Yesss," she sighed and her breasts pushed harder into my chest as I ran my middle finger down the length of her ass crack.

"I have something else to confess," I looked into her eyes.

"Anything," she struggled to voice, and throwing all caution to the wind, I pulled her body fully into me.

There was no going back. My hard-on pressed against her and there could be no mistaking what it was. No pretense of a fabricated relationship. A stark proclamation of a son's love for his mother. With cock against her belly and hand upon her ass, she could be in no doubt.

"Say it," she whispered and I wasn't entirely sure what. Helpfully elaborating. "Tell me what you want."

"I want you!" I declared. No blush this time. Confident in my taboo proclamation.

"Say it, Baby," she repeated, her breath more labored.

"I want to fuck you," I pressed my cheek to her's, breathing into her ear.

"Oh yes," she sighed and ground her body against me, the rock hardness of my cock digging into her soft flesh.

"I want to fuck you, Mom," I committed and her face turned, her lips running across my cheek to seek my mouth.

And just like that, we kissed. Before everyone. Batman and Catwoman kissing upon the dancefloor at a costume party. Tongues entwined. No one aware of the reality. We were mother and son. Locked in an incestuous embrace, just short of fornicating as I rubbed my dick against her near-naked body, my finger delving between her buttocks to feel the heat of her sex, her anus.

"Take me home," Mom murmured between my lips and I was more than eager, breaking our kiss and directing us from the crowded dancefloor.

"Ooh someone's in a hurry," Lady Godiva touched Mom's arm as we neared the entranceway and I surreptitiously pulled my cape around to shield the tower at my crotch. "Can't blame you, Sylvia," she added and winked at my mother, bidding her farewell. Behind her, Freddy Krueger watched on intently, in

my mind clearly envious I was the one to take Catwoman home.

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The drive home was excruciating. No stretched limo this, luxurious but not affording us the privacy we sought. Mom made do, however. Wrapping her gloved hand around my impressively erect cock and jerking me through the spandex. Her mouth upon mine, we kissed like excited teens and I noticed the driver adjust his rear-view mirror to better see the goings-on behind him. Let him watch, I thought as I removed my gloves and finally lay my bare hands upon her body. The nylon of her catsuit was silkier than I'd expected, her skin so soft and warm beneath. So frenzied was the action of her hand, so stimulating was the spandex around my cock that I could feel my orgasm approaching and abruptly ended the hand job before it was too late.

Mom wasn't deterred and I enabled her to climb up on my lap, looking down as her labia pressed onto the underside of

my penis and slid herself along. The act causing my pre-cum to seep through the material of my costume. I ran my hands up her sides from hips to ribcage, delighting in the feeling, the intimacy, until finally, I held her breasts, cupping my mother's beautiful heavy boobs and running my thumbs across the engorged nipples.

Had I ever been so turned on? Had I always secretly desired her? Only her near-nudity finally awakening the illicit craving? And what about her? How long had she kept her tongue? It surely wasn't tonight this taboo was born. She'd planned this. For how long?

Questions would be answered, but not yet. With a hand squeezing her ass and the other attached to the tit, we all but fucked as the journey progressed, doing all I could to fight off the orgasm that longed to come. Mom didn't resist. Caring not for our audience, her mouth hermetically sealed to mine and she ground herself harder upon my erection, thrusting her groin in ever slowing repetition until she stopped entirely and I felt her shudder.

She bit into my tongue as I held her tight, feeling her climax as her body convulsed with pleasure. The heat upon my cock increased, spread as her dampness flooded my groin, a shower of mommy juice that darkened my costume and left no doubt the extent of a mother's love.

The driver called the address of our house and I hadn't even been aware how close we'd been to home until we were in the drive. It was then Mom came to her senses and I saw her face redden as she climbed from my lap, her eyes avoiding our chauffeur as she exited the car. There was a wait at the front door as Mom struggled to find the right key, my hand remaining on her back as if to break our connection could bring an end to our incestuous collaboration. I shouldn't have fretted.

By the time the door was opened and we were inside the family home, she was back upon me.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted this," she confessed as her wet lips kissed my mouth, her tongue licking my lips,

my jaw. I once more found her ass, quickly becoming my favorite of her body parts, and lifted her into my arms, carrying her down the hall to the kitchen. Upon the benchtop I planted her and kissed her neck, tugging her catsuit down over her shoulders and fully exposing her breasts. "Fuck me, Baby!" She demanded.

And who was I to deny her!?

With the swiftest of motions, I had my cape and cowl removed, Mom watching mesmerized as I tugged the spandex bodysuit down my body to reveal my nudity. Unashamed I stood before her as she'd only seen me as a boy. Now her man. Her lover. Her son.

There was a problem. As aroused as my mind was. As willing as my heart was to fulfill her desire and seal our incestuous coupling with penetration, a part of me wasn't playing along. With Mom's feet up on two separate stools, her legs spread to reveal her splayed sex behind the black nylon, as arousing a sight as there was; my cock, however, had lost its earlier

rigidity. What a time for impotency to raise its head, or lower it as the case may be. Undeterred, I pulled myself into her and the heat of her body pressed against mine. Her large breasts, nipples proudly erect, molded into my chest. Again, we kissed. My hands exploring her back, her ass as on my toes, I ground my now flaccid cock against her damp crotch.

"What's wrong?" She was clearly aware of my frustrating situation and I exhaled loudly to signify my despair.

"I don't know. It's not you," I quickly added. Kissing her on the lips to emphasize the point. "I think it's this house."

"What!?" She smiled and again there was that endearing scrunching of her nose and it further deepened my love for her.

"I just feel like Dad's about to walk in from the living room."

"I told you, he's gone. We've nothing to worry about." Mom's hand worked down between us and still found my cock lacking. "I know. Do you want to go to your room?"

The idea had me enthused and she must have seen the result in my face.

"Okay. I have to pee anyway. Meet you there?" She proposed and I was already dragging her from the bench.

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I sat naked and waiting on my old single bed. Feet on the floor I made a chopping motion at my penis, warning the little guy he'd better improve his game. And I thought of Mom. And yeah, my mind went there again. Peeing. And my cock began to stir. What the fuck was wrong with me? Not only had I in a matter of hours become incestuously involved with my mother. I'd seemingly developed a fetish for piss. With my cock slowly filling with blood, my quiet contemplation was interrupted by the return of my obsession.

"Can I come in?" She knocked on the door as it opened and my breath was taken.

She'd changed.

Gone was the bodystocking down around her waist, replaced by clearly Wizard of Oz-inspired, Dorothy lingerie.

"Mom!" I gasped as she entered and did a little turn to show off her outfit.

"It's Wizard of Oz," she needlessly informed me. "I was originally going to wear this tonight. Remember we used to watch it together?"

How could I forget? My most treasured memories of childhood. Cuddled with Mom on the couch each time it was on television. It was a tradition. It was intimate. Special

bonding time between mother and son. And now. Now it was boner-inducing.

"Do you like it?" She smiled as she indeed witnessed the reaction she'd caused in at least my cock.

"I love it," I managed to whisper as I took in her beauty. White opaque thigh highs over ruby heels. The blue and white checked material of the bra that barely covered her nipples, let alone supported her breasts. And below. A micro skirt in the same material with a tiny white apron. Both see-through enough to spy her pussy bulge inside a white satin thong. My dick stood proudly to attention and she didn't need me to say any more, beaming as she approached and climbed once more upon my lap.

She didn't stop there. Pushing me back onto the bed, Mom crawled up over my chest before her knees were either side of my head, the heat and scent of pussy just above my jaw as I looked up expectantly.

"It's been such a big day," she acknowledged. "Is it okay if Mommy takes a seat?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I groaned as her already saturated gusset pressed into my face and I breathed in her perfume. I lifted my hands onto her back and then upon her buttocks, pulling her down harder onto my face, willing to suffocate in the heavenly scent of her vagina. "Mmmph," I attempted to verbalize how good she smelled, opening my mouth and slipping my tongue around the string of her panty to hopefully enter her fully.

In turn, Mom ground her groin upon my face. Nose, lips, and jaw used as her personal masturbation device as I felt a hand upon my belly and then wrap around my cock. Taking it in hand must have sparked a desire in her and suddenly she was off my face, turning her body above me to once more descend, this time her ass above my mouth. I took hold of the string of her thong and pulled it aside, exposing her puckered asshole and dripping pussy below and without thought, just as I felt my mother's lips wrap the head of my cock, pulled her butt down onto my face.

My tongue lapped at her most intimate opening before unconcerned, probing as far as would go.

"Ooh, you naughty boy," Mom slurped off my cock, giggling as she sat her buttocks down on my face to push my tongue even further into her hole. Back on my dick. A hand around the base cutting off the flow of blood and her mouth enveloping my length. I wrapped my arms up around her back and hugged her ass down onto me, again happy to be smothered by her weight. It was time. It was beyond time. I needed to be inside her.

Could she read my thoughts? Or was it just synchronicity? Either way, as I released her ass from my hold, she relinquished her possession of my cock and rose from my body. Fluidly, she fell back upon the bed, my frame going with her and moving between her spread legs before I paused. I wanted her naked. Without delay, my dick a tower of admiration, I reached for the skirt and thong and had them down her legs and off her body. Mom did the same with her bra and I looked upon her nudity. The stockings could stay

on, I relented. To be honest, the white thigh highs and nothing else, about as hot a sight as I'd ever seen. I took her in. Mentally photographing the image of my naked mother awaiting my dick, her eyes fixed upon mine in quiet anticipation.

And I was upon her. I guided my cock to her labia and teased her folds with my swollen head. Pressing and massaging her clit with the dripping eye. She sighed as I lowered and allowed just the tip of my erection to enter her body, her arms reaching up to beg me to fall upon her.

"Come to me my baby," she whispered, almost pained as she willed my penetration. No more teasing. I fell upon her, inch after inch of my love entering her welcoming vagina, claspng me in a motherly embrace. Her thighs wrapped around my hips when my chest met hers and with eyes locked on each other's, I told her I loved her. The reaction was immediate and I felt her body shudder as it had done in the car. Was it that easy? Her eyes rolled in their sockets and her pussy quivered around my cock. Apparently so! The orgasm flooding my cock with extra lube which I used to begin my thrusting.

Her mouth open in a silent scream, I kissed her chin before pressing my lips to hers as she continued to cum. Just the very thought I was giving my mother multiple orgasms from so little effort on my behalf was arousing, my earlier dysfunction now a distant memory as over and over I thrust my cock inside her velvety enclave.

An arm behind her neck, a hand upon a boob, I kissed her mouth and she reciprocated, her tongue wrapping my own, drawing me between her lips to mimic my dick below. Faster I thrust and her thighs fell away from around my hips with the welcoming assault.

"Yes," she managed to sigh into my mouth as I penetrated deeper. Slapping my groin into her pelvis, the bed thumping against the wall. "Cum... in... me... Darling," she stammered as if aware I was approaching the point of no return, kind of proud of myself I'd even managed to last this long in the first place!

"Cum in me," she repeated as I brought my knees up to rest alongside her hips, looking down at my impressively long and glistening cock as it disappeared and reemerged from within my mother's body. "... and on me!" She added as I edged. "I want to see it!"

My laden balls slapping her buttocks and the mattress below, I could hold it no longer, and desiring nothing more than to fulfill her every wish, I began to cum. It was a lot. Even she could recognize that as her eyes widened with every spurt inside her. Three or four copious eruptions and I was withdrawing, immediately grabbing my cock and squeezing the base to build up the pressure before releasing and jerking myself off upon her belly. My breath held as I enjoyed every pleasurable spout, without doubt, the best orgasm of my life.

Mom was up on her elbows watching the show with the greatest of interest. Fascination upon her face as over and over I emptied my load upon her flesh. And then she took over. Milking the last of my cum, squeezing the final drop onto her thumb, and taking it into her mouth, a cheeky, almost embarrassed look coming to her angelic face.

"That was..." I struggled to come up with the words.

"Beautiful?" Mom finished my sentence so eloquently, smiling.

"You're beautiful!" I declared and fell down upon the bed beside her, kissing the mouth that had just swallowed my cum, her hand massaging the remainder of my deposit into the skin of her belly, down over her bald pubis to cup her overflowing pussy.

"So, what now?" Mom sighed as I wrapped an arm under her head, kissing her shoulder, the side of her neck.

"Hmmm," I whispered. "Well, the second I get hard again," my dick already swelling at the mention. "We're going to fuck."

She giggled. "I mean, between us."

"Oh. I guess I'm moving back home!" I proposed and her face noticeably lit up.

"You mean it?"

"Yeah, why not?"

"It wasn't just a one-time thing? Maybe because of the costumes?"

"You're not wearing one now!" I highlighted and then drew her attention to my erection, literally swelling before our eyes. "It's not the outfits Mom. It's you. I love you."

Clearly joyous, she pulled me atop her and kissed my mouth, my dick finding its own way to the entrance of her leaking pussy.

"I did like us wearing them though," she sighed as I slid my cock slowly into her cum filled hole.

"We'll just have to find another reason for us to dress up then," I whispered as I kissed her breast, an idea immediately popping into my head. "Ooh, I just remembered what's on next weekend."

"What?" she purred as I kissed my way to her mouth.

"Comic-Con!" I divulged as my pubic bone met hers.

THE END