

Mom's Bridal Lingerie

Chapter 1

"Mitchell! Look what you did. You shot it all over me!"

Mitch Stevens knew he was in trouble. His mother only used his full name when she was angry with him. He looked at his mother sitting on the edge of the bed in front of him, her face a mess of white milky goo, a huge strand of the creamy fluid dangling from her chin. "I'm sorry, Mom. I had no idea it was going to shoot that far." He held his hand out towards his mother, as if showing her that he had no control over what his hand had caused.

"You were pumping it so hard, I'm not surprised," Nicole Stevens said, shaking her head in dismay. "Look at me. You even got it all over my sweater."

Mitch looked down at his mother's voluptuous chest, her huge mouth-watering tits gorgeously displayed in a black ribbed turtleneck that seemed adhered to her lush body like a second layer of skin. The vertical ribs of the sweater followed the swelling contours of her big round breasts, flowing out to the sides enticingly before being drawn back in as the tight fabric formed to her shapely hourglass figure. He could see gobs of the pearly white fluid had landed on the upper swells of her tits, looking obscenely erotic against the black material of her sweater. He could even see her nipples thrusting provocatively as they poked against the soft fabric, the protruding buds visible right through the black bra she was wearing beneath. "I didn't think it was going to shoot all over you

like that. Once it started, it just kept coming. I was as surprised as you that there was so much of the stuff."

"What am I going to do?" Nicole said as she looked down at her spattered chest, the dangling wad of thick fluid dropping off her chin and onto her right breast, the heavy gob sliding slowly towards her stiff nipple. "I'm supposed to be going out to dinner with your father soon. Now I'm going to have to change. He can't see me with this all over me."

Both mother and son looked down at the guilty culprit still clutched in the teenager's circling hand, another milky strand drooling from the opening at the tip. Nicole gave a resigned shrug, knowing she had been just as responsible for what had happened as her son. It had been her suggestion to start with.

"Hey you two, what are you doing in here? It looks like you're making a porno," Rick Stevens said as he walked into the master bedroom, stood at the end of the bed and adjusted his tie, a smile on his face as he looked at his wife and son.

"You men are such pigs," Nicole said as she shook her head in disgust. "Mitch came in as I was getting ready to put my shoes on and asked what he should use on some dry skin on his elbow. I had a jar of hand lotion in the bedside table and figured that would do the job, but I hadn't used it in a while and I guess the nozzle had gotten clogged from sitting for so long. Anyways, while I was sitting here putting my shoes on, our boy genius here starts pumping at it like there's no tomorrow. Next thing I know, the lotion is shooting

all over the place." She held her hands up in a gesture of futility, pointing to the pearly gobs of lotion that her son had sprayed all over her.

Rick looked over at his 18-year old son, the boy's face red with embarrassment as he looked at his mother, the plastic bottle of offending hand lotion still in his hand. "Relax, sweetheart. Accidents happen," Rick said. He gave his son a conspiratorial wink before continuing, a sly grin on his face. "Besides, it reminds me of a movie I saw on pay-per-view awhile back—only the woman wasn't wearing any clothes at the time."

"You're both pigs. Honestly, I don't know which of you is worse," Nicole said as she got up and headed towards the en-suite bathroom. "I've got to clean myself up and get changed now before we can go out."

"It's fine, honey," Rick said, checking the time on his watch. "We've got lots of time to get to the restaurant before our reservation." He turned to his son as his wife disappeared into the bathroom. "So, what happened to your elbow?"

"I don't know, I've just got this dry patch of skin on this one arm," Mitch said as he put the bottle of lotion down on the bedside table and carefully depressed the pump, the lotion now flowing smoothly into the cupped hand he held beneath the nozzle. "This thing was clogged like you wouldn't believe. I was pushing on it and pumping it, trying to loosen the clog, and then all of a sudden, the thing lets

go and the stuff starts shooting everywhere." He took his hand and smoothed the lotion over his elbow, slowly rubbing it into his skin.

"Yeah, that happens when they sit there and you don't use them. No big deal," Mitch's father said as he pulled on his sports jacket. "Your mother will just have to get changed into something else. Although I did like that black turtleneck, didn't you?"

Mitch was somewhat shaken, his father never having asked his opinion on his mother's choice of clothing before. The young man was unsure of what to say. He'd absolutely loved the way his mother looked in the tightly stretched turtleneck, loving the way the flowing ribs of the sweater adhered to her spectacular figure. He had a number of pictures in his collection of her wearing that sweater, pictures that he often pulled up on his computer screen when he jerked off. And now, his dad was asking what he thought of it. "I...I guess it looked okay," Mitch mumbled, shrugging his shoulders as if he'd never really given it any notice.

"Ah, she'll find something just as nice in all those clothes she has," Rick said, waving his hand in a futile gesture as both of them nodded, knowing Nicole was a clothes horse who had no end of things to choose from. "Which reminds me—when I'm away this weekend, I want you to help your mother. She promised to clean some of those boxes of old clothes out of the attic, and she'll probably need your help. Will you do that for me, son?"

Mitch knew that his father was going away on an overnight fishing trip with his good friend, Ed, early Saturday morning. Mitch knew

he'd be only too happy to help his mother in any way he could. He relished the idea of being alone in the house with just her, whether it just be doing chores, or whatever she wanted, just as long as he could be close to her, and that spectacular MILFish body of hers. "Sure, Dad, I can do that. I've got no major plans."

"Great. Thanks, son. It'll be nice to get some of that stuff in the attic cleaned up and out of the way."

"How come you guys aren't going out for dinner tomorrow night before you go? Isn't that what you usually do?" Mitch asked, somewhat surprised when he'd come home from school to hear that his parents were going out for dinner on a Thursday.

"Yeah, we usually have our 'date night' on Fridays, but this place Ed and I are going is further than usual, so we're heading out at 4:00 in the morning."

"4:00am...ouch!"

"Yeah...I know, I know. But Ed says there are great rainbow trout in this river, so we'll give it a try. So anyways, I want to hit the sack real early tomorrow night so I'm not a zombie all day Saturday."

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"This should do it," Nicole's voice made them both turn as she strode back into the room. "Thank goodness none of it got on my skirt or tights. I just had to change my top."

"You look great, honey," Rick said. "Don't you think so, Mitch?"

Again Mitch was flummoxed by being put on the spot. As soon as he'd looked up at his mother, his mind had gone into overdrive again. Nonetheless, he did manage to spit out a somewhat coherent response. "Yeah. Uh....you look great, Mom."

"Thanks, sweetheart. We shouldn't be too late," Nicole said as she picked up her purse, stepped close to her son, and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before taking her husband's arm as he escorted her out of the room. The scent of his mother's perfume had wafted sensuously into Mitch's nostrils, setting his teenage libido afire. He had dreamed so often of pulling her close and kissing her deeply, before taking her to bed and ravishing her all night long, pumping load after load of hot teenage cum into his mother's scintillatingly sexy body. But she had only given him a quick peck on the cheek, leaving him aroused yet unsatisfied.

Mitch stood in the middle of their room and watched them leave, his heart racing. When he'd looked at his mother come out of the bathroom, the blood had started pounding in his veins. As usual, she looked so fucking hot he could barely stand it. He'd looked at her as she strode confidently into the room, sexier than any MILF he'd seen in his numerous hours of scouring the internet. Nicole Stevens was 39 years of age, 5'-7" tall and a succulent 125 pounds. As far as Mitch

was concerned, she had a body built for one thing—SEX. She had a voluptuous hourglass figure, with all the curves in just the right places. Nice full calves and creamy thighs were sensually complimented by her slender ankles and dimpled knees. Her full motherly hips and beach-ball-like bum were teasingly accentuated by her trim waist that nipped in waspishly. But her most outstanding attribute was her absolutely stunning breasts—a full generous set of round, heavy, mouth-watering 36Es. Mitch had seen many men stop dead in their tracks when his mother had walked by, their eyes drawn like magnets to her spectacular tits. Those tremendous breasts were traffic stoppers, for sure.

She was also blessed with gorgeous frosty blonde hair that fell attractively about her shoulders and framed her exquisite features. She had compelling blue eyes that could melt a man's soul, her eyes made even more alluring by naturally long eyelashes that gave her a smoldering sultry look. Her slim nose and high cheekbones gave her the look of a runway model, and her full petulant lips, red and soft as satin, looked like they were made for sucking cock. And tonight, as Mitch looked her up and down, she had every gorgeous attribute provocatively on display.

She was wearing a slim-fitting charcoal-gray pencil skirt, the material fitting smoothly over her wide matronly hips and clinging to her full creamy thighs teasingly before ending a few inches above her knees, a small vent in the back of the skirt allowing her to walk freely. Her shapely legs were clad in opaque black tights that Mitch just loved. His eyes had followed the line of the scintillating tights down over her calves to her trim ankles, where her feet were encased in black high-heeled pumps with a 4" heel and a strap that crossed

erotically over the top of her foot. The shoes had a nicely-defined toe that was slightly pointy, but not wickedly so. The heel was solid and tapered down perfectly. To Mitch, they looked like an adult version of 'Mary Janes'—shoes that school girls wore. But these shoes were sexy as hell, and looked very alluring without being trampy, and Mitch loved them.

Mitch had noticed when he'd come in earlier to borrow the hand lotion that her black turtleneck had looked fantastic with the rest of the outfit—the gray of the skirt and the black tones of the tights and sweater looking gorgeous on her. Now that he had temporarily ruined her plans to wear that top, she'd replaced it with a stunning white sleeveless cowl-neck sweater instead. The white fabric was somewhat nubby, but it still clung to her curvy body alluringly, the cowl neck exposing a hint of deep dark cleavage before it settled teasingly between her sumptuous breasts. The bodice of the sweater molded itself to her spectacular tits, the nubby material cupping her shelf-like breasts invitingly, the tightness of the sweater causing deep dark shadows to fall below the protruding shelf of her tits onto her trim midsection. The bottom of the sweater was tucked into the waistband of her skirt, and a wide black leather belt circled her wasp-like waist, accentuating her lush hourglass figure provocatively. Her hair was slightly fluffed up and looked wild and sexy. Her makeup was stunning, her eyes made up in a combination of smoky grays and alluring deep pinks that complimented her outfit perfectly. Her mouth was a brilliant red gash, her bee-stung lips covered with a glistening coating of cherry-red lipstick. As usual when his mother got dressed up, she was a dizzying display of pulchritude that had Mitch's blood pounding in his veins and flowing to his teenage cock.

Mitch heard the door to the garage close and hurried to the front window, where he watched his parents leave, their car disappearing down the street. Being an only child, and knowing he now had the house to himself for at least a couple of hours, he hurried back to his parents room and headed through the door that led to his mother's walk-in closet and the en-suite bathroom, knowing exactly what he was looking for. When she was wearing the black turtleneck, Mitch knew his mother would have worn one of her black bras beneath. But now that she had switched to the white top, he knew there was no way she would wear a black bra with it, and as usual, when he'd looked at his mother's gorgeous breasts, he'd noticed the outline of one of her power bras beneath the sexy white sweater. And the bra had definitely been white.

Hurrying to her closet, he spotted what he was looking for—his mother's laundry basket on the floor of the room. And there, right on top, was the stained black turtleneck. He spotted a bra strap sticking out beneath it and pushed the sweater to the side, exposing her black bra. He picked it up, his fingertips feeling that it was still warm, having held her magnificent tits just moments ago. He grabbed the sweater as well and raced to his room with both treasures in his hand. He turned his computer on before tossing the garments on the desk beside his monitor and then tore off his t-shirt and jeans. He opened the door to his closet and pulled out his old gym bag, pulling out his cum-towel and reaching inside for a big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline, his lubricant of choice. He reached into a side pocket of the gym bag and pulled out one of his mother's elasticized hair bands, one that she had used to tie her long blonde locks back into a ponytail. He slipped it over his surging cock and beneath his balls, using it as cock-ring. He loved the way it pulled his balls up close to

his body, and it seemed to make every jerkoff session just that much better.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch said to himself as he popped open the lid of the Vaseline jar and scooped out a generous amount of the greasy lube. Being left-handed in the age of internet porn was a blessing, and Mitch loved that he could freely stroke his cock with that hand while manipulating the computer mouse with his right hand. He sat at his desk and started opening files as his left hand circled his rampant prick in a warm loving corridor before slowly moving up and down the stiffening shaft. He opened his favorite picture file simply labelled 'M' for 'Mom', and then amongst the numerous folders within that one, he selected one called 'Black T-Neck' which opened up a series of thumbnails of his mother wearing the same black turtleneck.

Four years previously, when he'd started to become aware of his mother's womanly charms, he'd asked for a digital camera for his fourteenth birthday. His parents had given him the present he wanted, and since then, his mother had become the main subject of his two favorite new hobbies—photography and jerking off. She was only too happy to help out her budding young photographer, but little did she know the main reason he wanted so many pictures of her was for fuel for his illicit perverted desires. For his fifteenth birthday, he'd asked for a second monitor, explaining that it was important for his photography work to be able to work on two screens at times. Again, his parents had provided him with two large monitors, and Mitch had been thrilled. And now he was calling up numerous pictures he'd taken of her in that same black turtleneck that he'd splattered with the hand lotion, filling both of the screens

with about ten images that ran from the bottom of the screen to the top.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you look so hot in that," he said as he set down the mouse and reached over to pick up the turtleneck. He noticed that she had quickly wiped the gobs of hand lotion off the sweater, but hadn't done a thorough job. The sweater would still need to be laundered. He swept his eyes back to his computer screens, and as he looked at the various pictures, he brought the turtleneck to his face and breathed deeply, his mother's alluring womanly scent filtering onto his taste buds and filling his senses luxuriously. It fired his burning libido even more and he felt a surging twinge in his prick. He looked down at the veiny shaft with the burgeoning cockhead and smiled as he reached full erection, his Vaseline -- covered hand stroking smoothly up and down over his rock-hard cock.

"Now, this is what I really want," Mitch said to himself as he set the sweater down and picked up his mother's bra. Like he'd done many times before, he flipped it over until he saw the tag on the inside: 36E. How he loved to see that label. He smiled to himself, knowing how much he loved those tremendous tits, if only in his dreams. The bra was a beautifully designed piece of engineering, with the substantial amount of underwire required to carry the heavy load of his mother's tits artfully hidden in the seams of the delicate lacy garment. It was beautifully feminine and yet cock-hardeningly sexy at the same time—a combination of smooth black satin with intricate lace trimming that had his prick surging in his hand. He let his hands run over the massive cups, wondering how amazing they must feel with his mother's huge breasts filling them. He brought the bra to his face

and breathed deeply, letting the alluring scent of his mother's exquisite body filter into his senses and tease his brain erotically. His prick throbbed with need and his stroking hand moved more vigorously up and down, the wet sticky slapping sound of the Vaseline filling the room. With his parents away, he knew he didn't have to keep his jerkoff session quiet, and was free to stroke his cock as vigorously as he wanted.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so beautiful," Mitch said as he pressed his face right into one of the bra cups, feeling the warmth of his mother's breasts still lingering within the soft silky fabric. The touch of the inside of the bra cup against his face was all it took to send him over the edge.

"OH FUCK.....YEAAAAHHHHHH," he moaned out loud as he felt the delicious contractions begin in his midsection as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock. At the last second he dropped the bra back on top of his desk and picked up the stained black turtleneck, turning it so the front of the sweater was right in front of him. He pointed the head of his pulsating cock at the sweater just in time. A long white rope of cum spewed forth, blasting powerfully against the soft black fabric. He kept stroking as a second milky ribbon shot forth, hitting the sweater in the middle and rising up to the turtleneck. Mitch smiled, knowing that part of that shot would have gotten on his mother's face as well. He kept jerking his throbbing prick, sending wad after wad of hot teenage spunk onto his mother's sweater. It was a huge load, and he continued to twitch and shake as gobs and ribbons of pearly-white cum crisscrossed the front of her sweater obscenely. Finally, as a tingly shiver tripped down his spine and his orgasm waned, he shook out the final drops

of semen onto the black fabric, the front of his mother's sweater now an obscene mess of glistening teenage cum.

"Beautiful," Mitch said to himself as he picked up his cum towel and wiped off his greasy hand. He opened his desk drawer and pulled out his camera, taking a couple of shots of the semen-glazed sweater. He hooked up the cable from the camera to his computer and uploaded the photos, filling the two screens with the new shots. "Nice," he thought to himself before saving them in the appropriate folder.

Mitch came twice more as he sat in front of his computer and pulled up various pictures of his mom, both times spewing his load all over the front of her black sweater, the heavy wads of milky semen glistening lewdly as they sat heavy and wet on the soft black fabric.

As she always did, his mother phoned him to check in and let him know they were on their way home. They had started doing this when he was younger and being left on his own for the first few times, calling home to make sure he was okay and to let him know they were on their way. His mother had just kept doing it, even though he'd grown older and no longer needed their supervision. Mitch loved it, knowing it gave him time to clean up from his numerous JO sessions. This time, his mother had called just after he'd pasted her sweater for the third time. Once he hung up the phone, Mitch used his cum towel and wiped off the front of the sweater, returning it to close to the shape he'd found it in when he'd first pilfered it from her laundry basket.

"Hmmm, it might be time to replace you, buddy," he muttered to himself as he looked at his cum-laden towel and stuffed it back into his gym bag. Wiping up the numerous loads of cum daily, plus wiping the greasy Vaseline off his hands resulted in him having to replace his cum-towel about every two months. His mother had started to notice her towel supply had started to slowly deplete, so Mitch took it upon himself to go a crappy store that dealt in liquidated merchandise and bought himself two or three dark-colored towels a couple of times a year, stashing the unused ones away in the back of his closet until he needed them. The one he'd been using was getting pretty heavy, almost overdue to be thrown out.

Mitch returned his mother's sweater and bra to her laundry basket, placing them one over the other, just as he'd found them. It was only a couple of minutes later before he heard the garage door opening and he got to the kitchen just as his parents stepped into the house. While his father picked up his briefcase and started sorting through some papers, Mitch's eyes immediately zeroed in on his mother's huge tits, the heavy round orbs looking fantastic in the nubby white cowl-neck sweater.

"How was your evening, sweetie?" Nicole said as she stepped up to her son, raised herself up on tiptoes and kissed him tenderly on the cheek, tracing one long red fingernail along his jaw-line as she stepped back. Mitch had grown into a handsome young man, his awkward teenage body filling out nicely in the last couple of years. The gangly youth had been replaced by the well-toned young man now standing before her, 175 pounds nicely displayed on his 6'-1" frame. He was taller, and bigger all around than her husband, and

she realized he'd taken after her side of the family. His wavy brown hair and handsome features would make him a real catch for some girl, one day.

"My evening was fine, Mom," Mitch replied as his mother's sensual fragrance wafted into his senses. He could smell her alluring perfume combined with the scent of the red wine she'd consumed, giving her a teasingly inviting appeal that flicked at his libido, sending a jolt right to his groin. Feeling his cock start to stir, he stuffed his hands into his pockets in order to try and keep it under control. "How was dinner?"

"It was fantastic. I always love the filet mignon at Rubio's. That steak and a nice glass of Bordeaux can't be beat. What did you do, having the house all to yourself for a couple of hours?" Mitch was surprised at the provocative look his mother gave him, as if she knew exactly what he'd been up to. She reached out and traced her talon-like nail across the front of his t-shirt teasingly, making him shiver.

"N....nothing," he said hurriedly with a shake of his head. "I just slogged away at my homework. Justin and I have a presentation in Communications class tomorrow and I needed to get some stuff done for that."

"You work too hard," Nicole said with a coquettish smile on her face as she continued to trace her fingertips back and forth across her son's broad muscular chest. She thought she'd toy with him a bit, to see how he'd react. She lowered her voice, almost to a breathy whisper. "All work and no play makes Mitch a dull boy."

"Oh fuck....." Mitch thought to himself, his mother's stroking finger driving him crazy. He pushed his hands further into his pants pockets, his fingertips pushing his rising cock down.

"Time to hit the sack," his father said as he strode across the kitchen, unknowingly interrupting the strange mother and son scenario taking place. "I've got a lot of stuff to get done at work tomorrow before heading out Saturday morning. Are you coming to bed, dear?"

"I'll be right there," Nicole said as she and Mitch watched Rick head towards the master bedroom. She turned back to her son, reaching up and fixing a stray lock of Mitch's hair that had fallen forward, that alluring fragrance enveloping her son once more. "Seriously, Mitch, I know how important your studies are to you, but you need to relax and get out more—all you do with your free time is stay around the house and work with your photography and your computer."

Mitch shrugged, knowing she was right—he spent all his free time working on his collection of pictures of her, the fuel for his numerous daily jack-off sessions.

"Really," Nicole continued, "a handsome young man like you, you should ask a girl out sometime. I'm sure they're lining up just hoping you'll ask."

"Ah, no. I don't think so, Mom."

"Don't sell yourself short, sweetheart. I know if I was a girl at your school, I'd go out with you anytime." Mitch had a shocked look on his face as his mother stepped closer and kissed him full on the mouth, her soft lips pressing warmly against his. She let the kiss linger longer than usual, and just as she pulled back, Mitch swore he felt her nip ever so gently on his bottom lip, the provocative gesture sending an electric jolt right to his swollen prick. "Good night, dear." She turned and walked away, leaving Mitch gasping. He watched her lush buttocks sway teasingly beneath her tight skirt, and he almost groaned as he thought about burying his cock deep into her from behind, pounding her deep into the mattress all night long. He waited until he heard the door close to his parent's bedroom and then raced to his own room, his cock in need of immediate attention already. He pushed his computer mouse in order to awake his computer from "sleep mode" and then hurriedly tore off his clothes. Within seconds he had the Vaseline out and his circling hand was stroking his rampant prick once more. It took two more loads before he was able to calm himself enough to sleep, his dreams filled with decadent fantasies of his hot sexy mother.

Mitch's alarm woke him up at the usual hour, but he was dead tired. He'd had a restless night, waking up twice more during the night with a hardon, thoughts of his mother's unexpectedly exciting kiss running through his mind. He'd jerked off each time, but it didn't stop him from waking up with his usual morning boner, his erect prick tenting up the sheets.

"How about some nice white lingerie this morning, Mom?" Mitch muttered to himself as he fired up his computer and started opening

his picture files. He pulled up ten pictures of his mom in various outfits of white lingerie and placed them side by side on his two monitors. They were pictures he'd edited using Photoshop, putting his mother's pretty mature face on sexy pictures of busty models. "Oh yeah, now to bring up the story I want to go with these." He then went to his favorite erotica website and pulled up the story, "Educating Mom", by rmdexter, one of his favorite authors. And this was one of his favorites—the story of a young man who lavished his shy busty mother with gifts of sexy clothing and teasing lingerie, drawing her out of her conservative shell to become the sexual wildcat he'd always known lurked beneath her demure exterior. Mitch loved the description of the guy's stacked mother, picturing his own mother in the role of Cynthia every time he read it. It was his "go to" story—never failing to make him cum when he needed to get off in a hurry. He adjusted the size of the window with the story and positioned it over one of the pictures, still leaving nine pictures of his mother visible. He scooped out another generous portion of Vaseline as he started reading, his eyes flicking occasionally to the enticing Photoshopped pics of his mother. It didn't take long before he felt the delicious tingling as the contractions started in his midsection. At the last second, he minimized the window with the story, revealing the hidden picture of his mother beneath, her body clad in a brilliant white merry widow corset with matching opera length gloves, the soft white fabric reaching teasingly almost to her shoulders. He shot another massive load, the ropes of semen spurting high into the air before landing on his chest and midsection.

Mitch sat there breathing heavily as his pounding heartrate slowly returned to normal, his stomach and hand covered with a warm creamy batch of spunk. He closed his eyes for a second, feeling like he could fall asleep right there, his restless night of lurid motherly

dreams and an early morning intense orgasm leaving him almost woozy.

"Fuck, that was good," Mitch thought to himself as he reached down for his towel and wiped himself off. He checked the time and, still feeling horny, figured he'd still have time to whip off another load after his shower. He left his computer running, knowing the screensaver would come on in ten minutes, and then it would go into sleep mode after that. He stumbled into the shower, letting the pelting spray rain down on his skull as he leaned forward against the shower wall, the blissful sensation of the steaming pellets tingling luxuriously as they pounded against his tall muscular body. He dried himself and combed his hair, ready for the school day ahead. He pulled on a pair of soft flannel pajama pants and an old t-shirt, getting ready to head downstairs for some breakfast. He looked over at his bed, still feeling groggy, even after his shower.

"Just two minutes," he said to himself as he lay down, closing his eyes as his head hit the pillow.

"MITCH!.....MITCH!"

Mitch's eyes flew open, his mother voice snapping him out of his slumber as she pounded on his door. "Wh....what?" he gasped out as he quickly sat up.

"Justin's here to pick you up. You're going to be late. Hurry up."

"Okay...okay. I'll be right there." Totally disoriented, he tore off what he was wearing and pulled on a pair of jeans and a polo shirt, and then stuffed his school books into his knapsack.

"C'mon, Stevens. Let's go." He heard his friend, Justin, call from beyond his door.

"Alright...alright. Take it easy, dipshit. I'll be right there."

"Mitchell!" His mother chastised him, once again using his full name.

Stuffing his feet into his shoes, he opened the door to see his friend and mother waiting for him.

"Did you forget we agreed to be there early today to get setup for our presentation?" Justin asked.

"Uh, I....uh...kind of fell back to sleep."

"You've got everything we need though, right?"

"Yeah, right here." Mitch patted his knapsack.

"Okay, let's go." Justin started for the stairs, Mitch and his mother right behind him. When they got to bottom of the stairs and turned

towards the front door, Justin paused, pointing to his friend's knapsack.

"What are you taking your calculus book for?" Justin asked, noticing the corner of the textbook sticking out of the top of the pack. "We don't have that today."

"Yeah, I was in a hurry." Mitch said, a flustered look on his face as he pulled the book out. "Mom, could you put this back in my room for me?"

"Sure, sweetie. But just hang on a second," his mother said, hurrying into the kitchen as Justin went out the front door. She reached into a cupboard and strode back, her full breasts jiggling nicely beneath her robe. As usual, Mitch's eyes were instantly drawn to the deep dark line of cleavage visible where the two sides of the robe had come somewhat loose when she'd reached up into the cupboard. "Here, you missed breakfast, so take a couple of these." He took the two power bars she offered, stuffing one into a pocket of his knapsack while he tore open the wrapper on the other one.

"Thanks, Mom," he said as she took his arm and turned him towards the front door.

"Have a good day, sweetie. Knock 'em dead in your presentation." As they reached the door, she reached up and gave him another kiss, this time on the cheek, her warm breath tickling the inside of his ear as she slowly drew back. It sent another tingling shiver down his

spine, and his eyes immediately flicked to the gaping front of her robe, the upper swells of her substantial breasts filling the teasing opening that she'd yet to close. She noticed where he was looking and pulled her robe tighter, pushing him out the door as she smiled. "Go on now, Mr. Big Eyes. See you after school." Mitch flushed and ran to his friend's car, his prick already stirring in his pants from the glimpse he'd gotten of his mother's big guns.

"That boy's a real tit-man, that's for sure," Nicole said to herself as she made her way back upstairs. She'd noticed the way her son had been looking at her the last few years, and she had to admit, she loved the attention. Like last night when they'd come home from the dinner out, Mitch had definitely been looking at her with more than casual interest in his gaze. His eyes kept going to her chest, which she knew the tight cowl-sweater showed off teasingly. Her husband never seemed to notice anymore, and last night was a perfect example of that as well. She was feeling somewhat amorous after the couple of glasses of wine she'd had, and then seeing the appreciative look in her son's eyes as he'd looked her up and down had made her feel even more aroused. But when she'd gotten to her bedroom, Rick had begged off any chance at intimacy as she'd tried to kiss him, sighting a busy day at the office on Friday in preparation for his fishing trip Saturday. He'd quickly turned off his light and was snoring soundly as she sat there in bed, frustrated once more. At 39, she was in her sexual prime, and was feeling continuously horny, her fingers having to bring her the satisfaction she seemed to need more than ever before. She'd be happy if her husband paid even half of the attention to her that she got from her son.

Nicole entered her son's room and shook her head at the disarray that surrounded her, typical of a teenager's bedroom. She walked across his room and casually tossed his textbook onto his desk, the book nudging the mouse of his computer as it slid further than she thought. His monitors woke up, surprising her, as she knew Mitch always shut everything down when he was finished using his computer. He must have forgotten, having fallen back to sleep and then hurrying out when Justin had arrived. The computer was blinking at her, asking for a password. Never having had this happen before, her curiosity got the better of her.

"I really shouldn't be doing this," she said to herself as she sat down in her son's rolling desk chair and moved the cursor to the password space. She figured if she didn't get the password in a couple of tries, she'd just leave it, and go about her day. "Okay, what would Mitch have for his password?" She thought for a few seconds and then tried his name, typing in M-i-t-c-h. That didn't work. She gave it some more thought. "What is something that's important to him, some name or some thing that he'd use as his password?" He didn't have a girlfriend, and Mitch was too mature to just use the name of some girl that was a passing fancy anyways. No—it would have to be something more long-lasting, something that was special to him. And then an idea popped into her head. At the same time Mitch had gotten his computer, their family pet, a lovable mongrel they'd had since Mitch was about four years old, had died. Mitch had loved that dog, the two of them inseparable, and that dog had meant more to him than anything else. She decided to try it, typing in "B-a-n-d-i-t". As soon as she hit enter, the computer came to life. She smiled, proud of her detective work in guessing "Bandit" as her son's password. The smile quickly disappeared as she looked at the two monitors, her mouth gaping open in astonishment.

"Oh my God," she whispered under her breath as she took in the tableau of obscene pictures before her. She was looking at nine pictures of women wearing incredibly sexy outfits. One monitor had five pictures of women in various forms of sexy white lingerie, most of them in corsets or bras and garter belts. The other monitor had four pictures side by side of women in tight sweaters and miniskirts, with one shot of a busty woman in a tiny white bikini. At the side of this monitor, there was one window that contained text of some form, the lines of script running down the page about 4" in width. But her eyes were glued to the pictures as she gazed back and forth from one wickedly lewd picture to the next. The women all had two things in common: all of them were incredibly busty and.....all of them were HER!

"What the heck....." she mumbled as she leaned closer and looked at the pictures. Up close, she could see that these were not straight-off photos of her, but ones that had been edited in some fashion to put her face on the background pictures. She then remembered her son saving up his money to buy the Photoshop program, saying it would help with his photography hobby. Now she knew exactly what he was doing with the program. Her initial shock at what she'd seen was quickly replaced by curiosity as she looked at the various pictures. She couldn't believe how beautiful she looked in the sexy outfits. The edited pictures were wonderfully done, she had to admit that. Her son had done an excellent job of altering the photos to make them look extremely realistic, with various shots of her face staring back at her. She remembered Mitch constantly pestering her to let him take pictures of her with his camera, and now she knew why. Most of the head shots of her had her face and hair, and then he had

placed a necklace on her long neck, basically as a buffering frame between her face and the main part of the picture.

"That's pretty clever," she said to herself as she looked from one picture to the next, the necklaces on the various pictures providing the perfect means to blend in her head shots realistically. She found herself getting more and more aroused as she looked at the sexy pictures, now knowing that her hunky teenage son was infatuated with her, and used these pictures of her to jerk off to. For some reason, she found it wickedly exciting, knowing her son felt this way about her. After looking at the pictures for a few minutes, her eyes were drawn to the window with the text. She could see that the title of the story was written at the top of the window, "Educating Mom: Andy's Story, Chapter 3...by rmdexter". She started reading:

....."Just lean back and enjoy it, Mom," I said as I stepped back slightly and looked down between her spread thighs. She did exactly as I said, leaning back slightly, her arms straight behind her with her palms face down on the dining table. It gave me a perfect view of those tremendous tits of hers, stretching that cherry-red top almost to the bursting point. As I started to work my fingers in and out of her, I watched her chest heaving up and down as her heart raced; her sweet full lips wet and open as she gasped raggedly.

I used the backs of my hands to push the hem of her little white skirt further up out of the way as my hands really went to work beneath it. I slid my fingers deep inside her, her hot little box bubbling like a geyser as I stroked and probed at the hot folds of pink flesh way up inside her. She gasped and moaned continuously as my talented

fingers worked her over, her lush mature body flexing and bucking against my probing fingers. I felt her shake and convulse through four more orgasms before I finally ceased the mercilessly blissful torture I was putting her through with my hands.....

"Oh fuck," Nicole muttered to herself, her heart starting to beat with excitement from what she was reading. She wanted to read more, but she also wanted to see if her son had more pictures of her like the ones presently on the screens. She figured if she just probed around in his files, he'd be none the wiser — she'd just shut everything down at the end, which she was sure he'd meant to do before rushing off and having forgotten.

"Okay 'Educating Mom', let's just minimize you for awhile," she said as she moved the mouse to the underscore and the text window closed and dropped down onto the task bar. She gave a sharp intake of breath as the picture beneath the story window was revealed. This was definitely a picture of her, she recognized her own aqua blue bikini, and the picture was of her lounging out by the pool. The picture ran the full height of the screen, showing her full curvy body and long tanned legs. She remembered Mitch taking a number of pictures of her out by the pool that day, anxious to make use of his new camera. It was a great shot of her, her body looking beautiful in the tiny bikini, her lush tits all but spilling out of the two triangles that made up the top. But what had made her gasp was that she realized a second photo had been taken of the original photo—but only after her son had masturbated all over it. In the picture, she was covered in ribbons and gobs of white cum, the semen looking incredibly thick, as if it was chock full of sperm. And there was so much of it. "Could this really be just one load?" she thought to herself

as she looked closer at the picture. There were strands and gobs of the stuff everywhere covering her body, and she felt a deep tingling in her neglected pussy as she looked at all of that glorious creamy cum. She found herself licking her lips, wondering what that potent milky seed would taste like.

"Stop it, Nicole, he's your own son, for God's sake," she said as she shook her head, trying to knock some sense into herself. But as hard as she tried, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the illicitly sinful picture—her own son's cum pasted all over her body. She felt that itch between her legs again, and as she took the mouse in one hand, her other hand slid down over her midsection, her fingers pushing the sides of her robe to each side, her fingertips slipping down over the warm cleft of her dripping pussy.

"Let's just see what else we've got here," she whispered as she moved the mouse and hit 'File', 'Open'. Her son's picture folders opened up before her, and she scanned the names beneath the little yellow boxes: '#1-Mom', 'Bikinis', 'Minis', 'Sweaters1', 'Sweaters2'. She noticed there were four numbered folders under 'Sweaters'. There were more: 'Gowns', 'Bras', 'Corsets', and then there were six different folders labeled 'BL1', 'BL2', all the way up to 'BL6'. Curious, she clicked on BL1 and the screen filled with thumbnails, as she leaned in and looked closer at them, she could see they were all Photoshopped pics of her wearing bridal lingerie—thus the acronym for the folder name of 'BL'. There were too many shots in the folder to even count, so she closed that one and checked 'BL2'. Again, shot upon shot of her in more sexy white bridal lingerie. It was obvious that this was an obsession of her son's, and she found it wickedly

exciting to know he thought about her in that situation—taking her as his bride...as his slut.

"What's this one mean?" Nicole said as she opened the folder labeled 'CS'. As the screen filled with shots similar to the one of her in the bikini, it didn't take her long to realize that 'CS' stood for 'Cum Shot'. All of the pictures, whether they were originals of her, or Photoshopped edited versions, all had been taken after her son had sprayed them with a load of thick teenage semen. There was so much cum all over each pic. She scrolled down, and gasped out loud as she saw a picture that literally took her breath away. She noticed that there were a number of pictures where her son had taken the photo as he was in the process of cumming, shooting ribbons of spunk caught in midflight as they sprayed over the picture beneath his cock. And what a cock! It was absolutely huge!

"Oh fuck....." Nicole felt herself flushing, her heart pounding with excitement in her chest. Her son's prick was a stunningly beautiful weapon of love, there was no doubt about it. It seemed to dwarf her husband's dick, easily outdistancing the older man by a number of inches. She gasped as she looked at the girth—it was so big around, she felt her juicing cooze twinge at the thought of being violated by such a massive cunt-stretcher.

"What a gorgeous cock," she thought as she clicked on a couple of the pictures, the enlarged photos filling the screen from top to bottom. Her son's prick was magnificent, with a huge bulbous cockhead that looked as big as a lemon. She felt her mouth watering as she thought about trying to fit her lips over that massive knob. She could picture

it spreading open the gates of her labia, stretching those wet pink lips as the rock-hard stake drove deep into her. Nicole's hand moved forcefully between her legs, her fingers sliding deep inside her gushing twat as her thumb found the enflamed spire of her erect clit. She looked at another photo, her son's hand wrapped around his cock, a long thick white rope of cum connected to the yawning tip of his cock with the far end already splattered on a picture of her face. Looking at that picture sent her right over the edge.

"UNNGGGGHHH," Nicole moaned as her legs shot out straight, the muscles on her inner thighs twitching as she climaxed. Her hips were bucking against her probing fingers as she came, her womanly nectar gushing out of her. She trembled and shook like a ragdoll as her eyes were glued to the wickedly erotic pictures on the computer screens, the noisy wet sound of her probing fingers filling the air. Her orgasm continued for a long time as she obscenely thought about her son's huge prick, thinking about how fantastic it would feel to have her way with a gorgeous hard cock like that—and a young one at that—a hard thick cock that could keep up with her insatiable sexual appetite.

"Oh fuckkkkkk," she moaned as the final tingling vestiges of her climax coursed through her, her fingers slowing their vigorous movement within her dripping cunt. She sat in her son's chair gasping, her big tits heaving up and down beneath her robe, her nipples hard as bullets. She withdrew her hand from her steaming cunt, her fingers shining with a gooey coating of her womanly nectar. She wafted her sticky fingers beneath her nose, revelling in the lurid scent. As she looked at another picture of her son's huge prick shooting another creamy load all over her, she slipped her fingers

into her mouth, her tongue slithering all over the sticky digits as she licked them clean.

"Mmmmm," she purred, her whole body deliciously content from the intense orgasm she'd just experienced. With her robe now pushed wide open, she relaxed back in the chair and reached for the mouse with one hand as the other one cupped a big breast, squeezing it gently as her fingertips traced over the pebbly bud of her areola. She looked at the names of the various folders as she moved the cursor around the main screen, stopping on one that intrigued her. The folder was labelled 'M&M'. "M&M? Let's see what this one's all about. I'm sure it's not pictures of candy." She clicked on it, the screen filling with thumbnails once again.

"Oh Jesus," she muttered under her breath as what she saw before her made her sit up and take a closer look. The pictures were all of couples in various pornographic images; from cock-sucking to pussy-eating, with lots that were of pure fucking in many different positions. But again, the images all had something in common: the same two participants—she and her son! It didn't take Nicole long to realize what the 'M&M' stood for: 'Mitch & Mom'. She felt another tingling shiver of arousal run down her spine as she looked from one luridly obscene picture to the next, both her face and her son's edited into the sexy pictures to the point you could barely tell they weren't real.

"Oh fuck, look at that," she said out loud as she enlarged a few shots of her sucking cock, her son's face superimposed on the well-hung porn star she was sucking. She wondered at first how her son had

gotten shots of her with her mouth stretched wide open like that. And then she remembered—a number of months ago, he'd suggested the three family members have a hot dog eating contest, like they have at the county fair. Mitch had insisted to the point that she and Rick had caved, agreeing to go along. She remembered Mitch taking photograph after photograph as they all filled their faces, their mouths straining wide as they shoved in the hot dogs. "That sly little bastard." Nicole couldn't help it when a smile came over her face, thinking about how her son had used the clever ruse to get the pictures of her he wanted, ones with her mouth wide open, her lips ovalled around a tubular invader. He'd manipulated the pictures expertly, trimming out the hot dog and positioning her face over long hard cocks until they looked so realistic, she couldn't believe it. And then he'd put his own face on the subject of her lewd affections, smiling back at the camera as she worshipped his cock.

"You love that bridal lingerie, don't you, sweetheart," Nicole said as she opened some more pictures with both of them in the shots, most having her dressed in some form of sexy white lingerie. She squeezed her breasts one more time before her hand slid down her front as she continued to look at the wildly erotic incestuous pictures, her slender fingers finding their way back into her juicy honeypot. She pulled up one shot of another busty woman, but again, it was her looking back from the computer screen. In this shot, her body was lusciously displayed in a brilliant white merry widow, the model's voluptuous tits pulled out over the bra cups as she lay back against some stacked up pillows. But there was her own face again, a look of serene bliss on her pretty features as she looked at the camera, a portion of the pillow covering the side of her head realistically. Her son was kneeling between her legs, which he was holding in his hands, his fingers circling her nylon-clad ankles as her he held her spread wide

open, her white pointy-toed pumps with rapier-like 4" heels pointing skyward. With her legs forming a giant V, the huge cock on the male star was imbedded about halfway deep in the woman's tightly-stretched pussy, her glistening labia circling the thick veiny shaft lewdly. She looked at her son's face in the picture, and then her own, and then at what the couple was doing, and felt that delicious tingling deep in her itchy cunt once more.

"Oh fuck yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Nicole gasped hotly as she started to cum again. Her fingers were making a wet squelching noise as she shoved them back and forth between her slick pussy-lips, her pistoning fingers bringing her to the point of ecstasy and beyond. She trembled and shook as she came, her fingertips rubbing over her dripping cuntal walls, a tremendous orgasm blossoming from deep inside her and shooting through every tingling nerve ending of her body. Her lush mature body was glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration as her orgasm rolled over her in wave after luxurious wave. Finally, the sensations dwindled and she sat back, her massive tits heaving wantonly as her breathing slowly returned to normal.

She looked once more at the picture of her son's face in the shot where he was fucking her while holding her legs spread wide open, an illicitly sinful idea running through her head. She looked at the picture of the long hard cock splitting her pussy, and then looked at one of the other pictures, with her son's real cock spurting his hot thick cum all over her, the massive engorged lance looking like a brutal weapon in his hand. It made her pussy itch all over again, just the thought of what that beautiful perfect cock could do to her. "Your father's going away tomorrow, baby boy, so let's just see how much you like some real bridal lingerie."

Chapter 2

Note to readers: this story is developing a little slower than some of my others, but I hope you'll stick with it and find it as enjoyable reading it as I've had writing it.

Mitch strolled back to his seat, the presentation he and Justin did complete and in the books. His friend took his seat beside him and they shared a fist bump, acknowledging that it had gone well.

"Who's the man?" Justin whispered under his breath.

"You're the man," Mitch whispered back, both of them smiling.

Expecting his friend to say something like, "No, you're the man," Mitch was surprised when Justin responded with, "That's right—I'm the man. And you're just the sorry bitch that's sailing through this course on my coattails."

"Fuck you, assclown," Mitch said quietly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Fuck you, and the whore you rode in on." Justin was smiling just as much.

"MITCH! JUSTIN! Keep it down back there," the teacher said, shaking his head in dismay.

"Yes, sir," the two boys chimed in, slouching down in their seats as the next pair of students started to get underway with their presentation.

With the pressure off, Mitch sat back in his chair and let his mind wonder, the topic being discussed of no interest to him. His thoughts turned to his mother, and the way she'd been playful the last couple of days, almost as she knew what he thought of her. That kiss in the kitchen last night, the way she'd called him 'Mr. Big Eyes' as she shoved him out the door this morning—he didn't know what to think, especially since she had a big smile on her face when she said it. He felt himself starting to get hard as he thought about her, and the glimpses he'd had of her gorgeous tits when her robe had come loose this morning. He figured he might have to go the washroom at some point soon and whip off a load, knowing he had some pictures of his mom on his phone he could look at when he did. It obviously wasn't as much fun as looking at all those pics he had of her on his computer, but he'd used the ones on his phone many times before to relieve himself.

"Oh fuck...did I turn my computer off?" he thought to himself with a rush of panic as those thoughts of the pictures he had on his machine ran through his head. He was diligent about shutting everything down when he was going to leave, never wanting his parents to discover what he had on his computer. He had made sure to set it up with password protection, which would kick in after the computer

had been left untouched for ten minutes. Having fallen back to sleep the way he had, he wasn't sure if he'd shut it down or not. He'd jerked off one load, and then thought about going for a second, but had he shut it down at that time, or left it running? He wasn't 100% sure. Oh well, either way, with the password protection, it should be fine. With the initial jolt of panic subsiding, he sat lower in his seat as he watched the presentation going on, slipping his hand deep into his pocket and caressing his swelling cock, his thoughts drifting back to his mother's pretty face and lush mature body.

Nicole spent a long time at the lingerie store, concentrating mostly on the white bridal lingerie. She loved the feel of the sexy garments as she ran her fingertips over the satin and silky material, wondering how her son's hands would feel when he ran his hands over them, with her warm curvy body beneath his roaming fingertips. She selected a few wickedly alluring items from the bridal area, and then a few others of various colors that she thought he'd like. From all those photos he had of her in the various folders, he seemed to like all types of lingerie, although the shots of her in bridal lingerie outnumbered the others by a fair margin. With her arms loaded with packages, she made a trip to her car and dumped everything in the trunk before returning to the mall, heading to various women's clothing and shoe stores. Having looked through the numerous folders of pictures Mitch had Photoshopped her face onto, she knew just the type of things he liked. She'd even taken her phone and snapped a number of shots of the computer screens with various Photoshopped pictures displayed. She was hoping to pick up some outfits just like the ones he'd placed her in. She knew that couldn't help but get him aroused. With this in mind, she set about shopping. She ended up being at the mall for over two hours before she had everything she needed to put her little plan into effect. Well...almost

everything. There was one place she knew of located in a strip plaza not far away that would have just what she wanted. Within just a few minutes, she pulled into the parking lot and entered the crappy little 'Personal Security' store.

"Do you have any of those 'Nanny cam' things?" she asked the salesman. Twenty minutes later, with a quick tutorial under her belt, she was ready to go.

She hurried home and carried the multitude of packages into her room. Her first item of business was to take the tiny 'nanny cam' into Mitch's room and find a suitable location. She looked around, wanting a view of both his bed and his computer desk area. She spotted a decorative wall scone in the perfect location. It was at just the right height so she could see both the bed and desk area from basically eye level, just as she'd hoped. "That'll do it," she said with smile on her face as she set the camera in place, just as the salesman had instructed. She rushed back to the computer she had in her own room. As a real estate agent who worked mostly out of her own home, Nicole had a corner of their large master bedroom set up as her home office. She even had a large decorative screen set up, making it somewhat private from the rest of the room. She often worked late at night, and the screen both allowed her to work in peace, and let Rick sleep without having her disturb him.

Nicole loaded in the software for the tiny camera, following the instructions and the advice given to her by the guy in the store. "Okay, let's try this out," she said to herself as she opened the program that operated the camera. Mitch's room instantly came into

view, and she was amazed at the clarity of the picture. It almost felt like she was right in the room. She tried a couple of the features, moving the viewing angle slightly from both side to side and up and down, and then she tried the zoom feature, closing in first on her son's bed, and then on his computer screen.

"They certainly seem to make these things better than they used to," she said out loud, surprised at how clear the picture was. She'd only seen old videos on the internet that people had posted. This was nothing like those old grainy shots. Remembering the microphone feature, she went back to Mitch's room and turned on his clock radio. Back in her own room, she checked the sound coming through the speakers next to her computer — perfect. "Technology — I love it."

With the camera in good working order, Nicole turned to the numerous packages on her bed. She started sorting things out and cutting off sales tags before making a trip up to the attic with a number of items in her hands. She returned empty-handed a few minutes later, a satisfied smile on her face. As she continued to sort through the rest of the sexy lingerie and clothes she'd bought, she started to get aroused, wondering how her son would like them. Hopefully, if her plan worked out the way she hoped, he'd be seeing her in the various outfits soon enough. It set her mind to thinking about what she'd seen on his computer, and like a moth to a flame, she was drawn back to his room, her hand reaching for the power button of his computer. She'd shut everything down, sure that Mitch would think he'd done it himself before school. But she had to look one more time, to make sure what she'd seen early that morning wasn't just a figment of her imagination.

"B-A-N-D-I-T," she typed in again, and the computer responded, the screen filling with numerous icons. Nicole knew her way around a computer—she wasn't that old. It didn't take her long to find her son's Photoshop program, bringing that up and then opening the main picture file containing the numerous folders. Again, she was amazed at how many there were, all of them featuring her. She opened a number of folders and picked out some photos at random, setting them side by side on the two monitors like she'd discovered Mitch had done. This time she covered one screen with pictures from the 'CS—Cumshot' folder, so she could see that gorgeous huge cock of her son's. She opened his internet connection and checked his list of favorites, her brain swirling at the number of sites listed there that dealt with mother/son incest. She found the erotica story site he'd been on before, having taken note of it before closing the program. It went right into his account, and she perused his favorite stories, once again noting that nearly all of them dealt with mother/son incest. Mitch obviously favored one particular author, 'rmdexter', whose stories appeared in great number on her son's preferred list. Intrigued by what she'd read in 'Educating Mom', she selected another chapter from a different story of his, 'Road Trip with Mom'. Just as Mitch had done, she sized the window down to about 4" wide, moving the panel of text to fit right over one of the pictures. She leaned forward and began reading, her breathing quickly becoming ragged as her level of excitement rose...

"Oh God, yessssssss," Erica hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the incredible size of her teenage son's magnificent cock stretching her. She instinctively dug her high heels into the mattress, trying to open herself up even more for the onslaught she knew was coming. She couldn't believe how thick it was, and how exquisitely hard. 'The power of youth is a wonderful thing', she thought to

herself as Josh continued to slowly, insistently, force himself deeper into her. She could feel the clinging pink flesh inside her vagina parting, bathing his huge cock with oily fuck-juice as he drove inch after thick hard inch into her. She could feel her body breaking out in a sweat as the massive intruder probed deep, deeper than she'd ever had before.

"Easy baby," she said softly, her hands coming to rest on his powerful hips. Josh instinctively stopped and raised himself up slightly. They both looked down between their joined bodies, 3" of hard thick cock still outside of her stretched labia, the hot pink flesh of her pussy-lips circling his rigid shaft obscenely. "Just stay still for minute, sweetie. Let me work it and get used to it."

Nicole could feel her pussy creaming as she read, her stiff nipples feeling itchy with need as they pushed against the front of her constraining bra. She pushed her skirt up and quickly pulled her panties down, kicking them to the side as her fingers once more delved into her juicing cunt. She looked at the pictures of herself in the sexy outfits, and then at the ones of her son shooting off all over her, her beautiful hard cock making her mouth water. Her fingers had her climbing the walls, but she wanted to see what happened next in the story...

Josh felt his mother's cunt start to pull at him. She was flexing the muscles inside her, the tight pink channel feeling like a hot buttery fist as she clenched down, pulling at his engorged cock. It felt like a rippling massage running the length of his cock, like slick fingers jerking him off inside her. It felt incredible, and Josh had to suppress

the urges within him, knowing he was close to dumping his load right then and there. He realized that his mother was right—there was nothing like a mature woman to teach him the ways of making love.

"Do you like that, baby?" Erica asked, rolling her hips in slow tantalizing circle as she used the muscles inside her talented mature cunt to pull at him with that rippling sensation once more.

"Mom, it feels amazing. I can't believe what you're doing to me. I...I'm getting pretty close though," he warned her.

"Okay, baby. Let's try and get you all the way in before you do. I want to feel you buried all the way inside me before you shoot that load." With her hands on his hips, she pulled him towards her, letting him know she was ready.

"Oh fuck, is that ever hot," Nicole thought, obscene wet noises filling the room as her fingers slid vigorously back and forth in her steaming trench. She knew the mother and son couple were close, and she wanted to time her own climax with theirs.

Josh flexed back slightly, and then slowly drove forward. He could feel the tightness inside her, the strained tissues inside her almost tearing the skin right off the head of his cock. And then, he felt them yield, the hot flesh parting to allow him all the way in, her slippery cunt bathing his rampant cock with oily juices.

"Yessssssss," Erica hissed loudly as her son drove the final few inches all the way inside her, touching spots deep inside her that had never been touched before. She was gasping and shaking with the intensity of being stretched to the tearing point, but when the enflamed head of his cock bumped up against her cervix at the same time his shaved groin pressed up against hers, she lost it right then and there.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she wailed, her body thrashing about like a ragdoll as she started to come. An epic climax burst from deep within her like a fireball and shot through every delicious nerve ending of her body. Her fingernails dug into her teenage son's back as she bucked and shook through her intense orgasm, her body trembling and convulsing in paroxysms of blissful pleasure. She came and came, sweat seeping out of every pore on her lush mature body as her tingling release overwhelmed her.

Nicole couldn't take it any longer, and when the heroine of the story climaxed, she found herself going right over the edge as well. "OHHHNNNNNN," she moaned loudly, her mature body twitching spastically as she came, her fingers rubbing intently over the roof of her vagina, delicious sensations of ecstasy blossoming out from the underside of her throbbing clit. As she shook and spasmed with delight, she looked at the pictures of her son's cock through hooded eyes, knowing that long hard cylinder of flesh would be buried deep inside her own needy pussy within twenty-four hours. She'd teach her son to make her scream, just like Erica had taught Josh.

"MOM, I'M HOME," Mitch called out as he came in and dumped his knapsack on the floor, happy that another school-week was over.

"I'll be right down," his mother responded, her voice coming from her upstairs bedroom. Mitch headed for the kitchen. He could hear her footsteps on the stairs now as he opened the fridge and leaned forwards to look inside, searching for something to drink. As he reached for a can of Pepsi, he heard his mother right behind him. "So how did your presentation go?"

He pulled back from the fridge, closing the door as he turned around and spoke. "It went pretty g—." Mitch stopped in midstream as he turned to look at his mother, the can of Pepsi slipping out of his hand and making a tinny 'clunk' as it hit the floor. Nicole looked down at the dented can rolling beneath their feet as Mitch just stood there dumbfounded, his eyes focussed hypnotically on his mother.

"Uh...," Nicole muttered, pointing down to the Pepsi can rolling across the kitchen floor. Her words seemed to finally break Mitch out of his trance.

"Oh shit!" Mitch said as he reached down and picked up the can, his hands shaking as he quickly looked back at his mother.

"I was hoping you'd like my new outfit," his mother said, a kittenish grin on her face. "But that was a little more than I expected."

Mitch was aghast at what he was seeing. His mother looked like she had just stepped off the screen of his computer! She was wearing an outfit that was almost identical to a picture he'd Photoshopped her

into. She had on a bubble-gum pink short-sleeved cardigan that molded itself to her curvy hourglass figure. She had left open a couple of the buttons at both the top and bottom of the sweater. Whereas the bottom ones allowed the cardigan to flare out smoothly over her wide matronly hips, the two she'd left unfastened at the top gave him a spectacular view of the upper swells of her full plump 36E breasts. His eyes were drawn to the generous display of sumptuous tit-flesh, and then his gaze went right to where those two massive guns were pushed together by her power-bra, his eyes following the spellbinding line of cleavage downwards, where he caught just a glimpse of the top of her white lacy bra, the sexy garment peeking out at him teasingly just above the first button that was done up, the sweater stretched tightly by the voluminous breasts it was holding. He looked further down past her slender waist, the cardigan seeming to caress her sexy flared hips. Beneath that she had on a white miniskirt, which looked like bleached denim, the hem of the skirt ending just above mid-thigh, her tanned legs looking fantastic against the brilliant white of the skirt. Her legs were bare all the way down to her tiny feet, which were clad in little white flat strappy sandals, which looked perfect with her casual, but incredibly sexy outfit.

"Y...y...you look beautiful, Mom," Mitch stuttered, feeling his face turning red with embarrassment. "I...I've never seen you in something like that." In real life he hadn't, but on his computer, he'd seen her in almost the exact same outfit.

"I went and did a little shopping today. I figured it was time to add a few new things to the wardrobe. Do you really think it looks okay?"

I'm not as young as I once was, and I want to make sure people don't think it's inappropriate for someone my age."

"Trust me, Mom," Mitch replied as his eyes roamed hungrily over his mother's buxom form. "It looks absolutely fantastic on you."

"Are you really sure, sweetie?" Nicole asked, slowly doing a little pirouette so her son could see her from all sides.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself as he got a perfect view of his mother's lush body from all angles as she turned around, the tight sweater and abbreviated skirt putting every gorgeous hill and enticing valley on perfect display. "Yeah, Mom—I'm sure. It looks amazing. Everybody knows you're the prettiest mom on the street—an outfit like that just puts all the other women to shame."

"Oh, Mitch, you're such a sweetheart," Nicole said as she stepped up to her son and gave him a peck on the cheek, subtly letting her huge breasts push gently against his arm. She also knew the perfume she'd put on would waft teasingly into his senses.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch thought, his brain swirling with lascivious thoughts as he breathed in his mother's sexy fragrance at the same time as he felt the soft warmth of her breasts pressing against his side. His cock had already started to stand to attention when he'd seen her in the hot new outfit—now, after her little kiss, his boiling blood was just pulsing into it. He could feel it straining against the front of his jeans.

Nicole stepped back, and as she did, she took a surreptitious glance down, noticing the substantial bulge in her son's crotch. "You know, I bought a few other new things that I'm not too sure of either." She turned and looked at the time. "We've still got a couple hours until your father gets home from work. Do you think I could try on some of those other things and show you? Maybe you could give me your opinion on those too?"

"Sure, I'd love to," Mitch replied excitedly.

Nicole smiled broadly. "Great—this'll be fun." She decided to cast a little bait out there, and then see if Mitch would bite. "It'll be just like having our own little fashion show." She turned and started to leave the room.

A thought immediately occurred to Mitch when she said that. "Hey, Mom." Nicole stopped and turned. "Since it's going to be like a fashion show, how about I grab my camera and I'll be the photographer. Then we'll have something to remember it by."

Nicole smiled to herself. He'd taken her suggestion, hook, line, and sinker. "That's a great idea. This will be so much fun. You get your camera while I get changed. I'll see you in the family room."

She was just about at the stairs when Mitch's voice stopped her. "Oh Mom!" Nicole turned and looked, happy to see her son's face flushed

with excitement. "Uh, since we kind of already started the fashion show, how about I take a few shots of you in that outfit?"

"Okay, great."

"Let me just grab my camera." He hurried to his knapsack and took out his camera, which he always carried with him. Within seconds he had it ready to go.

"Well, Mr. Photographer," Nicole said with a teasing kittenish look in her eyes. "What would you like me to do? Just walk back and forth?" She started towards the family room, which would give them plenty of room.

"That's good, for a start," Mitch said excitedly, bringing his camera up and starting to snap away. Nicole turned, looking at him over her shoulder, her lustrous blonde locks falling teasingly over one eye.

"Oh geez," Mitch mumbled under his breath as he looked at his sexy mother through the viewfinder. She stepped across the room as he turned, the camera following her as he clicked away. Even in the casual-looking outfit, she looked incredibly sexy, the tight pink cardigan and white skirt putting every lush curve on mouth-watering display.

"Any special way you'd like me to pose?" Nicole said, stopping and putting her hands on her hips. She pulled her elbows back and

cocked her head questioningly. She knew pulling her elbows back would make her substantial chest stand out, but she had stood and looked at her son unknowingly, the most innocent Bambi-like look on her face. She remembered a part from that story he'd had on his computer, 'Educating Mom,' that the son had taken pictures of his mother in the clothes he'd bought her. Nicole knew that the idea of being allowed to do the same thing to her must be driving Mitch crazy.

Nicole wasn't wrong on that score. Mitch was beside himself with excitement—his stacked sexy mother had actually asked him how he wanted her to pose. This was like a dream come true. His heart was racing and he could feel the blood flowing to his surging dick. Thank goodness his underwear and jeans were able to help stifle the growing stiffness. "Why don't you kind of turn sideways with your hands on your hips like that," Mitch said, remembering the way Andy had posed his mother in the story. "And then you can look back over your shoulder into the camera. That should be a really nice shot."

Nicole remembered that part of the story too, and turned slightly, so her backside was pointed towards her son, and then looked back over her shoulder, which she knew would cause her sumptuous breasts to be viewed perfectly in profile. Without even being asked, she gave Mitch a smolderingly seductive look, and as her eyes flicked down, she noticed the substantial bulge in his jeans had gotten even bigger. Perfect, things were working out just perfect.

"Oh fuck," Mitch gasped under his breath as he looked at his mother through the camera, his knees trembling. His mother had looked sexy many times previously, but that teasingly erotic look she had on her face almost made him collapse with excitement. Her eyes seemed to hinting at the wanton sexual hunger he dreamed lurked inside her. She looked like a woman who knew exactly what to do with a hard cock, and was used to getting her way, wherever and whenever she wanted. And that look on her face was that she wanted that hard cock right now. He took a deep breath in order just to calm himself enough to speak. "That's fantastic, Mom. Just hold that." Mitch started snapping shots, moving from one side of her to the other as he got pictures of her full curvy body from every alluring angle. By the time he was done with the one pose, he could feel himself sweating, his face covered with a fine sheen of perspiration. Nicole noticed it too, along with the sizable protrusion in the front of his jeans. Her son definitely looked like he was in need of relief.

"Okay, I want to show you the next outfit," she said as she coyly walked up to her son, her broad flared hips shifting provocatively from side to side. She reached up and gave him another quick peck on the cheek, her fragrant perfume wafting teasingly into his nostrils. "Thanks for doing this, sweetie. I'm having fun."

"Me too, Mom."

"So I'll be about ten minutes changing into the next one," she paused, noticing his eyes were glued to her massive chest, as if mesmerized. "So you've got a few minutes, in case you need to go to the bathroom, or anything like that."

With his cock feeling like an iron bar in his pants, Mitch knew exactly what he needed to do. "Uh, I think I'll just take my stuff up to my room while you get changed. About ten minutes, you said?"

"Yes. Will that give you enough time?" Nicole asked, a look of pure innocence on her face.

"Oh fuck, yes," Mitch thought to himself, knowing he'd have this load jerked off within just a minute or two. Instead, he just shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. "Uh, yeah. That'll be plenty of time."

"Okay, I'll see you back down here in ten minutes." With a smile on her face, Nicole headed upstairs. Mitch hurriedly grabbed his knapsack and followed, his eyes on her mother's sumptuous rear end as it shifted provocatively from side to side as she went up the stairs, periodically catching a teasing glimpse of the backs of her creamy thighs above the shifting hem of the tight white skirt. The tempting view only caused his turgid cock to throb even harder.

When Nicole got to her room, she stopped with her hand on the door, knowing that with Mitch behind her, he'd be arriving at the door to his room at the same time. She turned so she was facing him in profile, one hand on the door knob while the other was poised over the front of the tight pink cardigan, her slender fingers toying with the top button that was straining over the front of her large heavy breasts. "This is fun, isn't it, sweetie?" As Mitch looked up at her, she

flicked open the button, the taut sweater popping to each side as the strain was put on the next button by those huge 36Es.

"Y...yes," Mitch muttered, almost going off in his pants as he stared wide-eyed at his mother's huge chest, the sweater seeming to want to just keep opening more and more.

"I think you're going to like this next outfit even more," Nicole said coyly, looking at her son through hooded eyes as she opened the next button just before entering her room, the taut sweater popping even further to each side, giving him a wickedly teasing view of her white satin bra before she disappeared into her room.

"Ohhhnnn," Mitch almost groaned aloud as he stood transfixed for a few seconds, dazed by his mother's provocative behaviour. Shaking his head to snap himself out of it, he rushed into his room, closing the door firmly behind him. He couldn't believe the way his mother had looked in her new clothes—just like one of the shots he'd used to Photoshop her into on his computer. And she had looked so much better than the original model. His mother's fantastic body was made for clothes like that, and that's why he'd taken to "dressing her"—as he called it—in the clothes, lingerie and bikinis that he dreamed of seeing her in. Seeing her like that had made him harder than he could believe, and that teasing look she'd given him as she'd opened those buttons on her sweater had him right on the verge. He'd loved the way her sweater had jerked to each side as she'd opened the buttons, the tremendous strain on the tight garment amplified by her tremendous tits. Tits he had dreamed of time and time again. Tits he

was thinking about right now as he hurried across his room and pulled open his closet door.

As soon as Nicole closed the door to her room, she headed over to her computer, her fingers continuing to take off her sweater. She had loved the look on her son's face as she'd teasingly opened the two buttons, his eyes going as big as saucers as he'd blatantly stared at her chest. She leaned over her desk and moved the mouse, activating her computer. She'd turned on the nanny cam and microphone earlier, hoping things would get to this stage. As she undid the zipper at the back of her skirt, she saw Mitch come into the camera's scope of view as he all but ran to his closet. While he opened the door and appeared to be rummaging around on the floor for something, she shimmied her wide matronly hips as she stepped out of the tight white skirt, setting it aside along with the sweater as she sat in front of her computer.

"There you are," she heard Mitch's voice come over her speakers as he pulled back from the closet, something white clutched in one hand with his old gym bag in the other. He tossed them both on top of his desk as he reached down and started to pull his polo shirt over his head. Nicole zoomed in, wondering what the white object was that he'd placed on the desk. She looked intently at the object, and then realized what it was.

"That little bastard," she said as she shook her head in surprise, smiling to herself at the lengths her son was going to in order to fuel his lurid obsession with her. When she'd zoomed in, she saw that it was one of her bras. It was a beautiful white satin one as well, similar

to the one she was wearing, and it was delicately feminine with a myriad of lace trimming the bra cups. But how she identified it so clearly was that it had a tiny pink satin bow between the two bra cups, and she could see that bow clearly facing her. One of the adjustable metal clasps on a shoulder strap had broken, and it was irritating to wear. She called the lingerie store where she regularly shopped, and the owner, who Nicole knew quite well from all the business she did with them, told her to just throw it out and she'd replace it. She told Nicole the supplier would just want to see the faulty clasp, so Nicole had taken a picture of it with her phone and forwarded it to her friend. Nicole had tossed the bra into the small garbage basket in her bathroom about a year ago. She realized Mitch must have seen it and kept it while doing his weekly chores of collecting and taking the garbage out. Yes, her handsome son was quite the little perv.

She smiled as she zoomed back, anxious to see what he was going to do next. With his polo shirt tossed aside, she watched as he zipped open his gym bag and pulled out a towel, and then reached inside and set a big jar of Vaseline on his desk. He reached into a side pocket and she saw him set out a black circular ring, which looked to her like one of the stretchy elastic bands she used to pull her hair back into a pony tail. He then reached to his midsection, his hands furiously working to open his jeans.

"Now, this is what I want to see," Nicole said as she focussed on her son's crotch, her own hand slipping down into her panties as she watched. Mitch tore open the button of his jeans and hurriedly slid down the zipper, and then pushed both his pants and underwear down to the floor and off, kicking them aside as he stood back up.

"Oh my," Nicole gasped as she looked at the immense cylinder of flesh projecting from her son's groin. "It's so beautiful." His circumcised cock was rock-hard, and she could see it bobbing up and down with each powerful beat of his heart. His groin was shaven, like her own, and she loved the way the magnificent lance thrust out from his smooth abdomen. It was so huge that the tremendous weight of it when full of blood barely allowed it to get past horizontal. While most cocks snapped to attention and pointed skyward, this one was so big that she knew that was impossible. She was totally fine with that—the size alone made it one of the most beautiful things she'd ever seen, let alone knowing what she could do with such a gorgeous powerful thing.

"Oh fuck, I've got to definitely measure that thing sometime," she said to herself as she stared at it. It had to easily be over 10" long, maybe even 11", and as big around as a beer can, with the throbbing veiny shaft leading into a huge mushroom head that was almost scarlet in color. Her mouth watered as she looked at the pronounced rope-like coronal ridge separating the pulsing shaft from the blood-engorged crown, knowing the purple ridge would bring the most luxuriously exquisite sensations to the inside of her itchy pussy. 'Virgin-wrecker', 'cunt-stretcher'—she could think of many perfect names for that beautiful cock of her son's. And she planned on making it all hers tomorrow. If only her husband was going away tonight, she could get her hot little hands on it sooner, but she'd just have to make do, making sure she literally got her fill of it tomorrow...again and again.

Nicole watched as her son slipped the black elastic ring over his cock and brought it beneath his huge pendulous balls, making them pull up close to his body, the skin of his bag drawn tight as a snare drum. His swollen nuts looked like they were full of cum, and she found her mouth watering as she thought about all of the sperm-laden semen lying inside, just waiting to be pumped out into a hot wet receptacle, like her hungry mouth or steaming pussy. Mitch reached into the jar of Vaseline and scooped out a generous amount of the viscous lube, and then wrapped his hand around his rampantly pulsating cock.

"Oh Mom, you are so fucking hot," Nicole heard Mitch mumble under his breath, the microphone picking up his words perfectly. His greasy hand was sliding back and forth along his throbbing pole, the thick lubricant becoming warm and slippery. His cock looked incredible, the whole length now glistening with the slick greasy coating. She watched as a drop of precum pulsed to the surface, filling the wet red eye at the tip. As he continued to stroke, the shiny drop started to distend, dangling lewdly from the yawning tip and swaying back and forth obscenely as his big hand pumped back and forth. Nicole watched, mesmerized by the magnificence of her son's turgid pecker as he worked to bring himself off, her own fingers now buried deep inside her dripping cunt.

"Fuck, Mom, those tits...I...I love them," Mitch groaned quietly as he reached over and grabbed her bra from his desk top, holding it mere inches away from the enflamed crimson crown as he jacked feverishly. "Not long...not long..."

Nicole watched wide-eyed as Mitch got closer and closer, the wet slick sound of his stroking hand coming clearly through the speakers.

"Oh yeah, Mom. Here you go," Mitch moaned softly as he started to come, "It's all for you." Nicole watched, spellbound, as the first white rope of cum jettisoned forth, pasting itself against one of the shimmering satin cups of her bra. He kept pumping, and a second glistening ribbon rocketed forth, the milky strand landing all over the other bra cup as he moved his stroking hand from side to side.

"Oh God, that's so hot," Nicole moaned as she felt herself start to climax. As she watched her well-hung son spew his potent seed all over the lacy bra, her own fingers took her right over the edge. A wet squelching sound emanated from between her legs as she started to twitch and shake, a tingling orgasm rolling in exquisite waves over her lush mature body as her fingers rubbed furiously over the hot wet tissues inside her. Even with her body trembling and convulsing, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the erotically delicious sight of her own son jerking off all over her bra.

"Yeah, Mom, right on those gorgeous tits of yours," she heard Mitch say as he continued to unload, wad upon wad of thick white cum raining down on her stolen bra. She kept quivering and shaking as heavenly waves of ecstasy coursed through her, both of their climaxes happening at the same time. As the tingling sensations started to wane, she saw that Mitch was finishing too. His hand slowed to a stop, and he brought the cummy bra to his cockhead and wiped the remaining vestiges of his discharge onto the sexy garment.

He tossed it aside and grabbed the towel he'd taken out of his gym bag, wiping the greasy lube off his hands and slowly deflating cock.

"Oh shit, I better get dressed," Nicole said to herself, finally able to pull her eyes away from the screen. She hurried into her own bathroom and washed herself, soaping her hands and rinsing the coating of warm cunt-honey from her hands. She definitely didn't want Mitch getting a whiff of that and knowing what she'd been doing, at least not until tomorrow. Checking herself in the mirror, she hurried back to her bed, glad that she'd set out the next set of clothes in advance.

Mitch couldn't believe how fast he had climaxed—no, he wasn't surprised—his mom was unbelievably hot and he'd been incredibly turned on by her sensually provocative behaviour. His mom had said it would probably take her about ten minutes to change into the new outfit, and he knew it had only taken him about two or three minutes to pump out that load of cum, he'd been so aroused. Using his cum towel, he cleaned himself up, and then washed his hands thoroughly in the bathroom. He checked the time and found he still had about four or five minutes. He wondered whether he should put on something else, but then he figured he should put on the same thing he'd been wearing, so his mother wouldn't be alerted that he'd taken his clothes off. He dressed again, took a big breath to calm himself and then headed back downstairs. Anxious to see what she'd be wearing next, he made his way into the large family room, checking the camera to make sure everything was ready to go. Satisfied that everything was in working order with the camera, yet excited to see what his mother had in store for him next, he started pacing back and forth, like an expectant father in the waiting room.

"I figured this outfit would be good for work. What do you think?" His mother's voice made him look up as she stepped into the room.

"Fuck me," Mitch said to himself as he looked at the sexy vision standing before him. Again, his mother was wearing an outfit almost identical to one he'd had on his computer. He loved women in sexy business attire, and what his mother was wearing was cock-hardeningly perfect. She had on a white long-sleeved blouse with pronounced lapels, a number of buttons open at the throat that gave him another teasing glimpse at the upper swells of those tremendous tits of hers, his eyes instinctively zeroing in on the dark line of cleavage visible at the opening. On her bottom, she wore a deep red pencil skirt that he could tell had a waistband that fit high, circling her slender waspish waist. The slim-fitting skirt hugged her curvy behind and full thighs deliciously before ending a few inches above her dimpled knees. Her legs were clad in sheer black nylons, the shimmering hose looking wickedly erotic as he thought about running his fingers over those gorgeous legs. He looked down to see her delicate feet encased in black leather pumps, the shoes having a slightly pointy but rounded toe, and slender 3" high heels that looked perfect for business purposes. The thing that really made the outfit incredibly sexy though, and one reason the original picture he'd found on the internet had compelled him to download it instantly, was the matching vest she was wearing. It was the same scarlet red as the skirt, but the vest hugged her shapely body perfectly, the bodice of the vest cupping her generous tits and presenting them to the viewer provocatively. To Mitch, the way the vest fit was almost like someone reaching around from behind her and sliding their hands beneath those heavy round orbs, and then lifting them up as

a sensual offering. Below her huge tits, the vest nipped in lusciously as it fit to her tempting hourglass figure, the bottom of the vest ending just as it flowed over the tight-fitting waistband of the matching skirt. "Yeah, that vest is so fucking hot," Mitch thought to himself. Somehow it made her huge breasts look even bigger than they already were.

"Mom, you...you look amazing," Mitch muttered, feeling himself getting turned on again already.

"You really think so?" Nicole asked, turning in a circle again to give her son a view of her spectacular body from all sides.

"Oh fuck, yes!" Mitch felt like screaming out, but instead, he could only stare in awe at her tremendous body, alluringly displayed in the sexy business attire. Choking down on the lump in his throat, he finally found himself able to respond. "I love it, Mom. It's perfect for work."

"I'm not sure about these new shoes I bought though." Mitch had been so busy gaping at her luscious form that he hadn't noticed the second pair of shoes she held in her hand. "I bought these other ones today too, but I'm not sure if they'll work with this outfit." They were black pumps too, but he could see a slender band of leather that he assumed would wind around her ankle. "I'll try them on," Nicole continued, "and you tell me what you think."

"Okay," Mitch muttered as his mother took a seat on an ottoman facing him and set the second pair of shoes on the floor.

Nicole leaned forward and slipped her shoes off, and then started putting on the new ones. She'd purposely chosen this spot because she knew that from his vantage point across the room, her son could see right down the front of her white blouse as she leaned forward, giving him a perfect view of her inviting cleavage. "I love these shoes, and I hope they're okay," she said as she looked up, and just as she'd expected, she found her son's eyes looking right down her top. She quickly dropped her eyes from his as she looked back down, a smile on her face as she took longer than necessary to fasten the new shoes, making sure she leaned well forward to let her blouse gape open. When she finally had the new shoes fastened, she stood up and walked in a short circle, and then turned to face her son once again. "Well, what do you think?"

"Fuck me," Mitch said to himself as he looked at the sexy shoes. "Is she trying to kill me, or what?" The shoes were incredible. They were basically black pumps like the other ones she'd been wearing, but the similarity stopped there. These ones were beautiful, and wickedly sexy. The triangular toe cap was sinfully pointy, and her slender foot looked beautiful where it rose from the toe area, his eyes following her shimmering black nylons upward to where a slender black leather band circled her trim ankle and was fastened in a little buckle at the side, a triangular piece of leather cupping the back of her heel. The heels of the shoes were incredible. They were about 4" high and weren't just slender, they were more dangerously rapier-like in design. The sharpness of them was setting Mitch's teeth on edge just looking at them. Plus, the little bit of additional height gave her well-

toned calves some added definition that had the blood pumping back into his groin already. He couldn't look at the sexy shoes without picturing her on her back, the heels of the cum-fuck-me shoes digging into the sheets as he lay on top of her, his rock-hard cock driving her deep into the mattress with every pounding stroke. With an effort, he found himself swallowing once more, finally able to speak. "Those shoes are gorgeous, Mom, and they definitely work with that outfit."

"Are you sure? Are you sure they're not a little too racy?" she asked again, then turned around and extended one foot out backwards, flexing her foot to show off the sexy shoes and her legs to their best advantage.

"They're fantastic. Definitely—you should definitely wear them," Mitch gushed, following the alluring line of her shapely legs from the tip of her heel all the way up to her waist, her shapely legs and curvy behind looking amazing in the tight-fitting pencil skirt. He allowed his eyes to roam over her whole spectacular body up to her pretty face, and then all the way back down. Man, those shoes were perfect.

"Okay then—I'll keep them on, if you say so," Nicole agreed, a smile on her face. Mitch was standing before her, staring as if struck dumb. As she could see his hungry eyes all but devouring her body, she let her eyes flick down, noticing a pulsing movement in his groin once more. She smiled to herself, happy to see the reaction she was causing in her son. "Uh, were you going to take some pictures?"

"Oh, yeah. Right," Mitch replied, his mother's words snapping him out of his trance. He brought the camera up and started taking some pictures, his mother posing for him with very few instructions required.

Nicole was loving it, knowing her son would be using these pictures he was taking of her to jerk off to. She'd noticed those shoes she'd picked out in a number of pictures of her on his computer, from the folder labelled 'Business Attire'. He had a thing for glamorous women in business clothes and sexy high heels, and shoes like the ones she'd bought had figured prominently in a number of shots. After she'd stepped from one side of the family room to the other, giving him a variety of shots in which she usually gave him a smolderingly hot 'come-hither' look, she stopped and turned to him. "Since this is supposed to be the type of thing I wear to work, how about we take some shots where I'm sitting at the desk," Nicole said, pointing to a desk on one side of the family room that her husband usually used.

"Sure, let's try it," Mitch responded, eager for as many shots of his mother as he could get.

Nicole stepped over to the desk and pulled out the rolling chair, and then stopped. "Before I sit down, maybe we should take a few shots where I'm standing at the desk, as if I'm looking down at some important papers. What do you think?"

"Yeah, good idea."

Nicole stood facing the desk, with Mitch at the side looking at her in profile, camera up and ready. She leaned well over the desk, reaching out with the hand on the opposite side of her body from where Mitch was and put her fingertips on a piece of paper. She kept her other hand on her hip and her elbow well back, giving her son a perfect view of her ample tits in profile as she leaned over.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch mumbled as he surveyed his stacked mother's gorgeous curvy body from the side. Her bum was nice and round, beautifully displayed in the sexy pencil skirt, her nylon clad legs looking shapely and alluring in the shimmering black hose, all the way down to those teasingly sinful shoes, the one nearest him tilted up provocatively as she leaned over. His eyes followed the tempting lines of her body back up to her midsection, where the tight vest formed smoothly to her slender waist, and then flared out in a cupping fashion around her spectacular breasts, huge teasing shadows falling on the underside of the massive orbs as she leaned over. For a few seconds, Mitch stood spellbound, the only part of him that was moving was the slab of meat inside his pants getting bigger.

"Is this pose okay?" Nicole asked, turning to look at Mitch, a lock of her frosty blonde hair falling teasingly over one vivid blue eye, her lashes long and inviting.

"Y...yes...that's perfect," Mitch stammered as he finally got his wits about him and started snapping pictures. He took a number from that side, and he even zoomed in for a few shots of his mother's magnificent chest, knowing he'd make use of those shots, and more,

in his daily jackoff sessions. He then moved all around her, snapping pictures as she varied the pose slightly, occasionally looking right into the camera with a teasing look that was hot enough to melt steel. It didn't take long before Mitch was hard as a rock again, his face gleaming with a fine sheen of sweat as his heart beat rapidly in his chest.

"Okay, why don't I sit down for a few shots?" Nicole slid into the chair, which was turned sideways from the desk at this point. As she faced Mitch straight on, she shifted forward in the chair, as if trying to get more comfortable. She didn't look down, but she could feel her skirt sliding higher on her thighs, which was exactly what she'd intended. She hunched forward in the chair at the same time as she turned it slightly towards the desk, once more causing the skirt to shift even higher. In her peripheral vision, she could see Mitch looking down at her, his eyes focussed on her legs. She took the outside leg closest to him and drew it up and over the other, crossing her legs teasingly. Although she didn't move her head, she looked down from the corner of her eye and saw just what she'd hoped.

"Oh my God," Mitch thought to himself as he looked down at his mother. When she'd sat down in the chair and shifted around to get comfortable, he'd noticed her skirt slide higher on her gorgeous thighs. And now, when she'd crossed her legs, he got a teasing glimpse of her stocking tops and just a hint of her creamy thigh above. The band at the tops of her nylons were a myriad of delicate black lace, and looked deliciously sexy as they gripped her thighs tightly. He could see that with the way they fit, they had to be thigh-highs, just like he loved in so many pictures of her he'd Photoshopped. He wasn't keen on pantyhose, and those thigh-highs

looked fantastic. It made him dream of seeing more. His mother seemed focussed on the top of the desk before her, and it appeared that she didn't even notice that her skirt had ridden up revealingly. He hoped she wouldn't notice before he got a few shots in. "That's perfect, Mom," he said hurriedly, trying to keep her distracted. "Why don't you just keep your chair a little bit sideways like that, but reach forward and do a little writing, as if you're working on a report or something."

"Alright." Nicole grabbed a pen off the desk and shifted forward, the upper part of her body over the front of the desk while still sitting slightly sideways in the chair. When she'd moved, she'd felt her skirt move just a little higher, just as she wanted. She knew that would make even more of her stocking tops come into view. She peered down at the paper in front of her, her perverted mind going into overdrive as she teased her horny teenage son.

"Fuck me," Mitch muttered to himself as he started snapping away, almost all of his mother's stocking top visible on the one leg she had provocatively crossed over the other. He took a number of shots as he moved from side to side in front of her, again he surreptitiously zoomed in for a few shots of those tantalizing legs of hers.

Nicole was really getting into it, teasing her son mercilessly as he took picture after picture of her in the sexy business clothes. At one point, she held the back end of the pen up and teasingly took it between her ovalled lips, and then moved it teasingly back and forth as she looked at the meaningless words on the page in front of her.

Mitch noticed what his mother was doing, zooming in on her pretty face as she pursed her lipstick-painted lips and then moved the pen back and forth between them, as if she was sucking a little cock. Mitch felt his turgid prick lurch in his pants, and hoped he wouldn't go off right then and there. His mother then leaned forward and pretended to be writing something, and as she did, her huge breasts sat right on the desktop, spreading out slightly to each side as she continued to pretend writing. Mitch snapped a number of shots of the big heavy mounds, teasingly pressed onto the desktop. He thought about how good it would be to be that desktop right now, to feel the impressive weight of those massive guns pressing down on him, incredibly soft and deliciously warm.

"RING!...RING!"

Mitch stepped back, surprised by the ringing of the phone. Equally startled, Nicole picked up the phone on the desk. "Hello." Mitch watched, wondering who it was, upset that their photo session had been interrupted.

"Oh hi, honey. Where are you?" Nicole flicked her eyes to Mitch's, letting him know it was his father.

"Uh...okay, sure. I wasn't expecting you for another hour or so." Mitch could tell by the look on his mother's face that she didn't seem too happy about their photo session being cut short either.

"Yes, he's home." Her eyes flicked back to Mitch as her husband continued to talk on the other end. "So you're on your way for the pizza right now?" Mitch watched her eyebrows furrow and her mouth turn down in a bit of a grimace as she listened. "Okay, I guess we'll see you in about ten minutes then. Bye."

Nicole hung up the phone, pissed off that her plan had been cut short. She still had another killer outfit she wanted to show her son — now, that was going to have to wait. "Your father left work early. He wants to get everything he needs to do finished and then get to bed early for that stupid fishing trip tomorrow." Mitch could hear the irritation in her voice, and although he was upset about their photo shoot being cut short, it made him just as happy to see that his mother was upset about it as well. "He's picking up a pizza and he'll be home in about ten minutes. I guess I should get changed, I don't want to get these new clothes messed up. Sweetie, since he's going to be here soon, could you set the table?" As Nicole said that, she looked down at herself, seeing that her skirt was hiked up over her crossed legs. "Oh dear, was my skirt like that the whole time?" she asked, making sure Mitch's gaze followed hers down to her shapely thighs before standing up and smoothing down her skirt.

"Uh...no. I don't think so. I never really noticed," Mitch lied with a dismissive shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh good," Nicole said as she stepped up to Mitch and gave him another peck on the cheek. "Thanks so much for taking those pictures, sweetie. That was fun."

"Yes, it was," Mitch replied, feeling himself flushing as his mother's warm fragrant scent overwhelmed him.

Nicole stopped at the foot of the stairs, one hand on the bannister as she turned to him, a coquettish look in her eyes. "I was hoping to show you one more outfit before your father got home." She paused for a second as Mitch looked at her expectantly, and then she tilted her head slightly and gave him another smolderingly hot look. "I think you'll like this one even better than the other two. Maybe sometime tomorrow...when your father's gone. Would you like that, baby?"

Mitch was beside himself with excitement, his cock like an iron bar in his pants as he looked at his mother standing before him in that incredibly sexy business outfit and those amazing shoes. And now, she'd called him 'Baby', something she hadn't done it years. Something about the way she said it sent a jolt right to his cock, his mind racing with lurid thoughts at what the simple of use of that one word seemed to promise. He hoped to find out tomorrow, when his father was gone, just like she'd said. He couldn't wait to see the other outfit she'd mentioned, especially when she'd given him that sultry look when she talked about it.

"Yes, I'd love to see it tomorrow," Mitch replied, loving the teasing smile on his mother's face as she turned and made her way upstairs. He watched her lush backside sway provocatively from side to side as she walked up the stairs, riveted in place by his view of her fantastic body. As she disappeared from view, he finally broke out of his trance, willing his turgid prick to calm down as he made his

way into the kitchen and grabbed some plates. He'd just finished setting the table when he heard the garage door open and then his father entered, a big pizza box from Gino's in his hand.

"Hey, son, the weekend is upon us, and I hope the fish are biting," Rick said as he plopped the pizza box down on the table.

"I hope so too, Dad," Mitch replied, setting a pile of napkins down in the middle of the table. After what had just happened with his mother, he wanted to make sure he had the lay of the land confirmed for the next day. "You guys are staying over Saturday night, right?"

"Yeah, Ed booked a cabin up there for the night," Rick said as he pulled off his tie and walked over to the fridge. He tossed Mitch a Pepsi as he cracked open a beer for himself and poured a glass of red wine for his wife.

"So...uh, what time do you think you'll be back Sunday?"

"We'll fish in the morning for awhile before heading back. So...I don't know, we'll probably be back around noon or 1:00. I'll call when we're on our way. Just like with you, your mother likes me to call like that."

Mitch wasn't sure why, but he was happy to hear that he and his mother would have plenty of notice before his father got home.

"You make sure you help your mother clean up that attic," Rick said, nodding to Mitch to let him know he was serious. "I don't want you taking off with Justin and leaving her to do it on her own. Whatever your mother asks you to do, you do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dad. Don't worry, I'll do whatever Mom wants me to do." As Mitch poured his can of Pepsi into a glass he was already dreaming of what he wanted his mother to ask him to do. Obscene thoughts ran through his brain as he thought about her in the two new outfits she'd already shown him. He couldn't wait to see what that next outfit she'd mentioned was like.

"So, you brought pizza?" Nicole said as she strode into the dining room.

"Yeah, I figured that would be a good way to start the weekend." Rick handed Nicole her glass of wine and held up his glass of beer. "To a successful weekend, whether that be fishing or cleaning up the attic?"

"Yes, to a successful weekend," Nicole said as the three of them clinked glasses and drank. Mitch noticed she gave him a sly little smile when she said that, again that look in her eyes setting him to wondering what she was thinking.

"Is that a new outfit? I don't think I've ever seen that before?" Rick said as he sat down and grabbed a big slice out of the pizza box.

"Yes, it is. I picked up a couple of new things today. I'm glad you like it." Nicole turned towards Mitch. "What do you think, sweetie?"

Mitch noticed when his mother turned away from his father, she gave him a conspiratorial little wink as she faced him, turning her lush MILFish body from side to side for him to look at. Again, Mitch was knocked out by what she was wearing. His eyes were once again drawn to her voluptuous breasts, gorgeously displayed by a sleeveless powder-blue ribbed turtleneck. Like the black turtleneck she'd worn last night, the vertical ribs followed the delightful contours of her round heavy breasts as they flowed in and out around the soft pillows of tit-flesh. The light blue material accentuated the immense size of them by casting alluring shadows on her midsection. Below that, she had on a denim miniskirt that fit snugly around her curvy behind, the hem of the mini ending at about mid-thigh, teasingly perfect for someone her age. The blue of both her top and her skirt made her warm blue eyes look even more alluring, her gorgeous blonde hair framing her lovely features enchantingly. Finally able to draw his gaze up from her shapely body to her face, Mitch could see the gleam in her eyes as she turned slightly from side to side, giving him great views of her fantastic body. "It looks very nice, Mom." He returned her sly smile. "Did you buy any other new things?"

"Oh, a couple of other things," Nicole said as she reached for a slice of pizza, giving Mitch another secretive wink.

"I need another beer," Rick said a couple of minutes later as he finished the bottle in front of him.

Nicole looked over her shoulder until he was busy rummaging around in the fridge before turning to Mitch and whispering quietly, "This isn't the outfit I was talking about. I'll show you that one tomorrow." She accompanied this by reaching beneath the table and giving Mitch's leg a little squeeze, her fingers closing around his thigh. Mitch almost groaned out loud, his mother pulling her hand away just as his father sat back down at the table. With the blood once more surging to his prick, Mitch could barely keep his hands from shaking as he picked up his slice of pizza and took a bite, his eyes flicking over to the front of his mother's tight sweater, her nipples now poking against the tight blue fabric. Fortunately for Mitch, she behaved herself for the rest of the meal. He was afraid if she touched his leg again, he'd go off right in his pants.

"Well, I'm going into the garage to get all my gear in order. Ed's going to be here so early, I want to make sure I've got everything ready to go."

As Rick headed to the garage, Mitch helped his mother clean up, which was a breeze, with just the pizza box to throw out and a few dishes to stick in the dishwasher.

"If you want to go to your room, I'm fine here," Nicole said as she finished straightening up.

Mitch could have sworn his mother's eyes had flicked down to his swollen crotch when she'd said that, but maybe it was just wishful

thinking on his part. After that second photo session, and then with what had happened at the dinner table, he couldn't wait to get to his room and whip off another load.

"Uh...okay, thanks."

"I'm going up too. I've got some work e-mails I need to catch up on."

"After you then," Mitch said, holding his hand out in the direction of the stairs.

"Such a gentleman, I love it," Nicole replied, teasingly tracing one red-tipped fingernail along her son's handsome jawline. Mitch eagerly followed his mother upstairs, once more taking advantage of the sensational view she gave him of her backside in the denim mini.

Mitch rushed into his room, firmly closing the door behind him. He was so horny, he thought he was going to go crazy if he didn't get a load off soon. He plugged his camera into his computer and started uploading the new pictures, tearing off his clothes at the same time. He strode over to his closet, grabbing his gym bag with his jackoff supplies, and within just a minute or so his Vaseline-covered hand was pumping back and forth along his rigid erection.

In the next room, Nicole watched the scene going on in her son's room, the microphone turned off in case her husband came into the room. With her hand beneath her sweater, her fingertips toying with

her stiff rubbery nipples, she watched as Mitch quickly came, strand after strand of thick ropey cum shooting high in the air before falling back on his chest and midsection, his body quickly becoming covered with ribbons and gobs of thick teenage semen. Nicole found her mouth watering for the stuff, thinking about how luxurious it would taste as rolled it around in her mouth, the warm silky goo sliding deliciously down her throat. "What a waste," she thought as eventually Mitch wiped up the thick wads of spunk with his cum-towel.

"I hope I can sleep tonight," Rick said a short time later as he came into the bedroom. It was still early, but Nicole knew he liked to try and get to bed early when he was due to get up in the middle of the night for these fishing trips. She minimized her computer screen, but not until she'd already watched her horny teenage son jerk off two more times, images of her in her new outfits filling his two computer screens. She stepped out from behind the privacy screen and walked towards her husband.

"If you're worried about sleeping, why don't you take one of those sleeping pills the doctor gave me. You'll fall asleep nice and easy and you'll feel great when you wake up," she offered.

"That's a great idea." Nicole stepped into the en-suite washroom, quickly returning with the pills and a glass of water.

"Here you go, honey. For somebody your size, take two of them. That'll do the trick." With a pleased smile on her face, she watched as

Rick popped two of the pills into his mouth and downed the glass of water.

"Thanks, dear," Rick said as he pulled on his pajamas and slid into bed, checking to make sure his alarm clock was set. "Sorry I'm such a downer tonight. I don't think I can even stay up to watch a movie or something."

"That's fine. I've got some work I need to do anyway," Nicole replied, nodding towards her office area. She knew what she'd be watching on her computer screen for the rest of the night was going to be better than any movie.

"Okay. I'll make sure I'm quiet when I leave." Rick turned off his light and pulled up the covers as Nicole quietly retreated behind the privacy screen. Within ten minutes, she heard the comforting sounds of Rick snoring peacefully, a pleased smile on her face. Knowing she'd now be undisturbed, she closed her e-mail and pulled up the camera icon, her screen filling with the view of her son's room once more. She could see Mitch at his computer, moving the mouse here and there as he worked. She zoomed in with the camera. On the screen that he wasn't working on, he had five pictures side by side of the outfits she'd been wearing today. On the screen right in front of him, she saw an image of a busty woman in a brilliant white corset, her legs adorned by shimmering white hose as well. The woman looked stunning in the full bridal lingerie ensemble. As Mitch moved the mouse here and there, she watched spellbound as he brought in a picture of her face, resizing and moving it here and there as he continued to edit the various layers until he had it just right. Even

through the nanny cam, she could see how realistic it looked—as if she was actually in the original picture. She watched as he edited a couple more photos, placing her in white lingerie in each of those as well, and then when he filled that screen with an additional five new pictures he'd just worked on, he started to jack off again.

"I love the stamina of youth," Nicole said to herself as she watched Mitch's hand stroke back and forth along his huge cock. Checking to hear the Rick was still snoring, she pushed her little denim skirt up and slipped her fingers right down inside her panties. When Mitch ended up coming, she came too, her warm creamy nectar gushing out around her fingers. After Mitch rested for a bit and then wiped up with his cum-towel, he finally shut his computer down. Nicole watched as he pulled on a pair of worn boxers, knowing this was his sleepwear of choice. She sighed as his huge heavy cock disappeared from view as he pulled his boxers on. Even in its flaccid state, it was bigger than her husband's.

Mitch grabbed a book and slid into bed, sitting up against the headboard as he read. Checking to see that Rick was still peacefully asleep, Nicole went into her walk-in closet and changed, putting on one of the new things she'd bought, a sapphire-blue chemise trimmed in delicate white lace around the hem and bra cups. She adjusted her massive tits, pushing the girls together and up until they all but poured out of the confining satin cups, the lace trim looking perfect against the upper swells of her big tits. The chemise came with a matching robe of the same sapphire-blue. Checking her hair in the mirror, she fluffed it up until it looked wild and sexy. She touched up her lips with some clear gloss, making them look wet and enticing. She walked by her bed, looking at her husband asleep, dead

to the world. She quietly closed the bedroom door and tiptoed to her son's room.

"Tap...tap...tap..."

"Uh...yes?" Mitch said, wondering what was going on.

"It's me, sweetie. Is it okay if I come in for a minute?"

"Sure, Mom," Mitch replied. He couldn't remember the last time his mother had come into his room like this.

Nicole entered her son's room and quietly closed the door behind her. She made her way across to his bed where he sat up against the headboard, his handsome young body illuminated in the warm amber glow provided by his bedside lamp, the powerful plates of his muscular chest looking fantastic in the soft light.

Mitch gaped wide-eyed as his mother walked across the room, his hungry young eyes feasting on her buxom form. He'd never seen her in lingerie like this, other than what he'd dressed her in on the pictures he had on his computer. Come to think of it, he had a few shots of her in a blue satin outfit just like this.

"How are you doing, sweetheart?" she asked as she sat down on the side of his bed, turning slightly so she was facing him. His eyes

opened wide as he instinctively looked at her chest, the sides of her robe gaping open as she settled down. Her breasts looked amazing, the huge orbs delightfully filling the cups of the chemise, the white lace almost calling for his hands to reach out and trace along the upper edge of the delectable bra cups. He knew he could never get enough of looking at his mother spectacular 36Es.

"I...I'm f...fine," he stammered, unable to draw his gaze away from her gorgeous tits. "Is...is that the other outfit you were talking about?"

"Oh no," Nicole replied, shifting slightly on her perch. When she did, the light satin fabric slid off one of her legs, giving him a view of the inside of one creamy thigh. She pretended as if she never noticed as she continued to talk. "This is one of the new things I bought, but this isn't the outfit I was talking about. I'll definitely show you that one tomorrow. No, I just wanted to stop in and make sure you're okay to help me with that attic tomorrow. I know you've had a tough week at school and the weekend is the time for you to relax too."

"That's fine, Mom, really. I'm more than happy to help. I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Whatever I want?"

There it was—she had that sultry lilt to her voice again as she looked at him with that titillating look in her eyes. Mitch felt his chest tighten with excitement as he looked at his mother, his gaze following her fingertips hypnotically as she traced them along the line of her

throat, down to her chest, and along the deep dark line of her cleavage. He could feel his prick starting to tent up the front of his boxers already. "I...uh...yes, I'll do whatever you want me to do, Mom."

His mother reached over and put her hand on top of his covers, her fingers caressing his lower thigh. "Well, don't worry—I won't work you too hard," she said softly, emphasizing the word 'hard'. She moved her hand, her fingers sliding slowly upwards along his thigh. "Unless you want me to..."

Speechless, Mitch felt his cock rapidly stiffening as her hand got closer and closer to his rising prick. Just as he thought she was going to slide her hand over right onto his throbbing erection, she stopped and leaned over, her warm lips kissing his cheek gently before she whispered softly into his ear. "Until tomorrow, baby, and then Mommy'll show you more than one new outfit."

Without waiting for a response, Nicole slid off of his bed and stood up, making her way deftly out of his room, leaving Mitch sitting up against the headboard gasping for air, his heart racing like a runaway freight train in his chest.

Nicole stole silently back into her room, listening to her husband's snoring as she made her way to her computer. She brought up the camera window she'd minimized earlier, just in time to see her son pull open his bedside table drawer and pull out a smaller jar of Vaseline. With the sound still turned off, she watched him throw off the covers and kick off his boxers, his beautiful cock rearing up

stallion-like from his crotch. As her own fingers slipped beneath her silky robe and between her legs, her son's slick hand started vigorously pumping up and down along the full turgid length of his rigid erection. It had been sinfully arousing to tease her son like she'd just done, and she could feel her juices running out of her steaming little box as her fingers slid deep inside. She watched her son pumping away, strands of pre-cum flicking this way and that as they glittered like diamonds in the light from his bedside lamp. She watched his stomach muscles flex invitingly and he threw back his head, just before a massive white rope shot skyward, the milky ribbon of potent teenage semen almost reaching the ceiling before falling back onto his stomach in a massive wad. He pumped away as his body continued to flex, totally unloading as his hand flew feverishly back and forth, shot after shot of thick creamy cum spewing into the air.

"Oh fuck," Nicole muttered to herself, her fingers bringing herself off again as well, her cunt-honey coating her whole hand as she slid her fingers in and out of her velvety channel, the hot wet tissues inside her releasing their succulent oily discharge. "Tomorrow, that beautiful cum is going to be all mine."

Chapter 3

"KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Huh...wha...?" Mitch mumbled, woken out of a deep sleep by the knocking at his door.

"Wake up, lazybones." Without even being asked this time, his mother opened his bedroom door and stepped into the room. "I don't want you sleeping the day away." As Mitch rolled over onto his back and rubbed the sleep from his eyes, his mother strode across the room and opened his blinds, the early morning sunshine streaming into the room. The last thing he remembered was having another one of those dreams about his mother, this one where she was riding him to one orgasm after another while dressed in a black leather corset and thigh-high boots. As his eyes quickly got accustomed to the light, he looked at her, hoping he'd see her wearing the outfit she'd worn in his dream. No such luck—as she stood at the window adjusting the blinds, he could see she was wearing her usual fluffy white robe, not even the sexy blue one she'd been wearing the night before.

"Wha...what time is it?" Mitch asked, still squinting.

"It's almost nine. I knew if I let you sleep, you'd be there until noon." Mitch knew she was right—he often slept in until close to that time on weekends. His mother walked over to his bed and sat on the edge, just like she'd done last night. She leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead, and then reached forward, tousling his mop of hair. His

eyes immediately went to her chest, where her mouthwatering 36Es were swelling out from the front of her gaping robe. He could tell she was wearing nothing beneath, and as she settled down, her boobs quivered delightfully, the huge mounds making him salivate. He was happy to see she made no move to pull the sides of the gaping robe closer together.

"Did you have a good sleep?" Nicole asked, her fingers tenderly smoothing out his disheveled hair.

"Yeah, it was really good," Mitch replied, knowing he'd slept like a log after jerking out multiple loads last night after seeing her in her new clothes.

"Good, then you'll have lots of energy to do what I want you to do today." Nicole smiled down at her son, knowing exactly how she planned on making use of that seemingly endless teenage energy. She'd been up for an hour, but was getting restless, wanting to put her plan in motion, and she definitely didn't want to leave her son to wake up on his own and start jerking off. She knew a thing about teenage boys, and after all, she was used to washing his spunk-stained sheets. So she'd woken him up, wanting to make sure his first load of the day was going to be hers.

"Is Dad gone?" Mitch asked, his eyes surreptitiously flicking down to his mother's partially-exposed breasts.

"Yes, he's gone. I never even heard him leave. Now, it's going to get hot up in the attic, so I figured we should get a fairly early start."

"How long do you think it will take?" It had been awhile since Mitch had been up in the attic. They'd had this big old house for as long as he could remember. His parents had renovated a lot of the interior to provide for all mod cons, but the attic remained, a huge storage space accessed by one of those old pull-down hatches with a ship's ladder stair attached. There were a couple of dormer windows up there that provided a decent degree of filtered light, but Mitch knew that even if they opened the windows, it would get hot up there in a hurry. He wasn't looking forward to spending most of the day up there.

"About two hours should do it. There's not as much to do as your father thinks. Now, I've already got breakfast going so we won't have to waste any more time." Mitch had definitely noticed the alluring scent of bacon warmly filtering into his room. "It's going to be ready in just a few minutes, so why don't you grab a shower and then come right down?" Nicole got up from the bed and strode to the door, turning towards him with a wry smile on her face. "And no dawdling in the shower." Mitch noticed her gaze flick down to his crotch, so his eyes instinctively followed hers, where he noticed his morning hard-on was tenting up his covers. He'd been so sleepy, he'd never even noticed the pronounced mound. He felt himself flushing with embarrassment as he looked back at her. "Now hurry up. I don't want my pancakes to burn." With that knowing smile on her face, his mother left his room.

Mitch would have loved to whip off a load, but he didn't want to have his mother upset with him, especially today. It was funny the way his mother had looked at his crotch when she'd made that comment about 'dawdling in the shower'. Mitch remembered the first time he'd masturbated. He'd been in the shower after a baseball game when he was much younger, rinsing off the sweat and dirt. He started washing his penis, his soapy hands rubbing over his loins. All of sudden, it started to feel really good and he felt his dink getting hard. His curiosity piqued by the intriguing new sensation, he'd kept rubbing his stiffening member, his lathered-up hands sliding briskly back and forth. And then those tingling sensations started. He wondered what was happening, and then for a couple of seconds there, he thought he was going to pass out. But he couldn't stop, and the next thing he knew, white strands of fluid were shooting from the end of his prick, and he was overwhelmed by the most exquisite sensations imaginable. Suffice it to say, Mitch started taking a lot of long hot showers after that. But today he'd have to put that adolescent hobby aside and get ready quickly.

Mitch dried himself thoroughly, brushing his teeth to get rid of his 'morning breath', and running a comb through his unruly hair. Heeding his mother's advice about what to expect in the attic, he pulled on a pair of white fitted boxers and his favorite old pair of jeans. He grabbed an old red t-shirt as well, one of the ones he usually wore when cutting the grass or doing other chores around the house. He hurried downstairs, the alluring scent of bacon and pancakes drawing him like iron filings to a magnet.

"Here you go," Nicole said, handing him a steaming mug of coffee. "There's orange juice on the table and the rest of this is almost ready."

Mitch sipped his coffee as he looked at her standing at the stove, spatula in hand. Man, how could any woman look so fucking hot, even in a plain old bathrobe. Her beautiful tits looked fantastic in profile, the front of the robe pushed out dramatically, enticing shadows falling on the underside of the massive guns, the dark shades shifting teasingly on the soft terrycloth as she flipped one of the pancakes. He hopped up on the counter so could have a better look at his mother's gorgeous MILFish body, his legs dangling over the edge of the counter. He used to do that all the time when he was little, watching his mother cook. He couldn't think of a better time to resurrect that old move, taking a sip from the hot mug as he looked at her. From his perch slightly above and right next to her, he could look right down onto those magnificent swells, which again, she seemed in no hurry to cover up as the front of her robe gaped open. As she flipped another pancake and her boobs jiggled teasingly, he could have sworn he saw a little bit of her darker areola beneath the edge of the loose robe. "Mmmm, so good," Mitch said, talking about the coffee but thinking of the fantastic view he had of his mother's sumptuous chest.

"I'm glad you like it," Nicole replied. "I think we're going to have a good day today, you and me."

There it was again, that sly little twinkle in her eye that had Mitch reeling already. "I hope so. I'm glad you think it won't take that long. I think you're right—it's going to get hot up there. I wouldn't want to be up there all afternoon."

"Don't worry," she said as she turned off the burners and started loading the last of the pancakes onto the platter next to her. "Even if it gets too hot, we can always go for a swim. I got a couple of new bathing suits yesterday too."

"You did?" Mitch asked, that nervous lump in his throat again as he thought about how he'd felt looking at the other new things she'd bought.

"Yes. I think you'll like them too. One's a white bikini, but I'm not sure if I'm a little too old to wear it. You would tell me if you think it wasn't appropriate, right?"

"S...sure," Mitch mumbled, the hand holding his coffee cup starting to shake as he thought about his stacked mother in a white bikini. He actually had to reach out and take hold of the cup with both hands in order to stop himself from spilling it all over the counter.

"Good," Nicole said as she saw her son's nervous reaction. "Let's eat." She stepped over to the breakfast table, setting down the two big plates of pancakes and bacon. They both dug in, and Mitch didn't realize how ravenous he was until he started eating. Coated in the warm butter and maple syrup, the pancakes tasted heavenly. The salty bacon cut the sweetness perfectly, and washing everything down with the orange juice and strong hot coffee was just perfect. He ate twice as much as his mother, and wolfed down the final strip of bacon and the last pancake that she offered him.

Nicole sat watching her son eat, her mug of coffee in front of her, the warm fragrant scent wafting into her senses. She loved the way he watched her, especially the way his eyes zeroed in on the front of her robe whenever she moved. She'd purposely not worn anything beneath, anxious to have her handsome young son get in the mood for what she knew was to come—'to come', she thought, and smiled to herself at what that was going to mean in just a short time from now. She remembered looking at those pictures he had on his computer of him jerking off all over pictures of her, and how deliciously surprised she'd been by the size of his cock. Ever since she'd first seen it, she couldn't stop thinking about it—how it would feel in her hands, in her mouth, to feel the intense heat of it as she rolled her tongue over the massive head, what his silvery precum would taste like as it oozed out from his drooling piss-slit onto her tongue, and then how luxurious it would feel when he finally shot, filling her mouth with his thick sperm-laden teenage cum. She thought about how glorious it would feel to have that long hard horse-like cock stretching and filling her mature pussy like it had never been filled before, making her squirm and squeal over and over as she came time and again. She shivered with excitement as she thought about it.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Mitch asked, seeing his mother tremble as she brought her hand up and fanned her pretty face.

"I'm fine, sweetheart, just a little warm from drinking this coffee too fast. This robe is kind of warm too." She set down her coffee cup and grabbed one of the lapels of the robe in her hand and started fanning herself with it, knowing she was giving her son an even better glimpse of her round heavy breasts.

"Oh sweet Jesus," Mitch said to himself as his gaze went instinctively to his mother's chest, the mounds jiggling softly as she fanned herself with the turned up lapel, the delicious swells of tit-flesh seeming to just be calling out for his itchy hands.

Nicole had tilted her head up and closed her eyes as she tried to cool herself, giving her son free rein to feast his eyes on her voluptuous breasts. Through slitted eyes she watched him, his warm brown eyes as big as crop circles as he blatantly stared into the deep dark valley of her mile-long cleavage. She saw his hand slip beneath the table, and knew he was adjusting the growing bulge in his jeans. Yes, things were coming along just perfectly.

"Well, that attic isn't going to clean itself," she said as she pulled her robe tight around her and stood up. "You put the stuff in the dishwasher while I go and get changed. And can you open the attic hatch? I always have trouble with that. The step ladder is already up there. You better put some shoes on too. I don't know what we're going to find up there."

"Sure, Mom," Mitch replied, trying to will his stiffening cock to calm down. He hoped with his mother out of his sight for a couple of minutes, he'd be able to get himself under control. He knew it wasn't likely, but he hoped he wasn't going to be walking around with a hard-on all morning either. He wished he'd had time to whip off a load when he got up, to take the edge off, at least for a little while. "Baseball, think about baseball," he said to himself as he filled the dishwasher, remembering a line from an old Woody Allen movie.

But thinking about balls and long hard bats wasn't really doing the trick, and his rearing pecker was still causing problems as he grabbed a pair of tennis shoes and made his way upstairs, adjusting the swollen member as he went, visions of his mother's big soft tits still swirling around his teenage brain.

At the end of the upstairs hallway, he found the stepladder and put it beneath the ceiling hatch. He climbed up and opened the hatch, the folding stair coming down easily until it settled on the floor of the hallway. Mitch made his way up the rickety old stair, seeing the soft morning light filtering in from the dormer windows across the front of the house. He also turned on the lights, which were nothing more than a couple of bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling. He looked around at the numerous boxes and pieces of old junk everywhere, most of them covered with a thin film of dust. He hoped his mother knew what his father wanted done, because he had no idea where to start.

"How hot is it up here already?" he heard his mother ask as she reached the top of the ladder.

"It's not too bad right—," Mitch stopped in midsentence as he turned to respond to his mother. He found himself unable to speak, and just stared as she took a couple of steps towards him and stood with her hands on her hips, looking around the room as she surveyed what they were up against. His mouth was salivating as he looked at her lush curvy body, looking absolutely incredible in what she was wearing. Her curvy rear end was covered by a pair of stretchy red shorts that fit her like a second skin and finished high on her thighs,

the brevity of the shorts causing his eyes to linger on the creamy expanse of her toned thighs and long shapely legs. He took all that in in a split second, as his eyes immediately shifted to her upper half, and his heart started racing in his chest, causing his break in speech. She was wearing a brilliant white singlet, what some people call a 'wife-beater', the tight fabric of the singlet molding itself alluringly to her full hourglass figure. Beneath it he could see the outline of a lacy white bra, and he just knew from the way her breasts were standing up proudly from her chest that the bra was heavily reinforced with underwire, absolutely necessary to carry the immense weight of her 36Es. Her nipples were visible, even through the two layers of both the singlet and her bra. They stood out boldly against the tight-fitting apparel, the dark shadows beneath the protruding buds hinting at their size. He found his mouth watering as he thought what it would be like to run his hands up the front of her body and cup those magnificent breasts, and then let his fingertips toy with those stiffening nipples.

The singlet was so tight that he could clearly see the delicate pattern of the lace around the substantial cups, and the neck of the singlet scooped deeply, giving him another tantalizing view of her cleavage, the deep dark line drawing his eyes like a magnet. He couldn't believe it—he had a picture like this on his computer that he'd Photoshopped her into, but she looked far better than the original model ever could. His mother's breasts were far bigger, even though the original model had a pretty impressive set. No, the way his mother looked in that singlet was simply outstanding, and he gave up right then and there trying to keep his cock under control. As he felt it push against the front of his confining boxers, he knew there was no way he was going to stop himself from getting a hard-on.

Nicole took her time looking around the room, keeping her eyes averted from her son so he could look at her. She'd noticed he hadn't been able to even answer her question, but realized he had other things on his mind right now, much more important things than talking about the temperature—her tits. Once she figured he'd had enough of a free show, she turned to him and stepped forward, closing the gap between them. She flicked her eyes down, noticing a definite pulsing in that bulge in his jeans. When she brought her eyes back up, she noticed he was still staring openly at her chest, his face flushed. "We haven't even started and you're already sweating. It doesn't seem that bad up here," she said, giving him another one of her quirky smiles.

"Oh...uh...yeah," Mitch mumbled out a reply, not even sure of what he was saying.

"But it is going to get hot in a hurry. I guess it's a good thing I wore this outfit." Nicole did a little pirouette, giving Mitch a view from all sides of her spectacular mommy body. He almost gasped out loud as he looked at her full curvy bottom, the tight stretchy shorts looking like they had two small beach balls inside them. He couldn't see any panty lines and all, and found himself gulping as she completed the turn, giving him a glimpse of her pouting mound, the cleft down the middle of it teasingly visible beneath the tight red fabric.

"Is...is that the other outfit you said you wanted to show me?" Mitch asked, barely able to keep his eyes from bugging out of his head as he stared at his sexy mother's gorgeous body.

"Oh no," Nicole replied, turning her chest from side to side, making her 36Es wobble teasingly within the tightly-stretched singlet. She noticed he couldn't take his eyes off the heavy round orbs, and knew her substantial nipples were thrusting boldly against the front of the singlet. She'd purposely worn one of her 'smooth-front' bras for just that reason, to make sure her nipples were clearly visible. "This little outfit? No, although it is one of the new things I bought yesterday, this is just so I can stay cool doing chores."

As Mitch let his hungry eyes roam blatantly over her buxom form, he prayed that from now on his mom would have a lot of chores to do, especially if she dressed like this to do them. Nicole looked directly at him and she had that mischievous twinkle in her eye again as she spoke, "The outfit I mentioned is kind of dressy. Not super-dressy, but kind of 'fun-dressy'. Something you'd wear to go out in." She paused, and then tilted her head kittenishly to one side. "I know, since your father's away, how about you and I go out for dinner? I could kind of be your date. That would be a perfect reason to wear that new outfit. What do you think?"

"I...I'd love that," Mitch gushed, feeling even more excited about the possibility of both seeing his mother in another one of her sexy new outfits, and of having her as his date.

"You'll have to get dressed up you know," Nicole said, teasingly tracing one red-tipped fingernail down over the muscular plates of his chest as she looked at the old t-shirt and jeans he was wearing. "You can't take me out dressed like this." She put the flat of her hand

on his chest, and then slowly slid it down, her fingertips feeling the pronounced definition of his six-pack abs. She could feel her pussy twitching with need already. "Yes, if you expect a goodnight kiss from your date, you're going to have to put on a shirt and tie." She looked up at him, almost pursing her lips in a beckoning gesture. "Do you think you can do that?"

"Y...yes!" Mitch gushed out, feeling his prick lurch in his jeans as his mother's hand on his stomach was driving him crazy.

"That's my boy," Nicole said, pleased with his exuberant reply. "I like to see you all dressed up. Are you sure you're okay? You look a little flushed." She removed her hand from his flat stomach and took a step back.

"I...I'm fine," Mitch said, trying to compose himself, which was difficult with his prick feeling like an iron bar in his pants. "I guess it's hotter up here than I thought."

"You might be right. I'm really glad I wore this." Mitch watched as his mother looked him up and down, her lips turning up in a pleased smile. "Why don't you take your shirt off so you'll be cooler?"

Something about the look in her eyes told Mitch she wanted to get a look at his body. "Okay," he said, peeling off his t-shirt and tossing it aside. He saw his mother's gaze roam over his body, her eyes taking in his broad shoulders and defined shape. Besides his photography and computer obsessions, Mitch also worked out the little gym they

had in the basement, and he knew the hours spent on the weight machine there had paid off.

As Mitch pulled his top off, Nicole let her eyes feast on the inverted triangle of his muscular torso. She loved the way the sinews seemed to flow powerfully beneath the skin of his broad shoulders and arms, her gaze following the enticing muscles of his body down to the pronounced plates of his broad chest, and then further down to the rippling abs straddling his midsection. The waistband of his white fitted boxers was teasingly visible above the waistband of his jeans, hinting provocatively at what was lying further south of the wide elastic waistband. She wanted to slide her hand right down over her son's pronounced abs and feel her fingers push that waistband aside, her fingertips searching lower for the enormous cock she now knew was lying in wait like a giant anaconda. She could almost picture how hot it would feel as she got closer and closer, her fingertips finally circling around the massive girth. She had to shake herself out of the trance she found herself in, her own face flushing, just like her son's. Her needy pussy started to feel itchy again, and she hoped she wasn't leaking into her red shorts. "Okay, we should get started," she said, finally able to compose herself enough to address the situation at hand.

"Where should we start?" Mitch asked, happy to see the pink tinge coming into his mother's face as well as she looked at him.

"Those boxes of old clothes over there need to go down. It's stuff we're giving away to charity. I've already sorted them out." Mitch picked up the first box and Nicole watched, the muscles in his broad

back rippling as he bent over and lifted, his firm buttocks looking fantastic in his jeans.

They worked for about half an hour, with Nicole directing Mitch here and there. He made numerous trips up and down the attic's ship's ladder, piling the boxes to be disposed of on the second floor landing. It was starting to get hot, and he could feel himself sweating.

Nicole loved the look of her son as he worked, his body moving fluidly as he labored, his defined muscles looking even better with the fine sheen of perspiration coating his toned body, his skin glistening attractively. She felt her heart racing with excitement as she looked at him, and couldn't wait to put her plan into effect any longer. She moved over to the other side of the room from where Mitch was working, and lifted a couple of small boxes off a bigger flat box lying beneath. "Oh my," she said, drawing Mitch's attention. "I'd almost forgotten this was up here." She set the box down on top of an old table in the middle of the room.

"What is it?" Mitch asked curiously, coming over to stand next to her.

"It's the box with my wedding dress," Nicole replied, lifting the top off the big box. She drew back the clear plastic covering inside the box and drew out the dress, holding it in front of her. "I'd forgotten how beautiful this dress is."

Mitch stared, dumbstruck. He could feel himself shaking with excitement as he looked at his mother holding the dress. If she only

knew how many pictures he'd Photoshopped her onto where she was wearing wedding dresses, or bridal lingerie. He didn't know what it was, but seeing her in those types of clothing always made him hard as a rock. Was it just the look of the brilliant white material, or was it the lurking promise of sexual innocence you always associated with a bride, or maybe both—he didn't care, he loved to see her in all sorts of wedding attire, and his cum towel was heavy with the numerous loads he'd jerked off picturing her this way. And now here she was, holding up her own wedding dress against her gorgeous body mere inches away from him. As she pulled it against the front of her, he felt his semi-hard prick lurch in his pants.

"I wonder if it would still fit me?" Nicole said, holding the strapless dress to her lush curvy body. "I'm not sure if the top will fit the same. I think I've gained a little weight up top, if you know what I mean." She gave Mitch a little conspiratorial look as she nodded towards her chest.

"Ohhnnn," Mitch groaned, thinking about what his mother had said about the 'little weight up top' that she'd gained.

"Are you alright, sweetie?" Nicole asked, noticing how flushed Mitch's face had become as he looked at her holding the dress against her buxom mature body.

Mitch coughed, trying to clear his throat. "Yes, I'm fine. Uh...just a little tickle in my throat, I guess."

Smiling to herself, Nicole turned back to the open box as she laid the dress down on the table. "Oh, and all the other things I wore are in here too." She reached inside and pulled out her veil, a delicate piece of sheer lace that she set aside. Below that she lifted out an intricately detailed white merry widow, the heavily structured corset covered with delicate white lace. Like the dress, it was strapless too, with ribbon-like satin garters dangling from the bottom edge. It was so heavily structured to support the tremendous weight of her heavy 36Es that the garment could almost stand on its own, the reinforced panels and bra cups forming to the perfect shape of her lush hourglass figure. She noticed Mitch staring at it, his mouth gaping open and his eyes big as saucers. Holding onto it with one hand, she reached into the box and pulled out a pair of tiny white silk panties, actually not much more than a wickedly daring G-string. She dangled the tiny piece of shiny fabric from the tip of her index finger, letting it sway from side to side.

"I'm sorry," she said, watching Mitch's eyes follow the swaying pair of panties hypnotically, "I'm sure you're not interested in these kinds of things." As he focused on her hand, she let her own eyes flick down to his crotch. There it was; his immense cock was outlined clearly, wrenched almost totally sideways beneath the confinement of his fitted boxers. She saw a pulsing throb, and saw the bulge shift upwards, as if straining to gain the freedom it knew lay above the constricting waistband.

Mitch felt a shudder of excitement trip down his spine as he looked at the sexy lingerie she was holding. The merry widow was amazingly sexy, and the way she was holding those tiny panties, the shiny silky fabric swaying mesmerizingly before his eyes—he felt

close to going off in his pants. It was exactly the kind of thing he'd pictured his mother in, time and time again. If he had a dollar for every time he'd jerked off while looking at pictures of her in lingerie like that, he'd be driving a Ferrari right now.

"Oh, and these are here too," Nicole said, setting down the pieces of lingerie and picking up a pair of sheer white stockings. The gossamer hose glistened as she draped them over one hand and ran her slender fingers along the flowing length, letting Mitch see them in all their glory. They were exquisitely sheer, with intricate lacy stocking tops that would match the merry widow perfectly — after all, she'd bought everything except the wedding dress just the day before. The old lingerie she had when she'd gotten married twenty years ago was nowhere near as nice as this, and that stuff was now stashed away in the bottom of her closet. These things...yes, these things—she'd bought especially for Mitch.

"I'd almost forgotten how sheer these are. Here, feel," Nicole said, casually tossing one stocking over Mitch's lower arm and drawing it slowly across his hand. She could see him tremble with excitement as she teasingly drew the feather-light garment over his hand, the sheer material feeling like a million butterfly kisses against his skin. Mitch could only stand there in awe as she slowly drew in the stocking, the final end dropping from his fingertips into her hand. She turned and laid them back in the box. "I remember how much I loved the way these stockings looked with these shoes," she said, turning back towards him as she held up the pair of shoes that were in the box as well. Like the lingerie, the shoes had been put there by her just the afternoon before.

Mitch looked down at her hands and felt his brain swirling with lascivious thoughts as he looked at the shoes. They were so fucking hot he couldn't believe it. They were white slingbacks, with a sinfully pointy toe and a daringly slender 4" heel. He loved high-heeled slingbacks, the way they made a woman look incredibly hot as they cradled their slender feet within the teasingly sexy shoe itself, the pointy toe looking provocatively sinful, and the sky-high heel made the musculature in their calves and thighs even more defined. Like the other items she had here, he had many pictures of his mother dressed in lingerie while wearing shoes just like that. Fuck, how he loved slingbacks. For some reason, to him, there wasn't a sexier shoe in the world.

"Gosh, how I loved these shoes," Nicole said, holding the brilliant white shoes up to her son and turning them so he could see them from every angle, as if she was a game show model showing off a prize. And to Mitch, it felt just like he had won this week's showcase. All those things in that box were better than any prize he could have picked out—except maybe seeing his mother wearing them.

"Uh...Mom, you mentioned that you wondered if the dress still fit, so...uh..., why don't you try it on and see?" Mitch suggested encouragingly.

Nicole smiled to herself—he'd said exactly what she'd hoped. "Oh, I don't know," she replied with slow shake of her head, as if she wasn't sure of the whole idea. "Like I said, I've gained a few pounds in some places that might not look so great in that dress." She softly patted

her own behind and then gestured towards her chest, watching her son's eyes taking in every one of her lush curves.

"Mom, that's nonsense. You look fantastic and I'm sure the wedding dress will still look great," Mitch said, almost pleading with her now.

Nicole looked at her son, loving the hopeful look on his flushed face, his eyes full of longing. She pretended to be fretting with the idea, knitting her brows together and setting her mouth in a bit of a grimace as she looked back at the dress. She could see him breathing rapidly, the possibility of perhaps seeing her in the wedding dress overwhelming him.

"Please, Mom. I'd love to see you in it," he said, almost begging now.

Figuring she'd toyed with him long enough, she let a big smile come over her face. "Well, how can I say no to that? Okay, I'll see if it still fits."

Mitch gestured to the lingerie, stockings and shoes. "Make sure you don't forget those other things. You'll probably have to put on the whole outfit to make sure."

"Good idea." Nicole paused, seeing the relief wash over her son as she agreed to his proposal. "You know, this might be fun."

"Maybe we could have a fashion show, like yesterday, and I could take some pictures." Mitch finally had control of himself again and was already thinking how he could best take advantage of the situation.

"I'd love that," Nicole said. She paused and looked around at what else she'd promised Rick to do in the room. She knew that once she set her plan into effect, there was no way she wanted to come back and finish this job, and that included Mitch. No, he was going to be hers for the rest of the weekend. By the time her husband came home tomorrow, she expected to have drained Mitch of so much cum that his balls would be as dry as stones baking under the desert sun. "Let's get this job finished up before we do that. You know, looking around, there's not really all that much left to do. I think maybe another forty-five minutes, tops."

"Okay, what do you want me to do?" Mitch asked, raring to go.

Twenty minutes later, they were done. Nicole had never seen her son work so hard or move so fast in his life. She lost track of the number of times he carried boxes down those precarious stairs, moving as if a ticking bomb was about to go off if he didn't hurry. Little did she know that ticking bomb was a pipe bomb over 10" long that was stuffed down inside his jeans.

"I think that's it," Nicole said after Mitch came back up the stairs. When he'd gone down with the final box, she'd rubbed her fingertips across her nipples, making them stiffen up. She stood facing him as he wiped his sweaty brow, her hands on her hips with her elbows pulled back as she looked around the room, making sure they had completed their work. From the corner of her eye, she could see him staring at her full breasts, her thick rubbery nipples standing out boldly against the tight white singlet. She took her time as she looked around, making sure he got a good look. "Yeah, I think that's the last one. Your dad should have nothing to complain about now." She looked at him as she spoke, noticing the massive bulge in his crotch, his muscular body glistening enticingly from his physical labor. "God, he looks hot," she said to herself, feeling herself salivating as she thought about getting her hands on that gorgeous teenage body.

"Can you carry this box down for me, sweetie?" Nicole asked, pointing to the big flat box that carried her wedding dress. She'd put everything back into in while they'd been cleaning up.

"Sure," Mitch replied, eagerly scooping up the box.

Nicole went down the steps first as Mitch stood at the opening in the floor, waiting for the way to clear. Nicole turned and looked back up when she was most of the way down, knowing Mitch would have a bird's eye view right down into her scoop-necked top. "Be careful, sweetie. Make sure you don't fall."

"Oh Jesus," Mitch mumbled to himself as he looked down, his eyes almost bugging out of his head as they came up against the huge

swells of tit-flesh exposed in her tantalizing singlet. Man, they were big. "Sure, Mom," he replied, taking a deep breath to calm himself before he followed her down. "Where do you want it?"

"Just put it on my bed for now," Nicole replied, gesturing towards her room.

Mitch took the box to her room and quickly returned to the hallway where she was waiting, looking at the piles of stacked boxes. "What now?" Mitch asked, disheartened as he thought he was now going to have to move the boxes into the garage.

"We'll just leave these here for now. I want your father to take one last look at what's here to make sure we didn't get rid of anything he really wanted to keep." Nicole turned to her son and tenderly stroked his arm, feeling the muscular tendons beneath as her fingers traced over his skin. "Thanks, Mitch. You worked really hard. I think you deserve that dinner out tonight." She winked at him teasingly. "And I'll definitely wear that new outfit I was telling you about...just for you."

There was something about the way she said that last part, 'just for you,' that sent an electric jolt right through him. Her delicate hand felt wickedly sinful on his skin as she traced her fingers over his pronounced bicep, and he felt another tingling shiver run down his spine. "Th...thanks, Mom," Mitch gasped out, his body pulsing with excitement.

Nicole quickly flicked her eyes down to his crotch, seeing the massive bulge still straining against the front of his jeans. "My God," she thought, "that thing has been like that the whole time we've been working." How she loved the stamina of youth. She was eagerly anticipating the idea of having her way with that long stiff monster for hours on end, of having load after load of creamy teenage cum entering her body through one orifice or another. She also realized when she felt that shiver go through him that she better be careful — she'd been teasing him mercilessly since they'd started their little chore and she didn't want him to go off before she had a chance to get her hands on that huge cock of his. She took a step back, reluctantly removing her hand from his strong arm. "Okay, now that we're done with that, I'll see if that wedding dress still fits." Nicole looked at Mitch's sweat-covered body, and as hot as he looked, she knew that when she put on that sexy lingerie and her wedding dress, she wanted things a little different. "You're kind of a mess from working so hard, sweetie. Why don't you go and take a quick shower and put on something nice. After all, I think my photographer should try and look good on my wedding day too."

"Sure," Mitch replied, giving his mother a warm smile. He turned to hurry off when his mother's voice stopped him.

"Don't be too long," Nicole said, wanting to make sure he didn't jerk off that load in the shower that she was waiting for so badly. She gave him a smolderingly seductive look as she reached for the door to her room. "I may need some help getting dressed, and there's nobody else around to help me. So please, don't take too long." With that devilish glint in her eye, she entered her room, closing the door behind her.

Mitch was beside himself, wanting to get a load off so badly but not wanting to keep his mother waiting either. His cock had been pretty much rock-hard all the time they'd been in the attic. Every time it started to subside, he'd just have to look over at her in that tight singlet and stretchy red shorts and his prodigious member would be at full salute within seconds. He hurried to his bedroom and tore off his sweaty clothes, tossing them into the laundry basket and heading for the shower. He purposely got in before the water had thoroughly warmed up, letting the icy pellets drive down his soaring temperature. He wouldn't have believed it, but it did work, his long limber cock now standing only at about half mast. "You can get through this, buddy, there'll be plenty of time to jerk off later," he said to himself as the water warmed up and he grabbed the soap. He scrubbed the slimy sweat off his body and washed his hair, not wasting any time as he thought about the possibilities when it came to helping his mother get dressed. He towel-dried his hair and ran a comb through his unruly locks, making himself presentable. He pulled on a clean pair of fitted boxers, making sure his half-hard dick was tucked firmly into place so it hopefully wouldn't get into any trouble, although 'trouble' with his mother was what he had always dreamed of. He went to his closet and picked out a pair of black dress pants and a nicely-fitted white shirt, one that he knew showed off his trim body nicely.

"Looking good, pal," he said to himself as he looked at the well-dressed guy looking back at him from the mirror over his bathroom sink. He pulled on a pair of black lace-up dress shoes that he kept for special occasions and grabbed his camera, making sure everything was in working order. He took a deep breath to try and calm his

racing heart, and then strode to his mother's door, stopping outside and knocking.

As soon as Nicole had entered her room, she turned on her computer and activated the nanny cam. She'd seen her son peel off his dirty clothes and head to the shower, his heavy stiff cock bouncing menacing with each rapid step, the long thick shaft bobbing out at about ninety degrees to his body. She hoped her little ploy about needing his help getting dressed would stop him from stroking that beautiful monster to relieve the pressure she knew must be building in his heavy swollen balls.

Once he disappeared from view in the bathroom, she dealt with her own situation. It hadn't gotten nearly as hot up in the attic as she'd talked about, and since Mitch had done all the heavy lifting under her direction, she hadn't even broken a sweat—which was great, it was going to save her some time. She took off everything she was wearing and went to her dressing table, sitting in front of the mirror and doing her makeup. She started with her eyes, applying smoky eye shadow in an alluring bronzy-pink tone that made them look exotic and sensually alluring. She added some mascara to her already long lashes, making them stand out even more than usual. She brushed a little blush over her prominent cheekbones and then turned to her wide sensuous mouth, applying a thick coating of brilliant red lipstick to her full pouty lips. "Perfect for wrapping around a nice hard cock," she said to herself, forming her bright red lips into an inviting oval before puckering them in a kissing motion.

She started to get dressed, turning the sexy merry widow around in order to do up the hook and eye fasteners in the back. She'd managed it alright in the lingerie store yesterday, and things went even faster today. With each of the tiny hook and eyes in place, she turned it around, her hands reaching up to position her big girls into the substantial bra cups. It fit perfectly, the strapless merry widow forcing her big heavy tits together and up until they all but spilled over the confining cups. She pulled on the tiny pair of panties, fitting the tiny triangle of material at the front until it cupped the warm mound of her sex nicely. She pulled the slender waistband into place, watching it disappear beneath the bottom edge of the lacy white corset. Nicole then turned and sat on the edge of her bed, pulling the sheer gossamer hose up one long leg at time, loving the exquisite feel of the wickedly sheer material against her skin. She grabbed the ribbon-like garters from the corset and fastened the intricate lacy tops of the nylons in place, the clasps of the garters biting teasingly into the sexy hose. She slid her feet into the sky-high white slingbacks and looked at herself in the mirror. A contented smile came over her face as she reached up and fluffed out her frosty blonde hair, pleased with the look of the ravishing mature woman looking back at her. It had been a long time since she'd gone to this point in dressing up for a man, but as she remembered looking at the size of her son's gigantic cock, she knew it would be worth it.

"Let's see what my new man is up to?" she said to herself as she stepped over to her computer and looked at the view into her son's room. He was just finishing dressing himself, and was pulling on his shoes as she watched. Satisfied, she turned off the nanny cam and put on some soft background music, but not before also cueing up one specific song that she planned on making use of shortly. She gently took the delicate veil and set it on her bed before lifting the

final item out of the box, the wedding dress itself. She put the box in her closet and returned to the bed, taking the strapless wedding dress in hand and carefully stepping into it, her legs looking fabulous in the scintillatingly sheer white hose and the sexy slingback shoes. She pulled the tight-fitting dress over the curvy swells of her backside, feeling the dress settle nicely into place. She positioned the front of the dress over her ample breasts, and smiled to herself as she looked in the mirror. Yes, she had gained a little 'up top' as she'd said, but she could feel the rest of the dress still fit perfectly, and if her breasts swelled over the top of the dress a little more than they had originally, well...she didn't think her son would mind.

"KNOCK...KNOCK...KNOCK..."

"Perfect timing," Nicole thought as she stood next to the bed, still holding the dress in place against her. "Come in."

"Are you all set, M—," Mitch stopped speaking in midstream as he entered the room, his eyes feasting on the tantalizing sight of his mother dressed in pure white. She looked amazing, and he could see that she wasn't even finished dressing. The dress looked absolutely gorgeous. He could see the bodice was tight-fitting while the bottom flowed down smoothly over her sumptuous rear end and wide motherly hips before giving way to a small train, which went all the way down to the floor and flowed out beautifully around her.

Nicole looked at her son and smiled at his predicament. She knew he so much wanted to be the confident big man, but his lustful instincts were overwhelming him and giving him away. He was still the

horny teenage boy obsessed with his mother—which was totally fine with her, especially when the teenage boy had a man-size cock like her son did. "I do need your help like I thought," she said, turning slightly sideways and coyly looking back over her shoulder at him. "Could you help me do the dress up in the back, please?" Nicole reached up and lifted her hair up, provocatively showing off her long regal neck.

"S...sure," Mitch stammered out, setting his camera down and stepping close behind her, his hungry eyes roaming over her. He could see the back of the alluring merry widow beneath the dress, the mesmerizing hook and eye clasps drawing his eyes magnetically, the delicate lace pattern of the brilliant white corset looking devilishly innocent against his mother's smooth tanned skin. Shaking his head to address the task at hand, he looked at the myriad of tiny pearl buttons running up the back, unsure of what to do. "Uh..."

"You'll see little loops on one side of the dress. Just slip them over the pearl buttons, starting at the bottom."

With trembling hands, Mitch reached down to the small of his mother's back, where the first button awaited him. He found the tiny loop of material and pulled it towards the first pearl button, slipping it over the top, his large masculine fingers finding the meticulous work challenging. He got the next one a little easier, and then he got the hang of it. He loved the delicacy of the whole beautiful dress, right down to the little securing loops and shimmering pearl buttons. He thought the buttons looked like congealed cum, the milky surface

of the beads appearing to have a swirling milkiness, like he was used to wiping up off his hands and stomach after his whack-off sessions. As he kept going higher up his mother's back, the dress was pulled tighter and tighter as it formed to her spectacular body. The final few buttons were a tight fit, and as he looked over his mother's shoulder, he saw her huge breasts swelling slightly over the top of the strapless dress. It looked fantastic—not lewd and trappy, but absolutely perfect. He felt his stiffening pecker twitch again as another surge of blood sped to his groin.

"There, that's the last one," Mitch said, stepping back as his mother turned around.

Nicole looked at herself in the mirror, pleased with what she was seeing. "Will you help me with my veil?" she asked, picking the shimmering piece of sheer fabric off the bed and passing it to her son.

"You need me to help you put this on?" Mitch asked, surprised that his mother couldn't do this herself.

"I think it would be romantic to have the man I'm going to marry place the veil on my head," Nicole said, looking at him with that bewitchingly enchanting look again.

Mitch felt his cock twitch again and his heart was pounding in his chest as his sexy stacked mother looked up at him expectantly. Her words had absolutely torched his already flaming libido, and he felt like he was on fire with arousal. He took the offered veil and placed

it on her head as she directed, and then slowly brought the one half forward, covering her face.

"Oh, my God," Mitch said to himself as he stepped back and simply stared, totally struck dumb by his mother's beauty. He'd seen her look great in many of her outfits, from bathing suits to work clothes to jeans, but this was something else entirely. All the pictures he'd Photoshopped of her in wedding dresses like this paled in comparison to the real thing. The rising heartrate he'd tried to slow was back with a vengeance, and he could feel the blood pounding in his veins and heading right to his midsection as he looked at the dizzying display of pulchritude before him. With the veil falling innocently over her pretty face onto her shoulders, she looked the epitome of pristine innocence. But the strapless gown beneath showed off her magnificent body to perfection, every delicious curve and alluring valley on sublime display. Mitch knew that this dichotomy of emotions was what made beautiful women in wedding attire so alluring to him—the chaste allure of virginal innocence combined with the sensual enticement of what a wedding night promised. As he looked at his mother exhibiting those diverse qualities in her gorgeous outfit, he felt an immense rush of arousal, his stiffening prick becoming almost uncontrollable in his pants.

"Do you think it looks okay?" Nicole finally asked, watching her son's eyes roam over her hungrily as she gave him time to take everything in. She swayed from side to side as she looked at him from beneath the veil, letting him see her from every side.

"Mom...you...you look...you look so beautiful," Mitch gasped out, his heart pounding like a runaway freight train.

"Thanks, baby," Nicole replied, seeing him give a little gasp as she called him 'baby' again. "Why don't you take a few pictures so we have something to remember this day by?"

The mention of the pictures snapped Mitch out of his trance. "Uh, yeah, that's a great idea." Taking another deep breath to stop his hands from shaking, he picked up his camera and started taking pictures, not wanting to miss this opportunity for anything. He took shot after shot as his mother stood and posed, always giving him steamingly hot looks from beneath the teasing veil. She stepped across the room and put one foot up on the chair in front of her dressing table, partially exposing her legs as she put one hand on her knee and looked at him, her dress gathered up slightly.

"Oh fuck," Mitch moaned under his breath as he got a blisteringly hot look at his mother's legs, the sheer nylons looking fantastic. He was trembling as he continued to snap pictures, his eyes focusing in on the sexy high-heeled slingback she had poised on the chair.

"Let's try a shot they never did twenty years ago," Nicole said as she pulled the little hard-backed chair out from her makeup table. Mitch watched as she stood next to it, gathered up her dress and slung her leg over, straddling the chair as she sat facing the back, pushing her veil back to expose her pretty face before leaning with her elbows crossed over the back of the chair. "This is a fun shot, don't you think?"

Mitch could barely contain himself, his mother looked so hot he was surprised there wasn't steam coming off of her. Her dress was gathered in her lap with her long shapely legs on either side of the chair, her shimmering stockings exposed to mid-thigh. Her legs looked so incredible in the stockings and those cum-fuck-me shoes that Mitch could barely hold the camera. He coughed, trying to dislodge the lump that had appeared in his throat.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Nicole asked innocently, sitting forward and thrusting her chest out as she looked at him.

"Y...yes," Mitch stammered, his eyes looking right down into her mile-deep cleavage. "Just that darn tickle again."

"I know this isn't your typical wedding picture pose, but I think it's kind of fun. What do you think?" She shifted slightly forward as she straddled the chair, the skirt part of the dress shifting even higher as she sat with her legs spread widely apart.

"I...I love it," Mitch said, bringing the camera back up and snapping shot after shot as he moved all around his mother, making sure he got plenty of shots of her exposed legs and her mouthwatering tits, the lush mounds almost spilling over the top of her dress as she leaned forward with her elbows on the back of the chair.

"Okay, how about a final couple of shots? We better make these ones a little more formal, in case we have to show anybody, like your

father," Nicole said, giving Mitch another one of those conspiratorial winks. "Yes, those ones you just took are just for you and me. I don't want you showing those to any of your friends either. I've seen the way Justin and some of your other friends look at me."

"No, I'd never do that," Mitch quickly replied, knowing how much he was savoring the idea of having these newest shots in his own collection. He'd loved what she'd said about having some pictures that she was willing to show his dad, ones that were going to be quite different from the ones she'd allowed him to take. He was sure the ones he'd taken of her yesterday in her other new outfits weren't intended to be shown to his dad either, and he loved that she seemed in agreement with that. She was right about one other thing too—his friends did look at her that way. When they all talked about their obsession with MILFs, his mother was always the one they talked about most. He was sure his friends talked about her more when he wasn't around, but he didn't mind—he loved having the hottest mom in town.

"That's good. I want to be sure all of this is just between you and me," she said as she got up from the chair. When she slung her leg back around from straddling it, Mitch caught a glimpse of one exposed stocking top, his eyes taking in the intricate lacy band and the bottom end of one ribbon-like garter.

"Uh, okay," he responded as his mother brought the front part of the veil back down and stood next to the door, her hands crossed in front of her in a very standard pose. Mitch took a couple of shots from

various angles but he could see his mother got bored with that idea very quickly.

"Okay, that should do it. If I choose to show any to your father, he can see some of those ones." Mitch could see from the look on her face that she didn't seem keen on showing any to his dad at all. She walked over to her computer and touched a few buttons, the soft background music she had on shutting down. "Mitch, would you do something for me?"

"Sure, Mom, anything."

"Would you dance the first wedding song with me, like a new husband and wife?"

Mitch felt his heart soar with both love and lust as he listened to her request. He couldn't imagine a more perfect scenario than taking his mother as his own bride, especially when she was dressed like this. The look of longing on her pretty face seemed to match his own, and he knew this was one request he could never deny her, not as long as he was able to take his last dying breath.

"Yes, I'd love that."

Nicole moved her mouse and with a click the music started. Mitch set down his camera as his mother moved towards him, looking wonderfully glamorous and sensually graceful with the train of the

wedding dress trailing behind her. She looked up at him from behind the veil with a warm contented smile on her face, the love he could see in her eyes calming him, letting him know this was what both of them wanted. As he took her right hand in his left and slipped his right hand around her back, the warm strains of the Journey song 'Faithfully' reached his ears. He hadn't heard the song in a while, but he knew it was one of his mother's favorites. He clearly remembered that she always sang it to him when he was a small boy and had trouble sleeping. She'd even told him she'd sung it to him on the first day he was born. It made him feel comfortable, and he pulled his mother a little closer, just like she'd held him close when he was a baby.

"Is this the first song you and Dad danced to at your wedding?" he asked as the soothing rhythms of the soft music and the pristine brilliance of Steve Perry's voice had them swaying in unison.

"No, I've never danced to this song with your father," she replied, her gorgeous blue eyes looking up at his from beneath the veil. "This song, this is our song. It's just for you and me—it always has been, and always will be." She dropped her eyes and nestled into his chest, holding him close as they danced.

As he took in her sincere words, Mitch was overwhelmed with both love and desire for his mother. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling the intense warmth of her lush full body against his as they continued to sway, lost in the music.

"Restless hearts...sleep alone tonight...sending all my love...along the wire..."

Mitch could feel his mother's hands rubbing slowly over his back as they danced, their bodies molding perfectly to each other. Her hands slid lower, to his trim waist. Lost in the moment, he allowed his own hands to slide down her sides, feeling the pronounced indentation of her slim waist as he pulled her close. She didn't resist, and he could feel his already hard cock pressing against her abdomen. There was no way she couldn't notice, but she didn't pull away, didn't resist.

"Circus life...under the big top world..."

Nicole loved this song, Steve Perry's singular brilliant voice had always been able to make her melt, to make her feel the music in her very soul. And this song, 'Faithfully', she'd always shared with her son, for as long as she could remember. She couldn't think of any song that more perfectly suited this moment they were sharing together. The warm lulling tone of Perry's voice washed over her as she held her son close, her head leaning on his shoulder, her hand now pressed flat against his shirt, her fingers feeling the firm plates of his powerful chest beneath his shirt.

"Whooa, oh-oh-oh, oh-whooooooooa-oh...faithfully...I'm still yours..."

She could feel Mitch pressing close against her, not grinding lewdly, but just getting as close together as they could as the music took them away to another place, a place where they could be one. His cock felt

enormous as it pressed into her abdomen, and she felt her already dripping pussy twitch with need as she pressed back against him, letting him know she was feeling the same desire that he was.

"I'm forever yours...ever yours...faithfully..."

As the song ended, their dance slowed, but they held each other close. Nicole finally leaned back, looking up at Mitch, her eyes full of longing. They looked into each other's eyes, and words were no longer necessary, each knew what the other wanted. Mitch reached down and lifted the veil, slowly drawing in back until it fell onto her shoulders, exposing her lovely face. He reached down and took her face in his hands and he leaned forward, both of their lips parting in anticipation. Everything seemed to move in slow motion as he brought his mouth down to hers, her soft red lips looking deliciously wet and wanting. Her eyes were closing, as were his, and he finally brought his mouth down to hers, their lips pressing together warmly.

"Mmmmmm," Nicole moaned, a shiver of ecstasy running down her spine as she felt her son's lips mesh with hers. His lips were oh so soft, and she slipped her arms around his neck and pulled him close, letting him know she wanted more. Mitch responded instantly, pressing his mouth more firmly to hers as he slid his tongue forward, finding her mouth hot and eager as his tongue slipped inside.

"Mmmnngh," they were both moaning now as they continued to kiss, Mitch holding her face possessively as their tongues rolled over each other's in a dance of ecstasy. He drew his tongue back, and his mother eagerly followed, her tongue exploring within his mouth as

she kept her lips pressed hotly to his. They kissed like lovers, lovers who have just found each other after years of waiting. Their kisses were intensely passionate, yet full of tenderness and longing at the same time. They kissed for a long time, their hands roaming over each other's body as they remained pressed close together, the rigid cylinder of flesh inside Mitch's pants feeling like steel bar between them. They finally broke the kiss, both of them pulling back slightly, their mouths open as they gasped for air. Mitch could see his mother's huge breasts heaving in the strapless gown, her heart racing as much as his. He looked into her eyes, and saw that they were alive with lustful desire that made his cock ache just that much more.

"Mom...I...I...", he said, unsure of exactly what he wanted to say, but knew he needed to say something.

"I know, baby, it's alright," Nicole replied, knowing she'd have to take control of the situation. She looked up at him coyly, that smolderingly hot look in her eyes as she moved closer and slid her hand around his stiff erection, her fingers circling the tremendous girth. "I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought, his torched libido flaming like a bonfire as she turned her face up to his, wanting to be kissed again. With a fierceness he never intended, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him, his lips searching out hers once more. This kiss was even hotter than the last one, evidence of the savage desire burning inside both of them. His hands slid down to cup her lush rear end as he pulled her to him, her hand sliding back and forth along the protruding bulge of his prick. After a couple of minutes of

intense kissing, Nicole pulled her mouth back, and then leaned close to him, her lips nuzzling at his neck before she whispered into his ear. "Baby, this cock of yours feels beautiful, and I want you to fuck me with it all day long."

"Ohhnggg," Mitch gasped, his whole body tingling like he'd been hit with a tazer.

"Would you like that?" Nicole whispered, tenderly nipping at his earlobe.

"Y...y...yes!"

"Would you like to fill Mommy up with all that hot teenage cum of yours?" She switched to his other ear, kissing the soft skin of his neck along the way, her hot breath teasing the sensitive inside his ear as she whispered hotly into it.

"Oh God, yes!" Mitch felt like he had no control over his body, he was trembling with excitement so badly.

"But I want you to fuck me for a good long time, and from the feel of this thing, it feels like you're ready to blow right now. Is that right, baby?" she asked as she gave his surging pecker another teasing squeeze before totally letting go.

"Oh...Mom...," he gasped out, the anxious look in his eyes telling her everything she needed to know.

"Well," Nicole said as she slowly dropped to her knees before him, looking up at her son with a wickedly sinful glimmer in her eyes. She reached for his belt and started to pull it open. "How about if we take the edge off by letting you feed this first load to me? That way, you'll be able to last longer the second time around, and the time after that, and the time after that." Mitch saw the look on her face, and knew she wasn't kidding. She wanted each and every one of those loads. She looked up him with that intensely smoldering look again as she took hold of his zipper and drew it down. "Besides, I can't wait to feel that thick creamy cum of yours sliding down my throat."

Mitch watched, totally awestruck as his mother kneeled before him, pulled out the waistband of his fitted boxers, and then reached inside and tugged out his turgid cock, her slender fingers circling his rock-hard prick.

"It's beautiful," Nicole said under her breath as she gazed at the stallion-like erection of her son for the first time in real life. It had looked amazing when she'd seen it in the pictures he had on his computer, and when she'd spied on him jacking off through the nanny cam—but nothing compared to how incredible it looked in real life. It was easily over 10" long, and thicker than her wrist. She had her hand wrapped around the thick base, her circling fingers coming nowhere near to touching the palm of her hand. His thrusting erection was ramrod straight. The rigid shaft was pulsing enticingly, the thick bluish veins running up and down the

prodigious length forcing more blood into the already engorged head. The enflamed crown drew her eyes like a magnet, the pebbly tissues of his glans filled with blood to the point the skin was almost scarlet in color. The thick rope-like corona at the base of the head was almost purple, and stood out like a speed bump, a speed bump she pictured rubbing tantalizingly over the hot wet tissues deep inside her mature pussy. The mushroom head was massive, about the size of a lemon, and over 2½" long all on its own, that blood-engorged circling ridge separating it delightfully from the thrusting shaft. The piss-slit at the tip was bigger than any she'd ever seen, and it seemed to be yawning open, the opening glistening with wetness. As she stared at it, she watched a pulsing throb go through the rigid prick, and a shimmering gob of precum oozed from the wet red eye, slowly starting to distend downwards in a tantalizing stringy web.

Nicole felt her mouth watering with anticipation as she looked at the mesmerizing web of glistening precum, wanting this load of her son's more than she'd ever wanted anything. From looking at all those cumshot pictures he had on his computer, she knew what he liked, and knew exactly where she wanted this load—all over her face. She also knew after the way she'd been teasing him all morning that he had to be close, so she looked up at him, a lusty pleading look in her eyes. She opened her red bee-stung lips into an inviting oval and brought her mouth within a couple of inches of the drooling head of his engorged prick. "Come on, baby, come all over Mommy's face. Let me feel that hot thick cum all over me," she said, her circling fingers pumping upwards towards her pretty face.

After everything he'd been through, those words were all it took to send Mitch right over the edge. "Oh M...Ma...", was all he could gasp

out as the delicious tingling contractions began in his midsection, the boiling semen in his overflowing balls speeding up the shaft of his cock.

As her son groaned, Nicole felt his throbbing prick almost buck in her circling hand. Her eyes were drawn to the gaping red eye, where she saw a milky gob pulse to the surface for a split second before a long white rope of cum jettisoned forth, streaking like a rocket as it caught her full in the face. The massive strand of semen pasted itself against her cheek and rose up over her forehead and right into her hair. A second pearly ribbon spewed forth as she directed the spitting cockhead towards the other side of her face, this massive wad of cum hitting her just above the upper lip and rising up in a big gob that clung to her nose and cheek. She pumped his throbbing cock, strand after ropey strand of thick teenage cum blasting onto her pretty face.

"Oh fuccccckkkkkkk," Mitch groaned, not believing what he was seeing. This was a million times better than all those times he'd jacked off on pictures of his mother. He looked down at her slender fingers pumping lewdly at his spewing prick, rope after rope of milky-white cum raining down on her lovely face as he totally unloaded. But the look on her face was what made it all so incredible—she had the wickedly illicit look of a cock-hungry slut. He could see the wanton look in her eyes as she pumped his cock feverishly, her face a mask of lust as he flooded it with cum. He came like he'd never come before, shot after shot of potent teenage seed blasting onto his mother's gorgeous face, and she looked like she never wanted it to stop. She moved his cock from one part of her face to another, until nearly every square inch of her soft smooth skin was

a glistening mess of whiteness. But he kept coming as the delicious sensations rolled in waves of ecstasy through his body, wad after pearly wad of thick creamy spunk shooting all over her. Finally, the last tingling shiver ran down his spine as his climax waned, the final gobs of pearly semen dripping onto her lips.

"That was beautiful," his mother cooed softly as she looked up at him, her eyes full of desire. She kept looking up at him as she leaned closer and kissed the tip of his cock tenderly, her lips pursed closely together at the very tip. Mitch looked down at her as his chest heaved, trying to catch his breath after his incredible climax. He felt her lips pulling at the tip of his cock, and then he felt her tongue delve into his gaping piss-slit, looking for the last drops of cum. He felt her suck at the same time, trying to draw out the last warm drops of semen. And all the time, she kept her eyes locked on his, her warm blue eyes filled with lust. Mitch couldn't believe how turned on he was, and that look in his mother's eyes had the blood refusing to leave his engorged member.

"Mmmmm," Nicole said, pulling her mouth back as she felt the resurgent pulsing in her son's massive prick already. "It feels like you're going to have to get rid of another one to take the edge off. How about I suck this one right out of you? Would you like that, baby? Would you like me to suck you off while I've still got this first load all over my face?" She teasingly brought her hand up to her face, her slender fingers rubbing a big wad of semen all around her cheek before pushing the clumpy gob right into her waiting mouth. Mitch watched as she looked up at him and swallowed, the muscles in her neck contracting lewdly.

"Oh fuck, Mom. Yes," Mitch replied with a groan.

"Alright, baby. Why don't you take my head in your hands and fuck my face for me? I'd like that."

Barely believing what he was hearing, Mitch reached down and slipped his hands into his mother's lustrous blonde locks, his fingers slipping beneath the band of her veil as he gripped the sides of her head. He could see a couple of strands of his semen had run right up into her hair, and it looked wickedly hot as it clung nastily to her blonde tresses. She continued to look up at him with that steamingly hot look in her eye as he gripped her head, her face still obscenely covered with cum.

"That's it, baby. Now pull me onto that gorgeous cock of yours," Nicole said, provocatively pursing her lips into an inviting oval, her circling hand still pointing his resurgent cock at her face.

With his chest pounding with excitement, Mitch gripped her head firmly and pulled her towards him, until her beautiful lipstick-covered lips pressed against his enflamed knob.

Nicole almost swooned with arousal as her lips touched her son's turgid prick. The heat emanating from the enflamed crown was intense, and it almost felt like it was searing her lips as she pressed them against the sensitive tissues of his glans. She'd thought of this moment continuously for the last couple of days, and as her soft red lips touched that gorgeous cock, she knew she wasn't going to be

satisfied without her son's huge prick from now on. She nursed at the very tip, her tongue swirling into the wet red eye, feeling his dick throb with excitement as a slimy load of precum pulsed to the surface and right onto her probing tongue.

"Mmmmm," she moaned warmly, loving the gooey texture of his cock-sap oozing out onto her tongue. She sucked at the tip, and was rewarded as another strand of precum slithered forth, feeling delightfully sinful as it rolled over her taste buds. But she knew this was just an appetizer, and she wanted more, she wanted the full rich creamy load of semen she knew her son's overflowing balls were capable of giving her. She'd had a taste of his sweet cum that he'd shot onto her face, and knew she was already addicted. Like a strung-out addict junkie, right now she had one goal in mind—to get another fix. She opened her lips wider as she felt Mitch pulling her closer, her lips opening wide as they followed the flaring contours of the immense cock-head.

Mitch saw the lustful look in his mother's eyes as she opened her mouth wider, allowing him to pull her further onto his thrusting erection. He had fantasized about this kind of situation forever—and now his dreams were coming through. He pulled her slowly towards him as he looked down, her lips spreading farther and farther apart.

Nicole was in heaven, loving being under the control of her son like this. She knew letting him take charge would give him added confidence, something befitting a young man with such an amazing cock. She wanted him to know that he was blessed, that any woman would want to be with him, to worship that spectacular prick of his.

And besides that, she loved sucking cock, and having her mouth on one this big was something she'd only dreamed of as well. One lover she'd had for a while in college had a pretty big dick, the biggest she'd ever had—but it was nothing compared to this throbbing monster of her son's. No, this was the most perfect cock imaginable, and she knew it was capable of bringing her endless delights, a cock that could bring her to overwhelming levels of ecstasy that she never thought possible. But right now, she knew he was getting close again already, his cock throbbing with the need to spew into something hot and wet. Already, a river of precum was slithering lewdly into her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmmm," she moaned wantonly as she let her lips slide down the pebbly tissues of his glans until they encountered the thick ridge of his rope-like corona. Her jaw was stretched wide open, and she felt like her lips were going to tear at the corners as she pushed further forwards, wanting more than anything to get the massive knob fully inside her mouth. She flicked her eyes up to her son's as he looked down at her, and gave him a little nod as her eyes flicked for a second to his forearms, letting him know she wanted him to pull her mouth right over that hot thick ridge. She felt his hands grip her head a little tighter, and as he pulled her forward, she relaxed her jaw as much as she could, feeling her pouty lips stretch further and further until, with a final small jerk by him, they slid right over the thick purple ridge, the enflamed knob now trapped inside her hot wet mouth.

"Oh fuck, Mommmmm," Mitch moaned as he tipped his head back, waves of pleasure flowing through him as he felt his mother's gorgeous mouth engulf his throbbing cock-head. It felt like his dick was buried in a furnace of hot melted butter, his mother's mouth

incredibly hot and luxuriously soft at the same time. He paused for a second, enjoying the delightful sensation—and then she started to roll her tongue over the sensitive tissues trapped inside her mouth.

"Oh Jesusssss," he groaned again as her tongue did magical things to his cock-head, flicking and rubbing this way and that as she bathed it with her hot wet spit, rolling her tongue all around the intruding monster as she tried to give him as much pleasure as she could.

Nicole was so excited, she almost came herself as her lips slid right over the massive knob, the lemon-sized crown filling her mouth like no cock ever had. It continued to pump out precum as he fed her, the delicious slimy cock-sap drooling lovingly onto her waiting tongue. She swallowed, cooing as the silky fluid slid luxuriously down her throat. She pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing her son's prodigious member with her spit as she made sweet oral love to his prick. She felt like she could stay there all day and just drink from the drooling tip, but she wanted more—much more. She wanted to feel a full load of her son's thick teenage cum shoot right into her mouth. She pulled back slightly, her lips sliding back just a little over the blood-engorged corona, and then slid her lips forward again, loving the feel as that purple speed-bump slipped back into her mouth. She looked up at Mitch again, her eyes flicking back to his arms, letting him know she wanted him to take control, to fuck her face with that powerful cock of his.

Mitch loved seeing his mother's red painted lips pursed well forward on his thick cock, her lips looking like they never wanted to let it go. Her tongue continued to roll blissfully over his sensitive glans, her

mouth sucking at the same time. When she pulled back, he loved seeing part of his cock-head glistening with the remnants of her saliva and flecks of her red lipstick. It looked incredibly hot, something he'd only pictured in his dreams. And then, when she looked back up at him and gestured to his arms, he was almost ready to blow his second load right then and there. He could see the wanton look in her eyes, seeing how badly she wanted it, how badly she wanted to feel that hard long cock fucking her face. "Is this what you want, Mom?" With a knowing smile on his face, he gripped her head firmly and started to move her head back and forth.

"Mhmm," Nicole hummed in agreement as he started to pump her head, pulling her pretty face further down his thrusting shaft. She reached up and put her hands on his hips, letting him know her mouth was his to do with as he pleased.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch moaned as he started to pump his mother's head back and forth, more than half of his massive prick now glistening with her shiny spit. He loved the way her lips were pursed forward and sucking at him possessively. He knew if he pulled her right off, she'd look like a fish out of water, her mouth open and gasping. But he had no intention of pulling her off, not until he'd fed her a full load, which he knew was going to be very soon. His mother was so fucking hot, he knew he'd be able to give her as many loads as she wanted. And right now, he wanted to blow this one right into that hot sucking mouth of hers.

Nicole felt her veil flipping this way and that as Mitch's hands held her head firmly, his fingers locked deep in her blonde tresses. He was

really fucking her face now, his hips levering vigorously back and forth as he met his thrusts by pumping her head back and forth. When he'd flex his hips backwards, he'd push her head back, when he levered them forwards, he'd grips the sides of her head tightly and pull her way down on his horse-like cock.

"Mmmmmm," Nicole groaned, her pussy dripping like crazy as her son fucked her face, loving the feel of that incredibly hard and cunt-stretchingly thick cock filling her mouth. She pushed more saliva to the front of her mouth, watching the drooling spit drip in dangling strands off his pulsing shaft as he pistoned her head back and forth. The shiny spit was flying everywhere, and she could feel his flowing precum back up in her mouth and drizzle form the corners of his mouth. She felt his cock get just a touch stiffer, and knew he was close. She vacuumed in her cheeks as he pumped her head back and forth like a bellows, her caved in cheeks giving him a sheath of liquid velvet to fuck.

"OH FUCK, MOM," Mitch wailed. "HERE IT COMES!"

Nicole felt the main vein on the underside of his surging prick pulse, and then a massive wad of cum spat forcefully into her mouth, almost knocking her head off his spitting cock. She sucked hard as he kept pumping her face, her efforts being rewarded as he totally unloaded, filling her hungry mouth with thick teenage semen.

"Nnnngghghhh," Nicole groaned in pleasure as she experienced a climax of her own as that first massive wad spat into her mouth, waves of ecstasy rolling over her as she continued to suck, not

missing a beat as she tried to give her son as much pleasure as possible.

Mitch stared down at his mother, watching her eyes close in lustful pleasure as he fed her his cum, her mouth working enthusiastically on his spewing prick as he absolutely flooded her mouth. He could see her cheeks swelling, and then his cum starting leaking from the corners of her tightly-stretched lips, sliding down her chin in silvery rivulets. But still he kept coming as he held onto her head, moving her sucking mouth back and forth, savoring the luxurious sensation of her hot wet mouth enveloping his cock. He could see her shivering and trembling as she continued to suck, knowing she was having a tingling climax as well. Her hands gripped his hips tightly, pulling him even closer as she sucked feverishly, drawing every last morsel of potent seed out of him. She looked so illicitly sexy doing it, that lustful look in her glazed eyes, her pretty face still glistening with that last load he'd shot all over it. He couldn't believe how turned on he was watching her take it—take every creamy drop of his cum as he continued to shoot the biggest load he had ever shot in his life. Finally, he felt a last tingling shiver trip down his spine, and he held her head still, the last warm drops of semen oozing out onto her tongue, the overflow from his massive load hanging in long strands off her chin.

"Mmmmm," Nicole moaned, still sucking slavishly, her eyes closed in bliss as she drew out the final creamy drops of her son's jizz. She knew she had swallowed about four or five times, the silky goodness sliding luxuriously down her throat, and still, he'd fed her so much that she'd been unable to keep up, and she'd felt the warm sensation of his warm cum trickle from the corners of her stretched mouth and

run down her chin. She gripped his hips, her slender fingers pulling him closer as she sucked wantonly, her tongue probing into the dripping red eye to get every delicious drop she could.

Mitch looked down at his mother, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath. He slid his fingers from her hair, releasing her head as she continued nursing tenderly at the tip, her tongue slowly rolling over his spent prick, letting him know how much she had loved sucking him off. She finally released his cock and sat back on her haunches, looking up at him as she took her hands and placed them on her face, her fingertips rubbing the first load of cum all around her face, every trace of exposed skin glistening with his silvery juice. There was so much that she pushed the excess across her face and into her open mouth, all the time keeping her eyes locked on her son's.

"Oh fuck," Mitch muttered to himself as he watched his mother slutty eating his spunk. She said not a word, but kept looking at him through lust-crazed eyes as her fingers pushed wad after wad of thick milky cum between her full red lips. Still fully clothed and with his dick hanging out and semi-hard, he watched, totally enraptured as his mother licked up every drop, now gathering up those two dangling strands off her chin and sliding her cum-coated fingers into her mouth, sliding them back and forth lewdly, like she wanted more. With the last creamy drops of semen now safely in the pit of her stomach, his mother got to her feet and stepped over to the bed, standing next to it and looking back at him over her shoulder. She looked incredible, her lush curvy body making his mouth water, her spectacular tits mesmerizingly filling the front of her wedding dress.

She reached up, lifting her soft blonde hair and wispy veil up off her shoulders, showing him her long sexy neck once more.

"C'mere, baby. You helped me into this dress—now it's time to help me out of it." Mitch felt his heart start to pound in his chest once more as she gave him a provocatively sultry look that was even hotter than any she'd given him before, her gorgeous face a mask of sluttish desire. "That is, if you want to see what's underneath it..."

Chapter 4

Still stunned by what had just happened, Mitch made his way across the room as if in a trance. As he continued to stare at his sexy mother, the pearly residue of his cum still glistening on her pretty face, he wanted to take his cock in hand and start jerking off again, just like he always did when he looked at all those pictures he had of her dressed this way. She looked so fucking hot in her wedding dress, her voluminous breasts making the front of the strapless gown strain enticingly, the upper swells of those massive guns almost spilling over the jam-packed cups.

But he realized he didn't have to just whack off, that this wasn't a dream, that his mother had just jerked him off all over her face, and then given him the most incredible blow-job imaginable. What had happened was actually real, not one of his never-ending fantasies. His mind was swirling with the possibilities of what was going to happen next—but that blisteringly hot look on his mother's face told him that she was in no mood to stop now.

"Mom, you are so beautiful," Mitch breathed softly into her ear as he came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her back against his broad chest, his lips nuzzling over the soft skin of her exposed neck.

"Mmmmm, that feels nice, baby," Nicole responded to his tender kisses, turning her head up and closing her eyes as his lips traced gently over her neck before nibbling teasingly on her earlobe. She

reached down and grabbed one of his hands and pulled it to the front of her body, encouraging him to cup her large breasts.

"Mmmm...." It was Mitch that was purring like a kitten now as his mother pressed his hand against the underside of her protruding tits, removing her own hand as she squeezed gently, looking down over her shoulder at the generous amount of tit-flesh oozing up from inside her dress as he squeezed. Even though he had just come twice in a row, looking down at those spectacular breasts of hers sent another tingling jolt right to his midsection. Her tits looked absolutely exquisite, but he wanted to see more—he wanted to see her in the sexy bridal lingerie he knew she had on underneath. He gave her a little teasing nip on her earlobe and squeezed her breasts again before stepping back and brining his fingers to the back of her dress, her own hands still holding her hair and veil out of the way. He undid one of the little pearl buttons that he'd done up just a short time, and quickly moved onto the next one, feeling the straining dress seem to go "aaaahhh" as the tension of holding her tremendous breasts was lessened. His fingers were almost flying now, trying to get all of them undone.

"Well, well, somebody's eager, aren't they?" Nicole said, looking at him slyly over her shoulder. "Don't worry, sweetheart, you don't need to be in such a rush—Mommy's not going anywhere."

Once again, his mother's provocative words had the blood rushing back to Mitch's cock, which was still hanging out the front of his pants and standing at half-mast. He took a deep breath to try and calm himself, trying to will himself to slow down, but he wanted to

see how she'd look in the lingerie so badly, that there was no way he could stop his manipulating fingers from their speedy work.

Nicole smiled to herself, happy that her suggestion ended up having no effect —no, her son was too excited to wait, but she'd work on that. Yes, with that magnificent cock of his, and what she could teach him, he'd be the perfect lover in no time.

"I think that's got it," Mitch said, undoing the final pearl button where the small of her back met her curvy rear end.

"Thanks, baby," Nicole said, still holding the front of the undone dress against her. She let her hair and the wispy veil fall back onto her shoulders before turning and looking at him coyly. "Would you like to take some pictures as I get undressed?"

Totally overwhelmed by everything that had happened, Mitch had all but forgotten about his camera, his very life's blood when it came to providing the fuel for his endless fantasies about his mother. "Yes," he gasped out, striding over to the table where he'd left his camera.

"If you want to take my picture while I get undressed, you're going to have to get undressed first," Nicole said teasingly as she nodded to his half-hard cock still hanging out of his pants. Not wanting to waste a minute, Mitch set down his camera and hurriedly peeled off his clothes, taking off every last stitch. Nicole watched intently, the smile on her face growing bigger as more and more of her son's toned muscular body came into view. She loved the look of his shaven

abdomen, the clean look making his prodigious member appear even more compelling. It was arcing out heavily, refusing to go down, but still not quite ready to stand fully at attention after his two quick climaxes. She knew that beautiful prick would be standing fully erect and ready to go soon enough. "There, that's better. Are you ready?"

"Y...yes," Mitch gasped out, picking up his camera once more and bringing his mother into focus. After all those pictures he'd taken of her when she hadn't been watching—like those times she'd been out by the pool and he'd hidden in the pool shed, or taken pictures from the window of his room using a zoom lens—this, this was another of his dreams come true: to have her agree to take pictures of her as she undressed.

"This dress did fit a little tighter up top than I remembered," Nicole said, taking a quick glance down at the swelling breasts before looking directly into the camera. "I think I'll feel a little more comfortable out of it. What do you think?" As she gave the camera a provocative look that could melt steel, she started shimmying her hips slowly from side to side, pushing the dress down at the same time.

"Yes," Mitch replied excitedly, starting to snap away with the camera as his mother's stunning wedding dress started to come down. She pushed at the sides of the dress as her sumptuous backside shifted from side to side, and then the tightest part of the dress slipped past her wide motherly hips. It came down in a rush to pool at her feet as she held onto the top and deftly stepped out of it, taking the dress in

her hands and carefully laying it across her bed. She turned and stretched, her arms rising high in the air.

"Mmmm, that feels better," Nicole said, rolling her head around on her shoulders as she stretched, as if loosening up stiff muscles. Her eyes glanced down to her son's naked crotch as he stood in front of her snapping one picture after another. She spotted one muscle that was stiffening up already.

Mitch's mouth was gaping open as he stared, struck dumb by the amazing display of pulchritude right before his eyes. His mother looked incredible in her bridal lingerie, so fucking hot he felt his cock twitching already, even after the two loads she'd just taken out of him. As she'd leaned forward to step out of the dress, he had a perfect view right down into the depths of her deep dark cleavage, the cups of the dress giving way to the even more heavily-structured cups of the merry widow beneath. Like the dress, it was strapless as well, and now that it was fully exposed, he could see how perfectly it fit her curvy hourglass figure.

"Jesus," Mitch mumbled under his breath as he stared at the exquisite garment, the brilliant white lace-covered corset looking amazing as it molded itself to her voluptuous body. He could see the vertical piping sewn into the garment that gave it the alluring shape, nipping in waspishly at her slender waist, and then flowing out as it shaped itself to her wide matronly hips at the bottom, and then up and out to support the equally reinforced bra cups above. His eyes zeroed in on those gorgeously full bra cups, the satin reinforced piping running teasingly in a circular fashion beneath and up between the

big 36E cups. Beneath the intricate white lace covering, he could see a similar band of wired piping circling the tops of the huge cups, necessary to keep her big billowy breasts under control. But the cups were still cut teasingly low, the soft full upper swells of her tremendous tits luxuriously filling the jam-packed cups, threatening to overflow the top edge of the alluring garment.

"Fucking perfect," Mitch said to himself as he had to almost force his eyes down from her spectacular tits to look at the rest of her outfit. The tiny g-string panties barely covered her warm mound, the shiny piece of white satin not much more than a narrow strip that rose from between her legs and disappeared beneath the bottom edge of the corset. She slowly turned around, making sure he had a view of everything she had to show him.

"Fuck me," Mitch mumbled to himself as he took some shots of her pirouetting form, his eyes focusing in on her big curvy bottom, the enticing round cheeks on full display as the g-string ran teasingly up the cleft of her behind. He looked at those pronounced bum-cheeks, his mouth watering as he delighted in the beach-ball-like curve of the shapely spheres, the skin on her bum looking as smooth as a baby's bottom. As she turned around, his eyes followed her shapely legs down to the tops of her thighs, where the ribbon-like garters bit tightly into the intricate lace tops of her stockings. Beneath the delicately embroidered stocking tops, the sheer white nylon gleamed all the way down as she moved, making her shapely toned legs look terrific. He was once again mesmerized by those incredible shoes, the high-heeled slingbacks with the wickedly pointy toe encasing her delicate feet alluring. God, they were so sexy.

"Well, Tiger, what do you think?" Nicole asked, putting her hands on her hips as she placed her feet about shoulder width apart. She was facing him directly as he continued to snap off picture after picture, turning her upper body slowly from side to side, her lush full tits jiggling enticingly in the straining corset. The look she gave him was setting his libido afire once more, the hot steaming look of a slutty enchantress.

"Oh, Mom," Mitch said, his heart beating rapidly in his chest as he looked at her. He lowered the camera for a second and looked her in the eye, loving the look of understanding she was giving him, as if she'd been able to read his mind for all these years. "You are so beautiful."

"So you think your old mom still looks pretty good after all these years?"

"Mom, you're not old. And....and you look amazing."

She turned so she could see herself in the full-length mirror, and then glanced over her shoulder at her son. "I guess I don't look too bad in these things. I'm glad they still fit. And I'm so glad you like the way I look in them. Now, would you like me to pose for a few more shots? I'll do whatever you want me to do." She paused, giving him another mischievous smile. "After all, these shots are just for you. Your father will have to make do with those ones we took earlier. Now, how would you like me?"

Mitch was barely able to breathe, his whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string with the arousal he felt. "Uh, why don't you go back to that chair by your dressing table, kind of like you were before? Maybe you could start by standing behind it and grabbing the back."

Nicole strode over to the chair, her body looking fantastic as she moved. Mitch thought she looked like a runway model, her movements breathing an intense sexuality as she glided effortlessly across the room. "Like this?" she asked, taking hold of the back of the hard-backed chair and leaning forwards as she spread her feet wide apart, arching her back at the same time, her tremendous chest thrusting out provocatively.

"Oh fuck," Mitch mumbled under his breath as a shiver of excitement tripped down his spine like the keys of a xylophone. His mother was a natural when it came to this, and he watched in wonder as she sensually whipped her head to the side, making her honey-blond hair fall wildly about her face as she looked directly into the camera once more. Mitch's hands were shaking, but he took shot after shot as he moved all around her stunning pose, taking numerous shots from every angle. When he stood directly behind her, he couldn't believe how amazing her lush curvy bum looked, and he felt like stepping up behind her and slamming his rising cock deep into her right then and there. But he knew right now, it was up to her to make the next move, and after everything she'd done for him so far, he was more than willing to let her set the pace of this unexpected encounter.

"Do you think this makes a good shot, baby?" Nicole asked as she sat in the chair and slowly crossed her legs, twisting her upper body to give him a perfect view of her thrusting tits in profile.

"Oh God, Mom, that's fantastic," Mitch replied as he kept shooting, moving all around her as she posed provocatively. He completed his circle of the chair, taking picture after picture from all angles, until he found himself standing directly in front of her.

"What about a few shots like this?" his mother asked as she uncrossed her legs, setting those sexy slingbacks flat on the floor in front of the chair. She leaned forward, arching her back to make her huge breasts look even more pronounced, the soft swells of tit-flesh oozing from the straining bra cups. As she sat forward, she gave Mitch another sultry look, and then slowly started to spread her legs. Mitch watched from right in front of her as the gap between her smooth creamy thighs widened invitingly. He almost dropped the camera, his hands were shaking so badly. As her thighs rolled further open to each side, she placed her hands on her legs and slowly slid them down towards her knees, her red-tipped fingernails looking scintillatingly erotic against the brilliant white of her shimmering nylons. With the angle between her spread legs now reaching about ninety degrees, she stopped, and arched her back once more, her mouthwatering tits looking spectacular as they thrust forward. She tilted her head coyly to one side, a wispy lock of blonde hair falling over one eye provocatively.

Mitch kept snapping pictures, not wanting to miss a thing. She looked at him teasingly, and then slowly ran her tongue out to circle

around her mouth, making her lipstick-covered lips look like a wet red gash—a perfect target for a long hard cock. Mitch's cock was almost rock-hard again, and he felt a pulsing throb go through it as he looked at his mother's sexy face, her lovely features burning with sluttish desire.

"Maybe you should take a close up of this," Nicole said, sitting back slightly as she ran one red-tipped fingernail slowly up the inside of her thigh and over the front of her tiny panties. As if mesmerized, Mitch dropped to his knees between her spread legs and followed her hypnotizing finger as she ran it teasingly up and down along the warm cleft of her pouting labia, the golden treasure hidden beneath her wispy little panties. Mitch zoomed in as she suggested, snapping pictures of her slender fingers toying with her sex, her bold red fingernails tracing provocatively up and down along the soft flesh beneath the silky garment. He could see that the front of her panties was almost translucent, soaked through with her flowing juices. He was close enough that he could smell her warm womanly fragrance, the intoxicating scent emanating from her dripping pussy. He felt dizzy with excitement, and put down the camera so he could see with his very eyes.

"That's my boy," Nicole said in a soft lulling tone. "Come closer." As Mitch edged closer, her fingertips toyed with the leg opening of her panties, and then she slipped her fingers beneath as he watched, her fingertips moving over her hot wet flesh beneath the damp piece of white silk. Mitch watched from his spot on the floor between her creamy thighs, totally entranced as her fingers moved provocatively just out of view, the wet sticky sound of her probing fingers sounding like the sweetest symphony to his ears. She slowly

withdrew her hand from beneath her panties, her fingers glistening with her gooey juices. She wafted her fingers teasingly in the air in front of him, the alluring scent of her womanly nectar overwhelming him.

Mitch kneeled there, totally transfixed by his mother's lurid behaviour, but loving every illicit second of it. The sight of her sticky fingers was tantalizingly exciting, but the inviting fragrance drifting up from her gooey hand was so sensually arousing that he wasn't surprised to feel another pulsing throb go through his resurgent prick.

"Is this what you want, baby?" Nicole said in that same lulling tone as she brought her hand closer to his face, waving her glistening fingers teasingly just out of his reach.

"Yes," Mitch hissed, his eyes locked on her shiny fingers, his mouth watering at the thought of getting a taste of his mother's warm succulent discharge.

"Does that smell good?" Nicole asked, the alluring scent of her womanly nectar filling the air as she wafted her fingers slowly from side to side.

"Oh God, yes," Mitch replied with a gulp, his taste buds salivating like crazy.

"Would my baby like a little taste of Mommy's sweet honey?" Nicole asked coyly, one gooey fingertip scraping over his full bottom lip.

"Yesss," Mitch gasped in reply, his tongue running out hurriedly to lap up the sticky discharge she'd left on his lip.

"Say please," she said teasingly, rolling her shining hand teasingly right in front of his face, his eyes following her glistening fingers hypnotically.

"P...please," Mitch said anxiously, almost pleading with her to let him have a taste of her succulent juices.

"Well, since you were a good boy and said please," Nicole replied, a wry smile on her face as she slid her shiny index finger right between his beckoning lips. His lips quickly closed down on her slender digit, trapping it within his mouth as his tongue rolled wantonly over the slim finger, licking up her tasty juices.

"Mmmm....." It was Mitch purring now, loving the warm earthy taste of his mother's discharge. She slid her finger back and forth between his lips lewdly, making it look like he was sucking a little cock.

"That's my good boy," Nicole said in that soft lulling voice as she withdrew her index finger and slid in her long middle finger, loving the feel of his soft full lips pulling obscenely at the sticky digit. "That's

a beautiful mouth you have, sweetheart. I know somewhere else I'd like to feel those soft lips of yours too."

Mitch shuddered with excitement as his mother withdrew her slimy finger from his mouth, crooking her red-tipped fingernail in beckoning fashion as she sat back in the chair and let her legs roll further open to each side, her mesmerizing fingertip tracing upwards along the warm cleft of her pussy, clearly visible beneath her soaking-wet panties.

"Let me feel that pretty tongue of yours right here," she said in a hypnotic purr as her slender finger rubbed up and down over the pouting mound of her dripping labia.

Like a moth to a flame, Mitch crawled forward, feeling his mouth watering with desire as he moved closer and closer between his mother's creamy thighs, the inviting mound of her warm sex spectacularly framed by her white lace corset, the shimmering white nylons, and the stretched ribbon-like garters, the clasps pulling tightly at the intricate lacy tops of her delicate hose. Her alluring wet pussy was pulling him in like a magnet, the tantalizing scent filling his senses like an intoxicating drug, her teasing fingertip making him shiver with arousal as he got closer and closer to the mesmerizing treasure he knew lay beneath that tiny sliver of white satin rising from between her spread legs.

Nicole reached out, running her fingers through her son's hair as she watched him, his tongue slipping out to run instinctively over his full lips as he basked in the aroma of her fragrant cunt, his young

face flushed with arousal. She pulled gently on the back of his head, letting him know what she wanted. He seemed to instinctively know what she needed, his broad tongue slipping out from between his parted lips as he pressed it flush up against the front of her sodden panties, tasting his mother's warm cunt-honey for the first time. "Mmmm, that's it," Nicole said encouragingly, a pleased smile on her face.

Overwhelmed by feverish desire, Mitch eagerly licked the front of his mother's wet panties, revelling in the scintillating taste of her womanly juices. He could feel the heat of her loins through the damp fabric, his tongue running up and down over the soft lips of her pussy beneath the thin piece of silk. "Mmmm," he groaned, the first taste of her juices making his taste buds eager for more. He ran his tongue up and down, pressing firmly against her pouting mound as her flowing juices soaked right through onto his waiting tongue.

"All that sweet juice is for you, baby," Nicole said as she sat back and let her son feast from her seeping cunt, a contented smile on her face.

Mitch was not to be denied, and eagerly dove harder onto her dripping pussy-mound, wanting more of her creamy nectar. He pressed his whole mouth flush up against her soaked panties, sucking wantonly as his tongue wiped up and down lasciviously. He pushed his tongue hard into her warm cleft beneath, and then forced it upwards, the tip of his tongue coming up against the erect spire of her clit, with only the thin layer of silk between him and that sensitive nodule.

"Oh fuck, yeah, that's the spot, baby," Nicole cooed as her eyes closed in bliss, her son's tongue already driving her crazy, and he was still operating on the outside of her panties. He was being so enthusiastic, she decided it was time he deserved a reward—a hot, wet, creamy reward. She pulled his head back with one hand while she reached down with the other, her red tipped fingertips tracing teasingly over her dripping mound. "Now that you've had your appetizer, would you like to taste the real thing?"

"Yes," Mitch gasped, his body shaking with arousal as he looked at his mother's teasing hand, her slender fingers toying with the leg opening of her panties.

"Okay, since you've been such a good boy, I think you deserve a little reward," she said, pulling the leg opening of her panties to the other side, lewdly exposing her steaming pink cunt.

"Oh fuck, it's so beautiful," Mitch said to himself as he stared at his mother's shaven loins, her pussy mere inches away from his salivating mouth. Her vivid pink lips glistened wetly, and looked swollen and puffy with need. At the apex of her sex he could clearly see the protruding nub of her clit, and it looked huge as it peeked out from beneath its hooded sheath. The fiery nodule seemed so enflamed with arousal that it almost glowed, the sensitive button shining like a red beacon. Her whole crotch was soaking wet, her loins glistening with her flowing juices. Unable to control his desire any longer, Mitch dove in, plastering his mouth against her overheated sex. He pressed his face flush up against her glazed labia, his tongue sliding deep into her welcoming trench.

"Mmmmm, that's it, baby, show Mommy what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours," Nicole said as she sat back and slipped her hands into his curly hair and pulled him against her, her eyes closed as waves of ecstasy coursed through her. She'd been so turned on by everything that had happened that she knew she was already primed, like a powderkeg about to explode. Her pussy was already dripping, and as her son's tongue slid deep inside her, it triggered a blisteringly exquisite climax deep inside her itchy cunt.

"OH MY GGGGODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD....." Nicole groaned loudly as she started to come. She held tightly onto her son's head, holding his working mouth against her throbbing pussy as her hips twitched spasmodically, luxurious paroxysms of blissful ecstasy causing her curvy body to shake and convulse under his probing tongue.

"SO GOOOOOOOOOOOODDDDD," she moaned as her spine-tingling climax continued, jolts of tingling electricity shooting to every scintillating nerve ending of her body.

Mitch was in heaven, his mouth being flooded with his mother's sweet creamy nectar as her throbbing pussy gushed into his welcoming mouth. He rolled his tongue in a probing circle deep inside her, the delectable juices flowing readily onto his tongue as he sucked for more, wanting every drop of her sweet elixir. She rewarded him by giving him another creamy mouthful of her seeping cunt-honey, the aromatic discharge flowing out of her seeping snatch right onto his waiting tongue. He continued to lick and suck as she thrashed about on the chair, moaning continuously

as she held his wet sticky face flush up against her steaming loins. Finally, he felt her body sag as the last dwindling vestiges of her climax ran through her, her overheated body slumping in the chair.

"Oh fuck, son," Nicole said in a soft breathy whisper, "that was incredible. If I'd known you had a mouth like that, we would have started this years ago."

Mitch was thrilled at his mother's words, overjoyed that he had pleased her. "Since you gave me two in a row, how about I give you the same?" He finished his question by taking a long leisurely swipe up the full length of her dripping snatch with his broad flat tongue.

"Oh Godddddd," Nicole moaned, loving the feel of her teenage son's enthusiastic tongue pressing against her hot flesh. "That sounds like an excellent idea." She relaxed back in the chair as Mitch went to work, running his hands over the insides of her soft creamy thighs as he buried his tongue as far inside her as he could get, her full pink labia seeming to grip his working mouth possessively.

"Oh Jesus," Nicole moaned as Mitch's tongue rolled in firm teasing circles inside her, the extended tip pressing hotly against the sensitive oily tissues deep inside her steaming trench. Mitch kept working on her, his tongue busy as his fingertips explored that deliciously soft flesh of her inner thighs. That was one of his favorite parts of a woman's body. There was nothing quite so soft and luxuriously erotic as the sinfully soft flesh of a woman's inner thighs. He drew back slightly, his eyes focussing on the protruding spire of her erect clit. He couldn't believe how big it was, the glowing red

nubbin calling out to him as it poked up teasingly from its hooded sheath. He slowly slid his mouth upwards, and then rolled the tip of his tongue right over the sensitive button.

"Oh fucckkkkkkk," Nicole moaned, her eyes closing in rapture as blissful sensations of delight rolled through her. Mitch smiled to himself at her response and enthusiastically continued, pushing a big wad of saliva to the front of his mouth and rolling his tongue all around the stiff red beacon, bathing it in his hot spit. Her son's tongue felt amazing on her body, the way he was taking his time and slowly teasing her by rolling it all around her tingling clit, and then wrapping his lips snugly around it and sucking gently, causing delicious waves of intense pleasure to course through her tingling body. Her husband had never been this good with his mouth—not even close. She realized she'd hit the jackpot with her son, and she hadn't even had that huge cock of his inside her yet. And now with his lips and tongue busy pleasuring her hypersensitive clit, Mitch had just slipped one of his long thick fingers into her, his fingertip teasing the underside of that engorged button as he rubbed provocatively along the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina. That was all it took to send her right over the edge one more time.

"OH.....OHHHH.....AAAAAAAHHHHHHHH," she gasped as she started to convulse and shake, her body lost in the throes of another intense climax. She threw her head back as her hands pulled firmly on her son's head, holding his deliciously talented mouth to her aching loins. Her hips were bucking up against his face, her delectable juices coating his smooth young skin as she came furiously, her warm nectar gushing from her leaking slot. She was breathing raggedly as wave after wave of blissful ecstasy tore

through her lush mature form, her huge tits heaving wantonly in the scintillatingly sexy corset as she gasped for breath.

Mitch didn't need his mother to hold his face against her—he had no intention of going anywhere else. He'd be willing to feed from that perfect cunt of hers forever. He felt like he could live on that sweet delectable cunt-honey of hers. As his probing finger rubbed over the hot tissues on the top of her slick tunnel, he kept his tongue rolling all around her hot throbbing clit. He could feel the sensitive organ pulsing as he gripped it tenderly with his pursed lips, sucking and licking as she continued to shake and twitch. He flicked his eyes up, loving the sight of her massive tits quivering as they rose and fell with each gasping breath she took, her head thrown back, a look of blissful arousal on her face as she bit at her bottom lip, the exquisite sensations overwhelming her. When he felt her finally start to come down from her orgasmic gyrations, he lowered his mouth to her gushing twat, sucking up all of the sweet nectar oozing forth.

"Oh God, you're so good at that," Nicole cooed, purring like a kitten as her breathing slowly returned to normal, her hands running through her son's hair as he nursed at her seeping cunt.

Mitch loved the taste of her, the succulent womanly flavor, the silky texture of her warm juices as they tantalized his taste buds and slid luxuriously down his throat. Eating her like this was something he had always dreamed of, and jerked off to for years—and now it had finally come true. He felt his cock pulse with need as he realized it was actually happening. But as he licked at her puffy pink labia, he

wanted more, he wanted to be deep inside that beckoning birth canal he'd come out of eighteen years before.

"Mom, I've got to fuck you," he said as he lifted his face from between his mother's spread legs and looked her in the eye, the intense desire within him causing his face to flush with arousal.

"Be my guest, baby," Nicole said as she looked at her son through hooded eyes, letting him know she was his to do with as he pleased. "I'll do whatever you like."

The teasingly inviting look on her face set Mitch on fire as he looked at her stupendous body laid out before him. He stared in awe as she sat back in the chair, her spectacular tits heaving up and down as she breathed as rapidly as him, the magnificent corset accentuating every delightful curve of her lush mature body, her delectable pussy framed alluringly by the brilliant ribbon-like garters and glistening hose, her spread legs looking wantonly desirable, all the way down to her sexy high-heeled slingbacks.

"Oh Mom, you are so beautiful," Mitch said as he stood up, his enormous cock standing up ramrod straight before him. He reached forward and picked his mother up in his powerful arms, lifting her right off the chair as she gasped in surprise. He turned and set her down on top of her dressing table, tubes of lipstick and makeup brushes scattering everywhere. She leaned back against the mirror as he pushed her legs apart. With her rear end perched right at the front edge of the table, he moved between her spread thighs as he reached for her panties.

"RRRRRIPPPPPP!"

With a savagery he didn't know he had within him, he tore her panties right off, the tiny piece of silk coming away in shreds. He tossed the ruined garment aside and moved closer, his rampant prick pointing right at the beckoning lips of her hot wet pussy. As he nuzzled the enflamed head of his prick against her slippery pink labia, he looked into his mother's blue eyes, seeing the same lustful desire within her that he was feeling himself. He pushed forward, feeling those hot slick lips spreading out as they formed an inviting circle, adhering wantonly to the flared contours of his massive cockhead.

"Mitch, I....I.....ohhhhhhhhhh," Nicole moaned as her son started to go further into her, stretching the opening of her pussy like never before. She arched her back at the delicious sensations, her eyes half closing in bliss as she savored the luxurious feelings emanating from inside her needy cunt. She brought her knees up, knowing she'd have to be as open as possible in order to handle the tremendous size of her son's stallion-like cock.

Mitch couldn't believe how hot his mother's cunt was. It felt like his cock was encased in hot liquid butter, the tight wet tissues just inside her pouting pussy-lips sheathing his rigid erection in an incendiary tunnel that felt hot enough to heat a whole building. He flexed his hips, forcing another inch or two into her, looking down to see those vivid pink cunt-lips stretching obscenely around his tremendous girth.

"Oh fuckkkkk," Nicole moaned, throwing her head back as her son went deeper, stretching her insides almost to the tearing point. She felt him press himself further into her, the hot wet tissues inside her reluctantly yielding under the powerful onslaught of his long hard erection. She was moaning continuously now, the sound a tantalizing mix of both pleasure and pain, the sensations inside her like nothing she'd felt before, never having had a cock of this magnitude in her whole life. Her whole body was on fire with wanton need, and as he went deeper, she thought she was going to pass out from the overwhelming sensations—and she knew she didn't want to miss a second of the spine-tingling delights that huge cock was already bringing her—and they had only just started.

"Mitch...Mitch...," she gasped out, grabbing her son by his powerful arms, her slender fingers circling his muscular biceps. "Just slow down for a second, baby. I've never had one that big before, and I just want to get used to it for a second." They both looked down, a good 4" of thick hard cock still outside of her, her glistening pink labia circling his rigid dick possessively.

"But Mom," Mitch said, the reluctance apparent in his voice as he all but pleaded with his mother, "I want to be all the way inside you so badly."

"Oh, you will, baby, you will. Trust me," Nicole replied, that soft lulling tone in her voice calming him. She took his handsome face in her hands and looked intently into his eyes. "You're going to have every inch of that gorgeous cock inside me, and not just right now,

but whenever you want from now on." She saw the look of her pure joy in his eyes, the animal-like lust temporarily subdued by her words. "But it's so big, and so wonderfully hard, that Mommy just needs to get used to it for minute. So just stay still and let me work it for a bit. Trust me—I want every hard throbbing inch inside me just as much as you do."

Placated by her words, Mitch did as she asked and stayed still, standing between her widely spread legs, his rigid cock throbbing with need more than halfway inside her. As she sat with her plump rear end perched on the front edge of her dressing table, he felt the muscles inside her mature pussy tensing, and then relaxing, her experienced cunt massaging his engorged prick luxuriously. It felt like a million little fingers caressing his rampant dong, squeezing and pulling at him, the hot oily tissues encasing his fuck-stick in a molten caress.

"Oh Mom, that feels amazing," Mitch cooed, running his hands up the front of her sexy corset, his fingers circling beneath the overflowing bra cups. He was awed by the size and feel of those luscious mounds in his hands as he squeezed gently, watching the swells of ample tit-flesh straining over the top edge of the confining cups.

"They're so beautiful," he mumbled, feeling his mouth salivating as he caressed those voluminous globes, loving the feel of the heavily-structured corset beneath his fingers.

"This is what's beautiful," his mother replied, slipping her fingers between their connected bodies and tracing her fingertips over the four inches of cock still outside her clutching pussy. He looked down to see a trickle of her flowing nectar run down over the top of his upright shaft, her fingertip rubbing the warm discharge up and down along those four exposed inches of rock-hard cock. At the same time, she continued to work on him with the muscles inside her talented pussy, rippling sensations of delight running along his tightly-grasped shaft as she flexed down on it. He felt her push downwards, and looked down to see another glistening rivulet of emulsion pulse from her tightly-stretched hole. She coated her fingers with the warm juices and spun her fingertips in a teasing circle around his exposed shaft, the exquisite sensations driving him crazy.

"Mom....you...you better stop," Mitch pleaded, his cock threatening to go off once more under her teasing manipulations.

"Okay, baby," Nicole said as she slowly drew her hand up from between them, her fingers glistening with her sweet juices. She gave her son another provocative glance as she brought her red-tipped fingers to her mouth and slowly licked them clean. She felt a surging pulse go through her son's massive cock as he watched her, his face flushed with desire. She wriggled her hips slightly, adjusting herself for the delightful onslaught she knew was coming. "I think I'm ready now. Let's see if we can get every hard inch inside me before you fill me up with that hot creamy cum of yours." She reached down and gripped his hips, pulling him towards her.

Mitch didn't have to be asked twice. With his turgid cock as hot as a branding iron, he levered his hips backward and then flexed forward, powering the rigid cylinder of flesh further into his mother.

"Oh fuck, yesssss," his mother hissed as he looked down, watching those circling pink lips of her labia cling to his cock wantonly as his thrusting erection disappeared deeper into her beckoning birth canal, those glistening cunt-lips stretched almost to the tearing point. He felt the hot tissues deep inside her continue to resist, the tight folds of flesh high in her vagina almost tearing the skin off his engorged cockhead. He knew he was going where no man had gone before, and it thrilled him to know his mother had never had a lover as big as him.

"So....so bigggggggg," Nicole gasped as she threw her head back against the mirror behind her, gripping onto her son's hips in a death grip. Mitch was not to be denied, and with a savagery he didn't know he was capable of, he reared back and flexed forward with all his might.

"AAAAAAAHHHH," his mother wailed as the tight folds of flesh inside her yielded to the bludgeon-like intruder forcing its way deeper, hot oily juices flowing from deep in her virgin-like cunt to bathe his surging prick, paving the way to the gates of her womb.

Mitch couldn't believe how hot and tight she was, her pussy gripping him like a hot buttery fist. He felt her reluctant tissues part, and flexed his broad hips forward, driving the final few inches forcefully into her waiting cunt. He looked down and saw the final inches

disappear from view, sliding obscenely between her slick pink labia. When his shaven groin pressed up against hers, he felt the enflamed head of his cock bump up against her cervix at the same time.

"OH FUCK...OH FUCK....I'M GONNA COME!" Nicole wailed as she started to thrash about like a wildcat. She had never experienced anything so intense before—her son's incredibly huge cock absolutely stretching and filling her more than she ever thought possible. The sensations flowing through her were incredible, like a million tiny jolts of electricity that started deep in her cunt and shot tinglingly to every nerve ending of her body.

"SO GOOOOOOOODDDDD," she moaned as her climax continued, her head lolling from side to side as she gasped for breath, her body convulsing and gyrating spastically. She could feel her cunt absolutely gushing, spraying her son's groin as he kept his long hard cock buried to the hilt inside her. Her massive tits were heaving beneath the sexy corset as she gasped for breath, wave upon wave of blissful ecstasy flowing through her. Her orgasm continued for a long time before a final tingling shiver ran through her and she collapsed back on the little table, her lush mature body slumping against the mirror. Mitch held still while she lay there gasping, her eyes closed as she savored the exquisite aftershocks of her tremendous release, her body continuing to twitch, little spasms of delight shooting through her. As she lay there recovering, she quickly became aware of her son's unsatisfied cock still buried to the depths inside her. She couldn't believe how deep and high inside her his massive prick was reaching, and in this position with her sitting on her dressing table with him standing in front of her, she felt like his thrusting erection was about to come out her belly button. She

looked at him through slitted eyes, his face a mask of anxiety as he looked at her trembling form.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked, his voice sincere with concern. "You were really kind of freaking out there."

"Oh God, baby, that was incredible. I think you nearly turned me inside out. And yes, I'm fine. No—I'm better than fine—I feel fantastic." She could see the temporary panic wash out of his body as she responded.

"Are you ready for more?" he asked, rolling his hips suggestively.

"Ohhnnnggg," Nicole moaned, loving what that massive cock of his was doing to her insides. "Yes, baby. I'm ready for as much as you want to give me."

Mitch slowly levered his hips back until just the lemon-sized knob was left clutched between her stretched labia, the thick veiny shaft of his throbbing cock glistening with her oily juices. He smiled to himself, knowing he was about to be really fucking his own sexy mother for the first time. He took a deep breath, and then flexed forward powerfully, driving the full length of his monstrous cock until it was buried high in the depths of her incendiary vagina, rocking her against the mirror behind her.

"Oh fuck," Nicole groaned as his groin slammed into hers noisily, her birth canal filled to the max once more. Mitch started fucking her like crazy now, his broad hips pistoning back and forth as he fed every hard inch into her seeping cunt time and again. More of her makeup supplies dropped to the floor as he pounded her into the tiny table, her curvy bum perched right on the front edge. Her slippery juices were oozing out of her, some of it coating his swinging sack, while some of it slid down her backside to give the surface of the table a greasy coating.

Mitch had only dreamed of fucking his mother, and almost felt like pinching himself to make sure it was real. But the way his mother's talented mature cunt was gripping and massaging his jack-hammering cock told him it was no dream. He felt her sliding on top of the little table, a coating of sweat and cunt-honey lubricating the surface beneath her. He slid his hands down her sides, following the lines of the sexy corset as it nipped in at her tiny waist and then out over her motherly hips. He grabbed her hips and held her in place, wanting to make sure he impaled her as deep as he could with every vigorous stroke. He shifted his feet slightly and arched up, concentrating his thrusts on the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"OH MY GOD....OH MY...OH FUCCCCCKKKKKKK," Nicole moaned loudly as she started to come again. This time Mitch didn't stop, his overheated cock slamming deep into her while she gyrated and spasmed through another hip-grinding climax. He quickly caught up, and as her mature cunt squeezed down on his plunging erection, he felt his balls draw up close to his body as he felt the delightful sensation of semen starting to speed up the shaft of his cock.

"OH MOMMMMMMMMM...." It was Mitch who groaned loudly this time as he started to come, the first rope of hot teenage cum jettisoning forth deep into her welcoming cunt. It blew out of him like a geyser, rope upon rope of pearly semen spewing way up inside her velvety love pocket. He slammed his groin against hers, getting as deep into her as he could while he ejaculated, basting her insides like a Christmas turkey.

"SO HARRRRRRDDDDDDDD," Nicole gasped as they both continued to come, her body twisting this way and that as her overheated vagina gripped his spewing cock in a hot enveloping sheath, the muscles inside her squeezing and milking out as much of his teenage cum as she could. They were both covered in a fine layer of perspiration as they rocked against each other, the tiny makeup table squeaking and protesting as Mitch absolutely pounded his spitting cock into her.

Mitch thought his orgasm would never end. He'd never felt anything as luxuriously erotic as his mother's hot wet cunt gripping and pulling at him. He kept slamming his spurting prick into her, until the final twinges of his climax ran through him. He pushed himself balls deep once more, and stayed there, loving the warm tight feeling of the tunnel he'd emerged from eighteen years ago squeezing down on him.

"Oh my God, that was unbelievable," his mother gasped out as she lay back against the mirror, her legs still widely spread, her glistening loins meshing with his. He knew he'd filled her with a

massive load, and he looked down to see the overflow of his sizable cum-dump squeezing out around her tightly-stretched labia, the white discharge looking sinfully erotic as it clung their connected loins.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Mitch asked once he started to get his breath back. "I didn't mean to be so rough. I'm not sure what came over me."

"That's okay, sweetie," Nicole said as she reached up and stroked her son's cheek tenderly. "I loved it. You can fuck me like that anytime."

"You...you really mean it?" Now that their libidos had been temporarily satisfied, reality had settled in once more. When his orgasm had waned, Mitch had quickly become anxious, wondering if his mother was going to tell him to leave, to say that what had happened was a mistake, never to be repeated.

"Of course, sweetheart," Nicole replied, pulling his face down to hers and kissing him passionately. When they finally broke the kiss, she continued, "You don't think I'm going to let you stop now?"

"But I...I just....you know....Dad?" Mitch mumbled, unsure of what to say.

"Do you want to stop?" she asked teasingly, the muscles inside her contracting provocatively around his slowly deflating cock.

"No!" Mitch gasped out.

"Well, I don't either. Don't you worry about your father. We're just going to have to be careful. But as far as I'm concerned, you and that beautiful cock of yours can fuck me any time you want, anywhere you want."

"You really mean that?" Mitch asked, his eyes open wide in astonishment. This was better than anything he had ever dreamed of.

"Well, the only time I don't want you to fuck me is when I'm sucking on that gorgeous cock instead. Do you think you'll have a problem with that?" He watched as her tongue ran out teasingly around her lipstick-covered lips, her eyes giving him another provocative look that sent a shiver right down his spine.

"Oh God no," he replied hurriedly, his eyes focused on his stacked mother's inviting mouth.

"So how about if you take me over to the bed and I can get to work on you? I'm sure with a little help from me, that python between your legs will be ready to go back inside me in no time."

"Oh fuck," Mitch said to himself as he reached forward and picked up his mother, his cock still inside her. She wrapped her legs around his back as he waddled over to the bed and carefully laid her down.

When he did, he pulled back, withdrawing his spent cock from inside her with a wet sucking sound. The lewd sound made them both smile as his mother lay back propped up on her elbows, her legs still widely spread. They both looked down as a glistening river of white semen flowed out of her abused pussy, the pearly liquid sliding down her body to pool on the sheets beneath her.

"Oh my, look at the size of that load," Nicole said, reaching down between her legs and scooping up a big wad of milky cum with her fingers. She brought her hand up to her face, gobs of semen dangling from her fingertips. "No point in letting this go to waste." She slid her fingers into her mouth as Mitch watched, totally enthralled. She sucked at her fingers noisily, getting every creamy drop inside her. Her eyes dropped down to his crotch as he stood next to the bed, his spent cock covered with a mixture of their combined juices.

"C'mere, baby, let me clean that up for you." Nicole reached over as Mitch stepped right up next to her face. Her hand circled the base of his prodigious member and lifted it towards her mouth. Mitch smiled to himself as he watched her tongue slip out from between her pretty red lips to lick up a shining gob of pearly white cum sticking to his cockhead. She eagerly lapped it up, and then came back for more. She licked his dong from the large mushroom all the way to the base, her tongue sliding luxuriously over his veiny member as she gathered in every drop. Her tongue swirled all around the very root, the soft raspiness feeling exquisite on his shaven groin.

"That's better," Nicole said, lying back against the cool sheets, her leg bent sensually at the knee, her stiletto heel digging erotically into the mattress. She patted the spot next to her. "C'mere, sweetie. I want to feel you next to me."

Mitch eagerly joined her, lying on his side as he supported his head with his hand, looking down into her gorgeous blue eyes. "Mom, you are so beautiful," he said, his free hand reaching out to rub gently over her flat stomach. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, baby," Nicole replied, pulling his face down to hers. Her parted lips beckoned to him, and he slid his tongue deep into her waiting mouth. Her mouth was deliciously hot and wet as Mitch pressed his lips against hers, his tongue rolling against hers in a playful dance. They kissed passionately as his hand roamed over the front of her lush body, his eager fingers always returning to cup and squeeze her heavy round breasts. They finally broke the hot kiss, both of them panting, the desire within them being awakened once more. As Mitch continued to cup her massive tit, he looked down at the lush mounds of tit-flesh oozing from the confining cups of her sexy corset.

"Mom, could I....do you think I could.....?" his voice trailed off as he nodded towards her spectacular chest.

"Sure, baby. You can do whatever you want," his mother replied, her eyes sparkling with mischief again as she saw where he was looking. She pushed the stack of pillows up beneath her and sat up a bit,

leaning back against the headboard. "Why don't you slip your hand right down inside there and see what they feel like?"

Like a kid being given permission to take the last cookie from the jar, Mitch brought his big hand up and laid his fingers on the upper swells of her breasts, loving the feel of her incredibly soft skin under his fingertips. He slid his hand down, his fingers sinking into the soft pillows as he encountered the heavily-structured top edge of the bra cups. The warmth inside her bra was amazing, and knowing he was finally getting his hands on his mother's mouthwatering 36Es was sparking his libido like crazy. He pushed his hand right down inside the big curving bra cup, forcing his fingers between her huge tit and the straining fabric. He managed to get his hand all the way below the massive orb and squeezed it gently, watching the mound swell up above his hidden fingers. It felt amazing, and he loved it—but he wanted more. He pulled upwards, drawing the immense breast right out of the confining cup. He pulled it well up, so the material of the cup lay totally beneath her big tit as he let it settle on her chest, spreading out to the sides and down naturally. Mitch almost gasped as he took in the impressive size of the massive tit. Eager to see both, he did the same to the other side, releasing that big round breast from its confinement as well. As they settled into position, covering the full breadth of her chest, Mitch reached forward, cupping each heavy orb in his big hand.

"Oh my God, they're even bigger than I ever dreamed," Mitch said softly, as if in a daydream. But his mother had definitely heard him, and she smiled to herself as she sat against the headboard, letting her son grope her voluminous breasts.

To Mitch, his mother's breasts were absolutely perfect. They were nicely rounded, with just a touch of sag—not droopy and gross by any means. They sat high on her chest, but their immense size made them settle naturally lower. The big curving spheres cast severe shadows on her midsection, accentuated even more by the brilliant white of the corset she was wearing. His eyes focussed on her areolae and nipples, visible to him for the very first time. Her areolae were a warm pink color, and just the perfect size—not too big, and not too small. Baby bear Mitch thought they were just right, the delicate pebbly surface making his fingers itch. Her nipples were gorgeous—firm rubbery buttons that stood out proudly from the large curving surface, the deep reddish buds tilted up ever so slightly, as if begging for attention. They were already nice and big, and Mitch wondered how big they'd get once he'd sucked on them for awhile.

"Do you think you'd like to suck on them?" his mother asked invitingly, as if reading his mind. It wasn't hard to figure out what he wanted—Nicole had seen his tongue slip out and circle around his lips as he stared at her huge tits, his mouth all but drooling with need. Knowing his mouth was watering with desire to get at her breasts, she took the big tit closest to him in her hands and lifted it towards him, pointing the protruding nipple right at his gaping mouth. "Why don't you start with this one?"

"Ohhnnn," Mitch groaned with pleasure as he leaned forward and wrapped his lips around the rubbery nipple, feeling the heat emanating from the little bud warming his lips. He closed his lips softly down on the rubbery protrusion and sucked, his eyes closing in pleasure as he savored the moment—sucking on his mother's tits

for the first time since he was a baby—and this time for a totally different reason.

"Mmmmm, that feels nice," Nicole said, stroking her son's hair affectionately as he sucked and licked at her round heavy breast.

Mitch was thrilled, and let his broad flat tongue roll over the pebbly surface of her areola, circling and circling teasingly before flicking it over the thrusting nipple. He closed his lips on the bud again, feeling it stiffen and thicken within his working mouth.

"Oh God, you are good at that too, aren't you?" Nicole said, pulling his mouth off one tit and popping the other nipple between his pursed lips. "Yeah, that's it. That's nice. You know, I'm very sensitive there and you're making me feel really good."

Encouraged by her words, Mitch really went to town, licking and sucking feverishly, but never too hard or too fast. He moved from one breast to the other, giving each equal time as she continued to run her hands through his hair, her soft moans of pleasure encouraging him.

"Oh Jesus, that's so good," his mother moaned as he continued worshipping her spectacular jugs, sucking and licking like a starving man. Her backside was squirming on the bed as her pleasure level escalated. "I think you're making Mommy's temperature rise, sweetheart. Why don't you slip a finger inside me and see how hot I am?"

"I just might have to check that out," Mitch said playfully as he temporarily pulled his mouth off one rigid nipple, a glistening strand of saliva bridging the gap between his lips and the protruding bud. He reached down between her spread thighs and slid his middle finger between her slick labial gates, his thick finger probing deep inside her.

"Oh wow, what a mess in there," Mitch said, his finger engulfed in a warm gooey coating of his own cum. He could feel the massive load he'd shot into her filling her velvety trench, even though a huge amount of silvery seed had already trickled out to puddle on the sheets.

"And who do you think is responsible for that, young man?" his mother said playfully, pretending to scold him.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked, provocatively rubbing his thick finger in a slow teasing circle inside her.

"Oh my God, no," Nicole gasped, closing her eyes in bliss as his finger hit a sensitive spot deep in her cum-filled pussy. "You can fill me with as much of that hot creamy cum as you've got."

Thrilled with what she'd said, Mitch returned to sucking her tits, his voracious mouth working it's magic as his finger probed and toyed with the hot steaming tissues inside her. Her hips were jerking and

wriggling as he kept fingering her, his mouth shifting from one huge breast to the other.

"Oh God, baby, that's so good," his mother moaned, her hands once more locked in his curly brown tresses. All of a sudden, she tensed up as his finger hit a certain spot inside her. Mitch realized she was close.

"Oh yeah....that's it...right there, baby....right.....OH FUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK," Nicole groaned loudly as she started to climax again. She pulled his sucking mouth tight to her heaving tits as she came, her body thrashing about as luxurious paroxysms of blissful ecstasy tore through her. Mitch rubbed his finger salaciously over that magical spot inside her, driving her absolutely crazy. He flicked his eyes down between her widely spread legs, watching his finger plunge lewdly in and out of her, his whole hand and the glistening mound of her pussy obscenely covered with a frothy coating of the stirred-up cum that his thrusting fingers had forced out of her overflowing vagina.

Her body kept flexing and shaking as she came like a herd of elephants, but Mitch never let up, his tongue sucking on her huge nipples as his mouth and finger took her to unimaginable heights of ecstasy. She kept quivering and whimpering as the tingling sensations shot through her, and then with a final load shriek, she collapsed back into the sheets, her mouth open and gasping for air, her hands letting go of his head as her arms flopped down on the bed beside her. Mitch stopped what he was doing, but kept his mouth tenderly sucking on one nipple with his finger still buried inside her,

but unmoving. He waited about a minute, until her breathing had started to slow down, and then he slid his finger up to the roof of her vagina and started to slowly slide it back and forth once more.

"How about we go for two again, Mom?" he asked before putting the flat of his tongue against one big breast and licking all over the massive mound, her huge tit glistening with a fine coating of his saliva.

"Oh my Godddddd," Nicole moaned helplessly as she felt her pleasure level rising once again. She didn't know exactly what he was doing to her, but she never wanted it to stop. For the next ten minutes, he worshipped her breasts as he toyed with her overheated pussy, slipping a second finger inside her as he worked her over, slowing down with his manipulations before teasingly starting up again, over and over, driving her to the point of surrender.

"Oh God, baby, please. Don't tease me anymore," Nicole pleaded, her big tits heaving as she jerked about beneath him, needing to come so badly she thought she'd go out of her mind if she didn't. Mitch smiled to himself, knowing it was time.

"I need....I need to.....AAAAHHHHHHHHH," his mother gasped out as he slid his long fingers back over that magic spot he'd found inside her. She thrashed about like a ragdoll as she came again, her big tits wobbling enticingly as she jerked from side to side, her widely spread legs twitching as wave after wave of blissful ecstasy coursed through her. Mitch kept her quivering and shaking for a long time as he sucked luridly on the stiff bullets of her nipples, her

whole chest now covered with a glistening coating of his hot spit. His fingers plunged in and out of her noisily as she came and came, her body wracked with the rapturously delightful sensations. He saw a final tingling shudder run through her and she reached down, gripping his hand in hers.

"Stop, baby, stop. I can't take it anymore," she said, pleading with him to let her recover. He stopped as she slowly withdrew his working fingers from between her spread legs, his cummy fingers making a lewd wetting sucking noise as they came free of her gushing twat. She lay there gasping, holding his glistening hand in hers as her breathing slowly returned to normal. She looked at him, totally satisfied, but still with that mischievous glint in her eyes. "I guess after you've treated a girl like that, the least she can do is clean this up for you."

Mitch watched as his mother brought his gooey hand to her mouth and started licking it clean, her tongue lapping at his fingers until she had every drop of frothy cum and warm cunt-honey inside her. The lewdly obscene look on her face sent a jolt of arousal right through him. Partially recovered, Nicole sat up in bed and pushed him over until he was lying against the mass of stacked-up pillows she'd just been laying on, his body propped up against the headboard.

"Now, I thought I was the one who promised to work on you," she said teasingly as she clambered onto her hands and knees and started to crawl towards him. Mitch instinctively drew his knees up and apart, giving her space to operate between them. He loved the way she looked as she moved between his spread thighs, her catlike grace

looking intensely erotic. She looked so fucking hot, moving as smoothly as silk on glass. He looked into her sexy blue eyes, loving the smoldering sensuality he saw there. He looked down slightly, taking in the magnificent sight of her huge breasts dangling pendulously below her as she crawled forward, the heavy round spheres swaying enticingly as she moved closer, still dressed in her erotic lingerie and sexy high heels. His cock was already back to standing at half-mast, and looking at those magnificent tits sent another laser of blood surging to his midsection.

"I guess you like these, eh?" she asked teasingly, watching his prodigious member pulse as it started to come up once more. She moved right over his abdomen and moved her body from side to side, her big heavy tits grazing back and forth over his stiffening pecker.

"Oh fuck, Mom, they're incredible," Mitch replied, his heart starting to pound once more in his chest. He loved the feel of his mother's huge tits rubbing across his skin, the pendulous mounds swaying back and forth as she moved slowly, the stiff rubbery nipples feeling hot as she dragged them across his shaven groin.

Nicole looked down as her son's beefy dick started to awaken. Like a sleeping snake, his long thick cock started to rise, the broad mushroom head getting enflamed and spreading upward and outward like a King Cobra's hood—only this snake spat something much more appealing than venom. Nicole thought of the massive load he'd dumped into her needy pussy, and she wanted more—much more. She was almost mesmerized as she watched the long

thick cylinder stiffen and lift, the veins on his thickening member pulsing and throbbing hypnotically. His cock bobbed and twitched as she rubbed her massive hanging tits all over it, her long hard nipples tracing teasingly over his body. The head of his tool was deepening in color, almost a brilliant scarlet now, the broad flared crown engorged with blood. She wanted it to come all the way up under its own steam, and she had to use all her willpower to keep from diving on it, to feel that huge crimson cockhead filling her mouth, to wrap her lips around it and suck until it fed her, fed her a nice thick load of hot teenage cum. It throbbed again and lifted another inch, and then another, until it was pointing straight up, as big as a kid's arm with an angry fist at the end, only this fist throbbed hotly, a glistening wad of precum pulsing to the surface and oozing from the yawning red eye.

"Oh my God, I love your cock," Nicole said, unable to control her lustful cravings any longer. With a moanful whimper, she swooped down, opening her mouth as wide as she could and slipping her parted lips down over the dark crimson crown. The huge knob absolutely filled her mouth, and she closed her eyes in bliss as she rolled her tongue all over the sensitive glans, bathing it with her hot spit.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Mitch moaned, his eyes glued to his mother's pouty red lips as she sucked slavishly at his cockhead. "Your mouth is so fucking hot." Mitch looked down at her swaying tits, the massive orbs still grazing his abdomen as she sucked at the enflamed knob. "Do you think I can feel your tits on it too?"

From her spot on her knees between his spread thighs, Nicole didn't miss a beat as she kept the broad flared head in her mouth, but reached down and pushed on the outsides of her massive breasts, enveloping the lower part of his erect shaft in soft warm tit-flesh. His thrusting erection was buried deep in her cleavage, the huge mounds delightfully surrounding his horse-like cock. Once she had his surging prick positioned just where she wanted it, she started to bob up and down, her hot wet mouth working on his cockhead while her breathtaking tits enveloped his rearing shaft in a hot tunnel of soft flesh.

"Oh sweet Jesus," Mitch groaned, throwing his head back against the headboard as he surrendered himself to the luxurious feeling of his mother working on him with that fantastic body and mouth of hers. He felt his cock pulse, and knew he was pouring more precum right into her vacuuming mouth.

"Mmmm," Nicole moaned, feeling a gooey wad of cock-sap sluice across her tongue, the scintillating taste tantalizing her taste buds. She swallowed, loving the silky taste, and then sucked for more as she continued to bob her head up and down. She pushed a big mouthful of saliva to the front of her mouth, and purposely let it flow out the sides of her stretched lips, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she watched the shiny spit flow down his upright shaft and into her deep dark cleavage.

"Oh fuck," Mitch moaned, watching the same thing. His mother continued to bob up and down, her hands pushing firmly on the outsides of her huge breasts to give him as much pleasure as she

could. There was now a lewd wet sucking sound coming from between her soft warm tits, the saliva making the enveloping channel slick and nasty. Her eyes flicked up to his, and Mitch saw how much she loved what she was doing, and how hot she was for more as she drooled out another huge gob of spit, the slick fluid running down as it coated his throbbing erection and the insides of her breasts.

"Oh God, Mom, I need to fuck those amazing tits of yours," he said as he grabbed her by the shoulders and rolled her right over onto her back. He quickly straddled her lush curvy body, pressing down on his cock until it was between her massive breasts once more. He reached down to her sides with his own hands and pushed the heavy guns together, surrounding his prick in hot warm tit-flesh until all that could be seen was the first few inches of the tip. He started rocking his hips back and forth, his spit-covered cock sliding noisily along the hot wet valley of her mile-long cleavage.

Nicole smiled to herself, loving the fact that her new young stud of a son was confident enough to take control, to show her what HE wanted. Her head was propped up against a pillow, her mouth only an inch or so away from his drooling cockhead as he tit-fucked her, the long hard shaft sliding obscenely back and forth between her huge knockers. She knew that, as a teenage boy, this would have been one of his major fantasies — and there was no way she was going to deny him that pleasure.

"C'mon, baby," she said in a hot breathy voice, "give it to me. Give Mommy a nice faceful of hot cum." She tilted her head up and formed her pouty red lips into an inviting oval, giving her son a

perfect target to aim for, all the time keeping her sultry blue eyes locked on his.

Her illicit words and that wanton look of desire in her eyes sent Mitch right over the edge, and he felt the boiling semen in his overheated balls pulse up the shaft of his cock. His big hands pushed those massive globes even tighter around his throbbing prick as he flexed back and forth, the wet red eye at the very tip yawning wide open as it filled with milky seed for a split second.

"HERE IT COMES," he wailed, just as the first white rope of cum jettisoned forth, hitting her right in the chin and rising right up into her hairline, the thick white ribbon of semen plastering itself to her pretty face. As he flexed forward again, a second streamer of jizz rocketed forth, this huge rope pasting itself to the other side of her face.

"That's it, baby," Nicole encouraged, "let me have all of it. Give me every sweet drop of that hot cum of yours."

Mitch kept tit-fucking her as he totally unloaded, flooding her face with a massive load. Shot after shot of thick milky cum spewed from his engorged cockhead, painting her face white with his creamy semen. It was nice and thick, chock full of potent teenage sperm. Her tits felt incredible as they enveloped his throbbing shaft, and he kept flexing his hips back and forth, rope upon rope of silvery seed crisscrossing her face in a bizarre mosaic. He couldn't believe how much he was shooting, but he wasn't going to stop while the delicious orgasmic contractions continued to flow through his body.

More spurts followed, sizzling strands of pearly spunk spewing this way and that. His cock kept throbbing and spitting time and again, until the sensations started to slowly dwindle, the final few shots drizzling out onto her neck. He sat astride her gasping, with his head thrown back, savoring the last tingling sensations of a mind-numbing release. After taking a few deep breaths, he lowered his head, looking down at his mother.

"Holy fuck," he muttered out loud, his eyes opening wide as he looked at his mother lying beneath him. Her face was totally covered with cum, nearly every square inch of her pretty features covered with shimmering whiteness. One eye socket was filled with a huge pearly puddle, while ribbons and strands of semen had fallen one on top of the next all over her soft warm skin. Gobs of the thick white jizz dangled from her chin, and hung lewdly off one ear. There were numerous gobs matted in her hair, with others sliding sluggishly down her cheeks and forehead. Silvery rivulets of spunk slithered down her neck nastily. The stuff was just everywhere.

"Oh Mom, I...I didn't mean....." Mitch gasped out, shocked by the size of the load he'd sprayed all over her.

"Don't apologize, sweetheart—I love it," his mother responded, her tongue slithering out from between her cum-covered lips to circle her mouth, pulling a thick creamy wad of semen back into her hungry mouth. She reached up, pushed the heavy gob out of her eye and snowplowed it towards her open mouth, her fingers gathering more warm cum as they made their way towards her parted lips. She pushed the potent nectar right into her mouth, and Mitch watched

as the muscles in her neck contracted as she swallowed, his teenage cum finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

"Mmmm," she purred, taking her hands and rubbing the thick creamy semen into her face, her slender fingers looking wickedly erotic as she smoothed the glistening discharge into her soft skin. "That feels wonderful. Do you think you could get used to painting Mommy's face like that, sweetie?"

Mitch sat there dumbfounded as he watched the lewd display of his mother wantonly rubbing his cum all around her pretty face. She reached forward and with one red-tipped fingernail, she teasingly scraped her fingertip over the wet red eye at the tip of his cock, holding the finger up for him to see, the final drop of creamy white cum clinging to the very tip. With her eyes locked on his, she slipped her finger hungrily into her mouth, her full pouty lips closing down on her finger as she sucked at the tip, her eyes closing as she moaned blissfully. Mitch continued to watch wide-eyed as she drew her finger salaciously back and forth, like she was sucking a little cock. She finally pulled it slowly from her mouth, her lips pursed out as if she never wanted to let it go. She tilted her head coquettishly and looked up at him, her face glistening with a shimmering coating of his cum. "Let's take a shower, baby. Then it'll be time for round two."

Mitch's eyes opened even wider as his heart started to pound in his chest once more, wondering if he'd be able to keep up with the insatiable slut his mother had become. He knew he would—or die trying—with his cock buried deep in that hot experienced cunt of hers. He wanted to fill that weeping little box with so much cum that

the stuff would be leaking out of her for weeks. He couldn't wait for what the rest of the day had in store.....

Chapter 5

Note to readers: Work has taken me away from my computer for a week, but in order to keep to my "unofficial" schedule of posting a chapter every two weeks, I am submitting Chapter 5. With that in mind, this chapter is somewhat shorter than my usual submissions. I hope you will understand. Now, to get to work on Chapter 6...

"Baby, why don't go in and get the shower started for us?" Nicole said, running her fingertips teasingly all around her cum-covered face. "I'll join you in a minute."

Still in shock, Mitch nodded compliantly, rising from the bed and making his way into his parents' big en-suite bathroom, his heavy spent member swinging majestically between his legs. When his parents had renovated, they'd had a large marble and glass-walled shower installed, big enough for two, with dual shower heads. Mitch had fantasized many times about using the double shower with his mother, and wondered how often his parents used it together. He reached into the big glass-walled shower and turned on the taps for both shower heads, waiting for the water to warm up before he stepped in. Once inside, he leaned forward against the marble-lined wall, letting the stinging pellets from one nozzle pound down on his skull, his head absolutely spinning from what had happened that morning...

He'd started off helping his mother clean up the old junk in the attic, and then she'd come across the box with her wedding dress in it. Much to his delight, it also contained her wedding lingerie: a teasingly sexy white lace corset, a tiny g-string, and sheer white gossamer stockings with intricate lace bands at the top. The box also carried a pair of white high-heeled slingbacks, the perfect shoes to go with the perfect outfit. When she had it all on, she looked just like something out of the folders he kept on his computer. He had numerous folders that contained pictures of his stacked mom that he'd Photoshopped, putting her face on sexy pictures he'd taken off the internet, his favorite being shots of her in wedding dresses and bridal lingerie. The combination of alluring innocence and the promise of steaming sensuality that came across to him from those images of his mother in wedding attire never failed to give him a hardon—a hardon so stiff that a cat wouldn't have been able to scratch it.

He'd talked his mother into trying her old wedding dress on, and it made him shake with excitement when she readily agreed. She looked incredible in it, better than any pictures he'd created himself on his machine. Her lush MILFish form looked spectacular in the dress, and his mouth with salivating with desire as he took picture after picture of her in the gorgeous dress.

She wanted to dance to 'their song', 'Faithfully', by Journey, that she'd been singing to him since he was a baby. Holding her close, he'd been unbelievably hard when they danced, his huge cock rising up between their pressed bodies. But she hadn't minded, and it made his heart swell with desire when she gazed deep into his eyes with a look of understanding, letting him know she knew what he was

feeling. He'd kissed her, deeply, passionately, her mouth open and willing as she kissed him back. She'd slid her hand down between their bodies, touching his surging prick, and then from there it had been magical, like something out of a dream. She made it clear she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her, telling him she wanted him to fuck her all day long.

Seeing he was so aroused that he was about to burst, she'd jerked a load off all over her pretty face, and when that didn't take the initial edge off, she'd sucked another load out of him, swallowing his massive load while her face was still covered with the first one. She'd then asked him to help her out of her wedding dress, letting his hungry eyes feast on her curvy MILFish body clad spectacularly in her wedding lingerie, her huge tits almost pouring out of the sexy merry widow. He'd repaid her by eating her through consecutive orgasms, and then he couldn't wait any longer—he needed to fuck her more than he'd wanted anything in his life.

He'd tossed her on top of her dressing table and savagely tore off her panties, his lustful desire overwhelming him. He held her legs spread wide apart as he powered his horse-like cock deep into her needy pussy, eventually going inches further than any man had ever been before, tearing open the depths of her virgin-like cunt. She'd screamed in ecstasy when he touched bottom, the broad flared head of his thrusting erection pressing against the gates of her womb. He fucked her right there on the table-top, slamming his rigid prick high up into her velvety love-pocket, making her cum again until those delightful sensations took control of him and he blasted a huge load deep inside her, filling her clutching birth canal with wad after wad of thick teenage semen.

With both of them blissfully spent, he'd taken her to her bed, where she let him grope and suck on her mouthwatering tits. He'd fingered her at the same time, bringing her to another set of multiple orgasms. Wanting to repay him, she'd rolled him over onto his back, using her big heavy tits and talented mouth to pleasure his resurgent cock. Overcome by desire to fulfill one of his ongoing fantasies, Mitch had forced her onto her back, straddling her body in order to tit-fuck her. She let him know she wanted it as much as he did, her sultry eyes glistening with lust as she told him to pump his load out all over her face. Turned on more by her sluttish behaviour, Mitch had blown what had to be the biggest load in his life, absolutely covering her pretty face with a shimmering coating of white viscous cum. He'd watched in awe as she slavishly pushed the heavy wads of semen into her mouth, lapping up his potent teenage seed. And now she'd suggested they take a shower together, so they could both be ready for what she called "round 2."

Mitch had shivered with arousal, his heart pounding with excitement in his chest as he thought about what had brought them to this point, and wondering what the rest of the day was going to have in store for him.

Wondering if it was all just a dream, and he was going to wake with a handful of hard cock that needed attending to, he knocked his head against the marble shower wall, forcing himself to wake up from his vivid fantasy. However, all he got for his efforts was a sore head, but he didn't care, at least it was all real. And if it was going to end, and his mother told him they had to go back to the way things were before, he wanted to take advantage of the present situation as much

as he could, and strike while the iron is hot, as the saying goes—but more like "while the pussy is hot" in this case. And how luxuriously hot that tight wet pussy of his mother's was.

Mitch tipped his face up into the stinging spray from the shower, loving the feel of the hot steamy pellets raining down on his skin, washing away the sweat from their sexual exertions. He was about to reach for the big bar of soap sitting in one of the little shelves in the shower wall when he heard the glass door open behind him. He turned, just as his mother stepped into the big stall and closed the door behind her, the steam from the hot water wafting about her sensually.

"Fuck me," Mitch muttered under his breath as he looked at his mother standing before him. She had doffed all of her sexy bridal lingerie, of course, but to his surprise, she had replaced it with something equally tantalizing, and perfect for the shower—the 'wife-beater' t-shirt she'd been wearing when they cleaned the attic. It looked even more fabulous than it had when she'd been wearing it earlier, because now, she had nothing on underneath. The sexy garment clung to her huge tits alluringly, the round knockers causing the tight cotton fabric to stretch provocatively, her 36Es had the soft white material drawn taut over the protruding mounds. They looked perfect in their natural state, sitting nice and full as they spread out over the full breadth of her chest, wobbling teasingly as she closed the door behind her and turned to face him. Her nipples stood out like bullets, causing tiny dark shadows to fall below them on the brilliant white fabric. He was reminded again of the many pictures like this he had on his computer, pictures of busty models in wife-beaters that he'd Photoshopped his mom's face onto.

"I thought this would be nice to wear for you in the shower," his mother said, reaching up with both hands to fluff her hair out behind her. She rolled her head slowly from side to side as she held her hair up off her neck, her eyes closed as she tried to release some stiffness in her neck.

Mitch shuddered with excitement as his eyes zeroed in on her magnificent tits, the huge orbs lifting up and thrusting out towards him as her arms came up behind her head. He blatantly stared at the tremendous guns, his mouth salivating for them once more.

Nicole smiled to herself, watching her son through narrowly-slitted eyes, happy to see the mesmerized look on his face as she lifted her arms up, knowing the motion would draw his attention to her breasts even more. She'd seen him trying to surreptitiously look at her boobs for years now, and figured that, like most teenage boys, he was jerking off thinking about them, even though she was his mother. But until she'd come across the stash of illicit photos he had of her on his computer, she had no idea what lengths her son's obsession with her had gone to. And now that she knew, she loved it—absolutely loved it. The fact that he had also been blessed with just about the world's most perfect cock didn't hurt matters either—a cock she planned on making use of as much as she could from now on. Their life was certainly going to change, and for the better, as far as she was concerned. They'd have to be careful around her husband, but once she'd had that gorgeous prick in her hands and mouth, and then especially to feel it plundering the depths of her hot needy pussy, she knew she was hooked—no, worse than that—she knew she was addicted to her own 18-year old son's magnificent cock. And

she definitely had no intention of denying her new addiction. Like most junkies, she just wanted more and more.

"I guess you like this top more than I thought," Nicole said provocatively as she stepped closer, her son struck dumb by the sight of her tremendous tits lusciously encased in the tiny white undershirt. She had that playful look on her face again. "Maybe I should see how water resistant it is." She stepped beneath the second shower head, still holding her hair up with her hands behind her neck, thrusting the protruding shelf of her tits right into the pelting spray.

"Oh my God," Mitch moaned under his breath, watching the front of her undershirt get wet. As the stinging pellets rained down on her, the white material became translucent, making her large round breasts clearly visible, but teasingly so. The soft cotton fabric quickly became soaked, the material adhering to her body like a second skin. She turned slowly from side to side, the upper swells of her breasts glistening wetly as the water splashed down upon her, shiny rivulets running teasingly into her dark cleavage.

"Hmmm, I guess it isn't as water resistant as I hoped," Nicole said playfully, letting her hair drop down onto her shoulders as she brought her hands forward, cupping her heavy knockers. Mitch stood and watched as her thumbs came up and toyed with her nipples, the rubbery buds getting stiffer right before his eyes. "Maybe I shouldn't have worn this. What do you think, sweetie?"

"No!" Mitch gasped out loudly, so excited that he was unsure of what he was saying. "No...I mean yes. I mean I'm glad you wore it. It looks amazing."

"I'm glad you like," his mother said as she sidled up to him, that sexy look in her eyes again. "Give me a kiss, and use those hands to show me how much you like it."

Mitch took her in his arms as they kissed passionately beneath the pelting spray of the shower, the swirling steam enveloping the two lovers in a halo of sensuality. As their tongues rolled against each other's in a loving dance, he slid his hand up the front of her body and cupped her big round tits, his fingers circling possessively beneath the mammoth orbs. He hefted the enormous guns, amazed at the substantial weight of them, and absolutely loving the feel of them in his young hands. He brought his fingers up to her nipples, feeling them thrusting against the front of the wet top, begging for attention.

"Mmmm," his mother purred into his mouth as he rolled the rubbery buds between his thumb and forefinger, feeling them swell and stiffen even more beneath his teasing fingertips.

Mitch pulled his mouth back from hers as he reached for the bar of soap, quickly lathering up his hands. "This undershirt feels a bit dirty to me," he said, "I better wash it to make sure it's nice and clean." He brought his soapy hands back to her breasts as he kissed her again, her arms circling his neck as she pulled his mouth down to hers, a

playful smile on her face. He rubbed his foamy hands all over the front of her body, soapy lather bubbling up under his moving hands.

"Don't forget to wash the inside of my undershirt too," his mother said coyly as she gazed mischievously into his eyes.

"I never thought you'd ask," Mitch replied, having fun with their little game. He re-lathered his hands, turning the big bar of soap this way and that until they were covered in bubbling froth. He placed the soap back on the shelf and then slid one hand beneath the bottom edge of her top, sliding his hand up her warm body until he encountered the massive shelf of her tits. "Yes, I think this top is pretty dirty under here. I'm going to have to give you a thorough cleaning."

"You're such a considerate son," Nicole replied, smiling coyly as she pulled his mouth down to hers for another hot kiss. She loved the feel of his big masculine hands on her breasts, his soapy fingers sliding luxuriously all over the massive globes, his fingertips paying just the right amount of attention to her thick rubbery nipples. She finally broke the kiss, reaching over for the soap as he continued to manhandle her big tits.

"Now what kind of mother would I be if I didn't make sure my son was nice and clean as well?" Nicole asked teasingly as she brought her soapy hands to his broad muscular chest. She slid his fingers all over the firm plates, her slippery fingers roaming over his sculpted torso. She ran her slick fingers over his broad shoulders, feeling the powerful sinews beneath her lathered-up hands. She smiled to

herself, knowing she'd be having her hands on her son's gorgeous body from now on.

"I think there are other parts of me that are kind of dirty too," Mitch said softly, nodding playfully towards his shaven groin.

"Alright, sweetheart. Let Mommy take care of that for you." His mother re-lathered her hands, and when they were absolutely covered with bubbly foam, she reached between them, her palms sliding down over his six-pack abs until she encountered the broad root of his prodigious member. She let her soapy fingers encircle the immense girth and then she lifted, as impressed by the weight of his limber penis as he was with the heft of her large breasts. Once again, she was amazed at the size of her son's cock, how long and how big around it was, even in its mostly flaccid state. Her hand could barely fit around it, her fingertips not even touching the palm of her hand. She slid her soapy hand the full length of the thick shaft, smiling to herself as the front of her hand slid over the speed bump of his pronounced corona.

"I hope we have enough soap there to take care of this gorgeous monster," Nicole said playfully as she drew her hand back after reaching the tip, spinning her hand in a slow torturous corkscrew motion. She reached down with her other hand, cupping his heavy nuts. "I better make sure these are in good working order too. I want them to make sure you keep me nice and full of cum from now on."

Mitch moaned as he continued to fill his slippery hands with his mother's massive tits, her words turning him on once more. Her

slender fingers and loving hands felt exquisite as she worked on him, one hand sliding luxuriously along the length of his slowly stirring prick, while her other soapy hand massaged his heavy balls, her gentle touch tantalizingly exciting as she manipulated them all over his silky bag. He felt like he could just stay there all day and let her hands work him over, but he knew after coming four times in such a short time, even he had to let his batteries recharge. His mother seemed to know it too, finally releasing his soapy dong and giving him another teasingly hot kiss.

"C'mon, sweetheart, let's finish getting cleaned up. I want to wash this spunk of yours out of my hair, especially since I'm sure you're going to be spraying more into it later." She gave Mitch a playfully stern smile, as if she was scolding him for his behaviour. "When we're done, I'll make you some lunch. I want to get some fuel back into that tank of yours, especially for what I have in store for the rest of the day," she said provocatively, pulling her soaked wife-beater over her head and tossing it aside.

Nicole turned towards one shower head as she reached for the shampoo. Mitch did the same with the other, washing himself thoroughly, but still stealing surreptitious glances at his mother's lush curvy form as she reached up with her hands to wash her hair, her spectacular tits jiggling and wobbling deliciously as she moved. With him busy gawking, his mother finished first, and Mitch saw her drying off through the glass walls as he turned into the pelting spray to rinse off, feeling better than he ever had in his entire life.

"I'll see you downstairs in a few minutes, sweetheart," his mother said just as he turned off the water. He watched her disappear into her walk-in closet, her lush body wrapped in one towel while she dried her hair with another.

Mitch took his cue from her and knew it was time to go to his own room. He quickly towelled off and walked through her bedroom, gathering up the clothes he'd discarded earlier. Once inside his own room, he tossed them into the laundry basket and made his way into his own bathroom. As he looked in the mirror, he couldn't wipe the smile off his face. He'd actually fucked his mother, his own gorgeous mother. Not to mention the exquisite hand-job, blow-job, and tit-fuck. He'd actually dumped four massive loads either on her or into her—four hot loads of thick teenage cum—and she seemed in no mood to stop now.

With that shit-eating grin on his face, he ran a comb through his wet hair, brushed his teeth, and proceeded to get dressed. Still having no idea what his mother had in mind, he pulled on a clean pair of jeans and a white polo shirt, one he knew that fit nicely over his sculpted torso. Just in case, he decided to go commando, leaving even the idea of donning underwear stuffed away in his dresser drawer. With a final satisfied look in the mirror, he grabbed his phone and headed downstairs, hungrier than he'd thought. Setting his phone on the kitchen table, he started rummaging around in the fridge, anxious to help out. He pulled out some cold meat, cheese, and lettuce, figuring that would be a good start.

"Well, well, look at little Susie Homemaker there," his mother's voice caused him to look up. She stood at the entrance to the kitchen, a big smile on her face.

"Holy shit," Mitch said to himself, looking at her gorgeous form, nicely displayed in a bright floral sundress. He was shocked by the dress, never having seen it on his mother before, but knowing he had seen it—on a picture of one of the busty models in his Photoshop collection that he'd edited his mother's face onto. The dress was nearly identical, and it sent his head reeling as he gazed at it.

"I take it by the stunned look on your face that you like this new dress too," Nicole said as she stepped across the room and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Is...is that the outfit you were talking about yesterday that you still had to show me?" he asked, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down his mother's shapely figure.

"This little thing," his mother replied, waving dismissively at her dress. "No, that one I was talking about is the one I'll wear out for dinner tonight. But yes, this one is new too, but it's just a fun little sundress to wear around the house. Do you like it?" She did a pirouette, giving him the full meal deal.

Mitch stood there and simply stared, taking in the delicious sight of his mother in her new 'house dress'. The fabric was dazzlingly bright, the floral design a playful mix of brilliant colors, mostly reds, blues,

white and yellows. The dress itself could brighten up a dull room on a cloudy day. But the way it fit was what made it so enticing. The bodice fit alluringly tight, especially on his mother's busty frame. It had little cap sleeves, with a deeply scooped round neck, nicely displaying her deep line of cleavage. It was tight all the way down to her nipped-in waist, with about six or seven tiny buttons that did up in the middle of the front. He saw that his mother had left about three of the buttons undone, drawing his attention even more to her spectacular breasts as they absolutely filled the front of the tight-fitting bodice, the unfastened buttons even providing him with a teasing glimpse of a lacy pink bra she wore beneath.

Mitch felt that lump in his throat again as he let his eyes look lower, taking in the flounce of the skirt part of the dress as it flowed out playfully from her slender waist over her wide hips. It kind of flipped loosely out to the sides—very different from the form-fitting pencil skirts she'd worn the day before—leaving her long tanned legs free, the hem of the dress ending at about mid-thigh. He loved the way the dress fit so tightly up top, but so playfully free once it got past her trim waist. Her legs were bare and her tan looked great, her small feet encased in strappy white flat sandals, a perfect complement for the casual, yet stunningly sexy, sundress.

"So, stop staring and tell me if you like it or not?" Nicole said, tapping her foot impatiently, a pleased smile still on her face.

"Y...yes, it looks fantastic," Mitch replied, finally able to tear his eyes off her gorgeous body and look her in the eye. Her hair was still damp, the golden locks of her ash-blonde hair falling attractively

about her shoulders. She'd touched up her makeup, her eyes in soft pinks, with lip gloss to match, the look matching her sundress perfectly. She looked beautifully radiant, the smile on her face warming him to the cockles of his...well, to the cockles of his cock, which he felt give a needy pulse beneath his jeans.

"Well alright then, lover-boy, let's have something to eat," his mother said, giving his arm an affectionate squeeze as she opened a cupboard and lifted out two plates. They helped each other prepare the lunch, two big sandwiches and tall glasses of iced tea, both of them famished from their sexual exertions. When they had everything ready and sat down at the table, Mitch picked up his phone, quickly scrolling through his messages.

"Anything important?" Nicole asked.

"Nah. Just some stuff from Justin. He said he might call later if he hears from Ashley." Nicole knew Ashley was Justin's girlfriend, a cute little thing with a waif-like body. "He said a cousin of hers might be coming into town and they might go out somewhere."

"I take it this cousin is a girl?"

"Uh, I guess, unless Jeri spelled J-E-R-I is a guy's name all of a sudden."

"I guess not," Nicole replied, both of them smiling. "So, do you think you'd like to go out with this Jeri?"

"Not a chance."

"You're sure you don't want to toss aside your fat old mom and go out with skinny young thing?"

"Jesus, Mom, are you kidding? You're not fat—you're perfect. And like I said before, you're not old. And besides, I've seen a picture of this Jeri. She's built like Ashley, like a twig. Even if I did go out with her—which I don't want to do—she's so skinny I'd probably break my dick off inside her."

"I'd like to see both of you try to explain that one at the hospital," Nicole said, both of them laughing at this point. "But seriously, don't you think your mom's a big old cow with these things." She cupped her immense breasts, holding her 36Es out towards her son.

Mitch adamantly shook his head. "Mom, you are the most beautiful, the most perfect woman I've ever seen. And trust me, any of those guys who say they go for those skinny chicks with no tits are full of shit. If they had a choice between a night with one of those flat bony sticks, or a lush mature woman like you, they'd choose you every time."

"And does that include you, sweetheart?"

"Oh God, yes. I don't even have to think twice. Mom, what's happened this morning is the best thing that's ever happened to me. I have to pinch myself to make sure it's real."

"It's real alright," Nicole replied, "and I can't wait for more. Now, let's eat. I can't believe how hungry I am." They both dug into their sandwiches, both of them eating ravenously for the first few bites, their bodies craving the energy they'd just spent in the bedroom. They talked very little as they ate, smiling at each other before finishing their food in no time flat, both of them anxious to get their hands on each other.

"Would you like some dessert, sweetie?" Nicole asked, taking the plates away and stowing them in the dishwasher.

"Yeah, that would be great, Mom." With her back facing him, Mitch watched as his mother slipped her hands beneath her dress, her wide hips starting to shimmy from side to side. She bent over and slipped her panties off, turning around as she held them teasingly from the tip of her index finger. With a mischievous smile on her face, she drew the tiny pink panties past his face, letting him get a whiff of her warm womanly scent before tossing them onto the countertop. She reached forward and took his glass off the table too. As Mitch watched, totally speechless, his mother slid her curvy rump onto the table top right in front of him. She leaned back, her arms straight out behind her. She lifted her tiny sandal-covered feet up and placed them on the arms of his chair, and then slowly drew her feet back

towards her, her knees rolling open at the same time, her dress sliding provocatively up her thighs as her knees came up.

"Come closer, baby boy, Mommy's got a special dessert just for you." She reached down and pulled the rising hem of her sundress even higher, and Mitch watched in awe as her smooth creamy thighs rolled open before him, totally exposing her delectable pussy. He shivered with excitement just looking at the enticing treasure before him. He loved that it was totally shaven, the smooth skin of her vulva seeming to be begging for his hungry mouth. Her inner labia glistened wetly, the hot pink flesh beckoning sinfully. Her hooded clit stood up prominently at the apex of her sex, the fiery little bud seeming to throb and pulse with need. The warm feminine fragrance emanating from between her legs was intoxicatingly erotic, a mixture of soap, perfume, and pure womanly nectar. It seemed to feather its way teasingly into his senses, filling his head with illicitly sinful desires. Mitch felt himself flushing with excitement at his mother's luridly obscene behaviour, and felt a surging twitch as blood pulsed to his groin.

"C'mon, baby, show Mommy what you can do with that sweet mouth of yours," Nicole said softly, her voice taking on that lulling hypnotic tone again as she reached forward, slipping her fingers behind his head as she gently pulled him forwards. Unable to resist, even if he had wanted to, Mitch allowed himself to be pulled forward, lowering his mouth until she pressed his lips right against her steaming pussy. The touch of her hot pink labia against his mouth set him on fire, and he eagerly slid his tongue forwards, plunging it between her wet labial curtains.

"Mmmm...yeah, that's it...that's my baby boy," Nicole cooed, closing her eyes in bliss as her son's tongue started to work its magic, the extended tip rolling in a provocative circle over the dripping cuntal walls inside her.

"BZZZZZT!...BZZZZZT!..."

Mitch paused for a second, alerted by the buzzing of his phone. Nicole looked down at the call display. With her fingers still entwined in her son's curly locks, she pulled him against her, making sure he kept his mouth glued to her needy cunt. "It's Justin, but I think I can take care of this, you've got to finish your dessert." She reached over and pushed a button on the phone.

"Hello," Nicole said.

"Uh...Mrs. Stevens?" Justin's voice rang through the kitchen—she'd pressed the button to put him on speaker-phone.

"Yes. Hi, Justin."

"Uh, I thought I had called Mitch's cell. Did I call your home number by mistake?" he asked questioningly.

"No. This is Mitch's cell. He just left it on the kitchen table."

"Oh, uh...okay. Is he there?"

"He's kind of busy eating right now," Nicole said playfully, looking down at her son with that mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh gee, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch."

"No, that's okay, we've actually just finished. Mitch is just having his dessert." Mitch swirled his tongue deep as he listened to the conversation, loving the taste of his mother's creamy cunt-honey as it flowed onto his waiting tongue. He flicked his eyes up, seeing that teasing look on her face as she looked down at him. "Yes, I'm looking through a little slit I've got in the curtains, and I can see he's got a nice mouthful of peach pie."

"Peach pie?"

"Yes, Mitch loves peach pie." She looked down at her son, rolling her loins lewdly all around his face. "I can see that he's eating so fast that he's got a mess all over his face." Mitch looked up at his mother, sharing her smile.

"He's outside?"

"Yes, he's getting a close-up view of my trench."

"Your trench?!" Both mother and son could hear the confusion in Justin's voice.

"Well, it's not really my trench, but I like to call it that. We're having a bit of a problem with discharge overflow." Mitch sent his tongue deep, feeling her dripping pussy lather his tongue with warm cunt-honey, his mother's own sinfully delicious discharge overflow.

"Discharge overflow?"

"Yes, the stuff just seems to be flowing out of my trench like crazy."

There was a pause, and they both wondered what Justin was thinking. "Uh, Mitch knows how to fix things like that?"

"Well, we're going to work at it together, and I'm sure he'll be able to help me take care of this nasty discharge problem." Mitch swiped his tongue all over her throbbing pink labia, rolling the tip of his tongue slowly all around her pulsing clit. "Aaaaahh," Nicole gasped out loud, the sound echoing throughout the room.

"Are you okay, Mrs. Stevens?"

"Yes, I'm fine, Justin. Just stubbed my toe there for a second." She looked down at her son, her fingers caressing lovingly through his curly hair.

"How...uh...how is Mitch going to help you with that...that discharge problem? I didn't think he knew anything about plumbing and stuff like that."

"I'm going to have him lay some pipe for me. Yes, I want him to lay some pipe good and deep in my trench." Even Mitch looked up wide-eyed as he listened to what his mother had just said.

Again, there was a pause, and Mitch wondered what his friend was thinking. Justin finally responded, and it was evident that her provocative statement had gone right over his head. "Gee, that sounds like hard work."

"Oh, I'm sure he'll find it VERY HARD," Nicole responded, emphasizing the final two words. "Laying pipe like this is definitely man's work, but from what I've seen, I think Mitch can handle it. But I'm sure I'll give him a hand, after all, I want to make sure he lays that pipe deep enough to satisfy me. Yes, we have to make sure my trench is completely filled up." She rolled her hips, making sure her son's probing tongue covered every square inch of her needy twat.

"Is that going to take a long time? I was just calling to see if he wanted to go out later."

"Oh, it's going to take quite awhile. I expect Mitch will be laying pipe all afternoon long."

"Hmmm..." She could hear the disappointment in Justin's voice. "Do you still have to do that work in the attic too?"

"Oh no, we finished that this morning just before lunch."

"That's good. Between you and me, Mrs. Stevens, I know Mitch wasn't looking forward to lugging all those boxes around."

"Well, he did a great job, Justin. I was surprised to see how good he was with a box in his hands. By the time he was done, he had me smiling from ear to ear." She paused, but once again Justin seemed in a daze as he listened to her provocative statement. With her pleasure level escalating, Nicole decided it was time to put an end to the call, even though she was having a lot of fun with it. "Listen, I've got to go. There seems to be some more discharge bubbling out of my trench. How about you call him later this afternoon?"

"Sure thing, Mrs. Stevens. Let him know I called."

"I will. Bye." Nicole reached over and pressed the phone, ending the call.

"C'mon, baby, I'm almost there," she said as she arched her back, pulling her son's mouth more firmly against her.

With her cute little sundress bunched up around her waist, Mitch went to town, eating her for all he was worth. He worshipped at her succulent pussy, rolling his tongue all around her cuntal walls, probing mercilessly into her incendiary depths. He was rewarded with a continuous flow of her fragrant womanly nectar, the stuff sluicing out of her onto his waiting tongue. He flicked his eyes up to see her head tilted back, her eyes half-closed in blissful pleasure as she approached orgasm. Her huge tits were heaving beneath the tight-fitting bodice, the upper swells jiggling enticingly. He shifted his attentions higher, sliding his tongue up the full length of her gooey slot and wrapping it around the sensitive nodule of her clit, taking it between his lips and sucking gently as his tongue bathed it with his warm spit.

"OH FUCK...YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," his mother hissed loudly as she started to come. Her hips were shifting and twitching from side to side on the tabletop as her climax overwhelmed her. She kept his head pressed against her fiery loins as she shook and spasmed, spewing hot sticky cunt juice all over his face. Mitch licked and sucked at her clit, driving her crazy. She came and came, gasping and shrieking as wave upon wave of pure ecstasy coursed through her lush body. She thrashed about like a wildcat under his talented tongue and working lips, feeding him a steady supply of warm gooey nectar as she continued to twitch and shake, her body surrendering itself to the blissful sensations coursing through her.

"Oh Jesus, that was so good," she gasped out as the final tingling sensations rolled through her. She released her grip on her son's head and sat back, her loins still spread wide open as he tenderly nursed at her dripping pussy. With a contented smile on her face, she just

watched as he slowly licked all around her seeping hole, gathering up the warm juices slithering out from inside her.

"You love that, don't you, sweetheart?" she asked after watching him eat her quietly for a minute or two, her breathing gradually returning to normal.

"I do, Mom. I could do that all day, if you wanted me to."

"Maybe someday, sweetie. But not today—I've got other things in mind," she said as she sat forwards on the edge of the table. "Your face is a mess. Let me clean that up for you." She took her son's head in her hands and tilted his face up to hers, his skin glistening with her sticky juices. Her tongue slithered forward, the soft organ feeling luxurious on his skin as she licked his cheek, gathering up her warm nectar.

"Mmmm," she purred, slowly licking her son's handsome face from ear to ear until all that was left was a shimmering residue of her drying saliva. She sat back slightly, looking down at the enormous bulge straining against the confining material of her son's jeans. With a smile on her face, she reached down and pulled off his polo shirt, tossing it aside as she looked at his muscular torso, her eyes twinkling with lust as she slid her fingers over the powerful sinews beneath his broad shoulders. She leaned forwards, nipping teasingly at his ear.

"Get those pants off, baby," she whispered, her hot tingling breath making him shiver.

Mitch quickly undid his jeans and pushed them down to the floor, kicking them aside as he continued to sit in the chair. They both looked down as his cock thrust upwards, free of the confining jeans. It was hard as a rock, and bobbed menacingly with each powerful beat of his racing heart. A throbbing pulse went through it as they watched, a pulsing blob of precum oozing to the surface and running down the upright shaft erotically.

"Oh yeah, that's just what I need," Nicole said breathlessly as she shifted forward and straddled her son as he sat in the chair, holding her dress up as she positioned the introitus of her vagina right over the throbbing cockhead. With the broad flared head positioned against her dripping labial gates, she took a deep breath and then lowered herself, feeling her hot pink labia stretch as the massive glans started to enter her.

"Oh fuck," she gasped, letting go of her dress. As she reached to put her hands on her son's broad shoulders to steady herself, her dress drifted down to cover their connected loins in a bright floral tent, but the sensations going on beneath weren't shielded by the fabric covering. She let herself slide down the thrusting shaft inch by inch, the massive cock once again stretching and filling her insides like no man had ever done before.

Nicole knew her son was just what she needed—the perfect lover that could keep up with her. She knew that boys reached their sexual

peak in their late teens, just the age Mitch was now. And she also knew that women reached their prime later, close to 40. At 39, she knew she was there, and it had been years since her husband Rick had been able to truly satisfy her. What could be better than a virile young stud in his prime, meeting a voluptuous mature women in her prime? And the fact that the virile young stud was her own son just made it that much more exciting for Nicole.

She also knew she was a size queen, who craved and desired big cocks, and although Rick was slightly bigger than average, for the last number of years she'd found herself wanting an even bigger cock more and more. Little did she know until just a day ago that a monstrous stallion-like cock was in the room right next to her—lying in eager anticipation between her son's strong powerful thighs. Yes, that was the cock she needed—the perfect cock to fill her itchy needy hole time and time again. She knew already that she'd be taking advantage of his youthful endurance, having him fuck her and feed her load after load of hot teenage cum until she'd fucked and sucked him dry. And she knew that even then, he'd still have that endless teenage stamina to give her one more, and then one more after that, until she couldn't walk straight. She knew that only then she'd be truly happy.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you've got it all," Mitch said as her felt her settle right down in the saddle, her groin pressed flush up against his, his horse-like cock buried to the hilt inside her.

"Oh God, baby, it's so big. I love it," Nicole cooed as she sat still, her eyes half-closed in pleasure as she got used to the massive stake

thrusting high up inside her. She started to work the muscles inside her, gripping and massaging the rigid prick lovingly.

"Oh Mom, that feels amazing," Mitch said, loving the delightful sensations flowing through him as she rolled her hips as well, bathing his buried prick with her hot oily juices.

"It does feel good, doesn't it, baby?" Nicole said as she started to hunch up and down an inch or two. She held firmly onto his shoulders as she placed her feet flat on the floor on either side of him, positioning herself just as she wanted.

"Just sit back and relax, sweetie. It's time for Mommy to ride." With that, she rose up, the steely hard rod easing out of her until just the lemon-sized knob was left inside her, her stretched pink labia circling the engorged head in a possessive kiss. She rolled her hips from side to side, his thrusting erection moving with her.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that feels incredible."

"You might like this too," Nicole replied, letting her weight go as she plunged all the way down on his rigid member, the massive cockhead tearing deep into her guts.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkk," Mitch moaned, throwing his head back at the unbelievable sensations flowing through him. His mother pushed herself up again, until his enflamed glans was still gripped inside

her, and then dropped herself down, her groin slamming into his with a nasty wet squelching sound, the head of his prick bumping up against the gates of her womb.

"OH JESUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," his mother moaned as she started to cum already. She leaned forward and gripped his shoulders tightly as she climaxed, her hips thrashing about as the jangling sensations of an intense climax rocketed through her. She kept pumping herself up and down as she came, her juices gushing out of her to run down over his silky bag to pool on the chair beneath him.

"Oh Mom, that is so fucking good," Mitch groaned, holding on for dear life as she rode the hell out of him. She was wriggling and flexing up and down like she was riding a bucking bronco, and that's what she felt like with the huge horse-like cock stretching and filling her birth canal to the max. She slammed herself up and down as his cock plundered the depths of her gripping vagina, the hot wet tissues inside her gliding up and down in a steaming tight sheath along his rigid shaft.

Mitch felt himself getting close, and reached beneath his mother's dress to grip her pistoning hips, holding on for dear life as she fucked the shit out of him. His turgid prick felt like it was on fire, the steely branding iron tightly encased by her molten snatch. He felt his balls draw up close to his body, and then the luscious contractions started in his midsection, just as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock.

"OH MOM, I'M COMMINGGGGGGGG," he gasped as he started to shoot, the first blast of cum feeling like a fire extinguisher trying to put out a grease fire as he went off inside her oily depths.

"YESSSSSSSS," Nicole hissed at the same time as she started to climax as well. She could actually feel the first blast of his cum rocket upwards inside her, pasting itself sinfully against her cervix. She kept bouncing as she came, gripping his shooting prick with the muscles inside her as she tried to pull as much cum out of him as possible.

Mitch kept hunching his hips up as she rode him mercilessly, shot after shot of hot teenage semen spewing deep into her. It felt like a geyser going off between his legs, rope upon rope of thick viscous cum filling her insides. The sound of their slapping loins was lewd and deliciously erotic, the overflow of spunk from her velvety snatch slithering out around their joined bodies.

"OH JESUSSSSSS," Nicole moaned loudly as she threw her head back in ecstasy, another tingling orgasm following right on the heels of the last one. She was gasping and shaking, twitching paroxysms of pleasure coursing through her curvy body. But still, she kept bouncing on his spurting prick, both of them relishing in the blissful rapture of their mutual climaxes. Mitch kept shooting, wad upon wad of thick viscous cum filling his mother's hot wet cunt. Finally, the luxurious tingling sensations coursing through both of them waned at the same time, resulting in her collapsing against him, his drooling prick still buried to the hilt inside her. Neither said a word as she lay with her body slumped against his broad musculature

chest, her head resting on his shoulder and they both breathed deeply, letting their bodies recover.

A few minutes later, Nicole sat back, her face glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, a smile of blissful contentment on her face. Mitch looked back at her, equally as pleased. She took his face in her hands and leaned down, giving him a hot passionate kiss that went on and on. She finally pulled back, her warm blue eyes alive with desire. "Let's go upstairs, baby. It's time for you to really start laying that pipe into Mommy."

Chapter 6

I apologize for the delay in getting this chapter posted. Sometimes real life stuff just gets in the way. Once again, if you are looking for male and female characters of average size endowment, please look elsewhere.

Also, I am asking for help from my readers. In the next chapter, mother Nicole will be wearing another sexy lingerie outfit for her son. I'm asking readers to submit photos from websites with outfits they'd like to see this gorgeous stacked MILF wearing.

Thanks for reading...rmdexter

Mitch gripped his mother's ankles in his hands and pinned her legs back almost to her shoulders, tilting her hips upwards so her hot juicy cunt was in the perfect position for him to drill her deep into the mattress. He flexed back and slammed his hips forward, the bed squeaking in protest as he drove over 10" of thick hard cock all the way to the bottom of his mother's velvety love pocket, the overheated pink tissues inside her gripping his rigid erection like a hot buttery fist.

"OH FUCK! NOT AGAINNNNNN..." Nicole wailed as she climaxed, the exquisite sensations flashing like a million fireflies throughout her lush mature body. Her son had been fucking her almost continually for over two hours now, and she'd lost track ages ago of how many times she'd come. It seemed like she'd just start to come down from one delicious orgasm when his gorgeous hard cock and firm muscular body would take her to the brink of another scintillating climax. Her body felt almost numb at this point from the

heavenly torture he was putting her through—but she loved it, and didn't want it to ever stop. She was realizing in a hurry she'd finally found the perfect partner to meet her own insatiable sexual appetite—and that person was her very own son. Mitch had the stamina and endurance to match her unquenchable ravenous desires. As he drew back and jackhammered his hips forward, crucifying her sinfully as the rigid stake between his legs nailed her deep into the bed, she knew that the 18-year old hung stud living in the room right next to her was the perfect lover to quench her voracious hunger for cock—big rock-hard cock that could turn you inside out and make your eyes roll back in your head. Yes, there was nothing like a permanently hard teenage cock to satisfy a lusty 39-year old MILF's itchy needs.

"OH JESUS, MOM...SO HOT..." Mitch moaned as he kept slamming his engorged erection deep into his mother's welcoming cunt. With his hands wrapped around her slender ankles holding her body spread out like a wishbone, she was in the perfect position for a relentless assault on her hot mature pussy. And as Mitch levered back and thrust his hips forward, he was giving that needy cunt all it could take...and more.

When they'd come up from the kitchen, they'd torn the clothes off each other and tumbled into her king-size bed, their mouths meeting in a searing kiss as their hands eagerly explored each other's bodies. He'd gotten hard surprisingly quick after his previous climax, her talented hands and succulent mouth working to bring his boiling blood to where it was needed most. He'd turned her over and fucked her doggy style, his bloated balls slapping noisily against her shiny labia as he'd hammered away. After she'd come a couple of times, he

rolled over, pulling her with him. She quickly took charge, riding him in reverse cowgirl fashion as he held onto her wide motherly hips, letting her set the pace. She climaxed again, and another time after that before he spun her around, his cock still impaled deep inside her. She continued to ride, sitting deep in the saddle as his cock plundered the hot oily tissues high up inside her velvety snatch. His eyes feasted on her mouth-watering tits as she bounced, the massive orbs wobbling and jiggling invitingly. Mitch then turned her back over onto her stomach and slammed her into the bed from behind, plundering the depths of her steaming box over and over again as she lay totally prone beneath him with her legs spread out to each side, her hands clutching the sheets tightly.

After what seemed like an hour of continuous fucking, Mitch finally came, flooding her succulent pussy with another load of thick creamy teenage cum. His mother climaxed at the same time, screeching like a banshee as the tingling sensations overwhelmed her. But she wasn't done with him—not by any means.

Mitch had barely regained his breath before his mother was sucking on him again, her soft pouty lips licking his spent prick clean of their warm fragrant juices. She looked into his eyes sluttishly as she ran her broad flat tongue all over his groin, licking and sucking up the wads of milky semen clinging to his body. As he started to get hard again, the smile on her face was bewitchingly sinful as she sucked even harder, her lips stretching further open to encompass his swelling prick. When he was fully hard, she pulled him back on top of her, and they started again.

Mitch was in heaven, fucking his mother's hot mature pussy for all he was worth—and it never seemed to be enough for her. He loved the intensity of her lovemaking. It was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. He'd had his fair share of girls, nearly all of them unable to take more than half of his massive cock. But even the ones he thought were really good in bed couldn't hold a candle to his mother. No—she was something quite spectacular. He'd jerked off to his mother for years now, pumping out thousands of loads while fantasizing about her. But everything today had been beyond his wildest dreams. He knew that even an experienced porn star would be no comparison to the scintillating delights his mother was providing for him.

Now they'd been fucking for well over an hour again, the bed constantly creaking and shaking as he'd had her in every position he could think of. The room reeked of sex, both of them covered in a glistening sheen of perspiration from their exertions. His pistoning cock was coated in a frothy foam of cunt-juice and semen. The previous loads he'd deposited deep inside her were being forced out of her overflowing twat by his invading member, the huge dick filling the hot void like it had never been filled before, gobs of spunk being forced back out of her to coat his heavy nuts and stain the sheets.

The sheets were a total mess. In fits of rapturous ecstasy while climaxing, she'd pulled at the sheets viciously, the corners of the mattress now exposed as the sheets came loose in her shrieking death grip. There were wet spots and glistening gobs of white cum everywhere, plus an overall dampness from their sweaty bodies moving constantly from one part of the bed to another as they tried

a new position. The headboard was beating a drum-like tattoo on the wall as Mitch pounded away, splitting his mother in two with his stallion-like cock, the sound nothing more than a repetitive din compared to her wailing shrieks of ecstasy when she came...time and time again.

"I'm getting close. Where do you want this one, Mom?" Mitch asked, feeling his balls drawing up close to his body.

"All over my tits, baby," she gasped back at him, her body folded up like a pretzel beneath him, her talented cunt gripping his engorged prick possessively.

As the semen started to speed up the shaft of his rearing prick, Mitch released his mother's bent-up legs and hastily withdrew from her clutching vagina, his throbbing dick coming out with a nasty wet sucking sound. Nicole quickly shifted backwards until she was leaning up against the headboard, making her voluminous tits a perfect target for her eager son. She cupped her massive breasts in her hands, presenting them to him temptingly. Mitch scrambled over her supine form and straddled her midsection, his cannon-like prick pointed right at her inviting tits and ready to fire. He wrapped his big hand around his throbbing member and started to pump, just as the first thick white rope jettisoned forth.

"HERE IT COMES!" he warned, watching the streaking ribbon of white plaster itself against his mother's sumptuous tits.

"Come on, baby," Nicole cooed warmly as she looked down at the enflamed head of her son's massive cock. "Give Mommy every drop of that sweet cum."

Mitch didn't have to be asked twice as he jacked vigorously, milky wads and pearly strands of thick teenage semen spewing forth as he absolutely flooded his mother's big heavy tits with his cum. He pumped and pumped as the tingling contractions continued in his midsection, totally unloading all over her perfect 36Es. Nicole smiled as she looked down at her chest, watching her breasts quickly getting covered with a shimmering coating of whiteness. Shot after shot of thick teenage semen rained down on her, the warm seed feeling deliciously erotic as it landed on her huge tits.

Mitch eventually stopped as the last tingling shiver tripped down his spine. He flicked off the final few drops of cum, and then looked down at his handiwork. The stuff was everywhere, almost totally covering her chest with thick rivulets running into her deep cleavage. Gobs of jizz clung to the soft skin alluringly, the longer strands crisscrossing the huge mounds in a bizarre mosaic. He smiled to himself as he looked down at her bullet-like nipples, a big gob of milky semen dangling lewdly downwards from each rubbery button.

"I can't believe how much cum you can still shoot, even after all those loads you've already gotten rid of today," Nicole said, her face still flushed with desire as she teasingly traced her fingertips through the layer of cum covering her tits.

"It's pretty much always that much," Mitch said. "Sorry about that. I guess I kind of made a mess."

"Oh, there's nothing to be sorry about," Nicole said, looking up at him with that teasing look in her eyes. "I love it. Don't ever stop." She reached both hands beneath one breast and lifted it upwards as she tipped her head forwards, her eyes still locked on his.

Mitch watched, totally enthralled, as his mother's tongue slid out from between her lips and lapped at one breast, the tip of her tongue flicking upwards as she drew a long slimy trail of semen into her mouth. Her neck muscles contracted provocatively as she swallowed, the silky ribbon of cum sliding right down her throat.

"Mmmm..." She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm milk as she lifted her breast higher, pursing her lips into a sexy 'O' before latching on to her own cum-covered nipple. She purred again and closed her eyes in bliss as she sucked on the strawberry-like button, her tongue slurping noisily as she sucked up her son's warm tasty seed.

Mitch thought it was just about the hottest thing he'd ever seen, and just stared open-mouthed as his mother continued to suck and lick at her own big tits, drawing as much of his thick viscous semen into her mouth as she could. Her hair was matted with sweat and was a total mess, but Mitch thought she looked beautiful. Strands of hair clung damply to her cheeks, and he reached down lovingly and pushed it back, giving him an even better view of her pretty face as

she finally finished, swallowing lustily as she took the final warm gobs of cum deep into her welcoming stomach.

"C'mere, baby," Nicole said as she pulled him down next to her and pulled the disarrayed sheets over them. "I think we both need to rest for a few minutes."

Mitch snuggled up behind her, pressing his spent dick against her round curvy bum. His mother reached behind and took his hand, placing it beneath her breast as she wiggled back into him. Deliciously spent, both of them fell asleep in less than a minute...

"BZZZZT!...BZZZZT!..."

The soft buzzing of Mitch's cell phone woke both of them out of a deep and well-deserved slumber. As Mitch reached for the phone he'd placed on the bedside table, Nicole looked at her alarm clock next to her. They'd been asleep for over two hours, both of them dead to the world after their marathon fuck session.

"It's only Justin," Mitch said, picking up the phone and looking at the caller I.D.

He was about to ignore the call when his mother spoke, "Answer it, sweetie. Put him on speaker phone so we can both hear what he has to say." She rolled over and snuggled into Mitch's side, her hand tracing tenderly over his washboard stomach.

"All right," Mitch said, touching the appropriate buttons on his phone. "Hey dipshit, what's up?"

"Not much, dickwad. Did your mom tell you I called?" Justin's voice rang out clear throughout the room.

As Nicole snuggled in closer, Mitch slipped his arm around her. "Yeah, she told me you called right after lunch." He reached further around with his other hand and cupped one of her breasts, hefting it in the palm of his hand. "Sorry I didn't call you back; I've kind of had my hands full all afternoon." Nicole looked up at him, both of them smiling as his thumb rolled playfully over one thick nipple.

"Yeah, it sounded from what your mom said that she was going to be working you pretty hard today."

"Yeah, it was pretty hard most of the time, but it felt good when it was finally over."

"I'll bet. What the hell was she talking about anyways—laying pipe and filling in a trench or something?"

"Is that what she said?" Mitch asked, he and his mother continuing to share a smile.

"Yeah, some kind of plumbing problem or something? She mentioned there was some kind of discharge overflow. Was it really messy?"

Mitch slid his hand down his mother's body and slipped a finger into her swollen pussy, spinning it around as he played in the mixture of semen and cunt-juice within her moist hole. "Yeah, it was bubbling up like crazy for a while there. I ended up spending most of the afternoon laying pipe deep in the trench, just like my mom told me to."

Nicole winked at her son, her hand circling the root of his dormant cock and squeezing affectionately.

"So did you get it all fixed?"

"Yeah, once I had the pipe laid nice and deep, we tested it to make sure there was good flow. Once we saw that it was working just the way my mom wanted it, she told me it was okay to fill in the trench." Mitch withdrew his gooey finger and held it up, his fingers glistening lewdly with her creamy nectar and a couple of strands of milky semen. His mother eagerly slipped her lips over his cummy digit, licking it clean. "Now that my mom's shown me once, if that discharge overflow problem happens again, I know just what to do to help her."

Nicole smiled as she listened to the boys talking, while her hand kept busy, stroking teasingly back and forth along her son's prodigious member, the sleeping monster slowly awakening within her warm grasp.

"Jesus, laying pipe, filling in a trench—that sounds like brutal work. How's a wuss like you doing after that? I figured a little priss like you would be whining and complaining all day."

"Screw you, Nancy-boy." Mitch looked down at his mother's hand tugging in a teasing corkscrew motion as his prick started to harden and extend in her hand. "Actually, I'm okay. But I imagine I'll be stiffening up soon." Nicole almost burst out laughing.

"Okay, enough of that shit. I've had to do my share of chores I hated too." Justin paused for a second before shifting to a new topic of conversation. "Man, you should have been at the mall around noon. I was there with Luke and we spotted these two MILFs that were shopping together. Fucking gorgeous, man."

"Oh yeah. So what did you do, perv, follow them around like you always do?"

"Like you've never done that?" As Nicole looked up at Mitch with a feigned look of surprise on her face, he blushed, having been caught out by his own mistaken question. Justin continued, "They ended up

going into the La Perla lingerie store, so Luke and I went in pretending to look for stuff for our girlfriends."

"Oh no, please tell me you didn't do that?"

"Of course we did. I think those two liked the fact that we were eyeing them up. They seemed to make quite a show of it when they were holding up corsets in front of themselves. I've never seen either of them before, but they both looked fantastic. One was brunette and the other was blonde, and both of them had huge racks. You would have loved the blonde. I know how much you love blondes with big tits." Nicole smiled up at Mitch when Justin said that, her own blonde hair spread out over his shoulder as she lay against him.

"Yeah, well, I'm glad you pervs had a good time," Mitch said, anxious to end the call before he got himself into any more hot water.

"Speaking of having a good time, do you feel like going out and getting a bite to eat? Ashley called and her cousin Jeri got into town a couple of hours ago. The four of us could make a night of it."

"Nah, I think I'll pass." Mitch squeezed his mother's breast gently while leaning over and placing a tender kiss on the top of her head.

"C'mon, Stevens. It'll be fun. I know Jeri's not built quite the way you like—"

"She's built like a little boy," Mitch interrupted, happily filling his hands with his mother's heavy boobs.

"Well, yeah, but she is pretty. You could probably get her to give you either a blow job or a hand job anyways." Nicole softly sniggered as she kept her hand busy, her fingers teasingly tracing up and down her son's stiffening prick.

"No, thanks for the invite, but I don't think so. My mom said she'd take me out for doing this work today, and I promised I'd go."

"Hey, your choice, buddy. Just know that if you can't make it, I'll ask Luke. But just think, while you're out dining all prim and proper with Mommy, me and Luke will most likely be down in the basement at my place watching TV and getting our dicks sucked. Like I said, it could be you instead of Luke."

"Yeah...yeah, whatever."

"Okay, Momma's boy, your loss."

"Yeah, I'll probably just have an early night. Go to bed early." Mitch gave his mother's generous bosom another affectionate squeeze as he winked at her.

"All right. Oh yeah, thanks for sending me the link to that MILF website the other day. There are definitely some hot ones on there." Nicole gave Mitch a scolding look, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face as she continued to stroke his stiff cock.

"Uh yeah," Mitch said, embarrassed once more. "Look, I gotta go. You guys have a good time tonight, okay?"

"Sure. I'll call you tomorrow."

"See ya."

Mitch pressed the button on his phone, ending the call.

"So, MILF websites, eh?" she asked teasingly, her hand still stroking up and down his now rigid cock.

"Well, uh...yeah," Mitch confessed, not seeing the use in trying to deny anything.

"You and your friends are interested in MILFs?"

"All guys are interested in MILFs, Mom. Even old guys—they think about how much they loved them when they were younger."

"Do you think I'm a MILF?"

"Oh Jesus, Mom. You're so gorgeous, you're beyond a MILF. If anything, you'd be Queen of the MILFS."

"Do your friends think of me as a MILF?"

Mitch paused, unsure of what to say, but realized that based on what had happened with his mother today, honesty had to be the best policy. "Y...yes."

"I kind of like that," she replied, her smile easing his temporary anxiety. "It's nice to be thought of as attractive by younger men. You're not just saying that to make me feel better, are you?"

"Gosh, no. All of my friends think you're the hottest mom around. They don't say much right to my face, but I know they talk about you all the time."

Nicole felt her pussy give a little twitch at the thought of all those hung young studs thinking about her. She gave Mitch's cock a testing squeeze, feeling the incredible stiffness against her circling hand. "Well, it seems like my little boy likes what this MILF is doing to him. I can't believe how hard you are again after what we've already done today."

"As far as you're concerned, Mom, I'm pretty sure I can be hard 24/7."

"That's fine with me, baby. And I'm constantly amazed at how big you are. I'm sure you take after my side of the family when it comes to that. I absolutely love it." She gave his hard cock a slow squeezing pump, her eyes gleaming with delight as a shiny gob of precum oozed from the yawning red eye at the tip. She flicked her index finger across the shimmering wad, gathering it up and bringing the slimy wad of cock-sap to her mouth. "Mmmmm. You can walk around with a hardon all day as far as I'm concerned. And Mommy will be here to help you take care of it as much as you want."

Mitch was in heaven listening to his mother's words. He looked down at his hands mauling her giant tits, and felt another surging pulse go through his massive dong. "Mom, can I...can I fuck you again?"

Nicole sat up, her huge tits looming over Mitch's face. She smiled as she looked down at him, his eyes immediately drawn to her heavy swaying boobs. "Not right now, sweetie. I'm afraid to admit that Mommy's a little sore after that pounding you gave me this afternoon. But there is something I'd like to do for you." She paused and looked down at his horse-like cock, standing up rigidly from his groin, throbbing hotly beneath her circling hand. "How about if I give you a nice relaxing hand job?"

"I'd love that," Mitch eagerly replied, knowing another one of his dreams was about to come true.

"Okay, baby. You just sit up a little against the headboard while I get between your legs. Yes...that's it. Now, I think we just need a couple more things to make this perfect. Aahh...yes," she said, opening the drawer of her bedside table and reaching inside. Mitch's eyes opened in shock as she drew out a jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and a black elastic hairband—the same things he used when he jerked off!

"Mom, wh...wh...," Mitch stammered as his mother moved between his spread legs, her supplies in hand.

"I know a few things about my son," Nicole replied, a wry smile on her face. "When I've had to take your sheets off your bed to do laundry, there've been a couple of times you've left the drawer on your bedside table a little bit open. I couldn't help but notice how much of this Vaseline you go through. My, my—you are prolific, aren't you?"

"Well, I...," Mitch mumbled, unsure of how to respond.

"Now seriously, baby, how many times a day do you jack off?"

Mitch was surprised by his mother's blatant question, and even after what they'd just been through, he felt himself blushing. Once again, he figured honesty was the best way to go. "Uh, usually five or six—sometimes more."

"Mmm, that's perfect," his mother said, a wicked little smile on her face. "And would you like Mommy to help you get rid of all those loads from now on?"

"Oh god, yes!" Mitch replied emphatically.

"Then let's start right now," she said, moving closer between his spread legs.

"The...the hairband?"

"Don't think I haven't noticed these missing off my dressing table either," she said with a smile as she twirled the black ring around her index finger teasingly. "I saw a couple of them in your drawer too, and I bet I know just what you use them for." Having said that, she stretched the elasticized band as she slid it down over his rearing tool and positioned it around the root on top, and beneath his massive nut-sack beneath, making his fearsome cock look even more engorged and menacing with the cock-ring around it. "There, how does that feel?" Nicole asked the question, even though she knew from spying on her son that this was exactly the way he positioned it himself.

"It feels great," Mitch said, feeling the anxiety he'd felt washing away.

"Good. Now Mommy wants to have her way with her baby boy's beautiful hard cock. So you just sit back and let me take care of you."

Nicole opened the jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline she'd bought the day before and scooped out a generous amount of the greasy lube. Sitting cross-legged between her son's legs, she rubbed her hands slowly together, warming the viscous gel until her hands glistened hotly.

Mitch loved seeing his mother getting ready to give him a nice slippery hand-job. Sitting upright between his legs, her voluminous breasts wobbled and jiggled enticingly as she rubbed her hands together, her big nipples looking like succulent cherries adorning the tips of those huge round guns. He watched as she reached out and brought one hand to his throbbing dick, her slick fingers circling it in a warm loving corridor as she wrapped it around the base. She brought her other gooey hand forward and slipped it around right on top of the first one, with still a number of inches of rock-hard cock showing above both gripping hands. Once she had them in place, she slowly slid them upwards, leaving behind a shining layer of the slippery lubricant.

"Oh Jesus, that is so good," Mitch moaned as he lay back against the pillows, surrendering himself to the delicious sensations flowing through him.

"Mmmmmm, so nice and hard," his mother cooed softly, her hands quickly warmed by his pulsating cock. When she reached the top, she gave it a tender squeeze, and then started to slowly let her gripping hands descent the towering stalk, adding a teasing corkscrew motion. When the heel of her lower hand touched his shaven groin, she pumped upwards, her slick hands rotating back and forth along his throbbing pole.

"Oh fuckkkkkk." Mitch was thrilled beyond his wildest dreams, loving the feel of his mother's hot talented hands working on his blood-engorged fuck-stick. He looked down through hooded eyes as he leaned back against the headboard, a sluttishly contented look on his mother's face as she slowly pumped away, her glistening hands sliding lewdly up and down his throbbing cock.

"I love this cock," Nicole mumbled, almost as if speaking to herself. "I can't believe how big it is, how hard it is." With the cock-ring keeping it throbbingly engorged, it was a thing of beauty, the pulsing veins standing out boldly against the glistening shaft. She started stroking her hands slowly right off the tip of his cock as she drew it towards her, one hand following the other in a teasing rope-pulling motion, as if she was drawing a boat to shore. Her pulling motion drew even more of his flowing precum from the tip, the slimy discharge almost flowing out of him like a river now, the sticky cock-sap dropping nastily onto her lap. She paused and pumped some out into the palm of one hand, and then licked it up, her eyes closing in rapture as the warm goo slid down her throat.

"Mmmmm," she purred, opening her eyes as she slipped both hands back around his throbbing erection and started pumping up and down once more, her hot slippery hands driving him crazy. "Oh god, what a gorgeous cock. I plan on making use of this beautiful thing as much as I can from now on." She gave Mitch a sinfully teasing wink, letting him know she had no intention of stopping the illicit incestuous affair they'd just started.

Mitch could only moan as she kept working him over, her skilful mature hands working mercilessly on his throbbing prick. The precum continued to flow out of him, joining the slippery lubricant covering her stroking hands. She continued slowly, savoring the luxurious feeling of the hot rigid stiffness filling her hands. She brought him to the brink of orgasm a few times, stopping her deliciously perfect stroking just in time for his impending climax to subside. And then she'd start again, a luridly sinful smile on her face as she stroked all the way from the taut base to the enflamed crown, her slender fingers and circling hands twisting teasingly in torturous circles at the same time.

"Oh fuck, Mom, please...let me...let me come," Mitch pleaded, beside himself with anguish as he lay there squirming before her, his body tensing and twisting with the need to release another massive load.

Nicole squeezed his throbbing prick firmly and then started that base-to-tip stroking motion again, her hands cockscrewing all over the massive girth of his horse-like cock as she started to bring him off. "Okay, baby, let it go. Give Mommy all of that hot cum." She watched her son's muscular abs flexing, and knew the delicious contractions from his impending release were starting to course through his body. She smiled and her tongue subconsciously ran out to wet her lips as the shiny red eye at the yawned open before filling with pearly fluid for a split second before his climax overwhelmed him.

"Ah...ahhh...OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKK," Mitch moaned loudly as his body started to convulse, the first long white rope of cum rocketing

high into the air, the milky strand almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and dropping back onto his muscular stomach with a resounding "SPLAT!"

Nicole's hands kept stroking smoothly as a second, and then a third white ribbon streaked skyward. Her son's cock kept bucking in her pumping hands, like a giant python fighting to get free. She held tightly as she jacked away, wad upon wad of thick teenage jizz spewing into the air like a geyser. She couldn't believe how much cum he had in him, gobs and strands of semen fountaining lewdly upwards before falling back down all over his body and her pumping hands. He came for a long time, until his stomach and midsection were almost totally covered with a mass of thick white spunk.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch groaned softly as the last tingling vestiges of his intense climax flowed through him, his body still twitching and spasming as the nerve-jangling sensations slowly waned. "That was so good. Oh fuck, Mom—that was better than good, it was incredible."

"I'm glad you liked it, baby. I'm sure I'll be doing that for you a lot from now on." Nicole sat still for a minute or so as he recovered, her cum-covered hands holding his slowly deflating cock lovingly, both of them looking at the massive puddle of cum covering his midsection. "Now it's time for Mommy to get her reward." Mitch looked down as his chest continued to heave, drawing big gulps of cool air into his lungs as he slowly recovered. He watched as his mother brought her cummy hands to her mouth and sluttishly licked

them clean, keeping her eyes locked on his so he could see how much she loved it. When she was done lapping up every creamy drop from her hands, she leaned forwards as she got on her hands and knees and leaned over his midsection, her pendulous breasts grazing his crotch. She slowly swayed from side to side, drawing her bullet-like nipples through the puddles of cum on his stomach. He could see the slimy goo clinging to her skin, the pearly semen shining lewdly against her cherry-red nipples.

"Oh Mom, that is so hot," Mitch said breathlessly, loving the feel of his mother's stiff rubbery nipples dragging over his skin.

"How does this look?" his mother asked as she slid slightly back and lowered her mouth to his cum-covered stomach, turning her warm blue eyes up to his as she pursed her lips and set them right down into a massive puddle of thick white semen. With her lips pursed forwards and her eyes locked on his, she sucked inwards, drawing the viscous clump of pearly spunk into her mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Mitch mumbled, totally enthralled by his mother's lewd behaviour.

Nicole loved the taste of cum, and she'd never had any that she loved more than her son's. Not only was there plenty of it, but it tasted tantalizingly delicious. It was so thick and white that she knew it was absolutely chock-full of potent teenage sperm. She moved to another big clump on his taut abs and sucked that up as well, loving the feel of the thick silky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. She gave him a teasing wink as she kept going, her tongue and lips licking up

every warm creamy drop. Finally, all that was left on his midsection was the glistening residue of her drying saliva, the copious amount of semen safely stored in the pit of her stomach.

"Okay, buster, I think both of us are going to need some real food pretty soon," Nicole said, licking her lips to get every savory morsel. "So I'm kicking you out while I get ready. Throw these sheets in the wash on your way." She looked at him teasingly as they pulled the already dishevelled sheets off the bed. "I want to put some new ones on so we can make them nice and nasty later." She tossed the sheets at him and gave him a playful shove towards the door. "I'll see you in a little while, sweetie. Make sure you look your best for our date, after all, you'd like Mommy to give you a nice goodnight kiss, wouldn't you?" With a sultry look in her eyes, she ushered him out of her room, closing the door behind him.

Mitch felt like he was walking on air as he made his way to the laundry room, his spent member swinging heavily between his legs once he pulled off the constricting cock-ring. He clutched the sheets in his arms, the intoxicating scent of pure sex rising from them to his nostrils. He smiled as he breathed in the heady fragrance, thinking of all the delightful ways he was hoping to have sex with his super-hot mother. He tossed the sweaty cum-stained sheets in the washing machine, setting it going before heading to his own bathroom, his sweat-covered body badly in need of a shower.

Forty-five minutes later, Mitch made his way downstairs, camera in hand. If his mother was going to be wearing the new outfit she'd mentioned, he definitely didn't want to miss his chance to get some shots of her in it. He caught his own reflection in the hall mirror near the front door, and smiled at the handsome figure looking back at him.

His mother had told him to look good, so he'd chosen his new slim-fitting navy suit, the trim-fitting lines making his body look great, especially combined with the crisp white shirt and tan-colored lace-up shoes he was wearing. A short time back his mother had shown him pictures from an Italian fashion magazine of guys in trim navy suits and medium-tone brown shoes. She'd insisted on buying an outfit like that for him, and this would be the first chance he'd had to wear it. Even he had to admit how good the gorgeous suit made him look and feel. "When you look good, you feel good," he said to himself as he looked in the mirror, his hair nicely groomed and his face clean-shaven. He smiled as he looked at himself again, thinking that based on what had already happened today, he definitely did feel good, and the suit itself didn't have a lot to do with that. Getting rid of numerous loads of cum was bound to put a smile on anybody's face, especially when those loads were taken out of you by a hot sexy MILF that happened to be your mom.

"Are you all set, sweetie?" His mother's voice behind him broke him out of his reverie. He turned to see her standing at the top of the stairs. As she started to come down, he stepped back as if in a trance, his eyes glued to her descending form. He felt his heart start to pound in his chest, and he simply stared in awe. Once again, his

mother was wearing an outfit exactly like one he'd Photoshopped her face onto in pictures he had of her on his computer!

She was wearing what had to be the sexiest dress he had ever seen. It was a lemon-yellow bandage dress, with numerous bands of material forming to her voluptuous body like a second skin, almost like a mummy swarthed in bandages. Each band seemed to be about 3" wide, with a slender contrasting strip where they came together, the strip where the bands met being a slightly lighter yellow in color to give it an eye-catching contrast. The dress was incredibly low-cut, the V-shaped front diving to the base of her deep line of cleavage, the swells of her tremendous breasts filling the opening between the two straps that went over her shoulders. It fit so snugly to her massive tits that there was no denying their incredible size, the fabric molding itself to the mouth-watering mounds enticingly.

Mitch gulped as he let his eyes travel downwards, taking in the alluring lines of the dress as it followed the contours of her curvy body, nipping in waspishly at her trim waist, and then flowing out provocatively over her wide fuckable hips. The dress ended high on her thighs, and as she descended the stairs, he loved the look of her shapely legs as the hem clung teasingly to her full creamy thighs. Her bare legs looked fantastic, gleaming as if covered with a thin sheen of oil. His eyes followed her shapely legs even further down, past her dimpled knees and full calves to her delicate feet, gorgeously encased in high-heeled yellow slingbacks.

"Oh fuck...slingbacks!" Mitch groaned inwardly as he looked at the incredibly sexy shoes. The yellow color matched her dress perfectly,

the shoes also matching the little yellow purse she had clutched in her hand. The slingbacks had cock-hardeningly pointy toes, and rapier-like 4" heels that had Mitch's head spinning with excitement.

"Well, what do you think?" his mother asked as she reached the bottom of the stair and posed for him, slowly turning in a circle so he could get the full effect of the gorgeous dress and spectacularly sexy shoes from every angle.

Mitch gasped as he looked at the back of the dress, the material plunging provocatively almost to the base of her spine, the smooth skin of her back clearly visible from her neck all the way down to just above the upper swells of her round curvy bum. The bands of material cupped and formed around her sumptuous rear end provocatively, making him swallow hungrily as he looked at the way the fabric molded itself to those perfect beach-ball like mounds, not one panty line in sight.

Her legs looked amazing from behind, the sky-high heels making them look incredibly toned and muscular, the gleaming coating making him just want to reach out and run his hands up the shiny smoothness of the gorgeous gams. She continued her turn, letting him see her breasts in profile, the soft yellow fabric stretched taut over the massive globes. He gulped again as he looked at her stupendous tits. After seeing that the dress was backless, he knew that it must have built-in bra supports in order to support her magnificent breasts. Looking closer, he could barely detect the outline of the built-in wired bra cups, absolutely necessary in order to support the tremendous weight they were carrying.

"Stop daydreaming, sweetie, and tell me if you think it looks okay?"

Mitch awoke as if from a dream, her voice jolting him back to reality from the jerk-off fantasy world his eyes had sent him to. "It...it looks amazing!" he gushed out, his hungry eyes roaming freely over her gorgeous body, the figure-fitting bandage dress setting his already torched libido on fire once more. "Mom, you...you look absolutely stunning."

"Thank you, dear," she said with a smile as she leaned in and gave him a peck on the cheek, her alluring perfume wafting over him like an intoxicating mist.

As she stepped back, Mitch finally tore his eyes away from her gorgeous body and gazed at her face. She looked even more beautiful and radiant than he had ever seen her before. Her warm blue eyes were done up with eye shadow in bronze tones that looked sultry and exotic, the soft shades looking surprisingly perfect with the yellow dress. Some mascara made her already long eyelashes look even more seductive, the lengthy lashes sending a jolt of excitement through him when she simply blinked. Her lips were adorned in a glossy coating of brilliant cherry-red lipstick, making her full pouty lips look like they were made for one thing only—sucking cock. Her lustrous honey-blonde hair was fluffed out and framed her lovely features attractively before falling to her shoulders, the golden tresses gleaming in the light. Glittering earrings dangled from each ear, matched by a necklace that twinkled with a big shiny stone that fell just above her deep line of cleavage. Mitch surveyed the whole

package once more, and knew he'd never seen anyone hotter than his mother. "Mom...you look...you look..." he gasped out, not even able to find the words to say how fantastic she looked.

"You can put your eyes back in your head, sweetie," Nicole said as she flicked her eyes down to his crotch with that mischievous twinkle in her eye. "That swelling in your pants tells me all I need to know." She paused as she looked him up and down, an appraising smile coming over her face as she nodded. "And aren't you the handsome young man? I knew that suit would look good on you, and it looks even better than I thought. I like it when my date looks good. And who knows, with you looking that good, you might even get lucky tonight."

The teasing look in her eye sent another jolt of excitement right through Mitch, causing him to shiver as she gave him a smolderingly hot look. She nodded towards his hand. "I see you've got your camera. Would you like to take a few shots of Mommy before we go out?" she asked, turning in profile and looking back at him lustily over her shoulder, tossing her hair sensually with a shake of her head.

"Oh god, yes," Mitch replied hurriedly, bringing the camera up and snapping pictures like a kid who was afraid his candy was going to be taken away from him. For the next ten minutes or so, Nicole posed for her son, letting him freely take pictures of her lush MILFish body from every angle imaginable. He even asked if it was okay to lie on the ground beneath her, taking pictures looking up at her. Nicole readily agreed, giving her son the photographer the thrill of his life

as she stepped across his supine form, her sky-high heels positioned on either side of his body as he looked up between her spread legs, and past that to the imposing shelf of her prodigious breasts looming even higher, the heavy mounds casting delightfully teasing shadows beneath them.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself as he looked up between her spread legs, the long alabaster columns funneling his view towards the world of delights he knew lay at the apex. Looking into the shadows high up beneath her dress, he glimpsed a little piece of yellow fabric covering her pouting mound, the front panel of her thong tightly cupping her vulva. He quickly snapped some shots looking straight up, and then did the same as she turned around and faced the other way, the curves of her full behind pushing teasingly against the material of the tight dress. He got up and finished with a number of shots of her spectacular chest, her massive 36Es looking more mouth-watering than ever in the sexy bandage dress.

"Okay, Buster, that's enough for now. I'm getting hungry. Let's go. You can leave your camera here." Nicole took her son by the arm and led him to the garage, where she tossed him the keys to their Lexus. Mitch escorted his mother to the passenger side and held her door open for her, getting a terrific view of her long legs as she slid sensually into the car, drawing in one gorgeous leg after the other, the pointy yellow slingbacks sending a pulsing throb to his prick as he looked down at the sexy shoes. With a shake of his head to make himself focus, he closed her door and got in himself, backing the car carefully out of the garage.

"Where are we going, Mom?"

"I feel like Francesco's. How does that sound to you?"

"That sounds great. I love that place," Mitch replied, backing onto the street and heading towards Francesco's, a wonderful Italian restaurant. The restaurant had two sides to it; a more formal dining side, and a casual side with a bar-like atmosphere. Mitch had often been to the casual side, which specialized in the best pizza in town. He'd only been in the formal side a couple of times, but knew it was one of his mother's favorites. On either side, the food was spectacular.

They arrived a short time later, Mitch having to use all his willpower to keep his eyes on the road, and not on his mother's gorgeous body. He loved the way the shoulder strap on her seat belt crossed down over her body right between her sumptuous tits, making them look even more pronounced.

"Table for two, madam?" the maitre d' asked after greeting them. Mitch couldn't help but notice the appreciative glance the middle-aged man gave his mother as he'd stepped towards them, his eyes hungrily roaming up and down over her lush curves.

"Yes, thank you. Could we have one of the circular booths near the back, please?" Nicole asked, giving the man a beaming smile as she fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"Whatever you'd like," the man replied eagerly. Mitch could see the man was willing to give his mother whatever she asked for, and he knew the man in his dreams was hoping it was his hard cock that she'd be asking for.

"Thank you," Nicole said, slipping her arm through Mitch's and pulling him close, the side of her big round breast pushing softly against his arm. "My son and I would like a little privacy tonight."

"Of course." Mitch could see the maitre d' look at them quizzically, trying to size up the couple before him. He didn't know if the man thought it was to his advantage that this gorgeous woman was here with her son, or having watched the way she snuggled up against him, was the man wondering what their relationship was all about. It was hard to tell from the look on his face, but one way or the other, he definitely was curious. "Right this way."

He led them deeper into the restaurant, which was doing a brisk business. Mitch flicked his eyes through the double French doors that led into the casual section, seeing it was busy as well. With the titillating sound of his mother's high heels click-clacking enticingly on the restaurant floor, Mitch noticed the numerous heads turning in their direction as they made their way through the restaurant, the women looking at his mother enviously while he knew exactly what the men had on their minds. They finally arrived at the booth, one with a semi-circular table with a seat that ran from one side to the other behind it, the patrons all being served from the front. Their table could have served up to six, but the two of them slid into the back and sat side by side in the deepest part as the maitre d' passed

them the menus and the wine list. "Michaela will be your waitress tonight," the man said before turning his attention to Nicole. "Don't hesitate to ask if there's anything I can do for you?" There was a definite emphasis on the 'anything'.

"Thank you, but I think right now I have everything I need right here," Nicole replied, nodding towards the menus at the same time her hand slid up her son's thigh and caressed his cock.

"Yes, madam. But if there's anything, anything at all, I'm happy to be of assistance."

"Thanks so much," Nicole replied with a dismissive nod of her head. "We're fine for now."

With a disappointed look on his face, the man retreated, leaving them to look over the menus. Mitch felt himself flushing, his mother's hand still busy under the table. "Mom, what are you doing?"

"Relax, sweetheart, nobody can see anything. The tablecloth goes right down to the floor." Mitch had to admit she was right, but as much as he tried to keep himself under control, he could feel his prick swelling under her tracing fingertips.

"Hi, I'm Michaela. I'll be your waitress tonight." Mitch and Nicole looked up to see a pert young thing in a white shirt, black pants and

a slim black tie standing before them. The girl was cute as a button, with silky black hair pulled back in a ponytail, her pretty face smiling at them welcomingly. She looked to be a few years older than Mitch, and likely took this job to help pay her way through college. As soon as they looked up from their menus, Mitch noticed her eyes shift magnetically to his mother's impressive chest, the girl's eyes opening wide as she caught sight of the older woman's prominent breasts.

"Uh...uh, can I start you off with something to drink?" she stammered out, finally pulling herself together, her eyes shifting to Mitch and then back to Nicole's pretty mature face.

"Thank you, dear," Nicole said, stretching her neck slightly, the movement pulling her dress even tighter across her massive tits. The girl's gaze hadn't been lost on the older woman, and she was enjoying showing off her charms for the young girl. "I'll have a glass of Pinot Grigio."

"And for you, sir?" Michaela asked, turning to Mitch as she forced her eyes away from Nicole's boobs.

"Oh, my son's not old enough to drink," Nicole interrupted, her hand giving Mitch's cock another teasing squeeze. "Just bring him a Pepsi."

"Oh, your son, I see," the young girl replied, blushing. "All right. I'll be right back with those drinks."

"Mom, did you see the way that girl was looking at your boobs?"

"I did. I think she's just a B-cup at best, and I'm sure from the way she was looking at me that she wished she had more. Are you sure this dress is okay?"

"Trust me, Mom, it's more than okay. Didn't you see the way everyone was looking at you on the way to our table?"

"No, I never really noticed."

"The men were all undressing you with their eyes, and the women were all eyeing you up enviously. I'll bet you anything that a lot of those women are going to get fucked tonight, but their husbands won't be thinking about them while they're doing it."

"You think they'll be thinking about little old me?" Nicole asked, sitting up straight and turning her chest from side to side, her breasts wobbling enticingly in the deeply scooped neckline.

"Jesus, Mom, you are so hot." Mitch felt his dick stiffening even more, his mother's hand never leaving his crotch for an instant.

"All right, dear. Let's see what we're going to have." They both perused the menu, and when Michaela returned with their drinks, Nicole ordered the seafood linguini while Mitch went for the chicken

parmesan. As soon as the girl retreated with their order, Mitch felt his mother sliding his zipper down.

"Mom!" he gasped out, instantly alarmed at her boldness.

"Just relax, sweetie, Mommy wants to feel her baby boy's beautiful hard cock. Don't worry, nobody will notice a thing." With his zipper all the way down, she undid the clasp at the top of his pants and fished her hand down inside his fitted boxers, hauling out his thick pole, and then she reached lower, pulling his heavy swollen nuts up over the waistband of his underwear as well, pushing it down beneath his sack so she had unimpeded access to his full package.

"Mom, what—"

"Hey Stevens, I knew that was your car in the parking lot." Mitch and Nicole both looked up to see Justin and three others walking towards them. Mitch felt himself turning red as his mother kept her hand on his surging prick, her circling fingers giving it a testing squeeze.

"Justin, what...what are you doing here?" Mitch gasped out, his eyes flitting from his best friend to the others with him.

"We're just grabbing a pizza over on the other side." Justin gestured over his shoulder, pointing to the casual side of the restaurant beyond the double glass doors. "I saw your mom's car outside and figured we'd just pop over to say hello. Hey, Mrs. S."

As Justin turned towards Nicole, they both saw his eyes open wide as his gaze alighted on her huge tits, the opulent mounds filling the opening at the front of her tight dress.

"Justin," Nicole said softly, giving him a nod of acknowledgement.

"Uh...uh... you look very nice tonight," Justin said, his mouth gaping open as he stared blatantly at his best friend's stacked mother.

"Thanks, Justin. Is that Ashley and Luke with you?"

Mitch was beside himself as his mother never missed a beat, her circling slowly pumping back and forth along his rigid prick beneath the table.

"Uh yeah, you know Luke, and Ashley of course." The three young people stepped forward, Luke being one of Mitch and Justin's classmates, and Ashley being Justin's girlfriend. Justin pointed to the fourth member of their party. "And this is Jeri, Ashley's cousin."

Nicole looked at the young girl Justin had tried to set her son up with, and agreed with Mitch's appraisal — she was built like a boy. She had a pretty enough face, and a nice looking mouth, which she figured the girl would have to get used to making use of since she had almost no tits at all. The girl was a rail, her skinny arms and legs making her look waifishly unattractive. She knew instantly why Mitch had been

in no hurry to join them, and for the girl's sake, that was a good thing—Mitch's huge cock would have split her right in two if he tried to fuck her.

"Jeri, nice to meet you," Nicole said, giving the girl a warm smile. "I'm sorry I've kept Mitch all to myself tonight. He worked very hard for me today and I wanted to reward him." She squeezed his cock possessively, her stroking hand driving him crazy.

"That's all right. It must be nice to have a mother who cares so much," the girl replied. "I love your dress. It's gorgeous."

"Thank you, dear," Nicole said, sitting up straighter so her breasts thrust out even more prominently.

"Yeah, it looks amazing," Luke gushed, both his eyes and Justin's as big as saucers.

"Thank you, Luke. That's kind of you to say. It's something new, so I'm happy it's going over well. Mitch likes it too. Don't you, sweetie?" She emphasized her question by rubbing her thumb over his dripping cockhead, spreading the leaking precum back over the enflamed glans.

"Y...yes," Mitch was barely able to stammer out, his mind focussed on her experienced hand teasing him mercilessly beneath the table.

"It looks great, really great." It was Justin talking this time, and Nicole flicked her eyes down to the two young men standing in front of their booth, seeing swelling pulses in each of the boy's crotches.

"Thanks so much. Well, we won't keep you from your dinner," Nicole said, continuing to slowly stroke her son's turgid prick.

"Uh sure," Justin said, getting the point of Nicole's dismissal. "I'll call you tomorrow, Mitch. You guys have a good time. And Mrs. S., that really is a fantastic dress." Ashley took Justin's arm and ushered him away, eager to get him away from the generously endowed Mrs. Stevens. Luke and Jeri followed behind, Mitch noticing that Luke glanced back twice over his shoulder to get another look at his mother.

"Mom, you're driving me crazy. I can't believe you're doing that with your hand."

"Oops, I seem to have dropped my napkin," Nicole said, deftly slipping under the table. Within seconds Mitch felt the head of his cock engulfed in hot wet flesh, his mother slipping her lips over his engorged cock-head.

"Oh fuck," he said to himself, looking around to make sure no one was watching. He was so glad the tablecloth went all the way to the floor, totally shielding his mother from view. He felt her tongue swirl over his enflamed knob, bathing it with her hot gooey saliva. She was pumping the base of his cock with one hand, her other hand cradling

his nuts and massaging them tenderly as she sucked. He leaned forward on the table and prayed nobody would come, but luxuriated in the delicious feeling of his mother sucking his cock, the riskiness of it making it even more exciting. She slid her head further forward as she took more of his turgid dick deeper into her mouth, her cheeks caved in, the hot wet tissues on the insides of her cheeks pressing wantonly against his thrusting erection. She sucked and licked sluttishly, her hand pumping methodically as she worked to coax his cum out of him.

"Oh Jesus," Mitch moaned, feeling his balls drawing up close to his body, her cupping hand squeezing his bloated nuts ever so gently as she sucked slavishly. He felt the semen start to speed up the shaft of his cock, and knew she was going to get a big mouthful.

"Here we are, one chicken parmesan and one seafood linguini," the waitress said as she slid the steaming plates of food across the table.

"Uh," Mitch gasped out as he looked up at the young girl, feeling his prick going off inside his mother's sucking mouth.

"Are you all right?" the girl asked, seeing Mitch jerk slightly as he looked up at her, his face flushed.

"Y...yeah...f..f..fine," Mitch stammered, his cock continuing to unload inside his mother's vacuuming mouth.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah...just...just give me a minute," Mitch gasped, his eyes almost rolling back in his head as his throbbing prick continued to spit, totally flooding his mother's hot wet mouth.

"Would you like me to call the maitre d'?" the girl asked, concern written all over her face.

"No...no." Mitch gave her a dismissive wave, just as the final twinges of his climax ran through him. He took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to regain control. "Uh...there...I uh, I just had a bit of a dizzy spell there for a second. I'm better now." With his mother nursing on his spent prick beneath the table, he was finally able to give the girl a comforting smile.

"Would you like me to find your mother? Is she in the washroom?"

"Uh yes...I mean no. I mean, she is in the washroom, but you don't have to get her. I'm fine—really."

"Okay. If you need a glass of water or anything, just let me know."

As soon as the girl left, Nicole slipped back up onto her seat from beneath the table, licking her lips.

"Mom, Jesus...", Mitch said, finally regaining his breath as he reached beneath the table and tucked away his spent prick, zipping everything back into place.

"Didn't you like that, sweetie?" Nicole asked, grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

"That's not the point. We almost got caught."

"But that makes it all the more exciting, don't you think?" Nicole asked, taking his hand and putting it on her bare thigh. She moved her hand over his, letting his fingers trace higher along the inside of her thigh.

"Well I...I..." Mitch stuttered, loving the feel of his mother's warm smooth thigh beneath his fingertips.

"I don't know about you, but this food looks wonderful." Nicole picked up her utensils and dug in, spinning tendrils of linguini onto her fork.

Mitch reluctantly withdrew his hand from beneath the table and joined her, the succulent taste of the chicken parmesan tasting heavenly. As soon as the first forkful hit his taste buds, he realized how hungry the afternoon's sexual activities had made him. They talked occasionally as they ate, both of them looking at each other

like star-crossed lovers. The waitress took their empty plates away and they ordered a piece of tiramisu to split, and two coffees.

"Will that be regular or decaf?" Michaela asked.

"Oh, regular for sure. I plan on staying up late tonight," Nicole said, reaching over and pulling Mitch's hand onto her thigh again.

"Okay, two decafs and one tiramisu with two forks coming up."

"Thank you, dear." Nicole placed Mitch's hand on the inside of her thigh and gave it a squeeze before releasing it, letting him feel her legs as she spread them further apart.

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself, loving the silky feel of the inside of his mother's thigh as she let her legs drift apart, opening the gap between them. His mother gave him a knowing smile as his fingertips traced slowly over the velvety-soft skin. His hand moved almost down to her knee, and then he was moving his fingers well up her thigh again, the back of his hand brushing against the tightly-stretched hem of her dress just below her pussy.

"Here we are," Michaela interrupted, setting the dessert and two coffees down in front of them. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, I've got everything I need," Nicole replied, reaching beneath the table with one hand and pushing Mitch's hand higher between her spread legs. As the waitress smiled and moved away, Mitch let his fingers explore further, the tips tracing even higher along the inside of her deliciously soft inner thigh. Nicole took her fork and sliced off a little piece of the dessert, making a show of pouting her full red lips before slipping the forkful of sweetness into her mouth. Mitch watched her, a wicked smile on his face as she closed her eyes while savoring the delectable dessert. He took the opportunity and angled his wrist, rubbing the tips of his fingers teasingly over the front of her panties, feeling the heat from her warm vulva beneath.

"Mmmm, that's so good," Nicole said with a soft purr as she wriggled her hips slightly, encouraging Mitch to explore further as she opened her legs even wider.

With her comment, Mitch didn't know if she was talking about the tiramisu, or what he was doing with his fingers, but he had no intention of stopping. As his mother sliced off another piece, he slid his fingertips beneath the leg opening of her panties and right over her sopping-wet mound. She was absolutely soaked, and he smiled to himself as he toyed with the vertical opening between her hot slippery labia, the tips of his fingers running up and down slowly over the pouting wet lips.

His mother fed the second forkful deep into her mouth, her lips closing sensually around the utensil as she slowly drew it out of her mouth. "Mmmm, that's even better," she said, her eyes half closed in blissful delight. She shifted her hips again, giving Mitch better access

to her steaming little box. He slid his middle finger right inside her hot buttery hole, burying it to the third knuckle. At the same time, he brought his thumb up and rubbed it teasingly over the protruding nodule of her erect clit. His mother's body tensed as the delicious sensations flowed through her, and her long eyelashes fluttered as she languished in the rapturous feeling of her teenage son fingering her.

"Oh my, this has to be the best dessert I've ever had," she said, giving him a wickedly sinful look as she reached over to his side and grabbed his napkin. She picked it up and held it up between her fingertips for a few seconds, before blatantly dropping it on the floor between them. "Oops...it looks like your napkin got dropped on the floor too." She looked him straight in the eye, her sultry blue eyes alive with desire. "I think you better pick it up, baby."

Mitch gave her an equally provocative smile as he looked around to make sure no one was watching, and then slipped silently beneath the table, his body totally hidden by the floor-length table cloth. In the shadows beneath the table he quickly got to his knees, positioning himself between his mother's widely spread legs.

"So beautiful," he muttered under his breath as he looked at her shaven pussy, almost totally exposed with the front panel of her tiny thong pushed to one side. Her high-heeled slingbacks looked so sexy with her legs spread far apart, the height of the shoes making her legs look spectacularly toned. The gap between her succulent thighs looked wickedly erotic, her minidress pulled well up to her hips as she sat with her legs spread wide open, the brilliant yellow dress

framing the hot pink mound of her pussy enticingly. Even in the dim light, he could see her flesh glistening with her flowing cunt-honey, and the alluring scent of her seeping pussy drew him hypnotically closer. He extended his tongue and slowly drew it from the base of her hot slit all the way to the top, his tongue flicking teasingly over the tip of her clitoris on the way.

"Unngghhh." A groan of pleasure from above reached him even beneath the table, and he pushed his face more firmly against her hot flesh, slithering his tongue snake-like right up inside her. She sat back further on the bench seat, pushing her exposed loins forward, giving him even better access to her overheated pussy. Mitch pushed his face flush up against her steaming vulva, his tongue rolling in a teasing circle as the tip pressed firmly against the soft folds of flesh inside her.

"Hey, Mrs. S," Justin's voice from right behind him reached Mitch's ears, and he stopped what he was doing, slowly withdrawing his tongue from his mother's juicy trench.

"Oh, J...Justin," his mother replied. "What is it?"

"I wanted to tell Mitch something. Did he go to the washroom?"

"I think so." Mitch felt his mother's hand on the back of his head, pulling his mouth firmly against her flesh as she wriggled her hips, letting him know she wanted him to continue, even with his best friend right there, mere inches behind him.

"Well, I guess I can go and talk to him in there."

"Uh, no!" Nicole replied hurriedly, realizing her error. "Uh, I mean, he might be gone a little longer. I asked him to pop over to the pharmacy next door when he was done and pick up something for this problem I've been having with muscle spasms."

With his mother's fingers stroking lovingly through his hair, Mitch continued licking softly, his tongue running deep into her seeping cunt. She rolled her hips slightly, trying to get his tongue as deep as possible inside her.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Justin responded. "Did that happen after that work you guys were doing today?"

"Mmmmm," Nicole moaned softly, the luxurious feelings emanating from her pussy flowing delightfully through her whole body.

"Are you okay, Mrs. S?"

"Yes, that was just one of those little spasms there. Yes, I think that work we did today made it worse. I helped Mitch when he was filling in my trench, and I think laying that big pipe was a little more than I could comfortably handle."

"You guys should have called me. I would have been happy to come over and help."

"Thanks, Justin, maybe next time." Nicole smiled to herself as she thought about the idea of having two big teenage cocks at the same time. Even though she knew Mitch was more than enough for her, it still sent a tingling shiver through her as she thought about being filled with rigid young cock at both ends, both of them filling her with load after load of thick creamy cum. She wriggled her hips as Mitch continued to eat her, his tongue rolling in teasing circles all around her dripping snatch, and then she felt him push it high up inside her, concentrating on the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"Aaahh," Nicole gasped out as the exquisite sensations shot through her.

"Was that another one of those spasms?" Justin asked, his voice dripping with concern.

"Yes. I'm sorry. They just seem to come on when you least expect them to. I'm not sure what causes it," she paused as she wriggled her pussy right up against her son's face, "but they start somewhere deep inside and then just shoot right through me. I never know when it's going to happen." Her fingers continued to play with Mitch's hair, the palm of her hand keeping him pressed against her.

"Geez, I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?" Justin asked.

"No, I'll be fine. Mitch will take good care of me." She rolled her hips firmly against her son's face as she looked up at his friend, tilting her head coyly. "Do you really like this dress, Justin?"

Mitch could feel her sit up straighter, and knew his best friend must be getting a terrific view right down into the front of her dress. He smiled to himself as he kept licking, loving that his stacked mother was blatantly teasing his best friend.

"Yes, that dress is gorgeous," Justin said, his eyes drawn once more to her substantial breasts. "If you don't me saying so, Mrs. S, it looks amazing on you."

"I thought it might be a little too risqué for someone my age, but I thought it looked good when I tried it on. You don't think it looks inappropriate for an old girl like me, do you?" With her hand still on her son's head, Nicole turned her upper body slightly from side to side, giving Justin an even better view of her spectacular tits.

"No!" Justin hurriedly replied. "It looks perfect. And Mrs. S, you're not old. I've read that women reach their prime when they reach your age. I think you look better now than I can ever remember. You know Mrs. S, you're the best looking MIL...I mean, you're the best looking mom I've ever seen."

"Well, thank you for saying that, Justin," Nicole replied, pulling Mitch's mouth right onto her throbbing clit. Mitch could tell what she

wanted, and he eagerly serviced the stiff red nodule, bathing the tip with his rolling tongue at the same time he sucked on the erect little stalk. "It's so nice to hear something like that from an attractive young man. It makes us older women feel like we can still compete with those pretty young girls."

"Oh, there's no competition, Mrs. S. You've got any of the young girls around here beat—hands down. I don't know any guy who would pick one of them over you." Justin ogled her voluptuous breasts, the tremendous mounds filling the top of her sexy yellow dress hypnotically.

At the same time he listened to Justin's comment, Mitch felt his mother pull him more firmly against her overheated loins. With his lips and tongue working feverishly, he felt her body start to twitch as he bathed her fiery-hot clit with a mouthful of saliva, his lips drawing mercilessly on the enflamed nodule at the same time.

"Well, Justin, that...that's so nice of you—" Nicole gasped out, feeling the tingling sensations of a shattering orgasm starting deep inside her steaming cunt. "I...I...aaaaaahhhh..." Nicole closed her eyes as her body lurched back against the bench seat, her whole body quivering as her climax shot through her. "Oh dear, another one of those muscle spasms...aaaahhhhhh..."

Justin stared wide-eyed at his best friend's mother, her body twitching and shaking, her face flushing warmly as she gasped for air. Her head was tipped back against the seat and her eyes were closed as if in rapture, her full red lips parted invitingly as she

breathed raggedly. To Justin, it almost looked like she was having an orgasm as he watched her convulse and twitch right before him. His eyes moved to the front of her dress, her big nipples protruding stiffly against the yellow fabric, the swollen mounds of her huge tits wobbling and jiggling enticingly beneath the deeply-scooped neckline. He'd been jerking off to thoughts of his best friend's mother for years now, and the sight of her in the gorgeously sexy dress had pulled him back here like a magnet from the other side of the restaurant. He'd made an excuse to his girlfriend that he had to talk to Mitch about something—when in reality, all he wanted was another glimpse of his best friend's busty mom.

He gulped as he looked down at her quivering form, her massive breasts seemingly on the verge of pouring right over the front of the tight dress as they wobbled and jiggled obscenely while she spasmed. The intoxicatingly lewd sight sent a jolt right to his crotch. The vision playing in his mind that this is what the gorgeous Mrs. Stevens must look like when she was climaxing had struck him dumb, and he stood there and watched as the quivering tremors of her muscle spasm coursed through her, his cock stiff as an iron bar in his pants. He felt himself sweating as he watched, and as she flexed her body upwards as the spasms overtook her, her gorgeous tits thrusting right up towards him, he felt himself go off in his pants, spurt upon spurt of hot teenage cum filling his underwear. He grasped the edge of the table to prevent himself from collapsing, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing sight of Mrs. Stevens quivering and gasping like a porn star climaxing. He felt himself trembling as he held on, his prick pulsing and throbbing as he spewed a massive load into his underwear. His pricked bucked and twitched within the confines of his pants as he gripped the table, his throbbing dick spitting out wad after wad of sizzling cum. He felt the final twinges

or his orgasm wane as he watched her, a final shiver seeming to run down her spine before she let out a long breathless gasp and collapsed back against the bench seat, her eyes slowly opening as she looked up at him.

"Oh Justin, that was a good...er...I mean that was a bad one," Nicole said, rolling her neck teasingly in a slow circle as she kept her eyes on her son's best friend. "I can't believe how powerful those spasms are." She brought her hands up and lifted her hair out of the way, bringing her elbows forward and up as she rolled her head, as if trying to relieve the cramped muscles in her neck. She knew it made her breasts look even bigger, the uplifting motion making them look even more prominent. She glanced down and saw that her nipples were stiff as bullets, thrusting boldly against the soft yellow fabric. Through slitted eyes, she looked across the table at Justin, her eyes noticing the damp stain blossoming against the front of his tan khakis as he held onto the edge of the table. From the way that damp stain was spreading, she knew exactly what had happened. She shook her hair teasingly, and then leaned forward across the table, a bewitching smile on her face. "Are you all right, Justin?"

Her question broke him out of his trance, and he stood back, his hands automatically dropping towards his groin to cover himself. "Uh yes. I...uh...I was just worried about you there. I wondered if you were having a fit or something." She could see him turning red with embarrassment, his hands clasped one over the other in front of his crotch.

"Well, I don't think I had a fit," she said as she looked at him teasingly, her eyes alive with mischief. "I guess it was an 'or something', as you said. Those muscle spasms can really take control of you sometimes. But you know, I feel so much better now that it's over."

"That...uh...that's good." Justin mumbled, his lusty gaze still focussed on her thrusting breasts.

Nicole decided she'd give him one last tease. "Okay, Justin," she said, stretching her arms out to each side as she feigned a yawn, pulling the material of her dress even tighter across her chest. "Have a good time with Ashley tonight."

Justin could barely keep his eyes off her chest as his mouth gaped open. Finally, as she sat forward with her arms crossed on the table in front of her, her huge breasts resting heavily on top of them, he snapped back to reality once more. Mrs. Stevens had given him a teasing smile when she'd made that last statement, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking about her. Earlier in the evening Ashley had promised him a blowjob—now he knew exactly what he was going to be thinking about while she sucked him dry. But first, he had to get home and change out of these clothes before anyone noticed, and then he'd be ready to feed Ashley all night long. Maybe he could talk both her and Jeri into staying over, and having both of them work on his cock. It was definitely going to take more than one load to calm him down, and he knew he'd be thinking about Mrs. Stevens the whole time. "Uh...yes, okay. Tell Mitch I'll call him tomorrow. Goodnight, Mrs. Stevens."

"Goodnight, Justin," Nicole replied, a big smile on her face as the young man turned on his heel and strode away, his hands still clasped in front of him.

"Is it safe?" Mitch whispered from beneath the table.

"Yes, sweetie. C'mon up."

Mitch eased himself back into his seat beside her, his face glistening with her warm juices.

"I'd lick all that sweet honey off your face, but there are too many people around," Nicole said, passing him a napkin.

"What happened with Justin?" Mitch asked, wiping his face clean.

"I'll tell you on the way home," Nicole said, reaching for her cup. "Let's drink our coffee and go home. I can't wait to get that big hard cock inside me again." They drank hurriedly as Nicole waved for the waitress to bring the bill, both of them anxious to get home and back into bed.

...to be continued...

Chapter 7

"Are you kidding? He really came in his pants?" Mitch blurted out, glancing over at his mother, his eyes gaping in astonishment.

"Yep. Based on that stain that was blossoming in the crotch of his pants, I'm sure that's what happened."

"Oh man, that's hilarious." Mitch pulled his eyes back to the road as he headed home, the flickering light from the streetlights ripping like streaks of lightning through the car. "I know Justin always thought you were hot, but I can't believe he went off just watching you, especially since you told him it was just a muscle spasm."

"I guess I did tease him a little bit, asking him how my dress looked."

"I heard. I think you really had him going." Mitch looked over at his gorgeous mother, his eyes landing instantly on her massive tits.

"You don't mind, do you, sweetie?" Nicole asked, reaching over and running her hand teasingly up her son's thigh.

"Should I mind? It seems like you were having a lot of fun there, teasing him like that, especially with my mouth working like crazy on you beneath the table."

"Mmmm, yes, you definitely are good at that. That's why I didn't want you to stop." Her hand continued to slide up his thigh, her fingertips alighting on the protrusion of his heavy member. "And I guess you're right, I did kind of get off on teasing him like that. But you've got nothing to worry about, baby, you're more than enough for me." She squeezed his cock, letting him know exactly what she was talking about, a contented smile on her face. "Don't worry, baby, from now on, I'm all yours."

"Thanks, Mom," Mitch replied, clearly relieved. "You saying that means a lot."

"Since we've cleared that up, you wouldn't mind if I did a bit of teasing of Justin, or your other friends, from now on, would you? I have to admit, I do kind of get turned on doing it." Her hand stroked his teenage prick, feeling it surge beneath his pants.

Mitch glanced over, seeing that mischievous look in her eye that he was getting to love so much, and knew how much she loved what was happening between them—even if that included a little teasing of his best friend. He'd been a willing participant in the little episode that had just occurred, and he had to admit he'd gotten a kick out of it too."

"I don't mind at all, as long as we can keep doing what we're doing."

"Oh don't worry about that, baby," Nicole said, withdrawing her hand from his lap and reaching into her purse. "I can't see us

stopping what we've just started—at least until I've permanently drained every last drop of cum from those big balls of yours. Ah, there's what I'm looking for."

Mitch took his eyes off the road for a second and glanced over, the flickering light illuminating something circular in her hand. "What's that?"

"One of my hairbands you haven't pilfered from my dressing table and made into a cock-ring," Nicole replied, a smile on her face as she pulled her hair into a ponytail and whipped the hairband around it.

"You were looking for that right now?" Mitch asked, a curious look on his face.

"Yeah, I want to feel that big cock of yours in my mouth while you're driving, and I don't want my hair to get in the way. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh fuck, no!" Mitch belted out, another one of the fantasies involving his mother about to come true.

"That's good, baby. I'll pull my hair back like this whenever I want to get into some serious long-term suck sessions, like when I said sometime I'm going to suck on that beautiful prick all night long, just to see how many loads you can feed me." Nicole reached for his midsection, quickly undoing his belt and zipping open his fly. She

pulled down the waistband of his fitted boxers as she reached in, hauling out the long heavy tube of flesh. As soon as the broad flared head cleared the waistband, she slipped off her seatbelt and leaned over, her full pouty lips ovalled provocatively as she got closer and closer to his stiffening pecker. She kissed the tip tenderly, loving the spongy feel of his glans against her lips, and then let her jaws open as she slid downwards, feeding the flared mushroom head right inside her hot wet mouth.

"Oh Jesus, Mom, your mouth is incredible." Mitch flicked his eyes down to his lap, loving the sight as his mother started to bob her head up and down, her cheeks caved in to create a deliciously hot sheath for his rising cock to press against.

Nicole sucked wantonly, a rush of desire running through her as she felt her son's stiffening prick growing longer within her sucking mouth. She knew she was already addicted to her son's magnificent cock, and she hadn't been able to keep her itchy fingers off it, even on the short ride home. She cradled his balls with one hand, massaging them tenderly, hoping to help generate another massive load of thick rich teenage semen, knowing that load was going to end up either in her, or on her, somewhere. She didn't really care where he wanted to dump it, as long as it was hers. "Mmmm..." She purred, closing her eyes in pure bliss as she felt his surging erection reach full status, the incredible cock almost as long and thick as her forearm, the head now engorged and bloated with hot teenage blood.

"Mom, that feels so good, but I don't want to come just yet. I want to fuck this one way up inside you."

Nicole smiled to herself, slipping her lips right off his surging dick and licking from the base to the tip, her lips closing in on the wet red eye to suck out a drizzling pulse of precum. "I'd love that too, baby. How about if I just slip my lips around the tip and you can feed me some of this delicious cock-honey the rest of the way home?"

"That sounds perfect." As Mitch returned his eyes to the road, his mother kept her head still as she continued to lean over his lap, her lips fastened snugly to the tip of his cock, slowly sucking out his flowing precum. She couldn't believe how much of the stuff was running out of him—but she loved it, the silky slime making her taste buds salivate for more. She swallowed hungrily, letting the smooth warm sap slide luxuriously down her throat.

"We're finally home," Mitch said, pulling the car into the garage.

"C'mon, baby, I want to feel your big hard cock inside me again." Taking her son by his sprouting appendage, Nicole led him to her bedroom, where she pushed him onto the bed. "Get undressed and into bed, Mommy's going to get changed into something I'm sure you're going to like." With a saucy wink, she disappeared into the area of her dressing room and en-suite bathroom.

Feeling higher than a kite, Mitch watched her go, his eyes feasting on the lush curves of her sumptuous behind in the wickedly delicious yellow dress. Once she closed the door behind her, he took off his clothes, tossing them onto the easy chair next to the bed before

climbing onto the bed, noticing the clean navy sheets his mother had put on following their marathon afternoon session. He smiled, remembering the mess they'd made on those sheets, and hoped these ones would be just as bad by the time they were done. He pushed most of the covers down to the bottom of the bed, pulling the crisp top sheet over his lap as he sat up against the headboard, his half-hard prick hanging nice and heavy between his legs, just waiting to be called up and into the game. He'd turned off all the lights but one on the bedside table next to him, the single light bathing the room in a warm amber glow. His mother was gone for quite a long time, and Mitch felt himself getting antsy, praying more than anything that she wasn't having doubts about what they were doing. The door finally opened and he looked up, almost afraid of what his mother was going to say.

"Well, baby, what do you think?" his mother asked, leaning sensually against the door frame, her lush curvy body facing directly towards him.

As soon as Mitch looked over, he knew his anxious thoughts were totally unnecessary. The erotic vision before him laid all those tentative thoughts to rest, replaced by ones of pure lust. His mother looked sexier than he had ever seen her, and his eyes opened wide as he looked at what she was wearing. He gasped out loud, the wickedly sexy outfit literally taking his breath away.

"What's wrong, sweetie? You look like you've seen a ghost," Nicole said, a leering smile on her face as she sidled over to stand next to the bed, her body swaying seductively from side to side as she

stepped towards him, looking sinfully erotic in another pair of sky-high stilettos.

"I...I..." Mitch blubbered, unsure of what to say, gulping down the lump that had appeared in his throat. He couldn't believe it, again she was wearing an outfit that he'd Photoshopped her into, editing her head onto a picture he'd downloaded on his computer. She looked even sexier than he'd ever thought imaginable—and that was saying a lot, based on the thousands of times he'd jerked off thinking about her. He let his eyes roam up and down her gorgeous body, taking in every dazzling detail.

His eyes had been immediately drawn to her spectacular breasts, erotically displayed in a black demi-cup bra. The bra was nothing more than a structural shelf, heavily reinforced with underwire to cup the heavy spheres from beneath, but erotically leaving the upper swells and thrusting bullet-like nipples exposed. The strawberry buttons seemed to be winking at him, and he felt himself salivating as he thought about getting his mouth looked around those stiff red buds. The black bra was adorned with pieces of red satin, formed into roses about two inches in diameter with a black dot in the middle.

Her body was exposed for a few inches below that, before a black high-waisted garter belt circled her body, the alluring garment looking more like a cincher than a garter belt. It was made of scintillating black mesh that ran from just an inch or two below the sexy bra down to her wide motherly hips, the front made even more exciting by spreading out temptingly in an inverted 'V', the opening

provocatively adorned by crisscrossed black laces that were knotted in a 'come-pull-me' bow at the top of the teasing upside-down 'V'. Similar to the bra, where the knotted laces met just below the junction of her massive breasts thrusting prominently just a few inches above, another of those brilliant red satin bows adorned the sexy garment.

Mitch looked down to where the provocative garter belt ended at her hips, seeing black ribbon-like garters reaching down to her upper thighs where the clasps bit teasingly into the wide bands at the top of sheer black gossamer hose. The nylons looked wickedly sheer as his eyes travelled down over her shapely legs, taking in the seductive way they caressed her dimpled knees and then down over her full muscular calves. His gaze travelled all the way down, where her delicate feet were encased in the sexiest shoes he'd ever seen. Like the rest of her gorgeous outfit, they were jet black as well, with a wickedly pointy toe cap that left the rest of her nylon-clad foot exposed, and then fastened with a thin strip that ran up the back of her heel with a wider strap that circled above her trim ankle. The heels were incredible. They had to be at least 5" high and stunningly sharp, the rapier-like stilettos taking his breath away.

Gulping again, he let his eyes travel back up, his eyes stopping at her teasingly displayed pussy, framed by a tiny pair of black crotchless panties. He could see her shaven pussy clearly, the enticing pink lips shining with desire already. There was a tiny panel of black silk above the opening, adorned with one of those delicate red satin roses that seemed to stare back at him, wanting to draw him in closer.

He looked at her arms, clad in opera-length black gloves, the sultry shoulder-length gloves making him shiver with a rush of desire. He looked up, seeing a black lace choker circling her neck, three strands of rope-like laces dangling down a few inches from another of those red roses at the front of the choker. It looked wickedly exciting, and he gulped as he looked up at her pretty face, his heart pounding in his chest as he surveyed her lovely features, her makeup done in dark rich tones to make her look even more slutty and wanton. The alluring dark grey and deep pink tones of her rich eyeshadow sent a jolt right to his midsection. She'd applied a new layer of mascara, thickening and lengthening her already gorgeous eyelashes. Her lipstick was even brighter than before, a gloriously brilliant cherry red that had his rising prick dreaming of slipping deep between those luxuriously painted red lips into the hot wet recesses of her mouth. Her hair was perfect—the lustrous honey-blonde tresses fluffed out wildly to frame her pretty features, making her look hotter and more seductive than any porn star he'd ever seen.

Nicole put her hands on her hips and slowly pivoted her body from side to side, her legs standing about shoulder-width apart as she looked back at him, that cock-hardening teasing look in her eye once more. "Why Mitchell, you almost look like you've seen me in this outfit before. But how can that be? I just bought it yesterday."

The teasing look in his mother's eye sent Mitch into a tailspin as he listened to her words, his heart pounding in his chest. As he looked her up and down, he knew this outfit with those vivid red bows was too specific for this to be just a coincidence—but how...when...?

"It couldn't be that it looks just like one of those pictures you have of me on your computer, is it?"

Mitch gasped, staring at his mother with his eyes as big as saucers, struck dumb by her words. He could feel himself trembling, and he was so fucked up he didn't know whether it was from excitement—or fear.

His mother reached over, tracing her glove-covered fingertip along his jawline, the tip of her finger now pulling gently on his quivering bottom lip. "Or maybe it reminds you of all those pictures you have of me in wedding lingerie, or all those other pictures of me in sexy outfits like this." She paused for a second as he sat there trembling. "What's the matter, sweetie, cat got your tongue?"

"Mom...I...uh..." Mitch mumbled incoherently, having no idea where to start, or what to say.

"Yesterday, you accidentally left your computer turned on when you went to school."

"I did?" Mitch said, remembering he'd been troubled at school with the thought that he hadn't turned it off, but at the time, he'd taken solace in the fact that his password-protected screensaver would have come on. "But how...I mean...my...my screensaver?"

"I guess I was a little naughty to do what I did," Nicole said, tracing the tip of one gloved finger along the enticing line of her deep cleavage, "but I was wondering what my little boy was up to on that computer of his all the time. I know that all teenage boys love porn, and I wondered what kind of things my little baby was looking at."

Mitch sat there listening to her, still totally rattled. "But...but the screensaver."

"Oh, that," his mother replied with a dismissive wave of her hand. "It wasn't too hard to guess your password. I always knew Bandit had a special place in your heart." Nicole paused as her son gasped, the realization that she had actually guessed his password hitting home. "But you know what, sweetheart? I loved what I saw. At first I was shocked, and then I found myself getting more and more excited as I looked at all the pictures you had of me. I have to admit, I'm very impressed with what you've done with that Photoshop program. Who knew your old mom could look so good?"

Mitch felt his pounding heart slow, realizing he wasn't in trouble at all—that the reality was quite the opposite, his mother having been turned on what she'd seen. "Mom, you are so much more beautiful in real life than any of those pictures I put you in."

Nicole could see the relief wash over him, and it made her smile. "Thanks, baby. I actually loved some of those outfits you'd put me in, so much so that I just had to go out and buy some things yesterday."

"So it wasn't my imagination when I saw you in those new clothes that looked so much like the pictures I had on my computer?" They shared a smile as she shook her head, giving him another teasing little wink. "Sometimes I wondered if I was seeing things right—or if I was dreaming."

"Did that business outfit I wore yesterday look like a dream, or that yellow bandage dress?"

Mitch gave a little laugh, feeling much more relaxed now that the truth of his obsession was out in the open. "Well, no. You looked like a dream in them, but I guess I really wasn't dreaming at all."

"From all those pictures, I saw how much you liked to see me in bridal lingerie. Did you think Mommy looked nice in her wedding dress?"

"Oh God, yes."

"And what about what I had on underneath it?"

Mitch thought back to a few hours ago, and how fantastic his mother had looked once that wedding dress came off. "Mom, I've never seen anything so beautiful in my life."

Nicole smiled, letting her fingertips run down between her breasts and slowly over her flat stomach, her slender glove-covered fingers moving slowly towards the apex of her sex. "And what about this outfit? Do I look as good as the girl in the original picture?" Nicole knew that although the outfit was incredibly sexy on its own, the girl in the downloaded photo had much smaller breasts than she did, and having seen the numerous photos of busty women on her son's computer, she knew he was definitely a tit-man.

"Oh, Mom, it...it looks amazing. The girl in the original picture looks like nothing compared to you."

"Really?" she asked teasingly, swaying provocatively back and forth, the protruding tips of her stiff nipples pointing right towards him.

Mitch was so dazzled by the dizzying display of pulchritude before him that he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind. "Jesus, Mom, you are so fucking hot."

"Now Mitchell, that's no way to talk about your mother," Nicole said, giving him a stern look. She accompanied her words by taking an imposing stance next to the bed, her feet spread further apart, a fisted gloved hand on each hip.

The scowl on her face sent a tingling shiver through Mitch, especially since he knew his mother only used his full name when she was angry with him. Right at the moment, he couldn't read her—the last few minutes had sent him for a loop, and right now, he didn't know

if she was seriously upset, or if she was just screwing with him. He decided to take the high road, play it safe and apologize, just in case. "I'm sorry, Mom. I...uh...I just got carried away looking at you."

"I don't know, Mitchell. Between that kind of language, and all those pictures you had of me on your computer..."

She let her words hang in the air, and Mitch could only look at her, unsure of what to say or do to take it back. "Mom, I'm sor —"

"NAA!" She held her palm up as she spoke, stopping him in midsentence, startling him. "You know, I think of all those times you must have jerked off to those pictures, thinking about me while pumping out load after load of teenage cum. What kind of boy thinks about dressing his mother up in sexy clothes like that, and then jerks off all over her face in those pictures? What kind of boy thinks about driving his long hard cock deep into the very birth canal from which he was born?" She paused for a second to let him think about what he'd done, his face flushing red. "I think I might have to punish you for your behavior. Yes, I think you need to be taught to treat your mother with respect."

Mitch could see now the angry look on her face was theatrically exaggerated, that beneath the scowl her eyes were glinting with perverse desire. He decided to go along with whatever she wanted, and knew it was likely to be just as hot as everything else they'd done together. "I'm sorry, Mom. But if that's what you think is best, I'm willing to take my punishment."

"Well now, that's what I want to hear from my little boy." She paced back and forth beside the bed, looking fantastic in her sky-high heels, the slutty outfit emphasizing her mature hourglass figure. "Now, where shall we start? Hmmm, I know just the thing." Mitch watched as she strode purposefully over to the closet and stepped inside, coming out moments later with a number of his father's ties draped over one gloved hand. "At least your father is good for one thing," she mumbled under her breath as she took one tie and wrapped it around her son's wrist.

"Wh...what are you doing?" Mitch asked, his voice almost quaking.

"I want to make sure you stay just the way I want you," his mother replied, pulling his arm out and quickly fastening the tie to the top of one bedpost. She grabbed another of the ties and moved to the other side of the bed, reaching across and doing the same to his other hand. "I want to make sure you learn to respect you mother, and I want to make sure you understand who's in charge here." Mitch had been leaning against the headboard with the sheet over his lap, so Nicole reached forward and snapped the sheet downwards, drawing it completely off the bed and tossing it aside. She grabbed another of her husband's silk ties and reached for Mitch's foot, winding the tie around his ankle.

"What are you doing now?"

"Just shut up and do as you're told. Maybe you should have thought more carefully when you were jerking on that big cock of yours while looking at those pictures of me." She fastened the tie around his ankle and then drew his leg to the side until it pointed towards the corner of the bed. Satisfied he was in the position she wanted, she knelt down, fastening the other end of the tie to the corner post beneath the bed. She grabbed the last tie she'd brought, and quickly did the same to his other leg. "There, now you're just the way I want you," she said, a wicked leer on her pretty face.

Mitch looked down at himself, totally spread-eagled on the bed. He tentatively pulled at his constraints, and realized that she'd fastened them securely, but not too tight, and he knew if he really tried, he could break his bonds in an instant. But he definitely had no intention of doing that—after all, having his mother dominate him like this was another of his ongoing fantasies.

"But Mom," he said, pulling his arms and legs as if fighting to get free, "wha—"

"SLAP!!!" Her gloved hand swept quickly through the air, slapping him in the face, the abruptness of her act stunning him. "NO TALKING!" She laid her hand over his stinging face, caressing it gently. She crawled onto the bed and slung her nylon-clad leg over him, straddling his midsection. "The only thing I want coming out of that mouth of yours right now is your tongue." She sidled up closer to his face, her gorgeous pussy glistening wetly in the opening of her crotchless panties. Mitch could smell her alluring scent, the warm womanly fragrance hitting his senses like an intoxicating drug. She

rolled her hips slowly just above his face, letting him see what she was about to feed him. When she saw him instinctively lick his lips, she lowered herself, pressing her steaming loins right against his face. "C'mon, baby, get that tongue out and show Mommy some respect."

Mitch shivered with excitement as his mother's hot moist pussy pressed down on his mouth. Even if he wanted to get out from beneath her, there was no way he would have been able to. Eagerly, he slid his tongue forwards, letting the muscular organ slither right up inside her, the tip probing against the dripping tissues of her seeping trench.

"Ah yeah, that's the way," Nicole said with a soft moan, "show Mommy how much you love that pussy you came out of eighteen years ago."

Mitch enthusiastically rolled his tongue all around her coital walls, letting her oily juices flow right onto his waiting tongue. He let the honey-like nectar slide deeper into his mouth, the flavour blossoming on his taste buds. He instantly wanted more, and sent his tongue deeper, like a divining rod probing for the spring that would give him the life juices he needed. The fragrant cunt-honey was seeping in waves out of her dripping snatch, now spreading out beyond his mouth to cover the lower part of his face. He instinctively tried to bring his hands to her body and pull her down even harder onto his working mouth—but he couldn't, the restraints keeping him in place.

"You want more, baby?" Nicole asked, smiling to herself as she held onto the headboard, rocking her hips back and forth as she mashed her cunt right down on her son's handsome face.

"Mm-hmmm," Mitch mumbled in agreement against her steaming loins.

"Okay, baby," his mother said, angling her hips backward slightly, bringing the erect spire of her fiery clit right in front of his mouth. "Work on that clit for a little bit, and then Mommy will give you a nice big mouthful of honey."

Inspired by her promise, Mitch wrapped his lips around the stiff nodule and sucked, using his tongue to bathe the sensitive red button with his saliva.

"Oh God, that's perfect. I don't know why I wasn't using that mouth of yours years ago." Nicole gripped the headboard tightly in her gloved hands and tipped her head back, surrendering her curvy MILFish body to the luxurious sensations her son's avidly-working mouth were causing within her. "That's it, baby, suck that clit...just keep sucking...keep...OH FUCCCCCKKKKKKKK." Nicole gasped out loud as she came, her body convulsing spastically, spraying her juicy nectar all over the lower part his face.

"Mmmm," Mitch purred, feeling her clit throbbing between his lips as he continued to suck on it, warm womanly juices gushing out onto his chin.

"Okay, baby," his twitching mother gasped out as she shifted her hips upwards, pulling her tingling clit from between his lips and plastering her dripping twat right down onto his mouth. "Get it all. Get every drop you can of that pussy-juice—show Mommy how much you want it."

Mitch eagerly lapped up her discharge, swallowing lustily as he drew the fragrant nectar into his mouth and down his throat. His mother kept rocking back and forth as she came, making a total mess of his face with her spraying cum. Her quivering body finally slowed, and she sat right down on his face, rolling her lush behind in a teasing circle as she bathed his face with her dripping labia, totally covering his skin with her flowing juices. She shifted back and looked down at him from above, his face glistening obscenely with her creamy nectar.

"That was good, baby, but I don't think you've shown Mommy enough respect yet." With the words barely out of her mouth, she shifted forward again, bringing her seeping cunt right back down onto his mouth.

She rode his face through two more orgasms before letting him up for air, his face and hair covered with her slimy discharge. She looked down at her son as she sat back and recovered from her last climax, her sumptuous chest heaving as she drew in big gulps of cool air. Mitch was a mess, but the blissful look of contentment on his flushed red face told her all she needed to know.

"Are you okay, baby?" Nicole asked, swinging her leg over his body until she was kneeling at his side.

"Yes," Mitch replied, drawing in big breaths of fresh air himself after having spent so much time pinned beneath his mother's sauna-like pussy.

"Well, it looks like part of you is definitely okay." Nicole had a beguiling smile on her face as she turned and looked at his midsection, his horse-like cock pointing rigidly northward, a glistening web of precum drooling from the tip. There was a huge puddle of the stuff coating his abdomen—obviously the alluring cock-sap had been flowing out of him for some time. "My baby's such a mess everywhere, I guess Mommy should clean him up."

Nicole leaned down and started licking his face. Like a mother cat with her kitten, she let her raspy tongue rake over his skin until she'd licked up every glistening drop of her cunt-honey. "Mmmmm, now I want some of this," she said softly, shifting down on the bed until she was even with his midsection. As she lowered her mouth, she put one hand around his surging erection and lifted it out of the way, slowly pumping it at the same time.

Mitch watched, unable to move but thrilled by what he was seeing. As his mother lowered her face towards his taut abs, she took her other gloved hand and pulled back her hair, allowing him a perfect view of her face in profile. She flicked her eyes to his for a titillating second before placing her pursed red lips on the slimy puddle of precum and started licking and sucking, drawing the succulent

masculine juice into her mouth. Her gloved hand stroking his prick was turning him on even more.

"Mmmm, that's so good, but I think my baby still needs some relief. Is that right, sweetie?" she asked teasingly as she pumped his rigid pecker.

The black gloves felt wickedly erotic on his prick, and Mitch felt another throbbing pulse go through his beefy dong, his eyes seeing another shiny gob of precum bubble from the tip and slide down the inverted V on the underside of the massive glans.

"Oh dear, look what you're doing to Mommy's new gloves," Nicole said, rubbing her glove-covered fingers right over the dripping red eye of his monstrous cock. She took her other hand and pumped the thick veiny shaft at the same time, forcing more of the tasty elixir to flow out over her hand. She held her gloved hand up for him to see, his glistening slime shining lewdly on the jet black material. "Well, I was going to jack you off to give you some relief, but look at what you're doing to these gloves. No, there's no way I can do that."

She sat back and let go of his enflamed prick, her curvy bum resting on her sexy stilettos. She looked down at her tied-up son, noticeably suffering with the need to climax, his engorged cock throbbing and pulsating with each powerful beat of his heart, the engorged head looking angry and menacing. Mitch twisted against his constraints, wishing he could take his cock in his own hand and jerk it off right there on the spot. Being forced to eat out his mother for so long had been a tremendous turn on, his cock becoming stone-hard not long

after he started. And then when she'd licked his face clean, and then lapped up the precum from his stomach, he almost came right there on the spot as he'd watched the lewdly obscene act. The sight and feel of her gloved hand on his prick had been exquisitely perverse, and he'd hoped she'd jerk him off, but now that dream was shot too.

Nicole reached up and stretched, her mouth-watering tits thrusting even further forward over the front of the demi-cup bra. She flicked her hair from one side to the other, the lustrous blonde locks looking wild and sexy as she did. When she looked back at him, Mitch's eyes focussed on her gorgeous mouth, her brilliant red lipstick beckoning to him like a neon sign. She pursed her lips into a tempting oval, teasing him mercilessly.

"Mom, I...I really need to come. Your...your mouth...," he gasped out, pleading with her to give him some relief.

"Oh honey, I'm sorry. I don't think I can do that. I just put on this nice fresh coat of lipstick. Don't you think it looks nice?"

"Oh God, Mom...it looks...it looks amazing. Your lips are so beautiful," Mitch said, his voice nearly frantic as he twisted and turned against his bonds. "But please...something...I...I need something."

"Well, I guess there is something I could do," Nicole said teasingly, running the tip of one gloved finger sensually along her full bottom

lip. "But if you make a mess, do you promise to clean up after yourself when you're done?"

"Oh God, yes. Please, Mom, I'll do anything."

"Okay, baby. Let's see if Mommy can take care of that big hard cock for you. Oh my, it does look angry, doesn't it?" She reached forward and circled her hand around the base, testing the rigidity. Once again, she was amazed at the size of the thing—her fingers never came close to touching the palm of her hand. And the stiffness—totally unreal. It felt hard enough to cut glass. "Oh wow. I don't think I've ever felt such a hard cock before."

"Please, Mom...please. I need to come." Mitch was thrashing about on the bed, pulling repeatedly against the constraints.

"Okay, baby. Just remember what you said about cleaning up after yourself," Nicole said as she swung her leg back over his supine form, her steaming Mommy cunt right above the throbbing head of his rigid erection. With her gloved hand wrapped around his pulsing dick, she steered the drooling cockhead between the opening of her crotchless panties, snuggling the massive knob right up against her dripping labial curtains.

"Watch, baby. Watch every hard inch of that gorgeous cock go way up inside Mommy. Watch that cock go where you came out of eighteen years ago. And now you're going back inside, just where Mommy wants you. Oh yeah," she groaned, letting her weight down

on his thrusting erection. It spread her slick labia wide open, almost to the point she felt he was going to tear up her insides, but it felt so good, she couldn't resist taking more and more. She eased herself all the way down until she was sitting deep in the saddle, her shaven loins pressed flush against his, the engorged knob rubbing teasingly against her cervix, the massive thick cock totally filling her MILFish cunt. "Oh Jesus, it's so big...so fucking big." She rolled her hips, luxuriating in the wickedly delicious feeling of being filled like never before. She wondered if she'd ever get used to her son's incredible size, but knew she'd keep taking that gorgeous cunt-stretcher, whenever and wherever he wanted.

Mitch had gotten turned on even more listening to his mother's illicitly lewd words as he'd watched the rigid stanchion between his legs slip deeper inside her. Her pussy felt like a molten furnace, her incendiary depths bathing his prick in hot oily juices. His beefy dong was totally enveloped in the hot buttery sheath of her vagina—and then she started to ride.

"So hard...so fucking hard," his mother moaned as she bounced wildly on his rearing prick. The slapping sound of their loins coming together filled the room, along with the scintillating fragrance of pure sex. Spread-eagled as he was, Mitch still flexed his hips up against her bucking form, driving his thrusting erection all the way into her as she bounced up and down. He'd become so aroused by everything that had happened to this point, that he knew he wasn't going to last long, but he also knew he really needed this release.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck," Nicole moaned, feeling her pleasure level escalate one more time. "Come with me baby, come with Mommy. Fill me up with all that sweet creamy cum of yours." Her nasty words were all it took to send Mitch over the edge.

"OH FUCK...I'M COMING!" he moaned loudly, just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned deep inside his mother's squeezing pussy.

"YESSSSSSSSSS!" Nicole screeched, her own climax overwhelming her. She was quivering and shaking like crazy as she came, but she kept bouncing on his bucking prong, waves of ecstasy flowing through her as he dumped a massive load way up inside her. She could feel his powerful cock spitting out wads of thick cum, the clumps of semen pasting itself against her hot coital walls. They both came for a long times, savoring the tingling sensations of their mutual climax. She rocked back and forth fiercely as her pussy gripped and pulled at his spitting pecker, trying to draw out as much of that potent teenage semen as she could. The delightful waves of pleasure finally waned, and she sat right down, keeping his still-hard cock buried to the hilt inside her seething cunt.

"Mmmm, that was so good. Did you like that, baby?" Nicole rolled her hips in a slow circle, the teasing motion making Mitch feel wonderful.

"Oh God, yes. Mom...you're...you're incredible," he gasped out, his muscular teenage chest heaving as he slowly regained his breath.

"I know you really needed that, sweetie," she replied, provocatively rolling her hips again, letting him know she wasn't done with him yet. "But remember what you promised Mommy? Remember that you promised to clean up after yourself if I let you come?"

"Y...yes," Mitch said tentatively, unsure of what he'd gotten himself into when making that promise. He knew when he was on the brink of going insane with the need to come, he'd have said anything.

"That's my good boy. Time to put my clean-up boy to work. Here you go," his mother said as she shifted forwards, his spent member slipping from her clutching vagina in a slippery rush. She crawled forwards and gripped the headboard in her gloved hands again, her dripping cunt poised right over his flushed face.

Mitch looked up, totally surprised. The vivid pink lips of her pussy were mere inches from his face, the puffy swollen labia glistening with her womanly juices and spackled with drops of milky semen. He looked between her shiny inner lips as he spotted movement, and a heavy wad of thick white spunk slid down towards him.

"There you go, baby," Nicole said, feeling the gob of cum moving inside her. "Get it all." She lowered her hips, dropping her overflowing cunt right onto his mouth.

"Mmmppfff," Mitch moaned in protest, unable to move with her wide motherly hips and steaming cunt covering his face.

"C'mon, baby, you promised. Get every thick drop of that cum out of me. Show Mommy what you'll do for her." His mother ground her hips down on his face, forcing her hot wet cunt right down onto his mouth.

Unable to do anything but comply, and not wanting to upset her, Mitch opened his mouth and slid his tongue forwards, just as the oozing wad of semen slid forwards. His tongue was just beneath it, and the thick heavy gob slithered snake-like right onto the waiting paddle of his tongue. He drew it back into his mouth, letting his taste buds react to the new sensation. He realized it wasn't nearly as bad as he thought, and he actually liked the thick creamy texture. Knowing it was his own semen that he'd shot deep into his mother fired his burning teenage libido as well, and the nastiness of what she wanted him to do turned him on even more. After savoring the warm salty flavor, he swallowed, luxuriating in the feeling of his warm spunk sliding like liquid silk down his throat. "Mmmm," he moaned in pleasure, sending his tongue back between her dripping cunt-lips, searching for more.

"That's it, that's my boy," Nicole said happily, her voice full of praise as she pressed down with the muscles inside her talented mature cunt, pushing her son's massive load down towards his beckoning mouth. "Get every drop of that nasty cum out of Mommy's cunt. If you get it all, I'll give you a reward."

Mitch was enjoying the wickedness of what he was doing so much that her incentive of a reward was lost on him. There was no way he was stopping now. He enthusiastically licked and sucked at her

overflowing trench, smiling to himself when he thought about the 'discharge overflow' problem they'd mentioned to Justin earlier. He continued to send his probing tongue deep into her cum-filled snatch, drawing out wad after wad of viscous white semen.

"Mmmm, you really seem to like this. You are Mommy's nasty little boy, aren't you?" Nicole said, rolling her hips all around her son's face as he continued to lick and suck at her dripping cunt. After a few minutes, she knew he'd gotten it all, but he was still eating her enthusiastically. There was something else she wanted, and then she'd let that perfect mouth of his take her right over the edge one more time. "Time for your reward, sweetie."

Unsure of what was going to happen, Mitch kept licking at his mother's throbbing loins as she started to move. She didn't go far, just shifting upwards a few inches. "Put that tongue out, baby. I want to feel that beautiful mouth of yours on my bum-hole now. I'm sure that anal bleaching I've done has left it nice and smooth for you." With those words, she sat back down, her warm behind now pressing against his mouth.

Mitch gasped in surprise, but again, he was delightfully overwhelmed by the nastiness of her request. He loved the way her big curvy behind felt so comforting and smooth against his face, the warm curvy cheeks of her bum feeling sinfully soft against his skin. In the seconds before she sat back down, he could see the little pink starfish of her bum-hole winking down at him, the skin around it smooth and clean as a baby's bottom. He'd heard of anal bleaching, and now he knew what it was all about. The wrinkled pucker looked

deliciously inviting, and as she sat down, he feathered his tongue out from between his lips, pressing the tip against the hot moist opening.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Work that hole with your tongue, baby. Get it nice and wet for Mommy." Nicole closed her eyes in bliss as her son really went to town on her bum, his hot thick tongue swiping lovingly over her backdoor. She rocked her hips back and forth, letting the flat of his tongue slide along her moist crevice for a couple of minutes. She shifted forward again, bringing her itchy needy anus right back over his mouth. She tilted her head back, closing her eyes in ecstasy as her son pressed the tip of his tongue right in the center of her hot opening. She willfully relaxed, letting his tongue slip right up inside her.

"That's it, baby, get that tongue way up inside there, let me feel it all the way inside me," she cooed, rolling her hips against his probing tongue.

Mitch was in heaven, loving the feel of the intense heat inside his mother against his tongue. He pushed harder with his tongue, sending it as far into her as he could, feeling her pucker gripping his tongue possessively. He felt her hands come down and pull her cheeks further apart, giving him even better access to her steaming depths.

"Yeah, that's it," she said, her gloved hands pulling herself wide open. "Now you can go even deeper. Get that sweet tongue as far up inside me as you can. That's what Mommy likes." She slowly rolled her hips, feeling his long thick tongue rubbing wantonly against the

walls of her chute. She could feel him twisting and turning his tongue feverishly, worshipping her bum-hole like a slave—just as she'd hoped. She could tell how much he was enjoying it, and she let him work her over ravenously for five minutes or so, relishing in the exquisite sensations of her son's willing tongue probing deep inside her.

"Oh fuck, that's good, baby. Keep that tongue nice and still while Mommy fucks it for a minute," Nicole said as she started to slowly bounce, luxuriating in the feeling of her son's big thick tongue going in and out of her sauna-like backdoor. "Oh yeah...that's it... that's it...just keep that tongue way up inside there. Just another minute or two and Mommy's gonna spray another load of cunt-honey all over your face."

Nicole had originally intended on having Mitch lick her clit to climax after he'd serviced her bum for a while, but his tongue felt so good where he had it right now that she changed her plans. She brought one gloved hand down and shoved it between her legs, strumming her clit as she continued to bounce on his probing tongue.

"Oh yeah...keep that tongue working way up inside there, you sick motherfucker. That's it, keep working it...just a little...just a little...OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKK," she wailed loudly as she started to climax once more. She ground herself down on his avidly working tongue as her fingers toyed with her clit, an intense orgasm starting deep inside her and blossoming to every tingling nerve ending of her lush body.

"Yes, here you go, baby," she gasped out breathlessly, angling her hips slightly downward as she felt herself going off. She could feel her cunt gushing, and knew she was spraying her son's face with her love-juices. She could feel him re-double his efforts, his searching tongue rolling in exquisite circles as he pressed it against the lining of her rectum. Her whole body was thrumming like a plucked guitar string as her climax continued, wave upon wave of rapturous ecstasy rolling through her. She was quivering and twitching like a wild thing as the delicious orgasmic tremors took control of her body.

"Such a great tongue...OHNNNNNNNGGG," she moaned as the last delightful sensations of her amazing climax washed over her. A nerve-jangling shiver tripped down her spine as her trembling body slowed, her huge breasts heaving provocatively as she gasped for air.

From his spot on his back beneath her, Mitch flicked his eyes up the front of his mother's spectacular body as she sat back, his gaze feasting on the protruding ledge of her huge thrusting tits, the massive globes looking fucking fantastic in the cupless bra, her big nipples standing out like ripe cherries. He'd loved servicing her gorgeous bum, and licked his lips happily, knowing he'd eagerly do that for her anytime she wanted.

"Mmmm, baby, that was so nice. You really showed Mommy how much you respect her. I think you've learned your lesson," Nicole said, reaching forward and undoing the necktie knotted around one wrist. As soon as she released both hands, Mitch rubbed his sore wrists, stretching and flexing his stiff arms as she undid his ankles.

When he was totally free, Nicole pulled him against her as she lay down, kissing him passionately.

"Mmmm, I can smell your own cum on your breath. I like it," she said, running her gloved hands through his hair.

"You know, a lot of people would think you're a bad mommy for what we've done today."

"You don't think they'd expect you to punish me for being bad, do you?" she asked provocatively, giving him big doe-like eyes.

"I think they would," Mitch said, playing right along.

"Oh dear, I don't think I'd like that," his mother replied, her big blue eyes full of innocence as she looked up at him.

"I think you need to be taught a lesson just as much as I did," Mitch said, grabbing one of her gloved wrists as he got to his knees next to her.

"What are you doing?" Nicole asked, purposely putting a frightened look on her face.

"Just you wait and see," Mitch said sternly, wrapping the necktie around her wrist and fastening it securely. His mother had left the

constraints tied to the bedposts, making it easy for him to secure her to them. He pulled her slightly higher up in the bed than he'd been, her back leaning up against a stack of pillows he'd shoved in front of the headboard. He moved from her arms to her long shapely legs, feeling himself getting exciting as he wrapped the ties around her slender ankles, right over the leather ankle-straps of her sexy stilettos. Satisfied that her bonds would hold her place, he stood back at the foot of the bed.

"Fuck me!" Mitch said to himself, knocked out by the insanely erotic vision of his mother tied up and spread-eagled before him. Her sexy slutty outfit looked wickedly delicious, the demi-cup bra making her enormous tits thrust out provocatively, her big thick nipples swollen and hard as bullets. The high-waisted garter belt drew your attention to her flat toned midsection, where the stretched ribbon-like garters and crotchless panties framed her hot wet pussy invitingly. He focussed on her dripping labial curtains, the vivid pink petals parted and gaping wantonly, the mysterious shadowy trench between the puffy lips seeming to call out to him for attention.

"So fucking sexy," he muttered under his breath as his eyes feasted ravenously on her curvy MILFish body, taking in every scintillating detail of her voluptuous pulchritude. Her spread legs drew his attention next, the long toned columns spread out to each corner of the king-size bed wantonly — like a slut — begging to be fucked, time and time again. The 5" heels of her sexy stilettos dug into the mattress, as if waiting to flex that prime mature body up against the hard thick cock that she expected to feel deep within her itchy pussy. Her spread gloved arms spoke of wicked surrender, the dominant mistress had now become the slave. This seemed to be emphasized

by her alluring choker, the tendrils of the trailing black laces at the hollow of her neck pointing like a compass to her voluptuous breasts. The brilliant red rose in the center of the choker drew his attention to her slender regal neck, and then higher to her gorgeous face, her smooth flawless skin glowing with wanton desire. Her warm blue eyes stared back at him, her loving gaze enough to set him on fire. Her eyes looked erotically alluring with the darker eyeshadow and lash-lengthening mascara, one teasing flicker of those incredible lashes sending a jolt right to his groin. Her hair looked amazing, the honey-blond tresses fluffed out and wild as a lion's mane. The lustrous locks framed her pretty face attractively, drawing his attention to her succulent mouth, the full pouty lips looking soft as pillows, the cherry-red lipstick calling out to him invitingly—the most perfect cock-sucking mouth imaginable.

"I didn't mean to be a bad mommy," Nicole said, pouting innocently as she looked at him with those doe-like eyes, pulling at her constraints, as if trying to break free. He knew that he had fastened them securely, but not tight enough to cause any pain, and he knew her theatrics were purely a show, a show to make him want her even more—and it was working.

Her flexing body caused her huge tits to wobble and jiggle invitingly, and he knew that was where he wanted to start. He knelt on the bed and crawled up next to her. "I still think you need to be taught a lesson. I'm sure a lot of people would think it's inappropriate for a mother to be wearing a slutty outfit like this around her teenage son. I mean, look at this bra, leaving your big tits exposed like this, as if you were begging your son to reach out and grope them." He reached out and cupped the massive spheres, hefting and weighing them in

his hands. He was once again amazed at how big and heavy they were, even bigger than he'd dreamed all those times he'd jerked off thinking about her, his eyes feasting on her gorgeous 36E bras as he'd fantasized many times about moments just like this.

"Oh dear, I didn't realize," she said apologetically. "I thought this might be a nice bra to just wear around the house every day. If you don't think that would be a good idea, I'll take it back to the store right away."

"No!" Mitch blurted out, running his thumbs over her rock-hard nipples, feeling them respond as he continued to grope and maul her sumptuous tits. "I think this would be a perfect bra for you to wear around the house."

"But maybe not when your dad's around. He might be one those people who doesn't understand what a mother should do for her teenage son."

"Yes, this bra should be just for me." He tweaked each of her nipples, causing her to gasp in delight.

"Mmmm, that feels good," Nicole said, thrusting out her chest towards his cupping hands.

"I think my bad mommy likes this." Mitch leaned forward, taking one rosy nipple into his mouth and sucking, his lips clamped on tight.

"Oh Jesus, yessss," his mother hissed, her body twisting against the constraints. With his mouth locked on her nipple, Mitch slid a finger between her legs and right into her seeping twat, spinning it in a slow torturous circle.

"Mmmmm, oh baby, you sure know how to treat your mommy," Nicole cooed, her eyes closing in bliss as she arched her hips up against his probing finger. Mitch slipped a second finger inside her as he moved to her other exposed breast, his lips clamping down as he nipped teasingly at the stiff pebbly bud. He started to slide his fingers back and forth within her hot velvety love-pocket, causing a series of animal groans to issue from his mother's purring throat.

"Ungghhh...so goooooodddddd," Nicole moaned, surrendering herself to her son's working mouth and hands. It didn't take long for him to bring her to the crest of another tingling release, and her body flexed and twisted spasmodically against her bonds as she came, her warm slick juices gushing liberally from her overheated cunt.

"Oh God, that was good," Nicole groaned softly as she collapsed back into the sheets, her big round breasts heaving as she gasped for air.

"We're just getting started," Mitch said, bringing his mouth back to her breasts as he slid his fingers way up inside her. Two orgasms

later, he finally withdrew his hand from between her legs and sat back, her huge tits now covered with a glistening layer of his saliva. She lay against the headboard, panting breathlessly as she recovered from her latest climax.

"Here, lick these clean," Mitch said, bringing his gooey fingers to his mother's mouth. She eagerly formed her mouth into an inviting 'O', closing her full red lips down on his fingers once he'd slipped them inside. He sawed them back and forth salaciously as she licked, lapping up her warm juices. "Those lips feel really nice. Would Mommy like something bigger to suck on?" With her lips still wrapped around his fingers, she looked up at him with those doe-like eyes and nodded seductively.

"Well then, I think I've got just the thing," he said as he slung his leg over her spread-eagled form, a knee on each side of her sumptuous chest. His cock was at half-mast, heavy with blood but not fully engorged, the broad mushroom head bobbing out at about ninety degrees to his body. He wrapped his big hand around it and pointed it right at her waiting mouth. "Open wide, slut."

Nicole formed her lips into an inviting oval, giving him the perfect target to aim for. He fed the massive knob right between those beckoning red lips, feeding it deep into her mouth as he reached up and gripped the top of the headboard with both hands. He felt her push a wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, bathing his stiffening prick with her hot wet spit.

"That's it, slut, suck that cock. Show your boy what you're good for," Mitch said, getting right into the role he was playing. He looked down as he held onto the headboard and levered his hips back and forth, watching the sinfully obscene act of his long hard cock sliding wetly between his mother's hot red lips. His beefy dong stiffened quickly, until he was feeding her over 10" of hard thick cock. She was sucking slavishly, gobs of spit dangling lewdly from his veiny shaft and off her chin, a glistening web even extending down onto the uppers swells of one breast. She was moaning like a little tramp as she slurped and sucked, her cheeks caved in lasciviously as he fucked her face. The lemon-sized head filled her mouth, and he felt it bump up against the soft tissues at the opening to her throat as he moved back and forth. With only about half of his huge prick going into her mouth, he knew he wanted more.

"That's just not good enough, cocksucker," he said as he pulled his prick from her voraciously sucking mouth with an audible "POP!" He quickly loosened her bonds and spun her around, dragging her down on her back until her head hung over the bottom edge of the bed. He re-fastened her constraints, her nylon-clad legs and sexy high heels now pointing to the top corners of the headboard, her gloved arms now spread out towards the bottom corners of the mattress. Her hair hung down towards the floor like waves of golden silk, her gorgeous blonde looks shimmering in the warm amber glow of the room. With her head tipped back over the edge, it brought her succulent cock-sucking mouth in perfect alignment with her neck.

"That's better, open that mouth nice and wide for me, slut. Your baby boy's going deeper into that throat of yours." He smiled as he watched his mother eagerly open her mouth, tipping her head well

back to let him know she was ready for what she knew was coming. "That's it. That's my good little cocksucker." Mitch stepped right up to her head and slid his raging hardon between her waiting lips, angling his hips downwards as he fed his throbbing cock-head deep into her mouth. With his feet firmly planted on either side of her head, he started flexing his hips back and forth, sawing his rigid erection between her avidly sucking lips.

"Mmppffhh," she gurgled lustily, her flowing saliva now running out from the corners of her mouth and down her cheeks, slimy webs dangling lewdly off her skin, some dropping onto the floor, while other glistening strands got caught in her hair. To Mitch, it looked wickedly nasty and sinfully exciting. With his cock throbbing fiercely, he reached forward and laid the palm of one hand just beneath her sexy choker, tenderly caressing her soft neck.

"Take a deep breath, slut, I want that throat of yours," he said as he levered his hips well back, almost pulling his surging prick from between her stretched red lips. Mitch could see the lustful fire in her eyes as she breathed deeply, and then she gave him a little nod to let him know she was ready. He adjusted his feet to make sure he had a firm stance, and then held her head in both his hands as he flexed forward. He felt the engorged knob bump up against the soft tender tissues at the opening to her throat, and then she tilted her head just slightly as he pressed more firmly forwards. As soon as she did that, he felt the broad flared crown slip past that point of resistance, and then all he felt was hot buttery softness as he slid his cock all the way home, stopping only when her pursed lips were nuzzled up tightly around the base of his turgid shaft.

"Oh fuck, that's beautiful." Mitch moaned softly as he savored the luxurious sensation of having his huge cock buried to the hilt in his mother's hot silky throat. He looked down and smiled as he saw her throat bulging obscenely, totally filled with his rock-hard cock. He drew back, watching her throat relax in, and then flexed forward, seeing her long neck swell and expand as he slid his prick all the way in, feeling her lips nibbling at his groin once more. He reached down and placed a hand along her throat, and then started to fuck.

"Oh yeah, perfect," he purred as he felt his long hard erection moving back and forth beneath his hand, her warm throat feeling exquisite against the pulsing shaft of his prick. It looked wickedly obscene to see her neck bulging in and out like that, but from the way she was mewling and moaning, he could tell that she loved it too. He kept going, long-dicking her velvety throat with one stroke after another, feeling his own cock beneath his fingertips as he caressed her long regal neck.

"Mmmmm," Nicole purred wantonly, loving what her son was doing to her. She was an expert cocksucker, with years of practice, and she'd deep-throated a number in her day, but those cocks were like nothing compared to her son's. She'd known how to angle her neck to let a cock slip into her throat, but she was surprised when she was able to take her son's huge member the very first time. She'd concentrated on relaxing her gag reflex, and then when he popped past that point, it had felt incredible, the long straight shaft going deeper than she thought imaginable, the bulbous head stretching and filling her throat all the way down, until his warm groin pushed flush up against her face, his rigid erection totally buried within her hot velvety throat. She loved the feel of him taking her like this, being

tied up and used as his fuck-toy, her body his to do with as he pleased. She wanted him to use and abuse her whenever he wanted for as long as he wanted. She already knew she was a slave to his majestic cock, and wanted nothing more than to worship it forever — anytime, anywhere.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that feels amazing," Mitch said, his voice lush with praise as he rolled his hips on one downward thrust, feeling every square inch of her wet throat against his dong. She swallowed, knowing her throat was sending a scintillating rippling massage along the full length of his long hard cock.

"Oh Jesus, that is so fucking good." Mitch continued to lever his hips as he kept ahold of her throat, feeling his thrusting erection slide back and forth, withdrawing far enough to allow her to breathe rhythmically, and then sliding it all the way home, his heavy sperm-laden balls slapping against her forehead. They got into a smooth throat-fucking rhythm, going balls-deep with each slow merciless thrust. He could feel himself getting more and more aroused, but he wanted to get off inside her hot juicy cunt again.

"Okay, slut, that's enough of that," he said, pulling his throbbing dick from her sucking mouth, a drizzling strand of precum bridging the gap between his glistening cock-head and her parted lips. He quickly undid the neckties binding her in place and lifted her off the bed, his muscular body moving intensely with a savage desire he never knew he had. He carried her across the room and pinned her back against the wall as he cupped his hands beneath her big curvy bum and lifted her up. His mother was still in shock from his fervent movements,

but she instinctively lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist, crossing her stiletto-heeled shoes behind his back. He flexed upwards, nuzzling the engorged head of his stallion-like cock between her dripping labia—and slammed it home.

"YESSSSSSSSSS," she hissed loudly, throwing her body forward as her arms slipped around his neck, her mouth biting into his shoulder as she stifled a scream of ecstasy. As he started to fuck her, she came almost instantly, "Ungh...ungh...ungh..." Her rhythmic groans of pleasure matched the pounding sound of their joined bodies slamming into the wall as he pounded her relentlessly, his turgid prick totally impaling her with each vicious thrust. They were fucking like animals, surrendering themselves to the savage pleasure both of them were feeling. She bucked and fucked back at him, her hips twisting and clutching at his jack-hammering cock as he mercilessly fucked her, his torched libido sending him into a frenzy of unsurpassed passion.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKK," Nicole moaned loudly, coming again. She thrashed about like a ragdoll, mumbling incoherently as wave after wave of blissful ecstasy coursed through her lush mature body. Her head lolled from side to side as he drove the rigid stake between his legs deep into her, crucifying her rapturously with each savage thrust.

Mitch felt his balls draw up close to his body, but kept slamming his prick into her as his mother quickly recovered from her climax and fucked back at him, her body twisting and shaking like a wildcat, her gloved hands scratching at his back as she held on tightly, her

talented pussy clutching and gripping his surging cock possessively, trying to pull him even deeper inside her.

"HERE IT COMES!" he moaned loudly, hammering her against the wall, the engorged head of his throbbing cock pushed flush up against the gates of her womb as he went off. A huge wad of spunk blasted forth, plastering itself against her cervix.

"Yes, give Mommy all of that beautiful cum," Nicole gasped out, feeling his semen spewing deep within her as another shattering climax overwhelmed her. The two lovers held tight to each other as they both experienced the blissful ecstasy of their mutual orgasm. Mitch's cock kept spewing, wad after wad of thick teenage cum bathing his mother's incendiary coital walls, filling up the birth canal he'd entered the world from eighteen years earlier. He filled her to overflowing, his thick milky semen squelching noisily out of her stuffed twat with each pounding thrust, the gooey juices dropping obscenely onto the floor beneath them. They were both gasping like runners at the finish line as they continued to come, their bodies twitching and quaking from the intenseness of their release. Finally, Nicole collapsed against him, her head dropping onto his shoulder as she held on for dear life, totally exhausted.

Mitch felt totally spent, his balls completely drained from the intense fuck. He loved the feel of his mother against him, her legs still wrapped tightly around him as she gasped hotly, her huge breasts pressed warmly against his sweat-covered chest, her breath warm against his neck, the scent of her perfume wafting luxuriously into his nostrils. He turned and carried her to the bed as she clung to him,

unable to even move. He carefully laid her down on the sheets, his slowly-deflating cock sliding out of her in a slippery rush, big wads of spunk gushing out of her overflowing pussy onto the sheets.

"That was amazing," his mother said as he lay down beside her and pushed her damp hair off her forehead, smiling to himself as he looked at her pretty face. She was glowing with contentment as she turned on her side and closed her eyes, relaxing in post-orgasmic bliss.

"You're not quitting yet, are you, Mom?" he asked teasingly, letting his fingers slide down her body to cup one heavy breast.

"Not on your life, buster, but I do need a minute or two after that."

"How about if I give you some medicine to make you recover quicker?" he asked mischievously.

"Wh...what?" she asked, barely able to open her eyes.

Mitch rolled her onto her back and pushed her legs apart as he moved down in the bed. He crawled between her widely spread thighs and brought his mouth to her oozing cunt.

"SSLLLUPPPPP..." The nasty sound of her son sucking his own cum out of her overflowing cunt reached her ears. She smiled, loving how

perverse her son had quickly become. She felt his lips press against her abused pussy as he sucked, and then he appeared next to her, his face right in front of hers. His mouth was closed, but a milky strand of spunk was dangling from his bottom lip enticingly. He brought his mouth down to hers and she opened her lips eagerly. As they kissed, he passed her a heavy wad of sperm-laden cum, and she took it, letting the warm masculine flavor settle on her taste buds. Their tongues played in the viscous clump of jizz before she finally swallowed, letting the silky cream slide warmly down her ravaged throat.

"Mmmmm, so good," she purred, smiling up at her son.

"I just might have to get some for myself," he said, knowing she'd loved having him lick her clean earlier. He'd loved it too, more than he ever thought possible. As he moved back between her legs and settled in, she drew her sexy legs up and let her thighs roll open, giving him total access to her juicy cunt. He pressed his mouth gently to her puffy labia, his tongue tracing delicately over the hot pink lips.

"That's it, baby, nice and easy. Just take it nice and slow. Mommy'll like that."

Like a kid watching Saturday morning cartoons, Mitch laid down on his stomach between his mother's spread legs and slowly serviced her, lovingly licking and cleaning up his warm milky cum.

"Mmmmm, so nice. Keep going baby, nice and slow. I think if you keep that up, Mommy's gonna give you another mouthful of her honey." Fifteen minutes later, she did. Her gloved hands held tight to his head as her hips bucked up against his face, flooding his waiting mouth with her warm womanly nectar.

"C'mon, let's take a shower," Mitch said as he got up from between her spread legs. "That'll help revive you." He got the big double shower going as she stripped off her clothes. She joined him and they kissed passionately beneath the pelting spray, the tingling pellets washing the sweat and cum off their bodies. They washed each other lovingly, Mitch spending extra time on her huge tits while she took her time soaping up his long heavy member.

"Get into bed," she said after they finished drying off and she pushed him towards the door. "It's time for us to go to sleep."

Mitch got into bed, loving the fact that he was going to be sleeping with his mother for the first time—the first time of which he hoped there would be many to follow.

"Ready to get some sleep, tiger?"

His mother's voice broke him out of his reverie, and he turned to see her standing in the doorway to her dressing room. She leaned against the doorframe and smiled at him, her body clad spectacularly in a white satin chemise, just like in a picture he had of her in one of his 'Bridal Lingerie' folders on his computer. The enticing piece of

lingerie was much more casual than the merry widow and stockings she'd been wearing earlier, but just as sexy. It was made of shiny white satin trimmed in delicate white lace, the brilliant satin emphasizing every lush curve of her gorgeous hourglass figure. It fit close to her body, drawing your gaze to every rising mound and deep valley. The lace trimmed hem ended mere inches below her pussy, with an alluring slit rising a few inches up her left thigh towards her hip, the glimpse of her smooth upper thigh beneath that slit starting his heart pounding. He looked up to see that the soft satin panels cupping her breasts could do nothing to hide their tremendous size, and their gorgeous round heaviness. He could see her big nipples poking through, bold shadows falling beneath the pert buttons on the glistening satin panels. The top was trimmed with fine lace like the hem, with shiny satin ribbon-like straps going over her shoulders. He could see the straps were stretched taut by the imposing weight they were carrying.

"Mom, you are so beautiful," Mitch said as she slid into bed next to him and pulled the covers partway up.

"Thanks, baby. From all those pictures on your computer, I know how much you like to see me in white lingerie." She paused, running a fingertip teasingly along the inviting line of her mile-long cleavage. "Should I turn the light off?" She looked at him with that mischievous glint in her eye that he had already grown to love. "Or should I leave it on so you can look at me some more?"

"Leave it on, please," he said, his eyes feasting on her gorgeous body.

"All right. Give me a kiss, sweetie." They kissed passionately, and Mitch wanted it to go on forever. But his mother turned away after the kiss, putting her back to him as she lay on her side, ready for sleep. Somewhat disappointed, he snuggled into her back, slipping his arm over her to gently cup her big heavy breast.

"Mmmm, good night, baby. Sweet dreams," Nicole said, giving his hand a gentle squeeze to let him know it was okay for him to feel her up as they went to sleep. Just a few minutes later, she felt something prodding against the small of her back. On the verge of sleep, she felt him still groping her tits as he rubbed himself against her backside. The stiffness rubbing against her was insistent, and she could feel the intense heat from his throbbing cock-head pressing against her. "The glorious stamina of youth," she thought to herself, a knowing smile coming over her face at the same time she felt that tell-tale tingling between her legs. She reached behind and felt his erect cock, once again as stiff as a bar of steel.

"Oh baby, you're not hard again already, are you?" she asked over her shoulder, her fingers tracing teasingly along his rigid shaft.

"I'm always hard when it comes to you, Mom," he said, his eyes looking blatantly at her huge tits, delightfully encased in the shiny satin chemise. "You look so hot in that white nightgown, I can't help it."

"Oh baby, that's so sweet. I thought you might like it. I love the way the satin feels against my breasts. Feel for yourself," she said, rolling onto her back and pulling his big young hand to her chest.

"Oh Mom, it feels fantastic," Mitch replied, feeling her big nipples stiffening beneath the shiny white material as he ran his fingers over her big round tits. "Mom, do you think...do you think...?"

Five minutes later he was kneeling between her spread thighs, her legs up over his shoulders. He was levering his hips back and forth as he reached down and mauled her big tits through the chemise, loving the feel of the cool satin beneath his hands. He brought her to three more tingling orgasms before he finally came himself, filling her up with hot teenage semen once more.

He dropped back down between her legs and feasted on her dripping cunt, cleaning up every drop of his cum, bringing her to another screeching climax on the way.

Turned on by eating her and ready to go again, he turned her over on her hands and knees and took her doggy style, his surging prick shuttling in and out of her sopping cunt mercilessly. He turned her every which way, fucking her constantly in every position he could think of as the bed squeaked and shook in protest. He left her sexy chemise on, loving the way she looked in it as he fucked her. She came, time and time again until he finally blew another load deep inside her. She was on the verge of collapse as he pulled out of her, diving on her seeping cunt before his cum could stain the sheets. As he licked and sucked his cum out of her overflowing twat, he heard her gently snuffling as she drifted off to sleep, totally exhausted.

He lay beside her and looked at her gorgeous body as she slept. He felt her up through the chemise, and she didn't move a muscle, totally passed out from their sexual exertions. He left the light on but drifted off to sleep himself, his hand still cupped around her breast.

He woke up in the middle of the night and saw that she hadn't moved an inch since she'd dropped off to sleep, her body surrendering to the blissful exhaustion. He felt her up again, gently lifting her breasts out of the chemise and feeling her nipples become stiff as pebbles beneath his fingers. His cock stiffened as he continued to fondle her sumptuous tits as she slept on, the deep sleep of the totally fucked out. Not wanting to miss out on this opportunity to be in bed with his stacked sexy mother, he slowly pushed the covers down as he got to his knees beside her, the sound of her gentle snuffling echoing in the quiet room.

"Mom, you are so fucking gorgeous," he muttered quietly as he opened the drawer of her bedside table, taking out the jar of Vaseline and the black hairband she'd used on him earlier. He slipped the makeshift cock-ring beneath his heavy balls and scooped out a generous amount of the viscous lube. He squeezed and fondled her mouth-watering tits as she slept on, his other hand wrapped around his cock in a warm loving corridor. It didn't take long before he felt that tingling sensation in his midsection. He got to his knees and leaned over her, blowing another massive load all over her big billowy tits. Temporarily content, he wiped his greasy hand on the sheets and lay back down beside her, sleep quickly overtaking him.

About two hours later, he woke up again, his mother still in the same position, not having moved a muscle. He smiled to himself as he looked down at the ribbons and clumps of semen drying slowly on her chest, slimy rivulets running into her cleavage and down the sides of the big round spheres. He felt his teenage cock twitch again as he looked at her, the sexiest woman he had ever seen. He pushed the covers slowly off her and gently pulled her legs to each side.

"Ohhhnnn," she gave out a soft moan as her head turned to one side, but she slept on. He gathered up another handful of Vaseline and got to his knees between her spread legs, flipping the front of her chemise up to expose her pussy. It looked wet and puffy, the lips a brilliant pink from the constant abuse he'd put it through all day long. He decided she needed a soothing balm to make her feel better. A few minutes later, he pointed the engorged head of his big cock at her cunt and spewed that protein balm all over her gorgeous pussy, totally covering her exposed loins with his thick teenage semen.

"Hmm, I think it needs to be rubbed in to really work," he said to himself. He lay down between her parted thighs and used his tongue to spread the warm balm all over her puffy vulva, making sure some of the balm coated his tongue, the tongue that his mother had put to good use for most of the day. As he gently laved his tongue over his mother's succulent flesh, she slept on and snuffled softly, dead to the world.

He went back to sleep, knowing he'd likely wake up once more before morning and give her another load. He wanted to take advantage of this situation as much as possible—after all, his father

was due home tomorrow—and who knew what was going to happen then?

Chapter 8

Mitch awoke to the luxurious feeling of a hot wet mouth making sweet oral love to his cock. His thoughts immediately went to visions of his mother—like he always woke up to—only this time, he wasn't reaching for his jar of Vaseline. He felt like pinching himself to make sure it was real, but as he looked down at his mother's full pouty lips wrapped around his morning hard on, he knew this was no dream.

He smiled to himself as he remembered the events of the day before, and how they had fucked long into the night. And now she had her hair pulled back and secured in a ponytail—the way she'd told him she liked it when she wanted to do some serious cocksucking. He watched her head bob up and down rhythmically, glistening rivulets of her saliva running lewdly down his upright shaft. Her cheeks were hollowing in and out like a bellows, the slick tissues inside her mouth pressing against his turgid prick in a blisteringly sheath of hot buttery flesh.

He wondered how long she'd been sucking him off, because he could feel himself ready to blow already. "Oh fuck, Mom, you are such an amazing cocksucker. I've never felt a mouth anywhere near as good as yours." She didn't skip a beat, her tongue circling his prick hotly as her face bobbed obscenely up and down. "It's not gonna be much longer and you'll get a nice big mouthful." His words seemed to

inspire her even more as she sucked slavishly at his throbbing pecker. Surrendering himself to the delightful sensations of the tell-tale contractions starting in his midsection, he lifted his head up and watched her succulent lips slide back and forth along his pulsating dick as he started to go off, her cheeks caved in lewdly as she sucked like a wanton slut.

"Oh yeah, here it comes," Mitch warned, feeling the semen speeding up the shaft of his cock.

"Mmmppffff," Nicole gave off a muffled groan of pleasure as the first thick rope of semen rocketed into her mouth, totally filling her oral cavity. Once the deliciously sinful taste of her son's teenage cum hit her taste buds, there was no stopping her. She sucked slavishly, wanting more. Her son's spitting cock enthusiastically complied with her wishes, firing off shot after shot of thick creamy goo into her ravenously sucking mouth. She swallowed, loving the feel of the viscous masculine seed sliding silkily down her throat. She kept her lips clamped tight around his bucking prick, sucking for all she was worth, not wanting to lose a drop.

"Oh fuck, Mom, get it all." Mitch groaned as his muscular teenage body twisted against the sheets in pleasure, his big hands slipping into her soft blonde hair and holding her head in place as his spurting prick shot copious amounts of thick white semen deep into her mouth. Finally, the last tingling twinges of his glorious release coursed through his body and he collapsed back into the pillows, wallowing in the delicious afterglow.

"Oh man, what a way to wake up," he said softly, smiling from ear to ear as his mother continued to nurse at his slowly deflating cock, making sure she got every drop of his teenage goodness.

She slowly pulled off his spent prick and looked up at him with that mischievous look in her eye, rubbing the warm shiny head of his cock all around her pretty face. "How about I wake you up like this every day?"

"Wh...what?" Mitch asked, his eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"Your dad leaves for work nice and early. I could come into your room and wake you up with a blow job like that every day. Would you like that, sweetie?" she asked, licking up the last drooling wad of slime from the leaking tip.

"Oh fuck, yeah!" Mitch instantly responded, excited beyond belief at the thought of getting a morning blow job from his mother every day.

"There's nothing I'd like better than starting my day with a nice protein smoothie," Nicole said with a smile, her tongue rolling sluttishly over his pebbly glans.

"Mom, seriously," Mitch said, thoughts of his father coming home hitting him like a punch in the gut. "What are we gonna do when Dad gets home?"

"Don't worry about that, sweetie. Everything's going to be fine. We'll find a way, you can be sure of that. You don't think I'm going to stop playing with my favorite new toy already, do you?" she asked, provocatively rubbing his semi-hard cock all over her face.

"Fuck, no. I hope not," Mitch replied, sitting up in bed and wrestling her into his arms. "Just like I'm never going to stop wanting this gorgeous body of yours." He nipped playfully at her breasts as he grabbed her big round bum, making her giggle.

"Now behave yourself," she said, a big grin on her face as she pushed him away. "C'mon, let's take a shower. That's something I think we can do together every morning as well."

Mitch eagerly followed her into the bathroom, wrapping her up in his arms once they were beneath the pelting hot spray from the dual shower heads. They kissed long and passionately, like the new lovers they had become. They soaped each other up lovingly, their hands sensually exploring each other's attractive form. It didn't take long for each of their bodies to respond to the other's lustful touch.

"I can't believe how big and hard this gets," Nicole said, her soapy hands working in a teasing corkscrew motion up and down her son's massive horse-cock, his hot teenage blood pouring back into it already.

"And I can't believe how easily you get me that way," Mitch replied, reaching beneath her and picking her up, his big hands cupping her lush round ass cheeks. He backed her up against the wall, her arms sliding around his neck at the same time she crossed her heels behind his back. He angled the head of his surging prick upwards, finding her dripping labia hot and beckoning. He gazed into her loving eyes as he levered his hips slowly forward, the massive knob of his cock stretching her insides to the tearing point as he slid his hard dick all the way home.

"Yessssssss," Nicole hissed, tipping her head back and closing her eyes as the blissful sensation of being totally filled by her son's rock-hard cock shot through her. They kissed hotly as they fucked, the stinging pellets of steaming water raining down on them as Mitch hammered her against the shower wall. She came, and then came a second time before he climaxed, basting her hot oily cunt with his viscous seed. He kept his cock totally buried as they gasped for air, slowly recovering from the intense sensations of their mutual release. The slimy goo slowly oozed out around the connection of their joined bodies, sliding down his low-hanging nuts and dropping in milky gobs to the shower floor, the pearly fluid slithering snake-like into the drain.

"C'mon, baby," Nicole said, nipping teasingly at his full bottom lip. "I'm starving. Let's have some breakfast". The two lovers reluctantly separated, Mitch's spent prick sliding out of his mother in a slippery rush as gobs of semen spewed forth from her overflowing cunt, the whitish goo dropping in obscene clumps onto the slick tile floor. They finished washing up, each taking a shower head in the big double shower. His mother left the shower first, leaving her son to

stand beneath the pelting spray, the hot hard pellets beating down blissfully on his skull.

After towelling off, Mitch went to his room and donned a pair of boxers before heading downstairs, the alluring scent of fresh coffee and sausages hitting him as he came down the stairs. "Mom, that smells fantastic," he said, entering the kitchen. She stood by the stove, slowly stirring some scrambled eggs in a pan. Her lush curvy body was nicely displayed in a clinging silk robe, the shiny navy fabric doing nothing to hide the impressive size of her generous breasts.

"Mmmm, that food smells wonderful, but you look good enough to eat," Mitch said, sidling up behind her and slipping his hands around her waist, his hands coming up to cup her mouth-watering tits.

"Well, maybe if you're a good boy, you can eat Mommy later," she responded playfully, turning around and giving him a hot searing kiss, her full breasts pressed warmly against his broad chest. She ended the kiss, turning her attention back to the stove.

"Here, baby," she said, handing him a steaming mug of coffee. He took the cup and sipped slowly, loving the bold aroma as it hit his nostrils, the hot liquid feeling exhilarating on his taste buds. "Get the plates and cutlery out. This stuff is almost ready."

Mitch did as asked, and within a minute or two they were sitting at the kitchen table, both of them more ravenous than they thought.

"It looks like we both worked up quite an appetite," Nicole said, winking at him lasciviously as she took a bite of toast.

"I don't think I've ever had a better breakfast than this."

"Me too. There's something about great sex that makes everything taste better," Nicole replied, leaning slightly forward to give her son an unimpeded view of her ample breasts, the neck of her robe gaping open provocatively.

Mitch stared, his eyes feasting on the deep dark line of her enticing cleavage, and felt his young teenage prick start to stir again. "How much longer until Dad gets home?" They both looked at the clock. After their nearly all-night fuck session, they had ended up sleeping in later than they'd anticipated.

"Probably a couple of hours. He'll phone first though—he always does. Don't worry about him walking in on us."

"Good." He paused for a few seconds, his eyes roaming over her gorgeous body. "Do you have any more new outfits for me to see?"

"Oh, I've still got a few new things you haven't seen yet," she replied teasingly, shifting her body slightly, letting her big heavy tits sway provocatively from side to side. "It's getting pretty warm already. Why don't we go and sit out by the pool? That way I can show you one of my new bathing suits."

"That sounds perfect to me."

"Good. You load up the dishwater while I go up and get changed. I'll see you outside." When she got to the door of the kitchen, she turned and looked back teasingly over her shoulder. "Oh yeah, when you go outside, could you take the bottle of baby oil that's in the downstairs bathroom? I think I'd like to work on my tan." She paused and looked at Mitch with that lusty glint in her eye. "And bring that cum towel of yours with you—I think we're going to need it." With another lascivious wink, she turned and strode away.

Mitch felt his heart racing with excitement as he watched her go. He shook himself back to reality and stood up from the table, feeling his prick twitching beneath his boxers. He got the dishes and pans into the dishwater in world record time, and then raced upstairs, his heart pounding in his chest as he slipped on a pair of loose swim trunks. He strode to his closet and grabbed the old gym bag he kept there, the one that held his jerk-off supplies: Vaseline (Baby-fresh scent, of course), his mother's hairbands that he used for cock-rings, and the now heavy, spunk-laden cum towel that he used to clean up with after jerking off. With a smile on his face, he pulled out the stained matted towel. He grabbed his sunglasses and phone and left his room, grabbing a beach towel from the linen closet and the big bottle of baby oil from the downstairs bathroom.

Once outside, he positioned a couple of big loungers in the late-morning sun, making sure the angle was just right for the brilliant sunshine to attractively light his gorgeous mother. He looked

around, happy that their pool was totally secluded by the high fence and plentiful landscaping that went around their whole property. Their neighbours had equally big properties, with the houses spaced well apart, and even the Jamieson's right behind them were away in Europe on holiday. "Yes", he thought to himself, they would have all the privacy they wanted.

Mitch went to the small cabana they had adjacent to the pool and turned on some background music, the soft sounds making the pool-side setting a little more cozy. Satisfied, he donned his sunglasses and sat in one of the loungers as he checked his phone for messages, wondering if there was anything from Justin. There was nothing. Somewhat surprised, he put the phone down on the little table next to him, where he'd put the baby oil, the cum-towel on the pool deck right next to him. He lay back and closed his eyes beneath his sunglasses, loving the feel of the warm sun beating down on him.

"Got everything?"

His mother's voice caused him to look up, and he watched her as she walked across the pool deck towards him, her wide motherly hips shifting seductively from side to side. Her hair was pulled up in a loose bun, exposing her long regal neck. She had on sexy aviator-style sunglasses, the lenses a nifty dark green. She was wearing a colorful bathing suit cover-up, one of those big one-piece jobs that could be wrapped around the body and tied up in different ways. This one was mostly a brilliant royal blue, with pictures of tiny colorful parrots all over it, the funny-looking birds a riot of color in everything from red, to yellow, to orange. She had the cover-up

swirled around her lush curvy body, and then wrapped around her throat and tied at the back of her neck, covering her from her head almost to her knees. The material was so bright and cheery, he smiled just looking at it. The trouble was, it was covering up far too much of what he really wanted to see—the new bathing suit he knew she was wearing beneath.

"Yes, I got the baby oil, just like you wanted," Mitch replied, nodding to the big clear bottle of greasy oil sitting next to him.

"Good, I think I can work on my tan at this time of day, before it gets too hot." She had a phone in her hand and set it on the little table next to the pair of recliners. "I brought the phone, just in case your father calls earlier than I expect him to." She turned and stretched, her huge breasts thrusting up teasingly against the colorful cover-up.

"You're going to take that cover-up off, aren't you?" Mitch asked, leaving no doubt what he was interested in.

"Of course, silly," Nicole replied, a sly grin on her face as she reached behind her neck and undid the knotted material. With a theatrical gesture, her arms moved, and like a matador's cape, the cover-up came away from her body.

"Fuck me!" Mitch muttered under his breath as he gazed in awe at his mother. She was wearing a white bikini, the likes of which he'd only seen in the many pictures he had of her on his computer. The tiny strips and triangles of material barely covered any of her

incredible body, her generous tits opulently on display. He could see a tiny white string that led from each side of the bikini top and disappeared behind her back, a small bit of the same string visible at the center of her chest between the two triangular panels that worked as the bikini top. Her huge tits almost overflowed the confining cups, her nipples already easily visible beneath the soft white fabric. A similar string rose from the top of each of the two triangular panels, and he could see that those were tied together at the back of her neck. Those two strings were stretched taut by the imposing weight they were carrying, almost to the point he thought they might give way, visualizing the enticing top dropping down and totally exposing her massive breasts. The deep line of her cleavage was mesmerizing, and he felt like he could just stare at that enticing valley between the sumptuous swells all day long.

He let his gaze finally drift down, taking in the delightful view of her tanned body, her slender waist, her wide flared fuck-me hips, and then his eyes alighted on the bikini bottom, a perfect match for the top. The low-riding front triangular panel disappeared between her legs enticingly, as if forming a perfect white arrow pointing right down to the treasures he knew lay beneath the mound-cupping material. The top of the panel fit tantalizingly low on her smooth flat abdomen, with the same white strings of material coming from each of the top corners and tied in teasing little bows over each hip. The way the tiny strings sat high on her hips made her shapely legs look even longer and more toned than usual, the deep bronze of her tan looking spectacular against the brilliant white of the bikini.

"Well, sweetie, do you like Mommy's new bathing suit?" Nicole asked, doing a little pirouette in her bare feet.

Mitch's eyes were instantly drawn to her full shapely rear, the bikini cupping those big round cheeks attractively. It wasn't trampy and inappropriate-looking like a thong bikini would be on someone of her age—no—the white fabric cupped and molded itself to those beach-ball like ass-cheeks perfectly. "Mom, you look so fucking hot in that. It looks amazing."

"Thanks, baby. I was hoping you'd like it," Nicole replied, taking the towel she'd brought out with her and spreading it out over her lounge, her massive tits jiggling and wobbling delightfully as she leaned over. She turned and looked at the direction of the sun, and angled her lounge slightly, wanting to get maximum exposure before the day turned too hot. She lay down on her stomach, turning her head towards Mitch as she rested it on her hands. "Sweetie, do you think you could put some of that baby oil on me?"

"Sure," Mitch eagerly replied, quickly grabbing the big plastic bottle. All of a sudden he was unsure of where to start or what to do. "Uh...?"

"Why don't you start with my legs, baby, and work your way up? Mommy's just gonna lie here and relax while you're doing that for her." She turned her head to the other side, away from Mitch, shifting her body as she settled down into the lounge, almost as if she was going to sleep.

Mitch smiled to himself as he poured a generous amount of the slippery oil into his open palm, and then rubbed his hands together

as he eyed up his mother's gorgeous backside, her big curvy bum looking fantastic in the snow-white bikini. He started with one foot, rubbing the oil into her soft skin, slowly making his way higher to her full calves, loving the feel of the slick oil getting warmer as he ran his hands back and forth over her smooth skin.

"Mmmm, that's nice, sweetie," Nicole said, shifting her legs slightly apart. "Don't worry about using lots of oil. Use as much as you want."

Mitch took the bottle and drizzled some right onto the backs of her shapely legs, and then started rubbing it in with both hands, his fingers slowly moving higher, now smoothing the oily fluid into her thighs.

"Yeah, that's the way Mommy likes it, nice and slippery," Nicole cooed in a soft breathy voice, at the same time moving her legs further to each side, giving her son easy access to her inner thighs.

"Fucking gorgeous," Mitch said to himself, his eyes feasting on the opening between her legs as he knelt next to the lounge. As his slippery hands moved higher up the insides of her velvety-soft inner thighs, she spread her legs even more, her toes pointing to the bottom corners of the lounge, the gap leading to the apex of her separated legs getting even bigger. His gaze was drawn magnetically to her bikini bottom as it disappeared from view between her legs, and he felt his heart racing in his chest as he looked at the strip of material cupping the warm mound of her sex. He got his hands nice and slick before placing his fingers back on her upper thighs, his rubbing fingers getting closer and closer to that enticingly pouting mound,

the warm cleft of her vulva visible right through the material of her bikini. He brought his fingertips even closer to her treasure cove as he rubbed the warm oil into the incredibly soft skin of her inner thighs. Feeling himself getting more excited, he got bolder, his fingertips tracing right along the edge of the leg opening of her bikini.

"Mmmm, that feels really good, baby. Maybe you should rub some of that oil onto the sides of my bum now," she said teasingly, wriggling her big curvy bum as his fingers rubbed tantalizingly over her supple skin.

"Okay." Mitch re-oiled his hands and started on the outsides of those lush curvy cheeks, the oil glistening lewdly on the big soft spheres. His hands got closer to the leg openings of her bottom, the triangular panel covering her shapely rear end attractively.

"Uh, I'm not sure if I'm doing a very good job," Mitch said, an exaggerated note of concern in his voice. "I want to make sure you have nice even coverage, but it's a little difficult when my fingers keep bumping into the edge of your bikini bottom."

"Hmm, you might be right. And I do want to make sure my tan is nice and even. This might help," Nicole said, reaching down to each hip and undoing the tiny bows holding her bikini bottom together. "There, that should make it easier."

Mitch smiled to himself as he watched her untie the bows. He reached down and slowly lifted the bikini bottom away from her rear end, the undone strings trailing against her hips as he drew it backwards, totally exposing her big round bum. He pulled it all the way back until he laid it down on the lounge between her spread legs, the warm gusset now facing up towards him. He could smell her warm scent, and it took all his willpower to stop himself from plunging his face right into the fragrant material of her bikini bottom—just like he'd done many times while raiding her laundry hamper.

"Yes, that helps a lot," he said, a smile on his face as he drizzled a generous amount of the shimmering oil onto her bum cheeks. He slowly rubbed it in, the big round globes shining in the brilliant sunlight. His fingertips soon found her inviting crevice, and he rubbed the slick fluid deeper into the warm trench, his hands moving continuously as he methodically moved closer to the core of her sex.

"Mmmm, so nice," she purred, wriggling her hips against his working hands. He took that as an invitation to continue, and moved his fingertips deeper, tracing his long middle finger right over the deepest part of her crevice until he came in contact with the hot little pucker of her anus. He rolled his oily fingertip in a teasing circle over the tight little starfish, causing her to moan softly.

"Mmmm, that's it. Make sure you get some oil all around that spot. I want to make sure that skin is nice and soft.

Mitch felt his prick stiffening and lengthening inside his swim trunks as he worked over her tight little hole. He poured some oil right into her hot crevice and let it run all over his working fingers, slowly circling and probing around that delightfully tight orifice. He felt her relaxing and he pushed slowly with his fingertip, feeling her initial resistance giving way, allowing his slick digit to slip up inside her.

"Aaaahh, yes...that's it, baby, Mommy likes the way that feels." She rolled her hips against his working hand, his finger slowly spiralling all around the hot moist tissues inside her.

Mitch couldn't believe how hot and tight she was back there, his finger now sliding back and forth slowly, back and forth, back and forth, working in a nice rolling motion with his fingertip as he worked it in and out. He could feel that he was now rock hard, and looked down to see his surging prick tenting out the front of his trunks obscenely. He knew what he wanted to do, but wasn't sure if his mother would go for it. "Mom, I think it'll be better if I get some of this oil deeper inside you." He left it at that, leaving the decision up to her.

"You might be right, sweetie. It really feels like I need a nice coating of something way up inside there. The problem is, I think we might need some form of special tool to get the oil nice and deep. Can you think of anything that would work?"

Mitch felt his heart racing furiously as he listened to her suggestive words. "I know just the thing. Trust me, Mom, this is gonna work out

perfectly. And when I'm done, I'm sure you'll have a nice coating of something hot and creamy way up inside you."

"Okay, baby. Just make sure that tool is covered with lots of oil to make it easier to go nice and deep." As Mitch quickly shucked off his trunks, she shifted back on the lounge, keeping her head down as she moved backwards. She took off her sunglasses and dropped them on the floor next to her as she positioned herself with her ass perched high over the bottom edge of the recliner. As she continued to lean forward, she arched her back, making her bum sit even higher, and with her knees near the corners of the lounge, her sinfully hot crevice opened enticingly wider.

Mitch was beside himself with anticipation as he watched her position herself for him, his big hand thoroughly lathering up his thrusting erection with the slippery oil, totally coating his engorged prick until the slick lubricant was dripping off it. As he looked at her smooth pink rosebud winking up at him alluringly, he was tempted to keep fisting his beefy dong and blow a load off all over her. But he fought the urge, knowing that what was coming next was going to be even better.

He wiped his greasy hands on his cum-towel and dropped it on the patio right at the end of the lounge, placed just right for him to kneel on. He dropped to his knees between her mother's spread legs, his thrusting erection soaring upwards towards her oily hole. With the surface of the lounge only being about eight inches off the ground, it put her beckoning bum-hole at the perfect height for his anal assault. "Just bring that pretty bum down an inch or two, Mom, and

we'll see if we can fit this oily tool where you need it most," he said, reaching forward and placing his hands on her wide hips, guiding her back ever so slightly. As she lowered her hind quarters, her steaming crease opened wider still. "Oh yeah, that's perfect." His hands held her still, and he eased his rampant prick forward, nuzzling the enflamed crown right up against her slick little hole. He rolled his hips, rubbing the searing tip all around the puckered opening.

"Mmmmm, so nice and hot," his mother moaned, her face still planted down against the lounger. She wriggled her hips back against him, letting him know how much she wanted it. "C'mon, baby, give it to Mommy nice and slow. I've never had anything near to your size back there—but I can tell I'm gonna love it."

"I can't fucking believe this," Mitch said to himself, excited beyond belief. He'd dreamed about fucking his mother's full round ass—and now it was actually going to happen. He gripped her hips firmly as he pressed forward, watching the crimson crown of his fuck-stick start to force its way inside her slick little hole. The wrinkled tissues of the tiny opening were stretched taut by the invading knob, and then he watched them start to relax, letting the broad flared head slowly slip inside.

"OHHHHHNNNNN," his mother moaned deep in her throat, like an animal being impaled by a spear. Despite her low groan, Mitch felt her pushing back against him, wanting more. He held firmly onto her wide hips and flexed forward, forcing more of himself into her. He watched as the massive knob stretched her opening almost to the

tearing point, the smooth opening stretching and stretching as the rope-like corona pressed against it.

"Uh...uh...uh...," she groaned continuously, until the tight pink ring finally surrendered and let him inside, the stretched circle of flesh snapping closed around the thick veiny shaft, the engorged cock-head now trapped inside her.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly, her body quivering and spasming from the monstrous thing filling her tightly-stretched hole. She was gasping as she tried to get accustomed to the wickedly sinful sensation, wriggling around for a minute or two before her ragged breathing calmed down as the muscles inside her slowly relaxed.

Mitch knew to hold still and let her get used to it, or he knew he would absolutely split her in two. None of his girlfriends had ever allowed him near their bums, and he was thrilled that his mother seemed as eager to try it as he was. When she started to slowly roll her hips, Mitch knew the worst was over.

"Oh yeah, that fucker certainly is big, isn't it?" his mother said, looking back at him over her shoulder, a look of pure desire in her eyes. Not even waiting for him to answer, she continued, "C'mon, baby, let Mommy feel every last inch of it, nice and slow—make me love it."

As she turned away and buried her face in her hands, Mitch gripped her hips tightly and flexed forward, watching his enormous rod slide into her hungry ass, inch after thick hard inch disappearing into her searing depths.

"Oh fuck, yessssssssssss," his mother hissed as he went deeper and deeper, the tight tissues inside her ass feeling hot as a furnace. They gripped him tightly, molding themselves perfectly to his probing cock, pulling at him like a tightening fist.

"Yes...yes...yes...," she gasped continuously as he went deeper and deeper, until finally, the stretched ring of her tight little hole was pressed flush up against his shaven groin, his surging cock totally impaled within her steaming guts. As soon as he touched bottom, she started to shake spastically.

"OH FUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCC," she wailed, her body convulsing and shaking as a massive orgasm rocketed from deep inside her and blossomed in a hot rush to her extremities. She was quivering and trembling like crazy as she came, as if her son's cock had become a cattle prod sending a massive jolt of pleasure to every electrified nerve-ending of her body.

Mitch held on for dear life as her big curvy backside thrashed about wildly, the tight gripping chute inside her pulling at his buried prick possessively. He'd never felt anything so hot and tight in his life, and he loved it. She rolled her hips against him as she continued to gasp and moan, her intense orgasm roaring through her trembling body, the rush of heat making her sweat.

"Oh Jesus, that was so fucking good," his mother finally was able to eke out as her spine-tingling climax slowly subsided. Once she had control of herself, she turned and looked at him over her shoulder again. "That was amazing, sweetheart. How about you see if you can give Mommy another one of those?"

"One? Is that all?" Mitch asked mischievously as he slowly withdrew, watching the pink tissues inside her grip his retreating prick as if they never wanted to let go. He backed out until just the flared knob was trapped inside the constricting ring, and then slid it slowly forward, burying himself mercilessly deep into her ass once more.

"Oh fuck, yesssssss," his mother hissed again as he went balls deep, ground his loins against her upturned bum, and then started to really fuck her.

"So fucking big," she gasped as he pounded her succulent round ass, totally impaling her with each thrust of his rigid erection. He worked in some tantalizing hip-rolls, stirring her hot oily depths like a batch of wet cement. Their oily bodies slammed noisily together, the lewd sound music to his ears.

"Ungh...ungh...ungh...fuck me, baby...fuck Mommy's ass," she moaned, just before he took her to another shattering climax.

Mitch brought her to three more blisteringly hot orgasms, using every bit of his willpower to suppress his own lustful urges. Finally,

he couldn't take the incredible sensations any longer, slamming his throbbing prick deep into her clutching guts as his cock bucked and spat, sending a massive load of cum high up into her clenching bowels.

"Filling you up, Mom. Filling up that hot fucking ass of yours," he moaned, totally flooding her guts with thick teenage semen. He could feel her working the muscles in her ass, her talented rectum pulling at him like a fist, trying to milk out every drop. "Fuck yeah, get it all...get it all."

"That's it, baby, blow every drop of that cum way up inside Mommy. Let me have it, get all that nasty stuff out of you," Nicole encouraged, the tight ring of her sphincter flexing down to squeeze hungrily around the base of his twitching prick. Finally, he'd given her all he had and he stopped moving, keeping his dick buried inside her, the last drops of slippery cum oozing out of him. They were both breathing raggedly, their chests heaving as they drew in big gulps of air, their bodies slowly recovering.

"Just back out nice and slow, baby. I want to keep all of that nice warm cum way up inside me."

Mitch slowly retreated, until finally, his mother's clenching sphincter expelled him, closing up nice and tight, a tiny trickle of white slime winking at him from her closed-up hole. She quickly sat back and pulled her bikini bottom back into place, tying the little straps over each hip once again. She turned and lay on her back, smiling up at him as she reached down beside her and put her sunglasses back on.

"Wow, I've never been filled like that in my entire life. It felt amazing, but trust me, with the size of that big fucker between your legs, that's not something we're going to do every day." She paused, tenderly rubbing her stomach. "Now, where were we? Oh yes, you were putting oil on me. Maybe it's time to start on my front." She wiggled her cute little toes, letting Mitch know where she wanted him to resume his oil-boy duties.

With his spent member hanging heavy between his legs, Mitch stayed on his knees and drizzled more of the oil onto her delicate feet. He started to rub the slippery oil into her skin, loving the feel of her mature body beneath his warm slick hands.

"Mmmm, that's my boy. Get Mommy all nice and oiled up," Nicole said in that mesmerizing lulling voice of hers, settling into the slightly raised back of the lounge. She shifted up slightly, almost looking down on her son as he continued to service her, his oil-covered hands moving slowly up her legs. "That's it. Use as much oil as you need."

Mitch needed no encouragement, drizzling more and more oil onto her lush body as he went higher. Once her full meaty thighs were glistening, he started on her flat toned stomach, loving the feel of her silky smooth skin beneath his fingertips. He slid his fingers along her sides, feeling her ribcage beneath her skin as his hands crept further northwards, his fingertips now brushing against the underside of her massive breasts, looking incredibly round and heavy in the enticing

bikini top. Like he'd done with her bikini bottom, he was about to ask if she could remove her top.

"Do my arms and shoulders next," his mother said teasingly, as if reading his thoughts. She reached her arm out, wiggling her red-tipped fingers, just like she'd done with her toes. Temporarily miffed, but not wanting to disappoint her in any way, Mitch drizzled some more of the slick lubricant onto his hands and went back to work on her slender arms, making them shine in the brilliant late-morning sun. Her shoulders were next, and he loved the feel of the fluid sinews and relaxed muscles beneath her skin. His slick fingers moved slowly onto her upper chest as she lay back with a knowing smile on her face, her eyes hidden beneath the dark green lenses of her sunglasses. His slick hands moved further downwards, almost touching the upper swells of her massive tits.

"Mmmm, that's good, baby. Maybe we should stop."

Mitch was aghast, his fingertips within inches of his goal of oiling up his mother's mouth-watering tits, and now, she was suggesting they stop. "But...but Mom, I...I thought you wanted to work on your all-over tan. If you just took off your bikini top for a few minutes..."

The pleading tone in his voice could not be mistaken, and Nicole smiled to herself. "But what if the neighbours saw? I'm not sure what they'd do if they saw something like that."

"I know exactly what they'd do," Mitch said to himself—the men would whip out their cocks and beat themselves silly, while the women would all look on enviously, most of them probably shoving their fingers deep into their itchy quims. "But nobody can see, Mom. The Jamiesons are away, and with all the trees, none of the others can see either."

"Well, I don't know..." Nicole dragged out her reply, purposely letting her horny son stew in his own pre-seminal juices.

"Please, Mom...please." Mitch was all but begging now. "Just for a little while. And then, as soon as I'm done putting the oil on, you can put your top back on."

"Oh, all right," Nicole finally conceded, reaching behind her neck and undoing the tiny white straps. As she released the top panels, her massive tits relaxed slightly downward, their natural heaviness causing them to spread out and totally cover the breadth of her chest. She reached behind her back and undid that strap as well, pulling her top totally off and dropping it beside her before settling back against the recliner. "There, that's better. Go ahead, sweetie, they're all yours."

Mitch gulped as he looked at her perfect tits, gloriously displayed in the brilliant sunshine. "Fuck, they're big," he thought to himself as he looked at the deliciously rounded spheres, so full and heavy-looking. Her areolae were perfectly sized—not too big, and not too small. The pebbly texture and warm pink color was making him salivate—and then he focussed on her nipples. The red rubbery buds tilted up

pertly, as if beckoning for a warm wet mouth to swoop down and latch onto them. They were already nice and big, and his fingers itched just thinking about running his hands over them. Not wanting to wait any longer, he picked up the bottle of baby oil and drizzled a copious amount of the slippery fluid all over the upper swells of her breasts, the glistening trails sparkling in the sunlight as he moved the bottle from side to side. He set it down and eagerly brought his hands forward, starting to slowly rub the shiny oil into the lush upper swells.

"Mmmm, that's the way, make sure you cover every square inch," Nicole cooed softly, a contented smile on her face as she looked at her son through slitted eyes, her eyes totally obscured to him by the dark lenses of her sunglasses. As he kneeled at the side of the lounge, she flicked her eyes down, happy to see his recently spent dick on the rise once more. She smiled, taking a deep breath, her huge breasts pushing out even further towards his working hands.

"Fuck me," Mitch mumbled under his breath as he watched his mother's back arch as she took a deep breath and stretched. Her tits looked even more gigantic, the big round globes seeming to lift right up towards his waiting hands. Unable to resist, he let his greasy hands slide down around the sides of the two huge spheres, finally cupping one in each hand. He rubbed his fingers all around the undersides of them, totally covering them in the warm slippery oil.

"Mmmm, that feels so nice, baby. Just keep doing that until you've got Mommy totally covered."

"I know what I'd like to cover you with," Mitch thought to himself as he felt his cock continue to stiffen and lengthen. He knew it wouldn't take much for him to blow another huge load all over her, and those big shiny tits seemed to just be begging for it. With his heart pounding, he ran his thumbs up the front of each breast, the oil forming a slippery runway right the tips of her nipples. He rubbed his slick thumbs over the pebbly buds, feeling them instantly respond.

"Mmmm, that's the spot," his mother cooed softly as he worked on her nipples. He could feel them stiffen and expand beneath his slick thumbs, and then he brought his forefingers into the act, rolling the two cherry-like bullets between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Aaaahh...yes...that's it...so good," Nicole groaned, letting her head loll slowly from side to side as he worked over her magnificent tits. He let his greasy hands roam freely over the tremendous guns, squeezing, hefting, groping, and rubbing continuously, but always coming back to tease her sensitive stiff nipples, now totally engorged and hot to the touch, the vivid red color looking even more erotic with the glistening coating of baby oil. She felt like she could almost go off just by letting him play with her sensitive mounds, but she had something else in mind — something she knew they'd both like.

"Okay, baby, I think that's good for now," she said, knocking his hands away as she sat slightly forward, bringing her splayed legs down as she put her feet flat on the deck on either side of her chair.

Mitch was beside himself. His cock was hard as a rock, and his heart was beating furiously, expecting something more to happen. When his mother stopped his oily groping of her tits, he was mortified, wondering what he'd done wrong.

"C'mere, baby," Nicole said, patting the spot on the lounge right in front of her, the spot right between her spread legs. "I think it's time for me to put some of that baby oil on you for a change. Do you think you'd like that?" She had that mischievous look in her eyes that set Mitch right on fire.

"Yes," he barely gasped out as he slung his leg over the lounge and sat down, his stallion-like cock rearing up between them, precum already drooling from the engorged tip. His mother was sitting up and slightly forward, her huge tits hanging pendulously mere inches from his throbbing prick, the stiff veiny cock bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of his heart.

"Hmm, I wonder where I should start," she said teasingly, taking off her sunglasses before reaching down and picking up the bottle of baby oil. "Oh, I think I know." She held the bottle right over his throbbing cock-head and squeezed, a shiny ribbon of glistening oil drizzling onto his massive knob and sliding down the upright shaft. She poured out a generous amount, and then set the bottle down as she reached forward with both hands. "Yes, I think this is exactly where you need it." Her hands closed down on his surging prick, her fingers circling the immense shaft in a warm loving corridor. Once again, she was amazed at the incredible size, her fingertips not even coming close to touching the base of her palms. She gave the big

fuck-stick a gentle squeeze, and then started to move her hands up and down, working the slippery oil into his skin.

"Oh fuck...yeah," Mitch gasped, his mother's expert mature hands feeling incredible on his pulsing dong. She pumped slowly up and down, using a tortuous cork-screwing motion that had him climbing the walls within seconds. She had one hand over the other, with still a few inches of blisteringly hard cock visible above her stroking hands. His steely-hard prick felt like a branding iron in her hands, the heat emanating from the throbbing shaft blissfully intense. The heated baby oil let her gripping hands slide easily over his rigid prick, the slippery fluid glistening nastily.

"Oh Jesus...so fucking hard," Nicole moaned under her breath as she let her slippery hands work over his rearing fucker, one hand now turned and cupped downwards over the sensitive glans as she rolled her palm in a slow circle over the slick pebbly surface.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that's so good," Mitch groaned, feeling the precum pulsing up against her hand as her soft palm rubbed lovingly over the flared crown. She rubbed her palm gently over the big mushroom head for a couple of minutes, making him squirm and moan as the precum continued to ooze out of him. Her other hand kept pumping up and down, and now the hand she had covering the head dropped down to join the other one once more, the precum combined with the baby oil turning frothy as her slick mommy-hands moved provocatively up and down. He looked at her tits, watching them wobble and sway as she continued to jerk him off, wondering if she

was going to pump his load out all over the voluminous mounds. She spoke, almost as if she could read his mind once again.

"Why don't you feel them, baby? I know you want to. Go ahead. They're all yours...anytime you want."

Mitch eagerly reached forward, filling his hands with the glistening orbs, loving the feel of her soft oily skin beneath his fingertips. He hefted them in his hands, his libido soaring in awe at the immense weight. He felt his prick twitch and buck in her hands, and knew she felt it too.

"Are you close, baby? Are you ready to give Mommy all of that sweet cum of yours?"

"Yes...", he said breathlessly, barely able to speak.

"That's good, baby, that's real good. Mommy wants you to blow that big fucking load all over her. Would you like to do that for Mommy?"

"Oh God, yes!" Mitch gasped out, feeling the delightful pre-orgasmic contractions begin in his midsection.

"That's my baby boy, let it out...shoot every sweet creamy drop all over Mommy."

Mitch was just about there as he saw her quickly reach down and pull open the tied straps at each hip, her bikini bottom falling away to expose her glistening pink vulva.

"Come on, baby, come for Mommy," Nicole purred wantonly as she put both hands back on his shining prick and pumped vigorously, the engorged head now pointed right at her steaming cunt.

Her nasty words were all it took, and Mitch started coming, the first thick rope of semen speeding up the shaft of his cock. "HERE IT COMES!" he warned, just as a brilliant white slash of spunk rocketed forth, plastering itself against her shaven loins in a hot gooey mess.

"Yeah, baby, give Mommy all of that hot cum, cover me with the stuff," Nicole encouraged, her slick oily hands pumping vigorously back and forth. She was rewarded as rope after rope of sperm-laden teenage cum rained down on her hot pink pussy, covering her exposed flesh.

"OH FUCK...YEAHHHHH," Mitch roared, the exquisite sensations of a hot oily hand job having him shaking and twitching through a mind-numbing release. "PUMP IT OUT, SLUT, PUMP IT ALL OUT!"

Nicole smiled as she listened to him, her talented mature hands working their magic on his huge 18-year old cock. She kept her hands sliding luxuriously on his oil-covered shaft, ribbons and strands of thick pearly semen spewing from the yawning tip of his cock to coat her smooth mature flesh. She pumped and pumped, getting every

last drop of warm seed out of him that she could. Finally, he had no more, but she took the drooling tip of his prick and wiped it right over the protruding nodule of her clit, barely visible beneath the glistening white layer of cum coating her midsection.

"Mmmmmm, that was a big load, wasn't it?" she said, her breathy voice dripping with sensuality.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Mitch gasped out, slowly starting to recover, "I've never had a hand job like that in my life."

"Not even any of the ones you've given yourself?" she asked teasingly, smiling at him wickedly as she slid one hand down and cradled his heavy nuts, temporarily drained of his life-giving seed.

"Oh God, no. That was absolutely incredible." He looked into her sultry blue eyes, that wicked slutty look in them once more. "Mom, you are so hot. I...I can't believe this is happening."

"Oh, it's happening, baby, and it's going to keep happening for a long long time." Mitch's heart soared at her response, and then she gave him another lascivious wink. "You can come on Mommy like that anytime you want." She paused and sat back, his eyes naturally following hers as she looked down at her cum-coated body. "But you have made quite a mess there. I think you need to clean that up." She shifted back to lie against the back of the recliner, her midsection sliding forward as he instinctively moved backwards out of her way. He looked down between her spread legs as she tilted her wide hips

up towards him, as if offering up her glazed loins as his dinner. He felt her looking right at him, the feeling drawing his eyes up to meet hers, where he saw her looking at him intently, the look of a wanton slut burning in her sultry blue eyes. She reached forward towards his face, one red-tipped fingernail toying provocatively with his bottom lip. "And I think you know just how I want you to clean up all of that thick creamy cum."

She moved her hand back and slowly crooked her finger at him, hypnotically beckoning him closer. As if in a trance, Mitch got to his knees between her spread legs, following her mesmerizing finger all the way down to her glistening white loins. She took her fingertip and rubbed it slowly around the erect spire of her clit, the red beacon shining up through the milky coating of fluid surrounding it. "C'mon, baby, I think you know just what to do."

Mitch leaned forward, pursing his lips and letting his tongue slither forward, the tip probing right into the puddled mass of goo covering her vulva.

"Mmmm, that's it. Take your time. Mommy wants to watch her baby boy feed." Mitch slowly licked, his tongue rolling sensually through the puddles and strands of his own warm semen.

"Mmmmm..." It was him purring now, knowing he was pleasuring his mother just the way she wanted. He could see her looking down at him, a smile of blissful contentment on her face as he serviced her.

"Suck it up, baby. Let Mommy watch you suck up that gooey slime." He did as she asked, pursing his lips and noisily sucking up a massive gob. She reached forward and he felt her hand on his throat. "Okay, baby. Swallow for Mommy." He did, the gob of warm spunk sliding luxuriously down his throat. He saw her smile, her fingers lovingly stroking his throat as she watched it contract as he swallowed.

"Again, get it all," she encouraged, keeping her fingertips pressed gently against his throat. He licked at her glazed body, sucking and licking up every drop he could find. Every time he swallowed, she smiled and gave him words of praise, letting him know how much he was pleasing her. Finally, with all of his cum nestled deep in his stomach and only a glistening coating of his saliva covering her exposed pussy, he sat back, wondering if she'd let him use his mouth to pleasure her throbbing red clit.

"Can I keep eating you, Mom?" he asked, taking a long slow swipe with his tongue all the way up the front of her leaking trench.

"Mmmm, that does feel nice, but there is something else I want first. I've been saving a treat for you."

"A treat?" Mitch asked, totally confused.

"Yes. Sit on the floor at the foot of the lounge and lay your head back here," she instructed, tapping the spot where he was sitting right now. He obediently did as she asked, turning around before sitting

down on the pool deck floor and leaning back until his head was in the middle of the recliner.

"That's my good boy. Now Mommy's gonna give you a nice warm treat." She turned around, tossing her bikini bottom to the side before straddling his face and sitting backwards. Her knees were positioned at the sides of the recliner as she reached forward and grabbed the back of the chair, steadying herself. With her spread thighs on either side of his face, she shifted back slightly, bringing her bright pink bumhole right over his mouth.

"Open wide, baby, time for your treat." Looking down between her legs, she saw her son's mouth open wide in eager anticipation. She pushed down with the muscles inside her, a nasty little smile on her face.

Beneath her, Mitch watched as the tiny wrinkled hole eased open, a pearly-white gob of fluid filling the enticing void. He instinctively slid his tongue forward, positioning it to catch the milky prize he knew was coming. The hole flexed inward for a split second before easing open even more, and the viscous wad of thick white fluid drooled obscenely forth. It slithered like an awakening snake downwards, the tip of the distending wad finding the flat of his tongue.

"That's my baby boy, get it all," his mother said in her soft lulling voice as she watched the glistening ribbon of semen slide into her son's eagerly-waiting mouth. She pushed down with the muscles inside her again, loving the sight of her boy's thick teenage cum

drooling into his open mouth. She pushed again, and the massive wad came sliding out in a rush, plopping hotly onto his waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," he purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as he instinctively closed his mouth, letting the warm masculine flavor of his own seed combined with her ass juices roll succulently over his taste buds. He swallowed, the heavenly silky texture sliding deliciously down his throat.

Nicole could tell he wanted more, so she sat right down on his face, feeling his tongue quickly probing against her tight little hole. "That's it. Get inside there and get it, baby. Mommy's been keeping that nice and warm for you." She rolled her hips as she relaxed her sphincter, feeling his tongue slip deeper inside her. He swirled his tongue all around the hot slick tissues lining her bum, pulling out every drop of manly cream that he'd dumped inside her.

"That's my boy, work for it. Work for all of that thick creamy cum of yours," she encouraged, pushing down to give him just what he wanted. She held on tightly to the back of the recliner, tilting her head up and closing her eyes as she surrendered herself to the luxurious sensations of her 18-year old son slavishly worshipping her ass.

She let him do as he pleased for the next ten minutes or so, long after he'd lapped up every drop of his teenage seed. He kept licking and sucking her ass, trying to get his tongue as far into her as possible.

She was getting more and more turned on, and as good as this was feeling, her throbbing clit was not to be denied.

"C'mere, baby, this is where I need your mouth right now," she said, shifting her hips backwards, dropping the twitching red nodule of her clit right onto his mouth.

"Mmmm," Mitch groaned as his lips closed around the pulsing little pea, the intense heat of the sensitive button almost searing his lips. He rolled his tongue all around the stiff bullet, feeling it throb between his sucking lips.

"Oh fuck, yeah...that's perfect...that's so fucking per...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH," Nicole moaned as a shattering climax started at the base of her clit and exploded like an atomic bomb throughout her body. She was convulsing and shaking fiercely, holding onto the back of the chair tightly to steady herself, grinding her pulsing flesh down onto her son's working mouth as she came.

"YESSSSSSS," she hissed again, basting her son's face with a lathery coating of cunt-cream as she gushed like a bursting dam. Mitch kept sucking and licking at the throbbing clit between his lips as she rocked back and forth, her warm juices spurting all over his face.

"Unghh...ungh...ungh," she moaned, her body glistening with oil and sweat as she continued to climax, the insides of her thighs quivering from the exquisite sensations flowing through her. Finally, a tingling

shiver tripped down her spine and she collapsed, sitting right down on her son's upturned face.

"RING...RING..." the sound of the phone on the little table next to them drew their attention.

"Hmm, it looks like that's your father," Nicole said, spying the name and number displayed on her phone. She reached over and picked it up, wriggling her hips to let her son know she wanted him to keep going.

"Hello."

"Hi Honey, it's me," Rick said.

"Hi. I didn't expect your call for another hour or so." She continued rolling her hips as Mitch's long thick tongue lapped at her drooling trench.

"Yeah, well, the fish weren't biting worth a damn, so we decided to head home. What have you guys been up to?"

"Well, we got the attic cleaned out like you wanted. The stuff's in the hallway upstairs right now. You wanted to take one final look before we got rid of it, right?"

"Yeah. I'll take a quick look and then Mitch can help me get the boxes down to the garage so we can get rid of them. Is he at home?"

"Yes, he's here," Nicole said, smiling down at her son, his mouth busy between her legs. "He's just having a little snack right now." Mitch looked up past her huge hanging breasts, her eyes smiling devilishly as she looked down at him.

"Good, make sure he doesn't take off before I get home. I don't want that stuff cluttering up the hall any longer than it has to."

"All right. I'll make sure he doesn't go anywhere." Nicole rolled her curvy rump down on her son's face. With her warm round bum keeping in place, there was no way he was going anywhere, but with the way he kept licking at her clammy gash, she could tell he would be willing to stay there and feed from her dripping cunt all day long anyways.

"Okay, good. We just went past Middlesburgh, so I'll be home in about an hour. What are you guys doing right now?"

"Oh, we're just sitting out by the pool, taking in some rays."

"All right. I'm gonna go. Be home soon. Bye."

"Bye." Nicole put down the phone and reluctantly lifted herself off her son's avidly working mouth. "Your dad's gonna be home in less than an hour. We better go shower up and wash this oil off us, or he'll wonder what's going on."

"Can we shower together?" Mitch asked eagerly, gathering up his discarded swim trunks, along with the baby oil and towels.

"I guess we've got time for that," Nicole replied, her eyes drawn magnetically to her son's heavy member dangling majestically between his legs. "But no funny stuff, buster!"

"Sure, Mom, whatever you say," Mitch lied, knowing that once he got his hands on those big tits of hers again, all bets were off when it came to his behaviour.

He was right—ten minutes later, as they stood in the big double shower with his soapy hands full of her lathered-up tits, he was hard as a rock again.

"Are you kidding me? Not again?" Nicole asked, once again astounded by her son's insatiable sexual appetite and never-ending stamina. She smiled to herself, loving every illicit second of it as she wrapped her own soapy hand around his veiny dong and stroked slowly up and down.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I can't help it when I'm around you." His hands continued to grope her big round tits as her hand slid luxuriously along the lathered-up surface of his stiff prick. "And...oh fuck...your hand feels so good. Do you think we have time for one more?"

"Mommy's still a little sore down there, especially after that last one when you fucked me in the ass. How about if I take this shot right in the mouth? I could do with another mouthful of that hot thick cum of yours."

"That would be perfect," Mitch replied, his mother already slipping to her knees in front of him.

Five minutes later she was swallowing ravenously as he flooded her mouth with rope after rope of warm milky semen, splashing her tonsils with his viscous seed. She purred contentedly, savouring every creamy morsel of the thick masculine seed, chockfull of potent teenage sperm. With a last lick across the dripping red eye, she got to her feet.

"All right, that's going to have to keep you for a while. Let's finish up before your dad gets home."

A short time later, they met up in the kitchen. Mitch was wearing an old t-shirt and a pair of shorts, while Nicole had chosen a powder-blue sleeveless turtleneck and a flouncy white skirt that ended high on her thighs. The vertical ribs of the sweater flowed out and around her generous breasts invitingly, drawing her son's eyes like a

magnet. The outfit looked fantastic on her, but not as risqué as some of the things she'd worn at other times over the last couple of days. Mitch knew it was because his father was due home shortly. Still unable to help himself, he immediately reached for her, but she swatted his hands away playfully, "Behave yourself, or Mommy won't come and tuck you in at bedtime," she said teasingly. "Now get the plates out of the cupboard. Your dad is going to want lunch when he gets home."

They were standing side by side at the counter getting lunch together when they heard the garage door open, and then a few seconds later, Rick walked in, dropping his duffel bag near the door.

"Hey guys, did you miss me?" he asked, going over to his wife and giving her a peck on the cheek, patting his son on the shoulder at the same time.

"Of course we did, dear," Nicole said, smiling at her husband. "Things just weren't the same at all around here without you — were they, Mitch?"

Mitch couldn't help noticing the mischievous look in his mother's eye as she turned to him for a response. Listening to the provocative nature of her words, he felt himself turning red and feeling flustered. "Uh no...I mean yes...I mean...uh...it's good to have you home, Dad."

"Where's the fish?" Nicole quickly asked, bailing out her son, who looked totally flummoxed.

"Didn't catch a thing," Rick said emphatically. "That so-called 'hot fishing spot' of Ed's turned out to be totally useless. My time would have better spent here, helping you guys with that attic."

"Oh, honey, don't worry about it. You need your time away like that to relax. With the hours you work at that law office, you need a break like that—time away from the usual grind."

"Ah, I guess you're right."

"You should do it more often. Mitch and I would be fine here taking care of things, wouldn't we, sweetheart?" As Mitch leaned back against the counter, his mother turned towards him, reaching into the cupboard behind him to lift down some plates. As she did, he felt her purposely press the side of one big breast against his arm. As she withdrew the plates, she turned, rubbing her tits even more firmly against his arm. He couldn't help but notice the sly smile on her face.

"Uh, yeah, we'd be fine." Again Mitch muttered out his reply, caught off guard by his mother's risky behaviour.

"Oh, I'm sure you two would be just fine." They both looked at Rick in surprise, the tone of his voice insinuating something more than they expected. Seeing the shocked look on their faces, he continued, "What's up? You took care of that attic chore pretty easily, and with Mitch basically a man now, it's almost like he's ready to take my place around here."

"Don't be silly, honey," Nicole quickly responded, her head spinning. "It's just nice for you to relax and get away every once in a while. We know how busy you are at work."

Rick sat down at the table, looking from his wife, to his son, and then back to his wife again, the smile of concern on his wife's face looking somewhat forced and peculiar. "You might be right. With all the work required to open the new office in Dillon, there's a lot of pressure on all of us. Griff's asked me to take on a lot of that," he said, referring to the law firm's senior partner.

"Well, you know, if they really need you to take the lead on that, I can't help but think that would be a good thing," Nicole said, jumping on the opportunity that had just presented itself. "Even if you had to go to Dillon every now and then, it wouldn't be so bad — your mother's still there, and you could spend some time visiting her. I'm sure she'd like that." Even though Nicole never really saw eye-to-eye with her mother-in-law, she knew Rick cared very much for her, especially after his father passed away from cancer about five years back.

Rick paused again, looking back and forth between his wife and his son as she kept busy, putting the sandwiches on the plates and setting them on the table. "Yeah, well, I'm not sure what's going to happen with all that just yet, but, we'll see. Anyways, this looks good. After lunch, Mitch and I can see to those boxes you guys brought down from the attic."

Things seemed more relaxed as they sat at the kitchen table and had their lunch, both Mitch and Nicole feeling more at ease the more Rick talked. Nicole asked questions about the fishing trip, which Rick answered by saying the expected 'hot spot' turned out to be a dud. Ed hadn't caught anything either, and they both came home empty-handed.

After lunch, father and son attacked the stack of boxes Mitch had brought down from the attic—Rick finding nothing there worth keeping. The two of them moved the boxes downstairs and loaded up their SUV.

"Let's take these to that charity place right now. I know they're open Sundays."

"Uh, are you sure?" Mitch asked, still feeling a little weirded out. He couldn't help but look at his father in a different light after what had transpired over the last twenty-four hours between his mother and him.

"Yeah. Let's just get it done."

They piled into the vehicle and headed out, Mitch feeling pretty uncomfortable as his father manoeuvred the car through traffic.

"I want to thank you for helping your mother with that," his dad said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Uh, that's okay, Dad. I know it needed to be done, and I was just glad I could help."

"Well, your mother and I both appreciate it. Did she reward you in any way?"

His dad's eyes flicked over to his for a second, before returning to the road. Mitch felt his heart starting to race, unsure of what to say. "Uh...reward me?" he asked, trying to buy himself some time to think.

"Yeah, you know; did she do anything special for you? Anything she knew you'd like?"

"Oh fuck," Mitch thought to himself, you wouldn't believe what she did for me. "Uh, I don't know. She thanked me, and then we went out and got something to eat. That was nice."

"Oh yeah, where'd you go?"

"Francesco's."

"Francesco's? Did you guys grab a pizza?"

"Uh...no. We ate in the dining room part."

"It's pretty nice in there. Did your mom make you get all dressed up?"

"Uh, yeah. It was okay though. I didn't mind."

"What about your mom? I'm sure she would have taken the opportunity to wear something nice. You know how much she loves clothes."

"Do I ever", Mitch thought to himself, remembering all the gorgeous outfits he'd seen his mom in over the last few days. "Umm, she wore a dress, I think," he said, shrugging his shoulders as if he'd never really paid any attention to what she'd been wearing.

"Which one? Do you remember the color?"

"I think it was yellow."

"Yellow? I can't remember her having a yellow dress. It must have been new. Did she say it was new?"

"You know, now that you mention it, I think she did say it was new."

"Did she look nice in it?" His father's gaze flicked over to him again, the laser-like stare seeming to look right through him—or maybe it just felt like that to Mitch.

"I...uh...I guess so. I never really noticed. The food was great though," he said, trying to change the subject. "The chicken parmesan was fantastic. You would have loved it, Dad."

"I'm sure it would have been nice to be there with you two, but I hope your mom made sure you had a good time." Although it was a statement, the lilt of his father's voice made it more a question.

"Uh yeah, it was okay."

"Good, good. I'm glad your mom did something nice for you after having you slug those boxes around all morning."

"It was no trouble, really."

"Okay, here we are," Rick said as they pulled up to the second-hand store. They donated their boxes of stuff, and the staff were just as happy to receive it as they were to get rid of it. With car emptied out, they headed for home.

"That stuff I was talking to your mom about, about the new office the firm is opening in Dillon. I may have to go there occasionally to make sure things are running smoothly. How would you feel about that?"

"I'd feel fucking great!" Mitch wanted to shout out, but instead he quietly replied, "I guess that would be okay. You know, I'm sure it's good for your career. It shows how much your boss values you if he wants to give you that much responsibility."

"Yeah, I guess. But I'd have to go down there and stay sometimes. It's only about 200 miles away, but that's a little too far to commute back and forth."

"I understand, Dad. That's okay. Like you said, I'm 18 now. I think Mom and I would be okay if you had to go every now and then." We'd be fucking great—and great fucking—Mitch wanted to say, but kept that under his hat.

"You'd be willing to help me out by taking care of your mom? She can be quite a handful sometimes."

"She certainly can," Mitch thought, thinking about what a handful those huge tits of hers had been when he'd cupped them in his hands. "I'm sure we'd be fine. Mom's pretty easy to get along with."

"Especially when her hot juicy quim is stuffed full of hard cock," Mitch thought, memories of the last twenty-four hours popping into his head.

"All right then. I'm not sure what's going to happen at work, but that might be a possibility."

"Do what's best for you, Dad. I'm here to help Mom in any way she needs." Mitch pictured being down between her spread thighs, servicing that dripping pussy and tight little bumhole of hers, knowing that the more his father was away from home, the better things would be for the two new lovers.

"Okay, I'll keep that in mind."

They arrived home and Mitch headed to his room for a quick shower, having gotten sweaty lugging the boxes down the stairs and out. Rick headed to his own room, where he found Nicole putting clean sheets on the bed.

"Ah, clean sheets. Nice," he said, pulling off his clothes to head to the shower himself.

"Yes, I thought you'd like that," Nicole replied, remembering the cum-stained and sweat-matted sheets she'd thrown in the laundry earlier in the day, along with the towels. She was careful to make sure all incriminating evidence had been removed from their room.

The three family members spent the rest of the day doing their own thing; Nicole did some work at her computer, working on a new layout for a client's house they were putting up for sale, while Rick spent the time at his desk off the family room attending to some files he'd brought home in his brief case. Mitch spent the afternoon in his room working on his computer, sorting out all the new pictures he'd taken of his mother over the weekend, his eyes constantly returning to the numerous pictures he'd taken of her in her sexy wedding dress and the even-more-enticing bridal lingerie. "She's so fucking hot," Mitch said to himself, wanting to whack off another batch or two, but calling on his reserves of willpower to make himself stop. He was hoping to save it for when his mother came and 'tucked him in', as she'd promised to do.

"MITCH! CAN YOU COME DOWN AND GIVE US A HAND HERE?" His mother's voice interrupted his salacious thoughts as he looked at a picture of her sitting in that chair by her makeup table, her legs spread lewdly while she cupped her enormous breasts towards him. His cock had been stirring for the last few hours, and it had taken all he had to stop himself from pounding the shit out of it.

"COMING!" he yelled back, wondering what his mom was thinking when she heard him call out that word.

"What do you think, bud? Does a steak on the Q sound good to you?" his father asked when Mitch loped into the kitchen.

"Sounds great."

"Good, I'll go fire it up."

As soon as Rick slid the patio door closed behind him, Nicole looked at her son, that telltale twinkle in her eye. "Coming, eh?" she said, giving her head a knowing shake.

"Well, almost," Mitch replied, a shit-eating grin on his face. "I spent the afternoon looking at pictures of you on my computer. It was all I could do not to white-wash the screen."

"Sssh, watch what you're saying," Nicole warned, her eyes flicking to the patio door, her husband fiddling with the barbecue out on the deck.

"You know he can't hear anything out there with the door closed. With the air conditioner going, Dad would never leave the door open. He's too cheap to waste the energy."

"I know," Nicole replied, she and Mitch sharing a smile as they'd both experienced Rick's near fanaticism when it came to the home heating and air-conditioning system. They'd each been scolded for going

near the thermostat settings. She flicked her eyes down to the crotch of Mitch's shorts, taking in the noticeable bulge. "So, you were looking at some pictures of me again, were you?"

"I couldn't help myself, Mom. You looked so fucking hot in that bridal lingerie. I loved it."

"But you never did anything about it?" Her tongue slid out and purposely licked her lips, her eyes drifting down to the enticing protrusion tenting out his shorts.

"Does it look like I did anything about it?" Mitch asked, holding up his hands in dismay as they both looked down to his swollen groin.

Nicole's eyes flicked outside to look at her husband, and then back to her son, eyeing up the bulge of that massive cock she knew was lurking beneath his shorts. Just looking at the outline of that throbbing monster made her pussy itch. "Hmmm, that looks painful, actually. I think Mommy better make that all better for you." She turned and grabbed the platter of steaks, covered in a spicy rub. "Here, take this out to your father. That grill should be just about ready now. And when you're out there, take a look back at the patio door and see how well you can see inside."

Mitch hurriedly adjusted the lump in his shorts and carried the platter outside, covering his crotch with the big plate. "Here you go, Dad."

"Great, it's just ready to nicely sear these babies," Rick replied, taking the platter and setting it on one of the barbecue's side trays.

"Okay, Mom and I will be inside getting the other stuff ready. Shout out if you need anything."

"Will do," Rick replied, carefully placing the first steak on the grill.

Mitch turned back towards the house and paused as he judged the view, and then strode purposely back inside, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well?" his mother asked, hurriedly tossing the salad she'd taken out earlier.

"You can't see a thing. The sun is reflecting off the glass like crazy."

"Good. That's what I thought. Now c'mere, baby—let Mommy see that favorite new toy of hers."

Mitch walked over to his mother and she kissed him hotly, her tongue slipping deep into his mouth as her hand quickly found his swollen prick. She squeezed his stiff member, and then her fingertips gripped his zipper and drew it downwards.

"We don't have much time," she said, fishing her hand into the opening of his shorts and drawing out his raging hardon. Both she and Mitch were glad he'd chosen to go commando. "Get behind me so we can both keep an eye on your father."

As Mitch moved behind his mother, she leaned forward against the island countertop, her full round bum perched high in the air. She wiggled her curvy ass playfully from side to side as she looked back at her son over her shoulder. "Don't let that skirt get in your way, baby—fill Mommy up."

Mitch quickly flicked his eyes up to see his father watching the steaks sizzling on the grill, and then he looked down as he reached forward, flipping up the back of his mother's flouncy little skirt, exposing a pair of white silk French-cut panties, the leg openings cut wickedly high on her hips. His cock throbbed as he looked at her succulent rear end, and knew that this wasn't going to take long, especially after all those sexy pictures of her he'd been looking at all afternoon.

He reached down and pulled her panties to the side as she leaned even further over the counter, both of them facing the patio door in order to keep an eye on the man outside. With his rigid cock sticking out of the front of his shorts, Mitch moved in close behind his mother, nudging the broad flared crown up between her pouting labia. Her pussy-lips were sinfully hot, and already nice and wet. He flexed forward as he grabbed her hips, sending the massive knob all the way home with one slow merciless stroke.

"Yessssss," Nicole hissed, feeling her pussy stretching delightfully, her son's huge boner sliding high up inside her, finding a nice tight fit. "C'mon, baby. Give it to Mommy. Slam that big fucker into me." She reached across the counter and held onto the front edge as Mitch started to really pound her, their slick loins slamming together lewdly.

Mitch gripped her wide hips tightly as he looked down at his throbbing pole going back and forth, the thick veiny shaft glistening with her womanly nectar. He glanced out the window and saw his father flipping the steaks, and then the older man turned and looked right towards them. Mitch's heart skipped a beat as he watched his father squint, and then the older man turned back to the grill, his attention back on the steaks.

Almost sighing with relief, Mitch redoubled his efforts, vigorously thrusting his rock-hard erection balls deep with every cunt-stretching stroke.

"Yessss...yessss...OH FUCKKKKK," Nicole moaned as she started to come, a tingling orgasm shooting from deep in her stretched pussy to every nerve-ending of her body. She'd come really fast, and she knew the taboo riskiness of what they were doing made it all the more exciting.

Mitch felt his mother's quivering pussy clamp down on him as she came, and that was all it took to send him over the edge as well.

"OH FUCK, MOM...GONNA COME!" he gasped out as he slammed his twitching cock to the hilt, just as the first thick rope of cum rifled forth, plastering itself forcefully against the gates of her womb.

"Unh...unh...unh..." Nicole moaned continuously as she continued to climax, her body shaking and spasming deliciously as her son continued to fill her up with his seed, wad after wad of thick teenage cum sluicing its way deep into her clutching birth canal.

"FUCK YESSSSS," Mitch groaned, wrapping himself over his mother's back, his hands sliding between her and the countertop to cup her huge tits, his cock spitting out the last drops of his warm viscous seed as he totally unloaded. Blissfully satisfied, they stayed coupled together, both of them fighting to regain their breath.

"Oh shit! I think he's about to come back in," Nicole gasped out.

Mitch quickly looked up, seeing his father put the last of the steaks on the platter and close the lid of the grill.

"Hurry," Nicole said, reaching back to push Mitch off her. He pulled his spent prick out of her slick pussy, his wet member coming out in a slippery rush. As he stuffed his prick back into his shorts, he saw his mother pull her panties back into place and pull her skirt down. She hurriedly turned around and brushed her hair into place, looking down at the noticeable bulge still visible beneath Mitch's shorts.

"Oh fuck, you've got pussy juice all over the front of your shorts. Quick, sit down at the table," she said, her eyes flicking back to the patio door as she stepped to the stove.

Mitch slid into his chair with the damp stained front of his shorts hidden from view, just as his father slid the patio door open and stepped inside, the delicious smell of the barbecued steaks entering the room with him.

"Just in time," Nicole said breathlessly, pushing a stray lock of hair off her face as she quickly composed herself. She took a deep breath to settle herself before lifting the pot of rice pilaf off the stove and stepped over to the table. She was spooning out a portion onto each of their plates as Rick set the platter down and took his seat.

"Are you okay, honey?" he asked. "You look all flushed."

"Oh, do I? Maybe it's just a middle-aged hot flash," she responded, flipping the serving spoon up in the air in an attempt to make light of his comment.

"Well, as long as you're fine, that's what's important." Nicole waved her hand, as if it was nothing to be concerned about. Rick nodded. "Okay then, let's eat. This looks great."

Mitch and his mother exchanged a knowing smile as they dug into their food, their sexual exertions once again firing up their appetites.

About halfway through the meal, Mitch felt his mother gently kicking his foot. When he looked over, she caught his eye and carefully nodded for him to look down. With a quick glance to make sure his dad wasn't watching him, he let his gaze run down her body, where he saw her hand had disappeared beneath the table. She continued to eat with her fork in one hand, while he watched the muscles in her other arm move languidly beneath the skin of the part of her arm he could see. She withdrew her hand from beneath the table, and shielding it from her husband's view, she showed it to her son.

"Holy fuck," Mitch said to himself, his eyes opening wide as he saw his mother's fingers aligned and cupped together, all of her digits coated with a glistening white coating of his semen.

"Sweetheart," she said, addressing her husband, "could you get me a glass of wine, please? I should have thought of it earlier. There's an open bottle of red on the counter there."

"Sure, hon," Rick replied, getting up and grabbing a wine glass from the cupboard. As soon as his back was turned, Nicole salaciously faced her son and brought her dripping hand to her mouth, opening her lips into an inviting oval as she slipped her fingers inside. Her eyes were hooded in bliss as she sucked the warm goo off her fingers, her tongue slithering all around her cummy fingers to gather up all of son's thick teenage seed. Mitch's eyes opened wide as he watched his mother feasting on his cum, his father standing right behind her!

"Mmmm," she inadvertently let out a purr of contentment, not even realizing what she'd done.

"What's that?" Rick asked, turning and putting the glass of wine down in front of her.

"Oh, it's just that these steaks are really good," Nicole replied, quickly covering up.

"Yeah, they turned out not too bad."

Nicole winked at her son, tracing her fingers delicately down the smooth skin of her throat, letting him know where that cum of his had ended up.

"Say, honey, do you have any more of those sleeping pills you gave me the other night?" Rick asked as he was getting ready for bed that night. "I've got a big meeting early in the morning, and I'd love nothing better than a good night's sleep."

"Of course. I think that's a great idea. Just a second and I'll get you one," Nicole responded. She smiled as she went to the bathroom and got him the pill, remembering how it had totally knocked him out the last time he'd taken one.

"Great, thanks hon," Rick said, taking the glass of water she handed him. He stepped towards his side of the bed and popped the pill, washing it down with the water before sliding into bed.

"I've got a little more work I want to finish up," Nicole said as she gestured towards her work station. "I'll be coming to bed shortly."

"Okay, dear. Good night," Rick said, turning off his light and pulling the covers up.

Twenty minutes later she heard the rhythmic sound of his gentle snoring, and stole quietly into her son's room, wearing a sexy bright red teddy beneath her fluffy terrycloth robe. She found her son lying back in his bed, slowly stroking his turgid prick.

"Is Dad asleep?"

"Yes. He wanted one of those sleeping pills. He's out like a light. Does this little nightie look okay?" Nicole asked, letting her robe slip provocatively off her shoulders and to the floor.

"Oh fuck, yes," Mitch said, his eyes feasting hungrily on his mother's busty form poured into the tight-fitting teddy.

Two hours and numerous orgasms later, Nicole made her way quietly back into her own room. She made her way stealthily into her dressing room and exchanged the cum-spattered teddy for one of her old nightgowns before slipping soundlessly into bed. With the taste of her son's rich teenage cum still in her mouth, and more of it oozing out of her overflowing pussy, she dropped off into a blissful sleep as soon as her head hit the pillow, the gentle sounds of her husband's snoring drifting across the bed from the spot next to her.

"Bye, hon. I gotta go." Nicole awoke to the sound of her husband's voice as he leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"All right, dear. See you tonight," she replied, reaching up to gently stroke her husband's hand as he stepped away. She lay there slowly coming awake as she listened to Rick making his way out of the house, and once she heard the garage door go up and then down again, she slipped out of bed and headed back to her dressing room.

"Hmm, what's a good outfit for waking up a teenage boy?" she said to herself as she looked in her colorful lingerie drawer. Knowing her son's love of bridal lingerie, she selected a stunning white slip which ended just inches below her pussy. The shimmering white slip cupped her huge heavy tits in shiny satin, the pert buds of her nipples standing out proudly through the brilliant white material. Satisfied with the look, she grabbed one of her hair bands and whipped her honey-blond locks into a ponytail, readying herself for the job before her.

Nicole tip-toed quietly to her son's room and slowly eased his door open, peeking inside. A smile came to her face and she felt that usual nagging itch in her pussy as she looked at his muscular young form as he lay on his back, the sheets tented up enticingly over his groin. "Jesus Christ, look at the size of that thing," she thought to herself as she made her way quietly across the room. That wasn't just a little pup tent over his throbbing loins—no—that was more like the big top tent the circus set up when they rolled into town.

She stood next to the bed and looked at her handsome young son, sleeping peacefully with his arm thrown up by his head, deep in slumber without a care in the world. She knew he had to get up to go to school, and she knew the perfect way to do that.

Nicole reached down and gently drew the sheet down, slowly exposing his hot teenage body lying beneath. Her mouth watered as she looked at his muscular chest and six-pack abs, but what was really making her salivate came into view moments later. She watched, totally enthralled, as the sheet rose up over the protruding pole thrusting up from his groin. She paused with the edge of the sheet just covering the enormous knob, teasing herself, and then drew it further downwards, the sheet dropping quickly once it came clear of his pulsing morning erection.

"Oh fuck, that's so fucking big, and so beautifully hard," Nicole said to herself as she looked at the massive cylinder of flesh, totally erect and pointing upwards, the glorious prick pulsing enticingly with each powerful beat of his heart. Precum glistened in the wet red eye,

and a small rivulet of the warm cock-sap was slithering over the pebbly glans and hanging lewdly from the edge of the thick rope-like corona.

"Mmmm, that's all mine," Nicole thought to herself as she quietly crawled onto the bed and worked her way between her son's spread thighs. Settled into position, and with her lustrous blonde hair pulled back into a cock-sucker's ponytail, she wrapped her hand around her son's huge prick and drew it backwards, leaning forwards to slip her hot red lips over the engorged crown.

"Mmmmm," she purred softly out loud this time, overcome with pleasure as the warm slime of her boy's precum hit her taste buds. She slowly pressed her tongue into the oozing tip as she sucked for more, being instantly rewarded as more of the silky juice flowed into her mouth.

"What the...?" Mitch asked in a startled voice, quickly coming awake. Seeing his mother looking at him with her mouth full of cock quickly made him realize what was happening, and he settled back into the pillows, letting her do her work.

Five minutes later he gave her the reward she'd been looking for, his twitching cock spewing a huge load of thick morning cum deep into her sucking mouth. She didn't stop until he was completely drained, and her tummy was full of his warm creamy seed.

"Mom, that was fantastic. How about if we call the school and I can stay home sick today?"

"No," Nicole said, pulling her mouth off his spent dick and giving him a stern look. "We've got to keep everything looking as normal as possible." The look on her face softened. "Besides, I'm still a little sore from the pounding you gave me all weekend, including those ones after your dad went to sleep last night. I swear, you could have gone all night if I let you."

"I didn't hear you complaining when you almost tore the sheets off my bed." Mitch sat up slightly and gently pressed his hand between his mother's legs. "I'm sorry if you're sore down here. I guess you're right about school though, and keeping to our routine. I don't want to go, but I will if you let me do one thing."

"What's that?"

"I want to make that sore pussy of yours feel better. I think I know how to do that," Mitch said, slowly running his tongue around his full lips.

Nicole felt her willpower slipping away as she looked at her son's gorgeous mouth, all the while his fingertips kept tracing gently over her slippery labia. "Oh, all right then. But then off to school as soon as you can. I don't want you to be late."

"I promise," Mitch eagerly replied, getting to his knees as his mother switched places with him, pushing his pillows into a stack and leaning back against the headboard. She drew her legs up, letting her thighs roll open seductively at the same time, the wet slit of her pink quim coming into view, framed beautifully from above by the silky white slip. They were both smiling as he slowly lowered his mouth, sliding the soft flat of his tongue over the hot pink flesh of her vulva.

Half an hour later and with her son well-fed—from both her pussy and the breakfast she quickly made him—she shoved Mitch out the door, pulling his hands off her big breasts as he playfully fought for one final grope. "I'll see you after school," she called after him, that mischievous twinkle in her eye. "And don't be late."

"Oh, I won't," Mitch replied, turning and sprinting off, his knapsack slung over one shoulder.

Nicole showered and got dressed, determined to do some serious work—work she'd neglected over the past few days. Real estate doesn't sell itself, she said to herself. She turned on her computer and as it was booting up, she decided to lie down for just a minute or two.

Three hours later, she woke up, amazed that she'd slept for that long, but feeling deliciously refreshed. She worked for the rest of the afternoon, and then when she saw her son was due home in half an hour, she got changed.

"Mom, I'm home!" Mitch yelled out a short time later, slamming the door closed behind him.

"Up here, sweetie," his mother's warm voice came down to him from upstairs.

He bolted for the stairs, taking them two at time. When he got to the top he instantly stopped, seeing her standing in the doorway of her room.

"Hi, sweetie. I just got back from a meeting with my new clients," Nicole lied. "I was just about to get changed into my sweats. Or do you think I should leave this on for a little while?" The sensual teasing look in her eye was making him tremble beneath her lusty gaze.

Mitch stood and gaped at her as she stood in the doorway, one hand on the front of her blouse where he could see she'd already plucked open a couple of buttons, the swells of her full breasts filling the opening of her shirt.

"Could...could you leave that on, please?" he asked, staring open-mouthed at his gorgeous mother. She was dressed in a cock-hardening business outfit—like many of the pictures he had of her on his computer. Her blouse was a shimmering pearl-gray silk, the supple material clinging attractively to her spectacular tits. It was tucked into a devastatingly sexy jet-black pencil skirt, which looked

fantastic on her shapely hourglass figure, the waistband fitting tightly to make her slender waist look waspishly thin, and then the fabric molded itself sensually over her wide flared hips. The tight-fitting skirt ended a few inches above her knees, looking perfect for business use. Her legs were clad in sheer black nylons, making them look delightfully shapely and sultry. She was wearing 4" pumps, with a rakishly pointed toe and slender heel that had him squirming already. The enticing shoes were made of black patent leather, and shone teasingly as the light reflected off them. Altogether, she looked like the professional business slut that he'd dressed her as and jerked off to so many times before.

"Oh, you like this outfit, do you?"

"Fuck, do I ever," Mitch thought to himself, her voice finally drawing his eyes from her gorgeous body up to her pretty face. Her blonde hair looked corn-silk soft as if framed her lovely features, the honey-colored tresses falling in lustrous waves onto her shoulders. Her makeup was perfect. Her eyes were dazzling in smoky grays and warm pinks that accentuated the black and gray colors of her outfit. Her perfect skin seemed to glow with a just a hint of blush, and then he felt his cock twitch as he looked at her mouth, her full pouty lips painted a vivid cherry red. He pictured her forming those sweet lips into an inviting oval, a perfect target for his already stiffening cock. He let his eyes roam hungrily over her entire sexy body once more. "I love that outfit."

"Oh, well, I guess I don't need to get changed then," Nicole said softly, but not before she blatantly popped open one more button of

her blouse, her heavy tits causing the opening at the front of the shirt to pull even further apart, exposing more of her big round breasts. "I tried this outfit with my new everyday bra I had on the other night. What do you think?" She put her fists on her hips and stood with her feet about shoulder-width apart as she faced him, turning her upper body slightly from side to side.

"Oh fuck", Mitch muttered under his breath, now clearly able to see the black band of the cupless bra crossing beneath her breasts, the tiny red satin bow visible at the base of her deep dark line of cleavage. He could see the outline of the sides of the sexy bra beneath the silky gray material, cupping the sides of those massive spheres as they pushed them together and up. But his eyes instinctively went to the front of her chest, where her big thick nipples protruded blatantly through the soft shimmering material, the swollen bullets thrusting hotly against the front of her blouse, alluringly dark shadows falling beneath the stiff buds. Mitch could barely contain himself, and like a damn breaking, his boiling blood was pouring rapidly into his midsection. "Oh my god, Mom. It looks incredible. You look so fucking hot."

"So you're sure I shouldn't get changed into my sweats?" she asked teasingly.

"No!" Mitch blurted out, a little too emphatically.

"Well, all right then. I guess I can leave it on until your father gets home. I think I should change before that, don't you?"

"Yes, that'd probably be a good idea." Mitch couldn't help himself, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down his mother's spectacular body, taking in every luscious hill and tempting valley.

"Well, sweetie, we talked about keeping to our normal daily routine. What do you normally do when you come home from school?" Nicole asked, knowing perfectly well that he put that Vaseline and cum-towel to good use on a daily basis.

"Well, I normally go and do some work on my computer."

"You do some work with that Photoshop program of yours? Making more pictures of Mommy?"

"Yes," he admitted, knowing she knew the full truth anyways.

"Well, then I think you should keep to your regular routine." She calmly sashayed into his room, her wide hips shifting seductively from side to side in the tight-fitting pencil skirt. "C'mon," she said coyly, looking back at him over her shoulder as she disappeared into his room.

Mitch hurriedly followed, not wanting to miss a thing, even though he had no idea what was going to happen. He watched as she walked over to his desk and turned on his computer, and then she strode purposely to his closet and pulled out the gym bag with all his jerkoff

supplies. Mitch's eyes opened wide in surprise as he watched her do that, and then she gave him a sly smile as she walked back, dropping the bag next his desk chair.

"Well, show me what you usually do," Nicole said, leaning one hand on the side of his desk while her other hand was perched rakishly on her jutting hip, the front of her partially opened blouse deliciously filled with her big heavy tits.

With his heart racing, Mitch eased himself into his desk chair, deciding that since his mother knew all about his illicit obsession with her anyways, there was no point in hiding anything. He typed in B-a-n-d-i-t, and with the password in place, the screen came to life.

"There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Nicole said, watching the screen fill with numerous icons. "Why don't you show Mommy how you edit one of those pictures? Do you have any new ones you haven't done yet?"

"Uh...yeah," Mitch replied, knowing he always liked to have new pics on hand.

"I know how much you like me in bridal lingerie. Do you have any like that?"

"I think so," he said, knowing perfectly well that he did. He opened the Photoshop program and chose a folder labelled "BL6", the sixth

folder he had of her in those types of outfits. The page filled with thumbnail pics, most of them already completed with her face edited into them. As she watched over his shoulder, he picked one out that he'd gotten at the Galandoo lingerie website, with a gorgeous brunette wearing what was more like a strapless white bodysuit, cut sinfully high on the hips and with gorgeously-designed reinforced bra cups that fit tightly to the model's substantial breasts, swells of tit-flesh almost oozing over the tops of the nicely-filled cups. The picture ended at mid-thigh, but you could see that below the enticing body-suit, she was wearing thigh-high stockings, the sheer white stockings alluringly topped by intricate lacy white bands, the 4" wide elasticized bands firmly gripping the model's full upper thighs.

"Oh wow, that's gorgeous!" Nicole gushed out, her eyes taking in the sight of the pretty model in the teasingly sexy outfit. "So show me what you do now."

Mitch opened the folder labelled '#1-Mom' and the screen filled with thumbnail pictures of Nicole's face and hair, most of them with her wearing a some form of chunky necklace. Mitch quickly moved the mouse and selected a couple of shots he thought would look good with the picture they'd chosen to edit. "Which of these head shots do you think look better?" he asked, dragging them one after the other onto the original picture for his mother to see.

"This one, I think," Nicole said, picking out a shot of her where her hair framed her face attractively as she smiled directly into the camera. She had no recollection of when that picture had been taken,

since Mitch had taken so many of her over the past year or two. If she only then what he was using them for.

"I like that one too," he replied, deleting the other head shot and putting her face in place on the model's shoulders. As Nicole watched, he deftly moved the mouse here and there, first changing the skin tone on the original photo to match hers in the headshot he'd selected, and then moving her face to the bottom of the picture where it would be temporarily out of the way. He then outlined the model's shoulders in order to copy and paste a new layer right on top of the original. He then did the same with a piece of the background, and followed that up by increasing the scale of that background piece, the enlargement showing up behind the layer of the model's upper body and shoulders, masking her face and hair, until all that was left was what looked like the original picture, but headless.

"So that's how you do it," Nicole said as she watched her son skillfully move her headshot back up, basically in place of the original model's. He then adjusted the scale and placement, until it was the appropriate size. She could see that the chunky necklace made for a perfect point of connection between the shot of her head, and the original model's body, visually masking any slight differences in skin tone or texture between the two subjects. He then erased a few rough edges here and there, and then sat back, the finished product looking back at them.

"Oh wow, that looks amazing. And you did it so fast," Nicole said, impressed by her son's skill in working with the program.

"If you've been looking at some of these folders, I guess you can tell I've had lots of practice."

"How about you do another one? I'd like to see more."

"Okay." This time Mitch selected a picture of busty woman in a dazzling emerald-green minidress, the deeply scooped neck emphasizing her sizable chest. The woman had gorgeous long legs, which looked nicely toned as she stood on sky-high strappy heels in a rich green tone that matched the scintillatingly sexy dress perfectly.

"You like those short dresses and sexy shoes, eh baby?" Nicole asked, smiling to herself as she looked at the gorgeous blonde woman in the picture. The woman did look a lot like her, with a bustline almost matching hers.

"Yes, I think she looks really sexy." Mitch started working on the photo, pulling up another headshot of his mother.

"Maybe Mommy should get a dress and shoes just like that. What do you think?"

"I'd love it," Mitch replied, thinking how great his stacked mother would look in the sexy dress for real. He knew the pictures he did up of her on his computer could never compare to the real thing—not with the spectacular body she had.

"So when you're usually here alone after school or at night doing this, do you jerk on that cock of yours at the same time?" she asked, nodding towards his gym bag full of jerkoff supplies.

"Uh...well...yes."

"Hmmm, well, why don't we try something a little different?" Nicole said, pushing her son's rolling chair back slightly as she slipped beneath his desk onto her knees.

"Wha..." Mitch mumbled, not believing what he was seeing as his mother reached for his fly and started unbuttoning his pants.

"Just go back to working on that picture, sweetie. I'm sure you've thought of Mommy sucking you off while you're looking at those pictures."

"You're right about that," Mitch thought to himself. If I had a dollar for every time I pictured my mom blowing me while I was working on these photos, I'd be driving a Lamborghini.

"So you continue doing your thing, while Mommy does hers." Nicole had his throbbing dick out of his pants by now, and leaned forwards, slipping her bright red lips over the enflamed glans, feeling her jaw stretch open as she lowered her hot wet mouth down the upright shaft.

Mitch closed his eyes in pleasure, and then reopened them, just to see if what was happening was real. His mother was purring and mewling like a kitten as she bobbed up and down on his thrusting erection, her hand jerking expertly on the lower part of the shaft. He forced his attention back to the photo on his screen, and went back to work, loving the exquisite sensation of her perfect mouth sucking his cock.

In less than five minutes, the picture was done, his mother looking gorgeous in the sexy green dress. He finished just as he shot, going off like a geyser into her vacuuming mouth. She sucked and swallowed like a little slut, getting every drop of his thick creamy cum. When he was done, she kept sucking, and within just a few minutes, he was hard as a rock again.

"Mmmm, I love the way my baby boy can keep getting hard," Nicole said, easing up from beneath the desk, her lipstick smeared around her pretty mouth, her hair sexily dishevelled. She stood between his spread legs and pulled her skirt up to her waist, exposing her hot wet pussy. Mitch looked down at her hot pink gash, the intricate lacy tops of her sexy thigh-high stockings starting mere inches below her glistening wet labia.

"Oh dear, I seem to have forgotten my panties." With her skirt hiked up, Nicole threw one leg over the side of the chair and then mounted him, bringing the engorged knob of his cock to her dripping pink petals. With the broad flared head nuzzled between her slick labial gates, she let herself drop down. "Yessssssss," she hissed, feeling her teenage son fill her right up.

She rode his stallion-like cock for half an hour, coming time and time again before he finally came, hosing her insides with another massive load. He had opened the rest of the buttons on her blouse, and his hands had cupped and groped those huge tits of hers as they'd fucked, her nipples like burning embers beneath his touch.

"Oh fuck, I love that," Nicole moaned as she squeezed every last drop from his spitting cock and collapsed against him, nuzzling her face against his neck. "I love your cock. I love how hard it gets. I love how much cum you shoot into me." She was blabbering away as she recovered from their intense fuck, never wanting it to end, but knowing they'd have to stop—at least for a while.

"I love it too, Mom. I love you so much."

"I love you too, baby," she replied, bringing her mouth to his and kissing him deeply, surrendering herself to the blissful happiness he'd awakened inside her. They broke the kiss and she came back for another, wanting him more than she'd ever thought possible.

The sound of the garage door going up startled both of them, and they jolted back, staring at each other in surprise.

"He must have left work early," Nicole said, leaping off of her son and racing towards the door. "I'm going to take a shower. Stall him somehow."

Mitch looked down at his crotch, the front of his jeans a mess of their combined juices. He tore them off and pulled on another pair, just as his father entered the house from the garage.

"HELLO. I'M HOME." Mitch heard his father's voice as he strode out of his room and down the stairs.

"Where's your mom?" Rick asked, dumping his briefcase on his desk as he pulled at his tie.

"Oh, gee...I uh... I think she's taking a shower. She just got back from a meeting with some clients," Mitch replied, heading to the fridge and grabbing a can of pop. "Drink?" He tossed one to his father, who had his tie all the way off by this time and had followed Mitch into the kitchen. Mitch figured he still needed to buy his mother some more time. "Hey Dad, how about we shoot a few hoops before dinner?"

"All right. Just let me get changed." He turned to head up the stairs.

"No!" Mitch said, grabbing his dad by the arm. "I mean...uh...I don't think you need to. We'll just take a few casual shots, nothing too intense. We'll only be a few minutes." Mitch had just had something intense with his mother, and she had milked just about all the energy — along with the semen — out of him.

"Okay, fine. Lead the way," Rick said, smiling at his son. "Just remember, buddy, I'm not gonna go easy on you."

With a quick glance up the stairs, a big smile came over Mitch's face as he led his father outside.

Nicole and Mitch behaved themselves during dinner, Nicole coming down in a baggy sweatshirt and a pair of black yoga pants, which Mitch couldn't help admiring the way they molded themselves to her gorgeous ass. Each family member spent the evening working, with Rick staying up late doing paperwork at his desk.

Disappointed at not being able to sneak off to see her son, Nicole went to bed in the hope that her husband would come up and turn in. But it was not to be, Rick working late into the night. Eventually, she put her book down after realizing she'd read the same page over and over, turned off her light, and restlessly went to sleep.

She awoke the next morning with Rick kissing her cheek as usual. "Have a great day, Nicole," he said, which she thought was strange, since he rarely used her name in those circumstances—usually referring to her as 'honey', or 'dear'. She sloughed it off, and once the garage door closed, she slipped into a scarlet-red chemise and woke her son up with another slow perfect blow job. He insisted on feeding again, so she let him eat her out, this time getting off twice herself before she sent him off to school.

She donned another pair of yoga pants and an old t-shirt as she went to her desk and worked, needing to get things ready for an open house she had this coming weekend.

It was midday when the doorbell rang. She made her way downstairs and peeked outside, seeing a courier truck parked at the curb and a uniformed guy on the porch.

"Yes," she said, opening the door.

"Uh, Nicole Stevens?" the young guy asked, looking down at his computerized pad.

"Yes, that's me."

"This is for you," he said, holding out a large envelope. "Sign here." Nicole signed on the tablet, and then took the envelope as he strode off the porch and back to his waiting truck.

"What the heck is this?" she said, closing the door behind her and walking back into the house. She thought it might be some documents from one of her clients. There was always tons of paperwork when it came to a house sale. She took it to the kitchen table and peeled it open. Reaching inside, she drew out two other envelopes, one labelled "OPEN THIS ENVELOPE FIRST".

"That's strange," she said under her breath as she opened the envelope and reached inside, her fingers finding a stack of sheets inside. She pulled them out and turned them around until she could see what they were.

"OH MY GOD!" she gasped out loud, her shaking hand reaching out to steady herself as she collapsed into one of the kitchen chairs.

Chapter 9

Sitting there stunned and with her head absolutely spinning, Nicole looked at what she held in her hand, a photo that took her breath away. It was of her and Mitch, the picture taken of the two of them out by the pool Sunday morning. In the picture you could clearly see that Mitch's cock was buried deep in her ass, her head turned as she looked back over her shoulder at him, a look of pure rapture on her face.

"Oh Jesus," she muttered, setting the picture down and looking at the next one. It had been taken a short time later, with her squatting over Mitch's face, a drooling mass of his milky cum slithering out of her bumhole and drizzling into his eagerly waiting mouth. She looked at the next picture after that, this one of him sitting between her legs as she jerked him off all over her pussy, her face a mask of lust once more.

"That fuck-head Ted Jamieson," she thought to herself, realizing from the perspective of the shots that they must have been taken from their neighbour's backyard. She remembered Mitch saying the Jamiesons were supposed to be in Europe, but he must have been wrong. She flipped through a few more similar shots of the two of them by the pool, and then came to a different one, this one making her gasp once more. It was of her in her son's room, dressed in the vivid red teddy she'd changed into on the night Rick had come home, after he'd taken the sleeping pill and gone to bed. This picture she was looking at was of her on her back in her son's bed, his arms holding her legs high in the air and spread well apart, his glistening cock showing clearly between her stretched pussy lips as she pulled tightly onto his sheets, her eyes closed in bliss as he fucked her.

"Oh shit," she muttered under her breath, knowing now that these pictures could only have been taken by one person—her husband, Rick. Beneath that picture were a few others taken at the same time, including one of her on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed, her lips wrapped around her son's rigid prick, his hands gripping her head tightly as he face-fucked her. Once again, the look of blissful contentment on her face said it all.

She flipped through the remainder of the pictures quickly, seeing a piece of stationery at the back of the stack. It was a typed letter, addressed to her, very formally, almost like a legal document, stating her full name and address, even down to the zip code. She realized she would have expected nothing less from her husband. Her eyes skimmed over the name and address to the salutation and main body of the letter. She began to read:

Nicole,

After seeing the attached photographs, the reason for this letter has become obvious to you. I've had to rein in my disgust for you in order to put this in words, without resorting to tawdry comments and disparaging name calling—although you deserve it. I won't lower myself to your level, for the sake of all the members of this family—even you, who I can't bear to look at right now.

The night before the fishing trip, you gave me a sleeping pill. I awoke some time later and noticed you working at your computer station. When I got up to use the bathroom, I was surprised at what I saw as I walked towards you. I could see you looking at your computer with your hand between your legs. I figured you were just looking at some porn, and when I got closer, I was able to see your computer, and saw that you were looking at a clip of a young man masturbating. I was about to make a joke and say something to you right there on the spot, but I decided not to embarrass you. I think we both know that there are times when all of us need some private release time, so I quietly went back to bed, leaving you to do as you wished.

I left with Ed early the next morning, but something kept nagging at the back of my mind about what I'd seen on your screen. I couldn't put my finger on it, but there was something there that was troubling me. In the middle of the night, it came to me—I recognized the distinctive light on the bedside table next to the young man in the video. I remember clearly the day we picked that out for Mitch's room, and how much you wanted it, the heavy base looking like it was covered with chainmail, and how perfect that would be for a

boy's room. I realized right then that you hadn't been watching a porn video, you'd been watching a close-circuit feed of our son, Mitch, obviously taken with a hidden camera.

I woke Ed up before daylight and told him I needed to get home—that you'd texted me that someone had tried to break into the house. I picked up my car from his place and came home. As I got closer to the house, I had a strange nagging feeling running down my spine—that something was off, that my world was tilting, and I had no idea why. I parked on the street and entered the house, something telling me that things were not quite right. I made my way quietly upstairs and saw our bedroom door open a few inches. When I looked inside, I was shocked to see you sucking on our son's cock, both of you oblivious to anything else but each other. I felt like I had turned to stone as I stood there and watched as he came in your mouth, and you swallowed it willingly. Hearing you moan in pleasure seemed to break me out of my trance, and I staggered back, wondering if my eyes were deceiving me. Gathering myself, I quietly stepped forward and looked in again, just in time to hear you say, "Your dad leaves for work nice and early. I could come into your room and wake you up with a blow job like that every day. Would you like that, sweetie?"

Repulsed by both of you, I made my way downstairs, trying to give myself time to think. From what you'd just said, and the look on both of your faces, I knew that this wasn't just a one-time thing—and I realized right then that our marriage was over.

Wanting to have some evidence of what I'd seen, I grabbed my camera out of my desk drawer, but by the time I got back upstairs, I

could hear the two of you in the shower. I waited in the hallway, eventually hearing you tell Mitch you wanted to lay out by the pool.

Knowing the Jamieson's were away, I pulled my car into their driveway and made my way into their backyard, taking my camera with me. Since you've seen the pictures, I don't think I need to tell you anything more.

During the day, I threw some hints out that I might have to work a little more at the new office in Dillon. Both of you didn't hesitate to try and convince me to go. After what I'd seen, I wasn't surprised by what either one of you were saying. When I went to bed, I asked you for another sleeping pill that night, but never took it—palming it in my hand before I drank that glass of water. As I expected, you were quick to go into our son's room once you thought I was asleep.

I followed you a few minutes later, still not wanting to believe that what I'd seen earlier was true. You can see from the pictures that it was obvious that my eyes hadn't been deceiving me—you were acting like more of a slut than I even imagined, and with our very own son. Looking at the two of you, I made my decision right there on the spot.

We are done, Nicole. Our marriage is over. I considered filing an order claiming you were an unfit mother in order to get custody of Mitch and take him away from you—but I'm not going to do that. At first I thought that you had taken advantage of him—but from watching the two of you together, I knew in my heart that wasn't the case—Mitch wanted it as much as you did. I know what I'd have to

prove in order to get custody, and unlike you, I've got the moral integrity not to put this family through that. So, he's yours, and the two of you can do whatever the fuck you want, as far as I care. And from the looks of things, a lot of fucking is what you'll be doing.

I talked to Griff and I'm taking the job of running the new office in Dillon. I'm starting next Monday. I want both you and Mitch out of the house Saturday morning. I've made arrangements for movers to come that day and if there's one thing you can do for me, it's that you be away from the house while I'm there. Trust me, with the mood I'm in, you don't want to be around. Right now, I can't bear to look at either one of you. I packed a bag before I left this morning and will be staying in a hotel until Saturday.

This is making me sick just writing this, so I'll get to the point. In the second envelope you will find divorce papers I've had drawn up. You and Mitch will get to stay in the house at this time and you'll retain possession of the Lexus. I'm going to take the Mercedes and my personal items from the house. Frankly, I want nothing that's going to remind me of you.

I don't want to drag this out, so I am telling you right now, Nicole: sign the papers. You know as well as I do that I could use these pictures to ruin you—you would never sell another house or likely have another client in this town again. Not to mention what all your friends would think of you if the truth came out. I know that's not something you want to face. I know we've been drifting apart the last couple of years, so in the end, this is probably best. I just pray that Mitch comes out of this okay.

So sign the papers, Nicole, and then call the number of the courier company listed on the post-it note. I will expect the signed documents on my desk by noon tomorrow. May God help you.

Richard

With tears streaming down her face, Nicole set down the letter. "Oh my god, what am I going to do?" she asked herself, her mind numbed by what she'd read. She had to admit she admired that Rick had taken the high road, and not resorted to gutter sniping. She tried to put herself in his place, wondering what she would have done if the roles had been reversed. She knew she would have been driven into a fit of rage, with screams, tears and the gnashing of teeth. But Rick had always been the calmer one, always taking the time to think things through before acting. Maybe that had been part of the problem—he'd lost the passion and spontaneity that he'd once had. He was right, they had been drifting apart for some time now, and it had taken her son's wickedly illicit obsession with her to awaken the dormant sexual being that had slumbered inside her for so many years now. She thought of those articles she'd read about boys reaching their sexual prime as teenagers, and women reaching theirs much later. And now she knew firsthand how true that was. Although she deeply regretted the way she had hurt her husband, she knew there was no turning back—her desire for her son was just too strong.

She opened the second envelope and pulled out the legal documents it contained. Setting aside the post-it note with the courier's contact

number that Rick had mentioned, she scanned the divorce papers, skimming over the legal mumbo-jumbo and getting down to the listed terms. It stated that she would retain residency in the house, with a potential future sale to be negotiated to the approval of both parties, the sale of the house to be discussed no less than one year from now.

That was typical of Rick. Being a lawyer, he was in no rush to make any rash decisions, and waiting a year to decide what to do with the house made sense. She knew she'd be fine—they owned the house free and clear, and a recent appraisal had come in higher than expected. Yes, even if they did sell the house at a later date, they'd each make out all right.

As he said in his letter, the documents indicated she would retain ownership of the Lexus, with him keeping his Mercedes. She zeroed in on the text when she spotted the name "Mitchell", the clause specifying that she was to retain sole custody of their son, with the situation to be reopened for discussion in no less than one year as well.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Nicole read over the rest of the documents. Rick had been more than fair, and it was obvious that he wanted to put this unfortunate circumstance behind him, and start a new life. She couldn't blame him—she knew she would want the same if she were in his place.

"Mom, I'm home!" Mitch's cheerful voice reached her as she heard the usual sound of his knapsack being plunked on the floor as the front door slammed shut. She looked up as he entered the kitchen.

"Mom, I—" He stopped in the doorway, his face turning white as he looked at his mother's ashen expression, the remnants of dried tears streaking her face. "Wha...what's wrong?"

"He knows," was all she could say, trying to give her son a forced smile.

"He...you mean...Dad?" Mitch asked, now seeing the photos dropped onto the tabletop.

"Yes."

Mitch walked slowly over to the table, his legs feeling like they were pulling lead weights. He picked up one of the pictures of his mother and him by the pool, and then looked at her. "How...when?"

"It doesn't really matter. All that matters is that he knows, and he's going to be leaving."

"Leaving?" Mitch gasped out, still trying to wrap his head around everything, but not doing a very good job of it.

"Yes. He's going to be taking over that new office in Dillon, and he's going to be moving out this weekend."

"This weekend?" Like a punch-drunk boxer, Mitch seemed to stagger as he dropped into a chair next to his mother, his eyes scanning the incriminating photos strewn across the table.

"Yes. He's going to be staying in a hotel until the weekend, and then moving on Saturday. He's asked us not to be here when he comes Saturday morning."

Mitch felt himself tearing up, and the lump in his throat had all of a sudden gotten huge. He looked up at his mother, struggling to keep in the tears. "He...he really knows?"

"Yes," Nicole said solemnly, nodding towards the numerous photographs.

"What...what does it all mean? Is he just going there for a little while?"

"No." Nicole shook her head slowly from side to side. "He's asked for a divorce. These are the official papers right here."

Mitch looked at the documents she held in her hand, trying to comprehend everything. "Are we going to have to sell the house?"

Where will we live? Will I have to go and live with Dad?" The questions spilled out, and Nicole wondered how many other children of parents that were getting a divorce asked the same things.

"No, you and I will be staying right here. Your father has been kind enough to let us stay in the house. So don't worry about that. Plus, you're going to be staying right here with me—you won't have to go and live with your father. We might discuss that in another year or so, but for right now, you're staying here."

Mitch nodded, a wave of relief coming over him. He looked at his mother intently as she watched him, her eyes sincere with concern for his well-being. "And...and what about us?" He emphasized the word 'us', leaving no question what he was really asking about.

Nicole paused before answering, looking deep into her heart to see what she really wanted. She was a swirling mess of emotions, and knew she was in no shape to make any kind of rational decision, especially when it came to the sexual relationship she was having with her son. She was thankful for Rick's thoughtful assessment of the situation, the impact the truth would have on all of them if it was made known, and his choice not to expose her. She knew if it came out, she'd probably lose everything—her life would be in ruins—as he'd said in his letter. She thought about the repercussions of her behaviour, even to the point that she thought of the possibility of going to prison, of becoming some dyke's bitch, the thought of being raped by prison guards in the shower making her shudder. Her husband of twenty years was leaving her, leaving her and her son, for something she'd done, something she'd willingly chosen to do—

to seduce her own 18-year old son. Too much had happened, way too fast. And now, Mitch was asking, "What about us?"

"I don't know what's going to become of us, Mitchell," she replied, shaking her head in confusion. "I need time to think. We all do—you, me, your father. This is a very serious matter, and our lives are never going to be the same. So for now, I'm asking you to just let me get through this." Even with a heavy heart, she smiled softly, the simple gesture drifting down over both of them like a warm comforting cloak. "We're both going to be fine, sweetheart. I promise you. But right now, I think we both need a little time to think about things—about what we've done."

Mitch nodded, a somber expression on his face as the reality of their actions set in. "You're right. There's so many things running around in my head, I don't know what to think." He paused, deep in thought. "Is...uh...is it okay if I just go to my room for a while?"

Nicole nodded, knowing that time alone was what both of them needed right now. "I think that's a good idea. I'll make something for a dinner a little later, all right?"

"Thanks, Mom," Mitch replied, kissing his mother tenderly on the forehead as he stood up. "And Mom, I...I really hate seeing you sad like this. I don't ever want you to feel this way with me. If you do, please tell me what the problem is, okay?"

Nicole felt herself tearing up once more as she looked at her son, her love for him overwhelming her. "I don't think you could ever make me sad, baby. I love you too much."

"I love you too, Mom," Mitch said, giving her another soft kiss on the forehead before heading to his room.

Nicole wiped away a tear as she picked up a pen and flipped to the final pages of the document in her hand. Through misty eyes she reached forward and signed the divorce papers—her trembling hand barely able to form the letters of her signature.

*

The next few days were trying for both Nicole and Mitch. They had their meals together and talked mostly about school, Nicole's work, and other superficial matters. For most of the time, both of them were lost in their thoughts about Rick leaving, and what they had done to bring about that life-changing decision. They each spent hours in their respective rooms, wallowing in guilt and self-loathing.

Mitch couldn't help but think of how good his father had been to him over the years, playing toy trucks with him when he was a toddler, teaching him to throw a spiral when he joined pee-wee football, even trying to turn him into a fisherman, something Mitch appreciated even if it wasn't his thing. And those 'birds and the bees' talks his father had tried to have with him. Mitch smiled as he remembered his father trying to explain things, his words a humorous mix of

technical terminology and street slang. Mitch had listened closely while trying to hide a smile, knowing he'd already experienced more than his father ever imagined.

Yes, his father was a good man, always providing for their family and giving them the best of everything. Mitch realized that when it came to his father, he could find nothing to complain about. And now, what had they done to him? What had his father done to deserve this? The answer was simple—nothing. He'd done nothing to deserve this. And as Mitch lay in his bed remembering how his father had shown him how to hold that football in his little hands and toss that long bomb, he felt ashamed. Ashamed of himself for what he had done. He felt ashamed of himself for putting his father through this, after his father had done nothing to be treated with such a lack of respect. He'd let his lustful desires take control of him, and he felt ashamed for being so weak. He could only hope that some day, his father would find it in his heart to forgive him.

Nicole was wracked with guilt as well, overcome with a constant feeling of dread, almost to the point where she was sick to her stomach when she thought about what she had done. Rick had been a near-perfect husband. Sure, the passion they'd felt for each other in their youth had waned, but that happened to everyone. As he'd said in his letter, they had been drifting apart over the last couple of years, but he had remained a good man and steadfast provider for both her and Mitch, and she had basically spit in his eye by acting the way she had.

She lay in bed thinking about what a wonderful lover he had been, teaching her so much when she was so young and naive. He'd taught her so many things about her own body she never knew existed, and her confidence flourished as her sexual experience with him grew. He had always been able to satisfy her, his big cock always able to make her come like crazy, and god—could he eat pussy. She thought about how he slowly initiated her to pleasures of anal sex, and to this day, he had been the only man to ever be inside her back there—besides Mitch.

How could she have forgotten all of that...forgotten how good it had been...how good it could be again? She thought about going to him, to try and convince him to come back, to forgive her so they could start over—but she knew that was impossible. She knew that Rick had seen the looks on their faces as she and Mitch fucked, the look in their eyes as he'd buried his cock deep in her ass showing nothing but pure wanton lust for each other. She knew Rick would never be able to forget that. How could he ever look her in the eye and not remember the way she had looked at his son? It was clear to anyone who looked at her face in those pictures he'd taken, her blue eyes burning with sluttish desire as she looked at her 18-year-old boy.

Nicole knew their life had changed in the blink of an eye because of what she'd done, what she'd chosen to do, what she'd wanted to do. She felt bad for Mitch, for causing him to lose his father this way, the father who had always treated his son with respect and pride. She knew she could never regain her husband's respect after what she'd done—but she hoped Mitch could. He deserved to have his father in his life, and she hoped that after some time passed, Rick would reach out to his son, and let him back into his life, where Mitch belonged.

For now, she knew Rick needed time as well, and she was more than willing to give him as much time and space as he needed.

The next few days went by in similar fashion, with little interaction between mother and son, other than eating their evening meal together and politely sharing the events of the day, before retiring to their rooms. They both continued to feel guilty and tormented by what they had done, but they both knew that if they could go back a week in time, they wouldn't have changed anything, their desire for each other had been too strong for either one to resist. After the startling repercussions of the erotic weekend they'd spent together, they both knew they were to blame for their actions, and for that, they needed each other more than they ever thought possible. Even if all it was from now on was just living in the same house together and being mother and son like they had been up until a week ago, that would be enough. The man who had been their loving husband and father was going to be gone, maybe forever, and they knew they would need each other in order to stay strong.

*

Saturday morning arrived and they both were up and dressed early. They had talked the day before and agreed that under the circumstances, it was best for each of them to spend the time away from the house alone. Mitch donned his biking gear and set off for a town over two hours away, while Nicole had made an appointment to spend a number of hours at a spa. She needed something to help her relax, to take her mind off her worries, if only for a few hours.

They both arrived home around mid-afternoon, Nicole getting there only about fifteen minutes before Mitch. He found her in the family room, looking solemn and shaken. Mitch stood next to her and looked around the room to see what his father had taken, his eyes alighting on the vacant spot where his father's favourite recliner had been. How many games had they watched together with his father sitting in that chair? Mitch even remembered all those times his father shifted over to give him space next to him when he was very small, Mitch squeezing in next to his dad as they cheered on their favourite teams.

His eyes instinctively went to the mantle, where his father always kept his treasured possession—a football signed by every member of the Super Bowl winning 1993 Dallas Cowboys football team. As Mitch raised his eyes to the mantel top, he felt that lump in his throat coming back—the football was gone.

"He uh...he didn't take any pictures," Nicole said as she stepped over to a small table they had that was adorned with numerous family photos in various frames. Mitch could see the tears welling in her eyes as she reached out and traced a finger along the frame of one of the pictures, a picture of the three of them smiling happily.

It was obvious that Rick wanted nothing that would remind him of the two of them, and what they had done to destroy their family unit, like it was nothing more than a used-up tissue to be tossed aside. It was awful to think that his father had taken nothing to remind him of them, and Mitch felt horrible about it, and he could see his mother

felt the same. He felt himself trembling, and knew he was on the verge of tears.

"I uh...I think I'm gonna take a shower," he said, gesturing over his shoulder towards the stair.

His mother simply nodded, and he saw a single tear run down her cheek and drop onto the table of pictures as her hand lifted another, this one taken of the three of them at a Cowboys' game, their faces glowing with happiness. He saw her bottom lip quivering, as another tear joined the first, and then another.

Unable to control himself as well, Mitch took her in his arms and held her, as a normal boy would for his distraught mother. She was trembling as she put her head on his shoulder and cried, his own tears soon joining hers as they realized Rick was gone for good.

*

Over the days that followed, Mitch gradually calmed down from the initial shock he'd received when he came home from school that fateful day. Ever since he'd seen his mother sitting at the table, the incriminating pictures strewn about, and their lives changed forever, he hadn't been able to think straight. Wallowing in self-loathing constantly as a million thoughts raced through his head like bumper cars, he hadn't even thought about jerking off, which up until now had been his daily ritual, usually happening numerous times each

and every day. Being the teenager that he was, it didn't take long for his body to require satisfaction.

Coming home from school a couple of days after his father moved out, he was feeling a little antsy, and he knew exactly what the problem was—he hadn't gotten off since his mother had sucked him off first thing that Tuesday morning almost a week ago. He knew he wanted his mother again, but he also knew the time for them to rekindle their romance was going to be her decision. She'd asked for time, and he'd quietly gone about his business, trying to put everything back to the way it had been before that fateful weekend. But now, he couldn't deny that lustful feeling building in his teenage loins, a feeling he knew he could no longer deny.

He resumed his routine of daily JO sessions, and as hard as he tried, he couldn't help but pull up those sexy pictures of his mother that he had on his computer. He started pumping out loads of cum as he looked at her, dreaming that someday things might once again be like they'd been on that magical weekend. He knew things had changed drastically in his mother's mind, and that anything further to happen between them was unlikely to happen, but some tiny part of his brain was unwilling to let go of that remote possibility.

*

The days turned into weeks, and the weeks into months, with little change to their daily routine. They never once spoke about that weekend they'd spent together, both of them skirting around the

issue whenever some reference to that time came close to entering the conversation.

The end of the school year was rapidly approaching, and Mitch was preparing to graduate with Justin and the rest of his friends. Justin's mother, Heather, had already sent out invitations to his friends and their families for a year-end graduation party she was going to host for the senior class. Of course, Nicole and Mitch were on that list, the two boys having been in school together since kindergarten, and Nicole had been good friends with Heather since they ran into each other on the boy's very first day of school all those years ago.

Mitch had brought home the invitation that Justin had handed him at school, and Nicole read it over, seeing the date was on an upcoming Saturday. Heather had made a joking comment about the choice of attire, making note that all attendees were expected to show up in something worthy of a graduating class. Nicole knew of her friend's love of nice clothes and she smiled to herself, knowing that anyone who knew Heather would know you better look good for one of her parties, or it was likely she wouldn't even let you in.

Nicole thought it was the perfect thing they needed. She and Mitch had barely been out of the house together since Rick had left, and she knew eventually it would be time to face the music, one way or another. The party seemed perfect, and she knew most of their friends would be in attendance. It would be good to show that she and Mitch were doing fine, even if Rick was no longer in their lives. They could put up a good front, and hopefully this appearance would keep their inquisitive friends at bay for some time to come.

As Nicole stood in front of her closet looking at her clothes and thinking about what she might wear to the party, she heard her computer chirp, indicating she'd received an e-mail. She casually walked over and sat down, calling up her mail. There was the new e-mail shown in bold, the sender listed as "Stevens, Brenda".

"Rick's mom, sending me an e-mail? That's strange," Nicole said to herself, curiously opening the message.

Nicole, I hope this message finds you and Mitchell doing well. I'm sure things have changed significantly for both of you since Richard has moved here. I hope you've found that you are still able to enjoy the occasional outing in order to partake in some retail therapy, which I know you enjoy. You know how much we girls need that every now and then.

"There it is," thought Nicole, the first dig. She and her mother-in-law, Brenda, had never really gotten along very well—shit, she admitted to herself, they could barely tolerate each other anymore. Everyone who knew them said it was because they were so much alike, and not just their personalities—most people were quick to point out that they even looked quite similar, with Brenda being an older version of Nicole, albeit with dark red hair.

Nicole knew that Brenda Stevens had given birth to Rick when she was very young, when she and her husband were still in their teens. Against all statistical odds, the two of them made it, raising their son

and enjoying a prosperous life together, until cancer had come to claim Rick's father.

Nicole thought about her mother-in-law, and as much as she hated to admit it, the woman still looked fantastic, even though she had recently passed her mid-50's. When people had first mentioned how much they looked alike, Nicole had been flattered, envious of how voluptuous and sexy the older woman looked. That sensuous appeal never waned as Brenda got older, and to this day, Nicole knew Rick's mother could easily turn heads at any kind of gathering. They were both well-built women with curvy hourglass figures, and on more than one occasion Rick had been the butt of jokes about him marrying a woman just like his mother. It never ceased to piss Nicole off, especially as time went by and her mother-in-law seemed to constantly be looking down her nose at her, as if she was never good enough for her son. And here she was already—barely two sentences into her message and she already had the knives out. Shaking her head irritably, Nicole continued reading...

Within days of coming home, one evening after dinner, Richard finally confided in me, letting me know the truth about what had happened. I can't say I'm surprised—I told him what you were like years ago. But no, he wouldn't listen to me and married you anyways. Well, I believe a person's true nature will eventually make itself known—yours just took longer to come out than I thought.

There it was, the second knife. Nicole knew there was more coming, and wondered what the bitch would have to say next.

He needed to tell me, to get it off his chest, to help clear his mind of your inexcusable behaviour in order to move forwards, and I'm glad he moved back into the house so I could be there for him, whenever he needs me.

I listened to him, to every nasty wicked detail of what you had done. He even showed me the pictures he'd taken of the two of you. As disgusted as I was, I was equally happy that he was able to see the truth about you, even at the same time that I worried about young Mitchell's well-being. I can only hope you are getting the help you so desperately need, and if not for yourself, for poor Mitchell. Frankly, I don't care what happens to you, as long as my son and grandson are well taken care of. If anything happens to that boy...trust me, Nicole—you don't want me as an enemy. When it comes to what you need to do to help yourself, I'll say no more, you know what you've done.

The first few weeks here were difficult for Richard, but he has managed to come out the other side. He has started to enjoy life again. He finds his job here challenging and rewarding, and I'm happy to let you know that he is overjoyed with his personal life away from you too.

I was so pleased that I had the opportunity to introduce him to the daughter of a friend of mine. The young woman's name is Sherri, and she's just a delight, as Richard was quick to find out. She's quite a pretty young thing, her mother telling me that she's had a number of suitors over the years, but never finding one quite to her liking. I'm

more than happy to tell you that she and Richard are getting along splendidly, the two of them seeing each other daily at this point.

I'm so pleased to see that sweet smile on my son's face again, the smile that you so carelessly chose to take away. I can see how much he is in love with Sherri, and I've even included a few pictures with this message to show you how happy the two of them are together. I hope you don't mind that I've included these attachments?

"What a fucking bitch," Nicole said to herself, feeling herself fuming as she read the message.

Oh yes, I've also included a couple of other pictures of Sherri at her job. I just noticed that I forgot to mention that she is a model, much-coveted by lingerie designers. I think you can see for yourself why she's been quite successful.

Anyways, I wanted to let you know that Richard is once again enjoying his life, despite your efforts to ruin it. I think you can clearly see from the photos that he isn't missing you at all. Isn't that a shame?

Take care, my dear.

Your loving mother-in-law,

Brenda

With her face flushed with anger, and feeling like she had steam coming out of her ears, Nicole opened the first attachment. Her eyes opened wide as she looked at a picture of Rick and a gorgeous woman smiling into the camera. The picture was of the two of them standing side by side, with the girl's head leaning against the side of Rick's face. Nicole immediately focussed in on the woman, taking in every detail she could.

The woman looked very young, probably somewhere around 25 or 27. The skin-tight black leather pants and sequined low-cut gold top, combined with sky-high heels were testament to her youth—Nicole couldn't picture anyone past the age of 30 getting away with wearing an outfit like that. The girl had jet-black hair that shone in the light like a pool of deep blue ink, the shimmering black tresses looking breathtakingly beautiful as it framed her lovely features. Her face was exquisite, with sharp angular features and a slim regal nose set between prominent cheekbones. Nicole looked at her face appreciatively, taking in the full pouty lips of the girl's heart-shaped mouth, and the spectacular green eyes that seemed to reach out and draw her in. Those green eyes were mesmerizing, and Nicole felt almost hypnotized by their enticing beauty as she gazed into them, wondering how much more riveting they would be in person.

She drew her eyes down to the tight sequined top the young woman was wearing in the picture, and she almost gasped out loud—the woman's knockers were huge, just as big as her own! No wonder Rick has a big smile on his face. "Who wouldn't, snuggling up to a set of tits like that?" she thought to herself.

She anxiously opened the second attachment, this photo of the two of them standing next to a swimming pool that she recognized as being the one at Rick's parent's house. Again, the woman looked dazzlingly beautiful in a sexy pink bikini that was just about the tiniest Nicole had ever seen, her shapely curvy body looking sizzingly erotic in the tiny pieces of material. She was definitely a smoking hot babe, and in her head, Nicole was already thinking of her by the acronym, SHB.

She opened the next picture, and her eyes immediately spotted the name and logo of a famous lingerie company. This picture was of the girl alone, and obviously taken from the lingerie company's website. She was wearing an emerald green bra and panty set, with black thigh-high stockings and killer pointy-toed high-heeled pumps, her huge tits filling the beautiful bra almost to the bursting point, ample swells of luxuriously soft-looking tit-flesh all but overflowing the top of the lacy green bra cups. The SBH was looking teasingly into the camera, her heart-shaped lips formed into a provocative pout.

Nicole opened the last attachment. "Oh, my god," she gasped out, the screen filling with a spectacular photo of the raven-haired beauty all in brilliant white, her lush curvy body poured into tight-fitting bridal lingerie.

"There's no way Mitch can see this," Nicole said to herself, feeling jealous of the girl's youthful beauty as she looked sensually into the camera, her young face the face of a seductive enchantress, about to make every man's deepest most lurid wish come true. Nicole was

finally able to tear her eyes away from the girl's hot young face and look at what she was wearing, the lacy merry widow emphasizing her mammoth breasts spectacularly as the structured cups pushed the huge mounds together and up provocatively. Shiny garters held up sheer white stockings, the young woman's legs looking fantastic as she lay on her side, the slender 4" heel of one pointy-toed white pump digging into the mattress as she had one leg angled up slightly, as if she was just waiting to open her legs further. The cameraman had done a perfect job, giving the viewer a teasing glimpse of the warm mound of her sex, her pouting vulva enticingly covered by tiny lace panties. "Yes, Mitch definitely doesn't need to see these."

Fuming, Nicole closed the picture and the e-mail from her mother-in-law, sitting there steaming. Her heart was racing as she thought about the young girl her husband was now with, and she realized she was overwhelmed by jealousy as she pictured him with the smoking hot babe. Her jealousy was almost on the same level as the anger she felt towards Brenda, the old cow rubbing the SHB right into her face. She wanted to punch the fucking old bitch right in that smug face of hers.

Not being able to help herself, she reopened the e-mail and called up the pictures. She looked at Rick with the young woman—fuck, she was barely more than a girl. She couldn't deny how happy he looked in the pictures, and it reminded her of how he'd looked in pictures when she was the girl's age. She felt herself seething with jealousy as she looked at the sexy young woman, the woman she just knew was fucking her husband.

"So, you like 'em young now, eh Rick?" she said as she looked at the pictures of the new lovers. She heard the front door of the house open and close and checked the time—yes, Mitch was just getting home from school. She turned back to the pictures on her screen, a devilish smile on her face. "Well, I know where there's a young stud that'll be perfect for me."

Mitch figured his mother was working quietly at the work station she had in her bedroom when he spotted her closed door, so like he did most days, he closed the door to his own room and fired up his computer, stripping off his clothes and tossing them aside. He went to his closet and pulled out his old gym bag, setting out his jar of Baby-fresh Vaseline and his heavy spunk-laden cum towel. He slipped one of his mother's hairbands around his cock and beneath his swollen nuts, getting ready for a nice leisurely JO session.

He opened his picture file and scanned the numerous folders, this time choosing one of his mother in bikinis. He pulled up numerous hot pics, filling his two monitors with about ten of the edited photos, the sexy face of his mother looking back at him from all of them. With a smile on his face, he scooped out a generous gob of the viscous lube and started stroking his stiffening prick, the initial delightful sensations reminding him of how much he wished he could be with his mother. He knew that if jacking off was the only way he could be with her, it was still better than being with someone else.

Nicole heard Mitch quietly close the door to his room, and found herself smiling as she thought about what he was going to do. Things had been so draining for both of them since Rick had sent that

envelope all those months ago. Most of the time since , she didn't seem to even know if she was coming or going from one moment to the next, feeling like she was trapped inside a pinball machine gone haywire. But after reading that e-mail from her mother-in-law, and seeing the pictures of Rick with that hot young woman, she knew exactly what she wanted. But she wanted it to be perfect, not rushed—perfect.

She took a deep breath to calm herself and looked at the picture of her son she had next to her on her desk, and looking at his handsome young face made her smile. She thought of those days they'd had together when she'd first seduced him—remembered how he'd had her screeching in ecstasy and climbing the walls in blissful rapture as he'd fucked her, over and over again, that beautiful huge cock of his stretching and filling her like never before. She felt herself flushing with desire as she thought about it, and wondered if Mitch was thinking about it too. She hadn't done this in months, but she couldn't help herself as she looked at the little icon on her screen—she clicked the mouse to activate the nanny cam she'd hidden in his room.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so beautiful," were the first words to reach Nicole's ears as the hidden camera and microphone came to life. She could clearly see Mitch sitting at his desk, his glistening Vaseline-covered hand sliding skilfully up and down his massive erection. She took control of the camera and zoomed in on his side-by-side monitors, pictures of her in sexy bikinis filling the screen. She panned back, wanting to watch as he continued to jerk off, the slick slapping sound of his gooey stroking hand coming clearly through the sensitive mic.

"Mom, I want you so fucking bad," he muttered, his pumping fist jacking more rapidly now.

Nicole watched, her eyes focussed on her son's beautiful hard cock, the broad flared crown a dark crimson, almost as if it had become so engorged with his boiling blood that it was about to explode. She thought of those time that gorgeous prick had exploded deep inside her, filling her with his warm creamy teenage seed. Her pussy throbbed, and she could feel the wetness starting to ooze between her legs as she watched, that nasty itch starting deep inside her needy cunt once more. As if hypnotized, her hand slid down inside her yoga pants, her fingers slipping between her dripping petals. "C'mon, baby," she muttered under her breath, almost as if he could hear her, "Pump it out...pump it all out for Mommy."

Moments later, it was like he'd actually been listening to her. "Oh fuck, Mom, you're gonna make me come!" Mitch said under his breath as he started to ejaculate, his eyes glued to his computer screens, his hungry gaze feasting on the numerous erotic images of his mother dressed in skimpy bikinis. The first rope of cum shot high into the air, the jettisoned ribbon of spunk almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and dropping onto his taut abs with a resounding "SPLAT!"

Nicole watched in awe as he shot a second time, and then a third, the huge wads of milky teenage semen geysering high into the air. They continued to splash down upon his exposed body, his stomach and pumping hand becoming covered with the stuff as he went off,

shooting high into the air like a fountain. He wasn't halfway through coming when the tingling sensations started within her own throbbing cunt as her fingers pistoned in and out, a powerful orgasm blossoming from the depths of her pussy and shooting to every nerve-ending of her body.

"Ohhhhhnnnnnn," she groaned, watching in awe as wad after wad of her son's pearly teenage spunk flew high into the air. She came as long as he did, until finally, they both sat back in front of their respective computer screens, breathing raggedly as they slowly recovered from their euphoric climaxes.

*

During dinner that night, they continued their usual small talk, Mitch knowing that if anything was to happen between the two of them, it would have to be his mother's decision, and he didn't want to press her, giving her the time he knew she had asked for.

Like the dutiful son, he helped with the dishes, helping to make sure the kitchen was clean and in order, even making his lunch for the next school day before retiring to his room.

Nicole smile as he kissed her politely on the cheek before he went to his room, her mind wondering already if he was going to jack off again. After finishing tidying up and turning off the downstairs lights, she went to her own room, not hesitating for a second before turning on the nanny cam once again. She smiled to herself as she

watched him take out his masturbation paraphernalia once more, slipping the makeshift cock-ring of her hairband into place before he scooped out some Vaseline and went to work.

She slipped off her yoga pants totally this time and slipped into a silky robe, the satin material feeling teasingly cool against her skin. She sat down and watched and listened as her son called up more pictures of her onto his computer screens, this time of her in a variety of bandage dresses. It made her think of the sexy yellow one she'd worn when they'd gone to Francesco's the week before, and spying a shot on his screen that Mitch had done up of her in a similar yellow dress, she knew he was remembering it too as his slick hand slid rhythmically up and down his huge cock.

Once again, she climaxed when he did, her fingers bringing her to a tantalizingly delicious orgasm at the same time he spewed more of his milky semen high into the air.

She was delightfully surprised when he didn't stop, but kept stroking his still-hard prick. She smiled to herself, remembering his endless stamina as he'd gotten hard time and time again over that fateful weekend.

He came twice more after that, and then she watched as he did some homework for about half an hour before switching back to his Photoshop folders. She watched as he filled the screen this time with sexy shots of her in erotic bridal lingerie, and then jerked off once more, making that five times in total since he'd come home from school—every time while looking at pictures of her on his computer.

Her own fingers were almost wrinkled from being immersed in her soaking-wet twat for most of the evening, her busy fingers bringing her to a climax each time her son did. As she watched his fingers tracing teasingly through the mass of milky semen on his stomach, she found herself salivating, wanting that warm teenage cum for herself. She knew then what she had to do.

*

Mitch arrived home from school the next day, dropped his knapsack by the door as usual and trudged up the stairs. As he got to the top, he noticed the doorway to his mother's room was open a few inches. It caught his attention because these last few months, whenever his mother was in her room working, the door was always closed. And if she wasn't in there, she left the door wide open.

"Mitch, could you come in here for a minute, sweetie?" he heard his mother say.

"Sure, Mom." He stepped forward and pushed her door open as he walked in. "What—"

He stopped dead in his tracks as he spotted his mother reclining on her king-sized bed, posing seductively as she lay on her side facing him, one leg draped provocatively over the other. As soon as he looked at her, he felt his heart start to pound in his chest. She looked incredible!

His eyes immediately went to her body, clad enticingly in a form-fitting strapless white bodysuit, just like the picture he had of her on his computer from the Galandoo website. The heavily-structured bra cups formed spectacularly to her massive breasts, gorgeous soft warm mounds of tit-flesh oozing teasingly from the top edge of the overflowing cups. The stretchy material of the abbreviated bodysuit fit tightly to her shapely figure like a second skin, nipping in deliciously at her slender waist before flowing out over her broad motherly hips—hips made for fucking.

The white bodysuit was cut tantalizingly high on her hips, with transparent lacy panels at the edge of the leg openings, the intricate lace forming an inviting V that pointed downwards towards the warm mound of her vulva before disappearing between her shapely legs. With the leg openings cut so scintillatingly high, her broad hips and thighs were bare, her creamy tanned skin looking exquisite against the brilliant bridal white of the bodysuit. Her legs were clad in white thigh-high stockings, the delicate lacy pattern at the top of each stocking hugging her succulent thighs alluringly.

Mitch let his gaze run down slowly over her shapely legs, taking in every delicious detail. Her dimpled knees gave way to her full calves, which in turn drew his eyes to her slender ankles and delicate feet, breathtakingly encased in white stilettos. Although Mitch loved the white slingbacks she'd worn that day she tried on her wedding dress, he was happy to see that these shoes were just as sexy. They were like pumps, but with a broad white strap that circled her leg just above her trim ankle and fastened with a gold clasp, the strap giving the shoes a wickedly kinky look. The pointy toe cap looked nasty,

and he couldn't help it as the blood started to flow to his midsection as his eyes travelled to the rapier-like 5" heels, looking so out of place—and yet so cock-hardeningly perfect—on someone lying on a bed.

His eyes came back up her body, his lustful gaze raking over her tremendous tits once again, the massive orbs drawing him in like magnets. His view shifted to the rest of her upper body, past the voluminous swells of her breasts to her bare shoulders, the smooth skin looking incredibly soft and touchable. Her slender arms were clad in white shoulder-length gloves, which made him tremble at the thought of her sexy gloved hands roaming over his body. His gaze followed those seductive gloves down her slim arms all the way to her gloved fingertips, and then his eyes went back up. He looked further up, past those enticing breasts once more, spotting a wide rhinestone choker circling her neck, the glittering jewels almost taking his breath away as he saw how sexy they made her look.

Tearing his eyes away from the bewitching rhinestone choker, he looked at her face. "Ohhhnn," he groaned under his breath, never having seen his mother look so sexy and beautiful. Her makeup was done up fairly heavily, but looked amazing. Her eyes were cast in smoky tones of deep pinks and bronzes that looked fantastically sexy. Her eyelashes looked incredibly long and thick, and as he saw her blink, the simple gesture of those fluttering lashes sent a jolt right to his cock. She had on some blush and toner that accentuated her eye makeup perfectly, and then his hungry gaze fixed on her mouth. It was perfect. Her cherry-red lipstick glistened wetly, her lips coated superbly with the lustrous red paint. He'd never seen her lips look

so full and pouty, so soft-looking, so luxuriously enticing—perfect cock-sucking lips.

Her honey-blond hair looked enchantingly sultry, the lustrous tresses framing her lovely features attractively. She'd had it done up in soft flowing curls, which fell teasingly against her bare shoulders, the wispy locks looking like ribbons of flowing gold silk.

Mitch felt himself breathing raggedly as he stood in the doorway of his mother's room and looked at her. He felt his cock getting stiffer and stiffer as it rose and pressed against the front of his jeans, seeking freedom. In all those pictures he had of her on his computer in bridal lingerie, this outfit was one of his favorites, and she looked a million times better in it in real life than in any of the pictures he'd made. Never in his life had he seen her look so glamorous and sexy—not even on that weekend so many months ago. As he looked at her lying there on her side facing him, she seemed to just ooze "SEX" from every pore of her lush MILFish body. His eyes slowly ran over her mouthwatering body once again, roaming hungrily over her exquisite form from head to toe. There was no doubt in his mind that his mother was built for one thing—and he knew from personal experience all those months ago that she was better at it than anyone.

"I spent some time at the mall today. Do you like this new outfit I picked out, sweetie?" Nicole asked, fluttering her long lashes at Mitch as her gaze drifted down to his swollen groin.

"Mom...it...it's amazing," Mitch gushed out, his eyes continuing to roam up and down her mature sexy body. He remained standing in

the doorway, totally awestruck by the dizzying display of pulchritude before him.

Nicole could see that engorged cylinder of flesh continue to rise, the stiffening column now pushing sideways and up against the waistband of his jeans. She smiled, knowing all those hours she'd spent at the spa and hairdresser's today had been worth it. "I went back to the lingerie store and picked out something from the bridal boutique I thought you'd like." She sat up slightly, supporting herself on one straightened arm as she tucked one leg sensually beneath her. Mitch's eyes immediately went to her chest, where her huge breasts were almost spilling over the front of the strapless bodysuit, her big nipples standing out boldly beneath the tight stretchy material. She teasingly flicked her gaze down to her chest before looking back into his eyes, and then raised her hand, one gloved fingertip tracing teasingly along her deep dark line of cleavage. "You don't think it's too tight, do you?"

"Ohhhnn," Mitch groaned out loud as he looked at her sumptuous tits, his cock now brick-hard. His heart was racing in his chest like a runaway freight train, and he felt dizzy with excitement, unable to even answer his mother's question.

Nicole smiled to herself, seeing her son's obvious state of arousal, and yet she could see him still waiting for her to give him her consent, letting her set the rules. When it came to their relationship, she could see he was quite willing to surrender himself to whatever she desired—which was exactly what she wanted. "I picked this

outfit from the bridal section for a special reason. Do you know what that reason is, Mitchell?"

Mitch could only shake his head as he stood and stared, a glowing film of perspiration now covering his flushed face.

"I figured if we're going to consummate our relationship properly, it would be nice for me to wear something for you to remember this night by, don't you?" She lay back down on her side, keeping her head propped up provocatively with one hand, while her other gloved hand reached forward and she crooked her finger, beckoning him to come closer.

Mitch couldn't believe his ears—his mother had said they were going to consummate their relationship! As her words registered in his lust-filled brain, it seemed to break him out of the trance-like state he'd been in since stepping into her room. With his heart soaring euphorically, he stepped across the room towards the huge bed, where his mother waited, summoning him to be her lover.

Four hours later, Nicole lay back on a stack of pillows, Mitch lying between her widely-spread legs, his tongue delving deep into her cum-filled pussy. Her bodysuit was in tatters, having been torn by Mitch in a frenzy of savage rapture, wanting to get his hands on that exquisite body of hers. But she didn't care that it was hanging off her obscenely, torn and stained, spackled with gobs of her son's semen—it had been worth it. She'd lost track of the number of times she'd come as he'd fucked her, driving that massive cock of his into her steaming cunt time and time again, his rampant teenage prick never

seeming to lose its steely rigidity for more than a minute or two. Her lips were swollen and puffy from the workout he'd given her hot wet mouth between fucks, and there were little bite marks on her tits where he'd gotten carried away while sucking her big hard nipples.

"Mmmm, that's it, baby, get it all. Get all of that nasty cum of yours out of Mommy," Nicole said as she lay back contentedly, her gloved hands running through her son's curly hair as he continued to feed from her oozing twat. She moved his head just where she wanted it, until he had taken her to two more tingling climaxes, and then she tilted her hips up, pushing his mouth further down, his tongue instinctively seeking out her tight little rosebud. "That's the way. Do a good job there, sweetie. You don't want to disappoint Mommy, do you?"

He definitely didn't disappoint, and when she was done, she let him fuck her again. The bed creaked and shook as they went long into the night before both of them collapsed, completely drained. They woke up cuddled together, the morning sun drifting in lazily around the curtains.

"I guess I better contact the school and let them know you're not feeling well today," Nicole said, snuggling up to her son as her fingers traced teasingly over his washboard stomach.

"Really?" Mitch replied, excited by the idea of getting to stay home.

"Well, if you're going to be moving into this room permanently, I think you're going to need some time to bring your stuff in."

"Move in?" Mitch couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"You do want to share Mommy's bed from now on, don't you?"

"Yes." She'd hardly finished with her question before he answered.

"And have Mommy show you all the lovely things you can do to please her?" Her slender fingers were tracing over the length of his stiffening cock now.

"Yes," Mitch replied again, the eagerness apparent in his voice.

"You know, this day off school will be perfect, especially since it's Friday. I don't think we should get out of this bed all weekend, do you?" Her fingers circled his rising cock and started to pump slowly up and down.

"No, that would be incredible." Mitch's head was swimming, the idea of spending the next three days in bed with his mother another of his dreams about to come true.

"Good. I bought a few new outfits today I think you'll like. How do you feel about leather?" She looked up at him, the devilish twinkle in her eye once more.

"I...I love it," Mitch stammered, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Yes, I got some things I think we're both going to love," Nicole said as she started slide lower in the bed. "Now, how did I say I wanted to wake you up every morning? Oh yes, now I remember."

As her lips closed down over his throbbing cockhead, Mitch lay back and threw his arm over his eyes, enjoying the delicious sensations as his mother started to slowly bob her head up and down, taking more and more of him into her hot sucking mouth.

Five minutes later, he gave her a nice creamy breakfast. She kept sucking, and when he was ready again, she climbed aboard and started riding. She came three times before he went off again, and then she shifted forwards as she grabbed the headboard and sat on his face, giving him his breakfast.

They barely got out of bed for the next three days, just long enough to eat. They ordered in. By Sunday night the bedroom was littered with various kinds of empty takeout containers. Mitch did manage to find the time to move his clothes in, taking the empty space in the dresser and closet vacated by his father.

He'd fucked all three of his mother's holes repeatedly, happily cleaning up the mess he'd left each time, loving the new sensation of his mother snowballing his load back into his own mouth after she'd blown him. He'd lost track of the number of times he'd come long ago, his mother's hot sexy body bringing him back to hardness and orgasm over and over.

By the end of the weekend, Nicole felt luxuriously numb. Her pussy was swollen and puffy, as were her nipples, all of her body having been deliciously ravaged by her handsome young son for hours and hours on end. She loved how insatiable he was, never seeming to get enough of her—and oh so willing to please. Those few times he needed to recharge, he was only too happy to use his mouth and fingers to pleasure her, obeying her instructions as she told him just what she wanted.

His stamina had been unbelievable. He fucked her for hours on end, his enormous cock bringing her to climax after tingling climax, making her climb the walls with ecstasy, each time making sure she got her pleasure before he'd pump her full, and then bring her more delights as he cleaned her up afterwards.

Monday morning, she sent him off to school, sad to see him go, but knowing her throbbing pussy would thank her for the brief respite before he got home and they started up all over again.

*

It was two Saturdays later, the night of the party at Justin's house. Nicole didn't want to disappoint Justin's mother, Heather, so she'd picked out a nice dress to wear. It was a form-fitting sheath, with a high mandarin-type collar. The dress ended just past mid-thigh and she left her shapely legs bare, applying a thin layer of cream that made them glisten enticingly. The dress was a stunning electric blue, which made her blue eyes stand out even more. The mandarin collar was trimmed with a bead of white, accentuating her slender neck. She wore strappy high-heeled sandals the same color as the dress, and carried a little blue clutch purse that matched perfectly.

Nicole figured the dress would work well for the occasion. It was a party for Mitch and Justin's graduating class, and Heather had invited a number of their classmates and their families. Nicole wanted to make sure she wore something appropriate, still somewhat leery of what people were thinking of her following Rick's departure. The dress was not too short, and she had specifically chosen something that wasn't low-cut. There was nothing she could do about the generous proportions of her bustline, but the high-collared dress still fit her body attractively, without looking trampy or inappropriate—the last thing she wanted was a bunch of high school boys leering at her openly in front of their parents.

Satisfied with her choice, she swept her hands through her honey-blond hair one more time before picking up her purse and leaving her room.

"Wow, Mom, you're going to be the hit of the party." As she came down the stairs, it was obvious from Mitch's comment that he approved.

"I think I'm not going to be the only one," Nicole replied as she reached the bottom and looked at her son. "The way you look, you're going to have to beat the girls off."

Mitch smiled as he listened to her words of praise. He had to admit, he did clean up pretty well. At his mother's prodding, he'd gotten a haircut earlier in the day, and made sure he was cleanly shaved. She'd bought him a crisp white shirt that he wore open-collared beneath his navy suit, perfect for a somewhat fancy—but casual at the same time—party. Word had spread amongst the gang and their parents that Heather Bradshaw would expect nothing less than their best efforts when it came their attire, and some humorous teases were thrown Justin's way, but everyone knew they would do their best not to disappoint their hostess.

Nicole tossed Mitch the keys and they headed to the party. It was just a few streets over, and they were barely out of the driveway when Nicole spoke. "How are Justin's parents getting along these days?" she asked, knowing things weren't perfect in the Bradshaw household.

"His dad's a dick," Mitch replied, making a dismissive gesture with his hand.

"Anything specific, or is that just your general opinion?"

"I don't think there's anything specific. He's just away for work a lot, and when he's home, Justin says he hardly gives his mother any attention at all."

That's kind of what Nicole had surmised, listening to bits of her son's conversations with his friend, and from bits of neighbourhood rumors. She hadn't talked to Heather since the divorce, and felt bad for not reaching out to her friend. She thought back to that night at the restaurant, and how Justin had looked at her, and how he'd ended up coming in his pants.

"Do you think Justin thinks of his mother...you know...like you thought of me?"

Mitch's eyes flicked over, his gaze roaming over the prominent shelf of her tits before looking her in the eye and smiling, letting her know he knew exactly what she was talking about. He focussed back on the road before responding. "Although it's something guys never really talk about with each other, I definitely think so. I've seen the way he looks at her, and I can see it's the same way I looked at you. You have to admit, Mrs. Bradshaw is a good-looking woman."

Nicole knew that for a fact—Heather was a knockout. She always had been, ever since Nicole had first met her. She was about the same height as Nicole, with a nice curvy build as well. Nicole estimated her at either a D-cup, or at least a generous C. Heather had gorgeous

brunette hair that fell in flowing waves down her back, her hair being her pride and joy, and Nicole knew all of their friends were envious of Heather's lustrous flowing curls. She had that 'girl-next-door' cuteness about her, and between her curvy body and pretty face, Nicole could easily see why Justin would desire her.

"So where does she fit on your gang's 'MILF list'?" Nicole asked, a smile on her face.

Mitch laughed out loud. "Oh, I think most of the guys have her at number 2 on that list."

"And who's number 1?"

Mitch looked over, his eyes raking lustily over his mother's gorgeous body. "I don't think I really need to answer that, do you?"

"Listen, I've got an idea," Nicole said, a smile on her face as she talked for the next few minutes as Mitch drove and listened intently, finishing just as Mitch pulled the car into the long laneway of the Bradshaw's house. The laneway was already packed with cars, and Mitch found a spot at the end of the row.

"You're finally here," Heather said as she answered the doorbell, wrapping her arms around Nicole and squeezing her tight. Nicole hugged her back, realizing she'd missed her friend more than she thought.

"Come in," Heather said, taking Nicole by the hand and leading her inside. "We have so much to talk about."

Nicole gave Mitch a smiling glance over her shoulder as she followed her friend, seeing her son head off to join his friends as well.

"Here, have a drink of this," Heather said, handing Nicole a Margarita. Nicole took a sip, loving the sharp citric taste. She looked over the rim of the glass at her friend smiling from ear to ear. Heather had on a red floral sleeveless dress, similar in style to the one Nicole was wearing in the way it fit, but with a squared-off neckline, a teasing hint of her cleavage visible above the top edge of the dress. She had on killer high-heeled strappy red sandals, the sky-high heels making her legs look great.

"I love your dress. That color looks fabulous on you," Heather said, looking Nicole up and down.

"Yours looks great, too. And I love those shoes," Nicole replied, happy to be with her good friend once again. "I've missed you, Heather."

"I've missed you too." Heather reached out and touched her friend's arm affectionately, letting her know everything was all right. "So how—"

DING DONG!

The sound of the doorbell stopped Heather in mid-sentence. "Ah, it looks like my work is never done. We'll catch up later." She held a finger up pointedly, like a parent about to scold their child. "And don't you even think about leaving here before you've told me every lurid detail."

The smile on Heather's face made Nicole smile in return. "Okay, I promise I won't leave. Now go answer your door."

Heather whisked away while Nicole took another sip of her drink. She surveyed the room, seeing many old friends and their children, now nearly all grown up. Mitch was talking with a group of his friends. Justin was there, along with Luke and a number of girls Nicole knew had grown up with the boys. The girls all looked so much older and sophisticated than she remembered, and the boys had outgrown their gangly adolescent awkwardness and had become handsome young men. Some of the girls were knockouts, and she saw a couple of them eyeing up Mitch as he and Justin shared a joke of some form.

"Nicole, how are you?" A familiar voice made Nicole turn.

"Judy, it's been a long time," she replied, giving Luke's mother a hug. Judy made idle chit-chat, not asking once about Rick. It made Nicole feel comfortable, and they talked easily. Other parents came and went, speaking with Nicole as if nothing had happened in her

marriage. There was plenty of delicious food to snack on, and she gladly accepted a second Margarita, handed to her by Jim Bradshaw, Heather's husband. Nicole was having a good time, re-connecting with many people who she hadn't seen in quite some time. She'd been a little tentative about coming, but as the time went by, her worries seemed to just wash away.

"Finally," Heather said, grabbing Nicole's hand and pulling her down beside her on one of the couches. "So, tell me, how are you getting by without Rick?"

There it was—the question she'd been expecting from everyone all night. She paused before answering, looking her good friend right in the eye. "I'm doing okay. It was hard at first, but with Mitch and I taking care of each other...yeah...we're doing okay."

"I'm so glad to hear it," Heather said, reaching out and patting Nicole's arm. "I was so worried about you. I wanted to see you, but I figured you needed some time, and you'd call when the time was right."

"I'm sorry, Heather. I should have called you earlier. Can you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive. We women have to stick together." Nicole saw her shoot a glance in the direction of her husband, and the look she gave him spoke volumes.

"How are things with you and Jim?"

Heather waved her hand dismissively, shaking her head at the same time. "I wish he loved me as much as he loves his job, or those fucking golf clubs of his."

Her comment made both women laugh. "It can't be that bad," Nicole replied. "It doesn't seem to be bothering you too much—you look great."

"Sixty minutes a day on the elliptical is what does it. A poor substitute for sex, but I've got to work off the energy somehow."

The women smiled again as Heather flipped her husband the bird, hidden from view, except to the two of them.

"I know exactly what you mean—"

"Uh...excuse me." The two women stopped talking and looked up, seeing Mitch standing a few feet away. Once he had their attention, he continued, reaching up to tap his cheek at the same time. "Can I see you for a minute, Mom?" He nodded behind him, towards the corridor leading to the back of the house.

"Sure, sweetie," Nicole replied, setting her drink down and getting up as Mitch walked away. She reached into her little clutch purse

and pulled out a hairband. "I'll be right back, Heather. We need to talk more."

Heather watched as Nicole walked towards the hallway, whipping her hair up into a ponytail. As her friend had been getting up, Heather was sure from her peripheral vision she'd seen Mitch go into the washroom just down the hall. She was surprised when Nicole entered the room as well. "That's strange, maybe he went out the back door and she's just going pee first," Heather said to herself, getting up and pouring herself another Margarita. Still wondering if her eyes had deceived her, she sat back down and sipped her drink, her eyes looking down the hallway.

About five minutes later, the door to the washroom opened and Mitch stepped out, closing the door behind him as he walked away, tucking his shirt into his pants. Heather continued to watch intently, and less than a minute later, Nicole came out the same door, shaking her hair into place as she pulled out the hairband Heather had seen her put in place just moments ago. Heather watched as her friend came towards her, reaching up to attend to a small pearly gob of some form of cream or lotion at the corner of her mouth. She was surprised, when rather than rub the lotion into her skin, Nicole slipped her finger between her lips and licked it clean.

"What the fuck?" Heather said to herself, her eyes flicking over to Mitch, now standing on the other side of the room talking to Justin, a shit-eating grin on his face. Nicole sat back down beside her, and as she leaned forward to pick up her drink, Heather could have sworn she smelt something familiar on her friend's breath—cum.

"Wha...what the hell happened in there?" Heather asked, her head absolutely spinning.

"Oh that," Nicole replied matter-of-factly. "Mitch was feeling horny, so he gave me the signal we'd arranged earlier."

"What...signal...what...?" Heather stammered, her mind reeling.

"Yes, if he wanted a blowjob, I told him to tap his cheek. If he wanted to fuck, he'd tap his belt."

Heather's eyes opened wide and her heart started racing. As she looked at her friend, she felt dizzy, wondering if she was hearing her correctly. "You mean...you mean you're fucking your very own son?"

"Um...isn't everybody?" Nicole responded as she put her hands in the air questioningly, wanting to see Heather's reaction. After the conversation she and Mitch had had in the car, she thought it wouldn't hurt do a little favor for her son's best friend, Justin.

"But I...I..I mean...you...you," Heather gasped out, totally flummoxed.

"Relax, Heather, it's all right. Take a deep breath. Nobody else saw." Nicole reached out and took her friend's hand, calming her. "Trust me, if you haven't tried it, you have no idea what you're missing."

With her racing heartrate somewhat subsided, Heather was finally able to think straight. "So you and Mitch, you...?" Nicole simply nodded.

"Is...Rick...is that what caused...?"

Again, Nicole nodded.

"Will...will you tell me how it happened?" Nicole could see from the look on her friend's face that her curiosity was getting the better of her, now that she had calmed down from the initial shock.

"Well," Nicole said, launching into her story. She felt relieved to finally be able to share it with someone—and she knew Heather was someone she could trust. The woman listened intently as she talked for the next half hour, riveted to every word Nicole had to say. It became a real catharsis for Nicole as she continued to talk, telling her friend 'every lurid detail', as Heather had asked to hear when they'd first arrived. She felt like an immense weight had been taken off her shoulders, for the first time in months.

"Mom, can I talk to you again?" Mitch's voice interrupted them again and the two women looked over to see him standing in

approximately the same place as before, this time with his hand by his side, his fingers tapping his belt.

"Sure, honey, just give me a second," Nicole said, nodding to him before he moved off down the hallway once more.

"Are you...are you...was that the other signal?" Heather said, her eyes opening wide once more.

"Yes. Now just make sure nobody wants to use that bathroom, okay?" Nicole said, getting up and smoothing down her dress.

"Uh...uh...okay," Heather said, feeling a rush of excitement go through her, knowing she had instantly become a conspirator to her friend's illicit incestuous affair. Nicole gave her a little wink as she closed the bathroom door.

Heather was on alert, now knowing exactly what was going on behind that bathroom door. She felt a tingling throb in her own pussy, realizing how turned on she was by the lewdly taboo act taking place such a short distance away. From the corner of her eye, she spotted one of the women heading for the bathroom.

"Oh Diane, I think someone's in there," Heather said, pointing to the big curving stairwell. "Why don't you use the one upstairs?" The woman nodded and turned away, heading towards the stairs.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door opened again. Mitch stepped out once more, closing the door behind him again. As he walked away, Heather noticed him pulling his jacket back into place. Again, less than a minute later, Nicole came out of the room and walked gingerly towards her, a big smile on her face as she held one hand to her abdomen. As Heather watched, spellbound, Nicole leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Do you have a tampon I could borrow — he really filled me up."

Gasping in surprise, Heather could feel her hand trembling as she pointed to the other side of the house. "Uh...there...there's some under the sink in the en-suite bathroom."

"Thanks. I'll be right back."

Once Nicole walked away, Heather couldn't stop shaking. She definitely needed a drink to steady her nerves. She strode over to the bar and poured herself a vodka, sloshing a few ounces into the heavy glass tumbler. She took a big swig, feeling the burn as the alcohol slid down her throat. She breathed deep and made her way back to the couch, just as Nicole returned.

"Thanks. That should work for a while," Nicole said, picking up her Margarita and taking another sip. "Usually he cleans me up after he comes inside me, but I didn't think we had time for that here."

"Cleans...cleans you up? How?" Heather asked, wanting to know everything.

"With his mouth, of course. Yes, he's quite the little cunt-licker. I've trained him well."

"Trained?"

"Yes. These boys love to be told what to do by an older woman. All of them. They'll do exactly what you want them to do, anytime, anywhere."

"Ex...exactly what you want them to do?"

"Mhmm," Nicole replied, seeing the look of curiosity on her friend's face. "It's just heartwarming to see how eager to please they are. There's nothing like drifting off to sleep every night with your son's face between your legs, especially after he's fucked you silly and filled you up with cum."

"He really...I mean...after he comes inside you?" Heather asked, trying to visualize what she was hearing.

"Yes. He loves it. And I love that he is so willing to clean me up like that. It shows how much he loves and respects his mother. And the best part...once he's done with his clean up dutes, just keeps going and going until I tell him I've had enough."

"Wow," Heather said, and Nicole could see the gears in her head working overtime. "You...you look like you're positively glowing. Is it...is it as good as it looks?"

"Even better. Mitch has the most perfect mouth around. And I especially love the way he uses that tongue of his on my little bumhole for hours." Nicole paused as her friend's eyes opened wide, and she could see she was almost trembling with excitement. She decided to punch it up a bit. "And when it comes to fucking, these boys all seem to be so big down there nowadays. It must be something in the water. I used to think Rick was big, but Mitch has got him beat by inches. And he has such endurance. He just keeps coming and coming. I don't know how many times he's pounded that horse-cock of his into me all night long."

"All night long?"

"Oh yeah, and when he's not fucking me, he's using his mouth on me. He knows Mommy needs taking care of, and he never wants to disappoint me."

Heather looked over to Mitch, remembering how he'd summoned his mother while they'd been busy talking. "If things are like that, how come you seemed to just jump when he came over and gave you those...those signals?" Heather asked, tapping her cheek the same way Mitch had earlier.

"Because I told him before we came here that this was a special night for him, what with him being with all of his friends and everything. I told him letting him be in charge while we were here was one of my graduation presents for him." She paused as her friend looked at her, nodding in understanding. "Trust me, when we get home, that tongue of his is gonna be way up inside me for a long time." Again, she paused as her friend took all of this in. "And then if he's done a good job of doing that, I might think about letting him come on my tits—provided he licks it all off, of course."

Heather sat there in stunned silence, her mind reeling. "Well...I...I...I don't know what to say," she finally said, her face flushing red. She took another gulp of vodka, still needing to calm her nerves, even as her pussy started to throb.

"Like I was saying, Heather," Nicole said, reaching out and stroking her friend's hand tenderly. "You won't believe it until you try it." Nicole nodded across the room, and Heather saw she was looking directly at her own son, Justin.

"You mean...Justin...me and Justin?" Heather's hand flew up to her throat, and she looked back and forth between Justin and Nicole, her mind swirling.

"I think you should definitely give it some thought. You said Jim isn't giving you the attention you need. I've seen the way Justin looks at you—it's exactly the same way Mitch used to look at me.

"Really?" Heather asked. Nicole noticed she couldn't take her eyes off her son as she took another drink.

"That's it", Nicole thought to herself, nothing like a little liquid courage to help her friend along. "Like I said, think about it, Heather. Doesn't that sound a like a lot more fun than spending an hour on the elliptical?" Nicole paused as Heather smiled at her observation. "Like I said, you won't believe how good it can be, at how incredibly big and hard these young boys can get, and how they can absolutely fill you with cum. And if you play your cards right, you'll have Justin eating out of your hand in no time—or eating out of your pussy, which I'm sure you'd love."

Heather's substantial chest was heaving as the devils and angels fought within her, her heart racing as she thought about the forbidden desires flowing through her. She had to admit to herself that she'd been having some lascivious thoughts about Justin lately, especially when he'd taken his shirt off to cut the grass. She found herself looking out at him striding across the lawn purposely, having seen how he'd filled out and matured, his broad shoulders, muscular chest, and taut abs making her shiver with the thought of running her hands over his body. She'd kept her thoughts totally to herself, of course, but it didn't stop her from looking at her boy, and dreaming what it might be like—to feel his hands on her, to kiss him, to touch his cock, to suck it, to feel it driving deep into her needy pussy.

In those rare instances when Jim had fucked her recently, she'd found herself picturing Justin fucking her in place of her husband.

She'd close her eyes, seeing her son's handsome face looming over her as he flexed his powerful hips up and down, making her scream in ecstasy as he drove his big hard cock deep into her pussy, bringing her to climax after climax.

And now Nicole was telling her how she was doing it for real with her own son, Mitch, and how glorious it was. Heather couldn't believe how excited she'd gotten when Nicole had told her about Mitch servicing her, worshipping her with his mouth—even after he just came inside her!

She'd found it so luridly exciting when Nicole told her what she and Mitch had done in the bathroom, first with her sucking him off, and then the two of them fucking, while the party carried on just on the other side of the wall. Heather let her mind wonder, thinking about what would happen if she could take Justin into the bathroom like that...

She pictured taking control, surprising him by pushing him up against the wall and kissing him. The way he'd kiss her back would tell her how hot he was for her. As they kissed, she could feel his cock pressing right through her dress against her belly. The desire to see it would overwhelm her. She'd reach for his belt as she dropped to her knees. She'd open his fly and realize Nicole was right about these boys—her son's cock was positively huge! She could barely fit her mouth around it. It was so beautiful, and like Nicole has said, so incredibly hard. She sucked on it like she'd never sucked a cock before. It didn't take long before he started to come, and fuck did he come—there was so much of the stuff, she thought she was gonna

drown. When he was finished, he stayed hard as a rock. She smiled, loving it—a man staying hard for her two times in a row was something that hadn't happened in a long time.

"Fuck me," she'd say, and Justin would lift her up and set her on top of the vanity as she pulled her dress up around her waist.

"Tear my panties off," she'd say. Her son would obediently do as she'd said, and once he got a look at that glistening wet pussy of hers, he'd slide that big fucker all the way into her. She imagined herself on the verge of screaming in pleasure, with Justin stuffing her own panties into her mouth to stop her. He'd pull her legs up high and keep driving it deep into her, and within minutes, she'd be coming. She couldn't remember the last time she'd come that hard and that fast. He'd keep going, and she'd climax again, and then one more time before he finally slammed it into her and groaned as he came. She could actually feel his cum spewing into her, and they'd clutch tight to each other as his cock kept shooting.

When they'd finally started to recover, she'd put her hands on his shoulders. "Okay baby, time to clean Mommy up." She'd push down on his broad shoulders and Justin would willingly slip to his knees, his tongue slithering up deep inside her. She'd look down, seeing the milky semen oozing out of her overflowing pussy onto his waiting tongue as he—

"Heather...Heather! Are you all right?"

Nicole's voice broke her out of her trance. "Uh, yeah, I'm fine." Heather said, taking another slug of her drink as her eyes drifted back to her son. As she thought about what she'd just been imagining, she realized she could definitely get into that. Just imagine, all those times when Jim was away on business, or out on the golf course, she could be riding her son's big cock and pretty mouth. Yes, that was definitely something to think about.

Nicole looked at her friend, sitting there looking glassy-eyed with a dreamy look on her face. She smiled, knowing her good friend was already thinking about the wickedly illicit pleasures of sharing a steamy incestuous act with her son. Nicole could feel herself getting turned on, just talking about all this with her friend was making her juices run. "So, do you think you're going to give it some thought?"

"Definitely," Heather replied without hesitation. "Tomorrow morning, Jim's heading out of town on business for a week. I think that might be a good opportunity for Justin and me to spend some quality mother/son bonding time while he's away."

Nicole looked over at Mitch, knowing exactly how her friend was feeling. She turned back to Heather. "If you don't mind, I think Mitch and I will be leaving. After listening to what you just said, I need to get that boy home for some mother/son bonding time of my own."

*

They weren't even in the car before Mitch asked, "So, did you have a chance to say anything to Mrs. Bradshaw about Justin? Did that plan of yours work out?"

"Yes. I think she's quite taken by the idea, once I told her about us. It worked out just like I thought. After you gave me the signal the first time, she did notice that we went in the bathroom together. From there, she started to ask the questions I thought she would. The second time you came by and tapped your belt was just icing on the cake."

"Jesus," Mitch said, letting out a long drawn-out whistle as he started the car. "I saw her looking over at Justin just before we left. I'm sure if she started anything, he'd love it."

"She certainly looked happy." Nicole reached over, sliding her hand over the front of Mitch's pants. "Just like you're going to make me once we get home."

"What are you going to want me to do?" Mitch asked, his eyes flicking over to his mother's big tits, hoping at some point she'd let him get his hands and mouth on them. She usually did if she was happy with his efforts in other areas.

"I think I'd like to start with that tongue of yours working deep into a tight little hole we both know very well." She paused, seeing the excitement in her son's eyes. "And since this is kind of a special night for you, I'll wear something a little more formal. How about if I let

you make the choice—red leather or black?" Her hand slid along the length of his stiffening member, her teasing fingers making him sweat already.

"Red."

"Red what?" she said sternly, her fingers giving his swelling cock a hard squeeze.

"Red...please?"

"That's better. That's the kind of respect Mommy likes to see from her baby boy." Nicole's fingers released their tight grip on his pecker and traced provocatively along the thickening slab.

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I forgot my manners there for a minute."

"That's all right, precious—just as long as you remember for next time." Nicole sat back and looked out at the road ahead, her hand still moving slowing back and forth over the front of his pants. "Talking to Heather about her and Justin has gotten me turned on. I'm really going to put that cock and mouth of yours to good use. Mommy feels like an all-nighter."

Mitch smiled, feeling another jolt go right to his groin as he thought about working on his mother all night long.

"Oh yes, there's something I almost forgot about," Nicole said, her hand slipping up beneath her dress.

From the flickering light of the streetlights, Mitch saw her hand come out from between her legs, holding something between her fingers. "What's that?"

"We didn't have time for you to clean me up like usual after that fuck in the bathroom, so I borrowed a tampon from Heather. I know my baby boy wouldn't want me to deny him his reward." As she brought her hand closer, Mitch could see the tampon more clearly now, the wadding covered with a glistening layer of his semen, the dangling string hanging below.

"Here, baby," his mother said, stuffing it between his lips, "suck on this until we get home, and then you can have the rest. I'm just gonna squeeze my legs together to keep it nice and warm for you."

Happy with his treat, Mitch sucked noisily on the cum-soaked tampon, drawing out his masculine seed, loving the flavor he'd quickly come to crave so much. He continued driving, his mouth and tongue working over the swollen tampon, the string dangling lewdly from between his lips.

"That's my boy, that's what I like to see," his mother said, her words lavish with praise.

As soon as they were in the house, she turned to him. "Get rid of that thing in your mouth. You look disgusting." Mitch stepped into the family room and tossed it in a waste basket next to the desk his father had left behind. His mother followed him, setting her purse down on the desk before stepping over to one of the easy chairs. She reached beneath her dress and shimmied her hips, whisking off her panties and throwing them on top of the desk as well. She slid into the easy chair, and crooked her red-tipped index finger at Mitch, beckoning him to come closer. As he stepped towards her, she slowly drew her legs up and draped them over the arms of the chairs, her high-heeled strappy blue shoes dangling teasingly in the air. The hem of her skirt slid high up her thighs as her legs spread further apart, framing her wet pink vulva enticingly.

"Dinner is served, baby," Nicole said, reaching down to part the juicy lips of her pussy, showing the milky wad of cum she'd kept inside.

Mitch dropped to his knees and dove forward, pressing the flat of his tongue against her dripping petals, and then slowly licked upwards, the tantalizing flavor of their combined juices making his taste buds tingle.

"Mmmmm...yes. That's the way I taught you," Nicole said, taking his head in her hands and moving his mouth just where she wanted it. He eagerly licked her clean, his tongue slithering deep into her semen-filled cunt to gather in every drop.

"That's the way. That's the way Mommy likes it," she said, pulling his mouth up to work on her clit once he'd sucked out every creamy drop of his potent teenage seed. Nicole relaxed back into the chair and closed her eyes, loving the whole experience of being serviced by her son. She found herself thinking of Rick, and how he'd been a terrific lover for so many years, and how things had slipped away. And now, he was with that stacked bimbo, dipping his wick into her hot young cunt every day. She knew she was jealous, and angry with herself for what she had done, and having her son pleasure her took some of that pain away.

"C'mon, baby," she said, pulling her son's face harder against her throbbing cunt. "Mommy needs to come. Let me feel that tongue of yours right on my clit."

Mitch obediently did as she asked, taking the erect spire between his lips and sucking on it gently, all the while bathing it with his hot spit as his tongue rolled over it again and again.

"Oh fuck yeah...that's it...that's it...UNNGGGGHHHHHH," Nicole moaned as she came, her hips bucking up against his face, her spasming body shaking and twitching as wave after wave of ecstasy coursed through her. She was almost convulsing as she climaxed, spraying his face with her gushing juices, the delicious sensations shooting from the base of her sensitive clit to every nerve ending of her body. Finally, she collapsed back into the chair, her legs still draped obscenely over the arms, her loyal son nursing gently at her throbbing pussy.

"Mmmm, nice," she said, pulling his glistening face away from her steaming loins as she looked him in the eye. "Time to go upstairs — we're just getting started."

Mitch obediently followed her as she made her way upstairs and into the master bedroom.

"Take your clothes off and get into bed," Nicole said, heading towards her dressing room and the en-suite bathroom. When she got to the door, she stopped and turned. "And put on that cock ring I got you. You know Mommy doesn't like to be disappointed."

As his mother disappeared, Mitch stripped off his clothes, and then, from the drawer in the bedside table, he took out the new cock ring she'd gotten him. It was metal, and gleamed with a shiny chrome finish. It circled his cock and fit beneath his big nuts, with a deftly hidden clasp allowing it to fit nice and tight. He'd worn it a few other times since she'd gotten it for him, and although it was somewhat painful, he loved it—knowing how much his mother liked him to wear it. When he got aroused, the way it tightened around him made him harder than he'd ever thought possible. If his cock remained untouched, it could stay hard for hours, and his mother loved to see him like that. His pecker was already swollen with anticipation from the time he'd spent cleaning her weeping little box, and he knew he'd be hard as a rock in no time, especially since she said she was going to be wearing the red leather outfit—which he absolutely loved.

He lay in bed and idly played with his cock, feeling it stiffen quickly beneath his fingers, and then releasing it, watching it pulse and bob between his legs, slowly deflating until he'd play with it again.

"I'm starting to think I should have gotten you that cock ring right from the start."

His mother's voice made Mitch look up. Once again, the dizzying display of sinfully wicked pulchritude before him took his breath away. His mother was wearing her red leather corset, her massive breasts oozing over the tops of the heavily wired bra cups. The cups themselves were barely more than demi-cups, the top edge barely covering her areola. The structured underwire pushed the huge mounds up and together spectacularly, a single glimpse of those gorgeous tits alone being enough to make any man sweat with desire. The red ribbon-like straps going over her shoulders were drawn taut and seemed to be straining, testament to the incredible weight they were carrying. Looking at her incredible breasts, Mitch could already see the thrusting protrusions of her bullet-like nipples right through the sexy red leather. A myriad crisscrossing of black laces running down the front of the garment had the sexy corset molding itself tightly to her spectacular body. The leather panels of the bodice nipped in waspishly at her slender waist, and then flared out teasingly before ending high on her wide motherly hips. Red garters shot down to where they bit into sheer black hose, her pussy bare of any covering, and framed invitingly by the stunning red corset above and sheer gossamer hose below.

Mitch let his eyes roam further down, his gaze feasting on one of his favorite parts of this outfit—her thigh-high red leather boots. He felt his heart pound with excitement as he looked down at the full length of the incredibly sexy boots, taking in the wickedly pointy toe and the dagger-like 5" stiletto heels. "Those are so fucking hot," he thought to himself, feeling his cock rising as he looked at the tall sexy boots, and then fully up and down his mother's spectacular body.

Pulling his eyes away from her big heavy tits, he forced himself to look up at her face, accented beautifully by a wide red leather choker, adorned with a single glittering stone placed at the heart of her throat. Her face looked exotic and wild, her makeup done in heavier tones than she'd ever worn before. Her hair was fluffed out and looked erotically slutty—like she'd in bed all day, fucking. Her mouth was a brilliant red gash, her lipstick the same deadly red as the sexy leather outfit.

Mitch felt himself shiver as he looked at his mother, his cock now fully erect, the massive head bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of his racing heart. He could feel the cock ring tighten, and knew he'd be hard for a long time.

"Mmmm, that's what I like to see," Nicole said, her eyes alighting on his rigid prick. With a devilish smile on her face, she turned and walked over to her dressing table, taking hold of the back of the chair she'd posed in for him in her wedding dress all those months ago. This time, as she gripped the back of the chair with both hands, she moved her booted feet back, and then spread them past shoulder-width apart. Even the back of her boots made his cock ache with

need. Similar to her corset, crisscrossing red laces ran up the back of each tall boot, starting just above her slender ankles and ending in a tiny bow tied at the back of each thigh. He shivered just looking at the incredibly sexy boots. She turned and looked coyly over her shoulder at Mitch, sitting on the bed staring at her in awe, his cock absolutely throbbing.

"C'mere, baby. You know what Mommy wants." She leaned forward and arched her back as she shifted her feet even further apart, allowing the depths of her curvy rear end to open up invitingly.

Mitch didn't have to be asked twice, scurrying out of the bed and dropping to his hands and knees, crawling over to what his mother called "his place"—on his knees behind her, ready to service her hot pink hole. With his mouth watering, Mitch edged closer on his knees, placing his hands on the soft smooth skin of her bum and pulling the lush warm cheeks further apart, his hungry gaze feasting on her bleached anus, his tongue already salivating as he looked at the tight little rosebud. He licked his lips, eager to get started.

"C'mon, baby, Mommy wants to feel that tongue nice and deep. And get comfortable—you're going to be there for a long time."

"Uhhnn..." With a moan of wanton pleasure, Mitch pressed his face to her bum, his tongue rolling over the wrinkled pink hole, bathing it with his flowing saliva.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Work that hole for Mommy. Get that tongue way up inside there," Nicole said, looking over her shoulder with a wicked smile on her face as she rolled her hips, letting her son know he was doing just what she wanted.

She kept him busy for close to an hour worshipping her bumhole, his tongue slithering deep inside her time and time again. She came on his working mouth, sometimes having him suck at her tingling cunt when she felt her orgasm coming on, other times having him keep his tongue deep in her ass as she instructed him to use his fingers inside her. Finally, after her fourth climax, she pushed him away and turned around, drawing her fingers over his flushed gooey face. She held her hand up in front of his face, her slender fingers gleaming with her slimy juices.

"Eat all of Mommy's cream—don't waste any of it," she said, sticking her fingers lewdly between his lips and making him lap up her warm womanly nectar.

"Stand there and don't move," Nicole said, nodding towards a spot in front of her dressing table as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Mitch stood and waited, having no idea what was coming next. His cock was absolutely throbbing as the cock ring restricted the flow of his pulsing blood, and he hoped she'd allow him some relief. Moments later she returned, carrying what looked like a long canister. As she came closer, she twisted a lid off one end, and Mitch could see some kind of cream-colored substance inside. "What...what's that?" he asked.

"Mommy wants to make a mold of her baby's beautiful big cock, and this is how we start."

"A mold?"

"Yes. Once we make the mold, I can have a dildo made that will be an exact replica of your gorgeous cock. Don't you think that would be nice for me to have?" Nicole asked, running her delicate fingers teasingly over his aching-hard cock. He watched as his mother opened a small vial of lubricant, letting it run over his thrusting erection before spreading it all over the throbbing monster.

"Oh fuck," Mitch moaned as her slender fingers toyed with him provocatively, his dick feeling like it would explode at any second. "Don't come just yet, sweetheart," Nicole said, withdrawing her hand from her son's pulsating erection once she had it covered with the greasy substance. She knew that even with the cock ring, it was still possible for him to ejaculate. She wanted him to be as hard as possible, but she definitely didn't want him to come until she had the mold safely formed.

"The lubricant will allow your cock to slide out safely once the mold is made, and not ruin it." She brought the canister forward as she pulled his pulsing dick downwards.

"Here, let's just slip this magnificent cock of yours right inside...there...that's the way," she said, sliding the canister all the

way to the base of his surging prick until his member was totally covered by the warm gel-like substance. "Now, I just have to hold it like this for two minutes, and then it will be set."

As Mitch looked on in surprise, Nicole reached down and softly cradled his nuts, rolling them around in the palm of her hand, wanting to make sure he stayed as hard as possible. "Do you like that, baby? Does that feel all nice and warm around your cock?"

"Oh god, yes," Mitch groaned out, wanting more than anything to come. His mother kept rolling his balls in her hand, the deliciously erotic sensation making him squirm with the need to come.

"Okay. I think that should do it," his mother said, slowly sliding the canister off his thrusting boner. She looked inside, a smile coming over face as she quickly put the top back on. "Perfect. Now I just have to send it off, and then pretty soon I'll have the perfect toy for those times when my baby's not around."

She looked down at Mitch's cock, seeing it throbbing angrily, the huge mushroom head so engorged and bloated she thought it might go off right there on the spot. God, she loved that cock ring. "Oh dear, my baby really needs to come, doesn't he?" she mocked, pouting out her bottom lip innocently.

"Please...please let me come," Mitch moaned, all but pleading with her to allow him some relief.

"Please what?" His mother's voice had turned stern in a split second.

"Please Mommy. Please let me come, Mommy." Mitch was begging this time, his body quivering with need.

"That's better. You know it's good to show Mommy the respect she deserves." She paused as she ran her fingertip over the engorged head of his cock, the serious look on her face making him wonder if she was going to let him come, or not. "All right. Get up on the bed and lay on your back in the middle."

Mitch quickly did as she asked, his cock pointing skyward, the cock ring making it stand out from his body like a missile about to be launched. He watched as his mother reached into the drawer of her bedside table and took out the big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline, now half empty from constant use. In her sexy leather outfit, she climbed onto the bed, pushing the pillows aside as she sat in front of the headboard, her booted legs tucked beneath her. From his spot on his back in the middle of the bed, Mitch looked up at her, the imposing shelf of her mammoth tits looming over him.

"C'mon, baby, you know what to do," Nicole said, reaching down and tapping his side.

Mitch rolled himself up onto his shoulders, his torso projecting up from the bed. He brought his legs forward on either side of his mother's body, his feet actually resting on the top edge of the

headboard, helping to steady himself. In this position, his steely erection was pointing right down towards his face.

"That's it, I know just what my baby needs," Nicole said, a sly smile on her face as she reached into the Vaseline jar and scooped out a generous gob of the viscous lube. She started to rub her hands together, holding them mere inches from her son's face.

"Do you smell that, sweetie? Do you smell that baby-powder fragrance you love so much?" she asked teasingly, the alluring scent of pure innocence permeating the room.

"Yes," Mitch moaned out his reply, the intoxicating scent wafting sensually into his nostrils.

"Oh dear, look how hard you are," Nicole said, reaching for his surging erection. "Hmm, let's see if Mommy can make you feel all better." She circled the immense staff with one hand, and then put her other hand right below that one. With both hands wrapped around his cock, there were still inches left over. With her fingers not even able to touch the palms of her hands, she started to slowly stroke up and down, her slippery hands leaving behind a glistening coating of the greasy lube.

"Oh fuckkkk," Mitch moaned, loving the feel of his mother's hot slick hands on his cock. She kept moving them up and down slowly, mercilessly, driving him crazy with pleasure as his cock seemed to get harder and harder.

"I think this is gonna be a big one, isn't it, baby? Are you ready to swallow all of that creamy teenage cum?" she asked as she added a torturous corkscrew motion, her fingers stroking from the thick base to the enflamed tip time and time again.

"Yes," he hissed, his tongue instinctively sliding out to circle his waiting mouth. The precum was flowing like crazy from the oozing tip, a glistening river of slimy cock-sap drizzling all over his face. He tried to lick up as much as he could, but he knew she loved to see it glistening on his handsome young face, and purposely moved his dripping cockhead wherever she wanted it.

"Oh my, you are making a mess, aren't you? I think you better come soon so you don't get any of that nasty cum on my sheets." She gripped his cock tighter, and slowly drew her hands up and down, that twisting corkscrew motion taking him right over the edge. She could feel his cock starting to buck in her hands, and knew exactly what was happening. At the last second, she flicked the latch on the side of the cock ring to loosen it, wanting to feed him as much of his own cum as possible.

"Open wide, baby. You don't want to miss any of it," Nicole said. As Mitch eagerly opened his mouth, she pointed the engorged head of his cock right between his parted lips.

"AAAAAAHHHH," Mitch gasped, feeling himself starting to ejaculate. As he looked up, he could see the wet red eye at the tip of

his cock yawning open wetly, mere inches from his face. The glistening opening turned milky-white for a split second as it filled with cum, and then a long thick ribbon of semen shot forth, the gooey strand of viscous cum spewing deep into his waiting mouth.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Mommy's gonna milk it all out of you," his mother said, pumping up and down on his hard greasy cock as it kept shooting, rope after rope of potent teenage spunk flooding his mouth. Mitch felt his mouth quickly filling, and he swallowed, loving the feel of the silky jizz sliding smoothly down his throat. He opened his mouth wide again, his mother aiming the spewing tip right between his lips as he totally unloaded. He couldn't remember coming this much in his entire life, and he just kept shooting as she kept pumping, her magical slippery hands pulling out more cum than he thought possible.

Nicole smiled as she looked down at her son, his face a mess of his own milky seed. As much as she tried to get it all into his hungry mouth, his twitching body and throbbing prick had the stuff spraying everywhere. There were gobs of the stuff spackling his face, with one big gob dangling from his ear and another matted in his hair. She loved it—loved seeing her son this way—loved her son being her sex toy, willing to do whatever she wished.

Finally, the last tingling twinges of his incredible climax coursed through Mitch, his mother milking out the final drops of silvery semen onto his tongue.

"That's it, baby. I think you got it all," she said, latching the cock ring back into place before releasing his prick. He quickly brought his legs down and collapsed onto the bed, total spent. As Mitch lay there slowly recovering, Nicole pushed the pillows back into a big stack in front of the headboard. She slipped her legs out from under her, nudging Mitch with the pointy tip of one sexy boot. "Go on, you're in the way." He quickly moved, getting out of her way as she lay back against the stack of pillows, propped up against the headboard. She looked down at her greasy hands, a disgusted look on her face. "Go and get a nice hot facecloth. I want to clean this stuff off my hands."

Mitch scurried to the washroom and ran the water in the sink, waiting for it to get steaming hot before soaking a facecloth. He squeezed off the excess and hurried back to his mother.

"Good, clean these for me," Nicole said, holding her hands out for him one at a time as he obediently cleaned them, wiping off all of the greasy lubricant. "That's good enough. Now go and clean your cock off and then come back here—you've got more work to do." She drew her legs up slowly and let her knees drift apart, Mitch's eyes immediately going to the glistening petals of her wet pink pussy.

He turned and hurried back to the bathroom, soaking the cloth in hot water again before washing off his cock, his member still full and stiff with the help of the cock ring. Wringing out the cloth and setting it aside, he returned to the bedroom in a rush, not wanting to keep his mother waiting.

"That's good. Now get back where you belong," Nicole said, nodding to the gap between her lewdly spread thighs. Mitch crawled onto the bed and moved closer, already licking his lips as he stared at the succulent treasure awaiting him, his mouth watering as he thought about feeding from her juicy cunt once more.

"You can't have that just yet—you need to show me why I should give it to you first," Nicole said, lifting up one foot and putting the sole of her boot on his shoulder, stopping him. "I think you should show me how much you love these boots." She drew her foot back, turning her ankle teasingly in front of his face, the movement causing the red leather to make that sensual stretching noise that only leather can make. The scintillating sound was wickedly erotic, and it sent a jolt of excitement right to his groin. She stopped moving her foot, the pointy tip of her boot directed right at his face.

"Kiss it," his mother commanded. This was something new she'd never done before, but Mitch was shivering with excitement as he pursed his lips and kissed the tip of her boot, his lips making a soft wet smooching sound.

"That's it," Nicole said, a pleased smile on her face. "Kiss it some more." She moved her foot slightly, and Mitch got the idea, placing kisses all over her foot. She let him continue, until her foot glistened with a thin film of his saliva.

"That's good, baby, but I think this is what you really want." She angled her foot upwards, presenting the rapier-like stiletto heel to him. Unsure of what to do, Mitch flicked his eyes up to hers. The

wickedly erotic look in her hooded eyes made him shiver, and then she spoke— "Suck it!"

With his heart pounding with excitement, Mitch slipped his mouth over the tip, his lips closing down upon the slender heel. He rolled his tongue over it, coating it with his warm spit as he pursed his lips forward and sucked.

"That's a good boy," Nicole said, slowly moving her leg back and forth, fucking his mouth with the dagger-like stiletto heel. "Yes...very nice. Keep sucking."

She kept this up for a couple of minutes, and then switched to the other boot, having Mitch kiss and lick that one before sliding the 5" heel deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmm. Mommy liked that." She pulled her heel out of his mouth and put her booted feet back on the bed as she drew her knees further up, her pointy heels digging erotically into the mattress. She brought her fingertip down and rubbed it over the erect spire of her clit as Mitch watched, sweating with excitement. "Now, put your mouth right back on here until I tell you to stop. If you do a good job, you might even get to fuck Mommy."

Mitch eagerly dove forward, plastering his face to her sodden trench, his tongue and lips working feverishly.

"Oh yeah, that's Mommy's good boy," Nicole said, lying back and closing her eyes, her fingers running through her son's hair as he feasted on her hot mature pussy.

She kept him there for close to an hour, coming over and over. Mitch had learned to slow down for just the right amount of time after she peaked, and then he'd slowly build her up again, his mouth driving her into a euphoric frenzy before he'd take her back over the top. She continued to reward him every time she came by filling his mouth with her warm womanly nectar, a taste he could never get enough of.

When she'd had enough of that, she instructed him to get between her legs and fuck her, the cock ring making his cock look like a fiery crimson cannon. He took her booted feet in his hands as he kneeled between her parted thighs, raising her legs and pushing his hands far out to each side, spreading her out as far as possible for his upcoming assault. He slid his cock all the way into her velvety Mommy cunt and started fucking her, her booted feet pointing to the top corners of the headboard as he leaned over her and drove her deep into the mattress. She came, and came again, her body thrashing about like a wild thing beneath him.

"Don't come yet," his mother warned. "Mommy wants at least one more before you're allowed to come."

Using all his willpower to suppress the urge to climax, Mitch kept pounding his steely hard prick deep into her, crucifying her as he nailed to the bed.

The sound of the squeaking bed combined with the beating tattoo of the headboard bumping repeatedly against the wall was like an erotic symphony, melding with the nasty slapping of their sweaty bodies to fill the room with the sounds of pure sex.

"Oh fuck...YESSSSSSSSSS," Nicole wailed, coming again. Seconds later, she gasped out. "One more baby, one more. Don't you fucking dare come yet."

Mitch cringed, the tight cock ring painful as he willed himself to hold off, even as her sizzling mature cunt gripped and pulled at his aching hard prick. He flexed upwards, concentrating on the sensitive folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, and she came again, screeching in ecstasy as wave after wave of blissful delight coursed through her. He held still as she thrashed about, knowing one false move on his part would have him coming, and he knew he had to wait for permission.

When the mind-numbing sensations finally subsided within her, Nicole looked up at him, her hooded eyes filled with lust. With a wicked smile on her face, she wrapped her legs around him, hooking the ankles of her booted feet over his back. She rolled her hips salaciously, her talented cunt working over his throbbing dick luxuriously. "Okay, baby, you can take that cock ring off. And then I want you to fill Mommy up. Give me every drop you've got inside you."

Mitch reached down and undid the latch on the side of the cock ring, the device easing open enough for him to pull it around and off the immense girth of his rigid prick. Tossing it aside, he growled deep in his throat as he drew back and slammed forward, her crossed legs pulling him even harder against her. He flexed back and gave one more deep hammering thrust into the deepest recesses of her cunt before he went off, the cum rocketing out of him and pasting itself against the gates of her womb.

"OH FUCCCKKKKK!" he roared, throwing his head back as his cock shot rope after rope of thick white cum into her hot oily depths, the steaming tissues inside her gripping and massaging his rigid erection. He totally flooded her with his milky-white semen, the warm spunk rifling out of him powerfully. He pulled back halfway and slammed it home again, the overflowing cum squelching out from their joined bodies as his engorged cock-head battered against her cervix.

"Oh my god, I can feel it shooting into me," his mother said, a lewd smile on her face as she wrapped her arms around his neck as her crossed legs pulled him closer, her MILFish cunt pulling and squeezing his shooting cock. He continued to unload, gobs of pearly jizz spewing forth, until finally, he had nothing left to give, even as the talented muscles inside her milked him for more.

"Oh fuck," Mitch gasped, collapsing on top of her, his chest pressing down on her massive tits. He lay there, his heart pounding as he slowly recovered, totally drained and blissfully spent.

"Mmmm, that was a good one, wasn't it, baby?" Nicole said, rolling her hips salaciously as her booted feet kept his body pressed close to hers. Mitch was unable to even speak, and just lay there, wallowing in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Well, I think you've got some more cleaning up to do now," Nicole said, grabbing his shoulders and rolling him over onto his back. She slid up off his cock, the stiff member coming out of her in a slippery rush. She crawled up over him and grabbed onto the headboard, sitting right down on flushed upturned face.

She rode his face for over half an hour, making sure he sucked out every drop of his tasty cum while bringing her to a couple of orgasms. She made him put the cock ring back on and told him to fist his prick until he was rock-hard again. Throbbing and stiff once more, she sat back down on the blood-engorged lance and rode it, coming that way a couple of times as well. Like before, she forbid him to come until she gave him permission.

When she was ready, she pulled off his cock and laid down on her back, making him kneel next to her, his unsatisfied cock engorged with blood and throbbing with need.

"You can jerk off on my tits," she said, reaching up between his legs and squeezing his cum-filled balls. She told Mitch to use the Vaseline, which she knew he loved.

On his knees next to her, he started to jerk off as she manipulated his heavy nuts, pulling firmly on his sack. When she felt him right on the verge, she reached up with her other hand and snapped open the cock ring, leaving him free to shoot as much as he could. Mitch loved the feeling of being blissfully free of the restricting cock ring, and he shot another massive load, totally covering her chest with his teenage seed.

"You know what to do," was all she had to say as she nodded towards the massive swells of her cum-covered tits. Mitch eagerly leaned over her, his lips and tongue lapping up every warm drop of his cum, her huge breasts gleaming with his spit by the time he was done. As a reward, this time she lifted her tits right out of her corset, letting him suck on her sensitive nipples as he fingered her to another orgasm.

It went on like this for most of the night, the two of them finally drifting off to sleep with Mitch curled up between her parted legs, his lips resting against her vivid pink labia, just having finished bringing her to one last blissful climax.

*

Their life continued down this path for the next few weeks, until one afternoon when Nicole was working at her computer, it beeped, signifying a new e-mail had arrived. She opened her mailbox, once again seeing the name, "Stevens, Brenda". She wondered what her bitch of a mother-in-law wanted this time. She looked over to the subject line next to the name, her eyes opening wide as she read — "Wedding Pics".

"What?" Nicole muttered to herself, her eyebrows arching up curiously. Quickly, she clicked on the message.

Chapter 10

Dearest Nicole,

I thought you might like to know the latest news — Richard and Sherri got married this past weekend! I know this may come as a surprise to you, but the two of them are so much in love, I almost can't believe it hasn't happened before this.

"What a fucking bitch," Nicole thought, feeling herself flushing with anger and jealousy already.

It was a quiet affair, out by the pool, with a justice of the peace and a few friends. It was a beautiful day, and the bride and groom looked simply radiant. It's not hard to see how much in love the two of them are. I've never seen Richard look happier in his life.

Nicole felt herself fuming, and her eyes were welling with tears as she continued to read.

It was a much more casual wedding than you and Richard had, of course, and I think Sherri looked absolutely stunning in the little dress she chose. I'm sure you'll agree once you see the pictures I've attached. It's wonderful to see how

fantastic these young women can look in these tiny dresses they all seem to wear nowadays.

"Another arrow aimed straight at my heart," Nicole thought—this one about her age.

The two of them are off for a quick one-week honeymoon in Costa Rica, but they'll be taking a longer one in Europe in another month or so. The two of them are going to be living with me here in the house until they find a place of their own, but I don't mind, I've got plenty of room. As far as I'm concerned, the two of them can stay as long as they like. Sherri is such a sweet young thing, and we get along like sisters. It's such a pleasure to have her around.

There it was again, another dig at Nicole, the old bag knowing just as well as Nicole did that the two of them were so much alike that it was hard for them to get along for even a few hours at a time. Nicole could never imagine her and Rick living with Brenda for more than a night or two—and here Brenda was, telling Nicole she hoped Rick and his new bride could stay as long as they wanted. "You really love to rub it in, don't you, you fucking skank," Nicole thought, continuing to read.

The only thing I'm sad about is that poor Mitchell wasn't here for this joyous occasion. I miss my grandson very much, and my thoughts often go to him when I look at Richard, remembering how he was at Mitchell's age. I know Richard is not quite ready to face either one of you just yet, but I am encouraging him to let his feelings towards his son heal, so the two of them can once again be father and son.

Nicole noticed the old cow didn't say anything about Rick's feelings towards her. Although she was shocked that Rick had gotten married so quickly, she also felt bad that Mitch hadn't been there. Once again, she blamed herself for the wedge she'd driven between father and son.

Anyways, I hope this e-mail finds the two of you doing well. I've attached a number of photos from the wedding and the little party we had afterwards. It's a shame that handsome young grandson of mine couldn't be here. Perhaps you could show these to him? I'm sure after seeing how happy his father looks in these pictures, it might encourage Mitchell to ask if he could come and meet his new mother.

As always, your loving mother-in-law,

Brenda

"Come and meet his new mother?" Nicole said to herself as she re-read the last line once more. "Fuck that! That little twat isn't his mother—and she never will be—not if I have anything to say about it!" She knew her mother-in-law was just pushing her buttons, but she also knew it was working—the old bag had definitely gotten under her skin with that comment. Anxious to see what was in the photos, she clicked on the first attachment.

She recognized the happy couple from the previous pictures Brenda had sent some time back, once again these pictures had been taken out by the same pool in Brenda's backyard. In this first shot, Rick was standing with Sherri by his side, his arm around the SHB's back as

they posed, both of them smiling happily for the camera. A twinge of jealousy shot through Nicole as she looked at the photo, jealous at how happy both of them looked, and jealous at how young and vibrant the girl appeared.

Sherri was wearing a white minidress, and Nicole could see that the dress was covered with delicate lace, which looked wonderfully feminine and pretty—perfect for a wedding dress. The dress formed to Sherri's spectacular figure attractively, emphasizing her shapely hourglass figure. The sleeveless dress had a deeply scooped neckline, showing off the upper swells of her large breasts. Nicole knew that any man's eyes would be immediately drawn to the deep alluring line of her cleavage, looking a mile long between the two sumptuous orbs. Her large breasts cast devastatingly deep shadows on her trim waist, with the lacy white dress flowing smoothly over her hips before ending teasingly high on her sexy thighs, mere inches below her pussy. It made Nicole wince, knowing that no one over the age of 30 could get away with wearing a dress that provocatively short.

The SHB's shapely legs were bare, and glistened invitingly. It looked to Nicole like they were covered with a thin layer of oil, making them look incredibly sexy. She knew because she'd done the same thing to her legs the day they'd gone to the party at Heather Bradshaw's, the silky leg cream giving off that teasingly sexy look that seemed to make men drool.

Nicole gulped as she looked down at the young woman's feet, sexily clad in pointy white slingbacks with towering 5" stiletto heels. She

thought about Mitch, and how much he loved her in her white slingbacks, and knew she'd never be showing these pictures to him.

Sherri was holding a small bouquet of beautiful yellow flowers, the arrangement a gorgeous mix of vibrant lemon-colored lilies combined with delicate baby's breath. It looked perfect with the abbreviated and tantalizingly sexy wedding dress.

Nicole looked up at the girl's face, once again reminded of how beautiful the young woman was as she looked into her gorgeous green eyes, the enchanting orbs glittering like jewels. Her face was beautifully made up, and she looked like the successful model that she was. Her silky black hair framed her lovely features attractively, the shimmering locks pulled up in a loose bun in the back, wispy tendrils of hair trailing teasingly down to lick at her long regal neck. Nicole's eyes focussed on her matching necklace and earrings, the jewels glittering back at her. They looked gorgeous, and Nicole could tell by how understated and sophisticated they looked, that they had to be real diamonds. These weren't some gaudy rhinestones—no, these were the real thing. She felt her heart sink, knowing that in all likelihood, these had been a gift from Rick to his new bride.

She clicked on the second picture, this one a close-up of the happy couple. Brenda was right—Nicole couldn't remember the last she'd seen Rick look this happy either. As she looked at the girl's face, Nicole had to admit the young woman was stunningly beautiful, and remembering how spectacular the girl's body was from those lingerie photos Brenda had sent last time, she let out a long sigh, feeling crushed.

She clicked on the next photo, and this shot included Brenda, with the two women standing on either side of Rick. As much as she hated the old bitch, Nicole had to admit Brenda looked fantastic in the cream-colored dress she was wearing. The dress fit the older woman's body attractively, tight enough to emphasize her mouth-watering curves, but not too tight to look trampy. Brenda's massive chest and big curvy rear end were the older woman's most attractive features; and the dress made every full curve and deep valley look fantastic. Like many of Brenda's dresses, this one was very low-cut, diving down into a V over her huge tits, her cleavage looking temptingly inviting. Deep shadows fell on Brenda's midsection from the imposing shelf of her tits, and Nicole was impressed by how trim and flat the older woman's stomach was. The cream-colored fabric hugged teasingly to her full rear end, her wide child-bearing hips looking like they were made for bouncing on a bed all night long. The hem of the slim-fitting pencil skirt ended a few inches above her knees, looking fantastic. She had on a pair of bone-colored high-heeled pumps, her smooth legs left bare, and Nicole couldn't believe how great her legs looked for a woman past 55. Nicole was impressed by her mother-in-law's hair, the deep chestnut-red locks falling attractively onto her shoulders as it framed her regal face, the woman being blessed with perfect facial bone structure. For jewelry, she had chosen a set of earrings that matched a chunky necklace made of some kind of dark stone, which offset the cream-colored dress attractively. She had to admit, the woman could still turn heads, that's for sure.

As Nicole looked at that picture of the three of them, her eyebrows went up questioningly. Both women were leaning on Rick from each

side, and whereas Sherri had her hand on Rick's chest, Brenda had her hand on her son's upper thigh. All of them had a sly grin on their faces, and Nicole sensed something mischievous in their eyes—as if they all knew something nobody else did. She looked back at that hand of her mother-in-law's on Rick's leg...and she wondered.

There were more pictures, with Brenda in some of those as well. Nicole couldn't help notice how in most of the photos where she was with Rick, she always seemed to be touching him—his arm, his shoulder, the side of his face—in a way that looked oddly different that you would expect to see a mother touching a son. There was one of her giving her son a congratulatory kiss, and as Nicole stared at their two mouths pressed together, she thought that kiss might not be so innocent as most people thought.

"Naaah...I must just be imagining it," Nicole thought, but she couldn't stop her mind from wondering as she looked at all of the photos again, feeling her blood pressure climbing—knowing for sure that her husband was gone for good. She was angry and jealous, the emotions seething within her. She knew exactly who she was going to take her anger out on—the same person who had been the victim of her wrath for months now—Mitch.

She shut her computer off and went to her dressing room, knowing Mitch would be home shortly. She donned her black leather outfit, complete with stiletto-heeled thigh boots. She opened the package that had been delivered earlier that day—the strapon she'd had made from the mold of Mitch's very own cock. She'd told him she was going to make a dildo out of it for her own use, but she'd known right

from the start that this is what she'd wanted it for, to make strapon to use on him—to fuck him with the perfect likeness of his own huge cock. She fastened it in place, the huge rubber phallus projecting from her midsection like an enormous bludgeon, complete with bulging veins and a huge flaring cock-head, as lifelike as the real thing.

She sat at her dressing table and reached for her makeup brush, selecting a dark smoky tone for her eye shadow, wanting to look as menacing as possible for when her son came home. But when she looked up at the face staring back at her in the mirror, she stopped, shocked by the morbid smile on the woman's face before her. She sat stock still, staring at the woman, her mind swirling. Was...was that woman really her? She barely recognized the woman as herself. Who had she become these last number of months? What had happened to her? She felt herself trembling as she looked at herself, thinking of all the things she'd done. It was too late for her and Rick, she knew that. But Mitch, what about Mitch? He had been obsessed with her, fallen in love with her, worshipped her—and once she had him, she'd taken advantage of that. All the things she'd done to the boy who only wanted to love her hit her like a ton of bricks, and she felt ashamed, ashamed of how she'd treated him. She dropped her makeup brush and wept, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she buried her face in hands, her body wracked by sobs of misery, hoping it wasn't too late.

"Mom, I'm home," Mitch called out his usual greeting as he came through the door.

"I'm in here, sweetie." His mother's voice came from the kitchen, making him pause. Usually when he got home from his summer job at the lumberyard, he'd go straight to his mother's room, where he'd usually find her spread out with her bum perched high in the air, waiting for him to use his mouth to pleasure her bumhole and pussy before the two of them had dinner. It had been a long time since she'd been in the kitchen when he got home—something had to be up.

The mouth-watering scent of warm garlicky spaghetti sauce hit Mitch's nostrils as soon as he walked into the kitchen. His mother was standing before the stove, spooning a plateful of spaghetti into a deep-dished pasta bowl.

"Hi, sweetie. I made your favorite," she said cheerfully, ladling a couple of scoopfuls of the aromatic sauce on top of the pasta.

Mitch saw the tiny meatballs in the thick red sauce, and felt himself salivating in anticipation. His mother's homemade spaghetti sauce with tiny meatballs had always been his favorite, ever since he was a child. It had been a long time since his mother had made it—he couldn't remember her making it since his father had left.

"I had some of this sauce in the freezer, but I think it's still good. Does it smell okay?" she asked as Mitch watched her sprinkle some fresh parmesan on top of it.

"It smells amazing," Mitch said, totally bewildered by his mother's behavior. He looked at her as she held her fingers over his plate, sprinkling a handful of the finely grated cheese onto the steaming pasta. She wore a powder blue blouse with little capped sleeves, a number of the buttons undone at the top of the blouse to give him a glimpse of her inviting cleavage. The blouse strained around her generous bustline, the light blue color looking perfect with her blue eyes. Below that she had on a white cotton miniskirt that fit her curvy behind enticingly and ended teasingly high on her full creamy thighs. Her tanned legs were bare, and on her feet she wore a pair of flat strappy white sandals. Her outfit looked casual, but still stunningly attractive.

Mitch looked up to her face. She had just a touch of makeup on, a hint of pink for her eyeshadow, and soft pink lip gloss that made her lips shine invitingly. Her honey-blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, showing off her lovely features, beautiful even without makeup. With her hair up she looked younger and her face seemed to be glowing with a hint of playfulness. Mitch felt himself smiling as he looked at her. He found himself thinking that she looked...that she looked happy.

"Are you okay, Mom?" he asked, having been a long time since he'd seen his mother look like this.

"I'm fine, Mitch," she said, walking over and giving him a quick peck on the cheek before setting his plate down in front of him. She gave him a smile as she pushed him into his chair. "Now eat." She had a

playful tone to her voice as she went back to the sink and washed her hands while Mitch picked up his knife and fork and dug in.

"Oh Mom, this is fantastic," Mitch said, the rich savory flavor of his mother's homemade sauce tasting like heaven on his tongue.

"I'm so glad you like it," Nicole said, taking her seat next to his and patting his arm.

"You're not eating?" Mitch asked, shoving the second forkful into his mouth.

"I'm going to have something to eat a little later." Nicole paused, and Mitch saw a serious look come over her face. "Mitchell, I...I want to apologize to you."

"Uh...why?"

"These last months, I don't think I've been myself. I was so angry with what I did to our family that I took it out on you, without even realizing it."

Mitch could see her eyes misting up, and he felt horrible for her. "But Mom, I'm just as much to blame as anybody."

"No, Mitchell—as the adult, I should have known better. Don't you ever think this is your fault." She paused, stroking Mitch's arm as she gathered herself. "I took a good hard look at myself today, and I felt ashamed of the way I've been treating you. You only wanted to love me, and I took advantage of that—taking my anger at the world out on you. You don't deserve that, and I'm truly sorry."

Mitch could see her fighting back the tears, but he could tell she wasn't going to lose it. He sensed that she'd come to some sort of conclusion, and was just working up to telling him. "That's okay, Mom. I know it's been a hard time for all of us. I have to admit, I liked making you happy, no matter what you asked me to do. And I do still love you, Mom—no matter what. I always have, and I always will."

Mitch could see her misty eyes light up as she beamed with happiness. She squeezed his arm tightly as she smiled. "I know, Mitchell. I love you so much too. I want us to go back—to go back to the way we felt about each other that first weekend. You were so happy that weekend, and I miss seeing that happiness in your eyes. I want that back for you—and for me. I want you in my bed as my lover each and every night—and I'll do whatever I can to make that up to you."

Mitch felt his heart swell. This was exactly what he'd always dreamed of. "Oh Mom, I love you so much."

Nicole leaned forward and they kissed passionately, tenderly—the kiss of lovers. They kissed for a long time before they slowly parted,

their foreheads leaning against each other's tenderly for a moment before they parted.

"Mom, you are so beautiful." Mitch's face shone with joy as he looked at his mother, but even as she leaned forward in her chair, he couldn't help but let his eyes drift down to her deep dark line of cleavage visible in the opening at the throat of her blouse.

Nicole saw where he was looking, and couldn't help but smile. She was hoping her choice of this blouse and the white power bra she wore beneath would please her son, and it looked like it was. She reached up, her fingers toying with the next button on her blouse. "Would this help your appetite?" she asked, plucking open the button to allow the straining shirt to open wider. Mitch could only nod, mesmerized by the sight of the upper swells of her huge tits coming into view as the tightly-stretched blouse drew further apart.

"Hmmm, maybe another?" Nicole asked teasingly as she opened the next button, most of her bra coming into view as she opened that button, and the next one after that.

"Ohhhnnn..." Mitch couldn't help but groan as his mother opened her blouse right up and let it slip from her shoulders, her massive 36E breasts alluringly encased in a beautiful white lace bra, the structured cups barely covering her nipples. The voluminous orbs almost spilled over the huge bra cups, the reinforcing pushing her breasts together and up spectacularly.

"That should help make you hungrier. Now, I did say I was going to have something to eat too, didn't I?" Nicole said as she slipped to her knees beneath the table. "I think a bellyful of thick teenage cum is just what I need." Mitch watched, totally shell-shocked, as she reached for his belt and pulled off his jeans and underwear, his already stiff prick lurching skyward as soon as she had it free.

"So beautiful," she cooed warmly as she extended her tongue and licked it from base to tip, before kissing the broad flared head tenderly. "Remember I said someday I wanted to spend the whole night sucking on this thing, just to see how many loads I could get out of it?"

"Yes," Mitch nodded in agreement as she paused to slide her long pink tongue over the drooling opening at tip of his cock.

"Well, I think that night should be tonight. So you just sit back and enjoy your dinner while Mommy gets started. You eat your dinner, 'cause I want you to have lots of energy to fill my tummy too."

Having said that, Nicole leaned forward and slipped her soft pouty lips over his enflamed cock-head and started sucking. Mitch was too excited to even think about eating, but after taking the first load out of him, she made him eat while she slowly nursed at his spent prick, quickly bringing that immense cylinder of flesh back to full salute once more.

She took two loads out of him as he sat at the table, and then a further two while he was watching the game on TV. She then changed into a sexy red teddy as she made him go on his computer and bring up some of his Photoshopped pictures.

Mitch was in heaven, having his mother suck him non-stop as he looked at many of the pictures he had of her in his collection. She took another two loads out him there, and then took him by the hand and dragged him into her bed. She kept him waiting while she went into her dressing room and changed again, this time into an alluring black mesh bodysuit that ran from the tips of her toes to her neck, and down to her wrists, the scintillating black mesh covering nearly her whole body. She paired this tantalizing outfit with a pair of black spike-heeled pumps.

Mitch's cock was on the rise as soon as he saw his mother in the sexy outfit. "Oh god, Mom. Can I fuck you?" he asked as he reached for her.

"Not tonight, sweetheart. Tonight I'm sucking every last load out of you. Tomorrow's Friday, so once you get home from work, you can fuck me as much as you want, for as long as you want—but tonight, I want that beautiful cock of yours right here," she said, pointing to her sexy ovalled lips before crawling between his legs and slipping her mouth back over his stiffening prick.

She worked him over with her mouth for the rest of the night. Mitch felt himself drifting off to sleep at times, but could feel his mother's talented mouth working its magic even as slumber overtook him. He

woke up numerous times during the night, just before he'd go off, flooding his mother's hot sucking mouth over and over as she ravenously sucked for more.

The beeping of the alarm woke him, and he sat up on his elbows, looking down to see his mother bobbing her head up and down. He could feel his cock was hard as rock, and now she was scratching teasingly around the taut skin of the base with her talon-like nails. The feeling of that tantalizing scratching was all it took to send him over the edge one more time.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk," he moaned, collapsing back into the pillows and throwing his arm over his face as he flooded her mouth with another big load, splashing her tonsils with hot thick cum. His mother kept sucking for a long time, making sure she got every warm silky drop inside her.

"Mmmm. I don't think I'm gonna need breakfast after all that," she said, kissing the tip of his spent cock tenderly.

"How many is that?" Mitch asked, propping himself up on his elbows once more.

"That's an even dozen since we started," Nicole said, rubbing his semi-hard dick lovingly against her face. "Shall we go for one more?" She teasingly slipped her lips back over the tip and looked down at Mitch as she started to bob her head, a devilish glint in her eye.

"Fuck me," Mitch said, collapsing back into the sheets in surrender.

Twenty minutes later, his mother got her thirteenth dose of medicine, and then ushered Mitch into the shower.

He got through his day's work like a zombie, having gotten some sleep, but having no idea how much. As the day went on, he seemed to come alive, thinking about the weekend ahead with his mother. He planned on fucking her all weekend long, and he hoped she took the opportunity to get some sleep during the day while he was at work—she was definitely going to need it.

When he got home, he called and she answered from her bedroom. When he got to the door, he stood stock-still as he looked inside. His mother stood before him, wearing her wedding dress—just like she'd worn it that first time they made love all those months ago.

"I put this on just for you," Nicole said, beckoning Mitch to come to her.

Mitch rushed to her and swept her up in his arms, his lips pressing hotly to hers. The wedding dress stayed on for awhile, but not too long. He wanted to see the bewitchingly enchanting lingerie he knew she had on underneath, and once he got the dress off, his hands roamed hungrily over her spectacular body.

They fell onto the bed, and put it to the test over the rest of the weekend, the springs squeaking and complaining in protest as they fucked in every position imaginable. When they weren't fucking, they were holding each other, talking and laughing like the lovers they had become, both of them gloriously happy.

MANY MILES AWAY, ON SHERRI AND RICK'S WEDDING NIGHT...

Rick withdrew until only the head of his cock remained inside Sherri's steaming cunt, the pink lips of her pussy circling his prick possessively. He had her folded up like a pretzel, her nylon-clad legs and stiletto-heeled feet pointing skyward.

"Come on, lover, give it to me. Fuck me hard," she said, reaching down and gripping the sheets tightly as Rick slammed it into her, driving her deep into the mattress.

Rick looked down at his new bride, thrilled by the scintillatingly sexy outfit she was wearing. Her corset was the color of brilliant emerald green, covered with lacy black embroidery—the emerald color looking sensational with her compelling green eyes. The black shoulder straps and garters contrasted boldly with her alabaster skin and inky black hair to make her look bewitchingly enchanting. He felt his cock surge as he looked down at her huge breasts, the massive swells of tit-flesh jiggling and wobbling enticingly within the

alluring bra cups as his hips slammed back and forth. She was wearing her diamond necklace and earrings, and they looked sinfully exciting with the erotic lingerie.

The bed was squeaking like crazy, and Rick kept going, jackhammering his thrusting erection to the bottom of her hot cunt with each full-length stroke, the slick oily tissues inside her pulling at his hard prick like a velvety fist. She shook her ass and bucked her hips up to him as they worked together in a blistering rhythm, fucking like animals.

They'd been going at it now for close to twenty minutes, and Rick had been on the verge a couple of times, slowing down just in time to suppress the swelling urges within him, wanting to prolong this delicious fuck. Sherri had already come twice, and the ease with which she could climax never ceased to amaze him. She was insatiable as anything, always wanting more, craving his cock like a nympho.

He looked at her lush red mouth, her lips parted as she gasped wantonly. Her mouth was almost as good as her cunt—which was outstanding. Her pussy was hot and tight, and always bubbling with slick oily nectar. It could grip a cock like it never wanted to let go, and she proved that by working his prick over and over with her talented cunt, the muscles inside her bringing him back to erection faster than he ever thought possible. And that mouth—yes—that gorgeous heart-shaped mouth—a mouth just made for sucking cock. And man, did she love to suck cock—just as much as she loved to fuck. She sucked like a vacuum cleaner, her cheeks hollowing in

invitingly to press teasingly against his rigid shaft, her lips pursed provocatively forward as her head bobbed incessantly up and down every time she sucked him off. She'd moan continuously as she sucked, her soft purrs and lustful moans like the lurid sound of an animal in heat, wanting more and more. He thought about all of her hot wet orifices. When his cock wasn't inside one of her holes, she always had another hole eagerly willing to be of service.

Rick smiled as he continued to feed his turgid erection into the depths of her incendiary cunt, watching her shake and thrash about as she pulled him deeper into her, wanting to feel every hard thick inch of his cock stretching and filling her weeping little box. He pulled back and slammed it home, bottoming out once more.

"Oh fuck...yes...yes...YESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Sherri groaned loudly as she came again, a powerful orgasm blossoming from the depths of her squeezing snatch and shooting to every tingling nerve ending of her body.

When she started to come, it sent Rick over the edge as well. He drew back one last time and hammered his cock to the bottom of her cunt, just as the first rope of semen spewed from the tip of his cock.

"UHHHHGGGGNNNN," he groaned, pressing his loins flush up against her shaven pussy as he came, flooding her juicy trench with cum.

Sherri was thrashing about like a wildcat, her hips bucking and twisting as she climaxed, her gripping twat squeezing his cock, milking out every last drop of his masculine seed. She could feel Rick filling her right up, and loved it. Loved knowing his thick creamy cum was deep inside her.

Their mutual orgasms finally waned, and they held tight to each other, gasping as they fought to regain their breath.

"Well, that looked like fun," Rick's mother's voice reached them from across the room. They both looked over to see the matriarch rising from the easy chair she'd been watching from, her buxom form looming over them imposingly as she approached the bed.

Brenda was dressed in full leather, something her son loved to see her in. Her black leather corset fit her voluptuous figure spectacularly, the heavily-structured bra cups beautifully encasing her voluminous breasts. The massive swells jiggled enticingly as she strode across the room, her thigh-high black leather boots giving her an ominously erotic look. The boots were fetishily perverse, with wickedly pointy toes and sky-high heels that looked like they could pierce steel. She knew her son had always loved her in boots like that.

Her arms were clad in shoulder-length gloves of black kid, the leather sinfully soft. Around her neck she wore a choker made of black jewels, the wide band looking erotically sexy. She wore matching drop earrings, the black stones dangling teasingly. Her chestnut red hair was fluffy and wild-looking, falling about her

shoulders sensually as it framed her attractive mature face, her makeup done up in heavy smoky tones that looked wickedly erotic.

"Our sweet boy's been very good, hasn't he, Sherri?" Brenda said, running her gloved hands over Rick's firm buttocks.

"Mmmm, yes," Sherri purred, rolling her hips suggestively. "He's been as good as you promised."

"I knew he would be, just like he was as a teenager. He was always so willing to please—and so good at it." She paused, running her gloved fingertips up along his back. "Okay, Richard dear, time to clean up that sweet pussy of your wife's," Brenda said, tapping her son on his shoulder.

Rick withdrew from his young wife's gripping cunt, his spent cock coming out in a slippery rush. Not wanting to disappoint his mother or his gorgeous young wife, he swooped down on her drooling gash, licking up the warm creamy cum oozing out of her.

"I do like the look of that. I could go for some of that myself," Brenda said, climbing onto the bed and slinging her leg over her new daughter-in-law's body, bringing her mature cunt right down on the young girl's mouth as she faced the bottom of the bed, eager to see her son pleasure his new wife. Brenda settled right down in the saddle, her sumptuous rear end covering Sherri's face as the girl sent her tongue between the older woman's fleshy pink labia.

"Mmmm, that's the way, Sherri. Let me feel that tongue go nice and deep." Brenda rocked her wide matronly hips back and forth as she rode the girl's face, feeling her pleasure level escalate in a hurry. She'd gotten turned on watching the two of them fuck, and now it was her turn to get some pleasure.

As Rick sucked all of his cum out of his wife's juicy cunt, he flicked his eyes up, his gaze feasting on the spellbinding sight of his mother dressed so erotically. Seeing his mother dressed in leather like this never ceased to give him a hardon, the sight of her spectacular breasts teasingly encased in the structured leather cups sending the blood pulsing to his groin every time.

"You like these, eh baby?" Brenda said, slipping her gloved hands beneath her overflowing bra cups and hefting the sumptuous mounds towards her son. She'd seen him looking at her, and knew how much he loved her tits. They'd spent many a night together with him groping and sucking on those massive breasts all night long.

"Yes," Rick said, feeling himself salivating even more as he looked up at his mother's huge tits looming over him. He never missed a beat though, his tongue probing deep into his young wife's seeping pussy as he continued to service her.

"If you're a good boy, you might get to see them later," Brenda said with a sly smile on her face, her gloved hands sliding sensually down over the leather bodice of her alluring corset. She knew her son loved this little bit of teasing, just as she knew she'd be feeling his sweet lips on her nipples soon enough.

Rick watched mesmerized as her hand slid lower, her slender fingers going to her labia and pulling the gooey petals apart. With her mature pussy being totally clean-shaven, he could see the erect spire of her clit throbbing with need, still the biggest clit he had ever seen in his life.

"Bring that pretty little mouth of yours right here, Richard," his mother said, purposely putting a commanding tone in her voice, knowing Rick loved to play this way. As she watched him stare hungrily, she brought her gloved finger down and rubbed the tip of her clit suggestively. Beneath her hand, Rick could see his wife's tongue slithering hungrily in and out of his mother's pussy, and he felt a rush of excitement. He leaned forward and brought his mouth to his mother's throbbing mound, his lips closing around her pulsing clit.

"Oh yeah, that's what I like—two sweet mouths working on me at the same time." Brenda closed her eyes in rapture as the two mouths worked her over, quickly taking her to the brink. She rocked back and forth on Sherri's upturned face, her gloved hands fisted into her son's hair as she pulled him harder against the fiery bud of her tingling clit.

"That's it...that's it...OH FUCCCCCKKKK," she moaned, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she climaxed. Her cunt was gushing like crazy, spewing warm nectar all over their two faces as she rocked back and forth, surrendering herself to the luxurious sensations flowing through her. Her wide hips rolled all over Sherri's pretty face

as she came, basting the girl's soft smooth skin with cunt-honey. Finally, the delicious sensations dwindled, and she eased herself off, smiling as she looked down at the girl's sticky face.

"Go on, Richard," she said. "You know what to do." She slid off the bed and walked slowly back to the easy chair she'd been sitting in earlier, sitting down and crossing one booted leg provocatively over the other as she sat back and watched them.

Rick eagerly leaned forward and rolled his tongue over Sherri's face, lapping up his mother's warm womanly nectar. He could never get enough of his mother's succulent cunt-honey, and he was thrilled that his new wife was more than willing to share in the strangely intimate relationship he had with his mother. The young girl was purring like a kitten as he cleaned her up, licking up every trace of his mother's scented honey. Soon all that was left on her smooth young skin was a shimmering coating of his drying saliva.

"Okay, Sherri, time to start opening him up. I want you to use The Cobra on him," Brenda instructed.

Sherri climbed out of the bed, her mouth-watering hourglass figure looking absolutely stunning in the emerald-green corset and sheer black hose, her sky-high black pumps making her shapely legs look amazingly toned and incredibly sexy. Going over to the dresser in her mother-in-law's bedroom, she opened the top drawer, seeing the array of numerous strapons laid out before her. She selected the one her mother-in-law wanted, The Cobra, a lifelike dick with a fake snakeskin finish measuring about 6" long.

Sherri put it on quickly, knowing exactly how the device fastened. She was intimately familiar with Brenda's myriad of toys, which were much like her own. Sherri was envious of the older women, who had a much bigger collection—not only of toys—but of the fetish wardrobe that went with it. Sherri looked forward to the day her personal collection was as extensive and diverse as Brenda's, and she was grateful to the older woman for allowing her to share in this curious peccadillo they both enjoyed.

One day when her mother had some friends over for one of those sex toy parties, as a lark, Sherri decided to attend, just to see what kinds of things the sales rep, who acted as the party "hostess", had to show. Brenda had been quick to spot Sherri's interest in the strap-ons the hostess had in her case of goodies. As some of the other attendees moved on to something else and left Sherri on her own studying the contents of the case, Brenda sidled over next to her and whispered, "That one's good if you're starting to open him up," she said, pointing to one of the smaller ones. She then moved her hand, reaching over and putting her index finger on the biggest one in the case. "But this one—this is the one I use when I want to drive my point home, if you know what I mean."

Sherri found her heart pounding with excitement as she looked up into the older woman's attractive face, a nasty glint in the woman's eyes. They started talking, and soon found they shared a number of mutual interests, including their proclivity for using strap-ons on men. Brenda invited her to her house to view her collection of sexual paraphernalia, and Sherri was thrilled to find a kindred spirit when it came to her lurid desires. Brenda started mentoring Sherri, taking

the younger woman under her wing, advising her when it came to not only her wardrobe, but how to coerce and engage her sexual partners when it came to the lifestyle of dominance and submission. Brenda had been pleased to see what a quick learner and willing student Sherri was when it came to being a part-time dominatrix, and when her son returned home after his breakup with Nicole, she knew they'd be perfect together.

Brenda had taught her son how to worship her since he was a teenager, and he'd often come home even after he was married to Nicole to pleasure her. When Richard had returned home after the breakup, Brenda had eagerly taken him back into her bed, letting him suckle her big heavy tits like a baby, as long as he did his duties and worshipped her needy cunt and hot bumhole whenever she asked. She knew Richard loved to be submissive and used at times, and they'd had a deep loving relationship with that understanding since he was a teenager, both of them knowing what the other wanted — and needed. Brenda loved her son very much, and in all the role-playing they did, she was always careful to never cause him pain. They both tested the limits sometimes, but they loved each other too much to go beyond what was safe and enjoyable for both. Although Rick preferred being submissive, there were times when they switched roles, with both of them loving Rick taking the dominant role, his mother eager and willing to service her son's beautiful cock with all three of her willing holes. And when it came to straight sex, he was a wonderful lover, with a gorgeous cock and magical tongue, always bringing his mother to orgasm after orgasm with his skillful lovemaking.

Brenda couldn't wait to introduce him to the young woman she'd met, Sherri, knowing the two of them were made for each other. Richard and Sherri had gotten along better than she'd ever anticipated, even to the point of the two of them getting married. Brenda couldn't have been happier—for all three of them.

"That's good, Sherri. That one will get him loosened up for me," Brenda said, nodding to the rubber phallus projecting from Sherri's loins. She turned to her son, sitting on the bed and watching. "Richard sweetie, you know what to do. Get your pretty young wife ready."

"Yes, Mother," Rick said obediently, opening up the drawer in the bedside table and taking out a tube of KY. He got down on his knees and crawled to his young wife as she turned and faced him, her hands fisted on her sexy hips, looking down at him with a knowing smile on her pretty face. He drizzled some of the glistening lube onto her fake cock, and then started sliding his hand back and forth, covering it from top to bottom with the shiny goo.

"That's the way, darling," Sherri said, looking down lovingly at her new husband. "Get that cock nice and slippery before I put it all the way into you."

"Yes, Mistress." Once he had her rubber cock totally covered, he squeezed some of the slippery gel onto his fingertip and slid his hand down between his legs, rubbing the lubricant all around his asshole.

"That's good enough, Richard. I think you're both ready now," Brenda said. Rick scurried back onto the bed, taking his place in the middle of the mattress. Brenda turned to Sherri. "Lock him in place — I don't want him moving." She knew her son loved this too.

Sherri reached up and took Rick's hand, pulling it up and securing it in place with the fur-lined handcuffs already attached to the corner posts of the headboard. With Rick's arms spread far out to each side, Sherri climbed onto the bed as Rick obediently drew his legs up and rolled his knees open to each side, offering up his bumhole for her use.

"I'm glad you bleached it like I told you to," Brenda said, a sly smile on her face as she looked at her son's clean pink hole.

Sherri moved closer between her husband's spread legs, leaning forwards until she had the tip of the rubber cock nestled up tightly to his snug little hole. She pushed forward, feeling his tight pucker instinctively resist.

"Relax that hole, baby, let that ease open for me. I know you're gonna love this," Sherri said lovingly, taking her husband's knees in her hands and pushing his legs higher, opening him up as much as possible. She flexed her hips forward again, knowing that Rick would do as she asked. She felt his sphincter relax, the bulbous knob of her rubber dick slipping inside him. Once the tight ring locked down behind the head, she kept going, slowly feeding it all the way into him. "That's it, baby ...take it all. Take all of my cock inside you."

"Aaahhhhhh," Rick moaned, the fake dick stretching his insides deliciously. Ever since his mother took his anal virginity when he was a teenager, Rick has always loved having a woman fuck him. He'd kept this secret hidden from Nicole, thinking she'd be enough for him—but he couldn't deny the urges within his needy body—often returning home to have his mother fuck him—nice and deep, over and over.

"Now, just relax, baby, I'm gonna work that hole, work it over real good," Sherri said, rolling her hips in a tantalizing circle, stirring Rick's insides like a batch of wet cement. She got into a good rhythm, the headboard beating against the wall, the bed creaking in protest as she fucked every inch of the rubber dong into his chute, her groin slapping noisily against his.

"That's what I like to see," Brenda said, watching her son's cock start to rise once more as Sherri's hips pumped back and forth, fucking her son. The older woman felt her pussy throb with need and got up from her chair, stepping over to the dresser drawer and taking out a bigger strapon, the one that her son loved best—The Vader—a life-like monstrous black cock, adorned with protruding veins and a broad helmet-like crown. She slipped it on as her new daughter-in-law continued to fuck her son, her son's body glistening with sweat. His eyes were hooded with lustful pleasure as his new wife pounded him into the mattress, while continuous moans of pleasure issued from deep within his throat.

"Okay, Sherri, let me take over," Brenda said, tapping the young woman on the shoulder. Sherri slid the strapon out of Rick and stepped off the bed, looking down at the immense black prick jutting from Brenda's midsection.

"You're really gonna use The Vader on him?" Sherri asked, her eyes opening wide in surprise. "Do you think he can take it?"

"Oh, he can take it all right. There are much bigger ones, but this one's always been Richard's favorite," Brenda replied, a wicked smile on her face as she kneeled on the bed and moved between her son's spread legs, her big buxom body looking wickedly erotic in her leather corset and full-length boots, her huge tits thrusting forward in a bewitching display of sensual pulchritude. She took the big rubber cock in her gloved hand and waved it menacingly over her son. "You can take every last inch of this, can't you, baby?"

"Yes," Rick answered eagerly, his eyes shining with desire as he looked at the head of the black life-like cock, the flared mushroom head shaped like Darth Vader's helmet.

"He's been taking this since he was 18," Brenda said, looking over at Sherri with a knowing smile on her face. "Yes, he loves this one."

Sherri watched in awe as her mother-in-law pressed the broad flared crown of the rubber dick up against Rick's pouting bumhole. She could see him resisting again, and wasn't surprised—the fake cock

was big enough to make her tremble in fear at the idea of taking it in any of her holes.

"Relax and open that up for me, baby. Time for Momma to take you over to the dark side," Brenda said in a soft soothing voice, her eyes full of mischief as she looked down at her son. Sherri looked at Rick and saw a shiver run down his spine as he forcibly relaxed, looking down to see the stretched puckered flesh around his pink hole ease open as he relaxed. Brenda pressed forward, the ring stretching open as it formed to the flaring contours of the evil-looking cock-head. It stretched and stretched until Sherri thought it was going to tear, and then the knob slipped past, the constricting ring circling tight just beneath the brim of the helmet.

"There, that's my boy. That's better. I know you don't like to disappoint Mommy." Brenda shifted her booted knees slightly apart, giving herself a better stance as she started to flex forward, inch after inch of the thick rubber cock disappearing inside her son's clutching bumhole. As the massive knob slid over his prostate, Rick felt a surge go straight to his cock, quickly followed by a rush of blood to his already stiff prick. With a knowing smile on her face, Brenda slowly drove the huge cock all the way into her son's hot tight chute, until her loins were pressed flush up against his, every thick rubber inch inside him.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkk," Rick moaned, his eyes closing in both pain and rapture as his head lolled from side to side on the pillow, the handcuffs still holding his arms spread far out to each side—totally helpless, but blissfully happy.

Brenda slowly drew back, the black rubber cock glistening obscenely. She stopped with the helmet still lodged just inside the gripping sphincter, and flexed her hips back and forth teasingly, the huge flared head rubbing right against his prostate.

"Is this what you want, baby? Do you want Mommy to fuck you nice and deep with every inch of her big thick cock?" she asked in a sultry breathy voice, rocking her wide matronly hips provocatively back and forth, teasing his prostate mercilessly.

"Oh god, yes."

"What do you say?" Brenda asked sternly, looking over her shoulder and giving Sherri a knowing wink.

"Please, Mommy, please," Rick hurriedly replied.

"Please...what?"

"Please fuck me, Mommy. Fuck me deep."

Without another word, Brenda torturously slid the big cock home, bottoming out inside her son's beckoning chute with one slow merciless stroke.

"Uhnngghh," Rick groaned loudly, throwing his head back as his mother started to really fuck him. His cock was hard as a rock, drooling precum all over his abdomen as the enormous cockhead rubbed thrillingly over his throbbing prostate with each vigorous thrust.

Sherri sat on the edge of the bed and reached over, scratching her long red fingernails teasingly over Rick's chest as the skin turned pink beneath, like rake marks in sand. "He really does love it, doesn't he?"

"Oh yeah," Brenda said, flexing her wide hips powerfully back and forth. "He's always loved it. Ever since I opened up that tight teenage bum of his, he couldn't get enough."

"Look at his cock throb. It looks like it's going to burst."

"He loves what this big one does to his prostate." The buxom older woman rolled her hips provocatively, making Rick moan deeply. "I think he's going to come soon. Why don't you give your husband a little wedding gift and suck him off while I'm fucking him?"

Sherri leaned over Rick's midsection as his mother continued to fuck him. Her tongue slid out of her mouth and into the slimy pool of precum on his stomach, lapping it all up. She turned her mouth sideways and formed her mouth into an inviting 'O', slipping her lips over his drooling cockhead and taking it deep into her mouth, her cheeks caving in erotically as she sucked.

"Yeah, that's it. That's a good girl. He's gonna give you a nice big mouthful pretty soon," Brenda said, a lascivious smile on her face. She flexed her hips upwards, rubbing the flared knob of The Vader teasingly over her son's sensitive prostate.

"Oh fuck...fuck...YESSSSSSSSSS," Rick groaned loudly as he started to climax. The mind-numbing sensations had started deep inside him and shot throughout his body, a river of cum rifling out of this throbbing cock and into Sherri's avidly sucking mouth.

"Glmmpfh," she moaned, her cheeks filling with his thick pasty seed. Her mouth filled quickly as his prick continued to spew, flooding her mouth with milky semen. She swallowed, loving the feel of the silky baby batter sliding luxuriously down her throat.

Brenda smiled as she looked down at the two little love-birds—her gorgeous protégé and her loving son, her pretty new daughter-in-law sucking on her boy's cock as she pegged him nice and deep, her fake cock filling his tight little chute as he begged for more. What more could a loving mother ask?

Rick was in heaven, back where he belonged, with his sexy experienced mother pounding his favorite strapon into him, while his sexy new wife was learning just what he liked from the older woman. His cock continued to buck and twitch between Sherri's sucking lips, flooding her mouth with his milky cum. Finally, the

tingling contractions waned, and he collapsed back into the bed, his handcuffed wrists still stretched out to each corner of the headboard.

"Did you like that, Sherri?" Brenda asked. "I know he did."

Sherri slipped her lips off Rick's cock and sat up, a glistening white trickle leaking from the corner of her mouth. Her tongue slid out and captured the shimmering gob, drawing it right back into her mouth. She swallowed. "Mmmm, god yes. I can't believe how much he came."

"Yes, he always comes a lot when you fuck him nice and deep with this one." Brenda sat back on her stiletto heels, The Vader sliding out of Rick's stretched bumhole until the broad rubber helmet popped out, the lengthy shaft of the fake cock glistening obscenely. "He did very well. I think he deserves a kiss after that."

The two women exchanged a smile and sat on each side of Rick. They took turns kissing him for the next ten minutes or so, sometimes the three of them sharing the kiss together, the two women letting their tongues slide into each other's mouths as well. Rick loved to see them kiss, the sight of the two sexy women rolling their tongues against each other's was just as thrilling to him as being kissed by each. He couldn't believe how perfectly things had been going since his mother had introduced him to Sherri. He'd been shattered after what had happened with Nicole and Mitch, and now he felt happier than he'd ever been.

"Let him loose," Brenda said to Sherri, nodding towards the handcuffs securing Rick's wrists. As Sherri undid the manacles, Brenda unfastened the strapon and set it aside. As soon as Rick was free, he instinctively rubbed his wrists, even though the cuffs had been fur lined.

"I've got another little wedding present for each of you," Brenda said, reaching into another of her dresser drawers and taking out two rectangular-shaped jewelry boxes. She handed the first one to Sherri, who smiled happily as she opened the box.

"Oh Brenda, it's beautiful," the young woman said as she pulled a shiny chrome-covered neckband out of the velvet-lined box and immediately put it on. The wide metal band was almost tear-drop shaped, with the widest part falling high on Sherri's chest, the tear-drop shape subtly pulling your eye downwards towards her sumptuous cleavage. The bright silver band narrowed as it went up each side of her throat before fastening at the back of her neck. The brilliant chrome finish was gorgeous, and shone mirror-like in the warm ambler glow from the bedroom lamps. The band looked powerful, and yet definitely feminine at the same time. Sherri thought it was perfect—just as Brenda had thought when she saw it—knowing it would be the ideal gift for her new daughter-in-law.

Rick opened his next, and drew out a black leather dog collar, adorned with numerous glittering rhinestone studs running around it. The leather was sinfully soft, and felt luxuriously exquisite to the touch. Rick ran his fingers over the supple leather, and then over the gorgeous stones. This wasn't some cheap and nasty piece of crap

bought from the local sex shop—no, Rick could tell that this must have been specially made. As he turned it over, he saw the inside of the collar had been engraved with a leather-burning tool: "For Richard, with all my love, Mother."

His eyes got misty with emotion and the women saw him almost trembling with anticipation as he reached forward towards Brenda. "Mother, would you, please?" he asked, reaching out and handing the collar to his mother. She did the honors, slipping it around his neck and fastening it securely, the soft-as-sin collar fitting him perfectly. She knew this was something her son had always wanted when they'd played their little games, and she'd had it made especially for him.

"I love it," Sherri said, running her fingertips over the soft leather band circling her husband's neck.

"I'm glad. You both look gorgeous in them." Brenda climbed onto the bed and pushed the pillows into a stack against the headboard, and then turned around, sitting right down in the middle of the bed and leaning against the headboard, her back propped up, her huge chest thrusting out in a prominent shelf, her massive tits barely confined by the tight leather corset.

"Come here, my babies." She looked at both of them and patted a spot on each side of her with her gloved hands. Sherri went to one side while Rick went to the other, turning so they were facing towards her.

"Since today is such a special day, here's another present for each of you." Brenda reached up with her gloved hands and slid her fingers inside the top of her tight-fitting corset, lifting out one heavy breast. As soon as the first was out, she drew out the other, exposing both of them. They settled naturally on her broad chest, the enormous breasts looking spectacular as they covered the full breadth of her body from side to side, and still looking impressively round and perfectly-formed, even with their immense proportions. They didn't sag other than with their natural weight, but sat high on her chest, the nipples tilting upwards invitingly. Her areola were a vivid warm pink, supporting big thick nipples that were an enticing strawberry-red in color, and seemed to be just begging for someone's mouth to latch on. Brenda could see her son and his wife looking at her huge breasts hungrily, with Sherri's tongue even running out and circling her lips in anticipation as she stared at the older women's mouth-watering tits as if in a trance. She could see her son salivating as well, anxious to get his mouth on the breasts he'd been worshipping since he was a teenager.

"Come on, my babies, suck on these for a while," Brenda said, wrapping her arms around her son and his wife as they brought their mouths to her breasts, both of them wrapping their lips around her nipples, the pebbly buds thickening already within their sucking mouths. "That's the way. The night is still young, and who knows, Richard, you may even get to fuck Mommy tonight."

Brenda let them both feast on her huge tits, their hot wet mouths sucking and licking at her massive orbs, her nipples stiff as pebbles between their sucking lips. She let them suck and fondle her big tits

for a long time, feeling herself getting more and more aroused. She looked to the side and down, seeing her son's cock standing at attention once more, the big mushroom head oozing a shimmering trickle of precum from the tip. Brenda purred with delight as she looked at her son's hard cock. She wanted it inside her badly—but she knew she wanted more than just that.

"Sherri, go and put on The Road Warrior," Brenda said, nodding towards her drawer full of strap-ons. The young woman stepped over to the open drawer and took out the one her mother-in-law had asked for. The strapon was bigger than The Cobra, but slightly smaller than The Vader. It was made of deep pink rubber, with a head shaped like a missile. The surface of the shaft was covered with a series of rib-like striations, almost like the treads of a tire. Thus the name: The Road Warrior.

"Ricky, you know what I need," Brenda said, turning to her son and tenderly stroking his cheek with her soft gloved hand.

His mother had called him "Ricky", instead of the usual "Richard". This was the signal they'd always used when it was his turn to take control—and Ricky never missed the signal.

"I know exactly what you need—and we're going to give it to you," Rick said firmly, the force in his voice making his mother tremble. Rick turned to his young wife and pointed to the bed, directing her. "Sherri, lie down on the bed."

Brenda moved out of the way as Sherri climbed onto the bed and laid on her back, The Road Warrior thrusting up from her midsection.

"Time to climb aboard, Mother," Rick said, grabbing his mother by the hips and pulling her on top of Sherri. Once his mother was straddling his new wife, he reached between them and drew the head of the rubber cock back until it was nestled between the dripping petals of his mother's pussy, wiggling the missile-like head of the fake cock back and forth until it was seated nicely between her slick labia.

"That's it. Now just sit right down until you've got all of that big cock inside you," he said, taking his mother's wide flared hips in his hands and guiding her backwards. He watched as her cunt-lips spread open, and then the pink rubber cock started to disappear inside her as she sank downwards.

"Yessssssss," Brenda hissed, feeling the thick cock fill her right up as she sat right down, her dripping labia pressed to her daughter-in-law's midsection, the fake dick buried to the hilt inside her. Once she had it all the way in, she rolled her hips salaciously and then slowly started to slide up and down, feeling the tantalizing sensations of the ribbed shaft rubbing provocatively against the oily tissues deep inside her velvety trench. Brenda and Sherri started to get into a smooth rhythm, fucking nice and slow, Sherri thrusting her hips up from the bed at the same time her mother-in-law sank her juicing cunt downwards.

With a smile on his face, Rick reached over to the bedside table and grabbed the tube of KY, drizzling some onto his hand and rubbing the slick lube all over his thrusting erection. He climbed onto the bed behind the two women and took his mother's wide flared hips in his hands, holding her firmly as he stopped her movements.

"I know exactly what you need, Mother. Sherri and I are going to pack you full," he said, flexing his hips forward until the rearing head of his prick was nestled up against her bleached asshole. He rolled his hips in a slow teasing circle, letting her feel the heat from his enflamed knob as it rubbed against her. He pressed more firmly, feeling her bumhole start to stretch open for him.

"Oh fuck, Ricky...yessssssss," Brenda hissed, her head tipping back in pleasure as her son's prick slid into her tight pink hole, the rigid cylinder of flesh stretching her insides deliciously.

Sherri looked up at her mother-in-law's massive tits, the mouth-watering boobs heaving enticingly as the older woman gasped in pleasure. Sherri looked down between their connected bodies, seeing her fake prick glistening wetly between the older woman's hot pink labia, and beyond that, her husband's hard thick cock sliding into his mother's stretched bumhole.

"Oh fuck, that's so tight," Rick said, once his throbbing erection was buried to the hilt in his mother's steaming guts. He adjusted his knees slightly as his mother continued to breathe raggedly, both of her holes luxuriously filled with cock.

"Okay Sherri, let's give it to her," Rick said, slowly withdrawing at the same time he pushed his mother's hips upwards, causing her to rise off of Sherri's fake cock at the same time. When just the heads of both cocks were trapped within her tight holes, he pulled her hips back down, both he and Sherri flexing forward to send their dicks all the way into the older woman's body at the same time.

"Oh god, that's so fucking good," Brenda groaned as they started to get into a smooth rhythm. Sherri reached up and squeezed the older woman's huge tits as they fucked her, the woman's spectacular breasts jiggling and wobbling erotically, freed from the confinement of her sexy leather corset.

Rick held firmly to his mother's wide fuckable hips as his rearing cock slid to the hilt inside her with every driving thrust. He could feel her panting and moaning continuously, knowing she was close. He reached down with one hand, slipping his fingers teasingly over her stretched pussy lips as he felt his wife's fake cock slide lewdly back and forth. He then let his fingertips slip higher to the top of his mother's slippery gash, until he found the erect spire of her clit.

"OH FUCKKKKKK," Brenda moaned loudly, throwing back her head and closing her eyes in rapture as she started to climax. Her wide hips were thrashing about furiously as she came, but Rick and Sherri held her in place as she gyrated and convulsed, continuing to slide their cocks back and forth within her clutching holes. When she finally stopped shaking, she leaned forward and supported herself on straightened arms, gasping for air as she slowly started to recover.

Her fisted gloved hands were on either side of Sherri's face, her huge tits swaying pendulously over the young girl's mouth. Unable to resist, Sherri tilted her head up and latched on, her lips closing over one stiff nipple as she sucked ravenously.

Seeing what was happening, Rick kept still but just rolled his hips, stirring his cock teasingly within his mother's hot tight ass. As Sherri reached up and fondled his mother's big hanging tits as she sucked on them, he brought his fingers back to his mother's throbbing clit and teased it some more.

"OH FUCK...NOT AGAINNNNNN," Brenda moaned loudly as she climaxed once more, shaking and twitching like a ragdoll as her son and his new wife pleased her. She came for a long time, Rick and Sherri really working her over before they gave her any respite—but not for long.

"Time to switch, Sherri," Rick instructed, pulling his steely-hard prick out of his mother's bum as Sherri did the same with her pussy. They changed places, and Rick pulled his gasping mother on top of him as he slid his thrusting erection into her welcoming pussy, holding her in place while Sherri sent The Road Warrior deep inside the older woman's tight ass.

They fucked her in both holes again, this time bringing her to two more shattering orgasms, the older woman's big buxom body gyrating and shaking as the delicious orgasmic sensations coursed through her. As his mother shook and came like a wildcat, Rick used

all his willpower to prevent himself from climaxing. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm gonna come," he said, quickly pulling his cock out of his mother's hot oily cunt. "Both of you, get on your backs." He pulled both women into position on the bed, their heads side by side. He scrambled onto his knees next to their faces, and started vigorously jacking his cock.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES!" he warned, just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth. It hit his mother in the cheek first, and then the lengthy strand streaked over to land on Sherri's face as well. He kept stroking, flooding both of their faces as he totally unloaded. Gob after gob and ribbon after ribbon of milky white semen rained down on them, until finally, both of their faces were a mess of his white creamy seed. He sat back on his haunches, his own chest heaving as he slowly recovered.

Sherri turned to Brenda and started slowly licking her face, gathering a mouthful of her husband's glistening white cum before bringing her mouth to the older woman's for them to share a sensuous kiss. Brenda did the same to her new daughter-in-law, both of them getting their fill of fresh warm semen.

Rick smiled as he sat and watched — knowing the wedding night was not over yet.

MIDSUMMER

Mitch came home from his summer job that day to find his mother in her room, a number of drawers in her dresser open, bras and other pieces of lingerie hanging off of drawer handles and draping over the edges of the open drawers.

"Mom, what's going on?" Mitch asked, seeing his mother standing before her dresser with her navy silk robe on.

"I went to the lingerie store and bought a number of new things I thought you'd like," she said, motioning to the plethora of sexy garments on display. She turned and nodded towards his camera she'd placed beside the bed. "Why don't I model them for you while you take a few pictures? It's been awhile since you've done that."

"Oh fuck, yeah!" Mitch thought to himself, feeling his heart start to race as he looked at the numerous colored bras draped teasingly over the edges of the open drawers. "That's a great idea," he said, picking up his camera and sitting on the edge of the bed facing her.

"Do you like this bra and panty set?" Nicole asked, shirking her shoulders so her silk robe slipped sensually off her shoulders and slid gracefully to the floor. She crooked one leg forward and put her hands on her hips as she faced her son, turning her body slightly from side to side as she posed for him.

Mitch could only gasp in awe as he stared at her, her gorgeous MILFish body looking fantastic in a hot pink bra and panty set, the bra adorned with intricate pink lace over the molded satin cups beneath, the matching French-cut panties sitting sinfully high on her gorgeous flared hips. "It...it looks so fucking hot," Mitch was finally able to stammer out, his words bringing him out of his trance as he raised his camera and started snapping pictures.

For the next two hours, Nicole changed outfits and posed for him, each outfit just as sexy as the one before. They had to stop twice, once for her to suck him to the point where he was on the verge of climaxing, when she pulled his surging prick out of her mouth and jerked his massive load out all over her bra-encased tits.

And then they stopped another time where he couldn't take it anymore as she posed in a silvery-white corset and thigh-high white stockings, combining that alluring outfit with her sexy white slingbacks. He was hard as a rock as she pushed him back in the bed and slung her leg over him, riding that horse-like cock until they both climaxed, her coming three times in a row before he pasted her insides with heavy dose of teenage semen.

Nicole ended the fashion show by donning a shimmering gold chemise, the soft silky fabric looking gorgeous with her honey-blond hair. After posing for a number of shots, she knelt at the side of the bed and worshipped his cock, bringing him to the brink of climax numerous times before finally taking him over the edge, getting a huge mouthful of warm milky cum for her efforts.

Nicole had an evening showing of a house for one of her clients, so she dressed up in one of her pencil skirt business outfits that Mitch loved so much and headed off to meet the prospective buyers, promising to pick up a pizza for the two of them on the way home. Mitch went to his room and loaded the new shots from his camera onto his computer. He had just finished when his computer gave a little beep, notifying him of a new e-mail. He called it up, wondering if it was from Justin. His good friend was spending a lot of time at home these days, and Nicole told him Justin's mother had never looked happier than when she'd seen her at the grocery store a few days before.

Mitch was surprised to see the message was from "Stevens, Brenda". It had been a long time since he'd seen or heard from his grandmother. After his mother had apologized to him and they'd settled into their new life together, she'd told him about his father getting married. Mitch had been shocked at first, but he knew deep down that he wanted his father to be happy. He and his mother were happy, and his father deserved to be as well. All he knew was that his father's new wife was named Sherri, and that she was supposedly a fair bit younger than him. That's all he knew.

The subject line of the message was titled "Visit?" with a question mark. Even more curious now, he clicked on it, wondering what his grandmother had to say to him.

Dearest Mitchell,

It's been a long time since you and I have seen each other, and I have missed you so very much. I know things have been awkward between your mother and your father, and I know your father has to get over some things, but I know deep down he misses you badly. I think he's starting to come around, and I just know that he will reach out to you soon.

Mitch paused, hoping his grandmother was right. He knew things were going to be difficult between he and his father, but he hoped they could have some form of relationship, even if it was somewhat strained. He continued reading...

You probably know by now that your father married a lovely young woman named Sherri. I want you to know that they are both very happy, and I'm so pleased to see your father smiling once again. At some point, I'm sure you'll enjoy meeting your new step-mother, and getting to know her better. I'm sure she is just as anxious to get to know you on a deeper level as well.

"That's a curious choice of words," Mitch thought. "Deeper level?"

Your father and Sherri are going to Europe for a three-week stay starting next weekend. Your father is there on business for a few days and Sherri has a modeling job in Paris at the same time. They are going to extend their stay and travel through Europe as part of their honeymoon.

Sherri having a modelling job? That caught his interest. Mitch wondered what kind of things she modelled, and if he'd ever seen her in anything before.

The reason I'm writing is that I've come to enjoy having your father around now that he is back in Dillon. It's almost like the time we spent together when he was your age. I'd really love if you could come and spend some time with your grandmother while your father is away. I know he's not quite at the point where he can see you just yet, but I would absolutely love it if you could come for a visit with me while he and Sherri are away. It's been far too long since we've seen each other, and I can't wait to take my grandson in my arms and feel him against me, to let him know I love him with all my heart.

I know if you give things a chance, you and I can have the same loving relationship I had with your father at your age. You know, an older woman can offer up a lot of wisdom to a young man like you. I know your father has always enjoyed turning to me for advice and guidance, and I've always given him a helping hand, making sure he gets everything he needs. I'd love the opportunity to do the same for you. I'm sure if you give it chance and come, you won't ever forget your visit with me—I can guarantee it.

Again Mitch was struck by her choice of words. They seemed almost...sexually provocative, he thought. But he gave his head a shake, sure he was just imaging things. He knew he had sex on the brain these days, especially when he was averaging dumping five or six loads a day into his mother.

Anyways, I do hope you can come and see me. If you could come for the full three weeks while your father is away, I'd love it. There are so many things I want to show you. I think this would be the perfect time for you and I to reconnect intimately.

All my love...Grandma

p.s.—I know it's been quite some time since we've seen each other, so I've enclosed a few recent photos of me. I've changed my hair a bit, and have a few new items in my wardrobe that I'm trying out, but not quite sure of. I'd love it if I could get the opinion of a handsome young man like you. Oh yes, I hope you don't find the ones of your old grandma in her new bathing suit too offensive. I bought it to wear out by the pool, but I'm not quite sure if should wear it to my aquafit class or not. I don't want to embarrass myself in front of the other ladies. Let me know what you think. If you like the pictures, I can always send more.

Curious, he clicked on the first of the numerous attachments. "Wow," he muttered under his breath. "I know it's been awhile since I've seen Grandma, but I don't remember her looking this good."

The first picture was of her in a sleeveless red turtleneck sweater, taken from the waist up. Her breasts were huge, even bigger than his mother's. The vertical ribs of the turtleneck seemed to swim in and out provocatively as the tightly-stretched material flowed over and around her massive tits. He could see the noticeable protrusions at

the front of the sweater of what were definitely huge nipples. Mitch quickly clicked on the next picture, which was of her in the same top, but taken in profile, with her looking over her shoulder, a steamingly erotic look in her eyes. The profile shot convinced him of how big his grandmother's tits really were, the huge round orbs caught perfectly from the side by the camera, the voluminous mounds seeming to be just begging for someone's hands to reach around and cup them. And that look in her eye made him shiver, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking. Despite himself, he felt a surge go straight to his cock as he looked at those sumptuous tits once more.

Mitch clicked on the next picture, now feeling quite excited about how sexy and voluptuous his grandmother looked. He knew it had been a number of years since he'd seen her, but how could he have missed those tits, and that smolderingly sexy face?

The next picture was of her in a gorgeous form-fitting cream-colored dress, with matching high-heeled shoes. She looked like she was going to some kind of fancy occasion. With some flower arrangements on display behind her, Mitch thought there was a good chance the picture may have been taken at his father's recent wedding. The dress fit her beautifully, accentuating every curve of her full lush body, the deeply scooped neckline and tight-fitting bodice once again making him gulp as he looked at those mammoth tits.

He clicked on the next shot, which was of her in the same dress, but taken closer up, once again showing her magnificent bust and her lovely mature face. She had on a chunky necklace and matching

earrings in some kind of dark stone, which looked great with the light-colored dress. His eyes feasted on her sumptuous chest, the inviting line of cleavage looking a mile long. The look in her eyes was subtly alluring—warm, and yet there seemed to be some kind of hidden excitement lurking there—the look of some kind of sultry enchantress. It made a shiver run down Mitch's spine as he looked at his grandmother's pretty face, her gorgeous deep red hair framing her mature features attractively.

He moved the mouse, quickly opening the next attachment.

"Oh fuck," he moaned out loud, his eyes opening wide as he looked at the picture before him. He felt his heart start to race as he looked at his gorgeous stacked grandmother in a red one-piece bathing suit. It was no bikini, but for a woman her age, she looked fucking unbelievable in the stunning one-piece. The suit looked like one that lifeguards would wear, but with a much deeper scooped neck, the curving upper swells of her breasts emphasized by the straining top edge of the tight-fitting suit. The immense shadows cast by her huge tits on her midsection were mesmerizing, and it was all Mitch could do to tear his eyes away from the spectacular mounds.

The leg openings of the red suit were cut teasingly high, showing how wide and sensually desirable those flared hips of hers were. Her thighs looked gorgeous—nice and full as they led his eyes down to him dimpled knees, to her full muscular-looking calves that led to her trim ankles and delicate feet, gorgeously displayed in strappy high-heeled red sandals. Mitch moaned out loud as he looked at the sexy shoes and back up over the whole alluring outfit. Red was

definitely his grandmother's color, and she wore it well—she wore it fucking amazingly well!

He let his eyes roam over her body and the enticing bathing suit once more. The suit molded itself perfectly to her mature body, which Mitch realized was much like his mother's, but with maybe another twenty pounds or so added on. She by no means looked fat...just more...just more...she just looked like there was a little more of everything that made a boy's heart go pitter-patter and his cock ache with need. Mitch definitely felt both, his heart pounding in his chest as his rising prick pushed against the front of his sweats.

There was one more shot, and Mitch hurriedly clicked on it. This was again of her in the cock-hardening bathing suit, but was more of a candid shot, taken of her from the side. She was leaning over as if she was reaching down and doing up the securing clasp of one sexy sandal, her full heavy breasts straining against the front of the tight red suit as they hung downwards, the picture taken at the perfect angle to catch her huge nipples pushing out the front of her suit. The angle also showed her magnificent rear end, the high-cut leg openings showing how good a shape she was in, the big curvy cheeks looking so lush and full that it made Mitch's head spin.

Mitch looked back over all the photos, getting more and more excited. For some reason, he kept coming back to the close-up shot of her in the cream-colored dress with the deeply-scooped neckline. His eyes zeroed in on the chunky necklace made of dark stones, knowing from all the times he'd Photoshopped pictures of his mother how perfect this shot would be—the chunky necklace would

be a perfect place to crop the subject's head for placing it on whatever shots he chose. Now he knew why this photo kept drawing his attention—it would work perfectly.

He quickly copied all the pics his grandmother had sent into his Photoshop file, and then pulled up that specific photo of the close-up shot of her gorgeous face with the chunky necklace below, sizing it to just the way he wanted it. Moving the mouse expertly, he copied out her head onto a new file he created, making sure he had her beautiful face, gorgeous red hair, and her long regal neck—all the way down to that dark chunky necklace, which was a perfect buffer between her face and any picture he chose to put it on. With that being all that remained, and satisfied with the result, he decided to give it a try.

He opened the folder labelled 'BL1', and chose five of his favorite bridal lingerie shots, each with his mother's face looking back at him. He duplicated each of the five photos, and then closed the originals for safekeeping. He chose the first one, one of his favorites, his mother's face edited into a picture of a stupendously busty model wearing a lacy white merry widow corset, complete with teasingly erotic garters biting into sheer white nylons, the model's legs looking fantastic in a pair of sky-high slingback stilettos.

Moving the mouse quickly, he deleted the layer with his mother's face from the duplicate picture, and then dragged the new one of his grandmother into place. He adjusted the size and coloring to match the original picture perfectly and then sat back.

"Oh fuck...yes!" Mitch said, loving the sight of his grandmother in the alluringly sexy wedding attire. Feeling his dick throb, he raced to his closet and got out his gym bag full of jack off supplies. He tore off his sweats and opened the bag, taking out his big jar of Vaseline and popping the lid. Scooping out a generous gob of the viscous lube, he sat back down in front of his computer and started doing the same to the other pictures he'd copied onto his screen, deleting his mother's face and replacing it with that new shot of his grandmother.

"Oh man, is she ever hot," Mitch muttered under his breath, his hand stroking vigorously back and forth along the full length of his huge cock. As soon as he got the fifth picture complete, he couldn't take it any longer. He felt himself groan as the semen started to speed up the shaft of his cock, his eyes going from one picture to the next, loving the sight of his sexy grandmother in the erotic white lingerie.

The first rope of cum shot high into the air, almost reaching the ceiling before cresting and falling onto his stomach with a noticeable 'SPLAT!' He kept pumping as he looked from one sexy photo to the next, rope after rope of semen shooting high into the air like a geyser. His fist flew up and down as he looked at that bewitching twinkle in his grandmother's eyes, as if she was coaxing him to pump out every milky drop just for her. Finally, the delicious contractions in his midsection subsided, and he sat back, taking his time as he look at the pictures before him as he regained his breath, his temporarily satisfied cock still semi-hard in his hand.

Mitch was ecstatic, seeing how gorgeous and sexy his grandmother looked after all this time of not seeing her, and there was something

about that look in her eye that was still making his heart flutter, even after he'd already come. Yes, there was definitely something about her that he couldn't put his finger on. But when he thought about those huge tits of hers, he knew that was one part of her he'd like to put his finger on—and more.

He thought about her invite to come and stay with her. He knew his job at the lumberyard was just a temporary summer thing before he started college. He was only getting part-time hours, and the pay was crap. He was sure his mother wouldn't mind if he took some time off before college started, especially to stay with his lonely grandmother.

And his grandmother said she had more pictures she could send him. Now, that definitely was something he'd jump on right away. He'd send her a reply as soon as he got cleaned up. Yes, he wanted more pics, and he was already thinking about cropping that head shot where she was looking over her shoulder back at the camera. Yes, that would be perfect with some of the original shots that he had.

But for now, he had to take care of the shots of her on his screen that he'd just created. "Time for a new folder," he thought to himself. "Now, what to call it?" He sat for a few seconds and pondered, and then started typing: "Grandma's Bridal Lingerie".

THE END