

# Mother's Helping Hand

Dick Spanker

*The usual disclaimers apply, the story contains incest and sexual scenes so if you are likely to be offended by this please don't read any further.*

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*This chapter is largely to set the scene and establish the characters, it is intended to be the first part of a novella, if there is sufficient interest I will post subsequent chapters. Thanks to rijtest1 for editing the story for me.*

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## Chapter 1

Bobby Stevens flew down the Colorado mountain side, his skis gliding over the powdery snow. The sky was a brilliant blue and the air was fresh in his face. Somewhere far away he could faintly hear someone calling his name but he paid it no attention. Ahead trees loomed but he confidently navigated the slope changing direction effortlessly with a shift of his weight from side to side, the voice in the distance grew louder and seemed strangely familiar. Bobby was picking up speed now as the gradient increased and the trees grew more numerous. No matter, it was nothing he couldn't cope with. At 18, he was a star athlete at high school and an experienced skier. A voice called his name from somewhere in the distance.

As he rounded a curve in the slope he found his skis slipping under him; ahead, a thick stand of conifers barred his path, and he struggled to keep control. The snow felt like quick sand and his movements seemed sluggish.

"Bobby!" The voice was so near now, but he had to get control or he would go headlong into the trees. The forest rushed towards him at a frightening speed, the trunks looming more massive now as he neared them.

"Bobby!!" the voice was almost in his ear now. He tried to cry out and put his arms up to protect himself but his voice didn't work and his hands seemed rooted. The sickening jolt of bone on unyielding wood was only seconds away.

"Bobby!! Bobby!! BOBBY!!" The voice was impossible to ignore now, and he found himself being drawn towards it, floating up through a dark heavy fog towards the light. He forced his eyes open against the light and tried to focus and to his disbelief he found himself staring at a huge pair of breasts swaying in front of his face.

"BOBBY!!" The voice seemed familiar but all he could focus on was the beautiful heavy boobs that swayed inches from his face. "Bobby, wake up!!" They were the most incredible sight he had ever seen, huge, pale and barely restrained in a lacy top. "Bobby wake up!!" The voice seemed so familiar now, but those boobs! His morning boner felt like an iron bar and he wanted nothing more than to reach out and grab those huge tits, but his hands didn't move. In fact, when he tried, they sent jolts of pain up his arms. "BOBBY!!" The voice snapped him out of his reverie, it was so familiar it was...his mother!

Then the memories came back to him, the skiing accident, being airlifted to hospital, his smashed wrists. Still in a daze, he wondered, "If his mom was calling his name who was he

looking at?" Then it hit him with a jolt - he had been ogling his own mother's breasts! Through the fog of sleep and pain killers he peered up to see her looking down at him.

"About time you woke up sleepy head!! I thought I was going to have to set fire to the bed!" He glanced back down guiltily at the view she was offering him of her huge heavy breasts swaying in a low-cut, silk teddy. "Come on we've just got time for your shower!" she said as she shook his shoulder, simultaneously causing her boobs to jiggle one last time before standing up.

Shower? Oh crap, he'd forgotten that the hospital had released him home early on the condition that his mother could care for him. Since she was a nurse it made perfect sense to care for him at home and save the medical bills. Perfect sense, that is, until the issue of a morning boner came up. How the hell was he going to explain this? He didn't know if she'd seen him staring at her tits but she was sure as hell going to see his hard-on.

"Errrm, Mom it's ok, I'm pretty tired. You go ahead and go to work."

"Now look," she said, sitting next to him on the bed, so that he was looking... straight at her boobs, which were once again at eye level. "We had this conversation and we agreed that if you were going to leave hospital early I was going to have to look after you, and that includes washing you. I'm not having you stinking up the house and getting bed sores."

"Uh yeah... I know but..." he struggled to come up with an excuse and wished his hard-on would go away but it only seemed to get even bigger. If only she wasn't wearing that little silk nightie. Didn't she know every time she moved her boobs jiggled like two mounds of jello in an earthquake? He could even see the outlines of her nipples.

"What's the matter, are you embarrassed? I'm a nurse, you've not got anything I haven't seen a thousand times before. Now either you get in the bathroom or I'm going to have to book you back into the hospital."

He knew that she would do it as well, not out of spite, but rather to make sure he was cared for. He also knew part of the reason she released him early was that she couldn't afford the bills. Since his father had died in a light aircraft crash a few years earlier the insurance money had largely gone on his expensive private education. They still had the house, but mom's wages were only just enough to make ends meet. "Ok, ok, you win!"

"Good"

She flounced off to the bathroom, her sexy bottom swaying in the silk teddy and leaving him to hobble out of bed in his t-shirt and sweat pants, trying desperately to conceal his huge hard-on as best he could. "Please go down," he wished, but it stubbornly throbbed in his pants. As he reached the bathroom his mom already had the shower running.

"What's the matter, a little stiff?" she asked innocently.

"What???" he asked, before he realised she thought he was doubled over because his back was stiff from sleeping. "Er, yeah, I do kind of ache." He winced at his choice of words - his dick was so hard it did ache!

"Ok that seems about warm enough!" she commented chirpily before crossing to him with plastic bags to go over his hands. As she focused on attaching the bags over his bandages he was able to study her again: at 38, she looked 10 years junior to her age. She had a pretty face framed by black hair that would have made her model material by itself, but when you added her figure and in particular her huge 32G boobs, she was nothing short of stunning.

Growing up, Bobby was aware that he made more and more male friends at school as he entered his teens. At first he thought they liked him because he was good at sports, but then he caught on that they all wanted to hang out at his house so they could look at his mom. A couple of times he had got into fights with guys who made lecherous comments about what they'd like to do to her. Now here he was staring at her tits with a raging hard-on. So much for being the gallant son!

"Ok arms up!" He reluctantly lifted his arms so she could pull his t-shirt over his head. "Ok now these!" she said, looking at his sweats.

"Oh god no! Please let the ground swallow me up!" he thought as she reached her thumbs into the sides of his waist band to pull them down. His cock had been held flat against his hip by the waistband of his sweats but as she pulled them down she unknowingly pulled his cock down with them. He was so hard it sent a jolt of pain through his dick as she inadvertently bent it down before it sprang free and slapped against his taut stomach.

They both stood in silence for a moment, he with his eyes closed in shame and her staring in shock. She couldn't help but stare, partly from the fact that her son had an erection and partly from the fact that it was 9 ½ inches in length and nearly as thick as her wrist. It jutted up at 45 degrees, pulsing with his heartbeat, the foreskin partially rolled back over the head of his cock and his huge balls hanging heavily against his leg. "Oh... I'm sorry... I didn't realise you had a ... you were... I should have realised... I'm so sorry"

"No I'm sorry mom. I wanted to warn you but I didn't know how. It's my fault!"

"There's no need to apologise, sweetie. I know how teenage boys are. It's nothing to be embarrassed about!" She flushed slightly as she said the last part, before she recovered her professional demeanor "Ok let's get you in the shower."

She delicately helped him into the cubicle making sure he didn't slip. "Ok now face the wall", which he did as she put on a sponge glove and began soaping his back, cleaning his arms and legs and shampooing his hair. He thought she seemed to

be taking her time; perhaps, she was hoping his hard-on would go down. Unfortunately, her hand massaging him through the foam and soap felt amazing, so much so his cock was harder than ever. It felt like granite pulsing in front of him as he looked down at it. Then he realised she was going to have to wash his cock with the same glove. His dick gave a sick lurch lifting his balls up with it. He groaned in a mixture of shame and unbelievable excitement.

"Are you all right dear?"

"Yes mom, just a bit of a twinge."

"Ok well you'd better turn round now."

As he did so his huge cock swayed from side to side. She cleared her throat but didn't say anything and started washing his face and chest. He didn't know if it was the temperature in the bathroom but her nipples were standing out more through the thin fabric of her silk top and the moisture from the shower was making it cling even more to her curves. Every move she made as she washed him made her boobs sway and jiggle. She bent down to wash his legs and her top hung down exposing an amazing cleavage, made even more obscene by his enormous cock throbbing in the foreground as he looked down.

Finally she had washed everything else and said "I'm going to have to clean your privates now Bobby, so just try to relax." Relax? His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest.



She began by gently soaping the foam glove before reaching out to cup his testicles.

Her delicate touch felt amazing and caused his cock to lurch once again. She gently cradled his big balls, barely able to fit them both in her hand as she washed them. She then added more soap before placing her hand around the base of his cock. She discovered that her fingers didn't quite meet around his iron hard column. He could barely breathe, feeling his mother's hand on his cock, separated only by a thin piece of foam glove. Now, there is really no way to wash an erect dick without it seeming like a hand job, and as Alison slowly and gently ran her gloved hand up the 9 ½ inches of her son's iron hard cock she was acutely aware of this. In hospital she might have made a joke about it or even laughingly told the patient not to expect a happy ending but now she said nothing as her hand reached the swollen head of his cock and began moving back down the shaft.

He watched in silence as her petite hand completed it's slow, soapy journey up and down his cock several times before she said "I'm going to have to pull your skin back." He didn't say anything, but just watched breathlessly as her other hand delicately drew back his foreskin with her finger and thumb. This time there was no foam glove in the way, her fingers were on the most sensitive part of his cock. She then used the soapy glove to wash around the swollen purple head of his cock whilst continuing to pull his foreskin back with her other hand so she could clean the edge of his glands. Alison was so focused on soaping his cock head that she didn't realize the sensations she was causing Bobby were making the cum start to rise in his balls. If she kept it up much longer he thought

he might lose it and blow his load there and then. But as quickly as it started it stopped, and she released his cock before washing the soap away with the shower head.

She switched off the water and helped him out before drying him off with a towel. "Ok well let's get your clothes back on and I'll get you some breakfast," she said, clearly relieved to get the embarrassing ordeal over with.

"Ok mom, I just need to take care of a call of nature first."

"Oh alright dear, I'll go and get your pain meds, let me know when you're done."

As he stepped towards the toilet bowl, the reality suddenly struck him that with his cock pointing up at 45 degrees there was no way he could pee without either giving himself another shower (of the yellow variety) or doing a handstand, (which wasn't an option with broken wrists). What he did know was he needed to go bad: a long night's sleep and all that running water in the shower had seen to that. "Err mom?"

"That was quick sweetie!"

"Ahhh, I've got a bit of a problem here."

She looked at him, then the toilet, then his cock and simply said "Oh."

"I'm sorry mom, I can't help it but I really need to go."

"All right dear. I... well I suppose I'll have to, um."

They both went silent with embarrassment, as she stood beside him and he watched her delicately reach down and, for the second time in one morning, touch his erect cock. She lightly held the shaft with her finger and thumb just below the glands and bent his cock downwards towards the toilet. Such was his excitement, however, that his dick lurched, causing it to slip out of her fingers and slap his stomach. "I'm so sorry mom, I can't help it."

"It's alright," she said in a voice that was barely more than a whisper before gripping his cock again, more firmly this time, and bending it down towards the bowl. Then... nothing happened. She stood holding his iron hard cock while he tried to pee, but the awkwardness of the angle and the embarrassment of the situation made it impossible.

"Sorry mom, it's sort of like when someone's watching. Maybe if you could run the tap?" With her other hand she reached over and switched on the faucet and after a few seconds, the sound of running water did the trick and first a trickle and then a powerful jet of urine sprayed from his cock. She did her best to direct it into the bowl while trying not to bend his cock down too far. He groaned with relief as he emptied his bladder while Alison said nothing, just silently holding his

cock. Eventually after what seemed like forever, the flow slackened off and stopped.

"Done?"

"Err yeah, apart from the drips."

"Drips?"

"Well yeah I just have to squeeze the last few drops out, otherwise it kind of makes a mess."

"What do you do?"

"Well, just kind of squeeze at the bottom and pull any drips up to the top."

"Oh I see...like this?" She squeezed around the base of his cock and ran her hand up to just below the glands seeing a few drops emerge before releasing his cock.

"Yeah kinda, I guess. I squeeze a bit harder and do it a few times..."

"Oh..." She gripped his cock harder this time and ran her hand up the shaft before repeating the process twice more. Fuck it felt good. He wished she wouldn't stop. "Ok now?" she asked.

"Yeah thanks!" She then picked up his sweat pants and helped him step into them before pulling them up and pausing as several inches of his cock stuck out the top of his waist band.

"Err, where do you want... I mean how do you usually.. put it back?" He looked puzzled for a moment before realizing she was asking him on which side he put his dick.

"Oh, to the left" She pulled his waist band out with one hand and gently pushed his cock in with the other, as she released him his dick formed a massive, obscene tent in the front of his pants. She did her best to ignore it and finished helping him dress.

Once done she hurried off to have her own shower, get dressed make breakfast before leaving for work. He made his way back upstairs to bed and lay there thinking of the morning's events. He was hornier than he ever remembered and wondered how he could be so turned on by his own mom. His cock was still hard and he wished he could beat off to relieve his frustration, but his hands didn't allow him to perform any tasks for himself.

Instead, he closed his eyes and imagined his favorite model Chloe Vevrier, the beautiful big-boobed German girl, one of his favourite jerk off subjects. As he pictured her he realized with

a shock that he was replacing her face with his mom's. Shit! Mom WAS a dead ringer for Chloe! Was that why he always looked at her photos on the internet? What was wrong with him? Whatever it was, he couldn't deny he was more excited than he could ever remember.

Fuck, this is going to be torture, he thought. He'd been unable to beat off since the accident and wouldn't have his hands out of plaster for another 5 weeks. Having his sexy mom washing and touching him in the most intimate ways for weeks on end was going to drive him crazy! He lay there picturing his mom's huge boobs as they jiggled and swayed in her thin top and remembered the feel of her soft hands on his hard cock until finally he felt his pain meds kicking in and began drifting off to sleep.

## Chapter 2

Over the next few days, Bobby and his mother settled into a routine. Every morning she would wake him for his shower, and he would feign sleep for as long as he could so he could view her magnificent hanging breasts as they swayed in her negligee. Bobby came to realise that her nightwear must have been bought for her by his dad as all her outfits were silky and featured low necklines that showed off as much of her breasts as possible. Today's outfit was red and lacy and hung particularly low at the front, allowing her heavy boobs to swing freely as she gently shook him awake. Good old Pop, he sure had great taste!

Once he'd feasted his slitted eyes on her hanging boobs for as long as he dared, he arose and followed her to the shower, his inevitable morning hard-on leading the way. She placed the bags over his hands and helped him into the shower. She now encouraged him to pee in the shower if he needed to go, obviously keen to avoid the embarrassment of having to point his hard cock at the toilet bowl. Every day he steeled himself for the moment when she would have to clean his stiff cock. His erection seemed to grow harder each day, and today it was so hard it ached, his glans swollen and purple, the veins standing out on his cock shaft. She finished cleaning his back and turned him round soaping his legs and chest, putting off washing his cock till last. His balls were heavy and laden with cum and her touch was soothing as she washed them. His dick, on the other hand - or rather in the other hand - was so sensitive that even her gentle touch with the soapy glove sent shudders through him.

"I'm sorry dear, I'm trying to be as gentle as I can."

"It's okay, Mom."

After rinsing him off and drying him, she helped him dress. He had suggested it would be more practical to just wear a robe around the house while she was at work in case he needed to go to the bathroom, but he had neglected to mention it was also more comfortable than having his hard cock trapped in a pair of sweatpants. Of course a bathrobe was fine while his cock was limp; but when it was hard, which was practically all the time at the moment, it would stick out like an evil, veiny one-eyed monster emerging through a pair of theatre curtains.

To begin with, his mother tried to arrange the robe to cover him up; but it simply tented out obscenely and inevitably the robe would fall away as his dick swayed about. So instead, she took to trying to ignore it. After she'd made them breakfast and given him his pain meds, she headed off to work and he returned to his room where he would lay on his bed, his robe falling open and his huge, throbbing cock staring back at him as it arched up over his belly taunting him.

He awoke in mid-afternoon and padded about the house, waiting for his mom to return home. He genuinely looked forward to her company; since his dad's death a few years ago they had spent more time together and would often cuddle up together on the sofa watching a movie and eating popcorn, or in Mom's case, drinking wine. Although they never talked about it, he sensed a great sadness in her. After all, she still wore her wedding ring, and often when she changed out of her uniform after work she would put on one of his dad's old t-shirts while she made dinner and wandered round the house. He guessed this was for sentimental reasons on her part, but he could also see why his dad would have liked her to wear them. On her petite frame the shirt came down to mid-thigh, so it still left a generous amount of leg on display; and while they were not as revealing as her night wear, it was still obvious she was not wearing a bra underneath.

He would come down and keep her company while she cooked, covertly watching her big boobs jiggling and swaying under the thin cotton fabric and stealing glimpses of her beautiful legs as she reached up to get utensils from the kitchen cabinets. He would usually get a hard on if he didn't already have one, and it would rear up from his robe. Fortunately, his mom



seemed to just put it down to teenage hormones and seemed oblivious the glimpses he was stealing of her ample charms. At first she would suggest putting his sweat pants on when he got hard, but he complained it was painful and suggested he go up to his room instead as he didn't want to embarrass her. She smiled and told him not to be silly, if it more comfortable he could stay as he was.

It felt odd to be wandering around in front of his mom with his stiff cock sticking out in the breeze, and initially he was embarrassed and would sit down to try to conceal it. But then it began to dawn on him that he had been given a licence to walk around with a hard on waving about in front of his mother, something that would have been unthinkable a few days ago, and a sick thrill went through him at the thought. So he began standing in the kitchen with her and chatting while she cooked, taking an exhibitionist pride in having his big hard cock and heavy cum filled balls on full display. He thought his mom might object, but instead she simply tried her best to ignore it. Tonight was one of those nights and he leant back against one of the kitchen counters, his robe parted and his giant hard on pulsing in the open. It was bittersweet torment for him, sweet because being so aroused and able to display his hard cock in front of his mother seemed so wicked and wrong but at the same time so exciting, bitter because he was able to do nothing about relieving himself.

Tonight she was wearing his dad's old Guns & Roses shirt. It had been one of his dad's favourites as he had bought it back in the 80's at a concert, and even though it was tatty and worn he had refused to let Alison throw it out. It also meant the white cotton was stretched and thin. As he watched his mom

he saw her glance at his cock and look away. He thought she might suggest he go and sit in the living room, but instead she just flushed and carried on preparing dinner. She was chopping some onions, and as she did so her boobs jiggled under her thin shirt. As he admired her huge knockers he noticed her nipples seemed to have grown hard and were sticking out through the shirt. The onions were making her eyes water, so she turned away and stood in the doorway to the dining room for a few moments. As she did so she stood directly in front of the light from the other room, and for an achingly beautiful moment the light shone through the thin cotton fabric silhouetting her body.

Bobby gasped as he could clearly see the outline of her breasts, the big heavy jugs standing out from her chest, making the shirt hang down away from her trim waist. They looked even larger than he had imagined; he could even make out the hard nipples standing out and pointing slightly upwards. He followed the lines of the curved undersides of her heavy boobs to her slender waist and rounded bottom. His cock lurched up, causing the foreskin to pull back over the swollen shiny purple head to the crown.

"Fuck, she's gorgeous!" he thought as he leered at her.

She reached up to get a piece of kitchen towel to dry her eyes, and her boobs lifted and swayed with the movement. His cock lurched again and a drop of pre-cum emerged, trickling down the head and onto the shaft. Fortunately she was too pre-occupied to notice his predicament.

"Oh dear!" she dabbed her eyes dry and returned to the chopping board.

He continued to torture himself with views of her body through the thin shirt as they ate, after which they sat down on the sofa to watch a movie together. It was a fairly trashy horror movie which had the redeeming feature of several actresses appearing topless. He was glad, partly because boobs, like pizza, are something you can never have too much of, and partly because it gave him an excuse for the hard on that persistently throbbed throughout the film. As Mom finished her second glass of wine, she poured another and snuggled up to him, resting her breast on his arm as she did. One of the starlets in the movie was running around with no shirt on again and he couldn't help but compare the small perky boobs on screen with his mom's far more generous offerings, taking a certain pride that his mom's were far bigger and better. His robe had fallen open again revealing his hard dick curving up towards his belly. As she reached for her glass, she glanced at his cock and said "Looks like someone's enjoying the movie!"

"What?" He didn't believe his ears.

"Looks like you're enjoying the film, or at least all the boobs!" she said nodding towards his erection.

"Oh yeah... err.. sorry, do you want me to go upstairs?" not believing his mom was being so direct.

"No of course not sweetie, I'm just teasing."

He guessed the wine was having an effect on her as usually she would never be so candid. Clearly she was feeling more relaxed, so he lay back a little more on the sofa, displaying his cock and balls fully. As she moved to accommodate him, her boob bounced lightly against his arm before she settled with it pressing up against him again. He lay there, his beautiful mother nestled up against him and his hard cock throbbing in the light from the TV. Anyone watching them now would think they were boyfriend and girlfriend, not mother and son, he thought. God, he wished she was his girlfriend and would pull off her shirt and let him feast on her naked boobs before reaching out and stroking his cock. He knew he would cum in seconds if she did, but he also knew it was never going to happen. Not long after, his mom dozed off to sleep and he watched the rest of the movie in silence, with only his aching dick for company. Eventually she woke up as the credits were rolling.

"Oh I'm sorry dear, not much company for you tonight!"

"It's okay, Mom, it wasn't much of a movie, you didn't miss much."

"Well I need to hit the hay, there's a big meeting at the hospital tomorrow I need to be at. Dr. Williams has asked for me in person so it could be a big opportunity."

She gave him his pain meds and they said goodnight as he ended another day of painful frustration, drifting off to a

restless sleep remembering the image of his mother's beautiful body silhouetted in her thin shirt.

The following day started like any other, with his mother shaking him awake. But this wasn't a day like any other. There was a panic in her voice and an urgency that told him something was wrong.

"Bobby, wake up! Wake up!!"

"Wha..."

He instinctively glanced down her top and was rewarded with the spectacular view of one of her lowest cut negligees. Her boobs always looked like they were going to tumble out of this one, and today he thought they really might. As she shook him with both hands, her breasts swung about violently in her top. He drank in the view for as long as he dared before groggily asking "What's wrong, Mom?"

"I overslept and I'm going to be late for the meeting today. Hurry up."

Seeing he was awake, she stood up. The top of her negligee was lacy and transparent, and Bobby could see part of her areolae where her left boob had nearly fallen out with the violence of her shaking. She turned and headed off to the bathroom, leaving him to climb drunkenly out of bed and follow her.

He no longer bothered to wear clothes in bed, so he padded after her naked, his iron hard cock leading the way.

"Mom, if you're running late then don't worry about my shower, just leave me."

"No Bobby, it's not your fault I overslept and you shouldn't be made to suffer."

He blearily peered at the clock in the bathroom. "But Mom, you've got the big meeting today and you'll never make it."

"Well that's my fault, I'll just have to deal with it," she said, fastening the bags onto his wrists, still unaware that her left breast was partially exposed.

"You could always jump in with me." He didn't know if it was chronic horniness or pain meds that made him say it, but he couldn't believe the words came out of his mouth.

"Very funny!"

"I'm serious" he said, a plot beginning to form in his head, "You don't have time for showering me and then yourself, so why not kill two birds with one stone?"

"Bobby, I'm not getting in the shower with you!"

"But you said we had to learn to be less embarrassed with each other."

"I meant you, not me!"

"Well I'll have my back turned most of the time and I'll keep my eyes closed when I turn around, so I won't see anything." If his hands hadn't been in plaster, he'd have crossed his fingers. "I'm just being practical, I mean if you insist I have a shower, then this way you can still avoid being late."

She looked at the clock and he could see her weighing it up. Shit, he thought, she's actually thinking about it!!

"C'mon mom, I promise I won't look." Please don't strike me down, at least not before I get to see my mom naked! he thought.

She helped him into the shower, saying "I can't believe I'm doing this."

FUCK!! She was actually going to get in the shower with him...naked!

"Now stay facing the wall!"

"Ok I promise." More mental crossed fingers as his hard-on lurched, a dribble of pre-cum emerging.

He heard footsteps behind him in the cubicle and the sound of the running water change; she was actually behind him, a few feet away and naked. As he heard her washing, he slowly turned his head looking out of the side of his eye, careful not to be seen. She had her back to him, so he turned a little further. There she was, his mother, naked. She was facing away so he could see her peach-like bottom and her back, then as she lifted her arms he could see the side of one magnificent boob. He groaned and his cock lurched again, another dribble of pre-cum trickling out of his cock head.

"Are you alright, dear?"

"Yes, just getting a little cold."

"I'm almost done."

He looked down at his cock. The foreskin was drawn back completely with the size of his erection and pre-cum oozed from the head, running down to the shaft where it formed a strand that hung from his cock. It was a good thing he was facing the wall, he figured.

"All right, now stay facing that way and move under the water."



He felt her hands on his shoulders as she guided him under the running hot water that mercifully washed the pre-cum from his dick.

"Oh damn!"

"What's wrong?"

"I forgot the sponge glove."

Now she was going to have to wash him with her bare hands! His cock lurched again.

He felt her soft hands washing his back and legs. She was hurrying and talking about her meeting, but he wasn't really listening, just thinking that he was going to see her naked and have her bare hands washing his cock.

"Now turn around. I'm trusting you to keep your eyes closed!"

"I promise." I'm going to hell for that one, he lied.

As he turned he kept his eyes closed, figuring he could sneak a peek at some point, but suddenly he felt his foot slipping and thought he would lose his balance. He panicked, thinking he would land on his broken wrists, and his eyes flew open. As

he did he felt his mother's hands on his arms supporting him as he toppled towards her. He was taller and bigger than her, so his momentum carried him into her as she struggled to stop him falling. The came to rest against the shower door pushed up against one another, his cock pressed up against her belly and her boobs squashed against his chest.

"I'm sorry, Mom, I slipped."

"It's alright, dear. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I think so."

She was aware of his cock pressed up against her belly. "All right, dear, well you need to stand back now."

He stepped back, and as he did drank in the sight of his mother. Her breasts were even more beautiful than he had imagined, big, heavy and pear shaped with light brown areolae and perky nipples that looked smaller than he would have expected. Her waist was trim and her stomach flat, with a neatly trimmed bush of dark hair marking the join between her legs. He vaguely heard her say something as he once again marvelled at her huge beautiful boobs.

"Wha..."

"I said you are supposed to have your eyes closed, don't stand there ogling me!"

"Oh, sorry, Mom, I just...never saw you like this, I didn't realise you were so... beautiful!"

He forced himself to close his eyes, at least until he thought it safe to sneak another peak.

"It's bad enough I get leered at by men at work all day without my own son joining them!"

"I'm sorry."

She washed his chest before leaning up to shampoo his hair.

"Crouch down."

As he did and she leant forward, he opened his eyes to see her huge boobs swaying inches in front of his face as she lathered his hair.

"Ok, stand up."

She finally soaped up her hands and reached down for his balls, at the same time wrapping her other hand around his

cock. She was clearly hurrying and not bothering to be as delicate as usual. He was unprepared for the feel of her soapy hand on his cock and it was almost too much to bear as one hand soaped his balls while the other lathered his cock. He struggled to control himself as she soaped up and down the shaft a few times before holding his shaft, with one hand while the other soaped around the head, the sensation of her petite hand soaping the swollen glans was finally too much for him. His eyes flew open, and he looked down at her boobs which were being squeezed together between her arms, making them look even bigger and fuller as she washed his cock.

Oh shit...oh shit ...oh SHIT..."OH SHIIIIITTTT!!"

"What's wrong dear, are you al..."

The words died in her throat as she felt something warm splash her shoulder blade and neck. She was confused at first and it took her a moment to realise the warm liquid was coming not from the shower head but from her son's cock head. She looked down at the huge piece of meat pulsing in her hands as another rope of cum blasted out, splattering her left breast, before a third splashed into the valley between her boobs. She stood immobilised with shock as load after load of cum erupted from his cock. Finally the loads slackened off, and Bobby looked at his mom, her face a mask of shock. Her shoulders and the upper slopes of her breasts were streaked with cum, some of which ran down into the valley between her breasts while some trickled down past her nipples and hung from the undersides of her boobs. She looked down at his

pulsing cock as a few last spurts dribbled over her hand before releasing it like a piece of burning coal.

"Oh oh oh!!" she turned and frantically washed the cum off her chest before running to get a towel and cover herself. She then returned to the shower where she rinsed the soap and cum off Bobby.

"I'm sorry mom, I couldn't help it..."

"We'll talk about this later. I can't..."

She hurried off to get dressed and left him in a daze. Eventually he plucked up the courage to make his way downstairs. His mom was making a smoothie and put a straw in it so he could drink it himself. He tried to apologise again as she hurriedly gave him his pain meds.

"I can't do this now...we'll talk later," she said, leaving him in no doubt that there would be a later.

She was obviously still struggling to come to terms with what had happened as she left the house and he watched her go. The image of her huge beautiful breasts splattered with his cum was one he would never forget to his dying day. He had gotten his wish to see his beautiful mother naked and even had her accidentally make him cum...but at what cost?

## Chapter 3

Bobby spent the rest of the day in a daze, the pain meds made him sleepy and he would doze off briefly but his dreams were filled with images of his naked mother, his cock erupting over her beautiful tits followed by her shock and confusion at what had happened. He kept seeing the expression of betrayal and hurt on her face and how she couldn't even look at him over breakfast. He kept wondering how she was and felt terrible guilt that he'd allowed his lust to take control and turn his own mother into the object of his sexual fantasies. He awoke earlier than usual unable to sleep, knowing that she would be due home in a couple of hours and wondering what he had in store. Would she go crazy at him? Mom hardly ever lost her temper but when she did she really lost it. Part of him wished she would, anything was better than the pained silence he'd experience before she left.

Finally around 6pm he heard her car pull into the garage, she was later than usual but at least she was home. He waited upstairs till he heard her enter the house, he was expecting her to summon him downstairs but instead he just heard some cupboards opening and closing in the kitchen. Finally he plucked up the courage, drawing his robe around him, he ventured downstairs. He found her sitting at the dining room table, still wearing her uniform and sipping from a large glass of wine. He was shocked to see her drinking this early in the evening and as he approached he could see her eyes looked puffy as if she'd been crying.

"Mom, are you ok? You were late and I was worried."

"Yes I'm fine dear, I stopped off at O'Rourke's on the way home."

"A Bar? I thought it was Fridays you went for a drink with the girls."

"I wasn't with the girls from work, I was on my own. I needed some time to think."

He sat at the table and realised he'd never seen her looking so dejected.

"Mom, about this morning, I'm so sorry. I tried to stop myself, but I just couldn't..."

"Sweetie it's not you that needs to apologise. It was entirely my responsibility. What happened today is something that is never supposed to happen between a mother and son. I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Mom, it was an accident, you're not to blame. It was my fault for not controlling myself."

"Bobby, mothers are not supposed to get in the shower naked with their sons! If anyone knew what we did and what happened... I'd lose my job, probably go to jail.. not to mention

the fact that it's just...wrong Bobby. So wrong! And I allowed it to happen!"

"Mom..."

"I'm the one who's sorry Bobby. I've let you down. Caring for you at home like this... it seemed like a good idea, but I just didn't realise where things would lead and...well I can't allow it to happen again...so I've decided to re-admit you to the hospital. You'll get the best care there, until your wrists are healed and you can look after yourself again."

"Mom... no, you can't be serious!"

"Bobby it's the best way, I should never have brought you home in the first place."

"But what about the bills? I know things are tight since dad died."

"We'll manage somehow, your wellbeing is more important right now."

"But I'd rather be looked after here by you than in a hospital ward for the next month... you can give me all the care I need."



"It's not your physical health I'm talking about Bobby. Being here with me, and having me ...care for you. It's not healthy Bobby... not after what happened today."

"But it was an accident!"

"It should never have happened, I should never have allowed it to."

"Look mom, when you work at the hospital, I mean patients must have accidents sometimes, when you're washing them?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean like I did this morning, I can't be the first guy who's... lost it when he's getting washed?"

"I suppose not, but I'm your mother Bobby!"

"But you're also a nurse, and I'd been just a regular patient you wouldn't be beating yourself up about it."

"I don't get in the shower naked with my patients Bobby!"

He experienced a flash of lust at the image but pushed it aside and remained on task.

"Well that was my suggestion."

"And I allowed myself to go along with it! God, what was I thinking?"

"You were just trying to be practical and so was I, and I had an accident, like lots of patients probably do."

"I don't know what you think goes on in a hospital Bobby, it's not like some adolescent fantasy movie you've seen."

She managed a half smile at the last comment, it was the first time she'd looked relaxed since she'd come home. The half empty glass of wine and the drink she'd had on the way home seemed to be having their affect.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" he said with mock outrage, trying to coax her into another smile.

She managed a wry laugh before turning serious again.

"Bobby, I'm sorry but I can't go on with this situation. It's unhealthy and it might end up destroying our relationship, and you're too important to me to put that at risk."

"How can it damage our relationship, I love you! You're my mom and I will always love you! What happened doesn't change that and it never could. I've never felt closer to you than I have the last few days, being here with you and having you look after me... it's made me realise how important you really are to me. Please don't push me away like this because of an accident."

"I don't want to push you away Bobby, you're all I have. I just feel like I have failed you."

"You haven't and you never could. Please let's give it another chance. I promise I'll try to control myself more."

"It's not your fault, you're a teenage boy, I understand.. I did used to be young myself once you know!" another smile, he was winning her over he felt sure.

"You still are young mom! Remember when we went to Applebee's before I went skiing and the waitress thought we were on a date?"

"I'm sure she was just after a bigger tip!"

"No way mom, people see us out and think we're..."he thought about saying boyfriend and girlfriend but decided against it  
"Brother and sister!"

"Hmmm, you're such a charmer Bobby, just like your father."

"I miss dad too mom, that's why I don't want to be apart from you, not now, not ever. C'mon, what do you say. Can we give it another try?"

"Ok Bobby. I don't know what I would do without you here anyway." She placed her hand on his shoulder and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

"Great mom, why don't I keep you company while you fix dinner?"

"Ok." she smiled.

She changed into one of his dad's old t-shirts but this time she wore some leggings underneath and was obviously still wearing her bra. Bobby wasn't too disappointed though, the combination of her more modest attire, his guilt and not least the fact his balls had been emptied meant he was able to refrain from getting a hard on. Instead he relaxed as she poured another glass of wine and chatted while she fixed dinner.

"Dr Williams has asked me to be a part of the new family planning centre they are opening at the hospital, if they are able to raise the funding to open it I could be the Assistant Manager."

"Wow that's great mom, I'm really proud of you!"

As she poured another glass of wine she finally started to return to her old self, joking with him as they enjoyed their meal together before settling down to watch an old movie. It was one they'd seen before with Humphrey Bogart as a hard bitten private eye but they enjoyed it just the same, enjoying each other's company as much as the film.

The following morning in the bathroom things were a little awkward and stilted between them, Alison wore a bathrobe over her negligee and Bobby did his best to think unsexy thoughts and try to keep himself unexcited. Her washing his genitals gave him a semi hard on but he was able to think down before it got out of control.

Over the next week Alison relaxed more, she obviously found the bathrobe uncomfortably hot in the steamy bathroom and began to stop wearing it, once again providing him a pornographic display of cleavage and swinging boobs. She made sure to always wash him with a sponge glove and when she came to wash his morning hard on she handled it as if it were an unexploded bomb, which it pretty much was, making sure there was no danger of another accident. Similarly in the evening she decided on comfort over modesty and stopped wearing both her bra and leggings under her t-shirt.

Her increasingly relaxed attitude coincided with Bobby's increasingly horny feelings. His accidental orgasm had eased

the pain in his balls but he had only really had an partial release, his mom's washing had brought him off unintentionally and he'd then cum on his own, he supposed it was what was meant by a ruined orgasm leaving him with temporarily drained balls but still the horny feelings. As his mom's attitude relaxed and her clothing became more revealing his frustration began to increase so that his hard ons became initially more frequent and then almost permanent. He worried she would freak out about them but she remained relaxed and said it wasn't his fault and don't be embarrassed.

So here he was back to square one again, a cock that was so hard it hurt and a sexy beautiful mom he could hardly take his eyes off. And so it went on day after day, for the next week, every day his dick ached more and his balls grew heavier. He managed to relieve his boredom in part through his laptop, he had worked out that if he gripped a pencil in his teeth he could tap the keys. It was a painfully slow process and made anything other than basic web searches impractical but was better than nothing. Inevitably he would end up searching for movies and pics of some of his favourite big breasted porn stars and models, but this merely added to his frustration and discomfort.

This morning his mom had been particularly chirpy, the work on the new clinic was progressing fast and it looked like mom was in line for a big promotion. She was wearing a white silk negligee that actually showed the faint outlines of her aureolas through the material and allowed her boobs to swing about unfettered. "God," he groaned to himself "how much more of this can I take?" Even her customary delicate washing of his cock was torture, the delicate stroke and dabbing on the

sponge on his iron hard cock and heavy balls simply adding to the torment.

After she left he slept fitfully but couldn't take the image of his mom's barely contained boobs out of his mind. He gave up trying to sleep and got out of bed, padding around the house waiting for his mom to get home. He was beginning to wonder if maybe going back to the hospital might not be such a bad idea after all. He remembered a cute little South American nurse who was always smiling at him and wondered if she might give him more than just a bed bath if he played his cards right. His cock lurched in frustration wondering what her slender little hand would feel like wrapped around his big, hard dick right now and he groaned out loud.

He walked past his mom's bedroom and looked in noticing something red and lacy on the floor. He wandered in and looked more closely out of curiosity and realised it was her bra. She must have tossed it on the floor last night and forgotten to put it in the laundry hamper. There was something hugely erotic about the discarded garment he couldn't ignore, he managed to hook his toe into one of the straps and picked it up with his foot before dropping it on the bed. He leant forward and examined the label, he could see it was a 32G. Shit, his mom was stacked alright! He bent down and picked the strap up in his teeth and let the silky fabric hang down in front of him, the head of cock rubbing the inside of the huge cup.

"Fuck! Her boobs were in this a few hours ago" he thought as his cock gave another demented lurch and left a smear of pre-cum on the material. He let her bra rub against his swollen

cock for a few minutes, then he decided he'd better drop the lacy garment before he made even more of a mess of it. He dropped it from his teeth but the strap caught on his cock and it hung from his hard on like a giant clothes peg. He felt the material rubbing against his heavy balls and leg and decided it leave it there for time being. Not that there was much he could do about it right now he reflected. He remembered something and headed for his room, pausing to look at his reflection in the hallway mirror, his huge hard on contrasting with the red silky material that hung from the base of his cock. As he reached his room he sat in front of the laptop and gripped a pen in his teeth before prodding the keyboard to type in the name of one of his favourite models, Sophie Howard. As the search results came up on the screen he used the pen on the mouse pad to scroll through them and sure enough she had the same bra size as his mom. He brought up various images of the British model and realised her boobs looked pretty similar to his mom's as well.

God, he would give anything right now to have the use of his hands to be able to wrap his moms silky bra round his cock and jerk off while he looked at images on the screen, imagining they were his mom's boobs. Instead he just sat there in frustration, the baleful eye of his cock staring up at him as his cock throbbed against his belly.

He looked at the clock, shit, she would be home soon and finding him walking around with her bra hanging from his cock and a boob look-a-like model on his laptop would be difficult to explain away. He walked out to the landing and lent over the bannister to see if he could hear anything but the house was silent.



He turned to head back to his room and as he did he caught his cock head against the balustrade. His dick was so hard right now that the sensation actually felt good. Even a little pain was better than the permanent dull ache he'd had for the last few days. He swung his hip and hit his cock on the wooden post again.

"Thunk!"

God, his dick ached so bad right now any sensation was better than nothing so he did it again, harder this time.

"Thunk!"

As he swung his cock he could feel the soft material of his mom's bra swinging against his heavy, hanging balls and legs. He repeated the process swinging his dick harder and faster.

"THUNK THUNK THUNK!"

The contrast of the hard unyielding wood of the bannister against his hard cock and the soft lacy fabric brushing his balls was driving him crazy. Shit a few more minutes of this and he might actually cum! He continued beating his cock against the wood harder and faster, pre-cum smearing the wood, and pictured his cum shooting over the bannisters, spattering as he beat his cock on the wood and spraying over

the landing onto the stairs and hall below. He knew with the amount of cum he had stored up now there would be a hell of a mess but right now he didn't care, he'd tell his mom he just had an accident. He thought of his mom having to wipe his thick streams of cum off the bannisters and floor and his cock lurched more, he pictured her big tits swaying as she scrubbed the cum from the carpet and his cock lurched, a dribble of pre-cum splattering against the wood. Shit he was almost there.

"THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK..."

"I'm home sweetie!"

SHIT!! He'd been so wrapped up in beating off he didn't hear her come home. He looked at his dick, seconds from cumming, a strand of pre-cum connected to the wooden balustrade, aching hard and now bruised from the battering he'd just given it, with his mom's bra dangling underneath.

Crap, if only she'd been a few minutes later he'd have cum! As it was she would be coming upstairs to get changed in a moment so he hurried to her room, he shook his hips trying to dislodge her bra from his cock by swinging it side to side but with no success, so instead he tried to hook his toe into the dangling strap and pull it down while balancing on the other foot. As he pulled her bra down with one strap the other pulled his cock down until finally the strap came free and his cock slapped up against his belly. He prodded the bra back to roughly where he'd found it and hoped she wouldn't notice the precum stains on it before returning to his own room to close the browser windows with the images of Sophie Howard. He

could hear his mom padding up to her room to get changed from her uniform and heard no reaction so he figured he'd got away with it.

"Bobby are you awake?"

"Yes mom."

"Ok I'm going to start cooking soon, there's that trashy horror movie you wanted to see in an hour, are you going to come and keep me company?"

She sounded in a really good mood today and he wanted to see her but right now all he could think about was the boner that ached and was dribbling pre-cum onto his taut stomach.

"Sure mom, I'll be down in a minute."

He tried to clean himself up with his robe as best as he could, there was no chance of his dick going soft this side of Christmas so he ventured downstairs trying to keep it concealed under his robe as best he could. His mom was bustling around in the kitchen with some music playing on the radio.

"Oh hi sweetie, how are you feeling today?"

"Ok thanks mom, how was your day?"

"Really good thanks, Dr Williams has a big fundraiser lined up next month and if it goes through the new clinic will be green lighted."

"That's great!"

He tried to listen to her conversation but all he could notice was her t shirt, she was wearing a black Led Zeppelin one that was particularly small and clung to her curves. Her bra-less boobs jiggled and swayed and the shirt barely covered her ass when she bent over.

Fuck, how much more of this could he take? His cock was defying any attempt to keep it covered so he just let it jut out in the open.

"Shit, if she's going to run around half naked like that then she can just put up with me having a hard on." he thought.

His dick was like an iron bar, the head dark purple and shiny while his balls felt like they weighed a ton. Just having the cool air from the A/C on his dick felt a little better. Mom seemed oblivious to his arousal and carried on as normal.

They ate and settled to watch the movie, it was a sequel to the one they saw last week and the producers had decided to up

the quotient of naked girls to make up for the lack of plot or acting. Mom cuddled up to Bobby and sipped her wine as the movie got underway. The movie was barely 5 minutes old before the first actress was running around naked and Bobby was facing the agony of another 90 minutes with the combination of a bevy of naked girls on tv, a beautiful scantily clad mother curled up next to him and an aching, bruised hard on for company. He managed to keep his dick covered up with his robe when he sat down, he decided turning himself on more by exposing his cock would only add to his discomfort. As his mom started on her 2nd glass of wine she was definitely starting to relax.

"Honestly Bobby, I can't believe this movie is even worse than the last one. I think you are only watching this for all the naked girls!" she sipped her wine before adding "That's if you can see them from behind that circus tent you're pitching!" glancing at his robe.

He no longer knew how to react to her flirty comments, after her freaking out over the shower incident he was careful not to push things too far, but a week and a few glasses of wine later it seemed like she was finally chilled out, so he decided to joke along with her.

"I guess that's what they call a standing ovation mom."

"Very funny young man!" she chided him leaning over to put her glass on the coffee table and pulling his robe open accidentally as she did.

She glanced at his cock before looking more closely.

"Bobby, what are these marks on your penis?"

"Oh...nothing mom. It's nothing" he tried to pull his robe closed but his bandaged arms allowed him little movement and her nurse's instinct had already taken over.

"Let me see Bobby, it looks like you've bruised yourself!"

She looked more closely before gently lifting his penis away from his belly with her finger and thumb so she could examine it fully.

"You've definitely got some bruises Bobby, what happened did you fall while I was out?"

"Err... kind of mom, it's nothing really. We're missing the movie."

"What happened did you hurt yourself anywhere else?"

"Err no just down there."

"Well let me examine you in case you've done any harm. Why didn't you call me or at least tell me when I got home?"

"It's no big deal really mom."

She was still holding his cock and gently drew back his foreskin so she could examine his glans before satisfying herself there was no serious damage and releasing his cock.

"Did you hurt your testicles?"

"No they're fine really."

"Are you sure? There's no point in being embarrassed if you have hurt yourself."

"Really mom."

"Have you any pain or discomfort in them?"

"Err... no not really." Apart from the worst case of blue balls in history he thought.

"Well if there is any discomfort I think you should let me check you, unless you want me to take you to Casualty?"

"Really mom I'm sure I'm ok. I mean they just ache a little."

"Are you going to let me check or do we go to the hospital?"

'Ok, I guess."

Alison reached down and gently lifted his big heavy balls one at a time in her hand, her fingers delicately feeling for any damage. His balls were the size of duck eggs normally, in his current state they were even bigger and heavier, each one filling her palm.

"They seem rather swollen, are they usually this, er.. large?"

Yeah when they've got a quart of cum bottled up in them he thought, "Yeah pretty much mom."

After a few minutes gentle probing she seemed satisfied.

"Well they seem to be alright. Now suppose you tell me what happened." With this she muted the tv with the remote and waited for an explanation.

He flushed red and tried to think of a convincing explanation but what could he say, he fell over and landed on his dick? In the end he grudgingly told her the truth, leaving out the detail about her bra and Sophie Howard.



"What were you thinking Bobby? You could have seriously hurt yourself doing that!"

"I'm sorry mom, I just get so... you know... frustrated, and I just wanted to make the pain go away."

"Oh Bobby, I'm know it must be hard, I mean... difficult." flushing as she realised her unfortunate choice of words.

"You got that right first time," he thought "right now I could hammer a nail in with it!"

"If only Debbie was still around." she sighed

Debbie McDonald was a girl he dated for a few weeks before his skiing trip. He met her when she was waitressing in the local Denny's and was struck by two things, her charm and personality, that and her huge tits! After a few dates they'd made out in his car and she'd let him get his hands on her boobs. She had the biggest pair he'd ever felt, and after a couple of more dates she'd let him take her top off and suck her tits. She'd stroked his cock through his pants while he did this for a couple of dates before finally taking it out and giving him a hand-job. By then he was so turned on that when he came he shot about a pint of cum over her boobs and skirt and she freaked out. He saw her a couple more times after that but she was adamant she wasn't going to let him fuck her as she was worried his dick was too big and would hurt her and

seeing how much he came a blowjob was out of the question as well. She did give him some more hand-jobs providing he bought her new clothes to replace any of the ones he ruined but by then he was starting to get bored with her and dumped her. Right now he'd give just about anything for one of those hand-jobs of hers, but after he broken up with her she started seeing another guy and let it be known she was putting out to him. Not surprising, considering the guy was hung like a fifth grader so Bobby had heard.

His dick lurched and dribbled pre-cum as he recalled the sight of Debbie's tits and the feel of her hand on his dick. At the time she had the best boobs he'd ever seen, but that was before he'd seen his mom's of course.

His mom had said something but he didn't hear it.

"Sorry what was that mom?"

"I said I had better put some antiseptic cream on those abrasions, I don't want them to get infected."

"Err... ok."

With that she took her wine glass and got up returning a few moments later with a tube of cream, some rubber gloves and a refilled glass. She put the gloves on before gently squeezing some of the thick, white cream onto his cock. The cold cream felt soothing on his cock as she replaced the cap on the tube

before gently smoothing the cream into his foreskin. She held his cock by the shaft in her left hand lifting it away from his stomach so she could apply the cream evenly around his cock head with her right hand. Her fingers, even through the rubber gloves, felt wonderful and as she gently pulled the skin back over the huge hard head of his cock and smoothed the cream into his glans his cock was like an iron bar. After she was satisfied she'd covered all the bruises she released his cock.

"There that should help ease the bruises."

He surreptitiously glanced over at her boobs and was surprised to see her nipples were standing out through her t-shirt as she removed the gloves before taking a big sip of her wine.

She switched the sound back on the tv as in the movie a young couple romped in the back of a car. The girl was a busty blonde and inevitably had her top off and Bobby's cock lurched, precum mixing with the cream his mother had applied. God he was going crazy, how could he survive another day, let alone another month like this? He was going crazy!

"I'm sorry dear, I'm afraid this is one problem I can't help you with. You're just going to have to try to think about other things for the next few weeks. Now promise me you won't try doing anything stupid like today."

He mumbled something and she replied, "What did you say?"

"I said right now I'd fuck a hornet's nest I'm so horny." he blurted out.

"Bobby!"

"I'm sorry mom, I didn't mean to swear, but it's driving me crazy. I mean I've not been able to do anything for nearly a month now and the only relief I've had was, well you know, last week in the shower."

"That was an accident and I don't want to discuss it. It's something that must never happen again."

"I wish it would." he muttered.

"What did you say?"

"I just mean I'm going crazy last week was the first time I've had a good night's sleep or been able to think about anything apart from, you know, being horny."

"Bobby, you can't be serious? I'm your mother for God's sake!"

"I know you are mom, but I don't know what else to do. I mean Debbie isn't coming back and all my friends are away at boarding school."

"You must know someone surely?"

"Mom I only come back here in the holidays, and we moved here less than a year ago. Debbie is the only girl I met here and now she wouldn't piss, I mean spit on me if I was on fire. You're the only woman I know."

"Well I'm sorry but I'm your mother Bobby, I can't take care of.. this for you!" she gestured at his hard on.

"But if it was a sprained leg you'd massage it for me."

"It's not a sprained leg Bobby!"

"But it hurts like crazy mom."

"Bobby, I am not going to masturbate you! What you are talking about is incest!"

"I'm not asking to have sex mom! It just felt so good last week after the shower, and... well..." he trailed off.

"And you would like me to masturbate you? Is that it?"

He stayed silent sensing her anger.

"Bobby this is not something a mother and son should even be talking about let alone do! Ever! What happened last week was an accident and I blame myself, but if you think it means I am going to... do that for you again, you are wrong. I'm sorry Bobby I love you and I would do anything for you but this is sick and wrong and I can't believe you are asking me this."

With that she drained her glass and went to the kitchen returning a few minutes later with another. She walked back and flopped down next to him staring angrily at the tv, even in her anger he couldn't help but think how beautiful she was and admiring her boobs as they jiggled and swayed under her shirt. His dick remained hard despite her anger and now he had the predicament of a pissed off mom and a hard on. Shit now what? Another month of hard ons, blue balls and a mom who thought he was a sick pervert.

His mom stared at the tv and, even though she didn't say anything, he could sense her anger radiating towards him and hated himself for being so crass.

"Mom... I'm sorry please don't be angry with me. I don't know what got into me, I just get so... frustrated sometimes. I didn't mean to upset you."

She could hear the genuine hurt in his voice, her heart melted and she felt her anger fade away.

"I'm not angry with you Bobby. I'm trying my best to help you and I know it's difficult for you, but if anyone knew what we were discussing, or what happened in the shower, or even saw us sitting here like this with your thing out in the open like that... I'd probably go to jail and you'd go into foster care."

"No one is going to know, what happens between us here is private and I'm not going to tell anyone."

"But it still doesn't make it right Bobby, we're mother and son not wife and husband, and I'm worried if we're not careful we'll destroy our relationship." she paused to take a sip of wine before going on quietly, "You're all I have Bobby, after your father died there were mornings when I wondered what was the point of carrying on, and then I thought of you and it gave me the strength to carry on. I can't risk losing you Bobby."

"Mom, I didn't know, why didn't you say something?"

"You had enough to deal with, losing your father and starting at college, I couldn't burden you with my problems. Besides, just knowing you were there was enough."

"I'll always be here for you mom, forever. I love you more than anything and nothing will ever change that."

"Oh Bobby."

She put her arms round him and hugged him, her eyes moist with tears. Bobby was shocked at his mother's revelation and wished he could help her more, at the same time he couldn't ignore the huge pair of breasts squashing against him through her thin shirt. He loved his mom more than anything but he couldn't help the fact that she had the body of a centrefold and that body was pressed up against him. His cock lurched again and more pre-cum oozed out to mix with the cream.

"I'll always be your son mom, and I'll always love you. Don't ever worry about losing me."

"Thank you Bobby," she smiled at him and they went back to watching the movie, his mom was silent and seemed lost in thought.

After a while he asked "You ok mom?"

"Hmmm? Yes dear. I was just thinking."

"Penny for them."

She laughed, "Well I was thinking maybe I could hire a... I don't even know the term, call girl? But I wouldn't know where to start, and besides I don't know if they deal with 18 year olds."



"Mom you don't have to do that," the thought of his mom hiring a hooker for him embarrassed him and besides he knew she couldn't afford it.

"I even wondered if there were any of my friends that could... help you out. Jenny broke up with her boyfriend a while ago."

Jenny was a junior nurse and one of Mom's friends from the hospital. He'd met her a couple of times, she was a cute blonde in her early 20's who reminded him of Goldie Hawn from the old Rowan and Martin laugh ins and he'd always thought she was hot.

"But I can't exactly just call her up and say 'Would you like to come round after work and jerk my son off?'"

Mom's language was definitely becoming more colourful as the wine loosened her up. The image of Jenny stroking his cock before he blasted her pretty face with a huge load of cum flashed through his mind and his cock lurched dementedly dribbling more pre-cum.

His mom seemed to notice and said, "Does it still hurt?" looking towards his cock. It took a moment for him to realise she was referring to the bruises.

"A little."

"Would you like me to put some more cream on it?"

His dick lurched again. "Err... yeah that'd be nice mom."

He didn't suppose the cream would make much difference but he wasn't going to turn down the chance to have his mom's hands on his cock again. She took another drink of her wine before picking up the tube of antiseptic, not bothering with gloves this time. He watched dementedly as she unscrewed the cap before holding the shaft of his cock in her left hand and pulling it up away from his body. As he looked at her slender fingers wrapped round his column of meat he noticed his dad's wedding ring on her hand, the hand that was holding his stiff cock! His dick pulsed in her hand as a dribble of pre-cum emerged from the head and ran down the glans onto the shaft. She squeezed a blob of antiseptic onto his cock head, the cool white cream looking like extra thick cum, before delicately rubbing it into his foreskin and glans. There was no attempt to be sensuous on Alison's part as she delicately applied the cream to his cock head and glans but the feel of her fingers lightly rubbing cream around the most sensitive parts of his cock while her other hand held the shaft were amazing all the same. His cock felt like he could bang nails in with it right now and as her fingers delicately worked around the purple head his cock pulsed several times in her hands, pre-cum dribbling over the head and mixing with the cream, shit a little more of this and he would cum.

"There, how does that feel?" she said releasing his cock.

It would have felt a lot better if you'd kept it up for a few more minutes, he thought, but settled for "Better thanks."

She went to the kitchen to wash her hands and took the opportunity to pour herself another glass of wine while she was at it. 'She's really getting through it tonight' he thought. She returned and sat next to him sipping her drink and watching the movie, which currently involved a shower scene with several cheerleaders. She glanced over at him a couple of times and he thought he saw her look at his cock.

"Bobby, I'm sorry I got angry, and I don't like to see you like this, so frustrated, and hurting yourself, but... what you are asking... it's incest!"

She was still thinking about jerking him off! His cock lurched at the thought she might yet change her mind and he considered carefully before replying.

"Mom, the way I see it if families do sexual stuff together just because they want to, then that's incest. But if it wasn't for my wrists being broken I'd never have had an accident in the shower or be so... worked up. So if you, did, you know, do something, it would just be to help me out, not because you wanted to, so that's not the same as incest."

"But Bobby, I'm your mother! What sort of mother gives her son a hand job?"

'THE BEST!" he thought but settled for, "I don't think it's wrong for a mom to help her son feel better, if he's in pain and she's doing it to help him."

She took another swig of wine and remained silent for a couple of moments, Bobby kept quiet and let her think, his cock drooling precum as he realised she was actually thinking about jerking him off.

"Bobby, if I, do what you want, you know there's no going back."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we can't undo it, we could destroy our relationship. I just want us to be a normal mother and son Bobby."

"Mom nothing could ever destroy our relationship! I love you and I always will, if anything I've felt closer to you the last few weeks than ever before. I don't know what a normal mom is but you're better than any other mom I could think of, and I won't ever change the way I feel."

He was surprised at the heartfelt statement of his feelings but realised he really did love her, and his heart melted as she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh Bobby, I don't know what I would do with out you." she hugged him again, again her huge boobs squashing against him. After a couple of minutes she released him and dabbed her eyes.

"I must look a mess!"

"You always look beautiful mom!"

"Such a charmer, just like your father!" she smiled.

Then silence, and she looked at his cock, throbbing with his heartbeat, the head dark purple and shiny, covered in a sheen of cream with a strand of precum hanging from the head down towards his flat stomach. The shaft was like an iron bar, the veins standing out while his big balls were drawn up under his cock.

"Do you really want me to do this Bobby?"

His mouth was dry with excitement, he wanted to say "FUCK YEAH!" but instead forced a measured response, "Mom, if you don't want to you don't have to do anything, your happiness means more to me than anything."

"Oh Bobby!"

She took another swig of wine, he guessed it was Dutch courage before setting the glass down. She then spread his robe open, completely exposing him.

Fuck! She was actually going to do it, she was actually going to give him a hand job!

He watched silently as she placed her hand on his belly, pausing for a moment and taking a deep breath, before sliding it down and lightly encircling his cock, he breathed in as he felt her cool fingers on his hard dick, her touch felt amazing, some how so much more so knowing that she was holding it not to examine him or treat him but to masturbate him. She began lightly and slowly running her hand up and down the shaft drawing the foreskin up and down as she did, the cream and pre-cum making little wet sounds as the skin rolled back and forward over his glans. Her movements were gentle and tender, but felt amazing just the same. Fuck she was actually jerking him off, his dick pulsed and dribbled more pre-cum adding to the slick sheen that covered his cock head and running down the shaft to where his mother's hand was stroking him. Part of him wanted to make the moment last as long as possible in case it was never repeated, but part of him feared she would change her mind at any moment and stop. As it was he knew in his current state he would cum before too long, but he held back as much as he could. On the screen some girl was running through a house in her underwear being chased by a killer but Bobby was only interested in watching his mother's delicate hand as it lightly caressed the column of meat that jutted from his belly, her movements were becoming bolder now, the fingers moving up to stroke the head of his cock before running back down onto the shaft again.

"Fuck mom, that feels good!"

She said nothing but simply continued to lightly stroke his iron hard cock, the relentless caressing bringing him inexorably closer and closer to orgasm. Her fingers were slick with his pre-cum and the cream and he knew he couldn't last much longer, his balls were tight against the base of his cock and his shaft was constantly pulsing. Her steady, relentless stroking was going to bring him over the edge, he'd never been so hard or so excited in his life as he was now. She was facing away from him but the side of one of her beautiful boobs was presented in profile and wobbled slightly with her movements she stroked his cock. His dick lurched again, the cum boiling over in his balls, even if she stopped now he thought he would cum anyway, but she didn't stop and carried on gently caressing his rock hard cock.

"I'm... gonna...cum!" was all he could croak.

She said nothing but just continued stroking him as his whole body went tense before a huge rope of cum shot over his shoulder and splattered on the sofa. She pulled his cock down slightly and the next blast splashed over her shirt, as did the next and the next. The streams came so hard and fast it looked like he was peeing white. After 7 or 8 huge loads had blasted onto her chest they began to slacken off and the last few spurted onto Alison's legs before just dribbling out of his cock onto her hand. As his orgasm subsided he opened his eyes to see his mom gently stroking his cock, her black Led Zeppelin shirt soaked with streaks of white cum that ran down to join

the splashes of cum on her legs. Wordlessly she released his cock and got off the sofa before going to clean up. By the time she returned Bobby was fast asleep on the sofa, the sleepless tension of the last few days gone replaced by a post orgasmic glow. She silently cleaned the last few splashes of sperm from the sofa before switching off the TV and covering him with his robe. She left him to sleep before finishing her wine and making her way to bed in a daze wondering what she had started.

## Chapter 4

The usual disclaimers apply, the story contains incest and sexual scenes so if you are likely to be offended by this please don't read any further.

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Bobby woke a few hours later on the sofa and made his way to bed, the events of the night before seemed somehow unreal to him, but there was no denying the constant dull ache in his groin had gone and there was some dried cum on his thigh



that was proof of what had happened. His mom really had jerked him off and let him shoot a huge load, most of which had ended up over her. He wondered how she would react to this tomorrow, after her melt down over the shower was she going to freak out again and send him back to the hospital?

He dozed fitfully, recalling the feel of her hand on his cock as she caressed it, the cream and pre-cum lubricating his swollen glans and foreskin as her tender fingers coaxed the cum from his balls. Not that it had needed much coaxing he reflected. Was this going to be a one time offer he wondered? A moment of weakness after a few too many glasses of wine? God, he hoped not. It was more than just the frustration of not being able to jerk off, lately he fantasised about his mom constantly and sought out models on the internet who reminded him of her.

As he cast his mind back he thought of the girls he dated in the past and realised they all reminded him of his mom in some respect, either her face, or her hair or her figure, though none of them really came close to her in perfection. Now he had seen her naked and had her jerk him off it was like he'd let a genie out of a bottle, and there was no way of putting it back.

He finally managed to drift off to a sleep and woke to see a very hung over mom waking him for his shower. She was wearing only her night attire which he figured was a good sign but clearly was feeling the worse for wear after all the wine she'd drunk the night before. His dick remained at half mast during his showering apart from when she cleaned it, her touch was

more familiar this time, and while she wasn't trying to be sensuous as she washed his cock he nevertheless grew to full erection. She didn't comment but simply carried on washing it before rinsing him off. Obviously no happy ending was on the agenda this morning and he decided not to push it.

She remained subdued over breakfast having a only couple of black coffees and some toast.

"You ok mom?"

"Yes sweetie, I just had too much to drink last night."

"No I mean about what happened, I mean we're still cool right?"

"Oh I see, I'm sorry Bobby, yes it's fine. My head's in a spin now but we'll talk about it later."

She smiled at him and he figured she was being pretty relaxed so hopefully things were ok. What he really wanted to ask was was she going to jerk him off again, and if so when, but it wasn't the kind of topic you brought up at the family breakfast table.

The day was much like any other, Bobby dozed for most of the morning, remembering the feel of his mom's hand on his cock and the sight of her naked body in the shower and wishing he

could jerk off while he thought about them. But then if he could jerk off he would never have got to see her naked or have her give him a hand job last night.

Eventually he woke and wandered around the house finding himself in her room again. He hoped she might have left some more underwear lying around but no such luck, instead he noticed a picture on the dresser of Mom and Dad at their graduation ball. They met at college and married soon after, she looked so happy and beautiful, not that she had changed much apart from the sadness in her eyes since she lost his dad. Dad looked like the real all American college student, clean cut, handsome and smiling. As Bobby studied the picture he noticed his own reflection in it and was struck by the resemblance to his dad who could only have been a couple of years older than Bobby was now when the photo was taken. The image of Bobby's young parents smiling and Bobby's ghostly reflection between them was surreal, almost like Bobby was replacing his father.

It was almost 7pm by the time his mother arrived home, he'd been worried till he remembered it was Friday night and Mom usually went out with the girls after work. She trotted upstairs and into her room as Bobby emerged from his.

"Hi Mom, you have a good time with the girls?"

"Yes thanks Bobby, Jeanette is getting married so we gave her a bit of a send off."

Jeanette was a pretty looking girl and a real sweetie to boot. Mom obviously was happy for her.

"They're going to Mexico on their honeymoon, hope the weather is good for them."

"Doubt they'll see much weather mom!"

"Bobby!" she mock scolded him.

He noticed she'd left the door to her bedroom slightly ajar and couldn't resist peeking through as she chattered. Initially he could see nothing but then he heard her voice moving and suddenly he saw her from behind as she walked across the room in just her panties. He gasped as he saw the side of one magnificent boob and her shapely ass for a fleeting moment before she was out of view. He moved away from the door not wanting to be caught peeping but his dick had gone from 0 to hard on in about 5 seconds. Shit, she looks so hot, how did dad ever get any work done being married to someone so fucking sexy, he wondered.

He made his way downstairs and arranged his robe to cover his erection as best he could. Eventually he heard her coming down the stairs.

"I'm too pooped to cook tonight, what about we order a pizza and rent a movie?"

"Uh sure mom that's... "

He turned his head to look at her and the words died in his mouth. She was wearing a Blondie shirt, one ironically showing Debbie Harry in just a t-shirt. Bobby remembered his dad telling him that one of his buddy's had claimed he went to the show where she was wearing just a t-shirt and nothing underneath.

"My pal said the guy's in the front row had a real treat if you know what I mean?" Dad had told him with a knowing wink. "Don't tell your mom I told you that!" he'd smiled.

Now mom was walking down the stairs in the same shirt and Bobby could almost see up the front of it. Mom filled out her shirt a lot more than Debbie Harry though and Debbie's image was constantly on the move as his mom's boobs bounced and swayed under the shirt.

"What did you say Bobby?"

"Err... that'd be great mom!"

"Ok, here's the pizza menu, have a look and decide what you want while I get a drink."

Mom sure was hitting the bottle these days, but she seemed pretty cheerful so he wasn't about to deny her a little happiness.

Mom was busy chatting about work and seemed chirpy, she'd obviously enjoyed her time with the girls and had a few drinks while she was there. She plopped down next to him on the sofa, Debbie Harry bouncing around deliciously.

"What would you like sweetie?"

You to stroke my raging hard on till I shoot my fucking load all over your beautiful tits mom!

"Err, Pepperoni sounds good thanks Mom."

Mom ordered the pizzas and then they went through the movie box office channel to see what was available, Bobby sensed she was avoiding the elephant in the room and didn't want to discuss what had happened. She seemed fine with him but when the subject of hand jobs came up he was never sure how she would react, but then it wasn't normally something mothers and sons discussed he guessed. Mom was looking at the screen but Bobby was more interested in her beautiful legs and the twin treasures that seemed to have a life of their own under her shirt. His dick was throbbing under his robe and he wanted to just let it fall open and wave his hard cock at her but he figured that wasn't the best approach.

"Mom... "

"Yes Bobby?"

"About last night, I just wanted to say it doesn't change how I feel, you're still my mom and I still love you."

She went silent for a few moments, Oh God, please don't freak out or start crying.

"Bobby, I was going to talk to you about that later. Look... we can't change what happened, and I will always love you, but from now on... "

She paused. What? From now on no more hand-jobs? Back to the hospital? I'll jerk you off whenever you want? What?

DING DONG!

"Oh that'll be the pizzas!"

Shit!! I don't want pizza, I want you to stroke my aching cock!

"Come in, just put them on the table there while I get my purse."

The pizza guy followed his mom into the room his eyes glued to her barely covered ass. He noticed Bobby sitting on the sofa and gave him an embarrassed nod, Bobby guessed the guy wasn't much older than himself. He set the boxes down on the coffee table and mom returned with her purse, her knockers dancing under her shirt. The pizza guy's eyes were practically on stalks as she looked in her purse for some money.

"Here keep the change."

"Thanks."

Whether he was thanking her for the tip or the eyeful wasn't clear, but as he turned to go he gave Bobby a conspiratorial smile. Bobby flushed at the implication that he was mom's lover and the fact that the pizza guy clearly envied him. He was angry to see his mom be ogled like that, but at the same time he was proud that she was so hot.

They settled down to eat the pizza and watch the movie but Bobby couldn't relax for wondering what she had decided, he wanted to ask her but how do you find the right moment to say 'Mom are you going to jerk me off again?' Over the course of the movie mom poured herself another glass of wine and Bobby wondered if she was working up some Dutch courage.

As the movie finished and the credits rolled Alison muted the tv and turned to him.



"Bobby, about last night... I still love you and I always will, and I will always be your mother. I can't change what happened, so whatever damage is done is done... "

She paused to sip her wine and Bobby waited with baited breath and a throbbing cock.

"Bobby... look, I know how difficult it is for you, and I accept I've made things harder... "

Mom you have no idea how hard you are making me right now!

"What I'm trying to say, is if you need help while your hands are healing, with, well... you know, then I will try to make it better for you."

Did he hear right? Was she saying she would jerk him off?

"Mom, do you mean you'll, help me out, like last night?"

She was silent for a few moments and then said, barely audibly, "Yes Bobby."

She then turned to him and looked at him in the eye.

"But this is as far as things go. Ever. Do you understand?"

"Yes mom."

Fuck, she was going to keep doing it! He felt relief flood through him and leant back in the sofa, as he did so his robe fell open and revealed his huge hard cock standing up.

She glanced at his dick and smiled. "Do I take it you would like some help now?"

"Err... that would be really great mom!"

She smiled again and put her glass back on the table before opening his robe and rubbing his flat belly with her cool hand. She then ran her hand down and encircled his huge cock shaft, Bobby groaned at the feel of her fingers on his meat. She began slowly stroking the shaft, drawing the foreskin back and forward over the head of his cock for a few minutes while he lay back and gloried in the feelings emanating from his cock. She then became bolder, running her fingers up around the head of his cock, tickling the underside and running them around the ridge. His cock was drooling pre-cum now and she spread it over his glans forming a sheen over his purple head. He'd thought she would just jerk him off as fast as she could to get it over with but instead she teased and caressed him, her fingers giving him sensations he'd never believed possible. His girlfriends in the past had just jerked him off with mechanical movements but mom was like an artist as she caressed his cock.

She slowly increased the pace of her stroking, coaxing the cum from his balls with her delicate hands. He fought to hold back his cum, wanting to preserve the moment for as long as he could but it was an uneven contest, in a battle between his mom's magic fingers and his hard cock it was a foregone conclusion who was going to win. Steadily he felt the cum beginning to rise, his balls tightening at the prospect of release. Eventually he could hold back no longer, his mom seemed to sense he was near the end and her stroking of his cock became faster. He glanced down at his huge cock with her delicate hand stroking it and at Debbie Harry bouncing as his mom's boobs gambolled under her shirt and felt his balls pull up under his cock and the cum rising in his shaft.

"Urg! I'm cumming mom!"

She kept tugging his cock as he turned towards her and erupted all over the Blondie lead singer, load after load after load spurted from his cock soaking her shirt so it clung to her boobs. Eventually his orgasm subsided and he looked at her shirt, Debbie Harry now almost invisible under a sea of cum and his mom's nipples partly visible through the soaked fabric.

"Oh my god... I look like I just entered a wet t-shirt contest!"

His cock lurched at the thought of his mom parading in front of a bar full of horny guys, and the fact that she'd probably win!

"Sorry mom!"

"Well I guess this shirt is pretty much ruined."

She trotted off to the bedroom and he watched her bottom jiggling as she ran up the stairs. Holy fuck, hand-jobs on tap for the next month! He almost wished he could break his wrists again! And what hand-jobs! This wasn't like being just jerked off, it was like his dick was an instrument being played by a concert musician. He'd never had an orgasm like this before, his mom had ruined him for other girls now, none of his other girlfriends had come close to making him feel this good. And she would jerk him off whenever he needed it!

His cock had stayed hard after he came and as he thought about his mom jerking him off for the next month he felt his excitement returning. He wondered if she would jerk him off again tonight, and his cock lurched at the thought. His mom returned in a clean shirt and fetched herself another glass of wine before sitting next to him and noticing his erection, not that she could exactly miss it as the huge column of meat curved up in the air throbbing.

"Bobby, you're still hard!"

"Err..yeah."

"But I only just... I mean you only just.."

"Err.. yeah sorry mom."

"You mean, you want me to... again!?"

"Well... er, yeah that would be... I mean if it's ok?"

"Already?? Bobby, how many times a day do you normally... I mean did you, before your accident... how often did you masturbate?"

"About 3 or 4 times a day I guess."

"3 or 4??!! I'll run out of shirts in a week at this rate!"

"Take it off then."

"Very funny Bobby!"

"I'm serious, like you said you'll run out of shirts otherwise."

"Bobby, I'm not taking my shirt off! I'm not wearing a bra!"

No shit sherlock!

"Well it's not like I haven't seen them before."

"You mean in the shower when you promised you'd keep your eyes closed???"

"Err... yeah sorry, I panicked when I fell."

"And now you'd like another eyeful is that it???"

"Um, no mom, I'm just trying to be practical that's all."

"It seems every time you are being practical it involves me getting naked!"

His dick lurched at the thought but she either didn't notice or ignored it.

"Well that is one of Dad's favourite shirts."

He mentally crossed his fingers as this was a total lie, it was an old Bob Marley shirt and he never remembered Dad even wearing it. All the same it didn't seem right to hose down Bob!

His mom looked down at her shirt and he could see her nipples poking out through the material. Funny the A/C wasn't all that cold.

He hummed the melody from 'I shot the sheriff' and his mom playfully hit him on his shoulder.

"Ow! I'm a patient remember mom?"

"Hmmm" she paused and he could see her weighing it up in her mind.

"Oh alright! I can't believe I'm doing this!"

He watched in slow motion as she reached down and lifted her shirt, revealing first her panties and her flat tummy then as the shirt continued to rise he could see the undersides of her magnificent breasts before the nipples and her whole chest was revealed.

"There! Happy?!"

She sat with her arms by her side making no attempt to cover herself as he gawped at her. Her breasts were even more beautiful than he remembered, huge and pear shaped with quite small oval aureola and hard nipples. They were glorious!

She said something but he didn't hear.

"Sorry mom?"

"I said a little eye contact would be nice!"

"Oh sorry."

"I don't know why you are so obsessed with my old boobs anyway!"

"Mom you have the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen! They're perfect!"

"Hmm. Better than all those perky cheerleaders you dated?"

"Mom those were just girls boobs, these are what a real woman's breasts should look like! They're amazing! They're so big, and so beautiful, and... "

"Alright Bobby, I get the idea you like them!"

Although she chided him he noticed she seemed to sitting up a little more and pushing her boobs out towards him. It also looked like her nipples were if anything harder.

She reached down and took hold of his cock and held it up to look at it.

"Well you certainly take after your father in one respect."



"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have a very large penis."

"Like dad's?"

"Bigger." she murmured.

"What?"

"I said yours is even bigger than your father's! And that was the largest I've ever seen."

His cock swelled with pride as she held it in her hand and looked at it. The hand that still had her husband's wedding ring on it. His cock gave another sick lurch. There was cum still running down his cock from his last orgasm and as his mom held his shaft with one hand she used the fingers on her other hand to rub the cum over his cock head and shaft as lube before she began caressing it. He couldn't decide which to look at her magnificent tits or her hands working their magic on his cock. He settled on her boobs, her beautiful jugs gently swaying in time with her stroking. As he stared at them he decided they really were the most beautiful pair he'd ever seen, so full and round. Not the fake gravity defying tit's of a silicone enhanced porn-star, or the perky little titties of a teenager. They were full and heavy, rounded and beautiful.

Her fingers were teasing and stroking his cum coated cock head, the glans as swollen and as hard as the shaft. She then began gently tugging the foreskin up and down over his cock head, slowly building the excitement. Mom's technique was so much subtler than he had experienced before, it seemed like she was being so gentle it would take him ages to cum, but her light touch was deceptive. It made him so sensitive and aroused that the delicate stroking brought his orgasm bubbling closer faster than he expected. He was determined to hold on this time though, wanting to make the ecstasy last as long as possible.

Her stroking of his cock head remained a subtle relentless tugging that he could feel drawing him steadily closer and closer to orgasm. He fought the cum rising in his balls as the minutes ticked by but he was no match for his mothers skilled manipulations. Jeez-us no wonder dad married her!

But as he finally felt himself beginning to lose control and having to admit defeat, his mom seemed to sense this and slowed her stroking before running her fingers down his cock to gently play with his heavy balls while his orgasm subsided. After a minute or two she started lightly stroking his shaft again, drawing the foreskin back and forwards over the head. Her touch on his less sensitive shaft meant he was able to hold back longer this time, the sensation of her fingers round his cock and the skin sliding up and down his head was light and stimulating but even so after another few more minutes of her relentless stroking his balls were beginning to tighten and the cum beginning to rise.

Just when he thought he could take no more though, she stopped stroking and simply ran her fingertips over the underside of his cock and gently played with his balls again. Shit, his mom was teasing him, getting him close and then stopping. God this was driving him crazy but he loved it!

She began gently caressing his cock head with her fingers now, the pre-cum and cum-cum covering the purple head in a shiny sheen. Her touch was light and feathery as she gently coaxed his cock towards orgasm, caressing and playing with his column of hard meat like she was worshipping it. Oh god, his prick was so hard and his balls so full he felt like they would explode if he didn't cum soon. She began lightly stroking the head again, his cock now totally in her power, all thoughts of holding back gone now, his only thought was release. With every light caress of his cock his cum boiled more and he edged closer to orgasm, now surely she wouldn't stop. She had to make him cum.

"Uuuuuurrrrrgghh... coooooommmmmiiiiinnngg!!"

She maintained her stroking pulling his cock towards her. The first blast of cum was so violent it splashed across her face and hair but she aimed the rest lower, load after load after load of cum splashing onto her big, naked tits. He'd read the french called an orgasm a 'petite mort' or little death and he understood why now. His body went tense from head to toe and he could hardly focus his eyes as his cock convulsed again and again. Finally his orgasm subsided and he turned to look at his mom. Cum was dripping from her beautiful face and her

tits were soaked with streaks of sperm that splattered the upper slopes and hung from the undersides.

She gently released his cock and looked down at herself before looking at Bobby.

"Better now?"

He nodded unable to speak.

"Well I am going to have a shower and go to bed, good night Bobby." She smiled.

"Nite." he croaked.

She picked up her t-shirt and made her way to her bedroom.

He stayed slumped on the sofa, his cock now finally softening, as he watched his beautiful mom, naked apart from a pair of panties, sashay up the stairs to her bedroom, her sexy bottom wiggling as she walked.

As she disappeared from view he looked down at his semi hard cock resting on his thigh, cum dribbling onto his leg. It seemed surreal that a few minutes ago his mom had had her hands on it and jerked him off. His own mother had just given him the two best orgasms he'd ever had in his life. One of them topless!

Fuck! Topless hand-jobs on demand from his beautiful sexy stacked mom for the next month! Life had just suddenly got a whole lot better for Bobby Stevens!

## Chapter 5

After the double helping of his mother's magical hand jobs the night before Bobby slept like a rock. The following day was the weekend so they both slept in late and when he awoke he saw sunlight steaming in through the window and his mom pulling the drapes back .

"Finally awake sleepy head? It's such a lovely day I thought you might like a trip to the beach?"

He stifled a yawn as he peered bleary eyed at his beautiful mom in her revealing negligee. No matter how many times he saw her in her skimpy outfits he never tired of them. His morning woody gave an appreciative lurch as he watched her boobs swaying about while she finished pulling back the drapes.

"Yeah, that sounds great mom."

He was pitching a tent under the covers and wondered if she would pull them back and offer to give his morning glory some TLC but she seemed to be in 'Mom' mode at present.

"Well it's nearly 10am so if you want to get there for lunch we should get moving. Rise and shine!"

He certainly had risen and was shining with purple excitement, one of his mom's magic hand jobs would sure start the day off right, but it didn't appear to be on the cards.

"Uh, yeah I'll be up in a minute." he yawned again.

"Alright Bobby, well don't be too long. Unless you don't want to join me in the shower?"

She said the last part as she headed off out of the room and as she did so she pulled her negligee over her head giving Bobby a view of the side of her boob and her magnificent butt wiggling as she left his room.

Shit! She was offering to get naked in the shower with him? Fuck! He nearly fell over the bedclothes in his hurry to get out of bed, finally making his way to the bathroom, his hard on swaying like a divining wand in front of him. His mom was stood in just her panties adjusting the water in the shower.

"Well that certainly seemed to get you out of bed, I don't think I've ever seen you move so fast in the mornings!" she smirked.

"Err, well it seemed like too good an offer to refuse."

"Hmm..." she smiled, arching an eyebrow at him. He was too busy ogling her tits to notice though as she fitted the bags to his hands and helped him into the shower before slipping her panties off and joining him. This time she made no bones about him watching her as she washed her self, soaping her big tits and tummy, though he noticed she did face away when she washed between her legs.

Much as he loved staring at her boobs seeing her totally naked like this was an extra thrill that made his dick throb even more than it was already. As she faced him again he couldn't help but admire the neat, dark patch of hair between her legs, he couldn't see much more and she was clearly making sure he wasn't going to as she manoeuvred him under the water and began washing him.

"Looks like you could do with a shave, you're getting to look like a Grizzly Adams."

"Who?"

"Never mind."

As she lathered his face and gently shaved him, he simply drank in the sight of her, the feel of her hands on his skin, her cool breath on his face and the smell of her clean body. She finished gently shaving him before rinsing the foam off.

"Actually I kind need a shave down there too mom."

She glanced down at his cock.

"Oh I thought that the hospital did that."

"No, I err... like to keep things tidy down there."

"Um... ok."

She gently spread foam around the base of his cock and his balls.

"At least I don't have to worry about lifting your penis out of the way." she commented, playfully batting the head of his stiff cock making it sway about.

She tenderly shaved around his cock and balls, gently moving his cock to one side to see what she was doing and lifting his balls to shave underneath. He revelled in the feel of her hands delicately moving his cock and balls about while she shaved him and even though she was using a razor on his pride and joy he felt totally safe in her hands. Eventually she rinsed him off and inspected her work.

"There, happy now?"

"Thanks mom!"



"Now let's get you washed before we both turn into prunes."

As she shampooed his hair he closed his eyes to avoid the soap but could still feel her heavy boobs rubbing against him and squeezing against his chest while his hard cock bumped and rubbed against her flat belly. Her hands moved over his body with a tenderness and sensuality that made his cock throb and lurch.

Eventually she had washed everything else and began soaping his cock and balls.

"I seem to recall this is where all the trouble started."

"Yeah I guess it did mom, kinda like deja vu."

She'd worked up a lather on his cock and balls and began stroking the shaft with one hand while caressing his heavy balls with the other. His dick was slightly numb from his morning woody so he was able to relax for a few minutes and enjoy the sensations of her hands and the sight of her big tits squeezed together while she jerked him off knowing he wouldn't cum for a while. She seemed to sense his greater staying power and brought both hands up onto his cock, one sliding up and down the shaft while the other caressed the head. Even numb, after a few minutes of this treatment he could feel the first boiling of cum beginning in his balls.

"Oh wow, that feels amazing!"

"I think there's room for 3 pairs of hands on this thing."

Her movements were becoming faster now, stroking and twisting her fingers round his shaft while her other hand caressed and teased his swollen glans. Her boobs jiggled deliciously with the faster movements and he could feel his cum beginning to rise, his cock was powerless to resist her touch and he knew he couldn't hold back much longer, sure enough after a few more minutes he could feel himself nearing the edge.

"Oh god, I'm gonna cum soon!"

She didn't say anything but continued her stroking, the soap and lather flying off his cock as she she jerked him before he finally went tense and his cock began spasming in her hands, a jet of cum splashing her face and some landing in her hair as she did her best to direct the rest down into the wonderful valley between her boobs, where it ran down, some dribbling off her boobs, some trickling down her belly towards her holy of holies. His dick lurched at the sick thought of his sperm ending up so near her pussy and another spurt splashed onto her belly. She'd made it clear nothing more was on the agenda and he wasn't complaining but the thought filled him with a wicked excitement all the same.

"Hmm looks like I need another shower."

"Sorry mom."

She released his cock and wiped the sperm off her face.

"Did it go in my hair? I don't want to end up like Cameron Diaz in that movie!"

"Err a little.. sorry mom!"

They both laughed as she washed his cum off before stepping out of the shower. She dressed herself first, putting on a light summer dress before helping him into his clothes. He chose a t-shirt and some shorts telling his mom he didn't bother with underwear.

"I don't really get on with it, it's kind of... restricting."

"You mean they haven't designed any you can fit in?" she laughed.

"Err kind of."

Truth was he liked the feel of his heavy cock and balls swinging free in his shorts and most of his underwear actually was pretty tight.

The drive to the beach took a couple of hours and they rode in companionable silence listening to the radio and occasionally chatting. His pain meds left him pretty drowsy and after a while he dozed off only waking as they arrived.

"Sorry mom, I wasn't much company I guess."

"That's ok sweetie, it was just nice having you here."

They parked up and walked along the beach, there were a few people around but it was still a little too early for the tourists. Mom took Bobby's arm as they strolled smiling at him with a look he hadn't seen since... well since his dad died. Mom seemed so different, happy and alive and like the young woman who he remembered from his childhood.

She was wearing a light summer dress, and while it was nothing special Mom had the sort of body that could make a sack look sexy.

Bobby noticed a few guys checking her out as they passed by and he felt a mixture of anger that they should look at his mom like that and pride that she was so beautiful. Mom didn't notice them, or ignored them if she did, she seemed only interested in Bobby, resting her head on his shoulder occasionally as they walked.

He wondered what the guys looking at her would think if they knew she had been naked with him in the shower doing amazing things to his hard dick only a few hours ago? Jealous as fuck was his guess. He remembered how good she looked and how good her hands felt and felt his dick getting bigger in his shorts. He was acutely aware of it swinging about and his heavy balls bouncing on his leg, while he didn't get fully stiff his semi hard cock was still obvious enough that he attracted a couple of looks from some of the girls. A passing teen nudged her friend and pointed at Bobby's crotch who mouthed 'OMG' before they both started giggling.

They found a beachfront restaurant to have lunch and sat on the verandah enjoying the day and each other's company. Afterwards they looked round some of the stores for a while before deciding to call it a day. On the drive back mom was more relaxed than he'd seen her for a long while.

"Thank you for today Bobby, it was good of you to spend so much time with your old mom."

"Old? Mom you look like you're in your 20's, and you're beautiful. And besides I really enjoyed it as well. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

"Oh Bobby." she smiled and rested her hand on his leg. "I don't know what I'd do with out you."

"Well you'll never have to, so don't worry."

Her fingers were cool on his skin and the thought that those same fingers had been wrapped round his cock earlier, and with any luck would be again tonight caused his cock to start swelling. The material of his shorts twitched as his dick lengthened and rose and his mom glanced down.

"Bobby, cant you control that thing at all?"

"Well, I did say you are beautiful mom!"

"Well I suppose that this is as sincere a compliment as a girl can get."

With that she reached over and gently squeezed his cock through his shorts, running her hand up and down his length.

"Ooooh, that feels good."

She continued to rub up and down his cock occasionally pausing to reach down and gently squeeze his balls. His dick was straining against the material now, lurching with excitement as her fingers continued to gently explore his cock though his shorts. She would run her finger tips up and down his length, occasionally teasing the swollen head, sometimes squeezing the shaft, but all the time increasing his excitement. The journey home took a little longer because of traffic and after an hour or so of his mom's teasing Bobby's cock was

aching and hard as steel. Pre-cum was beginning to seep through the fabric where his cock was beginning to drool.

"God mom you're driving me crazy!"

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No, I just wish you'd take it out."

"And have you explode all over the car? I'd need windscreen wipers on the inside!"

"Shame we don't have a convertible, the car behind would think it was snowing!"

"Oh god! Bobby that's gross!" she laughed.

"You started it."

"Well I will finish it," she said giving his cock a meaningful squeeze "when we get home."

They finally arrived home 2 hours later and Alison had teased Bobby's cock almost the entire way, as they pulled into the garage and the door closed behind them Bobby breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank god."

Mom hopped out and went round the car to let Bobby out. As he stood up his dick was so hard it made his shorts stick straight out in front of him.

"Oh my god Bobby, it looks like you've got a third leg!" she laughed.

"It feels like it too! One that's aching real bad!"

"Oh you poor baby, come inside and mommy will make it better."

His mom was getting seriously flirty in her comments recently and this one wasn't down to alcohol Not that he was complaining. As they stepped indoors the heat hit them.

"Oh darn, I forgot to set the A/C when we left. Here let me do it now."

As she returned Bobby said, "Do you mind if I get out of these clothes, it'd more comfortable with the heat and the err.."

"...and this?" she said giving his straining dick a squeeze through his shorts.



"Err... yeah!"

She smiled as she lifted his shirt off before undoing his shorts and pulling them down, his huge hard on springing up and slapping his belly.

"Looks like someone's happy to be let out!" as she said this she gently stroked his cock.

"Mmmm that's soooo nice!"

"Well I'm just going to get changed then I'll be back."

"You know it's a LOT more comfortable with no clothes on when it's this hot mom."

"Is it really now?" she said with a wry smile.

Bobby settled on the sofa his dick hard against his stomach, a small trail of pre-cum smearing against his belly. God, he was looking forward to having his mom's hands on his cock again, he didn't remember ever being so horny as he had been over the last few weeks.

"Does this meet with your approval?"

"Sorry mom, what do you...HOLY SHIT!"

He turned to see what his mom wanted and couldn't believe his eyes. His mom was padding down the stairs naked apart from her panties, her huge boobs bouncing as she descended the steps.

"I hope that's a good holy shit? It really is too hot until the A/C kicks in and I guess you've seen me naked enough times once more won't make much difference."

He was speechless, no matter how many times he saw her naked he didn't think he'd ever get over how gorgeous she was.

"I'm going to get us something to eat and then we can watch TV while I take care of your problem."

He followed her out to the kitchen watching her sexy bottom wobble as she went. His dick scythed through the air as he followed her.

"Come to keep me company have we? Both of you I see."

She playfully stroked his cock as she said this, before picking up a towel and hanging it on his cock.

"What's that for?"

"Well you might as well make yourself useful while you're here, I need another towel rail!"

They laughed as she poured herself a glass of wine as she started cooking. They chatted with one another and he couldn't help thinking how surreal it was to be hanging out with his mom like everything was normal when they were both naked and he had a towel hanging over his hugely erect cock. Once the food was heating his mom turned to him again.

"Well we've got a few minutes while the food cooks, I suppose you'd like me to help you out with this for a little while?" she said removing the towel from his cock while sipping her wine.

"God yes please mom."

She reached down and hefted his big balls in her hand.

"Hmmm... why do I get the feeling I'm going to get extra soaked tonight?"

"Sorry mom, I can't help it, I just cum a lot."

"A lot is an understatement, you could open your own sperm bank!"

"Err... thanks mom, I think."

She ran her finger tips up onto his cock and began delicately teasing it, making it jump and lurch.

"Oh god!"

She then wrapped her fingers round it and began lightly stroking it while holding her wine glass in her other hand. She kept the movements slow and light, delicately caressing the swollen glands and lightly rubbing the pre-cum over his cock head. He rode the waves of pleasure she was giving him, totally in her power as she toyed with him, feeling his balls begin to tighten and his cum begin to rise.

Another minute or two and he would be there, as she lightly tugged on his cock head he closed his eyes and surrendered himself to the inevitable orgasm.

"BEEP BEEP BEEP!"

"Oh, looks like dinner's ready!" she said releasing his cock.

"Oh fu...I mean god, I was almost there."

"I'm sorry dear, I promise I'll make it up to you later." she smiled at him over her shoulder. As he looked at her in profile, her huge boobs and shapely bottom accentuated by her pose, he couldn't decide if she was teasing him deliberately or just oblivious the effect she was having on him.

They ate their meal together, his mom feeding him and herself before she tidied the plates away. She returned to sit next to him her boobs bouncing as she sat.

"Well, I suppose I should put you out of your misery."

"Please."

"Alright sweetie, just let me see what's on TV, we might as well have a movie while I take care of you. Oh I left the remote on the table, let me grab it."

She leant over him to reach the remote on the table behind them and as she did her huge boobs hung over his face swaying about as she struggled to reach the remote. As he marvelled and the huge heavy orbs swinging and swaying inches away from him she stretched a bit further and one of her boobs brushed his face. It was too much, he couldn't help himself and he opened his mouth and leant up seeking out her luscious opulent breasts with his lips and tongue. He sucked on her smooth flesh finding the rubbery nipple with his tongue and feeling it harden in his mouth as he feasted on her bounteous boob.

"Bobby!! What are you doing??"

She sat back up looking down at him and at her breast, wet with his saliva.

"I'm sorry mom I couldn't help it."

"Bobby I didn't give you permission to do that."

"I'm sorry mom, but they were right in my face."

"That doesn't mean you can do that to me. I agreed I would help you with your, problem, but I said that was as far as it goes and I meant it."

"I know, I'm sorry mom, I just... I'm sorry."

"Well, alright. I suppose I was being rather, insensitive, leaning over you like that."

"I'm sorry."

"I know, Bobby. It was my fault I should have thought."

She looked down at her wet nipple again "It's been a few years since you did that."

"I wish I could remember." he smiled.

"Well you were always a greedy baby. Guess not much has changed!"

"I bet I never went hungry!" he grinned.

"Bobby!" She playfully hit his arm.

"Ow! Not fair! My hands are in plaster"

"Probably a good thing at the moment! I'm not sure I could trust you."

She found a movie she liked and started it on the TV. Bobby drank in the moment, both of them on the sofa naked apart from the bandages on his wrists and his mom's lacy panties. His cock was hard as a baseball bat and curved up above his belly throbbing with anticipation for the pleasure he knew his mother's hands would shortly be bringing him. He looked at his beautiful mom, her pretty face, her glamour model curves and perfect skin, sitting naked a few inches away. She turned to face him as she put the remote down giving him a perfect view of her huge boobs, swaying and jiggling. She was right about one thing, if his hands weren't in plaster he would reach

out right now and grab her huge tits. God he wished he could, they looked so good, he wished he could fill his hands with those bounteous boobs and feast on them all evening. Instead he had to content himself with feasting his eyes, burning the image of those perfect breasts into his mind forever.

She ran her fingers over his chest down to his crotch but skirted around his cock, instead running her fingers over his thighs and back up to his hips. She repeated this a few times letting her finger tips trace the lines of his hard abs and toned thighs but avoiding his cock and balls at the last moment. Occasionally the smooth skin of her forearm brushed against his swollen cock head making his dick lurch and spasm, pre-cum drooling from the evil eye. She was teasing him to distraction, making him so hard he thought he would explode. Finally she ran her fingers up his thighs and lightly stroked his balls, the heavy testicles hanging against his thigh. She then ran her fingertips up to the base of his cock, lightly tracing the underside of his shaft before delicately running them around the swollen purple head. A strand of pre-cum was drooling from the head and she used her finger to lightly scoop it up and rub the clear slippery liquid over his glans.

"Oh god mom that feels so good."

She continued to run her finger tips around his cock head before running them down the underside of his shaft and back up again, teasing the iron hard shaft before encircling the purple glans with her fingers and lightly stroking the silky foreskin back and forward. The sheen of pre-cum lubricated



his cock head and ran down onto his foreskin making it slippery to the touch.

"Ohhhhhh, god mom."

She shifted her position slightly, sitting on her calves and leaning forward slightly, her huge boobs hanging down and swaying over his face as she adjusted her position. He gazed at the magnificent orbs from a few inches away, remembering the fleeting taste of her rubbery nipple in his mouth and the feel of the silky smooth cool firmness of her breast on his cheek.

She increased the cadence of her stroking slightly, the wet foreskin making small noises as it rolled up and down over his slick glans. God he knew he was going to shoot a big load tonight, his balls felt like concrete and his cock was like an iron bar as his mothers delicate fingers worked their magic, inexorably stroking his cock closer and closer to orgasm. As he felt himself nearing the point of no return she slowed her stroking, her touch becoming lighter and more delicate, her fingers barely touching his straining cock. She ran her fingers down his shaft before taking his heavy balls and gently squeezing them, her delicate hand barely able to contain his oversized swollen testes.

She ran her fingers up his cock again and began her delicate, teasing stroking on his cock head again, leaning over him more as she did. He could feel her breath on him, smelling the slight bitter aroma of the wine. Her heavy breasts were inches away from his face now, every jiggle of the beautiful orbs visible to

him, her nipples were sticking out like two bullets pointing right at him.

His cock head and several inches of the shaft were slick with pre-cum now as his dick bucked and lurched in her tender hand, like some wild beast being tamed and broken in by her beautiful touch. He rode the waves of ecstasy, totally in her power, knowing his orgasm was completely in her control. As she brought his orgasm closer she would slow her movements again letting it subside, and with each faux climax the pleasure intensified, his cock so hard and sensitive her touch was almost painful.

"Bobby..."

He was so lost in his sensations he didn't respond at first.

"Bobby?"

"Uhh, yeah mom?"

He looked up blearily at her, his view filled with the huge boobs that was so near and yet so far, groaning at their beauty and the frustration of not being able to touch them.

"It's alright, if you want to."

He was confused, was she giving him permission to cum?

"I know mom, I'm not holding back."

Surely she must know she could make him cum whenever she wanted.

"No Bobby, I mean if you want to, you can... you can have them."

Have them? Her tits!!?? She was offering them to him like a gift! Shit, if they were a gift this would be about a 1,000 birthdays and christmases rolled into one!

"You mean you, don't mind, if I?" he stared at the delicious melons inches from his face.

"No."

She leant a little closer, offering them to him, He didn't need a second invitation and went at her bounteous breasts like a starving man, the smooth skin from one filling his mouth while its heavy companion bounced on his cheek. He hungrily sought out her nipple, drawing the hard rubbery nub into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. She inhaled sharply at the sensation but continued to stroke his cock, keeping him on the brink of release but denying him the ultimate pleasure.

He sucked as much of her boob into his mouth as he could, the soft enveloping breast filling his nose and smothering his face, it was like drowning in tits he reflected, not a bad way to go if he had to choose! He could feel the hard nipple of her other boob lightly rubbing on his shoulder and, after feasting on her other beautiful tit till he could hardly breathe he released it, seeking out its neglected companion. She adjusted her position slightly to allow him access to her other breast and he quickly found the nipple, sucking, licking and lightly biting it, feeling him suck on her breasts in a perverse parody of how she had nursed him as an infant.

Did his mother let out a moan or was he imagining it? Her grip on his cock was certainly becoming firmer, as if she was squeezing it in response to his sucking on her tits. She ran her hand up and down the length of his cock now, jerking him hard and fast and he knew the end was near. If someone held a gun to his head he didn't suppose he could hold off cumming for more than a few seconds more. He tried to warn his mom but his mouth and face were full of her huge tits, and the most he could manage was a "Mmmmmmmppfffff!"

If she was in any doubt what he was trying to tell her the confusion was ended a second later when an eruption of come blasted across her tits and face. From her position leaning over Bobby there wasn't much she could do about aiming his cum, the next blast splashed her neck before dripping onto Bobby's chest, the next landed in her hair and her shoulder, the next across her boobs and Bobby's chest, the next on her stomach and rest onto Bobby's chest and finally dribbling down his cock onto her fingers.

He released her breast from his mouth with an wet pop and hazily noticed the credits rolling on the screen. Shit, his mom had been jerking him off for the entire movie, he'd lost all track of time. He was aware of the wet coolness on his chest and could see the strands of cum hanging off his mom's boobs and body.

"Well, it looks like you excelled yourself tonight. I guess we'd better both have a shower."

"Err.. ok, sorry mom."

"You don't need to apologise Bobby, it's not like it's your fault." she smiled before leading the way to the shower. His cock was still semi erect, even after the marathon jerk off session his mom had given him and the thought of seeing her totally naked again gave him an extra thrill. Funny how a few square inches of frilly fabric could make a difference but somehow his mom's panties represented the frontier that was never to be crossed.

She helped him into the shower then slipped her panties down before stepping out of them. As she stepped into the shower she opened her legs slightly and Bobby caught a glimpse of her puffy pink lips, and he couldn't be sure but he thought he thought she looked wet between them. Was his mom getting turned on? Shit! Her nipples were certainly hard when he sucked her tits, so was she getting as turned on by this as he was?? His cock had stiffened at the glimpse of her moist pussy and as his mom washed herself and turned to see him she gasped.

"Again?? Bobby Stevens I can't believe even you are still hard after what I did to you!!"

"Sorry ma, guess it has a mind of its own."

"And a one track mind at that. Still it is quite impressive."

His cock lurched at the praise while she washed the cum off his chest. She then took his hard cock and began jerking it off. This time there was no teasing, her grip was firm and ran up and down the length of his cock.

"I think I could beat this thing off all day and it would still be hard."

"Why not give it a try?"

"Very funny."

She played with his balls with her other hand before bringing it up and rubbing it over the head of his cock. The combined 2 hand assault on his dick was having the desired effect and he began to feel his balls tightening and she jerked him hard, her boobs bouncing and jiggling. He looked at her beautiful tits remembering the taste and feel of them on his face and in his mouth and wished his hands were free right now to grab them and squeeze them.

His cock swelled and his balls tightened and he could feel his dick about to erupt.

"Cumming!"

"I can't believe you have any left what you just produced."

"Urrrrghhhhh!"

His cock spasmed and he managed two good spurts that reached her tits before the others splattered onto her belly and dribbled down between her thighs. He noticed the thick cum running down into the small dark bush between her legs and he gave one final spurt that landed on her thigh before dribbling onto her hand. She stroked him until he finished cumming and then rinsed the cum off herself.

She dried them both off, replacing her panties before wishing him good night and heading off to her room. Bobby lay in bed his cock and balls well and truly drained and reflected on the day. It was like having a dream girlfriend, one who understood him, who would never leave him, who gave him unbelievable hand jobs, but who he could never fuck. Still, she'd told him he couldn't suck her tits and then changed her mind so who knew? The horny possibilities were still running through his mind as he drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 6

Over the next few days Bobby's world was one long happy, horny holiday.

Clothes were now pretty much abandoned in the home so the first sight that greeted his eyes when his mother woke him was her huge, beautiful, naked tits swinging in his face. She would set the alarm a few minutes early so that they had extra time in the shower for her to give him a long soapy hand job that would slowly build to a shuddering climax, usually all over his mother's beautiful body.

He would alternately doze and surf the internet through the day waiting for her to return, fantasising about seeing her strip down to her panties, and following her about the house with his hard on aching for some attention. She would often tease him for an hour or two while she fixed dinner, giving his cock occasional strokes and fondles before finally settling down on the couch and going to work on his cock in earnest, bringing him sexual ecstasy he'd never known was possible, keeping him hovering on the brink of a climax sometimes for an hour or two before he finally erupted. Such was Bobby's libido he would often stay hard after cumming and his mom would go to work on him again, sometimes jerking him off 2 or 3 times before he was finally sated.

Today was a day like all the others, it was after 5 in the afternoon and Bobby had been looking at Lucy Pinder on the internet, comparing her boobs to mom's, recalling the feel of the heavy orbs on his face and the taste of the her smooth skin



and hard nipples, remembering the feel of her teasing fingers delicately stroking his hard dick. He could feel his excitement mounting as he imagined her sensual touch on his cock and the sight of her beautiful body. The time seemed to crawl past until finally he heard her car pull in to the garage and closed the laptop down in anticipation of far more sexy real life images.

The door to the garage slammed and he heard his mom muttering.

"Son of a bitch!"

She stomped up the stairs and into her room. Uh oh, this doesn't sound good. It's not often mom loses it but when she does, she really loses it. He looked down at his hard cock staring expectantly back at him, "Look's like we might be out of luck pal!" Not that his hard on was going anywhere, these days the mere thought of his mom produced a Pavlovian reaction in his dick that didn't go away until she made it, and then sometimes after 3 attempts.

He managed to pull his robe off the back of his chair with his teeth and dropped it over his arm where it mostly concealed his erection, before venturing down the hallway to his mother's room to see if it was safe.

"Mom?"

"Hi Bobby." she was letting her hair down and definitely looked pissed.

"Err, everything ok?"

"Oh yes, everything's marvellous, apart from that asshole."

"Uh ok."

It was really unlike her to swear, this had to be something bad.

"Err, who's that?"

"Dr Williams."

She'd kicked off her shoes and was unzipping her uniform.

"Isn't he the guy you're going to be working for at the new clinic?"

"The very same. He told me there's a function tomorrow night for the investors and if they agree to green light it the project will go ahead next month."

She stripped off to her underwear, and now sat on her bed to remove her stockings.

"Uh, ok."

His mom was peeling her stockings down her shapely legs and what little blood wasn't pumping into his dick at the moment was struggling to keep his brain functioning enough to understand what was going on. The clinic was a good thing wasn't it? A new job and promotion?

She stood and reached behind her to unclasp her bra. He noticed she was wearing the red one he'd rubbed his cock over a few days ago, he also noticed dementedly how her boobs bulged out of the cups as she stretched to reach the clasp. She found the snap and released it freeing her heavy breasts. He felt his IQ drop and his dick harden even more.

Ok concentrate. She was talking again, this could be important!

"And, he invited me to the function, with all the investors!"

Ok, what was he missing here? God look at her boobs! They're so big and beautiful, and when she leans over to pick up her stockings they sway about. Concentrate! If she sees me staring I'll get a real earful.

"Um ok... and you don't want to go?"

"Bobby it was the way he asked me. He told me all the investors are men and most of them have a, quote, eye for the ladies. He said some feminine charm would help things along and that I should wear a little black number, the littler the better and make use of my, quote, natural assets! He was practically staring at my tits when he said it Bobby!"

"God mom that's awful, what a jerk!" he said tearing his eyes away from his mom's boobs in the nick of time.

"I've had to work really hard to get where I am Bobby, it's taken me a long time but I finally thought I had got past being viewed as just a pair of boobs. All my life I've had to put up with being leered at men Bobby, but when Dr Williams approached me about this clinic I thought I was finally being taken seriously for my work. But it turns out all he was interested in me for was for these!" as she said it she lifted her boobs in her hands to illustrate her point. Fuck how was he supposed to think looking at those? He wasn't surprised Dr Williams wanted her there, most of those old geezers would probably have their chequebooks out in 5 seconds if they could see what Bobby was looking at now, that's if they didn't have heart attacks first. That clearly wasn't what mom wanted to hear though.

"Mom, you're one of the smartest people I know and you are really good at your job, and you really deserve this promotion."

"Thank you Bobby."

"And you are also incredibly hot."

"Oh not you as well Bobby."

"Wait mom, look the way I see it you have all the advantages here."

"What do you mean?"

"Well you know you can do the job and run this new clinic, and if Dr Williams and these investors are so interested in how hot you look that they give you the job then you're the winner."

"Bobby I want to get the job because I can do it well, not because of how I look!"

"You can do it well, you'll be awesome, and once you get the job you can show Dr Williams and those old perverts just how good you are at it."

"I don't know Bobby, it makes me feel so cheap, like I'm just there as tits 'n' ass."

Jeez-us, and what tits and ass! Focus!

"But they'll be the one whose IQ's will be in single figures at the function and you'll be the one who gets a new job, face it

mom you've got it all. Brains, beauty and boobs! They don't stand a chance!"

"Bobby!" she said blushing.

"C'mon mom, you can do this. All you've got to do is play along for an evening and you can show Dr Williams and all those old creeps whose really the smart one."

"I don't even have a 'little black number' I can wear."

"No problem, tomorrow is Saturday so we can go shopping and get you a killer outfit. I'll provide you with a male input!"

"I'm sure you will!"

"C'mon mom, it'll be fun, and you'll knock 'em dead!"

"I don't know."

"What's not to know, you're beautiful, sexy and smart. This is a chance to get what you want, and if you can use Dr Williams and those old guys to get there why not? Serves them right."

"Alright Bobby, you win."

The following day they set off after breakfast and headed to the mall to check out the various clothes stores. It was a warm day so Bobby wore a t-shirt with shorts and Alison a light summer dress. Once they arrived they checked out a few stores before they finally settled on one that had a good selection of outfits, as they walked in a perky blonde sales assistant greeted them.

"Hi there, I'm Tanya, how can I help you?"

"Yes, I'm looking for a dress."

"Yeah a little black number."

"Ok no problem, if you and your partner would like to come through I'll show you what we have."

Alison didn't correct her and followed the pretty blonde through the shop with Bobby behind.

"What sort of dress were you after?"

"A little black number, the littler the better." Bobby grinned before noticing the look his mom gave him "Erm, that's right isn't it Mmmmmmmmalison?"

"Um, yes something quite small I suppose."

"Ok great, do you want something with a low neckline? You certainly have the figure for it."

"I suppose so."

"How low do you want to go?"

"The lower the better!" Bobby jumped in "Right.. darling?"

Mom glared at him but simply nodded.

"Ok let me grab a couple of dresses for you."

"Bobby, please don't embarrass me." Alison hissed.

"Mom I'm just trying to help, you remember what Dr Williams said about littler the better and using your assets?"

"How can I forget?"

The shop assistant returned with a couple of short, low cut numbers.

"I think these would look really good on you. Um, they look a lot better if you wear a push up bra with them, if you tell me your size I'll see what we've got."



"Oh, um, 32G." Alison mumbled.

"Wow. Oh ok, I'm not sure we've got one that large, I'll have a look."

Alison held the dresses while the shop assistant disappeared.

"These things are tiny, how can I wear these all evening? Oh god what have I got myself into?"

"You'll look great mom..um Alison." he said looking about nervously "Trust me."

Or rather trust my dick, he could already feel his cock swelling at the thought of seeing mom in these skimpy dresses.

The girl returned with a lacy black bra. "I'm sorry the biggest I could find is a DD. The changing rooms are just through past that curtain. There's a couch here if you'd like to sit while your girlfriend gets changed sir?"

"Um thanks."

Bobby sat on the sofa and waited admiring the shop assistant while he did. She was about 20 he guessed, cute looking and her dress suggested she had a great ass. He dreamily imagined

her naked, her small perky boobs and shapely legs and a cute little peach of a pussy. He imagined her lowering herself onto him and feeling his hard cock slipping inch by inch into that tight little snatch. He wondered if she could take it all, a lot of girls wouldn't fuck him because they were worried it would hurt but he had a feeling she would fuck like a banshee. His cock became hard as he imagined the pert blonde bouncing on his cock and riding him to orgasm after orgasm and he adjusted his position slightly to conceal it. His reverie was broken as he heard his mom's voice.

"Um I'm afraid the bra doesn't really fit."

That was an understatement. Mom's boobs were threatening to explode out of the top of her dress, the bra was clearly too small and she was bulging out of the cups and the skimpy dress. His cock throbbed at the sight of her barely contained breasts wobbling like jello as she approached.

"Oh wow, no I see what you mean." the salesgirl was staring at Mom's boobs.

"Wow Mmmhoney you look amazing."

"I can't got like this, I'm never going to be able to stay in this all evening."

"We could order some larger bras in for you?"

"I need the dress for tonight."

"Oh I see..."

Bobby could see his mom's predicament, she was barely contained in her dress. He looked around for an idea and spotted a mannequin with a very skimpy black dress on it, it consisted of two strips of black fabric at the front that barely covered the nipples and a short black mid section that left plenty of leg on view.

"What about that one?"

"Very funny!"

"I'm serious."

"Bobby! I can't wear a bra with that dress!"

"Well don't wear one."

"Don't wear... oh, can you explain to him?"

The shop assistant looked uncomfortable, and glanced between Bobby and his mom.

"I think what your girlfriend is trying to say is that the dress is intended for women who are less, um, heavily busted. It would be very, err, revealing on your girlfriend. But then, on the other hand it would look super hot!"

"Super hot? I'd fall out of it in 5 seconds! I agreed to go for something skimpy but not to be naked."

Bobby felt his cock lurching at the thought of mom's boobs spilling out of the dress, and at a party full of horny old codgers with dodgy tickers, it could be a massacre.

"Oh that's not a problem, you just use tit tape!"

"Tit tape?"

"Well that's not what it's called officially, it's just double sided tape, you put it in the dress and it sticks the dress to your um, chest so that you don't have any danger of being embarrassed"

"In that dress there's no danger of me not being embarrassed."

"C'mon Alison, at least try it on. You said you need something for tonight and the other one isn't going to fly."

She looked at the dress she was wearing in the mirror and noticed one aureola had already partly escaped. She hastily adjusted it and said, "Oh alright! I'll try it but that's all."

The sales girl took the dress and followed mom out to the changing rooms while Bobby waited, he looked and noticed some teenagers looking in through the shop front. They'd obviously been checking mom out in her dress and from the look on their faces clearly liked what they'd seen, He thought about going out to tell them to beat it but figured with his wrists in plaster he wasn't going to command much respect. Before long he heard mom returning and turning to see her his jaw dropped. Her nipples were barely covered by the two thin strips of material and the sides of her boobs were totally exposed as her bra less tits bounced around unfettered. The black dress contrasted with her creamy skin and the tiny strips of fabric emphasised the size of her breasts.

"Before you say anything I'm not wearing it."

"But Mmmallison... you look amazing!! Dr Williams said the smaller the better!"

"He didn't say naked, I'm showing almost everything!"

She turned to look at herself in the mirror and she had a point, viewed from the side her breasts were almost totally exposed, only the nipples and aureola concealed and the undersides and sides completely on view. She was showing plenty of

shapely leg as well but he thought he could guess where most eyes would be directed for the evening.

"Oh god, look, I can't wear this."

"But you look so hot, doesn't she Tanya?"

"You really do!"

Tanya was staring at Alison's boobs as well and Bobby noticed that her own perky nipples seemed to be hard and poking out through her dress.

Bobby glanced over and noticed the horny little perverts at the window now had eyes like dinner plates. One of them nudged another and mouthed the words "Holy shit!"

Bobby looked back to his mom and couldn't blame them, his cock lurched in his pants at the sight of her beautiful body so publicly exposed.

"Are you sure I'm going to stay in this?"

"Positive, try it, you can even lean over in it and you'll be fine."

Mom experimented with leaning forward, her boobs hanging down away from her and sure enough the dress stayed attached to her nipples.

"You look REALLY hot!" Tanya commented, and from the look on her face she meant it.

"Well, erm, honey, are you going to get it? Littler the better remember?"

Alison looked at herself in the mirror and then at her watch, it was 4pm already.

"Bobby, I don't know if I can..."

"Of course you can, if you didn't look amazing in it I wouldn't let you wear it."

She turned this way and that, and Bobby feasted his eyes on her shapely legs and beautiful ass, but it was her barely concealed huge boobs that drew his eyes the most. God he had been cursed and blessed with the sexiest hottest woman in the world but she was his mom! Right now though, he didn't care, his cock was so hard it ached and he wanted nothing more than to shoot a huge wad all over his beautiful mom, or into her a sick little voice whispered. Fuck.

"Well, I suppose so... oh ok!"

His mom hustled off to get changed while the sales girl rang the charge up. Bobby was sure the girl looked flushed and her nipples were definitely sticking out through her dress. He wondered if the cute little blonde was thinking of making out with his mom, sucking on her big tits and rubbing her perky little boobs against mom's melons. His cock lurched at the thought.

"Alright sweetie, let's go."

His mom's voice as she returned snapped him out of his reverie and without thinking he stood up. He noticed his mom had changed back into her summer dress but hadn't bothered to replace her bra and her nipples were poking out through the thin material as her breasts gambolled under the thin fabric. His mom glanced at him and then did a double take.

"Bobby!!" she whispered.

"What?"

"Your shorts!" she hissed.

He looked down and saw they were sticking out at 90 degrees to his body. The sales girl was returning with the receipt and there was no way Bobby could conceal his condition. "Oh god this'll be awkward" he thought, but then at the last moment



his mom stepped in front of him facing the salesgirl. She moved back pressing herself against him to conceal his boner, which now nuzzled between her butt cheeks as Tanya returned with their receipt.

"Here you are."

Bobby's cock lurched in his shorts and pushed up against mom's butt as it did, he felt her jump slightly at the sensation.

"Um, I wonder if you have a bathroom we could use? My... um boyfriend needs to use it and with his injury, I need to help him."

"Oh of course, it's right through there." she said pointing.

Bobby's cock lurched again, the shaft pushing up between her butt cheeks as it did, he felt her tense against him.

"Um.. thank you."

She held her bag with her dress in front of Bobby and stayed as close as she could to conceal his predicament as they headed to the restroom. Bobby wondered what she had planned? Surely she couldn't be planning on jerking him off in there? His dick lurched at the thought all the same. They finally made it to the safety of the changing room and Alison shut the door behind them.

"My god Bobby, are you trying to get us arrested! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Err, sorry. I didn't know quite how to put it. What are we doing in here?"

"Trying to figure out a way to get you out of here without the police being called." She looked down at the front of his shorts which still stuck out horizontally. "There's no chance of this thing going down of it's own accord anytime today I suppose?"

"Um, sorry, once it's hard it tends to stay that way."

"I figured as much."

She looked at his hard on sticking out for a few more moments before taking a deep breath and undoing his shorts, pulling them down over his cock so that it sprang up staring back at her with it's baleful eye. She crouched down in front of him and for a wicked moment he thought she was going to drop to her knees, his cock lurching at the prospect. Instead she kept her eyes averted from his dick and helped him step out of his shorts.

Ok this was going in a direction he really didn't see coming, he was now naked from the waist down with a raging boner, how was this going to stop him being arrested?

His mom then stood up and took a deep breath before announcing "I can't believe I'm going to do this!" With that she reached up under her skirt and pulled her panties down before stepping out of them.

WTF???!! Bobby's brain was about to fuse and his cock was lurching like it was trying to send a semaphore message.

"Mom... what are you doing?" he asked warily.

She crouched down again.

"Lift your feet."

As he did so she slid her panties over his shoes before pulling them up his legs.

"Ummm, mom?"

"Bobby, I need us to get out of here today and right now this is the best idea I can come up with."

She pulled her panties all the way up his legs. The tiny triangle of material at the front barely contained his huge balls and his cock stuck out of the top.

"I don't think I'm going to fit." he commented looking at the bizarre spectacle

Not to be deterred his mom took hold of his cock and levered it down against his hip, using the elastic of her panties to hold it there. The sight of his oversized cock and balls barely contained by her frilly lacy panties was pretty weird to say the least.

"Lift your feet." she said placing his shorts under him before pulling them up and re-fastening them.

"I hope I don't get hit by a bus on the way home, this could take a little explaining." Bobby commented.

"Very funny! Alright let's go."

Bobby followed Alison from the store walking gingerly, partly because he didn't want his dick to spring free from her panties and partly because the elastic was digging into him with every step. Not that his dick showed any signs of going soft, quite the opposite. The knowledge that his mom's pussy had been where his balls were just minutes before was making his dick throb and drool. Guess he'd finally got into his mom's pants after all he reflected.

They made it to the car with no further mishaps and began the drive home.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this Bobby, you and that thing of yours are going to get us in serious trouble one of these days."

"Right now my thing feels like it's being cut in two."

"Hmm, serves you right, maybe you will learn to control it better."

"Well at least it proves you chose the right dress!"

"Very funny."

"Seriously mom, it's a long journey and they really are cutting into me. Couldn't you, take me out."

"In the car?"

"We've got tinted windows. It's not like anyone's going to see."

'Oh alright. I don't want you suffering an injury I suppose."

She reached across with one hand and undid his shorts before pulling the elastic of her panties down to free his cock.

"Oh that feels so much better."

He saw his mom glance down at his cock.

"Aw poor baby." she smiled, reaching over to gently stroke his hard dick.

"That feel's sooo good."

She continued stroking his cock, keeping the movements slow and light, enough to tantalise and tease but not enough to bring him to an orgasm. The traffic was building up and the journey took a little longer than expected so by the time they neared home they were both becoming restless, mom because she was worried about being late and Bobby because his cock was drooling pre-cum and his balls were ready to explode. They pulled into the garage and mom helped Bobby out of the car. His shorts slipped down as he climbed out and his mom pulled them off along with her panties before entering the house. Bobby followed her to the kitchen naked from the waist down, his hard cock dribbling pre-cum.

"If I'm going to do this I need a drink first."

She made her way to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of wine, downing it before pouring another.

"Wow, you really do mean it."

"Well it's not every day that I attend a party in a dress that looks like it belongs on the set of a porno movie Bobby."

"Yeah, sorry mom. But honestly you'll be fine."

She drank down more of her second glass and was visibly relaxing now.

"Hmmm, what's the expression? Never believe anything said by a man with a hard dick."

"Well I'm guessing there'll be a few of those tonight."

"I doubt there'll be anything like that at the party." she said looking at his cock.

"What do you mean?" he asked innocently.

"You know exactly what I mean. I doubt anyone there will have a dick half the size of yours."

The wine was definitely having an affect and his cock lurched with pride at the comment.

"Um, thanks."

He noticed her nipples were still hard under her dress and began to hatch a plan.

"Could you help me out of my shirt mom?"

"Of course sweetie."

She set her wine down and approached him lifting his shirt as he raised his arms, he could smell her perfume and feel his cock brushing against her dress as her cool fingers ran up his muscular torso.

"Thanks mom. Are you going to join me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well I feel a little under dressed."

"Oh I see, you want me to take my dress off?" she said with a raised eyebrow.



'Well you do need to get changed, so I'm just helping you get a head start.'

"How very thoughtful." she commented wryly, sipping more of her wine before glancing at the clock. "It is getting late, time to lose my inhibitions I suppose." She downed the rest of her wine before setting the glass down and lifting her dress over her head.

"There happy now?"

He wasn't sure if she'd forgotten she'd removed her panties but the sight of his mother, naked from head to toe would be enough to make any straight guy happy. He drank in the sight of her big heavy tits and neatly trimmed dark bush his dick lurching and dribbling more precum.

She watched his cock bucking and saw a strand of pre-cum forming.

"I take it that's a yes?" she smiled.

She poured herself another glass of wine before approaching Bobby and putting a hand on his cheek.

"Thank you for all your help Bobby, I couldn't have done any of this without you."

He felt genuine warmth for his mom as they faced one another naked, the tenderness of the moment being ruined only by the fact that he had an aching hard on. She glanced down at his dick.

"I'm sorry, I've got you rather excited and now I'm going to have to leave you high and dry." she said running her hands down his chest and encircling his cock, lightly caressing it with her fingers.

"Can't you.. before you go?"

"Bobby, Dr Williams will be here in a few minutes and I can hardly greet him with a pint of your cum all over me can I?"

Her flirty behaviour and crude language were definitely increasing as the wine took effect, ordinarily that would be a good thing but she was right, it was nearly 6:30 pm and Dr Williams would be here in a few minutes.

"Speaking of which I'd better get ready, are you going to come and keep me company, both of you?" she giggled, giving his cock a playful pat.

Shit, she really was getting wasted, not that he was complaining. "Um, yes sure!"

She took her glass of wine and the dress and headed up the stairs, Bobby followed close behind and as he did was rewarded with the sight of her beautiful butt jiggling and then as she took the next step he saw her pink, puffy pussy peeking out from between her cheeks. SHIT!!! His cock lurched so hard he thought he might cum there, the image of stepping up behind her and sinking inch after inch of his hard cock into that delicious velvety pussy flashed through his mind.

His mom seemed to remember halfway up the stairs she wasn't wearing panties and scampered up the last few steps denying him any more lingering views. He followed her to her room and by the time he got there she had pulled on another pair of panties and was sitting at her dresser to do her makeup.

He stood beside her admiring her beautiful naked body and exquisite face, his cock throbbing inches from her cheek. She turned to look at him, "Bobby you're making me nervous pointing that thing at me! It's like having a cannon aimed at me!"

Yeah and I'd like to give you a 21 CUM salute!

"Sorry mom."

"Just make sure it doesn't go off!" she said giving his cock head a playful thwack.

"Ow mom, I'm still recovering from being cut in half with your panties."

"I'm sure this big thing can handle it." she said and his cock lurched in excitement at the praise.

She reached into her bag and took out the dress, lifting it so she she could inspect it.

"I can't believe I'm going to wear this. Well if you are going to stand there," she turned to him and hooked the hanger over the base of his cock, "then you might as well make yourself useful!"

They both looked at the image of her dress hanging from his huge hard on and laughed.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you like this Bobby." she reached out and gently stroked his cock, it does seem unfair after all the help you've given me.

He looked down at his beautiful mom, naked except for her panties, tenderly stroking his cock.

"That's ok mom, I guess a pair of blue balls for an evening won't kill me."

"Aw, poor sweetie."

She ran her fingers down his cock before gently cradling his heavy balls. Over the next few minutes his mom applied the finishing touches to her make up in between sipping her wine and giving Bobby's aching cock and balls a few gentle caresses. Checking her face in the mirror and her watch she then took the dress hanger from his cock and went to the bathroom to put it on. She emerged a few minutes later looking so beautiful he was speechless. Her hair was up and her face looked stunningly pretty. The tiny black straps of her dress accentuate her huge creamy boobs, leaving the sides and undersides totally exposed. The short skirt showed off her shapely legs in their stockings and her heels made her adopt slightly more curvy pose that accentuated what was already amazing.

"Well?"

His cock lurched and pre-cum drooled from the head.

She regarded his cock, "Well I guess that's a good reaction. I hope I stay in this tonight." she fiddled with the front of her dress.

"Well test it out, move about and see."

"What do you mean?"

"Lean over."

She did and the dress remained attached.

"Try shaking them."

"Shaking them?"

"Your um, breasts."

"I'm not doing that!"

"You know, to make sure you don't come out."

"Hmm"

"Seriously, you want to make sure you don't have an accident at the party don't you?"

"Oh alright!"

She rolled her shoulders shaking her big tits so that they swung about but despite her efforts the straps remained in place. Bobby's dick was lurching at the sight of his mom's

knockers swinging about so violently and wished they were in his face.

"Oh well, guess I'm safe from falling out, what difference it makes in this dress though, I'm not sure." she looked down at the tiny strips of fabric.

She sat back in her chair at the dresser and sipped her wine, before reaching up to gently stroke his cock, rubbing the pre-cum over his cock head and shaft.

"Dr Williams should be here any minute now, I'm so sorry to leave you like this Bobby."

"It's ok mom." he said groaning at her tantalising touch, knowing instead of release hours of frustration awaited him.

She stopped stroking him for a moment and looked away thoughtfully.

"Why'd you stop?" he asked groggily, hoping for a few more moments of caresses before she left. She looked up at him resuming her stroking.

"I suppose there is one way I could help you. It would have to be quick though, we don't have long."

"Quick won't be a problem mom, I've been waiting to cum all day. But what about your dress and the party?"

"Just tell me when you are getting ready to cum." she said stroking his cock faster and harder. Her delicate hand flew up and down his shaft and if he had wanted to he couldn't have lasted long under this assault. After a minute or so he could feel the cum beginning to surge as his orgasm approached "I'm almost there mom."

"Oh god, I can't believe I'm going to do this." she said before she lent forward and opened her lips taking Bobby's swollen, straining cock head in her mouth.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT MOM!"

The sensation of her warm wet mouth around his cock was enough to fry his brain, he looked down to see her beautiful face, her eyes closed and her moist red lips wrapped round his cock forming a perfect 'O'. He felt her tongue swirling round his cock head and it sent him past the point of no return.

"FUCK I'M CUMMING!"

DING DONG!

Alison's eyes flew open and looked toward the front door before looking up at Bobby, imploring him to hold back his orgasm



but it was too late, Bobby's balls drew up under his cock and his swollen glans pulsed once, then twice, before a geyser of cum erupted in Alison's mouth. She nearly choked as the first blast of sperm hit the back of her throat but she didn't have time to recover as another blast and then another shot into her mouth, flooding it with thick white cum. She felt her mouth filling to overflowing as Bobby's cock continued to erupt, her cheeks bulged and she was forced to gulp some of it down. She looked up at him imploring him to finish but it was to no avail, his cock continued to pump sperm into her mouth and Bobby was oblivious to her looks as he shuddered in the throws of his orgasm.

Eventually she felt the river of cum subside and withdrew her mouth from his cock. As she did so he saw a pool of thick, white sperm that filled her mouth almost to overflowing and his cock lurched one last time at the sight. Alison's cheeks bulged as she looked around frantically for somewhere to spit out the massive load.

DING DONG!

Realising she had no other options she wrinkled her nose and forced herself to swallow it, taking 3 efforts to get it all down before shouting "Coming!"

"Fuck, you can say that again!" thought Bobby.

Alison downed the rest of her wine to wash away the cum before quickly repairing her lipstick, traces of which Bobby

noticed were still smeared around his cock. She grabbed her handbag and hurried off to join Dr Williams, Bobby watched her as she ran out of the bedroom, the sides of her exposed, unfettered breasts bouncing in what little dress she was wearing.

He looked down at his still hard cock unable to believe what had just happened, only the traces of his mother's lipstick and saliva providing proof it was real. Life had definitely just got more interesting for Bobby Stevens!

## Chapter 7

Alison rushed to the front door in a daze, the taste of her son's sperm mingling with the wine in her mouth, the reality of what she had just done and what she was about to do seeming like a dream. She opened the door and found Dr Williams on the doorstep, aged in his early 50's with slicked back dark hair he was in good shape for his age and was wearing a well tailored dinner jacket that made him look quite dashing.

"Good evening Aliso...My goodness! Wow, you look very, erm, well my what can I say?" His eyes roamed over her body and especially her breasts and she felt her self wanting to cover herself with her hands but resisted the urge.

"I hope I meet with your approval Dr Williams?" she asked archly.

"Please call me David, and yes you look absolutely stunning. I'm sure we will have the investors eating out of our hands tonight!" he tore his eyes back to her face and gestured towards his Mercedes. "Shall we?"

The reception was being held at a local hotel and during the journey Dr Williams prattled on about the clinic and the presentation he'd prepared in between stealing not so subtle looks at Alison's cleavage. Alison payed him little attention, all she could think about was the fact that she'd just swallowed her son's huge load of cum and was about to spend an evening semi naked in front of a room of horny old men. The prospect made her stomach churn with nerves, a condition not helped by the cocktail of wine and sperm currently filling it.

As the pulled in to the front of the hotel Dr Williams rushed round to open the door for Alison and took in the generous amount of leg she unwittingly displayed as she climbed from his car. The valet was so busy staring at Alison's boobs that he hardly noticed the tip that Dr Williams pressed into his hand with an instruction to park his car carefully.

They walked together through the lobby and Alison regretted not having brought a jacket to wear, every step made her bra-less breasts jiggle and bounce in the tiny dress, the thin strips of fabric only seeming to emphasise the movements. Several guests turned to stare at her as she walked past, the men openly gawping and the women looking disapprovingly or glaring at their husbands.

They passed through to the ballroom where the reception was being held. Several men had gathered and were chatting in various groups but the conversation died down when Alison and Dr Williams entered.

Dr Williams waved to a few of the men and then took her arm and whispered in her ear.

"Do you see the man over there in the cream suit?"

Alison noted a short tubby man with a bald head and glasses who was holding court to a group of men.

"Yes."

"That's William Petty, he's worth an estimated \$3 billion and heads a consortium that could put up more than half the funding we need. If he decides to buy in it's a sure bet that the others will follow suit."

Dr Williams greeted a few of the individuals and introduced Alison to them, several of them shook her hand the gesture making her boobs wobble about in her dress while the more gallant ones kissed her on the cheek or on her hand, at the same time making sure to get a good view down her top.

Dr Williams left her chatting with a few investors while he set up his laptop and prepared to give his presentation. Most of

the men were content with getting an eyeful and Alison simply smiled and nodded pretending to take an interest in their conversation when she felt an arm around her waist.

She looked round to see a toad like face looking up at her and recognised it as the man Dr Williams had pointed out to her.

"Well my dear, Dr Williams told me you were beautiful as well as gifted, he didn't say how beautiful though."

"Mr Petty, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"William J Petty III, but you may call me Bill. I would like you to come and meet some of my colleagues, they are dying to make your acquaintance." As he said this his hand slid down over her buttocks and lightly patted her bottom through the thin fabric. She flinched at the touch but maintained a fixed smile as he put his hand back on her waist and steered her towards the group of men he had been talking with earlier. Petty introduced her to them and she smiled pleasantly at each in turn but she was aware that the hand that was round her waist seemed to be sliding higher.

The side of the dress being completely open, she became aware of the touch of his clammy fingers on her side, his hand on her skin now.

"David tells me that you are a real team player and always go the extra mile to get the job done is that right?"

"That's very kind of him to say so, I like to think I always do my best."

"That's good to know, because I want someone running the clinic who will be very hands on." as he said this his hand slipped further inside her dress and was now touching her ribs.

"I see."

"You see I always like to examine my investments very thoroughly before I commit myself." his hand sliding up inside her dress now, she realised to her horror that with no bra there were only a few inches separating his clammy flingers from the naked undersides of her breasts.

"Yes." she wanted to tear herself away but remembering Dr William's words instead maintained a fixed smile.

"Mmmmm, for instance I want to know what size assets are involved, and how firm they are." he slid his hand up further and cupped the naked underside of her right breast.

She couldn't believe he was openly groping her in front of a group of men, she searched their faces to see if one of them might help but they were all too busy leering at her.

"You see some people might feel a job like this was more than a handful," he now squeezed her breast which overflowed his his clammy flingers and gently bounced it inside her dress. "Does that concern you my dear?"

"I'm sure it's nothing I can't handle quite easily." she said pointedly.

He ignored her implied jibe and continued groping her breast.

"Good my dear, as I say I like to inspect my investment assets very thoroughly."

"I hope they meet with your approval?" she smiled fixedly at him.

"Oh they certainly do, they certainly do. They are quite outstanding Ms Stevens." he jiggled her breast in case anyone could have missed the significance of what he was hinting at. The courtesy of addressing her as "Ms Stevens" struck her as particularly absurd given he was openly groping her breast in front his leering friends.

It was all Alison could do to avoid tearing his hands off her and kneeing the creep in the balls but instead she forced herself to smile.

"Well it's been delightful meeting you Bill, now if you're satisfied that I meet your standards perhaps you'll excuse me? I had better go and help Dr Williams."

She slipped away feeling his hand slide reluctantly off her breast as she made her way back to the relative safety of Dr Williams. He might be a creep but at least he did his groping with his eyes, Alison grabbed a glass of wine on the way and quaffed half of it. Dr Williams was fiddling with a projector and making some adjustments to his laptop.

"Ah, Alison. I see Mr Petty was speaking to you, I hope you turned on the charm!"

"I think he got what he wanted, David." she said icily.

He looked at her a little bemused but made no comment.

"Right, well I think we're ready for the presentation, if you could get the lights for me Alison."

She turned the lights down and took her place by Dr Williams side as he began a powerpoint presentation on the new clinic and the returns the investors could expect. No one seemed to be paying much attention and she could feel eyes moving over her, she felt like suggesting he should have projected the images onto her tits since that's where most of the gazes seemed to be directed.



Eventually the lecture finished and Dr Williams and Alison said goodbye to the investors, as they left he shook their hands and wished them well but it was Alison they all clearly wanted to get near to. The drinks had obviously given them some dutch courage and there were a few pats on the bottom and a couple of gropes, Petty was one of the last to leave and as he bid his farewell his piggy little eyes remained fixed on Alison's boobs.

"Thank you David, most edifying speech, but I think Ms Stevens' charms are what we were all interested in tonight. It was a pleasure to get to know you my dear.' he leant in to kiss her on the cheek and as he did so took the opportunity to slide his hand onto her bottom caressing her butt cheeks.

"Remember my dear, if there's something you want in life don't be afraid to grab it.' With that he slipped his hand into her dress and gave one heavy breast a firm squeeze, she was so shocked by his brazenness she didn't react and Petty was on his way with his coterie.

"That Bill, he certainly is a character." chuckled Dr Williams.

Alison figured there were plenty of other names she could think of but character wasn't one of them. She finished her wine and helped Dr Williams pack before they made their way out, the lobby was pretty deserted by now and Alison was so tired she no longer cared if she was being started at.

On the short drive home Dr Williams chatted about how well things had gone.

"I can't say anything officially but I think it's fair to say the investors were very happy tonight, clearly my presentation must have worked well."

She gave him an arch look.

"Although I'm sure your presence helped to sweeten the deal." he smiled.

Her flesh crawled at the thought of those clammy hands pawing her and she shuddered.

"Are you cold my dear, we could stop for a nightcap?"

"No thank you David, I'd rather get home, it's been a long day."

"Yes of course."

They pulled up by her house.

"Allow me to walk you to your door."

"It's quite alright thank you."

"It's no trouble, I'd like to make sure you get home safely, and perhaps we could celebrate our success, um with a coffee?"

"Thank you David, but it's fine. Besides I expect your wife will be worrying about you." she remarked pointedly.

"Oh um, yes. Well I'll see you on Monday then!"

She made her way unsteadily to the house feeling drunk, cheap and used. She let herself in and made her way to the kitchen to fix another drink.

"Mom are you home."

"Yes Bobby, I'm downstairs. It's fine I'm alone."

He came padding down the stairs, as usual he was naked and as usual he was sporting a hard on. Every time she saw him like this she couldn't help but be reminded of her husband, his good looks, his athletic build and not least his big cock. When she and Richard first moved in together they hardly ever wore clothes at home, he loved looking at her as much as she loved watching him.

He looked at her expectantly, trying to gauge her mood.

"So how did it go?"

"Oh Bobby, it was horrible! This disgusting old pig felt me up, in front of everyone. I felt like I was just a piece of meat." she broke down and began crying.

"Mom... I'm sorry, I never, I mean I didn't think it would be like that. Didn't Dr Williams say anything?"

"Him? He virtually told me to flash my tits at them to make sure we got the money. Bobby, I feel so cheap!"

He went to her and put his arm round her to comfort her as best he could, the fact that his hard cock was pressing up against her naked belly spoilt the effect somewhat but eventually her tears subsided and she fixed herself another drink in the kitchen before returning and sitting next to him on the sofa.

"This damn tape is almost pulling my nipples off." She reached under the dress and peeled the tape off before rubbing her sore nipples which became instantly erect at the stimulation, as would Bobby if he wasn't already.

"I'm so sorry mom, I would never have suggested this if I'd known. I can't believe those creeps treating you like that, and Dr Williams letting them!"

"I know sweetie. Well what's done is done and I suppose at the end of the day some old man copping a feel isn't such a high price to pay if I'm the Assistant Director of the new clinic."

"You mean you got it?"

"Dr Williams seemed to think so, and I figure I earned it tonight."

"Mom, that's great, I mean not what happened, but now you've got the job you can really show them."

He noticed one of her boobs had slipped out of her dress but didn't comment, she sure was getting toasted all right. She finished her drink before getting another making her way unsteadily back to the sofa, one breast exposed the other still partly hidden in the dress.

"You ok mom?"

"I'm fine, guess I shouldn't be drinking this much on an empty stomach."

"Well it wasn't exactly empty mom!"

"What do you... Oh my god Bobby! That's not funny!"

"Sorry mom, it caught me by surprise as well, especially when you downed it."

"Well that wasn't my plan, I was intending to spit it out in the bathroom, before the doorbell went. I've never had to swallow so much of it in my life!"

So she had swallowed before! His cock lurched at the memory, and the future possibilities.

"Well you certainly saved me from a bad case of blue balls."

"I'm not surprised if that was how much you had saved up. You seem to have recovered quite quickly though." she eyed his erection.

"Um yeah sorry."

"Don't be sorry, I'm sure you'll make some young lady very happy one day." she reached out and idly stroked his cock as she said it.

He groaned at the feel of her cool fingers caressing his hard cock. I wish I was making you happy with it tonight he thought, imagining his mom riding his cock, feeling it buried to the hilt in her pussy and watching her big tits bouncing as she rode him to orgasm after orgasm. His cock lurched and dribbled at the thought.

"Are you enjoying that?"

"Um... yes it feels really nice."

"Well after what you talked me into tonight I don't know why I should be doing this."

His cock lurched at the image of his beautiful mom being felt up by a bunch of creepy old guys, he was angry but excited as well.

"I'm sorry mom, I swear..."

"I know sweetie, I'm only kidding. It's alright, it wasn't your fault."

She continued her gentle caressing of his cock, tenderly stroking the rock hard column of meat, her feathery touch at the same time exciting and teasing. His cock bucked and lurched under her caresses, becoming so swollen the foreskin drew back and pre cum drooled from his cock head. She would lightly tease the head with her finger tips, smearing the viscous clear liquid over his purple glans before running them down the head and onto the shaft, lightly stroking the teasing lurching monster that was totally under her power. His balls began to tighten and he could feel his orgasm mounting but

his mother sensed it and loosened her already feathery touch, simply tracing the underside of his cock with her finger tips.

She leant over him to place her glass on the coffee table and as she did so her breasts slipped completely out of her dress but she either didn't notice or didn't care. As she leant further her boobs hung down over his cock, the heavy orbs swaying over his swollen rod. His dick lurched at the sight, the purple head bumping her boob, he could feel the cool smooth skin and the heavy firmness of her breast on his cock and it made him lurch again. As her breast swayed he felt the hard rubbery nipple against his cock and lurched again. He moved slightly so his cock was in now between her breasts and raised his hips so that it stood up between her hanging boobs. As they swayed they bumped into his cock causing it to bounce from side to side. Fuck this was so hot, his cock was lurching and pre-cum drooled from his cock.

"Bobby what are you doing?" she asked sitting up.

"Nothing mom, you were leaning over me."

"Were you trying to put your..., it between my breasts?"

"Um, well it sort of ended up there, I mean they were touching my dick, I couldn't help it."

"You couldn't help it?"



"No, I mean, well it looked really hot and felt really nice."

"Did it now?"

"Um yes."

"Bobby I told you there were limits to how far things would go didn't I? You understand that don't you?"

"Um yes."

Except earlier she'd decided sucking his cock and chugging a big load was ok, and now rubbing his cock on her tits when they were practically in his lap wasn't?

"I'm sorry mom, I didn't mean to do something wrong, it's just they, you are so beautiful and I..."

She could see his remorse and her mood softened once again.

"Bobby, you didn't. I've just had an evening of being stared at as if I'm just a pair of tits, I didn't mean to take it out on you."

She looked down seeing she was entirely exposed now.

"Oh dear, well I suppose I can see why now. I guess it was my fault really."

"It was just an accident mom. And I don't see you like that, you're beautiful, intelligent, sexy, funny and you just happen to have the most beautiful, luscious pair of breasts in the world to boot!"

"Alright Bobby, enough compliments.." she smiled.

She began gently stroking his cock again and he noticed she hadn't bothered covering her boobs again.

She looked thoughtful then looked at him and smiled.

"I suppose I do owe you a thank you for all your help today. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't be getting this promotion."

She leant forward and let her boobs sway over his cock, the heavy cool flesh bumping against his diamond hard cock teasing him.

Shit she was going to do it? She was going to let him fuck her tits?

She lightly caressed his cock with her boobs, letting the hard nipples brush his cock and the heavy orbs bump against his

hard cock teasing him with her beautiful tits for several minutes, driving him crazy.

She then reached under them with her hands and gently squeezing them together, enveloped his iron bar of a cock a velvety soft fleshy canyon.

Even with her huge boobs wrapped round him a few inches of the shaft and the bloated head of his cock stuck out from between her boobs. She began slowly lifting them, sliding them up his cock, enveloping the head completely, before agonisingly slowly sliding them down again.

Oh my jesus christ! If she hadn't sucked him off earlier he'd have blown his load straight away.

She maintained her slow pace, knowing he couldn't take too much in his present condition.

She used her hands to vary the pressure and speed as she massaged his cock with her luscious boobs. He looked down at his mom, a picture of elegance and sophistication in her black dress, the image ruined only by the huge cock emerging and disappearing from between her beautiful creamy breasts.

Pre cum drooled from his cock providing lubrication and adding to the sensations, he could feel the undersides of her tits brushing his thighs on the downstrokes and on the up

strokes his cock head was enveloped but a wonderful soft canyon of boobs.

She said nothing but simply watched his face as his arousal increased, as he neared the point of no return she slowed her movements gradually and reduced the pressure letting his orgasm subside before slowly increasing it and then gently edging him towards a climax again. She repeating the process ,several times till his cock was drooling with desire and a froth of precum had formed between her boobs. She could see he could take no more and so she slowly increased the pace again sliding her tits up and milking his cock as his orgasm mounted.

"Fuuuuccckkk!"

His cock erupted between her tits like a volcano, spraying cum over her face and hair, the next blast hitting her chin and dribbling down onto her boobs, the next 3 splashing over her mouth and cheek and the remainder splattering the tops of her breasts. As he looked down as her slowly massaging the final few spurts from his cock her beautifully made up face was a mask of cum blasts which ran down her cheeks and hung off her chin.

"Well I take it you enjoyed that?"

"Uhh, oh god mom, sorry." he croaked.

She said nothing but smiled and stood up before slipping her dress off and letting it fall to the floor. He looked up at her, naked apart from her panties, cum dribbling off her beautiful face onto her huge tits which moments before had been wrapped round his hard dick. His cock lurched at the sight as she turned and made her way unsteadily up the stairs to bed, her beautiful butt swaying even more sexily than usual with her tipsy gait.

## Chapter 8

The following week Bobby had to return to the hospital to check the progress of his wrists, he and his mom waited patiently in a small office while the Dr returned with the results. The door opened and a cheery looking middle aged man entered with some folders.

"Sorry to keep you waiting Alison." he smiled at her taking a moment to admire her curves.

"That's quite alright Dr Roberts." she said choosing to ignore his eyes roaming over her.

"Well Bobby, it's good news. You're recovering faster than we expected, your mother has obviously been taking excellent care of you at home."

"You've no idea how excellent!" thought Bobby.

The Dr placed some x-rays on a screen and pointed out the breaks and where they were healing, but Bobby wasn't paying much notice. All he could think of was once his wrists were healed his mom wouldn't need to take care of him any more, and was that going to mean an end to hand jobs?

"Anyway, to conclude, you will still need casts on your wrists but they will be smaller and you will have some limited use of your hands. Now they will feel very weak to start with and it is important that you start to build strength again. Any questions?"

Yeah, will my mom still jerk me off?

"Err, no sir."

Dr Roberts then went to a cabinet and pulled out some boxes.

"Ah here we are."

He pulled out two red foam balls and held one in each hand.

"Now you will need to do regular exercise to regain the strength in your hands and you should start by using these." he demonstrated by squeezing the foam balls one in each hand. "At least 30 minutes a day, more if you can."

His mom and Dr Roberts discussed some other matters to do with his medication but Bobby couldn't help wondering how the future was going to pan out, he knew his wrists were healing but the thought that his mom's TLC was going to stop wasn't something he'd wanted to consider.

His mom seemed chirpy on the drive home and they stopped to grab some fast food, with a little effort Bobby found he was able to lift the drinks carton with both hands and could just grab a few fries. It felt good to be able to start doing things for himself, but he knew some things would always feel better when his mom did them, especially when they involved his cock.

They arrived home and as the prospect of watching his mom strip off raised its head his cock began raising its head as well. She headed upstairs and Bobby followed as she entered her room chatting about the test results and how relieved she was. She slipped her dress off and hung it up before undoing her bra. As she slipped it off Bobby drank in the sight of her breasts, they fell slightly as she removed their support, they weren't the perky boobs of a teenager, they were big, heavy and pear shaped but to Bobby they were perfect in every way. No matter how many times he saw them it always seemed like the first time, they bounced and jiggled as she made her way to the laundry hamper and back.

"Are you listening to me Bobby?"

"What sorry?"

"Oh my god! Sometimes I think I would be better writing notices on my chest, you might actually take some notice then."

"Um sorry mom." he tore his eyes back to her face.

"I said you need to start doing your exercises regularly, you don't want to end up with permanent problems with you wrists or hands."

"Yes mom."

She helped him out of his t-shirt, talking about the reasons his physio was important before undoing his pants and pulling them down, his inevitable hard on springing up.

"Doesn't this thing of yours ever go soft?"

"Um sorry mom, I guess I'm just a healthy growing young man."

"Well I hope you don't grow any more, you can have too much of a good thing you know." she smiled as she reached down and stroked his cock. Her fingers felt electric, delicately caressing his shaft and the underside of his throbbing dick.



Bobby said nothing but just groaned.

She continued to admire his hard on for a few moments, before sighing, "Well we can't just stand here all night, why don't I fix us a snack and we can relax on the couch?"

As she turned to head down stairs instead of releasing his cock she continued to hold it in her hand using it to lead him downstairs after her. He couldn't believe she was being so provocative, and she hadn't even had a drink. As he shuffled along behind he admired her ass. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination but he was sure her panties had become skimpier of late, these were frilly, high cut and showed off almost all of her perfect butt.

She directed him to the couch and went to the kitchen to fix a drink and get some snacks.

"Here Bobby catch!"

He turned and his mom threw the two foam balls to him, he attempted to field them but his hands were still far too clumsy and they bounced onto the sofa.

"You can start exercising your hands with those while I get us some snacks."

He watched her walking to the kitchen, boobs bobbing and butt wiggling like she was on a catwalk, before directing his attention without much enthusiasm to the foam balls. He clumsily picked them up before attempting to hold them in his hands. His fingers felt unwieldy and weak and as he attempted to squeeze pain shot through his wrists. He tried for a few more minutes before giving up and tossing them on the floor in frustration.

His mom returned from the kitchen with a drink and a bowl of some pretzels.

"Given up already?"

"It just hurts real bad when I try."

"Hmm, well it will do Bobby, but you need to do it all the same or you may not recover properly" she set the bowl down on the table her knockers swinging deliciously as she did.

His dick lurched and his brain checked out as he admired her magnificent tits swaying as she stood and sipped her wine.

"Bobby?"

"Er yeah?"

"My god, you're worse than your father, I swear he never heard a word I said when I took my top off!"

I'm not fucking surprised! Jee-zus! They were mesmeric.

"Err, sorry mom."

"So are you going to do your physio?"

"I guess, but it just hurts so bad." a wicked idea struck him, "I guess if I just had more of an incentive."

"More of an..." she looked down at her chest, "Oh I see. You mean you would like something else to exercise your hands on?" she sipped her wine.

"Um yeah... that'd help." his eyes were fixed on her tits so he missed her amused smile but his flexing cock left no doubt about his true thoughts.

"I see, anything in particular?" she said sitting next to him .

"Errrrr.. a couple of things."

"Would you mean my breasts by any chance?"

"Err, well now you mention it mom, that would be... um.."

"So you want to use my breasts for your physio?"

"Well if it's, I mean if you don't, err..."

"Oh well, if this is the only way I'm going to get you to do your exercises I suppose so."

"Oh wow, I mean thanks."

He looked at her face and saw she was smiling encouragingly, before redirecting his gaze to her tits, just inches away.

"Oh god, she really meant it. He could hold her boobs!"

He reached out slowly with his trembling hands and for the first time felt the smooth skin of her breasts as his palms encompassed as much of those opulent orbs as he could. At first he just let his fingers stroke over the skin, feeling their cool smoothness. He then ran his palms under her melons and attempted to hold them. His hands were filled to overflowing by her heavy full boobs as he lifted the magnificent melons and felt their weight. God they were heavy! He hefted them and squeezed them together marvelling at their size and softness before releasing them and watching them fall back into place. He then ran his fingers over her nipples, feeling the hard rubbery nubs stiffen even more at his touch. He thought his

mom inhaled as he explored her sensitive nipples before letting his hands run back down to feel the weight and fullness of her tits.

She watched him with an amused smile, playing with her boobs like a kid with a new train-set

"I take it you prefer them to the foam balls?"

"Oh god mom, they're amazing."

"I got the idea you liked them. Well since you seem to have decided to do your physio on me don't forget you need to squeeze."

He attempted to squeeze as much as he could with his weak fingers, even though it hurt he didn't care, his mom's beautiful tits were in his hands and she was letting him have his way with them. His weak fingers were no match for her huge boobs but he did his best as his fingers weakly massaging her boobs. She leaned away and he thought she was going to leave him but instead she picked up her glass of wine.

"Well since it looks like I'm going to be here a while I might as well be comfortable. I must admit I'd never thought of myself as a piece of physio equipment before!"

"Mom if you were there'd be guys breaking their wrists every day."

"Bobby!" she scolding him half heartedly.

They sat together, Alison sipping her wine while Bobby groped her boobs, exploring every inch of them as much as his battered hands would allow. Eventually Alison finished her wine and gently removed herself from Bobby's hands.

"Well, Dr Roberts said 30 minutes and I make it 40, so I think that's enough physio for one night." she saw the crestfallen look on his face, "Don't worry Bobby you have have them back tomorrow!" she said as if she was talking to a small child about their toys before heading to the kitchen.

"Honestly, all you men are the same!"

Bobby lay back on the sofa exposing his hard on which by now was throbbing so much it hurt. His cock curved up towards his belly the head swollen and partly exposed where the skin had drawn back, as it lurched with excitement his balls drew up under the base of his shaft. His mom returned with a fresh glass of wine and took in the sight of his cock waving at her.

"I suppose you still need me to help you with that?"

"Yes please mom."

She sat next to him with her legs curled under her and flicked through the TV channels with the remote while she sipped her wine, she cuddled up to him, her bare skin against his and seemed to be taking her time choosing what to watch. His cock ached and he wished she would hurry up and jerk him off but she was obviously not going to be rushed, finally she settled on a show and set the remote and glass down on the table, leaning over him as she did and letting her tits brush against his cock as they hung over his lap. Jesus, she was killing him! She sat back, resting her head against his shoulder and cuddling up against him, her boobs against his chest.

"Well this is nice, a typical cosy mother son evening together watching a movie." she chuckled.

His cock was lurching, in anticipation of some attention, precum dribbling from the head onto his belly. She ran her hand absently down his chest feeling his hard muscles under her fingers and his cock lurched at her touch, lifting up away from his belly and partly blocking her view of the TV.

"Do you suppose you could keep it down in front, I can't see the movie."

"Err, sorry."

"I'm only kidding, I guess it wants some attention."

She let her fingers trace around his stomach for a few more moments before running down to his balls, lightly squeezing them before slowly and gently tracing up the underside of his cock. Just as she reached the sensitive head she removed her fingers leaving his cock lurching for attention while she went back to gently stroking his abdomen.

She repeated the process, giving his cock shaft a fleeting caress which stopped just short of the head and left him desperate for more. He knew she was teasing him, and he loved it but it was driving him crazy at the same time.

She then ran her fingers up his cock again but this time she continued her journey and let her hand continue to the swollen head of his cock, the tips of her fingers running around the partly exposed glans, smearing the pre-cum that oozed in a steady stream around his cock head. His cock lurched and bucked under her delicate caresses, jumping out of reach and so she gently took hold of the head in her hand and drew the foreskin back exposing the head, before slowly sliding it back up again, feeling his dick lurching and jumping in her fingers. She slowly continued her gentle stroking of his cock head, keeping her movements frustratingly slow.

She then ran her fingers down his cock and gently played with his balls, squeezing the heavy gonads before slowly running her fingers up the shaft and teasing the head again. She then resumed her stroking but increased the tempo this time, letting her fingers run up and down over his purple glans and shaft before releasing it and teasing the shaft with her finger tips again. After a few moments she resumed her stroking, this



time letting her fingers run up and down the length of his cock and increasing the pressure slightly, slowly, inexorably building his climax, only to stop every few moments and play with his balls or run her hand over his toned stomach.

She was like a concert pianist at work he thought, or should that be penist? Either way was giving a world class performance of the concerto in D for dick major on his cock. His prick was lurching like a snake with its head cut off as she once again paused her stroking to gently squeeze his balls. God it was unreal, she was making him delirious as she slowly increased his excitement and frustration in equal parts.

After giving his balls a firmer than usual squeeze she ran her fingers up his cock and began lightly tugging on the head, letting the subtle movement of her fingers on his cock slowly build his climax. As he felt his orgasm began to creep closer she slowly increased the tempo of her stroking, building it at an agonisingly slow pace but bringing him gradually closer. As his cum started to rise though, she somehow sensed his impending release and backed off, slowing her strokes until they were no more than feathery caresses designed to tease but not enough to bring him off.

She continued to bring him closer and closer to the edge but each time denying him the ultimate release until she could see he couldn't take any more, he was groaning and scarcely able to focus he was so desperate to cum.

She increased her stroking and maintained the pace, feeling his body begin to tense and his cock swell and harden to the

point it seemed it would explode, she watched his huge balls pull up to the base of his cock and felt his cock begin to pulse in her hand before a huge blast shot over their heads onto the couch and carpet, she adjusted the angle of his cock and the next blast struck her square in the face. She instinctively closed her eyes and turned her face away at the same time lowering his cock further so the subsequent blasts splattered over their chests and arms, as usual most seeming to end up on her tits. Finally as the blasts turned to spurts and then to dribbles he regained his senses and blearily focussed on her.

"Oh my god mom, that was unbelievable!"

"Well I'm glad you enjoyed it!" she said wiping a streak of cum from her cheek with one hand while gently caressing his hard twitching cock.

"Oops sorry."

"Well I suppose I was the one who was aiming it. I'll get some wipes."

She took her glass and sipped some wine as she headed off to the kitchen, her ass jiggling in her high cut lacy panties as she went. He looked down at his still hard cock, cum dribbling on to his belly and some splatters on his chest and his cock lurched. It was hard to believe that a month ago the most physical contact he ever had with his gorgeous mom was a peck on the cheek and now she was letting him grope her

naked tits and had just given him the best hand job he'd ever had in his life.

The thought disappeared as she returned and he was treated to the view of her near naked body as she walked towards him sperm dripping from her chin and her cum splattered breasts bobbing. She had a fresh glass of wine in one hand and a box of wipes in the other. She set the wine down, her heavy breasts hanging down and swaying as she did so, before taking a wipe and cleaning some of the cum of the couch.

As she scrubbed it vigorously the movement caused her pendulous boobs to swing and wobble in time with her scrubbing, Bobby's cock lurched at the sight and another dribble of cum emerged from the head. She then sat next to him and took another wipe before cleaning the cum off her arms. Eying her cum splattered boobs bobby sensed an opportunity and said, "Here mom, let me help."

He managed to clumsily pull a tissue from the box and then began to wipe cum off her tits.

"I thought you were going to clean yourself!"

"Err, well you seem to have more of it on you."

"And surprisingly on my boobs, which you are so kindly cleaning."

"Err, yeah mom. Well, like Dr Roberts said, got to get my strength back!"

"Hmmm..."

He held the wipe in his fingers and dabbed her boobs while with his other hand he lifted and moved them as best he could, trying to make sure he got all the cum and making sure to grope her breasts as much as he could in the process. She sipped her wine with an amused smile, watching him as a strand of cum still hung from her cheek.

After Bobby had cleaned Alison she took a tissue and wiped the cum off Bobby's chest before gently cleaning his still hard cock.

"You're still hard as a rock," she commented stroking his cock with the wipe, "don't tell me you are you ready for round two already?"

"Err, sorry mom."

"Oh well," she sighed, "seconds out I guess."

Having finished cleaning his cock she took hold of his shaft once again in her hand and began stroking it, her grip firmer this time, allowing her fingers to run the full length of his shaft

before twisting around the head. Having just cum he was able to hold off for quite a while this time, revelling in the sensation of her hand on his cock. She brought her other hand onto his shaft, stroking it with her left while her right played with his cock head, the combination was amazing and had the added advantage of squeezing her breasts together between her arms.

He took advantage of his new found freedom to reach out and run one hand over her heavy melons, feeling their firm weight and teasing her hard nipples. She seemed to respond to his touch, her movements becoming faster and harder, jerking his cock this time without pausing and giving him a chance to recover.

The combined affect of both her magic hands on his cock and his hands on her her huge knockers was driving him crazy. Even trying his best he couldn't hold back forever under this assault and as he felt his cum slowly begin to rise. His mom seemed to sense she was winning the battle and leaned over him. At first he was disappointed her boobs were no longer in his hands but then he saw her lean further and her her huge knockers were hanging over his cock bouncing and swaying with the motion of her hand jerking him off.

The feel of her hands jerking him and the sight and sensation of her huge tits bouncing and swaying around his cock was amazing and he felt his cum begin to rise inexorably, after another minute or two his balls tightened and his cock begin to spasm, spraying his cum onto her tits and hands as she continued to jerk him. His orgasm seemed to go on forever and

when he regained his senses and looked down his mom was tenderly caressing his cock between her boobs which were dripping with his cum. She looked a little embarrassed as she took in the spectacle.

"Well you always seem to end up shooting your stuff over them anyway and I thought I'd better try to save the couch from getting ruined." she offered by way of an explanation.

"So you brought the mountains to mohammed?" he grinned.

She playfully slapped his leg while gently caressing his cock which remained stubbornly erect. After a few moments stroking during which he remained hard as a rock she looked up at him in disbelief.

"Not again Bobby???"

"Sorry mom," he shrugged his shoulders sheepishly, "ting ting, round 3?"

"Sometimes I wonder if you're human, but then I remember what your father was like at your age."

His cock was dribbling cum and her tits were covered with streaks of sperm, so rather than try to clean them off she lent forward and wrapped her cum splattered knockers around his cock, squeezing her huge melons together before sliding them

up and down his shaft. The sperm provided plenty of lubricant and if he closed his eyes it felt like he was fucking a wonderful tight wet pussy, he wondered if that's what his mom's would feel like and his cock gave a sick lurch between her tits at the thought.

When he opened his eyes though and saw purple swollen cock head, shiny with his cum emerging from between the wonderful creamy mounds of her boobs it was equally exciting. His mom proved just as talented with her tits as she was with her hands, varying the pressure and speed of her tits to build his climax once again.

He had to be dreaming, he thought, having his sexy big titted mom kneeling in front of him worshipping his cock with her huge boobs was like some sick fantasy come true. For a moment he imagined he was some eastern potentate, sitting on his throne able to command his beautiful slaves to perform any act he desired, and his big titted mom was his to command, her only duty to please him and worship his cock, using her beautiful tits to pleasure him. Imagine if he was a Pharaoh, he thought, they used to marry their sisters didn't they? Maybe he could marry his mom? Imagine that, living as man and wife, she could be his queen to fuck whenever he wanted.

All the while these fantasises flashed through Bobby's mind he could feel his moms beautiful knockers sliding up and down his cock, his huge hard dick penetrating the slippery cum soaked canyon. It was like being on some out of body experience riding the waves of pleasure and she guided him to

yet another orgasm, he surrendered to her control allowing her tits to work their magic and bring him closer to coming with each exquisite, slippery journey of her knockers up and down his cock.

Eventually his cock could take no more and he groaned as he felt his balls tighten and his cum rise in his cock. His cock was pointed directly at Alison's face and as she sensed his orgasm she turned her face to the side so his cum splashed into her hair and the side of her face. Several more loads soaked her hair before slackening off and splattering then dribbling onto the tops of her boobs.

She leant back, and he admired her beauty. Even covered with the remnants of 3 loads of cum, some of which had dried and formed crusty white streaks she still looked stunning. She looked down at herself surveying the mess and looked up at Bobby with a look that suggested he'd had all he was getting.

"Well I am having a shower and I think you could do with one as well."

She finished her wine and made her way to the shower with Bobby following, his cock finally now at half mast.

As she ran the shower and peeled off her panties he couldn't help but notice a wet patch on the small piece of material. She hastily threw them in the laundry hamper before he could get a proper look but he was sure of what he had seen. So his mom was getting horny after all!



They climbed in the shower together, he still had to wear bags on his hands so he was unable to clean himself, or more importantly his mom, and he had to content himself with admiring her beautiful tits and ass as she washed herself before she turned her talented hands to cleaning him.

As she washed him and he felt her sensuous fingers on his chest and admired her big tits as they jiggled and swayed he couldn't help but feel a twinge of excitement building in his cock again. She soaped his balls and washed them and then began soaping his cock, her caressing fingers awakening his drained member, as she felt it begin to harden once more she released him and looked in disbelief at his erection as it curved up towards her, hard as ever.

"Bobby, you can't be, not again?"

He gave an embarrassed shrug, and she looked in disbelief before shaking her head.

"You don't want me to, again?"

"Well..."

"How much can one penis take?"

"I guess one more."

"Oh alright!" she sighed.

Even though she gave the appearance of being annoyed she couldn't entirely hide her excitement and awe at his stamina. Even his father hadn't managed 4 orgasms in a row.

She squirted some more soap into her hands and began soaping his cock, using both hands in a sort of pepper grinder motion. His dick was aching now from all the stimulation and the jerking was almost painful, but not enough that he was going to complain. Her jerking was hard this time, she was clearly working his cock hard, her grip was firm and the speed of her movements fast. He simply relaxed and allowed her to do her job, he had come to realise that once she had her hands on his cock she was in control and had all the power.

Despite his 3 orgasms his bruised aching cock was still being brought closer and closer to orgasm by his mom's vigorous jerking, her delicate hands beating his big brutal piece of meat into submission. He felt his orgasm slowly beginning to rise as he watched her huge tits swinging and jiggling and the foam flying off his cock as she jerked him furiously. Slowly, surely she brought his orgasm closer and closer until he groaned "Oh god, i'm cumming!" and his cum flew from his cock, mixing with the foam as she continued to jerk him. His cock was so sensitive by now that as he came her jerking was too much and he shuddered and spasmed in the throws of orgasm, she seemed not to notice, or not to care and continued to jerk him hard as his body convulsed under her touch before slowing and then finally releasing him.

She rinsed them off and Bobby staggered off to bed, his cock ached but he had never felt so satisfied, or so tired. As he collapsed into bed he was asleep almost before his head hit the pillow, a warm welcoming sleep that came from being totally sated, at least for today.

## Chapter 9

Now Bobby's pain meds were being reduced he spent less time sleeping during the day and more time waiting for his mom to come home. His hands were still clumsy and weak but at least he was able to slowly type and search for movies featuring his favourite big titted actresses which he watched while he fantasised about his own beautiful mother and when he would once again be able to enjoy the sight of her naked body and the feel of her tender caresses on his cock.

His hands were still too weak to be able to jerk off, he was unable to do more than tease himself, which only served to build his excitement more for when his mom returned home.

He would spend his evenings ogling his mom's near naked body, only her high cut lacy panties depriving him of the holy of holies. She would patiently allow him to carry out his "physio exercises" on her breasts while teasing his rampant cock. Over the course of the evening she would slowly bring him to orgasm, sometimes using her tits sometimes her hands but each time he would cum so hard that it left him like a drooling idiot. She would usually bring him off at least twice,

often having to beat his cock 3 or 4 times before his lust was finally sated.

The wickedness of the whole thing just added to his excitement and the fact that his mom was built like centrefold and could give him orgasms like he'd never known had turned him into a sex addict, living from one fix to the next. Tonight, however, he was a sex junkie whose dealer had failed to arrive, it was nearly 7:30pm and his mom still wasn't home. He wasn't too worried, she had been putting in more hours at the hospital lately to do with the new clinic, but all the same he had been getting hornier and hornier since the afternoon waiting for his daily dose of Alison and now was starting to go cold turkey. His dick was drooling pre-cum like some rabid one eyed monster and he was pacing between the porn on his laptop and the landing, listening out for the sound of his mom's car entering the garage.

He was actually thinking about calling her cellphone when he heard the electronic garage door opening. Finally!! He shut his laptop down and waited to hear her enter the house. They had agreed a code that he should remain upstairs until she gave him the all clear, in the unlikely event that she brought a work friend home having a naked teenage son with a huge hard on walking around the living room could take a little explaining after all!

"Bobby! Are you upstairs, Bobby??"

She sounded pretty agitated, he hoped she was alright.

"Yeah mom, I'm up here."

He heard her running up the stairs, wow she really seemed to be in a hurry tonight.

"Oh Bobby! You won't believe it!"

She was still wearing her uniform and while they were not designed to look sexy mom's figure had a way of making anything look hot, even with her bra her boobs still bounced in the confines of her top as she ran up the stairs towards him, his cock giving an appreciative lurch.

"I've got it!" she ran towards him hugging him, his hard cock suddenly pressed up against her uniform and her boobs squashing against his chest.

"Mmmff, you've got what mom?" hugging her as best he could with his casts.

"The clinic! The investors have agreed to go ahead and actually made it a requirement of releasing the funds that I should be appointed the deputy manager!"

"Wow that's great!"

"I'm so sorry I'm late, the girls wanted to celebrate and give me a send off and I lost track of time."

"That's ok mom, I'm really happy for you. I was beginning to wonder where you got to."

She released him from her embrace before looking down at her watch. "Oh my goodness, look at the time. Oh, I'm so sorry Bobby, I should have called."

"It's ok mom."

She glanced down as his cock gave another lurch, it's one eye staring balefully back her. "Do I take it you've missed me?" she smiled.

"I always miss you mom."

"So I see." she reached down and stroked his cock and he groaned at the sensation of her cool fingers on his rampant erection as she tenderly caressed his hard on.

"Oh god that feels good mom." his cock lurching in her hand as she continued to lightly stroke him.

"I gathered you like it." she smiled. "You know it it hadn't been for your encouragement and support I'd have never had the courage to go to that meeting and have got the job."

"Mom, you're a beautiful, intelligent, sexy lady and ooohhh.. there's nothing you can't do if you want. You just needed someone to believe in you, and I always will."

"Oh Bobby!" she released his cock to give him another hug and he once again had his erection pressed up against her trim belly and uniform and her huge boobs squashed against him.

"Let's celebrate tonight, Bobby. I'd like to take you somewhere but I had a couple of drinks with the girls and I shouldn't drive anymore."

The kind of celebrating he would rather be doing didn't involve going anywhere, but this was clearly something special to his mom so he figured his hard on could wait a little longer.

"Well, what about I drive us? I mean I can steer ok as long a I take it easy."

"Are you sure Bobby?"

"Sure, my hands are a little weak still but I can move the wheel ok in the car."

"Well, in that case how about I treat us to dinner?" she looked at his cock as it lurched, and tenderly patted it like it was a dog that hadn't had it's walk. "That's if this can wait?"

"Yes it can wait mom, another hour or two won't kill me." he sighed with a pained expression, and she reached down and gave him some sensuous strokes, "Well I'll try to make it up to you later ok?"

"Ok mom. Can I have a little advance now, I've been waiting all day."

"All right" she smiled, encircling his cock with her cool fingers and gently tugging on the meaty limb that sprouted from his body, pleasuring his aching cock. She continued to jerk him, slowly coaxing him towards an orgasm for several minutes until the pre cum was frothing at his cock head. They stayed like that on the landing, him head back glorying in her caresses, her looking lovingly at him while tenderly stroking his cock. She knew he would cum soon if she kept it up much longer she she slowed her stroking before releasing his cock, a strand of slimy liquid connecting her fingers to his cock head.

"There is that a bit better?"

He nodded and groaned as she smiled then sashayed off to her bedroom swinging her hips with Bobby following like a zombie whose body was now under the direction of his dick.



He sat on the bed and watched her as she stripped her uniform off until she was wearing only her bra and panties. Her big tits jiggled like jellies in their cups as she walked around the room chattering about how excited she was. His dribbling cock was pressed up against his belly with the force of his arousal and he couldn't believe she didn't know the effect she was having on him, or didn't seem to care.

"Now what am I going to wear? I can't remember the last time I went out for dinner, I don't even have any dresses."

"You have one mom, and seeing as we're celebrating you getting the promotion after you saw the investors it would be kind of appropriate."

"Bobby! I can't wear that! What if someone saw us together?"

He had to admit she did have a point, it was hardly the sort of thing you would wear for a mother-son evening .

"What if you wore a jacket over it?"

Alison considered it for a moment, the black number was short but not outrageously so and with a jacket buttoned up it wouldn't reveal anything much, and since she was supposed to be treating Bobby she wanted to look nice for him.

"I suppose that might be alright, if we went somewhere out of town."

"No problem, I'm driving!"

"Oh alright, well I guess I may as well take this off then." she sighed and reached behind her back, undoing her bra and sliding the straps down her arms, revealing her opulent breasts for Bobby to feast his eyes on once again. He watched as she took out the little black number, from the wardrobe and when he saw it again he was shocked to realise just how little it really was. Did he really send his mom out for an evening wearing just that? She turned away as she attempted to arrange herself in it and Bobby couldn't resist moving up behind her and slipping his hands inside her dress to cup her tits.

"Bobby! What are you doing? Stop it!"

"Mom, my physio, remember?"

"You've had your foam balls to use all day Bobby! It's hard enough for me to stay in this dress as it is without you making it more difficult."

"I'm only trying to help." as he continued to clumsily knead and squeeze her boobs under her dress.

"Well you're not." and she firmly removed his hands from her treasures and stepped out of reach, "We'll never get out of the house at this rate and I'm famished. I'm not wearing that tape again, it nearly pulled my nipples off last time. If I'm wearing a jacket that'll have to do."

He contented himself with watching his mom trying to keep her boobs in her dress before putting on a black jacket with white trim over the top.

He had to admit it actually looked quite classy, the jacket showed a fair bit of cleavage without being pornographic while the dress showed Alison's legs off, again it without being too revealing. She checked her makeup in the mirror, adding some more bright red lipstick to her sensuous mouth before she turned to face him.

"Do I look ok?"

"You look beautiful, as always mom."

"Such a charmer. Well, I think we'd better get you something to wear don't you?"

Bobby looked down at his naked body, his cock staring back up at him, the head wet and drooling with a sheen of pre cum.

"Err, yeah I guess you've got a point."

He followed her as she went to his room, his cock scything through the air as he walked and admired her legs as picked out a suit from his wardrobe holding it up for him,

"Why don't you wear this, you look so handsome in it."

Bobby felt his heart and cock swell at the compliment, he only usually wore it for formal occasions under duress, but if his gorgeous mom liked him in a suit, a suit it was.

"I think perhaps we'd better clean this up first." she regarded his cock which now had a strand of pre cum hanging from the head."

She went to the bathroom and returned with a wet wipe which she used to gently clean the slime from his cock, pulling the skin back to properly clean the glans. He revelled in her touch, even wiping his cock clean felt great. She disposed of the wipe and looked in his draws for some briefs.

"Don't you have any underwear in here Bobby?"

"I don't really bother with it mom, it kind of gets in the way."

"Oh well, if that's how you feel comfortable."

She put his shirt and tie on first, his dick sticking out obscenely from under his shirt, before pulling on his pants. She levered his cock into them as best as she could but it still stuck out, forming a giant tent in the front of his trousers.

"Bobby you can't go out like that! How do you get away without wearing briefs."

"Well normally I just keep my hands in my pockets." he gingerly slid his tender hand into his pocket and used his it to hold his cock against his hip. "See?"

"I wondered why you always seemed to have your hands in your pockets, I thought you were just being casual. Now I know better."

"Well I kind of had to find ways of covering it up, what with it being, well you know.."

"Huge and permanently hard?" she said with a wry look.

"Um yeah."

"Hmmm, well now we've got you 'arranged' perhaps we can go and eat."

They drove out onto the freeway, Bobby keeping the speed down and taking the corners steadily, Alison beginning to relax as she could see he was comfortable behind the wheel.

"Well this is nice, it's been a long time since I went on a dinner date with a handsome young man, though I'm sure everyone will wonder what you're doing with an old lady like me."

"With an old lady like you? Mom, you'll be the most beautiful woman in the room, you always are. I doubt anyone will even notice me. And stop with the old, you look like you're in your twenties."

"Oh Bobby, you're so sweet." she cuddled up to him and he felt for all the world like he was taking a high school sweetheart on a date. His cock was still hard as a rock and as he felt her warmth against him and smelt her perfume it grew harder. He could even feel her breath on his neck when she spoke. Breath that came from the mouth that had held his cock oh so briefly that night and had swallowed his cum. His dick pulsed in his pants as he recalled that night.

"I wish there was something more I could do to thank you other than giving you dinner." that warm breath again, those full lips.

"You could let me give you the desert." he blurted out.

"Desert? What do you mean?"

Oh shit! Why did he say that? "Um well, I just meant like, um, well after the err, party."

"After the party, what do you... oh that! Bobby! I did that to help you out because I felt bad leaving you in that...state. It was not something I intended to make a habit of!"

"Um, I'm sorry, I just figured, I mean, seeing as you did it then, maybe, um tonight is special.. so..um" Oh jesussss, why couldn't he just shut his fucking mouth and stop babbling.

"So... you thought we could celebrate by me giving you oral sex? Is that what you thought tonight was leading up to?"

"Um no... I didn't expect... I just...you know, it was nice and..."

"Nice?!"

Oh christ!! Why couldn't he have broken his jaw instead of his wrists, then he wouldn't be digging himself a fucking hole that was halfway to China!

"I didn't mean it was nice, it was wonderful, it was amazing and I guess I thought, because you wanted to thank me you, um..."

"I would show my gratitude to you by sucking your cock?!"

God she was pissed, when she started swearing it was a sign she was in danger of going postal.

"I didn't expect anything mom, I'm sorry, I don't know what got into me. I guess I was a just horny and, I remember that night and how it felt. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude, or imply anything. C'mon mom, please don't be mad."

She took a deep breath and he felt her soften and relax a little.

"I'm sorry Bobby, I didn't mean to get mad. I suppose I just wonder sometimes where all this is going to lead. I told you when this started there were limits and we couldn't go any further."

"I know."

"I agreed to help you because of your wrists and how frustrated it was making you, but now you're driving and before long you'll be able to do...other stuff, again. I want us to be a normal mother and son again Bobby."

Fuck, what was she saying, no more watching her naked? No more hand jobs? Didn't she understand, it wasn't about his wrists anymore ,she had uncorked a genie and it wasn't going back in the bottle.



They drove on in silence for a while each lost in their thoughts.

"This steakhouse on the right is supposed to be pretty nice, let's pull in here."

"Sure mom."

"Why such a long face? We're still celebrating right?" she smiled, clearly wanting to put the argument behind them.

"Yes sure!" he forced a smile.

They pulled into the parking lot and his mom leant over him to open the door for him. Her jacket might have covered up her boobs she was sitting up but when she leant over it left everything on display. Her boobs tumbled out of her dress and Bobby gawped at them swaying as she struggled with the handle before pushing the door open for him. He climbed out and walked round to her side of the car holding the door open while she slid out. He admired her the beautiful legs as her skirt slid up as she slipped out before turning to face him.

"Well you are the gallant young man aren't you?" before glancing down, "Although that does rather spoil the effect." He looked down and saw tent in the front of his pants she was referring to.

"Perhaps you should, well, put your hands in your pockets before we go in."

"Oh, yeah sorry." he tried to gingerly slide his hands into his pockets but the casts made it awkward and the drive over had made his wrists ache worse than he thought. After a couple of moments of watching him struggle his mom intervened.

"Here, let me, or we'll be eating in the parking lot." she slid her hand into his pocket and found his cock through the lining, holding it against his hip. "Now just take my arm."

Bobby did as she said and they walked into the restaurant arm in arm disguising the fact she was holding his bloated cock inside his pants.

The waitress that greeted them was a pretty latin looking girl about Bobby's age.

"Hi I'm Lucia, I'll be your server tonight. Let me take you to your table."

As they walked through the restaurant Bobby couldn't help noticing Lucia's cute little butt through her skirt. He was so busy checking out her ass he didn't notice his mom was checking him out and saw where he was looking, she said nothing but suddenly gave Bobby's cock a hard squeeze that made him jump. He glanced at his mom who showed no

reaction but simply stared ahead. Lucia sat them at their table and noticed Bobby's casts.

'Oh wow, did you injure yourself?'

"Yeah, skiing accident, up in Colorado." Bobby flashed her a smile.

"Wow! I've always wanted to go." Lucia returning his smile.

"You should, it's amazing, as long as you don't have an accident." he flashed her a winning smile again.

Alison felt herself flushing, and responded by reaching onto Bobby's crotch under the table and beginning to stroke his cock. Bobby flinched slightly at her touch.

"Yeah it's great!" he smiled, trying not to show any reaction.

"I bet it must be amazing, how did you have your accident?"

Well I was on one of the black slopes and err.." Alison's movement were becoming bolder, tugging his cock head through the thin fabric of his pants she began jerking him off. Bobby struggled to retain his composure as her stroking quickened.

"I got onto some , err, soft... snow..."

"Um ok?"

Her persistent tugging grew faster and he fought the feelings emanating from his cock.

"Uhhhhh, yeah it was soft, real soft, oh yeah, and I lost my grip, I mean um footing."

"Right."

He could feel his balls tightening and his cock lurching under her touch.

"Uhhh oh yeah, then I hit a treeee!"

The waitress looked at Bobby quizzically, waiting for some more information but Bobby was fighting a losing battle against his mom's jerking. Fuck, if she kept this up for much longer he was going to cum in his pants.

"It was, yeah, Uhhhhhhh god."

"Are you ok sir?"

Bobby was no longer able to speak, all his attention was being taken up with trying to stop himself cumming in his pants.

"He's fine, he just has little episodes," Alison intervened with a look of pure innocence, "it's from where he hit his head during the accident."

"Oh dear, that's terrible."

"Yes, poor sweetie." stroking his forehead with one hand while jerking his cock with the other. "He'll be fine in a few minutes."

"Um ok, well, can I get you guys something to drink?"

"Actually yes, we'll have a bottle of champagne please, we're celebrating." Alison smiled while slowing her stroking under the table.

"Oh wow, that's great! What's the occasion?"

"A promotion."

"That's great, congratulations! I'll be right back."

Alison released his cock under the table just when he thought he couldn't hold back any more.

"Um Mmmmaa-alison, that wasn't very nice." he said slowly regaining his composure.

"What do you mean? I thought you liked me taking care of you. Unless you'd rather Lucia was doing it for you?" she said giving him a wry look.

Fuck what was going on with his mom, first she nearly lost it in the car because he asked her for head, now she was jerking him off in the middle of a restaurant. And what was this stuff about the waitress? Shit was his mom getting jealous? Bobby felt like he was really out of his depth tonight.

Lucia returned with the champagne and poured them two glasses. Bobby clumsily sipped some of his while his mom drank hers down and poured another. Looked like she sure was planning on celebrating! They chatted idly about nothing in particular as Alison fairly quickly drained her glass and started on a third.

"Um excuse me, I hope you won't mind me interrupting, I just wanted to offer my congratulations."

They looked up to see a middle aged man with dark brown hair in a gaudy blue suit standing at the table.

"I wonder if I might be so bold as to ask what the occasion is?"

"Actually I just got a promotion." smiling back at the man.

"Aw shoot! Not about the promotion, I mean congratulations. It's just me and my buddies over there had a little bet going." He gestured at a booth with a few men in equally bad suits who waved back.

Bobby noticed the man was looking a little uncomfortable and then saw where his gaze was directed, right down his mom's top. From his position Bobby realised if he leant forward he could see almost all of his mom's left breast where it had fallen out of her dress, and he guessed the guy had an even better view.

In fact the man had an almost unobstructed view of two of the biggest best, tits he'd ever seen in his life, and he'd visited plenty of strip bars in his time. "We errr, well that's to say I , um said I thought you two... I mean the two of you, um were getting engaged."

"Engaged? Oh no!" she smiled drinking her champagne.

The man was holding his hat in front of his groin and Bobby guessed he was getting hard from ogling his mom's tits. His mom seemed oblivious and continued to smile as the man gabbled on.

"Well that's bad for me, the loser has to buy you folks another bottle of bubbly."

"Another? Well I suppose we are celebrating aren't we Bobby?"

"Huh? Uh yeah."

"Well thank you very much. Aren't you going to thank the man Bobby?"

"Thanks." said Bobby without much enthusiasm.

"Okay, well you folks enjoy!"

He took one last look at her boobs, the image imprinted on his brain, before heading back to his table.

"Well you could have made a little more conversation, or is it only Lucia you want to talk to?" she eyed him as she sipped her glass.

"Mom, that creep was looking right down your top the whole time he was talking you!"

"My top?"



"Yes, it's a wonder he didn't take a photograph."

She looked down to see that where her jacket had fallen open and her boobs were almost totally exposed, only the thin straps of the dress partially hiding one nipple while the other was fully exposed. She hastily adjusted herself while Bobby looked over and saw the man in animated conversation with his buddies, obviously describing her tits with hand gestures.

"Oh dear, I did give him rather an eyeful didn't I?"

"An eyeful? The guy had a hard on! What a jerk, I ought a go over and punch his lights out!"

"I doubt that would help your wrists much."

"I don't care! Who does he think he is, staring at you like that!?"

"Bobby Stevens, are you getting jealous?"

"No! Well, I mean yes, I mean, well you know looking at you like that, it's wrong."

"You mean I'm not attractive?"

"Mom you're beautiful, stunning. It's just he was staring at your, well you know, boobs."

She turned to face him and gave Bobby the same view the man in the suit. Bobby gawped at her tits, now restrained only by the fabric of her dress.

"Well you asked me to wear this Bobby, you can't expect to be the only one that sees. Besides he did buy us champagne."

"Well I still think he's an asshole."

"Bobby, you're the quite the knight in shining armour, rescuing a damsel in distress like this." She poured herself yet another glass, finishing the bottle. She was definitely getting well lit tonight.

She lent over to him again, "Well I suppose I should give you a reward for being such a gentleman." so saying she slid her hand onto his crotch and caressed his cock again.

He groaned at her renewed teasing, how he was ever going to make it through this meal without cumming in his pants he didn't know. She leant closer and he could feel her breath on his cheek and smell the wine.

"You know that question you asked me earlier Bobby?"

Question? He flicked through his brain but right now all he could think of was her fingers on his cock and her lips... her lips! Wait she didn't mean, in the car, about sucking his dick? Ok proceed with caution he ordered his mouth.

"Umm, you mean what I asked you in the car... about, treat... um... with your... mouth err on my ohhh my err"

Nice job mouth! You're fired.

"Yes Bobby that question."

"Um, ok?"

She teased his cock caressing the head with sensuous movements, the front of his pants now moist with pre cum that was oozing from his cock.

"Do you really want me to do that for you?"

She was talking about sucking his cock, like she was actually considering it.

He didn't trust himself to speak so he simply nodded.

She continued to stroke his cock while she considered the question, his dick lurching and drooling at her stroking. She looked him in the eye and opened her mouth, her sensuous, full mouth, to speak.

"Hi guys, this is compliments of the gentlemen over there." Lucia arrived with a fresh bottle of champagne and an ice bucket.

Fuck!

"Oh thank you."

"Are you ready to order yet?"

"Yes I think so thank you, let's see I think I will have a steak, I really feel like a mouthful of prime meat tonight." she squeezed his cock.

Fuck, was that her way of telling him she was going to do it?

"Um sure, how would you like it?"

"Oh, definitely well done." she continued to caress him.

Oh god, he was going to have to sit through a meal? He felt like it was all he could do not to cum in his pants as it was.

"And you sir?"

She began tugging his cock head again. "Uuuuhhhh, oh, um oh god!"

"Is he ok?"

"Yes, just another little turn I'm afraid. He'll be fine in a few moments. What about a Caesar salad darling?" she asked as she gave his cock head a particularly sensuous twisting stroke.

"Oh god yes!" he thumped the table with his arm.

"Um ok... so one Caesar salad and one steak well done." Lucia scuttled off as Alison released his cock and almost exploded with laughter.

"Oh god, mom, that wasn't funny! I can't take much more of this."

"I'm sorry Bobby, I promise I'll make it up to you later on." she said with a look that suggested she really would.

Alison poured some more champagne and sipped it until the food arrived. The meal passed in a daze, for Bobby because his cock was throbbing like it was going to explode and all he could think of was whether his mom was going to give him a blowjob, for his mom because she was getting wasted on the best part of two bottles of champagne. As they finished their meal mom settled the check and Lucia smiled as she saw the tip. Mom got unsteadily to her feet before helping Bobby up, his cock was tenting out from his pants like a 3rd limb and mom stood to one side giving Lucia a clear view. She gasped as she saw Bobby's huge hard on, and Alison pretended to suddenly notice.

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry, it's a side effect of his accident I'm afraid, he gets like this sometimes. I'm so sorry. He can't help it."

"Oh I see." was all Lucia could say, and she clearly could, her eyes were fixed on Bobby's huge hard on and she was flushing.

"Uh, oh, err." Bobby tried to cover himself with his hands without much success.

"I'm so sorry. Come along darling let's you home darling."

Lucia looked away, embarrassed and Bobby hobbled out of the restaurant as best he could following his mom. As they got to the car park Alison exploded with laughter.

"God mom, that wasn't funny!"

"Oh relax Bobby! You gave the girl a treat, she couldn't take her eyes off it."

Bobby helped his mom into the passenger seat and despite his anger couldn't help staring at her shapely legs as she slid in to the car. As they drove out of the parking lot Bobby was still steamed.

"I'm sorry Bobby, don't be mad. I was just having fun."

"Mom, that girl must have thought I was some kind of drooling pervert."

"I'm sorry Bobby, did you think she was hot?"

"Mom she was just a girl, I mean she was nice but you really embarrassed me. And I can't believe that guy was staring at your boobs and you didn't care."

"Bobby it was you that wanted me to wear this, I didn't know he was seeing as much as he was until it was too late. I'm really sorry I embarrassed you, you know I love you more than anything. I was just happy and having a little fun and as for that girl I think you gave her a treat."

"Treat?"

"Letting her see this big thing." she reached across and squeezed his cock through his pants. "You can't be that cross, Bobby you're still hard."

"Well after the way you've been teasing me all night I'm not surprised."

"Teasing?" she asked with mock shock. "I thought you liked me playing with you." she said rubbing his cock through his pants.

Bobby groaned, "I do mom, but it's been all evening and I can only take so much."

"Oh poor darling, well I'll put you out of your misery soon." his cock lurched at the thought of his mom bringing him off, and then he remembered what she said earlier.

"I seem to recall you saying something about that earlier."

"Oh, that..."

"Don't tell me you forgot."



"No, I was hoping you might."

"Mom, I'm not going to forget that."

"Well I suppose I did promise, more or less."

So she was going to do it????

"All right Bobby I suppose I should make it up to you. If you'll forgive me and stop being cross."

He didn't say anything but she could sense he was weakening. She continued to rub his cock through his pants feeling it lurching and drooling, his dick like an iron bar.

"How would you like a little preview?" his dick jumped, "That's so long as you think you won't crash?"

"Ummm ok."

"All right then."

She slowly undid his pants, reaching inside and managing to lever his hard cock out till it sprang into the open. He was swollen, his head purple and veins standing out on the shaft. The cool air felt good on his cock head which was dribbling

with pre cum. His mom leant down and he gasped as he felt her warm breath on his cock, thankfully they were on the freeway by now and there was no other traffic around otherwise there was no way he'd never have been able to keep the car on the road.

Her tongue slithered out and swirled around his hard glans, licking up the salty film of liquid that was oozing from his hard cock.

"Oooooohhh god."

"Are you sure you can still drive?" she lifted her head.

"Yeah, I'll be ok."

"Alright then." she moved down again.

Her warm breath on his cock again and then a wonderful warm, wet sensation enveloped his dick. He forced himself to keep his eyes focused on the road but the rest of his attention was on the feelings coming from his cock.

She gently sucked his swollen glans, teasing him while lightly flicking his head with her tongue. Bobby said nothing but just groaned as she continued to make out with his cock. He then felt her lips begin to slide down his shaft as she took him deeper into her mouth before sliding back up again. His balls

tightened in his pants and his cock lurched in her mouth as Alison's lips tenderly slid up and down his bloated cock teasing him towards orgasm before lifting off his cock and lightly swirling her tongue around the head to let him recover for a few moments.

She then slid her mouth back down over his cock, enveloping him in a wonderful warm, wet, velvety tunnel, her tongue sensuously snaking around his throbbing cock head. She continued making out with his hard dick while Bobby gripped the wheel and started ahead, not trusting himself to take his eyes off the road. Bobby's cock was pulsing and dribbling salty pre cum that his mom licked from his cock. He was so hard it was as if his cock was carved from granite and from the way he was spasming Alison could tell he had almost reached his limits so she released him from her lips and sat back up.

"Is that enough to be going on with?"

Bobby just nodded.

"So have I earned your forgiveness?"

Again Bobby just nodded.

Alison chuckled, "I haven't done that since I was in high school."

So his mom had given road head? His cock lurched at the thought.

"Well I guess your driving skills passed the test, even if your conversation seems to have suffered." his mom smiled.

As Bobby exited the freeway and drove the last few streets to their home all he could think of was cumming, his balls ached like they were going to explode and his cock was like a baseball bat. Finally they reached their street and entered the garage the door swinging closed behind them.

"Here let me get the door for you." Alison leant across him, she had undone her jacket on the way home and her unfetterd boobs tumbled out and swayed, bouncing on his drooling cock as she reached for the door handle. Bobby stepped out, his pants slipping down his legs as he did. His mom walked round to join him taking in the sight of Bobby with his hard cock standing out from under his shirt and his pants round his ankles.

"Well aren't you the sight?" smiled Alison, "Here let me help you."

She knelt down and his cock lurched as her face drew level with his cock.

"With your clothes!" she gave him an exasperated look as she smiled and removed his shoes before helping him step out of his pants.

'Now... I'll help you with this.' she said standing and stroking his iron hard dick before slipping off her jacket and dress so she was naked apart from her panties. Bobby's dick lurched like a dog wanting to do for a walk and Alison simply smiled and wrapped her hand round it once again.

"Come along young man, let's put you out of your misery."

She led him into the house by his cock as he watched her shapely ass wobbling in her high cut panties and the sides of her boobs jiggling. They reached the living room where she pushed him down onto the couch before dropping to her knees in front of him. She gently lifted his cock up away from his belly so it was level with her face, his huge dick looking massive so close to her delicate features. She then began to lick up the shaft of his cock, sensuously and slowly drawing closer to his cock head before stopping and starting the journey again, worshipping his huge phallus with loving caresses of her tongue. After a few moments of teasing the shaft she finally licked the full length of his huge cock, lightly flicking her tongue over the purple glans of his cock, teasing it with gentle touches before becoming bolder and swirling around the head.

Bobby lay back watching her with glazed eyes, his beautiful mother sensuously snaking her tongue over his cock head, before looking him in the eye and opening her ruby red lips to

take it into her mouth. He drew in his breath sharply at she sensation of her mouth sucking his cock and her tongue continuing to dance over his cock, instinctively seeking out his most sensitive areas.

The room was silent apart from the the wet slurps from Alison's lips as she sucked her son's huge dick, he watched her beautiful face as she continued to make love to his cock with her mouth, her movements sensuous and loving as she ran her full red lips slowly up and down the arrogant column of meat.

She continued to tease and excite, drawing the moment out as long as she could but Bobby's excitement was too great to hold out for long and she sensed it. She looked him in his glazed eyes and subtly increasing the cadence and intensity of her movements, her lips gliding up and down the shaft of his cock, taking the head and several inches of the shaft deep in her mouth, slowly, inexorably bringing him closer and closer to his orgasm.

As he watched her mouth making love to his cock, her beautiful face bobbing on his meaty shaft he wished this moment could last forever, but his body was betraying him, try as he might he could feel his swollen balls tighten and his cock pulse as his orgasm grew inexorably closer. Finally he he knew he couldn't hold back the flood gates any longer.

"Ohhhh good mom... cuuummming." he groaned.

She said nothing but continued her movements, holding herself ready for the huge load of cum she knew he'd built up. She felt his cock spasm and then suddenly flood her mouth with thick sperm. Even knowing how much to expect she struggled not to gag as his cock erupted again and again in her mouth filling her cheeks to overflowing so that she had to gulp down his loads to make room for more. It seemed he was cumming forever and try as she might some escaped from her lips and dribbled down the shaft before she felt his loads begin to reduce and his orgasm finally subside.

He looked at her through a daze as she lifted her lips from his cock, a pool of thick cum still filling her mouth before she looked at him and gulped it down. His cock continued to lurch and she gently held it in her hands to steady it as she licked up some of the dribbles that had escaped before finally releasing it and rising unsteadily to her feet, smiling at him.

He couldn't speak and wouldn't know what to say if he could, so he simply watched her as she walked to the stairs, her gait exaggerating her swaying bottom and her jiggling boobs, as she made her way up the stairs. He looked down at his cock, glistening with saliva and traces of her red lipstick and it gave another spasm as he contemplated the new level of ecstasy he had just experienced.

## Chapter 10

Bobby awoke without his customary display of swaying boobies or his morning shower, that was odd his mom was always an early riser. He checked the clock, 10:30am, definitely odd. His cock was hard with his morning glory and as he remembered the events of last night he felt it swell even more. He pushed the bed clothes off himself and looked down at his throbbing hard column of meat, remembering what it had looked like with his mother's sensuous, moist red lips wrapped round it and her tongue swirling over the head. His dick lurched at the thought and he noticed a trace of red lipstick around the shaft.

It really did happen! It wasn't a dream! So now what, blowjobs on tap? His sexy mom sucking his cock every day and swallowing his big load? His dick lurched again at the thought. Speaking of which, where was she? He padded out of bed and made his way to her room, his cock leading the way, hopeful of a warm welcome, but her bed was empty.

He made his way to the landing and could hear faint noises coming from the kitchen. He figured it was safe to venture down on a Saturday morning so he made his way through the house and found his mom in the kitchen. She looked really hungover and was nursing a cup of black coffee in her silk robe.

"You ok mom?"



"Oh Bobby! Yes, I'm, well no... I had too much to drink last night and, well I'm not feeling very well."

He wasn't sure if she meant the champagne or the belly-full of cum, or the combination, but either way it obviously hadn't agreed with her.

"Yeah well, you did tie one on last night.."

"Yes, and I'm afraid behaved very stupidly, very stupidly indeed."

Oh god, here we go!

"Mom, you weren't that bad."

"Bobby, I was doing things to you, things mothers aren't supposed to do to their sons, in public, where anyone could have seen!"

"But there was hardly anyone there mom, and no one we knew."

"But there could have been, some one could have walked in and seen us together, me hanging out of my dress, and you with your, well with that." she said looking towards his erection that reared up still hopeful of some attention. His cock

was still hard as a rock but he figured it was going to have to stay that way right now.

"Well there was no harm in the end, and we were celebrating right?"

"It's not the point Bobby, the way I behaved was totally irresponsible, it could have landed me in jail and ruined both our lives, not to mention what happened after."

His cock lurched at the mention of his mother giving him road head before sucking his cock dry in the living room. God he wished she would just stop beating herself up and give him a repeat performance.

"Mom, stop being so hard on yourself, you're entitled to let your hair down once in a while and nothing bad happened, and as to what happened after, I've got no complaints about that!"

"I'm sure you haven't! But that's not the point, we crossed a line last night and we can't undo what we did, or rather I did. I can't believe I... Oh Bobby, where is this going to end? I wish I could just flick a switch and go back to when we used to be a normal family. Before your father had his plane crash and before all... this started."

"Mom, I miss dad too, and I wish he was here, but wishing isn't going to bring him back. So the way I see it we've got to look

out for each other. The way things have been the last few weeks, I don't regret one bit. I've never felt closer to you and what you've done for me just makes me love you more."

"Oh Bobby, you're all I have and I feel like I am letting you down. I'm supposed to be your mother and instead there I was last night running around like some cheap whore. This can't be right Bobby, it's not normal."

"Mom you could never be a cheap whore so don't speak about yourself like that. As to what normal is, I don't know, most of my friends hardly speak to their parents and when they do it's to tell them how much they hate them. I love you and I'd do anything for you, so if that means being not normal then so what?"

"But Bobby, I'm your mother, I'm not supposed to see you like this," she gestured at his still hard cock, "let alone do the things I've done."

"But if you hadn't I'd probably have ended up beating my dick to death on the bannisters."

"More likely you'd have knocked the stairs down." she smiled up at him through red eyes and smudged mascara. "I'm sorry I must look horrible."

"You look beautiful mom, and stop worrying, everything is fine. Really!"

"Oh Bobby, I wish I could believe you.."

"It's true, nothing bad has happened, you're still my mom and I'm still your son and I still love you and I always will. So in future we just do our celebrating at home ok, Deputy Manager of the new clinic?"

He grinned at her and she managed another wane smile.

"Oh Bobby, I don't know what I do to deserve you."

He could think of a couple of things she could do right now but he figured he'd keep them to himself. She approached him and cuddled up to him. His cock nudged against her stomach and she glanced down at it. "I've suppose I've rather neglected you this morning haven't I?", he didn't say anything but just watched as she reached down and encircled his hard cock with her hand before gently stroking it. He groaned as she began lightly running her hand up and down it, slowly building up the rhythm. She was wearing a silk robe so his view was restricted to her amazing cleavage and her unfettered melons swaying under the thin silk in time with her stroking. Her nipples seemed to be protruding through the thin material and it definitely wasn't cold today so she had to be getting turned on.

He groaned and leant back against the kitchen counter as she continued to run her fingers up and down his hard cock,

teasing his erection with her tugging. They didn't say anything, the room was quiet apart from the occasional moan from Bobby and the slick sound of his pre-cum coated foreskin sliding up and down over his cock head as she began to stroke column of meat in earnest. He simply leant back and let her do what ever she wanted to his cock, which this morning was to get him off as soon as possible. She was obviously just giving him some relief and that was fine by him, a morning quickie was never a bad way to start the day. Her talented hand continued to beat his meat and he could feel his cum begin to rise as he leant his head back and surrendered to the incessant caresses of her hands on his cock.

"Ohhh fuck mom I'm cumming."

His balls drew up under his cock and the head swelled even more as the huge slab of meat lurched in her hand before spitting a jet of thick white cum across the kitchen that landed with an audible splat on the floor, being followed by several more so before long it was raining sperm on the tiled floor. She continued milking his huge cock as the seemingly endless supply of cum erupted from it until it finally slackened off and subsided. He regained his senses and surveyed the scene, great streaks and puddles of cum spread out before him across the floor.

"Oh well, I was going to clean the kitchen floor anyway." Alison sighed, smiling and releasing his cock.

"Sorry." said Bobby giving a comic shrug.

They spent the rest of the day mooching around at home, Alison recovering from her hangover and Bobby waiting around hoping for some more action along the lines of the the previous night's.

He lay on the bed remembering the feel of his mom's mouth on his cock, the way she teased the head with her tongue and the sensation of her moist lips sliding down the shaft, enveloping his dick in a wonderful warm wet tunnel. His dick throbbed at the recollection and he wondered if a repeat performance was on the cards tonight?

He reflected on his mom and her moods last night. She kept on about limits and how far things would go but bit by bit Bobby sensed she was relaxing and opening up. He sure hoped so, the idea of going back to a normal mother son relationship wasn't something he wanted to think about, he lived from one sexual encounter to the next and couldn't imagine having to make do with a peck on the cheek rather than her cheeks round his pecker. He felt himself drifting off to sleep with images of his beautiful naked mom worshipping his cock playing through his mind.

He awoke a couple of hours later and heard his mom on the phone downstairs so decided to pad down and investigate his hard on leading the way. His mom was still wearing her robe and sitting at the table tapping on her laptop.

He stood by her shoulder and could see she was answering some emails.

"Hey mom, what's up?"

She turned to see his dick at eye level throbbing.

"Oh my god! Well you obviously! I was just doing some work, we've got a problem I'm trying to solve."

"What's the problem?"

"We have a contract to provide some educational products and I'm having trouble sourcing some of them."

"Um. What sort of educational material?"

"Well since you ask, it's a series of replicas of the, um, male reproductive system."

"Male repro... you mean guy's dicks?"

"That's not really the technical description I'd use, but yes, casts of various men's penises so they can be used for educational purposes and testing birth control products."

"So, what's the problem, I mean, you have guys willing to, err, model don't you?"

"Yes we've had several volunteers but the casts are supposed to show a variety of, dimensions, and so far we've not had any in the, higher end of the percentile."

His mom was looking flushed and guessed she was getting embarrassed talking about it but there was something about the idea of his mom looking at cocks and assessing them that turned him on, especially if she was comparing them to him.

"So you have to measure them?"

"Certainly not, the applicants submit their details via the internet and I refer them on for consideration."

"And you've not had any guys apply who are packing?"

"Bobby, it's not the sort of thing to joke about. This is serious, we, I, need to get this project completed this month. There's a lot of money involved, schools and birth control manufacturers who are paying for this."

"So you just need a guy with a large...percentile, then?" he said waving his erection at her.



"Bobby can't you be serious? This is important."

"I am being serious, I mean unless you think I don't.. measure up?"

"Bobby don't be ridiculous!"

"You mean I'm not big enough?"

"Of course you're... big enough, more than big enough, but you are my son and I can hardly submit your details can I?"

"Why not?"

"Why not??? How am I supposed to explain that I know how large my son's penis is when it's erect?"

"Well don't tell them it's me."

"What do you mean?"

"Use another name."

"Bobby, be serious!"

"I am!"

"It's too dangerous, someone would find out."

"Where are the err, casts being done?"

"Some company in New York, why?"

"Well we don't know anyone there so just put a different name on the form and who's going to know?"

"Bobby, it's too risky."

"What's the risk, no one will know and besides, I've always wanted to visit the big apple. C'mon mom, we could go together, what do you say?"

"Bobby, I don't know..."

"Mom, you said yourself it was serious and you needed a volunteer with a big... percentile and here it is at your service!" he flexed his muscles and made his cock jump in salute.

"Bobby!" his mom his mom admonished him.

"C'mom, at least fill in the form, that can't do any harm can it? What do we have to do?"

"Oh alright, there's an online submission applicants have to fill in." she typed in the address and a webpage came up for the clinic and a chance to volunteer to be part of a medical research program. Bobby could see why they hadn't had many applicants, the page looked about as erotic as a funeral director's convention and most guys were unlikely to ever pay it much attention. His mom clicked on the 'APPLY HERE' link and a questionnaire and some instructions appeared.

"Hmm well it only asks for basic contact details."

"Great put me down as Bobby Smith."

"Very imaginative choice!" his mom remarked wryly.

"Hey keep it simple right?"

"Ok well, most of these questions deal with diseases and so on." his mom clicked the relevant boxes before coming to the final section. "Here is the section where it's asking for umm, measurements. Do you know your, um, length when aroused?" she asked flushing.

"Errr, no."

She looked round at him, his huge cock towering over her.

"You don't?? Surely you must have, I thought all boys...checked themselves."

"Nope." he lied, Of course he had measured himself but the chance to have his mom do it for him was too good to pass up.

"Which means you expect me to do it I suppose?"

Bobby shrugged and held out his bandaged hands by way of an explanation.

"Oh alright! Let me see, there are some instructions. 'To ensure the best results and that the subject is fully aroused the subject should stimulate their penis for approximately 60 minutes without reaching a climax prior to carrying out the measurements.'"

"I guess that's where you come in mom."

"What a surprise!" she remarked looking at him with an arch look before regarding his still erect penis. "I don't see how it could get much harder than it is at the moment." she said reaching up to stroke it.

"Well we want to be scientifically accurate right?"

"I never knew you were so interested in science Bobby. Come along then." She sighed before standing and leading him over to the couch by his cock. She pushed him down onto the seat before going to the kitchen and returning a few moments later with a glass of wine which she set down on the table.

"I suppose if I'm going to be here doing this for an hour I might as well be comfortable." Her heavy boobs swayed and jogged under the thin silk robe and Bobby feasted his eyes on them hoping to see them naked once more.

"Great! Err, how about some visual stimulation to start with?" Bobby's eyes like saucers and his cock was flexing in anticipation.

"This isn't room service you know!"

"Um, I didn't mean it like that, just you know, for the experiment, to get accurate measurements and..."

"Oh alright." she cut him off, untying her robe and letting it fall to the ground so he could feast his eyes once again on her knockers.

"There, happy?"

"Um, yeah."

No matter how many times he saw them he couldn't get enough of her glorious heavy orbs. She sat facing him, his eyes following every sway and jiggle of her tits. She then slowly ran her hand down his toned six pack and lightly stroked around the base of his cock. His dick lurched as she delicately teased around the base of it before gently playing with his balls. She tenderly cradled his heavy testicles in her hand, as if she was weighing them and admiring their size and heaviness. He watched as she slowly released his gonads and slid her fingers up his cock delicately caressing the shaft before running up and around the shiny purple head.

She continued delicately stroking and teasing his column of meat and he lay back glorying in the sensation of her elegant fingers playing over his iron hard cock. After a few minutes he reached out with his clumsy injured hand and awkwardly attempted to heft one of her huge boobs. His wrists were still too weak to allow him to lift the heavy melons but he was able make her boobs jiggle and sway while squeezing the smooth soft flesh as best he could. She didn't say anything but continued stroking him as he weighed her heavy jugs in his hand, marvelling at their size and smoothness. As she continued to stroke his cock she slowly built the tempo increasing his arousal. He moaned in appreciation of her caresses and in return he found her rubbery nipples and ran his fingers over them, feeling them harden under his touch. His mother let out a sharp intake of breath and although she said nothing, he guessed she was getting turned on.

They stayed like that for what seemed like an age, neither of them spoke but Bobby's cock bucked and lurched as she

continued to stroke and tease him towards an orgasm without ever allowing him to reach it. Pre-cum drooled from his cock and she used her fingers to smear the clear slimy liquid over his glans and shaft, lubricating it and adding to the sensuality of her touch. For her part Bobby noticed that Alison's breathing seemed more rapid and her nipples were now like two hard bullets sticking out from her breasts. Bobby couldn't resist making her big jugs jiggle and sway but increasingly focused his attention on her nipples, being rewarded with the occasional gasp or moan that Alison would emit when he did. Alison brought Bobby gasping to the brink of orgasm several times but expertly denied him the ultimate pleasure of release, his cock now so hard it was like it was carved from marble.

As she caressed him and delicately built the tempo once more, Bobby could feel his orgasm nearing again, knowing it would be denied. God how much longer was she going to keep teasing him? He knew she wouldn't let him cum because she hadn't measured him yet and while he was desperate to cum he was powerless to stop her caressing him. His balls tightened yet again and he felt his cum begin to rise Alison's caresses became slower and lighter, her feathery touch keeping him floating on the brink before letting him subside and then releasing him altogether. He opened his eyes to look at her as she moved away from him removing her charms from his reach. Initially he was disappointed but then she knelt in between his legs and leant over him letting her heavy boobs hang down over his crotch, her giant melons brushing against his engorged manhood as they swayed. He watched breathlessly as the smooth silky skin of her magnificent tits bumped against the aching hardness of his cock, feeling her hard nipples rub against the shiny purple skin of his glans.

His mom smiled up at him before lowering her heavy jugs so his cock was between them and squeezing them together, enveloping him in their silky soft smooth grip. Bobby groaned at this new level of excitement, his mom seemed to be getting off on teasing and tormenting him, it was like she was trying to see how much he could take. He was powerless to resist anything she wanted to do to him, all he cared about was the pleasure coursing through his body as she began slowly sliding her boobs up his shaft, enveloping him completely so he disappeared from sight, before pausing and slowly sliding down the length of his cock, his purple cock head emerging from the magnificent creamy canyon of her boobs. She kept her movements agonisingly slow, allowing his cock constant stimulation but not enough to take him over the edge.

Pre-cum drooled constantly from his cock lubricating the fleshy tunnel between her boobs, making it feel even more like a wonderful pussy he could penetrate to his heart's, or his cock's desire. Bobby was peering blearily at his mom, unsure how long the teasing had been going on, but sure it had to be more than an hour when he was suddenly aware of cool air replacing the feel of his mom's boobs on his cock. He looked down to see her sitting back, her breasts slick with his juices.

"I think you could do with a little break." she smiled.

He regarded his cock which was bucking and lurching like it was possessed and a strand of pre-cum hung down onto his belly. Fuck he was so turned on if he didn't cum soon he felt like his balls were going to explode.



Alison drained her wine glass before rising to her feet and heading to the kitchen. She stood in the kitchen pouring the wine, while Bobby certainly needed the break the truth was she needed a moment to think. The teasing and arousing she had been performing on Bobby over the last few weeks had increasingly been having an effect on her as well. Increasingly she found herself getting turned on as she was touching and fondling him, and part of her discomfort about last night's events was how excited she had become. But this was not about her, it was about Bobby, she was doing this to help him wasn't she? Helping him because he couldn't help himself? Except now she was using him to help her with the clinic, all the same she was just doing this to arouse him not for her own pleasure. But her body was betraying her, her nipples were hard as rocks and the warm glow she could feel between her legs told her how aroused she was without having to look. It's just a biological reaction she told herself, normal in the circumstances. It doesn't mean anything.

Was it also normal to have flashes of jealousy when other women looked at her son, as she had last night? Normal??? She sipped her wine and laughed. What was normal anymore? Here she was, naked in her kitchen about to go and suck the cock of her son and she was worried about being normal? What had she become? What was becoming of her and her Bobby?

She downed the glass of wine and poured another. She looked down at her naked, aroused breasts and thought of her beautiful son in the next room and knew that whatever she had started was too far advanced to stop now.

She returned to the living room, Bobby was lying back on the couch, his eyes closed and his huge erection jutting up in the air, curving towards his belly pulsing with his heartbeat. She felt another warm flood of arousal go through her, as she sipped her wine and made her way towards him. He heard her approach and turned his head to look blearily at her, drinking in her curves. She was careful to keep her legs pressed together to conceal what would now be obvious and in doing so felt her clit being squeezed by the pressure.

She set her wine down and knelt between Bobby's legs, admiring his cock. The fact was Alison didn't like to give oral sex, she loved it. At high school when most of her friends had given head to avoid losing their virginity Alison had done it because it turned her on, the ability to control a man completely with her mouth, tease him and pleasure him at her will was the ultimate thrill to her. She became so known for her oral skills she earned the nick name of the 'headlight queen'. It was actually a triple reference, her 'headlights' as the guys called them always got plenty of attention anyway. Her love of, and skill at head was pretty obvious and the fact that she dated guys who were packing downstairs and was known as a size queen rounded it off.

Bobby looked down at her in a daze as she gently lifted his enormous cock from his belly and held it up vertically, looking at the huge slab of meat close to her pretty face. She tenderly kissed round the shaft and worked her feathery kisses further up the huge meaty trunk towards his shiny purple head drooling with a sheen of pre-cum. The viscous clear liquid attached itself in strands to Alison's plump lips as she kissed his cock head before slowly snaking her tongue out and

lapping up the liquid, savouring it's salty tang as an appetiser for the huge load of cum she knew was awaiting her in his oversized balls.

She slowly opened her lips, allowing him to feel her hot breath on his cock before sliding her lips over the dome of his erection and engulfing him in a wonderful wet tunnel where her tongue continued to dance over his straining hard meat. She kept her movements slow and sensuous, knowing he wasn't capable of withstanding any more, but her mouth felt incredible none the less. She made out with his cock like it was a lover she was kissing, tenderly worshiping the huge phallus with her lips and tongue.

Feeling his excitement, how hard and aroused he was and knowing she controlled this huge cock totally with her kisses and caresses made her moan with pleasure, she hoped Bobby was too far gone to notice and pushed her thighs together feeling the pressure on her clit and her own excitement build. The most beautiful cock she had ever had, if only it wasn't her son's she would fuck it in a heartbeat, but that was a line she would never, could never cross. She teased and tormented his cock, pleasuring and denying it as she continued to make love to it with her mouth. Everytime she judged he was nearing the brink she withdrew and licked down his shaft to his heavy swollen balls, sometimes taking one then the other in her lips and drawing each huge gonad into her tender mouth. After a few moments respite she would begin kissing her way up the shaft before once again drawing his huge cock into her mouth and sliding her lips up and down his slab of meat, edging him closer and closer to a climax until she sensed he couldn't take any more and backing off just when he thought he would cum.

She repeated the cycle over and over revelling in the thrill of controlling this huge cock and knowing it was completely at her mercy.

"Ohhhh god mom, I don't think I can take any more. Please."

She felt guilt flash through her, in her excitement at teasing and controlling him she had forgotten his need, and the point of the exercise.

"Alright Bobby, I guess that's enough stimulation." she said, withdrawing her mouth from his cock and trying to resume a business like demeanor. She looked at the clock, it had been nearly 3 hours since she started teasing him not 60 minutes, no wonder he was getting desperate. She walked to the kitchen and Bobby watched in a daze as her sexy ass jiggled and swayed in her high cut tiny panties before returning a few moments later with a tape measure. His cock was jumping and lurching like a rodeo bull, as she consulted the lap top to check what measurements she had to take. She needed hold his cock to steady with one hand while holding the tape measure along side with the other to measure it. Her eyes widened slightly as she saw the length, and Bobby's cock gave another lurch of pride and escaped her grasp.

"Can't you keep it under control?"

"Sorry mom I can't help it right now. So how do I measure up?"

"Um, very well."

"So how big am I?"

"Don't make me say it Bobby."

"Well I'm just curious." he said with a look of innocence.

"I'm sure you know quite well how big you are but since you're going to make me tell you anyway, your penis is 9 1/2 inches long. Satisfied?"

I would be if you'd let me stick all 9 1/2 inches inside you Bobby thought dementedly, he guessed she would satisfied as well, not that it was ever going to happen.

"Um thanks mom."

She took the other measurements around his cock and then got her phone and took some pictures before uploading them to the laptop.

"Ok, well I'll submit this and see what happens."

"Great mom, any chance now I could, you know, finish?"

"Alright Bobby, I don't want you to injure yourself." she smiled before kneeling next to him and leaning over his lap. In this position her huge tits hung down invitingly and Bobby couldn't resist cupping her heavy, hanging jugs in his hand, feeling their weight and cool smoothness before toying with her hard nipples. His mom let out an unmistakeable moan from around his cock as she sensuously worked her lips up and down the huge slab of meat. Bobby was too far gone to pay much attention, he was delirious with lust and the need to cum and all he could focus on was his mom's lips sliding up and down his turgid member while her tongue danced and sparred with his veiny one eyed beast.

She didn't tease him this time, simply guided him to his orgasm, feeling his cock swell to bursting and his body tense as he reached the threshold. She slid her lips up his shaft holding just the bloated head in her mouth so as to make room for the torrent of cum that she knew was to follow. She felt his cock buck in her mouth before flooding it with a hot thick load of creamy sperm, followed by another and another. Alison gulped the loads down as they spewed into her mouth feeling the thick liquid sliding down her throat to her belly as more cum spewed from his huge spasming cock. She continued to milk his cock dry with her tender lips until it had given up all it's load, her mouth awash with the salty white liquid.

She rose silently from the couch and smiled at Bobby before making her way upstairs hoping he didn't realise the reason she said nothing because she was still holding a mouthful of his thick cum. She reached her room and closed the door, sliding her panties off and throwing them in the hamper. She didn't need to look at them to know they were soaked, her

nipples were like rocks and the warmth from her loins told her she was wet and aroused. She ran her fingers over her hard swollen nipples, feeling them tingle before sliding her other hand down to her hot wet pussy and rubbing the engorged clit, all the while savouring the thick load of cum she still held in her mouth. . It took no more than a few moments before she felt an orgasm shuddering through her, and she finally gulped down the last of her son's huge load and collapsed on the bed.

What was happening to her? What was she doing? Was she really going to take her son to New York and have his penis moulded? The idea of her son's cock being immortalised turned her on, the thought of other women seeing it and marvelling at it, perhaps even using it to pleasure themselves with. What would that be like she wondered, to have a rubber replica of his cock inside her, knowing it was the same size as her son's, knowing it was how he would feel if he was... no stop it! She found herself thinking about it all the same as she rubbed her clit and pinched her nipples feeling another orgasm wash over her, stifling the moan with a pillow so Bobby wouldn't hear her. Oh god what had she started? She wondered as sleep began to engulf her.

Cumming next, Bobby's casting leads to a weekend of frustration before he and Alison venture to New York where Alison has to share Bobby's cock with another woman.

## Chapter 11

It was the following Friday when Bobby's mom arrived home later than usual, he padded out of his room expecting her to come up the stairs and begin his evening's erotic fantasy world but instead she remained downstairs and called up to him, "Bobby would you come down here please?"

Oh shit, this wasn't good. It was the tone of voice that meant something was wrong and normally meant he was in trouble. He made his way down the steps, his stomach tingling with nerves although they weren't enough to subdue the raging hard-on that grew in a pavlovian reaction whenever the prospect of his mom's tender touch was near.

She was sitting at the dining table with some papers in front of her.

"Sit down Bobby."

He sat nervously opposite her.

"Read this." she said pushing the papers across the table in front of him.

The letter was headed from the clinic and he scanned through it trying to make sense of it as best he could, ...medical program.....selection procedure....taking part.....accepted.



Accepted?

"This means I've been accepted? They're going to use me in the program?"

"Yes Bobby."

"That's great isn't it?"

"Read the letter."

"Appointment at De Milo Studio Monday 11th... That's this Monday, 3 days time."

"Read the letter."

"Accommodation details... Hotel.... Flight booked..2 tickets... plus assistant.. the assistant is you right?"

"Yes Bobby I had some leave to take so I was able to book the time."

"Wow! So we get a free trip to New York, flight and hotel paid for all I have to do is stick my wang in some plaster."

"Bobby Stevens!! Can't you be serious??"

He was taken back by the strength of her rebuke.

"Sorry mom, but this is good right? I mean for the clinic and your job? And a trip to New York would be nice right?"

"Bobby if anyone realises you are my son then our lives will never be the same. I'm talking jail, professional ruin, you would have the stigma for the rest of your life too."

"Mom, who's going to know? No one knows us in New York, as far as they are concerned we are just Mr Robert Smith and his glamorous assistant, who will be assisting him with the casting of his piece of art." he thrust his hips up and waved his hand at her which wagged about the table.

"Bobby this is serious!"

"I know mom, I am being serious. Going to New York is safer than being here, there's no neighbours or co workers to run into. We can just be together for a weekend, what's to worry about?"

"Oh Bobby, I don't know, maybe I'm being paranoid. I just can't help this feeling we are being watched."

"No one's watching us mom, and no one knows we're going to New York. We'll have a ball."

"I suppose..."

Bobby sensed she was relaxing a little and pushed home the offensive hoping she would loosen up and give him some attention. He stood up and walked over to her singing.

"Start spreading the news..... ba baa da ba ba!" swinging his dick in time to the music in a crude lampoon of a Broadway musical.

"Bobby, stop it!!!" his mom admonished trying to stop herself laughing.

He continued to dance in front of her his cock now at eye level.

"I'm leavin' today... da daa da da" waving his cock at her.

"Stop it!" she playfully swatted his hard dick and he withdrew out of range.

"Sorry mom, but I've missed you."

"Hmmm.. so I see, well you'd better read the rest of the letter."

"What, oh ok...." he peered at the letter "to obtain best results subject should refrain from orgasm for at least.... 48 hours!! Holy crap they don't mention that on the application form! You mean I get no action for like, 2 days?"

"Well not quite, there's more."

"More? Um.. some sexual stimulation is beneficial providing it does not lead to a climax.... So you can still do stuff as long as I don't cum?"

"Well yes I suppose so Bobby, but as 48 hours is the minimum I'm afraid your curfew starts tonight."

"You mean I can't cum at all till Monday?"

"I'm sorry Bobby, they procedure is there for a reason, they have to get a good mould of your... penis... and that is the whole point of the trip after all."

"I suppose so..."

She smiled at him, "I'm sorry Bobby, I'll try to make it up to you."

"Really?"

His cock lurched and the possibilities that flashed through his mind and as he stepped closer to her, his cock swaying as it approached her throbbing at eye level.

"Oh Bobby, I didn't mean, now... I only just got in."

"I've been waiting all day mom, and now you tell me I'm going to have a major dose of blue balls, you could give me a little attention at least."

"Oh Bobby, ok I suppose so." she sighed, with outward resignation while inwardly she could feel her self becoming excited at the prospect of teasing and tormenting this giant cock for the next few days. She hated herself for being such a slut but couldn't deny the warmth that was growing between her legs , where you created Bobby a sick voice called to her. God what was wrong with her? The giant cock in front of her gave a lurch and she watched transfixed, as the skin rolled back over the head a little further, the purple dome of his cock shiny the skin was so taught with his desire.

She slowly reached for him lightly running her fingers up and down his erect cock, wondering what It would be like to see him rendered in plastic, for other women to share and admire. Still they would only have the replica she had the real thing. She continued stroking him, feeling the silky smooth soft skin slide up and down the iron hard shaft and the over the bloated purple glans, marvelling at how he felt hard as iron and smooth as velvet at the same time. With her other hand she

cupped his heavy, low hanging balls, admiring their weight and size, feeling each one fill her palm.

He was looking down at her breathlessly, completely in her power as she drew him towards her, allowing her tongue to snake out between her lips and tenderly explore his cock head, tasting the tangy saltiness of his precum. She could feel his balls tighten in her hand in response to her caresses and continued to gently bathe his cock head with her tongue before slowly licking down his shaft till she reached the base and taking first one heavy ball, then the other in her mouth and gently sucking on them.

She sucked and licked his balls for a few moments before licking back up his shaft to the head and slowly enveloping the swollen glans in her mouth, sucking his cock in earnest, sliding her lips down the shaft and using her tongue to duel with the huge slab of meat.

He could do nothing other than throw his head back and moan as she began to make love to his cock in earnest, her sensuous lips sliding up and down the shaft of his cock, her tongue snaking around the underside of his glans. He watched as her head bobbed on his cock, her movements slow and sensuous, as if the cock was a lover she was passionately making out with. She withdrew her lips from his cock after a few minutes, allowing his excitement to subside while she caressed his turgid, mammoth shaft with her tongue, delicately teasing the beast for a few minutes before once again enveloping him in her warm wet mouth.

He lost track of time, it seemed the universe stood still and the only reality that mattered was his mother and what she was doing to his cock, but all the same he could feel his balls ache and his cock becoming more and more sensitive so that her ministrations were bringing him nearer and nearer to orgasm with each bout of sucking and licking. Finally she withdrew and looked up at him.

"There better?"

He looked down at her with glazed eyes as his cock lurched, shiny with her saliva and drooling pre cum.

"Uh, well kinda. This is going to be a long 2 days."

She smiled and gently ran her hands down his sides, moving him backwards.

"I know Bobby, but I will make it up to you, properly, on Monday."

Right now that seemed long time away as Bobby watched Alison stand and head up to her room. He followed her up the stairs watching her shapely ass wobble in her uniform. He didn't think he could take any more sucking or stroking right now but at least he could sit back and have a display of tits and ass while she got undressed.

He sat on the bed and watched as Alison chatted about work, she appeared casual but was acutely aware of her son's eyes on her as she slowly removed her uniform and walked about the room in her underwear. She'd recently started wearing some more revealing underwear which her husband had bought a few years back. She found herself becoming aroused as she paraded herself in front of her son, her breasts jiggling in her skimpy bra and her ass almost totally exposed in her high cut panties. She turned her back to him as she undid her bra, sliding the straps down her shoulders and teasing him before turning and letting him admire her huge tits as she prepared to have her shower. She closed the bathroom door and threw her moist panties in the hamper before climbing in the shower. Her nipples felt like rocks as she ran her fingers over them and as the warm water cascaded over her she unconsciously slipped her fingers between her legs and rubbed her clit. She was so excited it took only a few moments for an orgasm to shudder through her, she gritted her teeth trying to stifle the moan and hoped the noise from the shower would drown it out. Twice more she felt her self ride the crest of a wave of ecstasy as she pulled and twisted her nipples while rubbing her clit.

After her shower Alison put on a pair of black lace panties and headed downstairs Bobby's eyes following every bounce and jiggle of her naked breasts and she walked past him.

They headed for the kitchen, Bobby standing watching her while she prepared dinner.



"I've booked our flight for early Sunday morning so I thought we could go the Mall tomorrow and buy some things for the journey."

"Sure ok mom." he stepped up behind her and reached round so he could cup her breasts.

"Bobby! Stop it! I'm trying to get dinner ready."

"I'm not stopping you." As he kneaded her huge boobs she could feel his hard cock pressing up against her back. His hands were growing stronger by the day and she found his grip on her tits firmer and more stimulating.

"Bobby I'm cutting vegetables.." his fingers found her hard nipples and began squeezing them. She drew breath at how good it felt and hoped he didn't guess.

"I know." He continued to squeeze her tits and play with her nipples and she felt her arousal building at his touch. God his hands felt good on her tits and that huge cock, pushing into her back. She had to stop this.

"Bobby, stop!" She tried to fend his hands off her boobs but he was having too much fun to be easily deterred. She finally squirmed out of his grip and turned to face him.

"Bobby stop it. I'm serious I'm cutting cucumbers for dinner."

"I'm sorry," he looked hurt and puzzled, "I didn't mean to upset you."

She felt her mood softening at the hurt and confusion in his eyes.

"Well you wouldn't want me to chop the wrong cucumber by mistake would you?" she held the knife in one hand and a cucumber in the other in a mock threatening gesture as his cock throbbed pointing towards her.

"Okay I surrender! Anyway you'll need my cucumber for Monday"

"Well take your cucumber over there out of harm's way then." She smiled as she turned back to the kitchen counter she felt herself remembering all the times Bobby's father had moved up behind her like that and held her tits before sliding his big cock into her and making love right there in the kitchen. Stop it! She told herself, he's your son not your husband and this is not something you should even be thinking about.

She finished making dinner and they sat together on the couch watching TV, Bobby was hard as a rock and was wishing he could hurry the next 2 days up. His mom cuddled up to him, her boobs resting on his arm and her hand on his chest. She would run her fingers over his hard abs down towards the arrogant column of meat that jutted from his groin but without

actually touching him. His cock was lurching and drooling precum and she gently ran her fingers down his side before allowing them to lightly caress his balls, tenderly playing with each one before running up over the underside of his cock and lightly caressing his dick making it jump and dance under her feathery touch. His cock was drooling pre cum now and a strand hung down onto his belly as she lightly ran her fingers up to the bloated head and began delicately sliding the skin backwards and forwards. His cock head was slick with the clear liquid and her fingers slipped easily over iron hard contours of his bloated glans.

His dick jumped and lurched under her touch as if it was trying to escape but she tenderly held it, continuing to tease and caress without ever letting his climax approach

"Bobby you're making quite a mess." she commented, her fingers and his cock coated in precum.

"Sorry mom, I'm just so horny I can't help it."

"Do you want me to stop now?"

"I don't want you to but I don't think I can take much more."

It was the honest truth, his dick was so hard it hurt and his balls ached, and he still had 2 days to go!!

"I understand Bobby, here let me clean you up."

She headed to the kitchen her ass wobbling in her tiny panties before returning with some kitchen towels, she leant over him gently wiping the precum from his cock and belly, her huge heavy tits hanging down and swaying as she did so. Even her touch while she cleaned him was infuriating and watching her huge tits swaying was driving him crazy.

"Do you think I could have some pain meds tonight?"

"Are your wrists hurting?"

"A little." He lied, it was his dick that was killing him and he hoped a few pills would help him get some shut eye and a few hours relief and fortunately he was right, as they lay together watching TV he soon began to feel drowsy and was soon asleep.

Bobby had a restless night despite the pain killers, his hard-on remained stubbornly, achingly stiff all night and his dreams were filled with images of his mother. He found himself floating up from his sleep and found himself staring at a huge naked pair of tits swaying in front of his face. He wasn't sure if he was dreaming or awake anymore, as he blearily awoke he heard his mother's voice.

"Well those tablets certainly knocked you out last night, come on sleepy head we've got some shopping to do ready for

tomorrow." She was leaning over him naked apart from her panties and he drunk in the sight of her heavy swaying tits and felt his cock give an aching lurch, oh god another 2 days of this, how was he going to take it? His mother turned and headed for the bathroom and like a moth to the flame Bobby couldn't help himself from crawling out of bed and following. His dick was so hard the skin had rolled back all the way and if he had been alone he would have been tempted to beat it off on the bannisters again it ached so bad.

His mom was standing on tip toe to adjust the shower and her ass looked amazing, only a tiny strip of fabric hiding her modesty, she turned to face him and he once again ogled her tits. No matter how long he trawled the internet he never seemed to be able to find a pair that compared to hers.

"Are you all right Bobby?"

"Err, yeah mom. Just, you know, a little distracted." His hard on lurched and a strand of precum hung from the purple head.

"Yes so I see. Well perhaps a nice shower will help relax you."

Showering you with my cum might he thought.

She seemed to take her time preparing him for the shower and then stripped her panties off and washing herself, lathering and soaping her beautiful body, the display was awesome and his dick was jumping like it was transmitting in morse code.

Finally she finished cleaning her opulent charms and turned her attention to him, washing him in a slow sensuous fashion, her big tits rubbing against him and his hard cock bumping against her tummy. When she washed his cock it was with an agonisingly slow light touch that drove him crazy without getting him close to cumming, caressing the iron hard slab of meat, gently drawing the foreskin back and forwards before pulling it all the way back and rubbing around the bloated head as if it were a door handle she was opening. Right now he was so horny she could just about do anything to his dick and it would feel good, even smacking it around would feel better than the permanent dull ache he'd had for the last 24 hours.

She dried them both off and dressed herself, Bobby watched her reverse strip tease as she encased her boobs in a sexy bra that gave her an amazing cleavage before putting on a thigh length skirt and a summery top that was quite low cut for her. He looked down at his cock, purple and with veins standing out and didn't think he remembered ever being this hard or horny. Even after his accident he hadn't been this turned on, but then he hadn't had a chance to get used to his mother giving him daily multiple orgasms which had now been cut off, and now he was like a drug addict going cold turkey.

His cock jumped and dribbled some more pre cum which ran down the shaft.

"Well time we get you dressed Bobby, oh dear you are making a mess aren't you?"

"Err yeah sorry mom."

"That's alright Bobby." She fetched a piece of toilet paper from the bathroom and gently wiped the pre cum from his cock before heading to his room to get his clothes. It was a warm day so he chose a t shirt and shorts and as usual he had no underwear. His mom levered him into his shorts as gently as she could but her every touch was almost agony he was so sensitive. His dick stuck out even more than usual and his mom covered her mouth as she looked at him trying not to giggle.

"Oh my goodness Bobby, you look like a tripod!"

"Mom it's not funny, I'm dying here!"

"You're not dying, you're just a horny young teenager, and I promised I'll make it up to you after Monday. That's if we get to New York, I'm sorry Bobby we're going to have to get you some underwear for the journey or you'll never get through the airport. They'll think you're trying to smuggle a bazooka through if they see you like that!"

He groaned but looking down she had a point, if they patted him down right now they would certainly get a handful. He thought of some hot young security girl grabbing his dick through his shorts and felt his cock lurch and dribble.

"Just make sure you keep your hands in your pockets today Bobby."

"Yes mom."

They drove to the mall and Bobby followed his mom round the stores while she bought various items for the journey, all the while holding his dick through his pocket. His hands were getting stronger and he found he was able to squeeze the head of his cock to give himself a little relief, the trouble was the more he squeezed the hornier he got. He could feel his pre cum seeping through the lining of his pocket and he guessed he was starting to make a mess inside his shorts. The other downside was all the squeezing was making his wrists ache and as the pain meds wore off they hurt more. Bobby's mom had gone to buy some more clothes for the trip, why the heck she needed more clothes for a 2 day trip he didn't know but then his mom didn't need much excuse to shop.

He sat on a bench in one of the main concourses, trying to hide his hard on as best he could and checking out the girls. He saw a couple he had spotted before coming out of one of the stores and smiled at them. They were about his age and wearing cut off jeans that showed off their ass cheeks. He felt his cock lurch in his shorts at the sight and put his hand in his pocket to help hide it and give it a furtive squeeze. Shit they were hot, one was blonde and had a crop top on that clung to her and left no doubt that she didn't have a bra on, not that she needed one. She looked like an A cup, perky and small with 'sit up and beg' titties that he would love to suck on right now. Her friend had brown hair and tight dark t shirt.



When she turned he could see she had a major rack, she looked like she was a double D. She was wearing a push up bra and her shirt was low cut displaying a cleavage that jiggled so that he guessed her boobs were home grown.

His cock gave another lurch and dribbled even more precum in his shorts. God he'd love to stick his cock between those melons right now, he guessed he'd cum in about 5 seconds flat but he would still be hard and horny and would fuck both of them, probably twice. The perky girl saw him looking and smiled, Bobby smiled back and his cock gave her a salute from his shorts that she thankfully didn't see. He could feel the pre cum leaking onto his leg and guessed he would need to clean up when he got home, or rather his mom would have to do it, another lurch and more drooling as the thought of her hands on his cock flashed through his mind.

"Sorry I've been so long."

He looked up guiltily to see his mom approaching with some shopping bags.

"Uh, oh hi mom. That's ok, I was just chilling."

"Ok well I think that's everything. Now I know you don't like them but I've got you some underwear for tomorrow. Just for the flight."

"Ok mom."

"Well let's go."

As Bobby stood and they made to go Alison suddenly hissed at him.

"Bobby! Your shorts!"

He glanced down and could see a big damp patch had soaked through the front. Shit he knew he'd made a mess but he didn't know it was that bad.

"Stand next to me and take my arm, I'll hold my shopping bags in front of you."

Bobby did as she said and took her arm but his wrists were really starting to hurt and trying to hold onto his dick and take her arm was really painful.

"Ow!"

"What's wrong?"

"It's my hands, they're really starting to hurt."

"Alright Bobby, you'd better let me... ."

He realised what she was offering to do and removed his hand feeling the relief in his wrist and his unrestrained cock straining against his shorts. She discreetly slipped her hand in his pocket, keeping her shopping bags in the way, and found his cock, delicately holding the bloated head through the wet pocket.

"Bobby you're soaked."

"Sorry mom, guess I've got a little worked up today."

"You haven't.... had an accident have you?"

"An acci.... no mom, you'd know if I had."

She could believe that, the amount he came it would be running down his leg she guessed.

"Alright, follow me Bobby."

He didn't have much of an option he figured, with her holding his cock so walked with her, arm in arm and hand in cock. They reached a drug store and she sat him on a bench arranging the bags on his lap while she went inside. A few minute later she came out looking very embarrassed and holding a small bag.

"Ok let's go."

Bobby was baffled as to what was going on but didn't complain as he adopted the same routine as before with Alison holding his throbbing hard on as they made their way past the unsuspecting shoppers. God what would these people think if they knew I was holding my son's erect penis right now she wondered? They would be horrified and think I was some sort of monster, a few hundred years ago they would probably hang me or burn me at the stake. If they knew what I had in the bag they would be even more shocked.

They reached the restrooms and Alison spotted a disabled one and headed for it. She locked the door and undid Bobby's shorts dropping them to his knees. His cock was shiny with pre cum and she took some paper before gently wiping the liquid off. He groaned at her touch even though she was being as gentle as she could. She then reached into the bag she'd bought and pulled out a box, opening it and pulling out a foul sachet that looked somehow familiar. Bobby suddenly recognised it as a condom. His cock began jumping and drooling all over again. WTF??? What was she planning on doing? She tore the foil wrapper open and threw it in the trash before gently rolling the condom onto his cock.

"Errr, mom where's this going?"

"Not where you're thinking! Seeing as you refuse to wear underwear, and would probably make a mess through it anyway I thought this was the best solution."

With the condom in place she replaced his shorts and cock in hand, opened the door to make their way to the car. It felt odd to be making his way past shoppers while his mom had her hand in his pocket holding his condom covered cock. He saw a girl in a short skirt up ahead and couldn't help admiring her butt as it swayed, his cock gave a lurch in his shorts and dribbled precum into the condom. His mom gave no reaction to his cock lurching and at least he knew he was safe from making more of a mess.

They made it to the safety of the car and mom cranked the A/C and headed onto the freeway.

"Honestly Bobby, I'll be glad when tomorrow is over and you can start getting that thing back under control."

"Me too mom, it's not a lot of fun for me at the moment."

"I know Bobby, I'm sorry I know you are doing this to help me. Are you uncomfortable?"

"Well it would be nice to get a little air to it, if you know what I mean."

"Well, I suppose it won't do any harm."

Alison reached across and undid his pants with one hand releasing his cock which throbbed with its new found freedom.

"Do you want me to take this off?" she indicated the condom.

"Yes please mom, a little cool air would feel really good right now."

She gently rolled the condom up his dick and removed it, not sure what else to do with it she tossed it out of the car window when there were no other cars around. She reached across and gently held his balls.

"Poor dear, these are feeling rather heavy."

"Yeah, they are aching pretty bad."

"Well we fly out tomorrow morning and the casting is due to take place first thing Monday so it won't be too much longer. Once this has been preserved for posterity we can put you out of your misery. In the mean time would you like me to rub it better for you?" she gently stroked his cock as she said this and he groaned at the feel of her cool fingers. "I'm sorry, if it's too sensitive and you don't want me to.."

"No it's fine mom, just, you know, go easy on me." Even in his current state, or perhaps especially in his current state he was powerless to resist the opportunity to have his mother's hands caress his hard meat.

She was good to her word and gently, tenderly ran her fingers over his engorged cock. You could almost not call it a hand job at all she was being so delicate but he was so hard and excited, and she was so skilled with her touch that he felt his cock grow harder and ache more as she teased and caressed him. She let her fingers run over the swollen bulb of his cock head, tracing the outline of the ridge and letting her palm rub on the head before exploring the iron hard shaft crisscrossed with swollen veins in the smooth taut skin. His dick drooled precum and she delicately smeared it over the cock head lubricating it as she did. When she could see his cock was becoming too sensitive she would release it and gently play with his heavy balls, tenderly weighing and squeezing them. Bobby lay back and let his mom have her way with his cock, the bitter sweet pleasure of being teased and caressed was so intoxicating he was powerless to resist even though he knew it was merely serving to increase his frustration

When they arrived home Bobby requested some more pain meds at his wrists were genuinely hurting and added to the pain in his balls he needed some temporary relief. After his meds he watched his mom as she did her packing, it seemed a given that when they were home they were naked now apart from her panties that she still insisted on wearing to preserve her modesty. He couldn't really complain though, he was still getting a display of tits and ass that would have most guys in a strip bar emptying their wallets. Soon after dinner Bobby

found himself dozing and they both decided to get an early night in preparation for the flight in the morning.

In the morning Alison found Bobby still asleep and couldn't resist leaning over him as she woke him. She let her heavy tits sway gently bumping his face and watched, amused as he sleepily attempted to swat them away. She shook her shoulders a little making her boobs swing and bump his face a little harder and Bobby groggily opened his eyes flying open. She couldn't help herself from chuckling as she saw his reaction.

"Hello sleepy head, time for a shower before the airport?" she swayed her boobs teasingly as she asked the question and Bobby simply groaned in response as he stared at her huge tits swinging above his face reaching up with his hands to cup her big heavy orbs. Before he could grab her she ducked out of range and headed for the shower. He followed her to the bathroom, his dick scything through the air and dribbling as he went. When he arrived she already had the water running and quickly fitted the bags over his wrists obviously not wanting to waste time.

He admired her magnificent body as she washed, her big rounded tits, her shapely ass her trim stomach, the neat bush between her legs. He noted her fingers seemed to linger a little longer between her legs as she washed than before. When she washed him there seemed a loving almost sensuous quality to her hands on his body that he hadn't noticed before and when she washed his cock and balls she didn't say anything but



smiled as she tenderly cleaned his straining cock and heavy balls.

She helped him dress first taking the box of condoms and sliding one over his straining cock. He glanced at the label on the foil container as she dropped it in the trash.

"Is that a Magnum?"

She nodded not looking up.

"How did you know I use those?"

"Your father, um, needed to use these as well."

Shit, of course dad was packing as well wasn't he? Though Bobby remembered with a sick pride he was not as big as his son.

After she'd rolled the condom on she fetched the underwear she'd bought him.

"I know you don't want to put these but we'll never get you through airport security let alone to New York with this thing sticking out." She playfully patted his hard dick before taking out the underwear.

"Tightie Whities?"

"Well Bobby, boxer shorts weren't really going to be much use were they? Now it's only for the journey."

She slipped the pants up his legs and levered his cock into them as gently as she could. His hard on was help flat against his hip so that when she put him into a shirt and some loose fitting pants his bulge was relatively concealed.

"There, as long as they don't pat you down we should be ok."

"I'm more worried about pick pockets, that could cause a few questions."

"Bobby this is serious, if you got stopped at the airport, with me, well... it doesn't bear thinking about. I mean how would we explain this?"

"Well just tell them the truth, I'm Bobby Smith going for a moulding and I needed to wear the condom cause I was making a mess. I mean it's embarrassing but it's not against the law."

"But if they found out I was your mother?"

"Why would they? It's only a domestic flight, there's no immigration, so who's going to find out. Chillax mom!" he grinned his winning smile.

They made it to the airport in plenty of time and stopped in the restaurant for a bite of breakfast. Mom had a G&T to settle her nerves even though it was still early. Bobby checked out some of the hostesses and girls travelling, adding to his discomfort as his cock throbbed in the confines of his underwear.

They boarded the flight in plenty of time and Bobby noticed a cute dark haired girl sitting in an aisle seat, flashing her a smile as he drew level. Alison put their bags in the overhead locker and as she stretched her boobs looked like they were threatening to burst out of her blouse. She was struggling a little to reach and Bobby offered to help. She stepped back as he leaned up to push the bags in place delicately with his bandaged hands, as he did so the fabric of his trousers drew tight and outlined his hard on. Alison tried to think of some way to tell him without drawing attention but couldn't, she looked around to see if anyone else had noticed but was relieved to see they were all too busy finding their seats and stowing their bags. Then she noticed the young brunette sitting opposite, she was at eye level with Bobby's crotch and staring directly at the outline of his huge hard on. Alison wanted to stand in the way but there was no room in the confines of the aisle so she had to wait while the girl continued to get an eyeful of Bobby's dick.

When he finished with the bag the girl smiled up at him catching his eye and Bobby flashed her that grin that was sure to work his way into a million girls' hearts, and panties. Alison found herself flushing at the exchange and stepped back to allow Bobby access to their seats.

"Bobby why don't you take the window seat?"

"Um, ok thanks... Alison."

He slid into the seat and Alison sat next to him cutting him off from the brunette who went back to reading her book.

The rest of the flight went well, Alison began to relax and enjoy the trip now they were on their way. She ordered another Gin and Tonic from the flight attendant and a blanket that she spread over herself and Bobby. She sipped her drink and smiled at Bobby who returned her grin, happy to be going on a holiday and happier still his blue balls would be relieved before too much longer. Alison finished her drink and ordered another before raising the arm rest between herself and Bobby.

"How are you doing Bobby?"

"Um fine thanks." he said looking a little confused.

She slid her hand onto his thigh under the blanket and he looked surprised and a little nervous but as he looked around he could see no one was looking.

"How about now?"

"Better thanks."

She ran her fingers up his thigh until she reached his balls which she gently squeezed. He said nothing but just swallowed as she traced around the outline of his cock which stretched across his lap and hip. Through 2 layers of clothing and a condom he was desensitised enough that she could rub and squeeze his dick without too much risk of his cumming, all the same she could feel him swelling under her touch, the bulb of his cock head swelling and hardening till it was like a door knob.

She snuggled up to him resting her head on his shoulder and pulling the blanket over them as she continued to toy with his erection through his trousers. Since they were covered from the neck down and he couldn't get much more frustrated Bobby took the opportunity to slide his hand under the blanket and onto his mom's Blouse. She looked around nervously but all the other passengers were either dozing or chatting and no one could see what Bobby was doing under the blanket so she allowed him to continue. His hands explored her tits through her blouse, squeezing as much of the huge melons as he could before undoing a couple of the buttons so he could slip his hand inside.

"Bobby!" she hissed, but it was too late, his fingers were inside her blouse exploring her bra clad tits, caressing the exposed skin and squeezing them through their cups. How could she complain she thought, she had initiated things after all, her hand was still rubbing the huge column of meat in his pants as he squeezed her tits. He now slipped his fingers inside her bra groping the soft warm handful of breast that he could reach. Fortunately for Alison he wasn't able to reach her nipples as she wouldn't have trusted herself to control her excitement if he had, so he had to content himself with a handful of naked boob. They stayed like that, groping each other under the blanket until they dozed off, only waking with the captain's announcement that they were beginning their descent into New York and instructions to the passengers to fasten their seat belts and return their seats to the upright position. Alison hastily repaired her blouse and returned the blanket to the flight attendant as they looked out of the window and saw the skyscrapers of New York below.

They got a yellow cab from the airport to the hotel that had been provided and checked in, the receptionist checked their details and entered them into the computer.

"Ah yes room 406, a double with en suite."

"I'm sorry, a double?" Alison queried. The travel arrangements had been made by the clinic and they had obviously assumed Bobby and Alison were a couple, the idea she would be sleeping in the same room, let alone bed as her son hadn't occurred to her.

"Yes that's correct, is that not what you requested?"

"Well, I'd assumed we would have separate rooms."

"Um, no it appears the reservation was made for a double. Is that a problem?"

"Well, um... I'm not sure, is it possible to book separate rooms."

"Let me see..... Unfortunately not, we have a convention booked in this week and we have no vacancies at all I'm afraid."

"Well what about a twin room?"

"I'm afraid not, we really are full. If we have any cancellations I can let you know."

Bobby's dick gave a lurch in his pants, the weekend with his sexy mom just got a lot more interesting now he realised they would be in the same bed. They made their way up in the elevator and entered the room, neither of them said anything but the double bed was plain for them both to see.

After they unpacked Alison suggested they take a shower to freshen up, she helped him out of his clothes pulling down his pants before peeling off his condom, his cock had dribbled so much precum with any other man it would have looked like he'd cum. Alison tossed the rubber in the trash and gave his hard cock and couple of strokes.

"That feel so much better mom."

Good, but I think we'd better stick to Alison while we're here, especially as we're in a double room."

"Uh ok, Alison."

She stripped off and his cock saluted her voluptuous naked body as she made her way to the shower. It was a smaller cubicle than at home and they were virtually nose to nose as they washed, so much so Bobby's cock was constantly bumping up against her and she was knocking it with her hands every time she moved. For his part her boobs were bumping up against him so much he couldn't resist hefting them in his plastic bag covered hands.

"Bobby! I'm trying to wash."

"I'm just helping mom, um Alison." as he rubbed her soapy tits.



"I'm supposed to be the one helping you."

"Help away!" he said thrusting his cock at her so it rubbed against her belly as he continued to grab her tits.

"I think if your hands are strong enough to be doing that they are enough to wash yourself." She said as she soaped her hands before wrapping them round his cock and running them up and down it.

"Uhhhhh, oh it never feels that good when I wash it."

"Hmmmm." She smiled a wry smile.

She stroked and caressed his cock for a few more minutes, feeling it jump and lurch under her caresses. She kept her touch as gentle as she could tell he wasn't going to be able to take much, and sure enough after a few minutes of stroking she felt his balls begin to tighten and his cock begin to swell. She slowed her movements making them lighter and simply running her fingers around the hard veiny beast for a few minutes before lightly stroking again. As she gently pulled on his cock she could feel his excitement building and within a few minutes he was once again heading towards shuddering climax that was headed off at the last moment. After repeating the cycle another 2 times Bobby was groaning and in a daze and Alison knew tormenting him further was not fair so she rinsed them off before switching off the water and stepping out of the shower.

She dried them off before dressing them.

"Please don't make me wear the underwear again mom, it felt like my dick was going to break in two at the airport."

"Alright but you'll have to wear the condom then, otherwise you'll be making a mess before we're out of the hotel."

She dressed in a loose low cut top and thigh length skirt while Bobby stuck with t-shirt and shorts.

They decided to use their afternoon to do some sight seeing and shopping, as they left the room Alison slipped her hand into Bobby's pocket without asking and took hold of his cock, giving it an affectionate squeeze.

After getting some lunch they hit some Department Stores where Alison was in shopping heaven before taking in the tourist sites ending up at the Empire State. They made their way up onto the observation deck but were unprepared for how windy it was, when they got there and clung to one another like teenagers as they made their way around the platform. They checked out one of the telescopes and Bobby looked out over the skyline as Alison stood next to him her hand absently caressing his cock in his shorts. As she took her turn to view through the scope a particularly strong gust of wind blew her skirt up exposing her panties and her entire ass in a more explicit version of Marilyn Monroe's famous

pose. Alison hastily pulled her skirt back down but not before several other tourists had had a good eyeful.

By the time they made it back to the hotel they were both feeling tired and decided to dine at the hotel restaurant. Alison ordered a bottle of Merlot to go with the meal and poured a little for Bobby who wasn't much of a drinker but sipped it with his food. They chatted about the day and as they finished their meal Alison ordered another bottle of wine as they were both enjoying the evening so much it seemed a shame to end it.

As she relaxed Bobby couldn't help noticing she was becoming more flirty, even leaning forward allowing the front of her top to hang open giving him a view of her amazing cleavage. Eventually they decided to call it a night and headed upstairs. Alison was a little unsteady and hung onto Bobby's arm, at the same time slipping her hand in his pocket and grabbing his cock harder than before as they made their way upstairs.

When they got to their room they were having trouble finding the light switch and so decided not to bother, simply relying on the dim illumination from the street lights outside. They giggled as they bumped about in the gloom, Alison slipping off her top and skirt before helping Bobby undress. She undid his shorts slipping them down and feeling his hard cock spring up against her as she freed it. She then lifted his t-shirt over his head, having to stand on tip toe to reach, as she did so it brought her face to face with him in the dark. She could feel his breath on her mouth, his muscular athletic body and iron hard cock pressed up against her. She stood frozen in time,

emotions swimming through her that she thought she would never feel again. Before she could stop herself she sought out his lips, caressing them with her own. "Oh John..." she murmured as she kissed him urgently, pressing herself against him.

'John?' Bobby thought. 'That was his dad's name, what the fuck was this?' Before he had time to question it any further he felt his mother's mouth kissing him on the lips with a passion and urgency that couldn't be less maternal. He found his hands full of her voluptuous womanly curves, not knowing what to hold first he found himself grabbing her ass and holding her against him as he returned her kiss and slid his tongue into her mouth. They stayed locked together like that for what seemed an age, Bobby was afraid to do anything to break the mood in case she changed her mind. He slowly edged them across the room until he felt the bed against his legs and eased them back onto the sheets. She came with him willingly and as they fell back onto the bed she kissed him with renewed passion running her hands over his body, feeling his athlete's muscles hard and taut under her touch before running her fingers down and grabbing his cock. She gripped it hard and ran her hand up and down the giant column of rock hard meat, if he hadn't been wearing a condom he doubted he'd have lasted more than a few minutes under her jerking, as it was he thrust his cock up into her grasp. His hands sought out her tits, grabbing them through her bra, after a few moments he felt her release him, he worried she had changed her mind, but in the gloom he could make out she was reaching behind her back to release her bra, freeing her tits to offer them to him.

He didn't need a second invitation, grabbing them and squeezed the huge handfuls of boob flesh, not caring about the pain in his wrists as he kneaded and squeezed them. She once again grabbed his cock and began jerking him, no thoughts of gentle teasing caresses now, her touch urgent and passionate. As he continued to grab her tits he heard her drawing breath and worried he was being to rough, but instead he heard her whisper "Harder, don't be gentle, do it the way I like it."

'The way she liked it?' She must mean with dad? He guiltily wondered for a moment if he should remind her he was her son but as she kissed him and he felt her beautiful womanly body against his the thought died a rapid death. He grabbed her tits with renewed gusto, squeezing as hard as his hands would allow. After a few minutes he felt her moving, he worried she was breaking the embrace but instead she was straddling him with her legs so her tits hung over his face. She was offering them to him to suck and he accepted the offer like a starving man, taking her huge tits and squeezing and feasting on them for all he was worth. He found her hard bullet nipples and sucked on them, licking them.

"Bite them!" she hissed.

Shit! His mom really liked a little rough housing, he'd never have thought. Well he had no problem with that, he squeezed her tits as hard as his hands would allow, oblivious to the pain in his wrists, at the same time biting on her nipples. She arched her back, thrusting her breasts at him, offering, almost demanding he abuse them. She could feel his giant cock nudging her buttocks and reached back to caress it, rubbing

the swollen column of meat between her cheeks, only a flimsy piece of material separating her most intimate areas from it. As she felt him squeeze and bite her breasts she ground her clit on his hard belly.

God it would be so easy to slide down onto that giant cock she thought, he was even wearing a condom, how good it would feel to be so full again, to feel a man that deep inside her once more.

"Oh god!!!!!" she shuddered as she felt an orgasm rip through her, grabbing Bobby's hair and pulling his head to her breast as she ground her clit against him and his giant cock bucked and lurched against her butt cheeks. Eventually she felt her orgasm subside and withdrew her breast from his mouth with a 'plop.' As she came down from her high a sick realisation spread through her, she had nearly fucked her own son! In her drunken confusion she had almost used her own boy as a substitute for her dead husband. She climbed off him and lay on the bed facing away from him.

"Mom, are you ok?"

"Yes Bobby, it's late we should get some sleep. We have an early start tomorrow."

Sleep??? Fat fucking chance! He thought she was actually going to fuck him for a moment there, as it was she rubbed one out against him, and now she expected him to try to sleep

with the boner from hell. Shit, what was going on here? Calling Dr Freud!

They both lay in the gloom wrapped in their own thoughts and confusions about what had almost happened and what was to come for Bobby and his beautiful mom.

## Chapter 12

As Alison found herself blearily coming to she felt confused, dawn light was shining in through the windows but the room was unfamiliar and she was not alone, there was an arm draped round her cupping her naked breasts, an arm that was unmistakeably male as was the erection that was pushing into her back. With a sick jolt the events of the night before came back to her. Sitting astride her son having a climax after kissing and making out with him. Was that all that had happened? She thought it was, as if that wasn't bad enough. She remembered guiltily the moment when she had actually considered putting Bobby inside her... she tried to push the memory away but all the same, she had to be sure.

She reached behind her and gently unrolled the condom from the huge hard cock that she had nearly made love with, delicately she pulled the rubber from his cock. Bobby murmured but didn't wake, she held the sheath up so she could examine it. The teat was full of a milky liquid, Alison breathed a sigh of relief. On another man it would have looked like he had cum but she knew it was only pre cum, Bobby would have produced far more and it would be far thicker. At

least that meant he hadn't had an orgasm and if he hadn't climaxed it followed that they hadn't actually had sex.

She made her way out of bed, gently extricating herself from the hand holding her boobs before disposing of the condom in the trash. She made her way unsteadily to the bathroom and shut the door trying to clear her head. Her revulsion with herself and the effects of the wine were proving too much, her stomach was churning and her head was spinning and finally she found herself being ill. When she'd finished she started to feel a little better and ran a shower letting the water run over her and try to wash away the confusion and guilt. When she left the shower Bobby was still asleep but had rolled onto his back so his hard on was jutting up over his belly, casting a shadow in the morning light like some obscene sundial.

Ironically she noticed the time was getting on, they had to be at the studio first thing and she felt she needed several coffees before she would be ready to face that. She wrapped her towel round herself and shook Bobby awake by his leg, trying not to notice how the movement caused his giant cock to sway side to side as she did.

"Uhhhhmm, what?"

"Time to get up Bobby."

"Uh, oh, right. Sorry, I didn't get much sleep last night."



It was a wonder he got any he figured, after his mom left him high and dry. She was wearing her towel and had already washed, so that wasn't a good sign he guessed, looked like she was on a guilt trip. He figured there was no point pushing things right now.

"The shower's hot, let's get you washed and dressed and we can get some breakfast."

"Uh ok..."

His mom put the bags on his hands and helped him into the shower, keeping her towel on and standing outside the door so she could wash him without getting wet... or naked. She chatted all the while about the arrangements for the day and whatever trivia she could think of to avoid the elephant in the room. When she came to wash his cock she directed her gaze away as she ran her soapy hands over it. WFT he thought, after she's sucked me off, tit fucked me, jerked me and nearly fucked me suddenly she's all shy? Oh well, there was no denying her hands delicately soaping his dick felt good, though right now she could have beat the shit out of it and that would have still felt good. She rinsed him off and dried him before helping him dress, delicately rolling a condom on before pushing his cock into some tight underwear. When his mom dressed she turned her back before slipping off her towel, teasing him with views of her beautiful ass and the side of her tits swaying as she put on her bra and panties before putting on a skirt and tight top.

They had breakfast across the street from the hotel, mom didn't seem keen to revisit the hotel dining room where they'd had their meal the night before, too many awkward memories he guessed. It was a pleasant diner and Bobby ordered himself a good size breakfast while mom just sipped a large black coffee from behind her dark glasses. After a couple more coffees mom had some french toast and began to look more like her old self, even managing a couple of smiles at Bobby's jokes. For his part Bobby could hardly contain his excitement, after nearly 3 days of blue balls he was finally going to get off. His only worry was whether his mom would oblige now, she seemed to be unwilling to even look at his dick let alone get him off. Oh well, hopefully she'll chill out by the time the situation arose.

They caught a cab to the studios and arrived there a little early. The studio was in a loft apartment so they took the elevator up to the top floor. Alison rang the buzzer on the door and after a few minutes it was opened by a pretty young girl with curly dark hair and a Mediterranean complexion.

"Um hello, we have an appointment for 9am? Bobby... um Smith."

"Oh sure," the girl replied with a bronx accent. "Hi I'm Cynthia, just call me Cyn. Come in, sorry I'm really behind today. My girlfriend is sick and I'm having to do everything myself."

Bobby guessed she was in her early twenties, she was petite with a slim body and wore a tight yellow shirt with red shorts. As she turned to let them in he also noticed she had a firm

looking ass and great legs. Bobby's dick gave an extra lurch at the thought this little honey would be the one doing the casting.

"Oh I see, well if there's anything I can do to help?"

"You must be, Alison?"

"Yes that's right."

Cynthia noticed the bandages on Bobby's wrists for the first time as she closed the door behind them.

"Oh that's right, you're his... assistant, right?"

"Um, yes."

"Well, actually it would be really great if you could help get Bobby ready for the impression, especially as he's not able to do it himself. Normally Pamela, my girlfriend, takes care of all that but like I say, she's got a fever."

"Yes, alright, what would you like me to do?"

"Ok, well first off there's a razor and some foam over there by the basin. Can you just make sure he's all clean shaven down

there. It makes it a lot less painful when we take the plaster off if you know what I mean."

"Oh ... um ok." Alison looked a little taken aback.

"Oh, I mean if you're ok with doing that, I just kind of assumed you guys were an item?"

"Yes that's fine."

"Great I'll start mixing up the plaster."

Without speaking Alison led Bobby over to the basin before filling it with hot water. She then undid his shorts, pulling them down before removing his underwear, his giant dick springing free. She slid the condom off and threw it away before soaping her hands and lathering his cock and balls. She seemed more relaxed now, he guessed she felt in her element, shaving patients for surgery and so on. The fact he was her son and sporting a huge boner must have seemed a little odd but other than that she proceeded in a business like way. Wetting the razor she began gently shaving around the base of his cock and his balls, gently but firmly pulling his cock and balls this way and that as she worked. There was something about the clinical dispassion of her actions that made the process even more exciting for Bobby and his cock lurched and ached more than ever,

Alison rinsed his cock and balls off and after checking her handiwork dried him with a towel. Cynthia returned from the other room mixing a large bowl of white power and water into a paste.

"Holy shit that's a dick and half!" she remarked staring at Bobby's cock. "Oh my goodness, I hope I've got enough plaster for that!"

Bobby's cock jumped at the praise and Alison found herself flushing at the other woman's admiration of her son's penis.

"Is there anything else I can do?"

"Um well, actually there is. You see the next thing is...to get a good casting we've got to get you as hard as possible before we put the plaster on, Pam, my girlfriend, normally helps fluff the guys. She's great at getting them right to the edge without making them cum, but she's not here and seeing as his hands are in plaster, err, I guess this will be down to you as well..." Cynthia said looking at Alison questioningly.

"I see."

"I mean if you're ok with that?"

"Yes of course, I understand it's necessary."

There was a pause while Alison flushed slightly before she took hold of Bobby's cock and began stroking it while Cynthia looked on, continuing to stir the mixture. Bobby found having an audience was proving a turn on and he thrust his giant hard on out so Cynthia could get a good look. Bobby took the opportunity to study her, it was pretty obvious she wasn't wearing a bra and he noticed her nipples were starting to look hard. He wondered what her breasts looked like, through her shirt he could tell they were small but looked perky and from the way her nipples protruded he guessed they were pretty big. She mentioned having a girlfriend.. but she seemed pretty interested in his dick too, so so he guessed maybe she swung both ways. His mom continued stroking his cock in the way only she could, delicately rolling the skin up and down over his purple glans as she tenderly tugging on his giant hard on. She was clearly embarrassed at doing this in front of another woman but Cynthia showed no signs of leaving as she watched Alison working on his iron hard cock. Her tugging on his dick was starting to have its effect and he could feel his cum beginning to rise, but it seemed Alison sensed it almost before he did and as his cock began to swell and his balls drew up she slowed her stroking making the movements caresses rather than jerking.

"Wow, looks like you know what you're doing alright. Ok, well I'd like to keep watching but I have to get the mix ready for the mould, I'll be a few more minutes so just keep jerking him but make sure he doesn't cum."

Bobby groaned to himself, more teasing? God his dick was so hard it ached and his balls felt like they weighed a ton. Still his mom seemed to be taking her duty seriously and continued

lightly tugging on his cock building his excitement his balls tightening and his cock swelling as he neared his orgasm. With an uncanny sense she could bring him shuddering to the brink of a climax only to back off at the last moment leaving his cock twitching and lurching in the hope of a final release. She would then play with his balls hefting the giant gonads in her hand and feeling how heavy and full they were becoming before resuming her stroking and bringing him towards another achingly frustrating denied orgasm. After the fourth time of edging Bobby closer to his climax he thought his mom had gone too far, he felt his balls draw up and his cock begin to lurch, he considered trying to warn her but he was too far gone and felt like even if she stopped now he would cum anyway. Instead of just stopping though, his mom slid her hand down and gripped the base of his cock, squeezing as hard as she could choking off his orgasm.

It was almost as if she was strangling his orgasm, he groaned in frustration as he felt his climax being choked off by her vice like grip around the base of his dick. If he didn't know better he'd think she was enjoying her role as fluffer / tormentor, he looked down at his cock, it was bloated and purple, the veins standing out where she was strangling it and choking off his release. As she sensed his orgasm abate she released his cock and a dribble of cum ran down his glans and onto his shaft. She smoothed the cum into his cock and began teasing it again, lightly running her fingers over the iron hard contours of his dick.

"Wow looks like you got him pretty worked up!"

They were both startled out of their reverie by Cynthia's return, she was carrying a tub of white liquid under one arm and a long cylinder with a strap in the other hand which she set on a bench.

"Do you mind if I check?"

"Um no." Alison stepped back allowing Cynthia access to Bobby , she reached out and held his cock in her hand, feeling how aroused he was, before running her fingers up and down his iron hard dick.

"My god, you're hard as a rock! This is gonna go great, that's if we can fit you in the cylinder. Ok there's just one more thing I need you to do." She said addressing Alison once more. "There's a tube of lubricant over on the table, I just need you to put some on him so he doesn't stick to the plaster."

Alison fetched the tube before squeezing a little into her hand and gently rubbing it over Bobby's cock, by now the cum and precum that had drooled from him were making his dick pretty slippery anyway and with the addition of the lube his cock looked like it was made from stainless steel. While Alison had been doing this Cynthia had poured the plaster into the long cylinder she'd brought and carried it over to Bobby placing some plastic matting on the floor.

"Ok this is what I'll need you to put your dick into, it's 12" so I hope it's big enough. Um you may need to hold him Alison, he's kind of sticking up in the air at the moment."



That was an understatement, Bobby's dick was so hard it was almost pointing and the ceiling so Alison held him by the base and, as gently as she could, bent him down so he was aimed at the cylinder which Cynthia held in front of him.

"Ok now just slide it in nice and gentle, imagine it's a virgin!"

Alison blushed at the suggestion and felt Bobby's cock lurch in her hand at the reference, he then stepped forward and she slowly eased his cock into the cylinder as Cynthia held it. The plaster actually felt quite cool and soothing and as he slid deeper the pressure increased making it feel like he really was sliding into a pussy. The excess plaster dripped out onto the plastic matting and eventually Bobby's cock was completely encased in the plaster.

"Ok just hold the cylinder for me."

Alison did as she was directed while Cynthia fastened the two straps around Bobby holding the mould in place.

"Great, now we just gotta wait for the plaster to dry."

With that Cynthia pulled her shirt over her head revealing her small perky boobs with dark erect nipples. Bobby and Alison both looked at her in astonishment as she tossed her shirt to

one side. She looked back at them quizzically as they stared at her.

"Oh the shirt? I guess I should have said. It's important that you stay hard while the plaster sets so I normally take my shirt off to, you know, give the guys a little visual stimulation. You can touch them if you want, that's if you know, it's ok with you?" she looked from Bobby to Alison.

Alison didn't say anything and Bobby wasn't about to wait.

"Um, thanks." Bobby didn't think there was any chance of him going soft any time in the next decade but he wasn't about to turn down the offer to grab a pair of boobs. She had pretty small tits, maybe an A or B cup he guessed, and as he reached out to hold them it felt strange to have a pair of boobs he could easily hold in his hands. He toyed with her nipples, bigger than his mom's which he thought was ironic given the difference in the size of their breasts. They sure were a perky pair though, sit up and beg boobs as his room mate had called them, Bobby preferred to call them party hats, either way they were small but cute.

Alison glared at Bobby and Cynthia, looking like she wanted to strangle or punch them but unable to do anything in the situation.

"When my girlfriend's here we usually put on a show for the guys but unfortunately that's not going to happen." She

noticed Alison staring at Bobby's hands on her tits and added. "That's unless you'd like to.....you know?"

"What? Um, well...I'm not sure..." Then she noticed Bobby's eyes on Cynthia's tits and a jealous anger rose in her. "Yes alright then, what would you like me to do?"

"Cool! Well take off that shirt for a start!"

Alison hesitated before lifting the shirt over her head, her boobs bulging out of her bra as she stretched and discarded the top.

"Wow, those are huge! They gotta be fake right?"

"Um no, they're not."

"You're kidding! Can I take the bra off?"

"Um ok."

Cynthia moved away from Bobby's grasp to undo Alison's bra and slip it off her shoulders, Alison stood uncertainly, displaying her breasts to another woman.

"Holy shit these are awesome! My girlfriend will be so jealous when I tell her about you, she loves big tits! Guess she really lucked out with me right???" Cynthia laughed.

"I think you have very nice... breasts."

"Oh that's sweet of you to say, but these are huge! Can I touch them?"

"Um, yes alright."

Cynthia lifted Alison's boobs in her hands and squeezed her tits together before bouncing them in her hands.

"Oh my god! They really are real, shit you were certainly blessed!"

"Um thank you."

"You two would be a real hit at Bacchus you know."

"Bacchus?"

"Yeah Club Bacchus, it's a private resort down on the Gulf of Mexico, it's clothing optional although pretty much everyone is naked the whole time. Everyone's too busy sucking and

fucking to bother getting dressed. Pam and I and heading down there next month. You two would be a real hit, as would these two!" she remarked bouncing Alison's tits for emphasis.

Cynthia continued squeezing and groping Alison's boobs before putting her face between them and motor-boating her. Alison stood transfixed, unsure how to respond to the attentions of Cynthia. She had never had sex with another woman and was unsure how to react until she began sucking her nipples and she found herself responding to the caresses. As Cynthia continued to feast on Alison's breasts licking and sucking her nipples, Alison found herself moaning and began running her hands through Cynthia's hair, encouraging her to gorge herself on Alison's abundant offerings. Clearly Cynthia was getting more turned on as she eventually removed her mouth from Alison's nipple, kissing her way up the slopes of her breasts before facing her and kissing her on the lips. Alison was initially unsure how to react but as Cynthia continued squeezing her tits and snaked her tongue into her mouth she found herself instinctively returning her kisses.

Alison had never considered herself gay or bi but there was something about the touch of another woman who knew exactly how to stimulate her in ways only a woman could know that was erotic and tender at the same time. Alison felt herself growing wet and excited and reached out, running her hands over Cynthia's shoulders and down her sides before seeking out her breasts. Cynthia stopped groping Alison's tits to allow her access to her own much smaller offerings. Alison cupped the boobs in her hands, surprised and how small they felt after only having her own to compare them to. She ran her fingers over the engorged nipples before squeezing them as she knew

she liked to do with her own. Cynthia gasped at the touch and pushed her boobs out inviting Alison to squeeze harder which she did before finding herself being drawn other woman's breasts, taking one nipple in her mouth and sucking while squeezing the other. Cynthia held Alison's head to her breast like a mother nursing a child and groaned at the sensations.

For his part if Bobby's pecker hadn't been encased in plaster that was rapidly hardening he guessed he would have shot his wad from watching his mom and a hot chick making out and sucking each other's tits.

Alison found she could suck almost the whole of Cynthia's breasts into her mouth and could feel her responding to her lips and tongue as she sucked the sensitive nipples feasting on them as the minutes ticked by. Eventually Cynthia broke the embrace.

"Oh my goodness! Look at the time! I should have taken the mould off 5 minutes ago!" she said moving to Bobby.

"I'm so sorry I don't normally get that carried away!"

She undid the strap holding the mould in place and examined the plaster, satisfying herself it had hardened totally. She experimented with loosening it from Bobby but found it didn't budge, as she felt around more she could tell the reason was that he was still erect.

"Oh wow, you're still hard as a rock! Most guys have trouble keeping it up for half this time."

"Uh, well that was quite a show you were putting on."

"Ok well, try to think unsexy thoughts now, I need you to go soft so we can get this off."

"Uh I'll try." Bobby tried to will his hard on to go away, but he knew from experience this was easier said than done. An erection was like algebra, the more you thought about it the harder it got, and it didn't help that his mom and Cynthia were both still topless. Eventually after 5 minutes of Bobby envisaging dead dogs and grandmother's funerals Cynthia checked again only to find he was still just as hard. 3 days of pent up cum, his mom's teasing and now a topless lesbian show with another woman... he didn't think he could remember being more horny.

"It's no good, he's still hard as a rock. The only way we're going to get this off is if we break it with a hammer!" Cynthia remarked to Alison, "The mould not your dick." she added seeing the look on Bobby's face.

"Won't that damage the mould?" asked Alison.

"It'll destroy it, and I don't have time to make another one."

"There must be some way to get it off without breaking it."

"Well there is one way but it's not very nice.." Cynthia cast a worried look at Bobby.

"What is it?" prompted Alison.

"Well, normally if you squeeze the guy's balls hard enough it makes them lose their hard on."

"My balls?"

"Yeah, I mean not enough to do any harm, just enough to hurt and make you go soft."

"Well Bobby, unless you have any other ideas I don't see what else we can do."

Bobby considered the situation, if they broke the mould it would mean problems for his mom and the trip would have been a waste, and, more importantly to him, unless they could figure out a way to get his dick out of the mould he was never going to get off. He guessed his balls ached so bad now a little more discomfort was worth putting up with if he got to cum.

"Ok then."



"Alright, I'll start easy and build up, so if it gets too bad tell me to stop. We only need you to get soft enough to loosen the mould and slip it off."

Cynthia reached down and tried to hold his balls.

"Wow these are huge! I think I can only fit one in my hand."

"Do you need me to help?"

"Um, well maybe if you can hold the other one and we'll squeeze together?"

Alison stood the other side of Bobby and held his other testicle, noting how heavy and full it felt she guessed it must already be uncomfortable.

"Ok on 3, we'll start out easy and build up ok?" Alison nodded.  
"Ok 1, 2 3"

The women began squeezing Bobby's balls and he felt an aching sensation spreading through his groin but he still couldn't help noticing he had 2 pairs of tits to admire closeup and tried to force himself not to look, I'm supposed to be getting soft not harder he thought.

Cynthia felt the base of his cock and there was no change.

"Ok, harder now."

The women increased the pressure and Bobby felt the aching increase to a more powerful sensation, he tried to ignore the 2 beautiful women standing next to him and the fact they had his balls in their hands and focus on the pain but his cock throbbed just as hard. After a minute or so Cynthia indicated to Alison to increase the pressure further and the ache escalated to a searing pain that burned through his groin and belly. Surprisingly it was the testicle his mom was holding that hurt the most, she really seemed to be going to town on his ball.

"Ok he's softened a little I think, squeeze as hard as you can and I think we may be able to get it off."

The searing pain exploded through his lower belly as both women squeezed his huge balls for all they were worth and Bobby couldn't help crying out. Then he felt the mould being pulled off his dick and as quickly as it started the pain abated.

"There, it's off! I'm sorry Bobby, I hope your balls don't hurt too bad, I've never known a guy who could keep it hard so long while 2 girls are crushing his nuts. It's pretty impressive."

As the pain in his balls reverted to an ache his semi hard on began to return to a full hard on.

"And that it pretty impressive too." Cynthia remarked as his cock began to raise itself up to a 45° angle and harden.

"Here let me go and put the mould out to dry, can you wash him off in the basin please Alison?"

"Yes of course."

Alison filled the basin with warm water again and soaped her hands before washing the plaster and lubricant off Bobby's cock.

"Well you certainly seem to have made an impression, quite literally!" remarked Alison as she gently washed his cock and balls before drying them. Bobby wasn't sure what to make of her remark but didn't have time to consider it before Cynthia returned.

"The mould looks great, I think we'll get a really good replica out of this. How are your balls now?"

"Um, ok thanks, they just ache a little."

"Uh huh, they felt pretty full I guess you could do with a little relief after all that?" she remarked looking at Bobby's cock which lurched and jumped, providing all the response that was needed.

"Um.. well yeah..."

"Well, I don't fuck guys but I could give you a blowjob if you want?" before looking at Alison and adding "That's if you don't mind... I mean we could both, you know, if that's cool with you guys?"

The thought of sharing Bobby's cock with another woman wasn't something Alison liked but she was unable to think of any excuse and after denying Bobby any relief for 3 days it hardly seemed fair to deny him any longer, so she simply nodded.

"Cool!"

With that Cynthia dropped to her knees in front of Bobby and held his cock, stroking it so the skin rolled up and down before snaking her tongue out and running it around the purple head. Alison stood transfixed as she watched the other woman licking around his cock before opening her mouth and taking the bloated head and several inches of the shaft into her mouth. As the Cynthia's cheeks hollowed with the suction and her pretty face bobbed up and down on his cock Alison was torn, on the one hand she wanted her normal life back, for Bobby to be her son again but on the other she felt a jealous rage at seeing his huge cock in this girl's mouth and the look of bliss on his face as he watched her sucking.

After 3 days of waiting Bobby was in seventh heaven knowing he was going to get off and the fact he was going to get a double

blowjob into the bargain made it seem like Christmas times ten. Cynthia technique was not as subtle as his mom's, she sucked harder and her movements were more urgent, but for a lesbian she gave a pretty amazing blowjob. She removed her mouth from his cock and stroked it.

"Aren't you going to join in? There's plenty to go round!" she said waving Bobby's cock at Alison. Alison was jolted out of her daze, she would show this girl who could suck her son's cock! She sank to her knees next to Cynthia who took Bobby's balls in her hands and released his cock for Alison.

"Let me kiss these poor balls better while you suck his cock."

Cynthia began delicately kissing his aching balls while Alison began sensuously licking his cock before slurping it into her mouth. His mom's mouth felt incredibly different to Cynthia's as she teased, sucked and worshiped his cock in ways only she seemed to know how. It was as if she was trying to put on a show and out do Cynthia. After a little while Cynthia released his balls and Alison felt the other girl next to her, reluctantly she released his cock and no sooner had she done so that Cynthia engulfed it in her mouth and began slurping and sucking it for all she was worth.

Alison couldn't deny how sexy she looked as she inhaled Bobby's cock, her pretty Mediterranean looks and sensuous lips contrasted with the obscene slab of cock meat that was literally in her face. Alison reached out and cupped the girl's boobs, squeezing them as she sucked her son's huge cock,

taking some satisfaction in the knowledge that her own were so much bigger and to her son's liking.

They passed Bobby's cock back and forth taking it in turns to suck and worship his huge dick, each trying to out do the other. Cynthia then held Bobby's cock and looking at Alison licked the head, at first Alison was confused but then got the idea she wanted to share the cock with her, so Alison lent forward and both women bathed his dick with their tongues which writhed and danced over his bloated purple head and shaft like a nest of snakes.

Bobby's balls were aching now partly from their abuse but mainly from his need to cum, and as the women began once again passing his cock back and forth like some delicacy they were sharing in a restaurant he could feel his cum begin to boil.

Cynthia noticed his balls drawing up under his cock.

"Are you getting close to cumming?"

"Uh huh."

"I don't normally let guys cum in my mouth, but in your case I think I might have to make an exception." she said rubbing his balls.

Alison felt a stab of jealousy as she slurped on Bobby's cock, another woman tasting his seed, swallowing it? Reluctantly she surrendered it to Cynthia for her turn and watched as she began bobbing her head on it while playing with his balls. Bobby knew this was a moment he would want to remember so he fought to hold back his cum and preserve it for as long as he could, Cynthia was working his dick hard but he managed to hold back long enough for his mother to take another turn.

"Wow, this is like pass the parcel! I wonder which one of us is going to get the prize?" Cynthia remarked looking up at him as Alison began working on his dick. His mom's pace was slower and more subtle but her sensuous touch was just as exciting. Bobby began to feel his balls churn and knew his cum was rising but just managed to hold back as Alison released his cock. Cynthia was on it straight away, not giving him a chance to recover and as she sucked hard on his cock, teasing the head with her tongue Bobby felt his sperm begin to rise and his cock pulse.

"Uhhhhh.... cuummming!"

As Bobby's cock lurched in her mouth her eye's flew open as the first blast of cum flooded her mouth, followed by another and another. Unprepared for the quantity of cum and feeling herself about to choke she released Bobby's cock, a blast of cum splattering across her face and hair before Alison engulfed it as it continued to spew it's load into her mouth. Bobby thought he would never stop shooting as 3 days of cum emptied itself from his balls but his mom took every drop

gulping it down to make room for more. Eventually the flow stopped and Alison removed her mouth from his cock looking first at Bobby who was lost in a daze of ecstasy and then at Cynthia, who's cheeks still bulged with cum. Alison looked her in the eye, opened her mouth to show her the load she still had then gulped it down, retaining a little so she could savour the taste. Cynthia rose to the challenge and swallowed her own load in 2 gulps.

"Holy shit that was a lot!"

She then kissed Alison on the mouth, the two women exchanging a sperm flavoured kiss, as Alison shared the last of Bobby's cum with her and the two women rolled the cum on their tongues. Bobby looked down at the two women and his cock lurched in salute, Alison caught the movement and broke the kiss to wrap her lips round Bobby's cock giving his a dick a last suck before passing it to Cynthia who wrapped her lips round it before releasing it so she and Alison could resume their kisses with Bobby's cock head joining in the make out session.



## Chapter 13

After they finished at the studio they headed into the city to grab some lunch. Alison was subdued and picked at her food while Bobby woofed his down, he thought about quipping that she had already had one big meal at the studio but he guessed she wasn't in the mood right now. His mom had some wine with her meal and seemed to relax a little before they headed off to do some more shopping and sight seeing. They caught the ferry out to Stattin Island and Bobby couldn't help admiring her, the wind blew her clothes against her body showing her beautiful curves. He could feel his cock swell in the confines of his underwear and wished her hand was holding it but was content to enjoy her company.

Eventually they it was time to leave and they collected their bags from the hotel and headed to the airport, Bobby was a little disappointed they didn't have time at the hotel for some more fun but Alison clearly wasn't in the mood for anything right now. During the taxi ride to the airport she remained quiet and barely spoke during the journey. As they were in plenty of time for their flight after they checked in they went to a restaurant at the airport where Alison ordered some food and a few drinks for herself.

Bobby attempted to get his mom to lighten up and make conversation but she clearly wasn't interested. What the hell was her problem? Every time she seemed to loosen up for a while she turned into an iceberg the next day. She practically jumped his bones at the hotel and then got it on with another

girl, gave him a 3 way BJ and now she was barely talking to him and acting like he was a stranger?

When Alison ordered another drink Bobby decided to join her. He was getting pretty tired of this hot and cold routine his mom seemed to pull and figured if she was going to drown her sorrows he might as well join her. She looked a little surprised when Bobby asked for a beer but didn't say anything. Eventually their flight was called and they walked to the gate, boarding the A320 for the late night flight home.

Once they were in the air Alison ordered herself another drink and Bobby once again joined her, she gave him a look as Bobby hardly ever drank but didn't say anything and continued to remain distant, glancing at a magazine while Bobby looked out of the window. Bobby swigged his drink, feeling the alcohol and the effects of the altitude making him light headed. He glanced over at his mom, noticing her blouse had come open at the top 2 buttons displaying some cleavage. He found his dick growing as he remembered what her tits had felt like when they had been in his face the night before, and seeing Cynthia squeezing and playing with them earlier today. He'd really thought for a moment she was going to fuck him last night. Then today, for her to be kissing and making out with another girl, sharing his cum with her after both sucking him off, it had been a hot weekend, and now it was like sitting next to an iceberg!

Eventually he decided he'd had enough, he was going to talk about this whether she wanted to or not. He downed the rest of his beer and turned to her.

"Mom, I mean Alison, why are you being like this?"

"I'm just tired Bobby, it's been a long weekend."

"That's not what I mean, you've hardly spoken to me all day. It's like I've done something wrong and I don't know what."

"Bobby, I've had a lot to think about. We can talk about this when we get home."

"I want to talk about it now."

"Not here Bobby." She looked around nervously at the other passengers.

"Why not, no one can hear? I'm sick of this! You just ignore me all day like this and won't tell me why. I want to talk about it now."

She looked about, and could see that none of the other passengers seemed to be paying them any attention. The A320 airliner was barely half full and everyone else was either getting some sleep or chatting between themselves.

"Come on, what is wrong? Why are you acting like this? We were supposed to be having a nice weekend together and you won't speak to me or even look at me?"

"Well you seemed more interested in looking at Cynthia today so I'm surprised you noticed!" Alison blurted out, startling herself with the response.

"Cynthia? Is that what this is about? You seemed pretty interested in her yourself Alison!" he retorted sharply.

"I was interested??? That was supposed to be for your benefit if you recall!"

"My benefit!???" Bobby could feel himself getting really steamed. "This whole weekend was for your benefit if you recall! Because you needed my... 'help' for your project. I didn't exactly enjoy having blue balls for 3 days, then having my nuts crushed all so you can get a replica for your project."

"Bobby keep your voice down, people will hear..." Alison was startled by his outburst, she'd never seen Bobby like this, standing up to her like an adult.

"One minute you're happy to use me for your job and the next you're treating me like dirt! If I've done something wrong I deserve to know what it is."

She was silent for a moment and Bobby sensed she was struggling not to cry.

"I'm sorry Bobby, you haven't done anything wrong. You're right, you were helping me and I had no right to ask you to, just like I had no right be jealous about Cynthia and no right to do the other things I did. Bobby, I worry where all this will end, and it must end. You were my little boy, I raised you from a baby, and now.. now I don't know what has happened."

"I'm not a little baby anymore, Alison. I can take care of myself, and I can take care of you as well if you let me." He was aware of the double meaning of his words but she didn't seem to pick up on it. "You've not done anything I didn't agree to, we're both adults, so stop beating yourself up."

"But Bobby I'm not just an adult I'm your..."she stopped herself and looked about nervously. "Seeing you with Cynthia today, well yes I did feel jealous but I'd no right to. You should have girlfriends your own age and have your experiences with them, after all you clearly found her attractive."

"Attractive? What do you mean?"

"Well you were obviously... aroused by her and... well.. you....finished... in her mouth."

He leant closer and spoke softly into her ear.

"If I was aroused it's because I had you teasing me for 3 days with your sexy body, and if I came in her mouth it was only because you took me past the point of no return with your sexy mouth. Trust me, mom, there is no comparison between you and Cynthia. She was pretty but comparing her with you is like comparing.... Lambrusco and Champagne."

"Bobby..." she blushed.

"And when it comes to skills, Cynthia was like an amateur compared to you."

"Bobby stop..." Alison looked around nervously in embarrassment

"It's true. Cynthia's not here now is she?"

"No."

"Well why don't you check out how aroused I am now?" he whispered.

She checked once more to see that no one was looking before reaching across to his lap, finding his iron hard cock throbbing in the confines of his pants.

"I'm so hard right now I feel like my dick is going to break in two."

"Bobby!" she admonished him but continued to run her fingers over his hard cock.

"And it's not Cynthia that's making it like this, it's you." he whispered. "Can you feel how... aroused I am?"

He surprised himself at his directness, a few drinks at altitude and his anger had emboldened him more than he expected.

His mother continued to squeeze and rub his cock through his pants.

"Yes, I can."

"Well, why don't you put some of those skills of yours to use because I could sure do with them right now."

"Bobby are you crazy? We're on a plane. Do you want to get arrested?" she hissed.

"Well, what if I need the bathroom, I can't exactly go on my own can I?" he said holding up his bandaged wrists.

"We can't, people will see."

"Why not, if I needed to pee you'd take me."

"But you don't need to... urinate."

"Well I do feel like I've got something that needs releasing down there. So why don't you help me with that? C'mon everyone's asleep, and people sneak off to the bathroom all the time on flights. You've heard of the mile high club haven't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, we've got a valid excuse so what's the problem. You said you were going to make all this up to me after the casting and so far today you've hardly spoken to me let alone..."

"Alright. Yes ok then. God, I can't believe I'm letting you talk me into this."

She looked around, 2 of the flight attendants were chatting in the galley at the rear and the others were seated, all the passengers seemed asleep or engrossed in their movies or magazines. Alison stepped out into the aisle and Bobby followed her as she made her way towards the bathroom at the back of the plane. One of the flight attendants caught her eye as she approached and broke off her conversation to smile at Alison.



"Hi. My um, partner needs the bathroom and I have to help him because of his wrists." Alison explained nervously.

"Sure go ahead."

Alison held the door open and Bobby noticed the 2 attendants exchanging a conspiratorial smile, clearly not convinced by Alison's explanation. He entered the bathroom first and Alison followed him into the confined space closing the door behind her. He turned to face her as they stood almost nose to nose, they looked into one another's eyes for a moment and he was struck once again by how beautiful she was. He spent so much time lusting after her body he forgot how pretty she was, her face almost unchanged from that of the 20 something girl he remembered as his mom growing up, only the lines of sadness around her eyes giving away the intervening years. Before he knew what he was doing he leant forward and kissed her on the mouth, her lips warm and moist under his.

"MMMmmmm, Obby No" she mumbled but he wasn't about to be denied and as he kissed her he felt her lips part slightly and let his tongue explore her mouth. She continued to weakly struggle and protest as Bobby grabbed her tits through her blouse, the strength in his hands almost completely recovered now as he roughly grabbed the huge melons. He could feel her resistance beginning to crumble and he pulled the buttons on her blouse open until he could reach in to grab her breasts, roughly squeezing them through her bra. After last night in the hotel he knew how she liked to be touched so he didn't bother to be gentle as he pulled her breasts from her bra and

grabbed them, kneading her huge boobs before finding the nipples and pinching them.

She might be protesting but her body belied her arousal, her nipples were like two bullets as he found first one then the other, pinching and twisting them and feeling Alison tense and moan under the stimulation. He squeezed her boobs together kissing down her neck before feasting on her huge breasts, sucking the nipples and as much of the breast into his mouth as he could, then squeezing her tits hard and biting the nipples. Sure enough that brought the biggest reaction and he felt her hands in his hair, pulling him to her breasts and he hungrily fed on them.

"Oh yessssssssss..." she hissed, "harder".

He obliged squeezing and sucking for all he was worth until she finally pushed him away. At first he thought she was calling a halt but then she reached for his belt and undid it before pulling his pants down, his cock was so hard the tightie whities she'd bought him looked like a tent as she manoeuvred him round so she could sit on the seat while he stood in front of her. She pulled his underwear down, his cock springing up and hitting her chin she was so close. She took hold of the giant column of meat in one hand and played with his huge balls in the other as she looked up at him. His dick was so close it almost obscured her vision as she saw her beautiful boy staring breathlessly down at her, she loved him but she couldn't deny the excitement she felt at his huge cock and how hard it was. As she stroked it she took a moment to admire it, the shaft was so thick she could barely get her fingers round

it, the skin felt silky soft as she gently ran her hand up and down the rock hard column. She drew the skin all the way back and admired the swollen purple bulb, the skin stretched so taut it was shiny. She noticed pre cum dribbling from the tip and licked it up, savouring the familiar tangy taste before kissing around his cock, worshiping it with her mouth before taking the big dome of his cock between her lips and drawing him into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she drew his cock head and several inches of his shaft between her lips. He closed his eyes and revelled in the sensations she was giving him, he hadn't been lying when he told her she was in a different league to Cynthia, or any other girl who had sucked his cock for that matter. She didn't just suck it, she made love to it with her mouth, swirling her tongue round the head, varying between, long deep strokes and kissing and teasing the head. She didn't act like it was something she did just to please him, rather like she was doing it for her own pleasure.

Bobby didn't know the truth that Alison really did love it, she wasn't known as the headlight queen at college for nothing and much as she loved her son, she didn't think she'd ever seen such a beautiful cock as the one in her mouth now. Having it to herself to tease and pleasure, knowing all the time she was in control of his orgasm and could decide when and if he came was a thrill she loved. At high school she would often tease her boyfriends for whole evenings, getting them close and backing off, all the time building the pleasure. A few of them got pissed off but they all knew it was worth the wait because in the end she would give them an orgasm that made them think their balls had turned inside out, and would always swallow every drop. When she met John, Bobby's dad, she'd found her perfect match, someone who loved being teased as much as she loved to tease, and a guy who had the biggest dick she'd

ever seen, until her son's she realised with a sick jolt. She could feel herself growing excited and couldn't help reaching down between her legs to rub her clit as she continued to slurp on Bobby's giant dick. She moaned as she sucked him and no longer cared if he knew she was turned on by it.

He noticed her arousal and reached down to cup one of huge melons before pinching the nipple, she moaned louder this time, her lips around his cock muffling the sound. The vibrations from her voice added an extra layer of pleasure to the nirvana he was already in so he pinched her nipple harder and felt her respond moaning again as she in turn rubbed her clit harder feeling her orgasm shudder through her.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM" she moaned around his cock as she sucked on it in the throws of her passion.

Shit, she's cumming while she sucks my cock, the thought was too much for Bobby and his dick lurched in her mouth before erupting a geyser of thick cum between her lips. She was so lost in her own pleasure that some of his thick seed escaped her lips and dribbled onto her boobs as she gulped the rest down. As her orgasm subsided she released his cock, a strand of cum still connecting it to her lips as it continued to pulse and buck, a few stray dribbles of cum trickling out. He looked down at her, her eyes closed as she came down from her own orgasm, cum dribbling from her chin and running down onto her huge boobs that still hung out of her bra. She regained her composure and opened her eyes looking up at Bobby, or rather the huge cock that filled her vision.

"Oh Bobby!"

He didn't say anything but as he looked at her his cock lurched and a dollop of cum drooled from the head, she gently reached out steadying the bucking monster and licked the final few dribbles of cum off it before looking down at herself.

"Oh Bobby, I'm covered!" she took some paper towels and cleaned the cum off her boobs and chin before checking herself in the mirror. She replaced her breasts back in her bra and re-buttoned her blouse before repairing her lipstick. When she was satisfied she looked respectable she helped bobby dress, tucking his semi hard cock into his underwear before opening the door. The flight attendant she'd chatted to was alone in the galley putting some coffee on as Alison passed.

"Um, may I get a gin and tonic please?" she figured she ought to have something to get rid of the sperm breath, and needed something to calm her nerves after the way Bobby had pushed her buttons.

"Yes of course!" The attendant glanced at Alison's blouse and gave her a conspiratorial grin. Alison glanced at her blouse as she returned to her seat and was mortified to see a dribble of cum on it. She took a napkin from her purse and dabbed at it although the stewardess had clearly already seen it.

The rest of the journey passed off without incident and arrived home late hitting their respective beds as soon as they got in. The following day Alison was due to be back at work and

although she was a little more subdued than normal she found time to share the shower with Bobby and give him a soapy hand job before she left for work. She warned him she would be late home and he was happy to loaf around the house reflecting on the events of the past few days. His mom nearly fucking him, having a threesome and then giving him a blowjob at 30,000 feet while she frigged herself off, all in all it had been quite a weekend. His cock grew hard as he remembered the vision of his mom last night cum dribbling from her mouth as she came. He remembered the feel of her body and her lips as she'd passionately kissed him at the hotel, straddling him, her big tits swinging in his face and his cock was rubbing between her butt cheeks.

He reached down and found that his hand, although restricted by the bandages, was able to get a decent grip round his cock. Although a little uncomfortable he found he could stroke himself. He rubbed his dick, and as he did reflected that good as it was to be able to jerk off again it was better to wait till his mom got home and have her do it for him. Now his pain meds were reduced he slept less which left him more time to surf the net and prowl the house. He found his usual stash of porn and watched selections of big breasted actresses while he stroked his cock, all the time imagining his beautiful mom. What had she said on the plane?

'I worry where all this will end, and it must end.'

What the hell did she mean? How could she expect this to end? It might have been to help him out when she started but she had got herself off twice now with him and that wasn't for his

benefit. Then he was struck by an idea, he padded his way to him mom's room and looked around, sure enough she had left her clothes including her underwear in her room from last night. They had got in so late she had obviously just left them where they lay. He picked up the lacy bra, sure enough a 32G, shit, then he noticed her panties. They matched the bra and were lacy high cut ones, he checked inside and sure enough there was a stain where she had had obviously got wet. He couldn't help himself, he delicately sniffed the material savouring the tangy aroma.

Shit his mom's pussy had been there just hours before and had been wet, for him! How could she say it would end? He stroked his cock as he sniffed the delicate lacy material, he could so easily shoot his load right now, all over her bedroom floor but he restrained himself. His dick was dribbling precum and he took her panties and used them to wipe the clear liquid off his cock head, adding to the stains from his mom's pussy juice. There was something so erotic about combining the juices that he almost shot his wad. He gripped his cock hard around the base to choke off his orgasm, releasing it so a dribble of cum plopped out of the head and onto his mom's panties. He guessed he might get away with that much but certainly not shooting his whole load into them, there was no way she could avoid noticing that much cum. He wiped his cock clean rubbing the cum into her panties and put them back where he'd found them. Part of him hoped she wouldn't notice but part of him hoped she would, after all she knew what his cum tasted like, she'd swallowed enough of it by now, maybe it was time she let him have a taste of her?

He paced around restlessly waiting till she was home, refraining from cumming but building the anticipation till she arrived. Finally he heard her come home and waited as she padded up the stairs, he greeted her on the landing with a smile and a hard on.

"Oh Bobby, I've had such a busy day I'm bushed! I see you've recovered though."

"Sorry to hear that mom, still you're home and you can relax now." And take care of this for me.

"Actually I've still got some more work to do, I just had to get home so I brought the laptop with me."

"Oh..."

Shit! All work for Alison meant no play for Bobby, he thought, then he saw how tired she looked and felt a twinge of guilt for being so selfish.

"Hey, how about I pour you a glass of wine and cook you dinner while you finish your work?"

"Oh Bobby, that sounds really good. Are you sure you can manage?"



"Yeah my hands are almost back to normal now." Damn he didn't mean to tell her that.

"Thank you Bobby, I'll just hop in the shower. I have missed you today." She walked towards him and reaching out, tenderly stroked his cheek.

"I see you've missed me too!" she smiled, letting her hand drop to his cock and stroking it. Bobby groaned, and she continued to gently tease his dick for a few minutes before releasing him.

"Why don't you start dinner and I'll be down in a few minutes."

Bobby reluctantly trudged off but couldn't blame her, after all she couldn't have had much rest the last few days and was working so hard waiting a little longer for his fun was not much of a price. Bobby's culinary skills usually extended to remembering the Pizza company's number but he decided tonight he would make an effort. He gingerly popped a saucepan of water on the stove, careful not to strain his wrists and added some pasta before taking some meat out of the chiller and putting it in another pan. He took a bottle of wine out and with a little effort managed to uncork it before pouring two glasses and placing one on the dining room table ready for his mom when she came down. He didn't have to wait long as he soon heard the shower click off upstairs and shortly after his mom padded downstairs, wearing only her lacy red panties. His cock had deflated slightly while he was in the kitchen but it returned to full hard on with a vengeance as he admired her beautiful body. Fuck, it didn't matter how many times he saw her she took his breath away every time.

"Oh Bobby how sweet, thank you." She said seeing the glass of wine and food on the stove.

"I aim to please!"

"You'll make some girl very happy one day."

"You're the only girl I care about making happy tonight."

"Well aren't you the gallant knight!" she picked her wine up and sipped it, "Although you might scare off some damsel in distress with that lance!" she smiled.

"Well you are quite an eyeful mom. It's not every guy who has a glamour model to cook for."

"Bobby!" she said blushing, "Well, this 'glamour model' has to finish doing some work."

With that she sat at the table unpacked her lap top and sipped her wine while it booted up. He couldn't help thinking how sexy she looked, sitting naked while looking serious and sifting through her papers while tapping on the keyboard on her computer, she was like some playboy bunny secretary. He checked the food on the stove and then approached her while she worked, her big tits looked beautiful in the cold light of the laptop screen and he thought about cupping them but he

guessed she wouldn't appreciate it right now so he contented himself with admiring her. As she worked an email notification popped up in the corner of the screen and, seeing who it was from, Alison opened it.

"I've just had an email from the studio about your casting."

"Oh yeah, what did they say?"

"Dear Alison and Bobby, hope you had a safe journey home. Just to let you know the cast came out great, it looks amazing! It's looks so good I've called it the....um"

"The what?"

"The erm, 'Penis de Milo'"

Bobby cracked up. "That's fucking awesome!"

"Bobby watch your language!"

"Sorry mom, but all the same, 'Penis de Milo!' It's got a ring about it don't you think. Bet you never thought you had a son with a work of art between his legs!" he waved his hand at her.

"Bobby stop it!"

"What else does she say?"

"Oh um, 'I hope you don't mind but my girlfriend and I decided to make some.... um dildo's out of the cast. They came out great and we... um ' perhaps I should read the rest of this later."

"Why, I want to know what they say. After all it's me they're talking about right?"

"I suppose so..." she took a big draught from her wine and continued, " 'They came out great and we... came great from using them. Alison you are so lucky to...' Bobby I'm not reading the rest of this."

"C'mon mom, I want to know. I went to New York for the casting, I want to know how it turned out."

"Well this part really isn't relevant."

"What does it say?" He moved closer so he could see the screen, his cock harder than ever and now inches from her face.

"Bobby, be careful with that!"

"Sorry mom." He scanned the screen picking up where she left off. "Alison you are so lucky to have that big cock to satisfy you every night, it must feel amazing in your pussy." His dick lurched as he read the phrase. "I came twice from the dildo so I can only imagine how good the real thing feels. Anyway I'm showing it to a couple of companies I know and they might be interested in manufacturing it which could pay some pretty big dollars to you and Bobby."

"Yes well, you've read it now."

He could see his mom's cheeks were flushed.

"Wait there's more. 'I'll let you know in a couple of days, in the mean time enjoy that big dick filling you up! Love Cynthia XXX'"

"Alright, well that's all." Alison closed the email and went back to her work.

"Wow so we could make some money from this as well? It just get's better."

"Yes, well, we'll see. Now let me finish my work and you'd better check the food."

He decided against mentioning the references to him fucking her, it was obvious she was very uncomfortable but it was equally obvious from her behaviour at the hotel that she was tempted as well. He checked on the food and poured her another glass of wine while she continued catching up. Eventually she finished her work and they ate before settling down on the couch. She was obviously exhausted but still took his cock and gently stroked it as only she could while they watched TV. After his day of self denial he knew he wouldn't be able to take too much but her stroking was gentle and tender and she guided him slowly to orgasm, eventually he felt his balls tighten and knew his cum was rising. She slowed her pace to keep him on the brink and paused to drain the last of her wine. At first he was confused, why the hell was she stopping to drink wine, but then she held the glass next to his cock and began stroking again, pulling his cock at an angle towards her so he was aimed at her glass. It didn't take more than a few moments before his cock swelled and pulsed, spewing cum into the glass, his thick sperm splattered the sides of the glass before running down and pooling in the bottom. He spurted and spurted, a huge seemingly endless stream of cum blasting into the glass until he finally reduced to a trickle. She wiped the last few dribbles up with the rim of the glass and before examining the pool of cum in the bottom.

"I'm amazed you don't get de-hydrated after producing all of this."

"What can I say, I'm a healthy young man."

"Hmmm... well I'm a tired old lady who's going to turn in. Good night Bobby."

Old lady my ass he thought as he watched her sashay off up the stairs in her panties, her big tits jogging and her ass wobbling. Most teenagers would give their eye teeth for a figure like his mom's. She was still carrying the glass of cum as she left, he guessed to wash it out in the basin.

Alison walked to her room and examined the glass more closely, the spurts of thick cum that had splattered the inside of the glass were trickling down into the bottom where there was a big puddle of thick creamy cum. She inhaled the aroma, feeling herself becoming aroused at the masculine smell of his cum. She ran her finger round the inside and scooped up some before licking it off her finger and savouring the tangy flavour. At school some of her friends had swallowed but it was usually to please the guy or avoid getting cum on their clothes, Alison had done it because it turned her on having a guy pump her mouth full of his cum. It was like the reward for doing a good job of sucking, the ultimate proof of her skill and control. Something about the fact that Bobby's cum made it seem so wrong but as she rolled the thick tangy substance over her tongue she could feel herself becoming more moist and aroused. Finally she raised the glass and allowed the contents to slide into her mouth. As she felt the thick liquid slide across her tongue she slid her hand down the front of her panties and rubbed her clit, within a few moments her orgasm flooded through her and she allowed the heavy mouthful to slide down her throat. As she came down from her climax with the taste of Bobby's cum still strong in her mouth she felt guilt, guilt that she had allowed things to progress so far, that she was

using him for her own gratification and that she hadn't put a stop to it. Still, in a few weeks she knew he would be back at college and meeting lots of girls, by the time she saw him again all of this would seem like a dream, a crazy summer of something they must never repeat.

A few days later Bobby was due for another hospital appointment, Dr Delvin was a jovial looking bald guy in his 50's with glasses. He entered the room carrying a folder and a coffee.

"Well, hello Bobby. Good to see you.!" he boomed. "Alison." He smiled at her in a way that suggested he would have added something else if Bobby wasn't here.

He set his coffee down and put some x-rays up on the screen.

"Well, it's good news all the way. As you can see the breaks have almost completely healed, everything is just the way we would hope. Your mother has really been taking great care of you."

"Yes sir, she certainly has!" Bobby responded with a smile. Alison gave him a sharp look but didn't say anything and Dr Delvin carried on oblivious.

"Excellent! Well, there doesn't seem much point keeping the casts on any longer. In fact, I think they can come off today, and you should be able to start using your hands as normal.



Avoid any rough activities, football and so on, for the next month just to prevent any damage, but apart from that you're good to go."

With his casts off Bobby felt strangely free once again and offered to drive home. His mom seemed a little quiet and thoughtful and Bobby wondered what was going on with her.

"Bobby I'm not in the mood to cook dinner tonight why don't we swing into Applebee's and I'll buy us dinner?"

"Sure mom."

It was happy hour when they arrived so Alison decided to order a cocktail, since Bobby was driving he stuck to Coke but was happy to see his mom loosen up a little and relax as she sipped her Old Fashioned. After they finished their meal and got home Alison made her way to the couch to and sat down. Darn it, he was hoping she was going straight to her room to strip off, Bobby felt deprived having to watch his mom with her charms covered up all day.

"Bobby come and sit here will you?"

Something about her tone didn't sound encouraging, he figured the fact that they were both clothed and she was looking serious meant some Mom TLC was not likely to be forthcoming, he sat next to her and waited for her to speak.

"Bobby, you know that what has been going on between us, these last few weeks..."

"Yes mom." Like he could forget?? Seeing her naked every day and having her give him the best hand jobs and blowjobs in his life was hardly something that was likely to slip his mind.

"Bobby, I... well, I don't regret it, and you've done nothing wrong, but, well.. you know that all this can't go on forever don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean your wrists are healed now, you can take care of yourself, drive the car, start leading a normal life again."

"I don't get it, what has that got to do with... well, you know?"

"It has everything to do with it Bobby. You start college in a few weeks, you'll be making new friends, meeting lots of girls, having a new life. The sort of life you should be having at 18."

It was true he was starting college although he hadn't really given it much thought, most of his thinking had been done by Bobby Junior lately and his dick was unlikely to pass a Master's Degree.

"But I'll be home in the holidays, and you could come and visit."

"Visit? Bobby, how could you explain me coming and staying in your dorm room?"

"Well, I hadn't really thought about it."

"I think there's a lot of things you're not considering. You should be having fun with friends your own age, dating girls.."

"Girls, why do I need to..."

"Bobby, one day you will want to settle down, have a family, have a future, things I can't ever give you. What has happened between us, sometimes I think it's been a summer of madness, but you must know it couldn't last forever. You have your life ahead of you and that can't be with me."

"But I thought you loved me, and we, I, I mean..."

Shit, this was not the way he saw this going down. He figured he was going to be the new man in his mom's life, and now she was what.. dumping him?

"I do love you bobby, more than anything, that's why this has to stop."

"But if you love me why are we breaking up?"

"Breaking up? Bobby, I'm your mother! I want a future for you, the best future you can have. I want happiness and a life that you can't have here with me. You must understand that surely?"

"All I know is I love you and there's no other girl out there who will ever compare to you."

"Bobby you are so sweet, and you will always be my little man, well my man, I suppose I can't call you little any more... I mean, oh dear..."

He could see her getting flushed and embarrassed at the double entendres she was making.

"So that's it? We just have to pretend nothing happened?"

"No of course not Bobby. Look I said things have to stop, but I didn't say right away. You still have a few weeks till you start college and I have some leave left to take so I thought, well, perhaps we could take a holiday together, if you'd like?"

"Together, as in mom and son?"

"Well, not exactly. Do you remember that resort that Cynthia mentioned?"

"Errr, Club Bacchus?"

"Yes that's it. Well I had a look at their website and I thought, perhaps we could go, that's if you want to?"

"So this place is for swingers?"

"It's um, clothing optional and guests are guaranteed discretion."

"So we could still, like, do stuff..."

"Yes Bobby we could, still well, 'do stuff' as you put it, within limits."

"Limits?"

"Yes limits. Bobby we can have 2 more weeks to be with one another, as we have been, providing you don't ask me to... well as long as you understand that we can never... have intercourse."

"You mean we can do whatever but just no fuc... I mean, like we can't um screw?"

"That's what I mean."

Bobby considered his options and figured right now he didn't have many. The thought of never getting to see his mom naked again or have her give him another blowjob wasn't something he wanted to consider, but the chance of 2 weeks of naked fun certainly wasn't something he was going to turn down. He guessed he would deal with college and whatever else when he got to it, right now 2 weeks of his naked mom doing everything short of fucking was a good prospect.

"Sure, ok. I mean I'm still pretty bummed out about the first part, but yeah I'd still love to have a vacation with you."

"Good I'm glad. I'd already booked the time off work so we could have the time together and we can book our flights tonight."

She smiled at him and held up her wine glass to toast the trip, he chinked glasses with her and smiled back. Club Bacchus here we come!

## Chapter 14

The next few days passed in a daze as Bobby and Alison prepared for their holiday, his mom seemed to have decided to hang up her misgivings for now and was happy and carefree as they packed and got their shopping. They had an added boost when they received an email from Cynthia informing them she had a manufacturer who was interested in producing Bobby's mould as a sex toy, they'd even decided to use the name 'Penis de Milo'. The company agreed to pay an advance so with her new salary as the Manager of the Clinic and the payment for Bobby's mould Alison decided to book first class tickets and the best suite at the hotel. If this was going to be the last time she and Bobby were going to be together like this she wanted it to be special. She rationalised this as a chance for Bobby to get it out of his system, and she figured with all the women at the resort Bobby might even find himself a new girl.

They travelled down on an afternoon flight with a champagne meal on the plane and a limo to meet them at the airport. The weather on the Gulf coast was hot but in the cool air-conditioned comfort of a limo Bobby and Alison were able to sit back and relax. His mom looked radiant in a white summer dress, unbuttoned far enough to show some cleavage. She was wearing one of her push up bras that made her boobs look amazing, he gazed at the creamy melons as they jiggled and wobbled like two plates of jello every time the limo ran over a bump in the road. Fortunately for Bobby the roads down here in Mexico were pretty rough so he was treated to the sight of his mom's boobs wobbling almost constantly. He imagined

those big heavy tits swinging in his face while his mom rode his dick and he felt himself grow hard in his pants.

"What a lovely view!" his mom remarked watching the palm trees and beach go by the window.

"It sure is!" remarked Bobby as they hit another pothole and his mom's boobs did another dance of their own.

"How would you know you're not even looking... oh I see." She noticed his gaze on her breasts but didn't try to cover herself. "Men, you really are all the same."

"Sorry mom, it's not my fault if I've got the hottest girl in the world for company."

"Bobby..." she hissed looking at the driver, Bobby glanced but the privacy screen was up and he didn't seem to be taking any notice.

"Sorry Alison, anyway I'm REALLY enjoying the view." As he said this he reclined in his seat so his crotch slid forward and the outline of his hard dick was clearly visible in his pants.

"Bobby, we're not even at the hotel yet!"



"Sorry, guess I'm already in holiday mode. Why don't you join me?"

He patted the seat next to him. She looked nervously at the driver who seemed to be paying them no notice at all and slid across to join Bobby, so they were both sitting with their back to the driver. He put his arm around her shoulder and drew her to him, tenderly kissing her on the lips. She hesitated and then returned his kiss, making out like a teenager on a prom date in the back seat. He ran his hand up and squeezed her boobs through her dress and bra, noticing the way they bulged out of her dress as he groped them. She moaned and made a token effort to stop him at first but as he kissed her and squeezed her breasts she soon began to return his passion and couldn't restrain herself from running her hand over his hard chest. As they continued making out like horny teenagers she let her hand slide down onto his lap and the iron hard column of meat that throbbed in Bobby's pants. She could feel his cock bucking and throbbing through his underwear and pants as she squeezed and rubbed it, she let her fingers run up the thick, impossibly long shaft till she found the swollen head and playfully ran her fingers around it, feeling it harden even more. She delighted in feeling his cock dance and respond to her touch even through his pants and ran her hand down to his heavy balls, giving them a squeeze. They were so full and heavy they would have looked freakish on most men but the size of Bobby's dick meant they were in perfect proportion. She gave them a firm squeeze and Bobby moaned, but didn't complain. She recalled how in New York she had squeezed so hard she thought he would pass out but he still stayed hard. She knew as a nurse testicles could take a lot more abuse than most men believed but she also knew most men couldn't take anymore than a little delicate touching. It seemed Bobby's big

balls were tougher than most mens, she wondered if his big cock could take more abuse as well. She recalled the day he'd bashed his dick on the bannisters so hard it was bruised and hurt, the thought of watching that turned her on. She ran her hand back up to his cock and gave it a hard squeeze, feeling it lurch in response, before going back to gently teasing it.

Bobby was so horny he didn't know if he could wait for the hotel, his cock was so hard it hurt and as his mom continued to tease it he unbuttoned his mom's dress so he could slip his hand inside, grabbing a handful of her right boob through her bra before sliding his hand inside the cup to feel her naked breast in his hand.

"Obby, the driver, can't you ait?" she mumbled as he continued to kiss her, but his only answer was to continue groping as much of her boobs as he could while kissing her. His hard cock was bucking and throbbing in his pants and she wished she could pull it out right there. If he kept this up much longer she might just do that. However just then they felt the limo slow as the driver signalled a turn and she glanced round to see they were pulling into the front of the hotel.

"Bobby we're here." she said detaching herself from him and re-arranging her boobs before buttoning her dress back up.

The doorman opened the limo door and they stepped out into the heat of the Mexican sun. Alison put her sunglasses on and Bobby couldn't help thinking she looked like a Hollywood starlet attending a premiere as she walked from the limo to the hotel. He hobbled along as best he could beside her, his dick

feeling like it was going to break in two in his pants. The lobby was air conditioned and luxurious but it wasn't the décor that caught Bobby's eye but rather the receptionist. She was pretty, blonde.. and naked. She smiled at them as they entered and Bobby tried not to stare at her tits.

"Hi there, my name's Kirsty, do you have a reservation?"

"Um, yes we do. Alison and Bobby Stevens."

As the girl checked the screen Bobby took the chance to check her out, she was in her early 20's with an all over tan and a trim pert figure. She had small perky boobs and a shaven pussy, he noticed that in fact she wasn't completely naked, she had a wristband with her name and the resort logo on it. He saw his mom watching him as he checked out Kirsty and smiled at her before checking out the rest of the lobby. Behind them there was a couple he hadn't noticed when they walked in, they were also naked and making out on a couch. The guy had a raging hard on that the girl was stroking while they kissed. Fuck, this place really was for swingers alright.

"Oh yes here we are, the Bridal Suite! Wow, congratulations you two! I hope you enjoy your honeymoon here! I'll get someone to take your bags for you."

"Um thank you." Alison muttered, blushing behind her sunglasses.

Bridal suite? Honeymoon? Well, he certainly felt like a horny Groom waiting to get his conjugal rights. The porter was dressed conventionally and led them through the luxurious interior to the elevators.

"Is this your first time here?"

"Um yes."

"It takes a little getting used to but you'll love it once you settle in. The whole resort is self contained, we have shops, restaurants, bars, clubs, and a private beach. Everything you need, and the resort rules apply throughout."

"Resort rules?"

"Sure, the Club Bacchus rules are there are no rules. As long as you're here you can do what you want where you want when you want, although some people do frown on couples having sex in the restaurant!" he laughed.

"I see."

"So basically just relax and go with the flow and enjoy your honeymoon!"

They reached their floor and the porter led them along the corridor. Their room was more luxurious than he'd imagined, they had a huge bed, a big terrace with a view out over the beach and a huge bathroom including a sunken whirlpool tub. Alison tipped the porter who smiled and left them alone.

"So now we're on honeymoon?"

"Well I booked the best suite, I didn't realise it was the bridal one. The resort obviously jumped to the wrong conclusion"

"Did they? I feel like some honeymoon action with my beautiful bride." he said approaching her.

"Bobby that's not funny!"

"Who's joking? I'm ready for some more of that limo action!"

"Well I'm ready for a shower!"

He tried to grab her in an embrace but she slipped out of his reach before heading to the bathroom. She paused in the doorway before adding "Perhaps you'd like to join me?" she smiled shyly at him and his dick lurched as he followed her. She started the water running and began unbuttoning her dress. He stood watching her, no matter how many times he saw her he never got over the fascination of seeing her undress. She slipped the dress off her shoulders and stood in

just her underwear, her breasts bulging out of her push up bra. She saw him looking hungrily at her and blushed.

"Bobby, you're staring at me."

"I know, you're so beautiful I just want to watch you."

"Bobby you're embarrassing me."

"Don't be, you're perfect. I just want to look at you. If this is the last time we're going to be together I want to remember you."

She considered what he said for a moment and then smiling she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting the straps slide over her shoulders and the garment fall to the floor. He gazed in awe at her heavy breasts and she pushed back her shoulders letting him admire her them for a few moments. She then slipped her panties off and stood completely naked before him as his eyes drank her in. God she was perfect, achingly beautiful with curves the greatest artist in the world couldn't replicate and seemingly unaware of her beauty.

"What about you?"

"Me?"

"I want to see you too."

"Oh..." He began to undo his shirt.

"No let me."

She approached him her boobs swaying as she walked, all the time staring at him before lowering her eyes to undo his shirt button by button before slipping it off his shoulders. She admired his muscular torso and arms, running her cool fingers over his hard muscles and smooth skin before slipping down to his belly to undo his shorts, letting them drop to the floor. His cock looked like it was doing press ups in his underwear he was so hard and there was a clear mark of pre cum where it was leaking through the material. She knelt before him and gently slid them down, pulling the front away from his belly and carefully easing his hard cock free of the elastic so as not to hurt him. He stepped free of his clothes and stood before her as she continued to kneel looking up at him. Her view was dominated by his huge cock and big low hanging testicles. She studied the huge column of meat, taking in every vein of the magnificent cock and his toned athletic body.

"So beautiful."

His dick lurched at the compliment and his balls pulled up, she wanted to reach out and play with him but she could see how excited he was already and knew there was plenty of time for that so instead she rose to her feet and gently held him by

his cock so she could lead him to the shower. There was plenty of space in the luxurious unit but they stayed close together all the same, caressing like lovers.

"Why don't you let me wash you this time?" he smiled at her, she looked shyly up at him and started to speak before stopping and simply nodding.

He lathered his hands and began soaping her body, not surprisingly he devoted most of his time to washing her big tits, letting the huge breasts slide through his fingers as she squeezed and lifted the heavy soapy melons. He noticed her nipples hardening under his touch and payed them some attention as well, lightly running his finger tips over the nubs, feeling the aureola and nipples harden further under his caresses. He let his hands roam further, running over the full curves of her hips and buttocks before dropping down to explore her beautiful legs. He finally stood again facing her as she looked up at him smiling as he once again filled his hands with her opulent boobs.

"Do you think I'm clean enough now?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite... what do you mean?"

He slid one hand down her belly towards the juncture between her thighs.



"Bobby no..."

"Why? You said we could do everything apart from have intercourse."

His fingers found the neat bush of hair and lightly ran through it.

"Bobby, not there..."

"Why not? If this is our last chance to be together then I want to remember all of you."

He slid his hand down further and she grabbed his arm, holding it but not stopping him.

"Bobby..."

"Mom, I want to make you feel good, the way you have for me..."

He slipped his hand down further finding the folds of her vagina, she gasped and released his arm, he could feel the heat radiating from her pussy as he lightly caressed it. Her hands moved up to his shoulders as he gently ran his fingers up and down the length of her slit before slipping between the folds

and finding her engorged clit. He lightly ran his fingers around it, gently stroking without actually pressing on it and he felt her fingers dig into his shoulders in response. He slowly increased the intensity and cadence of his movements feeling her hot breath on his cheek and her fingers gripping him and let her responses guide him. As his movements became faster she moaned and buried her face against his neck, tensing as she cried out, her voice stifled against his skin but still loud in the confines of the bathroom. He rubbed harder and more intensely feeling her fingers dig into him and her breath come in jagged gasps as pushed her towards her climax. Her head jerked back and he admired her long slender neck as she let out a cry, her body shuddering and she came on his fingers. As she crested her orgasm and the waves of pleasure subsided her felt her relax and slowed his movements accordingly, letting her down gently from her high.

"Oh Bobby!"

She looked up at him with tears in her eyes before taking his face in her hands and kissing him, pressing her sexy body up against him. She then ran her soft soapy hands over his lean hard body, feeling his taut muscles and smooth skin, like a young Adonis he stood while she washed him before turning her attention to the giant phallus that stubbornly stood hard and unwavering, throbbing with his heartbeat. She gently washed and caressed it, committing every bump and ridge to memory and the smooth silky soft feel of his foreskin as it slid over the steely hard shaft and head of his cock. Finally she could wait no longer, switching off the shower, she hurriedly dried them before leading him to the bedroom by his cock before pushing him back on the bed. He lay there watching her

as she crawled up the bed towards him, a smile on her face as her big pendulous tits swayed with every movement. She moved up until her breasts hung down over his face, watching as his eyes hungrily feasted on the big heavy melons hanging down just out of reach of his lips. She swung them gently, letting her nipples brush his hungry mouth as he struggled to reach them with his lips, playfully keeping them just out of reach, teasing him with her bounteous charms before sliding down his body, taking her breasts out of his reach. She allowed her swaying tits to brush his chest, letting him feel the hard rubbery nipples and soft smoothness of her breasts on his hard muscular chest before moving lower and letting them bump against his cock which started jumping and lurching at their touch.

She playfully shook her shoulders letting her heavy hanging jugs bump his cock from side to side, the sensation causing it to jump and lurch even more, before squeezing them together and enveloping his iron hard prick between her soft pillowy boobs. She gently stroked her tits up and down his cock, the purple, swollen head emerging from the creamy white cleavage before once again being enveloped in the smooth valley of her breasts. He groaned and closed his eyes as she continued to slowly fuck his cock with her jugs, his dick lurching and drooling pre cum that lubricated the fleshy tunnel making it feel even more like a pussy. She could sense his orgasm was beginning to build so she released his cock before he got too near to cumming and slid down further, letting her tits brush his legs as her dark silky hair slid across his belly like a cool breeze.

His cock was waving like a demented beast as her face drew level with it and she gently steadied it with her hand, allowing him to feel her breath on it before she began to go to work on it. Looking him in the eye she licked up the huge shaft, before swirling her tongue around the bloated purple head and savouring the tangy pre cum that drooled in a steady stream before licking her way back down again. She repeated the process several times, coating his cock in a sheen of saliva as she bathed it with her tongue before opening her mouth and pausing to let him feel her hot breath on his cock head. He stared at her breathlessly as she gently let her teeth brush the head of his cock, before opening her lips and taking him deep into her mouth. He moaned at the incredible sensation of her hot mouth as his cock head and several inches of the shaft disappeared between her lips, enveloping him in a wonderful warm paradise. As her full lips slid down his thick shaft her tongue continued to swirl around his cock head, teasing and toying with the bloated piece of meat in her mouth. She bobbed on his cock, drawing him slowly in and out of her mouth before withdrawing completely and swirling her tongue over the head, lapping up the pre cum that was now drooling from his cock. She then went back to inhaling his cock, taking as much as she could and committing the taste and feel of it to memory. She knew his cock so well now she could tell how aroused he was and how near to cumming as she varied her sucking and licking to bring him slowly to his climax before letting him subside again, drawing the moment out partly to prolong his pleasure but also her own. She could feel her pussy getting wet but she wanted to focus all her attention on him, feeling his erection bloating and his heavy balls drawing up she knew his orgasm was close now.

She quickened her pace, sucking harder now and teasing the underside of his glans with her tongue, she felt his body tense under her and his cock spasm in her mouth, once, twice, three times and then it erupted. His thick cum blasted the roof of her mouth filling it with 2 or 3 spurts so that she had to gulp it down to make room. He came so much and so hard it was a struggle to keep up with him but it was a challenge she loved, savouring the thick liquid that spurted into her mouth in seemingly endless quantities. She gently milked him with her lips as his dick continued to spasm and disgorge its load, filling her mouth again as she swallowed for a second time before feeling his loads begin to weaken and slow to a trickle. She gently nursed on his cock for a few more minutes, reluctant to give it up and drawing the last few drops of cum from him before crawling up the bed to embrace him. He looked at her in a mixture of awe and love, she was so beautiful and sexy it was impossible to imagine life without her. She nuzzled up on the pillow next to him and without pausing to think he drew her to him and kissed her on the mouth. At first she was surprised, she wasn't used to a man kissing her after she'd swallowed his cum, but Bobby was so enamoured with his mother he couldn't help himself.

He slipped his tongue into her mouth and was surprised that she still had some of his cum she hadn't swallowed, ordinarily this would have grossed him out but the fact that this was his mom's mouth, the mouth that has read him bedtime stories and told him off when he stayed out late, that this same mouth was now full of his cum having just sucked his cock was so wickedly exciting he didn't care. At first the slightly bitter taste was unusual, but he soon got used to it as she slipped her tongue into his mouth and returned his kiss with equal passion, their tongues writhed and danced in a duel as his

sperm passed back and forth between them. His cock was still hard as they kissed and embraced and he could have gone again but in the end sleep overwhelmed them both after their journey and they fell asleep in each other's arms.

The following morning Bobby awoke alone in bed, at first he was alarmed wondering where his mom was but then he saw the door to the terrace was open and walked out. Sure enough his mom was stood on the balcony looking out at the morning sun. She was still naked and he paused to admire her curvy peach shaped bottom as she leant on the railing, his morning erection hardening even more at the sight. As he approached her he could make out her pussy lips between her legs and remembered how she'd felt on his fingers as he'd brought her off last night. He put his arms round her and cupped her tits in his hands.

"Morning beautiful."

"Bobby you startled me!"

"Sorry, I thought I'd join you." as he said this he squeezed her boobs together and played with them.

"Bobby, anyone can see!"

"Well let them." He moved closer and his erection pushed against the small of her back.

"Careful with that thing, you'll push me over the balcony!" she chided.

"Oh sorry."

They stayed like that for a few minutes as he continued to squeeze and grope her tits while she felt his erection rubbing against the small of his back. She reached behind her and held his cock, gently stroking it as he nuzzled her neck and kneaded her tits.

"Mmm, I'm so horny right now."

"I can tell." She playfully squeezed his cock and continued to play with him but the angle made it difficult for her to stroke him properly, then she was struck by an idea.

"Here let me." She took a firmer hold of his cock, pulling it down and standing on her toes as she did. "Crouch down a little."

"What are you doing?" he asked incredulously as he followed her instructions.

"Not what you think you pervert! There, that's better." She slid his cock between her legs so the head and an inch or two of the shaft jutted out in front of her.

He continued playing with her tits as he looked over her shoulder at the end of his cock protruding from between his mom's legs.

"Gee mom, people will think you're a chick with a dick!"

"Bobby!"

"Well I'm just saying, it does look a little odd."

She regarded the swollen cock head jutting out from between her legs and couldn't help agreeing there was something very kinky about it.

"Well I suppose it does, although, I would have rather a short one." She said giggling as she regarded the head and inch or so of his cock that protruded between her legs while delicately playing with the glans.

"How about now?" He angled his pelvis and slid another couple of inches between his mom's legs his dick now jutting out in front of her.

"Bobby!" Her reaction was partly due to the spectacle of Bobby's cock jutting out between her legs and partly because the altered angle meant his cock was now rubbing on her clit.



She looked down at the thick cock that jutted out from between her legs and certainly couldn't deny it looked odd, nor could she deny how hard it felt rubbing against her pussy. She realised she hadn't fully thought this through and now with Bobby squeezing her nipples and his hard cock rubbing against her clit she was having trouble thinking at all. She reached down and began jerking the foreskin back and forth over his bloated cock head, struck that it must look as if she was jerking herself off. Bobby moaned appreciatively at her touch and began gently thrusting his dick back and forward in time with her movements grinding it on her pussy as he did.

As her movements on his cock quickened so did his thrusting and he began groping and kneading her tits harder, pinching and squeezing her nipples so hard it hurt and and felt good at the same time.

"Oh Bobby!"

"Uhhhh, oh wow that feels good. You're really good at jerking yourself off!"

"Bobby! ... ohhhh, harder. Squeeze them harder!" she moaned as he grabbed her tits for all his was worth. She continued to beat off the thick cock between her legs no longer trying to resist the rubbing on her clit but pushing back and grinding harder.

"Oh Bobby, Ohhhhhhhhh." She felt herself shuddering as her climax flooded through her, she hoped he wouldn't notice her wet pussy rubbing on him but she needn't have worried, he was too busy grabbing her tits and enjoying the feel of her hand on his cock to be aware of anything much else. She jerked the cock between her legs harder and faster, almost feeling like it was hers and another orgasm rippled through her. She felt his cock swell and harden and he pushed it between her legs as far as it would go.

"Ohhh god, cummming..."

His cock jutted out in front of her and Alison continued beating it off as he began shooting, the cum spraying out from his cock and over the balcony before raining down onto the street below. Load after load blasted out from his cock, some of it splattering on the railing but most shooting out into the cool morning air and showering down. Fortunately there was no one passing by to get covered in the shower of sperm but the sight of the beautiful busty woman seemingly jerking herself off and spraying a huge load of cum wasn't entirely lost though, unseen behind a shaded balcony window a telephoto lens silently, unblinkingly recorded every moment.

Cumming in Chapter 15 Bobby and Alison have an accident that leads to a final frontier being crossed.

## Chapter 15

"Why don't I order us some room service and then we can go and have a look around?" Alison asked as she headed to the bathroom to clean Bobby's cum off her legs and hands.

"A look around? At what?"

"At the resort! I don't intend to spend the 2 weeks in the hotel room."

"But I thought we came here to have fun?"

"We did and we will, but I'd like to get a tan and do a little sight seeing as well." she said returning to the bed room.

"There's plenty of sights to see right here!" Bobby's eyes fixed to her big jiggling tits as she walked across the room.

"Honestly Bobby, why are you so obsessed with my boobs?"

"Because they are natural wonders!"

"Hmmm, well these natural wonders will be be doing some sight seeing today. Now what about these to wear?" Alison picked out a pair of shorts and halter top from her suitcase.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to wear of course."

"But mom, it's clothing optional remember?"

"Yes and the key word is optional, which means I have the option to keep my clothes on."

Oh crap! Now not only were they going to trailing round stores for the day his mom was going to be fully dressed as well? They might as well have stayed at home, then he was struck by an idea.

"Well why don't you wear a bikini?"

"A bikini?"

"Yeah, the bellhop said there's a private beach and you said you wanted to get a tan."

"I suppose... oh damn!"

"What?"

"Of all the things to forget, how could I be so stupid?! I forgot to get swimsuits!", Alison saw the look of hope flash across Bobby's face and before he could say anything added."And no that does not mean I am going naked!"

Bobby considered for a moment and then flashed her a smile.

"Didn't that guy say there is a shopping complex? They must have somewhere that sells bathing suits! Why don't I go to have a look while you get us some breakfast?"

"All right then. Where would I be without my wonderful man!?" She crossed and gave him a hug pressing her wonderful naked body up against him, he ran his hands down her hips grabbing handfuls of her butt cheeks and pulling her against his hardening cock. She felt his cock beginning to swell and gently pushed away from him. "Bobby... control yourself. We have plenty of time for that later."

As she stepped away from him his eyes dropped to her heavy tits and admired the full opulent orbs.

"Bobby... Bobby, hello, up here!"

"Huh?"

He looked up to see her looking back and smiling, obviously trying to get him to make eye contact.

"Bathing suits remember?"

"Oh yeah, right." Bobby absently pulled on his shorts and sneakers and headed off downstairs. As he entered the lobby there were already quite a few other guests walking about, a few wore clothes but most were naked. He headed out of the main reception area into a open concourse which was dominated by a lavish fountain with statues of figures intertwined in various erotic poses. Around the base of the fountain there were benches and some couples were sitting and chatting, he noticed a few people had gathered around the far side of the fountain and wandered round to see what they were looking at. He was shocked to see a pretty dark haired girl in her 20's straddling a black guy and riding his cock. They seemed oblivious to the crowd that had gathered to watch, in fact they appeared to enjoy the attention and be putting on a show for them. The girl had a lean body with small perky tits and her pale skin contrasted with the ebony black cock she was impaled on. He could see her pussy was stretching to accommodate the huge dick and she was still unable to take the last couple of inches. He wondered what it would be like to fuck in front of a group of people like this, or to have his mom suck his cock in front of an audience. What would they think knowing he was getting blown by his own mom he wondered? He could feel himself getting hard watching the display and noticed some of the guys watching were already erect, a few were even openly masturbating and one girl was giving her boyfriend a hand job while they watched.

Shit he could stay here and watch this all morning but he didn't want to keep his mom waiting so he looked around and

saw there were signposted pathways leading off to different areas of the resort. He saw one reading shops and reluctantly tore himself away from the action casting a last look back as the girl began bucking up and down faster while the guy grabbed her ass.

Bobby found the shopping area but it was hardly your typical mall, many of the shops catered to more exotic tastes, selling a variety of sex toys including a few that catered to BDSM. While most people seemed to be here as couples he noticed a few girls walking round in twos or threes, they all seemed to be in their early 20's and were all stunning. He noticed an slim blonde and a curvy hispanic girl walking together. They were both naked apart from some beach sandals and bags slung over their shoulders. The hispanic girl noticed him first and flashed him a smile, she had a pretty round face but it was her big tits he couldn't help but notice. They were smaller than his mom's but still had to be a DD at least and from the way they wobbled were real too.

"Hi, I haven't seen you before have I?"

"Um no, I just got in last night."

"Oh that'd be why. I'm Raquel this is Lisa."

"Hi." The blonde flashed him a smile, she reminded him of a young Meg Ryan.

"This your first time?"

"Uh yeah, it's err, pretty intense."

Standing up close to two beautiful naked girls was a little more than intense and Bobby could feel his cock starting to grow.

"It's pretty crazy down here but everyone is very cool about it. You'll probably be seeing me again before long anyway I'm guessing."

"Uh, why's that?"

"I work here. I'm a nurse so I do the blood tests here."

"Blood tests?"

"Sure, you know for HIV. Once you've had your test you get one of these." She held up a blue wristband. "And that means you can fuck anyone you like....if you want to?"

Raquel added the last part with a look that suggested she definitely wanted to and his dick swelled to full hard on. He thought about trying to force his hands into his pockets to hide it without trying to be too obvious but it was too late and his shorts were already tenting out.



Lisa noticed and giggled. "Wow, I think you got an answer there!" Both girls regarded his shorts and Bobby felt himself flushing red with embarrassment

"You know you might as well take them off. Plenty of guys walk around with hard ons and it couldn't be much less obvious."

Bobby looked down and couldn't help but agree, he felt more conspicuous with his shorts tented out like this than if he was hanging out in the breeze, the girls stood waiting and he figured what the fuck and undid his shorts and slipped them over his sneakers so he could hold them. He stood up again his dick fully erect and swaying.

"Wow! That is huge!" Raquel stared directly at his cock.

"Oh my god, it's almost as big as Nathan's!" Lisa chimed in.

"Nathan?"

"He's this black guy with a huge dick who comes here every year, it's kind of a rite of passage for some of the girls to try to take the whole thing." Lisa explained Bobby figured he must have been the guy in the concourse he'd seen earlier.

"Trouble is they can't walk properly the next day." Raquel laughed. "I like yours better, it's got a nice curve and I like it's uncut. Can I touch it?"

"Err yeah, sure." Raquel reached out and gently stroked his dick pulling the skin back and forwards. "Wow, you're hard as a rock! I can hardly get my hand round it. Feel how hard he is." She slid her hand further down the shaft so Lisa could explore the head of his cock which did indeed feel like it was carved from granite right now."Jeez check out these balls!" Raquel cupped his low hanging gonads weighing them.

"You definitely need to get yourself a wristband." Raquel gave his cock a final stroke before releasing it. "Ok well, gotta go. See you around, soon I hope."

The girls walked off leaving Bobby with his hard on, at first he was acutely aware of his nakedness but as he looked about he saw Raquel was right, there were other guys in various states of arousal wandering about and Bobby found his dick was getting more than it's fair share of looks from the girls. He remembered his original purpose and looked around for some clothing stores, not surprisingly there weren't many but eventually he found a store with beach accessories and wandered in. There was a pretty Hawaiian looking girl serving who was, it seemed like all the female employees, naked. He checked her out which served to make his hard on even more hard before looking through the bathing suits. There weren't many and they were pretty skimpy so he grabbed a 2 piece white bikini and some speedos before heading back to the room.

His mom had already got breakfast ordered and was sitting out on the balcony in her robe with a glass of champagne.

"Hi Mom, eerrr Alison. Wow, champagne for breakfast?"

"Compliments of the management. I poured you a glass." He checked the bucket and saw a tag reading "To the Honeymoon couple, compliments of Club Bacchus."

"You took your time I was wondering what.... Bobby your shorts, what... were you walking around like that down there?" she noticed his nakedness and his arousal.

"Err, well yeah. I mean, you look more strange if you've got clothes on than if you're naked."

"Were you walking around like.. that?"

She directed her glance at his hard on.

"Well yeah, I mean a lot of guys are walking around with, well hard ons." He decided to leave out the details about Nathan, Raquel and Lisa. "I got your bikini."

He handed the bag to Alison who glanced inside.

"Bobby, this is tiny! How do you expect me to wear this?"

"Sorry M... Alison, it's all they had."

They finished their breakfast and Alison tried on the suit. It consists of three tiny pieces of fabric connected with elastic. The bottoms fitted ok but when she held the top up the triangles looked barely barely big enough to cover her nipples.

"Bobby I can't wear this!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Bobby do you honestly think I can fit into this?" She held the top up for him to see.

"Um, I don't know, err I guess maybe try it on?"

She gave him an exasperated look and then put the top on. It barely covered her nipples and left the rest of her breasts on display.

"Oh Bobby honestly, this top is meant for someone with, well a lot less to cover up."

A lot less was an understatement, Alison's boobs were already attempting to do an escape act on the tiny top and Bobby's hard on was renewed at the sight of his mother's struggles.

When she'd finished adjusting the costume as best she could she removed Bobby's costume from the bag and inspected it.

"Well at least you've bought yourself something equally impractical I see. I'm not sure how you think you'll fit yourself into these." She passed them to him.

"Well like I say, there wasn't a lot of choice." He pulled the speedos on and could see what she meant, they were pretty tiny and although he managed to lever his cock into them so it was held against his hip they left nothing to the imagination and when viewed from above the elastic was pulling away from the waist where his cock was straining against the fabric.

"Oh well, I suppose this will have to do." Alison regarded them both before pouring the last of the champagne and drinking it down for dutch courage.

As they left the room and walked to the elevator Bobby couldn't help but admire his mom's beautiful body. From behind she was essentially naked, only the tiny strings of her bikini providing any cover. In the short walk to the elevator her boobs were already attempting an escape act and she had to adjust her top to keep her nipples covered as they rode down in the elevator.

"This is ridiculous Bobby, I'm never going to stay in this."

"You look really good in it though."

"I doubt I will stay in it at this rate."

As the doors to the elevator opened Alison took a deep breath and stepped out into the lobby. As they walked through the resort Bobby noticed her getting plenty of admiring looks from the men and some of the girls, even though many of them were naked. Seeing her on display like this was something new for him, he felt a flash of jealousy at sharing her but also pride that she was his. He couldn't help but also admire all the girls they passed, almost all of whom were naked or at least topless. With the bevy of naked female flesh and his beautiful mom to contend with his cock strained in the confines of his trunks and he adjusted it as best he could to try to make it more comfortable whilst trying to prevent it poking out. As they made their way to the beach Alison's boobs fell out of her bikini twice more and she had to pause to try to cover herself.

"This is ridiculous, I might as well just take it off and be done with it!"

With that she pulled the top off and put it in her bag exposing her boobs completely, his dick throbbed at the sight of her totally exposed to everyone and the head popped out from under the waistband.

"Well I guess I might as well get rid of these then." he said slipping his trunks off and handing them to his mom.

"Bobby, are you going to walk around... like that?" she gestured towards his erection.

"Sure why not, plenty of other guys letting it all hang out."

"Well it's not...hanging."

"What do you mean?"

"Well you're... well, it's erect."

"There's plenty guys with boners around, relax it's natural." he shook his hips and wagged his cock at her. There might be plenty of guys naked and in various states of arousal but none were endowed like Bobby. She blushed and noticed some young girls sitting on the beach pointing and giggling, Bobby smiled at them displaying his hard on. Alison felt angry at the attention he was getting and chided herself for it.

"This was your idea and you want him to find another girls remember?" she told herself. All the same she moved on and was relieved when Bobby joined her as they found some sun loungers and relaxed. Alison sprayed some sun tan lotion on herself and rubbed it in passing it to Bobby.

"If you're going to leave it out in the open you'd better put some of this on it."

Bobby could see her point and figured a sunburnt cock wouldn't be the best way to start their holiday and squirted some lotion on his hard on rubbing it in stroking the big column of meat his foreskin sliding up and down over the head. He looked around at some of the passing girls and as he continued to stroke his cock. A naked oriental girl with sunglasses turned to watch Bobby and he smiled at her as he continued stroking his cock, she raised her sunglasses looking at his dick and he stroked it harder, pulling the skin back and displaying it to her.

"Um... Bobby, I think you've rubbed enough lotion in now."

"What oh,yeah..." aware he'd been absent mindedly jerking off, not that he could see it being much of a problem especially after some of the sights he'd see this morning.

They lay on the beach dozing for a few hours, Bobby checking out the girls and his mom and occasionally rubbing some more lotion into his cock. His mom moved around to lay on her front, her big tits hanging down and swinging about as she adjusted her position. His dick lurched as he watched her big knockers swaying and then bulging out as she lay flat. He looked at some of the other girls walking past most of whom admired his cock as it curved up over his belly. He was getting hornier and hornier, he thought about jerking off again but figured it was better to save it till later, his cock was already dribbling pre cum from all the teasing he'd been getting.

After a while he noticed his mom looking in her bag.



"Oh darn."

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot to bring any water. It's so hot and I'm getting thirsty."

Bobby sat up and looked round, he could see a bar on the beachfront and pointed it out to Alison.

"Why don't we go there? It's getting pretty hot out in the sun, we could cool off and have a drink there."

"Well, we're not really dressed for that are we?"

"Mmm.. Alison. Remember where we are? Club Bacchus rules... no rules... anything goes. We can walk in there buck naked if we want."

"Well perhaps we could but I'm not sure I'm comfortable."

"C'mon, I bet there's plenty of other couples in there with nothing on, we can have one drink and if you don't like it we can leave."

Alison weighed it up, she was thirsty and he did have a point, this was a resort for open minded people.

"Alright then."

They walked the short distance to the bar, Alison topless and Bobby naked his hard cock swinging about at the sight of his nearly naked mom walking in plain view with everyone watching. They entered the bar which was much cooler and pretty quiet, a pretty blonde barmaid was cleaning some glasses and looked up, pleased for the custom.

"Hi what can I get you?"

"Um, a Long Island Iced Tea please."

"Just a beer for me."

Bobby checked the barmaid out, she was naked the same as all the female staff seemed to be, she had a trim figure with a neat bush and a good sized pair of tits. Bobby sat at the bar and his mom reluctantly followed his example, obviously a little uncomfortable at being on display.

"You guys new here?"

"Um yes, we just arrived."

"Oh cool. You'll love it here, everyone is so relaxed."

"Yes, so I gathered."

Alison took a long draught of her drink.

"Mmmm, this is very good."

"Thanks, it's my speciality. My name is Kerry."

"I'm Alison, this is Bobby."

"Hi Bobby. That's a really nice cock you have if you don't mind my saying."

"Uhh, um. Thanks." His dick lurched at the compliment.

They chatted for a while and Alison ordered another drink. The cocktails were definitely strong and with the heat she could feel them going to her head.

Another couple wandered into the bar and Kerry walked over to serve them, they were a black couple in their 20's and the woman had an impressive rack on her, Bobby guessed she was a DD at least.

"Well you seem to have plenty to keep your eyes entertained."  
Alison remarked coolly, taking another sip of her drink.

"Errr, well you did want to go sight seeing."

"Those weren't the sort of sights I had in mind."

"Well, it's not really that kind of resort, I mean you knew that when you booked it right."

"Yes I suppose so, I just feel rather old around all these beautiful young girls."

"What are you talking about, you're the hottest looking woman here."

"Honestly Bobby."

"I'm serious, you must have seen the looks you've ben getting."

"Well I'm used to men staring at my boobs, when they're this big it's something you get used to. Though why anyone likes these old things when there are all these perky young boobs around I don't know."

"Old things? You have beautiful boobs what do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose, I mean... do you think they aren't a little saggy. I mean to be walking around without a bra like this...."

"M.... Alison you have nothing to worry about. They look perfect, the way real boobs are supposed to look, not all solid like those fake porn star tits."

"Really? What about those girls?" Alison looked towards Kerry and the black girl who'd walked in. Bobby had to admit they both had amazing racks but his moms were definitely bigger and while they weren't the boobs of a teenager they looked beautiful, curving down in natural pear shapes.

"They're nice but yours are better."

"Really?"

"What do I have to do to convince you? These are natural wonders of the world! Why do you think I'm like this?" he said gesturing first at her boobs then at his erection.

"Bobby..." she blushed taking a sip of her drink and feeling the alcohol taking effect.

He slid off his stool and stood next to her his cock brushing her leg. He reached out and tenderly stroked her hair. "You are the most beautiful woman in the world, and you have absolutely nothing to worry about when it comes to these." He let his hand run down to her tits and ran his fingers over her nipples feeling them stiffen.

"Bobby stop, there are people..."

"So? The rules are.. there are no rules." He cupped her breasts and squeezed them hearing her breath in sharply at the sensation.

"Bobby... please..."

He moved in closer so he could kiss her, as he continued to grope her tits, squeezing them harder now, the way he knew she liked.

"Mmmmmmmfff.... Obby....ease."

But as he continued to squeeze her boobs harder she began to return his kisses, tentatively at first and then becoming more passionate, his cock was nudging against her belly. Alison could feel her defences crumbling as Bobby kissed and groped her, his dick was butting against her stomach and despite herself she reached for his cock, taking the iron hard shaft in both hands and jerking it off. She was dimly aware that the other people in the bar had stopped their conversations and

were watching them but she didn't care, in fact part of her wanted them to witness her pleasure. Bobby pinched her nipples and twisted them and Alison moaned at the sensation.

"Oh god...yesssss... harder."

Bobby obliged and lifted her heavy tits by her nipples, Alison could feel herself getting wetter and squeezed her legs together, increasing the pressure on her clit, riding the waves of pleasure towards an orgasm. She jerked his cock harder and faster, her need was urgent and she wanted to take him with her. His big balls swung violently with the speed and force of her jerking as she pulled her fist up and down his cock. Her touch was normally sensual and teasing but not today, her need was urgent and she was being as hard on his cock as he was on her tits, beating him off as hard as she could.

"Ohhhh goddddddddddd...." she moaned as she felt her body edging towards a climax, she tried to resist not wanting to lose control in front of all these people but Bobby's hands on her tits and the pressure on her clit were too much, and she cried out, her body wracked by an orgasm. She shuddered and squeezed his cock with a vice like grip as she rode the waves of pleasure before resuming jerking him off. The intensity of her hand job and the excitement from the small crowd who had gathered to watch them meant Bobby wasn't far behind his mother and as she continued to furiously pull on his cock he felt his balls lift up and his cum begin to rise.

"Oh shitttttt...." he thrust his hips forward as she continued to jerk him as the first rope of cum burst from his cock

splashing across Alison's face and hair. The blast caught her by surprise and she turned her face slightly so the next salvo shot over her neck and shoulder, some of it splattering on the floor with an audible plop. The next hit her cheek and ran down hanging off her chin in a white stalactite. The remaining loads splashed on her tits, belly and thighs before slowing to a dribble.

The small crowd that had gathered applauded the finale and Alison looked around suddenly snapping out of her reverie.

"Oh goodness..." she released Bobby's cock and regarded herself, dripping with cum. "I'm drenched."

"I'd offer you some napkins but I don't think that'll do it. That was some load!" remarked Kerry who had been leaning on the bar watching the whole thing with rapt attention.

"I think I'd better go back to the room and clean up Bobby."

"Sure I'll come with you."

As they left the bar Bobby exchanged a few grins and handshakes with some of the onlookers while Alison just escaped as quickly as she could. Bobby ran after her his hard on still swinging around the last few dribbles of cum forming a strand.



"Wait up ... Alison. Wow that was awesome!"

"Awesome, I've never been so mortified. All those people watching us, and now I'm walking around covered in your stuff."

"But they thought it was great! I told you how hot you are and they all agreed."

"Yes well, I'm not sure I'm quite ready for public displays of...."

"Bobby!! Alison!! Is that you??" a voice called out across the beachfront.

Alison stopped dead in her tracks, her blood running cold. Oh god, they'd been recognised. How was she going to explain this? Her heart raced and her mouth ran dry.

"I knew it was you two, you made it!"

She looked round and saw a slim young brunette approaching, the face took a moment to register and then relief flooded over her, it was Cynthia from New York!

"Wow this is great to see you again! This is Pamela my girlfriend" She gestured to a shapely blonde with a pageboy haircut.

"Hi nice to meet you." Pamela said studying Alison's chest.

"See, wasn't I telling you the truth? Aren't they the most amazing boobs! She didn't believe me when I told her how great they are."

"Um, ok." Alison remarked not knowing what else to say,

"And of course Bobby, you'll recognise as the original Penis de Milo." Cynthia gestured at Bobby's cock which was still hard and showing no signs of going soft with three women looking at it. "So when did you get in?"

"Um, last night." Alison couldn't believe how surreal the situation was, standing topless dripping with her son's cum while he stood next to her with a raging hard on and they talked to two naked girls, both of whom behaved as if this were totally normal. Alison could feel Bobby's cum trickling down her chest and a droplet that had been hanging from the underside of her breast fell landing on the pavement with a plop.

"Look's like you two have already started to have some fun." Cynthia smiled as she looked at the cum running down Alison's body.

"Um, yes, well.. we were just going to get cleaned up."

"Sure... ok catch you later!"

Alison hurried off to the hotel, Bobby had thought if she stuck around then a foursome with Cynthia and Pamela might have been on the cards but his mom had clearly had enough fun for one day. Alison went straight to the shower and washed herself off, Bobby thought about joining her but she seemed a little uptight still so he decided to play it cool.

"Say how about I order up some room service and a bottle of champagne?"

"Okay, that sounds good!"

They sat out on the balcony eating dinner and drinking wine and Alison began to relax again. Bobby suggested another bottle of wine and then they should check out the hot tub and to his delight Alison agreed. There was enough room for them to sit separately but Bobby slid round to sit next to his beautiful mother, refilling her glass and replacing the bottle in the ice bucket. By this time Alison was beginning to get quite tipsy and giggly and Bobby knew when she got in this mood she would get horny as well.

"Young man, I do hope you're not trying to get me drunk?"

"Certainly not, here's to my beautiful sexy mom!" he gave her a wolfish grin and toasted her.

"Bobby! Well I'll drink to my wonderful son, even if he doesn't seem to be able to control himself." she regarded his cock which poked up above the surface like the Loch Ness Monster.

"What can I tell you, I guess Bobby junior just wanted to join the party."

"Bobby junior never stops partying it seems." she said, reaching out and affectionately running her fingers over his cock head.

"What do you expect with you walking around with this body. Do you have a licence for these young lady?" he cupped her tits and weighed them in his hands.

"Yes I do, and I think I should keep them under lock and key away from prying hands."

"Too late!" he squeezed them before running his fingers over her erect nipples and pinching them.

"Ooooooh Bobby! Mmmmmm"

He continued squeezing her tits as she moaned and leaned in to kiss her. As his hands groped and squeezed her tits he felt her kisses and breathing becoming more urgent as her arousal grew. Encouraged by her response he squeezed harder twisting the nubs and pulling her boobs up by them, she moaned harder and he continued to pull one nipple while releasing the other so he could slide his hand down over her flat belly and between her legs.

"Oh Bobby.... I don't.... we shouldn't..."

He slid his middle finger between her puffy lips, rubbing her engorged clit and feeling her respond to his touch. He rubbed the clit for a few minutes feeling her respond, her fingers gripping his arm but not stopping him. He then slid his finger in further between the hot wet folds of her pussy and inside.

"Bobby.....I .....ooooooooohhhhh."

He felt her warm velvety pussy enveloping his finger like a wonderful hot wet glove, he slipped in deeper and found her g spot, rubbing it and provoking another reaction.

"Oh god Bobby!" She reached out and grabbed his cock, running her fingers up and down the column of meat.

He began to rub her clit with his thumb as he rubbed her g spot with his finger and the combination caused her to arch her back, thrusting her big tits up in the air.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAHHHH. Oh god, oh god oh god!" His mother's body writhed as Bobby massaged her most sensitive areas and she rode his fingers until she was wracked by an orgasm like she'd never known, she gripped his cock hard as the orgasm flooded through her again and again. He continued to coax her on and she found herself having another climax, more powerful than the first. She gripped his cock so hard the head and shaft were swollen and purple but he didn't care, the pain felt good.

Eventually she came down from her climax and relaxed her grip on him, panting before turning to look at him with glazed eyes.

"On Bobby, my beautiful boy, I suppose I should say my big strong man now." She looked at him and then his cock jutting out of the water and staring at her and chuckled. She turned to face him and lifting herself out of the water, rivulets running down her big breasts. She lent over him, kissing him on the mouth tenderly, her swaying tits brushing his chest and her hands stroking his hair.

"Bobby, I love you more than anything."

"I love you too mom, I'd do anything for you."

"I know, but why don't you let me do something for you now?"

She gently kissed her way down his body before reaching his cock and tenderly holding it so she could kiss up and down the shaft, worshiping his giant phallus with her lips before gently drawing his foreskin back so she could kiss around his swollen head. When his mom was in this mood he knew he was in for some amazing cock sucking and he wasn't disappointed.

Alison kissed his cock head before gently licked the shaft up and down several times, Bobby tilted his hips so his entire cock was out of the water giving her access to all of his shaft. She tenderly lifted his balls out of the water so she could suck the heavy gonads into her mouth, marvelling again at how heavy and potent they were before licking back up his shaft. She then looked him in the eye with a wicked glint he hadn't seen before as she swirled her tongue around the head of his cock. His prick pulsed in her grasp and her look told him all he needed to know about what he was in store for.

As he continued to dementedly watch Alison opened her mouth and allowed her lips to begin their journey over his huge bloated cock head and down his shaft, moaning as she did. It was as if his cock was the finest steak and she hadn't eaten for a week the way she devoured him. Her mouth felt like a wonderful, warm wet paradise as she sucked and let her tongue dance over his straining cock. He could never imagine finding a woman who could make his dick feel so good, who treated his cock like a god she was worshiping.

Although Alison was worshipping his cock, he was left in no doubt as to who was in charge, she steadily quickened her

pace, building his excitement and feeling his cock respond but as soon as she sensed his cum rising she instinctively backed off, withdrawing her mouth and just licking his cock while looking at him with a teasing smile. It was like a game, except one in which Bobby knew he was hopelessly out of his depth, he tried to control his cum and keep from getting too close but his mother could tell he was holding back and used her tongue and lips to tease and stimulate him so well it was hopeless, she bobbed her lips up and down on his dick taking him deep in her mouth and gently stroking the rest of his shaft but as he felt his balls ready to empty their load she slowed her pace and reduced her sucking before withdrawing completely and kissing his swollen balls.

Eventually Bobby was so dazed from all the teasing he hardly knew where he was and Alison could see he was desperate to cum, his cock was bloated and purple, the veins standing out on the shaft and the head so swollen it was taut and shiny. Much as she loved sucking his cock and controlling him with her lips and tongue, knowing she was able to bring him to the brink of ecstasy and back again whenever she wanted, she also realised that she was being selfish to deny him his orgasm for too long. She sensuously swirled her tongue over the head of his cock before leaning forward to let her big heavy tits hang either side of his cock, swinging them slightly so they bumped against his turgid monster dick. She knew how much he loved her tits and chuckled as her boobs caused him to moan in renewed frustration, before sliding back down, kissing his hard abs as she made her way back to his prick for the final round.



"Mmmm, I think it's a good job I didn't order desert earlier, I think I am going to get one soon." she squeezed his balls gently feeling how heavy and full they felt before slowly engulfing his cock with her lips and letting her beautiful mouth slide down his cock.

Jeezus, he loved when his mom sucked him off, and he didn't mind the teasing because he knew the end was always worth it, but Bobby didn't think he could take much more. His mom's beautiful mouth, the same mouth that had kissed him goodbye when he went to school, was doing things to his cock he didn't believe possible. Her tongue teased and caressed his shaft and head as her lips sensuously slid up and down his shaft in a steady, inexorable rhythm that let him know this was the moment. His balls tightened and he felt his cum begin to rise as he crested his orgasm, his cock swelling and pulsing before erupting in her sweet mouth. He closed his eyes as his whole body spasmed while his cock erupted in his mother's mouth, his thick cream flooding her cheeks and filling them to overflowing, as fast as she could gulp his cum down more spewed out as she drank greedily from his fountain of life. Finally his orgasm abated but she continued to suckle on his huge cock, drawing the last few drops out and nursing on it. She gently sucked and caressed his magnificent cock for a new minutes more, reluctant to give it up, before finally releasing it and moving up his body to lean over him, looking into his eyes, her big tits hanging in front of his face.

"Better?"

"Oh god mom, I don't think I've ever cum so hard in my life."

"Yes, well I think you excelled yourself tonight in that department." she scooped up a dribble of cum that had escaped her lips and sucked it off her finger, savouring the thick, tangy cum before sending it down to join the bellyful of his cum.

"Well, after how long you were teasing me I'm not surprised."

"Teasing? I thought you liked it."

"I did, I do. It's amazing You're amazing."

"Oh Bobby." She kissed him and he once again tasted his tangy residue in her mouth, but he didn't care.

They were both so tired after the day's adventures they collapsed in bed and were asleep almost instantly. The following morning Bobby once again awoke to find the bed empty and the door to the balcony open. He rose blearily, remembering the day before and his mother's public hand job in the bar. He wondered if he could persuade her to suck his cock in public the way she had last night, the thought of all those girls gathering round to admire her beautiful big tits and shapely body while she sucked his cock like a champion seemed a pretty good way to spend the morning, or the day for that matter. His cock lurched as he considered the idea and made his way out to the balcony. His mother was stood admiring the view as she did yesterday, and as yesterday she

was stark naked. He approached her silently wanting to surprise her as lovers do, her shapely ass was inclined towards him and as she leant out admiring the view her heavy tits hung out over the railing.

He decided to repeat yesterday's experience and slide his cock between her thighs, imagining her reaction as she saw his cock emerge from between her legs once again. He bent his knees slightly and angled his dick towards the gap between her thighs, before thrusting forward. As he did this Alison chose the same moment to lean out to get a better look at the beach as it stretched out along the coast, and Bobby's cock, instead of sliding between her legs slipped between the folds of her pussy and against her pussy opening, before he knew what had happened Bobby found the end of his cock enveloped in a wet warm velvety grip.

Alison had been admiring the view, oblivious to Bobby's approach when suddenly she was aware of a hard pressure between her legs and then inside her. Her confusion turned to panic when she realised it was Bobby.

"Stop!! Bobby no!"

"Oh god, I didn't mean to, it just..."

"Stop it, don't..."

"I didn't mean...."

His words trailed off and they stayed like that, motionless, frozen in time, the head of his cock inside her pussy, Alison gripping the rail of the balcony waiting for him to withdraw..

It hadn't been his intention to do this but now his cock was inside her he was gripped by a feverish desire.

"Just let me feel it inside you once, and I'll take it out straight away."

"Bobby no, please..."

"Just once...."

She made a sound, he wasn't sure if it was a sob but didn't say anything, so he slowly inched forward, feeding his huge cock into her tight, wet pussy. He couldn't believe how tight she felt, it was like fucking a teenager.

"Bobby no... please."

"Just little more..."

She groaned as he slipped another inch inside her, her hands gripping the railing so hard her knuckles turned white. He was almost halfway inside her now and slowed his pace, delicately

feeding his cock in an inch at a time until he felt his mother reaching back to stop him, putting her hand on his hip.

"Bobby no more... it's too big."

His cock throbbed inside her, he didn't trust himself to move incase he lost it and shot his thick load inside her. They stayed like that, motionless, his cock buried deep in his mother's pussy, the very place where he had come into existence. Time seemed to have stood still when he became dimly aware of his mother's voice.

"Wha...."

"For god's sake take it out Bobby.... please!"

"Oh..."

He slowly withdrew his cock until only the head was inside, reflecting on how good it would feel to slide it back in again, filling her tight pussy once again, but he had given his word so he withdrew it with a wet plop. His mother turned to face him slowly, tears in her eyes and looked at him with angry reproach. He opened his mouth to speak but she slapped him across the face before he could say anything.

He was too shocked to know what to say or do as she ran past him and out of the room slamming the door behind her, not

caring she was naked, not knowing where she was going. He looked down at his cock, two thirds of it was wet with his mom's pussy juice and he ran his finger over it before bringing it to his lips to smell the musky aroma and taste it. He ran his finger over his cock head again, smearing her juices over his glans, the glans that had been buried deep inside her, remembering how had nearly cum inside her. Imagine if he had, if he'd filled her pussy with his cum, his cock bucked, it was too much for him and his dick erupted shooting ropes of sperm over the balcony and past the railing into the morning air. As his orgasm subsided and he returned to his senses the reality of what had happened and what he had done came home and he felt a sick lurch in the pit of his belly.

## Chapter 16

Alison ran blindly from the hotel room, not knowing where she was going; only that she had to escape. The sensation of the huge piece of meat between her legs was still vivid, the huge piece of meat that was her son's cock, her son that she had created in that very same place. Oh, God! What was she doing? What had she been thinking?

She rode down in the elevator and stepped out into the lobby, suddenly aware that, in her haste; she hadn't even bothered to dress and was naked. She felt acutely aware of her nudity; but as she looked around, no one seemed to pay her much notice, apart from a few admiring glances. Being naked clearly seemed the norm around here; and besides, she didn't intend to go back to her room to get dressed. She couldn't cope with confronting Bobby yet. How could he have done that? Hadn't

she made it clear to him that they could never cross that boundary, that intercourse... fucking... wasn't on offer?

She wandered through the resort, not really knowing where she was heading until she found a bar. Even at this time of the morning there were a few people inside; and Alison certainly needed a drink. She gave the barman her room number and ordered a double gin and tonic, before finding a quiet corner to sit and gather her thoughts.

She was aware that she was still moist between her legs; and as she remembered the feeling of her son inside her, she felt a flush of arousal wash over her in spite of herself. Is that really why she was so angry, because she wanted him to make love to her? Had she really wanted him to stop? She could have fought him off, pushed him away. Instead she just stood there, and let him push himself deeper and deeper inside her until she didn't think it could go any further; and still he slid further into her. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt so full, it was... well, it was when John had made love to her, Bobby's father who'd created her son in that very place Bobby had just violated. She downed her drink, not knowing what to think. How messed up was all this?

She caught sight of herself in a mirror, and was reminded of her nudity, her big tits jutting out obscenely over the table, recalling that it was her idea to come here, to be at a swingers resort with Bobby, to let him "get it out of his system". What could she expect from a horny teenage boy when she walked around naked in front of him and teased him, that he wouldn't want to make love to her?

"Are you okay?"

The voice startled her; and she looked up to see a pretty oriental waitress wearing just an apron.

"You looked a little upset when you came in."

"Um, yes, thank you. I'm fine." Alison went to have another sip her of her drink, but noticed it was empty.

"Can I get you another?"

"Yes, please."

The waitress walked off, her naked butt swaying as she did. How much of this was really Bobby's fault she wondered. She had allowed things to proceed and brought him here. Surely, it was natural for him to think that things were going to progress. And was it really just him that wanted it? She remembered the night at the hotel in New York: making out and thinking how easy it would have been to take him inside her, to feel the way she had when John had made love to her... except it wasn't John, it was Bobby; and what was she thinking? He was a teenage boy led by his hormones and that big dick of his. She was the one who was supposed to be responsible.



The waitress returned with her drink.

"You sure you're ok?"

"Yes I'm fine, thank you. I just had an...argument with my....partner, that's all."

"Oh well, I'm sure he'll come round pretty soon. You're too beautiful to be on your own for long!"

Alison smiled at the girl. "Thank you."

"And besides, make up sex is always the best."

Alison said nothing and simply sipped her drink.

"Oh wow!"

Alison looked up to see the girl was staring intently. Following her gaze to see the source of her interest; she found herself looking at Bobby. He scanned the bar and spotted Alison, making his way over.

"Is this your guy?"

"Um, yes."

"I can see why. Nature certainly blessed him!"

The waitress was clearly impressed as she watched Bobby approach. He was naked, and although his cock was soft, it still swung about as he walked, his heavy balls bouncing against his legs as he made his way across the bar.

"I'll leave you two alone." The waitress made her way back to the bar.

"I've been looking for you all round."

"I just needed to be alone... and think."

"I'm so sorry...about what happened. I swear to God it was an accident."

"How can you say it was an accident!? You... put it in when I told you to stop."

"I mean it was an accident. I... you know... put it in... I meant to put it between your legs, like yesterday... and surprise you."

"Well you certainly did that." She took a sip of her drink.

"I mean it was an accident I put it in."

"Well that might have been true; but it wasn't an accident you put it all the way inside me."

"But I didn't..."

"How can you say that?"

"I mean it wasn't all the way inside you..."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it wasn't all the way in."

"It wasn't all..." She let the words sink in. She'd felt him so deep inside her it was almost painful and it wasn't even the whole length. She sipped her drink again and drained the glass. Here she was naked in a bar in the morning drinking gin and tonics, after just nearly getting fucked by her son. What a model mother she was! She caught the eye of the waitress, who nodded and went to fix her another drink.

"I mean, I know I shouldn't have, you know, put it in further; but I just figured, if it was already inside, another couple of inches wouldn't make much difference."

"It wasn't just a couple of inches..."

"Um well, ok it was more than a couple... I just thought....I don't know what I thought, I just couldn't help myself. I'm sorry."

The waitress brought Alison's drink over and gave her a conspiratorial smile while checking Bobby out. Alison sipped the drink, feeling the alcohol going to her head.

"I suppose it's not really your fault Bobby. I mean, you are a young man with all the urges young men have; and I've been walking round like this..." she gestured at her nakedness and Bobby took the moment to admire her tits, feeling his cock begin to twitch once again. He didn't know what to say so he simply said "I love you, Alison."

"I love you too, Bobby."

She looked at his handsome face, so like his father, and felt her heart melt. They looked into each other's eyes for a few minutes without speaking. Bobby moved closer to her and kissed her tenderly on the lips. She was reluctant at first, but slowly began to respond. Her lips opened and allowed his tongue to slip into her mouth as they embraced. She ran her hand over his shoulder and down his arm. Feeling something bump her wrist, she looked down to see what it was, and discovered it was his hard cock, jutting up above the table.

"Bobby!"

"Sorry Alison. You're just too beautiful!" He returned to kissing her and she felt his hands on her breasts, squeezing and groping them. His hands on her body felt wonderful; and despite herself, she couldn't help return the passion of his kisses as she felt her body responding. It was wrong. She knew it was; but she couldn't help herself. To feel like a woman again, to be loved and to love, was something that had been missing from her life for too long. She ran her hand over his hard chest, feeling his toned muscles, his hard athletic body contrasting with his soft smooth skin, and felt his cock bump her arm again. She couldn't help herself, and let her hand slide down, encircling and stroking the throbbing column of meat.

Bobby felt relief that his mom had forgiven him for what happened, and renewed lust for her beautiful body. Her hand stroking his cock sent pleasure coursing through him; and he yearned to return it, to up the ante and bring his mother to orgasm. He pinched her nipples and she inhaled sharply, but thrust her breasts out for more rough treatment, so he squeezed and twisted them, feeling her moan and grip his cock harder. He released her breast and ran his hand down her side towards that forbidden fruit he had nearly consumed earlier. His mother felt his hand moving over her belly towards the juncture of her legs and grabbed his wrist stopping him.

"No Bobby, not here."

"I just want to make you feel good."

"I know but not here. I'm not ready for... all this." She released his cock and composed herself as best she could, considering she was naked in a bar with a hugely aroused teenager next to her. She saw the other people in the bar had been watching. She caught the eye of the waitress who smiled at her.

"Let's go upstairs." She finished the rest of her drink and stood up, swaying a little. Bobby took her arm and steadied her.

"Oh dear, I don't think I should have been drinking on an empty stomach."

"C'mon, let's get some breakfast."

Alison made her way out of the bar with Bobby following, his hard dick swinging.

As she passed, the waitress leant over to Alison and whispered "Make up sex is always the best, and he is huge!"

Alison said nothing, but flushed as she made her way back to reception and up to the room. In the elevator Bobby turned to her and, lifting her chin, kissed her on the mouth again, his cock poking her belly as he did. Pulling her naked body to his, running his hands over her full butt cheeks as her boobs squashed against his chest, his cock was pinned against her belly as they kissed passionately. They were so consumed with

one another, it took them a moment to realise the doors had opened and they were at their floor. Alison gently eased herself away from Bobby and exited the elevator, taking his hand and leading him to their room. Bobby's dick was throbbing, fit to burst, as he opened the door. He wasn't sure what to expect from his mom, but sensed a threshold had been crossed. She swayed slightly, still feeling the effects of the drinks on her empty stomach.

"Ohhh, Bobby. I feel a little woozy. Can you order some room service while I have a shower?"

"Sure, no problem."

He was a little disappointed to have to wait, but knew better than to push things. He phoned room service and ordered breakfast, absently stroking his hard cock to alleviate the ache while he spoke to the receptionist. He made his way into the bathroom hoping for a little shower action with his mom; but she was already stepping out.

"Did you order breakfast?"

"Yes it'll be up in a minute."

"Good, why don't you hop in? I'm going to dry in the sun."

Shit. This was getting to be hard work. He washed himself, stroking his cock and remembering the feel of his mom's tight pussy as he buried himself deeper inside her. He could feel his cum beginning to rise as he remembered being deep inside her, and stopped stroking himself before he went too far. He finished his shower as quickly as he could and wandered out to find his mom. She was sitting at the table on the balcony naked, with breakfast laid out and an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne.

"Bobby did you order this?"

"No, I guess they just sent it with compliments."

"Oh well, it seems a shame to waste it, this food is delicious."

Alison poured herself and Bobby a glass of wine, her boobs hanging down invitingly as she leaned over the table.

"Here's to us!" Bobby toasted her; and they clinked their glasses before sipping the cold champagne. Bobby had to agree that the food was great. He hadn't realised how hungry he was until now; and he felt himself getting a buzz from the wine. Alison seemed to have chilled out now and had finished her own glass of wine. She stood to pour another, so Bobby drained his and held it out for a refill.

"Getting a taste for the highlife, young man?"



"And for the beautiful waitress!"

"Well, compliments will get you everywhere."

Alison flushed slightly realising what she had said, and Bobby's cock jerked at the thought. All this flirting was Hell; he decided it was time for some action.

"Really? Well how about you come and sit on my knee?"

"I don't know..."

"There's a big tip in it for you."

"I can see more than the tip from here." Alison chuckled as she regarded his hard cock protruding over the table.

Bobby smiled and patted his knee; and Alison slowly sashayed round before placing her arm around his shoulder and settling on his leg.

"Happy?"

"Definitely."

They looked at one another for a few moments, before Bobby leaned up to kiss her tenderly on the lips, their kiss slowly becoming more passionate as he reached for her big tits , squeezing and playing with them. He felt her responding to his caresses, reaching for his cock and stroking him. It would have been easy to stay like that and just get off; but Bobby sensed the door had opened on more possibilities. As his mother began moaning with her arousal, he reached down and pulled the lever to recline his chair.

"Oohhh!" Alison shrieked at the unexpected movement, falling onto Bobby. "What are you doing?"

"Just getting more comfortable."

"I'm not sure if comfort is the word I'd use."

Alison adjusted her position so she was lying on top of Bobby, straddling him so she could sit up. She took another drink from her glass, looking down at him as he smiled up at her. With his good looks and toned athletic body, she was sure any woman in the resort would jump his bones, especially with a hard on that reached halfway up his belly, and looked like it could hammer a nail in. If only he wasn't her son she would jump him herself, but he was and she couldn't, mustn't....

"What are you thinking?"

"Just that I need to be careful where I sit right now, I don't want a repeat of..." Her voice trailed off, Bobby's cock lurched and she noticed, but didn't say anything.

"You know it really was an accident earlier."

"Was it really?"

"Yes honestly! I mean to start with, but, well, then, I figured if it was, you know, already inside, another inch or two wouldn't make much difference."

"It was more than an inch or two Bobby, a lot more!"

"Well, I guess; but I just wondered what it would be like to be inside, all the way, you know, well, just once."

"Hmmm, well now you know."

"Well, I don't."

"What do you mean?"

"Well... it wasn't all the way."

"Wasn't all the..." She remembered what he'd told her in the bar and felt herself flush at the thought. Despite herself she couldn't help asking "How much was it?"

"Err, about half."

"Half?! Oh God."

She paused and drained her glass while it sank in. Only half his cock was inside her. What would the whole thing feel like, even if she could take it? He sensed she was weighing up what had happened and pressed on.

"Wouldn't you like to know what it would feel like Mom? Just once? I mean, if this is going to be the last time we can be together, wouldn't you like to know how it feels?"

"That's not the point! I told you, we can never have intercourse Bobby, never."

"I didn't say we had to have intercourse."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, just putting it inside isn't intercourse."

"How do you work that out?"

"Well, I mean, if I don't cum, if we don't actually... fuck....errm I mean make love, then it's not actually intercourse. And it's already been inside once."

"By accident."

"Yeah by accident; but it wouldn't be any more than has already happened."

"Bobby, that's just splitting hairs."

"It's not, I mean, intercourse is actually moving in and out and having an orgasm. I mean, we could just put it in and see how it feels, just once."

He felt his heart racing as he sensed she was actually considering it. She looked down at his cock, reaching down and stroking it before holding it up against her stomach."

"Bobby, I don't know if I could, even if I wanted to. Look at it. It's past my belly button."

"Well you told me Dad was big."

"That was a long time ago and, well you are bigger..."

She regarded it; and his dick jerked in her hand as he imagined how it would feel.

"You could take it slow. Just take as much as you want. If you were on top, you'd be in charge."

"That's right I am in charge!" She grew suddenly angry before pausing and collecting herself. "Bobby, I... I do want ...it ... as well; but this whole situation, just scares me so much."

"There's nothing to be scared about. I'm here to protect you."

"But who's going to protect me from you?" She looked serious for a moment, and then smiled, continuing to stroke the huge cock and knowing she wanted it inside her. She stopped stroking and looked Bobby in the eye.

"Bobby, if.....and I mean IF I agree to do this you, must promise me one thing."

"Sure"

"Whatever happens, you must promise me that you won't ejaculate. Do you understand? I'm not on birth control and, well... just promise me."

"I promise!"

Right now he would have promised her his right nut for what he thought was going to happen. She was going to sit on his cock? And take the whole thing? Jeezus! His heart raced; and his mouth was dry with excitement. As he watched her finish the last of her drink before setting down her glass, she paused, considering the magnitude of what she was about to do. He watched breathlessly as she lifted herself over his lap and then took hold of his cock, stroking it a couple of times before rubbing it up and down her slit, his cock head rubbing against her fleshy lips. At first he thought she was teasing him; but then he realised she was using her pussy juice to lubricate the end of his cock, before holding it steady and slowly lowering herself on it. He felt his cock enveloped by a wonderful, hot, velvety, wet embrace. He'd forgotten just how tight she was as she took in the head and the first few inches of his shaft before pausing.

"Oh God. Bobby it's so big!"

"It's ok, just take it slowly."

He looked at the thick veiny column of meat spearing her neat little bush, the pink lips stretched around his girth; and his cock spasmed. She took another deep breath, and slowly let herself down another few inches on his cock.

"Oh God, it's so big." His cock flexed, feeling the wonderful vice-like grip of her pussy on his dick. He reached up, taking hold of her tits and pinching her nipples. "Oh God, that feels good. Harder..."

She rocked herself slightly on his cock, letting herself slide a little further down on his dick, only a couple of inches remaining outside her now. He ran one hand down her belly and found her clit with his thumb, gently rubbing it.

"Oh Jeesus, Bobby! Oh God!" He could feel her pussy convulsing around his cock, and realised she was cumming on his cock. Her body shuddered and her pussy gripped his cock as an orgasm rushed through her. He thrust up into her, burying his cock in her to the hilt.

"OH GODDDDDD! OHHHHHHHHHH! SO DEEEP! SO DEEP!"

She gripped his arm with her hand, her nails digging into his skin, her eyes closed as she came harder than she could ever remember, her pussy gripping and releasing his cock. He could feel his balls tightening and willed himself to hold back, he knew if he hadn't cum earlier he would never have been able to stop himself. What if he came? He imagined shooting his load in her pussy, filling her with his cum, and imagined if he made her pregnant. His cock spasmed again at the thought of making a baby brother in his own mother's womb. The thought was so wicked and yet somehow so exciting at the same time. Bobby's balls pulled up and he exercised every last ounce of self-restraint to keep from climaxing as his mother came down from her own orgasm.



"Oh God Bobby, I'm sorry...."

"It's okay mom, I think you'd better get off me I'm.... gonna..."

"What? Oh I see, oh goodness..."

Alison pushed herself up and off Bobby's cock just in time, holding it in her hand as she slid off it. He felt the cool air on his dick, slick with his mother's juices, and felt her fingers round his shaft as she climbed off him and finally he could hold back no longer.

"Ohhhh shit..."

His cum blasted out splattering the underside of Alison's tits before dribbling back down her belly. The next load splashed onto Bobby's chest and the next onto the chair. Alison put her hand over the end of his cock to try to contain the mess; and his cum splashed off the palm of her hand before splattering onto her legs, the last few spurts running back down over his cock and onto his balls. Neither one of them could meet the other's eyes, but they both knew that things were never going to be quite the same again.

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## Chapter 17

After they had cleaned up, Bobby and Alison were so tired they went back to bed. Alison fell asleep quickly with the effects of the alcohol; and Bobby lay awake thinking about what had happened. Twice in one morning he had slid his cock into his mother's tight pussy, first by accident...and then by design. The image of his mother lowering herself onto him inch by inch, before he buried himself to the hilt, replayed in his mind, the feeling of her warm wet pussy cumming on his cock vivid, as if he was experiencing it again. He could feel himself getting hard, and sensed that a boundary had been crossed. Surely, now that she had climbed on him once, she wouldn't deny him a repeat performance? She couldn't deny she wanted it as well. Her arousal was obvious, her orgasm while he was buried inside her proof enough of that. The thought of fucking her and watching her cum seemed almost too exciting to bear, he imagined pounding her while her big tits swung around as he drifted off to sleep.

The morning's excitement had taken its toll on them both; and they sleep through 'till the afternoon. Bobby awoke first and looked over at his beautiful mother. She had pushed the sheets off and lay with her back to him. He looked at her curvy peach-like bottom and felt a rush of excitement; as he could make out her puffy pussy lips peeking through. His cock lurched as he remembered the feeling of being buried inside her, and her pussy spasming on him as she came. What would she think if he slid into her now, he wondered?

God, how good it would feel to slip back inside that wonderfully tight, slippery tunnel. How would she react? Would she freak out, or would she surrender to the pleasure? Would she push back onto him, encouraging him to feed her more of his cock, greedily consuming his huge shaft? Would she start gently rocking on him as she had before; and if he responded by gently sliding in and out, would she complain or allow him to continue, until he was sliding a few inches, and finally the whole length, in and out of her? His dick spasmed again; and he idly reached down and stroked his cock, as he imagined his hard dick slamming in and out of his beautiful mother. God, that would feel so good. He wondered how long he could keep from cumming. And when he needed to, then what? Would she push him away, tell him to shoot his load over her ass, or would she want him to carry on, to fill her with his seed?

He stroked his cock as he imagined pumping his load into her, and felt a dribble of pre-cum run down the head. His thoughts were interrupted as he felt his mother begin to stir.

"Mmmmmfff, oh dear, what time is it?" She yawned as she rolled over and stretched, her big tits thrusting out as she did.

"Um, nearly 6pm, you were out for a while."

"Six?? Goodness, I've slept the whole day away!"

"Well, I guess you were tired."

"Mmmm, well, gin and tonics for breakfast didn't really help," she remarked ruefully.

"How long have you been up?" She glanced at his cock, which was throbbing, peering back at her with its evil eye, and flushed. "I mean awake."

"Not long, just a little before you. How are you?"

"A little sleepy. That's all."

"No I mean, after... this morning?"

"Oh...that." She paused, remembering the events and considering. "Well, aside from feeling like some of my internal organs have been moved about, the sky hasn't fallen in; and we've not been struck down by lightning... so I suppose I'm ok."

His dick jumped. If she was ok, did that mean a repeat performance was in the cards?

"Bobby, this trip... I wanted it to be closure. I wanted us to be able to get back to some kind of normality again."

Uh oh, where was this going? Every time she started talking about being normal, it led to a set of blue balls for Bobby.

"I'm not sure what normal even is anymore; but do you think we can we just try to be like mother and son for an evening?"

This wasn't sounding good; but he figured it was best not to force things.

"Sure, I'm always your son, you know that."

"I know but..." She looked down at her and Bobby, lying naked in bed with Bobby's erection glaring back her. How could she have been so stupid as to get herself into this.

"Look, can we go out to dinner, at one of the restaurants in the non- nude zones? I just want to have an evening with my son without having everyone staring at us."

"Staring at us?"

"Well, at... that." She regarded his cock.

"Oh, do they?"

"Bobby, don't play dumb. Of course they do, they could hardly miss it, especially when it seems to be permanently erect."

"Well I thought they were looking at you, I mean you're not exactly hard on the eyes Mom."

"If you mean men staring at my boobs, I'm used to that. I've had to put up with it all my life practically."

"I didn't mean just that, I mean you are beautiful."

She smiled and blushed.

"Oh Bobby, just like your father."

They looked at one another for a moment; and he knew he would never love another woman the way he loved Alison. If she wanted a normal meal she would have one. His hard on would just have to wait.

They showered and dressed, Bobby wearing his suit that he knew his mother liked; and she wore a white dress that showed off the tan she had started to get. It was relatively modest; but Alison's figure still made it look sexy. The neckline was low enough to show some eye-catching cleavage.

They made their way downstairs, heading off to one of the resort's non-nude areas. There was a selection of shops, bars and restaurants, for guests who wanted a more conservative experience, or just a break from the hedonism that prevailed elsewhere. The restaurant was still fairly quiet; and they

chatted and ate like old times. Alison seemed to relax and enjoyed her evening, helped by a bottle of Merlot that was soon joined by a second.

Bobby smiled and chatted, cracking jokes and making his mother laugh. This was partly because he loved to see her happy; but the fact that it also made her tits wobble like two plates of jello didn't hurt either. He couldn't help but let his mind wander to the memory of his naked mom, astride his dick as she came earlier in the day. He imagined her riding his cock, her tits bouncing up and down on her chest as she slid up and down him, taking them both closer and closer to orgasm. His cock throbbed painfully in his pants, but he sensed it would be worth the wait.

"Are you even listening?"

"What?...Yes...of course I am."

"Really, because you've just been staring at my boobs for the last 5 minutes; and I don't think you heard a word I said."

"Errr, sorry, I was just struck by how lovely you're looking tonight."

"Hmmmm... well it would be nice if you looked at my face once in a while as well."

"Um... sorry. Wow, this wine is really nice...Cheers!" he raised his glass to toast her and she responded with a wry smile at his changing the subject.

After they finished the meal, they decided to check out some of the other night spots since it was still early. They wandered into a Hawaiian themed bar called "Aloha". The waitresses were wearing grass skirts and bikini tops, which would have been positively overdressed for the rest of the resort, but looked quite sexy in the more conservative atmosphere of the clothed section. Overall it was quite cheesy but fun; and Alison ordered some cocktails that came in over-the-top pineapple containers with fruit and umbrellas. Bobby was having to keep one hand in his pocket to restrain his cock; and was thinking of suggesting they sit down so he could get some relief, when he noticed a brunette in a black dress waving at them. She made her way over and Bobby nudged Alison.

"Hey, look! It's Cynthia."

"What, oh no..."

"What's the problem, I thought you liked her?"

"It was you that liked her as I recall; and anyway, I didn't say I don't like her, I just wanted us to have a normal evening, whatever normal is these days."



Bobby didn't have a chance to respond by the time Cynthia arrived.

"Hi you two! Wow, you look great!"

"Thanks, so do you."

"Well, even we dykes like to glam it up once in a while. You know Pamela, right?"

Bobby recognised the curvy blonde with the pageboy haircut next to Cynthia. They were both wearing quite revealing dresses, Cynthia's was a strappy top that just covered her breasts while Pamela was wearing a white dress with a plunging neckline and a push up bra, that made her boobs look like they were going to explode out of her dress.

"That's the same dress you had isn't it, Alison?" Bobby indicated Cynthia's revealing black number.

"Um, it's quite similar, yes."

"You wore a dress like this?? Wow! With my little titties, I can get away with it; but you must have been falling out of it! Sorry, but...I mean...that must have looked pretty hot."

Alison flushed at the memory of her night with the investors.  
"Yes, it was a little...revealing."

"Can I get you guys a drink?" Bobby flashed his trademark smile; and Alison could see even Pam and Cynthia weren't immune to Bobby's charm.

"Sure, ok."

Bobby fetched the girls some cocktails and handed them to Cyn and Pamela, forgetting that with his hands full his cock was unrestrained.

"Thanks! Wow, you really are pleased to see us," Cynthia remarked, eyeing the tent in Bobby's pants.

"Um, sorry."

"Don't be. That tool of yours is earning us a lot of cash, and keeping Pam very happy at night as well."

"Excuse me??" Alison interjected.

"I mean the mold we took. I brought one of the toys on holiday with us; and Pamela loves it when I use it on her. You're lucky you have the real thing."

"Oh I see, um, yes, I suppose I am."

They drank some more cocktails and the mood began to relax. Alison was clearly a little peeved at having their evening interrupted; but Pam and Cynthia proved to be really good company, and eventually she began to relax as well. By now the bar was filling up and getting pretty noisy, making it hard to talk. Alison surprised Bobby by suggesting they all go back to their suite and order up some drinks from room service.

When they arrived in the room, Cynthia and Pam were impressed by the palatial suite, and headed out to the balcony while Bobby ordered up some champagne.

"Wow, this room is amazing! And look at this view! It's incredible!"

The champagne arrived and Bobby served it, playing the consummate host, but not bothering to try to cover his straining hard-on any more. The mood was getting looser and looser; and he figured that things were getting more interesting. Alison had put some music on; and Pam and Cynthia were slow dancing together, while Alison sat next to Bobby sipping her champagne. The mood was obviously getting romantic; and Alison leant across to kiss Bobby.

"I love you Bobby Stevens. I hope you know that."

"I love you too, I wish this holiday would never end."

"Mmm, I'll drink to that." Alison sipped the last of her glass and Bobby lifted the bottle out of the ice bucket to refill it, but realized it was empty.

"Oops, looks like I'd better order another bottle."

Bobby called down to room service to get another bottle; and when he returned he noticed Cynthia and Pamela were in a major lip lock. Seeing the two girls making out was making him hornier; and he was contemplating pulling his cock out to stroke it when Cynthia remarked: "You know, it is really too warm to keep all these clothes on. Would anyone mind if I take my dress off?"

Bobby glanced at Alison, who looked a little taken aback, but didn't say anything, so he replied: "I don't mind, in fact, I was just thinking the same thing."

"Cool!" Cynthia slipped out of her dress.

"I think I'll join you. Would you unzip me?" Pam asked, turning so Cynthia could undo her dress before slipping it off with a shimmy, and striking a Marilyn Monroe pose. She had a curvy figure, with a big pair of boobs that contrasted with her page boy haircut; and Bobby couldn't help admiring her as she resumed her sexy dancing with Cynthia.

"Fuck it, I've had blue balls long enough," thought Bobby.  
"Let's get this party started."

"Hope you don't mind if I join you?"

"We don't mind, do we?" replied Pamela; and Cynthia smiled her approval. Bobby didn't need any more encouragement, and slipped off his jacket and shirt before removing his trousers, letting his erection wave about in the air.

"Wow the famous Penis de Milo. Doesn't it ever go down?" asked Pam.

"Not with three beautiful women around," he smiled. He heard a knock from the main door and realized that room service had arrived with the wine. He went and let in the waitress, a cute little Mexican girl who seemed quite shy. She glanced nervously at Bobby's cock, before setting the wine down on the table and scurrying off, not even waiting for a tip.

"Bobby, you frightened the poor girl off." laughed Cynthia, breaking off from kissing Pam. Bobby said nothing; but admired the two naked girls as they sensuously rubbed their bodies against one another, Pam's pale curves contrasting with Cynthia's taut body and olive coloured skin.

Bobby opened the wine and poured his mom a glass, noticing she was glaring at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Enjoying the view?" she whispered, so that Pam and Cyn didn't hear.

"I'd enjoy it a lot more if you were naked as well."

"I didn't think you'd notice." <sup>[[L]]</sup><sub>[SEP]</sub><sup>[[L]]</sup><sub>[SEP]</sub>"Are you kidding?"

"Well you are obviously very...excited..." She regarded his hard-on, "...about them." She glanced at the girls who were making out naked.

"I've had this," he gestured at his erection, "...all day long thinking about you, and only you. And you were the one who invited them up here. Why did you ask them if you didn't want them here?"

"I know, I'm sorry, they're just, well young and..."

"Stop with the 'young', will you?! You're young and beautiful, and look better than women half your age. Now why don't you slip out of these clothes, and let me see your beautiful body again?"

"I don't know..."

"C'mon, they've already seen us naked on the beach, and you have nothing to be embarrassed about. In fact, your huge knockers will probably intimidate the hell out of 'em!"

"Bobby!" Alison admonished him but couldn't help smiling bashfully and after a moment's thought nodded her assent.

Bobby helped his mom to her feet, and tenderly slipped her dress off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. They stood naked facing one another; and he lifted her chin so he could look at her and kiss her tenderly on the lips.

"Oh good, more champagne, I was getting thirsty," announced Cynthia, as she and Pam made their way over to the table to join Bobby and Alison. He refilled all the glasses and raised his for a toast. "Here's to happy times!" They clinked glasses and drank.

Pamela glanced at Bobby's cock again, "I'm sorry I don't mean to stare, but when Cynthia brought the rubber version home, I told her she must have stretched the mold to make it bigger."

Bobby felt his cock swell at the compliment and pushed himself forward slightly. "Nope it's all me."

"Can I touch it?" Pam looked from Bobby to Alison and finally Cynthia. Bobby just grinned while Alison gave a forced smile and shrugged; and Cynthia simply laughed.

"You're asking me? After I've blown him, I think the least your entitled to is to cop a feel. That's if Alison doesn't mind."

Alison did mind. The prospect of these girls admiring her sons cock and wanting to paw it made her jealous as hell; but she forced herself to simply smile. "You wanted him to meet other women and get this out of his system, remember?" she reminded herself.

Pamela reached out and wrapped her fingers around the shaft and squeezed.

"Wow, it's like a rock! The dildo is only rubber; but this thing feels like it's carved out of granite." She continued to explore his shaft, feeling up and down its length before exploring the plum-like head, running the velvety foreskin back and forwards over the glans. It wasn't so much that she was playing with him, more just curious to explore his dick.

"The skin is so soft, you know if I was going to go straight for a night I think it would be with this."

She finally released his cock and hefted his balls, surprised at their weight and size.



"So, do you believe me now?" asked Cynthia with a wry look.

"Ohh, you didn't exaggerate. That's a great cock you have Bobby!" She smiled, patting his dick on the head like a puppy. They all laughed at the sight; and even Alison felt herself smiling, even sensing a certain pride at her son's oversized dick. They fell silent and Alison became aware of Pamela shyly looking at her boobs.

"And I wasn't exaggerating about Alison either was I?" Cyn commented, noticing her girlfriends' gaze.

"Sorry I didn't mean to stare," giggled Pamela. "I guess Cynthia told you I have a thing for big boobs. I suppose it's 'cause I got some myself, not that I can compare to you."

"Imagine how I feel! I look like a 12-year-old next to you two!" remarked Cynthia.

"Awww, but you got a great ass, and I told you, I like small perky ones too!" she smiled at Cyn before turning her attention to Alison again. "But yours are HUGE, you must be used to getting a lot of attention."<sup>[L]</sup><sub>[SEP]</sub>

"Umm, well yes. I do get my share of glances."

"I'm sorry, I just have to ask would you mind if I...?" Pamela glanced at Bobby and Alison's breasts with a questioning look. It took Bobby a moment to work out she was asking for permission to touch them, to feel up his mother.

"Sure, go ahead, I mean that's if you don't mind?" Bobby looked at Alison.

"Well, I don't know, I mean... "

"Well, Pamela's already stroked me; so I guess it's only fair." He wasn't sure what sort of logic was involved in that statement; but the prospect of seeing Alison and Pamela getting into a clinch was too good to pass up. Alison was obviously still a little unsure; but the alcohol was loosening her up and the attention was quite flattering.

"Well, I suppose it would be ok."

She stood patiently while Pam approached her and gently cupped her knockers, lifting the huge mounds and weighing them.

"Wow, they are so heavy."

"Tell me about it."

"They're just made for motor boating!"

"Motor boating?" Alison looked confused.

"Don't tell me you've never been motor boated?!"

"No."

"Well allow me to be the first." Pam put her face between Alison's boobs and shook them "Muuummm umm umm umm umm umm!"

She withdrew her face and, smiling, looked at Alison as they all laughed. "That's motor boating!!"

"Oh I see! Goodness, well that's a first!" Alison laughed and the mood relaxed.

"Your nipples are so cute," remarked Pamela as she ran her fingertips over the nubs and felt them harden, "Mmmmmmm, I've just got to."

With that, Pamela moved closer and licked Alison's nipples, gently tickling them with her tongue, feeling them harden even more, before taking one of them in her mouth and sucking on it. Alison couldn't stifle a gasp as she felt the other girl's tender lips and tongue gently working on her nipple. She relaxed and

allowed Pamela to continue to gently squeeze and worship her tits, the gentle touch of another woman being so different, but very pleasurable.

"Do you mind if I join you?" asked Cynthia, moving in closer. "There's obviously more than enough to go 'round. Pamela surrendered one of Alison's breasts; and Cynthia cupped it in both hands and began sucking on the teat, while Pamela continued to work on its companion. Alison moaned in pleasure, the sensation of having two women sucking her tits simultaneously was a new one to her, and one she was very much enjoying.

Alison wasn't the only one enjoying it. Bobby wished he had a camera to record the image of two sexy young women feasting on his mother's bounteous boobs; but he had to make do with storing it in the mental photo album of his brain instead. All the same, he couldn't resist stroking his cock as he watched the three women caressing one another in a tableau, like some classical statue, except this was living flesh and not marble.

Alison was moaning out loud now as Pamela ran a hand down her belly and between her legs to rub her pussy. At first Alison grabbed Pam's arm to stop her; but she was too overwhelmed by the sensations coming from her breasts to put up much more than token resistance, and she allowed Pamela's hand to slowly slip lower, and slide into the hot wet valley between her legs.

Pamela delicately rubbed Alison's clit, feeling her respond. The relaxing effects of the alcohol and the waves of pleasure were

too much. Alison found herself surrendering to the ministrations of the two girls, thrusting her breasts out as she felt Pamela's fingers sliding inside her. She felt herself nearing the edge as mouths, hands and fingers worked her over.

"Ohhhh Godddddd!!!" Alison came on Pam's fingers, shuddering through a climax as Bobby watched on, idly stroking his giant cock at the sight. She finally came down from her high, and was embarrassed to have cum so hard in front of two strangers, plus her own son.

Cynthia looked 'round at Bobby, "Aw, Bobby, sorry you've been left out of the girls' fun."

Pamela reluctantly released Alison's breast and looked round at Bobby stroking his cock.

"Aw, poor Bobby, just stroking his big dick. I think it's time we let these two fuck, Cyn."

Bobby's cock lurched in his hand at the suggestion; and he had to stop stroking as the image entered his mind. Cynthia and Pamela were expecting him to fuck his mom in front of them.

Alison's eyes snapped open; and she suddenly felt an icy chill in her stomach.

"What did you say?"

"I said we should let you two fuck, seeing as Bobby is so horny." Pam looked puzzled at Alison's reaction.

"I didn't, I mean, I don't... I didn't say anything about agreeing to do that."

"You didn't have to. I mean, you're pussy's soaking wet; and Bobby is hard as a rock. What else were you going to do?"

"But I don't... I mean we... it's not something we do..."

"You don't fuck?!?!?"

"What, no, I mean of course, but, not in front of other people."

"What, you're suddenly shy?" laughed Cynthia.

"I didn't mean that, it's just, I'm not used to doing, things like that in front of others."

Pam and Cynthia exchanged puzzled glances.

"But Cyn told me you both sucked Bobby's cock in New York; and when we met you on the beach you were covered in Bobby's cum."

"Well that's... different."

"Different? How different? You get Bobby off in front of a bar full of people and walk about covered in his cum; but you don't want to fuck in front of two people?"

"It's just different," was all Alison could weakly respond with.

"I mean, it's up to you; but if I was straight and horny and my boyfriend had a giant hard-on, I'd be getting pounded silly right now, not talking. I mean, you do... fuck, right?"

"Of course!" Alison flushed.

"Alison, is there something going on with you and Bobby you want to tell us about?" enquired Cynthia.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, there's something about you two that's different. I mean, you don't seem like a normal couple somehow."

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know, like somehow you're almost not like a boyfriend and girlfriend, but like something else, like, I don't know, brother and sister."

"That's ridiculous! How can you say something like that?! Are you accusing us of incest?"

"Incest??? What the fuck?! No. I said 'like' brother and sister, like you're closer in some ways than most couples. Where did incest come from?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to overreact."

"Look, it's none of my business. I admit I was looking forward to seeing Bobby sink that thing into you; but if there's some reason you guys don't want to do it, then that's up to you."

"I didn't say we don't want to do it."

"Well Bobby certainly does, don't you?" Cynthia giggled looking at Bobby stroking his cock, which was drooling pre-cum in a long strand. "Poor guy looks like he's ready to explode. Right?"

Bobby simply nodded, his brain fried by what was going down.



"So I guess it's up to you." Cynthia turned back to Alison, who looked nervously from Pamela to Cynthia, and finally Bobby. Things were taking a very dangerous turn. Cynthia and Pamela were regarding her very suspiciously, clearly aware something was going on, and after her blurting out the incest word, they were even more suspicious. What excuse was she going to give for not having sex with Bobby? If she didn't, they were bound to get more suspicious; and if they worked out the truth, then what? They could expose her, get her fired, lose her the contracts, get Bobby kicked out of college...She looked at Bobby gazing back at her, his eyes filled with lust. She'd denied him the final goal she knew he wanted, and now his expression, and above all his hard cock, told her all she needed to know about Bobby's state of mind. What else was there to do? Offer herself to him, or risk exposure and ruin.

"I'm sorry, I was being silly, this is all a little new to me, I'm afraid."

She looked Bobby in the eye and gave a barely perceptible nod. And in response, Bobby's cock jerked so violently it would be visible from the International Space Station. Shit, his mom was giving him permission to... fuck her??

He approached her like a man in a dream, because he worried this really was a dream; and at any moment he would wake up. As he drew face to face with her, she leant forward and kissed him on the lips before whispering in his ear, "Just do what you have to Bobby; but whatever happens, don't cum inside me."

Don't cum inside her? Right now, he was so excited he was worried he would cum before he GOT inside her. He watched, dazed, as she lay back on a sun lounger and spread her legs for him. He stood dementedly, leering at her beautiful pussy completely exposed to him for the first time, the lips pink and puffy with arousal, the slit wet with her juices. He lowered himself down onto his knees and held his cock down so it was level with her opening. The opening where he had entered the world, he thought with a sick jolt. Fuck, was he really going to do this? He looked into her eyes as she once again signaled her agreement to him. His dick spasmed and lurched; and he didn't trust himself to move for a moment or two. Finally he edged forward, rubbing his cock against her pussy, letting the juices lubricate the head of his dick, before sliding it down and pushing forward against her opening.

The bloated head of his cock slowly slipped inside her; and he heard her inhale as she stretched to accommodate him, until finally the ridge of his glans slid in. He slowly edged his cock inside her, being mindful not to go too deep or too hard, partly to avoid hurting his mother, but also because he didn't want to risk losing it and blowing his wad. He sank deeper and deeper into her warm wet pussy, until he was about two thirds of the way inside. He paused to gather his self-control, and give her a chance to get used to him, before slowly sliding back out until just the head was inside, and then gently feeding his giant member back inside her.

He knew how good her pussy felt from having nearly cum just from being inside her; so he continued to gently and slowly fuck her, occasionally taking a short break when he could feel his cum boiling. His mom initially remained quiet, apart from

the occasional moan or gasp when he thrust into her, as she adjusted to his size.

"That's it Bobby, let her have the whole thing." He looked over, and Pam and Cynthia were sitting opposite on a chair, caressing each other while they watched. He looked up at his mother and she nodded at him. His cock spasmed inside her at the thought that she was wanting him to thrust his dick all the way inside her; although whether it was to put on a show for Pam and Cyn, to allay their suspicions, or because she wanted him all the way inside her, he wasn't sure. Either way, he was happy to comply, and slowly fed his cock deeper and deeper into her, until his balls were bumping against her ass. She gripped his arm as she felt him so deep inside her it hurt, then she felt his cock withdraw almost all the way out, before thrusting back into her.

God, this was her own son, fucking her, what had she done? She didn't have time to contemplate further, before she felt him withdraw and slam back into her, his heavy balls slapping against her ass. Oh God what was she doing? She gripped his arm harder, her loins on fire as his huge cock plowed into her again and again. Try as she might, she couldn't deny the waves of pleasure that spread from her pussy and threatened to engulf her, as she felt him push deep inside once more. She rode the waves of pleasure as he continued to pound his giant dick into her, and could fight no more against the orgasm that tore through her. She gripped his arm and threw back her head.

"Ohhhh Godddddd, Bobbbbyyyyyyyyyyy!"

He could feel her pussy spasming 'round his cock as he slammed into her. Looking down, her face was contorted in ecstasy, as her giant tits flew about with the force of their fucking. His heavy balls slammed against her ass as he continued to bury every inch of his cock into her. He felt like he could conquer the world right now. He felt like a superhero, "Bobby Stevens Captain Motherfucker!," he thought dementedly. As her orgasm subsided, Bobby felt his cum rising and remembered his mother's request. He desperately wanted to pump his cum deep inside her; but at the last moment exercised every ounce of self-restraint he had, and pulled out of her just as the first blast erupted from his cock hitting her full in the face. The next splashed across her tits and into her hair, the next across her belly and into her mouth, the remainder on her tits and stomach. They remained frozen like that, Bobby's spasming cock dribbling a strand of cum that hung down towards her pussy.

Pam and Cynthia broke the silence with a round of applause and cheering.

"Holy shit, that was hot! I didn't believe you were going to take the whole thing!" remarked Pamela.

"I'd forgotten how much you cum, you've soaked her!" laughed Cynthia. "Actually his cum tastes pretty good, want to try some?"

"Sure."

Bobby watched as Pamela and Cynthia knelt either side of Alison and licked his cum off her tits. If he could have been more turned on, he would have been by the sight of the two beautiful women licking his thick creamy sperm off his even more beautiful mother's tits. Both girls had mouthfuls of his thick cream and faced each other smiling.

"Id adually oes aste ood!" giggled Pam, trying not to spill any.

"I old ooo!" replied Cynthia, leaning across Alison to give Pam a spermy kiss before both girls swallowed Bobby's cum. He looked down past his twitching cock and the two girls to his mother, still recovering from her orgasm, and caught her eye. She looked back at him in a way that told him somehow things would never be quite the same again.

## Chapter 18

Bobby awoke before Alison the following morning. The night before had obviously taken its toll; and she was still sound asleep. Bobby didn't need to look down at the huge tent in the sheets to know he was hard as a rock. Just thinking about the previous day's events was enough to make his cock twitch. Three times he'd plunged his cock into his mother; and twice he'd felt her pussy convulsing on his cock as she came. There was no way she could deny her pleasure. As much as she might say it was a boundary that could never be crossed, they had done the deed.

He pulled the sheets back so he could admire his hard on, the head of his cock purple and shiny with his arousal, as he remembered what it had felt like, plunging his whole length into her last night, and feeling his balls slapping against her butt. As he pulled the covers down, he exposed his mother's naked body; and he felt her stir as the cool morning air made goose bumps appear on her perfect skin. She slept with her back to him; and as she rolled over, he was treated to the view of one mountainous breast, the nipple hard and puckered in the fresh air.

His cock throbbed at the sight. Fuck, he could jerk off now just from looking at her; but he sensed that patience would pay off today. He ran his fingers over the smooth skin of her shoulder and down onto the soft pillowy breast, admiring the coolness of her heavy orb, before lightly teasing the hard, rubbery nipple, feeling it stiffen even more. She murmured in her sleep as he toyed with her nipple, before using his hands to encircle the breast and hold it like a giant blancmange with a cherry on top, a cherry he leaned forward over and began to hungrily feast on.

He licked and then began to gently suck on the teat, flicking it with his tongue as he gently bit it.

"Mmmmmmmhhh, oohhh, wha... oh Bobby.... what are you doing?"

"Mmmmmmm!" he released her breast with an audible pop. "Sorry mom, I couldn't resist, you're just good enough to eat."

"Oh Bobby, what did we do last night?"

"Um, you don't remember?"

"Of course I do, I just... I mean, Oh Bobby when is this going to end?"

"Well you said when we get home, and we still have another week here."

"Bobby, I'm just frightened where all this is going."

"Mom, where it's going is you and me having a wonderful holiday together and enjoying each other. You are enjoying it, right?"

"That's not the point. Of course I do, I just don't know... oh God, sometimes I wonder what I've done."

"Mom, what you've done is be the best mother in the world to me; and I love you more than ever. Now why don't you stop worrying and relax. We came here to enjoy each other and have a good time, right?"

"I suppose..." she managed a wane smile.

"And right now I'm hungry and want some breakfast."

"Oh I see. Do you want to phone down for room service?" she asked, looking a little puzzled.

"The sort of breakfast I want isn't on the menu, Mom." He gave her a wolfish grin before leaning over her and squeezing her breasts together, gripping them harder now that she was awake.

"Oh Bobby!"

He held the two magnificent breasts together, admiring them for a moment before burying his face in them and feasting on them, sucking the nipples and as much of each breast as he could into his mouth, moving from one delicious creamy mound to the other. He didn't bother trying to be gentle. He knew she liked it better this way.

"Oh, Bobby," She moaned, gripping his hair. At first he thought she was trying to pull him away; but then he realised she was pulling him to her breasts, encouraging him to feed on her bounteous charms. He continued to gorge himself on her magnificent tits for what seemed like hours. No matter how many times he saw and touched them, he couldn't get over how beautiful his mother's breasts were, and how good they felt.



She was moaning and pulling him to her as she allowed him to have his fill, clearly enjoying his touch as much as he loved to touch her, when he was struck by another idea. At the moment it seemed new possibilities were opening up with each new day; and he sensed this morning he could sate his appetite on more than just his mom's boobs. He continued to squeeze her breasts, but released the nipples and kissed his way down her chest towards her flat belly. She was so lost in the pleasure of his caresses, it took her a few moments to realise where he was heading.

"Bobby, what are you doing?"

"Relax mom, we're here to enjoy each other, remember?"

"Bobby, no, not there."

He gently, but firmly pulled her knees apart to expose her holy of holies.

"Mom, just relax. Besides, I'm still hungry."

"Oh Bobby, no, please."

"Relax, Mom."

He tenderly kissed along the silky skin of her thighs, as she gradually relaxed and reduced the pressure of trying to close her legs, slowly allowing them to part and letting him gaze once again on her beautiful pink flower. He kissed around her inner thighs, slowly moving closer to his goal, gently licking her outer lips, inhaling the musky aroma and letting her feel his breath on her moist quivering quimm, teasing her for a change. Her arousal was obvious. She couldn't hide her excitement; and as he gently began teasing her pussy with his tongue, he savoured her tangy flavour, before licking up her slit and finding her clitoris, the small nub projecting from its hood.

"Oh Goddd!!!" Alison moaned, her thighs clamping on his face and her hands gripping his hair. At first he thought she was trying to pull him away; but again her lust had overcome her. She was pulling him to her, letting, almost demanding, he gorge himself on her most sacred of places, the very place he had come into existence.

He could barely breath, she was gripping him to her so closely. He felt like he was drowning in her pussy as she convulsed and moaned under his attentions. As he continued to lick and suck her pussy, she could feel the waves of pleasure flowing over her, taking her closer and closer to her orgasm. She surrendered herself to the pleasure and let her orgasm flood through her. Bobby continued to lick and kiss her pussy as the climax subsided, allowing her a few moments to recover before he renewed his assault on her sweet pussy. He feasted on her like a starving man, plunging his tongue as deep in her as he could before sucking and licking her clit. Before long, she could feel another orgasm building, more powerful than

the first, and couldn't help herself from crying out as she felt it flood through her; but still Bobby wasn't satisfied. Now that he had had a taste of her sweet flower, he couldn't get enough, and began to slurp and gorge on her once again. Alison was now helpless against his caresses and the pleasure that coursed through her. She felt like she was drowning in pleasure. As the third orgasm tore through her she thought she would pass out; and as she came down from it had to push Bobby away.

"Oh Bobby... stop, I can't take any more. Let me catch my breath."

He reluctantly released her, his face wet with her juices. As he climbed up to lie next to her, his cock purple with arousal and throbbing so hard it felt like it was going to explode, he waited for her to recover and turn to him.

"You certainly are a dark horse, young man."

"Dark horse?"

"I mean you have hidden talents. That and, well, you have attributes that look like they belong on a horse!" She smiled and ran her hand down over his cock which bucked and lurched under her touch, hardening even more.

"Care to go for a gallop m'lady?" Bobby quipped in a phoney British accent.

"That's not funny!" she said, releasing his cock and gently hitting him on the shoulder.

"Ow! Don't beat your servants. I'm only here to tell you your steed awaits!" He waved his hard-on at her.

"Bobby!! Stop it!"

"C'mon, Mom. I mean, after last night, we've already done it, remember?"

"That's not the point. Last night was... well, we didn't have much choice with those two girls there, but now...."

He remained silent, but just grinned as he and his dick stared expectantly at her, all 3 eyes watching her reaction as she wrestled with her conscience.

"I mean, I don't know, I..." she eyed his giant hard cock which stared back at her with its one eye, torn by the dilemma. She should go to hell for what she was thinking; but she still wanted it so badly, to feel so full and satisfied by her young man again.

"I suppose after yesterday worrying about it now is shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted," she mused out loud.

"This horse hasn't bolted yet!" Bobby tensed his muscles and made his cock wave at her.

"For goodness sake, aren't you ever serious?"

"I'm 100% serious!" he said allowing his arousal to speak for him.

She silently regarded his hard on, throbbing with his heart beat. She didn't recall ever seeing him so hard and reached out to hold his cock again, stroking the silky smooth skin. His cock was like granite with the strength of his arousal, arousal that she knew was for her; and she knew she wanted him just as badly. If only for this week, she couldn't deny them both.

"Oh Bobby, what am I doing?" she continued stroking his cock as she sat up, kneeling on the bed next to him. He knew what he wanted her to do, sit on his cock and fuck his brains out. His dick lurched at the prospect. His mouth was dry with anticipation as she continued to run her fingers up and down his phallus, looking at the shiny purple head oozing with pre cum.

"Oh God, I can't believe I'm going to do this."

He resisted the urge to shout "Woo Hoo!" as she straddled him and lifted herself as high as she could so she could reach

under and guide him into her. He lay back watching this magnificent, beautiful woman as she slowly guided his cock into her, feeling her slender fingers moving his iron hard column so she could begin lowering herself on it.

With all the foreplay she was able to take him more easily than before. It also struck her she was beginning to adjust to his size; and she felt a guilty pang that her son's cock should be so familiar to her.

As she slowly sank lower on him, she paused to give herself a chance to become accustomed to his girth, before gently bobbing up and down on it, feeling him pushing deeper with each movement, penetrating areas of her body that no other man had reached.

"Oh God Bobby, it's so big!"

He didn't reply, just lay back watching her as she gently rode him, her breasts looking mountainous as they jutted out above him, her eyes closed as she focused on the feelings emanating from the giant cock she was riding. Fortunately his morning erections were numb so he was able to relax, knowing he would be able to hold off from cumming for a long while, despite his arousal.

He let her adjust to him for a few minutes; and then, as she felt more comfortable, he felt her begin to lower herself further down his pole. Her movements were becoming faster now, more urgent as she felt his cock deeper inside her, her pussy

so wonderfully tight around his engorged cock as she slid up and down on him. He let her control the pace, allowing her to take as much of his cock as she wanted, for now.

"Ohhh Bobby..... oh God."

She quickened her pace; and he could tell she was nearing orgasm. He began gently thrusting back at her, driving himself deeper into her now that she was reaching her climax. Finally she crested the peak and sank down on him, taking him all the way inside as her pussy spasmed around his cock. God, she was cumming on his cock again. She shuddered as her orgasm tore through her, her face contorted with passion for what seemed like an age, before the waves of pleasure began to abate.

As she came down from her climax, she looked at him with dazed eyes. "Oh Bobby, I love you."

"I love you too, Mom." He gave her a few more moments to catch her breath before asking.

"So that was a canter, how about a gallop?"

"Gallop? What do you mean?"

"I mean your faithful steed awaits, and now he wants some exercise."

"Bobby Stevens! How can you talk to your mother like that?"

Very easily when she's sitting on my cock.

"Giddy up m'lady!" He thrust his hips up at her causing her to rock forwards on him.

"Oh, Bobby!"

Despite herself, she couldn't help responding, and found herself moving in sync with his thrusts, raising and lowering herself on his cock, their movements steadily becoming more and more urgent. As she felt her arousal again increasing, she began slamming herself down on him, her big tits slapping on her chest as they flew up and down with her movements. Having buried his cock in her 3 times before and struggled not to cum each time, he was impressing himself with his staying power this time, fucking her back as hard as she was fucking him.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God.....ohhhhh Bobbyyyyyyy." She wailed as she slammed herself up and down on his cock, her tits slapping with the force of their fucking. He reached up to grab her tits and squeeze them the way she liked.

"Ohhhhh, harder!"



He obliged her by sinking his fingers into her huge mounds, squeezing the huge tits as hard as he dared.

"Ohhhhhh.... harder.... slap them!"

"Slap them?"

"Yessss slap them!"

He slapped one of her tits watching the huge breast bounce.

"Harder!"

He slapped the other, his hand making a loud clap as it impacted with the huge mound of breast.

"Harder!!!"

She was slamming up and down on him now, her tits flailing about on her chest presenting him with moving targets; but he did his best to oblige and slapped her right breast as hard as he dared, the huge mound flying up on her chest and a red hand mark appearing

"Oh God oh God oh God!!!"

He slapped her other tit, sending it flying, and then the right, hitting the huge boobs as hard as he could.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!" She thrust her head back as another orgasm ripped through her. She'd lost count of how many times she'd cum this morning; but each orgasm was even more intense than the one before. She thought she would die if they kept this up, but still she didn't want to stop.

After an age she came down from her orgasm. She looked down at her beautiful boy, like his father but even more handsome, his huge hard cock still buried inside her, deeper than she would have believed possible.

"Oh Bobby. You haven't, I mean you remember what I said about birth control?"

He shook his head. He'd not cum but he knew he wasn't too far off, his balls were starting to ache and he didn't need to see his cock to know it would be drooling precum inside her.

"Oh Bobby. I don't think I've ever had so many... I mean, oh I don't know."

He noticed her blushing, like a shy little teenager embarrassed at her own arousal.

"Ready to go again?"

"Again?? Bobby, don't you ever stop?"

"I told you I was hungry."

"Are you sure you can do it without... I mean you won't... ejaculate?"

Using such a clinical word seemed odd after what they had done, but somehow seemed exciting too. His cock twitched inside her.

"I think I can go another round."

"Are you sure?"

"Don't worry I'll tell you if I'm getting ready to blow!"

"Oh God...what am I doing?"

She moaned as she began sliding up and down his giant cock once more. She gripped the headboard of the bed to support herself as she began long slow movements up and down his erection. Her new position caused her tits to hang down in Bobby's face, the giant orbs swinging around and bumping into one another as she built her pace. She was greedily taking all of him inside her now, feeling him so deep his cock head

must be battering against her cervix. She was so far gone, though, that she didn't care. The pain and the pleasure were merging into one tidal wave of ecstasy that she couldn't stop if she wanted to.

She was moaning and crying out now as she rode him towards yet another orgasm, delighting in the feel of his iron hard battering ram pounding her insides again and again. As her riding his cock became more and more frantic, Bobby's entire vision was filled with the sight of his mom's huge tits swinging crazily, slapping against one another and her rib cage as they flew about with the force of their fucking. He could feel his own orgasm beginning to build now, as she fucked with a frenzy he hadn't believed she was capable of. He fought to hold it back.

He had never seen her like this, so unrestrained and passionate, crying out now with pleasure. The fact that his dick was responsive and had given his mom so many orgasms made his hard-on throb with pride. She leaned forward further, shifting the angle of his cock so her clit ground against it and she could take him even deeper, battering her womb even more. Her tits were swinging in circles above his face, slapping each other as she rode him.

Fuck! This was about the hottest experience he'd ever had in his life, and his mom had treated him to quite a few experiences over the last few weeks.

He didn't think he'd ever had a girl who took as much of his cock as his mom was doing right now. She was so tight, and he was so deep inside her, it had to be painful; but she didn't

seem to care, she just wanted it all. He continued to let her ride his giant cock, now having to use all his self-restraint to hold himself back. He wanted to let her have one more orgasm before he finally let himself go; but he was fighting a losing battle. His cock head had to be battering her womb he was so deep, the womb he had been conceived in, he thought dementedly. The un-protected womb he had promised not to fill with his baby making cum, oh shit, think of something else.... dead dogs, funerals, anything.....

"Oh God Bobby, oh God, it's so deep ohh God your so big.... so hard.... ohhhh God I'm cuuummming!"

He'd never heard her being so vocal before; and as she continued to pound him, her big tits slapping and swinging about wildly in his face, he fought back against his mounting pleasure, as he could feel his cum beginning to boil as his balls tightened and his cock swelled.

"Oh God Mom, I'm almost there, I don't think I can hold it much longer..."

But Alison either wasn't listening or didn't care, her orgasm was like a tsunami as it swept through her. She dimly registered Bobby's words but all she could focus on was the huge cock that was buried inside her, that felt like it was a part of her, maybe because it was. She was cumming so hard on his huge dick that she couldn't think of anything else. Bobby felt his mom's pussy spasming on his cock as her whole body went tense, her big tits in his face, the nipples like bullets. As her pussy convulsed on his cock it was like being

milked by a warm, wet, velvety glove. He exercised every ounce of self-restraint to try to hold back his load but it was past the point of no return. He didn't think he could stop himself cumming if he put his cock in a vice right now.

"Mom I can't... oh God..... I'm cumming." With her on top of him there was no way he could pull out even if he'd had the will power; and as hard as he fought not to, he could feel his cock pump out the first geyser of cum deep inside his mother, followed by another and another. He knew this was a monster load and it felt like it would never stop. He guessed he had already pumped so much sperm into his mom that it seemed pointless to fight it any longer so he surrendered to his orgasm, thrusting into her and allowing his load to pump deep inside her.

Alison was still shuddering from her own climax as Bobby's orgasm subsided and she began to come to her senses.

"Oh Bobby.... what.... did you? Oh no you didn't...."

"I'm sorry mom, I tried to tell you."

She climbed off him as quickly as she could as the reality of what had happened sunk in. His cock was still hard and glistening with her juices and his cum; and as she lifted herself free, a rivulet of thick white sperm dribbled from her moist pussy opening.

"Oh Bobby, what have you done?"

"I'm sorry, I tried to hold back but I...."

Cum was now running down her inner thigh in a small stream.

"Oh Bobby, how much did you.... it's pouring out of me."

"I'm sorry, I guess it was a big load... I tried to tell you..."

"Oh Bobby..... what have you done!!??"

Alison ran to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her, leaving Bobby with a cock that was still hard, despite having just had the fuck of his life .

He tried to take it all in, now that his orgasm had subsided. His mother had just given him the best fuck he could ever have imagined; but his pleasure was jaded by his shame at betraying his mother's trust with his lack of control. And finally, with a sick jolt he registered the fact that he might have just become a father.

## Chapter 19

Alison locked the bathroom door behind her as reality crashed in on her world. Cum was running down her leg, her son's cum she reminded herself, her son's young, potent cum that was running from her unprotected womb.

She sat on the toilet and buried her face in her hands. God, what had she been thinking? It was bad enough she'd let Bobby have sex with her yesterday. There was not much she could do to avoid that, with Cynthia and Pamela asking questions; but today, there was no excuse. And now, for all she knew, she could be carrying her son's child; because she couldn't restrain herself from jumping him like some cheap whore.

She pushed down with her pelvic floor, trying to force his sperm from her vagina, in a desperate bid to undo the damage. She could feel it running out of her still. No matter how much poured out, there seemed to be more.

"Mom, are you okay?" Bobby's voice on the other side of the door pulled her out of her reverie.

"Yes." she sniffed, "I'm just...I need a moment, that's all..."

What was she going to do? What if she was pregnant? Then she was struck by an idea: maybe they had a pharmacy?! She could get a morning-after pill. She went to stand; but Bobby's



sperm was still running from her opening. God, how much did he... but she answered her own question, remembering all the times she'd nearly choked on the seemingly endless streams of cum he'd pumped into her mouth, when she'd given him oral sex.

"Bobby, can you hear me?"

"Yes Mom, what is it?"

"Can you go downstairs, and see if there's a pharmacy in the shopping mall that sells morning-after pills?"

"Um, okay."

Bobby was still hard from the memories of his mother riding his cock to orgasm after orgasm, her big tits swinging in his face; and had hoped he might get a little more action once she'd calmed down. But right now clearly wasn't the time. He thought about getting dressed, but figured why bother? As he strode down the corridor, his cock swinging about, he looked forward to parading around for awhile. All his adolescent life, he'd had to worry about trying to hide his oversized erections, wearing baggy shorts and keeping his hands in his pockets. At last, he could just wander about, letting it swing free, and getting admiring looks from most of the girls he saw.

He wandered through the lobby and into the shopping area with a swagger. He knew he'd inherited his dad's good looks

and physique. His athletic prowess kept him in good shape; and it seemed he'd inherited his dad's big dick too. So why not flaunt what you've got? He was disappointed there weren't more people about. He saw a couple of the hotel employees from the clothed section, who gave him smiles while checking him out; but as he reached the shopping area, he noticed the shops were mostly closed and realised it was Sunday.

"Oh crap, does everything shut down here on a Sunday?" he wondered to himself, as he walked through the centre. When he reached the pharmacy, his question was answered, as he saw the lights were off; and a big CLOSED sign hung in the door.

Shit! He wandered up to the door in the hope there might be someone in the shop that could help; but it was empty. Then he noticed a sign.

IN THE EVENT OF EMERGENCIES

PLEASE VISIT THE CLINIC

ON THE SECONDARY CONCOURSE

He wasn't sure what passed for an emergency here; but he guessed knocking up your mom wasn't on the list. Still, it was worth a try; and in the absence of anywhere else that was open, he figured he had nothing to lose. He found the clinic fairly easily, and wandered in to the small waiting room. It

seemed surreal: to be in such a normal looking environment with no clothes on and a semi-hard cock. He was the only one there, so he pushed the desk buzzer; and a few moments later, a pretty nurse walked through from the other room.

She had dark hair that was tied up, and a pair of black framed glasses which gave her a sexy secretarial look. She had a Mediterranean complexion; and her white uniform contrasted with her olive coloured skin. Bobby could see that even under her uniform she had a curvy figure, with what promised to be an impressive pair of boobs.

"Hi there... oh, so you finally made it. I was beginning to think I'd never see you!"

"Excuse me?"

"We met last week... Raquel, remember?" She lowered her glasses so he could see her face more clearly; and he remembered the sexy Hispanic girl he'd met on the first day.

"That's right. I remember you said you were the nurse here." As he cast his mind back, he remembered what a killer body she had, and in particular her tits. He also remembered her and her girlfriend admiring his cock and playing with him; and he felt himself hardening and reaching full arousal again, as he recalled the feeling of the two girls touching his cock and balls and commenting on his size.

"And here I am. Looks like you are glad to see me after all," she commented with a wry smile, as she regarded his cock reaching full erection and bobbing with his pulse. "Why don't you come through?"

She turned and led the way to the office, allowing Bobby to admire her ass as it swayed in her tight uniform. She sat at the desk and turned to him, a faint smile playing over her lips, as he sat opposite, acutely aware of his hard-on standing up against his stomach.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Um, well, I, that is, we, had a... erm... accident this morning."

"We?"

"Um, me and my...partner."

Her smile was replaced by a slight frown of concern.

"What sort of accident? Was anyone hurt?"<sup>[SEP]</sup>

"No, nothing like that. She's fine. We both are. We were, um... having...err, sex... and err.."

Shit, this was hard work! Jeez-us, telling some girl about what he'd been doing with his mom just before seemed easier when he'd been walking down here. He looked at Raquel, who was regarding him impassively, waiting for him to get to the point.

"Well, she...that is, I...well...neither of us are on...um, birth control...and I didn't...that is, I was supposed to...you know, finish...outside... but I didn't."

"You mean you ejaculated inside your partner?"

"Uh...yea."

"And she's not on birth control?"

"Yeah, I mean no."

"So you're worried she might become pregnant?"

"Yes!"

Chuckling, "Didn't either of you think to bring anything with you?"

"Um, well, no..."

"I mean, most people come down here with one thing on their minds, and it's not sight- seeing."

"Uh, well...it's our first time...um, here I mean, and I guess we just forgot." He shrugged, knowing it was a lame excuse, but unable to think of anything better. He was finding himself more interested in Raquel. Something about sitting naked with a fully dressed nurse, while his hard dick bobbed about seemed so wrong, but so hot.

"Hmmm. Well, you need to go to the pharmacy for that; but they don't open 'till tomorrow morning." She paused, regarding him as she thought, letting her eyes drift down to his hard-on that was fully erect again.

"I do have some in my bag. I suppose I could let you have a couple 'till tomorrow. I shouldn't do it; but I guess you don't have many other options."

"That'd be so cool!"

"Hmm, OK. Well don't tell anyone I let you have them. Otherwise it'll be me, not your partner, that gets in trouble."

"Sure."

She bent over to look in her bag; and he admired her shapely ass and curvy legs. The white stockings and the tightness of

the outfit were definitely not what he was used to seeing nurses dressed in; but he guessed the uniform code here was rather more relaxed.

She handed him a card with a couple of pills in it.

"These are all I have with me. You can get some more tomorrow at the pharmacy."

"Thanks."

There was a silence for a couple of moments while she regarded him.

"So is there anything else I can help you with?" purposefully lowering her gaze to his dick. She was standing closer; and he could see her uniform was unbuttoned at the top, allowing him a look at her cleavage. Her boobs seemed to be bulging out of her bra. His cock jumped at the sight, remembering how they'd looked when he'd seen her naked, wondering what it would feel like to have his cock between them. His cock jumped again.

"Considering you said you just ejaculated inside your partner, you seem awfully excited."

"Um... well, I, err, usually stay hard afterwards."

"You do? So you can go straight-away?"

It was now as if she was talking to his cock. She focused her gaze on it; and he felt his dick swell further and throb.

"Uh, yeah."

"So how many times can you..."

"Uh, usually it takes 3 or 4 times before I go soft."

"3 or 4?! Wow! I might have to put THAT to the test. That is, when you get around to being tested."

She looked him in the eye. Fuck, she was hot! He felt guilty about flirting with her like this; but then he figured he'd gotten the medicine his mom wanted, and it would be rude to just leave.

"Would you like to be tested?" she asked with a very suggestive smile, not making it clear if it was the blood test or his cock she was planning on testing, or both.

"Um, that depends where you want to stick the needle."



She smiled, "Don't worry. It goes in your arm. That is, if there's any blood left in the rest of your body." She grinned, looking at his cock.

"Okay."

She got the needle and drew a small sample, putting it onto a plastic testing device and waiting for a few moments. Bobby felt strangely nervous, although he knew he was always careful. All the same, he felt a sense of relief when Raquel smiled at him.

"Negative. Congratulations, here's your wristband."

She handed him the band; but instead of giving it to him to hold, she dropped it onto his cock, where it hung round the base.

"Oops. I seem to have dropped it."

She reached down and ran her fingertips over his hard-on, delicately caressing the swollen meat, before retrieving his band and giving it to him.

"So...is there anything else I can help you with."

She was leaning over him now, her boobs spilling out of her top. Her face was inches away, and he leant up and kissed her plump lips, feeling her tongue slide into his mouth as her lips opened. As they kissed, he reached up and squeezed her boobs through her uniform. While not as big as his mom's, they overflowed his hands.

She pushed him away gently before saying "Let me just put the sign up. I'm due for a lunch break now anyway."

She went out to the front office and put out a "CLOSED FOR LUNCH" sign on the counter, before returning to Bobby.

"Now, where were we?"

Bobby answered her question by pulling the top of her uniform open, exposing her big tits that jiggled in her lacy bra, then pulling them out of their cups so he could squeeze them together. They were even bigger than he remembered, each one spilling out of his hands. The nipples were dark brown and longer than his mother's. He took them in his mouth, sucking and squeezing her nipples hungrily.

"Oooh, wow Bobby. I guess you like big tits then?"

His only answer was "MMMMmmmmmmfffff!" as he continued to feast on them.

She reached down to stroke his cock, while allowing him to gorge himself on her tits for a few more minutes, before gently pushing him away. "

I've only got 20 minutes for lunch; and I think it's time you gave me something to eat."

She knelt in front of him, continuing to stroke his rock-hard erection.

"Looks like I've got a big lunch today!" she giggled, before leaning forward to lick round his cock head while looking up at him. She still had her glasses on; and the combination of her prim glasses, her boobs hanging out of her uniform, and her tongue snaking around his cock-head looked amazing.

She continued to lick around the head and shaft for a few moments, before opening her lips and taking his cock-head into her warm, wet mouth. She let out an audible "Mmmmmmmmm!" as she engulfed his cock, taking several inches of the shaft, until he could feel himself against her throat, before she slid her lips up his cock again. She continued hungrily slurping on his dick for a few minutes, until she removed it from her mouth and continued to jerk him off, while lifting his cock out of the way so she could lick and suck his heavy balls.

She was definitely a real artist when it came to cock sucking. Not the delicate subtle teasing he was used to from Alison, this girl sucked cock like her life depended on it. She had his dick

back in her mouth again and was hungrily devouring it, letting the head push her cheek out while looking up at him. She went back to sucking on it before releasing it with a wet 'Pop!' and admiring it.

"God, I love this cock! If I had longer I'd love to fuck you."

"Well you could fuck it with those big tits of yours."

She giggled and sat back, cupping her boobs, juggling the big jellies with her hands and smiling up at him.

"Come and get them!"

He pushed his cock down and slipped it between the wobbly jugs, feeling her warm soft tits envelop him. He was used to the almost bottomless canyon his mother's tits offered him; and it felt odd to have several inches of his cock emerge from between her tits with every thrust. But as she met his thrusts with massages from her tits, he could feel his cum begin to rise.

Her pretty face, with her glasses and nurse's hat, and his big cock thrusting out from between her big jugs, was an image he wouldn't forget in a while.

"Fuck, that feels good!"

"Not too good I hope, I want to suck this big cock some more."

"OK, I'm getting close though."

"Mmmmm, good, I'm looking forward to a big mouthful of cum!"

She gave him a smile as he continued to slide his cock between her soft wobbly tits, before releasing it so she could lick the tip, before drawing him deep in her mouth. He felt her throat around his cock head before he felt himself going even deeper. He looked down in disbelief as she took almost his whole cock down her throat.

"Fuck! No one's managed that much before!"

She withdrew her mouth from his dick so she could answer.

"I've never sucked one this big before." She caught sight of the clock on the wall. "Shit, we'd better hurry. I've got some patients booked soon. She jerked his cock as she said it, her boobs wobbling and his balls bouncing with her strokes; and he knew he wasn't far off.

"Almost there."

She resumed sucking his cock, slurping on him and playing with his balls. He could feel his cum rising, and groaned as he felt his dick convulse, spurting the first load of cum into her mouth. She took the first couple of loads without a problem; but as he continued spewing cum into her mouth, found herself struggling to contain it. She could feel the cum backing up in her mouth, and gulped it down as some escaped and dribbled down her chin. Eventually his pumping subsided; and she withdrew her mouth to swallow his load.

"Shit, if that's what your second load is like, I dread to think how much you shot into your girlfriend."

"Um, you missed a little."

She looked down at the cum that was dribbling onto her boobs from her chin; and hastily grabbed a paper towel to clean herself off, before pushing her boobs back into her bra and buttoning up her uniform. The sight of her trying to resume a professional demeanour in her nurse's uniform, after just swallowing his cum, was so hot he found his erection was still stubbornly persisting.

"Looks like you weren't exaggerating!" she said regarding his hard cock. "You'd better take that back to your girlfriend to help you with. Don't forget your medication. Here, clean yourself up first, though!" She smiled as she handed him a towel to clean his cock off, before opening the door for him.

He made his way out of the clinic and noticed the time as he left. Shit, his mom would be wondering where he'd gotten to. He felt guilty he'd left her on her own, worrying, while he'd been getting his rocks off. Still, he reflected, he'd got the medication for her; and if having his cock sucked by a sexy nurse was the price he had to pay, then he guessed he had to live with that.

His cock stayed semi-hard at the memory of Raquel's hungry blowjob. His mom's, by contrast, were subtle and teasing; and she never took anywhere near his whole cock. But she knew him so well; she could play his dick like a concert pianist, keeping him on the brink for hours if she wanted. He wondered if one of her epic blowjobs might be in the cards later on, and felt his cock harden at the prospect. Lately, his staying power was impressing even him. He'd always been horny; and had often beaten off in the morning and 2 or 3 times in the evening. But lately his libido was through the roof; and he felt like he could go all day and still be ready for more.

He arrived back at the hotel room and found his mom wearing a robe, nervously pacing the balcony.

"Hey Mom... erm sorry, Alison!!"

She looked round at the sound of his voice and ran towards him. He couldn't help but notice her huge boobs wobbling and bouncing under her robe, noticing they were so much bigger than Raquel's.

"What took you so long? I was getting worried."

"Sorry, the pharmacy was closed. So I had to go to the nurse at the clinic; and she was, err, a little busy." He mentally crossed his fingers at the omission of how he'd got the medication, but figured his mom would not appreciate that at the moment.

"Here, I got you a couple of tablets. You can get more at the pharmacy tomorrow."

"I won't be needing more! This was a mistake that should never have happened!"

She took the pills and headed to the bathroom to get a glass of water. Bobby watched her, sighing to himself, "God, not another guilt trip."

This was starting to get old. They'd fucked and sucked each other so many times now, how could she still have a hang-up about it? He knew better than to push things right now; so he called down and ordered them a champagne breakfast. It was getting so that having wine in the morning seemed the normal thing, he reflected. But still, this was their holiday and they were in the honeymoon suite.

He heard the shower running and considered joining his mom for some action; but she didn't seem too receptive. So he decided to leave her some space, and sat on the balcony



enjoying the morning sun. His hard-on had subsided a little; and he noticed some lipstick traces around the head. He recalled guiltily they were Raquel's and wiped them off, remembering the feeling of her lips 'round his cock, and the sight of his cum dribbling down her chin onto her tits. His cock grew hard as he recalled the sensation; and he continued stroking it as he remembered his mom fucking him, cumming again and again on his cock as her big tits slapped together, bouncing in his face. Now that she was on the pill, there would be no reason he couldn't shoot his load inside her, unless she decided she had some kind of objection to it.

He could go all day just cumming inside her again and again and again. He'd worn a couple of his old girlfriends out this way in the past. He even remembered one of them freaking out when her pussy started foaming with all the cum he'd shot in her that was getting churned up.

"Enjoying yourself young man?"

His mom's voice snapped him out of his reverie; and he realised he'd been absent-mindedly stroking his cock on the balcony as his mom had walked out to join him. She was drying her hair; and he was disappointed to see she'd replaced her robe, although it wasn't fully done up. He could see her pale belly and the side of her boob where it hung open.

"Um, sorry mom, I was just relaxing in the sun."

"Hmmm, is that what you call it?" she smiled, obviously relaxed now.

"I ordered breakfast. I hope you're hungry."

"Oh Bobby, that's very thoughtful! Thank you."

She continued drying her hair, looking out at the view of the beach. Bobby watched her boobs jiggling and swaying in her robe with the movements, her robe pulling up and revealing her sexy legs and her butt cheeks as she raised her arms to dry her hair. God, did she not realise how hot she was? She could give a corpse a hard-on at 100 paces; and she was just drying her hair and looking at the view. His dick gave her an appreciative salute as he heard a knock at the door.

He got up and walked back into the room, his prick now at full mast. Opening the door, he smiled at a pretty waitress with blonde hair, who was wearing nothing apart from a small apron with a pocket in the front.

"Room service."

"Sure, come in."

Bobby held the door open so she could push the trolley through; and as she walked past, her bare arm brushed against his erection.

"Oops, sorry!"

"Not a problem," he smiled. She could brush against it all she liked, accidentally or on purpose. Either way, she was a little hottie. She reminded him of a young Britt Ekland with blonde hair, perky boobs and a definite Scandinavian look to her.

"Where would you like it?"

"You bent over the trolley and me fucking you from behind," he thought. If his mom hadn't been there, he might even have suggested it.

"On the balcony is fine, thanks."

The girl turned to push the trolley; but not before he saw her eyes drift down to his cock, and then back to his face, with a smile that told him she definitely liked what she saw. He grinned and followed her out to the balcony, his dick so hard now, it ached. She arranged the plates and cutlery before taking out an electronic pad from her apron. Bobby stood watching her with his hands on his hips, exhibiting his fully hard cock for her. She paused with the electronic pad in her hand, biting her lip while she looked at his cock. His mom had stopped watching the view, and was instead viewing the exchange between Bobby and the girl, while continuing to dry her hair. After a moment or two, the waitress became aware of her gaze, and handed the pad to Bobby.

"Here, can you sign for this please?"

"Sure!" Bobby thought about quipping if she'd like it signed with his dick, but figured this wasn't the time, so instead just used the plastic pen and wrote in a generous tip.

"Gee, thanks! Enjoy your meal!"

She hurried off, her naked ass wiggling as she went.

"Um, I hope you approve, Alison." Bobby poured them a glass of champagne each, before handing one over. "Here's to us!"

"I'm not sure what 'us' is anymore, Bobby."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what are we? Mother and son? After what we've done together, that hardly seems possible. So what then...lovers??! Oh, I don't know..."

"You'll always be my beautiful mom; and I'll always love you, more than any other girl."

He clinked her glass; and she forced a smile and sipped the champagne.

"Are you trying to get me drunk, Bobby Stevens?"

"Whatever makes you say that?" he reacted guiltily. Knowing the effect alcohol had on her inhibitions had been one of the reasons for the champagne.

"Because I know what happens when I have few drinks and... well..."

"I thought we were celebrating our holiday and being together, for the last time."

"Oh Bobby, don't say it like that! I'll always be here for you. It's just... well, we can't go on like this forever." She looked at him with sorrow in her eyes. He knew better than to argue with her.

"I know, but we're here to enjoy ourselves, and each other, one last time, aren't we?"

"Well, yes... but within limits Bobby!"

"Of course."

"I just don't know what those limits are anymore."

"They're whatever you want them to be Mom. Your happiness means more to me than anything."

He moved closer and kissed her tenderly on the lips, feeling her melt into him as she returned his kiss. They held their embrace for a few moments, kissing like teenagers, before he reached down and pulled open the belt of her robe.

"Bobby..."

"Shh, it's ok. You're safe with me." He slid the robe off her shoulders leaving her naked, her beautiful body seeming to glow in the sun. He paused to drink in her beauty before resuming kissing her, his hard cock now nudging her firm smooth belly, her big breasts rubbing against his chest. She was relaxing now, her body responding to his kissing and his tender touch. After a few moments, she broke the kiss to look at him.

"But am I safe from this?" she slipped her hand down and encircled his cock, lightly stroking it.

"It's totally under your control. You can do anything you like with it."

"Anything?" she questioned, lightly teasing him by stroking her fingers over it.

Shit, he was so hard his dick hurt.

"Right now she really could do anything," he thought.

"You shouldn't say that to a nurse Bobby."

"Why?"

"When I first started and we got patients with... erections... some of the nurses would give them a sharp slap to calm them down." His cock lurched as he imagined his mom spanking some horny patient's cock to get it to go down. He also imagined her slapping his dick; and the idea excited him even more.

"Well, I think it would take more than that to calm me right now."

His cock throbbed in her hands as if in confirmation.

"Really?" she looked at him quizzically.

"Really. Right now, I'm so hard you can do anything you want to it; and it wouldn't go soft. Go ahead if you don't believe me," he added, challenging her.

She continued to toy with him; and the idea of beating his big cock did excite her. She remembered him telling her about bashing his dick on the stairs at home. She wished now that she had seen him doing it.

"Bobby... I didn't...I mean, wouldn't it hurt?"

"A little I guess, but in a good way."

She released his cock and gave it a playful thwack, watching it swing about.

"You must have swatted the patients harder than that."

"Well, I don't want to hurt you..."

"Trust me, you won't."

She swatted him harder this time, and he gave no reaction, simply looked back at her, challenging her, so she smacked his cock again as hard as she could.



"Ohhhhhhhhh..." Bobby groaned.

"Was that too hard?"

"Nope, it felt good actually. Imagine I'm a horny patient."

"Bobby I..."

"Go ahead, it's fine."

Alison found the idea of hitting his big cock strangely exciting. She recalled some of the patients she'd had to give bed baths to when she started nursing; and how she'd been embarrassed when they got aroused. She recalled an older senior nurse who had told her about slapping the patient's cock head to make them calm down if they were behaving inappropriately, and that the idea excited her at the time. She regarded Bobby's huge phallus, curving up and swollen, the veins standing out. She drew back her hand and slapped it as hard as she could, hearing an audible smack and seeing the giant column of meat rebound off his hip.

"Was that too hard?"

"Nope. You can beat it all day and it won't go down...Nurse," he grinned.

Something about beating this big cock turned her on. She gave him a few more hard slaps, spanking the big cock as hard as she could, and watched it get even harder as a result.

"I think you're right. What does it take to make this thing go soft?"

"I'll show you!"

He took her by the shoulders and turned her around before pushing her up against the balcony railing.

"Bobby, what are you..."

Before she could finish the question, he reached down and guided his bruised hard cock between her legs. He was so horny right now, all he could think about was fucking her, as he slid his dick between her lips, and into her already moist pussy. With all their previous exertions he didn't worry about being gentle this time, but simply buried his whole length into her.

"Oh God, Bobby!!" she cried, gripping the railing so hard her knuckles turned white, as she felt his huge cock filling her, buried so deep inside her it seemed impossible. He froze with his length deep in her, before slowly sliding it out until only the tip was inside, and then slamming it back into her.

"Ohhhhhh Godddd!!" she cried, as he began slamming his dick into her in earnest, gripping her hips with his hands to steady her as she braced herself against the railings, her big tits bouncing and swinging with the force of their love making. She could feel his heavy balls swinging against her pussy as he slammed into her, and felt herself thrusting back at him, encouraging him to bury himself in her to the hilt.

He was so big and deep inside her it was almost painful. His cock was battering against her cervix, like a giant monster trying to re-enter the place of its creation. She knew it was wrong, and she hated herself for not caring; but right now all that mattered was the feel of this giant hard cock buried inside her, ploughing into her pussy again and again, remorselessly battering her insides, driving her to a climax she couldn't deny.

"Ohhhhhhhh Goddddddd Bobbyyyy, I'm cummmmmmmingggggg!"

He continued slamming his dick into her wonderful pussy, increasing the tempo until he felt her tense and her pussy convulse around his dick as she climaxed. She cried out, grabbing the railing on the balcony as she felt her orgasm course through her. He looked down at her beautiful ass, focusing on her little pink asshole puckering as she climaxed. "God, what would it feel like to sink his prick into that tight little hole?" he wondered dementedly, feeling his cock spasm with excitement at the thought.

As she came down from her climax, Bobby slowed his thrusting to let his own excitement abate and paused with the head and a few inches of the shaft inside her, letting her recover for a few moments. He could hardly believe it was only a few hours ago he had first been inside her on this very spot, causing her to freak out; and now she was letting him fuck her as hard as he could.

His dick throbbed; and he resumed his thrusting again, slowly feeding his giant dick into her and building the tempo, feeding his cock all the way into her with long deep strokes, that slowly increased in tempo and force, until he was once again ploughing into her with all his might. He could see the sides of her heavy tits as they swung about with the force of their fucking; and remembered the feel of them in his face as they bounced around. He reached around and cupped the heavy jugs, feeling them bounce against his hands as he fucked her.

Down on the beach, he could see a small crowd were watching them, admiring the sight of the beautiful busty brunette being fucked on the balcony. Bobby waved to them; and a couple of the girls waved back. His mom was too far gone to notice, as he continued to plough into her tight pussy. It felt so good to be slamming his whole cock into her and feeling his heavy balls slapping against her. As he built his tempo and fucked her with renewed frenzy, she began moaning and crying out, as she felt herself cumming again.

"Oh God Bobby, it's sooo big, soo big... ohhhh Godddddddd... oh I'm cummiingggg!!"

She buried her face in her shoulder to try to stifle her cries, as Bobby slammed into her for all he was worth. He watched the little pink star of her anus winking at him as she came, and once again imagined violating that little pink bud with his battering ram of a cock. As he slammed into her pussy, the thought of fucking her ass seemed too exciting; and he felt his cum boiling.

"Ohhh fuuuuuuck... I'm gonna cuuummmmm!!" <sup>[L]</sup><sub>[SEP]</sub>

She hadn't said anything about pulling out; and having taken the pill, he figured there was no need, so he slammed himself into her as deep as he could. He felt his cock begin to erupt, pumping load after load after load of thick cum into her, until finally he had nothing left to give.

They were both too speechless to move for a few moments. Bobby was dimly aware of the people on the beach cheering and generally showing their appreciation; but he was too far gone to respond. He slowly withdrew from her feeling, the cool air on his cock as she turned to face him, looking up at him as she put her arms around his neck.

"Oh Bobby, kiss me..."

He lowered his face to hers and tenderly found her lips with his, tasting her mouth like an exquisite fruit, as she pressed herself against him, feeling his cum trickling down her leg.

## Chapter 20

"Oh Bobby, you finished inside me."

"Sorry mom. I guessed it was ok, I mean, with the, err, pill and all?"

"Well let's hope it works. I'll be back in a moment."

She gently pushed him away and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. No matter how many times he came, he seemed to fill her to overflowing. As she sat on the toilet she pushed, and felt his cum running out of her.

When she was confident she had pushed most of it out, she returned to the balcony to find Bobby reclined on a lounge, his cock mercifully soft for once. She leant over him to kiss him gently; and he opened his eyes, taking in the sight of her big heavy tits hanging down, and reaching out to squeeze them. She allowed him to play with her boobs for a few moments, before standing and removing them from his reach.

"I think that's enough."

"Awww, I was having fun." His cock had begun to show signs of life; and Alison noticed he was already swelling again.

"I can see; but I want to spend some time outside the room while we're here."

He reluctantly agreed that it would be nice to have a little down time to recover. Much as he could fuck all day. His dick was starting to ache a little from his exertions.

They strolled out through the resort, Bobby not bothering with shorts, and Alison just wearing her bikini bottoms, partly to preserve her modesty, and partly because she'd put a tampon in, to soak up the residue of Bobby's sperm that seemed to be dribbling out of her forever.

They walked through the plaza admiring the various stores. Bobby noticed that a few of them were opening up now. They noticed a fetish shop with a variety of implements, including handcuffs hanging up outside, and stopped to look at some of the devices.

"Say, check these out Alison. They're fur lined."

He pointed out some handcuffs with leopard print fur on them.

"Well, I suppose they might help to keep your hands under control!" She smiled.

"Goodness, what's this?" she said, indicating a device with various metal rings held together with a leather strap.

"That's called the Gates of Hell."

They looked round to see a pretty brunette with a wristband, indicating she was the shop assistant. She was wearing a leather miniskirt, and had black pasties over her nipples, but was otherwise naked. She had small perky breasts and a gothic look to her. She seemed vaguely familiar; but Bobby couldn't quite place her.

"Gates of Hell? That sounds rather frightening."

"Oh, don't worry. It's only hell for the man. For us girls, it can be a lot of fun."

Bobby could see Alison was looking interested. and thought her freaky side was getting freakier all the time. All the same, if it was going to lead to more fun and games. he was willing to go along with it. The goth girl leant up to pull down the device, and showed it to Alison.

"Well, the guy's balls go through this ring, the biggest one, and then you put his cock through as well."

"Isn't that painful?"

"Well a little, but then that's the point. Obviously, he has to be soft to get him through the ring."



"What are the other rings for?"

"Well those go round just his cock. Each one is a bit smaller, so they get tighter. Again, he needs to be soft to get it on."

"Yes, I can see. What happens then?"

"Well then you can have fun with him. When he gets hard, the rings will dig into his cock. So the more turned on he gets, the more it hurts."

"Oh my!"

Bobby could see Alison was clearly getting very interested. Shit!? He wondered if she was thinking of putting that thing on him. The thought of his mom handcuffing him, and using him as her sex toy seemed pretty hot. He could feel his cock rising at the thought.

"It gets better!" The goth girl was excited, and clearly seemed to be speaking from experience. "Because the rings stop the blood from escaping, once he gets hard he stays that way for as long as you want. What's more, it makes it pretty much impossible for him to cum, so you can basically tease him forever; and he just keeps getting harder and hornier, but can't cum."

"That sounds, um, rather painful."

"Well that's why they call it the Gates of Hell. Some guys say it's the most exciting thing they've ever done, though. And the rings feel amazing for us, if you know what I mean?"

"Oh, I see!" Alison blushed.

"Looks like your boyfriend likes the idea."

Alison looked round to see what the girl was talking about, and could see Bobby's cock was once again at full mast.

The girl held the device next to Bobby's cock, the rings looking impossibly small in comparison.

"Hmmm, I think you definitely need the 7 ring version."

The girl took the device and disappeared into the shop, returning a few seconds later with a bigger version of the same device.

"This is the one I'd recommend. It's the same, but the rings are bigger and there's more of them."

"Isn't it rather dangerous? I mean, what happens when you want to take it off?"

"Oh just have some ice handy. Put some cubes on him; and once he goes down a little, you can slip the rings off one at a time and he'll be fine. It's just a bit painful for an hour or two afterwards."

"I see."

Bobby could see Alison looking at the device and his dick; and he couldn't help but twitch in excitement at the thought of his mom putting it on him.

"Wanna try it?"

"Um, well, I'm not sure, I mean..."

"I'm game if you are."

Alison was clearly tempted but felt doing something like this, with her son... it seemed to be so wrong.

"Trust me, it's a lot of fun," the Goth girl smiled at Alison.

"Um, well, I suppose..."

Suddenly a man's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Hi Ellie, wassup? Oh shit, man, looks like you are!"

Alison glanced round to see the source of the voice, and saw herself looking at a tall black man with sunglasses and a bag over his shoulder. He was otherwise naked, apart from some flip flops; and Alison couldn't help glancing at his cock, which was huge even though it was soft.

"You must be the white dude everyone keeps talking about with the big dick. I'm Nathan."

"Oh hi." Bobby was aware that Nathan was looking at his dick, and felt a little weird at having another guy staring at his cock, even if it was more in professional admiration.

"Man, I think you are almost as big as me."

Alison felt a slight flush of jealousy at the implied put down, and before she could stop herself blurted out: "From where I'm standing I'd say it looks quite a big bigger."

"Well you ain't seen mine when it's angry yet."

Nathan turned to Alison and regarded her properly for the first time.

"I heard about you as well. Wow, man, they didn't exaggerate either." He eyed her up and down, focusing especially on her breasts. Alison was acutely aware of her near nakedness, and felt like covering herself with her hands, but resisted the urge, standing with her hands by her side as Nathan admired her body.

"Well you are all kinds of fine, aren't you? I can see why you're walking around with a hard on, man!" Nathan smiled at Bobby.

"Don't mind Nathan, he's a sweetie really. He's just had his pride dented because he's got a rival this year."

As Bobby regarded Ellie, he remembered where he'd seen her before. She was the brunette he'd seen riding Nathan's dick by the fountain on the first day. Nathan noticed the Gates of Hell in Ellie's hand and remarked "You're not tryin' to sell that damn thing to these people, are you? Shit, I let her put it on me one time; and it felt like my dick was in a vice."

"Well you have to admit it did look sexy."

"I don't know about that. I know you had me tied up and desperate to cum for a whole afternoon."

"I didn't hear you complaining at the time. You said it was the best orgasm you ever had."

"Well after getting that thing off, it was a relief, that's for sure; but yeah, I guess it was pretty intense. Just make sure you keep some ice handy, that's all."

"I already told them. So what do you think? I'll do you a special on the handcuffs if you like?"

"Sure, let's go for it!" Bobby felt like he wasn't going to be outdone by Nathan; and getting tied up by his mom seemed pretty hot. Bobby gave Ellie their room number; and she bagged their items for them.

"Wow, you two are in the bridal suite? Congratulations!" Nathan flashed a brilliant smile at Bobby, and took another opportunity to admire Alison's generous charms. Bobby felt a twinge of jealousy, and couldn't help noticing Nathan's cock seemed to have grown by an inch or two while he was admiring Alison.

"Hey! You two finally met!!!" a voice called.

Bobby looked round to see Pam and Cyn walking over to join them.

"The two giant cocks of Bacchus finally meet!" Cynthia laughed. "Hey Nathan, how are you doing?"

She put her arms around him and stood on tip toes to give him a kiss.

"I'm always good when I see you two."

"Hi Nathan." Pamela joined him from the other side and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hi Baby!"

"So Nathan, when are you going to let me do a cast of this big old dick of yours?" Cynthia hefted his still flaccid cock in her hand, bouncing it in her palm to emphasise its weight.

"I told you, when you two agree to a threesome."

"Aww Nathan, I told you we don't fuck guys. Unless you've been immortalised in rubber that is."

"I'll suck your cock for you Nathan," cooed Pamela, looking up at him with doe eyes and running her fingers over his chest. "You know we dykes really know how to use our tongues. You've not had a proper blowjob 'till you've had a lesbian suck your cock."

Bobby could see Nathan's dick extending in Cynthia's hand. It was now so big that Pamela could run her hand down his belly and encircle it as well, both girls' small white fingers struggling to encircle the giant black cock that was now at full erection. Even Bobbie had to admit to being impressed with its size, the skin growing shiny as it became taut, and the veins standing out on it.

"See Nathan, you know you want to. It'd be a shame to deprive the women of the world of the chance to try this big dick."

"I'm happy for them to try it, I'd just rather it's the real thing!"

"Aw Nathan, us dykes like to have a big dick too. We've been using Bobby's lately, the rubber version that is."

Cynthia reached out and stroked Bobby's cock with one hand, while playing with Nathan's with the other.

"I wonder which of you two is the biggest?" She compared them in her hands.

"Nathan's is longer," Ellie remarked, looking a little jealous at the attention he was getting from Cynthia and Pam.

"Yeah, but I think Bobbie's is a little thicker," mused Cynthia, measuring the cocks with her fingers."



"Well it's not just the size, it's what you can do with it, and how long you can do it for," chimed in Alison, feeling a peculiar mix of jealousy and pride over the comparisons being made between her son's cock and Nathan's.

"Oh well, Nathan's definitely the champion in that department," remarked Ellie. "He can go for hours without cumming if he wants."

"It goes with the job." shrugged Nathan.

"Job?" queried Alison.

"I work as an exotic dancer back home. Sometimes when I perform at the bachelorette parties, there are girls queueing up to suck my dick. Gotta be able to satisfy them all without losin' it. Sometimes I do 2 or 3 parties in a night and I got the biggest pair o' blue balls you ever seen."

"And he does have some big balls," remarked Ellie, lifting his heavy low hanging gonads in her hand, "and they make a LOT of cum."

Nathan was looking pretty pleased with himself. Now he had 2 girls stroking his cock, and another playing with his balls.

"Well I think Bobby might have you beat on that one, Nathan," replied Cyn. "Bobby's like old faithful when he cums. I thought it was going to come out my ears in New York."

"You blew him?" queried Nathan. "I didn't think you did dick."

"Well Pammy was ill so I had to do double duty and help with fluffing," Cyn hastily explained.

Alison and Bobby knew that wasn't quite true, but didn't bother to correct her.

"Hey, you know, we should have a contest between you two!" Cynthia changed the subject. "Like a battle of the cocks! See who has the longest staying power and who cums the most. And us girls get to be the judges. Whadya say?"

"Hmmmm, sounds pretty good to me. Having my dick sucked for a night is always a pretty good option," smiled Nathan.

Bobby had to admit the idea was a turn on, a gladiatorial battle of the cocks; and getting his dick sucked by a bunch of girls sounded good.

"Hell yeah! Why don't you all come up to our room tomorrow night?"

Alison shot Bobby a killer look which he missed.

"Yeah, let's do it!" Smiled Nathan. "May the best dick win!" he laughed.

"Woohoo, battle of the cocks!" laughed Cyn, giving each dick a squeeze. "We'll be there at 8! Don't start without us!"

"Wouldn't be the same without you," smiled Nathan.

"Ok, well, gotta run!"

Cyn skipped off with Pam hand in hand; and Alison cleared her throat.

"Yes, well, we should be getting along as well."

"Ok, see you tomorrow night!" smiled Nathan.

Alison didn't answer, but just walked off with Bobby following, his dick swinging about as he jogged to keep up.

"Mmmmo... Alison, are you angry?"

"Angry? Why? Because you invite a bunch of strangers up to our room to have an orgy?"

"Err, well, it's just a party."

"A party where all those girls will be taking turns sucking on your penis!"

"Errr, well, I don't know that's exactly what we agreed." Although, Bobby had to admit, the idea of a bunch of girls competing to make him cum, didn't exactly sound like a bad way to spend the night.

"It certainly sounded like it to me, all because of some juvenile contest about the size of your manhood."

"C'mon Alison, it was just a bit of fun. I mean, if I back out now, it'll look like I'm afraid of losing."

"Well we couldn't have that, could we!"

"Jeezus! What is wrong with you!!??" Bobby snapped at her.

"Me?" Alison looked surprised at his anger.

"You planned this holiday, you knew it was for swingers; and there'd be a ton of girls here. And then every time I look at anyone, or we have some fun, you get on some big guilt trip about it."

"Bobby I..."

"I mean, what do you want from me? You told me this all has to end; and I need to meet other girls. But when I do, you start laying this whole jealousy trip on me!"

"Jealousy?"

"Well what do you call it? Complaining about other girls?"

"I just meant, of course, I want you to meet other girls, just not the sort here."

"Well who do you think I'm going to meet here? This is a swingers' club, not a convent!"

"I'm well aware of that!"

"So why come here? Why say it's good for me to meet other girls? I thought that was the idea!"

Alison stopped and turned her back to Bobby. What could she say to him? He was right of course; and she knew it. Much as she said this had to stop, the thought of losing him, or sharing him with other women, made her terrified.

"I'm sorry Bobby. You're right, I had no right," she said quietly.

"Moo... Alison, it's you I love. I always will." He put his hands on her shoulders and gently stroked them, trying to avoid butting her with his erect cock at the same time.

"Oh Bobby!" she turned to him and embraced him, pushing her wonderful body up against his, trapping his iron hard erection against her belly as her boobs squashed against him. She felt his strong young body and his insistent erection pressing against her, and knew she wanted him desperately. She wanted to feel him inside her, filling her

"Let's go upstairs," she smiled at him and he didn't need asking twice. Her look told him all he needed to know about what she had in mind. They hurried up to the room and fumbled their way to the bed, kissing and caressing each other as they went. She pulled him down on top of her between her legs, not wanting to waste any time, reaching down to guide him into her. Bobby couldn't believe the change in her, how aggressive she suddenly was; and as he felt her fingers on his cock and then her warm pussy lips enveloping him, he slid slowly into her, feeling her tight wet pussy gripping his cock.

She pulled him into her, feeling his huge hard cock buried so deep inside her it hurt, and knew she never wanted to let him go. As she felt his heavy balls bouncing on her ass, she felt a tinge of fear.

"Bobby, remember what I said about not climaxing in me?"

"But I already did, and you took the pill, remember?"

"I know, but it's not guaranteed; and well, Bobby, it doesn't bear thinking about, if I was pregnant by my own son...I..."

He could see the thought was panicking her.

"Ok don't worry, I won't cum in you."

He began thrusting in and out of her, her big tits swaying like Jell-O as she responded to his strokes. Neither of them was in the mood for slow tender love making. Their needs were urgent; and Bobby slammed his dick into her, feeling her gripping his arms harder as she responded to his movements.

"Oh God Bobby, it's so deep!"

He didn't speak, but continued to slam his dick into her, spearing her with the full length of his cock, burying himself again and again to the hilt, as he felt her grip grow tighter and her moans more passionate.

"Oh Goooooddddd Bobbyyyyy, cummmiiiiinnngggggg!!"

He felt her gripping him and her pussy convulsing; and he slowed his pace as she rode her orgasm, letting her come down gradually.

"Oh Bobby, you didn't, did you? I mean..."

"No, I'm still good..."

"Oh, ok. I'm sorry. I know it must be difficult for you."

"It's ok. I understand."

"I want to feel you cum inside me too; but I just can't risk..."

"It's ok..."

He began feeding his cock into her again, slowly at first, as a wicked seed began to grow in his mind.

"You know, there is a way I could finish inside you without you getting pregnant."

"I know; but the pharmacy is closed today and I don't know how reliable the pill is."

"No, that's not what I mean, I mean there is... another way."



"Bobby I don't underst... what, you mean... there? No!"

"Well I'm just saying, if you're worried about a baby, that would solve the problem."

"Bobby no! I don't, I mean it's not something I, well, I haven't since your father... and besides, even if I wanted to, I couldn't...you're too big."

His cock lurched inside at the admission she had tried it with his dad; and that she was considering his size.

"I'd take it slow..."

"Bobby no, please... don't ask me to do that... just make love to me..."

"Ok."

He mentally sighed, "make love to you so you can cum as often as you want and I have to hold back." Still, he was fucking her; and he guessed that wasn't something he'd thought he'd ever do.

He continued ploughing into her, quickening his pace and feeling her respond more and more. She was really getting into

it, reaching down to pull him into her by cupping his ass, even digging her nails in.

"Oh Gooooodd Bobbyyyy, don't stop!"

There was no danger of that, he reflected, even if she wasn't pulling him into her and urging him on, his dick felt like it was possessed. Alison began crying out, and went rigid as her orgasm tore through her. He continued ploughing into her as her pussy spasmed around his dick, as if it was trying to milk him. Shit, he could feel his cum rising, and fought to hold it back; but it was a losing battle. He pulled out of her pussy and held still, not even daring to touch his dick he was so close. He watched as his cock spasmed twice, and a single spurt of thick cum splashed out, landing on his mom's pussy before his orgasm subsided.

"Oh Bobby... did you...?"

"Uh almost. Don't worry. I pulled out just to be safe."

"It was just as well." She looked down at the thick puddle of cum soaking onto her neat bush, and could feel the warm liquid running down between her legs, dribbling over her pussy and down onto her ass. Bobby regarded the sight of her puffy pussy and her little pink star glistening with his cum, and began rubbing the head of his cock up and down her slit.

"Oh Bobby, I don't think you'd better put it back in, I don't think you're going to last much longer..."

"No, I don't think I will..."

He continued running his straining cock up and down her slit before sliding it down and rubbing the tip on her ass. Her hole was slippery with his cum; and as he ran his cock over it, some more cum dribbled out onto her.

"Oh Bobby, what are you..."

"Just a little bit, just the head..."

"Oh I don't know if I can, please Bobby, it's so big..."

"Just let me try..."

He pushed the head of his cock against her ass, feeling it pucker in response.

"Please Bobby... be careful..."

His dick lurched at the implied permission; and he pushed harder, feeling her ass start to stretch slowly. With the lubrication from his cum, he was able to slide the tip of his

cock in, her ass gripping his cock hard as he slowly moved deeper. Alison could feel herself stretching as she was forced wider by her son's giant cock; but he was taking it slowly, pausing to let her adjust before he pushed a little further. Bobby was taking it slow, partly so as not to hurt her, but also because he didn't trust himself not to cum. As he slid the head of his cock inside her, he thought he might have to stop. She was so tight he didn't think it would fit. But finally he felt the ridge of his glans slip inside, her sphincter gripped his shaft; and he knew he was past the hardest part.

He paused for a few moments before gently feeding his cock into her, sliding a few inches in and out.

"Ooooooohhhhh Bobby, oh God it's so big, oooooohhhh Goooooddd!"

If he thought her pussy was tight, nothing could have prepared him for her asshole. He kept his strokes slow; because he knew it was the only way he could last. He fed his cock deeper now, sliding almost half way in now, pushing a little deeper with each thrust.

His mom was wailing with each movement; and he could feel her ass gripping him as it convulsed.

"Oh God Bobby don't stop...ohhhhhhhhhhhh!!!"

Shit! She was cumming on his dick, in her ass! He almost lost it but managed to hold back, before thrusting deeper into her.

"Ohhhh *Gooooooddd* Bobby, give it all to me. I want it all!"

Fuck, he couldn't hold back much longer. He looked down and could see about 3 inches of his shaft was still outside her ass. Well, she wanted it all, so he pushed into her, feeding his whole length inside her.

His mother screamed, gripping the sheets as her stretched asshole spasmed in orgasm; and Bobby finally surrendered to the inevitable.

"Oh *fuuuuuuuuckkkkkk!!*"

His dick lurched; and he felt himself erupt deep inside his mother's ass, pumping his thick sperm into her bowels. He thought his climax would never end, as load after load pumped up her ass. He'd never had such an intense orgasm in his life; and when it finally passed, he collapsed on top of Alison, too shattered to even move.

## Chapter 21

Alison was pretty sore after having her anal cherry popped by Bobby, so she decided to rest while Bobby went off to explore the resort. He wandered around checking out the stores; and one caught his eye. They sold a variety of costumes. Obviously when the guests here weren't naked, they were into some role-play as well. As he looked through them, he was struck by an idea to spice the party up...

Alison opened her eyes and discovered it was mid-afternoon.

"Goodness, I've been asleep for 2 hours."

The room was quiet and the bed was empty, so she guessed Bobby was out. So she got up, ordered herself some coffee, and ran a shower. As she was cleaning herself off and tenderly washing her bottom, she heard the door to the room open and close.

"Bobby, is that you?"

"Yeah, I've got some news for you!"

She frowned, wondering what it could be. She finished washing and stepped out into the bedroom, drying herself.

"Well what is it?"

"Bobby turned to face her, admiring her naked body fresh from the shower; and as usual his mind went blank.

"Bobby?"

"Err... what?"

In exasperation, she wrapped the towel round herself.

"You had something you wanted to tell me?"

"Oh, yeah! I was looking 'round the resort; and I had an idea for the party. I figured why not make it fancy dress?"

"Fancy dress?"

"Yeah, you know, get everyone to dress up. I found some costume shop in the concourse. I guess people here are into wearing clothes sometimes. Anyway, I found you the perfect outfit!"

"Outfit? Bobby, what are you talking about?"

"You know, a costume for the party. It's an Egyptian one."

"An Egyptian Costume??? What are you expecting me to wear now?"

After recalling Bobby's taste in clothes for her, she was dreading what he had planned.

"This one!" he said, opening a bag and pulling out a package. "You'll look amazing in this, Nee-feerrrr- titty." he read off the label and passed it to her.

"It's pronounced Nefertiti; and it's hardly much of an outfit at all."

On the front of the box there was a photograph of a girl modelling the costume, which consisted of a wig, a metal wire bra fashioned to look like snakes twisted round her breasts, and a long white strip of fabric at the front.

"Try it on. You'll look amazing in it."

"Bobby, I'm not some sort of doll you can just dress up and play games with. I'm not sure this whole party is such a good idea."

"Doll? I'm not playing games with you, I think you're beautiful. I thought we were going to have a party; and it would be more fun, that's all. Forget it. If you don't want to, then that's fine."



She could see he was clearly upset; and looked at the picture on the box once more.

"This doesn't look like the sort of outfit you're supposed to wear in public."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's very... revealing."

"Revealing? We're walking around practically naked in case you hadn't noticed."

"I don't need reminding, thank you."

"Well, I've paid for it now. You might at least try it on, even if it's just for me."

She unpacked it; and tried on the skirt and wig, which fit without much problem. When she came to examine the bra though, it was pretty obvious that it was too small.

"Bobby, don't you have any idea of women's measurements? Does it look like I will fit in this?"

"Errr, I don't know. I guess I just figured the girl in the picture seemed to be wearing it ok."

She held the box up to show him. "Do my breasts look the same size as hers?"

"No, yours are way bigger! Oh! I get you. Well, um, maybe try it on and see."

Alison did it up and tried her best to fit her boobs into it. They were bulging out between the metal snakes and threatening to explode out of the top.

"Wow that looks hot! I think I got it right the first time."

"What do you mean?"

"You look like Nefer-titty!"

She threw the box lid at him.

"Honestly I think you did this on purpose! You seem to delight in making me wear outfits that are too small!"

He had to admit she did have a point. He loved looking at her naked boobs best; but seeing them bulging out of a bra that

was far too small was a pretty close second. As he watched her struggling to fit her boobs into the costume, his cock grew to full hardness again. She finished struggling and noticed his arousal.

"You look like you could go as the god Min."

"Who's Min?"

"He's an Egyptian god of fertility. The hieroglyphs of him look very similar to you, at least from the side."

"Huh?" He glanced down at his erection and then smiled. "Oh I get it. How come you know about that?"

"I studied History at university, remember?"

"Oh yeah! Ok, well, I guess I could go for being a god for the night! What do I need as an outfit?"

"Well, that would be rather difficult. As I recall, he, or they, had the head of a woman."

"What? Wow those Egyptians were pretty kinky. I bet that... hey, I just had an idea."

"Oh dear Bobby. Why do I get the feeling I'm going to regret mentioning this?"

As the time for the party rolled 'round, Alison found herself getting more excited about the whole thing.

She ordered up some food and plenty of drink, which was laid out on the balcony; and checked herself out in the mirror. The outfit actually looked really sexy on her. The fact that the bra was far too small simply served to make her boobs look obscenely large, as they spilled out between the metal wire snakes. She was startled out of her thoughts by the doorbell and went to open it. Cynthia and Pamela were the first guests, dressed in

leopard-skin loin cloths and black wigs. With heavy eye-liner, they stood side by side with their hands together in mock worship.

"Good evening. We are your slave girls." Cynthia announced solemnly before dissolving into giggles.

"Come on in you two," smiled Alison, as they made their way in.

Both girls were topless; and Alison had to admire Pamela's boobs as she walked in. They were nowhere near as big as her own; but perfectly shaped with pale pink nipples and barely a hint of sag. Pamela, in her turn, lost no time in checking out

Alison, clearly admiring her oversized boobs in her undersized bra.

"You look amazing!" she commented.

"Thanks, it's a struggle staying in this."

"Let me know if you need any help!" smiled Pam. "Say, where's Bobby?"

"Oh, he'll be making an appearance soon."

"They made their way out to the balcony; and Alison poured them all champagne."

"Well, here's to this evening! May the best cock win!" giggled Cynthia, raising her glass. "Speaking of which, where are the boys? We may have to start without them."

There was a knock at the door; and Alison answered it, revealing Ellie and Nathan. Ellie was wearing a small Egyptian crown; and her long black hair hung down over her breasts in an Egyptian style. She had a white piece of fabric similar to Alison's, but being darker skinned, it contrasted more. Nathan was dressed as a Pharaoh, with a crown and gold eye-liner. He had a gold belt with a white loin cloth, that hung down covering his cock and balls. Alison had to admit he did look

magnificent, and caught herself eyeing the heavy cock that swayed about under the thin white loin cloth.

As Nathan strode out onto the balcony, he was clearly getting into character; and Cynthia and Pam lost no time in running over to greet him.

"Greetings, mighty King, may your slave girls attend to your mighty royal penis?"

They began cracking up as Nathan smiled at them.

"You'll get plenty of time to attend to that, don't you worry."

"So are you looking forward to having your slave girl suck your great big cock?" Pamela smiled up at him, rubbing her big boobs against his arm, and running her fingers over his chest.

"Oh yeah, I could go for some of that."

"Normally, when I'm fluffing the guys at the studio, most of them have trouble not cumming. Apparently my tongue is really good. Must come from all that pussy licking!" she smiled at Cyn.

"Well I've yet to meet the girl who can make me cum if I don't want to," smiled Nathan.

As he said it, though, his white loin cloth was beginning to tent out noticeably as he started to get hard.

"Oh look Pam! The mighty royal penis arises!" giggled Cyn.

Both girls watched as the front of his costume rose further and further, until it stuck out obscenely at a 90° angle.

"Oh wow, he's definitely awake now!" giggled Pam, pulling the loin cloth to one side to reveal Nathan's huge hard on and heavy hanging balls.

"Mmmmm, are you looking forward to me sucking this?"

She lightly ran her finger tips over the dark purple head while gazing at Nathan, and letting her tongue run suggestively over her lips. Nathan clearly was looking forward to it, judging from his hard-on, and was getting impatient for some action.

"Say, where is Bobby? Let's get this party on the road," complained Nathan.

"Yes, where is he?" enquired Ellie.

"He'll be here in a moment; but I just wanted to show you my ummm, costume first," replied Alison, sitting on a chair with

a black sheet over it. She squirmed about a little looking slightly awkward.

"There's not much costume to see, is there?" commented Ellie, clearly a little intimidated by Alison's huge breasts threatening to spill out. Alison ignored the jibe and continued.

"Well I've come as Min the god of fertility, I have the body of a woman..."

"I noticed that!" commented Nathan, his huge dick springing as Pam continued to tease it. Ellie shot him a dark look that he either ignored or didn't notice.

"But also with an erect phallus."

"A what?"

"A huge erect penis."

"Um, well, Alison, unless there is something you're not telling us, that is going to be a little difficult to manage, isn't it?" queried Cynthia, looking puzzled.

Alison didn't say anything, but simply lifted the front of her skirt revealing a huge cock and pair of balls jutting out of her panties.



"What the fuck!!??" Nathan looked like he was about to suffer a heart attack, as he looked at the massive erection jutting up from between Alison's legs, unsure if he'd been taken in by a trans-sexual.

Cynthia knew better and stared more closely.

"Bobby, is that you under there?"

They were answered by Bobby cracking up with laughter from under the sheet. Even Alison couldn't help herself from giggling at the look of total astonishment on the faces of their guests. She released Bobby's cock and balls from her panties before standing up revealing the black sheet on the chair had actually been concealing Bobby. He pulled the top of the sheet down grinning at everyone as his hard on continued to stick through the hole.

"That was very freaky!" laughed Pamela.

"Hey Bobby looks like you came as a glory hole!" hooted Cynthia as Bobby stood up, still jutting through the hole in the sheet.

"Well I could do with a BJ right now. I've been waiting all day!"

"Oh, you're gonna get one, the best you ever had in fact. I just hope you manage not to blow your load straight away."

Pamela gave Bobby her most sensuous look as she said this; and Bobby's dick gave a salute of appreciation. He got the feeling Pam wasn't exaggerating when she said she was a great cock sucker.

"Ok let's get started. Bobby, get over here!"

Cyn was taking charge and Bobby dutifully took his place on one side of her as Nathan stood on the other, their huge erect cocks making them look like an obscene guard of honour at a wedding, with Cyn as the bride. She reached out and took one in each hand and began stroking them.

"Hmmm, I think we should start by measuring you boys to see just how big you are. Pammy, did you bring my tape measure?"

"You know I did! We were taking bets on who's the biggest earlier, remember?" she smiled as she took the measure from her bag and handed it to Cyn. She held it out next to Bobby's dick; but it jumped up as she attempted to read it.

"Pam, help me keep this under control will you."

"With pleasure." Pam stood on the other side of Bobby, gently holding his cock while Cyn took the measurements.

"Wow, 9 ½ inches! Pretty impressive Bobby. Let's see how thick you are."

She wrapped the measure around the base of his cock and then unravelled it.

"6 inches around. Quite a dick, Bobby."

Pam smiled at Cyn. The truth was they'd measured Bobby's dildo earlier. So they knew exactly how big he was; but the ritual of doing it publicly seemed too exciting to miss.

"And now let's check out contestant number 2!"

Pamela continued holding Bobby's cock gently, toying with it while Cyn measured Nathan.

"10 inches long! Holy shit, and...5½ inches around."

"I call that a draw," smiled Pam.

Bobby and Nathan both seemed happy with the result, honour being satisfied on both counts.

"Ok, we test your staying power; and how about we see how much you boys can take? Why don't we start off with a hand job, say 5 minutes?"

Cyn was clearly getting into her stride as the master of ceremonies now.

"Shit, 5 minutes? I thought this was supposed to be a contest? I spend all weekend getting my dick stroked without cumming," laughed Nathan.

"Well, you've not had one of my hand jobs yet," smiled Cyn. "But since you're so confident how about we make it 10 minutes?"

"Li'l girl, you could make it 10 hours and you'd never be able to make me cum if I didn't want to."

"Bobby?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Ok then, let's get started!"

"Wait. Let me set my timer, just so it's official!" commented Pam, clearly getting excited by the whole thing as she set the timer on her phone. "Ok... go!"

Instead of starting out by frantically jerking him, Cyn simply encircled his shaft with her fingers and began running her hand up and down the length of his cock, pausing to explore around the purple head, watching Nathan's reactions to see where his weak spots might be. He remained impassive, looking as if he couldn't care less and signalled to Pam.

"Hey why don't you bring those big titties over here."

"Yes, your majesty!" she giggled as she walked across to Nathan, sticking her boobs out and putting her arms behind her back. "Do they meet with the Pharaohs approval?"

"They sure do!"

Nathan reached out to squeeze Pam's big tits; as Cyn continued stroking his huge cock, using 2 hands now to caress his massive tool.

"Is this turning you on Nathan, having 2 lesbians to play with?" asked Cynthia, stroking his cock with one hand and playing with the head with the other.

"There's worse ways to spend an evening," he smiled, grabbing Cyn's ass with one hand while he continued to grope Pam's tits with the other.

Cyn was upping her pace now, stroking faster and twisting her hand as she went, while the fingers of her other hand caressed his purple cock head like she was opening a door knob, teasing it as she jerked the shaft.

"Mmmmmmm," Nathan let out an involuntary moan.

"Oooooohh, I think his majesty is enjoying his hand job."

"It's real nice."

"I hope his majesty isn't going to cum soon."

"Relax little girl, you'll wear your hands out on my dick. Mmmm, c'mere and let me suck on these."

He squeezed Pam's boobs together, the pale white flesh overflowing his big black hands, presenting her pink nipples and areola so he could feast on them, sucking one then the other, then attempting to greedily suck both at the same time.

"Oooh that's it, suck my titties. It'll be my turn to suck you next!" giggled Pam.

Nathan gave no outward sign of excitement; but Cyn could feel his cock growing even harder, and pre-cum was starting to leak from his cock head. She smeared it over his glans, paying

special attention to his frenulum, and watched with satisfaction as his cock head swelled even more and his balls drew up. A couple more minutes and she guessed he would be blowing his load; but at that moment Pam's phone chimed.

"Ooops, times up!" announced Pam, as she withdrew her boobies from Nathan, while Cyn released his pulsing cock. He retained his cool outer demeanour; but the girls sensed he was closer to losing it than he would like to admit.

"Ok Bobby, time to step up!"

Bobby had been enjoying the spectacle of Nathan standing like some Nubian king, with Cyn and Pam caressing and being groped by him like slave girls, and was looking forward to some of the same. He'd not had any orgasms since yesterday; and in Bobby's hormone fuelled world, that was an eternity. His cock waved from side to side as he strode up to take his place between the girls. His "costume" consisted of some arm bands and some Egyptian style eye-liner Alison had applied. Bobby's natural smile and toned physique meant he still looked every bit the young god as he took his place.

"Mmmm Bobby, I'd forgotten how much prettier your dick looks in real life, and so hard! You know we couldn't get him to go down to get the mould off him."

Cynthia gently stroked his cock as she said this, teasing him rather than actually jerking him off. Never-the-less, his dick still jumped and swayed as she touched it.

"Ohhh Bobby, it looks like he's alive! Are you sure you're going to be able to take all that stroking? I hope so. I want a chance to suck it! I can deep throat your dildo; so I want to

see if I can do the real thing as well!" cooed Pam as she rubbed her boobs up against Bobby's chest and ran her hands over his torso all the while looking into his eyes.

"Don't worry, I'll go easy on him." smiled Cyn.

Fuck these two were sexy as hell. Hhe could see why Nathan was so keen for a threesome with them.

"Hey, don't worry about me. I can take it!" smiled Bobby, his confidence more for show.

"Ok, well let's start then. Let me set the timer. Ok, and...go!" Pam set the stopwatch going.

Cynthia went from teasing to stroking Bobby's cock, slowly at first, watching the silky foreskin slide up and down over the head of his cock, feeling his cock harden and throb under her ministrations, pausing to tease and explore around his cock head, tickling and teasing to see what drew the biggest reaction. Pam stepped close to him and rubbed herself against him like a sensual cat.



"Mmmmm... Bobby, no need to ask if you like big boobies."

She pushed her melons out at Bobby; and smiled at Alison who said nothing, but was flushed with jealousy at watching Bobby being teased and stroked by these two girls.

"Would you like to touch them?"

Bobby didn't need asking twice, and grabbed Pam's big tits, squeezing them together. They were bigger than he thought, and firmer than he expected. Her nipples were pale and pink; and he couldn't deny she did have a great rack. He squeezed them hard and Pam let out a little shriek. Bobby was used to his mom's preferences for rough play; so he relaxed his grip, pushing her knockers together and lifting them so he could feast on her nipples.

"Mmmmm oh yeah, Bobby, suck my boobies. Ooohh that's nice. They're getting a lot of attention today."

Cynthia was now picking up the pace, stroking his cock in earnest, making his big balls swing around, alternating between long strokes up and down the shaft, before concentrating on jerking the skin back and forward over his swollen cock head. The past few weeks of teasing by his mother had helped Bobby build up an endurance he wouldn't have had otherwise; but there was no denying Cynthia knew how to jerk a cock. She brought her other hand up to stroke his cock.

"Wow, looks like there's room for three hands on that!" chimed Pam.

Cynthia wrapped both hands around the shaft, as if to demonstrate; and, sure enough, the head and a couple of inches of the shaft were still exposed. Pam wrapped her hand around the head and exposed shaft and gave it a squeeze.

"Wow it is a 3-hander! I'm looking forward to sucking this! Mmmm, I bet it tastes delicious!"

Bobby's cock jerked in their combined grips. The cumulative effects of Cynthia's jerking, Pam's big tits and dirty talk, and two horny lesbians fawning over his dick was taking its toll.

Pam released his cock head so Cyn could resume her double handed jerking, and cupped Bobby's big swinging balls.

"Wow, these are huge. How do you carry them around in your pants? Must make sports difficult, doesn't it? Kind of like me having big boobs."

"Uhh, um, it's not too bad, just have to wear a... jock strap...uhhh."

"What's the matter Bobby? Not losing it are you?"

"Uhhh no... I'm fine!"

"Wow, they are heavy though. I bet there's a lot of cum in these!"

"Oh yeah. He cums like old faithful. Trust me. I nearly choked on it!"

"Cyn, I didn't think you sucked, let alone swallowed."

"I don't, I didn't... Well, I made an exception, you know, seeing as I was doing double duties and, well...it was a lot!"

"Mmmmm Bobby, hope you don't lose it while I'm sucking you. I'd have to swallow all of that thick creamy cum!"

Pam was toying with Bobby's balls and delighted in teasing him. He simply groaned in response, as Cyn's hands flew up and down his huge hard-on.

Pam's phone chimed its alarm, just as Bobby thought he would lose it in the first round; and the girls released his cock, giving it a playful pat.

"Well done Bobby! You live to fight another day! Ok, so next round, Pam gets to suck your cocks, no hands, only mouth allowed this time."

Nathan had been watching the display while Ellie ran her hands over his muscular chest; and his throbbing hard on left no doubt as to what he thought about the sight.

"Time to come and get that blow job!" smiled Pam.

He took his time strolling over to the girls, his huge dick cutting a swathe as he walked. Pam adopted her best little girl expression with her finger in her mouth.

"Goodness your majesty, I don't know if my little mouth will be big enough for the royal penis."

"It'll be big enough, don't you worry!" smiled Nathan.

"I'll try my best to please his majesty, even if it means his majesty fills my little mouth with his potent royal seed," giggled Pam. "Well, I suppose I'd better assume the position then," as she dropped to her knees.

Nathan simply smiled and put his hands on his hips, his huge cock jutting out arrogantly, as he waited for Cynthia to set the timer.

"Ok Nathan, think you can take another 10 minutes?"

"I told you, you couldn't make me cum in 10 hours."

"Hmmmm, we'll see then. Ok annnnnnnnd... go!"

Pam used her tongue to lick around Nathan's swollen cock head, teasing the frenulum and licking the precum from his slit before licking up and down the shaft, and then taking his big balls in her mouth one at a time. Having given his huge cock and balls an expert tongue bath, she looked up at him smiling.

"Mmmmm, yummy! Time for dinner!" and opened her mouth to take his cock head and a few inches of his shaft in her mouth, her pouting pink lips contrasting with his swollen ebony black cock. She continued to look at him as she slowly slurped up and down his cock with her mouth. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm" was all she could say with her mouth filled with cock; but she clearly seemed to be enjoying her task. As the seconds ticked by, her strokes grew longer and deeper, until she was taking nearly half his monster cock down her throat. "Mmmmmmmmmfffff... Oh it's so big!" she said in mock horror, as she withdrew her lips and licked around his cock head for a few moments before resuming feasting on his cock. She alternated between keeping just the head in her mouth, and licking around it with her tongue before sliding her lips down the shaft, and taking the huge slab of cock down her throat, each time taking a little more, until finally, with a supreme effort, she was able to take almost the whole length, her little button nose almost touching Nathan's chiselled abs.

"Holy shit, I've never had someone manage that before!" remarked Nathan with genuine surprise, clearly impressed with Pam's skills, and now looking decidedly less cocky.

She continued to work his cock, speeding up her strokes and letting his cock head fuck her throat, bobbing her head and causing his balls to begin to tighten and his cock to swell in her mouth. Nathan was gritting his teeth and clearly beginning to struggle, when Cynthia finally called time; and Pam reluctantly withdrew her mouth from Nathan's giant cock, a strand of saliva connecting his dick to her pretty pink lips.

"Awww Nathan, I thought you were going to give me a big creamy mouthful!" She pouted.

"Not yet baby. But you sure got some skills."

"Ok Bobby, your turn!"

Bobby was pretty impressed by the job Pam had done on Nathan, and wondered how he was going to hold up.

Cyn reset the timer while Pam looked up at Bobby, licking her lips, her mouth inches away from his throbbing cock head, clearly looking forward to getting his huge column of meat in her mouth.

"Ok, annnddd...go!"

"Mmmmmmmfffff" Pam purred, as she opened her lips and engulfed his fuck-stick, working her tongue around the head and twisting her mouth as her lips slid up and down his cock.

"Ohh fuck!" exclaimed Bobby. He wasn't expecting such an all-out oral assault from Pam. He didn't think he could take 10 minutes of this; but mercifully she stopped slurping on his cock, and instead began licking around the shaft and down to his heavy balls. As she tickled his heavy gonads with her tongue, his cock jumped and his balls lifted up.

"Ooooh, it's alive!" she giggled, as she moved back to licking his cock head. As she darted her tongue out, though, his dick lurched and jumped out of range. Not being able to use her hands, Pam had to try to chase his cock with her mouth as it jumped.

"Hey! That's not fair!" she giggled as his cock continued to jump and lurch, before she finally opened her mouth wide and trapped his hard on once more, feeling it buck and throb in her mouth, as if it was trying to escape as she went to work on it. She was really slurping on his cock now, taking it deep, although the upward curve of his dick meant she wasn't able to get it as far down her throat as Nathan's. Fortunately, Alison's marathon blowjob teasing sessions had given Bobby a fair amount of stamina; and through sheer willpower and thinking non sexy thoughts, he was able to stave off his orgasm until Cynthia called time.

"Well, looks like you boys are 2 all!" observed Cynthia, giggling.  
"Hmmmm, what next?"

"Well, Nathan could fuck my titties." suggested Pam.

"That's true," replied Cynthia; but she could see where Nathan was looking at; and it wasn't at Pam.

"But somehow I think Nathan has his eyes on another pair of boobies. What do you think Nathan, would you like to put that big black monster between Alison's melons?"

"Hmmmm?"

Nathan was brought out of his reverie, having been staring at Alison's huge boobs as they were barely restrained in her wire bra.

"What? Oh yeah, I mean that's if you want to?"

Alison was unsure how to react to the request. She'd been too fixated on restraining her feelings at watching Bobby have his cock played with and sucked by two other women. She looked from face to face, and finally at Bobby who simply grinned and shrugged. She was disappointed he wasn't more jealous, and angry at him for his interest in the younger women, which made her mind up.



"Yes, all right then. Why not?"

In fact, Bobby couldn't decide if he was turned on, or jealous, at the prospect of seeing his mom getting her tits fucked by a huge black cock; but he was pretty sure Nathan wouldn't be able to take it. Bobby knew from experience that having her huge boobs stroking his cock would drive him over the edge faster than anything, so was happy to bring out the big guns, so to speak, in order to win the contest.

Nathan sat down in a deck chair, and even placed a cushion in front of it for Alison to kneel on. She was impressed with his chivalry; and as she stood in front of him felt a certain pride as his eyes took her in. She slowly reached behind her to undo her bra, her boobs bulging out of the wire cups like two mounds of Jello, before finally slipping it off her shoulders. She worried Nathan might think her boobs too saggy; but his dick lurched as she slid the bra off and lowered her hands to her side, and his eye's hungrily devoured her. He waited breathlessly as she sank to her knees, his cock dark and shiny with his arousal, throbbing with his heartbeat. She leaned forward, allowing her heavy breasts to hang either side of his huge cock; and then swung them gently, letting them bounce against his hard on, making it swing from side to side.

"Ooooooh shit, damn you're bad!" grinned Nathan.

"Ok, I'm just going to leave the timer running and see how long you can last Nathan. Good luck! Annnd, go!"

Alison continued to look into Nathan's eyes steadily as she slowly reached down to lift her tits and squeeze them together, his huge hard black dick contrasting with her milky white boobs, as she began gently massaging his cock.

Neither of them spoke, Alison simply maintaining eye contact as he revelled in the feeling of her big tits rubbing up and down his cock. He was used to having his junk played with and teased all night by women at hen parties; but this hot milf was something else. He fought his orgasm but he knew it was a losing battle. He looked away from her, trying to focus on something else; but she increased the pressure of her boobs on his cock, and began quickening her movements. Her tits were so big and soft it was like being enveloped in a wonderful soft canyon; and eventually he knew he couldn't hold it any longer.

"OK STOP! That's it... ok, you got me."

Alison stopped massaging his cock and sat back looking at his huge dick jumping with arousal, the precum smeared over her tits.

"All right, 8 mins 36 seconds. Not bad Nathan. Not quite 10 hours though," Cyn giggled, but Nathan was too dazed to respond.

"Ok, so what should we do for Bobbie? Would you like to fuck my boobies?" asked Pam in her little girl voice.

"I think seeing as Alison has had a chance to work on Nathan, I should have a chance to do the same to Bobby," remarked Ellie stepping forward and speaking for the first time that the evening.

"I don't wish to be impolite, but wouldn't that be rather difficult?" enquired Alison.

Both women were topless; and the contrast between Alison's huge melons and Ellie's perky little titties was obvious to everyone, as the two women faced one another.

"I didn't mean I was going to do the same as you..." Ellie flushed with embarrassment. "I will ride Bobby and make him cum a lot faster with my tight little pussy than you did with your big tits."

"Ride him? Oh, I see..."

It was Alison's turn to flush now, clearly jealous at the idea of another woman fucking Bobby, but unable to raise any objection.

"Well Bobby, are you up for it?" she challenged, hands on hips.

"I'm always UP for it."

He stepped forward, wagging his big dick at her as he took his place in the chair.

"Ok, wow this is getting pretty serious. Ok Ellie, Bobby, I'm starting the watch now so good luck."

Ellie straddled Bobby and lowered herself onto him, pausing to rub some spit around his cock head before she slipped him inside her. She was tighter than he had expected. He'd assumed after fucking Nathan that she would be more "accommodating" to big dicks but it appeared she wasn't lying about being tight. His mom had felt good but this was different. She had slid almost halfway down his cock and paused, tensing her muscles and squeezing his cock, before beginning to gently bob up and down on it. Her perky little boobs were almost in Bobby's face; and it was obvious she was genuinely aroused from how her nipples jutted out. She continued gyrating and bobbing on his cock, taking him a little deeper, so he could feel his dick penetrating further and further inside her. He remembered seeing her riding Nathan by the fountain on his first day, and recognised the same sense of abandon now, as she began grinding and rotating on his cock. She became more and more passionate as the minutes wore by, slamming herself down on his big dick as if she was angry at it.

"Shit, she must be hurting herself," he figured.

He didn't remember his mom every taking his cock this deep and hard. She was taking almost all of him now, riding him with a wild abandon that he thought had to be real. He remained still and held back as best he could, but she was almost dancing on his cock, her hips twisting and grinding him as she fucked him harder and harder. Shit, no wonder Nathan had hooked up with her. She was a real wildcat! Her nails gripped the chair as she pounded herself on his cock, gritting her teeth and wailing as she obviously came. She hardly paused though, before she resumed riding his cock.

"Holy crap! I don't think I can take much more of this!"

Bobby didn't know what the stopwatch said but he knew what his balls were telling him, that they were going to explode before long. Her pace was quickening and she was moaning as she was obviously reaching another climax. Just when he thought he could

take no more, she stopped, shuddering as she came on his cock. As she came down and began grinding on him again Bobby stopped her.

"Ok you got me! That's all I can take."

She smiled and rose from his cock, her legs a little wobbly as she regained her balance.

"Ok Bobby. 10 minutes 6 seconds! Pretty impressive! Looks like Bobby's got the lead. What shall we do with them next?"

"Hmmmm..." Pam considered. "I think we should see who cums the most, and whose tastes the best!"

"Ooooooh I like it. How about we use these champagne glasses. Why don't you guys line up and you ladies can do the honours?"

Cyn and Pam both held a champagne glass each; and Bobby and Nathan stood side by side with Ellie and Alison flanking them.

"Ok, so there's no time limit this time. Just try to make your man shoot the biggest load."

Ellie just smiled and began jerking Nathan's huge cock, rubbing her lithe body against him, and whispering filthy encouragement in his ear. Alison was not about to be outdone now; so she began gently stroking his cock, noting with a sick jolt it was still wet with Ellie's juices. She started out quickly building his orgasm, and then backing off as she felt him near his climax, knowing how harder he would cum from a few denied orgasms. Sure enough, Bobby could feel his balls boiling and his cock lurching; but his mother's expert stroking slowed just as he could feel himself reaching the point of no return. She loosened her grip and slowed her strokes, letting him subside for a few moments before giving his balls a gentle

squeeze, as if testing them to see how full they were, before resuming her stroking.

For his part, Nathan was looking increasingly less calm and collected. Beads of sweat were appearing on his forehead; and his cock looked like a black steel bar, as Ellie sensuously rubbed her lithe body against his, while constantly stroking his cock and playing with his balls, sometimes using both hands to jerk his dick, her small white fingers serving to emphasise the size of his cock.

Alison had stroked Bobby to the point of near eruption several times now. His cock was swollen to the point it was purple; and the veins stood out on it. On a couple of occasions he almost started to cum, a couple of thick dribbles spurting from the head of his cock which Pam expertly caught in the champagne flute, scooping the dribbles off the head of his cock with the rim of the glass, while Alison waited for his ardour to cool so that she could begin taking him closer once again.

She knew his cock so well now, she judged she couldn't prolong the process much longer. He could take no more than a dozen or so strokes before she would feel his cock begin to swell and his balls tighten; and she knew he was almost there.

"Hold the glass steady," she instructed Pam. "He's almost there."

Alison continued to gently and insistently tug on his cock head, keeping the movements small but intense, to keep the

aim on the glass as she felt his orgasm rising again, his cock swelling and bloating in her hand and his balls rising, she maintained her pace, milking his huge cock into the glass.

"Ooooooohhh shiiiit!" groaned Bobby, as his cock bucked in Alison's tender fingers, spasming before shooting a huge jet of cum into the glass, the thick creamy sperm coating the inside of the glass like frosting. Another blast shot out, making an audible noise as it hit the side of the glass, rapidly followed by another. Pam allowed the glass to drop slightly; and the third jet splashed over the rim spraying her stomach and one breast.

"Ooops!" she said, giggling, and hastily adjusting her grip to catch the remaining loads that shot out until they finally slowed to a dribble; and she caught the final few drops and scooped them into the glass.

"Wow! That's awesome!"

She held the glass up, displaying the pool of cum in the bottom of the glass and the thick splatters that ran down the inside to join it. A stray droplet hung from the head of Bobby's cock as Alison gently stroked it while Bobby came down from this orgasm; and Pam couldn't resist scooping it up with her finger and licking it off.

"Mmmm... yummy! C'mon Nathan let's see what you've got!" she said, setting the glass down.



She clearly wasn't going to have to wait long; as Ellie's hands were working overtime on him, massaging his huge cock like a pepper grinder, and whispering in his ear.

"Mmmm, come on, give me that huge fucking load. Shoot your cum for me and fill the glass. I want to see it."

Nathan was obviously going to oblige. Throwing his head back, he let out a roar and tensed every muscle in his body as his cock thrust out towards the glass. Ellie was still jerking him as he started to cum, the first couple of loads merely dribbling out and splattering on the ground before the first huge blast erupted. Ellie's jerking meant about half of it went in the glass, the other half sprayed in Cynthia's face. She turned away in surprise before giggling, but had the presence of mind to keep the glass in position, so Ellie could slow her stroking and milk Nathan's giant dick into the flute, all of it splashing into the glass with the exception of a couple of stray spurts that escaped.

She continued to stroke him after his cum had stopped shooting, squeezing the last few drops from his huge tool, clearly intent on making sure every drop went into the glass.

Cynthia scooped the cum off her cheek and dropped it into the glass to add to the rest.

"Wow, that's quite a load! Let's see them together."

Pam held up Bobby's glass and the girls studied them side by side. The glasses were both coated with cum blasts and such a mess, it was pretty much impossible to tell if one was fuller than the other.

"Hmmmm, they look pretty equal to me. I think you both have a huge amount of cum."

"I wonder whose tastes better," mused Pam. "I know Bobby's is pretty sweet."

She put her finger in Nathan's glass and scooped a glob off the inside before sampling it.

"Mmmmm, that's pretty nice too. A little less salty maybe. What do you think?"

Cynthia hesitated, clearly not sure on the idea of tasting cum.

"C'mon a little won't make you straight. Here, try."

Pam took a scoop from Bobby's glass and offered it to Cyn, who hesitantly tried it, figuring she'd already swallowed a mouthful of it so a little more wouldn't hurt. It wasn't too bad, and as she was swallowing it, Pam scooped a little of Nathan's for her to try; and she licked it from her finger, letting the taste go over her tongue before swallowing it.

"Hmm they both taste like cum to me. But I'm not really an expert."

"Say I wonder if the girls could recognise their man's cum? What do you think, a blindfold taste test?"

Alison was a little taken aback; but Ellie was still in the mood for some competition.

"Sure, and the loser has to chug both loads!"

"Cool! Alison, are you in?" asked Pam.

"Well, I don't know... I suppose..." she wavered, but then caught the triumphant look in Ellie's eye, and remembered the sight of her writhing on Bobby's cock and made her mind up. "Yes, alright then."

"Cool!"

Pam fetched a couple of scarves; and they tied them around Ellie's and Alison's eyes before handing the glasses to them.

Alison took the first glass and raised it to her lips, the pungent aroma of cum strong as she felt the glass on her skin. She tipped it up and felt a trickle of thick cum run into her mouth.

She ran it over her tongue like she was tasting a fine wine. It was not unpleasant, thick and quite sweet.

"And now glass number 2."

Cynthia passed Alison the second glass and took the first from her. Alison took a sip and somehow she knew this was Bobby's cum instantly. Whether it was the saltier taste, the fact that she had tasted it so many times before, or the fact that he was her own flesh and blood, she knew it was his. She wanted to drink it all, almost reluctant to share it with another woman, but then remembered the point and handed it back, saying. "That's Bobby's."

Ellie took her turn next, sipping one glass and the next. Alison had removed her blindfold and could see Ellie grimacing at the taste. Clearly she didn't enjoy swallowing cum and Alison guessed that was why the forfeit of swallowing both loads was one Ellie hoped

would go to Alison. Ellie forced the cum down and took the second glass, clearly not enjoying it, but took a second sip and grimaced before setting it down.

"Well?" enquired Cyn.

"Ummm... I'm not sure. I think maybe 2 was Nathan."

"Uh oh...looks like we have a winner, and a loser!"

Ellie removed her blindfold and Cyn held the glasses for her.

"Loser chugs both loads?"

Ellie looked pissed but there wasn't much she could say. It was her idea after all. She took the first glass which Alison worked out must have been Nathan's and raised it to her lips. Taking a deep breath, she tipped the whole load into her mouth and forced it down, gagging on the quantity and taste. Cyn handed her the second glass and Ellie held it, pausing to get her gag reflex under control. After a few deep breaths she raised it and tipping Bobby's sperm into her mouth, forcing it down in a couple of swallows.

"Wow, way to go Ellie! Think you should get all the drops, though," suggested Pam.

The glasses still had some cum running down the insides; and Ellie reluctantly scooped them up and licked them off her fingers, forcing that down as well.

"Ok, that's the lot," Ellie muttered as she swallowed the last drops.

"Way to go. Well what do you say we..." Cynthia was interrupted by Ellie.

"Oh God!"

Ellie pushed past Cyn and ran into the apartment and into the bathroom where she slammed the door.

"Ooops. I guess she had too much to drink!" Pam giggled, and the others joined in.

Ellie was clearly in no mood for any more partying; and by now it was getting late, so they wrapped things up and headed their separate ways. The combination of the sex and the drinks meant Bobby was asleep in the bedroom by the time Alison joined him. She looked at him lying on the bed, still wearing the costume and makeup she'd put on him, looking so beautiful she thought her heart would break. In a few days' time, the holiday would be over and they would be heading home, Bobby to college and her back to her job and her lonely life. She pushed the thoughts away and poured herself another glass of champagne. She wouldn't allow herself to think about it for now. Just enjoy the moment.

## Chapter 22

The last few days of their holiday passed too quickly for them both; and they largely kept to themselves, treasuring each moment, knowing that all too soon their time together would be over. Finally, the time for their return home arrived; and they packed their bags and took the limo to the airport. Alison kept her dark glasses on, and had a few drinks in the departure lounge to dull her sadness. For once, Bobby was in an equally lugubrious mood, knowing that once he arrived home, he would be deprived of his daily dose of Alison's charms, and plunged into the world of study and college.

On the flight home they were lost in their own thoughts. Alison knew that she had been lying to herself. She told herself that the holiday had been to get Bobby's obsession for her out of his system, and let him get on with his life; but the truth was, the more she was with him, the more he had filled a void in her life. She knew, too, that she was to blame for letting things get out of hand. Letting him walk around naked at home, massively aroused, was something she'd put down to teenage hormones and practicality. The truth was, deep down, she'd enjoyed teasing him and seeing how excited he became for her.

She'd told herself she was treating him like any other patient; but he wasn't. He was her son; and, bit by bit, she'd allowed the normality of a mother-son relationship to change, until they were like husband and wife. He even looked like Robert; and for the last few weeks, Alison had felt like she had her

husband back, only to have to go through the grief of losing him once again.

She pushed the flight attendant button and ordered another gin and tonic. The alcohol didn't seem to be doing much to dull the pain, though; but it was all she could think to try. Bobby was sleeping; and as she sipped her drink and looked at him, she thought he was the most perfect thing she had ever seen. Right now, the only thing that would feel better than the alcohol would be Bobby making love to her. She admired his body through his t-shirt and shorts. His toned torso was visible through the shirt; and the tan he'd gotten over the past two weeks made him look even more beautiful. She let her eyes run over him, pausing at the bulge in his shorts. She pictured his giant cock, so hard it was like stone, and his big, heavy balls. She recalled the feel, and the taste of him, and wished she could reach over and grab him now.

The flight attendant arrived with her drink; and Alison asked for a blanket, which the attendant brought moments later. It wasn't really that cold; but something about snuggling up to Bobby under the cover seemed comforting. She lifted the arm rest gently, so as not to wake him, and draped the blanket over them both, sipping her drink, before leaning over to rest her head on his shoulder.

He murmured, but didn't wake; and she finished her drink before pulling the blanket over her, and resting her hand on his chest. His skin was so warm and smooth, even through the thin fabric of his shirt; and the feel of his muscular torso made her feel better. She let her hand wander a little lower, feeling



his chiselled abs, and allowed it to linger there. Bobby seemed to still be asleep; and she glanced round, confirming that most of the rest of the passengers were also napping.

She couldn't help herself, and allowed her hand to slide down to his lap, finding the reassuring outline of his big heavy balls, and the thick, heavy piece of meat, that she had come to know so well. She gently squeezed his cock, and felt it immediately begin to respond, lengthening and thickening until it was like an iron bar in his shorts. He still didn't wake; but he shifted in his sleep as she gently ran her fingers over his aroused manhood. She wondered what he was dreaming about, or, specifically, who. She knew, guiltily, that she hoped it was her; as she continued to tease his cock through his shorts, feeling it jump and tense in response to her caresses.

They stayed like that until Alison finally drifted off to sleep. She was awakened by the sound of the captain's voice over the cabin speaker, informing them that they were beginning their descent; and he hoped everyone had had a pleasant flight.

"Morning, Mom," Bobby smiled at her.

"Good morning, dear..." Alison realised her hand was still on Bobby's cock, and guiltily removed it. "Oh, dear. I, um..."

Bobby smiled at her as she collected herself. Before long they were on the ground, and made their way back through the airport, catching a taxi home. They were both depressed at the reality of arriving home. As Bobby dropped their bags, he tried

to embrace Alison; but she brushed him aside, quickly busying herself in the practicalities of unpacking, and preparing for Bobby's college departure. She went to her room to change; and when she emerged, Bobby noticed with a heavy heart that she was no longer walking around undressed. He took his cue from her that their teasing sessions were at an end.

After a quiet dinner, Alison excused herself off upstairs.

"I'm going to have an early night Bobby. I'm pooped. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Sure Mom..."

So was this really it? After all they'd done together, she was just going to pretend it had never happened, and go back to how things used to be? He went to his room and opened up his lap top, watching some of his favourite big-tit actresses and stroking his cock, imagining it was his mother's tender hands that were stroking, and her big tits he was looking at, as he pumped out a big load and came all over his belly.

The following morning there was no wake-up call from his mother, and no customary display of boobs to greet him; so he wearily made his way to the shower and washed himself. She was downstairs fixing breakfast when he came down, and had already washed and dressed. She had some music playing on the radio, and seemed to be making a forced attempt at being cheerful.

"Morning sweetie. Did you sleep well?"

"Um, ok, I guess..."

Was she really going to just pretend that nothing happened and keep up this farce?

"Ok, well, I'm making waffles and eggs, so I hope you're hungry."

"I'm hungry for your big tits," he thought to himself as he watched her cooking. She was wearing one of her more modest dresses; and he guessed she was wearing her bra, from the way her boobs seemed not to be bouncing around so much. But try as hard as she might, his mom couldn't stop herself from looking sexy. He imagined walking up behind her, and grabbing her big melons through her dress, squeezing them hard, the way he knew she liked. He imagined pulling up her skirt, and burying his cock in her tight little pussy, fucking her over the kitchen counter 'till she came, then fucking her again. He felt himself becoming hard as he pictured it. He wondered what she would do. Would she fight him off, or just give in to her desires?

"Here's your coffee!"

She broke his reverie with a mug of steaming black coffee.

"Thanks Mom."

"I thought we could get your things packed today; and I could drive you up to college tomorrow."

"But college doesn't start 'till next week. I thought we had some more time together."

"I know; but it will give you a chance to get settled in before term starts. I don't have to start back at work 'till Wednesday; so I can take you. It'll be nicer than moving in at the weekend, when all the other students are unpacking."

"You mean you want to get rid of me."

"Sweetie, that's not true! You know I'll miss you. I'm just thinking this might be easier."

"Really? You've not come near me since we got home; and now you want me to ship out a week early? Why are you being like this?"

He could feel his cheeks flushing and his heart beating. His mom could be like an ice cube when she wanted; and right now she was so cold it hurt. She turned away from him to hide the fact that she was struggling not to cry.

"Honey, I don't mean to be cold. I love you. You're my son; and I will always be here for you. But all this... what's happened... it had to stop sometime, you know it did. And, well, you and I, being here together..."

"What?"

"Well. I think it's putting temptation in the way, so it would be better if you went to college early and settled in. I'm sure there will be lots of girls there whose hearts you'll break; and when you come home for the holidays, things will be back to normal."

Was that it? She really thought she could just switch off the sweet stuff? She'd given him orgasms he'd never believed possible; and every time he saw her naked, it was like the first time. Now she thought they'd just go back to a regular mother-son cosy relationship? How could she really believe that? Still, she'd said being here was a source of temptation. Somehow he thought she meant for her as well as him; so he knew she still wanted him as much as he wanted her.

"I'm going shopping. I may stop off and see some friends on the way home, Bobby. If you go out, please leave me a note."

She walked off before he had a chance to answer. This was going to be a real ball breaker, he knew. She had said it was all going to end; but he never believed it would actually

happen. And he wasn't about to give up on things now. Alison didn't get home 'till late, and went to bed straight away. So Bobby didn't get a chance to see or speak to her the rest of that day. The following day, Alison continued the iceberg routine, and started packing up his things, keeping her conversation upbeat and neutral, talking about college and what his plans were, anything but confronting the elephant in the room.

Bobby could see that she was determined to get him away from home as soon as possible; and short of forcing himself on her, there was no way he was going to get anything soon. So he resigned himself to go along with things for now. He'd awoken with her hand on his cock on the plane, so she could talk about work and college all she liked; but he knew she wanted him.

The drive took them about 2 hours; and Alison played music most of the way, to fill the awkward silence and questions that might surface. Bobby kept quiet for now. Arguing with his mom wasn't going to get him anywhere when she was in this kind of mood; so he decided to bide his time instead. As they arrived at college, the buildings looked cold and forbidding., most of the faculty and students still on holiday. The place had a slightly eerie, abandoned quality. Alison found the admissions office and sorted out the paperwork, before helping Bobby carry his boxes and suitcases up to his room.

She busied herself with helping unpack and arranging his things, now entirely in 'mom mode", and able to distract herself from Bobby. Bobby allowed her to take charge, not that

there was much use stopping her, until she finally she ran out of things to unpack and tidy up.

"Well, that looks a bit more cosy, doesn't it?" as she looked around at his dorm room, now replete with all his belongings.

"Um, yeah. It looks really nice. Thanks Mom."

"Now is there anything else you need? Have you got enough money? What about food?"

"Mom, I'm fine. Honestly, I've got enough food for the whole dorm."

"Well, if you're sure."

They stood facing one another in the small room, Alison clearly not knowing what to say.

"Well, it's nearly 5pm. It's a long journey; and I'd like to make it back before it's completely dark out. So if there's nothing else you need..."

"There is something, I need...."

"What's that dear?"

Bobby began undoing his belt before opening the front of his pants.

"Bobby, what are you doing??"

He began opening the button on his jeans, unbuttoning his fly before reaching in and pulling out his cock and balls. He was already semi-erect; and as she watched his cock, it continued to grow and harden, until it was curving up towards the ceiling, and pulsing with his heart beat.

"Bobby, put it away. What do you think you're doing? Someone could walk in."

"There's no one here, remember, Mom? You brought me early. I love you Mom, with my heart and soul; but I also love you with this."

"Bobby, no... we can't... not anymore... "

"I know you still want it. You spent the whole flight with your hand on it. Why don't you touch it now?"

It was a bluff; but he guessed he was right.

"That was an accident Bobby. I thought you were asleep."



"Well, I wasn't asleep; so I know it wasn't an accident," he lied. "Mom, feel how hard you're making me now, just standing there."

"Bobby, no..."

"Just touch it; and feel how hard you're making me. One more touch won't hurt you. Then, if you want to go, you can."

"Bobby, please..."

"Just touch it."

She looked at his dick: the skin drawn back from his cock head, the glans purple and shiny with his arousal, his cock throbbing. The one eye seemed to be looking at her. It was almost like she was hypnotised by it. Despite herself, she couldn't help reaching out to touch it, and feel how aroused he was. His cock jumped as she touched it, gently wrapping her fingers around it. He was rock hard and pulsing in her hand. She marvelled once again at how big it was, how her fingers barely met. She felt how silky smooth the skin was as she gently stroked it, unable to help herself.

"Do you still want to go?"

"No." she said almost inaudibly.

He reached out and grabbed her big tits, squeezing them roughly before ripping her blouse open and reaching in to pull them out of her bra. She gasped as he roughly handled her; but made no move to stop him as he mauled her breasts, squeezing and twisting them, before pushing them together and feasting hungrily on her nipples, biting on the them.

"Oh Godddddd..." she moaned, her breathing becoming ragged as Bobby squeezed and sucked her tits the way he knew she liked. She responded by gripping his cock harder, squeezing the shaft so the head swelled even more and turned purple, the veins bulging out. He didn't care, though. Right now, she could do anything she wanted to his dick. He was just thrilled she was touching it. He released her nipples and slapped her left tit, sending it bouncing in the air and leaving a red hand print. She gasped, but thrust her chest out at him, inviting more. So he spanked her tit again, harder this time, sending it flying up with the force of the blows.

She was squeezing his cock so hard. he thought she might be trying to take it home with her; but he didn't care. It felt great; so he was disappointed when she released it. She pushed him back against the door; and he thought for a moment that she was going to slap him. But instead she dropped to her knees. She hungrily eyed his giant cock for a few moments, before opening her mouth and engulfing it, greedily inhaling his cock for all she was worth. He stood against the door, happy to allow her to have her way with his dick, slurping and sucking on it as if her life depended on it.

Having had no special time with Alison since their holiday, Bobby knew he wouldn't last too long. No amount of jerking off was a substitute for his mother's blowjobs. He thought she might back off as she sensed his orgasm approaching; but she didn't. She continued to suck him as hard as she could, taking as much of him as she could in her mouth without gagging. Eventually, as he felt his cum rising, he warned her: "Ohh, God....cumming..."

She continued working her lips up and down his shaft, feeling the head of his cock swell even more before it began to pulse, and then erupt with thick spurts of cum. She hungrily drank down his thick sperm, as more and more flooded her mouth, in a seemingly endless supply. As his orgasm subsided and she swallowed the last of his cum, he was afraid she would leave. It had been a quick blowjob; and he would have liked it to last longer. But for a man in the desert, even a puddle is like an oasis. But instead of rising to her feet, Alison continued nursing on his cock. He was still hard. She slowly licked and sucked his sensitive cock, gently building the pace; and he realised she was planning on making him cum again.

This time was slower than the first. She was more delicate, sensuous, teasing him towards a climax with kisses and caresses. He realised now that the first orgasm was just a release, something they both needed urgently. Now it was time for his mother to make love to his cock with her mouth like only she could. That mouth that had kissed him good night when he was a little boy, was now lavishing kisses on his swollen purple cock head, licking, teasing and caressing him; so he could feel his balls begin to churn, and his cum begin to rise. Only this time, she backed off as his orgasm approached,

drawing out the moment and making him wait. Twice more she brought him shuddering to the brink of orgasm, only to deny him at the last moment, before finally licking and teasing him so he came boiling and shuddering to an orgasm even more intense than the first. He came so hard, some of his sperm splashed her lips and dribbled out before she could capture it; but she gulped the rest down as greedily as the first load, spurt after spurt of thick cum filling her mouth as she gulped it down, finally nursing on his spent cock, and coaxing the last few dribbles out of him, before reluctantly releasing him.

The room was growing dim, the sun settling low on the horizon. In her passion, she had lost track of time. She rose unsteadily to her feet, placing her breasts back in her bra and trying to repair her blouse. Several of the buttons had come off; so she needed to hold it closed with one hand.

Bobby pushed his semi-erect cock back into his pants and did them up.

"It's getting dark out mom, why don't you stay the night?"

"No, I have to be at work tomorrow. Besides, it might look a little suspicious having your mother staying over in your room, don't you think?"

"Um, yeah, I guess. I'll walk you to your car."

"No, there's no need Bobby. I'll call you when I get home. I'd better get going."

She let herself out of his room and hurried to her car, holding her blouse closed with one hand as she went. Fortunately, there was no one around to see her; so she was able to make it back to her car without arousing any suspicion. As she drove, she still had some of Bobby's cum in her mouth. She had held a little back, reluctant to swallow it all. She remembered the feel of his beautiful cock in her mouth, and the feeling of it pulsing and flooding her tongue and cheeks with its potent load, and felt herself growing more aroused.

She pulled over on the side of the road, and reached under her skirt to rub her clit. Reliving the sensations of sucking Bobby and savouring the taste of his sperm, and knowing how much there was in her stomach, only added to the thrill. As she rubbed her clit, she felt her orgasm rushing over her, and moaned as she finally gulped the last of his cum down, shuddering through her climax.

She sat with her eyes closed as she got her breathing back under control, when she was startled by a rap on the window. She looked up to see a Patrolman looking down at her. She panicked, wondering how long he'd been there, and how much he had seen through the tinted glass. He signalled to her to wind the window down; so she lowered the driver-side window.

"You okay there, Miss?"

He didn't look much older than Bobby; and she couldn't help being flattered that he called her "Miss."

"Um, yes, I'm fine, thank you...officer."

"Do you have some kind of car problem Miss?"

"No, no, I'm fine."

"Is there any reason you're pulled over here?"

"Oh, I just dropped my cell phone. I was worried it might have been damaged, so I pulled over to retrieve it."

"Are you sure you are okay?"

He dropped his gaze from her face to her torn blouse. She glanced down and could see her top had fallen open and was displaying her bra-clad breasts. She hastily covered herself.

"Yes, I'm quite alright, thank you. I caught my blouse on a door handle earlier."

"Have you been drinking miss?"

"No, why?"

"You got a little something on your chin there."

She looked in the mirror and realised to her horror that some of Bobby's dried semen was on her chin. She'd been in such a state when she'd left him, she hadn't thought to check herself. She hastily dabbed it away with a tissue.

"Oh, I had an um...milkshake earlier. I must have spilt some. Thank you for pointing it out."

"Alright, well, you drive carefully then, Miss."

Her blouse had fallen open again; and her boobs wobbled like Jello as she cleaned her face. The patrol man couldn't help getting an eye-full; and since his crotch was at eye level, Alison couldn't help seeing he had the beginnings of a hard-on as he walked away.

She drove home in a state of confusion. Three or four times, she nearly turned back to go and fetch Bobby, and bring him home so they could be together; but then she stopped herself. She'd already given in to temptation once tonight. What would bringing him home achieve anyway? He needed to finish college, start a career, and meet a girl who could give him a family of his own, someone he could be with without any scandal or shame, who could give him a child, things she could never do.

She arrived home late. She'd thought about stopping at a bar on the way; but she could hardly walk in with her shirt torn open, and cum stains on her lips, so she just headed home. She trudged into the house. It had never seemed more empty and dark than it did now with Bobby gone.

She threw the torn shirt in the trash, and removed her bra and skirt, donning one of her husband's old t-shirts. She remembered how much he liked her wearing them; and now her son seemed to share her husband's tastes. She wandered down to the kitchen and opened a bottle of wine, pouring a large glass and downing half of it, washing away the faint taste of Bobby's cum. She couldn't hold back the tears any longer, and sobbed as she contemplated life without Bobby. She imagined all the girls he would have queueing up to be with him soon. His good looks, athletic body, charm, and not least his big dick, would ensure he wouldn't be alone at night.

She imagined some teenage undergraduate girl sucking Bobby's big cock, or worse, riding it, and felt herself flushing with jealousy. Once he had his choice of all those teenage girls, he'd forget all about his old mother. She wouldn't have to worry he would even think of her sexually any more. He'd probably just be disgusted with her for making herself so readily available to him, like she did tonight, dropping to her knees and sucking his cock dry like some whore: Alison the cock-sucking mother. She drank the rest of her wine, and was about to pour another, when the doorbell rang.

She dried her eyes and headed to the door. It was after 10pm. Who could it be at this time of night?



She opened it and saw a man in a courier's uniform with a manila package.

"Mrs. Alison Stevens?"

"Yes?"

"Sign here, please."

He passed her an electronic clipboard and pen, taking the opportunity to check her out as he did. Her nipples were clearly visible through her thin shirt; and combined with the way her breasts wobbled and swayed as she signed the form, she certainly wasn't wearing a bra. He tore his eyes away as she returned the pen and clipboard, and handed her the parcel.

She headed back to the kitchen and poured herself another drink. Why was someone sending her a parcel at this time of night? She presumed it was work; but she didn't know what was so important that she needed it tonight. She then remembered guiltily she'd said she would call Bobby. He was probably getting worried by now. She didn't think she could cope with talking to him, and answering any questions that might arise; so she grabbed her cell phone and sent him a text.

HOME SAFE

## LOVE MOM

XXX

She sipped her wine and turned her attention to the package. She supposed if the clinic had couriered something to her, she ought to at least look at it. She pulled the tear strip and tipped the bag onto the kitchen table.

As Alison saw the contents, her world stopped. She felt herself becoming dizzy, and everything becoming blurred. For a moment, she thought she might faint. She gripped the counter top to keep herself from falling, as she took in the sight before her.

There on the counter, was a photograph, showing her naked, lowering herself onto Bobby's cock, on what had to be the balcony of their hotel. She sifted through the other pictures and found more of the same: her climbing on him, lowering herself onto his huge cock, her head thrown back as she climaxed, her boobs thrust out making them look obscenely big. She remembered the day. It was when Bobby had convinced her to see what it felt like to have his cock all the way inside her. From the pictures, it looked like they were actually fucking even though she knew they weren't.

She laughed to herself that she was making a distinction without a difference. As if sitting on your son's cock and taking

him inside you was okay, as long as you didn't fuck. She leafed through the others, dozens of pictures., one of a hotel room trashcan with a condom filled with a milky residue. It looked like cum, even though Alison remembered it was just Bobby's pre-cum, again she was struck with the absurdity of the distinction, and realised how she'd been trying to fool herself with these stupid rules and limits she'd set.

Her heart was racing and her head spinning as she tried to make sense of them: her and Bobby fucking for real this time, with Pam and Cyn watching them...dozens of photos exposing in graphic detail their indiscretions.

She turned her attention to the other contents of the package, hoping to find an answer. There was a memory stick and a cell phone. She groggily fetched her laptop and switched it on, wondering what fresh horrors awaited her on the memory stick. While she waited for her computer to fire up, she examined the phone for any clues. It was a basic Nokia. She presumed it was a...what did they call them, a burner. She turned it on and scrolled through the menus, hoping to find something, but it was blank.

Her laptop finally finished booting, and she plugged in the memory stick, clicking the icon with a sense of dread. There were a series of movie files with anonymous titles, and she clicked one at random. It showed a beachside bar with a couple in the throes of passion. The woman had huge breasts and was masturbating the man's equally impressive erection. With a shock she recognised the couple as herself and Bobby, and remembered it was from one of their first days at the

resort. If she'd been in any doubt, the clip was time and date stamped anyway, recording in clinical detail when the events occurred. As she watched, the camera zoomed in to show a close up of Bobby's cock as it erupted, spraying an obscene geyser of cum on Alison's breasts.

She closed the clip and opened another. This time it was a parking lot. The picture had a greenish hue, presumably due to a night-vision filter. She saw herself climbing out of her car and helping Bobby, whose pants tented out with an obviously huge erection. She watched in sick fascination, as she saw herself reaching into Bobby's pocket to hold his erect cock, before making their way inside. She closed the clip. She didn't need to open any more to know they would contain a pornographic display of her and Bobby's descent into incest. She thought she might be sick. The only comfort she could draw from all of this, was that whoever had taken all these images, had chosen not to make them public... yet.

She was startled from her thoughts by the sound of the cell phone ringing. She looked at the screen, but it simply said "ID WITHHELD", not that she needed an ID to know that whoever was calling was the person who had sent the pictures. She sat frozen, looking at the phone, wondering what they would want. She was paralysed by fear, but eventually forced herself to reach out and take the phone, pressing the green "ANS" key. She held it to her ear tentatively, almost as if something might leap out of it at her: silence.

"Hello?" her voice sounded thin and frightened, like a little girl. She felt angry with herself for allowing herself to sound so weak.

"Ms Stevens, I take it you have had time to view the collection of pictures and films?"

The voice was robotic, mechanical. She realised it was passing through some sort of processor, to mask the caller's identity.

"Who is this? What do you want?"

"A car will call for you tomorrow night at 6pm exactly. Please ensure you are ready."

"Who are you? Why are you...."

"Your questions will be addressed tomorrow evening. Tell no one about this. One more thing: be sure to wear your little black dress."

The phone went dead; and Alison dropped it back onto the counter shaking with nerves, too scared and stunned to cry. What on earth was going to happen to her? And what about Bobby, had he received a call?

# Chapter 23

## PART 1

Alison spent the night pacing and worrying. What on earth was going to happen? What should she do? Was she going to be kidnapped? Murdered? Raped? Who could she turn to? She wished Bobby was still here, so at least she could talk to him, have someone to support her and help her. Several times, she picked up her cell phone and started to dial his number. Even just to hear his voice would feel good. But then she stopped herself. What would she tell him? The voice on the phone had been clear: "Tell no one." She wondered if her house was bugged, or her phone tapped. Besides, the reason she'd gotten into this mess in the first place, was because she'd used Bobby to try to solve her own problems. She had to protect him from this. Whatever happened to her now, his future was all that mattered.

Eventually, near dawn, she managed an hour or two of fitful sleep. Awakening thinking she had just had a terrible dream, she then saw the envelope, remembered its contents, and the whole nightmare came flooding back to her. She made her way to work and attempted to focus on her job, anything to distract her from whatever awaited her later that night. But she couldn't concentrate; and eventually at lunchtime, she told her secretary she wasn't feeling well and left. She stopped off at a bar and had a double-vodka, the alcohol taking the edge of her panic, but leaving her no closer to any idea what she should...could, do.

She considered calling the police; but what would she tell them? She was being blackmailed about fucking her son? She considered leaving town and going away; but what about Bobby? If she didn't keep her appointment tonight, what would the blackmailer do to him? Every angle she came at it from, the answer was the same. She had to face this tonight, and face it alone. She drove home and found everything as she'd left it. Somehow, she was afraid of another package, or an intruder, though how anything could be worse than last night's bombshell she didn't know.

The time was just 3pm. She poured herself a glass of wine, anticipating 3 more hours of agonizing suspense. She finished the glass and resisted the urge to pour another. Whatever was to come, she needed to face it with a clear head. She headed upstairs and laid out the dress on the bed. A couple of months ago, she would never have dreamed of wearing something so slutty. She remembered how excited Bobby was when she tried it on, and wished he was here now to protect her.

She undressed and showered. Feeling the hot water running over her body soothed her; and she found herself finally sobbing, the shock of last night wearing off, and being replaced with fear and desperation. She crumpled into a ball on the floor of the shower, hugging herself as she wept, not knowing how long had passed, by the time she collected herself and turned the water off.

She walked into the bedroom and regarded herself in the mirror. Clearly, whoever was doing this expected her to look her best. She dropped her towel and looked at her body. Her

breasts were big and heavy, looking huge on her slim torso. Her belly was flat and her legs shapely. She walked closer and looked at her face. Her mascara had run; and her eyes were red and puffy from the lack of sleep and crying. She set about repairing her make-up and arranging her hair, and eventually was satisfied she looked good enough. She wasn't vain; but she knew her face was pretty, even if most men never seemed to get that...high.

She checked the time: 5pm. Her heart jumped. Only an hour! She put on the dress, being shocked again at how much it displayed. She had no idea what to expect tonight, but decided to use the tape, to keep herself from displaying any more than she already was, sticking it to her nipples and the dress. She put on a pair of black high heels. She debated wearing something more sensible, in case she needed to run, but then figured what was the point? She couldn't escape a blackmailer.

She regarded herself in the mirror and scarcely recognized herself. Gone was the professional hospital manager, and, in her place, someone who looked like a high-class call-girl. She put on a long coat over the dress. The night air was cold; and it would afford her some modesty. She paced about the house, anxiously waiting, until at precisely 6pm the doorbell rang. She jumped and covered her mouth. Oh God! This is it! What should she do? She remained frozen to the spot for what seemed like an eternity, before forcing herself to walk to the door. She opened it and saw a man in uniform waiting. At first she thought he was a policeman, but then realised it was a chauffeur's uniform.



"Ms. Stevens?"

"Yes," she managed to croak.

"Follow me, please."

He turned and walked towards a black limousine, holding the door open for her. She closed her front door and walked slowly towards the black vehicle.

"Where are we going?"

"Please get in Ms. Stevens," the man replied.

She slid into the back of the limo and the door closed softly behind her. The chauffeur got in and they pulled away. The privacy screen was up, precluding any further questions, not that it seemed he would answer any. The windows were tinted. As they drove through the suburbs, it was obvious they were heading out of town. As the roads became darker, she found it harder to see where they were, and lost track of their location, not that it made much difference. Who was she going to tell?

She checked her cell phone and found they'd been driving for nearly 30 minutes. She noticed with a sense of panic that she had no signal, although who she would call at this point, she didn't know. Eventually, the car slowed and made a turn, passing some gates. She could hear a different sound from

under the tires, and guessed they were driving over gravel. Eventually the car stopped in front of a huge mansion. She heard the driver get out and walk 'round to open her door. The cold of the night air startled her as she stepped out. The chauffeur held his hand out helping her from the car before gesturing that she should head up the steps to the main entrance. She did so, and was met by a man in a dark suit and tie. She didn't recognise him, and was about to ask who he was when he spoke.

"This way Ms. Stevens."

He headed off through a huge entrance hall and she followed, struggling to keep up as he strode down a corridor, eventually opening a large wooden door for her, and standing to one side.

"I'll take your coat Ms. Stevens."

She hesitated. The house was warm; but she was reluctant to remove it, knowing how much her dress exposed. Eventually she slipped it over her shoulders, blushing at her near nakedness, and feeling even more vulnerable in her revealing black dress. The man simply took her coat and folded it over his arm, showing no reaction to her exposed body. She walked into the room. It was softly lit, with a fireplace and a large bookcase. She thought she was alone until a voice startled her.

"Ms. Stevens, thank you for joining me."

She turned and saw a figure sitting in a leather armchair. Even before she'd turned 'round, she recognized the voice. William J Petty's beady little eyes twinkled, as they roamed over her body.

"I must say, you look quite exquisite."

She swallowed, trying to stay calm.

"Mr. Petty, what is it you want?"

"Ms. Stevens, it is not what I want. Rather, it is what you want, that we are here to discuss."

She looked confused.

"What I want... but the pictures..."

"Ah yes, quite a comprehensive dossier. I actually sent you a relatively small sample of what I have accumulated."

She waited for him to continue; but he simply continued to run his eyes over her body, and in particular her breasts, making no attempt to disguise his interest. She struggled to make sense of this. What did he want?

"But why did you...have us... me...followed?"

"I told you Ms. Stevens. I always take a close interest in my assets, and like to inspect them fully." He continued to gaze at her breasts as he said this.

"But what do you, what are you going to do...?"

"What would you like me to do Ms. Stevens?"

"I don't understand."

"It's a simple enough question Ms. Stevens. There are a range of options open to me. I could forward copies of the files to the trustees of the clinic, the board of governors of the University, or post them on the internet, all anonymously of course."

"No, please!"

"Ah, you see? We have already narrowed down your choices. So again, what would you like me to do?"

"Couldn't you just... erase them?"

"Mmmm, yes, I could... But why would I do that, having taken so much trouble to gather the information?"

"Please... just tell me what you want."

"Ms. Stevens, I keep telling you. This is about what you want. I am not going to ask you for anything tonight. It is for you to ask."

"I don't understand."

"You wish me to keep the pictures of yourself and Bobby from becoming public. What else?"

"Please, just leave Bobby out of this. Do what you want with me."

"Ah yes, your son!"

"Bobby... is he alright? Have you...?"

"Yes, he is quite alright. You can see for yourself."

He pushed a button on a remote; and a TV screen came on, showing a bedroom with a young man lying on it. She looked at it in bemusement for a few moments, before realizing it was Bobby in his room."

"Bobby? What have you done to him!?"

"Calm yourself Ms. Stevens. Nothing. He is quite well, as you can see. I must say, he seemed rather happier last night when you were saying good bye to him," he chuckled.

"You bastard!"

"Now Ms. Stevens," the humour left his voice. "That's hardly the way to speak to someone who holds your future in his hands."

"I'm sorry...I didn't...just please don't hurt my son."

"Very well then. So we have established you want two things: the well-being of your son, and the details of your interludes to remain private. I'm a businessman Ms. Stevens, and the essence of any good business deal is one where both parties are satisfied."

"What is it you want?"

"Ms. Stevens, it is about what you want. I have told you, I will ask for nothing. It is for you to ask."

God, this was driving her crazy! What did he want from her? To have sex with her? Right now he seemed to be enjoying just toying with her.

"What assets do you think you have that might interest me?"

He stared at her breasts as he asked the question. As if she could forget the night he groped her, his ogling left her in no doubt.

"Do you want to... do you want me to...?"

"What is it you have that might interest me?"

He was making her say it?

"My... my...body?"

"An offer should always be specific. What part of your body?" his eyes roamed over her breasts.

The bastard was going to make her say it.

"My b,b...breasts?"

"If you are making an offer you should say so. Remember, it is for you to do the asking. What about them?"

"Do you want to..." she swallowed, trying not to cry, her voice shaking. "Do you want to see my breasts?"

"I have already seen them several times in your dossier."

"Then what else do you...?"

"It is for you to offer."

"Do you want to...touch them?"

"I have already had that pleasure."

"Then what do you want?!?!" She shouted. "Just tell me you bastard, and get this over with!!"

"Ms. Stevens, this is hardly the type of behaviour conducive to a good business deal, one that will be to your advantage."

Petty's voice was quiet, but laced with menace.

"Please just tell me what you want."



"I think your behaviour deserves to be punished Ms. Stevens. It seems you rather enjoy having your breasts beaten; so I think that would be an appropriate form of punishment. What do you think?"

"You want to... beat...my breasts?"

"Ms. Stevens, it is about what you want. You must make me an offer, a very clear offer; and ask me what you wish me to do."

"Oh God... pppplease..." Alison was struggling not to cry.

"Please what, Ms. Stevens? Speak up now."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to make me a clear offer Ms. Stevens. In exchange for my continued discretion, are you offering me your breasts, and asking me to punish them?"

"Yes..." she sobbed.

"Then you must say so."

"Please take by breasts and... punish them."

"It is customary when offering goods, to display them to the prospective buyer Ms. Stevens."

"What?"

He said nothing but continued to stare at her breasts, it was clear what he wanted so she wiped away her tears and tried to control herself. She slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders, having to peel the tape from her nipples in the process. The act had the unwanted consequence of causing her nipples to stiffen, adding to her humiliation. She slowly lowered the dress, resisting the urge to cover herself, and let it fall to the ground. She stood in only her panties and high heels, her hands by her sides. She looked straight ahead, as she felt Petty's eyes wandering over her heavy pear-shaped breasts and erect nipples.

"Very nice, Ms. Stevens. Quite magnificent in fact." He was being quite sincere in his praise, as he admired the full rounded globes. He had seen them several times in the photographs and videos; but they were even bigger and more beautiful in real life than he had expected. He allowed himself several moments to admire them fully, like inhaling the bouquet of a fine wine before tasting it.

She remained silent, the only noise in the room the crackling of the fireplace.

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?"

"Your offer?"

The bastard was getting his rocks off on humiliating her and making her repeat herself. She clenched her fists by her side and replied in a level tone.

"Please, take my breasts and punish them."

"If you are offering them to me. I think you should give them to me, don't you think?"

She walked towards him until she stood in front of him, her breasts level with his eyes. He looked even more repulsive than she remembered, his piggy little eyes roaming over her. She waited for him to reach out and touch her; but he simply looked at her expectantly.

"Well, are you going to offer them to me?"

It was not enough that he could touch her. She had to ask him to do it. Offering her body to him like some meal in a restaurant.

"Please... punish..."

"No, offer them to me. Tell me you are offering them if you are, and what you wish me to do with them. Nothing will happen tonight that you don't wish, remember?"

"Please accept my breasts. I am offering them to you so that you can punish them."

"Very well then Ms. Stevens, if you wish."

He reached out and gently cupped her heavy breasts with his clammy hands, weighing them like two precious objects, gently bouncing them and watching them respond.

"How would you like them punished, Ms Stevens?"

"Please...hit them."

"Hit what Ms Stevens, you must be clear. Remember, nothing happens unless you wish it."

"Please, Mr. Petty, hit my breasts."

She swallowed, choking back tears of anger and humiliation.

"Very well, if you wish."

With unexpected speed, Petty drew back his hand and gave her left breast a viscous slap that sent it flying with the force of the impact. The sudden shock of the blow caused her to gasp.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"I think it is only common courtesy to thank someone when they have carried out your wishes. Don't you?"

"Thank you," She managed, clenching her jaw and staring straight ahead, trying to distance herself from the room and the humiliation.

"You are welcome. Now what would you like me to do?"

"What?"

"If you wish me to continue punishing your breasts you must ask. These are the terms we are conducting business within."

Business? This sick fuck actually considers this some sort of business deal, humiliating and abusing me?

"Please hit my breasts again," she responded, her voice terse.

This time it was a back hander that sent her right breast flying.

He waited expectantly for her.

"Thank you... Please... hit my breasts again."

SMACK! The noise seemed deafening in the quietness of the study, as her left breast felt the full force of Petty's blow.

"Thank you...please... please... hit my breasts again.

The next blow was so hard she could almost see stars. On and on it went, each blow being followed by her thanking him and asking for another. Her breasts ached and burned from the impacts; and she wondered how much longer he would continue, how much longer she could take it?

"Please... hit my breasts..." She managed.

"Very well Ms. Steven's, I will hit them once more. But I wonder if you can think of another form of punishment they deserve? Perhaps you wish to have them squeezed?"

He slapped her bruised breast with a vicious undercut that caused it to fly upwards before rebounding.

By now Alison was quietly sobbing. She let out a whimper before answering.

"Th...thank you. P..P..Please squeeze my breasts."

"You must be clear. How hard do you wish them squeezed?"

"Please ... Please...squeeze them hard."

"Very well."

Her breasts were already bruised and aching as Petty sunk his fingers into them, and began viciously squeezing and twisting them.

She whimpered and clenched her fists so hard, her nails dug into her palms.

"Is that hard enough for you?"

"Th..Th...Thank you."

"Ms. Steven's, I asked if that is hard enough for you. Speak up now."

His meaning was clear enough.

"Please squeeze them harder."

"Squeeze what?"

"Please squeeze my breasts harder," she sobbed.

"There, that wasn't so difficult was it?"

He dug his fingers into her aching boobs and twisted them like dough, cruelly mauling her breasts. Just when she thought she could bear no more, he finally released her breasts and looked up at her. She remembered the sick ritual and forced a "Thank you."

"You are welcome Ms. Stevens. Your offer has been accepted. You can rest assured that your secret will remain safe. Actually, I will sweeten the deal for you. You see, as a benefactor of your son's university, I have considerable influence. I think it's fair to say he will do very well in his



studies. I have also arranged for a car to be delivered to him at the college. Bobby will think it is a present from you. So you see, a good business deal has advantages for everyone."

She struggled to take in his words through the aching pain in her breasts, but simply repeated "Thank you."

"You are welcome. You may get dressed. My driver will see you home. I shall require your attendance again in one week. That should allow sufficient time for the bruises to heal."

Again?! What would he want from her this time? She didn't allow herself to think about that. She put the dress back on tenderly and left the study. In the brighter light of the hallway, she could see the mottled red splotches covering her breasts. She simply ran back to the main hall, clutching her aching breasts, where the man in the black suit helped her into her coat and opened the door for her.

The driver was already holding the limo door open for her; and she climbed in finding an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne in it.

"Mr. Petty instructed me to provide it. He said the ice would help reduce the discomfort."

She poured herself a glass of the champagne, pausing briefly to wonder if it had been drugged, but then dismissing the idea. What would be the point? Petty could do whatever he wanted

to her without drugging her; and he clearly enjoyed her having to participate in her own humiliation. She drained the glass and poured another, feeling the effects begin to wash over her. She regarded the ice and remembered the chauffeur's comments. Petty had said it would reduce the discomfort. In some sick way he no doubt considered it a chivalrous gesture. She grabbed a handful of ice and opened her coat, not caring if the driver could see. She rubbed the ice over her breasts, feeling the cold numbing the skin, and taking the edge of the pain. The journey home passed in a haze. She finished the rest of the champagne, and found herself growing drowsy as the car came to a halt and the driver walked 'round to open the door. She walked unsteadily up the drive and let herself in, before walking up the stairs to the bedroom. She undressed and stood in front of the mirror she had regarded herself in earlier. Her breasts were mottled with yellow and purple bruises from the abuse they had received; and her eyes looked weary and blank. She collapsed on the bed. Finally the exhaustion and alcohol overcame her, and she fell into a deep sleep.

## PART 2

The first few days of Bobby's college experience seemed to drag by. There weren't many other people around; and he missed his mom, both emotionally and physically. He called her every day; but she seemed distant and distracted when he spoke to her, and clearly wasn't interested in discussing their relationship, nor the lack of it. Over the next few days, people began drifting into the college; and he started making a few friends, and signed up for the football team. His athletic prowess meant he was an obvious choice, and was quickly selected as quarterback. His star position status and good

looks meant he was also quickly singled out by the cheerleaders; and he found several of them smiling at him, and returned their looks with his winning grin. There was one girl in particular, though, who caught his eye. Erica Johansson was the captain of the cheerleading squad, and a blonde bombshell of Scandinavian descent and Barbie Doll proportions.

Toby, one of the other players, sidled up to him on the field and noticed him checking out Erica.

"If you're checking out the Ice Queen, forget it."

"What?"

"Erica Johansson, the Ice Queen. She's got a killer bod; but the only thing she'll give you is a prize pair of blue balls. She's a dick-tease man!"

"How do you know?"

"Couple of the guys dated her during her freshman year. You'll get to first or second base, but forget ever getting a home run. That, plus her dad's the coach, and he keeps a close eye on her and any guy dating her."

Despite the warning, Bobby found himself checking her out at every opportunity and noticed she was returning his looks,

smiling at him and seemingly posing and showing off her figure when she thought he was looking.

The following week Bobby had a real surprise. There was a knock on his door, and he found himself looking at a man in some mechanic's overalls.

"Bobby Stevens?"

"Yes."

"Can you sign here please?"

"What for?"

"For your new car."

"New car? I didn't order a new car."

"Well, it's all paid for and delivered. You just need to sign here."

Bobby signed the electronic pad and followed the man downstairs, where there was a brand new yellow Ford Mustang parked outside. He clicked the alarm and climbed in. The interior smelled of new leather. On the instrument panel behind the steering wheel was an envelope with his name

printed on it. He opened it and read another printed card: "TO BOBBY, WITH LOVE, MOM XXX"

His mom had bought him this? Wow! The clinic must be doing well. It was pretty sweet to have a car. It also occurred to him that it meant he could drive home for weekends if he wanted. Was that what this was about? Maybe she wanted to see him for a weekend. He imagined driving home and surprising her, walking into the kitchen while she was cooking and grabbing her. He could almost smell her perfume, and feel the swell of her breasts against him as he hugged her. He felt his cock begin to harden as he imagined having her stroking and sucking on his cock as only she could, teasing him for hours to orgasm after orgasm. It would sure beat whacking off!

"Hi Bobby!"

He was startled from his reverie by the sound of a girl's voice. He looked 'round to see a vision in white. Erica Johansson, her blonde hair glistening in the sunshine, and her disproportionate bust, accentuated by a tight white sweater that matched an equally tight pair of jeans.

"Oh... Hi Erica..."

"Is this your car?"

"Um yeah, it just arrived. Its... it's a present."

"Wow Bobby. It's a pretty sweet present! Your parents must really like you."

"Uh yeah, well, it's from my mom. My dad, err, died a few years back."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Uh, it's ok."

There was a pause in the conversation.

"So... I guess some lucky girl will be getting a ride in this tonight."

She let it hang like a question.

"Umm...actually, no, I don't have anyone, unless, maybe, you'd... like to?"

"I'd like to what?"

"Come for a ride?"

"Bobby, are you asking me out on a date?" she smiled.

"Uh, yeah, I guess I am."

"Ok, I'd like that. 7pm?"

"Sure."

Shit. It had all happened so fast, it seemed unreal. Suddenly he now had a car and a date? He felt a pang of guilt that his mom had bought him a car; and he was using it to take Erica out in it, instead of going home. But then, his mom had packed him off here early to get rid of him, and told him to meet other girls. So it was what she wanted, at least for now.

Erica's dad was the coach and had a house on campus where she also lived. He drove over to pick her up; and she came bounding out to meet him, looking stunning in a low-cut red dress. She was displaying some very impressive cleavage; and he struggled not to ogle her as he took her in.

"Wow, you look... amazing!"

"Thanks Bobby. So where to?"

"Uh... I thought we could go for a meal. I heard there's a pretty good restaurant in town."

"Ok."

She took his arm as he walked her to the car; and he could smell her perfume. The meal went well. They chatted easily and seemed to get on naturally. As the evening wore on, Bobby noticed her leaning forward over the table while they were eating, giving him a real eyeful of her boobs, which were barely contained by her dress. The evening passed faster than he realised and eventually it was time to head back, the big V8 engine gurgling away effortlessly as he drove back, stopping outside her dad's house in plenty of time for her curfew.

She turned to him and smiled.

"Thank you Bobby. I had a wonderful time tonight."

She leant towards him and he kissed her tenderly on the lips, holding the moment. Her mouth felt so good; and he could smell her perfume as they continued to kiss. He could feel himself getting hard, and was wondering if they would go any further, when she tenderly broke the embrace.

"I'd better be going. My dad is pretty strict on my curfew."

"Uh sure. I'll walk you to the door." He noticed she still had 15 minutes but decided not to mention it, maybe she just didn't want to go too far on a first date.



Bobby regretted the offer to walk her to the door as soon as he'd made it; since he was almost doubled over with a painful hard on. He put his hand in his pocket and held it against his leg, before opening the door for Erica, and taking her hand to lead her to the door.

"Would you like to go out again tomorrow?"

"Yes Bobby. That would be lovely. Thank you again for tonight."

She turned to him on the doorstep and put her arms around his neck, drawing him into an embrace. Before he realized what was happening, her breasts were pressed up against his chest; and his hard-on was throbbing against her stomach. She had to be able to feel his erection, but didn't say anything, and continued to kiss him on the lips, letting her mouth open and his tongue slip in. His cock was throbbing fit to burst by the time she released him and stepped back. He saw her glance down and look away; and he realized his dick was jutting out. He hastily tried to rearrange himself; but it was pretty obvious she had seen.

Bobby drove back to the dorm as fast as he could and undressed, stroking his cock and thinking about the night he'd just had. He felt guilty about cheating on his mom. As fucked up as that sounded, that was how he felt. But all the same, it was what she wanted; and he'd not done anything... yet.

He remembered what the other players on the team had told him about Erica being a dick-tease; but she'd seemed pretty hot for it tonight, seeing as it was just a first date. He imagined sucking on her big tits while she stroked his cock, and felt his balls tightening as he shot a huge load in the air, imagining it was Erica stroking him.

The following day, he picked her up and they went bowling. She was wearing some pretty tight jeans that showed off her legs and ass, and a blouse that, while it was loose, still left no doubt as to how well-endowed she was. They had a good time. Chatting and laughing and as they walked back to the car, she took his arm and drew herself to him, pushing her breast against his arm as she did. He was already halfway hard as they got to the car; and he found himself wondering how far she was going to go tonight. He felt himself growing all the way to full erection.

They parked outside her dad's house; and she turned to him.

"Bobby, I had a really good time tonight. Thank you so much."

"Thank you, the pleasure was all mine," he heard himself saying as he moved closer to her and she responded, meeting his lips for a tender kiss that grew steadily more passionate.

He felt her lips parting and her tongue snaking against his. This time she didn't break the embrace, so after a few minutes,

he took his cue to let his hand slide down her shoulder and onto her breast, encompassing the huge orb, and gently squeezing it through her blouse. Her boobs felt even bigger than he had thought. As he continued to squeeze them and kiss her, he heard her moaning softly. He squeezed them more firmly, feeling her nipples protruding through the fabric of her bra.

She ran her hand over his chest, feeling his muscles and torso; and, with a giddy jolt, he felt her hand slipping lower, slowly sliding down onto his belly and remaining there for a few moments. His cock was doing push-ups in his pants at the proximity of her fingers; and he was willing her to touch him. At last, he felt her hand slip lower onto his lap and find his hard cock, not that she could have missed it by this point. He felt her shyly exploring his dick, feeling along the shaft until she reached the swollen head, obviously judging it's size. As she let out an appreciative "Mmmmmm," he guessed she liked what she found.

She continued running her fingers over his cock for a few minutes, before pausing to reach down and give his heavy balls a squeeze, more firmly than he would have expected, before resuming rubbing on and playing with his cock. His dick was so hard he thought it might rip a hole in his pants if she kept this up much longer. Either that or he would blow his wad and have a real mess to clear up. At that moment, she broke their kiss, although she kept her hand on his cock.

"Bobby I'd better go now or my dad will go ape; but if you're free Saturday, we could go out for the day...that's if, you'd like that."

His cock throbbed in his pants in response, telling her all she needed to know before he even spoke.

"I'd love that Erica."

"Me too!" she smiled, and gave him another kiss and squeezed his cock before exiting the car, heading off to the house. He was glad she didn't ask him to walk her there tonight. He felt like his dick might snap in two tonight if he tried.

Bobby counted off the hours 'till he could see Erica again, thinking about the feel of her big tits, and the way she had played with him. All through his lectures he was thinking about her, and jerked off in his room, remembering the feel of her hands on him.

As Saturday rolled 'round, the weather was great, so they decided to head to the beach. He pulled up outside her house; and within a couple of minutes, the door opened and she came bounding out. He couldn't believe his eyes as she skipped towards the car. She was wearing some shorts and a vest top; but what caught his attention was what she wasn't wearing, which was obviously a bra. Her big boobs bounced and gambolled under her vest; and her nipples were poking out. He felt himself getting hard at the sight of her as she ran towards the car. Fuck! How come her dad let her go out

dressed like this if he was such a tight ass? Not that he was complaining, as she climbed in the car and leant across to kiss him, her magnificent boobs swinging about in her top as he was afforded a generous eyeful of cleavage. The journey was pretty smooth although the roads near the beach were rough, not that Bobby minded as it caused Erica's tits to jiggle and bounce in her top.

They walked along the beach, admiring the view. The wind was cold; and Erica's nipples jutted out even more in response. With every step, her tits bounced and swayed; and Bobby struggled to tear his eyes away. Thank god for sunglasses, he figured. It was too cold to go swimming, which was a mercy; because Bobby doubted he could fit in his trunks, he was so hard. Luckily, she was walking on his right; so he could keep his left hand in his pocket and hang onto his dick, to avoid making his arousal obvious. Although most of the looks of passers-by seemed to be directed at Erica's swaying tits.

Eventually they decided to grab a bite to eat and catch a movie; since the weather was starting to get cold. Bobby was glad of the food. He was growing famished; and it was good to have something else to think about for a while. The movie was a pretty trashy rom-com that Erica wanted to see. But the choice of movie turned out to be pretty irrelevant in the end; as they snuggled together they began making out before the plot got going. There weren't many people in the theatre; and Bobby and Erica were sat pretty far back. So after a few moments he felt emboldened to let his hand slide up her side and cup her breasts. He thought she might stop him, as she wasn't wearing a bra, or because they were in public; but she made no objection, and for the first time he was able to play with her

unfettered boobs, feeling their softness and weight through the thin fabric of her vest. Her rubbery nipples became hard as he ran his fingers over them; and he heard her moan as he touched them. He continued kissing her and groping her big tits through her vest, and could feel her responding.

Within a few minutes he felt her hand sliding up his leg and onto his thigh. He was wearing his shorts, and as usual didn't bother with any underwear; so he could feel her hand on his bare skin as she moved higher. His cock was pitching a tent, he was so hard; as he felt her fingers moving higher and onto his shorts, finding his huge hard-on as it strained against the material.

He let out an audible moan as he felt her gripping his cock. She clearly was enjoying this as much as he was. His shorts were pretty thin cotton and loose; so she was able to feel his cock in all its detail. She ran her fingers over it, feeling it throb and lurch in response, teasing the head as it swelled and hardened under her touch. He was going crazy, she was playing with his cock so well. If only they weren't in a movie theatre, he thought she might jerk him off. As it was, they still had the rest of the film to sit through.

They continued making out throughout the movie. Bobby tried suggesting they leave; but Erica strangely seemed to want to stay for the rest of the film, not that either of them were paying much attention. Erica occasionally took a break from kissing to watch the screen, but continued rubbing and stroking Bobby's cock through his shorts. During the slower moments in the film, she would turn to him and begin kissing and

making out again, rubbing and squeezing his cock harder. A couple of hours later, by the time the credits were rolling, Bobby was so horny, he felt like he could hammer nails in with his dick.

"Well, time to go. That is, if you think you can stand up," Erica giggled.

Bobby didn't find it so amusing, since he was going to have to leave doubled over, looking like Quasimodo, with a crippling hard on. He got out of his seat and tried to adjust himself as best he could; which Erica seemed to find even funnier.

"I think I'd better walk in front of you, Bobby."

She took his hand and led him out of the movie theatre, walking just in front of him, so his cock was bumping against the small of her back every so often. They made it to the car with a sense of relief; and Erica turned to Bobby.

"Thank you for such a wonderful day, Bobby. I really enjoyed myself."

"Uh, me too..."

He was thinking he'd enjoy himself a lot more if he got to empty his nut-sack before it burst, but didn't think that was quite what she wanted to hear. He started the car and began driving.

As they got onto the freeway, Erica leaned across and rested her head on his shoulder, letting her hand drop onto his leg, stroking his thigh for a few minutes before letting it run up onto his crotch and his monstrous erection once more. She slowly teased and stroked him through his shorts. He groaned as he felt her fingers caressing his rock-hard erection.

"Are you ok, Bobby?"

"Uh yeah... it just feels really...good."

He was hoping she might pull it out and give him some road head; so he could finally empty his balls. But she showed no signs of doing any more than teasing him for now. They arrived back on campus after dark; and he pulled up near her house, in a shady patch of road, and switched the engine off.

He turned to her and kissed her, and began caressing her braless breasts through her top once more; as she continued to squeeze and rub his cock. After a few minutes, he slipped his hand under her vest, and for the first time cupped her naked breast in his hand. The smooth soft skin felt wonderful; as he lifted and squeezed the heavy orb. She moaned as he played with her nipples; and he pulled her vest up, exposing her breasts, gazing on them in the moonlight.

"Do you like them, Bobby?"

"They're beautiful."



Her breasts were full and rounded, with pale pink areoles and hard jutting nipples. He grabbed them, squeezing them together so that he could feast on them, sucking one nipple and then the other.

"Ohh Bobby, that feels nice."

"Mmmmpppffff."

She sat up further in her seat and thrust her chest out so he could feast on her tits, while she continued to rub his cock in his pants. By now his balls were aching; and his cock felt so hard it hurt. Fuck, how much longer was she going to make him wait?

"Uhhh... Erica..."

"Yes, Bobby?"

"Um... would you like to... take it out?"

"Take what out, Bobby?"

"My...uhhh...umm... dick."

"Oh that."

She sat back in her seat and pulled her vest down.

Oh shit, what had he done now? Was she pissed off because he asked her to take his dick out?

"What's wrong? Are you angry?"

"No, Bobby. I'm sorry. I'd like to, honestly, but I can't."

"Why not?"

"Bobby... you know by now that my dad is very strict."

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, the last time I... did that for a guy, he got too excited and made a mess all over my skirt. I tried to clean it up; but my dad saw it, and figured out straight-away what had happened. I got grounded for a week; and my boyfriend...ex-boyfriend...got kicked off the football team."

"Your dad did that just because he came on your skirt?"

"I told you he is really strict. He sees it as his job to protect me, now that my mom isn't around. So now you know the truth. I'd like to do that for you Bobby, really I would; but I don't want you to get kicked off the team, and me to have to stop seeing you. Although, I expect you won't want to see me anymore anyway, now you know I can't... do that for you. I don't blame you. It's not fair that I can't...make you happy..."

Shit! This was too much to take in. Her old man checked her clothes for cum stains; and any guy who popped his wad on her got kicked off the team?? This was fucked up. He could hear Erica sniffing, and realized she was crying.

"It's ok. Look, don't cry."

He turned her face to his and kissed her.

"Look, it's ok. You don't have to. I don't want you to get in trouble."

"But don't you mind that I can't...you know?"

"Uh, it's ok..." he said, but not very convincingly.

She reached over and gave his cock a squeeze through his shorts.

"I really want to Bobby, honestly..."

Then he was struck by an idea.

"Uhh.. Well, what about if I promise not to... err, cum. At least you could take it out for a while."

"But Bobby, could you hold it in? Wouldn't that be difficult?"

"Well, if I start getting too close, I'll warn you so you can stop."

"Bobby, I want to believe you, really I do; but I know guys sometimes just lose control."

All the while she was saying this, she was rubbing and stroking his cock through his pants, and driving him crazy.

"Erica, I swear I'll control myself. I promise."

"Are you sure Bobby?" she looked into his eyes.

"I promise."

"Well...ok then."

He watched, mesmerized, as she opened his belt buckle and slowly unbuttoned his shorts. His dick was so hard it sprung free on its own as she opened them.

"Oh wow, Bobby! I guess the rumours are true!"

She admired his cock, gently taking it in her hands and stroking it. She explored it with her fingers, pulling the skin down and discovering the head was slick with pre-cum.

"Bobby, you didn't...have an accident did you?"

"Uh no, it just happens when I'm really turned on." And when someone's been teasing my cock all afternoon and evening.

"Wow, it's huge," She said, stroking his cock faster now.

Fuck that felt so good. She leant over and began kissing him as she jerked his cock; and he took the opportunity to grab her tits, while she kissed him and stroked him.

Fuck, this felt so good. He'd thought she was just going to tease and play with him; but she was giving him a hand-job, and he knew he wouldn't be able to stand much of this. After a few minutes, he could feel his cum beginning to rise; and he broke her kiss to warn her.

"Uhhh, Erica... you'd better slow down... I'm getting close."

"Oh, I'm sorry Bobby."

She stopped stroking him and instead reached down to squeeze his balls, seemingly weighing and gauging their fullness. She then surprised him by pulling her top off and offering him her tits. He grabbed and sucked them for all he was worth; and she held his head to her, allowing him to have his fill before asking "Can I touch it again now Bobby?"

He was surprised. After having not wanted to take it out, now she was asking to touch it again?

"Uh... yeah, sure."

"Mmmmmm!"

She held his cock and began teasing it again, before closing her fingers around it and running her hand up and down, slowly at first, before building the pace, alternately kissing him and letting him suck her tits. Her fingers barely met around his dick as she jerked it faster, his heavy balls bouncing with the speed of her motions as she pulled on his cock.

Bobby struggled to hold his cum back; but she was jerking him faster and harder now. Fuck, it was like she was trying to make him cum.

"Erica, stop... I'm gonna... cum..."

Just as he was nearing the point where he thought he would lose it and hose her down, she released his cock, leaving him pulsing on the brink. He was panting with desire and frustration as Erica continued to kiss him and make out with him, all the time being careful not to touch his cock.

After allowing him to calm down for a few minutes, she asked "Oh Bobby, can I touch it for you one more time please?"

What the fuck?! It was like she couldn't leave his dick alone now.

"Uh ok... just go easy on me."

"Alright Bobby, I'll try."

She began running her fingers over his cock once more, keeping her touch light and delicate, gently teasing and caressing the swollen head of his cock, and lightly tugging on it before running her fingers up and down his shaft. As the minutes went by, she began tugging on his cock more incessantly, jerking the skin up and down over his cock glans. He was drooling an almost constant stream of pre-cum now; and his cock made wet noises, as the skin rolled up and down

over the head. She was jerking him faster now; and her big tits were bouncing in his face, in time with her movements.

Oh God, he needed to cum so bad, he thought he would go crazy; but he remembered his promise and exercised every ounce of self-restraint to hold back.

"Erica... I can't hold it any longer...I'm gonna..."

Before the sentence had even finished, he found his dick throbbing in thin air as she released him. Another couple of strokes and he would have lost it. As it was, his balls were tight against his cock; and his cock-head was dark purple and shiny, the skin was so taught.

Erica gently kissed him as he panted on the brink of orgasm.

"Are you ok, Bobby?"

"Uh... yeah... I just... I nearly..."

"You're in a bit of a mess there, Bobby. Here, I've got a tissue."

She replaced her top before she dug in her purse and pulled out a paper towel. Bobby watched, dazed, as she gently wiped the pre-cum from his throbbing cock, and then pushed it back into his shorts before buttoning them up.



"Thank you, Bobby, for everything. It means so much to me, knowing I can trust you. Ooops, I'd better be going. It's getting late."

She kissed him tenderly on the lips, before hopping out of the car and skipping off toward her front door. Bobby watched in a daze, a dull ache consuming his lower belly, as his cock throbbed persistently in his shorts. He thought about pulling his dick out and beating off there and then; but he didn't want to have to drive back to the dorm with cum all over his car. So he started the engine and headed back, hobbling back to his room, mercifully without meeting anyone.

He pulled off his shirt and shorts and lay on the bed stroking his dick. His cum was rising; and he could feel his balls tightening, when his phone rang.

What the fuck?!?!?!?

He looked at the number and it was Erica.

Shit!

He reluctantly stopped jerking his cock and answered it.

"Hi...Bobby?"

"Uh, yeah?"

"Oh, sorry to call you so late. I thought you might be asleep."

Asleep, with balls the size of oranges and a hard-on that wouldn't go down if he hit it with a hammer?

"Um... no. I was still awake," he managed.

"Oh, ok. Well, I just wanted to say that I had a really great time with you today, Bobby. You really seem like someone special; and I just wanted to thank you for everything."

"Uh... it's ok."

"And it means a lot to me that you kept your word about, well, you know, not finishing."

Yeah, so get off the phone so I can finish now!!

"It's ok."

Erica chatted on for a few more minutes about college and the cheerleading squad. Bobby wasn't really listening as he idly stroked his cock. All he cared about now was shooting his

load; and after what seemed like an eternity, Erica finally said good night and hung up.

Bobby knew he was going to cum like old faithful; so he stood up and walked over to his wash stand. There was a mirror with a small basin under it; and Bobby faced it as he stroked his cock, feeling his balls tighten and his cum rise, before finally erupting.

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuck!!" he groaned, as a huge load sprayed onto the mirror, followed by another and another, a constant eruption of thick cum splashing onto the mirror and running down. The loads eventually reduced, plopping into the basin before slowing to a dribble. He regarded himself in the mirror, his face obscured by a mask of thick cum stains, as he contemplated what had occurred that night.

## Chapter 24

### PART 1

Over the next few days, the bruises from Alison's brutal treatment by Petty faded but the anxiety did not. During the day she buried herself in her work, shutting out the nightmare of her situation by keeping herself busy. At night she would drink, often stopping at a bar on the way home before spending her evening trying to shut out her nightmare by drowning her sorrows. She thought about calling Bobby and begging him to come home, to hold her and make her feel safe but she knew above anything she had to protect him in all this and keep him from all this. She must face this alone, whatever it was she had in store.

As if her present concerns weren't enough, she now faced an additional worry, her period was nearly a week late now, she ignored it for as long as she could but finally on the way home from work she stopped at a drug store and bought a pregnancy kit. After a few glasses of wine she worked up the courage to use it and saw what she feared confirmed by two ominous little blue lines. She felt her stomach churn with the realisation that she was now carrying a child, her son's child! She felt herself wanting to be ill, whether it was from the alcohol, being pregnant or the shock she wasn't sure. All she knew was having an illegitimate incestuous child was the last thing she needed right now.

The shock of her pregnancy was such she almost forgot about her impending meeting with Petty until the cell phone he had

instructed her to keep switched on at all times chimed with a text.

"Be ready 6pm Saturday night."

'Oh god what this time?' She wondered? What humiliations would she have to endure from that degenerate this time? Perhaps if she told him of her situation he might have pity on her and her unborn child. She rapidly dismissed the idea, giving Petty any more power over her than he already had could only make things worse. Pity wasn't a word he understood, and besides, she could never keep the child, she would have to make arrangements to have it dealt with as soon as possible, before anyone including Bobby, especially Bobby, found out.

Saturday night rolled round, Alison had received no special instructions as to what to wear so she simply wore a blouse and skirt, formal and modest. The doorbell rang on the dot of 6 and she steeled herself for what was to come. Somehow knowing who her tormentor was made the experience a little less daunting, although wondering what horrors he might have dreamt up for her would be another matter. She arrived at Petty's mansion and was shown through into a spacious drawing room where Petty sat, like Toad of Toad Hall in a leather chair in a smoking jacket. She thought it was almost comical and found herself trying not to laugh at the absurd little man sat in front of her until she caught the evil little glint in his eye.

"Have a seat Ms Stevens, I'd like you to watch a film with me."

## PART 2

The weather at college was sunny and Erica had suggested she and Bobby spend the day at the beach. Bobby guessed there would be plenty of hot girls there and a chance to see Erica in her bikini. She assured Bobby she would take care of all the arrangements and as he pulled up outside her dad's house she was ready, running towards his car in a little vest top and some very short shorts. Her knockers bounced around so much in her top there was no way she was wearing anything under it and Bobby couldn't understand how her hard ass dad let her out of the house looking the way she did, not that he was complaining. He felt himself stiffening as he watched her approach. She had a beach bag which she dumped in the back seat before she jumped in and planted a big kiss on Bobby. She smelt great and the feel of her sensuous lips on his was all it took to bring his dick to full mast.

"Let's go!" she smiled breaking the kiss but resting her head on his shoulder and her hand on his leg dangerously near his dick. As he drove out of the college she nuzzled against him.

"Oh Bobby, I'm so looking forward to spending the day with you, it'll be wonderful." as she cooed in his ear her hand brushed against his hard cock that was straining in his shorts.

"Oh Bobby! I guess you are happy to see me!"

She ran her fingers over his straining bulge feeling it throb and pulse in response. It was a 45 minute journey to the beach and Erica teased and stroked his cock all the way, sometimes playing with it, sometimes just resting her hand on it, but constantly driving him nuts. Shit this was going to be a long afternoon, especially as he wouldn't get a chance to jerk off till this evening when he got home. He wondered how long it would be before she agreed to let him cum? It felt like his balls was permanently blue these days.

"We're nearly there, you don't mind if I put my bikini on in the car do you?"

"Uh no.."

"Cool, you've got tinted windows so no one can see.. apart from you that is." she giggled as she pulled her top off revealing her magnificent tits which she seemed to be thrusting out at him. Bobby couldn't help but stare as they wobbled with the movement of the car.

"Bobby, keep your eyes on the road, we don't want to crash!" as she wiggled out of her shorts leaving her in nothing but her panties. With a supreme effort of will Bobby tore his eyes back onto the road just in time to see he was veering into the path of an oncoming truck. He hastily corrected the steering and had to content himself with occasional glances at Erica as she rummaged in her beach bag for her bikini, finally retrieving two tiny garments. She tied the top on which consisted of two black triangles that barely covered her aureola, before slipping off her panties and putting on the matching bottoms, not

before Bobby got a glimpse of her neat little bush. Guess she's a natural blonde alright!

Bobby reflected as his dick did pushups in his shorts. They pulling into a parking space and Erica reached into her bag and pulled out a tiny piece of lime green material.

"Here I brought these for you!"

Bobby inspected the tiny pair of speedos and regarded his throbbing bulge in his jeans.

"Um... I'm not sure I'll fit right now."

"What do you mean?"

"Well I mean, these look pretty small and... well you got me pretty worked up on the way over here."

"Oh Bobby... you just have to control yourself better. Come on put them on, I want to go swimming, the weather's beautiful!"

Bobby pulled his shirt off and wriggled out of his shorts, as usual he was commando and his ram rod hard dick slapped his belly as he pulled them down. Erica seemed pre-occupied with the contents of her bag or was pretending not to notice as Bobby pulled on the tiny speedos and struggled to lever his



dick into them. His efforts at trying to go soft weren't helped by the fact that Erica's boobs were barely contained in her tiny bikini and seemed to be doing a constant escape attempt. He turned attention back to his straining cock in his speedos, the head was almost poking out the top and stretched the material so much the ridge of his glans was clearly outlined.

"Errr... I don't think I'm going to be able to go out there like this."

"Oh Bobby!" Erica giggled as she regarded his straining trunks, "Honestly, you need to learn to control yourself!"

Control myself?? Fuck I've been teased all the way here and given a display of tits and ass, it's taken all my control not to blow my wad!

"Hmm, here you can carry the bag!" Erica handed him the beach bag she'd brought and hopped out of the car. Bobby held it in front of him with a sense of relief as she skipped along next to him, seemingly trying to bounce her boobs out of her skimpy top. Fortunately Erica was such an eyeful most people on the beach were watching her which gave Bobby some relief.

They found a nice spot and Bobby put the towels out and lay face down as quickly as he could, Erica took her time preening herself and leaning over to get some lotion out of her bag. As she leant over her boobs swung about and one of her nipples slipped out.

'Fuck!! I'm gonna have a heart attack if she keeps this up.' He admired her huge boob as it slipped further out of her bikini swinging about and wondered when she would notice and replace it but she seemed oblivious and was focused on the contents of the bag. Eventually he became aware that some of the other guys on the beach were staring and decided to do the honourable thing.

"Ahem, um, Erica... your top, it's slipped.."

"What? Oh! Ooops! Thanks Bobby, you are such a gentleman." She replaced her boob in her top and then miraculously retrieved the suntan lotion.

"Here, let me put some on you, don't want you to get burnt!"

The cool lotion felt good, but not as good as Erica's hands as she rubbed it into his back and shoulders before moving down and rubbing it on his legs, her hands slipped up his thighs and as she sensuously massaged him his dick throbbed, trapped as it was between Bobby and the towel it was painful but less embarrassing than the alternative.

"Here can you do me now?" she passed him the bottle and lay on her stomach.

Crap! Bobby tried to sit up without his dick popping out of his shorts and hunched forward as much as he could to try to disguise it but there was just too much of it to hide and his erection jutted out obscenely.

"Untie my top will you Bobby, I hate tan lines!"

Bobby groaned inwardly as he undid her bikini top and the sides fell open allowing the sides of her boobs to spill out. Bobby poured some lotion on her and began rubbing it over her smooth skin.

"Mmm that feels good! This is such a beautiful day!" Erica propped herself up on her elbows to admire the view and as she did her boobs hung down swaying slightly.

"Oh Jesus! How much more of this do I have to take!?" Bobby thought as he finished rubbing lotion on her and lay back down adjusting his cock so it was disguised. Erica still seemed fascinated with the view of the sea and oblivious to the view she was giving Bobby and the rest of the beach of her magnificent tits hanging down. Bobby thought about warning her but considered he'd already been a gentleman once and figured she must know she was giving everyone an eyeful. After a few minutes she settled back down to doze and Bobby was able to relax, feeling his dick soften at last. His relief was short lived though as he was woken from his doze by Erica re tying her top and sitting up.

"Hey Bobby, I'm going for a swim, want to join me?" she grinned.

"Uh sure." Something about her look told him that swimming wasn't the only thing she had in mind but the day was getting pretty hot and like a mindless zombie he seemed unable to resist following her.

She skipped off down the beach, her boobs bouncing so that even from behind Bobby could see the sides of those magnificent orbs as they swayed. He chased her towards the surf catching up with her as she was waist deep and diving into the sea. The cool water felt great and distracted Bobby from his frustrations. They swam out a little further, splashing each other with water and laughing.

Then Erica smiled at Bobby and swam towards him before throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him on the lips. Her boobs were squashing against him and he could feel himself getting hard and groaned inwardly.

"Ooohh Bobby, I think there's a monster from the deep swimming around!" she giggled. Jeezus for a girl with an uptight dad who was terrified of sperm she seemed to have a one track mind. The trouble was it was a track that led to Frustrationville Arizona, population 2 blue balls!

Erica ran her hands down his chest and over his straining trunks before pulling the waist band out and freeing his cock so she could stroke it.

"Wow you're so hard already!"

No shit!! It was like being in a porno movie with no money shot!

She stroked his cock faster now leaning in and whispering "I would what all these people would think if they knew I was stroking your great big dick right out here in the open? It's so naughty!"

It sure felt good, the cool water and her delicate fingers stroking his cock were bliss, he wondered if she would let him cum this time? After all he couldn't make a mess of her underwater! He was hopeful this could be his time at last, he could feel his cum beginning to rise as she tugged his cock harder, he was about to warn her he was going to cum when she released his cock suddenly.

"Come on lets go in, I'm turning into a prune out here!" and with that swum off leaving Bobby doing an impression of a goldfish opening and closing his mouth as he watched her go.

"Last one back buy's lunch!" she shouted back at him. He wondered if he should just finish himself off out here, it would be better than having blue balls all day, but something told him waiting for that moment when Erica got him off would be worth it. He levered himself back into his shorts and swum back in, having to almost double over when he got to the beach in an effort to hide his boner. As he hobbled up the sand

several people looked, a few of the girls giggled and some stared in fascination but Bobby was too embarrassed and in too much discomfort to care.

"Oh you finally made it then!" Erica giggled, seemingly oblivious to Bobby's discomfort. "Let's go and eat, I'm starving!" She pulled on her t shirt covering her boobs and giving him some respite from the constant display of bouncing creamy melons before passing him his shorts and t shirt. At least he could cover himself up and hide his arousal. They walked along the beach together and found a restaurant where they had a pleasant meal before deciding to head back. Erica took Bobby's arm on the way back to the car and he felt like a million dollars walking next to this beautiful babe.

When they got on the car Erica leaned over and kissed him and he found himself in another passionate embrace, he caressed her boobs through her shirt and Erica reached down to squeeze his throbbing hard on in his shorts.

"Bobby, will you do me a favour?"

"What?" he asked nervously.

"Will you take your shorts off and let me play with you on the way home?"

Jeezus this girl was obsessed with his cock, not that it was a bad thing.

"Um I guess.."

"Do you think I'm a real slut for asking?"

"No, of course not!"

"I just really like your... cock... and love playing with it. If you don't mind?" she looked at him shyly with doe eyes.

"I don't mind!" Bobby pulled his shorts and trunks off and as they set off Erica began stroking his cock and playing with his balls. Bobby was having trouble driving, he was so hard and desperate to cum it was all he could think about, Erica stroked and teased his dick bringing him closer and closer to orgasm, as he felt himself getting near to coming Erica had to remind him to slow down so they didn't have an accident.

Three times Erica brought him shuddering and twitching to the brink of an orgasm and each time Bobby found the will power to warn her, thinking how easy it would be to simply keep quiet and let her bring him off. Somehow though, he sensed she knew when he was about to cum and started backing off before he even told her. By the time they arrived back at campus Bobby's cock was drooling pre-cum and his balls felt like oranges. His whole lower abdomen seemed to ache he was so backed up, still not long now till he could get back to campus and jerk off.

Erica turned to him and kissed him still gently toying with his cock.

"Oh Bobby I've had such a wonderful time with you today, and it means so much to me that you've kept your promise to me and still want to be with me."

"Uhh, yeahh..." was about the most intelligent sentence Bobby could manage right now, all his thoughts were devoted to whacking off.

"Bobby, you've been so good to me I'd like to do something special for you." she shyly looked up at him as he stared uncomprehendingly back at her and watched as she lowered her head down towards his crotch.

"Oh fuck!" he gasped as he felt his cock enveloped by a wonderful warm wet sensation and looked down as her pretty blonde head bobbed and moved about in his lap.

Fuck, her mouth felt amazing and even if he wasn't so backed up he wouldn't have lasted that long, but in his current state he knew he'd be lucky if he lasted 60 seconds. Erica sensed his desire and took things slowly, teasing and licking rather than sucking hard but even so his cum was boiling like a volcano on the verge of erupting.

'At last!' Bobby figured she was going to put him out of his misery, he'd proved she could trust him and now she was



going to suck him off so as not to get cum on her clothes. It was going to be a big load, he hoped she was ready for it, he leant back slightly raising his hips and prepared himself for the impending explosion as his balls tightened and his cock swelled, another second and...

"Bobby!" Erica lifted her head and looked at him. "You were going to warn me if I needed to stop weren't you???"

"I err, but you... I thought..."

"You weren't just going to finish in my mouth without warning me were you!!??"

"But I thought you... I mean..."

"After all I've trusted you and you were just going to cum in my mouth without telling me. I thought I could trust you Bobby, it seems I was wrong, you're just like all the other boys!" she pulled on her clothes as she said this before opening the car door and storming off towards her house.

Bobby looked after her in total shock before looking down at his dick, glistening with her saliva and throbbing as it stared back at him. He wasn't even going to try to figure out what had just gone on, he just pulled his shorts on and wedged his dick in as best he could and drove back towards the dorm. Once he emptied his balls he would be able to start thinking. He parked and hobbled up to his room before stripping off and stroking

his cock, it wasn't going to take more than a few strokes to bring himself off and he could already feel his balls tightening as he rubbed his cock, just a few more seconds and...BEEEP BEEEP BEEEP his mobile began ringing, and he could see it was Erica. Shit!! He was tempted to ignore it and just finish jerking off but something told him if he didn't pick up now it might be the last he would see of her.

He stopped stroking his cock and picked up the phone.

"Hi."

"Hi Bobby... I thought I would call, I didn't want to end the evening like this..."

"Uh ok.."

Just hang up so I can go back to jerking off please!

"Bobby, I wanted to explain to you.. about what happened and why I got so cross.."

"Uh ok..." Shit how long was this going to take?

"I was dating a guy a while back Bobby and... well I really fell for him and I thought he felt the same for me, so I agreed to sleep with him..."

Fucking lucky for him! Bobby felt like shouting considering he was nursing some king size blue balls.

"Bobby all he wanted me for was sex and... well not long after I found out he was cheating."

Jeezus this is turning into a soap opera. Bobby began slowly stroking his cock while she was talking, edging closer to cumming waiting for the moment when she would hang up so he could finish.

"Well ever since then I've not been able to trust any boys, because I was scared once they got what they wanted they would leave me. I thought you were different Bobby, you showed me that being with me meant more to you than just, well you know..."

CUMMING?? Right now that was ALL that mattered to him.

"That is until tonight, Bobby I'm not sure I can trust you anymore."

"Uh yeah Erica, I'm sorry I just didn't understand, I didn't mean to upset you.."

"Bobby I want to believe you, I really do."

"I mean it!"

Just hang up already, his cock was about 2 strokes from erupting as he kept himself on the edge.

"Bobby, I'm going to ask you a personal question and will you promise to tell the truth."

"Yes." uh oh, now what?

"What are you doing right now?"

"Uh talking to you.."

"No I mean, what else... Bobby are you... playing with yourself?"

WTF????? Shit! He could lie he supposed but why should he, it was hardly something she could blame him for.

"Well, err I was feeling pretty backed up after today at the beach and all so... well yeah."

"Bobby, if I asked you to stop, not to finish yourself tonight... for me... would you?"

"I don't understand..."

"Bobby I need to know I can really trust you, that you're not just with me because you want to... get off."

"Erica I... " Fuck! She was asking him not to jerk off now?? Wasn't it bad enough he had to go home every night with blue balls, but now she wouldn't let him cum on his own?"

"It's ok Bobby, I understand. It's asking too much. I'm glad we had some time together and I'm sure there's dozens of girls out there that can give you what you want. I'm sorry. It's a shame because my dad is away tomorrow and I was going to invite you over for the day so we could have fun, I was really looking forward to it but now I don't know if I can trust you."

"Wait! What you mean you are breaking up with me?"

"Bobby it's not fair of me to put you through this. I understand you have needs and you shouldn't have to deny yourself just to prove I can trust you. If you can't wait till tomorrow I understand and I won't blame you. "

"Erica look..." Bobby looked down at his cock still in his hand, about 2 tugs from exploding and inwardly cursed himself, "Ok.. I promise I'll wait." A sleepless night with aching balls

wasn't much fun but the promise of a day with Erica and getting off would be worth it.

"Really Bobby? You mean it?"

"Yes."

"That means so much to me. And I'll make it up to you I promise!"

"Uh ok, thanks."

He sighed, He figured he could jerk off anyway but something told him she would know so instead he crossed to his basin and ran the cold tap sticking his cock under the water until he started to feel it deflate. He splashed some of the water on his balls numbing them a little and dried himself off before heading to bed and a sleepless night dreaming about Erica and the day to come.

The little hidden camera in the mirror above the sink continued to record every detail as it played out on the screen in front of Angela and Petty. He'd forced her to watch the whole episode, viewed from various camera's hidden in Bobby's car and she presumed agents who clandestinely filmed them at the beach.

"Why are you making me watch this?"

"Isn't it obvious? Your son is clearly missing you and Miss Johansen is a close substitute."

"But why do you want me to see this?"

"Miss Johansen is another of my 'acquaintances' shall we say. I discovered she was having a relationship with her father of a similar nature to yours and Bobby's. After that it was relatively easy to convince her to co-operate in my activities."

"I don't understand."

"She has a speciality for teasing men, especially young men, it fascinates me to see how far she can string them along. Her resemblance to yourself and Bobby's exceptional libido seem to mean that she is exceeding expectations. I've instructed her to tease and torment young Bobby but ensure he is denied ultimate release."

"You basta..." she bit her lip and continued. "Why are you doing this to my son? I thought you were going to leave him out of it."

"Ms Stevens, I am ensuring that Bobby will remain loyal to you. He may be teased and tormented by other women but only you will be able to give him the ultimate release he so craves."

"Only me, but... oh god!" It was like a nightmare that seemed to have no ending to Alison.

"Now, this brings me to the other purpose of this evening's meeting. I am hosting a ball for several of the investors and I wonder if you would do me the honour of being the hostess?"

His absurdly chivalrous approach would have been laughable if it wasn't for the threat that lay behind it.

"I don't suppose I have much choice really."

"Oh on the contrary Ms Stevens we all have choices, I believe we established that at your last visit."

She winced at the memory.

"Alright, yes I'll be there."

"Good it's fancy dress, of a sort, so I have taken the liberty of selecting your costume."

He directed his gaze at a tiny bag on the table next to them, Alison took the cue and picked up the bag inspecting the contents.



"There seems to be some mistake, it's not all here."

"Really, I was most particular, what seems to be missing."

"Well all of it, I mean there's a pair of stockings, some um.. panties and a lace apron and that's all."

"Yes that's quite correct."

"You mean you expect me to serve drinks wearing this?" she held up the flimsy lace garment.

"You'll look charming I am sure."

"Charming?? I'll be naked, in front of the investors... they know me! I mean as the Director of the clinic."

"Ah yes we must preserve your professional status, here I neglected to include this."

He handed a black mask to her, it would cover her eyes and allow her some degree of anonymity although it was about the only part of her that would be covered.

"The function starts at 8pm so I will send a car for you at 7:15 precisely. Ensure you are ready."

## PART 3

Bobby woke up early with a boner that was so hard he thought it would snap off if he tried to get his pants on. Fortunately no one else was about so he headed for the showers and set the water as cold as he could, he was glad there was no one around to see him with a raging hard on standing under the cold water waiting for it to subside. Eventually when he'd gone mostly soft he dried himself off and got dressed before heading off to get some breakfast. He was just finishing up when his phone chimed with a message. There was a picture of some lacy underwear and a message "If you'd like to see me in these come on over. E xxx"

Shit, he started getting hard just thinking about her and wasted no time heading over to her house. He rang the bell and a few minutes later was greeted with the door opening to reveal Erica in the skimpiest underwear, the bra looked a little small for her as her boobs were bulging out of the cups which just added to the overall sexiness. She posed for him in the doorway for a few moments letting him admire her as his cock grew from semi hard to full on erection jutting out in his pants.

"Well, it looks like you approve!" She giggled. "You'd better come in before anyone sees you!"

He didn't need asking twice and followed her eagerly into the house as she led him up stairs. He couldn't help but admire her shapely ass as she slowly wiggled her way up the stairs, her tiny transparent panties left very little to the imagination and Bobby couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to sink his huge Iron hard cock between those delicious cheeks and into her tight little pussy. His dick pulsed at the thought, some how he couldn't see her letting him fuck her, but right now just getting to come would be enough, even if she just jerked him off that would be something.

As they reach the top of the stairs she turned to him and embraced him putting her arms around his neck and pulling him towards her. She looked up into his eyes and said "Bobby I'm so sorry we fought last night. It was very cruel of me to run off and leave you like that, I know how frustrated you must be."

"It's okay I guess I should've worn you but I just figured you decided to let me... you know... finish in your mouth."

"I know I guess I didn't really think about it, I just freaked out. I'm sorry Bobby it is must seem very unfair to you. I'll try to make it up to today."

With their she leaned being close to him pushing her big breasts against his chest and kissing him softly on the lips. God her body felt so good against him his cock was like an iron bar in his pants throbbing and pulsing desperate for release. She tenderly took him embrace and gently took him my hand.

"Come on let's go my parents room."

Right now Bobby didn't really care where they went as long as he got to come although it did strike him is a little kinky that she wanted to do it in her dad's room.

"Do you like my outfit Bobby you haven't said anything about it?"

He took a moment to run his eyes over the pink lacy bra, it looked like it was a size or two too small for her breasts as they bulged out over the tops of the cups and her pink nipples were just visible through the fabric. He ran his eyes over her trim tummy and shapely hips to the tiny panties that barely covered her pussy, the neat little bush just visible through the gossamer like fabric and her shapely legs. She looked stunning and he couldn't believe she needed him to tell her that but all the same he managed to mumble and stumble out that she looked amazing.

"Oh thank you Bobby, I wanted to look nice for you. Here let's get you out of these things."

She started unbuttoning his shirt, all the time standing close to him letting him smell her perfume and feel her body brushing against him. She slipped his shirt off before unbuckling his belt and undoing his pants, pushing them down and freeing his raging hard on.

"Here, why don't you lay back and let me take care of you." she pushed him back onto the bed and he lay back so she could pull off his shoes and pants leaving him totally naked. She crawled up the bed like some predatory animal, her big boobs swinging as they threatened to escape her bra at any moment. She leant over him leaning down to kiss him tenderly. He returned her kiss reaching up to squeeze her big tits through her bra. They stayed like this for a few moments before she broke the embrace sitting up and reaching behind her to unclip her bra slipping it off her shoulders and proudly displaying her breasts to him. He gazed up in awe and lust at the huge firm tits before reaching up to grab them, pulling her down towards him so he could feast on them. She gasped as he sucked them and licked her nipples like a starving man. She let him have his fill for a few minutes and then gently slid free and moved down the bed, letting her hard nipples, still wet with his saliva, trace down his stomach as she did. Finally the twin orbs brushed against his purple swollen cock head and she allowed them to rest there for a moment, gently swaying them against his turgid member, teasing him before reaching down and squeezing them together around his cock, slowly running them up and down the length of his huge dick. He groaned as the sensation, she kept the movements agonisingly slow otherwise he would have come straight away but even so he could feel his balls churning after a few minutes. She seemed to sense this and released him.

"Bobby, I promise I will give you what you want but not just yet. I want us to have some more fun together first and when you do... you know... cum.." she looked at him shyly as she said the word, "I want it to be special."

"Uh ok..." was the most coherent sentence that Bobby's three functioning brain cells could string together.

"You remember last night when you... you know... nearly finished in my mouth?"

Like he was going to forget?? He simply nodded.

"Well, would you like me to do that for you today, only this time you can finish?"

Bobby nodded like a zombie in a truck headlights.

"Alright then, I figure you've earned it. But just promise me one thing."

Right now she could ask him to plug his dick into a light socket and he would do it but he simply nodded.

"I want to make it last so don't...cum...until I say. Okay?"

Shit how long was she going to make him wait? However long it was it would be worth it after the last few days.

"Ok!"

"Alright, well get ready then." she smiled sensuously as she slid down his body licking his stomach and letting her hair brush against his cock before sensuously licking around his cockhead. His cock was going so crazy jumping around she steadied it with her hand and giggled so she could lick it. He was drooling precum as she ran her tongue over it his slit she lapped it up.

"Wow you're really making a lot of pre-cum Bobby! I guess that means you're going to have big load of cum for me?"

"Uh huh..." he groaned. Oh god was he! His balls felt like concrete and his cock ached so bad he felt it was going to snap off. She went back to delicately sucking his cock, taking it slow so as not to bring him off too soon but even so he was so oversensitive that he could feel his cum boiling getting ready to erupt just as she stopped once more.

"Bobby?"

"Uh yes?"

"When you... you know... cum?"

"Uh yeah?"

"I want you to do it in my mouth."

His cock started lurching at the prospect and for a moment he thought he might shoot off just at the thought of cumming in her pretty, innocent mouth.

"I've never done that for anyone before and I want you to be the first. After how patient you've been and proving to me that you're willing to wait I want to repay you."

All the while she was saying this she was gently stroking his cock and looking tenderly at him.

Oh jesussss, just let me cum already!! fortunately translated to "Uh okay, thanks , I'd really like that." by the time it reached his mouth.

"Okay but just warn me, when you're ready to... you know... cum."

"Ok"

She went back to slowly sucking and and licking his cock but now playing with his balls as well. Oh shit how much more of this could he take? He hoped to fuck she'd let him cum soon but he knew better than to push things. She was building up the speed now her sucking getting stronger as she stroked his shaft with her hand. That was it, he couldn't hold back any longer if he wanted to, his reservoir of cum was about to burst



it's dam, Krakatoa was going to erupt, his balls drew up and his cock became even more swollen turning purple with his imminent eruption.

"Oh god... I'm gonna... Erica I'm gonna... cuuuuum."

He was past the point of no return now, whatever happened he was going to shoot.

"Oh shit!"

Erica suddenly stopped sucking and looked up before grabbing his cock in a vice like grip and squeezing with both hands as if she was trying to strangle it. He could feel his cum boiling but she gripped his cock so hard it was forced back. Bobby thought his balls would explode as he felt his orgasm being choked, he opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. He looked at Erica, her knuckles were white she was squeezing his cock so hard and his dick was purple where she was trapping the blood as it pulsed desperately trying to disgorge it's load. After a few seconds his strangled non-orgasm began to subside and he looked at her face for an explanation but she seemed transfixed by something outside the bedroom. She looked down at his dick and then at his face and seeing his orgasm had passed released him from her vicelike grip.

"Bobby I think I just heard my dad come in, quick please, if he finds you in here he'll go crazy. Here, you'll have to use the window."

She jumped off the bed and grabbed his clothes and he couldn't help notice her big boobs gambolling about with her frantic movements before she grabbed her bra and hurriedly began putting it back on.

"Quick before he finds us." She hurried Bobby towards the window his bruised hand on scything from side to side as she hustled him across the room before opening the window. He clambered out onto the garage roof before awkwardly making his way down into the bushes. She leaned out of the window to see he was ok.

"I'll call you later!" she whispered but he was too busy staring at her huge boobs doing an escape act from her bra to pay much notice. He pulled his clothes back on and crept out of the garden, strange, there was no car in the driveway and he didn't recall hearing any noises downstairs. He considered ringing the doorbell to see if her dad answered, but figured it wasn't worth the risk. He limped back to the dorm, partly from the bruises and scrapes from his escape and partly from his aching dick. He'd got back and was just contemplating having a shower when his mobile rang, no surprises it was Erica.

"Bobby I'm so sorry, I thought my dad was going to be away for the weekend but the trip got cancelled so he came back early."

"Uh... yeah ok..."

"Bobby you must hate me now."

"Uh.. no it's ok..."

"I really wanted to make you feel good after how patient you've been."

"His aching dick began uncoiling in his pants as he recalled how near he'd been to cumming."

"Uh yeah..."

"Bobby, dad wants me to fix his dinner and do some chores today but I can see you tomorrow, that's if you still want to?"

"Uh yeah, sure... of course..."

"And I promise I'll make it up to you, I want to make you feel good Bobby.."

"Uh ok" His dick was fully hard again just at the thought.

"Do you think you can wait until then?"

Bobby's dick ached in his pants and his balls felt like concrete, he wished he could just jerk off now but somehow the prospect of waiting for Erica seemed too good to pass up.

"Uh...okay..."

"Thank you Bobby, you won't regret it I promise."

Bobby spent the rest of the day working out in the gym trying to burn off some frustration and after dinner was ready to turn in. Despite his tiredness he couldn't help thinking about Erica and as he undressed he could feel his dick swelling just at the thought. His balls were beyond blue and felt like they weighed a ton and his cock was so hard he didn't know how he was going to sleep. He crossed to the basin and ran the cold water before running it over his cock and balls, the cold helping to numb the ache and reduce his arousal at least temporarily.

Bobby turned in and slept fitfully, his dreams dominated by Erica and sometimes his mom, and he awoke hard as a rock and more frustrated than ever. He doubted he would get more sleep in his current condition and contemplated going for a late night run in the hope it would get rid of some frustration. Then as he was lying there the door opened and he saw a female figure silhouetted in the doorway. He could blearily make out blonde hair and an hourglass figure that could only be Erica.

The door closed and he could dimly make out the figure walking towards him.

"Erica? What are you doing here?"

There was no answer, instead she simply pulled his sheets back and climbed onto the bed, her hands running down his chest and finding his massively aroused cock.

"Ohh god!" Bobby was so horny and the cool fingers felt so good on him as they gently stroked him before he made out the blonde head lowering towards his cock and felt his dick enveloped by a wonderful wet warm sensation. Her lips and tongue caressed his aching hard on and he groaned as she tenderly teased and sucked his cock. He reached down and his hand brushed against her breast, he weighed the heavy orb and squeezed it through her shirt and bra. Somehow in his dazed cum frustrated brain he sensed something was different. Her breasts seemed somehow bigger and softer than they had earlier and her mouth on his cock was even more expert than before. Whatever flickering thoughts were dimly running through his head soon vanished as he felt her swirling her tongue around his cock head so making his cock jump and pulse.

Fuck he couldn't hold back any longer, his balls were beyond blue, they were purple or whatever colour they went when he had as much cum backed up as he did now. His cock was twitching and pulsing mere moments away from exploding.

"Uhhh... I can't hold on, I'm going to cum..."

Somehow he prepared himself for yet another denied climax but he was so near the edge she would have to strangle his cock with both hands to stop him now, except she didn't, she kept going, teasing and nursing on his turgid weapon as it pulsed and swelled before disgorging it's huge load in blast after blast of thick cum.

"ooooooooohhhhh fuuuuccckkkk!" He clenched his teeth to keep from waking the whole dorm as his body went rigid, his cock blasting away like a cum cannon feeling like his balls were being turned inside out. He wasn't sure if he actually passed out but it was a few seconds before he regained his senses. He felt the cool air on his cock as she withdrew her mouth and as he blearily opened his eyes he just made out the silhouette of her hourglass figure in the doorway before she closed it.

He was too drained to move or call out but simply lay back in a stupor. Wow! He'd not expected this, still he wasn't going to complain. A surprise blowjob in the night was still a blowjob, and at last he didn't feel like he was carrying a pint of cum in his balls he reflected as he drifted back to sleep.

Outside in the car park a figure made their way towards a car and climbed in. Inside Alison regarded herself briefly in the mirror, thankfully she'd not encountered anyone, with a blonde wig t shirt and daisy dukes she looked like a porno version of some cheap slut. She discarded the wig and wiped a stray dribble of cum off her lips before starting the motor and beginning her drive home.

In his study William Petty silently regarded the screen where the young blonde slut had just crept in to service young Mr Stevens, his cold piggy eyes expressionless in the dim room.

## Chapter 25 The Finale

Bobby woke up feeling refreshed and relaxed for the first time in a long while, the fact his balls felt about 10 lbs lighter was a bonus as well. The weather looked great, so he figured he'd go for a jog and stop by to see Erica, with any luck he might get an opportunity for some repeat action if her old man wasn't around. He pulled on his sweat pants and t-shirt and headed out across the campus flashing his winning smile at some of the cuties he saw on his way.

As he neared Erica's house though his smile rapidly faded, a removal truck was parked outside and two men in overalls were loading a sofa onto it. WTF? Bobby approached the men and spoke to the nearest one.

"Hey, what's going on with the coach's house?"

"He's movin' out kid, what's it look like?"

"I don't understand, how come he's going?"

"We just got the call to empty the place out, whatever it was they wanted him out today."

"But.. Erica, his daughter... I've got to see her.."

Bobby started into the house, but the removal man called out "Don't bother kid, they've already gone. Him and his daughter."

Bobby went into the house anyway, but it was empty. He looked in Erica's room wondering if there was a note or some clue what was going on but there was nothing. He called her cell phone, but the number simply went straight to voice mail. Just when life seemed to be taking a definite step for the better it had a habit of kicking you in the nuts he reflected.

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Alison held the lacy garment up and looked at it, calling it a 'costume' was a joke, it was a pinny that tied up at the back and only covered her front from the waist to the top of the thighs. Since she had been provided with a pair of lacy panties that wasn't so bad, it was what was missing that was more worrying. There was no top, not even a bra or some bikini, she was expected to be topless. She pulled on the garter grip stockings and the high heels that had been supplied, they fitted perfectly, of course they did she reflected with a wry smile. She was sure William Petty had researched every one of her measurements.



She straightened the stockings and regarded herself in the mirror, she looked like some pornographic vision of a maid, which she supposed was the desired effect, but she had no doubt that the focus of attention wouldn't be on the costume but on her breasts, which were completely exposed. God if only they weren't so big she reflected, no matter what way she turned they seemed to dominate the view.

She put the small black mask on which afforded her some level of anonymity, although she suspected many of the investors at the party would already know who she was anyway. The point of the exercise was after all to humiliate her so where would the fun be in that if no one knew who she was, the manager of the clinic acting as a topless waitress to the investors. She wondered for a moment if she should put on a bra, perhaps Petty would at least allow her to retain that level of dignity but then she remembered who she was dealing with and dismissed the idea.

She regarded the clock, it was time for her to leave and sure enough she heard the doorbell chime, precise to the second. She pulled on a long overcoat and buttoned it up, placing the mask in the pocket for the moment and made her way down stairs acutely aware of near nakedness under the coat.

The limousine journey was uneventful and almost boring for her, but as she drew nearer to Petty's mansion she found her stomach beginning to tighten at the prospect of what was to come. She placed the mask on her face which afforded her some level of protection.

The limo drew up outside his house and a butler opened the door for her as she stepped out and felt the cool night air on her skin. The absurd chivalry that Petty extended to her before humiliating her seemed so ridiculous she felt herself struggling not to laugh. She was shown into a side room where she sat quietly waiting, in the distance she could hear the sound of voices chatting, she presumed the first guests were arriving and she was being kept out of sight until she was required.

Eventually the door opened, and a dinner jacketed servant indicated she should follow them. Alison got to her feet and followed the man down various corridors into a kitchen where various trays of food and drink were being prepared. Alison was struck by the fact that there were no female staff, whether no women would work for Petty or he had some other reason, Alison didn't know.

"Ahh, Ms. Stevens." The butler who she presumed was in charge offered her a thin smile. "The guests have started arriving, Mr. Petty would like you to begin taking around glasses of champagne." He gestured at the tray of drinks already laid out.

"I will take your coat." He held out his hand for her overcoat, she looked around at the various men gathered all looking expectantly at her and swallowed knowing she was virtually naked underneath.

"What, here?" She asked

"Where else?"

She slowly unbuttoned her coat pausing to look around to see if there would be some last minute reprieve but of course there was none, so she opened it and shrugged it off her shoulders before handing it to the butler. She self-consciously held one of her arms across her breasts to hide her modesty as she stood naked from the waist up, wearing only the stockings, pinny and panties she'd been provided with.

"You will begin serving drinks, the guests are waiting." The butler indicated the tray of filled champagne glasses on the table.

She realized with a sick jolt that in picking up the tray she would be completely exposed, she looked around at the faces of the assembled men hoping for some glimmer of compassion but was met with blank expressions, many of them blatantly staring at her breasts which she was attempting, unsuccessfully, to cover. As if in a trance she approached the table and lowered her arms to pick up the tray, completely exposing her breasts. She lifted the tray, holding it at waist height the undersides of her breasts were just above the glasses, somehow making them seem even more obvious. One of the men held a door open for her to indicate where she should go, as he did so a cool breeze blew through the kitchen and she felt her nipples stiffen to add to her embarrassment. She walked slowly towards the door, that was being held open and could hear the murmur of voices and some soft music

playing as she walked down a short corridor and out into a hall where the guests were assembled.

She paused momentarily to take in the scene, the company was exclusively male, all wearing dinner jackets and chatting. As several of them noticed her the conversations died down and the guests all turned to face her eyeing her like some exquisite piece of art, except the animal looks in their eyes gave away the real nature of their thoughts.

Petty emerged from a small gaggle of acolytes and waddled forward towards Alison.

"Ah I see our charming server has joined us. Come my dear, don't be shy I'm sure my guests are thirsty."

He had a smug look on his face and although he didn't use her name she guessed most of those assembled knew who she was. She began moving towards the nearest groups of guests, balancing as best she could on her high heels, aware that every step caused her breasts to jog and jiggle. She felt herself blushing with embarrassment as she stood in front of the first group while they blatantly ogled her body before helping themselves to glasses of champagne. She moved around the room, acutely aware of eyes roaming over her exposed flesh until she finally had to attend to Petty and his coterie.

He smiled lasciviously as she approached, admiring her body and the looks of lust on his colleagues faces with equal joy.

"That's it my dear, come here." As she approached, he extended a flipper like arm and encircled her waist, drawing her closer before reaching down to pat her bottom. She flinched as she recoiled from his touch but forced herself to stay and do nothing as he groped her bottom.

"Now why don't you ask my friends if they'd like to sample your wares."

She was nonplussed for a moment, what did he mean? Then she realized, he wanted her to have to speak so they would be left in no doubt of her real identity. His absurd chivalry was as usual a way of veiling her next level of humiliation.

"Well... cat got your tongue?"

She forced herself to speak in a calm voice and tried to keep any note of fear or anger out of it.

"Please gentlemen, help yourselves." She regretted the choice of words as soon as she had said them, but the way Petty had engineered the situation meant almost anything she said would be a double entendre. Petty's friends helped themselves to glasses leaving the tray empty.

"Well aren't you going to extend the same invitation to me? I am the host after all." Petty smiled his most loathsome smirk.

"But I don't have anything left to offer..." the words died in her throat as she saw him staring pointedly at her big heavy breasts.

"Oh I wouldn't say that."

She hoped he would end this sick joke and let her escape, but he said nothing and looked at her expectantly before prompting her again.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Invite me to sample your wares." He stared fixedly at her in a way that made it clear it wasn't a joke, he was intent on forcing her to humiliate herself.

"Please help yourself." Her voice was flat and barely audible her anger and frustration was evident.

"Well if you insist." Petty reached out and ran his fingers over her nipples watching them stiffen in response further heightening Alison's humiliation. He then cupped the heavy orbs, lifting them and weighing them in his hands, bouncing them to emphasize their softness and weight.

"Quite exceptional Miss... My dear." He smiled at her as he continued to bounce her breasts in his hands before pausing to squeeze and knead them. After a few moments he released her boobs and looked around at the other investors who had all been obliging the spectacle.

"Well, don't neglect my guests, I'm sure they would like to appreciate your charms as well."

So this was it? She was expected to parade around, inviting a bunch of old perverts to grope her one after another? And then what further humiliations did he have stored up for her.

"Oh I don't think that will be necessary." Petty looked around to see a mirror image of Alison standing next to him, for a moment he was dumbstruck, looking backwards and forwards between the two women, identically dressed and with identical bodies. Then he looked closer, the second woman looked a little younger, her breasts firmer.

"Who are you?"

"I'm surprised you don't remember me, but I suppose you're used to seeing me as a blonde." She pulled off the mask and a black wig revealing her long blonde hair. "Erica, remember? The girl from the college you were blackmailing till you decided to get my dad fired and removed."

"What's this all about, how did you get in here?"

"I came in through the bathroom window." She smirked.

"That's preposterous, where's my security. What's the idea of allowing this girl in here?" He called out as some of his staff entered the room and surrounded Erica.

"Well, what's the idea? What do you think I'm paying you for??"

"Oh don't blame them Billy, it turns out one girl with big tits in a mask looks very much like another, at least if all you are staring at is their tits."

"I've heard quite enough from you! Have her escorted out of here. Actually, no since you're here I think we may have some fun with you and teach you a lesson."

"I don't think so needle dick!" All eyes turned to Bobby as he strode into the room holding a tablet device in his hand.

"What??"

"Not unless you want all of this to be uploaded to NBC. The FBI, and in fact anyone with the internet, will have seen this by tomorrow night."



Petty's security guards intercepted him before he could approach but he held up the tablet so that the guests could see the screen that showed Petty and several of his investors involved in a S&M ritual with various girls who clearly looked as if they'd been forced into taking part. "This isn't even the worst one, you are one sick puppy!"

"Have this young man taken outside and dealt with."

"Not so fast, this has already been uploaded, and if anything happens to me or Erica or Mom, it'll automatically start streaming first thing in the morning."

"You're bluffing. You couldn't have done all this by yourself."

"No but I could." Petty turned back to Erica, "You seem to have forgotten I was majoring in IT before you started blackmailing me and my father and using me in your schemes. I hacked your files and uploaded everything to a remote server."

"What is all this about? What do you want?"

"\$20 million in a trust fund for me, another one for Bobby and the transfer of 51% of the equity in the clinic to Alison."

"Never!"

"Too late, I've already made the transfers. And if you try to reverse them or raise any objections, well..." she directed her gaze at the tablet where Petty and some of the other investors were engaged in a sordid act with two young girls. By now the investors had stopped their conversations and were focused on the images on the screen several of them recognized themselves and were in varying stages of shock and outrage.

"You were filming all of this?? What the hell were you thinking??"

"He was thinking of blackmailing you at some point I suspect, isn't that right Bill?" Erica raised an eyebrow at Petty who squirmed uncomfortably.

"For god's sake William do what she says!"

While Petty's colleagues turned on him Bobby took a few moments to admire Erica and his mom, he had to be looking at two of the finest pairs of breasts in the state, hell in the western hemisphere. In size there wasn't much to choose between them, Alison's hung a little lower which was only to be expected and didn't make them any less appealing, Erica's nipples were lighter and smaller, like pink strawberries compared to his mom's darker longer nipples. He watched the two pairs jiggle with every little movement and imagined feasting on them his dick growing hard at the thought.

"Bobby!"

Erica's voice brought him back to reality, the fact that he'd managed to stay mission focused in the presence of two pairs of huge naked breasts for five minutes was a miracle.

"Uh?" Bobby looked at her.

"Up here Bobby." She pointed at her face. "Is he always like this?"

"I'm afraid so." Smiled Alison.

"I asked you to get our coats as we're leaving, Mr. Petty has seen sense."

Bobby glanced at Petty who was glowering but clearly out of options before following Erica and Alison to the door and collecting their coats as they made their way to Petty's limousine which was waiting for them.

There was a bottle of champagne sitting in an ice bucket as they climbed in, Petty had obviously arranged it as one of his absurd chivalrous gestures following Alison's planned humiliation.

Alison removed her mask and looked at Bobby, "Well it seems my knight in shining armour has come to my rescue, and it seems I owe you my thanks as well", she turned to Erica.

"Well it was mostly Bobby's idea, after Petty got me and my dad moved on I figured I had nothing left to lose by telling Bobby what had happened so I called him and explained. He wanted to drive down here and beat the crap out of Petty, but I persuaded him that a more subtle approach might be better, so we cooked this up."

"Well thank you, both of you. I don't know what he had planned for me, and frankly I don't want to think about it. Shall we celebrate with some champagne? Bobby would you do the honours?"

Bobby was sitting between them and looked from Erica to Alison. "Well I could but..."

"But what?"

"Well it seems to be that this knight in shining armour is the only guy who didn't get his champagne served to him by a beautiful topless waitress."

"Does it now?" Alison raised an eyebrow and looked at Erica.

"Well I suppose we do owe you some gratitude."

The two women undid their coats and slipped them off their shoulders and Bobby was once again greeted with the sight of

four magnificent breasts. Erica poured the champagne while Alison held the glasses handing one to Bobby and Erica

"Is sir happy now?" Alison smiled as she handed Bobby his glass and they toasted their victory.

"Sir would be even happier if he had both his hands free."

"I'm sure you would." Smirked Alison. "Somehow I doubt they would be empty for very long."

"One way to find out!" Bobby set his glass down before reaching out to cup Alison's right boob and Erica's left. "Guess you were right mom!" Alison rolled her eyes in mock exaggeration as Bobby weighed her breasts in his left hand while groping Erica's with his right. He was like a kid in a candy store as he compared their breasts feeling their weight and firmness, watching how they responded as he jiggled and bounced them.

"I guess after all the teasing I put you through you deserve a little fun." Erica smiled,

"Teasing? My balls were so blue I thought they were going to explode."

"I'm sorry I had to leave you high and dry Bobby, I didn't enjoy it."

"I thought you said you liked playing with my dick."

"Oh I did, I just meant I didn't enjoy being a bitch to you."

"Well speaking of playing with my dick, I could do with a little help right now." He looked from Erica to Alison who looked down at his pants where he was pitching a huge tent.

"So I see." Remarked Alison.

"Well... I guess, that's if you don't mind?" Erica looked at Alison for approval.

"Be my guest." Smiled Alison.

Erica ran her hand over Bobby's crotch feeling his iron hard dick jump and lurch under her touch. In truth she did like teasing Bobby, not to the extent that Petty had made her, but enough to make him so turned on he would be desperate, so she drew out the moment till she unbuttoned his pants and opened them. As usual Bobby had eschewed his underwear preferring to let his pride and joy swing about unrestricted so as Erica opened his pants his cock sprang out. She held the huge veiny column in her small pale hands and tenderly stroked it, feeling it pulse and throb under her delicate touch. She rolled the skin backwards and forwards and watched the

clear pre-cum ooze from the head of his cock as Bobby let out a groan.

"Does this mean you've forgiven me?" giggled Erica.

"I'm working on it, but you've got a way to go yet." grinned Bobby.

"Well I guess I had better try harder then." Erica smirked before slipping down to kneel on the floor so she was at eye level with his cock. She paused to admire it before snaking out her tongue and licking from the balls to the head of his cock several times before pulling his dick down towards her so she could swirl her tongue around the head, lapping up his tangy pre-cum and finally enveloping the whole head with her pouty lips. Bobby threw his head back and moaned at the sensation before turning to Alison.

"Sorry mom, you don't mind, do you?"

"It would be rather odd for a mother to be jealous of another girl doing that to their son wouldn't it?"

"But you're not just any mom, you're MY beautiful sexy mom!"

"Why thank you Bobby!"

"And I love you."

"I love you too Bobby."

Bobby drew Alison closer and kissed her on the mouth and after a moment she responded by opening her lips and letting his tongue slide into her mouth as she felt his hands slide up and cup her heavy breasts. After a few moments she broke the kiss, but Bobby's hands were still busy kneading her boobs.

"Hmm, seems you love these more than me."

"No mom, but it's not my fault if you have the most perfect boobs in the world."

Erica playfully nipped his cock with her teeth.

"Ow!"

She sat up, thrusting her boobs out at Bobby.

"Bobby I thought you liked mine best."

"Well yours are great too."

"But whose do you like best?"



"Well I..."

Erica sat up on the seat, so her tits were at eye level with Bobby.

"Ummm errr..."

"Yes Bobby whose do you prefer?" Alison knelt the other side of Bobby, so he was faced with 4 huge tits inches from his face.

"Yes Bobby decide!"

"Well you're both, so, I mean I... um..." he looked from one huge pair of beautiful boobs to the other like a rabbit in a set of headlights.

"I love them both."

"No Bobby you have to choose."

"Yes Bobby, decide!"

"I err..." he studied their boobs noting the subtle differences, Erica's paler areola and smaller nipples and Alison's more pear shaped heavier boobs before remembering he was supposed to

be formulating an answer. "I errr..." was unfortunately the best he could come up with and Alison and Erica finally dissolved into laughter making their boobs wobble like giant plates of jello.

"I'm sorry Bobby, we couldn't resist." Smiled Erica.

Bobby realized they had been teasing him.

"Oh very funny!" He couldn't be too cross as he watched their boobs jiggling with their laughter. He put his arms around both girls and pulled them to him so that their huge boobs were thrust into his face, they shrieked with laughter as he buried his face in their tits. It was like drowning in boobs he reflected as he felt their wonderful soft jiggly breasts pressed against his face, seeking out a nipple to feast on before moving on to another.

Alison and Erica waited while Bobby had his fill of feasting on their combined charms and came up for air.

"Quite finished young man?"

"For now!" Beamed Bobby.

"Good because I think it's our turn to suck on something." Erica smiled at Alison as they sunk down to their knees and admired his huge dick. They licked either side of his cock

working their way to the head before taking it in turns to suck the bloated glans into their mouths, passing it back and forward like a delicacy occasionally pausing to suck his huge heavy balls.

They began to take more of his cock, slurping on it and competing with one another to see who could put on the sluttiest show of cock-sucking. Bobby reflected, not only did he have the two finest pairs of tits he also had two of the best cocksuckers on the planet, both lavishing attention on his dick. They were getting into a rhythm now, each girl taking a few deep strokes on his cock before passing it to the other. He fought to hold his cum back, but he knew he was no match for a joint assault by two mouths like these.

"Oh god, I can't take much more of this." Groaned Bobby. "I need to cum."

"Well, I supposed after all the teasing I put you through I perhaps ought to do the honours." Shrugged Erica.

"Let me help." Smiled Alison as she sat up and lifted her boobs together, wrapping them around Bobby's huge cock. As she bounced them up and down the head of his dick was still exposed, sticking out of the creamy canyon of boobs and drooling pre-cum. Erica lowered her head and took his cock in her mouth, feeling Alison's boobs brushing her chin and cheek as they bounced up and down. The combination was too much for Bobby and he felt his balls tightening and his cock lurching.

"Oh fuuuuuccckkk, I'm cuminggg!!"

If there had been any doubt, it disappeared a second later when a huge spurt of cum shot into Erica's mouth, followed by another, and another. As she felt her mouth filling she tried to gulp but he was shooting cum faster than she could keep up with. She finally withdrew her mouth as he continued cumming, a spurt splashing her face before Alison took her place as Bobby disgorged the last of his load, nursing on the huge slab of meat as it finished spasming.

She sat up and looked at Erica who looked back at her parting her lips to show her and Bobby the pool of white cum she still had in her mouth. Alison followed suit before moving closer and kissing Erica, their tongues intertwining bathing in Bobby's thick cum before parting and swallowing their loads.

"Bobby you're still hard!"

"Oh once is never enough for Bobby, is it?" Alison smiled at Bobby who gave an embarrassed shrug.

"Looks like this is going to be a long night." Giggled Erica as she stroked his cock.

EPILOGUE- 18 years later

Bobby lay on the bed idly stroking his giant cock, the CEO of his own sportswear company and a retired star footballer. Life was pretty good he reflected, just then the door to the bathroom opened and his mother entered drying herself from the shower and he reflected that life had suddenly just got a lot better. Now in her 50's she had a few grey hairs and a few more laughter lines but still looked 20 years younger. He admired her huge boobs, they hung lower and were softer but somehow that made them even sexier to him.

"Don't you ever stop thinking about sex??" She chided looking at his hand on his huge hard on.

"With you around, how couldn't I?" He smiled holding out his hand and drawing her to him, pulling her onto the bed and kissing her before reaching for her boobs so he could feast on them.

"Hey not fair!! You started without me!!" They looked up to see the beautiful teenage sex bomb that was Trinity Stevens pouting in the doorway to the balcony.

"We haven't started anything!" Protested Alison, I just got out of the shower.

"But you were about to." She replied before prancing across the room and jumping on the bed, her long blonde hair contrasting with her golden all over tan.

"Well you can blame your father for that." Alison replied as Bobby continued to squeeze and fondle her breasts.

"It's not fair, I'll never get boobs like you mom." She looked down at the big firm breasts that jutted out with no trace of sag, by anyone else's standards they would be big apart from when compared with Alison's.

"You have nothing to worry about Trinity."

"Yeah, you know what they say, more than a handful's a waste." Bobby smiled releasing one of his mom's huge soft boobs to cup one of his daughter's big firm ones, comparing the two heavy orbs. The thought crossed his mind that there was something wrong with this picture but then he felt his daughter's petite hand caressing his cock and all thoughts left his mind. Life was pretty good for Bobby Stevens!