

# Cream-Filled Mother-in-Law

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rmDEXter

Erotica / Incest/Taboo

Complete



# **Cream-Filled Mother-in-Law**

**rm Dexter**

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# Summary

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## Description:

A couple and the woman's mother are stranded for the night.

# 1. Cream-Filled Mother-in-Law

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“Uh, that was the cream-filled you wanted, right Carole?”

“Yes. Thanks, Spencer,” the attractive middle-aged woman said from the backseat. She reached forward and took the offered donut from her son-in-law.

“And here’s you cruller, babe.” Spencer handed another donut to his wife as he climbed into the car, brushing the accumulation of snow off his shoulders. “Jesus, this snow is pretty bad. We better get going before it gets worse.”

“Here’s your coffee, Mom.” Peri turned in the seat and handed one of the cups back to her mother, and set Spencer’s and hers in the cup holders in the front console. ‘Yeah, it seems to be getting worse since we left the house fifteen minutes ago,’ Peri said, looking out through the windshield as she fastened her seat belt. “Hopefully it’s clearer once we get out of this streamer. I’ve been looking forward to this weekend away for a month now. The weather better not screw with our plans.” She gave

her husband a naughty look and winked at him, unseen by her mother in the back seat.

Spencer caught the look his wife gave him and smiled in return as he re-started the car, the wipers already having trouble keeping up with the falling snow. He and his wife, Peri, had been planning this ski trip weekend for a month now. Actually, the plan was more for a dirty weekend at the resort, with maybe a little skiing done in between. As a 27-year old investment banker with a large well-known firm, Spencer was expected to put in the hours, which he happily did and loved—but now it was time for their weekend away.

Peri was 25, and had recently started her practice as a psychologist. As a young associate, she was logging a lot of hours as well. She'd recently been hired on by a small partnership who found they couldn't keep up with the number of clientele requesting their services. As young professionals, both Spencer and Peri often found themselves too tired when they got home to even think about sex, both of them usually falling asleep in front of late-night TV. Peri had been feeling that nasty itch between her legs lately, and was hoping to have Spencer scratch that itch nice and deep this weekend with that huge cock of his. Her suitcase was full of

sexy lingerie and shoes that definitely weren't made for snowy weather. She didn't care at all if they never left the room.

The resort was about three hours away from where they lived—that three hours being under normal circumstances, not like the snow storm they found themselves in now.

Peri's 47-year old mother, Carole, was hitching a ride back to the town she lived in, about halfway between the ski resort and the city where her daughter and Spencer resided. She'd gotten a lift from a friend early in the morning and spent the day visiting her sister, who lived in the same city as Peri and Spencer, having arranged in advance to get a ride home with her daughter and son-in-law on their way to the resort. Carole's home was right on the way, and they'd happily agreed to give her a lift. As soon as Peri and Spencer had finished work on Friday, they grabbed their bags and picked up Carole at Peri's aunt's house and made their way out of town, making a brief pit stop for donuts and coffee on the outskirts of the city. Hoping to get to the resort as soon as possible, they left the donut shop and headed out.



“Jesus, I can’t believe this,” Spencer said, sipping his coffee as he carefully made his way onto the freeway, keeping his eyes on the taillights of the car ahead of him.

“Be careful, sweetie,” Peri said, squinting to try and see through the falling snow as well. “Take your time. I don’t feel like dying on this trip.”

“Agreed. Here, take this,” Spencer said, handing her his coffee cup as he sat up straighter and leaned forward, both hands gripping the wheel tightly. The snow was falling heavier now, and he could barely see the lines on the road from the car in front of him, the red taillights ahead almost blinking now as the snow prevented him from seeing them clearly. On top of everything else, darkness was starting to settle in.

“Oh dear,” Carole said from the backseat, “this isn’t good.”

“No, it’s not,” Spencer replied, flicking the wipers onto “HIGH” in order to keep up with the heavily falling snow. The tenseness of the situation quieted all three of them as Spencer concentrated on the road, his nerves on edge. The situation didn’t improve, and after about forty-five minutes, if anything, it seemed to get worse.

“LOOK OUT!” Peri burst out, pointing out the windshield.

Through the heavily-falling snow, Spencer saw the car stopped right in front of them at the same time Peri did. He instinctively reacted by slamming on the brakes and jerking the wheel. The car spun on the icy road as he tried to get it under control, but to no avail. He felt it turning sideways and tried to steer in the opposite direction to bring it straight, but it just kept going. It did a full 360, finally stopping its slide and coming to a stop as it faced in the direction they were originally going. Gasping nervously and with his heart racing, Spencer pulled the car over to the side of the road and slammed it into park, putting his hazard lights on as leaned forward and rested his head on the steering wheel.

“Is everybody okay?” he asked, turning to look at his wife and her mother.

“Yes, I’m fine,” Peri said, visibly shaken. “Mom?”

“I’m okay. Thanks, Spencer. That was close.”

“Too close.” Spencer shook out his arms, trying to shake off the tension.

Peri pulled out her phone. “I’m checking the weather forecast.” Her fingers flew over the screen of the phone. ‘Geez. It’s just been updated minutes ago for this region. It says this storm is going to continue for at least another four to six hours.’ They all looked out the front window, huge flakes of snow continuing to fall. “What do you think we should do, Spencer? Do you think we should turn around and try to get back home?”

“No way,” Spencer said emphatically. “I’m going to creep along the side of the road here until we come to the next off-ramp. If we’re where I think we are, there are a few roadside motels close to this part of the highway. Hopefully we can make it that far without getting in an accident.”

With the hazard lights flashing and the wipers going like a turbo-charged metronome, Spencer crept along slowly until he came to the next road. Happy to at least be off the main freeway, he breathed a sigh of relief as he took the curving ramp to the side road, coming shortly after that to a gas station.

“I’ve gotten gas here before,” he said. “There’s a motel just down the road a bit, if I remember right.” Continuing at a crawl, ten minutes later they spotted

the flickering neon sign of the motel, but they couldn't read it clearly until they were right under it.

"The Olde Log Inn," Peri read out loud as they drove by at a snail's pace.

"Well, I imagine it's not The Ritz," Spencer said, squinting to find the unit with the 'OFFICE' light over the door. 'But anything's better than trying to get through this snow.' He pulled up next to the office and dropped the car into park. "I'll be right back."

As soon as Spencer closed the door behind him, Carole leaned forward, resting her arm on the back of her daughter's seat. "Peri, if Spencer gets us some rooms, what am I going to wear to sleep in? I just came for the day, so I've got nothing more than the clothes on my back."

"It'll be alright, Mom," Peri replied, "I'm sure I've got something you can wear." She thought about her suitcase full of lingerie, and wondered if she had spoken too quickly.

Spencer returned to the car moments later, once again brushing the snow off his shoulders, the stuff accumulating on his coat even in the short distance between the office door and the car. He climbed in,

handing a grocery bag to Peri. “We got the last room. He said there were five people in the last hour who checked in because of the storm.” He pointed towards the bag he’d given Peri. “I even got us some food. We’ve got some sandwiches, chips, and something to drink. At least we won’t starve.”

“The last room?” Carole asked, a questioning tone to her voice.

“Yes,” Spencer said, turning and smiling at his attractive mother-in-law, seeing she was concerned about not having her own room. “But it does have two queen beds, so I think we’ll be okay.”

“It’ll be fine, mother,” Peri interjected, having noticed the tone in her mother’s voice. “It’s only for one night.”

“Of course. I’m sorry. As long as we’re not out there driving, that’s what counts. Thanks for being so careful, Spencer.”

“That’s okay, Carole. We’ll make the best of it. Okay, room #16. He said it’s the end one on the second floor, right above #8.” Spencer parked in front of the end unit, the number ‘8’ on the door barely visible through the heavily falling snow. He grabbed their two bags from the trunk and locked up

as Peri and Carole made their way up the rickety stairs at the end of the building. Peri checked the room number and used the old-fashioned key to open the door. The three of them trudged in, brushing the snow off their coats.

Spencer set down the bags and stood up, gesturing with open arms towards the rest of the room. “Welcome to the Taj Mahal,” he said, trying to lighten the mood.

“It could be worse,” Peri said, taking off her coat as they all looked at their room for the night.

Typical of this kind of aging motel, the décor left a lot to be desired. The two queen beds looked tired and well-used, the wall art only slightly better than the classic ‘Velvet Elvis’, while the TV looked like something out of the Smithsonian.

“Well, we might as well get comfortable. It looks like we’re going to be here for the night,” Spencer said, handing out the sandwiches and drinks. The two women sat on the beds and curled their legs under them as they sampled the wrapped sandwiches.

“Mine’s pretty good. This looks homemade,” Peri said, eagerly taking a second bite. “What about

yours, Mom?”

“Yes, this is so much better than I expected. These definitely aren’t from a vending machine.” She looked up at Spencer questioningly.

“The guy said once they saw the weather turning, his wife figured this might happen, so she put some food together, just in case. Her smart thinking turned out to be to our benefit, I guess. Mine’s good too.” He chomped off another bite and stepped over to the old TV. “Let’s see what this baby can pull in,” he said, turning it on. As the set warmed up, the screen was covered with flickering white dots.

“Are you kidding me?” Peri said, grinning from ear to ear. “There’s more snow on that TV than there is outside.”

“What show is that in the background?” Carole asked, taking a sip of her drink as she squinted at the TV.

Spencer kneeled down in front of the TV, his face about a foot away from the screen. “I think it’s an old Seinfeld.” He pointed to the snow-filled screen. “Look, there’s Kramer—no—that’s George.”

“Turn it off, Spence,” Peri said, finishing her food and brushing her hands against each other.

“That TV’s useless. Why don’t we all just turn in and try and get some sleep. If the weather clears like they say it will in a few hours, maybe we can get an early start tomorrow morning. What do you think, Mom?”

“That’s fine by me. Just... you know, what we talked about earlier.”

“Yeah, I’ll find you something to wear.” Peri opened her suitcase and started sifting through the contents. “Spencer, could you close those drapes, please?”

“Sure, hon.” Spencer reached forward and grabbed the drapes on either side of the front window, pulling them together. One side came all the way to the center, but the other stopped peculiarly short, with a gap of about 8 “showing between the two sides. He tugged at the one side, unable to make it move. He looked closer, noticing that it was securely fastened at the end, but unable to go any further.” Oh, great.”

“What’s wrong?”

“This piece of fabric is too small.” He tugged at it to show them. “That’s as far as it goes.”



“That seems to be par for the course for this place. Oh well, like I said before, it’s only for one night.” Peri stood, hands on her hips, watching him pull at the drape one more time. “Spence, why don’t you use the bathroom first while I’m getting this stuff sorted out for me and Mom.”

“Okay.” He grabbed his toiletry bag out of his suitcase, and took out a pair of loose boxers and t-shirt as well. He’d planned on sleeping in the nude over the weekend, hopefully to be ready to be inside his wife’s tight little pussy at a moment’s notice. Being sideswiped by this storm had definitely put a kink in their plans. Resigned to another night of celibacy, he took his stuff into the bathroom and turned on the shower, hoping that immersing himself in a deluge of hot pelting water would help him forget the chilly outdoors.

“So what do you have that I can wear?” Carole asked, standing beside her daughter as the young woman rifled through her suitcase. Carole quickly spotted the colorful array of lingerie which all but filled the suitcase—not really skiing apparel. “Oh my.”

“Mom, Spencer and I have been working really hard. We need this weekend away.”

“I understand, sweetheart.” Carole smiled at her daughter as she tenderly touched her arm. “I was young once.”

“That sounds ominous the way you said that. Please tell me that desire doesn’t go away as you get older?”

“Well, no, it definitely doesn’t. You know what they say about women hitting their sexual peak in their 40’s.” Carole gave her daughter a little conspiratorial wink, making the young woman smile and nod in agreement.

“Do you still miss Dad as much as you did? What’s it been, four years now?”

Carole paused, thinking of her husband, the man she’d loved having been killed by a drunk driver. She’d been thinking of that when they’d been driving in the snowstorm, and she’d breathed a sigh of relief when Spencer had decided to stop for the night. “Yes, it’s about four years now. And yes, I do still miss him.”

“You haven’t met anybody else yet?”

“No. There’ve been a couple of men tomcatting around, but I’m just not ready.”

“Mom, you’re still young—and you’re still a knockout. I loved Dad too, but you should really put yourself out there again. I don’t want you to spend the rest of your life alone.”

“Thanks, sweetie. I’ll get there.”

“Do you... do you miss it?” The tone of Peri’s voice made it clear what she was talking about.

“Of course I miss ‘it’. These men who’ve been around are nice enough, but I don’t want to jump into bed with either one of them just to get my rocks off.” Her comment caught Peri by surprise, and she hugged her mother as they shared a laugh. She squeezed her mother tight, and then stepped back, both of them looking down into the suitcase.

“Okay,” Peri said, reaching into the case and moving pieces of silky lingerie about. “There should be something in here that will do. We’ve always been about the same size, so that shouldn’t be a problem.”

“I guess you’re still a Double-D?” Carole asked, looking down at the sexy things in her daughter’s suitcase. “I’ve been wearing an E-cup for a number of years now.”

“But we’re still the same height and build. Maybe it’ll be a little tight here and there, but it should be fine. How about this one? This is about the tamest thing I’ve got in here.” Peri held up a lacy white chemise with thin ribbon-like spaghetti shoulder straps. It was apparent by the size of the garment that it would end high on either woman’s thighs, barely covering the wearer’s pussy.

“If that’s the tamest thing you’ve got, I guess it’ll have to do.” Carole took the chemise from her daughter, just as Spencer came out of the bathroom, rubbing a towel over his wet hair. He stood before them in a t-shirt and his loose boxers, rubbing away at his head.

“The shower’s surprisingly good,” he said, dropping his towel over the back of a small chair next to a garage-sale dresser.

“That’s good. I can use a shower,” Peri replied, grabbing another item and her toiletry bag out of her case. “We’ll be back shortly.”

“Take your time,” Spencer said, reaching into his bag and taking out a paperback novel he’d started ages ago but never seemed to have time to get to. He was hoping he wouldn’t have time this weekend either, thinking he’d be fucking Peri until they both

collapsed, but he'd stuck the book in his bag anyways. As the women disappeared into the bathroom, he pulled the covers down and climbed into one of the beds, pulling his t-shirt off and tossing it towards his bag of clothes.

"Nothing but net." He congratulated himself as the balled-up t-shirt dropped right into the open suitcase. He was used to sleeping nude, but with his mother-in-law sleeping in the next bed, he knew he couldn't get away with that. The t-shirt made him feel all twisted up if he tried to sleep in it, so he'd kept it on until he got into bed. The boxers would stay on, but the t-shirt definitely had to go.

He pushed the pillows into a stack and leaned against the headboard, opening the Michael Connelly novel where he'd left off. The Lincoln Lawyer was up to his usual tricks, and Spencer settled in as he read, picturing Matthew McConaughey in the role of Mickey Haller. Spencer had loved the original movie and the quirky character of Haller, getting hooked on Connelly's books after that.

"Really, Mom, it looks great on you."

Peri's voice made him look up. His wife stepped across the room towards him, looking fabulous in a

hot pink teddy. She was about 5’-7 “tall and weighed about 120lbs. The sexy garment fit her curvy hourglass figure perfectly, the lacy cups of the bra portion molded spectacularly to her big 36DD breasts. As she moved, he could see the swells of her large breasts jiggling and wobbling temptingly above the tightly-stretched material of the bra cups. The lacy fabric of the teddy nipped in waspishly at her slender waist and then flowed out to the tops of her wide fuckable hips, the leg openings cut wickedly high on her hips. The enticing V-shape of the lower part of the teddy made his mouth water as he looked at the way it disappeared invitingly between her legs. The high-cut leg openings made her long shapely legs look even longer than usual, her full creamy thighs drawing his eyes hungrily.

When they’d been in the car, she’d had her hair up in a ponytail—now it was down, her lustrous blonde locks falling attractively down to her shoulder blades, the honey-blond tresses framing her pretty face enchantingly. Her blue eyes shone as she turned back towards him, a playful smile turning up the corners of her wide full mouth.

“Already for bed, sweetie?” Peri asked as she gave him a naughty wink, coming around the bed and getting in next to him.

“Yes. You look nice.” Spencer reply was intentionally subdued, trying to keep his arousal in check from his mother-in-law. He was barely able to take his eyes off his gorgeous wife, wishing his mother-in-law was anywhere else but here.

“Don’t you think Mom looks nice too?”

“Oh Peri, Spencer doesn’t need to worry himself about an old woman like me,” Carole said, self-consciously crossing the room quickly and slipping into the other bed, pulling the covers up over her scantily-clad body.

Spencer had automatically turned towards his mother-in-law when his wife asked for his opinion, his eyes opening wide as he looked at the middle-aged woman. Even though she slid hurriedly into the bed next to him, he did catch a glimpse of her, his eyes taking in every delicious detail.

He thought of those times when he and Peri had been dating and things started to get serious. He remembered one of his friends telling him about that old saying: “If you want to know what your girlfriend is going to look like in 20 years, look at her mother.”

When Peri took him home to meet her mother, he'd taken a look—yes, he'd taken a long long look, and he'd been very happy with what he'd seen. He was startled by the resemblance between the two women at first, both of them having the same lush curvy figure that had made his mouth water the first time he'd laid eyes on Peri. Carole had probably 10 to 15 extra pounds on her daughter, with all the extra pounds in just the right places. He could easily see where Peri's generous bustline had come from—her mother's looking just as alluring as Peri's full set of 36-DDs, if not moreso.

Carole's blonde hair was even cut similar to her daughter's, and was a slightly darker blonde, which he'd noticed came naturally with blondes as they aged. It still looked fabulous, the golden-blonde locks falling in soft waves about her pretty face, her blue eyes as warm and comforting as her daughter's, with that hint of experience showing through.

Also much like her daughter, Carole had a penchant for wearing tight sweaters, which emphasized the impressive of her chest. The first time Spencer met her, she'd been wearing a sky-blue sleeveless turtleneck that molded itself to her spectacular guns, making a lump form in his throat



as he stared at the way the vertical ribs of her top flowed around and over her voluminous breasts.

Spencer had looked at a lot of MILF porn in his time, having a fondness for older women since he'd been a teenager—like all boys—and men. And his mother-in-law Carole was prime MILF material, and he'd often fantasized about her, throwing his arm over his eyes and picturing her in a myriad of sexual activities—all the time while his wife, Peri, knelt between his legs and sucked him off. Yes—he'd blown many a load into his wife's mouth thinking about what he'd like to do with her busty mother.

But he'd never seen her in anything like she was wearing tonight. In the few seconds he'd seen her before she dived under the covers, he'd seen her lush mature body delightfully sporting a brilliant white chemise, the alluring garment fitting his mother-in-law just a little snuggler than he expected she'd hoped. The wispy lace of the flowing chemise flounced out over her wide matronly hips before ending just inches below her pussy—his riveted eyes even catching a teasing glimpse of demure white panties as she'd slid into bed.

Now, the top of the chemise—yes, the gloriously tight-fitting top. The triangular shaped pieces of

shimmering white lace barely covered her huge tits, the voluptuous mounds of warm soft-looking tit-flesh puffing out around and above the confining cups invitingly. The cups of the chemise looked like they could barely hold the gigantic load they were being asked to support, the thin spaghetti straps over her shoulders stretched taut as the skin of a drum. Even with her breasts free of any solid support, her deep dark line of cleavage still looked a mile long—an inviting valley for a hard stiff cock to slip back and forth between.

Spencer had taken all this in in the few seconds it had taken his mother-in-law to self-consciously scramble into the bed, but the lustful vision was burned into his mind forever. It dawned on him that he'd yet to respond to his wife's question. "Yes, your mom looks great. Really, Carole, it looks fine, what I could see of it—I don't think I've ever seen you move that fast before." His light-hearted comment made all of them laugh.

Peri slid over close to him and spoke to her mother from across Spencer's reclined form, her hand resting on his chest. "See, Mom, I told you it looked nice. Spencer wouldn't lie to you, would you, dear?"

“Of course not. I think it looks very nice.”

“Oh, you two,” Carole said, smiling at the two of them as she pulled the covers up to her neck.

Peri looked down at her husband, “Why don’t you turn the light out, sweetie. We might as well get some sleep, there’s nothing else to do in this dump.”

“Okay.” Spencer marked his spot in his book and set it on the table between the two beds, and then reached up to turn off the lamp.

It was only seconds later that Peri spoke, “Oh great, isn’t that special.” Through the gap in the currents the light from the neon sign out front seemed to flow like a bride’s train into the room, the shaft of light drifting into the space right between the two beds. As their eyes got accustomed to it, the light seemed to flicker with the big flakes of snow falling through it every which way, like a swarm of moths flying past their window.

“Well, there’s nothing we can do about that,” Spencer said. ‘I couldn’t get that blind closed any further. At least that crappy sign’s not flickering. That would really drive me nuts.’ He paused, looking around at their dismal surroundings. “Let’s just try and forget about it and get some sleep.

Hopefully the snow will stop and the roads will be plowed by morning. We should have your mother home and be at the resort shortly after that.”

“All right. Good night, Mother.”

“Good night, Peri. Good night, Spencer.”

“Good night, Carole.”

The three settled down to sleep, with Peri snuggling up next to her husband.

“I’m sorry, sweetie,” she whispered into his ear. “I was really looking forward to tonight—but not in a place like this.” As she lay next to him, she traced her fingernails over his broad muscular pecs, scratching him teasingly.

“Me too,” Spencer whispered in reply, turning away from his mother-in-law so his words were only heard by his wife. “Do you know how hot you look in that teddy? It was all I could not to grab you and pound you into the mattress when you came to bed. It looks fantastic.”

“I’m glad you like it. Hopefully you’ll like the other new things I got too. I’m sorry it has to be like this, baby. I promise you that I’ll make it up to you.”

Her hand traced down over his midsection, her fingertips doing a figure-eight as she traced her red-tipped nails over his abs.

“You realize I’m gonna hold you to that promise,” Spencer said, slipping his arm beneath his wife’s shoulders and pulling her closer against him.

“So what are you gonna do about it, Big Shot?” Peri asked, her fingers running teasingly over the waistband of his boxers now.

Spencer put his lips next his wife’s ear and whispered, his hot breath tickling her deliciously, “I’m gonna fuck you until you pass out, and then I’m gonna fill you so full of cum that the stuff will be running out of you for a week.”

“Mmmm, I like the sound of that,” Peri responded in a warm purr, her hand sliding purposely lower over the front of his boxers now. Spencer had already been responding to her touch, and now felt his cock give a big lurch as the blood continued to pour into it.

“Be careful there, baby,” he whispered apprehensively. “Don’t start something you can’t finish.”

“Just lay quietly, sweetie. I just want to feel this beautiful cock in my hand for a minute. I’ve missed it so much.” Her hand slid into the open fly of his boxers, her fingers fishing around for his stiffening prick.

“Peri!” Spencer whispered urgently. “What are you doing? What about your mother?”

“Listen. She’s already asleep.” Peri stopped moving and nodded across Spencer’s body towards her mother. With his eyes and ears following hers, Spencer looked over as well, his mother-in-law’s face visible as she lay facing them, her features partially illuminated by the shaft of light coming in from the gap in the drapes, her eyes closed peacefully. He listened as they lay still, the gentle rhythmic snuffling of the older woman sleeping coming to his ears. He turned and looked at his wife, surprised.

“She always falls asleep really fast. It’s always been like that.” Peri leaned down and kissed him, her tongue slipping hotly into his mouth. As her tongue duelled with his, her hand became more insistent as she drew his rearing prick out through the opening at the front of his boxers, giving his stiffening dick the freedom it desired. She grabbed

the covers and pushed them down, the soft glow from the window illuminating his exposed midsection.

“Peri!” Spencer gasped out, his eyes flicking over towards his mother-in-law once more.

“Shhhh, relax,” Peri said, a mischievous smile on her face. “I just want to see it for a minute.” She sat up slightly, her circling hand shucking slowly up and down along his thickening pecker. In less than a minute it was hard as a rock, his prodigious member causing her hand to open wider as it stiffened and grew, the enflamed crown rising above her pumping hand.

“Oh my god,” Peri muttered quietly under her breath, ‘It’s so hard. I love it.’ Her other hand slid into his loose boxers and drew out his sperm-laden nuts, cradling them gently in the palm of her hand as she continued to jack away at his thrusting erection. “It’s so beautiful. I love the feel of it, so velvety soft, and yet so steely hard at the same time. There’s nothing else on earth like it.”

Spencer lay back, luxuriating in the feel of his wife’s talented hand stroking up and down on his throbbing prick. It had been days since they’d had sex, and although he’d whacked off a couple of

loads on his own, he'd missed being with her, enjoying her sexy curvy body against his. With his mother-in-law mere feet away in the next bed, he felt like he should be an adult and shut this down before it got out of hand—but he wanted to keep it in hand—his wife's hand, just like she was doing right now, her slender fingers and soft palm bringing him to the heights of pleasure. Even though having his mother-in-law so close was nerve-wracking, he had to admit that the riskiness of what they were doing made it scintillatingly exciting at the same time.

He was lying there savouring the deliciously sensuous torture his wife was putting him through when she suddenly leaned forward, that devilish twinkle in her eye as she brought her lips next to his ear. “Just relax and stay right where you are, baby. Don't look over, but she's awake.” Peri felt Spencer tense up, but he did as she asked, and stayed completely still. She nipped tenderly at his earlobe and then slid the tip of her tongue into his ear, driving him crazy, before pulling back slightly and whispering, “I want to give her a little show. It's been a long time since she's even seen a cock, so it'll do her good to see a beautiful one like yours. I



think she needs this just as much as either of us. So just lie back and enjoy it. I'll take over from here."

Peri sat up again and pushed the covers even further down, totally exposing her husband's body. She wrapped one hand around his rigid dick and started pumping slowly, while the fingertips of her other hand traced teasingly over his taut abs.

"Mmmm, it feels so good in my hand," she said in a soft breathy purr, her voice taking on a melodic lulling tone. "So big... and so hard... I love it."

Spencer dared to flick his eyes sideways, now able to see the glimmer of his mother-in-law's eyes sparking at him from across the gap between the two beds.

"Oh my, the precum is leaking out all over my hand. Mmmm, I can even smell it. So warm, so manly, so exciting." Peri's voice continued softly in a lulling hypnotic tone, and Spencer remembered that she'd had training in hypno-therapy as part of her schooling as a psychologist. He felt himself relaxing just listening to the soft resonant timbre of her voice, like someone rubbing his temples gently between their fingertips.

“Mmmm, I can’t wait for it to shoot. It’s so big and hard, I know there’s going to be a lot of cum.” She kept up her smooth stroking as she continued to talk, her soft words filtering across the room like white noise, lulling her mother into a trance-like state. Peri knew that nobody could be hypnotized unless their subconscious allowed them to, and she knew that what she was doing wasn’t really hypnosis, just using the tone of her voice to allow her mother to submit to her hidden desires, the power of suggestion breaking down those walls of resistance. If it was something the subject really wanted, it was as easy as slicing a hot knife through butter. She could see her mother watching intently, and knew it was time to up the ante.

“So hard... so beautiful... don’t you think so, Mother? Don’t you wish it was your hands on this beautiful hard cock?”

Spencer glanced over at his mother-in-law as soon as Peri said her name, and saw her eyes open wider as she sat up slightly, bracing herself on her elbow. He could see the lust in her eyes, her full lips gaping open, the covers sliding down slightly to expose her huge breasts, inadequately contained in the lacy white chemise.

“It’s been awhile, hasn’t it, Mother?” Peri continued, her voice remaining soft and consistent, warming the room like a cat’s purr. “It feels so hot and hard in my hand, like they were made for each other. Why don’t you come over and feel it yourself, Mother? Feel how hard it is... how hot it is.”

Carole drew the covers back and quietly slid to her knees between the beds. There was just enough room for her kneeling body, and she shuffled down slightly, her mature face only inches above her son-in-law’s engorged member.

“That’s it... that’s good,” Peri continued, slowly stroking her husband’s cock. “Put your hand above mine, Mother—there’s enough room for both of us.”

Spencer watched as Carole slowly lifted her hand, her eyes never leaving the engorged head of his rigid erection, rivulets of precum now drooling from the tip and running provocatively down the upright shaft. Peri stopped her stroking, the heel of her hand pressing against his groin, the enflamed crown throbbing in the filtering light as it rose inches above her circling hand. Carole’s fingers touched his prick just above her daughter’s hand, her fingertips exploring the velvety soft skin of his shaft

as they curled around it, her soft palm now pressing into the shaft, her fingers closing warmly.

“Mmmmmm,” Carole hummed deep in her throat as the incendiary heat from the engorged cylinder of flesh seemed to flow right through her hand and then throughout her entire body, making her flush with desire.

“That’s it, Mom... feel it... feel how hot and hard it is,” Peri said, her voice maintaining that soft lulling tone as she started to slowly pump her hand once more. “Doesn’t it feel wonderful?”

“Yes,” Carole said breathlessly, her soft mature hand moving in unison with her daughter’s.

Spencer was in heaven, lying back and letting this gorgeous mother and daughter stroke his prick, their magical hands driving him crazy. He looked at his mother-in-law in profile, his eyes drawn magnetically to her huge tits, the massive orbs all but spilling out of the tight white chemise, her big nipples clearly visible as they dented out the front of the lacy fabric, the spear of light from the window causing bold shadows to fall on her curvy body, her huge tits rising and falling provocatively as her breath came in ragged gasps. He flicked his eyes back up to her face, seeing the desire in her eyes as

she remained transfixed on his throbbing dick, their hands pumping out more and more shimmering precum from the drooling tip.

Peri saw that look in her mother's eyes too, and then smiled to herself as her mother's tongue slid unconsciously out of her mouth and circled her lips, wetting them obscenely. She'd had that look in her own eyes before while jerking her husband's cock, her mouth salivating instinctively, the craving for a nice mouthful of hot thick cum overwhelming her. She knew just what her mother wanted—and needed.

“It tastes even better than it feels, Mother. Why don't you just lean forward and slip your lips over the end? Let your tongue roll all over that big hot cock-head, feel how luxurious it feels inside your mouth.” Her mother started to lean closer, her lips pursed forward invitingly. “That's it... that's it... just a little more. You must be able to feel the heat coming off of it already. Isn't it wonderful?”

Spencer watched as his gorgeous mother-in-law leaned forward, her deliciously soft lips pressing against his swollen glans, her lips now spreading out and sliding down over the flaring contours of the broad mushroom head until finally, they slipped over

the rope-like coronal ridge, trapping the head of his surging prick inside her hot wet mouth. He felt her tongue roll warmly over his enflamed knob, her hot saliva bathing his leaking cockhead lovingly. He felt her cheeks collapse in as she sucked, the tip of her tongue now probing at the wet red eye, wanting more of his syrupy cock-sap. He felt a pulse go through his steely-hard cock, and knew he'd fed her more of the delectable nectar she was sucking for.

"Mmmm," Carole mewed again, feeling the silky fluid ooze onto her tongue.

"That's it, Mom, suck it out of him," Peri said encouragingly. "I can tell he's gonna cum soon, and I want you to swallow it all, every warm creamy drop. Do you understand?"

"Um-hum." Carole hummed her agreement into Spencer's body as she worshipped his rock-hard cock with her hot mature mouth. She was sucking sluttishly now as she instinctively started to bob her head up and down, surrendering to the cock-sucking desires within her.

"That's a good girl," Peri said, giving Spencer a sly wink as she turned back, looking down at her mother, the older woman's mouth sucking possessively at her husband's cock. "Now take your

hand off, Mom, let me jack him off right into your mouth. I want to make sure you get as much of that hot cum as possible.”

Spencer watched as Carole slipped her circling fingers off his cock and brought them to her breasts, squeezing them through the lace teddy as she continued to suck slavishly, her lips pursed forward, her hot wet tongue bathing his throbbing cockhead as she sucked, her hot cheeks pressing against his prick in a warm buttery sheath. Warm moans issued continuously from deep in her throat, evidence of how much she loved what she was doing. Spencer looked down at her hands as she fondled her huge breasts, watching as the soft pillows of tit-flesh oozed out around her squeezing hands, and that was all it took to send him over the edge.

“I can feel he’s going to cum now,” Peri said, her eyes alive with mischief as she pumped away at her husband’s cock, her circling hand bumping softly against her mother’s full pouty lips as they met halfway down his rigid shaft. “Get ready, Mom, he’s gonna fill that pretty mouth of yours, and then I want you to swallow it all.”

“OH FUCCCKKKKK,” Spencer groaned, just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned from the tip of

his bucking cock.

“Mmmmm,” Carole moaned deep in her throat as the hot thick semen burst powerfully against the roof of her mouth, the viscous seed sliding around her mouth before pooling on her wide flat tongue. A second rope shot forth, and then a third, the warm slimy goo gathering into a massive puddle within her hot sucking mouth.

“That’s it, Mom, get it all.” Peri said, a pleased smile on her face as she continued to pump her husband’s twitching pecker. “Swallow now. Take it all right down into your tummy.”

“Glmphh.” Carole swallowed, the sperm-laden jizz sliding warmly down her throat. It was thick and clumpy, and she loved the thought of it being chock full of his swimmers, enough sperm to populate the world finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. She gave off soft moans of contentment as she sucked, her pleasure level escalating as she fed from her son-in-law’s spewing cock.

“That’s it. He’s got a lot more. Keep sucking,” Peri encouraged, her talented hand jerking out rope after rope of milky cum, the clotted gobs filling her mother’s mouth as she pumped. She smiled as her mother swallowed again, and then a third time, but



not before white trickles appeared at the corners of her overflowing mouth and ran down her chin, pearls of her husband's spunk dangling lewdly off her mother's pretty face.

Spencer couldn't believe it—his wife had actually jerked him off into her own mother's mouth! And his mother-in-law had loved it. He'd heard her soft moans of pleasure the whole time she'd been sucking him, those moans turning to mewls of bliss once he'd started to fill her mouth with cum. He couldn't believe how much he came, but the older woman just kept sucking as he flooded her mouth, like she never wanted it to stop. The final tingling twinges coursed through him, and he collapsed back against the pillows, his chest heaving as he recovered, still watching the two women. Peri was smiling down at her mother, her hand no longer moving, but his mother-in-law kept sucking gently, nursing on the head of his cock, her tongue slithering into his piss-slit to get out every last drop of warm seed. It was sexier than hell, and he was still incredibly turned on—looking at his stacked mother-in-law sucking on him kept the fires burning deep inside him.

Peri forcefully pulled Spencer's cock out of her mother's mouth, the purple plunger coming out of

her sucking lips with a wet ‘POP!’ Peri waved the cock in front of her mother’s face, the rigid prick thrusting vigorously upward.

“Look what you’ve done to him, Mother—he’s still hard as a rock.” Peri pushed the head of Spencer’s cock against her mother’s chin, using it to push the wayward strands of jizz back into the older woman’s mouth. Carole eagerly lapped it all up, her tongue rolling hungrily over the enflamed cockhead as her daughter moved it over her soft supple skin.

“You can’t leave him like this, Mother—that’s not fair. You’re going to have to let him fuck you now.”

Spencer was shocked, he’d never expected this—but the way his cock lurched once the idea registered in his mind made a smile come over Peri’s face.

Peri had never intended for this to happen at all, but once she saw that look of wanton desire in her mother’s eyes, she knew she had to do this for her. Her mother needed sex—she needed it bad. She’d seen the light come back into her mother’s eyes as she’d been sucking Spencer’s cock—a light she’d not seen in those eyes since her father had died.

“Come with me,” Peri said, quickly sliding off the bed and grabbing her mother by the hand. She pulled her mother to her feet and picked up her suitcase with her other hand, both women and the suitcase disappearing into the bathroom.

Spencer sat up on his elbows and looked around as he pulled the sheet up to his midsection, wondering what the fuck had just happened—and better yet, what the fuck was going to happen? Had he heard right? Did his wife actually say that her mother had to fuck him? Was his wife giving him a free pass to cheat on her... with her own mother? Was he being allowed to pass “Go” and “collect \$200”? A million thoughts ran through his head as he lay back and waited—all of those thoughts lewd and perversely exciting. He was expecting the two women to come out of the bathroom with Carole feeling embarrassed by how she’d acted, with her crawling back into her bed and pulling the covers up to her neck, turning away so Spencer couldn’t see her, trying to forget what she’d done.

Even if she did, he’d have that moment to remember the rest of life—that moment when his rearing prick had filled her mouth with cum, shot after shot of thick creamy semen flooding his

mother-in-law's vacuuming mouth. Nobody could ever take that away from him—ever.

“What do you think, Spencer?” The sound of his wife's voice broke him out of his daydream, and he looked up as his wife led her mother over to stand between the beds.

“Oh fuck,” Spencer said to himself as he looked at the dizzying display of pulchritude before him. His mother-in-law was drop-dead gorgeous, dressed stunningly in some of his wife's new lingerie.

She wore a black satin merry widow corset that fit her voluptuously curvy body magnificently. Her spectacular breasts were barely contained by the heavily-wired bra cups, the generous amounts of tit-flesh all but overflowing the beautifully-designed lace-trimmed cups. The reinforcing of the satin cups pushed the big round globes up and together to create a deep line of cleavage that made him think of the Grand Canyon—too deep to comprehend, and it seemed to go on forever. The ribbon-like straps that went over her shoulders were stretched taut as bridge cables, the weight they were carrying almost the same.

The bodice of the corset formed tightly to her motherly body, those few extra pounds that she had

on her daughter making it look daringly tight as it molded itself to her buxom hourglass figure—and Spencer loved the way it looked, eager to get his hands on each of those extra pounds.

The bottom of the corset flared out over her wide matronly hips, and he was reminded how much he loved curvy women over popsicle-stick models. His mother-in-law had all the right curves, in all the right places—a body just made for sex.

Her loins were covered by silky black panties that were cut sinfully high in the leg openings, the thin triangular piece of fabric barely covering her pouting mound before disappearing enticingly between her legs. Ribbon-like garters bit fiercely into sheer black hose, the garters and shimmering gossamer stockings framing her creamy thighs and pussy alluringly. The sheer nylons accentuated her shapely legs, which were nice and full at the thighs and calves, with cute dimpled knees in between and trim ankles below that he pictured taking hold of in his hands and pulling her legs wide apart, opening her up for a good hard fuck.

He looked down at her shoes, happier than ever that his wife and her mother wore the same size. The shoes were definitely ‘come-fuck-me’ shoes. They

were black pointy-toed pumps with a thin leather strap that circled her ankle and did up with a tiny gold clasp. The heels—fuck—the heels. They were sky-high stiletto heels that were metallic and pointy as a needle, the dead sexy 5 “heels making Spencer’s head spin as the blood all seemed to drain right to his midsection.

He looked up at his mother-in-law’s pretty mature face, and felt his heart flutter, never having seen her look so sexy and erotic. His wife must have done her makeup, giving her eyes a deep smoldering look with the dark smoky tones she’d chosen to go with the devilishly dark mascara and eye-liner. Carole’s already full lips looked like soft red pillows, the glistening red lipstick making them look pouty and inviting, the perfect mouth for a cock-sucking mother-in-law.

Her hair was gorgeous, the ash-blonde locks looked wild and sexy, as if she’d spent the whole day in bed—and that day hadn’t been spent sleeping.

Spencer looked her over from head to toe, his mind reeling at how breathtakingly sexy and gorgeous she looked, his rock-hard prick doing all the talking for him. He saw Peri smile as both women looked down at the sheet covering his lower

half, the rising sheet making it look like Barnum and Bailey had brought the circus into town.

“She looks amazing,” Spencer finally gasped out, his eyes roaming hungrily over his mother-in-law’s mouth-watering form, his senses tingling as he now breathed in the scent of her alluring perfume, the intoxicating scent pummeling his libido even more.

“I think he approves,” Peri said as she turned and winked at her mother, a warm smile on her face. “Why don’t you get into bed, Mother? Spencer will be right along to join you.”

As her mother pulled the covers on the other bed back and climbed in, Peri slid in next to Spencer and whispered into his ear. “Do this for me, baby. She needs it so bad. I want you to make her feel like a woman again.”

“You’re sure? You’re really okay with this?”

“Yes. She’s done so much for me—I want to do this for her. Don’t even think about me being here. I want you to take her—over and over, as much as you want. I can see how much she needs it, and I know she’ll love it. So please, baby, do this for me.”

“Okay,” Spencer said, giving his wife a loving kiss before slipping out of the bed.

“I think you can leave those boxers here,” Peri said, a sly smile on her face as she nodded towards his midsection, his throbbing erection tenting out the front of his boxers obscenely.

Spencer peeled them off and dropped them on the floor, his freed dick bobbing menacingly in the air as he turned and slid into the other bed, taking his mother-in-law in his arms and kissing her deeply.

Peri pulled the covers over herself and tried to get some sleep, but the sounds coming from the other bed finally caused her to roll over and see what was happening. When she looked over, she saw Spencer kneeling in the middle of the bed with her mother on her back before him, her knees bent up, her sexy stiletto heels digging into the mattress nastily. She watched as he reached between her mother’s legs and took hold of her little black panties in both of his hands.

RRRIPPPP!!

Her mother gasped as Spencer pulled away the shredded panties and tossed them aside. He reached down and circled his fingers around her slender ankles, pulling her legs high into the air. He moved her legs slowly far out to each side as he spread her wide open, the older woman’s hot wet cunt



spreading open invitingly, framed enticingly by the sheer black nylons and tightly-stretched garters. Peri watched as he leaned forward, the huge fiery knob of his cock nestling between the glistening petals of her mother's pussy. He pushed slightly, and Peri saw her mother's dripping labia spread open and circle the invading spear.

"I'm going deep, Carole, nice and deep," she heard her husband say as he flexed forward slowly, mercilessly forcing his long thick cock into her mother's welcoming body.

"Ohhnnn... so hard... so... ohhhh," she heard her mother gasp, and she looked over as her mother pulled at the sheets, almost tearing them off the bed in a death grip. Peri flicked her eyes back to their joined bodies, watching as inch after inch of rigid cock filled her mother's steaming trench.

"Oh yeah, that's it, Carole. Take it," Spencer said in a warm encouraging voice as he fed the last couple of inches into his mother-in-law, his hands holding her legs well apart so she was totally spread-eagled before him. He slowly slid his steely erection all the way home, his groin pressing up against her shaven mound as he bottomed out. "Oh yeah, you've got it all." He rolled his hips, stirring her insides like

a batch of wet cement, the enflamed crown rubbing against the doors of her womb.

“OH MY GOD... OH MY GODDDDDDDDDDD,” Carole groaned loudly as she climaxed, her wide hips bucking and shaking like a wild thing as he held her spread open like a wishbone. She was thrashing about, her velvety love pocket gripping his cunt-stretching cock possessively as the delicious sensations coursed through her, the twinges of ecstasy make her twitch and shake like a wanton slut.

“Thatta girl, let ’er buck,” Spencer said, enjoying the ride. He couldn’t believe how hot and tight her pussy was. It had been so long for her that he figured it was almost like she was a virgin again. She came for a long time, bathing his buried prick with her hot oily juices, the front of his midsection awash with her oozing nectar. Once she slowed her intense twitching, he drew back, and slid it forwards at a slow steady pace, watching her eyes seem to absolutely glow with desire. Even with him holding her legs spread wide apart, she started to expertly work her pussy, rolling and flexing her hips as she fucked him back—and fuck—was she ever good.

The muscles inside her pulled and gripped his cock firmly. It felt like a hot buttery fist the way it pulled at him, wanting more... and more. And then he really started to give it to her, pinning her legs back with his shoulders as he leaned over her, folding her up like a pretzel. She slipped her arms around his neck and pulled his mouth to hers, kissing him like she never wanted to let him go. She came again, and then a third time as he drove her deep into the mattress.

Peri smiled as she looked over, listening to the lewd sound of their hot bodies slapping together as the bed rocked and creaked in protest.

“Okay Carole, here it comes,” she heard Spencer warn as he buried himself to the hilt inside her mother, flooding her begging love canal with a massive load of cum. Her mother squealed in pleasure at the same time as she gyrated and convulsed spastically beneath him, climaxing again. He shot and shot, filling her steaming trench with thick milky semen as they blissfully savored their mutual climax.

As things slowly subsided in the other bed, Peri turned over and tried to get some sleep, knowing from past experience with her husband that her

mother was in for a long night. She awoke some time later and heard soft rhythmic mewling coming from the other bed. She quietly rolled over, and through the soft light coming in through the window, she saw Spencer sitting up on a stack of pillows against the headboard, his hands fisted in her mother's hair as she knelt between his spread legs.

"That's it, Carole, take it deeper," she heard Spencer whisper quietly. "Oh fuck, that mouth of yours is so fucking hot. Suck it, suck it... oh yeah." She saw her mother's head bobbing rhythmically up and down, the wet slurping sound of her cocksucking reaching Peri's ears.

"Oh yeah... that's it... that's it... get ready... oh fuck yesssssss. Here's another mouthful for you," Spencer hissed as Peri watched his hips flex as his body twitched, knowing he was going off inside her mother's mouth. She heard a nasty gargling sound as her mother swallowed, her mouth still working up and down on her husband's spitting dick.

Peri rolled over again and drifted off to sleep, awakening later by a lewd slapping sound. She rolled over to see her mother on her hands and knees, her big breasts outside her corset and hanging pendulously beneath her, her big stiff nipples

grazing the sheets as they swayed back and forth. Spencer was kneeling behind her with his hands on her wide matronly hips, his thrusting erection shuttling in and out of her sopping pussy, the lewd squelching sounds of their meshing loins filling the room. Her mother's legs looked fantastic in the shimmering nylons, her metallic stiletto heels poking up as Spencer rocked in and out of her, his heavy sperm-filled nuts slapping against her pouting labial mound. Peri watched as her mother lowered her face and screeched into a pillow as she climaxed again, the blissful sounds of her ecstatic squealing muffled by the feathers.

Peri turned back around and pulled the covers up to her neck, with sleep overtaking her. She awoke again to the creaking sound of the other bed, and looked over again, seeing her husband straddling her mother's body, his long hard prick sliding back and forth between her huge breasts, her mother's hands keeping the massive pillows of flesh pressed together over his rigid erection.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good, Carole," Peri heard Spencer say as he rocked his hips back and forth. She could see her mother's nipples standing up stiffly, the nipples bigger than any she'd ever seen in her life. She knew Spencer would love them, and

had no doubt he'd been sucking and licking them before now.

“Oh Jesus, get ready... get ready,” Spencer warned, and then he let out a low moan as he started to come. Peri watched as the first rope of cum rifled forth from the tip of his cock, the silvery ribbon pasting itself against her mother's face. He kept shooting as he flexed back and forth, his long hard cock painting the older woman's face and chest as he continued to tit-fuck her.

Peri rolled over once again, this time dropping off into a deeper sleep, knowing Spencer would continue to put her mother through her paces for the rest of the night.

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Peri rolled over as the sound of water running filtered into her senses. She blinked and opened her eyes, seeing a beam of sunlight stabbing like a sword into the same spot between the beds that the light from the sign had hit the night before. Still half asleep, she lay with her eyes closed, wondering if she should try to catch a few extra winks, the sound of the running water lulling her back to sleep. The sound of the water stopped, but she continued to lie

there, just knowing she didn't have to answer to the usual morning alarm.

The bathroom door opened, and Spencer came out, one towel wrapped around his waist while he rubbed his mop-top hair with another one. He saw that his wife was awake and came over to the bed, sitting on the edge and leaning over to kiss her.

“Good morning, honey,” he whispered quietly, a contented smile on his face.

“Hi, baby,” Peri replied, reaching up and stroking his cheek tenderly. “Did you have a good night?” She had that mischievous look in her eye—and they both knew she already knew the answer to her own question.

“I had a great night. Thank you very much,” Spencer said, reaching under the covers and tickling his wife.

“Spencer, stop! You're gonna make me pee myself,” Peri giggled playfully, grinning from ear to ear. Spencer moved over as she slid out of the bed, looking down at her mother sleeping in the next bed—the older woman looking almost comatose.

“Oh my God,” Peri said quietly as her hand went to her mouth in shock. Her mother was lying on her

back, with her head tilted to one side and her nylon-clad legs spread obscenely apart. She still wore all of her sex lingerie, and even the sexy stilettos still adorned her delicate feet. But what made Peri gasp was the amount of cum she could see leaking out of her mother. The woman's pussy looked swollen and puffy from a full night of abuse, and a slithering white ribbon of cum oozed out of her overflowing pussy onto the sheets beneath her, a huge puddle of the stuff staining the sheet, with other gobs clinging to her nylons and inner thighs.

Peri looked up to her mother's tits, the woman's enormous breasts spread out over the full breadth of her chest. There was cum all over her breasts, as well as little bite marks, the wads of semen and ribbons of silvery spunk crisscrossing her breasts obscenely.

Peri leaned down and looked at her mother's face closely, the woman dead to the world as she breathed softly. There were clumps of jizz in her hair, and clinging to her cheeks, forehead and chin, the milky fluid having also slid in silver rivulets down her cheeks and onto her neck. Her face was covered with the stuff. Peri had only seen something like that in porno movies.



Peri looked closely at her mother's mouth, the older woman's mouth gaping open slightly. "Oh my god," Peri gasped, seeing her mother's mouth overflowing with cum. With her head tipped to the side, the stuff had leaked out of her mother's parted lips, a thick web of the stuff connecting the pool in her mouth to a sizable puddle on the sheets right next to her face.

"Spencer, how much... how many times...?" Peri couldn't even finish her question, her mind swirling at the thought of how many times her husband must have come on or in her mother.

"I don't know," Spencer said with an innocent shrug. "She did say she liked the cream-filled, so I gave her what she wanted."

"I'll say," Peri said, turning to her husband and kissing him lovingly.

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Two hours later, they pulled into the driveway of Carole's house. Her mother hadn't said one word since they'd left the hotel, all them keeping quiet as they drove quickly over the freshly-plowed roads.

Carole thanked them and said a hurried goodbye as she climbed out of the car and walked gingerly to her front door, her hand rubbing her lower stomach tenderly. As the door closed behind her, Spencer dropped the car into gear and pulled out, heading towards the ski resort.

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They got home late Sunday night and as Spencer unpacked, Peri turned on her computer, checking her e-mails after having purposely ignored them in order to get a quiet, uninterrupted weekend.

“Hey, baby,” she called out as Spencer stopped what he was doing and looked up. “I got an e-mail from my mother. She just sent it about an hour ago.”

“What does she say?”

Peri read the message and then smiled as she turned and looked at her husband. “She wants to know if it’s okay if she comes for a visit next weekend.”

THE END.

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