

# The Face-Painter

# Chapter 1

*The following story is a complete work of fiction and fantasy. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Thank you for reading; and please take the time to vote, the authors do appreciate it.*

"Oh fuck, yeah....that's it," I said with a groan as I looked down at the gorgeous blonde kneeling in front of me, her full wet lips sliding luxuriously up and down the shaft of my stiff cock. "Just suck it a little bit more, sweetheart, and I'll give you that nice big load you want."

As I ran my hands through her silky blonde hair while I worked my thick cock back and forth between her stretched lips, my eyes closed with pleasure and a soft smile came to my face as I thought about how I had got to this point.....

Well, first of all, my name's Connor Young. At 28, I was just a few years out of graduating from UNLV with a double major in English and Journalism. Las Vegas is still home, born and raised here. My father had come from New York a few years before I was born and had been a successful executive in a company that provided security for many of the major hotels and casinos in town. He was a great guy and provided a nice life for my mother, Victoria, and his three kids; me being the oldest, and my two sisters, Emma, 23, and Zoey, the baby at 18. Unfortunately, leukemia struck my dad a few years ago, just shortly after I had graduated from college. His estate allowed my mother to keep the nice house I had been raised in and what I received allowed me to make a decent down-payment on a nice little

house of my own in a condo complex, and still have a little nest egg left over.

After my dad died, I stayed at home with my mom and younger sisters as Mom slowly got over the grieving process. I took a job with a small local rag and got my feet wet in the newspaper business; although doing articles on things like "Schools for Casino Dealers" was not really what I had in mind when I studied English literature in college. After a few months, my mom convinced me that I should invest some of my inheritance in real estate and thus, she helped me find a house in a new condo development that I now call home. I told her I would stay with her as long as she wanted, but she insisted that it was time I was out on my own; she would be fine.

"You're not far away if I need a big man," she said as she gave me a kiss and sent me on my way into the big bad world.

After a couple of years at the paper, I took a job as a free-lance journalist with an entertainment magazine. The money was good when I got work, and the inheritance my dad left me allowed me to be able to pick and choose jobs as I wished. Being able to pick the jobs I wanted and when I chose to work on them allowed me the freedom to do what I really liked to do, which was to do some writing of my own, maybe a novel; and also, to take advantage of what my parent's genes had created in me; a pretty good-looking guy that enjoyed all aspects of sex.

At 6'-3" and a solid 215 pounds, I'd never had trouble attracting sexual partners. I had dark wavy hair and what some people call

"chiseled" features. Although I guess you could say I was clean-shaven, I usually sported a couple days growth of a scruffy beard that usually garnered me my fair share of approving looks on the street. I worked out regularly and still swam laps whenever I could, allowing me to keep in good shape; well-toned and definitely muscular, without being grotesquely over the top. I keep my chest and pubic area shaven and smooth, showing off a nice six-pack and sculpted abs.

Probably my main attribute was something I continually was thankful to my parents for; my cock. I have been blessed with a cock slightly over 10" in length and so thick that the fingers of my own big mitt couldn't touch the base of my hand when wrapped around it. The big mushroom head stood out even more from the thick shaft as the thick rope-like corona projected in bold relief about 2 ½" from the very tip. It was dead straight, with a tracing of gnarled veins looking like a road map of China as they fed my pecker with the pulsing blood necessary to fill such a monster. All in all, I was proud of the big powerful cock my parents had provided me with.

Another thing you should know about me is that I love to cum.....a lot. And by a lot, I mean both ways; both how often I cum and the amount of semen I generate when I do cum. I prefer to cum more than one time per session, and I have the ability to recover from an orgasm in fairly short order. I am no superman whose cock never goes down, but I'm not one of those "one and done" guys either.

One of the most intriguing things that my sexual partners find about me is the amount of both pre-cum and cum I am able to produce.

Most of them would say that "prodigious" would actually be an understatement. I usually have a continuous silky flow of pre-cum and then during each orgasm, I usually shoot anywhere between 12 and 20 good-sized shots of cum. I'd seen a lot of porno movies in my limited years, but I'd never seen anybody in any of those movies that could shoot as much cum as me. The only guy who I ever saw produce more was a German guy I'd seen who posted his own cum-shot videos on a website. Man, that guy was something, usually getting off around 25 good-sized shots before fading. I had no complaints about my own prowess, though. Whenever I came, the delicious orgasmic contractions just seemed to continue time and time again as I shoot wad after milky wad of warm pearly semen. And I guess it's the big heavy balls I have that produce all that precious cream as each successive time I cum, there is never really a decrease in the amount I shoot. Which brings me back to my story.....

A few days ago, I'd bedded a pretty young co-ed I'd met in a bar that evening. She'd sucked the first load out of me fairly quickly after we'd gone back to her apartment. With strands of the copious amount of cum I'd shot into her mouth leaking from the corners of her mouth, she continued to suck until I was ready with my second load. She asked me to shoot it on her face and as I did so, her body shook and quivered through an orgasm, simply by my massive load covering her pretty young face.

"Oh wow," she purred lustfully, my silvery seed shimmering on her smooth skin. "The amount of cum you shoot is incredible. You should patent that. You'd make shitload of money."

"Yeah, right," I replied with a shake of my head as I looked at the wads of cum in her hair, covering most of her face, dripping off her chin.

"No seriously," she said as she took a long slow lick at the final drops of cum oozing from the tip of my cock, "you'd be surprised at how many people love to have somebody paint their face like that, especially with loads the size of yours."

"Hmmmm, interesting," I thought to myself as she once again started to suck at my semi-hard cock.

The next morning, I headed home; four more loads of my cum on her face and some intriguing thoughts running through my brain. I tried to get some sleep, but I kept thinking about what she had said. Was she right? Were there really people out there who'd be willing to pay to let me cum on their face? The more I thought about it, the more the idea gripped me. I tossed and turned as I tried to sleep but couldn't get my mind off the idea. I finally got up and took a long shower, but my own soapy hands running over my body only made the concept of cumming on people's faces for money all that more appealing. I was between writing contracts right now and I hated dipping into my inheritance. I knew I could use a little extra money right now, and if that was the way I could make some, I couldn't think of a better way!

I got out of the shower and sat at my computer, a towel wrapped around my waist. Using a secondary e-mail address I'd created for such purposes, I logged onto a website I'd frequently browsed

through before. It was a site featuring personal ads of a very sexual nature, even stating the cost of services rendered. Man, I love Vegas, the only place in the country where you can get away with that sort of thing. After hitting the tab marked "POST NEW AD", I started writing. I decided to keep it short and sweet. If people were interested, I was putting down what they would need to see. If not, they could quickly move on to something else. After playing with the wording a few times, I finally settled on a draft I was happy with.

FACE-PAINTER, Well-hung white male willing to provide face-painting services. 6'-2", 215 lbs. Clean and safe. Over 10" of thick cut cock. If you are interested in having 12-20 shots of cum covering your face, respond to the e-mail address below. Serious replies only. Discretion expected and ensured. PRICE: \$200/load.

I listed the e-mail address I'd set up and used my credit card to pay for the ad. I re-read it a number of times and finally took a deep breath before hitting the "POST AD" button. With my ad now posted, I shut down my computer, got dressed and went out to do a little grocery shopping. Being springtime, it was actually tolerable to be outside in Las Vegas; not like those scorching temperatures in the middle of July. It was warm enough that I could put the top down on my old Mustang, that I called "Sally." I know, "Mustang Sally", pretty lame, eh? But it had been a gift from my dad when I graduated and I loved that car.

I picked up my groceries at the local supermarket; constantly wondering if my ad was being read as I debated over which type of pasta to buy. I found it kind of ironic that I was checking the price of

coffee cream when somebody might be considering whether to pay two-hundred bucks for a load of my cream! With a smile on my face, I grabbed a Starbucks on my way home, anxious to see if I had any responses to my ad.

"Hey Connor, how are you?" I heard as I reached into my backseat and grabbed the bags of groceries. I'd pulled into my driveway and hadn't noticed my neighbor working in her yard.

"Margaret, I'm doin' great. How about you?" I looked around to see my next door neighbor, Margaret, stepping away from some shrubbery in the landscaped area between our two houses, a pair of pruning shears in her hands.

"I'm good, but there's always stuff that needs my attention around here," she said with a quirky little smile as she motioned towards the bushes she'd been attending to. Margaret was about the same age as my mother, probably somewhere between 45 and 50; but she still looked damn good. She used to be a nurse at one point and gave it up to be the wife of a doctor. They'd met at the hospital they'd both worked in and then one day he decided to trade her in on a younger model. She never saw it coming, but was lucky enough to have a good lawyer that took the rotten bastard to the cleaners in the divorce. That was about four years ago now and she had bought her place in the complex just a few months before I'd bought mine.

As I stepped over to the edge of my driveway to talk to her, I wondered again what that crazy doctor must have been thinking. Not only was Margaret a sweet woman, she had a smoldering



sensuality that made her incredibly sexy. She was what you would call a "buxom" woman; standing probably around 5'-10" with a big curvy body to match. She wasn't overweight, just a big woman that seemed to be built for sex. She had a pretty face with a full wide mouth, and like I said earlier, a quirky little smile that was just plain endearing.

Moving towards her, I watched as she took the back of her hand and wiped some sweat from her brow, her fingers pushing back a lock of wavy auburn hair; a deep natural red that fell in soft looping curls about her shoulders. The motion of lifting her arm caused her large heavy breasts to swell beneath the white sleeveless turtleneck she was wearing. Man, what a set of tits. I could make out the silhouette of a lacy white bra beneath the stretched ribbing of her top. My eyes drifted down past her nipped in waist to her wide flared hips; nicely framed in a pair of yellow shorts that ended high on her muscular thighs. Her long legs were tanned and beautifully sculpted. I had always had a thing for older women, ever since the start of puberty; and Margaret was no exception. She been the subject of numerous jack-off sessions since I'd moved in next door to her.

"So what are you doing?" I asked; nodding towards the shrubbery she'd been attacking while trying to keep my grocery bags from falling out of my arms.

"Oh, just trimming this bush," she replied, pointing to the offending greenery.

"I like a nice trimmed bush," I said with a distinct suggestive tone to my voice. Margaret and I regularly flirted with each other. She could give it as good as she could take it, and we both enjoyed the playful repartee. Nothing had ever come of it, of course, but we both seemed to relish the subtly intimate nature of that teasing relationship we had.

My words kind of stopped her in her tracks and she looked at me with that quirky sexy smile of hers. Her head tilted provocatively to one side as she spoke, "Yes, I do too. Trimming a bush lets you see what you've got to work with, don't you think?"

"Exactly." My eyes couldn't help but drift down to soft cleft her tight shorts were making as they gently cupped her womanhood.

"Do you think I'm doing a good job of it?" I'm sure she had noticed me checking out her crotch but her eyes flicked momentarily to the row of bushes she'd emerged from.

"Well, I don't know," I said as I looked at a few stray edges that didn't look too good. "You'd have to trim it right down for it to be to my liking." I wondered how she'd respond to that comment.

"If you didn't have your hands full of groceries, I'd ask you to trim my bush for me right now," she said haughtily as she motioned towards the shrub she'd been working on. Even though she put on airs of being offended, her suggestive intention seemed clear. "Yes, it's always nicer to be able to just sit back, relax and let someone else

do the trimming for you." As usual, she seemed to relish in teasing me.

"I'd really like to, Margaret, but hey, what can I say?" I said with a shrug and a smile as I showed her the bags of groceries I was holding. She smiled wickedly and then looked further down the lawn.

"I feel the same way about these big trees." She pointed to one of the large leafy trees on her lawn. We both looked at the tree and then our eyes met in a playful gaze. "I think if you keep that area under the tree trimmed right down, it seems to make the tree look all that much more majestic, don't you think?"

"I'd have to agree with that," I replied, my mouth turned up in a naughty smile.

"Yeah, it just makes it look big and powerful, just the way a real tree should look." I watched her eyes drift down to survey my package before returning to my face. "Yeah, a good strong root, a long thick trunk, and then a nice flared canopy on top." She had turned and I watched her eyes look from the base of the tree, slowly up the trunk until she shielded her eyes from the sun as she gazed up at the spreading leaves above. She was turned sideways to me now and that tight white top of hers looked fantastic in profile; those massive heavy tits of hers thrusting well out before her. She turned back towards me and I felt myself starting to get hard under her provocative gaze. "I love ones like that, and maybe next time your hands aren't full of groceries, we'll see if you can do a better job than

I can of trimming my bush for me." She gave me a wink and smile before turning on her heel. "See you later, Connor. Gotta go."

"Later, Margaret," I replied as I watched that beautiful wide round ass of hers disappear around the corner of her open garage door. Man, she was something alright. A guy could do with neighbors like that for sure. Every time I looked at her, I was reminded of a line I remembered from an old Bruce Lee movie; where John Saxon said about a gorgeous woman: "A woman like that can teach you a lot about yourself."

With lurid thoughts of Margaret's buxom body stirring in my loins, I quickly put my groceries away and booted up my computer. Before logging onto my regular e-mail account, I hurriedly accessed the second e-mail account I'd set up for my ad. There was the notification from the ad company with a listing of my paid receipt, and one other response from a sender named "Callie". I clicked on it:

"Face-painter, if you are as you describe yourself to be, I am VERY interested. I know you have to pay to post these ads, so I am assuming you will be the person you say you are if you choose to show up. Please do not waste your time or mine if your ad is false. I am an attractive woman 36 years old in town on business until tomorrow, staying at the Bellagio. If you can make it at 8:00pm this evening, please reply to let me know you are serious. I will respond with my room number once I hear from you. Looking forward to a nice face-bath.....Callie."

Well, this certainly looked interesting. I re-read her message three times before sending off my response:

"Callie, thanks very much for replying to my ad. Rest assured; I am the person I have described. I can make it this evening at 8:00pm and I too look forward to an interesting encounter. As I mention, discretion is ensured. If you provide me with your room number, it is safe with me and I will be there at the expected time.....Face-Painter."

I hit the "SEND" button and checked the clock; it was just past 4:30. I made myself something to eat and decided to check for a response. Her reply was fairly short:

"Face-Painter, Bellagio, room 814. I've been told my mouth is quite good.....Callie."

As I read her message, I felt my cock throb in anticipation of the evening to come. I was both incredibly excited and tremendously nervous at what I was about to do. On one hand, I felt like I was about to rent myself out like some common street whore. On the other hand, the idea of being a specialized "Face-Painter" made me feel like the equivalent of a high-priced call girl. What the fuck, I thought, "Callie" sounded like an interesting woman; what was the harm in going along and see how it went. If it was a disaster, I could always pull my ad and go back to my usual way of life. It wasn't so bad, but yeah, I could use a few extra bucks.

With all these thoughts swirling through my head, I took a long hot shower and got myself looking good. I pulled on a pair of jeans (with no underwear as usual); then pulled on a classic white button-down Oxford-cloth shirt and navy blazer. I looked at my 6'-3" frame in the mirror and gave myself a wry smile.

"You crazy bastard," I said to myself, "what the fuck are you getting yourself into?" With a final shake of my head, I switched off the bathroom light and headed out.

With the roof down on the Mustang, the cool desert air of the evening seemed to caress my body like a soothing wave. Yes, this was my town; I loved Vegas and all its good and bad points. Just driving through town seemed to give me the confidence I'd been questioning earlier. As eight o'clock approached, I made my way down to the strip and found a parking garage near the Bellagio. I pulled the top up on the car and told the valet to "take care of my baby". The young kid gave me a knowing smile and nodded as he pulled the car into the deep dark recesses of the parking structure.

I strolled through the Bellagio's noisy casino area, the strike-it-rich schemes of visiting tourists being sucked up by the dealer's rake like wispy smoke into the ventilation system. I checked my watch as the elevator took me quickly to the eighth floor; 7:56pm. I took a few deep breaths to settle my nerves as I walked down the hallway, and with a certain degree of apprehension, I steeled myself and knocked at the door of room 814.

"Well, hello," came a soft voice as the door swung partway open. A beautiful blonde woman with sparkling blue eyes looked up at me, her shoulder leaning against the edge of the door. She appeared to be just as she had described; an attractive.....and I'd say incredibly attractive.....36-year old.....a very beautiful sexy cock-hardening 36-year old. Her face was gorgeous, beautiful features framed exquisitely by shimmering blonde hair. Her hair fell to her shoulders in a style fitting a successful business woman. She had full soft pouty-looking lips that had a sexy red coating of glistening lipstick. It looked like a mouth just made for cock-sucking. She was tall, probably about 5'-8" and had a gorgeous figure; full round breasts, a trim waist flowing into womanly hips and long slim legs. She had on a black high-collared sleeveless dress that was nicely form-fitting to show off every delicious curve of her sensual body. The dress hugged her wide hips nicely before ending high on her thighs. Her legs looked incredibly sexy, clad in shimmering black nylons and ending with classy pointy-toed pumps with about a 4" stiletto heel. My feasting eyes took in this delicious view in the matter of a split second as we both kind of looked each other up and down.

"Hi.....uh....Callie?" I said somewhat nervously.

"You can call me Callie if you like," she said as she turned and walked into the hotel room, leaving the door open and the alluring trail of expensive perfume for me to follow. I quickly entered and shut the door behind me. Callie-- I guess she, like nearly everybody else on the internet, used a fake name when they were going to be involved in nefarious encounters like this. "Lock the door, will you?"

"Sure." I threw the lock and turned to face her. I could see that the room was more like a small suite; with a little kitchenette and living room area where we now stood. I could see an open door leading to what I assumed was the bedroom. I watched as she picked up her purse from a side table by the couch.

"I guess we better take care of business first thing, right?" she said as she took out a small roll of bills from her purse. "That's the way you people do things, isn't it? Money first before anything else?"

"Uh, yeah, that's right," I replied flippantly. Following this gorgeous woman into the room, I had almost totally forgotten about the arrangement and what I was doing. Man, she was so good-looking, I felt like I would have eagerly paid \$200 to her instead!

"Here you go." She had unrolled the bills and I could see four \$50 bills as she extended her arm and handed them to me. I noticed a good-sized rock and the accompanying wedding band on her left hand that she held towards me. My arm seemed to hesitate of its own accord as I reached towards the money. "It's now or never", I said to myself as I paused for just a second before taking the offering and stuffing it into my inside jacket pocket.

"Thanks. My name's....."

"Sssshhhh," she hissed, stopping me in mid-sentence and putting one delicate finger on my lips. "That's not necessary. You don't need to tell me your name. I just want to think of you as The Face-Painter."



She drew her finger slowly across my lips and then beckoned for me to follow her into the bedroom. As I followed her into the room, I noticed that a light from one of the bedside tables cast a warm intimate glow over the room; the centerpiece of which was a huge king-size bed. She walked around to the side of the bed where the light was and turned to face me.

"Over here, please. I want to undress you." I stepped past the edge of the bed to the side she was standing on and my peripheral vision quickly drew my eyes to the area of the floor beside the bed. On the carpet she had placed a rectangular piece of clear plastic, probably about 12" long by about 8" by ¼" thick. The most interesting thing though was the upright dildo centered in the middle of the plastic pad. It was totally clear as well with a flat base to keep it situated in place. It was about 8" long and was very lifelike with a big mushroom head, a tracing of veins on the shaft and a pair of balls as part of the base. It was about average thickness, still quite a bit smaller in both length and girth than my own cock.

"What's this?" I asked, nodding towards the rubber dick as she slid my jacket off my shoulders and threw it around one of those wooden dressing valets.

"That's just a little something I like to use while I'm sucking cock," she replied as she quickly undid the buttons of my shirt. I felt a surge go through my pecker as I looked at her blood-red fingernails working on the front of my shirt.

"Man, I could really get used to this," I thought to myself as she pulled the tails of my shirt out of my waistband and it quickly followed my jacket onto the clothes rack. Yeah, no having to take someone out to dinner, go to a movie, or play all those useless mind-games. Yeah, this was going to be good; just getting right down to getting my cock sucked.....and I was getting paid for it!

"Yes, very nice," she said with a kittenish purr as she traced her delicate fingers over my muscular chest. She stood right in front of me and slid her warm smooth hands all over my upper body; starting with my shoulders and arms, then my chest, and then down over the muscled contours of my stomach. I could see the smoldering lust in her eyes as she moved closer and lowered her face to my chest.

"Yes, very nice indeed," she said in a throaty whisper as her tongue slid out and circled one of my pecs. Her lips and tongue sought out the pebbly surface of my nipple and I felt a slight tickle as she softly pulled on it with her lips and tongue before moving briefly to the other one; a surge of blood flowing to my stiffening penis. She then moved back slightly as her hands and eyes dropped to my belt. She quickly undid my belt, followed but the button at the top of my jeans and then I watched as her blood-red painted fingertips grasped my zipper and slowly drew it down. I could feel my thickening prick aching for release as she peeled back the two front sides of my jeans. Her face was flushed with excitement as she dropped to her knees, never taking her eyes off the growing bulge extending down the inside of my thigh.

"Let's get these jeans off now," she hissed breathlessly as she reached down and quickly pulled off my shoes before reaching up and grasping the waistband of my jeans. I looked down at her, this gorgeous mature woman kneeling before me, her red painted lips glistening like an attractive target. I could feel my heart beating faster as the pulsing blood coursed through my body, most of it headed for the 10" long cunt-splitter waiting to be released. She shimmied her hands from side to side as she pulled my jeans down. I watched as her eyes remained fixed on my midsection, her anticipation growing as more and more of the thick shaft of my cock came into view. The swelling head caught for a split-second on the fabric, and then with a good tug, my jeans fell to my ankles and my dick sprang up into view, bobbing heavily at about three-quarters full.

"Oh my God," she gasped as she just stared, transfixed by the spectacle of my cock seeming to unfurl from the confines of my jeans as it continued to swell before her startled eyes. "I....I've never seen one that big." I stepped out of my jeans as she pulled them off my feet and tossed them over with my other clothes.

"You.....you definitely weren't lying about the size of it in your ad," she said as she continued to stare as my dong slowly climbed just past horizontal. "It.....it's just so beautiful." It was almost like she was talking unconsciously now as she seemed transfixed, totally mesmerized by my massive stiffening cock.

"It'll get even bigger once you start sucking on it," I said as I looked down at those big tits of her, swelling beneath her tight black dress as she breathed rapidly in excitement. My words seemed to snap her

out of her trance as she looked up at me quickly before her eyes dropped back to my rising dick.

"Over here, please." She shuffled backward on her knees a couple of feet until she was poised right over the upright dildo on the plastic pad. Her dress was hiked up around her hips and I could see the lacy tops of sexy thigh-high pull-up stockings. There were a couple of inches of creamy white thigh coming into view as she positioned herself over the artificial cock. There are few things sexier than the smooth skin on the inside of a woman's thigh. I watched as she reached between her legs and steadied the rubber dick while she slowly lowered herself, until I could see the mushroom-shaped head spreading the moist pink lips of her shaven pussy as she fit it into herself. She started to let herself settle down and it was incredibly arousing to watch the clear rubber cock start to disappear inside her.

"Aaaahhh.....yeah....that's better," she moaned with a soft smile on her sultry full lips as she removed her hand from between her legs and beckoned for me to step closer. I was only too happy to comply. As I stepped closer and watched the exhilarating sensual display of this sexy woman lowering herself onto her 8" dildo, I felt my own cock pulsate as more blood continued to pump into it. As I moved right in front of her, I looked down and saw that my prick had achieved full hardness and was sticking up at an angle of about 45 degrees above vertical, which was about as good as it got based on the size and weight of it. The big mushroom head was totally engorged, a dark crimson helmet surrounded at its base by the pronounced rope-like corona; a thick speed-bump for Callie's waiting lips.

"It.....it's so big," she mumbled under her breath as we both watched my pulsing erection bob up and down with each beat of my heart. I watched her eyes intently studying the long thick stallion-like weapon before her; and as a glistening gob of precum oozed from the damp red eye and started to distend downwards, her tongue slid out and circled around her soft full lips in an alluring invitation.

"Unngghh," she groaned slightly as she started to rock up and down on the fake dick beneath her. Her soft hands slid up the front of my thighs until she cradled my balls in one hand while circling the thick base of my cock with the other. She wrapped her long delicate fingers as far around my dick as they could go and she still had a couple of inches between her fingertips and the base of her hand.

"Oh fuck," she gushed, "It's absolutely huge! And your balls.....they.....they're so heavy." She looked up at me anxiously, with almost a look of panic in her eyes. "You are.....you are going to cum on my face like you said, right? I..... I really like that."

"Of course I am," I said with a comforting nod of my head. "I'm gonna cover you with so much cum, you'll feel like you're taking a bath in it." A shudder of excitement went through her body and she started to bob up and down on the rubber prick between her legs in a smooth sensual rhythm. I stepped closer and reached my hand around to the back of her head, "Now, I think it's time you started sucking," I said, pulling her head towards me. I barely touched her and she eagerly leaned forwards, those glistening succulent lips of hers opening as she pulled my cock down until the wide flared head was pointed right at her waiting mouth. I watched her tongue slide out to caress

her bottom lip as she moved forwards and let the smooth contours of my huge cockhead start to stretch her shiny red lips as it made its way further into her mouth. I saw her eyes open wide in a moment of panic as the broad engorged crown stretched her lips almost to the tearing point, just before they slid over the thick rope-like corona and locked down just behind the head.

"Mmmmmm," she purred softly as she paused to get accustomed to the plum-sized head, now filling her hot oral cavity. I let my hands run through her silky blonde hair as I felt her tongue swirl slowly over the spongy surface of my glans. Her tongue rolled enticingly over the sensitive surface before I felt the tip probing into the wet red eye and then felt her suck slightly. I watched the muscles in her throat contract as she swallowed a silky teaser of pre-cum.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed again and I watched her eyes close in pleasure as she savored the tasty morsel I had fed her. She slowly reopened her eyes and quickly looked up at me with a lustful gaze before leaning forwards and starting to slide her pouty lips further down my prick. She got about halfway down before she started to retreat, her lips adhering wonderfully to my thick gnarled shaft as she pulled backwards. It was beautiful to see those soft red lips distended forwards; she would have looked like a fish out of water if my thick hard cock wasn't filling that hot wet mouth of hers.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I said as she started to bob her head up and down on my stiff cylinder of flesh, one hand pumping the loose sheath near the base of my cock back and forth towards her wet lips as the other gently cradled my sperm-filled balls. "That's the way; just keep

working on that cock and we'll get a nice big load all ready to cover that sweet face of yours." My words seemed to inspire her as she slid her warm hands around me and gripped my firm bum cheeks as she pulled me closer towards her.

"Yeah, that's a good girl," I praised her as she slowly slid those full pouty lips even further down my thick rod. Fuck, she was good alright; I looked down to see that she had about five thick inches deep into her mouth. I took her head in my hands and we both worked together as I slowly fucked her face; smoothly moving my cock all around inside her hot wet mouth as I moved it teasingly back and forth. That was just the way I liked it, nice and slow, no need to hurry a perfect blowjob like this. I could see her saliva glistening on the shaft of my boner as her head moved enthusiastically back and forth, little wet trickles of spit appearing at the corners of her stretched lips and covering her chin. She let me move her head exactly where I wanted it, the sensitive red helmet pressing against the hot wet tissues on the inside of her cheeks, all over her welcoming tongue, and rubbing over every square inch inside that gorgeous sucking mouth of hers.

"Emmhhnn," she groaned in a slightly higher pitch against my throbbing member as she continued to suck at the same time as she rocked up and down on the rubber cock beneath her. I could see from her flushed face and her fingers gripping my taut bum tightly that her pleasure was escalating. She looked beautiful, her gorgeous mature face a mask of lust as she totally surrendering herself to the pleasure of sucking my cock.

"Here's a little sample for you," I said as I held her head still with one hand while quickly pulling my rock-hard prick from her vacuuming mouth; the dark crimson head making a wet sucking sound as I drew it clear of her glistening lips. I wrapped my other hand around the thick shaft and took a long firm stroke all the way from the base up to the engorged head, milking a big gob of pre-cum from the glistening tip that started to distend downwards. Her eyes were transfixed on the glistening wad of fluid as I pushed downwards on my pulsing dong and drew the shiny tip across her cheek. As I moved the hot skin of my wet cockhead across her face, her eyes closed in pleasure and she started to tremble.

"OH FUCK....." she groaned loudly as she started to cum. I saw her wriggle herself down harder on the rubber dick beneath her as I moved the dark red crown of my erection all around her pretty face, a snail-trail of pre-cum following in its wake.

"OH MY GOD," she moaned as she pressed her face firmly back against the tip of my pulsating dick. She shuddered and twitched through her orgasm for a good long time before she finally stopped shaking. I didn't wait for her to ask; I pushed the drizzling tip of my cock back between her lips and started working her mouth once more. She had no objection and resumed sucking voraciously, her hot wet cheeks forming a delicious gripping tunnel for my hard thrusting cock. She brought one hand back to the base of my erection, rolling her curled fingers in a smooth corkscrewing motion; while her other hand moved between her legs, her delicate fingers pleasuring herself there.



I didn't know if it was her job, her home life, or maybe she just had a small-dicked husband she couldn't stand; but I could just tell that she needed this bad. I felt like I could have cum any time, but I wanted to allow her the pleasure she was paying for. So I suppressed my desire to cum and worked my rock-hard cock back and forth within her beautiful sucking mouth; and then taking it out and rubbing it all over her face until she came twice more. Each time she'd finish moaning and twitching, I'd quickly force my cock back into her welcoming mouth, not allowing her a moment's respite; until her face was shining with both my pre-cum and her own glistening perspiration.

Which takes me back to the start of my story.....

"Oh fuck, yeah....that's it," I said with a groan as I looked down at the gorgeous blonde kneeling in front of me, her full wet lips sliding luxuriously up and down the shaft of my stiff cock. "You're doing great. Just suck it a little bit more, sweetheart, and I'll give you that nice big load you want."

"Mmmmmm," she moaned lustfully as her lips slid well down the length of my throbbing prick. It was incredibly sexy to watch her; still fully clothed in her tight black dress, the clinging material showing off every sweet curve of her voluptuous body. The dress hugged her ample tits, nipped-in waist and flaring womanly hips like an inviting present before ending where it bunched up above her steaming cunt. My eyes followed the smooth flow of her working arm muscles downward as I watched the fingers of her right hand, now busy between her legs while her left hand was wrapped around

the bottom of my rigid dick. My own hands were buried deep in her shimmering tresses as I guided her mouth up and down, her hot slick saliva and silky lips creating an exquisite buttery channel for my invading cock.

Her eyes were half-closed with lust as she surrendered herself to her own cock-sucking desires, the rapture on her flushed face giving her a warm glow that I was about to add to by doing what she had paid me for; to cum on her face. I felt my swollen nuts draw up close to my body and knew I was close.

"Now, let me see that pretty face of yours," I said as I pulled my long thick cock from her sucking lips and tipped her head back so she was looking up at me. Her beautiful face lay before me, her slick red lips puffy and swollen from the ardent cock-sucking she'd just given me, a web of saliva hanging from the corner of her mouth. Her smooth glistening skin was turned up towards me, an inviting canvas just waiting for my long hard brush. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as I pointed the engorged head at her and took long slow strokes along the full length of my powerful cock. As her eyes focused on the dripping mushroom head, I felt the delicious sensation of my semen starting to rush up the long shaft of my virile manhood.

"Oh yeah, here you go," I said as I held my stroking hand still for a second, the massive knob just inches away from her waiting face. As she panted eagerly, her eyes glued to the tip of my cock, I watched as the first thick white rope jettisoned forth to land in a milky strand that ran from her hairline, all the way down her face until it disappeared as it fell down her neck. I moved the tip of my pulsing

dick slightly as the second shot burst forth onto the other side of her face, a shimmering silvery rope that landed across her nose and over the side of her cheek. The third shot hit her full in the cheek and filled her left eye socket.

"OH FUCK," she moaned loudly as I started stroking again as my mammoth prick continued to shoot. My hand pumped firmly back and forth as I milked out long ropey strands that crisscrossed her face in a bizarre mosaic. She was trembling and quivering like crazy now as another orgasm coursed through her body. I held her head in place as I directed my shooting cock all over that gorgeous face of hers. Eleven.....twelve.....thirteen.....I had become accustomed to counting the number of shots I made, even as the delicious orgasmic sensations ran through my own body.

"So much cum," she mumbled under her breath as her hand remained busy between her legs; the intoxicating scent of her warm cunt starting to fill the air. Another long pearly rope ran up along her forehead and into her hair as I moved my spitting erection from one glistening side of her face to the other. Sixteen.....seventeen.....eighteen.....As I milked out the eighteenth shot, I knew that was the final major one of this load. I held her head still as I forced out a couple more small drops that I dripped down right into her gasping mouth, those beautiful open lips of hers making an enticing target. When I was done, I let go of her head and took a step back, my chest heaving as I slowly regained my breath.

Standing back, I was able to take a good look at my handiwork. Man, her face was a mess! There was cum everywhere; in her hair,

covering her nose and forehead, one eye-socket completely full, and big gobs sticking to her cheeks and chin while thick strands were already starting to run down onto her neck and drip onto her dress. A few pearly ribbons had ended up on her shoulders and the upper swells of her clothed breasts; the milky cum standing out in bold silhouette against the black fabric. As I looked at her, she slowly stopped shaking, the last vestiges of her orgasm ebbing out of her flushed body. She had a look of pure rapture on her face as she brought both hands up and started slowly massaging my thick milky load all around her smooth shimmering skin. She scooped the huge wad out of her eye and I watched as she slid her dripping fingers into her mouth and noisily sucked the precious seed off them.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred salaciously as she opened her eyes halfway and as she looked up at me, I could see the lust still burning deep within them. "That.....that was incredible. I.....I've never seen so much cum." She continued to rub the silvery load all over her face and neck, her fingers occasionally pushing bigger gobs right into her mouth. "And it's so thick and creamy." I watched as the muscles in her neck rippled sensually as she swallowed another tasty gob of my semen.

"I'm glad I could be of service," I replied with a warm smile. "And you were right....." I paused as she looked at me questioningly, "your mouth is good; very good. Anytime I can be of help, just let me know." I could see the delight in her eyes at my words of praise. Her eyes dropped quickly to my tumescent cock, still semi-hard and bobbing teasingly before her.

"Your.....your cock," she said as she watched my heavy member pulsing right in front of her, "it.....it's hardly gone down at all." The questioning lustful look on her face spoke volumes.

"Yeah, it doesn't take me long before I'm ready to go again." Her eyes quickly darted to the door leading from the bedroom to the living area.

"I.....I've got more money," she said hurriedly, her hand pointing to where her purse was. "Could we.....I mean.....would you.....would you do it again for me?"

"Sure, I think I can help you out with that," I replied with a warm smile on my face. With a big happy grin, she rose up off the rubber cock between her legs with a wet sucking sound. It quivered on its base as she quickly stepped into the other room and came back, her hand reaching into her purse.

"Here you go," she said as she passed me various bills; mostly twenties and tens this time, even a couple of fives. Obviously she had not anticipated wanting to go for round two. I stuffed the wad of cash into my jeans pocket and stepped back towards her; her body quivering in anticipation as she stood next to the bed.

"What would you like now?" I asked softly as I brought my mouth down to hers. Her face was still glistening with a shimmering coating of my semen, but she had licked her lips enough times now as she'd cleaned up every drop within striking distance of her sweeping

tongue. Her body folded perfectly into mine as my mouth settled on hers, her soft lips parting beneath mine. Her arms went around my neck as I pressed my lips to hers, my tongue slowly delving deep into the moist sweetness inside her mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned softly as her tongue rolled sensually against mine. We had a slow deep searing kiss as our lips enjoyed the intense softness and intimacy that our mouths offered to each other. I felt another surge in my rejuvenating dick as she pressed her luscious body against mine. I finally pulled my face back from hers, her eyes glazed over with passion as she looked up at me.

"I.....I'd like you to fuck me," she said wantonly, "but I.....I've never had one that big before."

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you. We'll just take it nice and slow until I've got every hard inch inside you." My words seemed to comfort her. "You'll love it, I promise." I slid my hands around her and reached for the zipper of her dress at the back of her neck. I felt her body instantly go tense against me.

"You okay?" I asked, genuine concern in my voice.

"Uh yeah, it's just...it's just....," she stammered, averting her eyes from mine.

"What is it?"

"I....I've got a scar. I....I don't like people to see it."

"That's okay," I said warmly, my lips touching hers in soft kiss. "I don't care about things like that."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said with a confirming nod of my head as I reached behind her and slowly drew down her zipper. She looked up at me somewhat nervously as drew the dress off her shoulders and let it drop to the ground around her. She self-consciously stepped out of the rumpled dress and moved against me once more. In the brief moment it had taken her to do that, I hadn't seen anything. The only thing that drew my eyes like a magnet was the beautiful set of breasts facing me. They were proudly displayed in a black lace underwire bra that emphasized her sizable cleavage dramatically. The lacy black cups barely covered her nipples, the structured material pushing her ample tit-flesh up and out towards me. I was pretty good at guessing bra sizes, and I put her at a solid 36C. As mentioned, she had come prepared for what we had done earlier; she had no panties on and her smooth womanly flesh flowed nicely into the lacy tops of her black thigh-high stockings.

"Now, where is that scar you mentioned?" I asked after she'd raised her lips to mine for another thirsty kiss.

"It.....it's right here," she said hesitantly as she took a step back and pointed to the side of her right breast, just above the side of her bra. I leaned closer and saw a small pink scar about 2" long just where the swell of her breast met the tender flesh of her underarm. "I.....I had to have a cyst removed a couple of years ago." I leaned in close and put my lips right on the line of scar tissue and kissed it tenderly. I slid my tongue along the line of redness and gave it a second gentle kiss before lifting my head and looking into her troubled eyes.

"I think it's beautiful. It's distinctive; it makes you.....you." I said with a broad smile on my face.

"It doesn't bother you?"

"Hell no; now I could pick you out in a tit line-up anytime." She laughed heartily as she moved close to me again with her lips turned up to mine. I kissed her passionately, our tongues dancing against each other as her hand sought out my stiffening erection.

"Oh fuck," I said as I pulled my lips away from hers, "I need to get this inside you." I reached down to the bed and pulled the covers down over the bottom and then picked her up and set her down right in the middle of the bed, her head supported on the stacked pillows below the headboard. She looked incredibly sexy lying there, those perfectly shaped breasts enticingly embraced by her lacy black bra, her long lithe legs encased in sheer black stockings, and those sexy stiletto heels digging into the sheets. Her face still glistened with a sticky coating of my semen; but I thought it made her look even more



beautiful, the slick cum on her shiny face glowing with a warm golden hue from the lamplight.

"You.....you're still going to cum on my face, aren't you?" she asked anxiously as I crawled onto the bed beside her.

"Absolutely, I know that's what you paid for. Now, I want you to suck on it a little more with that sweet mouth of yours before I slowly drive it all the way inside you." I swung my leg over her until I straddled her upper body, my hard-on poised like a muscled battering-ram aimed right at her face. "Now form those pretty lips into a nice "O" for me; I like a sexy target to aim for." She looked up at me rapturously as she formed those succulent pillowy lips of hers into an "O" just as I asked.....fuck.....she looked hot!

"That's the way," I said as I leaned forward and took the top of the wooden headboard in my hands. I looked down at her as I fed the broad tip of my erection right into her mouth, those gorgeous lips eagerly spreading over the spongy surface of my helmet. She worked up a good mouthful of saliva before her tongue softly swirled all over the sensitive membranes of the head.

"Oh fuck, that is so good.....yeah.....get it good and hard," I said with a groan as I started to flex my hips back and forth, my thrusting manhood stretching those beautiful lips of hers almost to the tearing point. She sucked and slobbered noisily as I moved my brick-hard rod back and forth....yes....she was a fantastic cocksucker who loved her work. Her hands had come back up to my backside; her slender fingers holding me firmly as she pulled my working hips further into

her vacuuming mouth. I let her suck for about five minutes before pulling my dick out with an audible "POP".

"That's good," I said as I swung my leg back so I was kneeling beside her, my long thick erection bobbing menacingly over her prone body. "Let's see that pretty pussy of yours." I watched as she drew her legs up, the shimmering black nylons glistening in the warm lamplight. She dug the 4" heels of her sexy shoes into the bed as she let her knees slowly roll open to each side. I moved between her open thighs and looked closely at her spread pussy; it was beautiful. Totally clean-shaven, she had long outer lips that alluringly framed her puffy pink inner lips.....which were shining with her flowing juices. I looked up at the juncture at the top of her moist petals and saw a large clitoris peeking out at me. It was a deep dark red and looked swollen and in need of attention. Her intoxicating womanly scent filled my nostrils as I leaned closer; she smelled of pure desire and want. And I wanted her as badly as she wanted me. I lowered my face and took a long slow lick from the base of her slit slowly to the top, her flowing nectar finding a happy home in my mouth. She lurched slightly as I rolled my tongue over the sensitive nodule of her clit before wrapping my lips around it and giving it a loving kiss.

"Mmmmmmm.....that's so nice," she moaned softly from above me. I gave the engorged red bud one more good tug and lick before lifting my face and moving up over her, my rigid erection in need of her hot slick hole. I moved forward and positioned my hips between her wide-open thighs, my stallion-like cock thrusting into the air between us. "You steer." Her hand reached down between us and our eyes locked on each other's as she moved the tip of my cock down until I felt her slide it around her hot wet opening before she had it

situated just right. As she paused with it just where she wanted it, I slowly started to flex forward.

"Uuunnnngghhh," she groaned as my rigid dick started to make headway; the massive head stretching those puffy inner lips to each side as I made my way into her. Oh Jesus, but she felt good; intensely hot and already she was incredibly wet. I could feel the slick folds of flesh lining her vagina gripping me deliciously as I forced inch after thick hard inch further into her.

"Oh God," she groaned as she threw her head back slightly as my throbbing girth forcibly stretched her insides. "It's so thick."

I stopped with my cock about halfway into her and looked deeply into her lust-filled eyes. "Do you want me to stop?" I asked teasingly as I flexed my cock inside her, the massive head pressing upwards against the sensitive folds on the roof of her cunt.

"Unnnghh," she groaned as I rolled my hips slightly, "Oh God no.....don't stop." She smiled up at me wickedly and then as her arms went up to circle my neck, I felt her bring her legs up and wrap them around my back; keeping me firmly locked in her saddle. I smiled back at her and we again kept our eyes locked on each other's as I slowly but firmly pressed forwards.

"Aaaaahhh.....aaaaahhh.....aaaaahhh....." She was moaning continuously now as I fed inch after inch deep into her weeping little box. Those tight moist walls were gripping me like buttery velvet

glove as they totally enveloped my probing erection. I paused and we both looked down between us to see about 3" more left to go.

"Do you want the rest of that?" I asked her as I once again slowly rolled my hips teasingly, my buried pecker rubbing passionately against every square inch inside her. I watched as her eyes rolled back in her head with pleasure; her gorgeous perfect breasts, still beautifully encased in that sexy black bra, heaving with excitement as her heart raced.

"Y....yes!" she burst out as she pulled down with her legs wrapped around me, the desire inside her taking control. "I want to feel all of it inside me. It....it feels unbelievable." With a small flex of my hips, I slowly but insistently plowed the final few inches into her. I could feel her insides stretching and stretching and I was afraid I was either gonna tear her open or tear the skin off the head of my cock, she was so tight this deep inside. Finally, I felt my shaven groin press flush up against her smooth pink labia and knew I was all the way home.

"OH MY GOD!" she moaned loudly as she dropped both her arms and legs from around my body; her hands gripping the sheets on each side of her tightly and her stiletto heels digging into the mattress as she fought against the terribly exquisite feeling of my massive cock stretching and filling her womanly channel.

"Oh fuck.....oh fuck," she gasped in short rapid breaths, "it's so big.....it's so fucking big." As she got accustomed to that blood-engorged lance stuffing her hot slick cunt, I held it still inside her but rested on my elbows as I brought my hands up and felt those

gorgeous tits of hers. They were exquisitely shaped, and a beautiful size that fit perfectly with the rest of her body. They felt both firm and incredibly soft at the same time; the ample tit-flesh swelling over the top edge of the bra cups as I gently squeezed them.

"If it's too big, I could take it out, you know?" I said as I lowered my lips and gave her little scar a soft kiss before dragging my tongue slowly over the upper swell of her breast.

"Not a chance," she replied, as now slightly recovered, she brought her both her arms and legs back up and wrapped them around me, keeping me firmly in place, our thirsting loins deliciously meshed together. I flexed my rigid erection inside her once again as I pushed upwards on the underside of her bra, forcing her gorgeous tits so slip over the top of the confining cups. Her bright pink nipples popped into view, stiff and protruding towards me, just aching for my mouth. I slipped my lips over one and rolled my wet tongue around it, the pebbly bud seeming to come alive in mouth.

"Oh fuck.....are you ever good," she groaned softly as I drew gently on the stiffening flesh. As I did, I started to draw my hips backwards, my long thick cock moving backwards within her clutching sheath. I could feel those gripping hot folds of flesh seeming reluctant to let me go.....but I wasn't going anywhere. I pulled back until just the tip of my swollen dong remained inside her, and then drove it into her once more; this time a little faster.

"OH GOD....." she groaned loudly again, her head rolling from side to side on the pillow beneath her. Once I touched bottom again, my

groin pressed right up against hers, I withdrew once more as I moved from one breast to the other. I started a smooth in and out motion, my hips flexing rhythmically as I fucked her deep and slow. I slipped my lips off her breasts and looked at her, her face now a mask of lust as she surrendered herself to the pleasure I was able to bring her. With her legs wrapped around my back and her hands behind my neck, she was bucking and writhing against me as I thrust it deep into her time and again. Her body was totally covered in a fine sheen of perspiration as the nerve endings in her body had her tingling all over as she escalated towards release.

"OH FUCK.....I.....I.....I'M GONNA CUM," she moaned just before her body started shaking and twitching uncontrollably. I held on and continued to fuck her mercilessly with long hard strokes as she quivered and moaned through a toe-curling orgasm. She came for a long time and like I said before, I could tell she needed it badly; but I wasn't done with her yet. When she started to recover, I switched my angle slightly so that I was concentrating on rubbing the massive head of my dick along those sensitive folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, her clit just on the other side of those separating tissues.

"OH GOD.....WHA.....WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?" she asked breathlessly as she started cum once more. Again, like previously, she dropped her hands to the sheets and grasped them in a death grip as she relinquished herself to another ferocious orgasm. She was thrashing about like a wildcat and I enjoyed thrusting into her rattling torso, her gripping cunt pulling at my driving cock as I sunk it balls-deep every time. Her shaking bucking body felt incredible as she dug her pointy heels hard into the bed and drove herself up to meet each of my downward thrusts; my long

thick cock trying to pinion her to the mattress like I was trying to stake her to the cross.

"Oh fuck.....that's so fucking good," she mumbled under her breath. She was almost drooling now, her body totally overtaken with pleasure, one tingling orgasm seeming to follow right on the heels of another. As my balls slapped again and again against her wet cunt-lips, I felt my balls starting to draw up in their sack, signaling my impending release. I took one more long deep slow stroke and then quickly withdrew my throbbing rock-hard cock from her gripping cunt and climbed up over her until I was kneeling slightly above her, my dripping engorged cockhead looming menacingly over that beautiful face of hers. She looked up at me in wonder, her eyes glued to the dark crimson crown as I wrapped my hand around the shaft of my cock as I pointed it downwards and started jacking it towards her. I could feel the boiling semen rush up the shaft of my throbbing erection and we both watched as a white gob poised for just a split-second at the very tip before it jettisoned forward in a long milky rope.

"Yessssss," she hissed as the first pearly strand ran in a glistening line from her hairline over her forehead, and then down over her whole face and onto her neck. A second long rope shot forth as I moved the tip of my cock over towards the other side of her face, the silvery wad of semen plastering itself against her cheek. It was great to shoot at her from this angle as every time I slightly overshot, the drops of cum were landing on those gorgeous tits of hers. Nine.....ten....eleven....I counted as I continued to pump out gob after pearly gob of warm thick cum onto her upturned face. I looked down to see she had one hand between her legs, her fingers rubbing her puffy red clit. Her

other hand cupped one of her full breasts, her thumb and forefinger rolling the stiff nipple between them.

"Oh fuck," she groaned again as she started to twitch and shake once more. Fourteen.....fifteen.....sixteen.....My eyes were half-closed in pleasure as the exquisite contractions going through my midsection continued. My whole body was tingling luxuriously as I pumped out more thick ropes of semen onto her. Nineteen.....twenty.....twenty-one.....Oh man, I thought as I shook the final drops of precious seed right down onto her; that was a massive load, even for me.

I sat back and looked down at her as I took in a deep breath of cool fresh air, my chest heaving as I started to recover. Her beautiful face was covered with even more cum than last time; there was hardly one square inch that didn't have a glistening strand or gob on it somewhere. And there were a number of shimmering silver streaks and milky wads on her tits and upper chest as well, a kind of collateral damage as I'd shot off.

"Oh my God," she whispered softly as she brought both hands up to her face and ran her fingers through the warm gobs of thick creamy cum, "that was amazing. I.....I've never been fucked like that in my life. I thought I was never going to stop cumming. And then when you came on my face; there.....there's even more than last time." I watched with a knowing smile on my face as she naughtily massaged the thick rich cum into her skin; occasionally pushing the bigger gobs right into her welcoming mouth.



"I'm glad you enjoyed it," I said as I leaned forward and scooped up a pearly wad from her chest. I brought my hand over her face and she opened her mouth eagerly. I watched as the heavy thick cream started to dangle from my fingertips before it finally broke away and dropped onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmmm," she purred like a kitten with a saucer of warm milk as she closed her lips and swallowed sinfully. I lowered my hand to her mouth and she enthusiastically let her tongue run out and lick the remaining traces of sticky semen from my fingers. I deftly inserted my fingers right into her hot moist mouth as she slavishly licked them clean of every tasty morsel.

"I did more than just enjoy it," she said softly as I withdrew my fingers from her mouth, "this has been the most incredible experience of my life." She looked up at me, her smooth skin glistening with cum, a look of sheer pleasure emanating from her face.

"I'm really glad you liked it," I said as I looked at her thoughtfully. As I looked down at her, her gorgeous body and cum-covered face before me, I realized that in this business, I probably shouldn't do what I was about to do. "How would you like a couple more?"

"But I.....I don't have enough money to pay you again," she said with an anxious yet excited tone to her voice.

"No," I said with a wave of my hand and a shake of my head, "that's not what I meant. These would be "on the house", so to speak."

"You.....you'd do that for me?" she asked questioningly, her eyes gleaming with excitement. I could tell she'd love nothing more than to go a couple more rounds.

"Sure I'd love to do that for you," I said as I started to move down the bed. "I saw how good your mouth was earlier, now I think it's time you find out how good my mouth is."

"Oh my God, that feels so good," she purred; my lips and tongue starting to work on her slippery little twat as her nylon-clad legs came up and rolled open to each side.

A few hours later, as I was pulling on my shirt and jeans, I looked over at her. She lay in the bed on her back, totally inert and thoroughly exhausted. Since the time we'd finished our "official business" until now, I'd had my cock either in her voracious mouth or succulent cunt almost the entire time. During that time, I'd eaten her through a couple of orgasms, fucked her through I don't know how many more, and cum on her face three more times. There was cum everywhere; silvery wads matted in her hair, glistening on those beautiful tits of hers, gobs of the stuff clinging to the sheets, white shiny drops on her nylons and black bra which was now lying beside her; absolutely everywhere. As she lay on her back with one arm over her head, I looked over at her gorgeous body. Her legs were apart, one out straight, the other bent at the knee, as if to give her battered pussy the fresh air it needed. The glistening pink lips of her recently-fucked cunt looked swollen and puffy from the abuse I'd been giving them for the past few hours. I looked up at her face, her

eyes closed in serene pleasure. She was breathing softly and contently now after the last load I'd just plastered all over her a few moment ago. I took a good long look at the calm sincere expression on her face; a look of total bliss. I'd never seen a woman look so happy in my entire life.

Thinking she had drifted off to sleep, after tucking in my shirt and buttoning up my jeans, I quietly picked up my jacket and shoes and tip-toed to the door.

"You.....you're going now?" her voice came softly from behind.

"Yes," I replied as I turned to look at her. She knew this time had to come, she was a grown woman; there were no tears or misplaced longing.

"Thank you for everything. Could I.....could I contact you next time I'm in town?"

"Yes, of course you can. You've got my e-mail address." She simply nodded and I turned to be on my way.

"My.....," her voice stopped me in my tracks and I turned to her once more, wondering what she had to say. "My name's Tanya." She looked at with a warm contented smile on her face; I knew it had taken a lot of courage for her to tell me her real name.

"Tanya, I like that. It's a beautiful name." She smiled sincerely under my kind words. "Tanya, it's been a pleasure to meet you; I'm Connor." We shared a contented smile with each and then, with a final nod, I turned on my heel and left.

I pulled on the rest of my clothes before leaving the hotel room and made my way back through the casino the way I'd come in. The nighthawks were still trying their luck with the clanging machines as I left the building. I tipped the valet a little heavier than usual as they brought old Sally out for me; bringing a smile to the face of more than one person tonight.

The cool desert air was like a refreshing balm as it bathed my face and ran through my hair on the way home. I needed some well-deserved rest.....yet.....I still wondered if I'd had any more responses to my ad.

## Chapter 2

So here I was, Connor Young, 28-year old male slut returning home from his first night on the job. As soon as I entered my house, I threw my car keys on the table by the front door and pulled the wad of bills from my pockets. I spread them out and recounted; yep, four-hundred bucks. I couldn't believe I'd just made that much scratch from fucking a beautiful woman!

"My first job of being a tramp was a success," I said to myself as I slid the bills into my wallet, a shit-eating grin spreading across my face. I knew that I was still a little too hyped up from the whole experience to get to sleep, so I figured I'd take a nice hot shower and then check my computer to see if I had any new responses to my ad.

I kicked my shoes off and headed for the bedroom, starting to pull my clothes off as I went. The light was blinking on my answering machine as I came through the door. I picked up the phone and listened to the one message, peeling off my shirt as a familiar voice reached my ears:

"Hi honey, it's Mom. I was wondering if you wanted to come for dinner tomorrow night. The girls are both going to be there. I figured we could have a little family barbecue and I need my big handsome son to man the grille. Anyways, I guess you're out for the evening; probably on a date with some lucky girl." My mom gave a girlish little giggle after saying that. "So, right now I'll count on you to come. If it's a problem, give me a call as soon as you can. I was just thinking

later in the afternoon; but feel free to come over anytime. I'm sure the girls will be by the pool so bring your suit if you want. Talk to you later, sweetie.....bye."

That sounded like just the thing; a nice barbecue with the three women in my family. Mom had said both girls were going to be there, which was a rarity nowadays. Emma had gotten a condo apartment not too far away from me just a few months ago. She too had graduated from UNLV just a short time ago and was interning with a big legal firm in town in preparation of taking the bar exam. She put in a lot of hours and worked hard; so it was definitely surprising to see her available for a late afternoon dinner during the week. I was extremely proud of her; she was really smart and ambitious; much more than I could ever be. Any firm would be lucky to have her; and I knew it wouldn't be long before she'd be making partner and moving up.

Zoey was going to be there too. Although being a senior in high-school and still living at home, she always seemed to be on the go doing something; whether it be cheerleading or dance class, or just hanging out with her friends; she hardly ever seemed to be home during the day either. She was Miss Popularity, alright; always busy texting and calling her friends; a constant smile on that pretty face of hers.

I don't know if our parents had planned it that way or if it just happened; but there are almost exactly five years between Emma and me; and five years between her and Zoey. With that age difference, none of us three were really close to each other. We all loved each

other and I naturally was a protective big brother to both; and the girls got along with each other well enough, even though they were quite different.

Emma compared to Zoey was kind of like night and day. Emma was the studious hard-working nose-to-the-grindstone type of person in everything she did; while Zoey, like I said, was a care-free social butterfly. Emma had participated in all kinds of sports and was extremely competitive; while Zoey was much more flamboyant and friendly and into.....well.....let's call it the "social arts". While Emma had a few close friends, Emma was always surrounded by a flock of girlfriends, whether it was just hanging out or on their way to the mall or some kind of social function.

You would never know they were sisters by looking at them either. Emma and I had taken after our father; both of us being quite tall and muscularly built. Emma stood about 5'-9" and had a strong athletic body with long gorgeous legs and firm powerful thighs. She had broad shoulders and sleek arms; her perfect body honed over the years by her time spent in the pool. She had competed at the state level in both high-school and college and I noticed the attention given to her by many males in the crowds at her swim meets. Emma had just about the most perfect ass on any woman that I have ever seen. It was perfectly heart-shaped and the roundness of it just made you yearn to reach out and grab it. Her magnificent rear-end looked absolutely amazing in practically anything she wore; from the tight short business skirts she usually wore to work, or to a nice-fitting pair of jeans she'd usually wear on the weekends. Yeah.....and the way it swayed when she walked.....fuck.....it had caused more than one instant stiffening of my horny cock.

Zoey clearly took after our mother; both of them being a fair bit shorter than the rest of us. Zoey was probably about 5'-4" and had the same curvy shape as our mother. Whereas Emma seemed made up of sleek toned angular lines and flowing plains, Zoey seemed to be all round hills and deep sloping valleys. Although she wasn't overweight, it was like she never lost just that little bit of baby fat that still made her so cute and endearing.

Emma had dark brunette shoulder-length hair similar in color to mine; while Zoey's wavy blonde locks fell well down her back. She had definitely inherited my mother's hair, both in color and the sexy flowing curls.

Their faces were equally beautiful, but again totally distinct from each other. Emma's face, like the rest of her, had sharp angular features and gorgeous pronounced cheekbones. Her most spectacular feature was her totally captivating green eyes. Her long lashes and perfect eyebrows seemed to set them off bewitchingly. At times, those gorgeous eyes of hers seemed to penetrate right into your very soul.

Zoey had a round warm face; her bubbly cheeks and dimples making a smile come to anyone's face. She had the same brilliant blue eyes as our mother and was blessed with my mother's soft full pouty lips as well. Your eyes were immediately drawn to that full sensual mouth of hers; her pillowy red lips usually glistening wetly and seemingly beckoning for attention.



The one thing that my sisters both had in common; that they had both inherited from my mother, was that they were both incredibly busty. They both had beautiful sets of round full heavy tits that would make any women envious. It was the size of her breasts that literally held Emma back from moving into the upper echelon of Olympic caliber swimmers. And of course, Zoey's voluptuous rack drew everyone's eyes when her cheerleading squad took to the field.

As I said, both of them were lucky enough to inherit those beautiful tits from my mother, Victoria. She'd had me when she was 19, so she was now 47. And you couldn't have asked for a more gorgeous sexy 47-year old than my mother. In height, she was about halfway between Emma and Zoey; about 5'-6". But every time I looked at her, I was reminded of Wifey, the women from Wifey's World on the internet. She could have been her sister. They looked to be about the same height and have the same perfect shape; big voluptuous breasts and the full lush body of a mature woman. My mother had the same flowing frosty blonde hair as Wifey and the inviting sweet smile in that wide welcoming mouth of hers. She had that same alluring sparkle in her eyes that makes Wifey seem so devilishly innocent yet so incredibly sexy at the same time.

Yeah.....I could think of a lot worse ways to spend an afternoon than with my mother and two gorgeous sisters.

I pulled off my jeans and went into the en-suite bathroom. This room was one of the things that convinced me to buy this place. The en-suite was huge with a big glass shower stall lined from floor to ceiling with Italian marble. It was my oasis. I turned the water on and let it

run good and hot before stepping in. I let the pelting spray cascade over me as I turned my face up into the steaming pellets, the hot water running off my tall body in slithery waves. I grabbed the bar of soap and got my hands good and frothy before running them over my recently satiated body.

The night with Callie/Tanya had been great. Watching her bouncing up and down on that rubber dick while she'd sucked me off had been an incredible turn-on. It had been well worth giving her those extra loads "on the house". Dropping five loads on her face while having her constantly work on my cock for a few hours had been heaven. She had looked so blissfully happy when I left that I had ceased to question whether what I was doing was morally correct. Fuck.....we both ended the night extremely happy....and I was four hundred bucks richer!

Thinking about the session with Tanya had my own slippery hands making their way unconsciously towards that heavy piece of meat dangling between my legs. I re-lathered my hands until they were good and frothy and then wrapped one hand around my pendulous dick while my other hand slid over my abdomen sensually. Yeah, Tanya had been excellent...very enthusiastic and willing to do whatever I wanted. It would be nice if my mother or sisters were as willing.....

As I started to think about all three of those sexy enchanting women in my family, my cock started to swiftly thicken and harden in my slowly stroking hand. My mind's eye kept picturing all of them, their voluptuous bodies and big tits mine to do with as I pleased.

Don't believe those guys who say they've never jerked off thinking about their mothers or sisters. If they have women in their family who are anywhere near as good-looking as the ones in mine, believe me, they're jacking off thinking about them; probably more than you could imagine. I make no bones about it; I've been jerking off thinking about my mother for as long as I can remember. I envied my dad; just knowing he was making love to such a beautiful sexy woman. And then when Emma and then Zoey started to fill out; well, let's just say fantasies involving them had me pumping out load after load. I relished the kinkiness of those bizarre fantasies I had of all of them; but I knew I would never make any overtures towards my sisters or mother. My secret infatuation with them was good enough for me.

And hey, those guys.....those same guys who say they never jerked off thinking about their mothers or sisters; well, they'll probably try and tell you they never looked in their underwear drawer or sniffed their dirty panties either. I've done all that; so many times that if I had a dollar for every time I did, I'd probably have this house paid off by now. There have been many times where I've had their bras lying out before me and pumped out a hot creamy load thinking about the tremendous tits that those loving cups had encased. It was interesting to watch the cup sizes of my sisters increase as they got older until they had held steady over the last few years. My oldest sister, Emma, wore a 36D, while Zoey, had recently stopped growing and settled in at a delectable 34DD. But both of them were still outdone by my mother's impressive 34F. She had a beautiful collection of bras, most of them with lace-trimmed cups and some pretty serious underwiring to enhance that gorgeous rack of hers.

As I thought about the gorgeous tits on all three of them, my cock quickly reaching full hardness in my stroking hands. I even surprised myself; after cumming five times with Tanya, it only took a few moments of thinking about my mother and sisters before my dick had become brick-hard. With visions of all them swirling through my head, my soapy hand slid luxuriously up and down my rigid erection, pre-cum drizzling from the oozing red eye. I pictured my mother standing beside me; a wicked smile on her face as her own hand slid back and forth deliciously on my throbbing dick; while I slid my hand down into one of her low-cut tops and cupped those tremendous round tits of hers. I pictured her pointing my long thick rod downwards; down towards the waiting faces of both Emma and Zoey kneeling in front of us. My mother's hand slid smoothly back and forth over full length of my engorged cock until a long white rope streaked forth to land with a forceful splat on both of their beautiful faces. With this vivid image swirling through my brain, I felt the cum quickly speed up the shaft of my pulsing rod. My body shook as the scintillating contractions coursed through me. I looked down as wad after wad of pearly seed shot forth against the shower wall. I continued stroking my dick and pumped out gob after gob as I pictured Emma and Zoey wantonly accepting my creamy load as my mother's magical hand continued to direct shot after shot onto their upturned faces. When the last ropey strand hit the shower wall, I stopped my jacking hand and squeezed the final few drops to the tip before flicking them onto the tiles beneath me.

With my racing heart starting to slow, I watched the streaks of milky fluid slide down the marble wall before slithering away like silvery snakes on the watery shower floor. I took a few deep breaths and

released my spent cock as I turned back into the spray and let the steaming pellets wash over me once more.

I sat down at my computer after I'd finished, a towel wrapped around my waist. I was anxious to see if there'd been any responses to my ad during the evening. I was happy to see that there were two. I opened the first:

"Dear Painter, I found your ad very intriguing. As a professional in the adult film industry for a number of years, I might be interested in meeting someone with your.....shall we say....talents. If you are as you say, it may prove beneficial for both of us to discuss possible future business interests we may pursue together. Of course, we would need to meet privately first for me to.....interview you. If, like most men your age, you have seen some degree of porn, you will likely recognize me. I have attached a link to a clip from a recent film I've done. You can get back to me at....."

She had left her e-mail and attached a link to the video clip she had mentioned. I immediately clicked on the link and saw a sexy blonde sucking on a big cock. Yes, I recognized her right away from numerous pornos I'd seen. At one time I had found her to be incredibly sexy; now, and I'd noticed this in her movies over the past years; her arms and a lot of her body was covered with tattoos and her once-gorgeous face with various piercings. Fuck.....what the hell are people thinking when they do shit like that?!?! I don't mind the odd delicately placed tattoo, but to cover large portions of your body with that shit? Yeah.....that'll look real good when you're seventy or

eighty. Years ago, before she did that to herself, I would have jumped at the chance to fuck her; now, no fucking way.

It didn't take me long to stop the clip and I was even quicker when it came to hitting the "DELETE" button as I got rid of her message. I felt good that I didn't have to do this strictly for the money; that I could be choosy if I wanted. I thought about her reply and how many guys would have loved the chance she had offered me. But then I thought about the types of women that I wanted to be with; and one that looked like her definitely wasn't on the list. Women like Tanya, seeking an adventure or an outlet for their sexual frustration seemed perfect to me. I figured if I wanted to be choosy; well, it was my fucking life and tough shit to anybody who thought otherwise.

Hoping for something more enticing, I clicked on the second reply:

"Dear Sir, I found your ad to be very interesting. I keep re-reading it and find myself more excited each time. I have never responded to anything like this before but I feel like I will never forgive myself if I didn't. I am in Las Vegas for a business convention and I'm staying at the Flamingo. My meetings end on Friday afternoon around 4:00pm but my flight home does not leave until the next morning. Would you be available after 4:00pm on Friday? I hope you can make it and I look forward to hearing from you. As you say in your ad, I hope you are discreet. Catherine."

I re-read Catherine's message again and felt a big smile spreading over my face. Now this was more like it! This woman sounded very sweet and sincere and in need of an adventurous experience.

It was now the middle of the night between Wednesday and Thursday. I was going for that barbeque at my mom's later today but I had no plans for Friday. I hit the reply button and started typing:

"Catherine, thanks for responding. I'm glad my ad caught your eye and you enjoyed it. Rest assured; I am as I have described. I would be absolutely delighted to meet with you after your meetings on Friday. Would 5:00pm be okay? We could get an early start on the evening and maybe I could give you a nice face-full for dinner. I respect your need for confidentiality and if you choose to give me your room number, it will be safe with me alone."

I hit the "SEND" button and shut down. I took a deep breath and let my head roll back against my desk chair. Yeah, I could really get used to this.....I felt my eyes starting to close and decided to hit the sack. I threw the towel into the hamper and climbed beneath my down duvet; my mind settling down and sleep overtaking me as I wondered what Catherine looked like.....

I awoke with the sun drifting in around the blinds and curtains in my room, a brilliant glow letting me know it wasn't early. Through squinty eyes, I checked my alarm clock—11:38. Well, the morning was pretty much gone. I couldn't complain though, the late night with Tanya had definitely been worth it. I figured I'd better call my mom back before it got much later. I reached into the drawer in my night-table and popped the lid off the jar of Baby-Fresh Scent Vaseline I keep there. I grabbed my cell off the night table and punched in the call before reaching into the jar and scooping up a

gob of the slippery gel. While I lay back on the pillows propped up behind me, I threw back the blankets while my hand slid around the thick root of my morning hard-on.

"Hello," my mom's sexy purr came through the phone.

"Hi, Mom; sorry to be so late getting back to you but I just woke up."

"Just woke up?" she said with a naughty chuckle. "Late night, sweetheart?"

"Something like that."

"I'll bet. Was she worth it?" I was shocked speechless by her question but she answered for me before I had a chance to reply. "Never mind, I don't want to know." She paused for a second before continuing, a definite suggestive tone in her voice. "So, a late night like that; is that why you found it hard getting up this morning?"

Fuck! Did I ever find it hard getting up this morning! I had my slick fingers wrapped around that thick hardness right now as my greasy hand slid smoothly up and down. I felt a throbbing pulse go through my stiff erection as her provocative words registered in my brain.

"Yeah, it was pretty hard getting up this morning," I said as I watched a drizzling drop of pre-cum drip onto my stomach. Just picturing my



stacked mom wrapping those gorgeous tits of hers around my slick hard cock had me close to cumming already.

"Do you ever think about me, honey?" she asked; an alluring innocent tone to her voice now. Geez.....it was like she could read my mind! My hand continued pumping rhythmically along the full length of my throbbing boner as my mind raced to figure out how to respond. In my confusion I came up with the best that I could as I tried to keep her talking.

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"You know," she replied slowly, that sexy purr to her voice again, "now that you're living on your own.....do you ever think about your old mom; wondering what I'm doing.....maybe wondering what I'm wearing?" Oh fuck! Another jolting throb went through my cock as I pictured her in some of the tight low-cut sweaters she seemed to prefer.

"Sure, I think about you all the time," I replied. "Like right now, thinking about those gorgeous big tits of yours and how I'd love to get my hands on them," I thought to myself. Instead, I said something a hell of a lot safer, "And Mom, you're not so old."

"Oh, Connor, you're just saying that because you're my son."

"No, I'm saying that because it's true. You look more like Emma and Zoey's older sister than their mother."

"You.....you really think so?" I could hear both increased interest and an underlying note of insecurity in her voice now.

"Yes, Mom. You're beautiful. And yes, I do think about you all the time."

"Thanks, honey. You're my dear." I could feel her big smile coming right through the phone. But I had other more important things I wanted to care of right now; like over ten inches of rock-hard flesh that needed attention.

"So by the way, what are you wearing right now?" As I lobbed that leading question out there, I looked at the huge mushroom head of my greasy cock, the gaping red eye drooling a continuous strand of pre-cum onto my stomach as my milking hand slid back and forth.

"Well, your phone call kind of caught me at an awkward moment," she responded with a bit of a girlish giggle. "I just got back a little while ago from playing nine holes with Julia." Aunt Julia, my mother's younger but equally voluptuous sister. Aunt Julia was a couple of inches taller than my mother and with shimmering brunette hair instead of blonde; but other than that, they looked very much alike. They had both taken up golf about a year ago, and both of them looked incredibly sexy in their little golf outfits; those short skirts displaying their gorgeous legs nicely. "So I had just finished

getting out of the shower a few minutes ago when you called." Holy fuck! I'd been talking to my mother and the whole time she'd been naked on the other end of the phone! As my greasy hand slid faster up and down my turgid rod, I tried to picture those heavy round tits of hers bobbing and swaying pendulously as she moved around her bedroom.

"So.....so you're not dressed yet?" I asked, my heart beating furiously.

"Well no; I'd just layed out a couple of bras and panties to wear but I can't decide which ones." Oh man, I was getting closer and closer to cumming as I thought about all those sexy undergarments she had. "What's that sound, sweetie?" she asked curiously. I immediately stopped my furiously pumping hand.

"Uh.....what kind of sound?"

"It was kind of like a wet slapping sound, but it seems to have stopped now."

"I.....I think the landscape guy is out there testing the sprinkler system. Maybe that's what you heard." My nuts were close to bursting as I resumed jacking my throbbing dick; quieter now with long slow milking strokes, anxious to get off. "So you can't decide which bra and panties to wear? Which ones do you have out?"

"I've got a couple of new white and pink lacy ones....but they both look so nice and sexy.....I just can't decide. Which one do you think I should wear, honey?" Oh fuck....I could feel the boiling cum start to speed up the shaft of my cock picturing what those sexy big bras would look like cupping those massive tits of my mother.

"Wh.....white is always nice," I sputtered as I moved the phone slightly away from my ear as I started to cum. The first thick rope jettisoned forth and streaked skyward; I watched it soar before cresting just below the ceiling in my room and falling onto my chest in a big milky gob. A second and third rope erupted forcefully as well as I milked my cock for all I was worth. My throbbing dick kept spewing as the nerve-tingling sensations of a fantastic release went through my body. My chest and stomach was quickly getting covered with ribbons and gobs of my silvery cum as I continued to unload.

"Connor!.....Connor!....are you there?" I heard my mom's voice calling.

"Yeah," I was able to gasp out as I pumped out the last few shots. "Sorry.....I.....I dropped the phone."

"Are you okay, sweetie? You sound all out of breath."

"Yes.....I mean, no, I mean I'm fine. The....the phone just slipped out of my hand onto the floor and I reached down in a hurry to pick it up." I took a deep breath and tried to get myself under control.

She paused for a second as I breathed deeply, my racing heart starting to slow. His voice had that provocative tone again as she spoke, "So you think the lacy white one?"

"Well, I like white personally. I bet it looks great on you, Mom."

"Well, it did look good when I tried it on in the store. Let's see...." She paused and I pictured her picking up the white bra and holding it against her. "Okay, white it is. Anyways, you are coming over for the barbeque today, right?"

"I wouldn't miss it," I replied calmly as my heart rate started to get back to normal. "Are you going to show me how that bra looks on you?"

"Well maybe if you do a good job of handling the barbeque, I might give you a little peek." I felt a little surge go through my dick again as she said that. "But seriously, there's something kind of important I want to talk to you about."

"What? What is it, Mom? Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing's wrong; not at all, sweetie. I'll talk to you about it when you're here. Hopefully you'll think what I want to talk to you about is a good thing."

"Okay."

"Well, I better go; it's impossible to do this bra up while I've got the phone in one hand." The image of her settling those heavy round girls of hers into the massive bra cups seared into my brain.

"I guess I shouldn't stop you from that; unless you want me to come over and do it up for you?" I had never flirted with my mother this blatantly before; this was the kind of repartee I usually reserved for Margaret next door.

"Sorry honey, if you were here.....well.....maybe....but I just don't have that much time right now. Maybe next time...." She left that little teaser just hanging out there for me to respond to.

"Just let me know if you need a hand with anything, Mom." I knew where I'd like to put my hands; that's for sure.

"I'll keep that in mind," she said with that alluring kittenish purr in her voice again. "Okay, dear, I'll see you later. Bye."

"Bye, Mom." I closed my cell phone and looked down at myself. Fuck, my chest and stomach were totally covered with cum. Silvery streaks and milky gobs were everywhere. I reached into the bottom drawer of my bedside table and reached into an old gym-bag I kept there. Inside was what I called my "whacking towel". I wiped the

mass of cum off my body and rubbed the rest of my semen and Vaseline off my jerking hand.

I got up and grabbed another quick shower to help wake me up. I wondered what it was that my mother wanted to talk to me about. It least it didn't sound like anything too serious. Oh well, I'd find out in a few hours.

After getting out of the shower, I booted up my computer to see if Catherine had sent a response to my e-mail that I'd sent in the middle of the night. Sure enough, it was there:

"Dear Sir, thanks for getting back to me. Friday at 5:00pm would be perfect. I am looking forward to it, especially your offer to give me something special for dinner." I smiled as I remembered my offer to give her face a nice pasting. "My room number at the Flamingo is 727." Excellent! So I had my second job set up for Friday, that was gonna be perfect.

I grabbed myself some breakfast; but at this time of day, I guess you could call it lunch. I thought about the article I was writing for the magazine I work for. It was about the number of movies being filmed in Vegas these days and all the governmental hoops the movie companies had to go through. My editor was expecting it in a few days and I still had a fair bit of writing to do on it.

I looked outside and it was absolutely gorgeous; sunny and hot.....but not too hot. I figured I'd take my laptop down by the

complex pool and relax and do some work there. I pulled on a pair of loose fitting floral trunks and an old t-shirt, grabbed my shades and slipped on some flip-flops before heading to the pool area.

"Hey Connor," I heard Margaret's familiar voice as I approached the pool deck. There were a number of tables with umbrellas around the concrete deck and Margaret was perched on a reclining deck chair beside one, a book in her hand and beach bag by her side. I could see her watching me as I casually made my way towards her, that devilish smile playing at the corners of her mouth. Her eyes were shaded by a big pair of dark sunglasses, so I couldn't see exactly where she was looking, but it wouldn't have surprised me if she was looking at the front of my shorts.

"Hi gorgeous," I said as I sat down at the table across beside her. She had on a flattering one-piece bathing suit in an exquisite emerald green color; the rich tone of the suit setting off her deep reddish hair spectacularly. The deep neckline left little to the imagination as that ample tit-flesh of hers created a deep valley of cleavage that drew my eyes like a magnet.

"I love this time of year," she said as she looked towards the pool. The only other people there were a mother and two young kids down by the opposite end. "I like it when it's nice and hot but you can stay out here without feeling like a chicken on a spit."

"Yeah, this is just about perfect," I said as I stood for a second and peeled off my t-shirt. Even with those sunglasses on, I could feel her



eyes riveted on my sculpted chest as I raised my arms over my head and stretched to get the kinks out.

"Yeah, perfect," she said softly, the corners of her mouth turning up in a wicked little smile. I decided to tease her a bit so I twisted at the waist from one side to the other, my curved backside now in profile towards her.

"I think I must have slept funny," I said as I drew both my arms back at the same time, emphasizing my muscular chest, "I'm feeling pretty stiff."

"Sometimes stiff is good," she replied coquettishly, now blatantly smiling at me, that wide welcoming mouth and brilliant white teeth making her look even more beautiful.

"Ha ha, yeah, I get it," I said as we shared a laugh as I kind of shook out the rest of my body and sat down. I popped open my laptop and fired it up.

"You got work to do?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm finishing up an article that's getting close to overdue. I've gotta get something in soon before the boss kicks my ass. Then I'm supposed to be going over to my mom's in a while for a barbeque with her and my sisters."

"How's that baby sister of yours, still causing your mother no end of grief?" Margaret had met both my mother and sisters a number of times since I'd moved in; and she had seen Zoey show the spoiled brat side of her occasionally when she was younger.

"She's not as much a pain in the ass as she used to be. Just growing up I guess," I said as I thought about the way Zoey's impressive chest had grown up with her.

"Well, that one looks like a pistol alright. And I'm sure your mother has to deal with the boys chasing after her."

"Maybe, but I haven't heard anything about that. I think she just hangs out with her girlfriends all the time. I haven't heard my mother mention boys coming around."

"Believe me, the way your sister looks, there's boys sniffing around somewhere." We both chuckled at that. "Okay, I'll be quiet and good so you can get some work done," she said as she gave me a cute little pout and stuck her tongue out at me; as if it was putting her out to keep quiet.

For the next hour or so she remained engrossed in her book while I typed, read and re-read and made changes to my article. A few times she would just put her book down by her side for a few minutes and lay her head back. From behind my sunglasses, I was able to freely ogle that gorgeous mature body of hers. God, she looked good. Those long legs of hers were nicely tanned by the desert sun and her suit

was cut incredibly high on her hips, accentuating that exquisite hourglass figure of hers. And those tits, man, did they ever look great. They looked so nice and full and heavy as they swelled over the top of the structured bra cups of her suit. Lying there like that, she looked so fucking desirable; I decided to give something a shot to see how she'd respond.

"So Margaret, how about if you and I go out together sometime?" I tossed out there like a grenade.

She slowly lowered her book and looked at me intently over the top of her sunglasses. "You mean like, on a date?"

"Call it whatever you like," I said as I made an open-armed gesture as if to say, "I'm all yours."

She took off her sunglasses and looked at me intently, and then her lips turned up in a slow smile as she slowly shook her head from side to side. She combined that with a look on her face that I'd seen from many a teacher or my mother over the years; a look that said that they knew something that you didn't. "Connor, you sweet young man. Thank you very much for asking, but I think we both know how that would turn out."

"Wait, I'm serious." I looked at her with stunned surprise on my face; wondering what she meant.

"I think we both know how much we like flirting with each other," she said as she looked at me questioningly. I could only smile bashfully and nod. "Well let's see.....if you and I went out on a date..... Sure, it would be a lot of fun for the first week or two; then you'd get tired of me. You'd feel guilty and I'd feel heartbroken. You'd start avoiding me and then it would be absolute hell for us to be neighbors." She paused and looked at me as I sat quietly, the truth of what she was saying sinking in. "Would you really like to see that happen?"

"No, of course not."

"Then I think we should just keep things the way they are, don't you?" she said as she slipped her sunglasses back on and lifted her book.

"Sure.....but, the flirting. Can we keep doing that?"

A big smile came over her face as she tipped her head forward and looked at me over her sunglasses once more. "I'd be crushed if we didn't," she said as she gave me a naughty wink. She went back to reading her book and I went back to working on my article; the common sense of her polite refusal to my advance settling over me. I knew she was right, but I did still have a craving for that gorgeous mature body of hers.

For the next fifteen minutes or so, she was engrossed in her book as I typed away. I looked up as she put her book down beside her.

"Would you like something to drink?" she asked as she sat up and turned sideways on her chair. "I'm going back to the house for a minute. How about an iced tea?"

"That sounds great; thanks." I watched her tie a light colorful bathing suit wrap around her wide flared hips before she padded off in the direction of her unit. "Man, what an ass," I thought as I watched that nice full round bum of hers sway sensually from side to side. I was struck once again how stupid her husband must have been to let something like that get away.

When she was gone, I dove into the pool and did a few quick laps, the cool water feeling nicely refreshing as I moved from end to end. She arrived back a short time later, a couple of icy tumblers in her hands.

"How is it?" she asked as I climbed out of the pool and took the offered drink.

"Thanks. The water's beautiful," I replied as I took a good long slug and set the glass down on the table. "You should go in."

"No, I don't want to get my hair wet."

"I wish I had a dollar for every time I heard a woman say that." I shook my head and gave her a big grin as I toweled off.

"You know us women; we have to try and maintain our beauty before anything else."

"Well, from where I stand, I think you've done an excellent job of doing that." She'd taken her place back in her seat and I was standing over her now, my eyes feasting on that delightful view right down into her cleavage.

"Thank you very much, Connor," she said as she looked up at me with that quirky smile again. "Flattery will get you everywhere, you know." I was happy that she taken right back to the flirting already.

"I hope so," I replied with a little wink as I pulled another deck chair over and positioned it out from beneath the umbrella. I put my sunglasses back on and let the warm sun's rays soak into me. She retrieved her book and was absorbed in reading as I rolled over periodically for the next little while. When I'd had enough and my suit was pretty much dry, I moved back to the table and did some more work for another twenty minutes or so.

"Well, I think that's enough for me for today," Margaret said as she slipped her book into her bag and started gathering her stuff together.

"Yeah, me too." I shut down my laptop and picked up my t-shirt as she donned her colorful wrap once more.

"Oh Connor, I wonder if you could help me with something for a couple of minutes."

"Sure, what is it?"

"I've got a couple of boxes in the garage I need to take into the house. They're kind of up high on the shelves in there. I'm not too sure if I can reach them okay."

"Sure, I can take care of that for you, no problem." I followed her into her house and set down my laptop and t-shirt before following her into the garage. There were shelves against the back wall and I could see a number of boxes stacked on the higher shelves.

"Which ones?" I asked as I grabbed a high step ladder that I saw leaning against the wall.

"Those two right there," she said, pointing up to two boxes stacked one on top of the other on the top shelf. "The ones marked 'PHOTOS'."

"Okay," I said as I stepped onto ladder in my bare feet and climbed up a few steps.

"Be careful, Connor. I didn't realize they were so high."

"Piece of cake," I replied as I reached up and started to pull the two boxes towards me. As I started to lean the boxes slightly forward, I felt something inside the top one shift to the front. It seemed to take only a second or two before the top box started sliding to the side off the one beneath it.

"Oh no," I heard Margaret say in warning from behind me as the box continued to move of its own accord. It started to go over on its own and as I reached with one hand to try and bring it back into position, I lost my balance on the ladder and had to kind of jump to the floor to avoid falling completely. I had let go of the lower box and fortunately it stayed put halfway on the shelf. I managed to grab the falling one before it hit the floor but landed awkwardly on my feet. I felt a sharp twinge high up in my thigh.

"SHIT!" I blurted out as a stabbing pain shot through me.

"ARE YOU OKAY, CONNOR?" Margaret's shrill voice was full of concern as she raced over and took my arm. I set the box down and started hobbling around the garage, my hand starting to rub the back of my thigh.

"Yeah, I'll be okay. I think I just tweaked my hamstring. It happened before when I was playing football in high school. It should be okay in the next day or two." That being said, it still stung like a son-of-a-bitch right now.



"Oh, you poor dear," she said as she held my arm and directed me back into the house as I limped along beside her. "Sit down for a minute." I let her put me into an easy chair in her living room and she pulled up an ottoman and sat in front of me, a look of genuine concern on her face.

"I'm so sorry, Connor. Are you sure it's your hamstring?" She reached out and touched my knee tenderly as she looked at me with her eyes near tears.

"It's okay, Margaret. I'll be fine." I gave her a big smile and that seemed to calm her frazzled state somewhat. "Yeah, I can tell it's my hamstring. Like I said, this happened before when I was playing football. It's not really torn, just kind of tweaked, I guess you'd say. It stings pretty bad right now, but I'll be okay before you know it."

"Well, I feel like this is my fault and I want to make sure you're okay," she said as she got to her feet and put her hands on her hips in an authoritative gesture. She gave me a matronly look before reaching down and grabbing my arm as she started to pull me out of the chair. "C'mon, young man; I used to be a nurse, you know. I know just the thing to help that along."

"Margaret, it's okay. I'll be fine," I said as I tried to resist as she pulled me down the hallway.

"Nope; I won't take no for an answer. We've got to massage that muscle right now before it tightens up." She pulled me into her

bedroom and left me standing by the foot of her bed while she marched briskly into the adjoining bathroom. A few seconds later, she came back into the room carrying a towel in her hand. "Here, take that damp suit off and lie down here." She peeled back the covers on her bed down to the crisp white sheet covering the mattress. She was all business now; I could see her slipping right back into that "no-nonsense" mode that nurses sometimes have to have. "You can cover yourself with this towel. I've got some massage oils in the bathroom. We should get to work on that muscle before it tightens up. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." She went to her dresser and quickly pulled a couple of things from a drawer before she turned on her heel and went back into the bathroom. She pushed the door shut behind her to give me some privacy.

Knowing there was no way I was getting out of here without letting her take care of me; I slipped off my damp swimsuit and hung it from the doorknob of her closet. Now totally naked, I lay down on my stomach on her bed and reached behind me to position the towel over my midsection; so it was covering me from the small of my back to the middle of my thighs. As I heard her opening and closing drawers in the bathroom, I pulled a pillow under my head and wrapped my arms around it as I turned my face sideways and waited for her. A minute or so later, she knocked at the door.

"Are you decent?"

"I'm covered, if that's what you mean." She opened the door and strode across the room towards me, a couple of bottles in one hand and small towel in the other. Before she went back into the bathroom,

she must have grabbed some clean clothes from her dresser because she had changed out of her bathing suit. Jesus Christ, did she ever look good now! She was wearing pair of little yellow shorts that fit like a second skin. I could make out the groove of her womanly sex beneath the stretchy yellow fabric. But on top, oh man, I could see the outline of lacy white bra through the tightly stretched cotton of what was essentially a man's singlet; what some people call a "wife-beater". As she walked towards me, I could see those tremendous tits of hers wobbling and jiggling beneath her tight top. The deep scoop neck of the singlet gave me a spectacular view of that deep dark line of cleavage of hers.

"Okay, let's make sure this thing doesn't stiffen up on you," she said as she climbed onto the bed beside my legs. Looking at her kneeling beside me in that outfit, it wasn't my hamstring I was worried about stiffening up. "Now Connor," she said softly as I watched her pour a generous amount of the massage oil into the palm of her hand, "you just lie there and relax and close your eyes. I'm gonna work this nice and slow. That's the best thing for this kind of injury." I looked up at her pretty face for a second as she started to rub her hands together, her fingers and hands starting to shine with the warming oil.

"Whatever you say, Nurse Margaret," I said compliantly as I took her advice; settled my head into the pillow and closed my eyes.

"Smart ass," she mumbled under her breath, but definitely loud enough for me to hear. I could feel the warm smooth skin of the side of her calf press against the side of my leg as she shifted close to me and then I felt her warm slick hands settle onto the back of my thigh,

just below the edge of the towel. She started to slide them slowly but firmly up and down, a few inches at a time. I could feel my hamstring twinge under her first probing rub.

"Unnnhh," I let out a little groan as she hit the tender spot.

"Okay, just relax and you'll feel much better after this." She leaned forward and pressed both hands side by side around my strong muscular thigh. A soothing citrus scent wafted into my nostrils as she continued to rub the warming oil into my thigh. She started to move her hands a little higher now, her fingers sliding beneath the towel. Her greasy hands and fingers started to move all over my upper thighs as she pressed and rubbed wonderfully over my skin.

"Mmmmmm," I let out an unconscious moan of approval as her fingers rolled in soft circles over my tender skin.

"See, I told you it would start to feel better," she said softly as she continued to manipulate my sore hamstring beneath her hot slick hands. For the next ten minutes or so, I lay there totally content as she softly but insistently massaged my damaged muscle. Man, did it ever feel good. I'd never had anybody spend that much time massaging my upper leg before.

"Okay, I need to work on it from the front for a while," she said as she removed her hands from my leg and got up off of the bed. "I'll turn around so you can turn over and get that towel back in place." She turned her back to me and I flipped over onto my back. I had

kind of gotten the towel awkwardly wrapped around me as I did and then had to pull it out from beneath me in order to position it back over my midsection. I covered myself so the top edge of the towel came to about my belly-button while the bottom again came to about mid-thigh.

"Okay," I said as I lifted one arm and draped it across my eyes. I could hear her crawl back onto the bed and lifted me arm ever so slightly so I could peek out at her from beneath it. From where she was kneeling beside my legs, it would look like my eyes were totally covered by my large forearm; from where I was, I had a perfect view through slitted eyes at that gorgeous body of hers.

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself as she re-oiled her hands and then leaned forwards slightly; her greasy hands coming to rest on my thigh. I had a perfect view right down into that deep cleavage of hers as she started to rub her hands up and down near the edge of the towel. Those massive soft tits of hers were swaying and bobbing enticingly as her hands moved back and forth. It felt great as her warm slick hands moved over my strong thigh, her fingers rubbing and caressing in slow firm circles.

"Mmmmmm," I let out another involuntary groan of pleasure as her soft hands rubbed tenderly high on the inside of my thigh.

"That's it, just lie back and enjoy it," she almost purred as she spoke softly under her breath, her fingers sliding higher up on my thigh beneath the towel. I could feel a stirring in my cock as the exquisite sensation of her magical fingers caressing my upper leg continued.

"Uh oh," I thought to myself as I could feel it thickening and starting to extend upwards on my abdomen as her greasy fingers slid gently higher.

"Is this where it hurts?" she asked softly as she rubbed her fingertips high on the inside of my thigh.

"Just a little higher," I replied, my arm still covering my eyes. I could feel the bottom edge of the towel rise on my thighs as her hands pushed it slightly upwards to give her easier access. I wondered from her point of view if she could see my heavy sperm-laden balls, resting gently on the mattress beneath me. I felt her hands grip my thigh and pull my leg ever-so-slightly to one side before her delicate fingers rubbed soothingly over the surface of my upper leg and down over the tender skin on the inside of my thigh.

"Oh Jesus," I thought to myself as her warm slick fingers moving over the inside of my thigh sent an electric jolt straight to my cock. I felt a pulsing throb and could feel my own heart-rate start to increase as it pumped blood quickly to stiffening dick. I could feel it thickening and straightening as the ballooning tip started to move further upwards on my abdomen. I peeked out from beneath my arm and saw Margaret's eyes shift upwards from my thigh to the where it looked like a sleeping python was waking up beneath the towel. I could see her eyes open wide as my stiffening rod moved further north until it was now almost pointing straight up towards my face. Her hot greasy hands kept rubbing deliciously all around my leg and inner thigh as the towel started to actually lift up off my stomach as my burgeoning cock approached total hardness. I watched as her

mouth gaped open and I could see her breath start to come in short little gasps as the massive head of my cock appeared above the top edge of the towel.

"Oh my God," I heard her mutter under her breath as more and more of my rising erection came into view. As it got stiffer and stiffer, my dick rose higher vertically off my body, taking the towel with it until gravity finally caused it to slide partway down so more than half of my ten plus inches was in plain view.

"Haaahhh," I heard her take a sharp intake of breath as she looked at my stallion-like cock rearing up before her, the engorged crimson head starting to ooze pre-cum. I wanted to see what she would do, so I flexed my stomach muscles and watched my brick-hard erection bob enticingly right in front of her, my silky pre-cum drooling from the tip and pooling salaciously on my stomach.

As I lay there with my arm thrown over my eyes and pretending to be totally oblivious to what was happening, I watched as she reached behind her and quickly filled her palms with another generous supply of oil. I watched those gorgeous round tits of hers quivering as she shifted closer to me, her eyes never for a second leaving my throbbing prick as she rubbed her hot oily hands together.

"Just relax," she said in a soft hypnotic tone as I felt her warm slick fingers slide higher up my leg. I felt her gently take hold of the towel and delicately lift it off my body and drop it beside her. Now totally unencumbered, my engorged cock bobbed and pulsed right before her eyes with each powerful beat of my heart.

"Oh wow," she uttered quietly as I watched her eyes feasting on my huge erection standing bolt upright before her. As she shifted closer and her hot oily hands started to slide over my abdomen, I watched as her tongue slid out and licked wantonly around her soft full lips. She rubbed her greasy fingertips closer and closer until I felt them brush the side of my cock near the thick hard root. I heard her take another sharp intake of breath and watched as her eyes seemed totally mesmerized by my surging erection as her glistening fingers finally slid around the thick shaft.

"Unnnnggghhh," it was her that let out a little groan of pleasure this time as she slid her other delicate hand just above the first one, the slim fingers of both hands closing deliciously around the cunt-stretching girth of my throbbing dick. I could see that there was still a good-sized gap between the tips of her fingers and base of her hands, even though she had them wrapped as far around my cock as they could go. I continued to lay totally inert as she gave it a soft squeeze and then started to slide both of her gripping hands upwards. I had to exert a huge amount of willpower to prevent myself from letting out a loud groan.....fuck, it felt incredible. She slowly but firmly slid both hands all the way to the big mushroom head, her upper hand slowly rotating in a gentle but exquisite twisting motion as she started to slide her hands back downwards.

"Oh fuck, that feels fantastic," I thought to myself as Margaret's magical hands reached the taut base of my pulsing erection and then started to slide upwards once more. She quickly got into a smooth up and down rhythm; her delicate fingers and loving hands sliding all around in a deliciously torturing cork-screwing motion.



I peeked out again and saw her tremendous tits jiggling and bouncing lewdly beneath her tight top as she jacked my surging cock with those slick milking hands of hers. I could see a fine sheen of perspiration on her face and the upper swells of those massive breasts of hers as her oily hands continued to work their magic on my drooling dick. She looked totally mesmerized by my big stiff cock, her eyes glazed over with lust as she pumped her twisting hands up and down wantonly. I took another look at those swelling quivering jugs of hers and felt my balls start to draw up close to my body. As her slick hands continued the slow teasing corkscrewing motion of theirs, I felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of my cock. I watched her face from beneath my draped arm as the first ropey strand jettisoned forth.

"Haaahhh," she had that sharp intake of breath again as the thick milky rope shot forth high into the air. I saw her eyes flick up to watch it as it almost reached her ceiling before falling with a noticeable splat onto my muscular chest. Her hands kept pumping together as the next few shots erupted from my spewing dick. Seven.....eight.....nine.....I counted as my chest started to get covered with silvery ribbons of seed.

"Oh my God," she uttered as my cock continued to unload under her stroking hands, rope after thick creamy rope shooting forth. Fourteen.....fifteen.....sixteen.....I saw her eyes and mouth gaping open as she watched the cum continue to jettison from my throbbing cock-head; my chest, stomach and her stroking hands becoming covered with the warm slimy fluid.

"Aaaaaaaaahhh fuuuuuuuccckkk," she moaned and I saw her eyes seem to roll back in her head as her body started to twitch. Her lips were trembling and she was visibly gasping for air as I could see that an orgasm was ripping through her quivering body. Even as the luscious nerve-tingling sensations coursed through her, her pleasuring hands continued to stroke up and down on my spitting cock. Nineteen.....twenty....twenty-one.....With the twenty-first shot, I felt the last of the delicious contractions go through me as I reached the end of a tremendous release. Margaret's skillful hands seemed to know when to slow automatically as she gently milked out the last few oozing drops before stopping, my spent dick still firmly held in her loving grasp.

Feeling totally drained and blissfully satisfied, I slowly lowered my arm from across my face and looked down at her, both of us gasping for breath in post-orgasmic bliss. As I looked at her, I saw her looking in awe at the huge amount of cum before her. There were milky gobs and pearly ribbons covering most of my chest and stomach, while her jacking hands were also dripping with the stuff.

"Connor.....I.....I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me," she blurted out apologetically, her eyes still fixated on the amount of warm cream glistening before her.

"Nothing to be sorry about, Margaret. I loved it. You told me to just relax and you'd make me feel better. Well, I think you did."

"I.....I can't believe how big your cock is," she said as her eyes flicked down to my half-hard dick, "and the amount of cum you shot.....it was incredible!" She paused and looked once more at all the milky discharge on my body. "Your cum.....it....it's so thick and creamy." She held her hands up before her face and looked at the heavy whitish gobs clinging to her fingers. "Is it always like that? And do you always shoot that much?"

"Yeah, pretty much. And yeah, I usually shoot that much."

"Wow, that's amazing," she said as seemed mesmerized by the thick heavy cream clinging to her hands and pooling on my chest. As she stared transfixed at the shimmering wads of semen, I saw her tongue slip out and unconsciously slide around her lips again. She looked hungry for it; I wanted to see what she would do next.

"Yeah, but I've made quite a mess. Can you pass me that towel there?" I asked as I pointed to the towel that I'd had covering me earlier.

"NO!" she blurted out anxiously.

"What?"

"I.....I mean.....can I.....can I have it?" she asked, excitement lurking behind her mature eyes. I could see that hungry look there and knew exactly what she wanted.

"Sure, have as much as you want," I said with a sly grin on my face as I folded my arms behind my head and lay back against the pillows beneath me. I watched as she slowly brought her hands up to her face. Her nostrils flared slightly as she inhaled deeply, the musky scent of my seed filling her senses.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred as her eyes closed softly for a second as she savored the warm manly fragrance of my fresh semen. Her eyes looked down again at her sticky hands as she brought them to her mouth. I watched with satisfaction as her tongue slithered out right into a big milky strand dangling teasingly from her fingertips.

"Ssssslllupppp," I heard her make a wet sucking sound and watched as the quivering strand of dangling cum was sucked into her vacuuming mouth. Her mouth closed and I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed. "Mmmmmmm," she mewed like a kitten as the hot slick cream slid down her throat. Once she had that first taste, there was no stopping her. Her tongue eagerly lapped up all the milky semen from her hands before she leaned forwards and brought her face towards my cum-covered chest. Those big heavy tits of hers hung down pendulously; even encased in her lacy bra, the sheer weight of them caused the clinging material of the singlet to distend enticingly downwards.

"Do you like that?" I asked as I watched her circling tongue capture the stray drops of silvery seed from her beautiful red lips.

"Oh yeah, it's been awhile since I've had any," she said as her hungry eyes took in the mass of cum shimmering on my body, "and never this much at one time before."

"Well, go ahead, we wouldn't want it to get cold now, would we?" I said as I reached forward and put my hand on the back of her head and pulled it downwards. She didn't need any coaxing and eagerly let me pull her mouth down onto my chest. I watched with a blissful smile on my face as her lips spread over one huge gob and I felt her tongue slide over my skin beneath. I could feel a gentle sucking and then watched as the pooling gob disappeared up into her vacuuming mouth.

"That's a good girl," I said as I moved her head over to the next big gob. I put my hand back behind my head with the other one and just watched as my buxom mature neighbor enthusiastically cleaned the rest of my warm milky semen off my body. She licked and sucked up every creamy morsel until all that was left was a fine sheen of her drying saliva. She purred and mewed like a kitten with a bowl of warm milk the whole time. A mischievous grin came to my face as I thought about this in relation to my new job; I didn't have the heart to tell her she was licking up \$200 worth of cum!

"Oh my God," she said as she finally raised her head and looked at me with glassy eyes, "what a huge load. I.....I love it." Her tongue slid all around her chin and lips one last time as she made sure she had every pearly drop.

"I'm glad you like it," I said as I checked the time on her alarm clock. "Oh man, it's later than I thought. I've got to get over to my mom's." I rolled off the side of the bed and started to pull on my trunks. "Sorry Margaret, but I really have to go."

"That's okay," she replied as she rolled onto her back and languished against the stacked pillows in front of the headboard; that big voluptuous body of hers begging for attention. I watched as she slid one hand between her legs and started stroking the inside of her thigh with those magical fingers of hers. I figured it wouldn't be long after I left before they'd be working their own magic once more. "Maybe next time you won't have to leave in such a hurry." She gave me a big doe-eyed look, and if I hadn't promised my mother I'd be there, I would have stayed and filled every needy hole in that gorgeous body of hers.

"What about that theory of yours; that we shouldn't date?" I said as I finished pulling up my suit.

"Well, we don't have to actually date, do we?" she said as she pouted and looked at me with a devilish glint in her eye. "We could be.....what is it you young people call it..... "fuck-buddies" or something like that?"

"Yeah," I said as my eyes roamed ravenously over that buxom mature body of hers, "we could try that." With a wink, I turned on my heel and walked out of the room. It wasn't until I bent over to pick up the rest of my stuff near her back door, that I felt a little twinge in my hamstring again. Boy, she had known what to do!

Although it still stung a little bit when I moved certain ways, I could tell it had become so much better under her healing hands than it would have been if I'd just left it. And I felt much better too.....there's something about getting your balls thoroughly drained that makes everything in the world seem that much better.

As soon as I got into my own place, I ran the shower once more to get cleaned up before going to my mother's. As I turned my face up into the pelting spray, I wondered what it was that she wanted to talk to me about. I was pretty curious about what it might be and as lascivious thoughts of my mother ran through my head once more; my soapy hands seemed to slide into the area of my crotch automatically. Well, I'd find out what she wanted to talk about soon enough.

## Chapter 3

I hurried through my shower and quickly got dressed in a pair of shorts and a polo shirt. The session with Margaret had set me behind a little bit and I rushed around the house getting some stuff together. Not that I was complaining, the slippery hand-job Margaret had given me had been fantastic. I grabbed another pair of swim trunks, a bottle of wine from the cupboard and slipped my laptop into my shoulder bag. Taking a last look around, I picked up my keys, slipped on my sunglasses and headed out.

It was great to feel the warm sun beating down on me as I feathered Sally back and forth through traffic on the way to my mother's. Having the top down on the old Mustang was one of life's little pleasures that I absolutely loved. I pulled into our family house and parked beside Emma's car in front of the double garage. I let myself in and kicked off my flip-flops by the front door.

"Hey, anybody here?" I shouted as I made my way further into the sprawling house.

"Back here, honey," I heard my mother's voice coming from the kitchen area near the back of the house. I made my way down the hallway that lead into the rear portion of this section of the house; the walls opening into a large combination kitchen/great room. The house had ten foot ceilings throughout with a high cathedral ceiling over the great room area. The back of the house was heavily windowed to look out over the pool area and the nicely landscaped



yard. My dad had put a lot of work into this house and yard and my mom hired a landscape company to keep everything in order outside. It looked great.

"There you are, sweetie," my mother said as she came out from behind the fridge door. I could only stare as she walked towards me, those wide flared hips of hers swaying seductively. My eyes looked ravenously up and down her voluptuous body, those massive tits of hers leading the way towards me. She was wearing a luscious charcoal-gray sweater that hugged her sumptuous form wonderfully. The sweater had sleeves that ended just above the elbow and a deeply scooped neckline that exposed a dick-hardening amount of her substantial cleavage. I noticed that the sweater was actually sort of a cardigan, with about five large buttons up the front. The bottom three buttons were done up with the third one anchoring the two sides together right between those huge guns of hers. Her ample bosom caused the tight sweater to pull out from either side above that; leaving the top two buttons undone. The tight ribbed material of the sweater flowed snugly around every delicious curve of her body, accentuating that sexy hourglass figure of hers. It followed the wide fullness of her chest and then pulled in trimly at her waist before flaring out at her wide womanly hips. The bottom of the sweater fell nicely over the top of a tight white miniskirt, which followed the flow of her child-bearing hips before ending high on her thighs. My eyes followed the line of her long tanned legs downward before they ended with a smart pair of white strappy sandals that put the finishing touches on a gorgeous outfit.

"Mom, you.....you....," I simply stared in awe as she moved in to hug me.

"There's my big boy." Her arms slipped around my neck as she pressed herself against me. She tilted her face up towards mine and as I lowered mine towards hers, she pressed her soft lips to mine in a gentle kiss. She pulled me closer to her and I felt those massive orbs pressing firmly against my own chest as the kiss seemed to last a little longer than usual before she pulled away. "I'm so glad you're here." As she kept her arms locked around my neck but drew her face back slightly from mine, the luscious scent of her perfume filled my senses like an intoxicating elixir. Oh man, she smelled as good as she looked. She looked right into my eyes with a look of pure joy, a huge smile spreading across that gorgeous face of hers. She gave me another quick peck on the lips before slipping her arms from around my neck and letting her hands slide slowly down over my muscular chest.

"Mom, you look amazing," I gushed as I looked down at her, her swirling frosty-blond hair falling in lustrous waves about her shoulders. Once again I was struck by how much she looked like Wifey, the internet porn star.

"You don't look so bad yourself," she said as her hands gave my firm pecs a little squeeze before she let go. "I was hoping you'd like this." She stepped back and did a little pirouette so I could see the whole look. The stretchy white fabric of her miniskirt showed off her sumptuous round ass and dynamite legs exquisitely; but that top.....fuck....it was incredible.

"Like it? I love it!" I stood and stared as she put her hands on hips and turned from side to side as she posed for me. Oh Jesus, I could feel my dick stiffening in my shorts already. "Those.....those clothes, are they new?"

"Yeah, I decided I needed a few new things; that I needed to spark up my wardrobe a bit. This is some of the new stuff I bought."

"If the other things are like what you're wearing, I'd love to see the rest of it."

"Well, just keep your fingers crossed, and maybe you'll be lucky enough to see," she said as she kind of thrust her hip at me provocatively before giving a little giggle and stepping back to the kitchen counter.

"This is for you," I said as I reached into my bag and handed her the bottle of wine.

"Oh Connor, you didn't have to do that.....but since you did, be a dear and open it, would you? I'd love a glass." As she opened the fridge and put a few things on the counter, I pulled out the corkscrew and opened the bottle. I retrieved a couple of glasses from the cupboard and poured a glass for each of us.

"Mom, those new clothes you're wearing; that reminds me; are you wearing that new bra you were talking about earlier?"

"Maybe," she said as she gave me a teasing smile.

"I thought you promised to show me."

"I said no such thing. I think what I said was I MIGHT show you, provided you did a good job of handling the grille."

"Then when do we eat?" I asked eagerly as my eyes flicked down to her sumptuous tits.

"Oh you," she scolded with a dismissive wave of her hand. "We won't be eating for a little while yet. The girls are outside." My eyes followed hers as she nodded towards the pool. "Why don't you go out and join them?"

"What time did Emma get here?" As I looked out, I could see Zoey sitting in one of the deck chairs, her hands busy texting on her cell phone. I could see movement in the water and knew Emma was swimming laps; which she did every time she had the chance.

"She got here about a half hour ago. She's been working a lot of extra hours on that big merger her company is working on so her boss gave her the afternoon off. Actually, I think he knew she needed to work off some stress."

"That's good; she deserves a break." I sat down on one the high stools at the breakfast bar and faced my mother across the granite counter. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about, Mom?"

She looked a little nervous after I asked that and she took a sip of her wine before setting her glass down and looking at me. "Well, here's the thing.....you know how much I loved your father."

"I know, Mom. He was a great guy."

"And you how much you mean to me.....you and the girls." She paused and I wondered where she was going with this. "Well, I.....I was thinking about maybe getting back into the dating game." She looked kind of sheepish when she said this, like a little kid asking for their parent's approval; only this time it was reversed.

So this was what this was all about. As I took in my mom's words, I was at first surprised because I hadn't seen this coming at all. But as I looked at my mom, standing there nervously waiting for a response from me; the reality of her situation hit me like a tsunami wave. She was a beautiful woman, in the prime of her life, with so much to offer to another person. I knew she had loved my father dearly; when he'd still been alive, you could just see it in the way they looked at each other. But at 47, she still had a whole lifetime ahead of her. I knew she must be painfully lonely at times, missing my dad; and I knew that had to be incredibly hard on her. Now here she was, basically asking for my permission; and who was I to deny her? She didn't have to ask me but I knew she wanted my approval and she would

respect my opinion, and as I looked into those deep blue eyes, my heart went out to her.

"Mom," I said slowly as I reached across the counter and took her trembling hand, "I think that's a great idea." Her eyes lit up and she squeezed my hand tightly as a beaming smile came across her face.

"You.....you really think it would be okay?"

"Sure, Mom, I really do. I know you'll always love Dad; but you're still young enough to enjoy life. And you deserve to be happy."

She came around the counter and hugged me tightly, those big round breasts of hers pressing into me warmly. "Oh Connor, thank you so much. You know your opinion means everything to me." She reached across the counter and grabbed her wine glass. "Shall we toast then? To the new me?" I could see a look of both relief and excitement in her eyes as she raised her glass.

"To the new you," I repeated as I clinked my glass on hers and we took a drink to celebrate her new outlook on life.

"So, tell me," I said as we both set our glasses on the counter and she moved back to where she'd been dealing with the food, "is there somebody?"

"What?" she replied with a confused look on her face.

"Is there somebody specific? Has some guy asked you out?"

"Oh," she said and gave a little laugh, "of course you would ask that. No, nobody's asked and there is nobody specific. I know that after being with your father, I guess you could say I'll have some pretty high standards for any man to meet. I'm not really in any hurry, and I guess I can be choosy, if I want." She paused for a second and I nodded in agreement to what she'd just said. She looked up at me again, a more serious expression on her face once more. "So that kind of brings me to the second thing I wanted to talk to you about." She stopped and left that hanging out there.

"Second thing?"

"Yeah.....it's been a long time since I've dated and I was wondering, do you think you could help me with that?"

"You mean like give you advice?" I asked, somewhat mystified that my mother would be asking for dating guidance from me.

"No, silly," she said with a nervous little smile and then looked intently at me once more. "I was wondering if we could go out on a date together; you know, so I can see what it's like again."

Well, this was definitely unexpected! My mother was asking me to take her on a date. As my eyes flicked down to those voluptuous tits of hers swelling over the cups of her bra, it was an easy decision for me to make. "I'd love to, Mom." The beautiful smile reappeared on her face immediately, her brilliant white teeth lighting up her face in joy. "It would be my esteemed honor to escort such a beautiful woman." I made an exaggerated gesture of a bow, extending my arm and bending from the waist. She gave a little laugh at my good-natured gesture as we each raised our glass and toasted to our date.

"So, when did you have in mind?" I asked, trying to suppress my soaring excitement at the prospect of going out with my gorgeous mother.

"What about this Saturday?" she asked, appearing to be visibly eager as well. "Are you free? Can you make it?"

"Saturday is great, I'm totally free. What would you like to do?"

"Well, I want it to be just like a real date. So is it okay if we get dressed up?" That was definitely alright with me; I was anxious to see just what she'd wear.

"Of course, I wouldn't expect anything else."



"Oh good, I've got my eye on a new dress that should be perfect. How about we go out for a nice dinner; then see a show; I haven't seen the new Cirque du Soleil show yet."

"I haven't either."

"Excellent. And then maybe after the show, we can go somewhere for a drink." She looked at me questioningly to see if that scenario was okay with me.

"That sounds perfect, Mom. Do you want me to make some reservations and pick up the tickets?"

"No silly; I'm the one who asked you out." She gave me a devilish little smile again. "I'll make the reservations and take care of the tickets. This date is all on me. You just have to pick me up, like a real gentleman would."

"You don't think I'm a real gentleman?" I gestured to her in mock despair.

"Of course not," she said with a giggle before looking at me seriously. "I think you're a perfect gentleman, Connor. That's why I'm so happy you've agreed to do this for me." I could see her eyes get slightly moist as she started to tear up.

"I'd do anything for you, Mom; anything."

"Oh thank you, sweetheart," she said as she came around the counter and hugged me once more. "You are so dear to me; I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom."

"Okay then," she said as she gave me a quick peck on the cheek and moved back a step, "Saturday it is then. I'll call right now and make an appointment to get my hair done. Why don't you go out and visit with your sisters for a little while? I know they both love it when they get to see you. It's gonna be another hour or so before I'm ready for you to start the barbeque."

"Okay; I think I'll just put my suit on first." As my mom reached for the phone, I grabbed the suit I'd brought and went into my old room to change. It always felt both strange and yet comforting to be back in the room I'd spent most of my life in. As I thought about the upcoming "date" with my mom, I thought of all the loads of cum I'd pumped out in this room thinking about her. It brought a wry smile to my face.

My mother was still on the phone when I came back, so with one further glance at her spectacular profile, I slung my laptop bag over my shoulder, grabbed my sunglasses and my glass of wine and ventured out to the pool, closing the door behind me to keep the air-conditioning contained inside.

"Hey Zoey," I said as I put my stuff on the patio table and pulled my laptop out of its case.

My baby sister barely stopped her texting long enough to acknowledge my presence, "Hi Connor; just get here?"

"A few minutes ago; I was talking to Mom inside." I flipped open my laptop and fired it up; I had to get to work on this article or I was gonna be in deep shit. As I pulled off my polo shirt and set it beside me, I looked over at Zoey as she went back to her texting, her knees pulled up in front of her as she lay back on the deck chair. Her curly blonde hair swirled about her shoulders as she nibbled on her full bottom lip cutely while her fingers were busy manipulating those tiny buttons on her phone. "What would you do if I took that phone away from you?"

"Die!" she said emphatically as she stuck her tongue out at me and went back to what she was doing. I'm sure my mom had threatened to do that to her a thousand times already. The world revolves around their cell-phones for these girls, it seemed. Who was I to talk; although I didn't text like these teenagers, I never went anywhere without mine.

With Zoey engrossed in her texting and obviously in no mood to talk right now, I took a sip of my wine and with my sunglasses on; I was able to look over at her surreptitiously without her being aware. She had on her favorite white bikini, one of many suits she owned; it was

my favorite too. I had a number of pictures of her in this suit, taken at various family get-togethers like this one. I would often bring those pictures up on my computer at home when I wanted a little.....let's call it "inspiration", during a jack-off session.

As I looked over at her, I felt a little surge go through my cock as once again I was amazed at how skillfully the little pieces of clinging material that made up that suit could contain that voluptuous curvy body of hers. The top was made up of two little triangles of material that barely encased those spectacular 34DDs of hers; the pieces of fabric held together by white spaghetti straps that tied around her back and behind her neck. I could see the hint of her budding nipples casting small shadows on the front of those clinging pieces of material. The bottom was similar, appearing to be two triangles joined together where it disappeared between her legs. It was cut very low and, like the top, the two pieces were tied together with little tiny bows at each hip. I don't know how many times I had pictured deftly plucking at one those bows and watching the bottom fall away to reveal the luscious treasure lying beneath.

Like I said earlier, Zoey was all delicious curves and mysterious valleys. Her body was lush and seemed to be just calling out for your hands to explore all the pleasure it had to offer. And as I mentioned, she had retained just that little bit of baby fat that seemed to make her all that much more innocent and alluring. She was just perfect right now; but I knew she'd have to watch herself in the next few years to make sure she didn't let herself go.

As I looked at her out of the corner of my eye, she seemed to think of something important and immediately put down her phone and almost jumped out of her chair. "Hey Connor, I forgot to show you something," she said gleefully as she stood next to her chair and faced me directly, her hands on her hips. She looked down and my eyes followed hers until they landed on shimmering stones coming from her navel. My mom had told me on the phone a couple of weeks ago that she had relented and let Zoey get her navel pierced, and now Zoey was proudly showing me how it looked. And it looked pretty fucking sexy to me, alright! I could see the little silver ball just above her navel and then a similar one at the bottom of the post right in her navel opening. Dangling from the bottom ball were two thin strands of rhinestones, one about two inches long, the second one about an inch longer. Man, did it ever look hot! As I mentioned before, I am not too keen on tattoos and what I feel are unnecessary piercings; but this one was perfect.

"Zoey, that looks great," I said sincerely as my eyes roamed up and down her plump little body; nicely tanned and seeming to just glow with youthful energy.

"So she showed you what she did to herself?" I turned as Emma's voice came from the direction of the pool. She climbed up the ladder at the end of the pool near us, water sluicing off her emerging body. I could see she had on a red Speedo, the type that fits almost all the way up to the neck and is cut extremely high on the hips; the choice of all competitive swimmers. As she grabbed her towel she'd set by the pool, my eyes were immediately drawn to the way the wet stretchy fabric formed snugly around her 36Ds. The refreshingly

cool water of the pool had caused her nipples to stiffen, their pronounced form readily apparent beneath the damp material.

"I don't know why you'd do something like that to yourself," Emma said to Zoey as she walked over to us, drying herself on the way. My eyes were drawn away from Zoey's navel piercing and zeroed in on those gorgeous long athletic legs of Emma's. With the way that bathing suit was cut, it really accentuated her tall perfect figure. The damp suit clung to all her curves like a wet loving kiss while those tanned legs seemed to go on and on forever from the high-cut leg openings.

"Well, I don't care what you think," Zoey spat back like a spoiled little kid. "I like it.....and Connor likes it too."

"Yeah, well Connor's never been known to have good taste," Emma said as she looked at me with a playful smile while she wrapped some of her long brunette hair in the towel and rubbed it dry.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked indignantly.

"What about that girl you dated in high-school, Chantal what's-er-name?"

"Chantal Simmons? What was wrong with her?"

"Kind of a skank, don't you think?"

Chantal actually was kind of skank, but man, she could suck cock like nobody's business. Anywhere, anytime, she loved to get her mouth filled. "A skank? Are you kidding me; she was very sweet," I replied, all the time knowing Emma was right; about Chantal anyways.

"Sweet my ass." My sister shook her head as if to say that if I couldn't see it like she did; this part of the conversation was over. That was the lawyer in her coming out; presenting the facts as she knew them; then shaking her head in dismay if the guilty party was too ignorant to see through their own stupidity. Her attitude brought a smile to my face as I watched her rubbing the towel down those long tanned legs of hers. "Well, I'm gonna go in and get out of this wet suit."

"Grab yourself a glass of wine on your way back," I said as I gestured towards my glass on the table. My eyes followed the sensual sway of that perfect ass of hers as she walked towards the house, her hips moving from side to side and up and down in a perfect rhythm. The way that damp suit cupped her firm rear end was spectacular; the muscled yet nicely round cheeks drawing my eyes like a magnet.

"So Connor, you really do like it, don't you?" Zoey asked with her full lower lip pouting out; now wanting the attention back on her, as usual.

"I think it looks absolutely perfect," I replied with emphasis, watching the happiness appear on her face as I did.

"Do you.....do you think it looks.....you know.....sexy?" she asked with a naughty glint in her eye.

"Yes it does, it looks very sexy.....very grown up," I said with a gentle nod of my head. I could see her looking more pleased with herself, especially after I added that "very grown up" part.

"Do you think I look fat?" That question seemed to come right out of the blue as she kind of turned her back towards me and looked back at me over her shoulder, her hands still on her hips. Oh man, what a fucking pose she had presented to me; her curly blonde hair falling teasingly over one eye, those huge round tits thrusting out before her, and that plump beach-ball like bum pointing directly towards me. I almost gulped in surprise as my eyes roamed over that lush touchable body of hers.

"No, not at all. Why do you say that?" I asked in mock surprise, knowing girls at that age worried about their weight constantly.

"Well, I just overheard some girls at school talking about me. One of them called me a 'fat cow' and one said something else that was pretty mean."



"I don't think you're a fat cow at all. I think you're beautiful. The girl that said that is probably just jealous."

"That's what Jenna said." I knew Jenna was her best friend and would stick up for Zoey through thick and thin.

"And Jenna's exactly right." My curiosity about what else she said got the better of me though. "So what did the other girl say?"

"She said the only reason I got an 'A' in English class was that I was always flaunting my big boobs and fat ass at Mr. Dexter." She kind of turned and showed me that lush plump ass of hers as she said this, as if to give me a good look in order to give my judgement on the "fat ass" comment.

"Fat ass?" I exclaimed as if even the thought of it was an inconceivable notion; although like I said, Zoey's cute bum was perfectly full, round and soft right now; but verging on going over the edge if she didn't watch it. "I think your little bum is nice and cute, just like the rest of you. Now your big boobs, I think we both know there's nothing you can do about that." I paused as both of us looked at that tremendous chest of hers, so round and full with a dark line of cleavage that you just wanted to stick your tongue into. "So, were you flaunting them at this Mr. Dexter?"

"Of course not!" she said indignantly; but I knew my little sister better than that.

"So if I called the cops and they gave you a lie-detector test about that, you'd pass?" This made her laugh and her girlish giggle lit up both our faces.

"Well, maybe I did a little," she confessed with mock innocence, "but that's only because Mr. Dexter makes me sit in the first row and well, I think he likes to look too." I wondered about this guy Dexter; wondering if he was some kind of perv teacher or just a regular guy. Knowing the way Zoey dressed and her raw sexual allure; I figured he was just a normal guy who liked to put the eye candy up front in the first row. I was pretty sure I'd do the same thing if I was her teacher. It would be great to look over every day and see those full round tits of hers staring back at me; or catching a glimpse of those plump creamy thighs of hers beneath the short skirts I knew she loved to wear.

"When you have a beautiful build like you do Zoey, all men like to look; you should know that by now."

"All men?" she asked quizzically as she looked at me and swayed slowly from side to side, those massive tits wobbling gently. "Even you, Connor?" She had a devilish look in her eye as she provocatively tilted her head to one side. When she said that and with the slow teasing swaying of her upper body, my eyes couldn't help but flick down to those heavy round orbs. I could feel the sweat break out on my forehead as my gaze took in those round voluptuous tits, enticingly accentuated by her tiny white bikini. As I lifted my eyes back to hers, she was staring at me intently, as if she could read my very thoughts. I could feel the blood rushing to my face, like a little

kid being caught red-handed. Fortunately, I was saved from having to answer as I heard Emma's voice as she emerged from the house.

"So Connor, did Mom talk to you?" The tenseness of the moment was broken by the intrusion and I saw Zoey sit back down in her deck chair and pick up her phone as I turned towards Emma.

"About what?" I asked as I watched Emma approach. Jesus, she looked fucking hot! She had changed out of her actual 'swimsuit' into a jet black bikini; once again, with Emma in a black one, and Zoey in a white, they were like night and day. Her toned body looked great in the suit; her lithe form athletically sculpted and nicely tanned, those large breasts of hers being perfectly shaped. She was carrying her briefcase in one hand and a glass of the wine I'd brought in the other. She put her stuff down at the table next to me and took a seat.

"I thought Mom was going to talk to you?" It was like we were feeling each other out; wondering if the other was talking about the dating thing; or something else entirely.

"Well, we talked about something earlier when I got here," I said kind of noncommittally; as if it was no big deal.

Emma pause for a second before finally broaching the subject, "Did she mention about the dating thing?" she asked delicately, just in case my mom hadn't mentioned it yet.

"Yeah, she did." I could see the relaxed expression on her face now that we were both on the same wavelength.

"So, what did you say?"

"I told her I think it's a great idea."

"Oh good," Emma said with relief. "She was so worried about what you would think. I know if you hadn't liked the idea of her dating, she wouldn't do it."

"Really?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh God, no. I don't know why, dear brother, but our mother thinks the world rises and sets around you. Your opinion means everything to her."

I was shocked but thrilled by what Emma had just said; that my mother valued my opinion that highly. I let my sister know what I thought, "She's still a young, beautiful woman; she deserves to be happy."

"I'm glad you feel that way. It will make it so much easier for her to get back out there if she knows you feel like that. I think she's been waiting long enough."

"No kidding," Zoey's voice reached our ears and we both looked over at her, her fingers pausing momentarily from texting on her phone. She looked over at us and you could see the concerned look on her face as she talked about our mother. "We all know.....and she knows, that she can never replace Dad; but you guys aren't here all the time; you don't see how lonely she is sometimes."

"That's why it will do her some good to get out there, meet some new people," Emma said; both Zoey and I nodding our heads in agreement.

"How would you guys like a snack," our mother's voice ended the conversation as she came out of the patio door, a tray in her hands. Jesus, she looked so fucking hot in that new outfit, the cardigan and the structured bra I knew was lying beneath cupping and lifting her massive breasts until they seemed to threaten to spill over the top of the plunging neckline.

"Here you go, some veggies and dip," she said as she set the tray down on the table between Emma and me. "I've got some more stuff to do inside. Connor, I'll let you know when to start the grille. You two have some work to do, right?" Emma and I both nodded as I turned to my laptop while Emma reached into her briefcase and pulled out a couple of files.

For the next hour or so, I worked on refining my article while Emma read through her files and occasionally jotted down some notes on a legal pad. Zoey went into the house briefly and fetched a school book and finally put her phone away before starting to do some studying.

I knew that as much as she loved to socialize and pretend to dislike school, she got excellent grades. Emma and I had both done well, and Zoey seemed to be following right along. I knew that was why my mother gave her a little leeway every now and then; like with this navel piercing thing.

It was hard to concentrate on my work with my two sisters almost within arm's reach; their sexy young bodies teasingly displayed in their skimpy bikinis. As I continued to steal surreptitious glances in their direction, it took all my willpower to keep my rising libido under control.

"CONNOR, YOU CAN START THE BARBEQUE NOW," my mother called out from the door to the house. "And girls, you can start to set the table anytime."

I fired up the "que" as Emma stowed her work away and Zoey went into the house and came back with a tray full of food for me. My mom had put out a nice spread; some marinated chicken, a few slices of nice-looking beef tenderloin and some skewers with a variety of vegetables, glistening with a fine coating of olive oil. As I started cooking the food and the girls finished setting the table, they both disappeared inside to change. As I rolled the veggie skewers around and flipped the chicken, my mother strolled out and joined me, wine glass in hand.

"Connor, I can't believe how excited I am about our date," she said proudly as she snuggled up next to me, my arm pushing into the softness of the side of her breast. I was pretty excited too; and not just

thinking about our date; the exquisite feeling of her big soft breasts pushing against me causing a stirring in my loins.

"I'm really looking forward to it too, Mom," I said as I looked into her gorgeous blue eyes. "I'd do anything for you; you know that, right?"

"I do know that, son. That's why I love you so much," she said happily as she turned her face up to mine and gave me a quick peck on the cheek, her warm hand sliding over my bare chest. As she pulled back, she turned and looked furtively at the patio door. Seeing that the girls had yet to return, she pulled anxiously on my arm. "C'mere," she whispered hurriedly, pulling me past the corner of the house so we were out of eyesight of anyone coming through the door.

"What's up, Mom?" I asked as I stumbled along after her, her hand gently tugging my arm.

I was kind of positioned with my back to the wall as she stood in front of me, that tremendous chest of hers heaving with excitement as she started to breathe a little quicker. "I just wanted to give you a little thank you for agreeing to go out with me," she said in a breathy whisper as she moved in close, her hands sliding up the front of my body. I was stricken by surprise as she tilted her head up to mine. I watched as her eyes closed just before those full pillowy lips of hers met mine. Oh my God, her lips felt so incredibly warm and soft as she pressed them against mine. I could feel her lips were slightly parted and as I did likewise, I felt her hot wet tongue slither forward and slide between my parted lips.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a low growl as her tongue slid over mine, our lips pressed together wetly. I swirled my tongue against hers, that probing piece of flesh driving me crazy as she used it to explore every square inch inside my hot oral cavity. I could feel a surge of blood flow through my groin as my cock instantly started to harden.

"HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?" Like a shot of electricity, Emma's voice jolted us out of our embrace; my mother stepping quickly away from me. Both of us were gasping breathlessly as we sought to quickly compose ourselves. I looked down at her heaving chest and could see the protruding outline of her stiff nipples pressing enticingly against the gray ribbing of her tight sweater. I saw her eyes flick down to my groin, where I could feel my stiffening erection pressing against the front of my loose swimsuit. She looked back up at me with a little secret smile, smoothed her hair back and strode back towards the pool.

"I was just showing Connor the roses," she said as Emma appeared around the corner, now dressed in khaki shorts and a crisp white blouse.

"I think the stuff on the barbeque is burning," Emma replied as she gestured towards the smoking grille.

"Oh shit!" I uttered as I ran over and started moving things away from the spitting flames. With my back to everyone, I could feel my



swelling dick start to recede as I got things under control; both with the barbeque and myself.

"Is everything okay, sweetie?" my mother said as she appeared at my side and lovingly stroked my arm. I could tell that she was asking about what had just happened with our secret little kiss; not the situation with the barbeque.

"Everything's absolutely perfect, Mom," I said as I met her twinkling eyes with a conspiratorial smile.

"Good." She gave me another quick peck on the cheek before disappearing back into the house, her full womanly rear end swaying seductively in that little white skirt of hers.

As I finished up with the food on the grille, the three women finished bringing out the rest of the stuff for the table; including a big garden salad and some nice-looking freshly cut bread. All in all, a really nice spread.

"Can I have some wine?" Zoey asked as we took our usual places at the table; my mother at one end with me at the other, Emma to my left and Zoey on my right. I noticed that Zoey had changed into a little faded denim miniskirt and a little pink midriff-cut t-shirt with the words "Soft Kitty" on the front. I knew this was from the song they sing sometimes on the TV show, The Big Bang Theory; but seeing it on Zoey conjured up other images in my wanton brain. I would have bet any amount of money that Zoey had a nice soft kitty

herself; and I'm sure the teasing suggestiveness of that was not lost on her when she purchased it.

"You can have a little bit of wine, just a little," my Mom said as Zoey reached over quickly and grabbed the bottle. We all filled our plates and eagerly dug in. The food tasted absolutely delicious and I'd forgotten how hungry I was until the enticing aroma reached my nostrils. I guess the little session with Margaret had helped my appetite.

"So Mom," Emma said between mouthfuls, "I'm glad you're going to start dating again. It's been long enough that you've been cooped up here most nights."

"Thanks honey; I think you're right. And I'm so glad Connor's gonna be able help me with that." My mom's eyes had that knowing little twinkle again as she smiled at me from across the table.

"Help you?" Emma looked from my mother to me; and back to my mother again, a questioning look on her face.

"Yes. It's obviously been a long time since I've been on a real date; and since I'm kind of.....out of practice.....I guess you'd say; I asked Connor if he could take me on a pretend date, so I can see what it's like again."

"That's actually a pretty good idea," Emma said, that lawyerly brain of hers analyzing the potential ramifications of such a thing. "You're out with someone you're comfortable with and trust, you can relax and enjoy yourself and not feel all that nervousness that usually goes with a first date."

"Exactly, that's what I thought," my mother replied as she gave me another little smile.

"So when is this date?" Zoey asked as she tipped up her wine glass and drained the last of the dark red liquid.

"No more for you, young lady," my mother scolded as she pulled the bottle away from Zoey's reaching hand. "It's this Saturday actually."

"What are you gonna do?"

"Well, while you guys were out here earlier, I made reservations at a nice new restaurant in The Venetian and ordered tickets for the new Cirque du Soleil show at Treasure Island. And then depending on how things go, we might go for a drink after that. How does that sound to you, Connor?"

"That sound great to me," I said as I opened up my hands slightly, "sounds like there's nothing left for me to do."

"You just have to remember to pick up your date," my mother replied as she tipped her head forward and looked at me teasingly.

"That....I can do."

"And don't forget to get dressed up. I really want this to be special."

"I know.....I know," I said, mocking her somewhat as if she'd already told me a million times. I was actually so looking forward to this date that I could feel the excitement building in me already.

"Good, now let's have some dessert." As I helped Emma and Zoey clean up and take the dishes into the house, my mom whipped up some fresh whipping cream to go with variety of mixed berries she set out in some tall parfait glasses. My mother scooped up a big dollop of cream for each of the girls and they made their way back outside as I waited for mine, parfait cup in hand. She scooped some and placed it delicately on top of the berries as I watched her, my eyes drifting down the front of her fantastic new top, her deep dark line of cleavage drawing my eyes like a magnet.

"See if this is sweet enough," she asked as she reached into the bowl of whipping cream and came up with a big gob on her index finger. As she raised her finger to my mouth, I watched her own gorgeous mouth form into an inviting little "O", just like you do when you're feeding a baby. I opened my own lips and her cream covered finger slid between them. I closed my mouth around her finger and tasted the cool delicious cream as it settled on my tongue. It tasted

wonderful, but mostly because of how she'd fed it to me. With my lips wrapped snugly around her invading digit, I rolled my tongue lovingly all around her finger as I gathered up all of the tasty cream. She left it there longer than she needed to and I could see her lips part in a little gasp as I softly sucked on her long womanly finger, my lips and tongue not wanting to release it. Finally, I let my lips relax and she seemed to reluctantly withdraw her hand, a look of excitement on her face.

"It's sweet enough," I said as she stood there unmoving for a second. "How about you try some?" She stood speechless as I reached into the bowl and pulled out my own index finger, now covered with the foamy white cream. She looked into my eyes wantonly and opened her lips enticingly as I brought my finger to her mouth. Those gorgeous full lips of hers were waiting as I slid my cream-covered finger between them. "Oh fuck, does that ever feel amazing," I thought to myself as my mother's lips closed around my long thick finger. I watched, absolutely delighted as her eyes closed of their own volition as she started to suck. She rolled her talented tongue all around my probing digit as she licked and sucked as she gathered up all of the offered cream. I felt her swallow and yet her mouth, lips and tongue continued to draw on my embedded finger. I started to slide it back, and felt her draw on it even harder; so I inserted it deeper into her mouth and started to slowly draw it in and out; my long thick finger sliding teasingly back and forth between those soft red lips of hers. With those gorgeous soft lips and fluttering tongue of hers working on my finger, I felt a big surge go through my cock as it started to stiffen once more. Finally, she seemed to realize the girls might come back looking for us anytime. Her eyes flicked open in alarm and as her mouth opened, I quickly withdrew my glistening finger.

"Yes, it's definitely sweet enough." With her face flushing red, she scooped some into her own bowl, her breath coming in quick little gasps as she fought to compose herself. By the time we both got back to the table out by the pool, we were both able to carry on a decent conversation; the girls being none-the-wiser to what had just gone on in the kitchen.

"So what's everybody doing tonight?" Zoey asked as we finished up our desserts. "You're going out with Aunt Julia, right Mom?"

"Yeah, we're going to see a movie," my mother checked her watch as she spoke. "And that reminds me, I better get ready and get going; it's later than I thought."

"I've gotta finish reviewing these briefs," Emma chipped in. "Looks like another late night of exciting reading."

"And I've gotta get this article I'm working on finished," I added. "I better get this in tomorrow or my editor will kill me. What about you, Zoey, any plans?"

"No, not really," she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "I might go over to Jenna's for a while. Here, let me help with that." She reached for the dishes and spoons that Emma and I had been using and then stood next to my mother impatiently while she finished her last mouthful. As Zoey carried the last dishes into the house, Emma and I gathered up our stuff as our mother went back into the house also.

I went back into my old room and put on the shorts and polo shirt I'd arrived in and was just about to exit my room when there was gentle knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and my mother stood in the doorway, her hands reaching towards her stomach. "I think I promised you something if you did a good job of cooking our dinner," she said provocatively as her hands went to the button anchoring the front of her tight gray sweater together. "I was just going to get changed to go out and I thought this was the best time. As she plucked open the straining button between her massive breasts, I watched in awe as the released material pulled further open to each side, giving me a better view further into that deep valley of cleavage. I could see a portion of lacy white bra cups starting to come into view as she undid the next button. Her top spread further to each side and more of her sexy bra came into view. I could now see nearly all of the impressively filled cups, the delicate lace caressing the swelling upper slopes. She released the last button and took the two sides in her hands, first pulling them tightly together as she covered her breasts, and then opening them out to each side to give me a perfect view.

I stood there totally speechless as I felt myself flushing with excitement, blood surging to my stirring member. Her lacy white bra exquisitely enhanced those remarkable tits of hers. I found myself simply staring in awe, wanting to shake the hands of the designers who had come up with such gorgeous garment. Whatever company had made that bra, if they were looking for investors, sign me up! I

could see the underwire beneath some piping; definitely needed to adequately hold those impressive 34Fs of my mothers. But the cupping shape and the delicate lace made it oh so feminine. The result was a beautiful combination of brilliant engineering and sensual femininity.

"Well, I always keep my promises," she said teasingly as she quickly closed her sweater over her voluptuous tits. "I've gotta get ready to meet Julia. I'll call you tomorrow, sweetheart." She stepped forward and gave me a quick innocent peck on the lips before turning and heading to her own room, giving me a last wistful smile as she disappeared around the door frame.

"Down boy," I said to myself as I let my fingers run down the inside of my thigh where my thickening cock was starting to push against the material of my shorts. In a daze, I made my way outside to my car. Emma was just stowing her stuff away in her car as I climbed into Sally.

"See ya later, bro'," she said as she looked over at me as she opened her own car door. "Make sure you show Mom a good time Saturday night."

"Oh I will; I promise." I wanted to keep my promise, just like my mother had kept hers. I turned my car around and left, Emma following on my heels. She turned off a little later to head to her own place as I headed home, my mind swirling with the events of the last few hours.



First, my mother asking me to take her on date, then that delicious secret kiss back against the garden wall. Jesus; was that ever good. We'd then had that wonderfully erotic spur-of-the-moment episode with the whipped cream, followed by her flashing me in my old bedroom. The vision of those gorgeous big tits of hers, spectacularly framed within that sexy bra, was seared into my brain. I knew that as soon as I got home, I'd have to jerk off a load.....or two! Just the thought of it had my cock swelling as I continued to drive.

A short time later, I pulled into the driveway, shut off the car and got out. I reached over to the passenger seat and as I looked down, I noticed that my laptop wasn't there. I quickly spun around and looked in the backseat; not there either. "FUCK!" I said out loud. In my distracted state of mind after catching that glimpse of my mother's tits, I had totally forgotten about it. As I mentally retraced my steps, I realized exactly where I had left it; in my old bedroom. I had to get that article sent in tomorrow or I'd really get in shit. I had it on my computer in the house, but I had made a lot of changes both earlier today when I'd been at the pool with Margaret, and then later this afternoon at my mom's place. And all that work was on the copy that was on my laptop. I'd planned on working on it tonight and tomorrow in order to finish it up. I had to go back and get it. I knew that if I went into the house and started jerking off, I probably wouldn't have the willpower to go back out. With a deprecating shrug at my own stupidity, I started up the car and headed back to my mom's.

I cursed myself all the way there; about a full hour of valuable time wasted since I'd left. As I pulled back into the driveway, I noticed an

unfamiliar car parked in front of the garage. It looked like some kind of old "beater"; like the first piece of shit car I'd had when I was in high school. I wondered who's it was; Zoey's friend Jenna usually had access to one of her parent's nice cars.

I let myself into the house with my key, kicked off my flip-flops by the front door and headed straight to my old bedroom. Sure enough, there was my laptop bag and my bathing suit I'd brought sitting on my old bed. Shaking my head in dismay at myself once more, I slung the bag over my shoulder, grabbed the suit and started to leave. As I left my bedroom and started to head for the front door, I heard a low moan.

"What the fuck was that?" I thought to myself as I put my things down on a table in the hallway, mentally locking in the location of where I'd set down my stuff. I heard another groan and stealthily made my way in the direction of the sound. I could tell it was coming from a room in the back corner of the house; what we called the "Theatre"; which had a huge TV and surround-sound system. Another moan stopped me in my tracks just outside the door to the room. Wondering what the fuck was going on, I peered around the corner of the doorframe.

"Holy fuck!" I thought to myself as I saw Zoey on her knees between some young guy's spread thighs. The kid was sitting at the end of one of the couches; the warm golden glow from the table lamp beside him illuminating them clearly. I was looking at them in profile, able to clearly see exactly what was going on. The kid was sitting back, his head lying against the top of the couch; his eyes half-closed; one

hand tightly gripping the arm of the couch beside him, the other extended out and gripping the back of the couch on the other side of him. He was wearing a t-shirt and I could see his pants and underwear crumpled up around his ankles. He appeared to be a tall lanky kid, pretty scrawny with not much muscle.

My eyes were immediately drawn to my little sister, kneeling between the kid's legs. I was surprised to see her wearing her cheerleading uniform; the tight white sweater with the colorful school insignia, her short-short white skirt with colored piping; the whole outfit complete all the way down to her little socks with pink bobbles at the back and white running shoes. She had pushed her hair back onto her shoulders, seemingly so it wouldn't interfere with the work she was doing. And man, it looked like she loved her work!

"Mmmmmmm," it was her that I'd heard moaning as she enthusiastically bobbed her head up and down on the kid's throbbing erection. She had one hand wrapped around the base of the guy's cock, her circling fingers jacking up and down rhythmically; the top of her hand bumping into her soft red lips as she continued to bob up and down. I could hear the sloppy wet sucking sound she was making as she sucked ravenously at the guy's rock-hard boner. I watched wide-eyed as she wasn't just sucking his cock; she absolutely making love to it orally. There were trickles of saliva leaking from the corners of her mouth down his upright shaft as she sucked for all she was worth. She seemed to love what she was doing, the kid's pulsing cock being the center of her universe as she squirmed about on her knees as she never released the stiff prong from her vacuuming mouth for even an instant. Those huge tits of hers looked amazing in the tight cheerleading sweater as she leaned

forward, the sheer size and weight of them looking spectacular in profile.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum," the young guy said as his scrawny chest started to heave with short little breaths while his hands gripped the couch firmly. His words seemed to inspire her even more as she brought her other hand up and I saw her cradle his sperm-laden balls. I watched as she rolled them around delicately in her palm, as if she was trying to coax out their hidden treasure.

"OH FUUUUUUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," the kid moaned loudly and I watched as his body started to twitch and shake.

"Ennnhhh," Zoey moaned with a little bit of a squeal as I could see her vacuuming cheeks working as the kid started to unload. Her lips were locked on his engorged cockhead and one hand continued to milk away at his spitting cock while her other hand gently massaged his swollen balls. I saw a little trickle of white cream leak out from one corner of her mouth and then I saw her neck muscles contract as she swallowed.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred like a kitten now as the young guy's warm cream seemed to find a welcoming home in her stomach. Her hand continued to jack the kid's spewing cock into her waiting mouth a few more times before she stopped and swallowed once more. She released his balls from her cupping grasp and I watched as she slipped her glistening red lips off the guy's cock. Her open mouth looked so fucking desirable, I couldn't believe it. Those big soft lips of hers looked slightly puffy and swollen from the effort of

her fervent cock-sucking. I could see the wetness of the inside of her mouth shining in the lamplight as she lowered her mouth to the shaft of the kid's slowly dwindling rod and licked up the trickle of pearly seed that had leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"Oh fuck Zoey, that was fantastic," the kid said as he looked down at her, her talented tongue delving into the tip of his cock, searching for another tasty morsel of his slimy semen.

"Do you have another load in there for me?" I heard her ask teasingly as she licked all around the head of his semi-hard cock. "I'm still a little hungry."

"How about we fuck?" the guy asked as he leaned forward and grabbed her arm and tried to pull her up.

"NO!" she said emphatically as she pulled herself out of his grasp. "You know I don't do that."

"C'mon Zoey, I won't tell anybody," the kid said as he sat forward and took a firmer grip on her arm.

"NO!" she exclaimed as she tried unsuccessfully to pull away from his firm grasp. I'd had enough of this shit.

"LET HER GO FUCKHEAD!" I said firmly as I strode into the room. They both looked up at me in surprise and the young guy automatically let her go and started to get up from the couch.

"Who the fuck are you?" The stupid kid had more guts than brains as he stood there and tried to act tough. The kid was close to my height, but I had him outweighed by at least fifty pounds. Also, it's pretty hard to act tough with your pants around your ankles and your dick hanging out.

"I'm her brother, you stupid fuck," I said as I gave him a menacing look and pushed him hard in the chest. With his pants and underwear still pooled around his ankles, it didn't take long for the kid to land on his back halfway down the big couch. He scrambled away from me towards the other end and quickly pulled his pants up. As I stepped forward, he didn't wait for a second before he bolted past me, still holding onto the waistband of his pants. A second or two later, the front door slammed shut and then Zoey and I were left looking at each other as we heard his car start up and tires squeal as he tore out of the driveway.

"Connor, thanks for doing that," Zoey said as she shakily got to her feet, noticeably trembling from what had just happened. "Wha.....what are you doing here?"

"I forgot my laptop," I said as I motioned towards the room where I'd left it. "Looks like I got here just in time."

"We were just talking. I could have taken care of it," she said nervously, as if I had arrived just the second before I burst into the room.

"Talking?" I said as I held my arms out widely in surprise. "It didn't look like you were doing much talking with your mouth full of his cock. What would Mom think if she knew what was going on while she was out?"

"Connor, please, you can't tell her," Zoey pleaded with me as she wrung her hands together nervously.

As I looked at her standing there, visibly shaken and worried about what I would do, my heart went out to her. I would protect her from anybody; but I also knew I wouldn't tell my mother about what I'd just seen. Just the same, I couldn't let Zoey see that; I had to act like the responsible big brother; at least for a while longer. "Don't tell me that little punk is your boyfriend?" I asked with a disappointed look on my face.

"No, he's not my boyfriend," she said as she kind of lowered her head in shame. "He's just a guy from school that I know. He's really not that bad."

"Not that bad! Did you see the way he was grabbing you? Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't been here." I paused and she stood there with her lip trembling, afraid of what I might do. I softened my voice and spoke gently, but I still wanted her to know

this was a serious situation. "Jesus Zoey, what were you thinking? If Mom knew you were acting like a little slut like that, it would kill her."

"I'm not a slut!" she said defensively as she raised her misty eyes and looked at me. As she did, I could see the pride within her coming to the surface as she replied to my accusation.

"What do you mean? I just saw what you did with that guy."

"Yeah, I know what you saw....but I.....I don't do the other."

"What?" I said, shaking my head from side to side in bewilderment.

"I don't, you know.....fuck," she said softly, almost timidly. I just looked at her, not sure whether to believe her.....and not sure what to say to her at this point either. She sensed my hesitation and started to argue for her side, like we were having some form of debate. "I.....I'm actually still a virgin."

"You expect me to believe that after what I saw and heard here tonight?"

The tone of my voice showed how serious I was, and as I looked at her, I could see tears welling in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Connor. But I'm telling the truth; I am a virgin." She paused and I saw a single tear



run down her plump little cheek. "I don't know how to explain it....but I.....I've only done what you saw a couple of times before.....but I.....I just love to.....you know.....do that?"

"What?"

"I love to.....you know.....suck cock." Jesus Christ, what a predicament I'd put myself in. I didn't know what to do about this whole mess; and now my little sister was admitting to me that she liked to suck cock. Her confession seemed to lift the stress of the situation off her shoulders and she looked at me as I stood there, shaking my head in disbelief and confusion. As I looked back at her, I could see her eyes light up intriguingly; as if a little light bulb went on inside her head as something occurred to her.

"So Connor, if you heard all that stuff," she asked as she looked at me curiously, "how long had you been outside that door before you came into the room?"

Oh shit! What was I supposed to say now? Once the kid ran out and the initial excitement of the situation had calmed down, it had finally dawned on her that I must have been watching for some time.

"I'd been here long enough to see what you were up to," I said as I pointed my finger back at her accusingly; trying to put her back in the spotlight. Unfortunately, my indicting tone didn't have the desired effect.

"So since you didn't say anything right away," she said softly as she started to sidle over towards me, "I guess you must have liked what you saw."

"I was more shocked than anything," I said, backpedaling furiously to try and take control of the conversation. Again, it had no effect as she moved slowly towards me. "So....so what's with the outfit?" I asked as I looked her up and down; trying to sidetrack the conversation as my brain raced to figure a way out the predicament I seemed to be getting myself in.

"Most guys like to see me in it," she said as she tilted her head to one side provocatively and kind of thrust out her tits for me to see. I had to admit, she certainly looked fucking hot in her cheerleading uniform. "Do YOU think it looks good on me, Connor?" she asked teasingly, putting the emphasis on the word "you". She did a slow pirouette so I could see the whole thing; pausing with her lush backside towards me so I could see the way the abbreviated little skirt flared out over that plump round bum of hers. She continued her slow turn until she faced me directly, her hands on her hips as she pulled her elbows back slightly to emphasize her impressive chest. "Oh fuck", I thought as I looked at the way her knit sweater hugged her voluptuous body; the vertical ribbing of the tight fabric flaring out and then back in alluringly as it rose up and around those round heavy tits of hers.

"Yes Zoey, I think it looks very good on you," I said honestly, resigned to the fact that my attempt at scolding her had failed.

"Connor, have you ever had a cheerleader.....you know?" She asked suggestively as she moved her short curvy body right up next to me and put her delicate little hand on my flat toned stomach.

"What?.....What do you mean?" I asked as I felt my willpower fading; the pure raw sexuality of my little sister overpowering me like a bewitching spell.

"Have you ever had a cheerleader.....you know.....suck you off?" she asked as she looked up at me, her sparking blue eyes alive with lust. With her alluring perfume wafting into my senses like an intoxicating drug, I could only watch as the palm of her hand slid lower, her delicate fingers moving insistently down over the front of my shorts.

"Zoey, we shouldn't do this," I said, summoning up the last of my fading willpower.

"Nobody will ever need to know, Connor; it'll be our little secret," she said as her eyes looked downward as her hand found the swelling mound of my cock through my shorts. I looked down also as her little fingers wrapped themselves around the stiffening muscle of flesh beneath my shorts and followed it downwards along the inside of my thigh.

"Oh wow," she said as she reached well down until her soothing hand came to the burgeoning head of my stiffening dick. "It feels so big," she said in a breathy whisper. Her hand squeezed gently

around the thickening girth as she rubbed me right through the stiff material of my shorts. She looked up at me again, a pleading look on her face now. "Connor, please, could I.....could I suck you off, just this once?" I could see the rapturous desire to suck cock in her eyes; it seemed more than just a longing, like she'd said earlier; she looked absolutely hungry for it. As my eyes looked at those full soft red lips of hers, glistening with her saliva, I felt the last of my willpower evaporate; driven from every pore of my body as my lustful desire for her overwhelmed me. Knowing that mentally I had accepted what was about to happen, I decided I was going to do whatever it took to make sure she remembered this night.

"So you promise you won't say anything to anyone.....not even Jenna?" I said as my eyes seemed unable to leave that gorgeous mouth of hers.

"I promise," she said as she took her hand and crossed her heart. "My lips are sealed."

"Not too sealed, I hope," I said suggestively as I gave her an agreeing nod and pushed gently down on her shoulders.

A smile of pure bliss seemed to come over her face as she willingly dropped to her knees in front of me and reached for the button at the front of my shorts. As she worked furiously to undo the restricting button and zipper, I pulled my polo shirt off and tossed it on the couch behind me. She finally got my button open and the zipper down as she reached up to the waistband and tugged downwards. As my shorts fell to my ankles, I quickly kicked them aside and stood

before her; my tall muscular frame looming powerfully over her petite young body.

"Oh my God," she said in shock as she remained completely immobile; her face mere inches away from my stiffening cock. Released from the confines of my restricting shorts, my dick unfurled right before her eyes and then started to rise as my pulsing blood flowed rapidly into it. "I.....I've never seen one that big before," she whispered breathlessly as her eyes never left my growing erection; her whole being seemingly mesmerized by the rising cylinder of flesh between my legs.

"Well, little sis," I said as I reached forward and slid my big hands into her curly blonde locks, "let me see if that sweet mouth of yours is as good as it looked earlier." She willingly let me guide her towards the enflamed tip of my stiffening cock; her lips parting eagerly as I moved her head closer. Her hands started to reach up towards my groin and I stopped pulling her head towards me and held her totally still. "Unh-uh," I said firmly, my tone stopping her hands instantly. "No hands just yet. I want to see what that pretty mouth of yours is like on its own."

Her eyes flicked up to mine and I could see the lustful desire in them as she nodded compliantly. The tremendous excitement of the illicit situation had grabbed ahold of me and I couldn't believe how tremendously aroused I was. Here I was about to live out one of my favorite sinful fantasies; my little 18-year old sister was going to suck my cock; and not just suck it; she seemed to be absolutely aching with desire to suck it.

As she looked back down as my prick achieved almost full erection, I gently pulled her head towards me once more. "That's a good girl.....now open wide," I said softly as my guiding hands moved her willing mouth right in front of my engorged cockhead. I watched as she opened her mouth wide; those beautiful pillowy lips of hers ovalled rapturously into an inviting target for me. As I saw her tongue slither out and run in a teasing circle around her waiting mouth, I pressed the tip of the dark crimson crown against those soft red lips of hers.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a little moan of pleasure as her lips slid over the sensitive spongy membranes of my glans. With my hands holding her head in place, I slowly flexed my hips forwards as I looked down and watched those thick pouting lips of hers stretch and stretch as they followed the flowing contours of the broad mushroom head. I pressed insistently forward and watched with intense satisfaction as my little sister's soft lips stretched further and further until finally, the massive engorged crown slipped fully into her mouth; her pursed lips adhered snugly to the shaft of my cock just below the thick rope-like corona. I held still and let her get accustomed to the feel of the big head filling her mouth.

"Uuuunnhhhh," she groaned blissfully as I felt her hot wet tongue roll lovingly all around the sensitive membranes inside her mouth. I could feel a pulsing go through my rod and knew it was drizzling pre-cum into her welcoming mouth as her tongue continued to press and roll over the engorged hot tissues of my dickhead. She had quickly worked up a mouthful of saliva and I could feel the hot wetness of it as she vacuumed in her cheeks and pressed them

against the sides of my inviting cock. What she was doing was fucking great.....but I wanted more.

"That's a good girl," I said as I flexed my hips back slightly so her locked lips tugged enticingly against my retreating corona; her desire for more cock making her reluctant to let it out of her mouth. That was fine with me as I reversed direction and starting feeding more into her. My cock was now brick-hard and it felt incredibly luxurious as I slid it deeper into her mouth. I could feel her sucking in slightly so those soft tissues on the insides of her cheeks made a velvety soft channel for me to rub against as more and more of my thick shaft disappeared inside her mouth. I got about half of my ten plus inches deep into that hot oral cavity of hers before I felt the tip bump against the sensitive membranes at the opening to her throat. Knowing she was relatively inexperienced, I figured this was as far as I should go.....for now anyways, I thought wickedly.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred sensually against my throbbing dick as I held it right there; her heavenly tongue caressing and exploring every square inch of cock inside her hot wet mouth. I could feel her work up another big mouthful of slick warm saliva that she used to bathe my throbbing erection with. Oh fuck that felt good; her soft wet tongue rolling and caressing her slick spit all over me like a soothing balm. I pulled back and looked down to see her gorgeous mouth following my retreating dick-shaft lovingly; those full red lips of hers distended forwards like a fish out of water. My cock was glistening with her warm saliva and I saw a shimmering gob of her spit slither to the bottom side of my prick and drop to the floor beneath us. I could see already that she liked her blow-jobs to be nice

and wet, with lots of flowing spit; and being the caring big brother that I was.....I had no problem with that whatsoever!

"That's the way, Zoey," I said, my comforting voice loaded with praise, "nice and wet.....that's perfect." I flexed back forward at the same time my hands pulled her head towards me; starting to get into a smooth back and forth rhythm as I sawed my engorged pecker in and out of those pillowy soft lips of hers. I fucked her willing mouth as she mewed and purred constantly with desire, her magical mouth working superbly as she tried to give me as much pleasure as possible. And she was succeeding tremendously!

I looked down at my little 18-year old sister, her eyes half-closed with lust as she enthusiastically sucked away at my rock-hard erection; the look of sheer pleasure on her face making it readily apparent how much she loved what she was doing. I could tell already that she was an exceptional cocksucker; the way she seemed to be willing to take her time and make sweet oral love to my cock instead of just hurrying through it to get it over with. No, she was in no hurry, I thought as her gentle tongue rolled with a soft heavenly pressure all around the hot crimson crown of my cock. As I thought about how wickedly sinful it was to be fucking my little sister's face; the illicit nature of what we were doing just seemed to make it all that much more exciting for me; and I'm sure for her as well. I could feel my own libido rising and after the teasing experiences earlier in the day with both my sisters and especially my mother; I knew I couldn't last much longer without getting off.



"Do you want my cum, Zoey?" I asked as I continued to slide my stiff erection back and forth between those widely-stretched lips of hers.

"Mmhhmmm," she mewed in agreement against my glistening shaft; little rivulets of her warm saliva continuing to leak from the corners of her mouth and dripping off the underside of my cock in shimmering strands.

"Are you gonna drink it for me?" I asked with a smile of satisfaction on my face as I held her head still and slowly but insistently fed over half of my long thick cock in and out of that sweet young mouth of hers.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," she said with a long humming purr as she looked up at me, a look of wanton desire glistening in those gorgeous blue eyes of hers at the thought of swallowing my cum.

"There's gonna be a lot.....are you sure you want it all?" I asked teasingly as I slowly probed all around the inside of that tantalizing mouth of hers, the enflamed mushroom head pressing against the hot wet tissues. Jesus, she had a great mouth. It wasn't going to be much longer before I'd be feeding her a nice big dose of creamy cough syrup.

"Mmmhmmmm," she agreed again enthusiastically, her mouth never for a second leaving my brick-hard erection. Oh fuck, this was going to be so good, and I was getting so close, I thought as I ran my fingers through my little sister's soft blonde curls as I slid my cock back and

forth. On man, the hot wet friction of her lips and mouth was scintillatingly amazing. I could feel my heavy sperm-laden balls drawing up close to my body as my impending orgasm started to sweep over me. I looked down at that beautiful young face of hers, her big soft lips stretched tightly around my sliding dick, her cheeks hollowed in as she gently sucked; the hot wet tissues within pressing lovingly against me. I could see the look of pure bliss on her face at the same time as I felt her push another huge wad of her hot saliva down over my cock. Seeing more of her glistening spit leak from the corner of her mouth and slither down my pistoning shaft was all it took.....

"Get ready, Zoey," I said in warning as I felt the delicious initial sensation of my boiling semen start to speed up the shaft of my cock. "OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES!" I said with a low groan as I felt the first thick rope jettison forth into her vacuuming mouth. With my gripping hands buried within those soft golden curls, I held onto her head as I could feel her tongue pressing firmly up against the underside of my gliding dick while a second, third and fourth creamy wad shot forth.

"Mmmmmm," I watched her face as she let out a soft moan of satisfaction as I continued to unload. I saw the muscles in her neck contract and a shiver of excitement went through me knowing my little sister was swallowing my warm cum. "Mmmmmm," she purred again as the thick creamy semen slid down her throat. My spewing cock kept erupting into her velvety soft mouth as wad after wad shot forth. Ten.....eleven....twelve.....I watched her eyes open wide as I continued to unload, the pulsing shots of jizz filling her mouth once more. As I looked down at her beautiful young face,

flushed with both excitement and rapturous delight, I saw milky trickles of my creamy seed leaking from the corners of her mouth. Fifteen.....sixteen.....Her unbelieving eyes flicked up to mine as I saw her quickly swallow again, a moan of pleasure humming through my pulsating dick as she pressed her tongue back against the throbbing underside as she ravenously sucked for more. Oh fuck, was she ever good! Eighteen.....nineteen.....twenty.....With the twentieth shot, I felt the final major contraction course through me. I held onto her head as my spitting cock finally slowed; the final drops of warm baby-batter oozing forth onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed blissfully; her eyes dropping back to my dick as she gently sucked for the final delicious morsels. Her tongue slid delicately into the gaping red eye at the very tip and I felt her gently draw out the glistening strands of seed she'd found there. She then rolled that magical tongue all around the top half of my cock I'd left buried in that sweet young mouth of hers; her tongue gathering up every stray gob of my milky cream. I finally released my hold on her head and leaned slightly back, leisurely starting to withdraw my slowly deflating prick from her nursing mouth. I eased it slowly all the way out, her hot open mouth gasping wetly; strands of cum and her warm saliva glistening on her puffy lips.

"Connor, that was incredible," she said breathlessly as she looked up at me, her voice quivering with a deep burning passion. "Your cock.....it's so big.....and when you came.....there was so much cum.....I.....I couldn't believe it!" As I looked down at her, I thought my little sister had never looked so beautiful. Her beautiful blue eyes were simply alive with excitement and her whole face had a flushed glow to it. Her full soft lips looked puffy and red from the abuse I'd

just been giving them; making them even more appealing than usual. I smiled to myself as I looked down at her lower face; the area all around her mouth, her upper lip, cheeks, chin and neck were glistening with traces of her saliva and silvery traces of my fresh semen. As I looked at her, I wondered what her pretty young face would look like with one of my full loads all over it. As my eyes roamed over her glistening face, I noticed one thick gob hanging heavily off the right side of her chin, the distending milky strand extending even lower as she looked up at me with lust-filled eyes. I watched as the silvery web connecting the heavy gob to her chin got thinner and thinner until it finally detached itself and fell with a soft splat onto the golden skin of her thigh. She felt it hit her leg as she kneeled there before me; and as we both looked at the pearly gob clinging to her skin, she reached down with her finger and scooped it up.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed contently as she slipped her finger into her welcoming mouth and savored the tasty morsel.

"Looks like you missed a little more," I said as I reached forward and slid my long fingers up her neck and around her chin. With my thick cum dangling from my fingertips, I held them in front of her face; my hand moving slowly from side to side as the warm milky cream swung hypnotically before her. I could see the mesmerized look in her hungry eyes as I swung the glistening pearly strands teasingly back and forth.

"Do you want this, Zoey?" I asked softly, my tranquil voice sending a shiver of desire through her curvy young body.

"Yes please," she answered compliantly, her eyes never for a second leaving the shimmering creamy treat that awaited her.

"Open wide," I said persuasively as I moved my fingers closer to her mouth. It didn't take any coaxing at all as she readily let those full pouting lips of hers slip open for me. "That's a good girl," I praised as I slid my dripping fingers right into her waiting mouth. Her soft lips instantly closed around the invading digits and I felt her tongue press against them.

"Mmmmm," she purred softly with closed eyes as she relished the masculine flavor of my cum. She sucked softly and licked earnestly at my hand until she had every drop inside her. Having her hungrily suck at my fingers sent another jolt to my cock and I knew if we had time, I wasn't done with her yet. When she'd gotten as much into her as she could, I withdrew my fingers reluctantly and cleaned up the last few stray pearly ribbons from her neck and chin. She eagerly accepted the offered gift once more and heartily licked up the final remnants from my fingers.

"You're not done quite yet," I said as I lifted my half-hard cock and showed her a couple of gobs that had leaked from her overflowing mouth and were still clinging to my gnarled cock-shaft.

"Yes," she said with a breathy hiss as she quickly leaned forward. Her beautiful tongue slithered out from between her wet red lips and I felt the hot tip press against my shaft. I watched as she slowly licked

upwards, the thick gob of milky semen pooling on her tongue. With a final upward flick, her tongue withdrew quickly back into her waiting mouth as she swallowed, this last gob of warm cum finding its way to mix with the rest in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said as she looked up at me with a satisfied look on her face, "your cum tastes so good.....and there was so much of it."

"Did you like it?" I asked as I reached down and tenderly stroked my baby sister's soft cheek.

"Liked it? I loved it!" she admitted excitedly as she looked up at me with loving eyes. "How....how did I do?" She had a bit of an insecure look on her face now; happy herself but unsure of what her mature older brother thought of her efforts. She had been absolutely fantastic; just an amazing cocksucker....but I didn't want to let her know that; at least not right away. I wanted to see where her little bit of insecurity would lead.

"You did pretty good," I said with kind of a noncommittal shrug of my shoulders; as if blowjobs of that caliber happened to me every day.

"Pretty good?" she asked with a bit of a disappointed look on her face, her gorgeous lips unconsciously forming into a bit of a pout. She looked up at me, and I could see that she wanted me to be

pleased with her efforts; she wanted to get some additional level of praise from me. "I....I can do better. I'm used to using my hands too. I want to do better, Connor." She looked up at me with a forlorn look on her face; wanting nothing more than for her big brother to be proud of her. "Would you.....would you teach me?" There it was.....exactly the type of thing I was hoping for.

"Well Zoey, I don't know if we should do that?" I replied hesitantly.

"Oh please, Connor," she said anxiously. "I really want to learn to do better. I love it so much but if you think I can do better, I'd love for you to teach me what to do."

"What if somebody was to find out?" I said with a bit of a shake of my head, as if I was about to dismiss the whole idea.

"This will be our little secret; I promise, Connor. I promise never to tell a soul."

"And if I promise to teach you, will you stop screwing around with those idiots like that punk that was here earlier?"

"I promise; never again," she said emphatically, a warm smile of joy starting to spread across her face even though I still gave her a look of consternation that I wasn't fully in agreement with her proposal yet. She looked up at me with big doe-like eyes and tilted her head

provocatively to one side, "I'll do whatever you want, please Connor?"

Oh fuck, any willpower I had left was totally shot to hell as my eyes ran over her pretty face and that gorgeous curvy body of hers; my eyes lingering especially on those 34DDs tightly encased in her cheerleading sweater. "Okay, I'll teach you," I replied with a comforting smile and gentle nod of my head.

"OH THANK YOU.....THANK YOU!" she said excitedly, bouncing up and down on her legs folded beneath her. She stopped and looked up at me anxiously. "When.....when can we start?"

"How about right now," I replied as I lifted my semi-hard cock and pointed it back towards that beautiful mouth of hers as she automatically formed her lips into an inviting "O".

RING.....RING..... We both looked instantly to the portable phone that was sitting on a little stand on the end table beside the couch.

"That's Mom's cell number," Zoey said with a quizzical look on her face. "I wonder what's going on. She shouldn't be getting out of the movie for another hour or so."

"You better answer it," I said as I nodded towards the phone, "maybe she was in an accident or something."



"Okay, I'll put her on speaker phone so you can hear too." Zoey leaned forwards past me and pushed a button on the phone. "Mom?"

"Hi, Honey," I heard my mother's voice come through the speaker.

"What's up, Mom? Is everything okay? I thought your movie wouldn't get out for about another hour or so."

"Everything's okay. The projector system broke about an hour into the movie. After about fifteen minutes, they told us they wouldn't be able to fix it and they gave everybody a gift certificate to come back another time."

"Oh that's too bad," Zoey said as she looked up at me with a disappointed look on her face. She turned back to the phone and spoke suggestively, "So are you and Aunt Julia gonna go somewhere and hang out for a while?" She was obviously anxious to get on with our first cocksucking lesson.

"No, that's why I called. I just dropped Julia off and I'm heading home. I'm thinking of grabbing a coffee at Starbucks and wondered if you wanted anything?"

"No, no thanks, Mom. I'm fine," Zoey replied, trying to hide the disappointment in her voice.

"Okay sweetie, I'll see you in a few minutes, bye." Zoey pressed the off button and sat back on her heels and looked up at me with a big pout on her face.

"It's a good thing she called," I said as I reached for my shorts and started to pull them on. "If she had just come home, who knows what she would have seen." I grabbed my polo shirt and quickly slipped it on as well.

"Yeah, I guess we better be careful from now on," she said as she rose to her feet. She followed me out of the room and stood next to me as I stuck my feet into my flip-flops. "When.....when do you think I can have my first lesson?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know; we'll talk tomorrow."

"She just left Aunt Julia's," Zoey said suggestively and I wondered where she was going with this as she paused. "Could I.....could I just suck it again for a minute or two." Her hand reached forward and pressed against my semi-hard dick, once again confined within my restricting shorts. "Please Connor, just for a minute." She gave my cock a loving squeeze and once again, I was powerless to deny her.

"Okay, but hurry," I said as I quickly unbuttoned my shorts and pulled down the fly. "I want to be out of here when Mom gets home." Zoey quickly dropped to her knees in the front foyer as I pulled out my long limber cock. She quickly opened her mouth and I fed the big spongy head right inside.

"Mmmmmmm," she started to purr right away as her lips closed down beyond the long crown and she started to suck. Her tongue swirled teasingly over the sensitive membranes and I felt it instantly start to harden. She started to reach up with her hand again and as much as I wanted to let her have her way with me, I knew if I let her really start; I'd never get out of there without feeding her another big load; and the risk was just too great. The potential for where this would lead with Zoey was incredible; I was hoping that nearly every fantasy I'd ever had about her was now within the realm of possibility. If my mother happened to discover us now; none of that would happen; I couldn't take that chance.

"No, Zoey," I said as I pushed her hand away again. "I'll let you use your hand next time. You can suck for another minute, and then I've got to get out of here." She did as I asked and I felt my expanding member continue to stiffen as she sucked; her talented lips and tongue working their magic once more. With my cock now rock-hard, it took the last of my dwindling willpower to pull it out of her vacuuming mouth. It came out with an audible "POP" and with difficulty, I stuffed it back in my shorts. She stayed where she was, her hot inviting mouth gaping open slightly, a trickle of glistening saliva running down her chin.

"Okay, you'll get another big mouthful as soon as we can figure something out," I said as I hurriedly grabbed my laptop bag and swimsuit and yanked open the front door.

"I can't wait," she said and I looked back as her hands slid down beneath her huge tits as she lifted them towards me.

"Oh fuck," I thought as I quickly closed the door behind me and jumped into my car. As I peeled out of my mom's driveway, all that had happened today raced through my brain in an exciting rush. I wondered what tomorrow would bring.

## Chapter 4

With my head spinning from what had just happened with Zoey, I raced home; my mind going a mile a minute; which was about as fast as I was driving as well!

I had gone back to my mother's to retrieve my misplaced laptop, only to find my baby sister with her lips wrapped around some young guy's cock! It had been tremendously exciting to just watch her; my little 18-year old sister hungrily sucking cock like a porn star. I'd watched her until the kid shot off in her mouth and watched her thirstily swallow every drop of his load; and then watched as she asked if he wanted to go again! Fuck; that had been hot to listen to.

The little twerp had then tried to grab her and persuade her to let him fuck. Hearing her adamantly refuse as she tried to pull out of his clutching grasp was all it took for me to burst in and set the little fucker straight. With his tail between his legs, and his pants halfway to his ankles, the scrawny little punk high-tailed it out of there.

I had tried to be the mature big brother and try and set Zoey straight, only eventually it had dawned on her that I had been watching her suck him off for some time before I made my presence known. With no way to deny it, the conversation had turned; with her explaining to me that although she loved to suck cock, she was still a virgin. With her dressed in her school cheerleading uniform, it didn't take much effort for her to overcome my dwindling willpower before she ended up on her knees in front of me, those beautiful lips of hers sliding up and down my brick-hard erection. With me guiding her, it didn't take very long before I fed her a nice big protein smoothie.

With both of us temporarily satisfied but still hungry for more, Zoey quickly persuaded me to take her on as my cock-sucking student; willing to do anything I wanted if I instructed her on the fine art of orally pleasing a man. As you can guess, it didn't take too much coaxing to convince me. With our first "official" cock-sucking lesson about to start, my mother had called home; her evening out unfortunately cut short. I had to get out of there in a hurry and at the risk of being caught, I'd let Zoey briefly suck my cock for a minute just before I left. With her loving lips and magical tongue eagerly sucking on my thrusting erection, it took every bit of willpower I had to pull it out from between those beautiful soft lips and hers and leave. The final glimpse I had as I closed the door behind me was of Zoey, her hands sliding down the front of her cheerleading sweater and lifting those full round 36DDs of hers towards me in offering.

Now, still feeling incredibly aroused, and with my half-hard dick still stirring beneath my shorts, I raced home, anxious to achieve some much-needed relief for my overflowing balls. I had intended on doing some work tonight, but that plan had gone for a shit. The

way I felt right now, after everything that had happened today, I knew I'd have to jerk off at least twice before my overheated libido would start to cool down.

I pulled into my driveway and slammed Sally into park, hurriedly shutting off the engine as I got out of the car feeling horny and frustrated at having to leave my mother's house so quickly; the vision of my busty little sister still on her knees, eagerly willing to continue sucking my cock. I looked over to Margaret's house next to mine and noticed a couple of lights still on. Thinking back on that fantastic hand-job she'd given me earlier in the day had me thinking of calling on her. Not wanting to over-press my luck, I headed inside my own house, but not before taking another look over my shoulder at the warm inviting glow emanating from her windows.

Flicking on a couple of lights, I dropped my keys in a little bowl I keep near the front door and headed for my computer, my half-hard dick still calling out for satisfaction. I booted up my computer but couldn't get the picture out of my mind of Margaret's magical hands, glistening sensuously with massage oil, stroking luxuriously up and down my throbbing cock. And that hungry look in her eyes as I shot off one of my big loads all over my chest and stomach. "Oh fuck it," I said to myself as I picked up my phone and punched in her number.

"Hello," her sexy mature voice came over the phone.

"Margaret, it's Connor."

"Connor, is everything okay?" Her voice carried genuine concern; it was rare that I called her at this time of night.

"Yeah, everything's fine," I said quickly to alleviate her momentary alarm. "It's just that....well....my hamstring seems to be stiffening up again."

"Oh, I see," she said after a second or two; that warm lusty purr returning to her voice. "We can't have that now, can we?"

"No."

"Maybe I should give you another treatment like I gave you earlier today?" she asked provocatively.

"I think that would be good."

"Do you think one treatment will do it for tonight?" that sultry voice of hers was teasing me now.

"It's really stiffened up pretty badly. I think I'm gonna need at least two treatments." I'm sure she could feel my need for release coming right through the airwaves.

"Oh, I see," she said in a breathy whisper. I could sense she was already getting inspired by the thought of a prolonged session.

"Maybe we should try some other methods of treatment as well. Would you like that?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked as I felt my stiffening cock start to snake its way down the inside of my thigh.

"I think if we give that sore muscle a nice hot wet treatment; that would make it feel a lot better. If we keep it wrapped nice and tight in something hot and wet, we could see how it responds. And then if it starts to feel better, maybe we can try putting a little more pressure on it and see if that helps." She paused for a second as I pictured where I'd like to try putting my 'sore muscle'. "You know, sometimes the best thing for a sore muscle is to keep working it, to just keep using it so the blood flows where it's needed and after a while, you'll notice it'll start to feel better."

I had the feeling this was gonna feel a hell of a lot better. "I was about to try treating it myself," I said teasingly, "but I think you might have something there."

"Oh, don't do that, dear," she said seductively in that soft mature voice of hers. "I've got just what you need for that hot wet treatment. It's better if you let me take care of that for you."

"When can we start?"

"Can you give me about twenty minutes?"



"Sure."

"I'll leave the door open; just come in and lock it behind you."

"Okay," I said with a big grin on my face as I put down the phone. With visions of Margaret, my sisters and my mother spinning through my head, I stripped off my clothes and took a quick shower. I wanted to make sure I removed every possible trace of my little rendezvous with Zoey; her perfume, traces of lipstick or anything else that could be used as evidence against me. I soaped myself thoroughly, especially my half-hard dick. Running a brush quickly through my hair and brushing my teeth; I was ready to go. I pulled on another pair of shorts and a t-shirt; just in case another neighbor happened to be out for a late-night stroll. Checking the time and seeing that twenty minutes had just passed, I locked my own door behind me and then strolled across the yard to Margaret's.

"Hello," I said softly as I slipped inside and locked the door. She was nowhere to be seen but as I stepped further inside, I could see light coming from her bedroom. I walked in to find the room warmly glowing with one little lamp on her makeup table being assisted by a number of flickering candles placed around the room. She had also put on some soft background music. The effect was wonderfully enchanting; it made me feel like I was in an erotic spa. She had turned the covers of her king-size bed down to the bottom, exposing the crisp linen sheets beneath. It looked like she had fluffed up the pillows and stacked them against the headboard. I heard a small

sound and my eyes flicked over to the closed door to the en-suite bathroom; a sliver of light coming from beneath.

"Margaret?" I said as I took a couple of steps into the room.

"I'll be right out, Connor. If you want to get comfortable and take your position on the bed, we can get started right away." Jesus, now that was an offer I couldn't refuse!

"Okay," I said as I peeled off my t-shirt and shorts and set them on the little chair by her dressing table. I climbed onto the bed and lay back against the headboard, the stack of pillows putting me in a perfect position to look at her when she came out of the bathroom opposite. I reached down and gave my cock a couple of strokes to limber it up. I was already about half-hard from what had happened earlier with Zoey and, anticipating what was about to happen now. With my cock lying heavily on my abdomen, I slipped both hands behind my head and rested back against the pillows as I waited eagerly for Margaret. It was only another minute or so before I heard the bathroom door crack open and the light inside flick off as she started to emerge.

"Oh fuck," I mumbled softly as she slowly moved across the room towards me. Margaret looked so fucking hot I couldn't believe it. I'm sure my eyes were big as saucers as I swept my gaze over her voluptuous mature body. She was wearing a corset made of silvery-white satin with black piping around the edges and along the vertical underwire that gave it its incredible shape. It hugged her tall buxom body deliciously as it seemed molded to every succulent curve and

inviting valley. Thin black straps running over each shoulder helped support the curving scalloped cups that sensuously carried the impressive weight of her tremendous breasts. Those cups barely covered the area of her nipples and the heavily structured fabric pushed those incredible tits together and up spectacularly. The ample swells of soft warm flesh seemed to be almost ready to spill over the confining cups, her deep dark line of inviting cleavage a magnet for my gaze.

"Do you like this old thing?" she asked coquettishly as she stopped and put her hands on her hips. Her imposing stance allowed me to feast my eyes on the rest of her body as I looked her over from head to toe.....and back again.

Her feet were clad in pointy 4" high black stilettos with a sexy broad strap that wrapped around her ankle. The added height of the narrow heels only added to the allure of her already tall imposing form. They made her look like a striking sexy amazon, the extra inches of heel bringing her just under my own height.

The long white columns of her toned legs were sensually encased in sheer black gossamer stockings, the lacy tops ending high on her thighs where they were connected to her corset by black ribbon-like garters. There were a few inches of creamy white thigh showing before black lace high-cut panties drew your eye upwards; their V-like shape accentuating her wide womanly hips. The panties showed a lot hip before disappearing beneath the bottom of the corset.

The glistening silvery satin drew my eyes to where it nipped in tightly at her waist before the vertical black ribbing flared out over her broad hips. My eyes took in the whole look of the stunning corset, her buxom hourglass figure emphasized majestically by the incredibly sexy garment.

"Do I like it?" I repeated her statement as I felt a stiffening surge go through my cock as my eyes raked hungrily over her gorgeous body. Like I had said earlier, this was definitely one of those times where I looked at her and thought, "Yes.....this is a woman who could teach you a lot about yourself." Fuck, could she ever! But to her question of whether I liked it or not, I answered with a fairly obvious reply. "Like it? I love it!"

She tilted her head provocatively as my eyes travelled upward, her long auburn tresses flowing seductively over her shoulders. She had fluffed up her hair when she was in the bathroom; and it looked wild and incredibly sexy. She had put on some brilliant red lipstick, that wide mouth of hers an enticing red slash just seeming to be beckoning for a hard cock to slip inside. She'd touched up her eye makeup and looked subtly erotic. It was just enough to be deliciously alluring; but not so much as to look cheap or trappy.

She brought her hands up and pushed her deep red tresses back over her shoulders. As she did, my eyes were immediately drawn to her long regal neck; another jolt of blood surging into my cock as I looked at the black lace choker adorning the smooth pale skin of her neck. Oh man, did that ever look hot! It was about an inch wide and circled

her neck sensually. I couldn't take my eyes off it; it was a simple yet stunning finishing touch to her whole sexy outfit.

"Margaret, you look.....just incredible," I said breathlessly as my eyes continued to roam over her gorgeous tall body.

"It's a good thing you did come over," she said flirtatiously as she nodded towards my midsection. "Yes, it looks like that muscle of yours is really stiffening up like you said." My eyes followed hers down to where we both watched my filling cock start to lift itself off my stomach as my surging blood flowed into it. She sidled closer to the bed as we both watched the big mushroom head get darker and darker as it became totally engorged. Just looking at her had my dick thrusting totally upright, the thick gnarled shaft pulsing, the sensitive membranes of the pebbly glans alive with need; just aching to get into something hot and wet.

"You said something about a couple of different treatments you wanted to try?" I asked suggestively as I flexed my stomach muscles. I saw her eyes dance mischievously as that enflamed cylinder of flesh bobbed menacingly over my stomach, a glistening drop of pre-cum starting to distend from the damp red eye.

"Yes, I think we should give it a nice hot wet treatment first," she said as she started to kneel on the bottom of the bed, "and then later maybe we can try to work it a little harder." With my hands still clasped behind my head, I pulled my knees up and let them roll open to each side to give her easy access. The devilish look in her eyes as she crawled forward between my legs told me she didn't need any

persuading. Oh man, she looked so sexy as she moved closer and closer. Her face was a mask of pure lust as her tongue slid out and ran teasingly around her wide full mouth. I looked down at those huge tits of hers hanging below her as she moved forward on her hands and knees, the gorgeous corset helping to contain those big pendulous breasts. Knowing I'd get my hands on those babies soon enough sent another jolt through my groin, a pulsing gob of pre-cum drizzling from the enflamed tip onto my smooth stomach.

"Is that a little appetizer for me?" she asked as she leaned forward and moved my pulsing manhood slightly to the side.

I watched enthralled as her long tongue snaked deftly forward and licked warmly across the taut muscles of my stomach, the glistening slimy pre-cum disappearing back into her mouth.

"It's all yours. Have as much as you want." She gave me a naughty look as she swirled her tongue all over my abdomen. She settled down between my legs as if she expected to be there for some time.....which was perfectly all right with me; although I was so aroused from having to leave Zoey before I wanted to, that I knew it wouldn't be long before I'd be blowing this load.

"Now, I know the perfect place to put this for a nice hot wet treatment." I watched with a pleased smile on my face as Margaret wrapped her long willowy fingers around my cock and brought it towards her mouth. With her hand wrapped around the thick root, she held it straight up and brought her face forwards until the hot tip of my engorged dick was right below her mouth. She slowly let her

lips form a little "O" and then I watched as a thick wad of her saliva drizzled forth right onto the dark crimson crown.

"Oh fuck," I muttered under my breath as her hot wet spit started to spread out over the pebbly membranes. She pushed more of her slick saliva forwards until another long strand temporarily spanned the few inches between my needy cock and her beautiful waiting mouth. It was incredibly arousing to see her drizzling that warm goo onto the broad crimson head, but it also felt amazingly erotic to feel the thick warm spit start to slide down over my upright shaft. I could see that it was equally as arousing for her as her eyes seemed glazed over with lust as the distending web of fluid finally snapped and fell onto my throbbing cock-head. I saw her mouth open wider as she lowered her face towards me; that wide sensual mouth of hers forming into an inviting target as she got closer and closer.

"That's it," I uttered softly as her lips finally made contact. I watched her lips start to stretch further and further open as they followed the spreading contours of the flared head. She went straight down and it felt so good when her lips followed the drizzly strands of her saliva downwards over the thick rope-like corona where she stopped; the massive mushroom head locked within her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as her lips clamped down and she started to explore with her tongue. She rolled it slowly but insistently over every square inch of that plum-sized knob, mewling like a little kitten as her mature wet tongue made sweet oral love to my cock. I just lay back, hands still clasped behind my head, and savored the moment as she took her time. She slowly rolled her head from side to side, her

lips distended outward from her face, my cock looking like a beautiful lance impaled deeply into her welcoming mouth. Her hot wet mouth worked slowly over the hot red helmet for a minute or two before I felt her take a deep breath and then start to go downwards. I watched her sink lower and lower, the thick shaft of my thrusting erection disappearing further and further into her face. She had worked up a big wad of saliva and I could feel the hot slimy coating she was applying to the surface of my dick as she went farther and farther down. She finally stopped; a good 7" of my upright cock inside her mouth.

"Oh Margaret, that's fantastic," I said softly as she pressed her tongue firmly against the underside of my diamond-hard prick. She let the flat of her tongue play teasingly over the outer sheath of my pecker as she rolled and swirled it all around the protruding ventral ridge on the underside. She started to slide her mouth back upwards; her distended lips adhered beautifully to my pulsing shaft. My throbbing erection glistened erotically in the warm golden lamplight with a shimmering coating of her sticky saliva. When she got back until the thick ridge tugged lusciously against her tightly-wrapped lips, she dropped down again, her lips and tongue providing a buttery soft friction that had me climbing the walls already. She started into a smooth up and down rhythm, each time taking about 7" deep into her vacuuming mouth.

With Margaret settling in to work on me with that succulent hot mouth of hers, I closed my eyes and thought about my sisters and mother. There is nothing like having one beautiful woman suck you off while fantasizing about the ones you'd like to fuck even more. I thought about that beautiful sculpted tall body of Emma as she



gracefully lifted herself out of the pool, her wet suit clinging to her gorgeous body like a second skin; every sweet curve and stiff nipple fully on display. And my mother, in that titillating new outfit of hers; the tight sweater wrapping itself around those full heavy tits of hers while that tiny little skirt showed off her full lush ass and long tanned legs. Fuck.....she looked so fucking hot. And then Zoey, my mind went back to our recent session with those full pouting lips of hers slurping enthusiastically back and forth over my rock-hard erection. Her little squeals and moans of pleasure still fresh in my mind as I thought about how eager she was to learn more; how hungry she was for more cock and cum. I couldn't wait until we had a chance to get started on her first real cock-sucking lesson. With these thoughts running through my mind continuously, I felt Margaret hollow in her cheeks to press firmly against my sliding cock like a hot buttery glove. With my mind temporarily back in the moment at hand, I looked down at my buxom neighbor as she knelt between my spread legs, her head bobbing methodically up and down.

She was an excellent cock-sucker; there was no doubt about it; nice and hot and sloppy with lots of saliva. And the way she was softly moaning and the look in her half-closed eyes told me she absolutely loved what she was doing. Her hand that was wrapped around the bottom of my turgid shaft was pumping up and down; the heel of her hand bumping softly against her red descending lips. After everything that had happened earlier, and with what she was doing to me with that beautiful experienced mouth of hers, she had me on the brink of orgasm after only a few minutes. I was so turned on; I needed to get rid of this load in a hurry. As much as I would have liked to cum on her pretty face right now, I knew she'd get a face-full before the night was over. Right now, I just wanted to unload in that hot sucking mouth of hers. I closed my eyes for a second and

pictured my mother; her warm soft lips locked sucking softly on my finger as she licked up the whipped cream I'd offered her. The image sent a delicious jolt right through me, and I started to feel that wonderful feeling as the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my cock.

"OH FUCK.....I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as her bobbing head kept moving up and down on my pulsing erection. I felt her other hand come forward and start to gently massage my sperm-filled balls as she sucked inwards with her vacuuming cheeks. "OH FUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK," I moaned as the first thick rope of cum shot forth. I watched through slitted eyes as a second, third and fourth ropey strand erupted into her waiting mouth.

"Ehhmmmmm....." With her wet sucking mouth absolutely full of hot throbbing cock, she let out a little squeal of pleasure as I continued to flood that hot oral cavity of hers. As I kept shooting, I saw little trickles of milky cream start to seep from the corners of her stretched lips. She had stopped moving with just the massive twitching head locked between her sucking lips, giving my shooting cock room to fill her welcoming mouth. I shot again and again, more of my pearly seed drizzling from the corners of her mouth as she struggled in vain to keep all of my savoury cum within her mouth. With one hand gently cradling my sack while her other hand pumped as much of my precious seed into her mouth as possible, I felt the final delicious contractions go through me as she eagerly accepted every delicious morsel I had to give her.

"Oh Margaret, that was fantastic," I said sincerely as she continued to gently nurse at my slowly deflating member. She softly sucked, the spongy head captured within her hot wet mouth as her lips and tongue played over the sensitive membranes. I felt the point of her tongue delve right into the split red eye at the very tip of my dick as she drew forth the final oozing dregs of cock-honey. I lay there totally content, my heaving chest slowing as my heart-rate started to get back to normal.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said as slipped her lips off my prick, her tongue circling around her mouth in search of the milky overflow, "you have so much cum.....I love it!" I smiled as her tongue drew in some of the pearly seed and then she lowered her mouth back down to my spent rod; her lips and tongue lapping up the spilled residue of my silvery discharge.

"I'm glad you like it. You can have as much as you want." I reached down and stroked my fingers gently through her silky auburn tresses. Her lust-filled eyes looked into mine as she tilted her head and rubbed her face against my big hand, like a cat rubbing itself up against your leg. It was actually a very sweet gesture. I took my fingertips and traced them delicately over her beautiful face, tenderly stroking her smooth skin as I looked at the place I wanted to put my next load.

"How would you like me to put my next load right here?" I said as my fingertips ran over her prominent cheekbones and along her strong jawline. The way I did it, I knew there could be no confusion about wanting to use her face as my personal canvas.

"I'd love it," she said in a husky whisper, her head turning as her mouth sought out my stroking fingers. I let her capture them between her soft lips, her tongue swirling over the invading digits as she closed her eyes and sucked provocatively. The smell of her delicate perfume and warm womanly body drifted into my senses like a fine wine, the subtle fragrance simply captivating. Fuck.....with Margaret as willing as this, I knew it wouldn't be long before I was ready to go again. But I had something else I wanted to do right now. I pulled my legs beneath me until I got to my own knees right in front of her. I drew my fingers from her sucking lips and reached for her; my hands sliding over the smooth sensuous fabric of her corset as I pulled her body to mine, both of us on our knees facing each other. She looked up at me through half-closed eyes as I lowered my mouth to hers; her glistening lips waiting for mine.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a soft moan as I pressed my wide full mouth to hers, my tongue sliding between her full pouting lips. Her mouth tasted hot and sweet and as I held my lips to hers, I drew her full voluptuous body against mine, her large round breasts flattening against my muscular chest. Our tongues rolled against each other's in a hot sensuous duel as my hands ran over the sweet curves of her buxom mature body. Our kiss was long and passionate, with the intensity that new lovers have for each other. We finally pulled back slightly from each other, each of us gasping heatedly. With her beautiful eyes looking at me with longing, I pulled her to me and kissed her deeply once more. Her arms went around my neck as I held her with one hand on her back as I slid the other around from her back to her side; then let it slide up over the slick fabric until my big hand was filled by one heavy satin-covered tit. As I drew her

probing tongue back into my own mouth, I squeezed softly, feeling the impressive weight of her voluminous breast in my cupping hand.

"Mmmmmm," she hummed another moan right into my mouth as she pushed herself against my cupping hand, letting me know she had no objection whatsoever as I felt her up. It was an incredibly stimulating feeling to run my hands over the smooth sensuous material of her corset. I loved the way it looked on her, and feeling it under my fingertips just made her even more desirable. I kissed her for a long time as my fingertips explored every sweet curve and flaring contour of her mature hourglass figure. Like I said earlier, her mouth tasted hot, wet and sinful.....but I wanted to taste more of her.

"I think it's time for a little payback," I said as I shifted to the side and used my hands to turn her onto her back. "Just lay back and let me take care of you for a while." With a knowing smile on her flushed face, she rolled onto her back, her head propped well up on the stack of soft fluffy pillows. She looked great laying there; her long legs clad in the shimmering black hose, her full womanly figure sensuously emphasized by the beautiful corset. And that sexy black choker around her neck; fuck, that was hot! As my eyes roamed over her reclining form, I felt a stirring desire start within me already.

"Margaret, you look absolutely amazing," I said sincerely as I shifted down on my knees until I was near the bottom of the bed. I took hold of her knees and with my eyes locked on hers, I slowly pushed them apart. It didn't take much coaxing as she let me roll them open, her sexy pointy shoes rising higher to each side, the sharp stiletto heels digging into the mattress. As her knees came up and I pushed them

to each side, my eyes feasted on the delectable treasure opening up before me. I followed the line of sheer black gossamer as it encased those long ivory columns, the intricate lace at the top giving way to her smooth creamy thighs. The soft white skin rose high on her hips, broken only by the sexy ribbon-like garters.

"So beautiful," I said softly as I looked at the way her trim lace panties snugly hugged her womanhood; the pouting soft lips beneath pushing teasingly against the sensuous fabric. It drew me in like a moth to a flame and I crept forward on my hands and knees, my face getting closer and closer to my desired target. I could smell her now, the warm delicious scent of a mature woman. As her sweet earthy fragrance settled in my senses, it enflamed my desire for her even more.

She lay quietly as I turned my head to one side and planted a soft kiss on the inside of her thigh, my lips pressing against the smooth fine mesh of her nylons. I moved to the other leg and did the same, then slowly kissed my way upwards until I encountered one of my favorite things in the whole world; the luscious soft skin of a woman's inner thighs. Feeling that part of a woman's body is absolutely one of life's cherished pleasures; and I love it. So soft and smooth; it's an intimate part of a woman's body rarely seen or touched; and yet so tremendously erotic.

I remember my first year of high school, a girl name Leigh, who always wore incredibly short skirts and had the most amazing full thighs I think I have ever seen; even still to this day. I used to follow her around, just looking at those spectacular legs and thighs of hers;

then rushing home after school and pumping out load after load wishing I could get between those beautiful ivory columns and do whatever I wanted with her.

With thoughts like these running through my head, I pressed my lips tenderly against the warm smooth skin of Margaret's inner thigh. I let my tongue slip forward and licked softly upwards, getting closer and closer to that nice warm honey pot of hers.

"Mmmmmm, that's nice," she purred as I switched back to the other leg and repeated my delicate kiss there; my mouth mere inches from her pouting needy sex. Inhaling deeply of her delicious warm scent, I pushed outward on her knees, positioning her wide open for my oncoming oral assault. She willingly complied, her knees coming well up and rolling as far out to each side as she could get them. I laid right down on my stomach and brought my mouth an inch or so away from the warm moist fabric of her panties. With her rich earthy scent surrounding me, I extended my tongue and pressed it against the warm cleft I could see beneath the lacy black fabric. Feeling the dampness soaking right through, I softly licked upwards, her delicious womanly flavor coming right through onto my taste-buds.

"Aaaaahh.....yesssss....." she hissed as I continued to lick her right through her panties. She must have been incredibly aroused from what had happened earlier because they were totally soaked with her warm juices. She tasted really good this way, but I wanted to taste it right from the source. I reached up beneath the bottom edge of her corset and grasped the thin waistband of her panties. As she lifted her backside slightly to help me, I shimmied them down over

here wide womanly hips. She'd had them on outside of the garters, obviously anticipating some quick action. After leaning back and drawing her sodden panties off one long leg and then the other, I watched as she again drew her legs well back. She dug the pointy heels of those sexy shoes into the mattress before slowly letting her knees roll open to each side.

"So you do like to keep your bushes nicely trimmed after all," I said with a smile on my face as I looked down at her exposed pussy. After joking previously about her landscaping ability, I was looking down at a nicely defined little downward-pointing arrow just above the top of her long pouty slit. The tiny landing strip of closely-cropped pubic hair was the same dark red color as her head, confirming my belief that the color hadn't come out of a bottle.

"Do you like it?" Margaret asked as she took one long red fingernail and traced it provocatively around the V-shape of the arrow.

"I love it," I said as I leaned forwards and traced the same path as her finger with the tip of my tongue, her warm skin tasting slightly salty on my sliding tongue. I moved back slightly and looked down at her full lush womanhood, now perfectly on display for me. She must have been really turned on from what had happened earlier because both her full fleshy inner lips and slimmer outer lips were simply glistening with her warm nectar. The puffy inner lips were deliciously pink and looked swollen with need; and I had just the thing for them. I planned on stretching those slick lips wide open pretty soon. The delicate folds of flesh at the top of her delectable trench partially shrouded the stiff little pea of her clitoris hiding



beneath; but I could see her juices shining on the sensitive little nodule as I moved in closer to my prize. I extended my tongue and slipped the very tip right into the bottom of her slit and then dragged it slowly upwards, her silky-smooth juices gathering on my tongue.

"Mmmmm," she mewed as I slipped my tongue further inside and felt those soft folds of flesh close around it. I moved my whole face forward and pressed my lips flush up against her glistening labia as my tongue lanced its way deep into her weeping little box. Oh man, was she ever wet! I gathered her flowing musky cunt-honey onto my tongue and drew it back where I savored the warm womanly flavor on my taste-buds. I felt like it was my turn to say "Mmmmmm" now as I relished in the luxurious taste of her mature nectar. I swallowed and let the silky treat slide down my throat before slithering my tongue deep into her once again.

"Yessssssss," she hissed as I spun it in slow tantalizing circles all around inside her. Her succulent juices flowed quickly onto my waiting tongue as I flicked and feathered my probing tongue deep into her dripping channel. She was soon squirming around, her pointy heels digging into the bed while her hips thrust up against my mouth as I used my tongue and lips to pleasure her. It took only a few minutes and I could feel her arousal escalating as her breathing became ragged at the same time as the insides of her thighs started to quiver. Sensing her approaching orgasm, I brought my mouth quickly to the top of her slit and wrapped my lips snugly around the engorged spire of her hypersensitive clit. I sucked on it gently with my lips while pushing a huge wad of saliva to the front of my mouth and rolling the hot wet spit over that stiff little pea with the tip of my tongue.

"OH MY GOD.....I'M GONNA CUM!" she said as she started to thrash about beneath me. I kept my lips pressed tightly to that enflamed trigger of hers as her shapely body squirmed all around. I licked and sucked gently on the sensitive little pebble as she gasped and twitched time and again as a toe-curling release took control of her body. Her much-needed orgasm flowed through her trembling body in wave after wave as I held on and enjoyed the ride. She shook for a long time before the twitching tremors started to subside and her buxom mature body relaxed against the sheets. With my face pressed tightly against her temporarily-satiated body, I could feel her flowing discharge ooze down over my chin. Wanting to taste as much of her as possible, I slid down slightly and lapped up her delicious cunt-honey.

"Oh Connor, was that ever good." Her words of praise caused me to raise my eyes to hers. She was looking down at me through slitted eyes, a look of contented bliss on her face. I could see the upper swells of those big tits of hers, heaving up and down as she regained her breath; the sheer size of them being barely contained by the sexy corset.

"How about a couple more?" I asked as I dipped my tongue back deep into her smoldering snatch and rolled it in a slow teasing circle.

"Oh God, yes," she replied as her hands came down and I felt her fingers run tenderly through my hair. For the next twenty minutes or so, my lips and tongue explored every square inch of that delectable mature pussy of hers as I took her to five more orgasms.

I'd slow down slightly after each until her quivering body relaxed and then I would slowly take her back to the brink. I'd hold her there by teasing her with my tongue for a few seconds before taking her right over the edge. She was gushing like crazy and my whole face was a glistening mess of her silky nectar. After her sixth, I softly nursed at those swollen puffy lips of hers as she gasped raggedly. With a last tender kiss right on her enflamed red clit, I raised myself onto my knees. I could see her whole body was covered with a fine sheen of perspiration, the impressive swells of her magnificent tits glistening in the soft golden glow of the candlelight. She looked so beautiful laying there, her tall mature body hot and flushed with desire for more. I felt a surge go through my rising prick and knew I wanted the same. I moved forward up over her body, her eyes on mine as I hovered over her.

"Oh Connor, look at your face," she said with a naughty smile on her face as she reached up and pulled my face down to hers. She held my head in her hands and I felt her soft tongue start to lick my face as she cleaned me of her sticky juices. Like kitten being cleaned by a mother cat, I closed my eyes and luxuriated in the feel of her lips and tongue cleansing my skin as she licked all over, until all that was left was the final drying remnants of her own saliva. "There, that's better." She pulled my mouth down to hers and we shared another long searing kiss, her tongue rolling teasingly over mine. The kiss was wonderfully passionate as we each knew we wanted more. I felt her hand reach down between us and those long slender fingers of hers circled my turgid erection. She skillfully maneuvered the head of my tumescent rod down until she fit the very tip between the moist pink lips of her steaming cunt.

"I can't believe how wet I am," she said as she gave my rock-hard dick a slow pulling stroke, the flared head caught just between her puffy wet labia.

"Maybe I should use my divining rod to find the source of that wetness," I replied as I rolled my hips teasingly, the flared mushroom head of my dick starting to stretch those slippery pink lips further apart.

"That is a divine rod, alright," Margaret said with a smile before giving my cock an acknowledging squeeze before bringing both hands up around my neck. "You might have to work that rod way upside me to find it, but I think you've got the perfect tool to do some nice deep drilling." She punctuated her statement by rolling her wide hips provocatively up against me, her movements helping to pull the engorged crown of my erection further into her.

"Well, deep drilling is my specialty, mam," I said with a fake western accent. This brought a smile to Margaret's beautiful face as she looked up at me, her eyes gleaming with happiness. With my eyes locked on hers, I flexed slightly forward and started to force my thick rigid cock into her. Her back arched at the forceful intrusion and she gasped briefly before looking up at me with a naughty look.

"Do you have to use such a big drill?" she asked as I sank another inch or two further into her.

"It's the only one I brought with me."

"Unnngh," she moaned under her breath as I felt the clinging flesh inside her gripping all around my penetrating erection. "It's so thick and hard." I stopped absolutely still, with only about half of my ten-plus inches inside her.

"Maybe I should just leave and you can call in another man with a smaller drill," I said teasingly, and then slowly tried to move my hips backwards.

"Oh, I don't think that will be necessary," she hurriedly replied as she whipped her long legs up and wrapped them around my back. As her ankles crossed over each other and she held me firmly in place, it was obvious she didn't want me going anywhere. "I think I've found the perfect man for the job." With lust burning in her eyes, I felt her start to close her legs down against my backside, her movement an open invitation to move deeper into her. Now thoroughly locked in her saddle, I was only too happy to comply.

"Well, alright then." I flexed my powerful hips downward and started to slowly and insistently move into her once more. "Let's see what we can find in here. Maybe we'll hit a gusher."

"I don't think there'll be any doubt of that," she said playfully as her strong legs pulled me even closer to her. I watched her sparkling eyes open wider as I moved deeper and deeper into her, those hot clinging tissues inside her cunt gripping my penetrating dick like a molten glove.

"Oh God!" she moaned deeply as I fed the last few inches into her, my thick rigid cock fully buried in her hot wet slot. "That feels so good." She rolled her hips against me as she got accustomed to the turgid slab of muscle stretching her mature twat. It felt great as she started to work the muscles inside her; the hot clinging folds of flesh gripping and massaging the full length of my throbbing erection.

"That doesn't feel too bad at all," I said, echoing her sentiment as I slowly started to flex my hips backwards. I saw her look down between us as more and more of my thick powerful cock came into view, the sticky shaft glistening with a warm coating of her silky cunt-honey. I also looked down and loved the way her fleshy pink labia followed my retreating dick, those pouting pussy-lips deliciously adhered to my withdrawing shaft. I pulled back until just the massive head remained within her stretched lips; then rolled my hips teasingly in a slow circle as I slowly plunged back into her.

"Yessssss," she hissed as her head tipped backwards, her eyes rolling back and closing in pleasure. I didn't stop until I felt my shaven groin press up flush against hers; our bodies sensuously joined as one. I hesitated for only a second and then withdrew again. Soon we were working together in a delicious rhythm; our bodies starting to glisten with the sweat of our sexual exertions.

"That's it," I said under my breath as she brought her legs down from behind my back and pressed those spike heels firmly into the bed; her strong body bucking up to meet each of my driving downwards thrusts. Holy shit, she was good. Like I said earlier, when I looked at

her, I always thought that this was a woman who could teach you a lot about yourself. "Man, she really knows how to fuck," I thought to myself as she thrust herself up forcefully against me; my hard thick cock slamming into her.

"That is so fucking good," she said with a groan as her head started to roll from side to side on the soft pillow beneath her. The sinful sounds of our fervent lovemaking echoed around the room as I set myself on my arms and started giving it to her good and hard. It seemed like it had been a long time for her and I could tell she wanted it bad.

"OH MY GOD.....OH MY GOD.....I'M GONNA CUM!" she squealed as her body started to thrash about beneath me. I held on tightly as she shook like a wildcat, her full mature body shaking and quivering through a shattering release. I could feel the intense wetness inside her snatch as her flowing discharge coated my thrusting erection like a soothing balm. I had definitely hit a gusher this time! As soon as she started to come down from her blissful high, I started drilling the full thick length into her once more.

"Oh Jesus.....not again," she said as her head flicked back and forth as a second orgasm followed right on the heels of her first. I hammered it all the way into her in long firm strokes, the lemon-sized cockhead pressing delightfully on the sensitive membranes deep inside her. Her body was wriggling about uncontrollably, glistening perspiration glowing on her hot sexy body as I used her like a fuck-toy.

"Uh.....uh.....uh.....," her moaning was continuous now as another nerve-tingling climax shot through her. I was getting close myself and watching her voluptuous mature body responding so effortlessly turned me on even more. She needed a good fucking badly alright; and I knew that even though I was about to cum, I wasn't done with her yet. As the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my throbbing dick, I quickly withdrew from her gripping snatch and scrambled forward until I was straddling her.

"Here's what I've got for you," I said as I reached down and wrapped my hand around the thick shaft of my throbbing prick and pointed the engorged head right at her pretty face. She looked at the wet red eye, her skin flushed with excitement as I stroked it towards her. We both watched as a whitish glob pulsed to the surface just before a long milky strand burst forth.

"Haaaaaah," she gave a sharp intake of breath as the first long rope hit her full force on her cheek. Some of it stayed splattered there while the rest of it caromed off her cheek and flew upwards before it got tangled up in her flowing auburn hair. I moved my stroking hand over slightly as the second silvery wad streaked forward, this time falling over her nose and across her forehead. I kept jerking as wad after wad jettisoned forth, her pretty face soon becoming crisscrossed with milky ribbons of semen.

"Oh my God," she muttered under her breath as my cock continued to shoot. I felt the delicious contractions flow through me as I pumped out gob after gob of warm cream onto her face. I unloaded shot after shot until her face was a total mess of pearly cum, trickling



rivulets of my sperm-laden discharge now sliding down her neck and over the sides of her face into her hairline. I counted eighteen good shots before I shook off the final oozing drops right into her open mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as she closed her mouth and swallowed the little appetizer I'd just given her. I released my spent cock and stared down at her, my chest heaving as I drew in deep breaths of cool air. She looked great with her face almost totally covered with my cloudy semen, the thick heavy cum coating her smooth skin. It was everywhere, all over her face, in her hair, slithering slowly down her neck; I could even see a good sized wad flowing into one ear.

"Did you like that?" I asked, sliding my body off of her and lying on my side beside her, my arm supporting my head as I looked down at her.

"Oh Connor," she replied breathlessly, "that was unbelievable. Not only have I never been fucked like that in my entire life, but when you came on my face, I.....I couldn't believe how much I loved it. And there was so much cum.....I wouldn't have believed anybody could cum that much."

"A lot of people seem to think that's pretty unbelievable, but I've seen one guy on the internet who cums more than I do."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, some Austrian guy on a website called XHamster who goes by the name 'iCum4You'. If you think I shoot a lot, you should see this guy; he usually shoots around twenty-five times per load. I'm not kidding you, the number of shots this guy fires is just unreal."

"Wow, that's incredible! You'll have to show me sometime. But right now, this feels absolutely amazing with this much cum on my face. It's so thick and warm; even the weight of it feels wonderful on my face." As I lay there with my head propped up on one hand watching her, I took my other hand and let my fingers trace down over the swelling upper mounds of her chest. It felt luxuriously smooth and soft under my fingertips as I let my hand explore those tremendous jugs of hers.

"These feel pretty amazing too," I said as my fingertips traced along the silky edge of the confining bra cups of her sexy corset. The kittenish smile on her face seemed to be an invitation to do as I pleased, so I let the tips of my fingers slip right down into the top of her corset. "Oh yeah, very nice." Her large round breasts felt wonderful in my hand as I let my big hand cup and gently squeeze one at a time. After manipulating them for a minute or so, I drew them each backwards out of the restricting cups and lay them on top of the satiny garment. She had a gorgeous set of tits; full, round and incredibly soft under my touch as I slid my exploring fingers all over them. Her areolae were relatively small in comparison to her breast size, but her nipples were large and a delectable dark pink color.

"I think these will look even better with a little of this on them," I said as I brought my hand up to her face and used my fingers to scoop up

a big wad of my creamy seed. The thick cum dangled from my fingers as I moved my hand downwards and held it poised over one of her pink nipples. I shook my hand slightly until the creamy wad distended downwards until the glistening connecting strand finally disintegrated into nothingness as the milky gob dropped onto her tit. I then started slowly spreading the sticky fluid all around, the pebbly bud of her sensitive nipple stiffening under my fingertips.

"Mmmmmm, that feels nice," she mewed as I scooped up another pearly gob from her face and repeated the procedure with her other round heavy tit. As I smoothed the thick milky cream all over her voluptuous jugs, I let my hands cup and heft those tremendous babies. Man, they felt so nice and heavy, and they looked even better now that they were glistening with a silky coating of my fresh warm semen.

"There's still a lot left here," I said as I reluctantly removed my hand from her massive guns and started running my fingertips in small soothing circles over her cum-covered face. "Is there someplace you'd like me to put this?" I asked suggestively as I used my fingers to push one thick wad right across her soft pouting lips.

"Mmmmm.....I think you know just where I want it," she replied seductively as her tongue slid out and circled around her lips, the pearly fluid being drawn sensuously back into her waiting mouth.

"That's it," I said as I used my fingers to snowplow more of the milky gobs and silvery ribbons right into her hot wet mouth. "I love a woman who loves cum."

"It's been a long time," she said between swallows as I continued to slide my fingers all around that pretty face of hers, each time ending up with my fingertips sliding between her red pillowy lips. She proceeded to suck gently on my invading digits at the same time as she reached down and I felt her slender fingers wrap around my half-hard cock. "I'll take as much cum as you want to give me." She started to deftly stroke my dick and I could tell quickly this was a woman who knew her way around a cock. Her soft warm hand felt wonderful on my prick and within seconds, I felt it start to stiffen once more.

"If you want some more, I think I'm gonna need another of those hot wet treatments you talked about earlier."

"You can have as many of those as you want," she said in a husky whisper, her eyes dancing with re-kindled lust.

"How about we try another one of those treatments right in here?" I asked as I slid my index finger teasingly back and forth along the opening of her soft red lips.

"Be my guest," she purred seductively as she kissed my tracing fingertip.

"I think I might just have to do that." I got quickly to my knees and threw one leg over her luscious reclined body until I was straddling her once more. "Is this what you want?" I asked as I flexed my

stomach muscles so my stiffening cock loomed menacingly right over her pretty face.

"Oh God, yes," she replied breathlessly as we both watched my cock continue to extend and thicken as the pulsing blood flowed into it. It looked more like bludgeon or some kind of weapon as it rose higher and higher until it was pointing upwards at about a 45 degree angle. I could see the smoldering lust in her eyes as she watched transfixed at it bobbed menacingly with each beat of my heart. A glistening drop of pre-cum pulsed to the surface and glistened sinfully in the wet red eye.

"It's so big," she said in a husky whisper as I used my fingers to push down near the base of my rearing cock until it was pointed right at her waiting mouth.

"Don't you like it big?" I asked as I took the engorged helmet and drew the wet tip along the inviting line of her waiting lips.

"Mmmmmm, do I ever," she purred as her tongue snaked out and licked up that warm drop of fluid.

"Yeah, I could tell when I was fucking you," I said as I used my long thick paintbrush and oozing pre-cum to paint a shiny landscape all around her sultry full mouth.

"I've never cum that many times in my entire life," she replied as she rolled her soft mature face against the hot surface of my rubbing dick. "It was unbelievable."

"Well, if it was unbelievable," I said as I teasingly moved the enflamed crown back over those beautiful red lips of hers until it was centered right between them. "I guess I better make sure we do that again for you so you believe it this time. Just give me that nice wet treatment of yours for a few minutes and then I promise I'll make sure you cum more than last time."

I could see the sinful delight in her gleaming eyes as she listened to my words. She eagerly opened her wide full mouth and formed her soft pouting lips into an inviting 'O' for me as I slipped the hot crimson crown into her waiting mouth. Her lips quickly adhered to the flowing contours of my cock-head and I watched them stretch further and further open until the whole head popped right inside; her succulent red lips locked down behind the thick purple ridge of my corona.

"Oh yeah, that's it," I said as I started to move the big helmet all around inside her velvety mouth. "Nice and hot and wet, just like you said." With my rigid erection trapped between her soft warm lips, I removed my hand from the top of the gnarled shaft, leaned forward and grabbed ahold of the headboard. "I just need that treatment a little further down." As I flexed my muscular hips forward, I looked down and watched my stiff cock slide deeper between those gorgeous red lips of hers.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed sensuously as I fed about half the length into her before I hit the soft wet tissues at the back of her mouth. I flexed backwards and watched those pouting lips pull backwards as they clung to the retreating shaft. I knew if I pulled it quickly all the way out, she'd look like fish out of water, gasping for air. But I had no intention of pulling all the way out; I wanted to enjoy the pleasures that warm buttery-soft mouth of hers had to offer me. And from the blissful look in those half-closed eyes of hers, she wanted it too. I stopped when I felt the thick ridge tugging against the inside of her clinging lips and quickly changed direction, feeding it back inside that delicious sucking mouth of hers.

"That's it," I said as I felt her cheeks vacuuming in so I had a nice hot slick sheath enveloping my probing cock, her tongue pressing upwards against the protruding ventral ridge on the underside. I got into a nice smooth rhythm as I fucked that gorgeous mouth of hers; my surging cock sliding luxuriously back and forth. As she continued to slavishly suck at my brick-hard erection, I looked down with a smile on my face as I watched my glistening prick going in and out of her hot wet mouth. I held tight to the headboard and fucked her face for about five minutes. I could hear her breathing raggedly through her nose as I flexed my hips back and forth. She started to squirm around beneath me as the sensuous pleasure of the whole erotic experience took control of her body. Her beautiful mouth was so good; I didn't think it was possible for my cock to get any harder than it was right now. I was more than ready to give her the good hard fucking she wanted; and I could tell from her writhing body beneath me, she was ready for it too.

"Now," I said I shifted my hips backwards, my cock pulling out of her vacuuming mouth with an audible 'POP' as I moved my body back between her spread legs, "I think I need another of your special treatments right down here." I could see the rapturous lust in her eyes as her knees quickly came up and her sexy nylon-clad legs rolled open to each side. With my body positioned over hers, I let my hips sink down until I felt the throbbing tip of my erection press against the moist hotness of her pussy-lips. Oh man, was she ever wet. She was absolutely soaking down there still. I rolled my hips slightly as those delicious pink lips of hers parted willingly as I started to force my way inside. I looked down into her hooded eyes as I slowly but insistently went deeper and deeper.

"Haaaaaah," she cringed with a sharp intake of breath as I felt those luxurious wet tissues lining her channel grip deliciously along my penetrating erection as inch after thick inch stretched her steaming cunt. Her head tipped back against the pillow beneath her and I saw her grip the sheets tightly in each fist as I forced the last few inches inside; my shaven groin pressing warmly against her smooth moist womanhood.

"Oh God, it's so big," she groaned softly as I held it deep inside her and let her get accustomed to the size once more. "I've never had one so big before." She rolled her hips back up against me. "And it's so hard."

"Do you like that, Margaret?" I asked as I moved my hips in a slow teasing stirring motion, my rigid dick still buried to the hilt inside her.



"Oh fuck.....that feels so good," she moaned deeply as her eyes closed briefly in pleasure. She opened her eyes and looked up into mine as she brought her hands up and circled them around my neck once more. "Like it.....I absolutely love it." She pulled my face down to hers and our lips met in a long passionate kiss. Her tongue pressed and rolled against mine as we kissed for a long time. As I finally drew my hot wet mouth back from hers, I accompanied that with a slow withdrawal of my buried erection; letting her know I was ready to give her the good hard fuck she needed so badly. I flexed backwards until I felt just the tip caught between her moist pink labia, the needy hot lips clinging to the sensitive skin of my engorged cock-head. I took a slow deep breath and then with a firm flexing of my hips, drove it all the way back into her with one forceful thrust.

"OH FUCK," she groaned loudly as her hands quickly dropped to the sheets and I saw her clutch at them in a death-grip. After briefly touching bottom, I withdrew and hammered it balls-deep into her once more. "OH JESUS.....that is so good." I watched her eyes close in bliss as I started to really fuck her. I got quickly into a steady rhythm as I made each thrust long, deep and hard. It didn't take long until I felt her body start to quiver and I knew she was on the verge of her next orgasm. I kept slamming it into her, my cock acting like a long stake as I nailed her deeper and deeper into the mattress.

"OH MY GOD.....OH MY GOD.....AAAAAAAAAAHHH," she moaned loudly as a nerve-jangling release shot through her. Her head rolled from side to side as her whole body twitched and shook. I kept fucking her good and hard as wave after scintillating wave or orgasmic pleasure coursed through her. As her body slowly started

to relax, I slowed down too and stopped with my steel-hard cock fully sheathed within her hot gripping cunt. She looked up at me with a look of total serene bliss on her face, her flushed skin glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration.

"Oh Connor, that cum was so good," she said breathlessly as her lips turned up in a contented smile, her full red lips parting as she drew in deep breaths of cool air.

"How about a couple more?" I asked as I provocatively rolled my hips, my long hard cock pressing teasingly against the sensitive wet tissues deep inside her.

"Aaaaaaaaahhh..." She let out a deep guttural growl as she surrendered herself to the delicious pleasures she was experiencing. "A couple more?" she repeated with a devilish twinkle in her eye. "That would be perfect."

"Well, let's get started then." I started to withdraw and watched a nasty smile appear on her face as she flexed the muscles inside her and the gripping folds of flesh inside that wonderful cunt of hers massaged my retreating dick in a loving embrace. "Yeah, that's the way." I started to fuck her once more, and this time, she did more than her share in return. As she started to rhythmically bounce her hips up against me with every downward thrust of mine, I quickly looked over my shoulder and saw the pointy heels of her stilettos digging into the mattress as she bucked that steaming wet twat up against me.

"Jesus, Margaret, you're not too bad yourself," I said as I felt the delicious sensations of her hot birth-channel milking along my pistoning dick as she fucked back at me like a wildcat. Like I had previously thought, 'This was the kind of woman who could teach you a lot about yourself'; and now, she was showing me I had been absolutely right. Man, she was so fucking hot. Her strong mature body flexed and pressed against mine with each of my driving thrusts, until soon both of us were grunting and sweating from our sexual exertions.

"OH JESUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," she squealed loudly as I gave her a good hard thrust that triggered another intense climax deep within her. She thrashed about wildly but continued to launch that sumptuous body of hers against me time and again. Her large heavy tits, now free from the confining corset, bounced and wobbled sensually as she moved about on the bed beneath me. I leaned forward and captured one of her stiff nibbles between my lips and gently nipped at it with my teeth as I shifted my angle slightly and started to press even more firmly on the upper folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"OH FUCK.....NOT AGAIN.....AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH." With her engorged sensitive clit barely separated from my brick-hard stroking erection, the scintillating pressure on the slick tissues between them tripped her quickly over the edge once more. Her eyes were closed and her head twisted from side to side as she moaned continuously now, as another shattering release had her whole body flopping and thrashing about like a rag doll. I fucked her through two more orgasms as our bodies grew slick with perspiration.

"Turn over," I said as I quickly pulled my cock from her gripping twat. I used my hands to help position her onto her hands and knees, that sumptuous wide ass of hers beautifully on display before me. I knew that was an ass I'd like to get into some time in the future; but right now, I wanted back inside that hot weeping box of hers. I pushed down on my rearing cock until I had the broad flared head nestled back between the dripping lips of her soaking wet snatch. With my rigid dick safely within her clutching cunt-lips, I gripped her hips in my hands and slowly but insistently slid inch after hard thick inch all the way back up inside her. I didn't stop until I felt the hot soft tissues of her pink labia nibbling around the root of my cock.

"Oh my God, it's so deep," she moaned as I rolled my hips in a slow circle, my engorged member rubbing over every square inch inside her buttery love canal. I started to withdraw and looked down to see those luscious pink lips of hers, tensely stretched from the immense girth of my dick, but also lovingly adhered to my retreating prick, her glistening juices shining on the gnarly skin of the thick shaft. I could smell her juices, and the intoxicating scent fired my senses as I started to fuck her even harder.

"Oh fuck....oh.....oh.....oh," she groaned with each powerful thrust of my pile-driving cock. "I.....I.....OOOOOOOOHHHH," she uttered loudly she came once more, her body quivering and shaking through another tingling climax. I held onto her hips tightly as she bucked and twisted beneath me, the hot wet tissues of her cunt gripping me wonderfully as I continued to fuck her. As she recovered from that one, I reached forward and let those massive pendulous tits of hers find a nice home in my cupping hands. Man, were they ever nice and

heavy. I hefted and gently squeezed those beauties as I resumed fucking her as I felt her pleasure start to escalate once more. As she started to gasp raggedly again as her next orgasm approached, I took each of her long stiff nipples and rolled them sensually between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. This must have been all she needed as I felt her body immediately start to tremble beneath me.

"OH FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK," she moaned in pleasure as another orgasm shot through her.

Oh fuck was right; did it ever feel good to be inside my gorgeous mature neighbor and have this tremendous body of hers at my disposal. I had been so turned on by what had happened with my mother and sister earlier, that I definitely needed this much-needed release. Getting the one load off in Zoey's hot young mouth had been great, but like I said earlier, I like to cum a number of times in one session; and beautiful Margaret had been more than willing to help me with that problem.

As she started to come down from that orgasmic high, I felt my own climax approaching as she worked that beautiful wide ass back against me, those hot wet tissues inside her gripping and massaging my rampant hard cock. Remembering how she had looked with my thick milky cum on her face and how much she loved it, I decided to give her another face-coating blast.

"Quick, turn over," I said again as I pulled my pulsating rod from her clutching pussy and pushed her over onto her back. She quickly rolled onto her back as I scrambled back up until I was straddling

her supine form once more. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body and wrapped my hand around my surging erection just in time as I felt the delicious sensation of the semen starting to speed up the shaft of my cock.

"Here you go," I said as the first long ropey strand jettisoned forth to land with a splat across her cheek and into her soft auburn hair. It was quickly followed by two more heavy gobs of potent seed as I started to paint from one side of her face to the other.

"Yesssssss," she hissed as I milked my throbbing cock again and again as her smooth skin started to disappear beneath the silvery-white coating I was giving her. I came for a long time as the jangling contractions went through my midsection, my spewing cock echoing the delicious orgasmic sensations coursing through me by flooding her face with a big creamy load. When I finally finished cumming, we both stayed still and you could hear both of us drawing in deep breaths as our bodies slowly recovered from our sexual exertions. Her face was an exquisite mess; milky gob upon milky gob and silvery ribbon upon silvery ribbon of my massive load, the warm semen almost totally covering that beautiful face of hers.

"Oh my God, that was incredible," Margaret said softly as her hands came up to her face, her slender fingers massaging the pearly cream into her smooth skin. "I can't believe how many times I came....and ....and how much cum you still had with this load."

"I'm not done yet," I said as I rolled off her body and lay back against the stacked pillows in front of the headboard. I wrapped my hand

around my half-hard cock and held it up for her to see. "I want to fuck you one more time, but I want your mouth back on this until I'm ready." I could see a shiver of desire go through her gorgeous body as she accepted my instructions and rolled over and shifted down until she was kneeling between my legs; her face still glistening with a shimmering coating of my milky cum.

"That's a good girl," I said as she took the head of my dick into her mouth and started to softly suck. "It'll get hard again for you pretty soon, and then for this next load, I'm gonna dump it way up inside you."

"Mmmmmmm," she purred as she licked along the full length of my spent dick, "I'd love that. I can't wait to feel you shooting one of those huge loads inside me."

"Let's get this one inside you first," I said as I pushed down on my cock and slid it all over her face, some of my creamy semen clinging to my rubbery prick. She got the idea pretty quick, using my semi-hard schlong to bring my precious seed to her eager mouth. She took my dick in her hands and rubbed it all over her face, and then she'd push it right in front of her mouth, her magical tongue snaking forwards as she gathered up the warm fresh cream. She kept repeating this, purring and moaning softly as she rolled my cock lovingly all around her face before licking it clean. Soon, all that was left of my massive load was a glistening sheen of drying semen on that soft supple skin of hers.

"That's my girl," I said as she spotted one big wad of cum in her hair and slipped the silky tresses into her mouth. I smiled contently as she drew the strands of hair between her lips, the shimmering hair coming out glistening with traces of her saliva; the pearly cream now safely within her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmmm," she sighed softly as I watched her swallow, my thick cum making its way to a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach. Once she was sure she had gotten as much of that load as possible, she resumed sucking my cock. I lay back, my hands behind my head and just enjoyed the wonderful luxury of having such a talented willing neighbor as Margaret servicing me. She seemed more than willing to do whatever I asked. And she was damn good; I knew I'd be using her services whenever I needed it from now on.

I closed my eyes and a vision of my mother in that gorgeous teasing top she'd been wearing earlier came to mind. And that surprising kiss she'd given me, and then that episode with the whipped cream. With those thoughts running through my mind, I felt that luxurious stirring again in my prick as those images and thoughts of my sexy mother had the blood flowing to my filling cock once more.

"Mmmmmmm," I hear Margaret moan happily as I could feel my dick lengthening and thickening within the delicious warm confines of her hot sucking mouth. I lay there and thought of my mother, wishing it were her down there between my legs right now, her beautiful face totally impaled on my surging erection, pre-cum flowing easily onto her silky tongue. Oh fuck.....I was more than ready now!



"Get over on your back," I said as I scrambled out from beneath Margaret. As my rigid dick came out of her mouth, a big gob of her silky saliva dropped down onto the sheet from her soft warm lips, the gaping 'O' formed by her succulent mouth inflaming my libido even more. She rolled quickly onto her back and I took a second to take in the beauty of her full mature body. Those long legs beautifully encased in those sexy black nylons, her feet enticing clad in those 'fuck-me' stilettos. That shimmering satin corset alluring accenting her full hourglass figure, her nipped in waist and wide full hips. I looked at that sexy lace choker, an alluring little touch that made the whole outfit just that much sexier. And then those massive round tits of hers, now beautifully on display outside the corset; her long nipples, dark and stiff, begging for attention. Fuck, she was so incredibly hot!

"I think you're gonna like this," I said as I moved between her legs, my rampant cock rearing up between us. I grabbed her ankles and lifted her long legs high up in front of me. I leaned forwards and positioned my pecker against her once more, her stiletto-clad feet resting over my shoulders. As I pressed the broad mushroom head against her once more, I was amazed at how wet and hot her pussy was. She was still absolutely soaking down there, her flowing discharge bathing the way for my needy cock. On my knees between her legs and with her long gorgeous legs sticking up over my shoulders, I slipped my thick long cock all the way back inside her.

"Oh yessssssssss," she hissed again as I slowly fed every last inch into her. With those images of my mother still filling my head, and with Margaret's ankles over my shoulders, I decided to really pour it

to her. As soon as I felt my abdomen press up against her moist pussy-lips, I drew back and started to fuck her good and hard once more.

"Uh.....uh.....uh.....," she groaned with each firm thrust. I kept her legs spread out to each side as I fucked her vigorously, my brick-hard erection filling and stretching that hot mature hole of hers. From those moans, I could tell she had no objection. Within a couple of minutes, her flushed body started gyrating through another climax, her breathing ragged as her body bucked and shook uncontrollably.

Her hot wet cunt was mine for the taking and for the next forty-five minutes or so, I used her every which way. I had her lie on her side with one knee bent way up as I kneeled behind her, my thrusting prick sawing back and forth sideways between those wet pink cunt-lips of hers. I flipped her over from her back onto her stomach and then back again; making sure she came at least once in each position. I pulled out a couple of times and fed my glistening cock back into her mouth; her talented tongue licking up all of her own sweet cunt-honey. I lost track of how many times she came as I managed to suppress my own orgasm a number of times by slowing down to a dead stop. Finally, as she lay flat on her stomach and I was fucking my rigid dick deep into her from behind, I could take it no more.

"Turn over," I said as I flipped her over onto her back once more. She was so thoroughly fucked over by that time, she could barely move on her own. I positioned her in the middle of the bed and grabbed her by her stilettos, lifting her long lithe legs up and out to each side, spreading her as wide open as possible for my final assault. I moved

forward between her widely spread legs and leaned forwards until the tip of my throbbing dick was snugly nestled between her hot wet cunt-lips. As she looked up at me with lust-filled eyes, I pushed her legs further out to each side as I slid my rock-hard cock all the way home.

"OH FUCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she groaned loudly as I really started to pound it into her. My hips were flexing rapidly back and forth as my throbbing erection sawed back and forth between her clinging wet labia. Those hot wet folds of flesh inside her gripped my probing dick sensually as I fucked her like there was no tomorrow. Her body was a wriggling mass of delight as she just seemed to keep cumming, her gushing cunt-juice flowing onto me as our bodies slammed sensually together. I pictured my mother lying back, that sweater of hers torn open to reveal those huge tits of hers, beautifully encased in that white lace bra she'd had on. I'd just push her little white skirt up and have that enticing hot wet cunt of hers lying before me, just waiting for me to stretch and fill it. With the thought of my mother being in this position beneath me, my long thick cock sliding luxuriously deep into that hot slick pussy of hers, it only took a few seconds before I felt the onrush of my impending climax.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I said as I slammed it to the hilt in Margaret's clutching wet hole just as I started to shoot.

"OH FUCK.....YESSSSSSSSSSSS," she hissed loudly as she came as soon as the first forceful shoot bathed the hot wet tissues deep inside her. I could feel the nerve-tingling sensations of a tremendous release

go through me as I kept my pulsing dick buried, my spewing cum filling her up as I continued to unload. With my hands gripping her slender ankles tightly, I kept her legs spread as far apart as I could get them as I flooded her insides with shot after shot of my ropery semen. From having suppressed my climax a number of times earlier, I knew I had primed myself for a big load. As I flexed my hips slightly and I felt the last few shots spurt forth, I knew I had filled Margaret's cunt with a massive load.

"Mmmmmmm.....so good," she babbled almost incoherently now as her body quivered and trembled beneath me. As the delicious sensations of our mutual orgasms finally started to recede, I eased my grip on her ankles and brought her spread legs back to my sides before releasing them. As soon as I did, they dropped heavily to the bed on each side of me, and she didn't move them at all. I looked down at her beautiful face before me as my spent dick slowly started to deflate inside her. Her eyes were closed and there was a look of sheer bliss on her face. Her big heavy tits were heaving as her heartbeat slowly started to return to normal, just like mine. Both of our bodies were glistening with perspiration from our sexual exertions, but I don't think either of us was complaining at all.

I slowly withdrew my spent member from inside her, my cock coming out in a slippery rush as I moved backwards. I looked down at Margaret as I slowly eased myself off the bed. She was totally fucked out, her body lying motionless, her legs immodestly wide open. I looked down at her pussy, the bright pink lips looking puffy and swollen from the abuse I'd put them through over the past few hours. I watched as a gob of my milky cum appeared at the opening of her greasy slit and started to slide downwards onto the sheet

beneath her. From her gentle breathing, I could tell she had already fallen asleep. I wasn't surprised; I had fucked her good and hard for a few hours straight. She certainly looked beautiful lying there, her mature buxom form fully on display.

"Margaret, are you okay?" I whispered softly. She didn't move but continued to breathe softly, that warm satisfied smile still on her face. A lascivious thought went through me from when I was a young teenager, of what I'd like to do if I came across a beautiful older woman passed out like this. Shaking my head at the stupid idea, I stepped into the bathroom, my heavy cock swaying majestically between my legs. Closing the door quietly and turning on the light, I washed my hands and splashed some water on my face before looking at myself in the mirror.

"You lucky bastard," I said to myself as I thought about all that had happened in the past few days. Everything was definitely going my way; I had a rendezvous with my customer Catherine lined up for tomorrow night, and then that curious date with my gorgeous hot mother the next day. Fuck, I wondered what was going to happen with that.

I grabbed a towel and wiped my face and hands and turned to leave the bathroom. I was just about to hit the light switch when I looked down at Margaret's vanity and saw a big jar of 'Vaseline—Baby Fresh Scent' sitting there. As I looked at the jar of my favorite jack-off lube sitting there, almost as if testing me for some bizarre reason, the nasty thoughts from my youth entered my head once more. I slowly

eased open the door and looked towards the bed; Margaret hadn't moved an inch.

"What the fuck," I thought to myself as I grabbed the jar of Vaseline and stepped back into the bedroom, "if she wakes up, she won't mind." I softly padded back over to the bed and looked down at her. She was still sleeping peacefully, totally unaware of what I was doing. Being the horny perv that I was, I thought back on all the times I had raided my mother's or sisters' underwear drawers or the laundry hamper when I'd wanted to jerk off; and here I was, about to do the same thing to Margaret while she was right in the room.

"Margaret," I whispered again. She lay still, totally unresponsive in her dreamy slumber. I looked around and moved over to her dresser and quietly slid open the top drawer. Inside were a whole slew of different colors and styles of panties and nylons. This was good, but not what I was looking for. I slid open the drawer beside it; jackpot! I felt a surge go through my dick as I looked down at a myriad of bras, and as I shifted some around, some colorful bustiers and corsets similar to the one she was wearing, lying beneath.

"Yeah, this is what I was looking for," I said softly to myself as I selected a lacy white bra and pulled it out of the drawer. "Nice, very nice." I held the sexy bra out in front of me and let the big heavy cups fall forwards to show their sensuous shape. It was a good-sized piece of lingerie; but as I said, Margaret was a voluptuous mature woman with a beautiful set of curves; not some waif-like teenage fashion model. I traced my fingers over the alluring garment, the combination of the delicate lace and heavy underwire feeling

incredibly erotic under my touch. I looked at the label inside one of the straps, and in the soft light of the room, I saw the size: 40DD. I had thought it would be something like that. Margaret's height and full shape accounted for the 40, and the pure round size of those heavy beauties took care of the Double-D designation. Yeah, nice....very nice; a perfect bra size for a woman of Margaret's statuesque buxom form. I brought the bra up to my face and pressed the material of the inside of the cups to my nose.

"Mmmmmmm," I mewed with a soft sigh as I inhaled and Margaret's womanly scent combined with traces of her alluring perfume invaded my senses. I breathed deeply of her personal scent once more as another surge of sinful delight went straight to my cock. Still holding her lacy bra to my nose, I looked over at her as I took one last forbidden sniff. She slept on peacefully as I breathed in her delectable scent one last time before dropping the bra back on top of the others and closing the drawer.

With my cock now half-hard and in need of attention already, I grabbed the jar of Vaseline and gently climbed onto the bed. I settled myself on my haunches next to her upper body, those gorgeous 40 Double-D's of hers on display right in front of me. As quietly as I could, I opened the jar of lube and drew out a generous supply of Vaseline onto the fingers of my jacking hand before setting it down beside me.

"You're a beautiful woman, Margaret," I said as I wrapped my greasy fingers around my schlong and started to slowly stroke it. She slept on; oblivious to the world after the exhausting fucking I'd just given

her. "I've done this many times thinking about you, wishing every time I could be this close to you while I'm doing it." Within only a minute or so, my stiffening dick was brick-hard. It felt great sliding it back and forth through the warm slick corridor formed by my stroking hand. The rhythmic sticky sound of my milking hand filled the room as I looked down at her gorgeous body spread out before me.

"Let's see how these babies feel again?" I uttered quietly as I reached down with my other hand and lifted her big round tit closest to me. I let my fingers slide beneath the soft round curves of her voluminous breast and lifted it upwards. "Yeah, nice and heavy." I let my fingertips caress that beautiful soft tit of hers and then slid them upwards over the smooth surface until I encountered the pebbly surface of her nipple.

"This feels pretty good too," I said as I rolled the rubbery little bud between my thumb and forefinger.

"Mmmmmm...." I held stock still as she let out a soft little moan as her protruding nipple stiffened and grew thicker under my attention. She didn't move....just that little moan before her soft gentle breathing resumed. With no further sound from her, I inched slightly closer on my knees and resumed jacking off as I let my free hand explore her other heavy tit.

It felt sinfully wicked to be running my hands over her gorgeous body as she continued to sleep, totally unaware of what I was doing. I had always had a thing for older women, as long as I could



remember; and being allowed free access to a full sexy body like this had always been a cock-hardening fantasy of mine. Margaret was the same age as my mother, and both of them were incredibly sexy and desirable. If I couldn't have my mother like this, Margaret was more than an adequate replacement. This brought my thoughts back to my mother and I wondered again what was going to happen on that date of ours on Saturday. As I gently rolled the hard dark red nipple of Margaret's other full breast between my fingers, my cock hardened even more as I pictured doing the same to my mother's.

"Let's put a little of this on there," I whispered softly as I pointed my rock-hard prick downwards and rubbed the pre-cum from the oozing tip onto her erect stiff nipple. I pushed the wet red eye right down onto the dark red bud before shifting it over and doing it to the other one as well. Both nipples were now glistening with a shiny coating of my slimy pre-cum.

"Oh fuck, what a fantastic set of tits you've got," I said as I started to pump my milking hand more forcefully back and forth along my turgid shaft. I looked down between her legs and saw more of my milky cum still slowly oozing from between the puffy lips of her well-fucked cunt. Thinking about how much semen I had dumped into her when I unloaded, and the possibility of doing the same to my mother sent me right over the edge. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body as my hand pumped smoothly back and forth along my pulsing erection.

"Here's one more for you," I gasped out just before I started to shoot. Her big round tits were my target this time as the first long ropey

strand shot forth. It hit with a soft splat on the upper slope of the one closest to me and fell across most of the other one as well; with a shimmering white ribbon also slipping into the dark deep line of her cleavage. I followed with four more long thick ropes, the silvery fluid crisscrossing her ample tit-flesh in a bizarre mosaic. I now aimed a little lower until I had covered both of her perky nipples with pearly baby-batter. I kept jerking as I continued to unload all over that voluptuous chest of hers, her soft warm skin a beautiful canvas for my work. The final shots of many spewed forth until all that was left was a final milky strand, dangling from the end of my dick.

"And this one right here," I said softly as I moved slightly upwards and let the end of the distending drop settle at one corner of her soft red lips. I moved my cock closer towards me as the pearly strand clung to the line of her lips before finally breaking, the other end falling onto her cheek. Totally satisfied and temporarily drained, I looked back down at her ample chest; the whole surface now a glistening mess of my pearly cum.

With a smile on my face, I turned and stepped around the room and blew out the candles she'd lit earlier, until only the soft golden glow of the light on the dressing table illuminated her gorgeous reclining form. I picked up my clothes and stepped into my shorts before stepping back beside the bed. She was still in the same position, her breathing still regular and steady; the look of serene contentment still on her pretty face, even with that final strand of cum shining on her lips. I looked down between her legs and saw more of my silky cream still slowly oozing forth. I leaned forward and saw a sizable puddle of it on the sheet beneath her, and I was sure from the amount I'd shot into her, there was still more to come. I looked up at her pretty

face and saw more wet stains and streaks on the pillow beneath her; souvenirs from where I'd shoot off onto that beautiful face of hers a couple of times earlier. The whole room smelled of sex. I breathed deep and let the warm earthy scent of our lovemaking settle on my senses. Yes, calling Margaret and coming over here had been a much better idea than just jerking off by myself. With one last look at her sexy mature body, I reached down and pulled the covers up over her, leaving those cum-covered tits and her pretty face exposed.

"I'm gonna go now, Margaret," I whispered softly into her ear before giving her a final soft kiss on her cheek.

"Mmmmmm," she gave a final soft moan before I stepped away and pulled the door to her bedroom closed behind me. I carried my shirt in my hand as I made my way back to my own place; thoroughly exhausted but incredibly content. I shucked off my shorts and took a quick shower, the drying sweat sluicing off my body under my soapy hands.

"I wonder how things will go with my appointment with Catherine tomorrow night," I thought to myself as my soapy hands naturally made their way to my heavy long cock. "But more important than that, I wonder how that date with my mother will go." Washing off the combined juices of my delightful encounter with Margaret, I finished showering and hit the sack. With visions of my stacked sexy mother dancing through my head, and knowing our proposed date was only two days away, all my dreams were good that night.

## Chapter 5

### Zoey

"Oh my God," I thought to myself, "did he just cum? Is that cum I feel on my back? I can't believe he's cumming right on me. Oh no, there's another shot.....and another one. I can feel it running down my back now. It's sliding right into the back of my skirt. I can't believe this is really happening."

Thirty minutes earlier.....

I couldn't wait to see my brother Connor again. It had been so amazing when he'd actually let me suck him off last night. I'd been dreaming about my hunky brother for years now. I couldn't begin to count the number of times I'd lain in my bed with my fingers busy between my legs, thinking about him, usually resulting in multiple orgasms that left the sheets soaking wet beneath me. I couldn't believe my luck last night when he'd had to come back to the house for his laptop and he'd seen me giving Derek from school a blowjob. It doesn't sound like good luck; getting caught by your big brother with a cock in your mouth and cum sliding down your throat, but it had sure worked out that way.

At first I'd been upset and ashamed by what he'd seen me doing; but when I realized he'd been watching us for quite a while, I knew he must have enjoyed what he was seeing. The more we talked, the less scared I was that he was going to tell on me to my mother. And then

after I confessed to him that even though I loved sucking cock, that I was still a virgin, I could see an interested look in his eye as he looked me up and down while I was wearing my cheerleading uniform. I could see his dick bulging within his shorts as we continued to talk. It sure looked like a big one; like I had dreamed about my brother having as I lay awake many nights; my fingers working between my legs.

I kind of started teasing him a little, letting him see how my big tits looked in my tight cheerleader's sweater, and then sliding my hand over that growing bulge in the front of his shorts. Man, it felt huge! He'd finally let me see it, and I wasn't disappointed at all. It was even bigger and thicker than I had imagined it to be. It looked like a little kid's arm with a big fist at the end!

He'd guided my eager mouth to the end of that huge love-muscle of his and I'd enthusiastically let him feed it to me. It felt amazing to have my handsome big brother's beautiful rock-hard dick filling my mouth. It was so much bigger and felt so incredibly powerful compared to the pricks of the few boys from school I'd sucked off. Yes, this was definitely a man's cock; my dreamy big brother's long hard thick beautiful cock.

My friends all said my brother was hot, and he really was; but I always thought of him in a word my mom said she and her friends used when they were young; dreamy. The way I thought about him all the time, that word described him perfectly. And I couldn't start to count the number of times I'd woken up with thoughts of my sexy big brother running through my head; and a moist damp itchiness

between my legs that just wouldn't go away until I slid my fingers down there and satisfied myself. I'd told Connor I was a virgin, and I was. I had always dreamed of losing my virginity to Connor; and none of the boys I knew had even come close to the standards I had set when picturing Connor taking me. I had always dreamed of his big hard cock moving deep into me for the first time, the engorged head tearing through my cherry as he made me his.

Deep in my heart, I just knew that having sex with him for the first time would be incredible. My better judgment kept telling me deep down that it was unlikely to ever happen, that those were just the silly dreams of a schoolgirl. But I'd held out hope, and never allowed a boy to even touch me down there. I'd eagerly suck their cock and swallow their cum, but I kept saving my hot needy pussy for my big hunky brother. I wanted more than just for him to make love to me; I wanted my brother to fuck me until I couldn't take it anymore. To fuck me deep, long and hard until I came so many times, I'd feel like I was going to totally collapse and pass out from the ecstasy I knew in my heart he was capable of bringing me. And now, after what had happened last night, after he'd cum in my mouth and fed me his cum, I thought I now might have a chance to convince him to use that massive hard cunt-stretcher of his to bust that ripe little cherry of mine.

Since he'd left last night, I couldn't stop thinking of him and wanting to be with him again. Images of that beautiful long hard cock of his were burned into my brain. I hadn't brushed my teeth so the deliciously sinful taste of his cum lingered on my tastebuds all night long. I couldn't believe it when he'd shot off into my mouth; there was so much cum! I didn't know anybody could possibly cum that

much. It just seemed to go on and on; that beautiful big cock flooding my mouth with his warm cream. I swallowed and swallowed, the delicious milky semen feeling silky smooth as it made its way down my throat and into my welcoming stomach.

I thought I had done a good job; more than anything I wanted Connor to be pleased with my effort. But when I asked him how he thought I did, he had answered, "You did pretty good." But there had been a definite shrug of his shoulders that seemed to say to me, "for a beginner."

"I can do better," I said to him imploringly. He'd wanted me to suck him off without using my hands. He seemed satisfied, but I knew I could do better if he'd let me use my hands to pleasure him as well. I wanted more than anything to make him happy; to make him proud of me. I asked if he would teach me; teach me to be a better cocksucker. I let him know I'd do anything he wanted me to do. He'd finally agreed; on the condition that I not tell a soul and not to see any more of those jerks from school. I readily agreed, excited as I'd ever been about the chance to be with my dreamy big brother.

I was so upset when our stupid mother had called and interrupted us, just as our first real cock-sucking lesson was about to start. Connor had been kind enough to let me suck him briefly before he had to go, that beautiful big dick of his feeling wonderful in my mouth; if only just for a minute. He'd left quickly, the luxurious sensation of his magnificent manhood inside my mouth stimulating my senses beyond anything I had ever imagined. I was so excited by

what had happened; I'd had to rub my needy little cunt three times that night before I was able to fall asleep.

In the swirling rush of the intense situation, I had totally forgotten that I had promised my best friend, Jenna; that I would go away with her and her parents this weekend. I couldn't wait for my first real lesson with Connor, and I knew that if I didn't do what I was going to do right now, I'd probably have to wait days until I could suck him off again. I knew I couldn't wait that long to feel another of his huge loads filling my eager mouth; and maybe.....just maybe.....I could find a way to convince him to fuck me.

So here I was; walking out the door of my school, just after my last class before lunch got out. I was gonna blow off lunch and the last two classes of the day and go to my brother's place. I knew he worked out of his house and figured he'd be trying to finish that article he'd been working on at my mom's. Leaving the school grounds, I was headed to the bus stop and over to my brother's.

I'd told Jenna I had a doctor's appointment. I think that was the first time I'd ever lied to her about anything; and we'd been best friends since kindergarten. I felt horrible doing it, but it was the only way. I'd promised Connor I wouldn't say anything to anyone; not even Jenna. It was so hard not to tell her what had happened. We had been best friends forever and shared everything; I hoped I could keep it up. We had discovered together how much we loved sucking cock, and I knew she liked it as much as I did. I knew she would do anything to get a chance to have a huge dick like Connor's stuffed deep into that hot little mouth of hers.



I unbuttoned the blouse I'd worn to school and pulled it off before stuffing it in my knapsack. I'd worn a little white crop top beneath that I knew I looked great in. My boobs pushed out the front impressively and the short top left a lot of midriff exposed. The deep scooped neckline also showed a nice deep line of my cleavage. I had noticed that there seems to be nothing boys like better than a glimpse of cleavage. I'd chosen a little denim mini skirt that hugged my curvy hips and with this crop top showed off my narrow waist and flat stomach. The jewels on my little navel piercing glistened in the sun against my smooth tanned skin as it hung just above the waistband of my little skirt.

As I approached the bus stop, I saw a couple of guys in a passing car look my way, big smiles appearing on their faces as they drove by. With my curly blonde hair, big tits and nicely tanned skin, this top never ceased to invite a lot of admiring glances. Combined with the faded little hip-hugging denim mini and flat white sandals, I think I looked pretty good. At least I hoped Connor thought so; that was who I was wearing it for.

The bus I wanted arrived just as I arrived at the bus stop and I hopped on board. All the seats were taken as I made my way towards the rear, noticing a few leers from the seated male passengers; only none of them were gentlemanly enough to offer me their seat. A couple of people were already standing near the back, so shortly behind the side exit door, I grabbed the overhead bar near them and turned sideways to face the right side of the bus. In the first seat of the sideways bench, an older man who I guessed was in his 50's was

sitting in front of me and I noticed his eyes flicking up to my heavy round tits as I leaned slightly forward over him.

The bus pulled to the curb at the very next stop and a couple more people got on; one being a tall slim Latino looking guy. As he made his way towards the back of the bus, I noticed that he was quite good-looking with sharp features and jet-black hair smoothed back attractively. He wore loose-fitting black jeans, a white singlet that showed off a strong chest and taut midsection, and a big loose-fitting shirt that hung open and swayed nicely as he walked.

I averted my eyes quickly as he approached, but I think he may have seen me checking him out. He grabbed the overhead bar and stood next to me as the bus pulled back into traffic. I could smell the warm scent coming from him as he stood close to me; a thrilling mixture of a nice citrusy cologne combined with the natural scent of his body.

At the next stop a larger number of people crowded onto the bus and as they moved towards us, the cute guy made room by moving right behind me and grabbing onto the bar on the other side of my own gripping hand. Two women who were dressed in hotel housekeeping garb ended up standing right in beside us; the two of them chattering away like jaybirds. I'm sure they'd never heard of texting each other.

The bus started to pull away just as a car sped past; causing the bus driver to step on the brakes sharply to avoid an accident. The bus lurched as the driver hit the brakes while the car just slid by; mere inches away. The abrupt stop caused everybody to grip their

handhold tightly and I felt the Latino guy bump into me from behind.

"Oh, excuse me!" he said apologetically. I noticed that when the bus lurched, his other hand had come up quickly onto the overhead bar on the other side of me to steady himself, so now he had a hand just outside each of the two I was gripping the overhead bar with. This put his larger body kind of in the same position looming over my smaller one beneath him. I turned and looked up at him.

"That's okay, no harm done," I said with a little smile and shrug of my shoulders. He returned my smile and I found myself blushing; his handsome face seeming even more attractive as his brilliant white teeth and full lips drew my eyes to his sensual mouth. With my body half-turned towards him, I saw his eyes move down from my face to my chest. As his dark eyes came to rest of the swells of my breasts showing above the scooped neckline, I saw the sexy smile on his face grow bigger. I quickly averted my eyes and shyly turned away. I was both tremendously excited and yet incredibly nervous under the leering gaze of this cute guy.

As the bus rolled on, I noticed that he continued to keep both hands gripping the overhead bar, one hand on each side of mine. I could feel the cool fabric of the sides of his open shirt brushing my sides as he leaned over me from behind; almost as if I was wearing the shirt myself. I could actually feel the heat from his body as his tall lean physique seemed to encompass my own small curvy form. The bus swerved again slightly and I felt the front of his body bump against mine. I could feel the front of his crotch press right into the curving

swell of my plump backside as the bus rocked slightly before righting itself. When it did, I was shocked to see that he hadn't moved back away from me.

"Mmmmm," I heard him make a soft low sound as he kept the front of himself pressed up against me, the sides of his open shirt keeping any of the other riders from seeing what was happening. I was staggered by what was happening as I felt him press himself against me once more, his hips rolling suggestively at the same time.

"Haaaaahh," I gave a little sharp intake of breath as I felt a growing hardness against my soft rear end. Rather than moving away in embarrassment, he pressed himself blatantly against me. I was too shocked to move; yet terribly excited as I felt his cock continuing to swell within the confines of his jeans. I felt myself getting flushed by the sheer nastiness of what this guy was doing right here on the bus. I could feel his prick swelling against me as he casually slid the front of his crotch up and down along the cleft in the back of my short skirt.

With this guy rubbing himself blatantly against me, I noticed a movement by the older man sitting right in front of me. I looked down to see him staring right at my big tits hovering over him, their full weight and roundness visibly apparent in my tight little top. As he stared, I saw him slip his hand into his right-hand pants pocket. His hand kept going further and further into his pocket until he had about half his forearm inside it.

"Oh my God!" I thought to myself as I saw movement in the crotch of his khakis as he started to manipulate his cock. The perverted old bastard must have had the bottom cut out of his pocket, the way his hand had been able to go so far in. "This can't really be happening....." The words raced through my head as I felt one guy's stiffening dick grinding against my soft round bum while I watched with amazement as the prick of the man in front of me rose up as his hand started to stroke rhythmically under the confines of his pants.

It was so strange.....what these two guys were doing.....it was something that under normal circumstances I would have thought to be totally disgusting.....now in this exact time and place.....the sordidness of it had me absolutely starting to soak my panties. As I looked down at the old guy in front of me groping himself, I could feel my nipples stiffening in my excitement. He didn't miss a thing as I watched his eyes slide up to my sumptuous chest and settled on the protruding little buds. His hand started to move rhythmically and I saw his tongue slide out unconsciously and lick around his lips as he stated blatantly at my heavy round tits.

"Unhhh," I heard the Latino guy behind me groan again as he rubbed himself more forcefully against my willing bum. His big flowing shirt blocked the view of everything that was happening, even the old guy in front of us. The two women closest to us were chatting away to each other and never looking our way. I could feel the hard length of the Latino guy's stiff cock rubbing against me; and it felt like a pretty big one. I subconsciously rolled my wide hips back into him, eliciting another little soft moan from him. I couldn't believe how excited I was, I felt a little trickle of emulsion seep out of the edge of my panties and start to slide down my leg. I was surprisingly

disappointed when I felt him move back away from me slightly and I saw him remove one hand from the overhead bar. "He doesn't have to get off already?" I thought, sincerely sad that he might be leaving so soon after what had just happened.

"Zzzzzzipppppp." The metallic sound of a zipper being undone came to my ears and I gasped in shock. "He's not really going to take it out, is he?" I thought to myself. The wickedness of it had me leaking even more cunt-honey, the front of my panties was totally soaked and I could feel another seeping rivulet start to slide down my other leg. After a couple of seconds, I noticed the Latino guy's hand come up and grasp the overhead bar again; his big loose shirt once again covering my sides. I felt him move against me once more, his hard prick sliding upwards along the cleft of my soft bum. He had actually taken it out!

"Aaaahhh," it was me that gave a soft gasp this time as I felt the hot smooth skin of his cockhead rub against my lower back as he moved upwards, his stiff dick clearing the waistband of my skirt and touching directly onto my skin. The smooth hot membranes of his engorged cock slid partway up my back before he started to retreat. As he started to move forward once more, he pressed himself more forcefully against me; knowing that I was aware of what he was doing and had shown that I had no objection. In order to steady myself, I reached up with other hand to take a firm grip on the overhead bar, not realizing until I'd done it that my position had caused my round heavy tits to thrust even further forward over the old guy in front of me.

"Nice," I heard him whisper under his breath and looked down to see him staring blatantly at my round full breasts on proud display directly in front of him. I could see stiff nipples pushing against the tight material of my top, dark little shadows being cast by the protruding buds. The guy's hand was moving faster in the depths of his pocket now and a sheen of sweat had appeared on his brow as his eyes feasted hungrily on my curvy young body.

"Unhhh," I heard a low groan from behind me as the Latino continued to slowly grind his hips up and down against me, and now I could feel a damp wetness on my lower back. I gasped as I realized he was leaking pre-cum right onto me as he rocked back and forth. Tremendously excited by what was happening, I found myself rolling my wide young hips back against him, my curvy bum rubbing directly on his throbbing erection. I wondered what it would feel like if my skirt wasn't in the way, to feel the full thickness and length sliding along the smooth warm cleft of my young behind.

"Oh fuck!" I heard the guy behind me moan softly into my ear as he pushed himself against my back and I felt him start to tremble. The hot hard cockhead was nestled right into the small of my back between my skirt and my little crop-top as I felt his warm breath against the back of my neck; his breathing shallow and ragged. He let out another little groan and then I felt a short powerful splat against my back as he shot.

"Oh no," I gasped in both surprise and excitement as he came right on me. He held himself right against me and rubbed the hot hard engorged helmet of his throbbing dick against my soft young body

as rope after rope of his hot milky cream shot forth. He was still shooting as I felt some of his thick semen start to run down my back and slither beneath the waistband of my skirt right in the center of the small of my back. I was breathing faster and my heart was just racing as I was swept up in the sinful nastiness of what this guy was doing to me. I found it incredibly erotic to know this stranger had just cum on me; right here on this bus with people all around us!

"Unnnngghh," the old guy in front of me let out a husky groan which drew my attention away from what was happening behind me. I looked down to see him staring right at my heaving tits, my thrusting stiff nipples mere inches away from his face. I looked down at his hand manipulating inside his pants, and watched as a wet spot appeared on the front of his crotch. My eyes opened wide as he continued to work his spewing cock, the wet stain on the front of his khakis growing bigger as he continued to shoot. He shot for a long time as he started right at my round firm tits; and I have to admit I thrust me chest even a little further towards him.

"Thanks babe," I heard the guy behind me whisper into my ear as he moved slightly away from me at the same time as he withdrew his hands from the bar above us. I could feel him moving his hands between us as he stuffed his spent dick back into his pants. I was still gasping with excitement as he reached past me and pressed the button to indicate he wanted to get off at the next stop. As he withdrew his hand I felt him let his fingertips slide stealthily up my side.



"Aaahhh," I gave a sharp intake of breath as his hand quickly encompassed my heaving tit and gave it a gentle squeeze. As quick as it had come, his hand withdrew and I felt his fingertips slide over the soft material of the back of my skirt as he moved towards the exit. I looked out the window and as the bus pulled away from his stop, he looked back at me and gave me a contented smile, those dazzling white teeth of his sending a shooting thrill right through me.

"Hmmpff," the old guy in front of me gave a little grunt that drew my attention once more. I saw him smiling up at me, having just seen the Latino guy blatantly grope me right in front of him. Someone had pulled the bell for the next stop and the old guy grabbed a shopping bag he'd had between his legs and placed it over the wet stain in his crotch. As the bus slowed, he rose from his seat and as he moved past my side, he reached up with his trailing hand and I felt him grope my right tit as well. He gave it a couple of good squeezes before letting go and exiting the bus. He never looked back as the bus moved off; leaving me still breathing raggedly from the bizarre adventure I'd just been made part of.

I could feel the dampness of the Latino guy's warm cum on the skin of my back, a sluggish trail continuing to slide its way downward. Anxious now that somebody might spot it, I picked up my knapsack from between my feet and slung it far back on my shoulder so the bulk of it covered my lower back. Looking up, I noticed the stop closest to Connor's house was coming up. I rang the bell and slowly made my way to the rear door, trying to be careful not to disturb the warm gob of cum on my back.

The bus came to a full stop and I exited cautiously, and then found myself standing there as if in a daze as the bus moved on. My legs were trembling as the reality of what had happened settled in my brain. I didn't ride the bus that much but I would have been shocked to think that something like that could have happened. But it had happened with one guy getting off by rubbing himself against me while another had jerked himself off in his pants right in front of me! And I had some of the evidence to prove it.....the warm semen clinging to my skin!

I looked quickly around and noticed that no one was on the street. I took a few steps down the quiet side street that lead to Connor's house and stopped beneath the shade of large tree. I slipped my knapsack off my shoulder and reached behind me with my hand. I touched the damp sticky gob and I slid my fingertips down into the back of my skirt and then brought them upwards, gathering up as much of the slimy fluid as I could. Jesus, there was a lot. Bringing my hand forward, I gasped as I looked down at the milky wad of semen clinging to my hand. The Latino guy's silvery cum seemed to flow lovingly over the surface of my skin, the thick viscous fluid moving slowly as I tipped my hand this way and that. I spread my fingers slightly and marveled at the way it formed web-like strands that glistened hypnotically. The masculine smell subtly invaded my nostrils and I brought my hand closer to my face, the lure of his manly seed seeming to control my body unconsciously.

"Mmmmm," I let out a little mew of satisfaction as that scent I had so quickly come to love so much shot right to my brain with a little spur of excitement. I took a quick look to make sure there was still no one around and then lifted my cummy hand to my mouth. One huge

enticing gob hung from my fingertips and I dangled it in front of my hungry mouth; almost mesmerized by my desire to have that deliciously lurid taste in my mouth once more. I moved my fingers closer, the distending silvery gob drizzling lower as I extended my soft warm tongue.

"Mmmmm," I moaned again as silvery goo landed on my tongue and I savored the delicious sensation of the thick milky cream settling on my tastebuds. The first time I sucked a guy off, he'd cum almost as soon as I slipped my lips down over his throbbing engorged cock. As that first gush of his spewing semen flooded my mouth, I knew I was hooked. A powerful hot cock feeding me its love juice was thrilling beyond anything I could imagine. The warm silky fluid felt simply exquisite in my mouth, and the comforting feeling as the manly seed coated my throat on the way to my stomach was overwhelming. As I'd swallowed my first load, a shattering climax washed over me. My body trembled through a luscious tingling orgasm as I swallowed every drop. I could never understand how some girls would never swallow, always spitting it out or pulling their mouths off when the guy started to shoot. Once I'd had a taste of it, I wanted more.....and more.

I licked all of the shimmering slimy cum off my fingers and reached back behind me for more. My fingertips moved around my lower back gathering up the slithery goo. I brought it once more to my waiting mouth and slid my shiny fingers between my glistening lips. I purred again as the taste of the Latino guy's warm seed sent a shiver of desire right through me. I put my hand around to my lower back once more and eagerly gathered up as much of the rest of the wickedly sticky mess as I could. I was incredibly aroused and

anxious to get to Connor's house. I knew the way my body was feeling right now, if he let me suck that beautiful big prick of his, it wouldn't take long for me to cum with just the feel of that incredible massive cock filling my mouth. Sucking the final gooey strands of semen from my fingertips, I turned on my heel and made my way hurriedly towards Connor's.

It only took me a couple of minutes to reach his complex. As I made my way up his driveway, his neighbor Margaret waved to me while she was watering some flowers in front of her house. I'd met her briefly a couple of times previously when I'd been here. She was a pretty older woman; and as I waved back I noticed how great she looked in the tight top and short shorts she was wearing. I was surprised that I found myself noticing how sexy she looked; something that had never even entered my head at all when I'd met her previously. Those big tits and long beautiful legs of hers sure looked great in that outfit she was wearing. But it was something more than that, the contented smile on her pretty mature face seemed just so blissful, like someone who is totally satisfied. She looked incredibly sexy, and I felt a tingling shiver run down my spine as I looked over at her. She gave me a knowing smile as I approached Connor's house, her tanned arms glistening in the sun as her mature hand held the spewing hose before her. In the aroused state I was in, it looked like she had her delicate hand wrapped around a shooting cock, the gushing water reminding me of the huge load of semen Connor had shot into my mouth last night.

With those lustful thoughts swirling in my brain, I hurried to my brother's door and rang the bell, praying that he was home.

Connor

"RING!!!!!!!!!!" ..... "RING!!!!!!!!!!"

"Who the heck is that?" I thought to myself as I got up from my spot in front of my computer and made my way to the front door.

After that wild wicked night that started with my teasing mother, then Zoey, and then finishing after dropping multiple loads either into or all over Margaret; I'd crawled into bed totally whipped and slept until almost noon. I'd grabbed a quick shower, pulled on some loose gym shorts and grabbed a quick bite before getting to work. I was still behind on this article and if I didn't get it in soon, my boss was likely to rip off my nuts and use my sack to carry his golf balls in.

"Zoey, what are you doing here?" I exclaimed in surprise as my sexy little sister burst past me into the living room, her curly blonde hair swirling about her shoulders.

"I....I wanted to see you," she stammered as she turned to face me, her pretty young face flushed pink.

"But, aren't you supposed to be in school?"

"Yeah, but I skipped out. It's Friday and we weren't going to be doing anything important."

"You shouldn't do that, Zoey. You know how pissed off Mom would be if she knew."

"I know, but I.....I really really wanted to see you," she said with undisguised longing in her voice. "And I'm going away with Jenna tomorrow."

"What?" I asked, totally confused as to what Zoey's cute little friend could have to do with anything.

"Last night, I totally forgot about going to L.A. with Jenna and her parents this weekend. She got accepted to USC and they're going down to check things out. I promised I'd go with her."

I don't know why, but the first thing I thought of after listening to what she was saying, was that my mother would have the house to herself this weekend; that Zoey was going to be away on the night of our "date". That could possibly make things tomorrow night all that much more interesting. "So how long are you going to be away for?"

"We're going first thing tomorrow morning and then we'll probably be back late Sunday," she said hurriedly. "If I'd known what was going to happen last night, I never would have agreed to go. I....I totally forgot. I'm sorry to have just shown up here like this, but I....I

didn't want to wait until after the weekend." She paused in her rambling and looked at me standing before her in nothing but my gym shorts, her eyes zeroing in on my muscular chest before dropping to my midsection.

"Wait until after the weekend for what?" I asked innocently; although I knew exactly what she was talking about.

"You know," she said a little coyly, "my first lesson. We kind of got interrupted last night."

"What lesson?" She looked at me and she knew I wanted to hear her say it.

"My.....my cocksucking lesson." There, she'd had the courage to put it right out there. "You....you promised you would teach me."

"Are you absolutely sure about this?" I knew that with her showing up here like this, there was no doubt that she wanted me to keep filling up that pretty little mouth of hers with my cock. I looked her curvy young body up and down and like last night, I knew I had no willpower to stop what was going to happen. But based on what seemed to be her intense level of desire, I was hoping to work this as much to my advantage as I could.

"Yes, I'm sure. I want you to teach me, Connor. I'll do whatever you tell me to do."

"Whatever I tell you to do?" I asked, putting the emphasis on "whatever".

"Yes." She looked at me with almost a pleading look in her eyes. "I loved last night. I wish stupid Mom had never called from that movie. Please Connor, please will you let me do it again? I'll do whatever you ask me to do or want me to do."

"So you'd do this wherever I want, whenever I want?"

"Yes."

"And if I asked you to wear something that I pick out for you, you'd wear it?"

"Yes."

"And if I had you over here spending the night, you'd suck on my cock for as long as I told you, even if that was all night long."

"Oh yes," she replied and I saw a shudder of desire go through her body.

"And what if I wanted to cum all over your face, or your tits?"



"I.....I'd love that." Her face was even more flushed now.

"So you are still a virgin, like you said, right?" I was working towards wondering how far she was willing to take this.

"Yes, I really am. I never did anything besides use my mouth or hand on those other guys."

I paused for a second before looking at her intently. "What if I wanted more?" I said, this time with the emphasis on the "I". We both knew exactly what I was talking about.

She hesitated for just a second, a look of pure happiness lighting up her beautiful blue eyes. "I'd love that, Connor. I've always dreamed that it might be you." Even I hadn't expected her to be that truthful; but it brought a soft smile to my face just the same.

"That's nice, Zoey." I paused for a second as I decided how this was going to go. I wanted to feel that hot sweet mouth of hers a few times before taking her cherry. I wasn't going to rush that, I wanted the circumstances to be just right. "Well, we'll see how things go with your lessons before we move on to anything like that." She had a bit of glum look when I said that. "If your lessons go well and you get a good mark from the teacher, maybe we'll have some other lessons for that too. But I wouldn't want it to be hurried; I'd want the situation to be perfect for you." This brought a big beaming smile to her face.

"I'd like that." She paused and looked down at my half-hard dick pushing against the front of my gym shorts. "When.....when can we get started?" I could see how hungrily eager she was to get my prick back in her mouth.

"You really love the taste of cum, don't' you?"

"I love yours, Connor."

Perfect, that was just the type of reply I was hoping for. If she wanted these cocksucking sessions to be like lessons, then I was going to make this teacher/student relationship just the way I wanted it. "That's good, Zoey; 'cause I've got a lot of cum for you. I'll feed you as much as you can take." A lustful shudder went through her body again. "What time do you have to be home?"

"Mom'll be expecting me home from school at the usual time, so I've got about an hour and a half."

So I had the use of her and that gorgeous hot mouth of hers for the next ninety minutes or so, then I had my appointment with Catherine later this afternoon. I definitely had faith in my recuperative powers, but I didn't want to overly push it. I hadn't cum yet today and looking at that hot wet mouth of my little sister, I knew I'd be able to fill it with a couple of loads and still have some leftover for Catherine. To hell with the article I was working on, if it was late, fuck it; this was going to be so much better.

"An hour and a half, that's good," I said as my eyes roamed up and down that curvy young body of hers. "In that much time, we'll be able to take it easy and I'll be able to give you a couple of loads." Her eyes instantly flew wide open and she looked at me in surprised anticipation, her big chest heaving as she breathed raggedly. Perhaps she thought I'd give her one quick load and then dismiss her.

"You are okay with that, right?" I asked as I took my hand and stroked my fingertips across my firm chest and down over my midsection. "You are okay if I want to take my time and work that sweet mouth of yours over real good?"

"Y.....yes, I'd love that," she said with a shudder as her gaze followed my hand downwards until I ran it over the protruding bulge in my shorts. Just looking at that gorgeous curvy body of my little sister had my cock swelling quickly. As anxious as I was to put her through some little "compliance tests" I had in mind, I knew I'd have to get off soon or I wouldn't be able to even think straight.

"Good; then let me give you your first mouthful right now. That'll take the edge off while I decide what I'm going to do with you for the next load. You can get down on your knees right here," I instructed as I nodded to a spot on the carpet right in front of me. She slid her knapsack off her shoulder and eagerly dropped to her knees, her face mere inches from my bulging crotch. "That's a good girl, now take my shorts off."

Her hands came up to my hips as she grasped the waistband and started to tug downwards. I shimmied my hips a little bit to help her and then I watched her eyes as my shorts started to come off. Her gaze was glued to my stiffening dick as the elastic waistband caught for just a second on the swelling crown before she gave a little tug and they dropped to the floor.

"Haaahh," she gave a sharp little intake of breath as my unconfined pecker sprang up before her, almost hitting her in the face. I stepped out of my shorts and kicked them aside before standing before her, my hands on my hips. Out of the restricting confines of my shorts, my dick continued to extend and swell as the pulsing blood coursing through me rushed to my groin.

"Go ahead, it's all yours, show me what you can do, sis," I said as I looked down at her, her mesmerized gaze locked on my rising cock.

"I....I can use my hands this time, can't I?" she asked, remembering that last night I'd strictly made use of her mouth that first time.

"Of course you can, sweetie. If I'm going to teach you, I'll need to see what you can do before I decide what we need to work on." I had no doubt from the way things went last night that she was a natural-born cocksucker who absolutely loved having a hard dick filling her mouth; but I wanted to make her think I was interested in judging her abilities from an almost "academic" point of view; not just to satisfy my own lascivious needs.

I looked down at my little sister's cute cherubic face beautifully framed by her lustrous blonde curls. As her eyes dropped back to my lengthening rod, I saw her tongue slide out unconsciously and wet those soft pillowy lips of hers, making them all that much more inviting. A surge went through my dick as it continued to rise, her eyes glazed over with desire as she reached towards me.

"It's so beautiful," I heard her mumble to herself as her delicate little fingers slid up my strong thighs and into my midsection. I watched as the fingers of one hand slipped over the topside of the stiffening shaft and then she closed her fingers around it in a warm loving corridor. "Oh my God, it's so big around." She moved her hand slightly and I could see that there was still a big gap between her fingertips and the heel of her hand.

"I think there's room for both of your hands there, Zoey. Go ahead." She reached her other hand forward and slipped it around the burgeoning shaft above the other one; both hands closing over the outer sheath just beneath the long pronounced head. Her soft warm hands felt wonderful on my pulsing rod and after just a couple of tentative strokes, my dick was so hard, I'm sure a cat couldn't have scratched it.

"It.....it's so big," she said, almost awestruck by the size of my pulsing erection. She looked up at me, her eyes glazed over with desire. "How.....how big is it?"

"It's a little over 10".....do you think you can handle it all?" I said with a tone that implied that I'd be disappointed in her if she couldn't.

There was an immediate look of panic in her eyes as she looked down at the engorged crown mere inches from her face, I pearly drop of pre-cum glistening in the wet red eye.

"I.....I don't know," she said with a note of anxiety her voice. She paused and her gaze swept over the full length of the powerful truncheon she held in her tiny hands. "I.....I'd like to, if you think I can. I'll do whatever you want me to, Connor."

"That's good, Zoey," I said as I looked down at her, "because if you want me to teach you to be the best cocksucker you can be.....you'll be taking every last thick hard inch all the way into the pretty little mouth of yours."

I saw her gulp noticeably in fear after I said that. Anxious now to get this load off, I reached forward and slid my fingers into those lustrous curls of hers and gave her a gentle suggestive tug towards me. She moved willingly and I watched her pouting red lips open as they approached the engorged crimson helmet. Since she was supposed to be showing me what she could do, I slipped my fingers out of her hair and stood with my hands on my hips. I was happy to see that she didn't need any more encouragement as she eagerly moved closer, her tongue slipping out to wet her needy lips one more time. I watched with a lecherous smile on my face as she pursed her lips and gave my cockhead a gentle kiss before letting her lips slip open and follow the flaring contours of the pebbly crown. Her lips parted eagerly and I watched them stretch open as she moved slowly forwards over the hot surface of my dick until they slipped right over

the rope-like corona and locked down, the massive enflamed crown filling her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, the warm sound in her mouth vibrating luxuriously right into me. With the huge head captured between her lips, I felt her tongue swirl slowly all around the sensitive skin of the throbbing tip, the inside of her mouth deliciously wet and oh so hot. Fuck, it felt incredible. I luxuriated in the wonderful sensations her mouth was bringing me as she lovingly circled the throbbing crown with her talented tongue again and again.

"That's pretty good, Zoey," I said encouragingly. She flicked her delightful blue eyes up to mine and I saw the happiness there before she lowered her gaze once more and started to move further down my thrusting erection. As her full wet lips continued forwards, she slipped her top hand off the smooth sheath of my dick. I felt her delicate fingers slide beneath the soft skin of my sack until she was cradling my spunk-filled balls in the palm of her hand. She gently caressed them in her cupping hand, as if trying to coax her sought-after treasure to leave their warm nesting place and make the anticipated journey into her hungry mouth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I mumbled as lurid thoughts I'd had of my sexy little 18-year old sister craving my cum drifted through my brain. And here it was actually happening! I looked down as her lips got about halfway down my 10+ inches before she started to retreat. She drew in her cheeks as she withdrew, the scintillatingly soft wet membranes lining the inside of her mouth making an exquisite hot buttery sheath for my rock-hard cock. She started to move forward again, her

tongue depositing another warm wet gob of saliva along the silky smooth surface of my pecker. While she got into a delicious back and forth rhythm, her hand surrounding the root of my rigid dick started to move in a gentle corkscrewing tug. Oh man, she was fucking good, alright! I looked down and saw her hooded eyes were almost closed; a look of pure bliss on her face as she rocked back and forth, my long thick boner moving salaciously in and out of her hot sucking mouth. After not having cum this morning yet, I knew it wasn't going to be much longer before this load was going to fill that pretty little mouth of hers.

"Oh Jesus, Zoey, just keep sucking it just like that.....yeah.....just like that." I said as I felt the initial start of those delicious contractions in my midsection. "Just a little bit more and then I've got a nice big reward for you."

"Mmmmmm," she let out a soft groan as my words seemed to inspire her to suck more ravenously. Her gripping hand continued to jerk me off towards her vacuuming mouth as her other hand gently squeezed and kneaded my sperm-laden nuts. Her little moan of pleasure set something off inside me and the initial feeling of my impending climax came on full force as I felt the boiling semen inside me start to speed up the shaft of my throbbing dick.

"OH GOD.....FUCK.....HERE IT COMES," I muttered as I felt my dick twitch and swell as the speeding jizz started to race forwards towards her waiting mouth. She continued sucking hungrily as the first thick creamy rope burst forth deep into her vacuuming mouth.



It was quickly followed by a second and third massive shot as I unloaded.

"Glumph," I heard her noticeably gulp as she swallowed the first mouthful. Her cradling hand gently squeezed my sack, her fingers trying to coax as much spunk out of there as she could. My throbbing dick kept shooting as her mouth and other hand worked to draw out the warm precious semen she loved so much. As I continued to shoot, I felt her fingers start to twitch spasmodically. I looked down to see her swallow for a second time, the muscles in her neck contracting with a sensuous ripple as my creamy seed slithered down her throat.

"Ehhnnnnnnnnnnnnnn," she let out a deep low groan and I saw her body shake as she kept her lips adhered around my pulsing shaft. I could see that she was in the throes of an orgasm, just from sucking my cock. "Holy fuck," I thought to myself; that is so fucking hot! My little sister continued with some soft little moans and whimpers of ecstasy as I flooded her mouth with a massive load; her young body quivering as her tingling climax coursed through her. Her face was flushed and a fine sheen of perspiration coated her smooth young skin. I watched as a silvery trickle of seed escaped from one corner of her mouth and started to slide down her chin. Her hand pumped as she sucked and I felt the final few shots spurt forth into her hungry mouth until I had no more; my little sister had sucked out every last drop I had.....for now. As I took in a long deep breath of cool air, I knew I'd have more for her soon. She was too fucking talented as a cocksucker to let go after one quick blowjob.

"Oh fuck, Zoey," I said as I let out a long relaxed breath and collapsed into the big easy chair, my heart rate slowly returning to normal.

"Did I....did I do okay?" she asked trepidatiously, a satisfied yet worried look on her sweet young face. Her uncertainty on how she had performed was fine with me; although she had been fucking incredible, I wanted her to be unsure of herself just yet. I wanted her to continue to want me to teach her; that way I'd be ensured of continuing to have my sexy little sister as my personal cocksucker whenever I wanted.

"Uh, yeah, that wasn't too bad," I said calmly as I waved my hand nonchalantly in her direction.

"I....I can do better," she said anxiously as she crawled over towards me on her knees; those glorious heavy tits of hers wobbling invitingly beneath her tight sweater. Her flushed face and wet puffy lips looked so sexy as she moved between my legs. "Can I try again?"

"I....I don't know, Zoey," I said questioningly as if I was having second thoughts about the whole thing; which was actually the furthest thing from my mind. I actually couldn't wait to get my cock back into that buttery hot mouth of hers again and feed her more of what she wanted. I decided to really play this up to see how committed she was in her request for these cocksucking lessons. "Maybe this isn't a good idea."

"NO," she gushed, a note of panic in her voice. "No, it...it is a good idea." She paused for a second and I saw her eyes start to well up with tears. "I....I always wanted it to be you, Connor. Those other boys that I did that to, they were nice and all, but I.....I always thought of you when I was doing it." She looked at me longingly as she made what was coming across as a confession. "Ever since I can remember, I always wished I could be with you like that. Whenever I thought about you, I'd find myself getting wetter and wetter until I'd have to take care of myself." She held her hand up and showed me her fingers as she said this. "There were many times in school when I'd ask the teacher to let me use the washroom so I could do it. And every time you'd come to the house after you moved out, as soon as you left, I'd have to go to my room and change since my panties were always soaked." Well, this was certainly very interesting; and more than I had anticipated. But I had a feeling this was going to work out perfectly.

"The other night," she continued, her quivering voice showing both her uncertainty and excitement, "it....it was magical for me. I loved it so much. I couldn't wait to do it again. Your.....your cock, it isn't like those on those other boys. It was so big, so hard.....just so powerful. It was even better than I had dreamed about." She paused again, her glistening blue eyes glancing down to the dormant monster lying against my thigh. "And when you came in my mouth, it was incredible. I loved it; it was so thick and creamy and tasted.....I don't know....so....so masculine. It tasted like you. And there was so much of it." Her eyes opened wide as she said this. "I couldn't believe how many times you shot off in my mouth. I had to swallow and swallow just to keep up. And when it slid down my throat, it felt like you were soothing me right down to my very core. It was absolutely perfect. And then I knew, all those thoughts I'd had about you had

been worth it; it was even better than I dreamed it would be." She paused again, then moved closer once more, her perfect sexy mouth moving towards my cock.

"Please Connor, let me try at least one more time," she said teasingly, looking up at me with big doe-like eyes as she lowered her mouth and gave the spongy head of my cock a long soft loving kiss. Oh fuck, she was gorgeous. Those full red lips of hers looked like they belonged where they were right now, nicely adhered to that warm cylinder of flesh between my legs. I could have let her start sucking for this next load right away, but I wanted a little entertainment first.

"Easy there, sis," I said as I reluctantly took her head in my hands and pulled her eager mouth away from me. "If you want some more, I want you to do a little something for me first."

"Sure, whatever you want," she said earnestly, obvious anxious to get another mouthful of hard thick cock.

"Go and sit over there facing me." I pointed to the couch opposite me. Zoey moved over to the couch a few feet away and sat directly across from me, waiting eagerly for my next instruction as I faced her straight on. Geez, she sure looked hot in that little mini-skirt and crop top. And those glittering jewels she had dangling from her navel piercing only added to her sultry allure. She had obviously dressed to tease and please. I was going to tease myself a little bit first with her before moving on to the "please" part with this second load.

"That's good. Now bring your feet up and put them on the edge of the coffee table in front of you." She compliantly did as I asked, but she had subconsciously kept her sandaled feet demurely together.

"No, put your feet further apart. That's good....just a little more....just....that's it, right there. That's perfect." She had done exactly as I said, her cute legs bent upwards as I positioned her with her feet about shoulder width apart. "Now, slide just a little bit forward and let your knees roll open to each side." I watched intently as my sexy little sister did just as I instructed, her cute round bum sliding slightly towards the front edge of the couch as she slowly let her legs roll open. Oh fuck, did she ever look hot. As the gap between her spread knees slowly widened and her short skirt rose higher and higher, I was looking directly up into the lovely welcoming pocket of her hot young cunt. The milky-soft skin of her young inner thighs drew my eyes like a magnet. She wore white satin panties which cupped the soft full mound of her sex invitingly. By the size of the dark stain at the front of her panties, she was obviously tremendously aroused. Excellent! "That's a good girl. Now, take your hands and let me see you gently stroke the inside of those beautiful thighs of yours."

With a look of both nervousness and excitement on her face, I watched as my hot little sister brought her delicate little hands forward and started to softly rub the insides of her legs. She started at her knees and slowly made her way down towards the cockpit, her fingertips moving in slow teasing circles across her smooth young flesh. I felt a lurch in my cock already and knew that this was exactly what I'd need to get me in shape for round two.

"That's good," I said in a soft hypnotic voice, my eyes glued to her exploring fingers. "Now I want to see you slip one hand right inside the leg of your panties. I think you know what to do once you've done that." I could see her tongue run out unconsciously and run around her soft full lips as the tips of the fingers of her right hand made their way under the elastic of the leg opening of her panties. She was breathing raggedly in her excitement and I could see that tremendous full chest of hers heaving as her heart rate escalated. As her fingers started to delve beneath the lacy edge, I heard a wet mucky sound; a sinfully sensuous sign of her arousal.

"That's a good girl, just keep doing that." As her fingers slid deeper into her sodden trench, I felt another delicious twinge go through my prick. I sat back in my chair across from her and let my own legs drift apart so she could get a good look. Her eyes immediately went to my midsection where my half-hard prick was rising between my legs. I could feel the pounding blood flowing through me and we both watched as my cock continued to swell and lift upwards. She seemed to be in a trance as her hooded lust-filled eyes never left my growing prick. I looked down and saw her fingers move further into the hidden depths of her needy twat. The sticky mucky sound of her exploring fingers came across the room to me and I relished in the twisted wickedness of having my sexy little sister fingering herself right before me; but not just fingering herself, doing it as I had instructed her to do.

"Is this what you want back in your mouth?" I asked as I nodded towards my swelling erection; the thick truncheon of my stiffening shaft continuing to lift further upwards.

"Oh God, yes," she murmured with a shiver as her tongue slid out unconsciously and ran teasingly around her pouting lips. I watched her manipulating fingers moving beneath the silky confines of her panties and then looked up to see that magnificent chest of hers heaving as her whispery breathing became shallow and rapid.

"It's almost ready for you again, sis," I said as I wrapped my big mitt around the tumescent shaft and gave it a slow stroke in her direction. The engorged head had swollen up and looked totally enflamed as I approached full erection; the scintillating view my little sister was providing me with serving to encourage the pulsing blood within me to rush forcefully to my throbbing cock.

"It's so big," she said with low moan as her thighs flopped in and then out again as her fingers dug deeper into her steaming twat. I could smell her delectable essence as it drifted across the room. It entered my senses in a warm sensuous stimulating aroma that had my throbbing dick pulsing even more. Oh fuck, she smelled good. My little sister.....so fucking sexy; here she was.....her plunging fingers about to bring her off as she eagerly waited for me to feed her my big cock again. My erection now felt as hard as a fucking baseball bat and as I slowly moved my hand in long slow strokes along the full length, my baby sister's eyes never leaving the engorged lance projecting from my stroking hand. I could see that she was totally enthralled with my throbbing dick, her fingers moving rhythmically in and out of her bubbling young cunt. I looked once more at those tremendous tits of hers swelling enticingly in her tight little top, her protruding nipples easily discernible beneath the straining fabric. Jesus, those nipples were big.

"And pretty soon," I said slowly, "this cock is going way back inside that hot little mouth of yours; I'm gonna teach you to suck it just the way I want it."

"Oh God, yesssss," she said with a throaty hiss. I watched as her fingers moved more fervently over her wet needy flesh. The insides of her white creamy thighs were just quivering now as her pleasure escalated to the breaking point. "AAAAAAHHH.....AAAAAAHHHHHH.....UNNNNNGGGG G.....," with a low guttural growl, her climax hit her and I watched as my little sister's curvy little body started to twitch in the throes of ecstasy. She was panting like crazy and those sumptuous tits were shaking deliciously as her body trembled and shook before me. Fuck, it was so hot watching my little sister cum like this. I felt my own libido surging as I continued to slowly stroke my turgid erection as her quivering body finally ceased trembling as the exquisite sensations coursing through her slowly dwindled.

"That was so good," she murmured as she slowly withdrew her hand from beneath her panties and rested her head back against the couch, her body now totally relaxed. I looked over happily at her glistening fingers, her whole hand actually covered with shimmering coating of her sweet nectar. The delicious scent from her gushing twat permeated the air with its wicked lurid fragrance.

"It looked like you enjoyed that. Now let me see you lick those fingers clean," I instructed. Without hesitation, Zoey brought her gooey hand to her mouth and our eyes locked as she slipped her index finger deep between those soft red lips of hers.



"Mmmmmm," she purred as her gorgeous pouting lips closed around the invading digit and sucked. I watched mesmerized as she moved from one finger to the next, taking her time and enjoying her own youthful flavor until her hand was left with just the shimmering traces of her own saliva.

"That's a good girl," I said with a definite tone of praise in my voice. "I think it's time to start our first cocksucking lesson now." I could see the excitement in her eyes as she quickly moved forward, dropped to her knees and started to crawl over towards me. "Not so fast; do you have a hairband or one of those scrunchie things with you?"

She had look of confusion on her face as she answered, "Uh yeah, why?"

"If you want to do a good job of cocksucking, I want to make sure your hair doesn't get in the way of that pretty mouth of yours." She nodded in understanding and reached over to grab her knapsack. She reached into one of the side pickets and pulled out one of the white stretchy bands. Her hands whipped up and pulled her curly locks behind her before using the elasticized band to anchor it in a tight ponytail. I noticed that she made sure before securing it that there were no stray tendrils whispering down around the sides of face. Excellent!

"That's it, now I think you're ready. Come over here, sis, and get down where you belong." I nodded to the spot between my spread thighs and she eagerly shuffled over on her knees until she was kneeling right before me; a look of blissful anticipation on her pretty young face.

"It's so beautiful, I.....I want to feel it in my mouth again," she said with lustful sigh as she reached for my thrusting erection. This was so fucking good and nasty; my sexy little sister just begging to suck me off. Her hand circled the thick base of my cock and she started shucking the outer sheath towards her face as she quickly moved her mouth towards the enflamed tip; her pillowy lips parting deliciously as she moved in.

"Easy now," I said softly yet firmly, "this isn't a race." She stopped and looked up at me questioningly, a little frustrated that I had stopped her from getting her mouth back on my cock as quickly as she would have liked. "If you want to be a good cocksucker.....my cocksucker; you have to learn to take it nice and slow. I'm not like one of your little high school boys just aching to get off. I want you to take your time and show me how much you love it, how much you need me to keep feeding it to you."

She eagerly nodded in understanding and I sank back into the big chair and watched as my cute little sister did as I asked.....and fuck.....it was a beautiful sight to see. I only had to give her a little bit of guidance as she took her time and made sweet oral love to me. She held my stiff cock in her hand and slowly licked it from top to bottom, then moved closer and rolled the massive engorged helmet

all around her pretty young face; and all the time her face shone with a blissful inner glow.....and glittering traces of my oozing pre-cum. I was impressed when she pulled my dick away from my body and let her tickling tongue and soft lips explore my abdomen, her exquisite tongue teasing me with pleasure as she rolled it softly over my defined abs. Her exploring took her mouth lower, to the joint where my legs met my midsection, her slithering tongue feathering deftly over my exposed flesh.

"Here, take care of these guys for a while," I instructed as I took my engorged schlong and lifted it away from my dangling sack. "That's where all that warm cum you love so much comes from. If you're nice to those guys.....they'll be nice to you." I sat back blissfully content as my little sister spent the next ten minutes or so bathing my sperm-filled nuts with her loving tongue. She took each one deftly into her mouth and rolled the heavy orb gently as her soft warm tongue slithered over the wrinkled skin. She purred and moaned softly as she did so; obviously in love with her duties.

"Oh fuck, Zoey, that is so good," I said encouragingly as she slipped my heavy distended ball from her mouth and once more slithered her talented tongue up towards the enflamed crimson crown. More and more I was loving not only what she was doing, but the way she was doing it. I could see from the pure desire in her eyes how much she absolutely loved what she was doing. I hate when beautiful porn stars just seem to put so much unnecessary expressions into their acting. Give me someone not so attractive who really loves what they're doing to a gorgeous woman who is faking it anytime. And there was no way Zoey was faking this. Her pretty young face and lust-filled eyes showed how much she loved sucking my cock.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a long purr as she slipped those gorgeous red lips back over the broad enflamed knob and then let them follow the flaring contours as her mouth moved downwards. Her lips smoothly slipped over the thick rope-like corona and locked down on the shaft beneath. She moaned again as she stopped and let her magical tongue explore the sensitive membranes of the plum-sized head.

"That's it, just take your time, nice and slow," I said softly as I couldn't help but feel a shit-eating grin spread across my face. She continued to worship my cock, taking her time and not hurrying with anything; just as I had asked. It was fantastic. My cock stayed brick-hard the whole time as she moved her head up and down in a smooth sucking rhythm, then occasionally slipping right off to lick up and down the full length of my thrusting shaft. I loved that she used a lot of saliva, and it looked so wickedly erotic when she would lift her sucking mouth right off and glistening strands of her spit would remain connecting her pouting lips to my needy erection with shimmering silvery webs. Her face had become a sensuous mess of saliva and pre-cum as she once again rolled my glistening hard cock all over her smooth young skin. Her small hands complimented her oral talents exquisitely; her delicate fingers wrapped lovingly around the base of my cock or gently cradled and rolled my spunk-filled nuts. I loved her technique so much, I suppressed my urge to cum a couple of times to make this last. But even though I was enjoying it so much, I knew I had better give her this load pretty soon or she'd be late getting home. The next time I felt that delicious urge start within me, I knew this time I wasn't going to deny it.

"You're doing pretty good, Zoey," I said softly, still letting her know I thought she had room to improve, even though she was fucking fantastic. "I think this time I'm gonna cum all over that pretty face of yours." Her eyes flicked up to mine and I saw a flash of intense desire within those sparkling blue pools. "Has anybody ever done that to you before?"

"Un-uh," she moaned against me with a slight shake of her head; her stretched lips and deliciously sucking mouth never leaving my stiff flesh.

"It looks like you like the idea," I said as I looked down at her with a smile.

"Mmmhmmm," she mewed in agreement with a slight nod this time.

"Good, that's what I hoped.....just a little more and I'll paint that face of yours with a nice big load." She enthusiastically continued her sucking, her cheeks drawing in to make a hot buttery gripping channel as her head moved slowly up and down. "Yeah, that's it, just keep doing it nice and slow like that.....that's it.....just a little more...." I could feel the intense pleasure escalating within me and knew I was close. I moved forward and quickly rose from my chair, withdrawing my throbbing dick from her sucking mouth with a noticeable "POP" as I moved around to the side of her, a big gob of her saliva dropping off my surging dick onto her chin.

"Turn around," I said quickly as she hurriedly shifted her body around on her knees so she was facing me directly. I wrapped my big hand around my pulsing shaft and started stroking in a warm loving corridor right in front of her upturned face. Her face looked beautiful, her lips looking puffy and swollen from the lengthy sucking session I'd just put her through. The lustful need for my cum shone in her hooded eyes as she breathed raggedly; her massive young tits heaving in her tight sweater as I looked further down into that deep dark line of cleavage she was showing me. My eyes came back to that pretty face of my baby sister's; her wet open mouth and gorgeous young face an inviting target if I ever saw one. Yes, this was a perfect face for a nice big load of cum. I stepped slightly forward and reached out with my other hand and slipped it into her soft curly locks to steady her head as I got ready to shoot.

"OH FUCK.....HERE YOU GO," I groaned as I felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of my pulsing cock. Her eyes locked onto the shimmering red eye and we both watched as a large milky gob filled the dimpled opening for a split second before a long white rope shot forth.

"Haaaahhh," she gave a sharp intake of breath as the first powerful strand pasted itself against her lower cheek and rose fully across her nose, forehead and into her hair. A second massive shot spewed forth and I directed this one onto the other side of her face. A third and fourth quickly followed as she gasped as each massive shot slammed into her soft young skin. I kept pumping my throbbing dick and directed shot after shot all around that pretty face of hers. Her face was quickly becoming a beautiful milky mess as I continued to unload all over her. I could see her trembling and she gave a little

gasp as my shooting load triggered another tingling climax within her.

"OH FUCK," I groaned as I continued to unload; eleven.....twelve.....thirteen.....I could see Zoey continuing to watch the spitting head as I totally flooded her face, each shot adding to the lustrous silvery coating. Sixteen.....seventeen.....fuck.....this was huge load. By letting her take her time sucking me, she had primed me for a massive orgasm.....and her face was the happy recipient of my creamy discharge. I could feel the last twinges going through me as the final shots spewed forth.....twenty-one.....twenty-two.....twenty-three. With the final spurt of the twenty-third shot, I knew I was done. I took a last long gripping stroke and milked out a final creamy gob which I flicked right into her open mouth.

"Oh man, Zoey, you're totally covered," I said as I looked down with satisfaction at my baby sister. Her whole face was covered with my semen, turning it into a beautiful milky mosaic. The gobs and strands of pearly cum went from one side of her face all the way over to the other, and from her forehead all the way down to her chin. I could see silvery ribbons starting to slowly slither over her jawline and down her neck as well. Other milky gobs were oozing into her hairline, where already a few stray shots had landed. All in all, her sweet young face was an incredibly beautiful mess of my cum.

"Hold still, I want to take a couple of pictures." Without even asking her permission, I stepped over to my computer and grabbed my cell phone. I moved around her and took a dozen or so pictures for my personal collection. I knew in times of need when I wanted to get off,

these babies would do the trick; no problem. When I was satisfied, I set the phone back on my desk and turned to look at her once more.

"Connor?" she asked softly, a look of lustful desire still on her spunk-covered face.

"Yeah?"

"Would you.....would you feed your cum to me?" The hungry look of need in her eyes had my heart soaring.

"Sure, honey, I can do that." I moved closer until I stood over her, my large 6'-3" frame dwarfing her small kneeling body. I reached down and took my index finger and scraped it across her cheek, pushing the gathering swell of warm semen right between her parted lips.

"Mmmmm," she purred as I pushed another milky gob over her smooth young skin into her waiting mouth. Like a baby bird, I fed her; my massive load of cum finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. My fingers gathered up as much of my pearly load as I could and I savored the tingling feeling of her lips closing around my cum-covered fingers as she sucked them clean. After I'd fed her as much as I could, I got her a warm washcloth to wipe up the remaining residue. I even helped her clean off a few of the gobs in her hair; I wouldn't have wanted her to have to explain that to our mother when she got home. I helped her to her feet and she pulled the scrunchie from her hair before shaking out her lustrous curly



locks. She ran her hands quickly through her hair as the sultry curls fell in swirling waves to frame her cute young face.

"Connor, that was incredible. Your cock, it.....it's so beautiful," she gushed as she straightened her clothes. "And when you came on my face, I just....I just came without even touching myself. It was amazing. I couldn't believe how much cum there was; it was everywhere."

"Did you like having it on your face?"

"I loved it! I felt so warm and.....I don't know....comforting.....like it made us closer." She paused for a second and looked at me anxiously. "Connor, can we.....can we have another lesson soon?"

"We can, Zoey. But I want us to have more time next time. You did pretty well," I said, putting just a hint of reluctance in my voice. "But I think we both know that you can do better." I paused and she looked at me and nodded in agreement, obviously wanting to do whatever was necessary to please me. "Next time, I'll want to start working on having you take it deeper." She noticeably gulped as she looked down at my long dormant member hanging majestically between my legs.

"Okay," she said nervously. "How....how much deeper?"

"When I'm finished teaching you, you'll be able to take it all.....all 10+ inches....and I can tell that you'll love it too."

Her eyes opened wide and she gulped noticeably at the idea of taking the full length of my cock inside that sweet young mouth of hers.

"You do want me to teach you, don't you, Zoey?"

I watched as I saw her summon up her courage before she responded firmly, "I do. If you think I can do it, I'll try to do whatever I can to please you, Connor."

"That's a good girl," I said as I stepped next to her and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. "Next time, we'll do a lot more." She looked ecstatically happy when I said this; a broad smile washing over her pretty features. "And next time, it'll be more about you too. I'll make you as happy as you've made me today."

"Oh Connor, thank you," she said gleefully as she reached up on her tip toes and gave me a quick peck on the lips. Her lips felt deliciously soft and warm on mine and I knew next time, I wanted to feel my tongue slide deep into that beautiful mouth of hers and kiss her time and time again. But right now, I wanted a good one before I sent her on her way. I quickly pulled her to me and pressed my lips to hers, my tongue moving between her parted lips as I rolled it over her warm soft tongue. We locked lips in a searing kiss that I kept for a long time before pulling back. When I did, she seemed to almost swoon in my arms, her breathing rapid and her full round tits

heaving sensuously as I looked down at her glazed over eyes. I wanted to leave her wanting more and I think I had succeeded.

"There'll be more of that next time, too," I said as I moved back from her and picked up her knapsack. "Now, you better get going before Mom wonders where you are."

"Okay," she said breathlessly as she gathered herself and made her way to my front door. She turned and looked at me with a kittenish smile on her face. "Make sure Mom has a good time on that date of yours tomorrow; she deserves it."

"I'll do whatever I can to please her," I replied, knowing within myself the lengths I would go to in order to bring pleasure to my gorgeous mother. Just the mention of our upcoming date sent a tingling jolt through me again.

"Bye, I'll be in touch soon."

The door closed behind her and I was left with my thoughts of this recent encounter. I'd been surprised and delighted by my sexy little sister's thirst for my cock. And she was so fucking good with that mouth of hers. I knew that I'd be making regular use of that from now on.

Heavenly content, I turned and made my way back to my shower; my appointment with Catherine was not too far off. Since Zoey had

been there, I guess neither one of us had looked across the room towards the back yard; we both missed seeing the inquisitive face peering in from beyond the shaded window.

## Chapter 6

Standing in the shower I heard the phone ring. Knowing the answering machine would take care of it, I continued lathering up. That little afternoon session with Zoey had been fantastic. The way she had openly thirsted for my cum was intoxicating; she was like some poor bastard stranded in these scorching deserts around here craving water. I'd been only too happy to feed her a couple of protein smoothies and looked forward to continuing with more of the *cocksucking* lessons she'd asked for. Yes, she'd been a very willing pupil, with a hot little mouth worth its weight in gold. Watching her swallow as my creamy load slid down that silky throat of hers into her waiting stomach was beautiful, and putting that second milky batch of baby-batter on her face had been wickedly nasty too; but knowing that pretty soon I'd be busting that sweet innocent cherry of my little sister's was going to be even better.

No doubt about it. As I thought about how it would feel to be tearing into that tight virginal hole of Zoey's curvy young body, my slick sudsy hands seemed to make their way into my crotch unconsciously. Remembering that I had that upcoming appointment in a little while with my second real client, Catherine, I summoned up what little willpower I had left and turned the shower to a cold rinse before things got out of hand....or into hand, more like it.

Catherine would be my second paying "John" (or do they call it "Joan" when it's a woman?) in my new "job"; Face-Painter for hire. \$200 a load was sure a bonus, I couldn't deny that. At first, I thought the whole thing would just be looked at as a joke, but there definitely seemed to be women out there who liked that kind of thing; and better yet, were willing to put up the cash to prove it.

Running a comb through my hair after wrapping a towel around my waist, I went back into the living room and checked my message.

"Yo Homes, 'sup?" I recognized the voice of my buddy, Andy. The initial greeting made me smile; Andy and I never talked like that; and yet here he was going all "gangsta" on me. "I thought you'd be at home either workin' or sittin' around on your lazy ass." Well, that was better, at least he was back to using his normal voice again. "It's the middle of the afternoon on Friday and I'm just finishing up this job I'm doing at the Luxor. I was thinking if you didn't have any plans for tonight we could grab a bite and hang out. If you can't make it tonight, maybe we could grab breakfast either tomorrow or Sunday. My mom wants me to pop by the house today so I'm just about to head there shortly. Not too sure how long I'll be there. Anyways, when you pick this up, give me a call on my cell. Ciao bella."

"Ciao bella," so here was Andy saying "Goodbye beauty" to me in Italian. That was one thing I liked about Andy, you never knew what that crazy bastard was gonna say next; or in which language.

Andy; or more specifically Andrew Alexander Adelson, aka "Triple A", had been my best friend since we started high school. I need to digress here for just a second..... A girl Andy dated for a while when we were in university always used to giggle or smirk whenever I would call Andy either "Trip" or "Triple A". I finally asked her why she got such a big kick out of it.

"Every time I hear you call him that," she replied with a big smile on her face, "it reminds me of the Energizer Bunny. You know; the one that keeps going and going. Well, I can tell you from experience; that is exactly what Andy is like in bed, only he keeps cumming and cumming, instead of going and going!" We both had a big laugh at that, but I could tell from seeing her with Andy that she had no complaints about his Energizer Bunny prowess whatsoever. Alas, like so many romances at that age, for some reason, it ended quickly, just like so many bad TV sitcom pilots.

Looking back, I think Andy and I first crossed paths in a computer science class, with me fumbling my way through before Andy took pity on me and helped me figure out how to do something as simple as logging in. He'd been a scrawny little twerp then; and why not, he was a year younger than the rest of us, having been moved ahead a grade. Why? Because he was probably one of the smartest motherfuckers I'd ever met, that's why. Nowadays, he could speak at least four languages fluently; that I knew of, and he was a whiz at both math and anything to do with computers.

We just kind of hit it off right away, with him helping me with math, science and tech stuff, while I gave him some guidance (which he

probably didn't really need) in literature, teaching him how to survive in gym and the oh so important art of socializing. I think we both knew that our strengths complimented each other and that somehow helped us form a strong bond. I kind of thought of Andy as the brother I never had, and being an only child himself, I think Andy felt the same of me.

So Andy and I shared those weird adolescent years together and our friendship grew through various girlfriends we each had, virginities lost (and never to be regained), both sports and academic successes and failures (you can guess who had more of each) and generally just regular teenage stuff. Over that period we'd both grown up, both physically and emotionally. I'd watched Andy over those years turn from the wiry little nerd he was when I first met him into a pretty good looking guy about 5'-9" tall and weighing about 170. While he helped me with math, I taught him about football. At 6'-3" and over 200 pounds, I'd made a pretty good tight end in high school while Andy played regularly at free safety. He was no star, mind you, but he worked hard doing whatever the coaches wanted from him and was respected by everybody else on the team for the effort he put forth.

I remember one incident clearly from around that time that I know brought the two of us closer together. It was our last year of high school and we'd heard about some club in a fairly sleazy part of town that didn't look too closely at your ID when you went in. And apparently there was a band playing there that week that was supposed to be pretty good. Andy and I made it into the place no problem, only to find that the band in question sucked and the overall clientele in the place was pretty grim too. I think for our first

time in a real bar, we were expecting it to be "babe city"; only the ones in here seemed to be from the dog pound instead. Deciding to cut the evening short, we got out of the place and headed back to where we'd parked. I don't know why I didn't do this before we left the bar, but I had an urgent need to find a place to take a piss. I ducked into a burger joint that was still open while Andy stayed outside to take advantage of the fresh air. When I came out just a minute or two later, Andy was nowhere to be found. I heard a noise coming from the alley next to the building and poked my head around. I saw two crackheads who had Andy backed up to the wall, his trembling hands held palms-up before him.

"Just give us your wallet, fuckhead," the smaller, more strung-out looking one said to Andy, almost spitting in his face. The bigger of the two stood in front of Andy, waving a knife around menacingly. As I quickly sized up the situation, I took this as a good sign; people that know what they're doing with a weapon don't keep moving it around, they hold it pointed directly at you, knowing that is the quickest way to do the most damage, if necessary. These guys looked too hopped up on something to act rationally and I knew I had to do something to get Andy out of there before the whole situation went badly wrong. Taking a deep breath and with my eyes locked on the hovering knife, I spurted the few steps down the alleyway and launched a vicious kick at the bigger guy's arm.

"AAAAHHH!" I heard the guy grunt and a split second later heard the knife clatter against the pavement. I grabbed the guy by the back of the neck and shoved his face right into the brick wall as hard as I could. As he crumpled to the ground holding his face and moaning, I turned towards the other rat-faced bastard. He looked up at my 6'-



3" frame and gasped out a simple "Fuck!" under his breath before hightailing it out of there. I grabbed Andy's arm and started to pull him out of there but he shook me off and turned to the guy kneeling on the ground, blood pouring from his face.

"Miserable fuck!" I heard Andy mutter between clenched teeth before he gave the guy another kick in the ribs for good measure. "Okay, let's get out of here." We took off at a run towards the car, both of us actually scared shitless and shaking from the whole frightening experience. We piled into the car and sat there with the doors locked, both of us breathing raggedly as our racing hearts slowly returned to normal; both of us trembling with nervous energy as the adrenaline rush gradually dwindled.

"Did you see what that little guy was wearing?" I asked Andy as I finally felt composed enough to start the car and pull away from the curb.

"Huh, what?"

"The little weaselly-looking one that took off; he was wearing a fucking Power Ranger t-shirt." I don't know why this struck me as bizarre and stuck in my brain; but that was all I could remember about the guy. If we'd reported this to the cops, that's the only way I could remember how to describe him.

"Power Rangers?" Andy replied with a "are you kidding me" look on his face.

"Yeah, the whole bunch of them, right there in a line on the front of his t-shirt." I paused and gave my head a shake as I continued to drive. "What the fuck's with that?"

Andy nodded and we drove on in silence for another minute or two before Andy said, "Do you think the Pink Power Ranger would be a good fuck?"

"Oh, there's no doubt at all about that; she'd be amazing," I replied and we both burst out laughing. We were okay after that; Andy coming back to earth from the scary hell those fuckers had just taken him to. Anytime we heard any reference to the Power Rangers after that, we'd just look at each other and start laughing as we remembered that frightening night.

After high school, we'd both attended UNLV with Andy in Computer Science while I studied English Literature and Journalism. He'd graduated with flying colors as a Computer Engineer and now at age 27, he worked freelance as well; mostly doing work for the massive casinos and hotels in town. With his skills in that kind of work, he made a decent buck, that's for sure.

We still remain good friends and usually get together a couple of times a week. I look forward to those get-togethers. Andy generally has a care-free optimistic attitude that is infectious. We never fail to challenge each other mentally over issues we disagree about, and yet we each value the fact that we can confide whatever we want in each

other as well. I knew deep down, although I'd never admit it out loud, that my friendship with Andy was special; the type I'm sure other people wish they could have themselves. It keeps me grounded in a way that I find comforting beyond words. We are an anchor for each other; able to find safe harbor no matter what the mean cruel world threw at us. With something as simple as a quick phone call to each other, it doesn't seem to take long before whatever had been troubling one of us ended up not seeming so bad after all. Would I take a bullet for Andy?.....Fuck no; but a paintball pellet.....maybe!

Realizing that getting together with Andy tonight was going to be a no-go due to my appointment with Catherine, I sat down at my computer to see where I'd left off on the article I was overdue with when Zoey showed up. I noticed I had a couple of e-mails and figured I'd better check it out. The first one was from my boss, "Dick the Dick", actually Richard "Call me Dick" Morrissey. I could read his tone of voice as soon as I opened it, the fact that he wrote it all in capital letters showing how pissed off he was:

"YOUNG," what....not even a cordial "Dear Connor"?

"YOUNG, BE AT MY OFFICE MONDAY, 10:00am.....DICK"

Hmmmm, well, that didn't seem too promising. I figured he was always pissed off because whenever he told people his name, some would ask, "Morrissey? You aren't related to the singer from The Smiths, are you?" to which Dick would have to reply in the negative. I'm sure he wished he had a fraction of the talent the real Morrissey had, the words from "Suedehead" now running through my head.

Maybe the second message was better news.

"Face-Painter, this is Catherine. I'm sorry to say that I'm going to have to cancel our meeting today. I have to.....actually, I'll be truthful; I'm chickening out. I'm sorry, but I just don't think I can go through with it. Catherine."

I sat and re-read her message again; just to be sure I was reading it right. I realized that in this "pay for sex" business, this kind of thing probably shouldn't come as a surprise. I figured it would happen sooner or later, but on my second real job? That was kind of a small kick in the nuts. Re-reading it once more though, I was glad she'd summoned up the courage to at least be truthful, rather than coming up with some lame-ass excuse.

Well, with my night now free, I picked up the phone and called Andy's cell. He picked up on the third ring, sounding out of breath. "Hey, it's me. You okay?"

"Oh yeah, I was just helping my mom bring in some stuff she bought today. I'm fine."

"Well hey, I've got no plans for tonight, what do you want to do?"

"How about we start at Gabriel's? We can grab a bite there and then just see what happens?" Gabriel's was a family-owned Spanish

restaurant not too far from Andy's apartment building. Andy and I had quickly become regulars there over the last year. I'm sure it was a combination of the fact that the food was always excellent; plus the owner, Gabriel, seemed to have penchant for hiring busty waitresses; including his own two young daughters who worked there as well.

"That sounds great. What time were you thinking?"

"Well, Mom's got more stuff for me to do here, so I'm probably gonna be here for another couple of hours anyways. How about I swing by your place and pick you up. That way, if you end up drinking too much tonight, you can either crash at my place or take a cab home." That sounded good to me. It would be great to get out, but I wanted to make it a fairly early night. I wanted to make sure I was well-rested for whatever might happen on my planned date with my mother the next day.

"That'll work. I've got to finish this article I'm supposed to have in or Dick will kill me. A good two hours right now should do it. Alright, I'll see you a little later."

We signed off and I pulled on my gym shorts and old t-shirt and got back to work. Fortunately this time there were no interruptions and just short of the two hour mark, I re-read the article for the last time and made the final little tweaks I wanted, and then sent it in. Finally.....man, over these last few days and all that had happened, I thought I'd never get that damned thing done!

I went into the bathroom, brushed the pegs, ran a brush through my hair and then dressed in a comfortable pale blue shirt and jeans. I was actually looking forward to hanging out with Andy; it had been almost a week since we'd seen each other. It would be a nice break to have some of Gabriel's good food and talk. As I got ready, I wondered if I'd actually let Andy know about the "Face-Painter" ad and my new venture into the world of "gigoloism".....and I wondered if that was actually a real word. Aaaah, who cares, I like the sound of it; "gigoloism".

As I pondered the intricate complex mysteries of the English language, my phone rang. I saw from the caller display that it was Andy. "Yeah?"

"I'm two minutes away; are you ready?"

"Yeah, I'll see you outside." Gathering up my keys and stuff, I locked up just as Andy pulled into my driveway in his silver Ford Fusion. That's another one of those things about Andy; the guy definitely had the money for something different than a Ford Fusion, if he wanted. And you'd think that a young successful guy in Las Vegas would be running around in something much sportier or showier; not Andy. For him, it needed to be practical, efficient, and make good economic sense; the same way he ran the rest of his life. He was by no means a cheapskate; he was often more than willing to pick up the tab for any occasion. Driving a family-type car like this was just another little quirk of his.

As I walked towards his waiting car, I spotted Margaret leaning against her front porch, a glass of wine in hand. She looked up at me over her wine glass and gave me a warm knowing smile.

"Hi Margaret," I heard Andy say from inside the car. "How are you?" The two of them had met on many occasions, Andy regularly dropping by my place since I'd moved in.

"I'm great, Andy," she said as she stepped off her porch and sashayed over towards us, those wide flared hips of hers shifting seductively as she approached. Jesus, she looked hot. She had on a pair of stretchy red shorts that ended just below her crotch, her long tanned legs looking beautiful in the dimming twilight. My eyes travelled upwards to the white and red floral blouse she had tied in an enticing knot at her midriff, her smooth stomach giving a teasing glimpse of the sexy hourglass figure she possessed. She had what seemed to be an extra button undone at the top of the knotted blouse, the V-shaped opening plunging almost to her midsection to expose a deep dark line of inviting cleavage. All this was framed by her swirling auburn locks, and her gorgeous features seeming all that much sexier by a sensuous natural glow she seemed to be exuding. I had a feeling my little visit the night before may have had something to do with that glow.

"So what are you two boys up to tonight?" she asked as both of us arrived on opposite sides of the car at the side time. While I slid into the passenger seat, she set her glass gently on the roof and then leaned forwards against Andy's doorframe to speak to both of us. "Oh fuck," I thought as she leaned further over, her head tilted

slightly to look across at me. The glimpse she was giving Andy and I down that gaping blouse of hers was fantastic. You could see well down inside past the swelling upper mounds to a breathtaking white lace bra that had been given the brutal duty of containing those heavy massive tits of hers. Yeah, those 40DDs looked like they were asking for your hands to reach forward and slide right down inside that teasing top of hers. I saw Andy gulp noticeably, his face only a foot or so away from those big pendulous orbs.

"We're gonna go out and grab a bite to eat, maybe have a couple of beers," Andy replied. I could see the conscious effort he was making to try and keep eye contact with her as she provocatively shifted from one foot to the other. I knew she enjoying teasing Andy as much as she was enjoying showing me that she was ready with more of what I had gotten last night.

"Well, you guys make sure you don't get into any trouble," she said with a playful motherly wave of her finger, a naughty smile playing at the corner of her wide sensuous mouth. "There are girls out there just waiting to pray on sweet innocent young men like you two." We all had a chuckle at that. She started to stand up and then as if she had just remembered something, she leaned down even further into the car and spoke directly to me. "Connor, thanks again for helping me out with that problem at my place last night. When you did that drilling and screwing, it really helped." Holy fuck, what was she saying? I saw Andy's eyes open wide as he quickly glanced over at me and then back to Margaret.



"Oh Andy, I'm sorry. If you don't know what we're talking about, that must sound just terrible." She gave a little giggle and gave us both an "oh silly me....what am I saying" kind of smile. "My big old wooden bed has kind of been getting a little more rickety over the years; shifting a little and squeaking more than usual. I asked Connor if he thought something could be done about. Our boy here came over yesterday with that big special tool of his.....what do you call that again, Connor?"

"Uh, it was just a cordless drill," I responded, surprised that I was actually conspiring in this little story.

"Yes, a cordless drill," Margaret repeated. "Anyways Andy, when he took that tool of his and used it to drill and screw in just the right places, I slept like a baby last night. It was probably the best night's sleep I've had in years. When I woke up, I felt like I was just glowing." Her playful eyes flicked to mine and I knew she was referring to waking up and finding the glazed layer of cum I'd sprayed all over those tremendous tits of hers after she'd passed out, totally exhausted from the fucking I'd given her. I looked over and saw Andy's mouth gaping open as he just stared at her; totally awestruck by the lewd suggestiveness of her words. But man, just listening to her and looking at those massive tits of hers swelling inside her loose top had my own cock starting to twitch inside my jeans. Fuck, if we didn't have to go, I'd shove her into her house and throw a quick fuck into that gorgeous body of hers right now.

"Uh, it was no problem," I said as I slipped on my seat belt, trying to break Andy out of the mesmerized trance Margaret seemed to have

him in. "Yeah Margaret, any time you need help with something like that, just let me know."

"Well, if you're not too late getting back tonight, there is something else I hope you can help me with," she said teasingly.

"Uh, what's that?"

"There're a couple of problems with the shower actually. I probably should have mentioned it when you were over yesterday."

"What's wrong with it?"

"The stopper or whatever you call the up-and-down thingy that keeps the water in the tub when you want to take a bath doesn't seem to be working properly. The water keeps slowly leaking out. I'm wondering if you could look at it or maybe figure out some way to prevent that from happening by plugging the hole with something." As Margaret mentioned about plugging a hole, I actually saw some sweat break out on Andy's forehead as his eyes dropped down into the deep valley of her long line of cleavage once more.

"Uh, what's the other thing?" I replied, smiling wistfully to myself.

"Well, I've got a couple of built-in dispensers for shampoo and liquid soap. I think something might be wrong with the soap one; it keeps

clogging up. Today, I was trying to make it work and it was stuck. I moved in close to try and get a good look at it while I kept trying to pump it with my hand. Finally, I pumped it really hard and a huge soapy strand shot forth. It hit me right in the cheek and dripped down onto my chest." As she said this she kind of looked down towards her own swelling tits before looking back at us; both of us now completely entranced by her hot story. "I'd been pumping it so hard to try and make it work that I didn't realize it had come unclogged until I'd pumped it another three or four times. By that time, it was all over my face." Oh fuck, I thought to myself, was Margaret ever getting me turned on. Even though I knew exactly what she was talking about while he didn't, I'm sure Andy was feeling the same way.

"Yeah, so anyways, Connor," she said as she took a step back from the car, her wine glass now safely in her hand and the other hand perched provocatively on one thrust-out hip, "if you get back tonight and feel like helping with those things, feel free to drop by. I'd really appreciate it." I felt myself gulp noticeably as she turned on her heel. As Andy and I sat stock still and watched that luscious ass of hers sway sensually from side to side as she walked away; I knew that it would take something close to a nuclear bomb going off to prevent me from coming back for another late night visit tonight.

"Oh my God," Andy said as Margaret disappeared into her house. "What the fuck was that all about? Between her leaning into my window in that top and what she was saying, I nearly came in my pants."

"Oh, it's nothing," I said with a dismissive wave of my hand, wondering if at some point in the evening I'd end up telling Andy the truth. "I just helped her with that stuff yesterday and well.....hey, you know how she and I like to flirt with each other."

"Flirting?" he said with an exasperated expression on his face. "Man, that is one beautiful woman. I wish somebody would flirt with me like that." He reached down and with a whimsical shake of his head, he started the car and threw it into reverse. "Oh, I tell you man, if it was me in your place, I'd be definitely trying to tap that. Did you see those tits of hers?"

"Yeah, they're quite something all right."

"After that, I either need a cold shower or a nice cold beer. Let's go see Gabriel." As we headed towards Andy's place, I was happy to change the topic from Margaret. I didn't know if I was ready to talk about that just yet. I asked Andy about work and we both made idle chit-chat on the drive to his apartment building. We pulled into one of the basement parking levels of the modern high-rise building as Andy deftly maneuvered his car into his personal parking spot between some massive concrete piers.

Like I said earlier, Andy had no money worries and had purchased a penthouse apartment in this building almost two years ago when it had first been completed. Whereas I liked my own little piece of land and access to the great outdoors, Andy liked the privacy and view that his 28th floor apartment gave him. Whereas I frequently had conversations with my neighbors, Andy kept pretty much to

himself in this building, and that was the way he liked it. I think Andy's upbringing being so different from my own kind of explained those differences between the two of us.

I mentioned previously that Andy was an only child. He was the result of an unfortunate teenage pregnancy between his mother, Cynthia, and his father, Gerald. Both Cynthia and Gerald came from families with staunch religious backgrounds. When the two teenagers informed their shocked parents about the pregnancy, both sets of parents banded together and forbid them to consider the idea of either abortion or adoption. So under this gloomy cloud of despair, Cynthia gave birth to Andy. Complications at birth resulted in Cynthia having her tubes tied; thus Andy being an only child. Shortly thereafter, the two teenagers married. Both sets of parents agreed this needed to be done to maintain their respective family's reputations.

When Gerald finished high school, he was forced to join his father's company; both families expecting him to "do the right thing"; work hard and care for his new family. Andy has told me how he knows that his father always resented his mother; thinking it was her fault that his youth had been taken away from him after she got pregnant. It was as if he never admitted that he was equally responsible for that fact.

Cynthia turned to her church for comfort and spent many hours there, perhaps trying to cleanse her own soul for what I'm sure she felt may have been a marriage that she should have worked harder to try and save. I don't know, but from what I know about Andy's

dad from the few times I met him and what Andy's told me, I think she was wiser to try and cut him loose as soon as she could. But.....she never did. Although distant from each other, she wanted the family to stay intact for her son. I knew she loved Andy with all her heart and would do anything for him. Gerald, well, in the end, it was all about him.

Cynthia's parents had died in car accident when Andy was just finishing high school; leaving her with a little inheritance money of her own. Gerald's parents had died just over two years ago, one following the other within months in fights against cancer. Andy told me that when his grandmother died, his grandfather just seemed to lose all will to live. It wasn't long before he passed away too.

Andy said his dad seemed almost gleeful when this happened, finally realizing he was out from beneath his parent's controlling thumb. When the reading of the will came down, it contained a little surprise for Gerald. It was obvious the parents knew the true nature of their own son; they left a substantial amount of their estate to both Cynthia and Andy himself; money I'm sure Gerald thought should have gone completely to him. Within days of the inheritance funds being issued, Gerald quit his job and left town. I don't know if he was in search of his lost youth or what, but I think Andy felt a deep down sense of relief when his father left. Although mother and son had always had a close relationship, Gerald's departure brought Andy and his mother even closer together.

Cynthia tried to keep Gerald's departure a secret from those at her church, but it didn't take long for the truth to get out. As judgmental

as some churchgoing folk tend to be on occasion, they increasingly made things difficult for her. To me it seemed so strange in this day and age for that type of thing to take place, but her beliefs had her torn. Andy told me how upset she would be; trying to walk a slippery tightrope between her religious beliefs or surrendering herself to the truth and moving on with her life.

When Andy came into his inheritance, he had already been living away from home in an apartment, but the money allowed him to get this penthouse that he now lived in. He had grown closer to his mother, and I knew she needed him more than he needed her. I respected him for the way he stepped forward and helped her whenever he could, always watching out for her and yet I knew he was subtly trying to steer her away from the people at her church; especially since it soon became apparent that they wanted to take advantage of her financially. I could see some of the changes Andy had helped make in her already.

At 42, she was still a young woman, and Andy had purchased a membership to a gym for her. She'd been initially reluctant to attend, but after she'd been a few times, it ended up being something she loved. I think working out and seeing her own body come back into shape gave her more confidence in herself, and it showed in how she related to people and presented herself to the world at large, although she still seemed to rely heavily on Andy on a day to day basis.

Andy and I had both spent a lot of time at each other's house growing up and I had always felt his mother was pretty hot, even if she

dressed relatively conservatively. She was shorter than most, probably topping out at around 5'-3", and I'd guess her weight at around 120. She was on the verge of being just a little chubby, but not fat. It was just like she'd grown into an adult that had never lost her baby fat. She had medium length brunette hair, welcoming blue eyes and a genuinely pretty face, with a wide mouth and full lips. The one thing you couldn't fail to notice about her, no matter how conservatively she dressed, was the tremendous set of tits she had. In order to give you a pretty good visual, I'd say Andy's mom reminds me a lot of the voluptuous busty model September Carrino. Although the lovely September wasn't around as a notable comparison in my high school years, she is around now. And Andy's mother looks very similar to what I'd expect a more mature Ms. Carrino would look like some day. Yes, Mrs. Cynthia Rose Adelson had played the starring role in many of my teenage fantasies. And being the curious perv that I am, I took advantage of an opportunity that presented itself to me one day.

Andy and I had gone back to his place after football practice one day. The defensive coaches had been working Andy and the other defensive backs on some extra drills, and I'd come out of the locker room while they were still at it. Andy decided he'd just shower at home. With his parents out of the house and him in the shower, I snuck into his parent's room and quickly started rifling through his mom's dresser drawers. It didn't take long until I discovered what I was looking for; the one filled with her bras. They were nearly all white or black, and relatively conservative in style; just like the rest of her wardrobe. I pulled one out and couldn't help notice the substantial amount of underwire sewn into the sexy garment; obviously necessary to help support those voluminous breasts of hers. I quickly flipped the straps over, spotted the tag and brought it



closer: 32G! Oh fuck, I thought to myself as I pressed the silky black fabric to my nose and breathed deeply from the inside of the substantial cups. Mmmmmmm, nice. The delicate warm womanly smell filled my nostrils immediately and I felt an electric jolt go straight to my cock.

With my teenage cock now an instantaneous rod of steel in my pants, I rushed downstairs, bra in hand; grabbed my knapsack and locked myself in the two-piece bathroom on the main floor. I shoved my jeans and underwear down to the floor where they puddled around my ankles. My unfurled erection snapped up and slapped against my stomach as it came free. Wrapping my hand quickly around the stiff shaft, I brought Mrs. Adelson's bra to my face again and breathed deeply as I pumped away at my throbbing dick. Oh man, this was fantastic. I let my tongue slither out and ran it along the inside of the deep smooth cups; knowing they had held those full heavy tits of Andy's mom. I just wished I could take my time with this; unfortunately Andy would be looking for me shortly and there was no way I wanted him catching me like this. My cock was hard as a rock and I think the illicit riskiness of what I was doing sent a scintillating rush right to my groin. Fuck, it felt so good and I knew it wouldn't be long before I came.

"Connor! You down here?" I heard Andy call.

"Yeah, I'm in here," I yelled back breathlessly. "I.....I'll be right out."

"Okay, I'll get our math books out. That test tomorrow is gonna be a bitch."

I milked my circling hand back and forth as quietly as I could while my tongue and nose were busy taking in the delicious scent and residual flavors of Mrs. Adelson. As I started to feel the delectable contractions starting within my midsection, I realized I didn't want to make mess all over their bathroom counter, and yet with my pants wrapped around my ankles, I didn't want to risk stumbling over myself if I tried to step over and shoot into the toilet. As the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my pulsing erection, I made a split-second decision. I pulled the sexy garment away from my face and held it with the luscious full cups open before me. I got it in place just in time as the first long ropey strand burst forth and pasted itself deep into the left bra cup. I quickly moved the head of my spewing dick over to the other, the second thick rope leaving a silvery trail across the silky black fabric before most of the pearly wad splattered into the right cup.

"UNGH!" I groaned under the onslaught of the nerve-jangling climax I was experiencing. The groan had come out much louder than I had anticipated.

"You okay?" I heard Andy ask from somewhere in the adjacent family room.

"Yeah, be right out," I gasped out as I continued to pump away at my spewing cock. I couldn't believe how turned on I was by the whole risky situation. My cock just kept shooting until the inside of Andy's mom's bra was a milky mess of my warm cream, my thick cum standing out boldly against the sexy black material. There were gobs

and strands of pearly semen everywhere. Oh shit, there was no way I could return it to Mrs. Adelson's dresser like that. I'd brought my knapsack in with me in case Andy came down and I had to hide it there until I had chance to return it when he was distracted. But now, fuck, there was no way I could do that. Resigning myself to the imminent theft, I carefully folded the cum-soaked bra in on itself and delicately placed in deep into my knapsack after pulling out my math books. I flushed the toilet to complete my diversion, washed the clinging remnants of cum off my hands and quietly left the room.

"You okay, you look like you're sweating?" Andy asked as I joined him at the study table.

"Yeah, I've just gotta get my mom to stop giving me cheese sandwiches for lunch," I said with a grin and a shrug of my shoulders. Andy laughed and turned back to the trig problems in front of him.

As soon as I got home that day, I carefully withdrew the damp bra from my knapsack and inspected it. A lot of my cum had soaked well into the fabric but there were still a number of big gobs and thick silvery strands nicely adhered to the silky black surface. Looking at it, my dick instantly started swelling once more. I jerked off into it three more times that night, my mind on fire with images of releasing Mrs. Adelson's heavy round tits from this beautiful bra and sliding my rock-hard prick between those luscious monsters until I blew off all over her. I never once cleaned up the bra but just kept shooting into it as I added load after load; the sexy garment growing heavy over time with my creamy seed.

I always wondered if Andy's mom had noticed it missing; and even more if she had blamed Andy or thought Andy had done it. I worried every day for the next two weeks or so; but I never heard a word. At first I was embarrassed and ashamed at what I had done; especially at putting my best friend at risk. But when you've got a hard dick, you don't think too straight. But thinking about now, at almost any age, when you've got a hard dick, nobody thinks straight!

So anyways, Andy and I took the elevator from the parking level to the main floor and walked out into the long shadows of early evening. It was a glorious Friday spring night in Vegas, the temperature perfect right now for walking around without a jacket; but nowhere near the stifling heat we get in the summer. We both automatically turned in the direction of Gabriel's; the restaurant being only about a five minute walk away.

"So how's your mom?" I asked. "You were over there today, right?"

"Yeah, she's doing well. I tell you, those people from her church have really fucked her up. When they found out my dad left, they shunned her. Then when they found out she got a fair bit of money from the inheritance, they couldn't wait to welcome her back." He paused for a second and I knew from previous discussions that this was a constant thorn in his side. "Yeah, those fucking assholes. I....I told her today she has to make a decision."

"What kind of decision?" I asked as we walked on.

"She either has to commit to the church, and risk losing me; or break from them and get on with her life, like any other normal person would."

"Risk losing you? You wouldn't really do that, would you? You're all she's got left."

"No, you know I wouldn't do that. But I had to say something to try and get through to her. I know how much she cares about me and I figured if she thought I was going to be unhappy with her to the point I would do that, she might see it my way." He paused again. "Fuck, I hate those people. They've almost brainwashed her."

"Don't be too hard on her. You know she was brought up that way her whole life."

"I know.....I know. But I kind of got to the breaking point finally. I gave her that ultimatum before I left today."

"What do you think she's gonna do?"

"I don't know, I honestly don't know. I just get the feeling I have to save her from these people." He gave me a sly smile as we continued down the street. "I just hope it's easier than when I saved your sorry ass from Coach Hansen." This made me chuckle and immediately took my mind back to that fateful day when I was so close to being

strung up by my nuts, or getting expelled from school, or most likely both.

It was October of our senior year of high school. I was 18 at the time. I don't know what had gotten into the Andy and me that day at football practice, but we couldn't do anything right. Time and again, we'd fuck up our assignments, trip over our own teammates, whatever. It was just one of those days where neither one of us could probably even tie their shoes properly. We were killing ourselves laughing at our own clumsiness and finally, the head coach had had enough.

"YOUNG! ADELSON!" Coach Hansen barked out. Coach Charles "Chick" Hansen, was a mean son-of-a-bitch who was real "old school" when it came to coaching. He treated practice like a Marine boot camp and rode our asses like, well.....like I wanted to ride the ass of his gorgeous daughter Lizzy.

"What the hell are you two screw-ups doing?" coach said as he stormed over to the two of us. Our teammates knew something about their own self-preservation and nonchalantly drifted away from us like farts in the wind.

"Uh, nothing coach," I muttered as I held up my hands innocently.

"That's the right answer, Young; nothing. You guys haven't done a fucking thing right since you've been out here today."

"We got through tackling drills okay," Andy said. I could see him clenching his jaw to prevent himself from laughing at the coach's overreaction. I think we both knew the easiest way out of this was to let the coach chew us out and then just move on.

"I watched you during tackling drills, Adelson. Today, you couldn't tackle my left nut." At that I burst out laughing, unable to control myself. Andy quickly followed; the spontaneous laughter contagious between the two of us.

"Listen, you two jerkoffs," the coach's drill-sergeant-like tone brought us back to attention as he stepped right in front of the two of us and pointed back towards the school, his face beet-red. "Get your sorry asses off my field right now. Hit the showers and then wait for me in my office. If you two don't get your shit together by tomorrow, you're off the team." He paused and looked at us; I swear I could see the steam coming out of his ears. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," we both chimed in. The coach returned to the others and Andy and I slumped off the field, laughing under our breath at the coach's outburst. We took our showers and started to get dressed.

"What do you think he's gonna do to us?" Andy asked.

"He'll probably just chew the shit out of us for another ten minutes, or make us wash his car; something like that."

"Do you really think he might kick us off the team?"

"Nah, not gonna happen. Not to me anyways, but you, you suck. I'm surprised you're still on the team," I said as I poked Andy good-naturedly.

"Fuck you, Young." He pushed me back and we both chuckled as we finished getting dressed.

Leaving our football stuff in the locker room, we grabbed our knapsacks and headed for the coach's office. Just outside the main gym were a number of the ancillary offices; like the coach's office, then the head girl's phys ed teacher's, then the school nurse's. As we walked past the line of offices, I saw Nurse Walker busy at her desk making notes, even though the school day was officially over. Unfortunately she was not what you might think a school nurse in one of these stories would look like, or what I would have hoped she'd look like; she was just a fairly plain middle-aged woman who saw to the student's cuts, headaches, etcetera. I liked the old girl though; she was pretty nice to all of us. Two doors down, the door to the coach's office was ajar so we walked right in.

"Lizzy?" As we entered, the coach's daughter looked up at us from a textbook she had open on the coach's desk. Lizzy Hansen, coach's daughter and cheerleader extraordinaire. To this day, I've never seen anybody that could do the splits like Lizzy. She was a senior and my age as well; she'd let me know that when she found out our birthdays were only two days apart. Lizzy was fairly short, but had a great curvy body. Nice round full tits, nipped in waist, a bum that looked



like it was made out of two small beach balls, and strong muscular thighs that I regularly pictured gripping me in a tight embrace. She was pretty too; sweet angelic features with cute dimples and long rich brown hair, which she often wore in a ponytail; like she was doing now. She liked to flirt, and I had always thought of her as just a cock-teaser.

"Connor, Andy. What are you doing here?"

"We screwed up in practice," Andy answered. "Your dad told us to come here and wait for him until after practice. I think he wants to yell at us some more."

"Probably," she said as she looked at both of us with a grin on her face. "But listen, I should know; his bark is worse than his bite."

"What are you doing here, waiting for him too?"

"Yeah. I usually study with Ashley in the library but her mom came and picked her up early after we practiced. So I figured I'd just come here and do some work until he was done."

"What are you wearing your uniform for? I thought you guys just wore those for games." I asked, my eyes roaming over the protruding front of the tight white sweater with the school letter on it. Even with her sitting behind the coach's desk, I could clearly see the deep shadows cast on the clinging material by her trusting tits.

"We're in one of those cheerleading competitions this week and our coach wanted us to practice in full uniform today; just to make sure we'd get everything right when we go."

I nodded and looked down at the open book in front of her. "Ummmm, if you're studying, do you want us to wait for your dad outside?"

"No....no, that's fine," she said as she looked directly at me, a little twinkle in her eye now. "Connor, you're good in English, right?"

"I do alright." We actually were in the same English class and I knew she did okay but that she was no Rhode's scholar when it came to literature.

"So we're studying Taming of the Shrew, right. You've seen how Petruchio treats Katherine. The paper I'm writing is on 'Alternative Methods of Taming the Shrew'. So Connor, what would you do to tame the shrew?" She had that flirtatious look in her eye and tilted her head provocatively as she waited for me to answer. She'd given me a good opening here and I quickly decided to be a little brash and see if she was more than just a tease. I was already in trouble with the coach, and if his daughter got me in even more hot water, I figured now was as good a time as any.

"Well, you know Petruchio didn't treat her very nice," I said as I put my knapsack down and walked around the desk. "If it was me, it

would have been totally different. I like that old expression about catching more flies with honey than vinegar."

"So what does that mean?"

"I would have treated Katherine real nice, instead of being mean to her?"

"And how would you have done that?"

"I'd do whatever it took to make her feel good, so she wasn't so miserable. Maybe make her try and relax, like this." I stepped behind her chair and slid my big hands onto her shoulders, kneading gently, giving Andy a conspiratorial wink as I did.

"Hmmm," she said with a little purr, not making any move to stop me. "You may have something there. That feels pretty good. What would you do to Katherine next?" I think with her pretending she was Katherine, it would allow her to mentally extricate herself from this situation, should it come to that.

"Uh guys, I'm just gonna wait outside," Andy said as he pointed towards the door, an uncomfortable look on his face.

"Sure, just let us know when my dad's coming, okay?" When Lizzy said this, it seemed to give me permission to go further. With her

flirting teasing nature, I was sure she was going to put an end to this at some point; but I wanted to see when that point actually was.

Andy closed the door behind him and I continued to massage her shoulders, my big hands starting to move slowly in increasingly bigger circles over her upper body. She continued with the soft purrs and meows as her head slowly lolled from side to side.

She repeated what she'd said just before Andy'd left us. "So, what would you do to Katherine next, if she had no objection to what you're doing so far?"

"I guess I'd try to make her feel even better than she's feeling right now," I said in a soft hypnotic voice as I let my smoothing hands slide further down the front of her sweater. This was a perfect opportunity for her to stop me, but she didn't move as my hands explored further. Wondering if I was about to get slapped, I slid my hands towards the sides of her body and ran them down. As I encountered the sides of her swelling chest, I let my fingers curl in until I was cupping those firm young tits of hers. I could tell by the way they fit in my hand that they were a nice full C-cup; not huge, but enough to make an impressive statement.

"Mmmmmm," she gave out a soft sigh as I gave those round melons a gentle squeeze and then let my hands roam more freely over them. Within mere seconds I could see her nipples stiffening and starting to push out against her ribbed white sweater. I ran the thumb and forefinger of each hand over them and rolled the swelling buds between them.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she pushed herself up out of the chair and turned to face me. I could tell by the look of pure desire in her eyes that I had been wrong about her; she wasn't the cock-tease I thought she was. I lifted her up and sat her on the edge of the desk, her muscular thighs parting slightly as I stepped closer between them. Her lust-filled eyes looked up at me hungrily as her soft red lips parted in anticipation. I lowered my mouth to hers and kissed her deeply, her waiting mouth hot and moist. Our tongues slithered against each other in a passionate duel as I felt her hand slide over my firm abs and down the front of my jeans. My cock had already started to swell and her hand found it quickly and gave it a loving squeeze. As we continued to kiss, my own hands pulled up her sweater and slid beneath, my hands loving the warmth of her smooth young skin as I ran them up her sides until I was cupping her bra-covered tits. Another jolt went through my dick as she gave it another playful squeeze, blood rushing directly to my stiffening prick.

"Oh my God," she said excitedly as her hand moved along the extending length of my bulging pecker. She brought her other hand down and I felt her furtively pulling at my belt. Within seconds she had it undone, and then it took her only a moment or two more to pop open the button and slide down my zipper. Going commando as I usually did, it was easy for her to reach inside and wrap her hand around the base of my cock. She pulled firmly and drew out the growing monster, the sizable knob catching for just a second on the edge of the confining denim before she pulled it free.

"Oh fuck," she gasped in awe, pulling her mouth away from mine and looking down at my rearing cock, the burgeoning shaft extending many inches above her small circling hand. "It's so big. I....I never...." I didn't let her finish her statement as I mashed my hungry mouth down onto hers once more. I felt her squeezing hand explore the full length of my thrusting erection as I let my hands roam over her beautiful tits; my hands looking like little animals scurrying around beneath her tight sweater. Wondering if she'd go further, I withdrew my hands from beneath her sweater and reached beneath the hem of her little cheerleader skirt. She didn't stop me again as I reached for the leg opening of her panties and slid my fingers beneath.

"Yessssss," she hissed as my fingers found nothing but wet gooey flesh. She was soaked. I slid a finger into her slippery cleft and let it roll in a smooth circle. This brought another grunt of satisfaction from her, but still no slap. I knew at this point, there was no slap coming.

Knowing we didn't have much time, I pushed the front of her panties to the side, the elastic of the leg opening catching on the outside of her long pink pussylips. She knew what we both wanted and I felt her delicate little hand guide the engorged crimson crown of my cock into the wet pink opening of her hot little cunt. As soon as she had it positioned, I took over.

"Unngghhh," she groaned in a husky whisper as I started to drive the massive helmet into her. I felt those soft folds of hot flesh gripping me tightly as I wormed my way deeper and deeper into her young

steaming pocket. I looked down to see her drawing her legs up and spreading them further to each side to try and give me easier access. I took her hips firmly in my hands and slowly....insistently....drove every one of my ten-plus inches into her.

"OOOHHH JESUSSSSSSSSS....," Her long groan was louder and my eyes flicked to the door in alarm, knowing for certain that Andy must have heard her if he was waiting outside. Her hot young cunt felt amazing, the tight folds of pink flesh gripping and clutching at my invading prick. I drew back and looked down to see those glistening cunt-lips of hers deliciously pulling back on my sticky retreating shaft; until I reversed my direction and drove it high and deep into her in one firm vigorous thrust.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned again as she leaned back on the desk, her straight arms supporting her. Wanting to make sure I was as deep as I could go, I let go of her hips and grabbed her ankles; my big hands circling them just above her sneaker-tops, the little bobbles of her socks getting flattened in my grasp. I started to lift her legs up and out to each side; and was shocked as they just kept going and going. Like I said, she was the one on the cheerleading squad that always did those amazing splits; and here I was benefiting first hand from her natural talent. I pushed her ankles further up and back, her legs enticingly spread as high and wide as they could go. I now had her as splayed out as I could get her; those gorgeous muscular legs of hers rising in the air like a wishbone. Having her positioned just the way I wanted her, I withdrew once more until I felt her slick labial curtains closing in on the wide flared helmet. Going for maximum depth, I slid my long thick cock back into her in one.....long.....slow.....delicious stroke.

"Mmmmmmm," she was absolutely purring now as my rigid erection tantalizingly stimulated every square inch inside her. I started to fuck her, my see-sawing blood-engorged phallus stuffing that tight wet trench of hers absolutely full time and again; my midsection pressing flush up against her round bum. My jeans had just been opened and I hadn't even had time to push them down. I wondered if the material was far enough away from our slamming bodies to avoid any collateral damage. My eyes went back to her pretty face and I could see her gasping raggedly as I took her, her head rolling from side to side now, her ponytail swinging rhythmically, those beautiful tits heaving beneath her tight sweater. We knew we didn't have much time, and I think the riskiness of the situation made it all the more exciting for both of us. I could see from her quivering body that she was close, and with the way that gripping young box of hers was massaging and pulling at my pistoning cock, I was close too.

There was quick knock at the door and it opened a couple of inches. "I heard the outside door on the other corridor close," Andy said hurriedly. "I think he's coming."

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself. All we needed was another minute or two.

"Don't stop!" Lizzy gasped out as I felt her roll her hips against my driving prick.



"Andy! Stall 'im," I said as I grabbed her ankles tightly and really put the meat to her.

"Ungh.....ungh...ungh..ungh," She was quieter but her grunts were coming faster now as I jackhammered my throbbing pecker as far up into her as I could with each spearing thrust. I could feel my sperm-filled balls pulling up tight against my body, my orgasm just moments away.

"ADELSON! What are you doing out here? I thought I told you to wait inside." The coach's booming voice reached our ears through the wall and closed door.

"I'm almost there," Lizzy gasped as I furiously fed my engorged lance deep into her clutching snatch.

"Uh, Lizzy was studying inside so we decided to wait out here," a befuddled Andy replied to the coach.

"Where's Young?" We could tell that the coach was right outside now. As I sunk it deep into Lizzy's vacuuming box, I felt that wonderful 'no turning back' feeling as the boiling spunk started to rush up the shaft of my pulsing cock.

"He uh.....he just went to the bathroom."

"Okay. Let's go inside." I heard the coach start to turn the doorknob just as the first shot burst forth to paste itself against the sticky pink coital walls deep inside his young daughter.

"COACH!" I heard Andy's loud voice and the coach's hand froze on the doorknob. "I....I....I feel kind of dizzy." A split second later we heard the sound of something heavy hitting the floor.

"Oh shit!" The coach exclaimed and I could hear him scrambling away from the door.

"I'm cumming," Lizzy hissed as I continued to pound my spewing cock into her, gush after gush of thick hot cum coating her insides. She was gasping and convulsing on the edge of the desk as my driving cock and pounding body took her over the edge. Her succulent backside shook and bucked up against my thrusting prick as a spine-tingling climax shot through her jerking young body deliciously.

"STEPHANIE!" we heard the coach call out Nurse Walker's first name. The sounds of heels scurrying across the corridor floor reached our ears as I spewed the last shot of my baby-batter into Lizzy's hot gripping quim.

"What happened?" the nurse asked, serious concern in her voice.

"I think he fainted."

"Come on, I've got a couch in my office. Help me get him there." We could hear the two adults trying to pick up Andy's inert form as I quickly withdrew my spent dong from Lizzy's velvety twat; bringing her legs down from high over her head and dropping them on each side of my body. My drained prick came out in a slippery rush and I looked down to see a large milky stream slither forth from between her stretched pussy-lips and puddle on the desk between her spread legs.

"We better hurry," Lizzy said as she lifted herself off the desk and got to her feet. As I pulled the flaps of my jeans together and did them up, I watched her reach beneath her skirt and adjust her panties until they were back in position, warmly cupping that sticky honeypot of hers.

"I better go first," she said. "He thinks I'm in here and he knows I must have heard something." I nodded and quickly reached for my knapsack as she swept by me. I took one last look around and almost gasped.

"Lizzy!" I said, stopping her in her tracks. She turned and looked at me questioningly. I simply turned and pointed to the edge of the desk where she'd been perched. Her eyes followed and she saw the same big milky puddle that I'd seen. There were even a couple of trickles of pearly cum dangling from the very edge.

"Oh fuck," she gasped as she hurried back and dropped to her knees behind the desk. I watched enthralled as she leaned forward, her warm pink tongue slithering forth. She lapped up the two dangling gobs first before her tongue slithered into the cloudy white puddle. "SLLLLLUPPPPPP" She made a noise like someone sucking up a string of spaghetti as she vacuumed the pearly seed up into her mouth. When she had most of it sucked up, I watched as she pressed the flat of her tongue against the surface of the desk and licked it absolutely clean. She then leapt to her feet and used the forearm of her sweater to wipe the spot dry. The whole thing had happened in a few split seconds, but the erotic picture of what she had done was burned into my psyche forever.

She flew past me without a word and hurried down the hallway towards the nurse's office. I counted to five, slung my knapsack over my shoulder and followed. I arrived at the nurse's office to see Andy laying on the couch, the nurse taking his blood pressure while the coach and his daughter stood nearby.

"What happened," I asked, deep concern resonating in my voice.

"He fainted," said the coach with a reassuring gesture. "But he seems okay. He's starting to come around."

"Are you okay, buddy?" I asked as I strode into the room and knelt beside him.

"I....I.....what happened?" he asked as his eyes fluttered open. Oh shit, I thought to myself as I smiled inwardly, they need to sign this guy up for the school play.

"It looks like you fainted. Did you hit your head in practice today?" It was the nurse asking this.

"I....I....I don't think so," Andy replied, a confused expression on his face.

"Adelson, you take practice off tomorrow. And come and see Nurse Walker tomorrow and the next day. I want her to give you clearance before you're on the field again. Okay?"

"Okay Coach. Sorry." Boy, Andy was really laying it on thick now as he brought himself up to a sitting position.

"Don't worry about it, son. Just take care of yourself. Young," coach said as he turned to me. "You're getting off easy this time. I want you out there early tomorrow and do four laps before practice. Now help your friend here."

"Yes sir." I eased down and let Andy slip his arm around my shoulder as the coach and I lifted him to his feet. We walked slowly down the corridor, Lizzy and Coach Hansen behind us. Lizzy picked up Andy's knapsack from the floor and I slung it over my shoulder with my own. We made it out of the school and down the street

before he finally drew his arm from across my shoulders. We were both in stitches at that point, laughing continuously.

I went to hand him his knapsack. "Fuck that, you can carry that the rest of the way home today," he said as he started off down the street, his fainting spell now a distant memory.

"Alright....alright," I said with a chuckle as I hurried after him.

"Well," he said as we rounded another corner, "was it worth it?"

"It was incredible. Fuck, is she ever hot. I always thought she was just a tease, but she proved me wrong, in spades."

"It's not hard to tell."

"What do you mean?"

"Well for one thing, your fly is down. And do I need to ask what that stain is all over the front of your jeans? Let's see you explain that to your mom on laundry day."

I quickly reached down and zipped up as I surveyed the damage to the front of my jeans. They hadn't escaped unscathed as I'd hoped. The large stain bore evidence of Lizzy's gushing snatch for all to see.

"Just remember what I did the next time I ask for a favor," Andy said as we continued down the street. "Man, if the coach had caught you, they'd be calling an ambulance for you right now."

The gravity of the situation finally dawned on me. He was absolutely right; if the coach had caught me with his daughter, there would have been hell to pay. Once again, a hard dick has a mind of its own. "Andy," I said as I stopped walking. He turned and simply looked at me. He could see by the look in my eyes that what he'd just said had scared the shit out of me. "Andy...I....I...."

"Don't worry about it," he said as he gave me a big smile, reached forward and took his own knapsack back. "What are friends for?" We ambled on down the street, our friendship cemented more firmly than ever before.

My mind snapped back to the present as Andy and I continued down the street to Gabriel's. It was going to be nice to have some great food, look at Gabriel's gorgeous daughters and the other busty women he'd hired, and talk with my good friend. Yeah, although my initial plans kind of went sideways, I knew this Friday night was going to be okay. I was anxious to see how it would turn out...

## Chapter 7

Aah....here we are, I can taste that cold beer already." As we arrived at our favorite restaurant, Gabriel himself opened the door and let some customers out. We waited for them to pass before stepping past the smiling Spaniard.

"¡Bienvenidos, muchachos! Pasar y sentaos. Ya tenéis lista vuestra mesa," Gabriel said as he shook our hands with a flourish. He spoke mostly to Andy, knowing my knowledge of Spanish was nothing more than the "high school special". I knew enough to fit it into the context of the whole situation that he was basically giving us the usual welcome. Andy and he had a rapid exchange mixed with laughter as the genial host ushered us over to our usual booth in the back corner. We liked the spot as it gave us a full view of the whole restaurant, and yet gave us sufficient privacy, away from any potential eavesdroppers. The other thing we liked about this booth was that if either of them were working, it usually was in the section handled by one of Gabriel's two daughters, Marta or Silvia. As I mentioned earlier, Gabriel had a habit of hiring busty buxom girls to be his waitresses; and his own daughters were no exception.

Tonight the place was already pretty busy and I could see Gabriel had a full complement of about seven or eight girls working. They were each dressed in the same type of uniform; seemingly standard amongst the waitress tribe for the last half century or so. It consisted of a kind of a mustard-colored dress that ended a few inches above the knee, with a few buttons up the front of the bodice and a typical small-lapelled collar. This was covered with a little white frilly



waitress' apron tied at the small of their back. The whole look was kind of retro-charming, but what Andy and I loved about it most of all was that when Gabriel issued them their uniform, he must have purposely given them each a uniform at least one size smaller than they needed. With them being so tight, most of the girls ended up leaving an extra button undone at the front; probably just so they could breathe in the restricting garment. But I never saw any of them complaining; I'm sure the size of their tips was directly related to the size of their tits. Between the girls he hired naturally having big guns, and the tight-fitting uniforms, it was a heavenly display of tightly encased breasts and deep cleavage every which way you looked; a perfect appetizer enhancer for tit lovers like Andy and I.

Settling into my side of the booth, I could see that both Marta and Silvia were on duty. Ever since we'd been coming here, Andy had taken a liking to the quieter, more demure one, Silvia, while I had always been enchanted by the bold and gregarious Marta. The two sisters were absolutely gorgeous and dizzyingly sexy, each in their own separate way. Both girls had dark hair, Silvia's being cut quite short while Marta's came to her shoulders. They both had beautiful smooth olive-toned skin, indicative of their Spanish heritage. Their similar almond-shaped eyes were beautiful. Marta's were a piercing dark brown and when you looked directly into them, it was like she could see right into your very soul. Silvia's brilliant hazel-colored eyes seemed to glitter breathtakingly in certain types of light, a fact that Andy never tired of pointing out. Marta was a couple of years older; I remember her telling us once a short time ago that she was 23. She was a little taller than her younger sister, probably around 5'-7", but both had similar physical attributes. Yeah, they both had big full breasts which seemed to cover the full breadth of the chests and nice curvy round behinds that had those waitress dresses of theirs

swinging beautifully when they hurried about the restaurant. With the usual extra button undone on their uniforms, there was no shortage of swelling tit-flesh visible whenever they were around.

Our table must have been in Marta's section tonight because when she finished up at an adjacent table, she grabbed two menus and walked over to us, those wide hips of hers swaying provocatively as she moved gracefully towards us. Andy noticed her approaching at the same time as I did and motioned towards her as she spoke, "Hola, Marta. Ven y charla con nosotros. ¡Cuanto tiempo! ¿Cómo te va?"

She continued towards us, only now she was shaking her head and rolling her eyes. "Andy, why do you do that?" she asked as she slid a menu in front of each of us.

"What?" Andy replied, an unknowing look on his face.

Marta stood at the side of our table, her hands perched defiantly on those wide flaring hips of hers. I looked up at her pretty face and could see a playful glint in her eye as she started to scold Andy. "Showing off like that. You know how bad Connor's Spanish is. You should be ashamed of yourself." As she spoke to Andy, she nodded towards me as if I were a stupid child being talked about by his parents.

"What? I.....I....." Andy stammered, holding up his hands innocently. I somehow felt obliged to try and come to his rescue.

"Hey, jovencita," I said with an air of indignation, "my Spanish isn't as bad as you think."

"Is that so?" Marta replied as she turned towards me and crossed her arms beneath that massive front porch of hers; her dazzling eyes sparkling darkly as a delightful smile played at the corners of her wide sensuous mouth. "I'm still not convinced. Care to make a little wager on it?" Hmmmm, I guess calling her 'young lady' in Spanish hadn't done the trick.

"No problem," I said with a dismissive wave of my hand. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well," she said as she tilted her head teasingly and slowly rocked from side to side. "How about if I give you a sentence in Spanish, and you have to translate it? If you get it wrong, I win. If you get it right, you win."

"And what would each of us win?" I asked, more than willing to play this little game with this hot Hispanic girl; provided I wasn't about to lose the keys to my car or house.

"If I win," she said slowly as she looked from me to Andy and then back again, her dark eyes alive with a teasing intensity now, "If I win, you have to take me take me out for dinner next week anywhere I want."

Well, this certainly seemed to be looking more and more like a win-win situation for me. "Hmmm, I don't know about that." I really put on an air of uncertainty into my voice now. "And if I win?"

"If you win," she said slowly as she leaned forwards on the edge of our table, the upper swells of her tremendous jugs seeming about to pour out of the top of her uniform. "If you win, well, if you can translate what I'm going to say to you, that'll be your answer." She slowly shifted her upper body from side to side, and my eyes were drawn to her straining chest, the taut uniform top fighting tenaciously to contain that huge rack of hers. Jesus, what a fucking set she had. Not giving a damn now whether I could translate a single word or not, I forced my eyes back up to those dark mysterious orbs of hers.

"Alright then," I replied with a confident nod of my head. "Let's hear what you've got."

"Okay, here it is, and I'll say it slowly for you so you have no excuses: 'Si adivinas mi talla de sujetador, entonces podrás ver lo que esconde.' Now, what did I say?" with her pronouncement made, she stood back and put her hands back on her hips. Andy burst out laughing and then clamped his hand over his mouth as he looked around to see if anyone had noticed his sudden outburst.

"Ummm, well," I started, totally flummoxed as I had no fucking clue what she'd said at all. I think the first part of what she said might have been 'If you', but beyond that, I was totally lost. Andy continued snickering as I struggled to come up with something reasonable.

"Give up?" she asked playfully as she proceeded to tap her foot and examine her fingernails in the classic "I'm waiting" pose.

In this town known for betting of any kind, I could feel my imminent demise on this particular wager rapidly approaching as the Jeopardy countdown ticker seemed to be playing in my head. "Okay, here's what I think you said," I finally responded. Andy stopped laughing and lowered his hand to the table while Marta once again leaned forwards, both of them eagerly awaiting my answer. "You said, 'If you really wanted to go out with me, all you had to do was ask.' That's it, right?"

A winsome smile appeared on Marta's face and I knew that even if I didn't have the translation correct, in a way, I had said the right thing. She paused for a couple of seconds before answering, a broad warm smile spreading over her face as she did. "Sorry buster, close, but no cigar, as they say. Yes, I've got the perfect restaurant in mind that you can take me to. Let's say next week sometime?"

"Wait a second," I said, raising my hands in an exaggerated gesture of despair. "If that wasn't it, you have to tell me what you really said."

"I'll leave that to your good Spanish friend Speedy Gonzalez here to tell you," she replied as she nodded in Andy's direction. "But in the meantime, since your attempted answer was so sweet, I'll get you guys a couple of beers on the house." She gave me a sly little wink

before she left and headed toward the bar area, that sumptuous rear of hers swaying deliciously as she walked.

"So what did she say?" I asked Andy urgently.

"Oh man," he replied, a huge shit-eating grin on his face. "That was perfect. It was so good, I don't know if I should tell you or just sit here and watch you suffer."

"C'mon man, really now, what did she say?"

"If I tell you, you owe me, right?"

"Oh fuck, what are you, twelve?" He held up his hands innocently, just watching me twist in the wind. "Okay....okay.....I owe you. Now, what did she say?"

"She said, 'If you can guess my bra size, then you'll get to see what it hides.'"

I sat back, my mouth hanging open, totally speechless. I looked up to see Marta coming back with our beers, and now she had that same shit-eating grin on her face that Andy had too.

"Well, by the look on your face, I guess he told you," she said as she set down two frosty mugs of ale. "Sorry you lost now?" As she asked

this she teasingly twisted from side to side, those massive guns of hers looking absolutely scrumptious in her near-to-bursting uniform.

"Uh....I....uh," I had instantly become a babbling idiot, incapable of normal human speech.

"Oh dear, cat got your tongue?" She reached forward and ran her delicate fingers along the side of my face in a soothing caress; the warm alluring fragrance from the perfume she must have dabbled on her wrist wafting sensually into my nostrils. "Oh you're so warm." She shifted her hand over to the other side of my face and let the back of her fingers slide along my strong defined jawline. "Well, sweetheart, why don't you have a drink of that nice cold beer and cool off; I think you need it." And with that, she was gone, the lingering scent of her sultry perfume circling me in a bewitching miasma. She had only been standing there momentarily, but from her luscious smell and delicate touch, I could already feel my rapidly stiffening dick pushing against the front of my jeans.

"You.....lucky.....bastard," Andy said slowly, emphasizing each word individually.

I reached forward and grabbed my beer and downed about half of it quickly before coming up for air. Man, she was right; I did need to cool off, and not just the warmth she'd felt on my face. I put my half-empty glass down and looked across at Andy, only it was my turn to wear the shit-eating grin now, "See, all that time you spent working your ass off in Spanish class....and what good did it do you?

Now me, screwing around all the time and barely getting by, where did it get me?" I simply gestured towards Marta, now serving food to another table.

Andy's gaze followed her for a moment before locating her equally attractive sister, the gorgeous sweet young thing he'd had his eyes on for months now. He quickly turned back to me, and I could see by the serious look in his eyes that he was on some sort of mission. "Remember you just said you owe me, right?"

"Uh yeah?" I replied questioningly, wondering where he was going with this.

"Well, this is perfect! Can't you see?" He held his hands up as if to say, 'Isn't it obvious?'

"See what?"

"You've gotta take Marta out for dinner now. So we just have to get Marta to talk Silvia into going too. All four of us. It'll be great!" He was almost bubbling over with excitement now.

"The four of us?" I said softly, hoping my soothing tone would calm him down a little.



"Sure." He stopped and looked at me seriously. "Connor, please. You know I never ask you for much."

That was true, he never did. And when he did, I knew whatever it was, well, it was important to him. "Okay," I said, raising my hands in surrender. "That would be fine with me."

"Great!" he said ecstatically. I watched as he sat up straight and kind of physically composed himself; wanting to appear as if he was once more in control of his emotions. I watched as he followed Silvia moving across the restaurant, her hands full of plates of food. Yes, she definitely was a hot-looking one too. He lowered his voice and leaned across the table as he spoke to me. "You ask Marta next time she comes over."

"Alright.....alright....just relax, loverboy."

Marta came back to our table and picked up the menus nonchalantly.

"Hey, we haven't even had time to look at those yet," Andy said as he gestured imploringly towards the menus.

"You don't need them. I know what you guys like and I'm gonna bring you both Today's Special. You'll love it."

"Hey Marta," I interrupted as she started to turn away. "Our dinner date next week....how about we bring Andy and Silvia with us?" I saw a sly smile appear on her face as her eyes quickly searched out her sister and then turned to look at Andy. It wasn't hard to see a little bit of the love-sickness he was suffering from.

"You like her, don't you?" she asked Andy.

"I....well.....yes, I do."

"Is he a nice guy, Connor?" she asked as she turned and faced me.

"Yeah, he's a nice guy."

"Not a nice guy, like you are. I mean A REALLY NICE GUY. Silvia deserves someone who'll treat her nice."

"Hey!" I said, "I'm a nice guy."

"Right, sure, like a rattlesnake's a nice snake," she said with a haughty shake of her head; that bewitching smile still playing at the corners of her sexy mouth. "You....I can take care of you. Silvia, she's different." Man, I felt a big smile spread over my face. I loved Marta's confident straightforward attitude. The thought of combining that with her voluptuous buxom body had me quivering in anticipation of our upcoming date.

"Marta," I said slowly as my eyes locked on hers, "in all seriousness, Andy's a great guy." I pointed to her sister and put on an air of indignation myself. "My question is whether your sister's good enough to go out with him."

"Oh spare me," she said with a dismissive shake of her head. "She'd good enough, don't you worry about it. Okay, I'll talk to her." We watched as she called through the opening to the kitchen for two specials and then approached her sister who was filling some water glasses at the waitresses' station. They chatted momentarily and then Silvia looked over and met Andy's smiling gaze. A quick smile came to her pretty young face and after a few more words, we saw her nod. As Marta came back to our table, Silvia gave Andy another shy smile and then turned to her next customer.

"Okay, she'll do it." Marta pulled her little order pad from her apron and jotted something down. She tore it off and passed it to me. "Here's my phone number; Silvia and I share a place. Give us a call early next week and we'll set something up for the end of the week. Now," she said as she held up her index finger and pointed it from one to the other of us, like a teacher would do when scolding her students, "we're gonna get all dressed up and I don't expect you guys to show up looking like a couple of bums. You got it?" That pointing finger had taken on a 'don't fuck with me' intensity now.

"Sure, of course," Andy and I almost chimed in at the same time.

"Good, I'll be back with your food shortly." She gave me another little wink as she lowered the objectionable finger, turned sharply on her heel and strode away.

"Thanks, Connor, now I guess I owe you," Andy said, a huge contented smile on his face.

Seeing the way he'd looked at Silvia across the room, and then seeing the look on his face now that the date was going to happen, I hadn't realized how truly smitten he was by her. I don't know if it was seeing the look of pure joy on his face combined with the day of the week or what, but for some bizarre reason, the words to the great song by The Cure rang through my head.

"Monday you can fall apart

Tuesday, Wednesday break my heart

Thursday doesn't even start

It's Friday I'm in love"

As the catchy tune seemed to come out of nowhere, I looked at my good friend and smiled broadly, asking myself, 'Is there a happier song in the world?'.....I don't think so.

"You don't owe me," I said, snapping myself out of my reverie. "Just remember, friends do shit like that for each other; maybe when you turn thirteen you'll realize that." We both laughed and toasted to our good fortune with a hearty slug of our beers.

"Okay, so what's new with you?" Andy said as he set down his nearly empty glass. He had turned the conversation unexpectedly from Marta and Silvia and I don't think I was prepared for the rapid shift onto me.

"Uh....well, not much," I kind of spat out stiffly, surprisingly feeling myself flushing under his simple innocent question.

He paused and looked at me intently, his face searching mine to see what I was hiding. "Uh, that look on your face says something a lot different than 'not much'. What is it?"

"Nothing, nothing's going on," I said defensively.

"You forget how long we've known each other. Now I'm just gonna sit here until you tell me." He sat back against the booth seat, his arms crossed across his chest. Various thoughts of all the things that had happened in just the last few days raced through my head in fast forward; from posting my Face-Painter ad the first time up to Zoey's cocksucking lesson just a short time ago. As I looked at my best friend, I knew that if I didn't say something at least about some of it now, I knew at some point in the future, I'd end up confiding in him anyways. It was always like that with the two of us.

"I....I've kind of taken on a part-time job."

"Freelancing for some other rag?"

"Not exactly. I guess you'd say as a painter."

"As a painter?" he said with a quizzical look on his face.

"Here you go guys." Marta interrupted our conversation as she appeared at our table and slid two plates of steaming food in front of us. The delicious smell wafted into my lungs immediately. "Magras con tomate over white rice. One of my mom's specialties."

"Ham and tomatoes?" Andy asked.

"Yeah,"

"Is that an egg?" I asked; pointing at the shimmering white orb perched on the side.

"Yes, this dish is from the region of Spain we come from. You'll love it." Leaving us admiring the scrumptious looking food before us, she turned and left to deal with her other tables.

"This smells incredible," Andy said, wafting some of the rising vapors towards his face.

"God yes," I replied, inhaling deeply myself. We both grabbed our utensils and dug in, the succulent flavors making us both nod in delicious acknowledgement of Marta's choice for us. I don't know how her mother had done it, or what spices she had used, but the combination of the ham with the tomatoes and even the surprising hard-boiled egg, was certainly a tantalizing treat both of us savored. I looked over at Marta standing in profile at an adjacent table, her huge tits thrusting forward against the confining bodice of her uniform, and knew that was another tantalizing treat her mother had been responsible for making as well; and one that I was hoping to make a full meal of fairly soon.

"So," Andy said, once the rapid shoveling into our waiting gobs had slowed to a more socially acceptable rate, "you got a part-time job as a painter? Please tell me it's as a house painter, because I remember what you were like in art class. I can't imagine you painting somebody's portrait."

"Well, uh not exactly either one."

"Don't tell me somebody's trusting a fuck-up like you to paint cars, are they?" he said good-naturedly.

"No, it's not that either."

"Well, what then?"

Well, here goes, I thought as I finally let out a deep breath before saying, "I've kind of got a job as a face-painter."

"A face-painter?" Andy said as his eyebrows knotted quizzically. "What the fuck is that?"

"I cum on women's faces for money."

Andy's jaw wasn't the only thing that dropped as his knife and fork clattered noisily against his plate. Embarrassed, he quickly scooped them up and nodded to curious onlookers that everything was okay.

"What did you say?" he asked as he leaned forward, his voice a secretive whisper now.

"I cum on women's faces for money," I repeated. I could see the gears in his mind going like crazy now as it registered that he had heard me right the first time.

"How.....how much money?"

"Two hundred dollars a load."



"TWO HUNDRED BUCKS!" he burst out and our now-irritated neighbors looked over again. "Sorry," Andy said, waving to them apologetically. He leaned closed over the table and whispered quietly to me once more. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"No."

"How....when...what happened?" I almost laughed out loud as I could see a million questions running through his head, each one popping up with a cartoon-like question mark. I knew if the tables were turned, I'd be the same.

I started by telling him what had happened with the date I'd had with that girl almost a week ago, and how she had mentioned that she was sure women would pay money for what I had provided her with for free. I told him about researching the various escort-like websites before finally get enough courage up to go ahead and post my ad. I told him all about my first client, the gorgeous Callie/Tanya and how after she'd paid another \$200 for a second helping, I'd thrown in a few more on the house. He sat and listened silently, seeming totally mesmerized by my spellbinding story. I paused for a second after finishing relating that first rendezvous.

"Holy fuck," he said breathlessly, an awestruck look on his face now. "That's.....that's amazing. Have you had any more customers?"

I told him about the invitation I'd had from the pornstar that I turned down; the one who used to be gorgeous but ended up turning into

something nefariously hideous with all those tattoos and piercings she was now sporting.

"Yeah, I don't blame you," Andy said, nodding in agreement. "She was so hot; now she's just gross."

I then related what had happened with Catherine; how that scheduled appointment was actually supposed to take place right about now. I mentioned that it had seemed somewhat promising but never came to fruition. I told him that I guess that short-notice cancellations like that were likely just part of the nature of the job.

"I guess you're right; that kind of thing probably happens a lot." He paused for a second and this time he spoke to me he had a confused inquisitive look on his face. "Connor, I don't know whether to think of you as my hero, or if you are totally insane." I burst out laughing and he quickly followed. "That woman.....your uh.....your client, Tanya. Was she really as good-looking as you described?"

"Even better," I replied, picturing how gorgeous and hot she'd been. "Like I said, I would have paid her instead of her paying me."

"And she really got off on a dildo while she was sucking you off?"

"Yeah."

"Fuck," he said as he let out a soft low whistle. "That is fucking hot." As I nodded, I could see those gears within his head working overtime again before a more concerned look came over his face. "Seriously," he continued, "on one hand, the whole idea of what you're doing is so cool, I can't believe it. But on the other hand, aren't you worried?"

"You mean about STDs?"

"That's just part of it. There're a lot of fucked-up people out there. Even though a lot of these women may sound sweet and innocent, especially in e-mail messages, do you ever think that one of them might have some meth-head boyfriend hiding in the closet with a gun or knife or something?"

Andy's words actually kind of shocked me; I knew when I placed the ad and decided to actually do it, there were going to be certain risks. I just figured that I'd be extra careful and that I could leave or get myself out of a situation I didn't like. As his words circled my brain, I thought of those two hyped-up pricks that had tried to hold him up that night, and I knew he was right; you could try and be as careful as possible, but yes, there were a lot of really fucked up people out there. And Vegas was not exactly Cornpone, Nebraska, when it came to the per capita psycho count.

"I.....I guess you're right," I admitted with a nod. "I guess there is the risk of something like that happening, no matter how careful you think you are."

"I'm not trying to lecture you," he said with a friendly wave of his hand, "but hey, man, I wouldn't want to see anything happen to you in something like this. If you keep doing it, promise me you'll be extra careful, okay."

"Sure."

"You got any more customers lined up for this weekend?"

"No. The e-mails have been quiet the last couple of days. That's okay though, I've got something else going tomorrow night."

"What's that?" Andy asked, his curiosity piqued again.

"I was asked out on a date?"

"Oh, that old blind toothless woman again?" he said good-naturedly, smiling and nodding as if that was the only type of woman who would want me.

"No, believe it or not, an attractive older woman asked me out?"

"Your neighbor Margaret?" he asked, excited now at that possibility as he remembered the recent incident with her in my driveway. I just shook my head.

"Too bad. Okay, c'mon, who?" I could see the spark of interest in his eyes; Andy and I had always shared a fondness for attractive older women since our early teens.

"My mother," I said with a smile.

"Oh, your mother," he replied with a little chuckle and sat back in his seat, a little less excited now. "So how did that come about?"

"Well, she hasn't been out with anybody since my dad died, and she's thinking of getting back in the dating game. She wants to see what it's like to be out there again."

"That'll be good for your rep; being seen out with an attractive woman like that. Your mom's gorgeous, you know that."

"True....true. But hey, your mom's not too hard on the eyes either."

"Yeah, I guess. How did two beautiful women like that end up with a couple of low-lives like us for sons?"

"Well, I know how my mom ended up with me, but what about you? Did your parents get the last pick at the D.A.A. or something?"

"D.A.A.?"

"Dipshit Adoption Agency. Or was that where they tried to dump you and even they wouldn't take you?"

"Fuck you, painter-boy!" We both laughed at the friendly ribbing we were giving each other.

"Well, you guys must have liked it," Marta's voice drew our attention as she walked up to our table. "Your plates are totally clean."

"It was great," I said as she started to gather up the dishes. "Thanks for that."

"No problem, you guys want another beer or dessert or anything?"

"How about just a couple of coffees right now?" Andy asked as he looked from Marta to me and I nodded my agreement.

"Okay, I'll bring those right up." We both watched that big round Latino ass of hers swaying seductively from side to side as she walked away.

"So," Andy said, "going out with your mom on a real date. How do you feel about that....really?"

I paused for a second before responding, wondering which direction this conversation was going to end up taking. "I'm not really sure. To be honest, I almost feel like I'm back in high school. I've been both nervous and excited since she asked me."

"Here you go," Marta said as she put two steaming mugs of fragrant java in front of us. As she leaned forward to set down the cups, I looked into that deep dark line of cleavage and pictured slipping my cock between those two luscious tits of hers and fucking them until I blew all over her face. As if she could read my mind, her eyes locked on mine in a piercing gaze that sent an electric jolt right to my dick. Fuck, she was hot!

"I'd be nervous and excited thinking about that," Andy said pointedly as Marta turned and walked away, our eyes devouring her lusty buxom form.

"I already am," I admitted with an agreeing nod as I zeroed in on her luscious round bum rolling provocatively in retreat. We both started in on our coffees as we faced each other over the table. I could see from the inquisitive look on his face that Andy wasn't finished with his questions yet.

"So this date with your mom, what do you think's gonna happen?" I wondered if he was reading my mind, his question about what was gonna happen between my mother and I seeming surprisingly abrupt.

"I don't know," I said kind of defensively. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you going to a movie, are you going to dinner, out to a show....you know, the normal stuff people do on dates?"

I almost literally breathed a sigh of relief, having totally overreacted to his simple question.

"Oh, we're going out to dinner. She wants to get all dressed up, you know, that kind of thing."

"Hmmm, yeah," he said as he looked at me quizzically. "How come you got all nervous when I asked what you were doing?"

"Wha....what....I don't know what you mean," I held my hands up as I scoffed at his observation.

"C'mon," he said with a knowing smile. "You were thinking I was asking about something more than just where you were going or what you were gonna do there."



"No, I knew exactly what you meant."

"Liar." He took a sip of his coffee as he let that one hang out there for a while. I followed, happy to hide behind my coffee cup as I drank. "So, just because you thought that's what I was asking, I'll do it," he said with a smug grin on his face.

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay, let me ask you this. Let's say your date goes well, you have a nice dinner, share a bottle of wine, maybe go dancing.....then you take your mom home. Do you kiss her goodnight?"

I could already feel myself flushing nervously even before I answered. As I listened to his words, my mind raced back to the night before, remembering that delicious secret kiss my mother had given me out by the barbeque before Emma came back out and interrupted us. Just thinking about how luxuriously hot and succulently moist her lips and tongue had been against mine sent a fiery little jolt right to my loins. Shit, it was like Andy could read me like a book. I should have known better. "Well, I guess I'd give her a kiss on the cheek."

"Is that the way you kiss all your dates goodnight? I thought your mom wanted to see what the real date experience was like again?"

"Well....I....uh....I guess you're right," I replied nervously. I pictured again how heavenly that quick furtive kiss had been the night before; and then that naughty little episode we'd had feeding whipped cream to each other from our fingers.

"So tell me honestly," Andy said slowly, his eyes locked on mine. "What if, as you're saying goodnight, your mother turns her face up to yours and gives you that 'I'm waiting to be kissed look', do you do it."

"I....I don't know," I said as I purposely dropped my eyes from his.

I saw him look around to make sure no one was within earshot before he turned back to face me. He leaned close to me over the table and spoke in a confidential whisper, "I can tell what's on your mind. And let me tell you, my friend, if it gets to that time, you kiss her.....and it's beautiful."

I looked at him.....absolutely in shock. I could almost feel my blood boiling as I took a deep breath and asked, "You.....you've kissed my mother?"

"No....of course not," he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"Then....then who?" I asked, thoroughly confused now. Andy just sat back and stared at me as I thought about what he had said. As I

looked at the self-assured calm expression on his face, the truth hit me like a ton of bricks.

"Your.....your own mother?" I asked, almost holding my breath. He simply gave me a slow nod. "You've kissed you own mother? Like a real kiss?"

"Since it seems like a night for confessions, yes, I've kissed my mother like that." He paused as I just looked at him totally wide-eyed. I'm sure my jaw must have dropped all the way to the table.

"And was it....was it," I stammered, my curiosity instantly reaching Everest-like proportions. Knowing how exquisite that single blissful kiss had been with my own mother, I was anxious to hear all about what Andy had done with his.

"It was absolutely amazing," Andy replied with an assuring nod of his head.

"What...when," I started to ask, just as his cell phone rang. He held up his finger for me to wait as he pulled out his phone and brought it to his ear.

"Hello.....uh-huh.....okay....when.....yes....yes....okay, I'll be right there."

"Speak of the devil," he said as he slipped his phone back into his pocket and took a big swig of his now-cool coffee.

"Your mother?" I asked, wanting to start pumping him for more information.

"Yeah," he said as he pulled out his wallet and started fishing out some bills. "It looks like she's reached a decision on that ultimatum I gave her. She wants to come over to my place and talk about it. I've gotta go."

"But....but," I stuttered, still in shock from what he'd just told me.

"Sorry. Hey, dinner's on me tonight," he said as he threw down a few more bills before standing up.

"Andy," I said firmly. It worked as he stopped in his tracks and looked at me intently. Now that I had his attention, I spoke calmly and quietly, "I think now we both know how we each feel about our mothers, right?" I paused for a second as our eyes locked. "There's no point in trying to put up a fake impression for each other. I think we both know deep down what we'd each like to do to them."

He looked around once more to make sure no one was listening before responding, "Yeah, I could tell by the look on your face that you feel the same way about your mom as I do about mine."

"Okay," I said, a feeling of intense relief seeming to wash over me at this mutual confession. "Before I got out with her tomorrow night, I'd like to hear more about what happened between you and your mom. How about coming over for lunch tomorrow?"

"Okay, sounds good," he said, nodding. "It'll actually feel good to talk about it. Now, I've gotta go. I want to hear what she has to say."

"Great. Around noon then?" He nodded again and gave me a knowing smile before hurrying out the door.

"Jesus", I thought as I slumped back into my seat. All this time I'd been having these thoughts and fantasies about my mother and Andy had been.....well.....I didn't know exactly what he'd been doing with his mother; just that it had sounded as equally depraved as what I had fantasized about doing with mine! I wondered how far that kiss of his had gone. As I ran this over in my head, the idea of it sent another tingling shiver right down to my midsection. As a pulsing twitch went through my dick, I realized how turned on I had become by the thought of Andy with his big-titted mother and how this upcoming date tomorrow with mine might possibly go. I thought back to my mother's soft beautiful lips meeting mine; that smoking-hot body of hers pressed up against mine as we stood in her garden. Man, if she wanted a good night kiss like that .....oh fuck..... I felt another surge go straight to my swelling dick at the thought of where a kiss like that might lead.

"Loverboy certainly scooted out of here in a hurry," Marta said as she stepped up to our table, her fists on those wide flared hips of hers.

"Yeah, his mother called and it was pretty urgent."

"Oh geez, I'm sorry," she said sincerely. "Is she okay?"

"Oh yeah, it's nothing like that," I said with a wave of my hand. "He just had to go." I looked at that buxom voluptuous body and hers and felt another twitch go through my swelling cock. Fuck, I wanted to get my hands on her right now. "Say, you're not getting off soon, are you? As you can see, my night is free."

"Sorry sweetheart," she said as she reached into her apron and slipped the bill onto the table, "I'm on until closing tonight." She could see the disappointed look on my face; and fortunately the table was keeping her from seeing the rising spire in my pants. "You'll survive. Like I said, when you guys take us out to dinner, I want to get all dressed up. I want it to be a real date." There it was again, that real date thing, whereas right now, I just wanted to stick my surging prick into something hot and wet.

"Alright," I replied as I handed her Andy's pile of bills. "I'll call you and we'll set it up."

"Okay." As she stuffed the bills into her apron and turned away, I slowly slid out of the booth and got to my feet, deftly adjusting my half-hard pecker as I did.

"Oh Connor," I heard just as I reached the door. I turned to find Marta approaching, that magnificent full chest of hers seeming to lead the way. She got to within couple of feet before stopping and looking up at me, a devilish glint in her dark eyes and teasing smile at the corners of her wide sensual mouth. "36E."

"Pardon me?" I asked, wondering what she was saying.

"The answer to the question I asked you in Spanish. The answer is 36E." Of course, as Andy had translated, she'd asked me to guess her bra size. 36E....fuck! I couldn't help but look down at those tremendous tits, the upper swells mere inches away from my envious fingertips. She could see exactly where I was looking as she spoke, "Have a good night." With a final teasing wink, she turned and walked away, leaving me with an increasingly uncomfortable crotch and a serious case of blue-balls in the making.

I walked out of the restaurant, breathing deeply of the cool night air. It didn't do much to alleviate the pressure I felt against the front of my pants, but I knew exactly what to do about that. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my cell phone and scrolled through my list of contacts before stopping on the one I was searching for. I dialed the number and scanned the street for a cab as it started to ring. It rang twice before I heard that sultry mature voice on the other end of the line.

"Hello?"

"Hi, it's me."

Twenty minutes later, the cab deposited me at my destination, and with hormones raging, I walked right in, as she'd told me to do on the phone. I could see the soft light streaming from the direction of her bedroom and made my way there after kicking off my shoes.

"I was hoping you'd come home early," Margaret's sexy warm purr reached me as I entered.

"Oh my God," I thought to myself as I spotted her across the room, her tall mature form leaning seductively against the bathroom door frame. Between my already aroused state and the way she looked, I stood dumbstruck and stared breathlessly. She looked absolutely incredible. She was wearing a satin corset of a gorgeous warm purple color. It was trimmed with black at the bottom and had matching garter straps that were holding up sheer gossamer black nylons with an intricate lacy band that ended high on her smooth alabaster thighs. The purple corset flared out over her wide mature hips and was complimented by matching satin panties that were cut extremely high on her hips and drew your gaze with an inviting "V" pointing to her deftly concealed love pocket.

Letting my gaze travel south, I followed the luscious line of those sheer stockings all the way down those long tantalizing legs of hers. She wore a sexy pair of black slingbacks with a sharp pointed toe and dizzying 4" heels that made those scrumptious legs of hers all the more alluring. I couldn't help but look at them and think how good



they would feel wrapped around my back, pulling my thrusting form deeper into her.

My eyes roamed back up over her full hourglass figure, hungrily taking in the imposing swells of those 40 Double-Ds of hers; those voluminous guns straining at the stretched confining fabric of the intoxicatingly sexy corset. As she moved her hands up to fluff out her lustrous auburn locks, my eyes were pulled away from her impressive chest to her arms, their long limber length majestically covered with shoulder-length matching purple gloves. Her hands moved deftly through her hair, the long reddish tresses shimmering in the warm sensual light of the room.

As she turned her head and lowered her gloved hands to her hips, my eyes remained riveted on the glittering twinkle at her neck. Last night she had worn a sexy black choker; tonight it had been replaced by an equally seductive rhinestone band that circled her regal neck like a Christmas ribbon. She had applied some makeup and lipstick to her naturally pretty face, the subtle touches making her gorgeous features all that much more desirable. With her lustrous auburn hair fluffed out and looking provocatively wild and unkempt, that rhinestone choker and those sexy gloves.....fuck....the whole look had me simply burning with desire.

"Margaret, you look incredible," I said as I tore at my clothes and shed them all about me as I stormed quickly across the room, my burgeoning peter leading the way like a thrusting lance.

"My, someone is certain.....," her words were cut off as I grabbed her and pulled her to me, my mouth meeting hers in a rapturous, hungry kiss. Her mouth was deliciously hot and moist and our tongues danced together as I slid mine deep into her hot oral cavity. With my face pressed against hers, a thrilling waft of her sensual perfume feathered its way deep into my senses, enflaming my burning desire for her even more.

"Unnnngghh," she groaned as I pulled her over beside the door and pushed her up against the wall. I pulled my mouth away from hers and we looked deep into each other's eyes, and I could see the lustful yearning in hers that I knew I had in mine. With our gaze locked on each other in blissful anticipation, I reached down between us and gripped her panties. She looked at me questioningly for just a second before I jerked hard.

"RIPPPPPP!" The sound of her shredding panties was quickly followed by her breathless gasp. I tossed the torn garment aside and dove in for another ravenous kiss while my hands slid down the weaving contours of her flanks until I found the back of her strong thighs. I didn't give it a second's thought as I lifted her from the ground and pulled her legs apart on either side of me.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned into my hot mouth as I pinned her against the wall and moved closer between her spread thighs. I felt her sexy gloved hand quickly reach between us and grab my throbbing shaft as she guided my thrusting erection between her parted labial curtains. In my furiously aroused state, I knew this wasn't going to be making love, or even "having sex"; this was going

to a savage merciless fuck. And from her intense breathing and racing heart, I think she wanted it that way as much as I did. With the enflamed cockhead nestled into the welcoming pocket of her steaming box, I took a firm grip on her thighs and pressed her back against the restraining wall. She must have been anticipating my return because my needy prick encountered nothing but slippery fuck-oil at the entrance as her talented cunt started to nibble hungrily at the invading monster. I gave a little hunch and felt the massive head of my dick pop into her juice-slickened hole. I pulled my mouth back from her gasping one and took a deep breath before going for more.

"OH MY GOD!" she groaned loudly as I flexed and started to drive my turgid cock deep into her. The words from the old Zeppelin song came into my head.....and yes....I definitely wanted to give her every inch of my love. There was some resistance there as my rapid invasion had found her somewhat unprepared for my assault; but I was not to be deterred. My thick hard erection slowly disappeared inside her, inch after rigid inch being deliciously enveloped by her hot folds of slick pink flesh. I purposefully fed it into her in one slow continuous thrust until I felt her sticky cuntlips plastered around the hilt of my buried cockshaft. My intense need to fuck her had rewarded me with an exquisitely hot love-channel that wrapped my engorged member in a tight gripping sheath.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as she rolled her head against the wall behind her, her eyes closing in rapture as I stayed still with over 10" of hard thick cock buried in her hot buttery hole. I rolled my hips slightly and she groaned as my massive cockhead pressed forcefully against the sensitive tissues deep within her. I did it again and another low

growl was accompanied by a warm wetness as I felt her loosening up; her fuck oil beginning to flow more freely along her tight coital walls. Feeling those tight gripping rings of flesh inside her around my quivering pecker felt great....but I wanted more. I slowly flexed my hips backward until only the tip of the huge mushroom-shaped head remained between her gooey cuntlips.....then I drove it forcefully back into her in one raw savage thrust.

"OOOOHHNNNNNN!!" she let out a loud groan as I hammered her against the wall. Her arms reached up and circled my neck and she held on tightly as I started to fuck her, my rigid erection tearing back and forth within her steaming cunt. I felt her heels lock over each other behind my back as she pulled me even closer; begging me to get every last thick inch deep inside. Her wide flared hips started to roll against me as I continued to pound it into her, the wall behind her complaining noisily with each driving thrust. As she started to work with me, I could feel the constricting rings of flesh inside her squeezing and rippling along my turgid shaft, her boiling hot box just waiting to be filled with a big load of hot thick cum.

"So hard," she mumbled breathlessly against my neck. Her body thrashed about as if she was being impaled on the end of a red-hot stake. One second she'd pull herself close to me, her head buried in my neck as her lustrous auburn locks feathered teasingly across my face; then an instant later, she'd be throwing herself back against the wall, her mature voluptuous body being reacting spontaneously as our thrusting joined bodies worked together in a rapturous animalistic rhythm.

"Uh.....uh.....uh," she was moaning continuously now as her head rolled from side to side against the wall, her eyes closed as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her quivering body. I could feel a warm lather of cunt-honey coating the base of my dick and swinging sack as her stretched pussy-lips pressed down against the hilt with each merciless thrust I gave her.

"Oh fuck.....I'm gonna cum," she uttered between clenched teeth, her back slamming noisily into the wall behind her as I pounded my battering ram of a cock deep into her welcoming love pocket. "I....I.....OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH....." Her climax swept over her in an orgasmic rush as she started to twitch and shake wildly. I gripped her spread thighs tightly in my hands as I continued to hammer my raging cock into her, knowing my own release was only moments away.

"Aaaaahhhh yesssss....." she hissed as the tingling sensations ran to every firing nerve-ending of her trembling body. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body as those telltale delicious contractions started in my midsection. I felt that delightful sensation as the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my rigid dick. Holding onto her firmly, I heard myself let out a deep growl as I drove my truncheon-like cock as far into her as I could, just as the first thick rope of cum shot forth, pasting itself forcefully against her cervix.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred as I flooded her velvety hot trench with my potent seed. I could feel the talented muscles lining her gooey pouch rippling along my buried shaft as it twitched and pulsed while I poured shot after shot of thick cream deep into her. I don't know

how many shots I spewed into her, but I could feel some of my slimy seed leaking out of her before I'd even finished. Finally, the last few pulsing gobs spat forth and I held her closely, both of our bodies racked from the exertion of a tremendously savage fuck. I eased myself back and looked at her, her head lying back against the wall, her pretty face glowing with a fine sheen of blissful perspiration. Her succulent mouth was open as she breathed raggedly, while her eyes remained closed in contented satisfaction. I looked down at her heaving chest, those tremendous tits of hers rising and falling beneath the accentuating bodice of the corset as her racing heart-rate started to slow. As I moved slightly back, she turned her head slightly and looked at me through hooded eyes, as if even that much effort was taxing on her overworked body.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said in a husky whisper, "what got into you tonight?"

"I...I'm sorry," I replied, the guilt from my brutish behavior now becoming clearly apparent to me.

"No," she said firmly with a dismissive wave of a gloved hand. "That was absolutely fantastic. I've never been fucked like that in my entire life." I could see from the look on her face that she meant it, that she had loved the intensity of my spontaneous attack as much as I had. We exchanged contented smiles with each other, both of us knowing just how good it had been. I looked deep into her lust-filled eyes and knew that she wanted more, and I was so turned on tonight, I was willing to give her as much as she could take.

I gripped her tightly and turned towards the bed, her long gorgeous legs still wrapped tightly around me, as if she never wanted to let go of my spent dick still buried inside her. I shuffle-stepped over to the bed and laid her down on her back at the front, the edge of the mattress at the back of her knees. Her legs finally released me as she brought her stiletto heels down on each side of me. As I stood up and pulled my half-hard peter from her gripping channel, it came out with a nasty wet sucking sound. I looked down and saw my bobbing dick glistening with a mixture of her fragrant nectar and silvery ribbons of my own cum. My eyes were drawn further and I looked at the gaping curtains of her labia, the glistening pink flesh looking puffy and swollen from the abuse I'd just given it. As I watched a slimy milky trail of cum ooze forth from between her glistening stretched pussy-lips, I knew they were going to be in for a lot more abuse before I was done with her tonight. Hungry for more, I looked at her as she lay beneath me, her beautiful mature face looking at me expectantly.

"Keep that inside you for a minute," I said as I pulled her knees close together. I then crawled onto the bed and threw my leg over her until I was straddling her chest. "Here you go." I hefted my spent cock and brought it right in front of her beautiful mouth. She looked up at me with a devilish glint in her eyes and opened her mouth eagerly. Those full lips looked beautiful as they parted and her long wet tongue slid forth and hungrily speared a large creamy gob of milky cum clinging to the head of my dick. I moved my cock back and forth as her delightful tongue lapped up every warm ribbon and pearly gob. She cleaned me from head to root before I dropped the head right into her cum-hungry mouth, those pouting lips closing luxuriously around the captured knob.

"Let me give you some more," I said as I reluctantly pulled my pecker from her sucking mouth with a resounding "POP". I moved down and sat at the front edge of the bed beside her. I took her knees in each hand and pushed them to each side. She didn't need much encouragement as I watched her roll them open, her glistening wet pussy coming back into view. With my ass perched on the edge of the bed beside her, I turned on my side and reached into her sopping snatch. She leaned up and rested on her elbows, eager to see what I was doing.

"That's my girl, let me get right inside there," I said softly as I slid two long fingers deep into her overflowing cunt. I could feel the gobs of cum pooling inside her as I moved my invading digits all around before slowly withdrawing them.

"Here you go." I saw her eyes sparkle with delight as I moved my silvery cum-covered fingers towards her waiting mouth. Her tongue unconsciously circled her wet lips in anticipation just before I slid my goey fingers inside.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed like kitten with a saucer of warm cream as she licked the milky offering from my hand. I withdrew my fingers and went back for more. I continued to probe and search inside her until I'd gathered up as much as I could. Soon enough, most of the cum I'd shot into her velvety pocket was resting in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach. Perched up on her elbows, she watched as I rubbed my two fingers more forcefully along the upper folds of flesh inside her.



"Oh God, that's good," she cooed as I worked my fingers back and forth. I let fingers roll around in a slow teasing circle within her, her eyes glued to my muscular hand perched at the juncture of her parted thighs.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as her body twitched noticeably under my attentive fingers. I could see the crimson spire of her engorged clit sticking out prominently from its hooded covering as I continued to finger-fuck her. I took the fingers of my other hand and slid them sensually down over her quivering abdomen until I circled that protruding little trigger of hers between my thumb and forefinger, her shiny fuck-oil quickly lubricating my attending fingers.

"Oh Jesus," she said as I started to roll the stiff little button between my fingers. With the fingers of one hand working back and forth inside her steaming trench and the other one attending to that sensitive red bud, I could both see and feel her pleasure level rapidly escalating. I looked up and saw those tremendous big tits of hers heaving once more inside the almost overflowing cups of her purple corset. Her face was glistening again with perspiration as she breathed raggedly, her sexy hooded eyes watching me intently. Her legs flexed in momentarily and then rolled far to each side as I kept working my fingers inside her. Her lower body started quivering and her wide flared hips started to gyrate under my probing hands.

"OH FUCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," she gasped out loud as her arms slipped out from beneath her and she fell fully onto her back. I watched her gloved hands grip the sheets tightly in each

fist as a nerve-jangling climax shot through her. As she continued to moan, I rolled her clit sensually between my slick fingers as her hips continued to shake and twitch beneath me.

"That a girl, let 'er buck," I encouraged as she thrashed about like a wildcat. In her throes of ecstasy, I had to make sure she didn't dislodge my working fingers as she convulsed and shook spasmodically. After about two minutes, her jerking body dropped back onto the mattress with a final tingling shiver; my hands totally soaked with her bubbling cunt-honey. I slowed the movement of my hands and let them rest where they were, the sensual smell of her gushing pussy filling the air around us.

"Oh, Connor, what are you doing to me?" she asked in a breathy whisper, her huge tits still heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

"Well, that's only one this way," I said as I slid my fingers deep along those succulent coital walls once more. "Let's try for two."

"Oh my God," she moaned as I watched her hands grip the sheets tightly once more as my fingers resumed their attentive duties to her soaking trench and sensitive clit. For the next fifteen minutes or so, my hands moved deftly between those gorgeous nylon-clad legs of hers as I used my fingers to work her over. I brought her to the brink of climax on a number of occasions before quickly ceasing my manipulations before starting up once more. The time I spent working on her had been well spent; as my gooey fingers slid teasingly in and out of her dripping twat, I was happy to feel that

delightful twitch go through my midsection as my cock once more started to swell.

"Oh Connor....please.....please....." she pleaded with me as I brought her to that titillating crest of release one more time. This time, I let her have it, my greasy fingers rolling the enflamed red nub of her stiff trigger teasingly at the same time as my probing fingers rubbed against the slick upper folds of flesh in her vagina right beneath it. Her voluptuous body lurched up from the mattress abruptly as her orgasm shot through her with a resounding crescendo of pleasure. Her bucking and jerking went on for a long time as I held on for the ride, my fingers continuing to work on her mature twitching form. When her quivering finally ceased, I gently withdrew my fingers and lifted her further up onto the bed until we were lying side by side on the pillows.

"Wow," she said in a breathy whisper as she turned to look at me, one eye partially obscured by a trailing lock of shimmering red hair. "That was incredible."

"Speaking of incredible," I replied as I delicately swept the hair back from her pretty face, "do you know how fantastic you look in that outfit. You should wear that kind of thing when you're outside watering your flowers."

"And have you throw me up against the rose trellis and rape me, like you did there?" she said with a laugh as she nodded towards the wall beside the bathroom. "No thanks, I think I'll keep these outfits for inside. And by the way.....you owe me a new pair of panties."

"How about we make a deal.....I'll keep buying you panties if you keep letting me rip them off you like that."

That nasty little smile appeared on her face once more. "Mmmmm, the way I feel after what you did to me there, I don't think I can resist an offer like that. Oh yeah, speaking of what you did to me, after I passed out last night, what happened?"

"What do you mean?" I said with mock innocence, a big grin splitting my face.

"When I woke up this morning, there was cum all over me."

"Oh that....yeah.....well, you looked so beautiful lying there, I couldn't resist."

"So you jerked off all over me?"

"Uh.....yeah.....did you mind?"

"Well, no," she replied with a grin. "I just wished you'd woken me up before you came. I would have loved to have seen that. When I woke up, some of it had already dried on my skin, but there were a few bigger gobs I was able to have as a little treat. I have to admit, I loved the idea of you doing that to me while I was sleeping."

"Would you find it hard to believe if I told you how many times I've fantasized about doing that to you?"

"You are a nasty one, aren't you? Well, you don't have to fantasize about it anymore; you can do that to me anytime you want." I watched as she took a deep breath, her filled lungs and huge tits straining the front of that sexy purple corset almost to the bursting point. "So....this outfit, you really like it."

"Like it? I love it. You look amazing in it. That choker," I said as I traced my finger along the edge of the glittering band, "and those gloves; they are so sexy."

"I hoped you'd like these," she said as she turned on her side towards me and let her gloved hand trace slowly down my body. My eyes followed her descending hand, the soft material of her gloves sending little jolts of excitement to my stiffening prick. Her hand slid sensually over my taut abdomen before she circled those gloved fingers around my pecker and gave it a gentle testing squeeze. My dick instantly responded as another surge of blood flowed into it, her gripping hand slowly working the loose outer sheath up and down.

"Are you sure you've got any more left in there for me?" she asked as her stroking hand slid lower and caressed my sperm-laden balls.

"I've got a lot more," I said as I slid my own hand up the front of her satiny corset to cup one of her heavy round tits.

"Even after those two loads your little sister sucked out of you earlier?"

My hand froze, and I'm sure my face did too as my eyes locked on hers immediately; panic-stricken thoughts racing through my head like a video game on super-fast-forward.

"Relax, buster," she said with a wry smile at the corner of her mouth. "Your secret's safe with me." As I looked at her, I could see the devilish twinkle in her eye once more.

"What....how...." I stammered as I felt myself instantly starting to relax, the intense shot of adrenaline flowing mercifully out of my jangling nervous system.

"You know," she said softly as her gloved hand started stroking my pecker once more, "you really should learn to close your blinds if you're going to be doing something like that."

"You....you saw?"

"I was walking down to the pool after lunch and I happened to look over. That was quite a show you two put on. I have to admit, I couldn't take my eyes off the two of you. And when you got her to sit on the couch and put her hand between her legs, I nearly came right there. She's got quite the little body on her, doesn't she?"

"I....uh....." Again, I was speechless.

"Easy, lover. Like I said, your secret's safe with me. I know what it's like; I was raised on a farm."

"What's that mean?"

"Where we lived, it was miles between us and any other kids our age. It was just my older brother, me and my little sister. And in those days, we didn't have access to cars anytime we wanted, like kids do today. You had to make your own fun, and if it was with one of your own siblings, well, sometimes that's all that much better, right?"

I was totally shocked now. "You and your.....your brother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said giving me another sly smile before she continued, "and sometimes my sister."

I'm sure she saw me gulp noticeably as I took in her incestuous admission. The thought of this definitely sparked my interest. "Your younger sister?"

"Yes. Your Zoey actually reminds me of her. My sister looked very much like her at that age."

"I.....I don't know what to say." Devious thoughts of Margaret and her Zoey-lookalike sister ran through my head like a steroid-injected hamster on a greased wheel.

"How long has this been going on with your sister?" she asked. Her magical gloved hand never left my dong as we talked; her delicate fingers tracing teasingly over my semi-hard shaft.

"Just since last night, actually," I admitted.

"Hmmm, lucky you." She circled her hand lovingly around the girth of my pecker and gave a couple of firm tantalizing strokes. "How do you think that sweet young thing would feel about another woman joining your little twosome sometime?"

"Holy fuck," I thought to myself. This was amazing. Not only had Margaret seen Zoey and me together, she wanted to get in on it as well! I was wondering if all the stars in the universe were in perfect alignment or something; it couldn't get much better than this. I was of half a mind to run out of there right now and buy a lottery ticket. "I'm not sure; but she has promised to do anything I ask her to do."

"Hmmm, she'd do anything you'd ask her to do. That certainly does sound interesting. And how do you feel about the idea of asking her to let me have a shot at that sexy little body of hers?" Margaret accompanied her million dollar question by feathering her hot tongue into the sensitive opening of my ear. An instant shiver of delight ran down my spine. Before I could answer she whispered



softly into my ear, "Or asking her to use that hot mouth of hers on my tits, or to see her slip that beautiful tongue of hers way up inside me." Her tongue flicked sensually into my ear once more and another quivering shudder ran through me.

"I'd love that," I replied as I turned to her and kissed her deeply. Between her stroking hand and lewd thoughts of her and Zoey together, it seemed to take no more than a few seconds before my cock became an iron bar in her hand.

"My.....my," she whispered as she pulled her deliciously warm mouth away from mine and glanced down towards my engorged member jutting upwards above her circling hand, "it looks like you do really like the idea. What would you like me to do this time?"

"Well, I really want to look at you in this outfit. Since you were raised on a farm, I'm sure you know how to ride. Why don't you show me?"

"My pleasure." She pushed herself up and swung one long nylon-clad leg over me as I rolled onto my back. She leaned forward and supported herself with one of those gloved arms on either side of my chest. Her swirling red locks fell in a sexy frame about her pretty face, her beautiful eyes glinting with desire once more. I looked down into the beckoning dark valley of her cleavage, those heavy voluminous tits of hers hanging forwards; yet still bewitchingly encased in the shiny corset. I could see the thin straps going over her shoulders biting into her skin tightly; as if complaining about the heavy weight they were expected to carry. My eyes followed the alluring contours of her mature body downward, that classic hourglass figure of hers

causing my cock to remain stiff as a board as more blood seemed to be pounding into it. Her wide flared hips seemed to fit perfectly over my midsection, the tantalizingly sexy garter straps framing that inviting slot of hers that I'd soon be filling.

"I've got more of these outfits, if you'd like to see sometime."

"I'd like to see them all," I said, not telling her I'd already seen the stash of them in her drawer. "Do you think you can arrange that for me?"

"Mmmmmmm.....anytime you want." Her answer came as she shifted back slightly and reached between her legs with one gloved hand. I smiled as her soft fingers gripped my upright prong and positioned the broad enflamed head into the waiting mouth of her velvety love-pocket. As her pussy-lips slipped over the massive crown and followed the flaring contours, I could feel how hot she was as her slick juices soothed my engorged glans like warm butter. Once she had it situated between those pink labial curtains, she withdrew her hand and brought it back to my side to support herself once more. She rolled her hips slightly to get to the position she wanted and I was rewarded as I felt those gripping lips stretch until the whole apple-sized knob popped just inside.

"That's it," I said as I saw a little grimace on her face. I watched as she lifted her upper body slightly while her backside started to go back and down. She started to sink down and inch after thick hard inch disappeared inside her.

"So hard," she moaned softly as she continued to lower herself onto my thrusting erection. It was captivating to watch those glistening pink pussy-lips, almost stretched to the tearing point, adhering beautifully around my upright shaft as she got closer and closer to the thick hairless root.

"Oh Jesus." She'd gone right down to the base in one smooth insistent drop; those sticky lips now pressed flush up against me, my hard thick cock buried all the way to the hilt. She sat up straighter and rolled her hips until she was sitting deep in the saddle. "It's so big; I've never been filled like this in my entire life." I gave a little hunch upwards that brought a deep growl from her as I forced the massive helmet about half an inch deeper. "Oh my God, that is so good. I could just sit here all day." She looked at me with a blissful smile on her face as she stayed fully impaled on my throbbing love-muscle, but rolled her hips ever so slowly, those gripping coital walls massaging my gnarled shaft in a loving embrace.

"Okay, I'm ready to go," she said as she leaned forwards and supported herself on her arms once more. "Connor, would you do me a favor this time?"

"What's that?" I replied as I ran my hands up her flanks until I was cupping those two voluptuous satin-covered jugs of hers.

"When you're ready to cum, could you do it on my face like you did yesterday?"

"You liked that, eh?"

"Did I ever. I couldn't believe how turned on it made me feel when you did it. There was so much cum. It's all I've been thinking about ever since."

"Who am I to turn down a lady's request like that?" I accompanied my answer with a roll of my own hips, my erect truncheon rubbing salaciously against the tissues deep in that molten wet trench of hers.

"Ohhhhhnnnn," she groaned as she started to lean forward, sliding herself upwards on my steel-like erection. I kept myself flat on the sheets and let her take control as she rose until I felt those talented muscles near the opening of her vagina squeeze down for a second before she dropped back down quickly.

"Aaaaaahhh." Her husky growl floated in the room as she reached rock bottom and then reversed direction. Soon she was into a smooth rhythm, that delectable ass of hers slapping against my midsection with a wet lusty smack. I could feel her slippery fuck-oil lathering up the base of my dick as it flowed freely from her stimulated cunt. She really got into it and I watched her rock back and forth furiously as my hands continued to explore her gorgeous upper body and nipped in waist, the satin of her purple corset feeling sensually cool beneath my roaming hands.

"Uhn.....uhn.....uhn...." Her groans filled the room as she rode me like there was no tomorrow. Her talented steaming box gripped and pulled at my surging rod with each long deep stroke. She was adding a circular roll of her hips now as well, the stimulating friction between our joined bodies intensifying by the second as she continued to grind me right down into the mattress.

"That a girl," I said as I squeezed those massive tits of hers, the swelling tit-flesh almost spilling over the top of her corset cups. "Fuck, you really do know how to ride, don't you?"

"I love this," she replied as she rose almost to the very tip once more before slamming herself all the way to the thick veined root once more. I was fucking back at her now, our mutual actions driving my cock deep and hard into her at the same time as our pleasure level continued to rise.

"Connor.....I.....I.....OH FUCKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly and I saw her body flex before she started to twitch and shake as her climax sent her over the edge. I fucked up into her quivering body hard which brought forth another deep groan and an intense twisting and bucking of her luscious round ass. I held onto her hips and let the bronco ride out her orgasm as I thrust my thick beefy dick deep inside her.

"So big," she whispered raggedly as she started to recover from her toe-curling release. She resumed her up and down movements, her gorgeous face glistening with perspiration from her exertions. I knew I was close but I wanted her to have another one first. I placed my

hands on those pistoning hips of hers and drove my brick-hard cock upwards against the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"OH GOD.....AAAH.....AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH." A second orgasm shook her. I held her hips tightly and pressed down as the thick rope-like ridge of my corona tore deliciously against the sensitive underside of her clit. I felt a further wash of cunt-honey bathe the base of my dick and flow onto my sack. She was just gushing now as she thrashed about like a caged animal on top of me. I kept flexing up into her as wave after wave of tingling pleasure coursed through her, her continuous moans and groans like blissful music to my ears. As her climax slowly dwindled, I grabbed her tightly and rolled her over onto her back quickly. I gave her two or three more deep hard thrusts before I quickly withdrew; my pulsating prick making a sticky wet sound as it came free. I scrambled forward over her supine form until I was straddling her chest, my stallion-like cock rearing up red and menacing before her pretty face.

"Get ready," I said as I wrapped my hand around the thick gnarled shaft in a warm loving corridor and stroked it towards her. Her mouth was open as she gasped raggedly, her tremendous tits heaving as she fought to regain her breath from her two recent orgasms. She looked absolutely beautiful, her lust-filled eyes locked on the tip of my engorged cockhead, waiting in eager anticipation for my massive load of cum. I felt my balls draw up close to my body as those exquisite contractions started within me.

"HERE YOU GO," I said as I pointed the raging tip right at her face. We both watched as a milky drop filled the gaping red eye for just a second before a long white rope shot forth, part of it catching her on the chin and ascending right up the full length of her face before ending in her hair. I moved my hand slightly and a second powerful shot spewed forth on the other side of her face, this one running the full length as well. I continued to pump away at my ejaculating prick as shot after shot of thick creamy semen rained down upon her kisser. Whenever I spotted a blank spot on the canvas, I'd move the head of my dick quickly in that direction and paint that space. The exquisite tingling sensations of a much-needed release flowed through me in wave after delicious wave as I continued to unload, totally flooding that gorgeous face of hers. Pretty soon, there were almost no empty spaces left. I pumped out the final few shots, my racing heart finally starting to slow as I took a couple of firm milking strokes and flicked the last drops right into her open mouth.

"Oh my God, Connor, that feels amazing." She looked up at me through squinting eyes, gobs of cum visible on one eyelid and pooling just beneath the other. "So much cum, it feels so warm and heavy on my skin." I sat astride her chest and breathed deeply as I looked down at her; her mature pretty face an absolute mess of my swimming milky semen, with silvery rivulets running down her neck and heavy white gobs nesting in her hair as well. I thought she had never looked more beautiful than she did right now. I smiled contentedly as I watched her bring both her gloved hands up and gently rub my pearly seed all around her face. It was even more stimulating to see her do this with those gloves on. The white sticky fluid stood out boldly against the brilliant purple fabric and it looked even wantonly nastier to see my cum leaving wet stains behind as it soaked into the sensuous material. As she moved those gloves to and

fro, she made sure that any small spot on her face that I had missed received its due amount. There was more than enough jizz to go around and as she shoveled it all over her smooth skin, she took plenty of opportunities to snowplow some of the bigger wads right into her waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as I watched her swallow a big silky mouthful. Fuck, I had just cum, but watching the way my precious seed slid willingly down her hungry throat and the way her sexy gloved hands spread the pearly fluid tenderly all over her soft skin as if it were a soothing balm.....well....it had my dick needing some more of her skillful attention again already.

"Margaret, you are so fucking sexy, I'm gonna need to get off again soon."

She looked up at me with that beautiful glistening face of hers and nodded happily. "What would you like me to do this time?"

"I want to fuck those gorgeous tits of yours." Her eyes lit up with pleasure as I said this. "You've got some baby oil, right?" She nodded in reply and I saw her eyes flick towards the bathroom. "Good. Now I don't want to wreck that beautiful corset either. You better take it off."

I swung my leg off her to let her up. She made her way to the bathroom, her long legs looking beautiful in those stiletto-heeled shoes of hers. She came back with a bottle of baby oil and set in on



the night table. I lay on my side and watched as she reached down to open the garters where they held the stocking tops. I was happy to see that once she'd released them, the tops of the nylons snapped back into place against her gorgeous smooth thighs, the intricate lacy tops being made of some elasticized material. With her stockings released from the garters, I watched her reach between the bulging cups of her corset and start to unhook the small metal clasps that ran down the front. She watched me with a contented smile on her face as my eyes were locked on the magical spectacle of the front of that sexy corset opening up for me. I watched mesmerized and her gloved fingers went to work, the shiny purple fabric slowly splitting open to reveal her huge treasure chest lying beneath. As each little hook came undone, those heavy tits of hers seemed to increase in size as they gained more freedom. Finally, with the last one undone, she slowly drew the two sides of the corset fully apart and dropped it on the floor behind her. Her tits were gorgeous; coming free of the confining corset and billowing out over the full breadth of her chest with just a slight amount of natural drop. For their size and with her age being in her late 40's, I was tremendously impressed by how high and full they rode on her body. With those heavy round tits fully on display, it emphasized her sexy hourglass figure and made her look all the more desirable.

"Oh fuck," I said under my breath as she reached her gloved hands up and fluffed out her sexy red hair. The motion caused those big 40 Double-Ds of hers to sway and wobble teasingly; her enormous nipples looking stiff, rubbery and in need of a little sucking. Man, she looked good; her tall mature form looking so incredibly sexy in the high heels, shimmering black nylons, shoulder length gloves and that sexy rhinestone choker. I felt a surge go through my half-hard pecker and knew exactly what I wanted; to feel those huge tits of hers

wrapped around my engorged lance until I blew off all over that cum-laden face of hers one more time.

"Lay back here." I shifted to side of the bed and stacked up a bunch of pillows against the headboard. She slid onto the bed and I positioned her just how I wanted her; her head and shoulders resting against that big stack of pillows. She looked gorgeous sitting partially up like that, her stiff nipples pointing enticingly forwards at the crest of those full heavy mounds. I got to my knees and swung my leg over her until I was straddling her midsection once more, then leaned forward and lowered my face to those tremendous breasts of hers.

"Time for a little sucking first," I said as I brought my lips down and delicately kissed each of her protruding nipples. After the initial loving kiss, I let my lips slip down over one rapidly stiffening bud and out over the pebbly surface of her pink areola. I pushed a warm gob of saliva forward and used my tongue to bathe the sensitive surfaces beneath my mouth, my tongue rolling the gooey spit slowly and sensually all over her gorgeous flesh.

"Mmmmmmm, you certainly know how to do that," she cooed as her gloved fingers ran through my hair affectionately. With her soothing hands guiding me, I moved from one massive breast to the other, my lips and tongue working slowly but insistently as I licked and sucked her big soft mounds. Jesus, what a gorgeous set of tits she had. Her nipples were thick, hard and a good half-inch long. I nipped at them playfully with my teeth which caused her to give a little squeal before her stroking fingers pulled me harder against her soft

mounds. I let my tongue roll in slow teasing circles all over and around those protruding buds as she lay back and savored the oral attention I was giving her. I felt like I could have stayed there and sucked on those babies all night long, but I wanted more.

"Now it's time for you to do a little sucking," I said as I raised myself fully onto my knees and leaned forward, my muscular 6'-3" form looming over her. I looked down at her expectant face, the residue of my recent face-painting job glistening on her smooth skin. From my position above her, I could even smell it. I breathed deep and could smell the womanly scent of her succulent snatch as well. The whole room just reeked of sex, and I knew that musky aroma was going to be even stronger before we were done. I looked down at me semi-hard peter, the surface still sticky with a shiny coating of her sweet vaginal nectar from our recent fuck. As the intoxicating scent fired my desire even more, I hefted my long limber dong and pointed it towards her face. "Give me another one of those nice targets, sweetheart."

She looked up at me with an innocent girlish look as she formed those wet red lips of hers into a perfect inviting "O". I leaned forward and slipped the spongy knob right inside, her soft lips sealing down on the pebbly membranes of the plum-sized crown. With her lips pursed forward and rapturously adhered to me stiffening member, I pushed forward and watched those lips stretch further and further until the whole mushroom-shaped head popped right inside.

"Mmmmmmm....." She gave a little mew of contentment and with my swelling dick locked inside her hot wet mouth, I let go of it and

brought both hands up and took a firm hold of the back of the headboard. Her magical tongue bathed the spongy head with a warm coating of saliva as my prong continued to swell and fill her hot oral cavity. Now upright on my knees with my body over those broad round tits of hers, I slowly fed it back and forth into her vacuuming mouth as she really started to go to town on it. She was mewling and purring constantly now and it didn't take long for my stiffening tube of flesh to get hard as a fucking brick under her skillful oral therapy.

"That mouth of yours is beautiful, Margaret," I praised, holding firmly onto the headboard and sliding the thick girth of my thrusting stalk back and forth between her stretched red lips. I loved watching the way they adhered to my erection when I retreated, those succulent pillowy lips being drawn outwards as they gripped tightly to my see-sawing cock. If I pulled it fully out right then, I'm sure she'd look just like a fish out of water gasping in the open air. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it, so I let her suck for a little longer than I first intended, her cheeks drawing in to form an exquisite hot sheath for my probing dick as she sucked voraciously.

"Okay," I said finally as I reached over and grabbed the bottle of baby oil as I pulled my throbbing prick from her mouth. I scooted back to her midsection and popped off the cap of the bottle. As she looked up at me with a look of blissful anticipation on her face, I turned the bottle upside down and let a generous amount of the slick fluid drizzle down all over those voluptuous jugs of hers. It looked beautiful to see the shiny lines of oil slowly start to follow the soft round contours of those tremendous breasts, shimmering trails slithering into the deep valley of her cleavage.

"Beautiful," I muttered under my breath as I set the bottle back on the bedside table and placed my big hands on those impressive mounds. I could feel her rubbery nipples beneath the palms of my hands as I started to spread the slick fluid all around. I ran the tips of my fingers all over her gorgeous rack until they were just gleaming with the slippery oil. I drew my hands back and worked on her nipples, the stiffening buds coming alive again under my greasy fingertips.

"Mmmmmmm, that's nice," she crooned softly as I tweaked and rolled the slick rubbery pebbles between my thumb and forefinger. Running my hands over the soft slick surface of those round heavy melons had my cock just aching to get between them. I inched forward on my knees and pushed down on my upright prick. She knew exactly what to do as I watched her gloved hands start to push those two huge jugs together. I pressed the enflamed tip of the glans down on her chest just at the base of those swelling orbs and started to slide it forwards. As I did she pushed on the outside of her voluminous guns so they formed a slick greasy tunnel for my raging erection to slide through. With my throbbing pecker now trapped in the oily corridor, I reached up with both hands and grabbed the top of the headboard for support once more.

"Oh God, it's so big," she said breathlessly as her eyes seemed transfixed on the massive knob which was now protruding above the top of her slippery cleavage. I flexed my hips back and loved the feel of her hot slick flesh pressing against my throbbing cock. I flexed forward again as she pressed those soft mounds of tit-flesh firmly against the sides of my driving love-muscle. Holding tight to the headboard, I worked up a pretty good rhythm as my steel-like

erection thrust smoothly between her soft oily mounds. As I fucked her tits more vigorously now, I could feel the crimson tip of my dong battering into her chin and neck, her smooth skin there now slick with baby oil and pre-cum as well as the cum I'd deposited on her face just a short time ago.

"Oh Connor, I love your cock," she mumbled under her breath, as if in a trance. Her eyes never left my stroking dick as I battered it back and forth in the slippery deep crevice. She had started to get me close with that hot sucking mouth of hers, and now her fantastic slippery tits had me right on the edge. I felt my balls drawing up and then that tempestuous feeling started in my midsection as the first twinge of a tingling climax started at the base of my throbbing prick.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I said as I held tightly onto the headboard and pistoned my hips back and forth. Both our eyes were locked on my engorged cockhead as it started to shoot, the first long white rope catching her full on the chin. The second shot hit her jawline on the other side and then the third spat forth as I was on a backstroke, the massive shot spewing from the top of her cleavage to leave a long thick ribbon ascending her chest and right up across her neck and chin to end at her open bottom lip.

"Oh my God," she moaned in wonder as I continued to shoot as she pressed her big slippery tits firmly together. I flooded her upper chest, neck and lower face with a huge messy load of milky semen. She was gasping in awe as I continued to vigorously slide my ejaculating cock back and forth as I unloaded gob after creamy gob of warm cum all over her. When the exhilarating contractions

coursing through me finally ceased, I slowed down and watched as the final dregs of post-orgasmic dogwater oozed forth from the tip of my spent dick, still tightly encased in the slick hot channel of her greasy tits.

"So much cum," she muttered as I slid my drained cock from between her slippery cans and sat back on my heels. She was right, there was a lot of cum; her upper chest and neck were covered with the stuff, while there were stray gobs and ribbons clinging to her lower face, hair and the imposing upper swells of her voluminous breasts. I watched with a contented smile on my face as she pulled those sexy long gloves off her arms and tossed them quickly aside. She brought her hands to her upper chest and I watched her start to play in the sizable puddles with her fingertips, her delicate hands slithering through the pearly fluid gracefully. I saw her eyes flick down to her stiff upright nipples and then she gathered up a heavy gob of cream with the fingertips of each hand and gently massaged the milky fluid all over her areola and the stiff pebbly buds at their center.

"Oh God, I love your cum," she said in a breathy whisper as she continued to spread my pearly semen all over his gigantic tits. I could see that look of lustful craving in her eye once more so slipped of her reclining form and moved towards the bottom of the bed.

"Just keep doing what you're doing," I instructed as I pushed her legs to each side and moved between them. "You seemed to like this so much before, let's give you one or two more." She gave me a look of ravenous delight as I slid my two big hands between her legs. She compliantly drew her long stocking-covered legs up and apart as my

fingers started to probe that hot wet gash of hers, the stiletto heels of her sexy black sling-backs digging into the mattress. She closed her eyes and surrendered herself to the blissful pleasure as I started to work her over, my hands and fingers moving all over the sensitive hot flesh both inside and outside her steaming hot cunt. Her own hands continued to smooth my massive load of milky cum all over the glistening surface of her big tits as I brought her to two more bucking convulsing orgasms before I finally withdrew my sticky fingers from her gushing love-pocket.

"Connor, you're going to kill me," she gasped as she fought to regain her breath from her last tingling climax. "Oh fuck...but what a way to go."

"Speaking of going, I've gotta go." My date with my mother was tomorrow, and although it still wasn't fantastically late, I wanted to make sure I got a good night's sleep.

"You've really gotta go?" She gave me a girlish pout again as she looked at me through sexy hooded eyes.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, but I do." I started to get up from the bed but she reached out and grabbed my hip as I stood up.

"Could I.....could I suck it for just a minute or two more?" she asked with a woeful pleading look in her eyes.



"Oh, alright," I said as I turned at the side of the bed to face her. She quickly rolled onto her stomach and shifted over to the side of the bed, her gorgeous mature face right in front of me. I watched as she tipped her head slightly to the side and let the pronounced head of my heavy majestic member drop into her mouth. I felt a hot stimulating wash of saliva flow all over the pebbly surface of my glans as her tongue moved in slow torturous circles all over the sensitive tissues. She applied some delightful suction at the same time as her talented tongue started to work its magic. It took only a few heavenly soft swirls of that tongue before I surprisingly felt my spent prick starting to stir once more.

"Now look what you've started," I said teasingly as my pecker started to swell inside her hot sucking mouth. Her eyes flicked up to mine with a look of pure rapture as she slid her pursed lips further down the shaft and drew on my stiffening knob lovingly. Jesus, she was good. I pulled my lengthening dong from between those succulent lips and climbed back onto the bed, only this time it was me sitting against the stacked up pillows in front of the headboard.

"I think you better finish what you started," I said as I leaned back and put my arms behind my head. "And this time, I want to see you swallow every last drop."

"Yes sir!" my mature neighbor replied eagerly as she moved between my spread thighs. I lay back against the soft pillows and let myself settle in, knowing I'd be able to control this one as long as I wanted. I closed my eyes and my thoughts immediately went back to Andy telling me about his kiss with his mother. I was anxious to hear more

about that when we met tomorrow, but right now, my thoughts quickly shifted to visions of my own beautiful mother, remembering how she had looked in that fantastic tight gray sweater and form-fitting white miniskirt she'd worn yesterday afternoon. Margaret enthusiastically sucked me for over an hour as I laid back and fantasized about my mother, finally feeding Margaret another massive load of creamy cough syrup while picturing blowing off all over my mother's beautiful face. I heard Margaret gulp noisily as I filled her sucking mouth with wad after wad of thick milky semen. I finally opened my eyes and looked down at her as her tongue flicked out from between her wet red lips and lapped up a silvery trickle that had leaked from the corner of her mouth.

"Now I really have to go," I said as I settled her into bed and pulled the covers over her.

"Don't forget to talk to Zoey," she mumbled sleepily as I pulled my clothes on. I wondered if that's what she had been thinking about while she was sucking me off.

"Goodnight, Margaret," I replied softly and gave her a soft kiss on the cheek. Her eyes closed and she sighed dreamily. I think she was fast asleep before I turned the lights off and left the room. Wanting sleep myself, I locked up behind myself and headed home; thoughts of what might happen tomorrow night with my mother running through my brain like wildfire.

## Chapter 8

9:49.....the time slowly registered as I rolled over and looked at the alarm clock through half-closed eyes. Thoroughly exhausted and totally drained, I had slept like a baby after coming home from Margaret's. As I laid there slowly waking up I thought of what I had coming up today. Andy was coming over for lunch; I was definitely anxious to hear about that kiss he told me he'd shared with his mother. My date with my mother was later.

As I thought about her, I rolled over and my hand unconsciously went to my swollen cock. My mind wandered to that risky secretive kiss she'd given me in her rose garden and I felt my pecker lurch as I remembered the sweetness of her hot wet mouth pressing against mine. I remembered how incredibly desirable she'd looked as she quickly drew back from me after we heard my sister's voice, my mother's beautiful soft wet lips slightly open as she gasped, her huge tits heaving invitingly beneath the tight sweater she'd been wearing.

I shoved another pillow beneath my head, threw back the covers and pulled open the drawer of my bedside table. I popped the top of my ever-ready jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and scooped out a generous gob. I laid back against the stacked up pillows and wrapped my greasy fingers around my half-hard cock in a warm loving corridor. Between my pumping hand and stiffening prick the viscous lube quickly warmed up. Although that lengthy session with Margaret last night had been incredible, my thoughts this morning were totally centered on my sexy full-bodied mother. My hand started to pump more vigorously along the full length of over 10" of thick hard cock.

I pictured my mother flashing those tremendous tits of hers at me, beautifully displayed in that scintillating white bra of hers. As I pictured kneeling over her and jerking off all over those massive tits of hers, I felt those delicious contractions take over within me. I jerked rapidly as a long white rope of cum shot high into the air before cresting and falling onto my chest. I continued to pump as rope after rope of thick milky semen spewed forth. I kept stroking as I continued to unload, my pulsing rod spewing out wad after wad until my chest and stomach were coated with a fine mess of silvery goo. As the final oozing shots slid down over my pumping hand, I finally stopped, my cum-covered hand remaining on my slowly deflating prick. As I laid there letting my breathing slowly return to normal, I thought how perfect it would be to have my mother there beside me, sensually licking up all of that warm thick cream from my body. A guy can dream, can't he? That's what makes jerking off so much fun.....plus that exquisite feeling of orgasm, of course.

Thoroughly satisfied for the moment, I reached into the lower drawer beside me and retrieved my already heavy cum-towel; the one I always used to wipe up with after jack-off sessions. I could feel that it was about time to retire this one to the garbage heap and get a replacement, the terrycloth being matted and heavy from the number of loads I'd cleaned up with it.

After wiping off all the sticky fluid from my body, I headed to the shower and gave myself a thorough cleaning, anxious to get on with the day ahead. I pulled on some shorts and a golf shirt and grabbed a quick breakfast before heading out. As I backed Sally out of the driveway, I took a quick glance over to Margaret's. I wasn't surprised to see no movement and her curtains still closed; I had fucked her

good and hard repeatedly last night. She'd probably be sleeping for a few more hours yet.

I slipped on my sunglasses and put Sally into gear. The sun was out and it looked like another beautiful day in Vegas. I headed to the place where I'd gotten my hair cut for the last couple of years. Even though I had no idea what to expect on this date with my mother tonight, I felt obligated to go the extra mile and try to look my best. I'd called yesterday and made an appointment with Deanna, the girl who'd been cutting my hair for a long time now.

I'd been going to Deanna for a number of years, having been recommended to her by a friend from college. She was a few years older than me, about 32 or so, and nicely built. She was mid-height and average weight with a nice curvy body. She probably had tits that were a generous C-cup, and they looked like they would be nice and perky.

Like most hairdressers, I never knew how her hair was going to look from one appointment to the next. She didn't go in for any real whacky styles or outrageous colors, she was just constantly experimenting. I have to admit, she knew how to make herself look good; from her hair to her makeup to her clothes, she always looked great.

We had flirted with each other over the years, but nothing had ever come of it. She usually had a boyfriend on the go that I guess subconsciously hindered me from making any further advances. Anyways, for the last couple of years, Deanna had been living with

a guy who was trying to make it as professional poker player. I didn't think I could stand the uncertainty of trying to make a living like that.

"Connor, come on back," I heard Deanna say as I looked up from the magazine I'd been flipping through in the waiting area of the shop. Deanna had been at this salon/spa for about two years now, and I had followed her here. It was a little pricey, but I was always happy with the job she did for me. I could see from most of the expensive cars in the parking lot that this place catered to mostly high-end clientele.

"You're looking good," I said to her as I got up from my chair and stepped towards her. Her light brunette hair had been styled into a lush pile of attractive tight curls. They fell about her shoulders and down her back playfully, one curl after another. It just made you want to run your fingers through her hair and feel it roll through your stroking fingers. It was cute as anything. The hair style suited her. It went with her friendly brown eyes and button nose. Her cute smile always lit up her face, as it did now. Cute; that was the perfect word to describe Deanna.

As I walked towards her, I looked her over. She had on a white blouse that was cut fairly low in the front, and then pulled together with both a couple of buttons, and then a knotted bow at her midriff that showed off her flat toned stomach. I could see that if she just worn it with the tied knot alone, the shop owner may have sent her home for being a little too risqué. But even above the two buttons, I

caught a glimpse of her full breasts, nicely encased in a white push-up bra that I could see the outline of through her blouse.

My eyes followed her curvy body downwards, the knotted blouse revealing her shapely hourglass figure nicely; her smooth stomach narrowing in attractively at her narrow waist. Below that she wore a faded denim miniskirt that hung from her hips, decadently revealing her smooth taut abdomen and sparkling navel piercing, similar to Zoey's. Her skin was deeply tanned, and I knew from our previous discussions that she liked to spend a lot of time outdoors on her days off. My hungry eyes looked down past the hem of her denim miniskirt to her tanned shapely legs. Her thighs appeared toned and strong as my eyes drifted lower to a pair of ornate navy cowboy boots. Man, I loved that look! She could definitely pull off the sexy cowgirl thing, that's for sure. My mind immediately started to thinking about how she'd look riding me in that outfit with me buried deep in the saddle.

"Thanks, you don't look too bad yourself," she replied with a kittenish tilt of her head as I followed her back to the shampooing area. "But I'm sure you noticed all those women scoping you out in the waiting room."

"What?" I replied, totally mystified by what she was saying as I sat down in the chair in front of the sink and slid my head back.

"Oh c'mon, are you serious? You've never noticed all those rich bitches here checking you out?"

"Uh....no." I had to admit that I usually went in and out of there without paying much attention to anyone other than her.

"Oh yeah, I've seen them look at you as if you were the main course on the all-you-can-eat buffet. And I've heard them talk about you; and most of them would like to do more than make a meal out of you; although I'm sure you wouldn't object to that. Yeah buddy, you'd be pretty high-grade stud material if this was a horse ranch. If you were mine, I could rent you out and make a fortune off these women."

I sat there totally stunned by what she had just said. She started to wash my hair as a million confusing thoughts raced through my head. This was the second time in about a week that a woman had suggested I could make money by providing sexual favors to strange women. I had no idea if Deanna was just totally joking around or what, but it got me thinking. I had to admit that when I'd confessed to Andy about my Face-Painting endeavor; he'd scared the shit out of me by pointing out the risks involved when dealing with strangers over the internet. I had loved my initial encounter with Callie/Tanya, and more clients like that would have been fantastic. Plus, the extra money was kind of nice too. But Andy had been right; it was just too dangerous, on many levels.

But this...this was definitely intriguing. If someone knew these potential clients, like Deanna did, that might just work out. They would know their backgrounds, and what they wanted, and they could provide that extra level of security that I knew I'd been lacking



by operating on my own in the dark. I almost laughed out loud as I realized what I was thinking; that Deanna could act as my pimp. As fast as the idea had come to me, I shoved it to the back of my mind as ridiculous.

Deanna finished washing my hair and got me seated at her cutting station, ready to go. "I'm surprised to see you here, I didn't expect you for another week or two," she said as she ran a comb through my wet hair.

"I've got a date tonight."

"Ah, I see. Who's the lucky girl?"

"My mother, actually."

"Your mother?"

"Yeah, it's been about three years since my dad died. She thinks it's about time to get back out there in the dating world. She asked me if I'd take her out; you know, to try and shake the rust off."

"I think that's great. I really admire you for doing that for her." Little did Deanna know I was dreaming about the possibility of burying over ten hard inches deep inside my mother's gorgeous body.

"Thanks. Anyways, she wants to get all dressed up and everything, so I figured I'd better come in and let you work your magic."

"She'll be going out with the best-looking guy in Vegas when I'm done with you," she said as she picked up her scissors and went to work. I let her work in peace for a bit until she stepped around to the front of me to work on the front of my hair.

"So how are things with Brad these days?"

"I threw the lazy bastard out a couple of weeks ago."

"Really?" I asked in surprise. "I thought things were going okay?"

"They were, until I found out he'd pilfered a lot of my savings to use as his poker bankroll."

"You're kidding?"

"No....stupid asshole. He's lucky I didn't rip his nuts off and sell them on E-bay."

"Uh....do think you would have had any buyers?" This made her laugh as she reconsidered the strangeness of her proclamation regarding Brad's nuts.

"No," she replied with a bit of a giggle. "I guess not. Anyways, with him gone along with most of my saving, I think it's gonna tough to afford my apartment. I'm kind of done with the roommate thing at my age. I might have to start working a second job and see how that goes."

Hmmmm, now this just made things interesting all over again. Deanna needed some extra cash; and if I wanted to continue as a paid Face-Painter, I needed Deanna's help. This just might work out to be the perfect partnership. I thought this over again and again in my head as she continued to cut my hair. Finally she turned me towards the mirror to show me the finished product. It looked great, as usual.

"Deanna, you never disappoint me," I said as she brushed off my shoulders and drew away the cape. "Listen, I'm sorry to hear about what happened with Brad and him ripping you off like that. But I've been thinking; I might have a little business idea you might be interested in."

"What kind of business idea?" she replied skeptically.

"Something I think you might like. Listen, I've got to work out the details a little better, but do you think we could get together some time in the next couple of days and talk it over?"

"Sure. I'll listen. I'm not saying I'm agreeing to anything, but I'll listen to what you have to say."

"Great." As I paid my bill to the receptionist and left a generous tip at Deanna's station, she jotted down her phone number for me. I thanked her and shoved her number into my pocket as I left, this time noticing the leering views of a couple of attractive older women in the waiting room. Yeah, things might just work out for The Face-Painter yet.

On the way home I stopped at an Italian deli near my place and picked up some stuff for lunch. Andy and I liked the same things, so I got the fixins for some subs and grabbed a pre-made potato salad, plus a bag full of lemons.

There was still nothing stirring at Margaret's as I pulled into the driveway and hauled my stuff into the house. First thing I did was pull out my juicer and get to work on those lemons. I made up a big pitcher of lemonade which was kind of a simple yet delicious specialty of mine. The secret behind it compared to most lemonade recipes was to use honey; not sugar. I mixed up a big pitcher, threw in a shitload of ice cubes and some additional slices of lemon, and put the whole thing in the fridge to chill.

It was a beautiful day and I figured we'd sit outside at my little covered deck at the rear. It was still open enough to enjoy the weather, but partially covered so that the direct sun was not beating down on us. It was also far enough from any prying ears. I wanted Andy to feel secure if anything he had to say ended up being of a confidential nature. I wiped the table and chairs off and started to get some plates out of the cupboards when the doorbell rang.

"Hey, how's it goin'?" I asked as Andy strode past me.

"Good.....good. What's to eat? I'm starving!"

I looked at Andy, dressed in an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt. This was the kind of thing he'd usually put on the day after a party or late-night out. I was surprised that since he had left the restaurant last night pretty early, he looked as rough as he did. I figured he'd probably gotten to bed at a reasonable hour after talking to his mom for a while. "You okay?" I asked as I closed the door and made my way to the kitchen.

"Yeah.....yeah. I just haven't had anything to eat yet."

This was so un-Andy-like, I was kind of thrown off a bit. I looked at the clock before turning back to him. "It's almost 12:30....and you haven't eaten yet? And you look like you've been put through the ringer. What's going on?"

He looked at me with a bit of a devilish smile on his face and gave me a big shrug of his shoulders. "Can I just have something to eat first? Or is this a game of twenty questions?"

"Sure, alright. There's buns, cold meat and stuff there," I said as I pointed to the stuff I'd set out on a big tray. "And I've got some potato salad too. Here're some plates and glasses." I grabbed a couple of big

glasses from the cupboard and stuck them on the tray next to the plates. "It's so nice out; I figured we'd eat outside."

"That's great." Andy grabbed the tray as I retrieved the pitcher of lemonade from the fridge. We got everything outside and I poured a couple of glasses while Andy quickly started making his sandwich. I passed him his glass and he nearly drained it in one gulp.

"Jesus, I love that," he said with an audible sigh as he pushed his glass over to me for more. I refilled it and passed it back to him before loading up my own plate. "Man, this really hits the spot," he said as he wolfed down a few bites and jammed a couple of forkfuls of potato salad into his mouth.

"Easy there, buddy," I said with a laugh. "You look like a starving dog, afraid somebody's gonna try and take your food away from you."

"Sorry." He purposefully set his half-eaten sandwich down and sat back in his chair. When he finished his mouthful, he took a much slower drink this time. "Hey, thanks for making this. I can't believe how hungry I am."

"What the hell have you been doing that's made you so hungry?"

"Aaaaah," he replied, that conniving smile on his face once more. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Dammit right I'd like to know; that's why I asked, dickhead."

"Alright....alright," he answered with a chuckle as he picked up his napkin and wiped his mouth. He set his napkin down and looked at me intently, a contented smile on his face, and yet a serious concerned look in his eyes as well. "We've been through a lot together, right?"

"Too much, I'd say. Hanging out with a scumbag like you has its challenges," I said, cracking wise. I gave him a big grin and a quizzical shake of my head as I kind of questioned why he'd ask this; I always thought it was pretty obvious to both of us.

"I'm serious, Connor." When he used my name, I knew it was serious.

"Yeah, okay. Sorry." I wiped the grin off my face and just waited for him to continue.

He looked around, and it seemed to me he wanted to make sure we were alone, which we were. He turned back to me and looked directly into my eyes as he spoke. "I need you to promise me that what I'm gonna say to you, you'll take to your grave. I mean it."

"Of course, Andy. You know that's the way things are between us," I replied with a wave of my hand that showed I wouldn't consider anything otherwise.

"Good." He waited briefly before continuing. "Remember what we started talking about last night before I had to leave?"

"About our mothers?"

"Yeah, and I think we both could tell from what we said how each of us feels about them, right?" I simply nodded in acknowledgment of the fact that we both suffered from a severe case of the hots for our respective mothers; something that until we'd started talking about yesterday, neither one of us would have ever confessed to anyone. He paused for a second and nodded back at me before continuing. "I guess the reason why I'm so hungry and look like shit today is that I've been up all night fucking mine."

The enormity of his words slammed into me like a massive tsunami, leaving me in shock and struggling for air as I gasped noticeably. I could feel my blood pounding in my chest as I just sat and stared open-mouthed at the calm expression on his face; totally awestruck by what he had just said. As I sat dumbstruck; a million thoughts racing through my mind at the speed of light, Andy reached forward and calmly took another bite of his sandwich.

"I.....I heard you right, didn't I?" I finally croaked out, my voice tremulous at best.

"I think you did, yes."



"You were up all night fucking your own mother?" I needed to hear him say it, just one more time at least.

"Yes."

I looked at him, sitting there so calmly while thousands of questions flew back and forth in my brain. I think I was just as surprised as him by the one I blurted out next. "How was it?"

He leaned back and took a drink before setting his glass down, then looked directly at me once more. A massive grin slowly spread across his face as he replied, "Absolutely incredible; even better than I thought it would be all those times I fantasized and jerked off thinking about her."

Oh man, I was expecting a hot little story about some kiss they'd shared, but nothing like this. "How....how long have you been fucking her?"

"Well, that actually just happened last night for the first time. But there've been some other things along the way that have lead up to this."

"Like.....like what?" I asked, my curiosity level climbing to stratospheric levels.

"Pour me some more lemonade and I'll tell you." I poured him another glass and as we finished our lunch and sat back in our chairs, Andy told me his story.....

For the next few hours I sat mesmerized as Andy told me his amazing story. I barely said a word as he continued to speak, his voice weaving a tale of forbidden lust that echoed my own similar fantasies; only for him, they had become wonderfully real. I refilled his glass a number of times, not wanting his voice to fail on him during his lengthy narrative.

As I listened, riveted by his illicit tale, envy rose up in me, and yet at the same time, I was sincerely thrilled for my good friend. I couldn't believe how hot his story got as he told it. It started off with a flickering ember; then a few sparks ignited a rising flame that grew in intensity until the raging heat enveloped and swept away both he and his mother. Fuck, I couldn't believe it. There was so much he told me. Here I was thinking my best friend for so many years could never surprise me again, but boy, was I so very wrong. I always thought that there was much more to Andy than meets the eye, and the way her had managed to seduce his gorgeous busty mom shows how right I had always been. His story is a lengthy one.....too long to tell here, but well worth the read. I suggest to any followers of my story to check it out if you like hot mom/son stories. I talked Andy into posting it. It is under the title, "Educating Mom---Andy's Story". Trust me, you won't be disappointed. It took me some time to convince Andy to share it with all of you from his perspective, and trust me; you should definitely give it a try when he posts it.

"And so, that brings us to the point where I show up on your doorstep, looking like I've been 'put through the ringer'; I think that's the expression you used. I guess now, you know why." Andy sat back in his chair and took another lengthy drink, I'm sure his throat was parched from talking for so long.

"That is incredible," I said as I just sat and looked at him. I felt a big grin start to spread across my face. "You lucky bastard; I am so jealous!"

We shared a chuckle before he pointed at me with an accusatory finger. "Hey, just wait. If things go well on this date with your mother tonight, maybe you'll have a similar story to tell me. And promise me, if something happens, you will tell me, right?"

After what he had told me, if something did happen, how could I not? "Of course, after what you've just told me, I'd feel too guilty not to." I paused for a second as he nodded his head in agreement. After listening to what I'd just said about feeling guilty, I felt a few little pangs shoot through me at what I'd already failed to mention. "There is something I probably should have told you last night, but you kind of ran out of the restaurant in a hurry."

"What's that?" I could see his own curiosity was piqued now. Neither Andy nor I are the kind of guys who 'kiss and tell', but we trust each other to keep the information we reveal to each other secret. We

know no one else we didn't want to would learn about our affairs through either of us.

"You know Margaret next door, right?"

"Yes?" he replied questioningly as he sat forward in his chair with a mischievous glint in his eye. Obviously, thoughts of the sexy Margaret were putting his senses on high alert. I proceeded to tell him what had happened with Margaret over the past couple of days. I never mentioned a word about Zoey; there were some things I just knew I couldn't tell him, not at this point anyways. He listened attentively, and I noticed that he refilled my glass a couple of times, just as I'd done for him.

When I finished and sat back, he just looked at me, an incredulous look on his face this time; which I'm sure mirrored the one that had been on my face just a short time ago. "Jesus, what a hot story," he said as he let out a low whistle of admiration. "So she.....she's as hot as she looks."

I took my index finger, touched the tip to my lips and then placed it on my other forearm. "SSSSSSSSSS," I hissed, making a hot sizzling sound. This brought a big chuckle from Andy and I joined in as well. Sharing our recent good fortune with each other seemed to bring us closer together once more; I could see it in his eyes, and I'm sure he could see it in mine.

"Well," he said as put his hands flat on the patio table and stood up, "after listening to that story, I've gotta go home and see what I can do to keep up with you."

"You left your mom there?"

"Yeah, she was still sleeping when I left, with my cum all over her and leaking out of her. After last night, she'll probably still be asleep when I get back."

"Oh, and I'm sure a dutiful son like you will just rush back and make sure you give her more of what you think she needs, right?" I said with a playful smile on my face.

"Of course," he replied holding his hands up innocently, "as her son, I think it's my job to fulFILL all her needs." I noticed he specifically emphasized the 'fill' part of 'fulfill'. "Besides, when she wakes up, she's gonna need to be fed, and I know exactly what's gonna satisfy that hunger."

"Oh, I bet you do." He helped me gather up the dishes and we carried the stuff inside. I filled the dishwasher as Andy headed toward the door.

"So," he said as he turned to me, one hand on the doorknob, "are we good?"

"Couldn't be better," I replied as I gave him a comforting nod. "Andy, I'm really happy for you."

He paused and just looked at me, a warm smile on his face. "Thanks, that means a lot. And hey, tonight?" He raised his eyebrows for a second questioningly as he brought both hands up and I watched as he crossed the index fingers and middle fingers of each hand and showed them to me. I knew what he meant; he was wishing me good luck on my date with my mother. He knew from what we'd shared over the past twenty-four hours how much I wanted her. But right now, I could only dream it would go as well with her as things had gone between him and his mother.

"Me too," I replied, holding up my own crossed fingers. He slapped my arm good-naturedly and left.

I checked the clock and realized I didn't have a lot of time before I was due to pick up my mother. I stripped off my clothes, took a long hot shower and shaved, nice and close. I wanted to look my absolute best for this date. I combed my hair, brushed my teeth and then went into my bedroom to get dressed.

I pulled out what I had decided on, starting with a nice pair of black fitted boxers. An open-necked black dress shirt was next, followed by a slim-fitting charcoal gray Hugo Boss suit I'd bought a short time back. My mother had only seen me in it once before and I knew she loved it. I finished dressing and completed the whole outfit with a pair of black Steve Madden slip-ons that were my favorites. I'd had many compliments from women on those dress shoes and I loved

them. Not only did they look great, but they were incredibly comfortable too. Putting everything together, I stepped in front of the mirror and looked myself up and down. "Not bad," I thought to myself as I made a couple of final adjustments to the collar and cuffs of the shirt. Knowing my mother had wanted me to get dressed up for the occasion; I looked once more in the mirror and thought she would approve. It set my mind to wondering what she was going to be wearing. I was almost licking my lips in anticipation.

I slipped my wallet into the inside pocket of the jacket along with my cell phone. Grabbing my keys, I checked my hair one last time and headed out, the weather still perfect as the sun slowly started to drift towards the horizon. I fired up Sally and headed out, a million thoughts racing through my mind. I felt as nervous as I'd been on my first date in high school. I think it was a combination of two things primarily; excitement at actually going out with just about the most beautiful sexy woman I could think of, and nervousness as I had absolutely no idea how this date was going to go, or what to expect. All the other dates I'd been on, well, I always had a feeling of what to expect, how I would react, how the girls or women would react to me.....but here.....I had no idea what to expect from my mother. I kept wondering if I had read too much into that secretive kiss she'd given me the other day out by her pool; or the steamy little episode as we fed each other whipped cream from our fingers. Fuck...that had been hot! Just thinking about it had my cock starting to rise in my pants, and that was the last thing I wanted right now; to arrive at her door with an embarrassing bulge in my shorts.

I turned on the radio in an effort to occupy my mind as I maneuvered my way through traffic. I hit the selection for the all-sports station

and concentrated on listening to the scores. It seemed to work as I felt my stiffening cock slowly start to recede. "Good boy," I said with a quick glance down to my crotch as I made my way the final few blocks to my mother's house. As I pulled into the driveway, I noticed my Aunt Julia's BMW parked in front of the garage.

"Well hello, handsome." I heard as I climbed out of my car and closed the door behind me.

"Aunt Julia," I said as I saw my mother's younger sister closing the front door of the house. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I came over to give your mother some moral support before this big date of yours tonight," she replied with a smile as she sauntered across the driveway towards me. "Plus, she needed me to help zip up her dress; which you are going to absolutely love, by the way."

I smiled back as she slowly walked towards me, those wide mature hips of hers swaying seductively with each smooth step. I was sure I'd love my mother's dress when I saw it, but that wasn't why I was grinning right now; it was looking at Aunt Julia that was making me feel this way.

Aunt Julia was my mother's divorced 45-year old younger sister, with two years separating them. They were both incredibly attractive with similar facial features and mannerisms. There were two noticeable differences, starting with their height. Aunt Julia was slightly taller than my mother, standing about 5'-8" compared to my



mother's 5'-6". The other difference was their hair color. While my mother's was that beautiful frosty blonde that I loved so much, Aunt Julia's was a rich chestnut brown. It usually fell in long lustrous waves past her shoulders, but today, she had it pulled back in a ponytail, nicely displaying her pretty face. One feature they both shared was the generous bosom common to the female side of my family. And Aunt Julia had definitely gotten her fair share in that department. They were just slightly smaller than my mother's tremendous set, but definitely more than a mouthful.

I looked her up and down as she walked towards me, my eyes first zeroing in on her sizable tits. She looked like she had just come off the golf course as she was wearing a bubblegum pink golf shirt over a slightly lighter pink golf skirt. The little skirt ended high on her thighs, revealing a lot of her gorgeous tanned legs. Her open-necked golf shirt hugged her lush body deliciously, especially over the impressive mounds on her chest. With the late-day sun hitting her from the side, I could see her large nipples casting teasing shadows on the smooth pink fabric of her top. My eyes followed her long smooth legs down, ending in a pair of white tennis shoes. I could see she had on a pair of ankle socks with little pink bobbles at the back. The whole outfit was extremely cute, yet also incredibly sexy. I don't know what it is about female tennis players, golfers, or gymnasts, but it didn't take long for my libido to start soaring when I see them dressed in their gear. And the way my Aunt's voluptuous mature body looked in that outfit, my dick started to twitch once more.

"Did you and Mom go golfing today?" I asked as I casually pointed towards her outfit.

"Oh no," she replied with a smile as she kind of looked at herself, as if she'd forgotten what she was wearing. "No, your mom spent the day pampering herself. She was at the spa for quite a while and then at the hair salon. I just came over a little while ago. I'm wearing this because I was at the driving range. I need the practice. I've got a wicked hook that I'm trying get rid of." She made a motion of a golf swing that ended with her head motioning to the left, the direction her ball normally went when she hooked it.

"Maybe you need a stiffer shaft?" I couldn't resist. I saw her hesitate and flush slightly at the double entendre of my words.

"Wh....what?" she kind of gasped out.

"Yeah, for beginners, quite often hooks are caused by clubs that are a little too whippy; you know....a little too flexible."

"Do you think so?"

"Well, that could be it. Maybe if you were gripping a stiffer shaft, the problem would go away." I saw her flush once more, the skin on her neck and face almost becoming the same color as her pink shirt. I could see her thinking about what I'd said, and then she seemed to mentally make a decision to try and determine the true meaning of my words; or at least to have some fun trying to find out.

"What about your clubs, Connor? Do yours have a stiffer shaft than most people?" She had a small smile playing at the corner of her gorgeous mouth as she asked this flirtatious question.

"Oh yeah, I've been playing with stiff shafts since I was a young teenager." I saw her eyes open wide as I said this, her delicate hand going unconsciously to her throat. "You know, once you get used to it, I'm sure you'd love the feel of it in your hands. Just slowly wrapping one hand over the other on a club with a stiff shaft, you can just kind of feel the power lurking within it. And I've found that when you make that stroke just right, you'll almost be able to feel in your hands just how long and straight you can make it go." I paused for a second as she stood transfixed in place, her flushed face now glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. "If you can get used to the feel of something that stiff in your hands, you'll be surprised how straight and deep you can drive it. A couple of nice shots like that, and the next thing you know, you'll have it right in the hole."

I could see her mouth hanging open in surprise, her breath coming in short little gasps as she listened to what I was saying. She seemed totally in shock, and I decided I better do something to let her get out of this situation and still save her dignity.

"But hey, maybe you're just a lousy golfer and nothing will help," I said as I made a wry face and threw my hands up into the air.

"Oh you!" She playfully gave me gentle shove on the shoulder as a broad smile spread over her face. "Hey listen, how about you give me a lesson sometime?" She paused for a second and gave me a

devilish little grin before continuing. "After all, I don't want to end being a hooker for the rest of my life." We both had a good chuckle at that.

"Okay, deal. How about I call you sometime this week?"

"I'd love that," she said as she stood on her tip-toes and gave me a quick peck on the cheek. "And make sure your mother has a nice time tonight; she deserves it."

"I know; I'll do whatever I can to make her happy."

She paused for a second and looked at me. I could see a look of pride on her face that warmed me inside. "I know you will. Every mother should have a son like you." She gave me another quick kiss and then got into her car. I bet she had no idea what I wanted to do with my mother, but then again, from the flirtatious repartee we'd just engaged in, maybe she did.

"Okay, I'll see you sometime this week then," she said as she put her car into reverse and slowly started to back out. As I nodded towards her, she gave me a last little wink. "I'm really looking forward to getting my hands on that club of yours with the stiff shaft." I chuckled inwardly as she backed fully out of the driveway and drove away, leaving me with that teasing gem to mull over. Maybe I was right, maybe she wouldn't be surprised if she knew how badly I wanted to bury over 10" of hard thick cock deep inside her gorgeous

older sister. And I would definitely have no objection to feeding it into any of Aunt Julia's hot tight holes either.

With Aunt Julia's provocative statement still ringing in my ears, I adjusted my twitching pecker in my pants as I made my way to the front door. I knocked and let myself in. "Mom," I called out as I walked further into the house.

"I'll be out in minute, honey." I heard her voice come from the direction of her bedroom. I walked into the kitchen and waited, nervous as a skittish jackrabbit. I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself. Man, I hadn't been this nervous since my very first date when I was a bumbling teenager. I got a drink of water and took a deep slug, trying to get myself under control.

"Well, what do you think?" My mother's soft lilting voice came to my ears at the same time I heard the telltale clack-clack of her high-heeled shoes on the tile floor. I turned around towards her as she stepped into the room and stopped, facing me from about ten feet away.

"Oh wow!" I thought to myself as I stared at her, totally stunned. I had seen my mother dressed up many times over the years, and she had always looked great. But maybe it was because I hadn't seen her look this way since my dad died, or maybe she just looked even better than I remembered, but whatever it was, the way she was dressed right now absolutely took my breath away.

She was wearing a sleek red silk dress that hugged her curvy mature body like a glove. The dress had little cap sleeves and a mandarin collar that gave it an Asian look. The shimmering silk fabric glistened as it followed the supple flowing curves of her delectable hourglass figure. My eyes followed the inviting lines of the rich-looking shiny fabric down over her wide matronly hips and then inwards as it adhered tightly to her upper thighs. The dress came down in a tight inviting V-shape as it flatteringly clung to her thighs before ending a few inches above her knees. Her long toned legs were bare and they glistened just like the dress. I don't know if she had just shaved them, or if they had some kind of oil or cream on them, but whatever it was, they looked incredibly sexy. The smooth shiny skin on her sleek legs drew my eyes downward to her shoes; a pair of 4" high red sandals that alluringly contained her delicate feet. The sole was nice and slim, not like those ugly chunky-soled heels some women or strippers wear. These were slim, sleek, delicate, and extremely sexy. Her toenails were painted the same brilliant red as the dress and they were clearly visible in front of a series of fine narrow red bands that covered the lower part of her foot from one side to the other. Her shoes were totally open from there to the back, where an inverted red leather V-shape rose above the 4" stiletto heel up the back of her foot. Another tiny red band circled her slim ankle to hold the gorgeous sexy shoe in place. The sleek-looking shoe and fine tapered heel made her long glistening legs look spectacular, and I felt a stirring in my groin as my eyes slid up and down over her shapely alabaster columns.

Gulping noticeably as I stared, I let my eyes roam back up over her lush magnificent body. The tight dress nipped in flatteringly at her narrow waist; and now my eyes looked upward. I could see that the shiny silk fabric was stretched tightly as it fought to contain those

tremendous breasts of hers. I guess having a big pair of 34Fs being packed in is not something that most dresses are required to handle. But I could see that this dress had been designed especially for someone with a figure like my mother's; and it was this that made this particular dress so breathtaking.

Beneath the little mandarin collar, an opening spread nearly all the way across the full breadth of her chest. The opening then plunged downward, exposing an impressive amount of the upper swells of her large round breasts before ending in a smooth semi-circle that delightfully accentuated the heavy front shelf of her thrusting tits. My eyes were drawn magnetically to that hypnotically alluring opening, her huge tits pushed provocatively together and upwards by the tight-fitting dress and whatever type of heavily-structured undergarment she was wearing beneath. Her line of deep dark cleavage was huge; I swear it was deep enough to get lost in. I immediately pictured sliding my long hard cock deep into the hot inviting crevice.

Finally, I tore my eyes away from her magnificent breasts and looked upwards. The mandarin collar circled her long regal neck nicely, the brilliant red color of the dress contrasting vividly with my mother's smooth white skin. Most of her soft tender neck was exposed as her hair had been pulled up attractively. I could see her frosty blonde locks intricately tucked up at the back and sides of her pretty face. It looked like something that would have taken a hairdresser a long time to do; but the results were definitely worth it. Her pulled back hair framed her beautifully made-up face sensually, with purposely placed loose wisps and tendrils seeming to lick tantalizingly at her exposed neck. Glittering diamond earrings hung enchantingly at

each side of her pretty face, swaying teasingly as she tilted her head slightly to one side. And her face.....her face was perfect; her bronze eye shadow and mascara made her brilliant blue eyes all the more spellbinding than they normally were while a soft pinkish hue on her cheeks contrasted sensually with the brilliant red lipstick that adorned her full bee-stung lips. Her lips, those full sensuous pillows that I had dreamed of having wrapped around my cock forever looked fantastic. The vivid red lipstick glistened wetly with an alluring sensuality that sent a tingling jolt right to my groin.

My Aunt Julia was right.....I loved the dress.....and even more.....the woman inside it. My eyes roamed up and down over her gorgeous lush body again, taking in every tantalizing detail once more. My God, she looked amazingly hot and absolutely stunning. This was definitely a woman that every girl or woman wanted to look like.....and every man wanted to be with.

"Well, son, what do you think?" she asked again as I stood there immobile. I realized it must have only been a few seconds since she came into the room, but I was so hypnotically enthralled with taking in every heavenly detail, it felt like I had been staring at her for hours.

"Mom, you look.....you look incredible!" I definitely wasn't exaggerating. It was like there were no words that could do her justice.

"You haven't seen the whole thing yet," she said happily as she walked further into the kitchen. She moved right past me and I gazed in awe at her incredible form. When she'd been first standing there,



I wondered how she'd been able to move in such a slim-fitting dress; but now I knew. On the outside of each leg, there was a sexy 8" slit going from the hem upwards. With each step she took, I was offered a tantalizing view of her shapely toned legs as the slit opened. As she moved past me, my eyes moved from the teasing slit to the back of the dress, and I gulped as I saw how snugly it fit over her wide lush behind. The red silk dress tightly cupped that incredible ass, almost screaming out for my hands to reach forward and cup those luscious orbs myself. I looked closely and all I saw was the smooth flow of the shiny silk material over those soft-looking mounds; not a panty-line in sight. She was either wearing a tiny thong, or nothing at all for the back of the dress to look like that.

"Well?" she asked again as she did a bit of a pirouette and stood directly in front of me.

My hungry eyes looked her over from head to toe once more before responding. "Mom, that dress is amazing. And you.....you look so.....so glamorous in it."

"Thanks. I got it especially for today. Do you really like it?" She twirled a bit from side to side and gave me a smoldering provocative look as she tilted her head coquettishly.

"I love it. You look so beautiful." I put one hand across my stomach and one hand behind my back and gave a little bow. "I would be honored to be your escort for the evening."

My playful bow brought a big smile to her pretty face. "Well, how much is this evening going to cost me, Mr. Escort? This is Las Vegas, and even I know escorts don't come for free."

"Well, that depends on what the lady wants," I replied as I looked at her teasingly.

She gave a bit of a playful look in return before reaching for a little red clutch purse sitting on the counter. "I guess we'll just have to see how the evening goes. Do you take credit cards?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not; cash only, you know."

"Hmmmmmm, well, if it gets to that point, we just might have to see if we can work out some sort of trade." Jesus, she was getting me hot already, and we hadn't even left the house yet!

"I'm ready to listen to whatever you have to offer."

"Right now, let's get dinner. We better go; our reservation is for 6:00."

"After you." I gave another semi-bow as I gestured towards the front door. I was happy to follow her out and look at that full lush ass of hers as it swayed provocatively from side to side with each step. I loved the sound her 4" heels made as they clacked across the hard tile floor as we made our way out. She paused to set the alarm and

lock the door and then I took her arm as we went to the car. She stopped in her tracks after only a couple of steps.

"Un-uh," she said with a shake of her head.

"What?"

"Put the top up on that car, buster. I didn't have Marcel spend two hours on this hair to have it ruined by going for a joyride in your convertible."

"Whatever you say, my dear." I smiled to myself as I quickly put the roof up and locked it in place. I strode around to the passenger side and pulled the door wide open for her. I pointed to the inside of the car and gave another little bow. "M'lady." She had beautiful smile on her face as she stepped past me and slid gracefully into the car. My eyes immediately went to the large expanse of creamy thigh she exposed as she drew one long sexy leg in after the other, those tantalizing slits in her dress displaying her glistening alabaster columns seductively. Man, like I said, I don't know if she had some kind of oil or cream on those legs or what, but did they ever look great.

"So where's Zoey?" I asked nonchalantly as we headed towards the strip.

"She went to L.A. early this morning with Jenna and her parents. Jenna's applied to USC for next year and they're going to check things out. She wanted Zoey to keep her company."

"Do you think Zoey's gonna want to go away too?"

"I don't think so. She hasn't said anything and I think she'll be happy to go to UNLV. I'm kinda glad actually."

"You like having her at home?"

"I guess; she is my youngest after all. But besides that, I think it will be good to keep a bit of an eye on her. I'm starting to think there might be boy trouble coming."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Well, she's been acting a little different just the last couple of days. And I recognize the look she has from my own younger days. I'm not sure if she's met a new boy or what, but she's certainly acting that way; kind of giddy and smiling all the time. I'll probably have to keep a closer eye on her."

"Hmmm, anything you think I can do to help?" Little did she know that this change in Zoey was directly related to the amount of cum I was feeding her.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to spend more time with her. I know she can be a real pain in the ass sometimes, but she is your little sister and I know she looks up to you."

"Well, okay." I made a bit of a face as if she had to twist my arm to get me to agree to this.

"That's great. I think it'll be good for both of you." I knew it would definitely be good for me, and with the enthusiasm Zoey had shown so far, I was going to do all I could to make it good for her too.

We chatted on as I drove and in just a short time, we arrived at the Venetian. I was going to park right there as the new restaurant my mother had wanted to try was right inside the hotel, and the Cirque du Soleil show was right across the street at Treasure Island. Mom took my arm as we made our way through the hotel to the restaurant. I noticed many admiring glances fixed on us as we passed. All eyes, both male and female, seemed to be focused on my ravishing mother, but that was fine with me; it felt great to just have her on my arm.

The restaurant was really nice, relatively small but with a large wait staff that ensured prompt service. We were seated at a table to one side, and I noticed as soon as we sat down, that a man sitting with his wife a short distance away did a double-take as the maître d' held my mother's chair for her. I smiled inwardly; knowing that was something I probably would have done myself if I was in his place.

The restaurant specialized in seafood, and we were both anxious to see how it was. The waiter brought us each a glass of an excellent red wine he'd suggested as we looked over the menu. We shared some delicious crab cakes for an appetizer, while for the entrée; my mother ordered an herb-crusted salmon with risotto while I asked for a seafood linguine dish that sounded good.

The conversation flowed freely between the two of us. Most of the talk being about usual every day stuff; my sisters, what I was working on, my mother's enjoyment of her new hobby; golf, and stuff like that. She smiled continuously, and it warmed me inside to see her so happy. I don't think it mattered what we talked about, she was just happy to be out. I saw her look around the restaurant a number of times; her eager eyes taking in what other people were wearing, what they were eating; just happy to be out and part of the hustle bustle again. I took those opportunities when she was looking around to ogle that magnificent chest of hers. Those tremendous knockers of hers seemed about to spill out of the front of her dress at any second. That deep scooped opening in her shiny red dress drew the eyes of every red-blooded male in the place, not just mine. But sitting directly across from her, I certainly had the best view. I almost lost myself gazing into the deep long line of cleavage; constantly have to draw on every ounce of willpower to pull my hungry eyes away from the voluptuous display she was presenting to me.

The waiter set our meals before us and the scent of the hot food had my mouth watering, but I'm sure my mouth was well on the way already from staring at my mother's delectable rack. We started to eat, and I was happy to at least satisfy one of the hungers I was feeling. My mother loved her salmon and my seafood linguine was

exquisite. We eagerly shared our meals with each other, sensually feeding each other across the table. As I watched my mother's mouth open and close around my fork, my thoughts drifted back to that episode from a couple of nights before when we'd fed each other whipped cream off our fingers.

"Mmmmm, that tastes so good," she crooned, closing her eyes in bliss as she savored another tasty bite of my food. I looked to the side and saw the married guy looking at the rapturous look on her face as she let the succulent flavors roll around on her taste-buds. His wife seemed oblivious to his stare as I could see her busy texting on her phone. She looked like a skinny little thing, and I'm sure my mother's voluptuous figure was a feast to his wandering eyes.

Everything was absolutely delicious and we finished every savory morsel. As the waiter took our plates away, I excused myself and went to the washroom. Standing at the urinal, I heard the door open and the married guy who'd looked over a number of times walked past me to another urinal further down. I automatically looked in his direction and he me gave that nod; you know the one, the same one you give your co-workers when you pass them in the hallway every day at work. It's basically that nod that says, "Yeah, I know who you are, and you know who I am, but we don't really have anything to say to each other." I returned his acknowledging nod and finished up, then stepped over to one of the sinks and started washing my hands. My eyes flicked over to the side as the guy appeared at the sink two over from me.

"Nice place," he said, giving me another one of those little nods as he started to wash his hands.

"Yeah, the food's pretty good, too."

"Look, uh.....could I ask you a question?" I finished rinsing off my hands and grabbed some paper towels as the guy spoke. I could see that he looked nervous as all get out.

"Uh.....sure," I replied, wondering what he was going to say.

"Um.....that.....that woman you're with....." He kind of paused in what he was saying as he started to dry his own hands. Maybe he was wondering if I was going to have some kind of aggressive attitude before he continued with what he actually wanted to say.

"Yes?" I replied calmly, letting the guy know that unless he said something way out of line, he didn't have anything to worry about. I was actually finding the whole curious encounter kind of interesting.

"She....uh....her.....her name's not "Wifey" by any chance is it?" As he said this, he looked both nervous and totally relieved at the same time as if he'd finally gotten a huge load off his chest. I remembered the number of times he'd looked over at her during dinner. If he was thinking that was Wifey actually sitting there, it must have been driving him crazy, wanting to know the truth.



A huge grin appeared on my face as I tossed the paper towels into the trash container. "Sorry, buddy, but that's not Wifey." I gave a little shake of my head and raised my eyebrows as if to say that his dream of actually seeing his fantasy woman in the flesh was unfortunately not happening; at least not today.

"So....so you know who I'm talking about?" He asked; just to make sure we were on the same wavelength.

"Yes. I know who Wifey is. Unfortunately that's not her. But thanks very much, I'll take that as a compliment."

"Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you. I meant no offense; it's just that your date is a very beautiful woman."

"That's fine, don't worry about it," I replied with a dismissive wave of my hand. "But that woman, she's not just my date, she's my mother." I saw the guy's jaw almost hit the floor as I opened the door and left him to his own thoughts. He reappeared a few moments later and I gave him a big smile as he sheepishly took his seat.

"How about we share a piece of cheesecake for dessert?" My mother asked as she put down the dessert menu she'd been perusing while I was in the washroom.

"Sure, that sounds good." The waiter caught my eye and came over quickly.

"Will we be having dessert tonight?" he asked as he looked first at my mother and then at me. I don't know why they say that; I had no frickin' idea if he was gonna have dessert, but I knew we were.

"We'll have one piece of cheesecake and two forks please; and a couple of coffees." I looked at my mother as I ordered for both of us and she nodded in agreement.

"Yes, sir." As the waiter turned to go, my mother reached out and touched his sleeve, stopping him.

"Could we have a couple of scoops of whipped cream on that please?" she asked before looking back at me with a wicked little glint in her eye.

"Yes, of course miss." As she turned back to face me, I wasn't sure if the little smile on her face was due to what she'd ordered, or if she was just happy that the guy had called her 'miss', and not 'ma'am' or 'madam'.

"Dessert is always better with whipped cream, don't you think, Connor?"

"I couldn't agree with you more," I replied as I returned her conspiratorial grin.

The waiter brought our coffees and a minute or so later arrived with the cheesecake, nicely adorned with two little dollops of whipped cream, and two forks. My mother stuck her fork in and carved off a small piece, making sure a nifty gob of the cream came away with it. She reached across the table, as if to feed it to me.

"Lady's first," I said as I held up my hand, stopping her.

She stopped and looked at me, and I saw she had that nasty twinkle in her eye once more. "I want us to feed each other.....like we did the other night." I dropped my hand back to the table and just looked at her. We looked deep into each other's eyes and I could see that she was thinking about what had happened two nights ago, just like I was. And the look in her eyes told me she'd liked it, again, just like I had.

"Alright," I said calmly as I leaned forward and let her feed me. I closed my mouth on her fork and slowly drew it backwards, taking the food with me. The cheesecake was rich, creamy and delicious. I grabbed my own fork and sliced off a similar piece as she patiently waited, her eyes looking at me suggestively. Like she had done, I made sure the whipped cream clung to the piece I offered her. She kept her eyes locked on mine as she leaned forward. I watched enthralled as she formed her mouth into a perfect "O" and slipped her pouty red lips over my fork and closed her mouth upon the creamy sweetness.

"Mmmmmm," she let out a purr of satisfaction as I watched her close her eyes in blissful satisfaction. When she was finished, she fed me another piece, and then I returned the favor. Each piece I fed her was a sensual delight to see. It was like she was making love to the food as she gave off little meows and whimpers as she slowly savored each creamy morsel. It was one of the sexiest things I have ever witnessed in my life. I kept picturing what she could do with my cock in her mouth like that; and fortunately, the stiff bar in my pants was hidden beneath the edge of the table and my napkin. I looked over and saw the married guy staring at my mother with his mouth hanging open as his wife continued to be distracted with her phone.

"Mmmmmm, that tasted so good," she said softly as the final piece disappeared, the warm creamy goodness sliding luxuriously down her throat. I pictured a big load of my thick cum sliding down that same silky passage. I reached for my coffee and took a good slurp of the hot drink to try and calm myself. Yeah, that's it.....trying to calm myself by drinking coffee; what an idiot I am. Well, at least it might keep me awake later.....and I could only dream that I might need that extra energy.

As we finished our coffees, I gave our waiter 'the nod' and he appeared a minute or so later with our bill. I instinctively reached for it but my mother snatched it away before I had a chance.

"Mom, no, I've got it." I tried to reach across but she pulled the bill further away from me.

"No," she replied adamantly. "I asked you out and I intend on paying. This isn't the '50's, son. A woman has just as much right to pay as the man."

"Alright." I threw up my hands in resignation, knowing this was one argument I was not going to win. She reached into her little purse and slid her credit card onto the little tray with the bill. The waiter quickly gathered it up and stepped away.

"Besides," she said as she tilted her head provocatively and looked at me with that quirky little smile of hers. "You're my escort tonight, and since I've paid for dinner, I just might expect you to put out later."

This was getting very interesting. As I looked down into that deep inviting valley of her cleavage, I was more than willing to play along with this. "Well, I just might have to play hard to get." This brought a curious little smile to her face and a twinkle to her eye as she sat back slightly and appraised me, like a rancher looking over a prized stallion they were interested in buying.

The waiter interrupted our flirtatious conversation by bringing over the charge slip which my mother quickly signed. As the waiter retreated, she looked back at me with a smoldering sensuality that almost took my breath away. I could see the untamed desire flickering inside her as she surveyed me like a jungle cat stalking its prey. "Hard to get, eh.....hmmmmm.....I love a challenge." Jesus, her words sent another electrifying jolt straight to my midsection. I

wondered if I'd survive this night with this bewitching enchantress without cumming in my pants.

"We'd better go," she said as she nodded towards a clock on the wall. "The show starts in a few minutes." I carefully stood up and casually adjusted the piece of lumber in my shorts as she stepped past me. I caught up to her and she slipped her arm into mine. It felt wonderful to have the side of her warm soft breast pressed against me as we walked the short distance across the street on the overhead walkway and down to Treasure Island. We got there just moments before the show started and took our seats, my mother sitting on my left.

"Oh Connor, it's so nice just to be out." She grinned happily and pulled me close to her as she gave me a quick peck on the cheek. The lights went down at the same time and we settled into our seats to watch.

The show was great, as all the Cirque du Soleil shows are. The artists' feats of strength, agility and athleticism are incomparable. Being the sick fuck that I am, I couldn't help but ogle some of the flexible female performers and wonder what they would be like in bed. I bet being with one of them would be a sweet ride, for sure.

"Oh Connor, isn't this great," my mother's whispering voice came to me as she leaned over close to me. I looked over and nodded to her, a look of pure joy on her face as she watched the riveting performance. She shifted over in her seat until she was pressed right up next to me, our shoulders and the outsides of our legs touching. It felt natural to lift my left arm and drape it over her shoulders, and

as I did, she comfortably snuggled right into my side. The intoxicating scent of her perfume sifted deliciously into my senses as a few tickling strands of her soft hair grazed my cheek. Geez, she smelled great. As she settled in, I could feel the side of her tremendous tit pressing softly into my chest. It felt so nice and warm as I set my hand on the outside of her far arm and held her against me. From my vantage point of being taller, I looked down into that scintillating opening in the front of her dress, my hungry eyes feasting those ample mounds of tit-flesh opulently on display.

"This feels nice," she said softly as she flicked her sparkling eyes up to mine for a second before returning her gaze to the show. Yes, it felt better than nice, it felt fantastic; and my view down onto those magnificent knockers was unbelievable. We continued to watch the compelling spectacle the performers were giving us, but my own eyes kept straying to those two voluptuous stars of the show a mere foot and a half away from me.

A few minutes later, my mother shifted ever so slightly against my side and as she did, I felt her hand gently settle itself on my left thigh, her hand coming to rest just above my knee. She just left it there as we continued to watch, and then all of a sudden, I felt her fingers start to gently stroke the inside of my leg. My eyes looked down and I could see the ever-so-small movement of her fingers in the ambient light coming from the stage area. Her fingers gently stroked lightly back and forth.....and then I felt them start to move higher on the inside of my thigh.

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself as I felt my prick start to respond to her tingling touch. Being right-handed, and having been somewhat blessed in the dick department, it was common for me to 'dress to the left', and tuck my member over to the left side, as I had done today prior to donning my fitted boxers. As my mother's hand started its deft movement along my leg, I felt my dong immediately start to respond, thus the "Oh fuck," exclamation I felt within myself. Her hand slowly moved higher, her delicate fingers moving in tiny circles over my firm thigh. My cock was half-hard now and continued to extend and thicken as she slowly, yet insistently moved higher and higher. Finally, after what seemed like torturous hours but had only been a few minutes, I felt her stroking fingers encounter the end of my growing pecker. I wondered if she would pull her hand away in surprise, but she merely stopped, her fingers resting against the sizable helmet.

"Mmmmm," I heard a gentle purr of satisfaction come from her and looked over at her face. Her eyes remained riveted forwards, watching the show. I could see a look of rapturous desire twinkling in her eyes though as a quirky smile played at the corners of her full sexy mouth. She snuggled in just a bit closer to me as her hand once more started its teasing ministrations. I felt her hand become a little bolder now as she let her fingers stroke gently over my stiffening dick. I could feel her fingertips slide up until they encountered the point where the tip of my lengthening joint met my leg, and then she kept her fingers together as she let them all circle down over the growing stalk until she reached the underside, where she closed her hand slightly in a warm corridor, and then she gave my prick a little squeeze.



"Mmmmm...." The little groan came from me this time as I felt my schlong respond immediately to her teasing touch. Her delicately manipulating fingers were turning me on so much, I could feel it extending further down the inside of my thigh, even inside the restraining confinement of my fitted boxers. As it continued to extend and thicken, I felt her hand explore higher, travelling further up the stiffening shaft, her fingertips caressing and stroking my burgeoning pecker along the way. By the time she got to the base, it was no longer simply a penis, member or dong; it was now a fully-fledged rock-hard cock. I looked down and could see over 10" of stiff blood-engorged flesh bulging with need halfway down the inside of my thigh.

I felt her fingertips slide further up over the front of my pants until they encountered the root of my surging rod at my midsection. She paused for a second with her ministrations, and then I felt her slowly and purposely move her fingers incrementally down over the thick engorged shaft beneath my pant leg, as if measuring it. I felt like I was going out of my mind, I was so turned on. Here we were, seated in the shadows in the middle of about fifteen hundred people, and my beautiful sexy mother's teasing hand had brought to a full raging erection, with absolutely no one around us being the wiser.

"Oh my," I heard her give a little gasp under her breath as her soft hand reached the massive mushroom head once more and closed warmly over it. In the dim light, I saw her look down, her eyes growing wide as she saw the stretched material of my pants protruding along the inside of my thigh. With her eyes now glued to my throbbing erection, I watched as her long slim fingers slid slowly up the full length of it, before reaching the base and stroking

smoothly back along the engorged shaft until she closed her whole hand around the lemon-sized crown once more.

"Mmmmmmm...."It was her that let out the groan of satisfaction this time. As she looked at my bulging cock, in stark profile, I saw her tongue slip out from between her lips and circle them wetly, her full soft red lips glistening in the muted reflected light. Her eyes flicked up to mine, and in the faint light, I could see pure lust radiating from them. She leaned in close, and I could feel her warm sweet breath in my ear. "Connor, is that all you?" She emphasized her question by letting her fingers trace over the full length of my throbbing prick.

"Yes.....and it's because of you that it's like this, Mom."

"Mmmmmm, it's nice to see I can still have that kind of reaction from a young man," she whispered into my ear as her fingers moved deftly back and forth. "How.....how big is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Over ten."

I heard her take a sharp intake of breath as her fingers stopped for a second and then slowly moved along the full length again, as if confirming my measurement. "Oh my God, come with me."

She pulled my hand as she smoothly got up from her seat. Excusing ourselves to the people we had to pass, we made our way to the aisle and up towards the rear exits; me pulling at my jacket in an effort to

obscure my pronounced bulge. Unknown to me, right at the back of the theatre off the main exiting aisle was a large single washroom designated for the handicapped. Still holding my hand firmly, I could see where my mother was headed as she pulled me in that direction. Fortunately, the room wasn't in use and she quickly flicked on the light and locked the door behind us. She turned to me and I could see that tremendous chest of hers heaving with excitement as her eyes roamed down over my body to my midsection. She looked back up at me, her sparkling blue eyes burning with lust, her full red lips parted slightly as she breathed raggedly.

"Kiss me," she said as she pushed me back against the bathroom vanity and stepped into my arms. I wrapped my arms around her as she turned her face up to mine, her perfect lips parted in invitation. As I brought my mouth down to hers, our eyes closed as we met in a deep searing kiss.

"Mmmmmm," she gave a little moan as my lips pressed against hers. Her lips were warm, soft and exquisite. Reveling in the illicit riskiness of what was about to happen, I pressed forward and slid my tongue between those soft pillowy lips into the hotness of her moist oral cavity. Her tongue met mine and she rolled hers eagerly against mine, our mouths locked together in a hot passionate kiss. I withdrew my tongue back into my own mouth, and she eagerly followed. At the same time, I felt the flat of her palm slide down my front, until she reached the protruding bulge on the inside of my pant leg and gripped it needily.

"Mmmmmm, this is what I want," she whispered hotly into my ear as she pulled her mouth away from mine. Pinned against the edge of the vanity, I was hers to do with as she wanted; and I wouldn't have wanted it any other way. I could feel my heart racing with excitement, and I knew I was as flushed as she was as I looked at her heaving chest, the upper swells of her massive tits seeming swollen and pink with desire. I watched mesmerized as she slowly sank to her knees, the slits in the sides of that tight dress splitting as far apart as they could go as the hem rose teasingly higher on her shapely thighs. On her spread knees before me, I watched enraptured as she reached up and undid my belt.

"ZIPPPPPPPPPPPPP!" The metallic sound of my zipper being dragged down was like sinful music to my ears. My mother's beautiful flushed face was glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration as she grabbed the waistband of my pants and underwear at the same time and started to tug down. I shimmied my hips to help her as the material got held up temporarily on my beefy dick before she gave a forceful tug. As my clothes ended up in a puddle around my ankles, my restricted cock sprung forcefully upward as it unfurled itself from the tight confines of my underwear.

"Oh my God," she gasped breathlessly as she knelt before me, her eyes mere inches from my throbbing prick. I could see the long thick monster looming over her gorgeous face menacingly, the huge engorged head bobbing provocatively up and down with each beat of my racing heart. She stared as if hypnotized as a growing bead of precum oozed to surface and then slowly started to distend to the floor in a glistening strand.

"Yessssss...." she hissed wantonly as she quickly leaned forward, her tongue sliding forwards to catch the warm gooey strand before it could fall to the floor. With the bottom of the sticky web of pre-cum resting on her tongue, I watched as she reached forward and circled her hand as far around the base of my rigid prick as she could get it. I could see that with the broad girth, there was still a sizable gap between her fingers and base of her gripping hand. With my stiff rod firmly in her grasp, she slowly pumped the loose outer sheath upwards. I could see what she was trying to do, and I saw her eyes glinting with pleasure as her pumping hand forced more precum to flow from the gaping red eye. The glistening web thickened as more fluid oozed forth from my thrusting erection, the little pool on her tongue growing in size as the gooey discharge continued to flow. She slowly pumped a couple of more times, the shiny gob of precum on her tongue growing in size with each pumping stroke. Finally, she moved her tongue upwards and I felt the hot wet tip slide deftly right into the tip of my prick as she gathered up her tasty prize.

"Mmmmmmm," she mewed like a kitten with a saucer of warm cream and I saw the muscles in her long regal neck contract as she swallowed. Oh fuck, just looking at the wanton look on her face as she pumped that pre-cum out of me almost had me ready to shoot right there on the spot. My sexy mother had me so turned on, I knew that whatever happened, this first load was not going to take long.

"Connor," she said softly as she licked her lips and looked up at me, "your cock is so beautiful. I thought your father was big, but you've got him beat by at least two or three inches; and he was nowhere as big around as this." I saw her look at the sizable gap at the base of her circling hand as she moved closer. "And it's so hard." She

accompanied this with a firm squeeze that resulted in another shiny gob of pre-cum oozing from the enflamed tip. "And it tastes so good." Spying the glistening bead of fluid, she pursed her lips into an inviting "O" and brought them towards the tip of the broad crimson crown. She placed her lips right over the wet red opening and closed them seductively on the pebbly membranes.

"Oh fuck, yes....." I hissed as she applied some suction as her soft red lips adhered tightly to the sensitive tissues covering the fat mushroom head. I gripped the sides of the counter tightly on each side of me as I watched her pouty lips start to spread open as she pushed her face forwards, my long thick cock about to enter my gorgeous mother's hot wet mouth for the first time. Her eyes were focused on my surging prick as she slowly let her pillowy lips follow the flowing contours of the wide flared head. It looked amazing to see my own mother; her red lips stretched almost to the tearing point as she eagerly forced more of my surging prick into her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she let out a low moan as her lips slipped over the thick ridge of the dark purple corona, the massive head of my cock now firmly locked within her hot sucking mouth. Her wet tongue bathed the sensitive membranes of the enflamed helmet with her hot saliva, the slick fluid feeling deliciously wonderful as her talented tongue rolled all around the engulfed crown. As she sucked and licked all over the large head, her other hand came up and I felt her gently cradle my sperm-laden nuts, her lithe fingers seeming ready to coax as much of my loving seed out of me as she could.

With one hand cradling my sack and the other one wrapped firmly around the base of my rigid prick, I watched mesmerized as she slowly drew back, until just the very tip was captured within her vacuuming mouth. She then reversed direction and started forwards once more. Totally enthralled, I watched as her gorgeous lips slipped over the thick coronal ridge once more and then kept going. Her lips were pursed forward sensually, and I could feel her cheeks vacuumed in against the sides of my buried erection, the hot wet tissues lining the inside of her mouth making a hot buttery sheath that clung to my prick deliciously. She got about 5" of my cock into the deep recesses of her mouth before retreating and then going back down the same distance again. Oh Jesus, I thought to myself, this is incredible; here was my hot sexy mother, slavishly sucking my huge prick, a look of pure bliss on her pretty face. I closed my eyes, knowing I couldn't take much more of this, and then was surprised when I felt her retreat and back right off my surging erection. I opened my eyes and looked down at her, wondering what was happening. She looked up at me through hooded eyes, her face gleaming with perspiration, a scintillating web of glistening fluid bridging the gap between her lower lip and the enflamed cap of my throbbing pecker.

"I'm about three years out of practice," she said as her lust-filled eyes met mine, "and I've never had one anywhere this big before.....but let's see how this goes."

Not knowing what she was talking about, I could only stand there and watch. I was temporarily mortified as her two hands released both my swollen nuts and rock-hard prick. She slowly slid them up the front of my body until she had them firmly gripping my broad

hips. Getting a little further upright on her knees, I watched as she formed those perfect lips of hers into a nice wet "O" again as she descended on my thrusting erection. She fed the enflamed head back into her mouth once more and then she tilted her head slightly. In the position she wanted, I stared wide-eyed as my gorgeous mother's sexy mouth descended further and further down my upright shaft.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkk....." I groaned as I watched her engulf all of my huge thick cock in one smooth go. Her lips continued to move forward, her hot saliva paving the way as her puckered lips went all the way down to the thick base, where I felt her succulent lips start to nibble at the taut skin before she slowly retreated. She never took her mouth off but stopped with the huge flared head still trapped inside her mouth. She leaned forwards again, and this time I saw her draw her cheeks in again, my cock absolutely thrumming from the intense heat from the buttery soft lining of her mouth and throat. Holding firmly onto my hips, she started to rhythmically move back and forth, my throbbing cock getting engulfed to the hilt with each forward movement.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she let out a low groan as she continued to deep-throat me. I could feel the decadent sounds of her blissful pleasure as she purred and hummed into my driving prick. My God, she was sucking my cock better than I had ever imagined....better than any porn star I had ever seen. And I could see and hear from the way she was acting that she was loving it as well. These were not the phoney moans and groans that you see in so many pornos; these were the sounds of an expert natural cocksucker in love with her work. I looked down at her, totally in awe of her oral prowess. She was doing it nice and slow and insistently, her sucking mouth



making absolute perfect love to my rock-hard cock with each oral stroke. Her pulled-up hair was starting to come loose, a few more sexy tendrils falling sensually about her shoulders. As I looked down at her, her gorgeous frosty blonde hair swinging at the sides of her cock-stuffed face, I felt my swollen balls start to draw up close to my body. I could tell her own pleasure was escalating as well as her moans and groans were becoming more constant now as she totally surrendered herself to the deep cocksucking I could tell she loved so much. I felt the delicious tingling in my midsection as the scintillating contractions started, the boiling semen starting to speed up the shaft of my pulsing cock.

"MOM.....I.....I.....HERE IT COMES," I warned as I felt my rushing cum about to spew forth. She pulled back slightly but kept the throbbing head locked tightly within her vacuuming mouth as I began to shoot. The first shot jettisoned forth powerfully and it was so intense, I wondered if I would knock her head right off my spewing prick. But she enthusiastically held firm as I started to flood that gorgeous mouth of hers. Wad after thick gooey wad shot forth as I ejaculated a massive load into her hungry mouth.

"EHHHHHHHHGGGGNNN," she moaned as I saw her body start to twitch and shake. My own orgasm had triggered a climax within her, and I happily watched her body quiver and tremble with ecstasy as a spine-tingling release shot through her. She never once relinquished her oral hold on my ejaculating prick as I continued to shoot. I lost count of the number of shots I pasted deep within her sucking mouth, but the intensity of her fantastic cocksucking seemed to have me coming forever. I heard her gulp noisily as she continued to shake, but her lips and tongue just kept sucking for more. Our

moans filled the room as our mutual orgasms continued to flow through us. I felt the final few shots spew forth onto her waiting tongue, and then I thought I was almost going to collapse as I leaned back against the counter and drew in deep lung-fulls of air.

"Mmmmmm...." I heard her soft purr of satisfaction. I opened my eyes and looked down at my gorgeous mother, her lips still locked sweetly around my spent prick, her vacuuming mouth having drained me of every creamy drop of semen I'd had stored up. I could see a silvery trickle of cum at each corner of her mouth and dangling off one side of her chin; overflow from the massive load I'd just shot into her hungry mouth. As I stood there gasping for air, she slowly drew her mouth backward and gave the tip of my pecker a long lingering kiss, her tongued delving into the very tip to get the last creamy morsel of cum. She sat back slightly on her heels and I watched her bring one hand to her chin and push the dangling globule of pearly semen between her parted lips. She reached to the other side of her mouth and gathered up that milky trickle as well, her tongue closing over her fingers and licking them clean.

She looked up at me, and I could see a look of blissful contentment on her face, but there was something else there too; the hungry need for more. She reached down between her legs and I could see that the hem of her dress had ridden up even further, the edge of the taut red silk mere inches below her pussy. Her fingers disappeared briefly beneath her skirt, and then as she withdrew them, she got to her feet.

"Here's a little something for you," she said teasingly as she held up her glistening fingers. Her fingers were soaked with a shiny coating of her womanly nectar. She stepped close to me and wafted her fingers in front of my face. Her warm womanly fragrance burned into my senses with rapturous delight. Although I had just cum, her intoxicating scent caused my temporarily satiated libido to snap to attention once more. She smiled at me provocatively as she moved her slick fingers back and forth in front of me. My eyes followed her moving fingers hypnotically as I parted my lips wantonly. She stopped teasing me and slid her gooey fingers right into my waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmmm...." It was me purring like a kitten this time as I fed off her fingers like a baby bird from its mother. Her succulent nectar tasted wonderful as I gathered it onto my tastebuds and savored it before swallowing, the silky cunt-honey bathing my throat. She tasted wonderful, and I definitely wanted more.

"Your mouth feels nice," she said softly as I sucked sensually on her long slim fingers. She reached down with her other hand and I felt her wrap her fingers around my half-hard cock. "You know, son, they say a woman at my age is in her sexual prime." I looked into her hooded lust-filled eyes as she gave my spent prick a coaxing stroke. "And, I've got three years of lost time to make up for too.....do you think you can keep up with me?" She paused and looked at me, that teasing look of desire shining at me from her sparkling eyes.

"Oh fuck...." I thought to myself as I just looked at her, my eyes roaming blatantly over her sumptuous tits.

She leaned close to me and I felt her magical tongue teasing at the entrance to my ear, a tingling shiver shooting through me. I felt her hot breath and warm lips as she moved even closer and whispered softly, "I hope you can.....because I want you to keep me filled with this beautiful cock of yours all night long."

## Chapter 9

"Do you always cum that much?" my mother's sultry voice came to me from the passenger seat of my car as she reached over and started to slide her hand over my thigh.

"Yeah," I replied as I looked over at her quickly. "Is that a problem?"

"Oh God no.....I loved it. I just thought you were going to drown me there for a second." She shifted over in her seat slightly and as my eyes flicked from the road back over to her, I could see the deep dark line of her cleavage dancing in the flickering glow from the passing streetlights. Man, those were an impressive set of tits---and that semi-circular opening in the front of her dress had me drooling with anticipation. As I drove, her hand slid further into my crotch until I felt her fingers wrap around my recently drained prick and give it a gentle squeeze. "And it was so big and hard; I've never seen anything like it."

It was difficult to keep my mind on the road with her warm hand sliding teasingly over the front of my pants. With what had happened at the show we'd just been at, I was in a hurry to get her home, but I definitely didn't want to get pulled over, so I kept it to about ten miles per hour over the speed limit; and no more than that. I took another quick glance in her direction and could see a wicked little twinkle in her eye as she looked down at her delicate hand exploring between my legs. She'd said something back in that washroom that I had to ask about. "You said Dad was pretty big?"

"Yeah, I always thought he was big; but you're probably at least two to three inches longer----and he was nowhere near as big around as you." She closed her fingers around my spent dick, once again as if measuring it. Her gripping hand started to slide along the length of my reviving member as she leaned over and I felt her hot moist tongue teasing at the opening of my ear before she whispered, "I can't wait to feel this huge thing splitting me wide open."

"Ohhhnnn," I groaned as my foot instinctively pressed harder on the gas pedal.

"Easy there, Tiger," she whispered calmly, her warm mouth still close to my ear. I eased up on the gas and brought the car back down to a reasonable speed. "That's better, there's no need to hurry; I'm not going anywhere. I want you home safe and sound so you and this beautiful cock of yours can take care of me all night long. And like I said, I've got three years of lost time to make up for, so I hope you can keep up with me."

Oh Jesus, I could feel my cock quickly stiffening as her words sizzled into my tortured libido. Her hand stopped its teasing stroking for a brief second as she felt it growing beneath her fingers.

"Mmmmm, that's better." She reached up to the top of my pants and I sat speechless as she slowly and insistently drew down my zipper. I felt her hand slip into my pants and push down past the waistband of my fitted boxers until she encountered the broad root of my beefy member. Her fingers slipped around the thick base and she tugged upwards until she pulled my burgeoning peter through the opening of my pants.

"Yeah, that's nice." My eyes flicked over and I could see her looking down, her eyes glued to my stiffening prick dancing in the repetitive glow from the passing streetlights. Her warm hand started to slide back and forth as the blood inside me rushed to my midsection. It didn't take much for my mother to get me hot; it had only been about ten minutes since I'd filled her mouth with a massive load and my lengthy dong was rapidly snapping back to attention already.

"Mmmmm, it's beautiful," she cooed as my rapidly stiffening member quickly achieved the status of brick-hard erection under her stimulating grasp. "You say it's a little over 10"?"

"Yeah," I replied breathlessly, barely able to concentrate on the road in front of me. She had me so turned on that I was almost squirming with anticipation in my seat. The idea of trying to come up with any clever repartee went right out the window.

Her magical hand made a long slow stroke from the base all the way up to the engorged head. "Oh God, it's so thick and hard. I can't wait to feel all 10" way up inside me." Oh Jesus, I thought I was gonna cum again right there. As her words hit me, a throbbing jolt went through my turgid cock and I looked quickly down to see a glistening drop of pre-cum pulse to the surface. I pulled my eyes back to the road just in time to avoid a car dangerously changing lanes in front of us.

"Mom, you're gonna get us both killed." I braked slightly as the speeding car seemed to slip by us with just inches to spare.

"Alright, I'll behave," she said as she shifted back over to her side. I noticed she left my baseball-bat like prick hanging out though, the glistening tip rearing up before me. She kept the fingertips of her left hand resting gently on the surface at the base of my pulsing rod; not stroking it, just casually sliding a half inch or so back and forth; as if I actually needed this little bit of attention to keep me fully erect. With her acting like this, I was so turned on; I knew there was no way my surging cock was going to go down until I'd blown this load.

"Can I have just another little taste of this?" she asked demurely. I watched as she reached over with her other hand and ran the tip of her index finger over the shiny droplet of pre-cum shimmering at the tip. My eyes followed her retreating hand as she brought it to her mouth and closed her soft lips around her finger.

"Mmmmm," she purred and I saw her eyes close in rapture as she sucked gently. Holy fuck! It wasn't difficult to remember how heavenly that mouth had felt with my prick buried to the hilt inside it just a short time ago. Did she ever look hot; just watching my sexy mother behaving so lewdly had me almost ready to blow my load all over the steering wheel and dashboard.

"Do you think my legs look nice in this dress?" My eyes were drawn away from the road as I saw her turn slightly towards me in her seat. As I looked over, she let her legs roll open to each side, the hem on her dress rising enticingly as the gap between her smooth creamy thighs grew wider and wider. The flickering from the passing streetlights gave me a teasing glimpse way up beneath her skirt as her legs continued to drift apart. I could see those teasing slits at the sides of her dress splitting as far apart as they could get as the hem rose higher and higher. With my eyes drawn hypnotically to the dazzlingly erotic display she was giving me, I felt another lurch in my groin as my cock seemed to get even harder than before; something I thought wasn't even possible!

"I think somebody thinks they look nice," she said with a warm purr, her fingertips touching the base of my prick feeling the flexing pulse from within. "Oh, it looks like you've got another little treat for me." With her gorgeous legs spread wantonly open, she reached forward with her other hand and gathered up another glistening gob of pre-cum from the tip of the broad crimson cap. She sucked her finger clean once more as my eyes kept flicking back and forth between the road and the sensuous exhibition going on beside me.



"What about my breasts.....do you think this dress is too tight for them?" She drew her teasing hand away from the base of my throbbing erection and placed it on her stomach. With her gorgeous lush body still turned towards me and her legs spread wide, I watched as she slowly ran both hands up the front of her dress until she was cupping the undersides of her massive tits. I watched her pull her elbows back and thrust her huge chest out even more as her cupping hands gave a gentle squeeze. The squeezing action caused the upper swells of her tremendous knockers to all but ooze over the teasing edge of the provocative opening in the front of her dress. Oh my God.....did those tits of hers ever look incredible! I felt myself flushing all over with the heat of passion and knew if I touched my cock I would cum for sure. My eyes flicked back to the road and I noticed I had almost drifted off the side of the paved lanes. I quickly corrected, but the car jerked noticeably as I did.

"Oh dear," my mother said languidly, "maybe I should have waited until we got home to ask you those things." I saw her eyes look at where we were as she reached towards me and wrapped her hand around the thick base of my throbbing cock once more. "Honey, you are so hard. I think you're gonna need to give me another one right now, before you kill us both. Why don't you just pull behind that store over there?"

I noticed the closed carpet store she had motioned toward and quickly angled the car towards it. I pulled behind the building and stopped in front of some bins at the rear. There was a large sound attenuation wall between this service lane and building, so we were almost totally secluded; which was just what we needed.

"Now, I don't want you to get into an accident on my account," she said as she looked at me with innocent doe-like eyes. "So I think I better take care of you so you're okay to drive." I just sat back, my engorged prick as hard as I'd ever felt it as she twisted her legs beneath her and leaned over me. With her left hand wrapped around the base of my pulsing erection, she reached into my pants with her other hand and drew out my spunk-filled nuts.

"Mmmmmm, these feel nice and full," she mewed as she cradled my heavy balls. "Are you ready to give me another big mouthful, son?" She looked at me with a mischievous glint in her eye and a playful smile at the corner of her soft red lips as she started to lower her head towards my painfully-engorged cock.

"Oh fuck.....yessssssss," I hissed as her soft lips made contact with the hot red head. I was so turned on and feverish with need that I'm surprised it didn't burn her mouth as she let her lips slip open and follow the flared contours of the huge mushroom cap. She bathed the fiery tip with a soothing bath of saliva as her tongue circled the sensitive membranes while her lips slid lower.

"Mmmmmmm....." She gave of a pleasurable moan as her lips slipped down over the thick rope-like ridge of my corona and kept going. Oh fuck, her mouth felt amazing; so soft and warm, like melted butter. She got about halfway down and then slowly withdrew until just the oozing tip was trapped between her soft pillowy lips. With most of her hair still pulled up away from her face, I was able to see most of her face in profile as she leaned over me. It was a sight I thought I'd never see; my own mother enthusiastically sucking my huge cock,

her warm eyes closed in bliss, her velvety soft lips pursed forward as they clung lovingly to my thick upright prick while soft moans and groans purred continuously from within her.

She bobbed up and down on the lemon-sized head a couple times, as if testing the size and feel of it in her mouth. She paused for a second with just the tip in her mouth once more. She shifted backwards slightly, and then pulled my tingling pecker towards her. She tilted her head slightly as she did and I wondered what she was doing. I heard and felt her breathe deeply and then I watched as she slowly but insistently drove her face downwards. Holy fuck, I thought as her hot sucking mouth moved further and further down my cock as she eagerly tried to take it all. As her soft red lips slid down my turgid shaft, I realized she'd shifted herself and pulled my prick into just the right position to allow her to try and deepthroat me again! Her smooth consistent downward motion was unrelenting as I watched inch after thick hard inch disappear within her hot wet mouth. I sat there aghast as she finally reached the thick base, her pillowy lips nibbling around the taut skin of my shaved midsection as over 10" of rigid cock filled her face. I had never felt anything like it; the full length of my rock-hard erection was deliciously enveloped by the hot buttery-soft tissues within her mouth and throat. She swallowed, and I felt a wonderful rippling sensation along the full length of the rock-hard shaft. She kept her lips nestled against my groin as she swallowed again, the massaging muscles lining her throat teasing me deliciously.

"Oh Mom," I groaned in amazement as she slowly started to lift her head, her pursed lips drawn downward as they clung delightfully to my stiff shaft. She got back the tip and took another deep breath

before descending once more, my entire shaft being warmly engulfed by her talented mouth until she nuzzled up against the hilt once more. Oh man, she had only started; but she'd gotten me so turned on before, I knew I couldn't take much more of this.

"Mmmmmm," she purred warmly into my throbbing cock as I watched her hot sucking mouth glide smoothly up and down the full length of my thrusting erection, her neck muscles continuing their stimulating rippling massage as she swallowed with each downward stroke. I could feel the sperm boiling over in my nuts as she rolled them teasingly in her cradling hand. The delicious contractions were starting as I felt the first rush of semen start to speed up the shaft of my wetly-engulfed prick. Her beautiful hot mouth and throat felt amazing, and I wished I could just sit here and let my mother suck me forever, but I had quickly reached that point where there was no turning back.

"MOM.....I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as my hands gripped the sides of my seat tightly. She bobbed her head a time or two more and then seemed to instinctively know exactly when I was going to cum. At the last second, she pulled her mouth back until just the engorged helmet was trapped within her hot vacuuming mouth. The first powerful shot spat forth against the soft tissues at the back of her mouth as I started to unload.

"OH FUCK," I groaned loudly as I started to fill that soft buttery mouth of hers with my thick creamy semen. I could feel her draw in the sides of her cheeks to press warmly against the sensitive membranes of the helmet as she warmly sucked inwards at the same

time. My cock felt like it was twitching and bucking in her mouth as I continued to shoot, gob after thick pearly gob flooding her mouth.

"Mmmhggngphh," I heard her gulp as she swallowed, the creamy nectar coating the silky tissues of her throat that had just been pleasuring my engorged prick. I continued to flood her mouth, spurt after spurt of gooey fluid eagerly being gathered within the hot confines of her sucking mouth. I saw her swallow a second time, and then a third as I continued to shoot. Her mouth felt incredible as she continued to suck at the spitting head of my pulsing meat, her tongue and lips drawings out every savory morsel or my precious cream she could get. Finally, the last remaining twinges pulsed through my pecker as my intense orgasm slowly started to subside. She continued to nurse gently with the broad head trapped within her mouth, her magical lips and tongue drawing out the last few drops of my silvery nectar.

"Oh my God," I said softly as I sat there, my chest heaving as I drew in huge gulps of cool refreshing air. "Mom, that was amazing." I felt her tongue take a last slow bathing circle around the pebbly membranes at the tip of my slowly dwindling rod before giving it a final loving kiss and then sitting back in her seat. I looked over at her, more of her expensive coiffure having fallen out of place as additional strands of her soft blonde hair fell sensually about her neck and shoulders. Her glistening lips looked puffy and swollen, her face was as flushed as mine, and she had the most blissfully wanton look in her eyes that let me know she wanted more. I had never seen her look more beautiful and alluring in my entire life.

"Are you okay to take me home now? I'm gonna need a lot more of that before we're done for the night." I looked at her sitting there in that gorgeous dress, her sexy legs and massive tits opulently on display, and I couldn't wait to get her home. I knew now that all the things I had dreamed and fantasized about doing with my mother were about to come true.

I stuffed my spent member back into my pants and zipped up. I was so frazzled from the two incredible blow-jobs she's just given me that the short ride the rest of the way back to her house was nothing but a blur. I couldn't stop looking over at her, now seated back properly in the passenger seat, but with a contented smile of satisfaction on her face as she watched the road ahead. My navigation system shifted instinctively to autopilot as I followed the familiar route home, allowing my mind to drift.

After our flirtatious conversation, I'd been excited at the suggestiveness of what we'd discussed; like her referring to me as her paid escort, and what she might expect of me at the end of the night. But nothing had prepared me for her sly direct approach when she'd put her hand on the inside of my thigh in the theater and slid it upwards until she'd encountered the stiffening piece of muscle extending down my leg. I thought when she'd touched my growing member, she might draw her hand back in shock; instead, it only seemed to inspire her to continue with her provocative ministrations until she drove me absolutely ravenous with desire. And then the same thing had just happened in the car on the way home. My sexy busty mother was even hotter than I had anticipated. She had eagerly deepthroated my huge cock each time; her wondrous magical mouth bringing me more pleasure than I ever imagined. There was no way

any pornstar could have done better. She'd been incredible. It had quickly become obvious that the illicit thrill behind our stolen kiss a couple of days ago hadn't just been a figment of my overactive imagination. It was clear now that my mother wanted me as much as I wanted her. I was shaken but thrilled on how fast this had all happened. I had dreamed of something happening like this forever, of making love to my sexy stacked mother, and already, she'd sucked two loads out of me in the blink of an eye. And now, she wanted more. She wanted to feel me deep inside her.....all night long. I only hoped I could keep up with her, and I knew I was willing to die trying.

I pulled into the driveway of our family house and hurried around to the passenger side to let her out. She took my hand and gave me a tantalizing glimpse of her long glistening legs again as she spread her thighs teasingly, with one leg following the other as she stepped out of the car. A shudder went down my spine again as my eyes were magnetically drawn to her slim toned legs and sexy stilettos. God, she looked great!

She took my arm and I felt the side of her large full breast press against me as we made our way into the house. As soon as we were inside, she turned and pushed me back against the closed door. She moved close against me and turned her face up to mine, a look of rapturous longing on her face. I took her in my arms and lowered my mouth to hers, our lips meeting in a long lingering kiss. She nibbled at my tongue teasingly as I feathered it deep into her welcoming mouth, and then she followed mine eagerly as I sucked her tongue back into my own mouth. Her warm fragrant perfume

enveloped us in a tingling miasmic embrace as our tongues pressed and rolled together sensually.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed contentedly as her arms slipped around my neck. I let my hands slide down the smooth flowing curves of her hourglass figure before coming to rest on the delightful swells of her lush curvy bum. The smooth silky material of her dress felt exquisitely cool under my fingertips as she continued to kiss me.

"Oh, that's nice," she whispered softly as she drew back and looked at me through lust-filled eyes. "Lock the door, sweetie.....I want to make sure we don't have any interruptions for the rest of the night." I turned and flicked the deadbolt closed as she set down her little clutch purse on the side table and started towards the kitchen. I followed her in, my eyes feasting on her shapely backside as it swayed provocatively from side to side as her stiletto heels made that sexy "click-clack" sound on the hard tile floor. She walked past the kitchen and stopped beside the dining table. She reached up and started taking some bobby pins out of her hair.

"This actually stayed in place longer than I thought it would." I stopped and watched as she continued to let down her hair. Her body looked great with her arms raised up as she fiddled with her hair; her large breasts looking incredibly full and round, the visible upper swells jiggling enticingly with her subtle movements. She finally pulled out the last pin and shook out her hair. "There, that's better." She flipped her head from side to side and fluffed her hair out with her fingers. When she stopped and turned towards me, it looked wild and sexy, as if she'd just gotten up out of bed after a



marathon session. It set my mind to wondering how it would actually look tomorrow morning, if the night went as I hoped. If things continued the way they'd been going for the last little while, I knew there were going to be a few stray ribbons and gobs of my cum caught in her hair before I was done with her.

"Mom, you look so beautiful." I stepped closer and kissed her once more, my mouth and body yearning for more of what she had to offer. As I kissed her passionately, she leaned back against the end of the dining table, her cute bum perched at the edge. It gave me an idea. I pulled my mouth back from hers, both of us gasping with excitement. "Mom, I'm a little hungry."

"Oh," she said breathlessly, a surprised look on her face, "I think there should be something.....oh....." She never got to finish what she was saying as I pulled the chair at the end of the table back out of the way, picked her up and set her on the table. With her legs dangling over the edge of the table, I reached down and pushed them apart as I stepped between them.

"It's you I'm hungry for," I said as I reached forward and took her beautiful face in my hands and kissed her deeply once more. Finally drawing back from the kiss, I pulled the chair beneath me and slowly sat down, my hands sliding down along the luscious curves of her body as I positioned myself between her spread thighs. I reached down and took hold of her sexy shoes and placed one on each of the arms of the chair I was sitting in. As her long toned legs came up, her body naturally leaned back as she put her arms straight back behind her to support herself. I looked up at her, happy to see that devilish

twinkle in her eye once more. "Now it's my turn; just sit back and enjoy yourself."

"I already am," she purred mischievously as she let her legs roll open to each side. My eyes were immediately drawn to the dazzling display before me as she spread her legs further and further apart, her dress rising higher and higher. I looked deep up into that inviting 'V' between her legs; all the way up to the deep crimson red of her panties. It was a thong as I thought; with a narrow band disappearing beneath her while a small satiny triangle covered her front. The front of her panties looked absolutely soaked, and I could smell her warm womanly nectar already. "Go ahead, son.....eat all you want."

There is nothing sexier than the inside of a woman's thighs; and the creamy smooth skin of my mother's thighs was just inches away from me. I took my fingertips and touched her just above the knee and slowly let my hand slide over her exposed flesh. It was deliciously warm and soft as sin. I turned my face and planted a soft kiss on the inside of her thigh before turning and doing the same to her other leg. I then started kissing higher, going from one leg to the other as I got closer and closer to the secretive treasure pit I had dreamed about for so long. Her warm womanly scent enveloped me like a comforting blanket as my face moved towards her steaming little box.

"Mmmmmm, that's nice," she mewed as my lips kissed high on the inside of her thighs. As her intoxicating scent fired my surging libido, I looked at the deep red triangle of her panties, her dress now hiked

up out of the way with her legs spread wide open. I could see that the gleaming red satin of her panties was wet with her flowing juices, the entire area over her sodden trench glistening with succulent nectar. As I breathed in her heavenly scent, a low growl went through me as I slipped my hands beneath her spread thighs and lowered my mouth to her wet pussy. I extended my tongue and slowly dragged it upwards along the front of her panties, gathering up the warm juices that had soaked right through the thin satin.

"Mmmmmmm....." I think we both let out a purr of contentment as I pressed the flat of my tongue against the damp fabric and sucked. The warm womanly flavor settled on my tongue like a fine wine as I savored the initial taste. I let my tongue slide over the front of her panties and then pressed the tip right into the center of the inviting hidden cleft lying beneath.

"Oh yeah, that's it," she cooed softly as I used my tongue to press the damp satin against her hot flesh beneath. I slid my tongue up and down that warm crevice for a minute or so until I couldn't take it anymore; I needed to taste the real thing. I withdrew my tongue and traced a line with it all around the leg openings of her panties, where her delectable cunt-honey had coated her soft skin as it leaked out the sides. Oh man, did she ever taste good....and her whole crotch was absolutely soaked. Not wanting to wait any longer, I reached beneath her dress and grabbed the waistband of her thong. My mother lifted her hips and drew her legs together to help me as I pulled her panties off and tossed them onto the floor. She quickly brought those sexy stilettos back up and placed one on each of the arms of my chair. She then leaned back and slowly let those beautiful legs of hers roll open to each side once more.

"It's all yours, sweetie," she whispered softly as she spread her legs wide open, her naked pussy coming into view for the first time. Oh man, it was exquisite! She was totally shaved and her succulent cooze glistened wantonly with her flowing juices. She had slim outer lips but her inner lips were full and juicy like the inside of a ripe peach; lips that looked like they could grip your cock and never let go. They looked swollen with need and were a brilliant vivid pink in color. I looked up to see the stiff spire of her engorged clit winking out at me, a fleshy pink hood covering part of it, the tip almost calling out for my tongue. Everything was sensually glistening with her flowing juices, giving it a wantonly erotic appeal that wasn't lost on me. Yes, this was a pussy that you wanted to have your mouth on or your cock in all night long.....and that's precisely what I intended to do. I leaned forward and pressed the flat of my tongue against the base of her inviting slit and slipped my tongue inside, the petal-like lips forming themselves around my tongue. I licked upwards, gathering up as much of her sticky nectar as I could. When I reached the top, I flicked the tip of my tongue teasingly over her hot clit before circling my tongue all around the face of her spread twat. Having cleaned up as much of her sweet cunt-honey as I could, with my hands once more beneath her widely-spread thighs, I pulled myself flush against her and feathered my tongue deep into her welcoming slot.

"Yesssssss," my mother groaned as I slid my tongue deep inside her, my tastebuds instantly being coated with a warm bath of her sticky goodness. I circled my tongue all around the clinging walls within her seeping twat at the same time as I sucked out a copious amount of her sweet nectar. She tasted so good, I wanted more. I pulled her

harder against me as I pressed my face as far into her as I could get it, my tongue searching deep for more of that warm honey. And her body eagerly complied as her juices continued to flow readily onto my probing tongue. For the next ten minutes or so, I took my time as I continued to pleasure her with my mouth as she fed me the succulent nectar I had only dreamed of tasting. I'd alternate between sliding my tongue deep inside her and tenderly licking and sucking on her swollen pink pussy-lips. She was moaning and groaning continuously now as I feasted on her heavenly snatch. With my tongue buried deep inside her, I looked up at her enflamed clit, the stiff little bud protruding farther now from within its protective sheath. It looked like a flaming red beacon, calling out for my tongue. I had no intention of denying its siren-like call. Licking slowly upwards, I brought my lips and tongue to the top of her oozing slit before slowly wrapping my lips over the hot red spire in a soft warm kiss.

"Uuunngghhhhhh....." I looked up as she let out a low animal-like groan. Looking past the thrusting shelf of her tremendous rack, I saw her eyes close in bliss as her head went back, her soft wet lips parted as she breathed raggedly. I pushed a wad of saliva to the front of my mouth and bathed the hot red button trapped between my lips with the soothing fluid, my pursed lips drawing softly on it at the same time. I rolled the tip of my tongue all around her stiff protruding clit as I latched onto it tightly, the highly sensitive organ now the main object of my oral assault. As I sucked and licked, I could feel her start to shake and twitch, her breathing becoming louder and more and more ragged with each teasing lick of my probing tongue.

"Oh Connor...that's so good.....I.....I.....AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH....." She let out a loud gasp as a jolting orgasm shot through her. I held onto her bucking hips as she gasped and shook, her convulsing body twitching in my hands as my mouth continued to pleasure her. I kept slowly circling my tongue around her thrumming red clit as wave after wave of scintillating ecstasy coursed through her. I flicked my eyes up again to see those huge knockers of hers heaving within the restricting confines of her tight dress, the upper swells quivering deliciously in the exciting opening at the front of her dress. As her climax slowly started to subside, I slid my tongue to the base of her gushing twat and licked up her flowing discharge, the warm honey pooling on my tongue as I gathered in as much as I could.

"That was so good," my mother cooed blissfully as she reached forward and tenderly ran her fingers through my hair.

I reluctantly pulled my mouth away from her sopping crotch and looked up at her, a determined look on my face. "I'm not done yet." I pasted my mouth back to her leaking twat and feathered my tongue back deep inside.

"Oh God, that tongue of yours is incredible," she responded as she gripped my head with both hands and held me firmly against her. I enthusiastically ate her for the next fifteen minutes or so. I loved eating her, it was something I had always dreamed of and I knew I could have stayed there all night bringing her one orgasm after another if she let me. I alternated between slowly teasing her engorged red clit and feathering my tongue deep inside the hot soft

folds or her weeping pussy. She was moaning and sighing with each soft swirl or lick of my tongue, her sweet juices flowing readily into my waiting mouth. As I continued to slide my tongue all around her warm pink flesh, I felt my cock starting to respond again. Within minutes, I could feel it had come back to full erection once more within my pants. As another warm gush of discharge rolled onto my tongue, I pressed my tongue upwards within her molten channel until I was pressing on the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina.

"Oh fuck, that's perfect," she said she took my head in her hands and held me there as my tongue pressed and rubbed against the hot pink flesh way up inside her. I took her right to the edge of ecstasy about three or four times before she finally pleaded with me to stop teasing.

"Connor, please....I.....I can't take it anymore.....just.....just finish me please. I need to cum so bad." I slipped my tongue from within her velvety cunt and latched onto her enflamed clit once more. Within seconds she started convulsing and bucking her spread hips up against my face as another nerve-jangling climax shot through her.

"Yessssssssssssssssss," she hissed as I rolled my tongue all around the throbbing red nubbin trapped between my lips. She rode her orgasm out for a long time as I pleased her tingling nerve center. As her body slowed its twitching and shaking, I lowered my mouth and licked up the substantial amount of juices pooling at the bottom of her oozing slit. With her feet still perched on the arms of my chair, I felt her reach down and touch my shoulders.

"C'mere, sweetie," she said softly as she pulled me away from her steaming twat. She had a look of blissful satisfaction on her face as I reluctantly let her pull my mouth away from her and stood up between her spread legs. "Oh my God, look at your face. What a mess I've made. Here, let me take care of that for you." She slid her arms around my neck and pulled my face down to hers. I watched as she had that mischievous little smile on her face as her tongue slid out and she started to lick my face. Her soft warm tongue felt wonderful as she licked along my chin and jawline before moving to my cheeks as she lapped up the remnants of her love-honey. Like a mother cat bathing her kitten, she kept licking all around my face until she had cleaned every drop of her sticky nectar off my skin. She then pulled my mouth to hers and we shared another deep lingering kiss.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred into my mouth as one hand slid down to the front of my pants. Her slim fingers found what they were looking for as she wrapped her hand around my bulging member. She put her soft lips next to my ear and whispered, "I think it's time you put this inside me."

She pushed me back slightly as she lowered herself from the table and pushed her dress down. She took me by the hand and lead me to her bedroom, those sky-high heels of hers making the sexy "click-clack" sound on the hard tile floor again. I wasn't sure why I loved it so much, but the sound of high heels always hit me with a feeling of illicit suggestiveness that never failed to fuel my desire; now hearing the sound being made by my own stacked mother made it all the more exciting.



Entering the bedroom, she flicked a light switch which turned on one of the bedside table lamps, the soft light bathing the whole room in a sensual warm glow. I looked at her king-size bed, the bed I had dreamed about being in with her forever. When my father had been alive, I'd heard that bed squeaking many times from their love-making, and I always wished it was me with her instead of him. I had loved my father dearly, and never wished him harm, but in the mind of a teenage boy, I had always wanted to replace him in my mother's bed; to feel that tremendous body of hers beneath me, her wide hips thrusting up to meet each powerful thrust as I fucked her hard and deep. And now.....I knew my dreams were about to come true.

I followed her further into the room and stepped up close behind her as I wrapped her in my arms. She turned her heads sideways as I pressed myself against her back and lowered my face to her neck. I used the side of my face to push her hair out of the way and gently kissed the smooth soft hollow at the dimpled joint of her neck and shoulder. I pressed my cheek against her warm skin, reveling in the silky smoothness. I drew my lips upward along her neck and then nibbled teasingly at her ear.

"Mmmmm," she mewed like a kitten as I slid my enveloping hands up the front of her body as she leaned back against me. I felt her hand reach around the back of my thigh and pull me against her as my own hands slid up to cup her enormous breasts.

"So, you like this dress?" she whispered provocatively. With my lips kissing the smooth skin of her neck, I could see her eyes were half-closed with desire as I hefted her massive orbs.

"I love this dress.....but I think I'm gonna like what's underneath it even better." I softly squeezed her big tits, amazed at the size and the incredible softness of them.

"Then maybe you should unzip me." She reached up and lifted her hair out of the way as I stepped back and saw the tiny clasp at the top of the slim zipper almost hidden beneath a tiny fold of the rich silk material. I reached up and took hold of the little metal tag and slowly drew it down.

"Zzzzzzziiiiipppppppppppppppppp," the delicious sound was music to my ears as I drew the zipper all the way down to the base of her spine. It was something I had dreamed about doing for years and I felt a stiffening surge go through my prick as my hands released the zipper and reached for the top of her dress. She stood with her back to me, her hands still holding her hair out of the way as I pushed the material off her shoulders and drew it down as she deftly stepped out of it. I turned and placed the beautiful dress over the back of her dressing-table chair as she let her hair down and turned to face me, her frosty blonde locks falling in sensuous waves about her exposed shoulders.

"So, do you like what's underneath?" she asked coyly as she placed her hands on her hips and looked at me provocatively. Fuck.....did I ever! She stood before me in just those sexy strappy high-heels and

an alluring satin bustier that spectacularly displayed her gorgeous set of 34Fs. It came to her waist and was a gloriously rich crimson color, the smooth satin material shining wickedly in the soft light. It hugged her hourglass figure at her waist and I followed the smooth vertical lines of the structured garment upwards until I encountered the overflowing cups. My God, I thought as I gulped noticeably; those cups seemed to be fighting to contain the ample amount of soft tit-flesh she had poured into them, the lacy front edge barely covering her areolae and nipples. The heavily reinforced cups were pressing those spectacular guns together and up, creating a long dark deep line of cleavage that drew my attention like iron filings to a magnet. My eyes followed the two thin satin straps supporting the overflowing cups upwards, to where I could see them biting into her shoulders under the tremendous weight they were carrying.

"I love what's underneath," I said as I stepped forward and kissed her deeply once more.

"My turn.....I want to undress you.....just like when you were a little boy," she said naughtily as she reached up and slipped my suit jacket off my shoulders. She laid it gently across an easy chair she had in the room before kneeling down and slipping off my shoes and socks. As she stood back up, she reached up and slowly started undoing the buttons of my shirt, her eyes looking into mine sinfully. She pulled my shirt out of my pants and slipped it off my shoulders. Her hands reached up to my chest and she smiled at me as they explored the firm muscles of my chest and abdomen.

"Mmmmmm.....nice," she said softly as her smooth warm hands slid all over my taut flesh. She reached for my belt and quickly undid it before her hand grasped the top of my fly and drew it down. "The muscles on your chest and stomach are really nice.....but there's one muscle I need more of right now." Her provocative words sent an electrifying jolt right to my surging prick as she grasped the waistband of my pants and underwear at the same time. She sank to her knees as she tugged downwards, taking my clothes down to the ground with her. I quickly stepped out of them as she tossed them aside.

"Aaaaaah.....that's better." I looked down at my beautiful mother kneeling before me, another one of my fantasies coming to my life before my eyes as my long thrusting cock bobbed menacingly over her pretty face. I looked down as she reached up and drew my engorged manhood down until the broad enflamed crown touched her pouty lips.

"Mmmmm," she mewed deep in her throat as I watched her pursed red lips stretch open as they followed the flaring contours of the lemon-sized helmet. She closed her eyes in rapture as she sucked further down my rigid stalk before retreating, her hot spit glistening on the exposed shaft. Oh man, she was an amazing cocksucker, and I could see how much she loved doing it. I watched enthralled as she drew her mouth back off the end and took the long thick shaft in both of her loving hands.

"It's so beautiful," she whispered softly as she leaned forward and I watched her rub my thrusting erection all over her face.

"Mmmmmmmmm.....it's perfect." She almost seemed to be saying this to herself as she drew the hot oozing tip all around her face, a glistening trail of precum being left in its wake like a snail-trail. I looked down at her flushed face and hooded eyes, a look of lustful hunger covering her features. "Oh God, Connor, I want to suck it again so badly, but I need it inside me right now even more. When I suck it later and I want you to cum on my face, will you do that for me?" She seemed to be almost pleading with me as she asked.

"I'll cum on your face as much as you want, Mom," I replied as she continued to roll the long thick tube all over her gorgeous face. Cumming on my mother's face.....oh man, how I was looking forward to that!

"Good, but right now, I need this inside me." She moved over to the bed and drew the covers down before stacking up some pillows in front of the headboard. I watched as she gracefully slid her body onto the bed and turned towards me as she lay back against the stacked-up pillows. Her eyes burned into me with a smoldering sensuality that sent a shiver down my spine. I watched mesmerized as her hand slid down the front of her body as she drew her long toned legs up and apart. I watched as she extended one long blood-red fingernail and slid it teasingly along her wet pussy-lips. "I want you right here, son."

"Oh fuck....." I thought to myself as I eagerly climbed onto the bed, my heavy prick bobbing between my legs. She reached forward and wrapped her hand around my engorged love-muscle as I moved between her spread thighs. She brought the engorged head to her

oozing slot and fit the dark crimson crown right in between her slick wet cunt-lips. I was on my knees as she fit it in, my body upright as she pulled slightly on my rigid pecker until her warm pink labia had engulfed the massive head.

"Mmmmmm, that feels nice," she muttered softly. With the head of my erection captured just inside her, she let go of it with her hand and I watched as she slid her hands up the front of her bustier until she had each of her heavy breasts captured within her cupping hands. She looked up at me with smoky lust-filled eyes as her tongue slid out to wet her full red lips. "I know you've wanted this for a long time. Why don't you hold onto my ankles and keep me wide open as you watch it go all the way in?"

Her provocative words left me speechless. When she said, "I know you've wanted this for a long time," I wondered how she had known. I filed that away to ask about later, but right now, I wanted to be buried so deep inside her, I think if a SWAT team broke into the room and tried to pull me off they wouldn't have succeeded. As I looked at the rapturous hungry look on her face, I simply nodded as I reached down to each side and grasped her slim ankles still encased in her sexy stilettos. I lifted her legs way up in front of me until they were extended straight up towards the ceiling as I almost folded her in half, and then slowly started to spread them out to each side.

"Oh yeah, that's it," she purred warmly as I moved my arms far out to each side until she was totally splayed out before me. She looked wantonly gorgeous, her huge tits tightly encased in the vivid red bustier, her hands squeezing them softly. Her face was flushed and

glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, her blonde hair spread out wildly on the pillows beneath her. I could see from the look in her eyes that she wanted this as much as I did.....and neither one of us wanted to wait any longer.

I hunched forward and felt her hot wet cunt-lips grip my shaft tightly as I started to push it into her. With my hands still gripping her slim ankles, I looked down as her brilliant pink labia spread lusciously around my thick shaft as inch after thick hard inch disappeared inside her. Oh man, she felt incredible.....so hot, so wet and so wonderfully tight. I could hear her start to breathe more raggedly as I slowly drove over half of my 10" inside her. One part of me wanted to just pound the full length into her as fast as I could, but she had been right, watching it go in inch by inch was exciting beyond anything I had ever imagined. I could feel her legs trembling as I watched her pink pussy-lips tightly stretched around my surging pecker as more of the shaft disappeared from view. Finally, I felt some resistance at the end of my prick and looked down to see about three more inches left to go.

"I.....I think that's as far as your father was able to go when he was all the way in," she said breathlessly as she looked down at the thick root of my cock, the remaining inches begging for admission. "I know it's going to hurt a little, but I want it, Connor.....I want it all."

"Okay, Mom," I said as I adjusted my stance slightly on my knees to give me a little more leverage. I flexed back about an inch and then slowly started to drive it forward. I didn't look down this time but at her face instead. Her head went back and her eyes closed as I saw her

reach down to each side and grip the sheets tightly in each hand. Her lips were parted and she was breathing raggedly as I slowly but surely drove the last few inches into her.

"Oh.....oh.....oh....." She gave off a low guttural groan as I felt her insides stretch to let me in. The hot wet folds of flesh reluctantly gave way as I moved further inside her. The hot gripping resistance felt wonderful as I saw her hands pulling up on the sheets in a death grip. As I felt my shaved groin meet hers, I pressed just that little bit further; wanting to make sure I gave her every last inch.

"Oh Godddddddddddddd," she moaned as I held still with my long thick erection buried to the absolute hilt in her tight gripping pussy. "It's so big.....so hard....." I watched her face and saw her breathe deeply as her fisted hands started to loosen their grip on the sheets. She tilted her head slightly forward and looked at me through hooded eyes, that wanton look on her face once more. She gave me a sly smile as I felt the muscles inside her tight channel grip down upon me enveloped shaft. "Mmmmmmmm....your cock feels wonderful inside me." I kept my throbbing prick planted all the way inside her as I rolled my hips in a slow teasing circle.

"Unnnnnnggghhhh.....it's so thick.....oh God that feels so good." Her hands came back to her chest and I watched as she squeezed her encased breasts as she started to work her velvety hot snatch back at me. It was absolutely incredible to feel her talented cunt sending a delicious rippling massage along the full length of my enveloped prick as she flexed the muscles inside her. I knew she was okay now and sensed she was ready for me to really start fucking her. With my



hands firmly gripping her slim sexy ankles, I pushed her legs as far up and out as I could as I slowly withdrew my beefy cock. I looked down to see the entire shaft glistening with a warm coating of her juices, her brilliant pink pussy-lips clinging tenaciously to my retreating manhood. I paused for a second with the broad flared head partway out of her before slowly and insistently sliding it all the way into her once more.

"Yessssssssssssssssssssssss," her long gasp was accompanied by her head being thrown back again as her eyes closed with pleasure. As soon as I hit rock-bottom, I withdrew and then flexed forward again, 10" of hard thick cock sliding deep into her clutching motherly channel. I was burning with desire and nothing could stop me now. On my knees between my mother's widely spread thighs, I started to flex back and forth as I fucked her deep and hard. I could see her juices flowing out and becoming frothy around my pistoning cock as our hot flesh pressed against each other. The intense friction between our rubbing bodies was driving me crazy as my mother continued to work her scintillating cunt muscles in a gripping buttery massage as I continued to slam it into her. She was better than I ever imagined, her lusty body being offered up to me to do with as I pleased, her long shapely legs quivering in my hands as I held her split wide open for my carnal assault.

"Oh God....it's so deep.....so deep," she moaned as her head started to flip from side to side. I could feel the pleasure escalating in both of us as our bodies became covered with a fine sheen of perspiration from our sexual exertions. I had dreamed about this moment for so long that I wanted to make it last forever, but I knew there was no

way I could hold back on this one.....and I knew now there were going to be many more chances.....and not just tonight.

"Oh Connor," she groaned as I saw her reach down and grip the sheets tightly once more. I felt my balls start to draw up in their protective sack and knew I was close. I drew back and when I slammed it in again, I gave a circular roll of my hips at the same time as I drove it forward.

"OH  
CONNOR.....I.....I.....OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH  
H....." She let out a loud moan as my thrusting erection triggered an intense climax deep within her. I held onto her widely-spread legs firmly as her body started to twitch and shake while her head flopped from side to side like a ragdoll. I felt that delightful sensation of my boiling semen speeding up the shaft of my pulsing prick as I hammered it into her once more, my midsection slapping noisily against hers.

"OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES," I said as I drew back and buried every thick inch all the way to the hilt as the first forceful blast shot forth. I felt shot after shot spurt forth deep within her and then took another stroke backwards and slammed it into her once more as I continued to unload.

"Mmmmmmmmm.....I can feel you cumming inside me," she gasped as she continued to quiver and tremble through a nerve-jangling release. I looked down to see a frothy whiteness forming around our joined bodies where my last thrust had forced some of

the massive load I was filling her with to be pushed out of her stretched opening.

"OH MOM.....YOU FEEL SO GOOD," I moaned as I absolutely flooded her welcoming snatch with my pearly semen. My cock seemed to twitch and spit forever and it felt like I came buckets as her hot gripping channel tried to pull every last ounce of cum from inside me. Finally, I felt the last delicious twinges of my orgasm as the last few drops spat forth. I looked down to see her gasping, her massive tits heaving within the restricting confines of the scintillating bustier as her hands slowly started to release their death grip on the sheets. I let her legs go and they fell immediately on each side of me, both of us near collapse from the tremendous first fuck we'd just shared.

"Oh my God," she whispered in a raspy voice, "that was incredible.....absolutely incredible."

I leaned over her and looked into her warm blue eyes, my heart full of love for her like never before. "That was perfect, Mom. You were amazing." She smiled at me contentedly as she put her arms around my neck and drew my mouth down to hers. We kissed softly and tenderly, our soaring libidos temporarily satisfied.

"You were pretty amazing too, sweetie," she replied as she rolled me over and followed until she was on top of me, my spent member still buried inside her. She rolled her own hips slightly and I felt her vaginal muscles grip down on my slowly deflating pecker.

"Mmmmmm, you feel so good inside me, I wish we could stay like this forever."

"Who says we can't?"

"This kind of says we can't," she replied as she looked at me with a playful smile on her face at the same time as she squeezed down on me forcefully with her contracting vaginal muscles. She expelled my spent prick out of her in a slippery rush, our combined juices following in the messy wake to fall onto the sheets beneath us.

"Wow, did you ever fill me up," she said as she rolled off me and laid at my side, her head resting on the side of my chest. She reached down between her legs and I watched as her fingers scooped up a massive wad of oozing cum from between her puffy labia. She brought her shiny fingers to her mouth, the whole surface coated with my milky seed. "Mmmmmm.....I love that so much." She licked her fingers clean and then stuck her hand back between her legs as she searched for more. She did this a couple of more times before she'd gathered up as much as she could and then lay contentedly on my chest.

"Where did you learn to suck cock like that?" I asked curiously.

"You like that, eh?" she replied as she looked up at me kittenishly.

"It was unbelievable."

"Your dad kind of taught me to do that. Once I agreed to try, he wanted me to keep practicing until I could take it all. I loved it. I loved the feeling of knowing I was pleasing him so much by taking him all the way down my throat. It always turns me on to do it. I'd often cum from doing it, just like in the theatre tonight."

"Did Dad like you to practice a lot?" I wondered if my dad had the same insatiable sex drive as I did, or maybe I'd gotten it from her.

"He did...but I have to admit, I would have been happy to do it more if he'd been able to. Don't get me wrong, I never cheated on your dad, not once; but I'd often spend the night sucking on his cock while he slept. I loved having his hard cock in my mouth and the feeling of having a big load of warm cum slide down my throat was something that I just never seemed to get enough of."

Aaaaahhh, so it was her that I had inherited my overzealous libido from.....that was interesting indeed. "Did Dad cum as much as me?"

This brought a little chuckle from her. "Oh heavens, no. I had always thought he came a lot, but after what I've seen so far tonight, he was nowhere even close to being able to cum as much as you."

"So you like that?"

"I love it. There's so much.....if what I felt slide down my throat is any indication, I can't wait for you to cum on my face." She reached down and traced her fingers delicately along my flaccid dick as we continued to talk.

"What did you mean earlier when you said, 'I know you've wanted this for a long time'?"

She rolled more over onto her side towards me, her massive tits pressed against my side as she crossed her hands under her chin and rested her head on my chest, her pretty face mere inches from mine. She had that mischievous twinkle in her eye again, with a playful smile turning up the corners of her soft red lips. "Remember when you had that summer job working construction?"

Did I ever; that was the toughest summer job I'd even had. It taught me quickly the value of a good education. There was no way I was NOT going to college after slugging it out for a whole summer working as hard as that. The pay had been good, but fuck.....I'd never worked so hard in my entire life. It gave me a whole new respect for the guys that could do that, but I knew it wasn't for me.

"Yeah?" I replied curiously.

"Well, I remember one Monday when you came home from work. You started early on that job but finished in the middle of the afternoon most days since it got so hot. The girls were away at camp for the whole week and of course your dad wasn't going to be home

from the office for a few hours yet. Well, that Monday, I was doing some work at home but had some files that I was supposed to take down to the office before the end of the day." My mother had worked part-time as a real estate agent before my dad got sick. Once the cancer hit him, she stayed home to take care of him and after everything was settled following his death, she never went back.

"You'd come home and taken a shower first thing, like you always did. When you came out I told you that I had to go down to the office for a while but I'd be back later to fix dinner. I grabbed my briefcase and left. I'd only gone a few blocks before I realized that one of the main files I needed was one I'd been looking at while I'd had lunch out by the pool. I turned around and came right back home. Knowing I was going right out again, I just left the car in the driveway and never opened the garage door; I guess that's why you never heard me."

I wondered where she was going with this; she really had my curiosity piqued now.

"Anyways, I decided it would be actually quicker to just walk around the side of the house to the back instead of going through. I was just about to step off the path onto the pool deck when I heard a sound come from the window of your room. It sounded similar to an animal-like groan and I thought you might have hurt yourself. I stepped over to your window to see if you were okay and what I saw took my breath away.

"I could clearly see you in profile; you were only about ten feet away from me. You were kneeling on your bed, totally naked. Your hand was wrapped around your erection, sliding smoothly back and forth. I looked at your cock protruding from your pumping fist and I gasped at the size of it. Scared that you might have heard me, I shifted quickly into shadows beside your window, making sure I was still able to clearly see what you were doing. I couldn't tear my eyes away from your monstrous prick as your hand milked steadily back and forth; the long thick shaft glistening with some form of lubricant." Even back then, I had discovered the wonders of Baby-Fresh Vaseline.

"I felt a shiver of desire run down my spine as I watched, knowing it was a wicked thing to do; to watch my own son masturbate; but I couldn't tear my eyes away. I felt hypnotized just looking at your long thick cock, and without even realizing what I was doing, I found I had hiked my skirt up and slipped my hand down inside my panties. I was soaking wet, my whole pussy tingling with the excitement I was feeling as I watched you."

"Oh Mom," I heard you groan under your breath. I was shocked to hear you call my name. I watched as you reached down and moved something around on the bed in front of you. I tore my eyes away from your gorgeous prick and tried to see what you were doing. My eyes opened wide as saucers as I realized you had a couple of my bras lying on your bed in front of you. I realized you were masturbating thinking about me, and rather than being upset and angry about it, I was thrilled! I couldn't believe how excited it made me feel to think that you felt that way about me. I thought I must be an evil wicked woman to feel that way, but I didn't care; the whole



idea had me so aroused that I was leaking all over my hand as I rubbed furiously at my needy cunt."

"Oh fuck, this is for you, Mom," I heard you say as your hand stroked more vigorously along the full length of your huge prick. I watched mesmerized as you reached down and picked up something else from the bed that I hadn't noticed before. It was a flat object about the size of a magazine cover, but shiny and stiff as if it was covered in plastic. Looking at it from the side, I couldn't see what was on it but I watched as you held it in front of you and pointed your throbbing erection down towards it."

"OH MOMMMMMMMMMMM," you moaned as I watched you start to shoot. The first white ropey strand shot forth so powerfully, I could actually hear it splatter against the plastic cover of what you were holding. Watching that first beautiful white strand of cum spew forth from your powerful cock sent me right over the edge. I had to lean against the wall to prevent me from collapsing as I started to cum. My hand was dripping as I rubbed my tingling pussy while you continued to unload all over what you were holding. I saw a large gob drop from the bottom edge and fall in front of you."

"All over your face, Mom," you said under your breath as you continued to shoot, your silvery spunk totally covering what you were holding as you blasted away. I was quivering and shaking as I continued to rub my pussy, the tingling sensations of a beautiful climax rolling over me in wave after wave of scintillating pleasure. My eyes never left your stroking hand and shooting prick as I continued to watch, gob after gob of thick creamy cum sliding off the

plastic to the sheets beneath you. I couldn't believe how much you shot, and I found myself wondering how it would feel to have a huge cock like that shooting such a tremendous load right into my mouth. The thought brought me to a second crashing orgasm just as the first once ceased. My knees were almost buckling as I rubbed furiously at my enflamed clit, my juices just running down the insides of my thighs now."

"Oh Mom, you look so good with my cum all over you like that," you said softly as you finally stopped stroking your cock. I watched as you drew the enflamed tip all around the surface of what you were holding before gently setting it down on the bed in front of you. You released your spent pecker, and I found myself licking my lips as I watched it bob with each beat of your racing heart as it slowly lost its stiffness. You reached right in front of you and picked up a folded towel I hadn't noticed beneath you. Aahh, I realized you obviously knew what you were doing and the towel had been there to catch all that cum, rather than make a noticeable mess all over your covers. I watched, totally enthralled, as you wiped the sticky lubricant off your hands and dwindling pecker before wiping clean the plastic surface of the object you'd had in your hand and then stuffing the towel under your bed. Still wondering exactly what it was you'd been looking at, I saw you slip it into the bottom drawer of your bedside table beneath a couple of magazines. Knowing now where you'd hidden it, I pulled my hand from beneath my skirt, ducked down beneath your window and tip-toed away. I quietly grabbed my file off the patio table before quickly making my way back to my car. I hurried out of the driveway, hoping you hadn't come out of your room and heard it."

I just looked at her, a dumbfounded look of shock and amazement on my face. I couldn't believe how excited I'd felt as she'd told me the story, especially about how aroused she'd become by watching me jerk off to her. As I lay there totally transfixed by her lurid tale, she reached her hand up and ran her soft warm fingertips across my toned chest, her sexy blood-red fingernails glistening in the glowing lamplight. With her teasing fingers moving gently across my firm chest, she continued her story.

"That night, I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd seen. I knew I had been wrong to watch you. As soon as I realized what you were doing, I should have just turned away and left you to your privacy. But as I looked at that beautiful huge cock of yours, it seemed like the ability to know right from wrong was sucked right out of me, along with every ounce of willpower that I thought I had. The more I thought about it that night, I knew deep in my soul there was no way I could have looked away; I had to watch you, I had to keep looking and see that perfect piece of majestic manhood ejaculate. I'm sure your father must have wondered what had gotten into me that day; I fucked him ragged that night. I wouldn't take no for an answer and if his cock wasn't inside me, I was sucking on it trying to get him up again."

I could feel my own rod starting to respond as she continued with her riveting story, the scintillating narrative causing the surging blood within me to start flowing to my midsection once more.

"When I woke up the next morning, I thought I'd gotten it out of my system, but as soon as you and your father left for work, my curiosity

got the better of me. Three times I went to the door of your room and turned away, telling myself to try and forget it....but each time, my resistance was getting weaker. Finally, I couldn't take it any longer. Ensuring the outside doors were locked, I went into your room and opened the bottom drawer of your bedside table. Pushing the sports magazine on top out of the way, I reached into the drawer and pulled out what lay beneath. There were a stack of adult magazines, full of explicit hardcore pictures. As I flipped through the various covers, I gasped as I realized they were all devoted to mother/son incest. I opened one at random, my eyes encountering a picture of a woman about my age hungrily sucking on her son's cock, a look of pure bliss on her face. I flipped to another page to see another woman on her hands and knees, her son's engorged prick about halfway into her wet pussy. I shivered with excitement as I realized these were your magazines, knowing that you must have been thinking about me as you looked at these pictures. I could feel my pussy starting to throb as I thought about it.

"As much as I wanted to continue looking at those magazines, I knew this wasn't what you'd been holding in your hand when I'd watched you jerk off yesterday. It had been much slimmer than a magazine and it seemed to have a hard plastic coating. I looked down into the drawer and didn't see anything more; but I was sure I had seen you put something back in there. I got down on my knees and looked closer.....ahhhh....I could see a piece of black cardboard cut to almost the same size as the bottom of the drawer. You had made a false bottom to hide what lay beneath. I reached my fingers into the drawer and under the edge of the cardboard. I reached underneath and pulled out what you'd hidden there. I sat on the bed and looked at what I was holding, and I gasped out loud as I saw pictures of myself, enlarged and laminated. There must have been about twenty

of them. I remembered that a number of months before you'd gotten a new camera with a zoom lens for a present and had constantly been experimenting with it. Most of the pictures were of me in a bright yellow bikini that I had at that time, obviously taken from your room with the zoom lens while I'd been out by the pool. I had to admit the pictures were very good, and very sexy. In some, you had zoomed right in on my tits or the inviting yellow V at the front of the bikini bottom. Still others had shots of my whole body, and I had to admit again, that bikini looked great on me; I guess you must have thought so to. I was sure there were a lot more somewhere, but obviously these ones were your favorites as you'd gone to the trouble of having them enlarged, and then laminated so you could jerk off on them time and again without ruining them."

I remembered those pictures she was talking about. Like she said, I'd used the zoom lens from the window of my room and gotten some great shots. Yeah, the ones I'd taken while she'd been wearing that yellow bikini were fucking hot. I still used them to jerk off to sometimes. My sisters were still pretty young at that time, so my mother was definitely the main subject of my jerkoff fantasies. I don't know how many times I'd watched her from the window of my room while she'd been out sunbathing by the pool. I'd stand there, hidden from view, stroking my cock. There were more than a few times that I had to wash the wall below the window where I'd shot off all over it. And those mother/son magazines, I still had them stuffed away in my closet for occasional use too, although, like most people, I used the internet for jerking off most of the time these days.

"As I looked at the various pictures of myself, the plastic coating still showing residual traces of your cum, I felt myself getting more and

more excited knowing what you were using these for. My pussy was throbbing and I could feel myself soaking right through my underwear. Remembering watching you wipe up that massive load with a towel, I leaned down and reached under your bed. I pulled up the towel I'd seen you shove under there yesterday. I couldn't believe how heavy it was. I held it in my hands and kind of spread it out. I could see that it was heavy and shone with the residue from the Vaseline. There were a huge number of clumpy matted areas that I knew you'd used to wipe up your cum. I don't know what lurid instinct possessed me, but I brought your cum-towel to my face and breathed deeply. I could smell the distinctive powdery fragrance of the Baby-Fresh Vaseline, but my senses detected the other scent that I had come to love so much, the distinctive manly scent of semen.

"Mmmmmmm," I found myself purring and my eyes closed with pleasure as I inhaled the illicitly wanton fragrance of my son's cum. I moved from one clumpy patch to another as I breathed deeply....and then on to another area that had a stiff matted surface, pressing the damp material to my face. Overcome with excitement, I looked back at the pictures of me you'd shot your cum on. I quickly pulled off my underwear and shot one hand underneath my skirt, my fingers starting to relieve the hot itchiness I was feeling there. I picked up one picture that had a couple of semi-dried milky splotches on them, as if you'd wiped them off quickly without doing a thorough job of it. I wondered if this was the one you'd been using yesterday when I'd been watching you. It didn't matter; I was too excited to care. With my fingers rubbing my gushing pussy furiously, I brought the picture up to my face and extended my tongue.

"Mmmmmm," I mewed like a little kitten as I licked at the surface of the plastic, my warm tongue making your congealed semen regain its delicious flavor as it came back to life under my hot oral caress. I loved the taste and moved on to another sizable dried gob on the same picture. You'd shot this wad right onto my tits, the milky residue covering my skin and the bikini too. That made it all the more exciting for me as I licked. As your delectable seed warmed and clung to my tongue, I swallowed, the silky masculine flavor sliding smoothly down my throat. Knowing I was swallowing my son's cum for the first time, even just a little bit, triggered a shattering climax deep inside me.

"Oh fuck," I gasped as I drove my fingers deep into my gushing snatch. I fell over on your bed as I shook and convulsed through a tingling orgasm, waves of ecstasy radiating out from my throbbing pussy through my entire body. When I finally finished, I laid there on your bed, gasping raggedly with relief, but with an overwhelming desire for more. I laid there and hatched a plan, anxious to see if it would work out."

She paused as she laid on her stomach beside me, her head propped up on my chest as she looked at me, lustful wanton desire burning into me from those spellbinding blue eyes of hers. I was mesmerized by her story, and I didn't want it to end, but listening to her had aroused me beyond belief. I could feel that my cock was hard as a fucking baseball bat, and I needed to be inside her.....right now.

"Mom, I want to hear the rest, but you've got me so turned on, I need to fuck you again," I said heatedly as I started to roll her over and move on top of her.

"Ssshhhhhtt," she shushed me, pushing me forcefully back down, a wicked little smile on her face, "I think you read my mind, sweetie, but I want to fuck you this time."

She got to her knees and quickly swung her leg over me until she was straddling my midsection. God, she looked gorgeous. I looked at her long shapely legs on each side of me, those sexy red strappy stilettos still on her feet. My eyes travelled upward, automatically drawn from the inviting V of her spread thighs to her glistening wet pussy lips. They looked red, swollen and puffy from the last fuck I'd just given her, but the shimmering wetness let me know she wanted me inside her as much as I did. I followed the shapely line of her flared hips to her narrow waist, where the alluringly sexy satin bustier started. The vivid crimson material shone in the soft light as the vertical structured ribs drew my eyes upward. I felt my heart start to race even faster as I took in the exhilarating sight of the overflowing bra cups, her enormous breasts all but pouring out of the tightly packed satin material. I looked at the sumptuous upper swells and followed the sultry compelling curves inward to her deep dark cleavage, and then downwards to the front of the bustier, where a delicate lacy edge sensually teased my piercing eyes by barely covering her nipples. I looked further up to see her frosty blonde locks framing her sexy face as it fell about her smooth shoulders provocatively, her pretty mature face flushed with excitement as she gazed into my eyes wantonly.



"Oh honey, was it little old me that got you this hard?" she asked with doe-eyed innocence as she reached down between her legs and wrapped her hand around my thrusting erection.

"Yeah, you did. Now what are you gonna do about it?" I asked challengingly.

"How about we try this?" She wriggled backwards slightly as she brought the enflamed head of my beefy prick to her hot moist pussy-lips. I could feel how wet she was as she fit the broad flared head between her gooey labia and started to sink down. I watched as the bright red petals stretched open and formed themselves possessively around the massive glans as she slowly lowered herself.

"Oh fuck that's good," I moaned as her velvety hot channel started to envelop my upright prick in a tight buttery embrace. She leaned forward slightly with her hands on either side of my chest as she continued to settle down onto my long thick cock, her huge breasts looming deliciously over me. She got down to the point where we'd momentarily stopped last time; the deepest point within her that my dad had been able to reach with his smaller cock. I felt her internal resistance press down on my probing lance once more.

"Mmmmmm, that feels so good," she moaned softly as she looked at me through lust-filled eyes. "But I think we're going to have to keep doing this to get me used to taking those extra inches of yours. What do you think, sweetie?" She accompanied this teasing question with a scintillating slow roll of her wide motherly hips, my throbbing

pecker being exquisitely massaged by the soft wet folds of flesh inside her.

"I think you're right, we're going to have to do this a lot to get you used to it."

"Mmmmmm, that sounds perfect." She looked at me with an intense look of smoldering sensuality in her eyes. "But I think I better start practicing right now, don't you?"

I didn't even have a chance to answer as I felt her raise her hips up an inch or so before she started to press herself down onto me more forcefully. I hit that tight point of resistance again but she just kept going, the tight wet tissues inside her molding themselves around my penetrating erection. I couldn't believe how hot and tight she was. I simply watched as she drove herself downwards, the final inches disappearing inside her gorgeous matronly body until her smooth warm groin was pressed flush up against mine.

"OH MY GOD!" she moaned loudly as she threw her head back, her eyes closing in blissful anguish. She moaned a couple of more times as she wriggled herself against me until she was totally settled in the saddle. She leaned forward and placed her arms back on either side of me before looking down at me, her smoky desire-filled eyes peering at me from above her massive swelling tits. "It's so thick and so hard. It feels like it's splitting me in two.....but it feels so good."

She kept her eyes on mine as she slowly lifted herself, her wide flared hip rising until just the tip of my 10" prick remained inside her. With her eyes locked on mine, she gave me a wry little smile before letting herself drop all the way down my long thick cock.

"Mmmmmmm....." I'm sure we both groaned with pleasure at the same time as her velvety pocket sheathed my turgid member in a hot tight embrace as she ground her flesh into my midsection. She quickly raised herself up again and this time, she accompanied her downward movement with a teasingly delicious roll of her wide flared hips. Oh man, it felt fantastic. I didn't think I had ever been harder in my entire life than she had me right now.

"Oh fuck, you're killing me, Mom," I said as I took her hips in my hands and held on for the ride. She really started to go then, rocking back and forth and driving that beautiful hot cunt of hers up and down on my surging cock. She moved back and forth wildly as she pistoned herself up and down; it was like I was being ridden by a bucking bronco. I'd never felt anything like it in my life as my sexy stacked mother rode me like there was no tomorrow.

"Oh Jesus, Connor, it feels so good. I can't believe how hard you are," she said as she continued to drive her twisting hips up and down. "It's so deep.....so thick.....OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" She let out a loud moan as she started to cum. Her body was convulsing and shaking like crazy, but she still continued to rock back and forth on my thrusting prick. I felt my cock become awash with her hot gushing juices, the excess oozing out around our joined bodies to slide down over my exposed nuts. She quivered and shook for a long

time as wave upon wave of tingling ecstasy tore through her twitching body.

"Oh, that was so nice," she purred as she shivered in post-orgasmic bliss before slowing for a second and looking down at me, her huge heavy tits looming over me in that sexy bustier. She still had that devilish twinkle in her eye. "Are you ready to cum?"

"I'm close," I replied.

"I can feel another one coming on. Do you think you can hold off for a minute or two until I catch up?"

"I think I can do that, but you better be fast," I replied as I flexed my lower body up and gave a slight roll of my own hips as I stirred her insides with my probing rod.

"Ohhhngggggghh," she groaned as her eyes closed in pleasure and I felt the engorged head of my prick rubbing salaciously against the hot wet tissues deep inside her. My teasing probe got her right back into it as she kept herself pressed right down against me but rocked her lower body back and forth, the full length of my thick hard dick being beautifully massaged by the tight slick folds of flesh surrounding it.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you are so fucking hot," I said breathlessly as she rose up on my glistening prick and then slammed herself back down.

She quickly got into a smooth fucking rhythm, the intense heat of our connected bodies rising dramatically from the hot wet friction. She seemed anxious to do all the work, and I loved it. I looked up at those huge voluminous breasts of hers heaving within the restricted confines of the exquisitely sexy bustier, my mind trying to will them to burst forth from the tightly-packed cups.

"Connor, I'm close," she gasped raggedly as she bounced furiously on my rigid stalk.

"Me too," I replied as I grasped her hips and held on. She rolled her hips in a scintillating downward circle, every bit of my buried prick being skillfully massaged by her hot gripping cunt. The searing heat of her steaming tight channel finally sent me right over the edge.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as I felt my testicles up close to my body. The boiling spunk in my balls was released and I felt that delicious twinge as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of my cock. The first thick creamy wad shot forth deep inside her, the hot cum pasting itself forcefully against her cervix.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSS," she squealed, her own climax hitting her as I started to flood her insides. She twitched and shook on top of me as I unloaded wad after wad of milky seed deep into her gripping pulling snatch. We were both gasping and jerking as our mutual orgasms washed through our tingling bodies. Her head was thrown back and her eyes were closed as she continued to ride my spitting cock, her body being racked with nerve-jangling sensations as the muscles inside her squeezed down and gripped my spurting

erection. The release I felt was tremendous as gob upon gob of hot milky cream shot forth, her velvety love-pocket filling up with my warm thick cum. Finally, she just sat down; my twitching prick buried to the hilt inside her, and leaned over me as she gasped raggedly, her mouth gaping open as she sucked in cool air. As the final tingling contractions coursed through me, I relaxed back against the sheets as I felt the final few shots ooze forth into her hot buttery channel. We both just stayed still, each of us looking at each other through half-closed eyes, our chests heaving as our racing hearts slowly started to return to normal.

"Oh my God," she finally sighed, "that was incredible."

"Mom, you were fantastic. I couldn't believe how hard I was. I thought my prick was gonna burst inside you. I've never had anybody make me feel that good," I replied as I felt my spent member slowly start to lose its rigidity.

She wriggled herself around, her hot flesh pressing warmly against mine. "Mmmmmm, you really filled me up again. It feels so good inside me, but I want it somewhere else." I laid there and watched as she started to inch forwards. My drained pecker slid out of her wetly and fell onto my abdomen with a noticeable 'slap'. With my thick heavy cock lying on my stomach, I watched as she positioned her overflowing snatch above it and squeezed down with the muscles inside her. It was incredibly sexy to watch our combined juices drip down onto my abdomen, the silvery creamy goo falling onto my warm skin in gob after milky gob. Holy fuck, she was right, I had really filled her up. And now her talented cunt had expelled most of

it all over my midsection, the warm seed glistening in the soft glowing light.

"That's what I want," she said softly as she shifted back down until she was kneeling between my legs. I watched, totally enthralled as she lowered her mouth and ran her long pointy tongue along the full length of my cum-covered cock.

"Mmmmmmmm, that tastes so good," she purred as she flicked her tongue upwards and pulled a milky ribbon deep into her welcoming mouth. Holy fuck, was she ever hot! I laid there, my head propped up on the pillows as I watched my busty mother lick and suck up the warm creamy cum off my body. She took her time, and I could see she savored every silvery mouthful of my precious nectar before swallowing. When she'd finally gotten every creamy morsel, she kissed her way tenderly up the length of my dormant prick and nursed lovingly at the very tip, her tongue gathering up the final warm drops. Temporarily satisfied, she rested with her head on my lap and looked up at me, a look of blissful satisfaction on her face.

Having gotten this surging load out of me, my mind went back to what she'd been saying before my torched libido required satisfaction. "So what was that you were saying about hatching some kind of plan while you were lying in my bed?" I asked, a curious smile on my face.

"You want to hear the rest, do you?" she asked with a wicked little grin.

"Damn right I do, look what the first part your story did to me."

"Okay," she said as she pulled herself up and moved forward until she was straddling my midsection once more. I watched as she moved one hand up and drew her fingers teasingly over the front of her gorgeous body and traced her blood-red fingernails along the lacy edge of the overflowing cups of her bustier. "But do you think there's something I can do to make it a little more interesting for you while I tell the rest of my story?"

"What?" I replied curiously, totally enthralled by her provocative behavior.

"How about you suck on these while I talk?" My eyes opened wide with anticipation as her hands reached up between her massive breasts and plucked open the first clasp at the top of the shiny crimson corset.



## Chapter 10

"Aaaaaahhh," the straining crimson bustier seemed to almost give off a sigh of relief as my mother unhooked the top clasp between the overflowing bra cups. I watched wide-eyed as the top of the sleek satin garment spread outwards, allowing me a teasing glimpse of her deep dark line of cleavage. With her eyes watching mine, she plucked open the next little clasp, the cinched-tight bustier gasping again as it parted even more. I could see the full swells of her breasts at her cleavage now. Her delicate fingers deftly unhooked the next clasp and as the straining garment opened further before my eyes, the undersides of those tremendous globes started to come into view.

"Oh fuck," I said under my breath as I watched her stop and teasingly trace one blood-red fingernail down along the line of her warm cleavage, her fingertips following the soft curving lines of her full round breasts.

My utterance brought a wry smile to my mother's pretty face. "Do you like that?" she asked coyly as she continued to trace her slim fingers up and down along the enticing line between her inviting pillows of soft warm flesh.

"They're beautiful," I replied, as if in a trance. I couldn't tear my eyes away from the alluring display going on before me, even if I wanted to. All my life I had wanted to see my mother's breasts; and now, my wish was about to come true. She smiled and gave me a wickedly teasingly look as her fingers reached to the front of her body and she

opened the next clasp....and then the one after that, and one more until they were all undone. The tightly-packed bustier sensually spread to each side, flatteringly framing her massive chest as her spectacular tits came fully into view. Released from their tight confines, the tremendous orbs pushed the unfastened garment down and away from her lush body as the large heavy mounds of tit-flesh settled low on her chest.

"Oh my God," I uttered softly as I took in the sight I'd been waiting for almost my entire life. My eyes were big as saucers as they hungrily feasted on the magnificent display of my mother's spectacular tits. Her stunning 34Fs had the wonderful natural sag that you would expect from a rack of that size. I watched them sensually settle into position as she tossed the bewitching bustier aside. They were incredibly round and full as they covered her chest from one side to the other, the massive orbs quivering invitingly as she settled back into position astride me. My eyes zeroed in on her nipples, and a glance at the red rubbery buttons almost took my breath away. Her areolae were quite large, about 3" in diameter, a warm pink color and her delicate skin in that area looked soft as sin. But her nipples.....oh man.....my mouth watered just looking at them! They weren't huge but pointed slightly upwards at an enticingly pert angle, and they were in perfect proportion to her sizable breasts. They had a deep lush red color that I pictured getting darker and darker as they got harder and harder. The astonishing crimson buttons looked stiff and rubbery, as if they were already anticipating the pleasure they would find between my sucking lips. Just looking at them, I instinctively let my tongue run out and circle around my waiting lips.

The sight of her beautiful large breasts fully released from the flattering bustier triggered thoughts in my head, thoughts of that guy in the restaurant who'd mistaken my mother for the porn star, Wifey. If he could see her right now, he would have thought I was lying to him. Their breasts had that same round delicious fullness to them, and the way they settled on her chest let you know just how heavy they would be in your hands. The soft creamy skin of her perfect boobs looked so touchable....so enticing, it was all I could do not to reach up and fill my hands with them right now. But it was her nipples....her pert nipples and the broad saucers of her soft pebbly areolae that looked just like Wifey's. I thought back to all those clips I'd watched on the internet of that gorgeous woman, and I felt a delicious surge go through me as I realized how much their breasts looked alike.

I lifted my eyes past the full round globes up to her pretty face, her devastatingly sexy blue eyes framed by her frosty blonde locks, and it wasn't hard to see why that guy had asked me if that's who she actually was. I had jerked off to Wifey many times, picturing my mother performing those deliciously lusty blowjobs and handjobs that Wifey is so famous for.....and here I was.....all my fantasies about to come true.

"From the look on your face, I guess these are what you've been waiting for all these years." My stacked mother leaned forward and my eyes followed those magnificent tits as she brought them over my face, the heavy round orbs swaying back and forth pendulously mere inches from my hungry mouth. I watched hypnotically, my eyes never leaving the provocatively teasing display of her swaying breasts as she brought them closer and closer. She swung them

slowly from side to side, the pert nipples moving back and forth enticingly. I watched mesmerized as they came closer and closer until finally, I felt the intense heat from her nipples graze my lips as she let them sway from side to side.

"Now, why don't you just suck on these while I tell you the rest of my story," she said as she dropped the tip of one big breast right between my parted lips.

I eagerly closed my lips around her sweet nipple, the soft warm bud feeling hot and alive in my mouth. I pushed a wad of saliva to the front of my mouth and let my tongue give the pebbly button a slobbery bath. With my tongue circling around the warm protrusion, I felt it quickly get even stiffer. I closed my lips tightly and gave it a gentle tug as I kept my wet tongue slithering all over it.

"Mmmmm, I could definitely get used to this," my mother said with a soft purr as she languished in my oral attention. "Now, what was I saying? Oh yeah, I was lying on your bed and coming up with a plan.....

"After seeing those mother/son magazines you had, it was pretty obvious where your interests were. And like I said, seeing you jerk off all over those laminated pictures of me was more exciting than I could have imagined. I couldn't stop thinking about that huge cock of yours; seeing you stroke it as you mentioned my name.....and then seeing it shoot like that, I just loved it. I'd never seen a cock that big or seen anybody cum that much in my entire life. Knowing my own son had a prick that huge really turned me on, especially knowing

you were picturing doing things with me most of the time when you were jerking it.

"So, knowing you'd be home from the construction site a little later that day, I hatched a little plan. Shortly before you were due home, I put on that yellow bikini that I'd been wearing in the pictures you had." She stopped her story for a second as she pulled her heavy round tit out of my sucking mouth with a noticeable "POP". She shifted over slightly and dropped the other massive boob right into my waiting mouth. "There, I think that one needs a little attention now."

I latched on and started sucking heartily as she picked up her narrative. "Once I had my bikini on, I grabbed some files from work, my sunglasses and a nice cold drink and went out onto the deck to wait for your arrival. I took care to position the deck chair so that once I put my plan into effect; it would be exactly where I wanted it; facing your bedroom window. It wasn't long before I heard you come in and call my name from inside the house."

"I'M OUT HERE, HONEY," I said loud enough for you to hear. You came out and I watched as you slugged down a big glass of ice tea, the sweat and grime from a long day at the construction site all over you.

"Hi Mom," you said as you sat down at the little patio table. I'd situated my chair so that the patio table was down past the foot of the chair, and just to the side. It was just the place for you to get a good view, and I figured, being the peeping perv that you seemed to

be, that thought would be seat you'd pick when you saw me. I'd been exactly right.

"Hi," I said as I sat forward slightly but kept my hands on the arms of the chair behind me. I knew this position would cause my chest to thrust forward, my tits almost spilling out of the tightly-stretched bra cups of my bikini. I saw your eyes immediately go to my projecting breasts. I decided to tease you a little more so I rolled my neck and kind of turned my torso from side to side, as if stretching my upper body from lying down too long. Like a moth to a flame, your eyes were totally drawn to my voluptuous tits, straining against those vivid yellow cups.

"It's pretty hot, eh sweetie?" I asked teasingly as I looked at you through my dark sunglasses, knowing you were unable to see the devilish glint in my eyes.

"Yeah," you said with a gulp, continuing to stare at me surreptitiously as you tried to avert your eyes. I purposely looked away, giving you free rein to ogle me as you pleased. I turned and stretched a bit more, noticing that my nipples had started to stiffen and project through the bikini top. I was sure from the flushed look on your face that you'd noticed as well. I sat back in the chair and extended my legs fully out as if I was stretching them as well, pointing the tips of my toes sensually towards you, accentuating the graceful lines of my tanned legs. I noticed you gulp again before lifting your glass and letting an ice cube from your empty glass fall into your mouth, a vain effort to help cool you off. As you sluiced the melting ice cube around in your mouth, I drew the leg closest to you

up, knowing this would give you a good look at the insides of my creamy thighs. Your eyes flicked down and I knew from your position you'd be able to see right underneath my raised leg to the crotch of my bikini. I wagged my leg in and out a little bit, teasing you with each innocent sway of my bent leg.

"You look pretty sweaty. Are you gonna take your usual shower now?"

"Yeah, I think so." You seemed torn between wanting to stay right where you were and continue with this close-up view I was treating you to, or hurry back to your room and whip out your cock. I would have loved for you to do it right there, take out that thick long monster and stroke it right in front of me, but I knew that wasn't going to happen; not just yet anyways. I figured I'd give you a little more information to help you make up your mind.

"Well, I've got a house showing a little later, so I'm gonna stay here just for another ten or fifteen minutes before I have to start getting ready. When you're done with your shower, you can grab yourself something to eat to hold you over until I get back, okay?" I could see that telling you I was going to stay out here for just a little while longer helped you make your decision.

"Okay. I think I'll go take that shower now." As you got up, I could see the sizable bulge inside your jeans. I smiled to myself as I took a good long look at your firm round bum as you strode purposefully back into the house, wondering how it would feel beneath my hands."

"Why don't we switch positions for a while?" My mother had stopped her story once more as she pulled her other big boob out of my sucking mouth. I shifted to the side and she pushed a bunch of the pillows up against the headboard. She turned over and leaned back against the headboard, her sumptuous tits fully on display as they spread out over the full breadth of her chest.

"There now," she said as she put her arm around my shoulder and drew my face down to her chest. I got comfortable on my side with my head in her lap as she lifted one massive orb and pointed the pert rubbery nipple at my mouth. We moved together and I slipped my lips over the hard swollen protrusion once more and started to suck. "Mmmmmm, that's it. Perfect. Just like when you were a baby. Your father never knew it, but I used to let you suck on my tits for hours. Even then, you had a wonderful mouth."

"Now, where was I....oh yes, you'd just gone back into the house. I pretended I was reading some papers in the file I had, but with my dark glasses on, I flicked my eyes up over the top and watched your bedroom window. Within seconds of you going into the house, I saw a movement behind the glass. It wasn't much, but I could see that you were there, watching me.

"I put down the file and stretched my arms behind me once more to thrust my chest out, knowing that your hand was probably already wrapped around your cock. I then laid back full length on the deck chair, still slightly propped up so I could keep an eye on your window through my sunglasses. I caught a flicker of movement



again and turned my head slightly sideways so it would appear like I was looking elsewhere, while still keeping my eyes on the window through the dark glasses. Sure now that I had your attention, I drew my knees up so my feet were resting on the lower part of the chair. With the bottom of the chair facing you, I casually shifted my feet to each side, giving you a perfect view right up between my spread thighs."

While my mother continued to tell me her story, I kept busy exploring those magnificent tits of hers. I was quite comfortable lying beside her with my head in her lap, my hands and mouth roaming all over those impressive mounds. I let my fingers run over the soft smooth skin as I gently squeezed and hefted those exquisite boobs. I switched from one breast to the other, and then back and forth every couple of minutes, my lips and tongue gently licking and sucking on the swollen rubbery buds of her stiff nipples or licking around the soft skin of her breasts and the pebbly saucers of her areolae. Man, her tits were fantastic; so round, so full, so heavy. I couldn't believe I was finally sucking on my mother's tits, after all the times I'd dreamed of it and jerked off just thinking about it....and now I was actually doing it. As I sucked on those exquisite swollen nipples of her, she continued with her riveting narrative.

"With my legs up on the chair and you having a dead-on view up into the crotch of my bikini, I decided to tease you a little more. I let my fingertips trace slowly down over the front of my body, stopping briefly to adjust the overflowing cups of the bikini top. In absent-minded fashion, I then let my fingers slide further down my body and casually scratched at the inside of one thigh. With my blood-red fingernails tracing provocatively along the smooth creamy skin of

my thigh, I brought my fingers higher, until the tips toyed with the leg opening of my bikini bottom."

With my hands and mouth full of her spectacular guns, I clearly remembered watching her from my window as she had described. When I'd been sitting with her outside, I had been so turned on by seeing her stretch and turn in that gorgeous bikini of hers that I knew I had to get off right away, and if she was gonna stay out on the deck for only a few more minutes; I wanted to take advantage of that opportunity. I'd actually rushed into my room, pulling at my belt and pants as I hurried to the window and whipped out my stiffening prick. As I peered from around the edge of my curtains, I was shocked to see what she did, sliding her finger beneath the leg of her bikini bottoms and fingering herself. I figured she had probably thought I had gone straight into the shower, which was my usual routine, which would have given her a few minutes of privacy. Within seconds of watching her erotically stimulating exhibition, my beefy prick became hard as a fucking baseball bat. She had looked just smoking-hot that day, and I couldn't believe how lucky I'd been that her chair happened to be facing directly towards my window. Of course, I had thought at the time that it was just pure coincidence.....now, I knew otherwise. That day, I could have cared less; I had a handful of rock-hard cock and was stroking it vigorously as I watched her from my bedroom window. I knew what had happened next, and I felt a stirring start in my slumbering prick as I remembered how excited I'd been at what she did.

"With my fingertips running teasingly along the leg opening of my bikini, I purposely looked sideways towards the door leading from the deck into the house. I wanted you to think I was checking to make

sure I was still alone and nobody was about to surprise me by coming out of the house. Satisfied that I wasn't about to be interrupted, I turned back and deftly slipped my middle finger beneath the leg opening. I could feel how wet and hot I was as I let my fingertip slide up and down the slippery cleft of my gooey slot. I laid my head back as I continued to manipulate my slippery pussy-lips with my exploring finger. I let my tongue run slowly around my lips as I spread some of my warm honey around the erect spire of my throbbing clit. Oh man, did it ever feel good. And it was so much more exciting knowing you were watching me, just as I'd watched you yesterday.

"Knowing you were stroking yourself as you watched me, I was so turned on that it didn't take long before I knew I was going to cum. I just kept rubbing at my sensitive clit for a few more seconds before I felt that delicious tingling sensation start. I flicked my eyes up to your window and saw a rhythmic movement at the side of your curtains and knew your hand was flying back and forth on your huge prick. That was all it took to trigger my orgasm. I rubbed my throbbing red button as waves of ecstasy started to roll through me. I knew you could see me quivering and shaking as a tingling climax overwhelmed me. I kept rubbing the sensitive spire at the top of my gushing slit as the scintillating waves of pleasure coursed through me. I could feel myself gasping and twitching as my whole body thrummed like a plucked guitar string. As the final blissful throes ebbed out of my satiated body, I slowly withdrew my finger from beneath my bikini bottom. I held it up so you'd be able to see it, the whole finger glistening with a shiny coating of my warm nectar. I teasingly brought my finger to my mouth and inserted it between my parted lips. I gave a soft purr as I closed my lips around it and sucked the warm sticky fluid deep into my mouth."

I remembered that as clear as if it was yesterday. I'd been so turned on looking at her in that fantastic bikini that I knew it wouldn't take me long. I had actually cum all over my wall at the same time she started to shake and convulse on her deck chair, her own climax making her twitch erotically right before my lusting eyes. But after I came, I stood transfixed, totally mesmerized by what had just happened; and seeing my sexy mother lick her finger clean had sent another rapturous shiver quivering down my young spine.

"I figured you must have cum by now too, so I picked up my files and came back into the house. I went into my own room and heard your shower start up. I smiled to myself knowing that were going to have to wash off a little more than just construction sweat now.

"I had to take a shower myself but before I did, I took my hand and pressed the front of my bikini bottoms firmly against my dripping snatch. I rubbed it all around, making sure the gusset was soaking up as much of my cunt-honey as it could. Carefully placing the bikini top and bottom on top of a full laundry basket, I took my shower and dressed in a skirt and blouse for the house showing I told you I had.

"By the time I was done, I heard you milling around the kitchen getting yourself something to eat. I came out carrying the laundry basket, the brilliant yellow bikini clearly visible on top of everything else. "Okay, sweetie," I said as I put the laundry basket down on the kitchen floor, making sure you'd seen what was at the top of it. I took a look at the clock on the wall and made a wry face. "I've got to get

going to that house showing. I'm running a little later than I thought. I was gonna put this load of laundry on but I'll do it later."

"I can do it, Mom," you said emphatically. "I've done it before." This was what I'd been hoping for; the next part of my plan was working out perfectly.

"Oh, would you?" I said innocently. "That's great, sweetheart." I stood on my tip-toes and gave you a quick peck on the cheek, letting you get a whiff of my delicate perfume as I pressed my breasts softly into your chest. When I stepped back, you looked flushed. Not wanting to potentially embarrass you any more, I grabbed my purse and briefcase. "Alright dear, I should be back in a little over an hour. I'll get dinner underway then."

"Not even waiting for an answer, I left and pulled the car around the corner and parked it. I hurried back to the house and made my way along the path to the backyard, just as I'd done yesterday. I crept up to your window and peeked inside. I was just in time to see you pull off your t-shirt and shorts. I noticed the laundry basket on the floor beside your bed, just as I'd hoped. You hurriedly pulled a big jar of Vaseline from your bedside table drawer and placed it on the bed, along with the same spread-out cum-towel you'd used the day before.

"I was happy to see that although you'd just cum a few minutes before when I'd been outside, your big heavy dick already looked swollen and in need of attention. I watched as you picked up the two pieces of the bikini and tossed them into the middle of your bed. You

followed and kneeled near the foot of the bed, in the same spot I'd watch you jerk off in yesterday. You scooped up a generous amount of the Vaseline and I watched, my own excitement rising, as you started to spread the sticky lube along the length of your stiffening cock."

"Mmmmmmm...." I heard you let out a soft moan and I could see your tumescent member extending and getting thicker as your milking hand pumped slowly back and forth. I found myself licking my lips, wondering how that monstrously-huge cock would feel in my mouth, stretching my lips wide open. Once again, I hiked up my skirt and slipped my fingers down into my panties, my pussy-lips already soaked with my flowing juices.

"You reached in front of yourself, picked up my bikini top and brought it to your face. Your eyes closed as I watched you breathe deeply, the warm scent of my body flooding your senses. After inhaling deeply from each of the large bra cups, you set the top down and picked up the bottom. I watched with heightening excitement as you turned it over and lifted the inside panel towards your face. I saw your nostrils twitch and you paused, your eyes sparkling with elation as you saw how wet that soaked panel was. You brought it closer and your nostrils flared as you breathed deeply, the musky scent of my juicy cunt wafting into your brain.

"Oh fuck, Mom," you said as I watched you press it right against your face. Your hand started to pump more vigorously on your engorged prick as you breathed deep, the intoxicating scent of my sweet nectar swirling through your senses. You pulled it away from your face and

looked at the wet gusset intently, your eyes feasting on the suggestively soaked fabric. Your tongue slid out from between your lips and I watched you tentatively lick upwards along the full length of the sodden material.

"Mmmmmm." You purred like a little kitten as you licked....and then you went back for more. I saw you press the flat of your tongue against the sopping gusset and lap at it, your eager tongue trying to gather in as much of the silky fluid as you could.

"As I watched, I kept my fingers busy between my legs. My dripping pussy was so itchy with need, I couldn't stand it. I had two fingers deep inside me and my thumb strumming my engorged clit as I watched, totally unable to take my eyes off you and that huge thick cock of yours. A shivering thrill of excitement went through me as I watched you push the gusset of my bikini bottom right into your mouth. I gasped with delight as I saw your mouth and lips working as you chewed and sucked on the soaked fabric, your tongue pulling out every succulent morsel of my cunt-juice that you could get.

"Mmmhhphmmm...." A contented sound came from your stuffed mouth as you let go of the bottom, the piece of bright yellow material securely clamped between your sucking lips. You picked up the bikini top from your bed and I watched wide-eyed as you held it in front of your throbbing rock-hard erection. My hungry eyes feasted on your iron-like rod, the enflamed head purple and angry-looking. I could see the bold tracery of veins protruding from the glistening shaft as your greasy hand slid rapidly back and forth. You started to moan and I knew you were close. I shoved my own fingers deep

inside me as I watched you point the engorged crimson crown into one of the bra cups.

"OHHHNNNNNNNNNN," you groaned into the bikini bottom stuffed in your mouth as you started to cum. I saw a long white rope shoot forth and plaster itself deep into the curved cup, the place where my breasts had been only a few moments ago. The idea of that cum being shot onto me instead triggered my own orgasm and I had to lean against the wall as I started to cum. I was shaking like a leaf and trying to keep quiet beneath your open window as I convulsed and twitched through my climax. I kept my eyes on you the whole time though, watching as you skillfully moved your shooting prick back and forth between the two bra cups, filling each with shot after shot of your milky cum. Once again, I was amazed at how much you could shoot. I watched you continue to stroke that beautiful big cock of yours, gob after creamy gob of pearly semen landing inside those deep curving bra cups, some heavy whitish strands dangling erotically from the bottom edge of the cups.

"The illicit thrill of watching my son masturbate over me shot through my sordid brain, and I felt that exquisite feeling as a second orgasm followed on the heels of the first. My fingers were totally covered with my gushing juices and I could even feel it running down the insides of my thighs as I trembled and shook through another delightful climax. As the blissful tremors slowly receded, I took one final look inside. I watched as you released your spent prick, the heavy member bobbing up and down slightly with each beat of your racing heart. You pulled the bikini bottom from your mouth and I watched you take one final long lick along the gusset before dropping it on the bed and reaching for your clean-up towel.



"I pulled my sticky hand from within my panties and quickly stole away, hurriedly making my way back to my car. I drove to the mall and did some shopping as I waited for the appropriate amount of time to pass before coming home. When I arrived, you were sitting watching some TV. I saw that the washing machine was running, and I was sure that my cum-soaked bikini was in there; the machine doing its part to remove any lurid evidence of your incestuous jack-off session. With a delighted smile on my face, I started to make dinner, wondering what I could do next to entice you even more."

As she finished her riveting illicit tale, I pulled my mouth away from her beautiful tits and looked up at her, my mind vividly remembering that day just as she'd told it. She seemed to be alluding to the fact that she was plotting something more, as if she wanted for more to happen between us.....but it hadn't, and I wondered why. And then I remembered....

"It was right around then when Dad got sick, wasn't it?" I asked.

I watched as her pretty eyes start to brim with tears, but I saw her fight them back. She'd been through this too many times and she knew how to control herself. "Yes, it was that week actually. You know how our life changed after that."

Did I ever; the cancer seemed to hit my dad pretty hard and he started to deteriorate right before our eyes. Like I said earlier, my mom had quit her job at the real estate firm to look after him. I knew

watching him go had torn a part of her own soul away as well. There was a terrible void in her life once he left; I knew she had loved him with all her heart.

"Mom, I can't begin to tell you how proud I am of you. For everything you did for Dad, and for us. You kept it together all the time while everybody else was falling apart. Dad wasn't the only one who needed you then, we all did. And you always had time for all of us. I'll never forget that."

"That means so much to me, Connor. I only did what I could. I hope it was enough."

"It was more than enough." I thought back on all she had to go through, all the heartbreak she must have suffered. That would clearly explain why she had never acted any further on those incestuous desires of hers; the ones I'd awakened inside her when she saw me masturbating about her. "So Mom, with what happened to Dad, that was why....why....you know.....nothing more like that happened?"

"You know how much your dad meant to me. I lived every minute of every hour of every day for him at that time. I couldn't think of anything else except helping him and doing whatever I could for him."

As I listened to her, I realized it was because she was this kind of woman that I loved her more than anyone else in the entire world. She had been a saint to my father; there was no other word for it.

"I put all my own feelings aside, he became everything to me in the little time he had left. And then afterwards, it took me a long time to get over everything that had happened."

I knew how tough losing him had been on her. I was glad that she had her own sister close, as well as me and the girls to help her through it. We had talked many times since he'd passed away, and now, we were all moving forwards and trying to be happy, knowing that's what my dad would have wanted. I looked into her warm blue eyes and knew she had put those times behind her; that she was ready to move forward. When I thought about the fact that she'd asked me out on this date, and knowing now the way things had gone tonight, I guess moving forward included me to some extent, not that I had any complaints, that's for sure. She obviously wanted a change in her life, and I was okay with that too. If my sexy stacked mother wanted a lover, I was more than ready to fill that position.....and any needy hole she that she might want filled as well.

"So, I'm curious," I asked as I licked at one spongy nipple, "after watching me those two times, you kept those feelings to yourself all this time? And why now? Why this 'date' right now?"

My question brought a smile to her face and she purred as I latched onto her stiff nipple once more and gave it a gentle tug. "Mmmmmm, God that feels good." She paused as she reached down and tenderly

ran her fingers through my hair as I pursed my lips around the tip of one large breast. "Well, to start with, I never really kept it to myself the whole time."

I looked up at her in surprise. She had a coy look on her face as she looked down at me with a playful smile turning up at the sides of those pretty lips of hers. She could see the questioning look in my eyes.

"I might have shared some of those feelings with your Aunt Julia along the way."

"What?" I asked in surprise, my sucking mouth leaving her soft warm tit-flesh.

"Yeah, one night awhile back, she was over and we had a little too much wine. The topic got around to sex, and the next thing you know, I'd told her everything. When we were girls, we shared everything like that. I have to tell you, I found it actually made me feel better to get it off my chest and tell her."

"Wh....what did she say?" I was totally thrown for a loop at the things I was just finding out. My mother had just revealed how she'd provocatively started on a plan to seduce me when I was much younger, and now, she shocked me even more by telling me that my Aunt Julia knew all about that too!

My mother had that nasty little smile on her face as I felt her hand slide down over my midsection, her fingers wrapping around my half-hard prick. "Well, she seemed pretty interested when I told her what this looked like." Her magical hand started working back and forth, her warm fingers drawing the loose outer sheath up and down as my beefy member started to quickly stiffen.

"So Aunt Julia knew all about the idea of this date before I did?"

"We kind of planned it together. As we talked, she convinced me that I needed to start living my life again. She told me that at the age you were now; with both of us being capable of making our own adult decisions, it was the time. She basically told me I should 'go for it'. I have to admit, when I thought back on watching you in your room those two times, it didn't take much convincing to get me to agree. She even helped me pick out the dress I was wearing tonight. Of course, I have to give her a full report tomorrow."

"A report?"

"You don't mind, do you sweetie?" she said as she leaned over towards me and I watched her slip her lips over the burgeoning head of my swelling prick. Between her stroking hand and that hot wet mouth of hers, it took only a few seconds of her ardent sucking for my cock to become brick-hard between her soft red lips.

"I....I guess not," I replied, totally flummoxed at this whole series of events. But I still managed to locate my sense of humor. "Just so long as I get an A on that report."

"I don't think getting an A should be too hard," she said as she licked at the head of my dripping cock. "But one thing she will ask is just how big this thing is. You said earlier it was a little over 10 inches?" She paused and looked me, eagerly anticipating my answer.

"Yep, afraid so," I replied.

"Oh fuck," she said as she looked back down at my stiff prick and licked all around the broad flared crown once more before looking back at me, excitement in her eyes. "Do you know how big around it is?"

"7."

"My God, no wonder I thought you were gonna tear me in two." She turned back and looked at my majestic cock with admiration. "It's beautiful.....and I definitely think that's worth an A+ on my report."

I smiled at that and watched as she continued to lovingly suck the head of my surging dong. The one thing I did know was that after listening to her scintillatingly illicit story about her and her yellow bikini, and after sucking on those fantastic tits of hers while she'd

been telling me, I was primed to get off again. It had to happen soon or I was going to go crazy.

"Mmmmmmm," she said as she slipped her pouty lips off my thick cock and sat back against the headboard, "it looks like I'm not the only one who's ready again." The wanton look of desire in her lust-filled eyes sent a fiery shiver right to my surging libido. Fuck, I was more than ready!

"You're damn right I'm ready," I said emphatically as I scrambled to my knees, my pulsing rod thrusting out before me. "This time, I'm gonna fuck those beautiful tits and then cum all over that pretty face of yours," I saw a shiver of desire go through her as she listened to what I wanted to do to her. At this point, I could see that she was mine to do with as I pleased, and I knew she loved it as much as I did. Our incestuous desires were overwhelming us, both of us insatiable, unable to get enough of each other as our soaring libidos raged within us.

She released my throbbing pecker and brought her hands to the sides of her massive chest and lifted them towards me. "Reach into the drawer down there and you'll find just what we need," she said as she nodded towards her bedside table. I reached over and opened the bottom cupboard and spotted a bottle of baby oil inside. I pulled it out and shuffled over on my knees towards her as she settled herself a little further down on the big stack of pillows behind her. "There, that should be good."

Not needing instructions, I straddled her gorgeous body and looked down at her, my menacing hard cock looming over her tits; a thrusting engorged lance about to find a slippery home between those voluptuous soft breasts of hers. I popped open the lid of the baby oil and drizzled out a generous amount all over the surface of her heavy round guns. I swirled the bottle from one side of her impressive chest to the other, the shiny lines of oil making an enticing piece of erotic artwork.

"Pour some on my hands before you put it down," my mother said as I was about set the bottle aside. She held them palm up and I filled her cupping hands before setting it down. She brought her hands quickly to my bobbing prick and I luxuriated in the feel of her warm slippery hands gripping my rigid pecker.

"Jesus, I can't believe how big it is," she said softly as her oil-slicked hands moved smoothly back and forth. I took my cue from her and used my own hands to start spreading the slippery lubricant all over those extraordinary breasts of hers. "Mmmmmm, that feels so nice. You sucked on them for so long, they're just buzzing. They're pretty sensitive.....and your hands feel so good. I think if you work on my nipples just a bit more I'll be able to cum."

Oh fuck, did that ever sound hot! Here I was rubbing baby oil all over my mother's astonishingly gorgeous tits, and she was about to cum. This day was just getting better and better. I circled my slippery hands all over the full breadth of her chest, spreading the oil everywhere, especially into the dark line of her deep cleavage. Just as she asked, I brought my fingers down and started to work on her



nipples. The stiff red buds felt like hard slippery erasers under my fingertips.

"Mmmmmm, that's it," she mewed softly as I rolled the protruding rubbery buttons between my thumbs and forefingers. I looked down and saw her eyes close as the pleasurable sensations flowed from her nipples through the rest of her lush sexy body. I felt her start to squirm beneath me as I kept my fingertips busy at the front of her chest, rubbing and gently squeezing those sensitive pebbly nubs. She kept her slick hands moving smoothly back and forth along the full 10" of my engorged love muscle as her pleasure escalated. As much as I wanted to slide my surging prick between those two voluminous mounds right now.....I wanted to give her the pleasure she needed first.

"Mom, your tits are incredible. I've never seen anything so perfect in my life," I said softly as my fingertips tugged and gently squeezed her slippery nipples.

"Oh

Honey.....I.....I.....AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH...."

A long gasp issued from between her parted red lips as she started to cum. I gave her engorged nipples another good squeeze as I trapped them between my slick thumb and forefinger once more. Her legs were scissoring back and forth as she thrashed about on the bed, a delicious orgasm flowing through her insatiable mature body. Her face was a mask of lust as she came, her soft red lips open as she gasped for air, her eyes closed in bliss, her whole face flushed with excitement.

"Oh God, that was so good," she moaned softly as she started to come down from her orgasmic high. She looked at me through half-closed eyes, the desire for more gleaming from those sexy blue orbs.

"Are you ready for this now?" I asked as I inched forwards, my thrusting erection mere inches from her sumptuous slippery rack.

"Oh God yes, it's so beautiful." She pulled my rigid prick towards her chest as she looked down at the enflamed tip, pre-cum dripping onto her already glistening tits.

"You want it right in there?" I asked teasingly, shifting my hands to the sides of her heavy breasts as she pushed down on the top of my pecker and pushed it deep into her cleavage. I pushed inwards and watched as the soft mounds of flesh closed over my buried prick, the underside of her sizable mounds pressed against my groin, about 4" of stiff hard cock protruding from the top of her cleavage.

"Yeah, right there," she purred as I rolled my hips slightly, testing the slippery channel. Fuck, did it ever feel great. It felt so soft and warm, the baby oil making it even more incredibly slippery and inviting. Oh man, I was in heaven. With my hands holding her spectacular boobs pressed warmly around my engorged member, I started to slowly slide it back and forth. I'd draw back until just the tip of my rigid dick was trapped between those massive pillows, and then slide it insistently forward until the broad mushroom crown and a few inches of shiny hard cock-meat emerged from the deep crevice

of her long dark cleavage, the enflamed dripping tip almost reaching her neck.

"Mmmmmmm, that's perfect. I love it," she cooed blissfully as I started into a smooth back and forth rhythm as I really started to tit-fuck her. I rocked back and forth on my knees as the intense friction between our slippery bodies got hotter and hotter, the soft undersides of her slick globes pressing warmly against my midsection with every hard long stroke. She was moaning continuously now as I thrust my engorged lance back and forth between those soft slick mounds.

"Mom, I'm gonna cum all over your face this time....and there's gonna be a lot of it." I could see my words sent a tingling shiver of fiery lust through her as I kept thrusting back and forth. There was no place I'd rather shoot my cum than all over my mother's face. I remembered she'd mentioned earlier that she wanted me to cum on her face, and I'd been incredibly excited when she'd said it, but that was nothing compared to the rush of incestuous desire I felt for her as I looked down at her pretty waiting face right now. She looked so beautiful, her frosty blonde hair framing her attractive features, her warm blue eyes alive with desire, her full red lips parted and waiting eagerly for attention, her smooth creamy skin glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. It was a perfect canvas for my lust-driven desires.

"Oh fuck," I growled under my breath as I pushed her voluminous tits even tighter around my pistoning cock, the hot slippery flesh providing the perfect amount of friction to bring on my much needed release. I was moaning and she was gasping as I vigorously rocked

back and forth, my thrusting erection sliding hotly inside that slick soft corridor formed by her incredible breasts. I felt my balls start to draw up close to my body and knew I was close. I'd been so turned on by both her wickedly lurid story and from sucking on her soft full 34Fs that I was all primed, and I could feel that this was going to be a big one. With a last deep hard thrust between those hot slick pillows, I felt the exquisite sensation as the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my pulsing cock. I released her breasts and wrapped my hand around it as I quickly leaned forwards, my jacking hand stroking my throbbing manhood towards her waiting face.

"OH FUCK.....I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as I directed my pulsating prick down. Her eyes were fixed on the gaping red eye as a milky gob pulsed to the surface for a split second before a long white strand shot forth. It hit her on the left cheek and raced forwards onto her forehead and right into her hair. I kept stroking and moved the engorged head over to the other side just as a second thick rope jettisoned forth. It hit her other cheek forcefully and spread out in a massive wad to cover a huge portion of that side of her face.

"OH GOD," she moaned wantonly as her eyes closed and I saw her hand shoot down between her legs as she started to shake once more. I kept pumping away at my cock as I totally flooded her face, wad after gooey wad spurting forth to land all over her soft smooth skin. We were both groaning as our mutual orgasms swept through us. She was twitching beneath me, her hands rubbing furiously between her legs as I continued to unload all over her. Through half-closed eyes, I watched my pearly semen rain down upon her beautiful feminine features, the silvery seed covering her like an erotic mask. I don't know how many shots I pumped out, but I knew it was one of

the biggest loads I'd ever shot, and I'm sure that knowing it was my mother who I was doing it to made helped to make it as big as it was. I kept stroking, and my pulsating cock just kept twitching and spitting as I basted her face like a Christmas turkey. My stroking hand continued to pump vigorously back and forth, gob after gob of milky cream spewing forth all over her until I was totally drained. Finally, the last shivering twinges went through me and I looked down to see what I had done.

"Oh fuck!" I said under my breath as I looked at my sexy stacked mother lying beneath me. What a sight! I looked at her face and gasped, fuck....was it ever a mess.....an absolutely beautiful mess of cloudy swirling cum. It covered her from one side of her face to the other, with long strands trailing off into her lustrous hair while other big gobs clung tenaciously to her jawline and chin. Both cheeks were covered in a bizarre mosaic of crisscrossed ribbons, the same as her forehead and nose. One eye socket had been almost totally filled, but the other eye had escaped unscathed, except for a massive wad clinging to her eyebrow. A huge long thick strand covered her nose from one cheek to the other, while a thick creamy gob ran across her upper lip and disappeared down between her soft red lips. Silvery rivulets ran down the sides of her face into her hairline and down the soft skin of her neck. There was even one creamy wad dangling from her ear like an earring. I looked down at the broad flared head of my spent cock, the shining tip mere inches from her face. A silvery web of cum bridged a small gap between the seeping red eye and her chin, where the bottom of the glistening strand formed a sizable creamy gob. I flicked my spent prick and watched as the strand parted, the shimmering strand falling right into her open mouth.

I sat back slightly and as I surveyed the whole scene, I was happy to see that there wasn't one square inch of her face that didn't have some pearly clump or milky ribbon of my precious semen covering it. As I looked down at the swirling cloudy mess, a smile came over my face.....yes.....my incestuous lust for my mother had resulted in my best face-painting effort yet.

I swung my leg off my mother's reclined body and sat back on my heels beside her, my heaving chest slowing as my breathing slowly returned to normal. I watched her withdraw her hand from between her legs, her lithe fingers coated with her own warm juices. She brought both her hands to her face and scooped the big thick gob out of her eye with her fingers. Her eye flicked open, a slender web snapping from between her long eyelashes. I watched mesmerized as she moved her cum-covered fingers over her open mouth, her hand deftly moving slightly from side to side as the heavy wad of semen started to drip from her hand towards her waiting mouth. The tear-drop shaped tip of the white gob grew in size as it distended downwards. Her pouty red lips were parted and she extended her tongue longingly as the copious wad of my milky cream got closer and closer. The dangling drop distended further and further towards her hot wet tongue before the thinning strand finally broke, the viscous gob falling wantonly onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed like a cat and her lips closed as she savored the manly flavor of my potent seed. I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed, my milky semen finding a nice warm home in the pit of my mother's stomach. She brought her hands back to her face, and I watched as she started to run her

fingertips all around her face, smoothing the pearly semen into her soft mature skin.

"Oh my God, Connor," she said as she looked at me through half-closed eyes, "when I asked you on the way home if you always came that much, I was just messin' with you. I'd seen you cum those times when I'd watched you in your room, so I knew how much you could cum. But this.....this is unbelievable."

"I know. Even for me, that's a lot."

"It feels so warm.....so heavy on my face," she whispered softly as she continued to push the silvery puddles of cum all around her face. "So much.....I.....I love it."

"I know somewhere else you'd like it too," I said provocatively as I lay on my side next her, brought my hand to her face and teasingly traced my index finger slowly around her open red lips. "I think it's time for me to feed you." She had a blissful smile of contentment on her face as she snuggled in next to me while I slid my fingers all around her cum-covered face. Her skin felt so smooth and alive under my touch; I felt like I could have slowly rubbed my semen into it for hours, but her open mouth told me what she was waiting for. I took my thick index finger and drew it like a razor across her cheek, the pearly seed gathering along the front edge. I flicked up my finger slowly, taking the sticky fluid with it.

"Open wide," I said as I teasingly wagged my finger over her mouth. She pursed her lips into an inviting "O" and it looked so hot that I let out a little groan as I inserted my finger between her soft red lips. I had a close-up view as her warm pouty lips closed salaciously around my finger. I remembered how wonderful it had felt when she'd had them tightly adhered to my rigid prick earlier.

"Mmmmmm," she sighed contently as she sucked on my cum-covered digit. I slid it back and forth teasingly a couple of times, enjoying the soft friction of her warm lips. She reluctantly let me pull it out as I went hunting for more of the creamy nectar that she was craving. I slid my fingers over her forehead and brought another sizable gob to her waiting mouth. She happily sucked my finger deep into her mouth, her lips and tongue licking up every tasty morsel. My mother's insatiable appetite for my cum seared into my brain as I watched her. If I wasn't so fucking drained, I'm sure that as I looked at her lying before me and listened to the damp sucking sounds of her beautiful mouth as she devoured my semen, I would have sprung another hard-on right there, if I was able. But after that last climax, even I needed some time to recharge.

For the next few minutes, I ran my fingers all over her face, down her neck, into her hair, virtually everywhere where I could find traces of my huge ejaculation. She eagerly swallowed every finger-full that I slipped between her parted lips, savoring the warm morsels of my creamy discharge on her tongue before allowing the silky fluid to slide luxuriously down her throat. Finally, I had fed her as much as I could. All that was left was a filmy residue of my semen, the translucent fluid slowly drying on her smooth skin.



The whole room smelled like sex, and I loved it. The sheets were disheveled and spotted with cum and baby oil. But I had the feeling we weren't finished yet.

"Mom, let's take a shower and get this baby oil off of us," I suggested as I trailed a fingertip over one of her pert pink nipples.

"Mmmmmm, that feels so nice. Can't we just stay here?" she said with a doe-like pout on her glistening face.

"I thought you were the one who thought I couldn't keep up with you?" I teased as I stroked her other stiff nipple.

"Oh, I'm not done with you yet, Buster," she replied challengingly as she rolled over on me and nipped at my bottom lip. She pulled her face back and put that petulant child look on her face again before rolling back off me. "Okay. You go get the shower started and I'll be in once it's nice and hot."

"I know something I like to be in that's nice and hot." I reached over and slid my middle down over the warm groove of her slippery pussy-lips. I gave her precious clit a little rub before slipping off the bed and heading to the en-suite.

"YOU LITTLE TEASE!" she playfully yelled at me.

"Really, Mom? Little?" I replied questioningly as I turned and hefted my slumbering heavy dick towards her.

"Well, okay.....YOU BIG TEASE!"

"That's better." I disappeared into the bathroom and turned the water on in the big glass shower stall. The shower was huge as it had been made for at least two people, the surrounding walls littered with multiple shower heads. The stall was beautifully lined with Italian marble and had an immense glass door going from the floor all the way up. The glass panel ended a few inches below the ceiling to allow the steam to escape. When I lived at home, I used their shower every chance I had when my parents were away; often dreaming of being in there with my mother.

As the water was heating up, I grabbed a couple of big fluffy towels off the rack and put them on hooks placed just outside the stall. I stepped in and let the steaming water beat down upon me. Oh fuck, did that ever feel good. I put my hands up against the wall and let the cascading water pound down over my head and body before sluicing away into the drain.

I heard the stall door open and close and then felt my mother's warm body against mine as she slipped her arms around me. Her large breasts felt deliciously soft as she pressed them into my back. I turned and looked at her, a soft smile of contentment spreading across both our faces. I brought my mouth down to hers and we shared a warm loving kiss, not as intense as some others, but just as meaningful.

"Mmmmmm, you've got such a beautiful mouth," she said as she stood on tip-toes and let her soft sensual lips kiss along my jawline and neck.

"I'm not the only one with a beautiful mouth.....and I intend to put yours to good use once we're done here."

"Oh, so what did you have in mind?" she asked coyly as she grabbed a big bar of soap off the built-in ledge and lathered up her hands.

"Your voice sounded a little raspy when you said that. I think I better do a thorough examination to make sure you're not getting a sore throat." I took the soap out of her hands and lathered up my own hands as she started to wash me.

"Oh dear, we wouldn't want that now, would we?" she replied playfully. "What would that examination involve?"

I set the soap down and reached for her breasts, filling my soapy hands with the oil-covered orbs. "Well, I have a special probe for this kind of thing. I'll start with an examination of your lips and tongue to see if there's any problem there."

"Have you noticed any problem there so far?" she asked as her foamy hands found my hanging member and started to wash it, her magical slippery hands sliding teasingly back and forth.

"No, everything there seems to be perfect, so far." I re-lathered my hands and continued washing her body as we moved in and out of the hot steaming spray, our slick bodies pressing softly against each other. "But you can't be too careful. I want to make this a nice long thorough examination. We have to make sure we check everything closely and not rush."

"I'm glad you're going to be thorough, so we'll take as much time as you think we need." Her soapy hands slid around my back and I saw her smile as her foamy fingers rubbed my firm behind.

"If everything's okay there, then I'll have to use my probe to check your throat. It may be a little uncomfortable, but it's safest if I check it as deep as I can." My slippery hands found her own bum and I pulled her to me as she turned her face up towards mine, a child-like look of innocence on her face. She was just loving this playful repartee.

"I'll do whatever you ask me to do, doctor," she said innocently as she turned her pouty soft lips up and gave me another warm lingering kiss. She finally pulled back, that lustful look of wanton desire in her eyes once more. "Mmmmmmmmm.....when do we get started?"

"As soon as we finish up in here." She followed my lead and we both turned to an individual shower head and washed our own face, hair, etc. I finished first and stepped out, drying myself with one of the big

fluffy towels. I wrapped my mother in the other one when she joined me, her lips searching out mine for another tender kiss.

"I'll be along in a minute," she said as I slid my fingers through my hair and placed my towel on the drying rack. "You just make yourself comfortable." The sensual look in her smoldering eyes seemed to be saying, "because I'm really gonna make it worth your while".

I stepped back into the bedroom and straightened up the bed a bit, tucking in the sheets where they'd become pulled out during out playful exertions, fluffing up the pillows and stacking a bunch of them back up against the headboard. Satisfied with the job I'd done, I climbed into the middle of the bed and leaned back against the stacked up pillows, eagerly waiting for her. She had stepped into the large walk-in closet adjoining the en-suite and I heard her moving around in there. I wondered what she was doing and then a minute or two later, she appeared and leaned against the door opening; my question of what she'd been doing wonderfully answered; my eyes opening wide as I saw what she was wearing.

"Well doctor, what do you think of my nurse's uniform?" she asked coquettishly, still carrying on the playful banter we'd started in the shower. As she spoke, she leaned against the door frame, one nicely-flared hip thrust provocatively to the side.

"Oh fuck," I thought to myself, did she ever look hot! She was wearing a brilliant white singlet, a man's undershirt, what some people refer to as a 'wife-beater'. Only on her, it looked like a tight minidress, ending just a couple of inches below her sumptuous

pussy. It was made of a stretchy fabric which hugged every one of her delicious curves flatteringly. The material was comprised of narrow vertical ribs that accentuated those large round breasts of hers, the ribs flowing in and out spectacularly as the fabric was stretched and pulled tight by her full 34Fs. The straps over the shoulders drew your eyes to the deep scooped neckline, the upper swells and deep line of her cleavage enticingly on display. Her pert nipples thrust provocatively at the tight fabric, the stiff buds causing stimulating shadows to fall teasingly on the bright white top.

I looked down further as the stretchy singlet adhered luxuriously to her slim waist and wide motherly hips before ending high on her thighs. There was an alluring gap of about two or three inches below that which showed her nicely tanned upper thighs, before the top of her thigh-high stockings came into view. They were a brilliant white as well, with an intricate lacy band at the top which hugged her creamy thighs sensually. My eyes followed her toned legs down to where the smooth alabaster columns ended at a pair of shy-high white sling-backs, the slim heel and pointy toe sending an erotic jolt right through me.

I looked back up at her pretty face, her damp blonde hair swirling wildly about her attractive features, her smooth skin looking pink and alive from her recent scrubbing. She was smiling, watching me look at her, knowing from the surprised yet delighted look on my face that I loved what she was wearing. Man, could my mother ever look sexy. It didn't take much, she seemed to know what to do with anything; in this case, what appeared to be a man's t-shirt. I'd never seen one look so good in my life.

"Does anything look familiar?" she asked coyly as she drew one blood-red fingernail along the inside of the shoulder strap of the t-shirt. I looked closer.

"Is that.....is that one of my singlets?"

"Yep. You're not the only one who had a thing for somebody else's clothes." Holy fuck! While I'd been making use of my mother's bikinis, bras and panties, it looked she had helped herself to some of my things as well. "I figured I'd save it for the right time." She started to slowly walk towards the bed, her wide matronly hips swaying seductively from side to side. She gave me another smolderingly sensual look as she spoke slowly, "So.....do you think this is the right time?"

"Oh my God, yes, this is definitely the right time," I replied, my heart racing already as I looked at her voluptuous mature body, gorgeously displayed in her 'nurse's uniform'. "That is the best nurse's uniform I've ever seen. I think it should be standard issue from now on. Yes, the doctor definitely approves. Now nurse, I'll need you to help me get my probe ready in order to perform that oral examination I was talking about."

"Yes, doctor," she said with a smile as she stepped forward. When she reached the foot of the bed, she put her hands together and I saw her pull a white band off her wrist that I hadn't noticed before. "What's that?"

"I want to do this right," she said with a winsome smile as she slipped the elasticized hairband down over her head and pushed it back, pulling her hair away from her face. "I want to enjoy this and I don't want anything to get in the way." Oh fuck, was she ever good. The hairband brought all of her pretty face into view, and I remembered how different it had looked a short time before with my milky cum all over it. "Now, you just sit back, sweetie, and let Mama do all the work."

She crawled onto the bed with that hungry look in her eyes. I brought my knees up and let my long muscular legs roll open to each side. With a smile on her face, she moved forward on her knees before finally sitting back, her high heels beneath her as she settled in between my spread thighs, ready to get to work. She ran her hands up my strong thighs and over my abdomen, her lithe fingers rubbing softly as she moved closer and closer to slowly-stirring prick. I brought my arms up and crossed them behind my head, totally content to watch her.

Here I was, lying back in my mother's bed while she got ready to give me a long leisurely blowjob, something I had dreamt about forever. I looked at her big round tits, beautifully encased in the tight white singlet, the prominent buds of her stiff nipples thrusting invitingly against the stretchy fabric. My eyes moved slowly upward to her pretty mature face, her warm blue eyes focused on my beefy member, her soft red lips wet and glistening.

"It's so beautiful," she cooed softly as her teasing hands finally reached their destination, one wrapping around my slumbering rod



while the other rubbed gently around the thick root. I watched mesmerized as she lifted my swelling manhood to her mouth and slipped those ripe red lips over the flared head.

"Mmmmm," she purred warmly as I felt her coat the pebbly surface in a sensuous bath of her warm saliva. I settled in to watch as she used her magical mouth and lips to pleasure me. Her technique was amazing, better than any woman I'd ever had. She took her time and slowly licked and sucked every square inch. One minute the tip of her slithery tongue was feathering deftly into the joint between the inside of my thigh and my midsection, and then the next minute, she'd be taking long leisurely licks up the full length of my stiffening pecker. It didn't take her very long at all to get my overused prick back up and ready for action, but I could see that she was in hurry to finish this one; she wanted to enjoy this as much as I did.

"Oh fuck," I moaned softly as I watched her take my fully rigid cock out of her mouth and rub it all over her gorgeous face, my oozing pre-cum leaving a scintillatingly erotic snail-trail all over her smooth skin. She'd then slip her lips fully back over my upright dong, her head bobbing smoothly up and down, her flowing saliva trickling from the corners of her mouth and glistening as it flowed down to the broad base in shiny rivulets.

"Got another nice big load in here for me?" she asked coyly as she lowered her mouth and gently sucked my swollen testes, her lips slipping over my silky bag as she enveloped one nut at a time into her hot buttery mouth.

"Oh fuck, yes," I replied as I fought back the urge to cum right there while she tenderly worked over my nuts, her magical fingers stroking my brick-hard erection in a warm loving corridor.

"I'd like that," she said as she lifted her mouth and poised her pouty lips over the engorged crown once more. "I want to swallow this one.....every last drop." She punctuated her words by slipping her lips back over the broad flared head and slowly moving downwards, her alluring eyes locked on mine as she did. I watched, totally enthralled, as she tilted her head slightly like she'd done in the car. With her brilliant blue eyes locked on mine, she continued downwards until her full red lips pressed flush up against my groin, over 10" of rock-hard cock buried to the absolute hilt inside her beautiful mouth.

"Oh fuck me....." It was amazing to just lie there and watch as she pleased me, her fantastic mouth working its magic. She could suck cock better than any porn star I had ever seen. She would deep-throat me like that for a couple of minutes, and then slip her mouth fully off again, only to use her tongue and lips somewhere else. She was a supreme expert at cocksucking, taking me to the brink of orgasm multiple times before stopping just in time. Her timing was impeccable, not getting me too close to make me angry, but just close enough to let me know that when she did decide to take me over the edge, this climax was going to be amazing.

For an hour she sucked me, her soft red lips and loving tongue bringing me more pleasure than I thought imaginable. She never

tired, never let up, her mouth and lips sucking ravenously, her soft warm tongue bringing me to point of ecstasy time and time again.

"Are you ready, sweetie?" my mother asked me as she slipped her lips off the enflamed helmet, a glistening web of pre-cum stretching between her lower lip and wet red eye of my throbbing dick.

"I've been ready for over forty-five minutes," I whispered softly as I looked at her through half-closed eyes, my whole body thrumming with need from the continuous pleasurable sensations she'd been treating me to for over an hour.

"That's good, sweetie.....I'm getting a little hungry," she said temptingly as she slipped her lips back over my thrusting erection and started bobbing her head up and down. Her cheeks were drawn in tightly, the smooth tissues on the inside of her mouth providing me with an exquisite buttery channel for my rampant prick. Her fingers slid down my glistening shaft to the base and she started to scratch teasingly around the root, her blood-red fingernails sending a stimulating new sensation right to my torched libido.

"Oh fuck, that feels incredible," I moaned as I threw my head back into the pillows and closed my eyes, delicious waves of ecstasy starting to shoot through every tingling nerve ending. I was getting close again and I could tell that this time, she wasn't going to stop until she got her reward. I clutched the sheets and pulled at them in a death grip as she brought me closer and closer. Her hot sucking mouth felt incredible as her sucking lips and hot buttery cheeks slid relentlessly up and down my throbbing erection. At the same time,

her lithe fingertips continued to toy with me, and it was the torturously sinful scratching around the base of my surging member that was the trigger that sent me right over the edge. The delicious contractions started in my midsection as my balls drew up close to my body, the boiling semen starting to race up the shaft of my tumescent prick.

"OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES," I warned as my throbbing cock felt like it was about to burst wide open within her sucking mouth. I felt the first thick rope launch forcefully from the enflamed tip so hard, I'm surprised it didn't knock her sucking mouth right off. A second massive wad burst forth, and then a third as I really started to flood her vacuuming mouth. I could feel my hips thrusting up as she continued to bob up and down on the spitting head, her buttery mouth quickly filling with my creamy seed as I totally unloaded.

"Glmpppphhh," I heard her make a gulping sound and looked down to see her swallow, just as trickles of my milky cum started to seep from the corners of her stretched lips and run down her chin.

"OH GOD," I moaned loudly as I continued to shake and convulse through a mind-blowing orgasm. I felt her bring one hand to my swollen nuts and squeeze them gently, trying to coax as much of my precious cum up into her welcoming mouth as she could. My twitching cock continued to shoot, wad after wad filling her overflowing mouth. She swallowed again, and then a third time, her other hand still doing that exquisite scratching thing around the taut skin at the base of my pecker. I felt like I was about to pass out and I was sweating and breathing like runner at the finish line as my

mother continued to suck, her soft lips drawing out the last drops of my pearly semen.

"Mmmmm.....," she purred softly as she swallowed again, my warm cream sliding down her silky throat to find a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. I lay back gasping as she continued to nurse, the final drops of glistening semen oozing onto her waiting tongue.

"Mom, that was fantastic," I gasped in a raspy whisper, my chest heaving as my racing heartbeat gratefully started to slow down.

"Feel better now, sweetie?" she asked, licking her tongue down over her chin to gather in my precious spunk that had leaked from her overflowing mouth.

"Feel better? My God, you totally drained me."

"Did the doctor find anything wrong with my throat during the examination?" I watched as she reached up, pulled off the hairband and shook her head from side to side; her lustrous blonde locks falling sensually about her shoulders.

"Oh fuck no; it was in absolutely perfect condition. They should put your throat on display in The Smithsonian. I know a lot guys who'd pay to see that exhibit." I couldn't help but laugh, and she joined me.

"Mom, I have to admit, I'm exhausted," I said as I reached down and pulled the covers over us as she snuggled in next to me.

"Oh, my poor baby can't keep up with his feeble old mother?" she pouted as she ribbed me playfully.

"Oh, so that's the way it's gonna be. Well, it looks like it's time for a little payback. Take this, you old bat!" With a big grin on my face, I rolled over and pulled her into the middle of the bed as I quickly slid down towards the bottom. She laughed as I nudged her legs apart and brought my upper body between her widely spread thighs. She dug her stiletto-heeled slingbacks into the mattress and brought her knees up as I lowered my mouth and slipped my tongue into her glistening pink slit.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed as I feathered my tongue deep inside her. I ate her for well over half an hour, but unlike her, I let her cum.....and cum.....and cum. I counted six times that she ended up squealing and thrashing about like a wildcat beneath me, my lips, tongue and mouth never leaving her weeping little box.

"Oh Connor, no more," she finally begged as she reached down and pulled me up from her tingling pussy. I crawled up next to her and she lovingly licked my face clean before settling her head on my shoulder as she fought to regain her breath.

"So, who can't keep up with whom?" I asked.

"Hmmmm, well see....." She kind of left that one hanging out there as she snuggled up next to me and closed her eyes. I could see she was totally exhausted too as she nestled against me, her hand coming up to rest on my broad chest. I reached down, pulled her sexy shoes off for her and dropped them on the floor before pulling the covers over us. As I settled in against the pillows with her head in the crux of my arm, I could already hear her gently breathing as sleep overtook her. I reached over and turned off the lamp on the bedside table, plunging the room into darkness. I took one last look at the clock: 2:19am. What an incredible night of incestuous delight this had been. As I quickly dropped off to sleep, I wondered what tomorrow would bring...

## Chapter 11

"Oh fuck, Mom, I can't believe you can swallow the whole thing like that," I uttered as I looked down at my mother lying between my spread thighs. A luxurious warm feeling had roused me from my sleep, only to find my sexy stacked mother nestled snugly between my legs, with over 10" of my rock-hard prick buried deep in her massaging throat, her soft lips nibbling hungrily around the shaved base.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as she wiggled her head gently from side to side, the silky tissues lining her throat sending exquisitely titillating sensations right through me. In the warm amber glow from the bedside table lamp we'd left on, I watched her as she slowly drew back, her succulent red lips pursed forward as she sucked on my

engorged love muscle, her saliva leaving a glistening trail on the gnarled veiny surface of my pulsing erection as she retreated.

My eyes flicked quickly over to the clock next to the bed: 6:33am. I knew after our wild night of incestuous debauchery, or more like incestuous enlightenment, we had finally fallen asleep shortly after 2:00am. I didn't remember a thing after my mother nestled her body next to mine, those warm soft breasts of hers pressed against my side. I had fallen into an exhausted dreamless sleep, until just moments ago.

"Oh God, Connor, I love your cock," she cooed lustily as her mouth came off the broad flared crown, a wickedly teasing strand of saliva bridging the gap between the dark enflamed head and her soft red lips. She looked blissfully happy and yet rapturously hungry at the same time. Still dressed in the gorgeously accentuating singlet and white thigh highs, she looked sexy as hell; even more so since I knew it was my own mother lying between my legs, slavishly eager to continue sucking my cock.

"How....how long have you....."

"Long enough," she interrupted, her warm tongue sliding forth and licking up the underside of the broad thick shaft. "I woke up and let my fingers do a little exploring. Fortunately I found my favorite new toy was about half-hard and seemed to be begging for me to play with it. I eased myself between your legs and I've been sucking on it for about twenty minutes now. I would have been content to just stay there all night if you hadn't woken up."



"Twenty minutes!" I burst out, totally exasperated. "No wonder I feel like I'm about to cum already."

"Yeah, it didn't take long for this beautiful monster to get like this again. I can't believe how hard you get. I love the feel of it sliding down my throat when it's like this." She paused with one hand wrapped around my near-to-bursting fuck-stick and gently stroked it towards her waiting mouth. "You've been feeding me a steady flow of pre-cum for a while now. If you feel like you're close to cumming, just let it go. I'm ready for it anytime." My mother's illicitly nasty words sent a shiver of desire right through me. It sounded like my silky pre-cum had only whetted her appetite for more. She had that hungry look in her eyes again and I knew she was as eager as I was to have me fill that pretty mouth of hers.

"Well, you better get back to work then," I said with a coy smile on my face as I reached down, put my fingers on the back of her head and pulled her mouth back towards my engorged needy cock. It was so hard that it looked angry and menacing, more like a bludgeoning weapon than a smooth cylinder of love-meat. She didn't need any coaxing from me and eagerly opened her lips into a nice inviting "O" before slipping them back over the flared contours of the bulbous knob and quickly sinking downwards. I watched as she tilted her head in the way she'd done earlier, allowing her to let the long thick shaft disappear inch by inch into the hot buttery confines of her enveloping throat. I felt her take one of her hands and pull gently on my large nuts, her slim fingers eager to coax as much of my precious seed out of my rejuvenated balls as she could get.

As she started to bob smoothly up and down over the full length of my surging erection, I laid back and closed my eyes, my mind for some reason going to the little encounter I'd had with my mother's sister, Aunt Julia, just before our date tonight. As I thought about how sexy she'd looked in that little golf outfit of hers, I pictured how sinfully wonderful it would be to have both of them in the same bed with me, two sets of lips worshipping my beefy prick, or their similar sisterly faces lying side by side, eagerly waiting for me to do a thorough job of painting both of them. As I thought about kneeling over them and stroking my thrusting prick towards their sweet mature faces, that teasing image was all it took to send me right over the edge, especially after the twenty slumberous minutes of sucking my mother had already subjected me to.

"OH FUCK, MOM.....I'M GONNA CUM," I groaned as the exquisite tingling contractions started to twist through my midsection. I looked down through slitted eyes as she bobbed her head a couple of times more and then brought her mouth back until her stretched red lips were locked just beyond the thick ropey band of my corona, the massive crimson crown locked within her vacuuming mouth. As the boiling cum rushed up the throbbing shaft, I looked down at her as I felt that first thick rope burst forth powerfully, pasting itself forcefully against the hot wet tissues deep inside her sucking mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned in bliss as I started to flood her hot wet mouth. I shot again.....and then again as I continued to unload, her mouth filling with my thick milky cum. I noticed she had slipped one hand between her legs to pleasure herself and I could see her

trembling in ecstasy, her own orgasm overtaking her as she continued to suck ravenously on my spitting prick.

"Oh fuck....that feels so fucking good," I groaned as I surrendered myself to the exquisite sensations her hot wet mouth was providing me. I shot and shot, wondering if I'd ever stop, but never wanting it to end as she sucked and licked at the sensitive enflamed cock-head. I could see little trickles of silvery cum leaking from the corners of her succulent red lips as I absolutely flooded my sexy mother's hot oral cavity. She swallowed, and I heard her moan in delight as the silky nectar slid smoothly down her throat....and then she swallowed again as I filled her mouth once more, my viscous cream finding a happy home deep in the pit of her stomach. I pictured her sharing that mouthful with Aunt Julia, the two of them swapping my milky semen back and forth in a snowballing exhibition that I knew I would love to see. I thought of their lips pressed wetly against each other's, my creamy seed moving from one loving mouth to the other while gobs of my silvery love clung to their red lips wetly, nastily, with each one of them wanting more. With that vivid image in my head, another delicious pulse went through me and I fed my mother a few more shots before I felt the final tingling twinges go through me as the last shots of creamy cum shot forth, eagerly vacuumed up by her sucking mouth. Oh man, what a way to be woken up.

"Oh God, I love the taste of that," she said as she withdrew her mouth from my spent prick and gave it a last loving kiss on the tip. I watched in an ecstasy-riddled daze as she circled her tongue around her red lips, gathering in the rest of my pearly cum that had leaked from the corners of her mouth and was clinging erotically to her chin. "Now, I think we both need a little more sleep." She crawled up next

to me and snuggled in, that gorgeous lush body pressed to me once more. Within seconds, I felt myself drifting off.....

The next time I woke up, I was stirred by another warm delicious feeling on my cock. My eyes flicked open and I looked down to see my mother once more, still clad in the snug white singlet and thigh-highs, this time sitting cross-legged between my legs with her two hands working on me. "What the fuck?" I asked as I pushed myself up onto my elbows.

"Hey Sleepyhead; somebody sure is a sound sleeper. What's wrong, did Mama wear you out last night?" she asked teasingly, a devilish twinkle in her eye as she continued to slowly slide her gripping hands up and down my brick-hard erection. I could see her hands and my prick were shining with lube, and that wonderful smell hit my nostrils, turning me on immediately. I looked beside her and saw an open jar of Vaseline: Baby-Fresh Scent, my all-time favorite lubricant of choice. I had used that whenever I jerked off for what seemed like forever, and the delicate powdery scent never failed to set my libido aflame. And now here was my sexy mother, using it on me herself, where up to now I'd been the one using it on myself while she'd been the object of my fantasies and jerk-off sessions. Fuck, how much better could my life get!

"Wha.....what time is it?" I asked sleepily as I tried to shake the cobwebs out of my head.

"It's just past 10:30. You've been sleeping like a log. You just looked so sweet, I didn't want to wake my little baby," she said as she gave me a little smile.

"Little?" I asked as I flexed my groin muscles, making my thrusting prick push against her stroking hands.

"Mmmmmm, I guess 'little' baby was a bad description," she said as her slick hands continued to move insistently up and down.

"So how long have you been doing this?" I asked curiously, happy to sit back and let her use her magical hands on me as I slowly came back to the living from a wonderfully sound sleep.

"Well, I woke up and had to pee really bad. I thought I'd just come back and get some more sleep. But when I came back you'd rolled onto your back, and there was this big tent-like structure in the middle of my bed." She looked at me and made an innocent face, showing me those big doe-like blue eyes of hers. "I wondered what could make such a thing, so I figured I'd better investigate; after all, I wanted to make sure my baby boy was okay. So, I slowly drew the sheet down off of you, and lo and behold, guess what I found?"

"Why don't you tell me, Mom?" I said, playing along with her.

"Well, I found this beautiful thing," she replied, punctuating her words by leaning forward and giving my steel-like cock a kiss on the

tip. "I just sat for a minute and watched it, slowly bobbing up and down with each beat of your heart. It seemed to be asking for some attention, so I couldn't just leave it alone like that, bobbing up and down, beckoning me to reach out and touch it."

"Oh, I see."

"So I thought, how can I make this even nicer for my baby boy? And then I remembered when I'd watched you, and how much you loved the feel of this Vaseline as you stroked yourself; up and down....just like this." She moved her gripping hands teasingly along my pulsing rod, adding a slow torturous corkscrew twist as she moved her glistening hands all the way down to the base and then started back up again.

"Oh fuck," I gasped, her delicate hands feeling absolutely fantastic as she slowly pumped away at my thrusting erection. I looked down at her shiny hands working their magic as she stroked insistently, teasingly, back and forth along the full length of my ten hard inches.

"So, in answer to your question, I've quietly been doing this for about fifteen minutes now. I just took it nice and slow so I wouldn't wake you up. Do you like it nice and slow like this, sweetie?"

"Oh fuck, Mom, I love it," I confessed as I fell back against the pillows beneath me, once again surrendering myself to the exquisite pleasure she was bringing me. Her slowly stroking hands felt amazing, but I still felt a little bit guilty that I wasn't doing anything for her. I

reached towards her. "Mom, how about I take care of you at the same time?"

"Not this time, Slugger," she said with a slow shake of her head. "I just want to keep doing this. I love the feel of it in my hands. It's so hard.....and so big....I love it. Plus, I want to see it shoot. So don't you worry about me, I'll make sure I get my fill.....if you know what I mean." We both gave a little chuckle at that, and then I slowly receded back into the peaceful comfort of the soft pillows beneath me and threw my arms over my eyes, letting her do whatever she pleased. "That's a good boy, just lie there and let Mama do what she wants."

So I did. I lay there while I felt her hands work their slow torturous magic on me. She was amazing, and knew absolutely what to do with a rock-hard cock in her slick hands. One minute she'd be slowly using both hands in that merciless corkscrew motion, and then she'd switch to something else, like pushing all the way down from the tip to the very base with one hand, and then immediately follow that up with the second hand as soon as the first hand pressed down around the hilt. And then she'd do something else, slowly drawing hand over hand from the base all the way off the tip, in what I like to call 'pulling the boat to shore'. She did each different motion slowly, teasingly, with the perfect amount of gripping pressure and mercilessly heightening friction; keeping my boner absolutely rock hard while she tortured me with those slow consistent strokes. And then she surprised me by almost stopping completely with just one hand wrapped around the base. I felt a gentle tickling on the sensitive tissues of my glans, and then the pressure increased. I realized she was using the fingertips of her other hand to gently pull upwards

around the edge of the thick purple corona and across the pebbly tissues of the glans as she concentrated on the head.

"Oh fuck," I groaned again as she had me absolutely climbing the walls with anguished delight. She switched hands and repeated the teasing stroking of the enflamed crown with the slim fingers of her other hand. I could feel the muscles in my stomach quivering with need and the anticipation of a tremendous orgasm I knew would come eventually---but not before she wanted me to.

"You like that, eh Sweetie?" she asked in a soft lulling whisper.

"Oh God, Mom, it feels fantastic.....all of it."

"I can tell; you're leaking like crazy." I drew my hands off my eyes and looked down to see her lean forward and lick the oozing precum seeping from the wet red eye, her raspy tongue feeling heavenly as it rubbed over the sensitive membranes of the broad mushroom head. I could feel her warm breath caressing my knob as she got nice and close. "What a beautiful cock you have, son. So thick.....so hard. I've been waiting a long time to get my hands on it like this. Just lay back and think about whatever you want....or whoever you want.....that's fine with me." Oh man, here was my sexy mother, giving me an incredible hand-job and giving me permission to fantasize about whoever I wanted.....her gracious attitude was absolutely fucking-lutely amazing!



So fantasize I did, as her warm slick hands continued to slowly....mercilessly torture me as they insistently stroked back and forth. I first thought of Marta, the buxom waitress at Gabriel's, and her voluptuous 36Es. I knew on our double date with Andy and her sister, Silvia, I'd likely end up getting my hands on those two beauties. While I was thinking about Marta and how she'd acted Friday night, my mind immediately went to my neighbor, Margaret, and how I'd fucked her silly that night; dumping a number of loads either into her or onto her. Man, she was a hot insatiable MILF, that's for sure. She was a perfect willing neighbor to have when you just wanted to get off, with a great mature body that she knew how to use, and display to its best advantage in all that sexy lingerie she had.

As my mother switched her unrelenting slow hand motions back to that pulling the rope thing, my mind flicked over to her sister, Aunt Julia, and our little provocative exchange about our upcoming golf lesson. Just seeing her in that tight little golf skirt and the way her sizable tits strained against her tight-fitting top had me wondering what she'd look like in the type of lingerie Margaret and my mother seemed to have a fondness for. I knew Aunt Julia could equally fill out a nice snug corset or bustier like they could. It made me want to have that golf lesson as soon as I could. The idea of burying my club deep into a hole had my prick give another pulsing surge.

"Mmmmmm, so big," my mother muttered as her slippery hands switched to that slow singular downward stroke....one hand at a time....all the way from the broad flared tip down to the smooth shaved hilt. Hearing my mother's soft warm tone reminded me of my youngest sister, Zoey, who looked and sounded like a younger version of my mother. Zoey...sweet Zoey....what an eager student of

cock-sucking she was. So willing, so enthusiastic; a horny perverted older brother couldn't have asked for a better little sister. And those tits of hers, those round full 36DDs, I was just waiting to get my hands on those. I knew that at our next "lesson", I'd be spending some serious time with my hands on those incredible young guns. I hoped our next time together would be sufficiently long enough for me to help her lose that cherry of hers too. I could just picture pulling off those sweet virginal panties of hers, spreading her wide open and having her scream in ecstasy as I fed inch after thick hard inch deep into her tight wet pussy, stretching and stretching the hot pink tissues inside her until she twitched and bucked through a number of spine-tingling orgasms.

Picturing pounding my rock-hard erection all the way to the hilt inside my baby sister and watch her lush young body twist and buck against me was all it took to send me over the edge. I was absolutely climbing the walls with the need to cum, and my mother was finally letting me. I looked down as she leaned forwards, her wonderful hands now positioned one above the other on my thrusting erection; both of them continuing up and down in that slow unrelenting corkscrewing motion now. I felt my balls quickly draw up close to my body just before the boiling semen in my overflowing nuts started to speed up the shaft of my throbbing prick.

"OH FUCK, MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!" I warned as I dropped my hands to my sides and clutched the sheets tightly as I felt the onslaught of a tremendous climax, my stomach muscles contracting as the pleasurable sensations started to course through me.

"That's it baby, cum for Mama." My mother's sexy voice shot right to my surging libido as I watched her. She had leaned far enough forward that her face was right over my engorged cockhead, just a couple of inches away, right in the firing zone. The first thick rope of milky semen shot forth hitting her flush on her left cheek. I watched it hit forcefully and then fall onto my abdomen, but not before leaving a sizable silvery gob clinging to her smooth skin. A second shot burst forth hitting her on the nose and forehead before dangling downwards in a lewd erotic display.

"Oh yes," she moaned lustfully as I continued to shoot, wad after thick creamy wad spurting up to hit her lovely face, some sticking to her and some falling back onto my body and her slick jacking hands. She moved closer and directed her pumping hands from one side of her face to the other, the thick ropes of cloudy jizz spattering onto her smooth warm skin as it clung tenaciously against the force of gravity. I continued to unload, loving the sight of my gooey seed hanging off her face.

"Oh fuck, Mom, that feels so good," I groaned loudly as her magical fingers continued their incredible stroking, drawing out more and more of my thick potent seed. I kept shooting, the wads of spunk now covering her face as she pumped out every last drop I had. Her slippery hands kept stroking until I was drained, her face once more covered with a mess of my milky semen. Finally, with a surging twinge, I felt the last few shots spit forth, the final gobs clinging to her already cum-covered chin. Knowing I was done, for now, she slowed the movement of her pumping hands and looked up towards me, a look of pure bliss shining from her vivid blue eyes. She looked incredible, her face covered with my spunk as she leaned forwards,

multiple gobs and strands of my thick cream hanging from her pretty face.

"I've been waiting a long time to milk a load out of you like that," she said in a sexy little purr. "So much cum, I love it." I loved the way the shimmering strands glistened as they hung from her face, the viscous sperm-laden fluid fighting the pull of gravity as they swayed and distended slowly downwards in an erotic dance. I watched as she brought her hands up beneath the dangling ribbons, letting the shiny strands of milky semen gather on her slim fingers. She looked down at the cloudy mess gathering on her upturned hands, a wickedly nasty smile on her pretty face, her full red lips wet and parting as her tongue slid salaciously around her waiting mouth. She raised her hands higher and I watched her tongue slither forward and sluice smoothly into a huge pearly gob in the palm of her hand.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed kittenishly, her eyes closing as she slowly, provocatively swirled her tongue through the silvery wad of creamy cum before flicking it backwards and drawing a huge cloudy gob back into her mouth. Oh fuck.....did that ever look hot; glistening strands of my thick milky cum dangling off my mother's gorgeous face as she slavishly licked up more of my potent cock-honey from her cupping hands. She swallowed, another warm mew purring from her throat before her tongue slid forwards for more. "Oh God, that tastes so good."

I just laid back and watched her enjoy herself as she licked up my cum. She slowly sucked each finger clean and then pushed the clinging wads on her face towards her waiting mouth. Each swallow

was followed by a gentle purr as she savored the manly nectar. When she was finished cleaning her face, she lowered her mouth and I felt her warm tongue move across my abdomen and spent prick as she gathered in the remaining puddles of milky seed that had fallen onto my stomach. With a last long lick up the full length of my drained member, she was done, every warm drop of my semen inside her.

"Mmmmmm, I could lick that up all day long," she said as she gave the head of my dormant manhood a loving kiss. "Now, I need a shower.....join me if you want." She got up from the bed and I watched that succulent ass of hers sway nicely from side to side as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Oh fuck, what a night this had been! My mother had ended up being just as eager I was. I knew Zoey wasn't due home until much later, and we still had most of the day ahead of us. When it came to my mother, I knew there were a few more loads I wanted to get rid of before we were done. With that in mind, I headed to the usual bathroom down the hall, the one I had used when growing up. First thing in the morning, I wanted my own privacy for what I had to do. I took care of business, found a spare toothbrush I'd left there and brushed my teeth, then eagerly headed back to the en-suite to find my mother already busy soaping herself in the massive shower.

"C'mon in, Sweetie," she said as she heard me open the big glass door. I immediately went to her and wrapped her full mature body in my arms, my head nestling into her neck, the warm feminine scent of her body and fragrant soap filling my senses. She turned in my arms and slid her hands around my neck, turning her face up to mine. I

lowered my lips to hers and we kissed deeply, the long slow kiss of lovers. It was beautiful. I could feel her sense of pure contentment pouring right through her mouth and body as we held each other closely, as if neither one of us ever wanted to let go. Finally, we drew back, each of us looking at the other with a wonderful feeling of happiness in our eyes.

"Mmmmm, that was nice," she said softly as her soapy hands started to run down my muscular chest.

"Hey, let me get in on this." I reached over and grabbed the bar of soap.

"Be my guest," she replied as I slid my lathery hands down her smooth shoulders and cupped those heavenly 34Fs of hers. I filled my hands with the heavy orbs, letting my slippery fingers explore the beautiful Wifey-like mounds. While I was exploring her chest, I felt her soapy hands grip my firm behind before sliding around my hips and into my groin. "Mmmmm, such a nice heavy cock."

I luxuriated in the blessedly wonderful feeling of running my hands over my mother's sexy mature body at the same time as her hands made themselves at home on my body. We washed each other lovingly, big smiles on our faces, kissing and nipping at each other playfully beneath the steamy spray of the pelting shower. It felt fantastic.

"I'm getting hungry, what about you?" she asked as she released my lower lip from between hers and stepped back from me.

"I'm hungry for more of this, that's for sure," I replied as I slid my hands up to cup those round heavy guns once more.

"I think we both need a little more fuel first." She playfully swatted my hands away as she turned into the driving spray and rinsed off. "Take your time, I'm gonna start breakfast." She left me in the shower and I saw her toweling off as I turned and let the powerful pellets of water beat down upon my head. The sluicing water felt invigorating as it ran down over the full length of my body before swirling away into the drain. I could feel my stomach grumbling and realized she was right, we both needed some food. I leisurely finished my shower,toweled off and ran a brush through my hair. I took another big towel and wrapped it around my waist, knotting it at my hip. Making my way to the kitchen, the delicious smell of fresh coffee and frying bacon hit my nostrils. I saw my mother standing in front of the stove, her lush body wrapped in a big fluffy white bathrobe.

"That smells great, Mom," I said as I sidled up behind her and slid my hands around her waist. "I'm hungrier than I thought."

She handed me a cup of coffee from the counter beside her. "Here, Sweetie, this'll make you feel better." I took a tentative sip and felt the rich full-bodied flavor roll over my taste-buds.

"Mmmmm, that's good." I set the cup down and as she moved the bacon around in the pan with the spatula, I nestled in close behind her once more. I slid my arms around her and let my fingers slip through the opening of her robe until I cupped one massive breast and gave it a gentle squeeze. She didn't object but turned her head slightly to let me kiss the soft hollow of her neck. "Mom, your breasts are beautiful." I tried to undo the knot of her belted robe.

"Un-uh," she said tartly, stopping me with playful slap on the wrist. "Just you wait, Honey. You're in charge of making the toast while I make the eggs. Besides, I don't want to get splattered with hot bacon grease."

"Alright...alright." I reluctantly withdrew my hands from her gorgeous form and put some bread into the 4-slice toaster. While I was doing that, she poured some blended eggs into a second frying pan she had going. I watched as she stirred the eggs while dropping in some grated cheese. Soon enough, the toast popped and I was put to work once more, finishing with the buttering just as she spooned a couple of portions out onto our plates, giving me about twice as much as she gave herself. She set the plates on the table while I carried over our coffee cups. She must have been busy while I was still in the shower as I spotted a plate of cut-up fruit already on the table as well.

"This looks great, Mom," I said as I grabbed a grape and popped it into my mouth. We both dug into our bacon and eggs, and as I took the first succulent bit, I realized how ravenous I was. It didn't take long for us to finish, our sexual exertions of the night before having



worked up quite an appetite in both of us. She turned and set our finished plates aside as we both reached for our steaming mugs of coffee.

"Thanks, Mom; that really hit the spot."

"You're welcome, Sweetie; anytime." Her using the word 'anytime' set me to thinking.

"So, after what happened last night, where does that....." I wasn't sure how to finish and just let my voice trail off as I searched for the right words. Fortunately, as usual, my mother came to my rescue.

"Where does that leave us.....as in 'you and me'?" she said, finishing my sentence.

"Yeah."

"Don't worry, Connor," she replied with a wry smile. "I know what men like you are like."

"Wh....what?"

"You're fine until the next pretty thing that turns your head walks by. And then the pursuit is on. Now, like I said, don't worry; I'm not going to try and change you."

"So....what about us?"

"I'll be perfectly happy to have this kind of rendezvous whenever we can find the time....and the place. I'm not gonna put any expectations on you, but I do hope you take the time to make your sorry old mom feel good every once in a while."

"Sorry old mom? That's definitely not you. Gorgeous young mom....yes. And believe me, I'll make sure I find lots of opportunities to make my gorgeous young mom happy."

"You are a charmer, aren't you?" She gave me that wry smile again, the devilish glint in her eyes once more.

"When is Zoey due home?"

"Not until around dinner time. I told her to call me on her cell phone when she's about an hour away. So we still have a fair bit of time."

"What if she comes home early for some reason?"

"Oh, she'll call. A year or so ago she didn't call when she was supposed to; I grounded her for a week. Boy, was she ever pissed off. But, she's never done it again."

"So things are going okay between the two of you now that she's the only one left at home?" I asked as we drank our coffees and picked at the fruit while we talked.

"More or less; she's a teenager and really knows how to push my buttons sometimes. But basically, she's a good kid. But like I said earlier, I think she's met a boy recently."

"Oh yeah?" I asked sheepishly, knowing that I, her big brother, was the 'boy' that was the object of Zoey's thoughts right now.

"Yeah, she seems different just the last couple of days. I'm not sure, but I'd guess that's what it is. I remember what Emma was like when she met a boy she was crazy over."

"Well, that doesn't sound so bad. It's probably just a boy from school," I said, trying to deflect her thoughts to somebody more Zoey's age.

"You know," she said as she looked at me intently, making me squirm inside, almost as if she could see right through me, "it wouldn't hurt for you to spend more time with your little sister. Since your dad's gone, she doesn't really have a father figure in her life."

Whew.....now that was something I hadn't expected. Here was my mother asking me to spend more time with my sexy baby sister, the one who wanted me to bust her cherry and continue giving her

blowjob lessons.....once again.....how much better could my life get? I knew if I agreed to this outright, my mother would be suspiciously curious. I had to play this right. "Ah, Mom, I don't know. Zoey can be a real brat sometime."

"She's not that bad, Connor. You'll see, once you spend more time with her." I knew that to be true; my cock definitely knew that as well. "You do care about her, don't you?" Okay, now she was trying to lay the big brother guilt thing on me. That was definitely going to work.

"Of course I do, Mom. You know that." I paused for a second, just so she could see that I was in anguish over 'having' to spend time with that sexy little pistol of a baby sister. I finally gave a reluctant wave of my hand. "Alright.....alright. What do you want me to do?"

This brought a big smile to my mother's face. "Just spend some more time with her. Take her places, to the movies, go for coffee; I don't know. Just give her some advice from an older male that she's missing with her father not being around. Talk to her, ask her what's going on inside her." I had other ways in mind to find out what was going on inside her; deep inside her.

"Okay, okay, I'll do it."

"Oh thank you, Sweetie," my mother beamed with joy as she leaned over and gave me a big kiss, her plush robe gaping open under the heavy pressure of her generous breasts. When she pulled back, she

had that wickedly nasty look in her eyes again. Her hand slid beneath my towel, her slim fingers finding my heavy dormant member. "Now, how can Mama thank her boy for being such a good big brother?" I let her fingers caress my lengthy manhood for a few seconds before answering.

"Well, I am still kind of hungry."

"Oh," she replied with a surprised look on her face. "Do you want me to make you something else to eat?"

"That's not what I'm hungry for," I said as I blatantly let my eyes roam up and down her lush mature tits, easily visible beneath her gaping robe. Her eyes followed mine, a knowing smile coming over her features. Not waiting for a response, I pushed our coffee cups and the fruit plate further down the table, grabbed my mother around the waist and hoisted her onto the table in front of my chair. I sat back in my chair and reached for the knotted belt of her robe. "Now it's your turn to just sit back and relax." She leaned back, her arms straight behind her as I slipped open the robe and pushed it to each side.

"These are so beautiful," I said under my breath as I leaned forward and slipped my lips over one of her nipples. Once again I was reminded how much she looked like the porn star, Wifey, their breasts being almost identical. I laughed to myself, remembering that guy in the restaurant asking me if that's who she really was. Wifey was an incredibly sexy voluptuous woman, and I would have loved

to fuck her any time; but this was my own sexy stacked mother, and that made it even better.

"Oh, that feels so good," she said with a little moan as I felt her nipple start to come alive in my mouth, the pebbly bud thickening and extending further between my sucking lips. I slipped my hands around her sides beneath her robe, loving the feel of her soft warm skin beneath my fingertips. I moved my mouth from one huge breast to the other, feasting on both of those incredible heavy mounds of flesh. My mother was moaning constantly now, that warm soft purr emanating from deep inside her. Her clean warm womanly smell drifted into my nostrils, the delicate scent firing my libido even more. I loved the taste and feel of her breasts within my mouth, but I wanted more. I kissed my way down her flat stomach onto her shaved abdomen, reaching down and lifting her feet onto the arms of my chair and pushing her knees out to each side, getting her into the perfect splayed-out position I wanted her in. I lowered my head and slid the tip of my tongue right into my mother's hot wet slot.

"Oh God, that's so good," she growled as I feathered my tongue deep into her soaking wet trench. Her juices were flowing like crazy, and I slurped up every delicious drop. I set to work, running my tongue deep inside her, swirling the tip all around those hot folds of flesh, or licking and sucking on the warm soft petals of her pink labial curtains. She'd been turned on while I'd been working on her tits, and within minutes of me slipping my tongue deep inside her, I felt her hips start to twitch in anticipation of her oncoming orgasm.

"Jesus, Connor, that mouth of yours is as good as your cock," she moaned as I swirled it deep into the hot wet tissues inside her. "Oh fuck....I.....I.....AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH." A tingling climax shot through her as she grabbed my head and held me tight against her vibrating twat. Her rear end was squirming around on the table as my penetrating tongue had her body thrumming like a plucked guitar string. I continued to suck and lick as she came, her molten pussy flooding my mouth with her rich womanly nectar. I finally slowed down as her twitching body started to relax, her ragged breathing music to my ears as she fought to regain her breath. I slid my tongue from deep inside her and started to slowly work it all around her hooded clit, sliding the tip right over that fiery little nodule.

"Oh God, that's so fucking good," she groaned again as she leaned back once more and let me go to work on her. For the next twenty minutes or so I used every oral trick in my book to pleasure her, bringing her to four more orgasms before she finally pushed my head away and rolled herself up into a ball on the tabletop, totally exhausted from the series of tingling climaxes I'd given her with my mouth.

"If I could die right now, I'd be happy," she said softly as I reached forward and ran my fingers tenderly through her soft blonde hair, pushing it back behind her ear.

"But if you died, you wouldn't get any more of this." I stood up, dropped my towel and rubbed my stiff prick all over her pretty face. Her eyes fluttered open, then she turned her mouth towards me, her

full red lips opening in invitation. "Oh yeah, that's it, Mom, you like a nice mouthful, don't you?" I said as I pushed down on the top of my surging erection and fed it right into her mouth. I took her head in my hands and held it in place as I stood by the side of the table and started to work it deeper. I flexed my hips back and forth as her stretched lips adhered tightly to the mouth-stretching girth, her glistening saliva gleaming on the taut gnarled skin of the thick shaft as I drew it in and out of her sucking mouth. Eating her out had gotten me more turned on than I had anticipated. I thought we would be moving back to the bedroom for another session, but seeing her lying there for the taking on the tabletop, those beautiful soft lips seeming to beckon for attention, I had to have her, right here and right now.

"Mmmmmm," she groaned deep in her throat as I rolled my hips and pressed the massive flared head of my beefy cock all around the inside of her hot wet mouth. She was sucking willingly and vigorously, letting me do whatever I wanted with her. Her mouth felt fantastic, and taking her right here was turning me on even more. I gripped her head firmly with both hands and started to really work her over, sawing my rock-hard prick forcefully in and out of her pretty face. She was still lying on her side but she tilted her head in that way she had, letting me know she was ready for me to take her throat.

"Yeah, that's it, Mom, open up that throat for me," I said with a note of praise as I drew back until just the tip was caught between her soft lips, and then slowly levered myself forward, the bulbous flared knob bypassing the soft tissues at the back of her mouth and entering into the silky embrace of her heavenly throat. I kept going, slowly,



insistently until my balls pressed up against her face, over 10" of thick rock-hard cock buried deep inside my mother's willing throat.

"Mmmmmmm." Her deep growl of pleasure vibrated through her larynx right into my buried prick, sending tingling sensations throughout my entire body.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I said with a growl of my own as I held her head tightly in my hands and started to move my hips forcefully back and forth. Her saliva was flowing readily, and soon the whole bottom half of her face was covered with the slippery goo as my pistoning cock drew it from inside her vacuuming mouth. The nastiness of those glistening strands bridging her face and my thrusting prick turned me on even more. I held her head tightly and started to fuck her milking throat more vigorously. This was no longer a simple blowjob; this had become a merciless face-fuck; and I could see by the pleasurable look of bliss in her hooded eyes that she had no objection. I levered my hips rapidly back and forth, driving the full length of my throbbing erection deep inside her with each powerful stroke. Her throat muscles clutched and gripped my pistoning dick in a loving embrace with each forward thrust. In no time at all, I felt my swollen nuts drawing up close to my body, quickly followed by that delightful twinge as the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my thrusting prick.

"OH FUCK, MOM, HERE YOU GO," I roared as I drew fully out of her mouth and wrapped my hand around my pulsating erection. A long strand of saliva bridged her gaping lips and my engorged cockhead as I pointed the broad flared crown at her pretty face. The

first ropey strand burst forth, plastering itself forcefully on her cheek. I stroked my throbbing cock vigorously, moving it all around her face as I continued to shoot; strand after strand of thick white semen coating her skin. I was nothing but an animal in need of release as I jacked away at my thick cock, the milky cum spurting out of me and onto my mother's sweet face.

"Yesssssss," I heard her hiss as I continued to flood her face, my pumping hand forcing out wad after wad of pearly nectar. I jacked my cock as the delicious orgasmic contractions tore through me, shot after shot spurting forth to land upon her lovely upturned face. Finally, the last twinges coursed through me as I shook out the last few drops. I stood there gasping, my lustful needs temporarily satisfied. I looked down at my mother to see her lying on her side where we'd started, her pretty mature face once more an erotic mess of my swirling milky cum. But she had that blissful smile on her face, even though I had viciously rocked her head and throat with the ravishing face-fuck I'd subjected her to.

"Mom, are you okay?" I asked, afraid that I had overstepped in my lust-driven craze.

"I'm fine, Honey," she answered, a note of longing in her tone. "Put it back in my mouth. I want to suck every last drop out of you." Oh fuck, I thought, this is great. I wrapped my hand back around my heavy member and fed it right back between those puffy red lips of hers. She clamped down quickly and I felt her nursing on the crimson head, her soft tongue rolling warmly over the sensitive tissues of my glans. She continued to gently suck as I looked down at her pretty

face, covered with my pearly seed. Fuck, she was hot. I had fucked her face savagely, and she still wanted more of my cock. Being the good son that I was, how could I refuse?

"Mmmmm," she purred again, her eyes closed in blissful fulfillment as she softly, lovingly, sucked out every last drop as my beefy dong slowly deflated within her loving mouth. Finally, she opened her lips and I drew it back, stepping away slightly from the table. She opened her eyes and looked up at me, pure contentment shining in those beautiful blue eyes. "Boy, you really needed that, didn't you?"

"I got so turned on after eating you, I.....I couldn't help it. I'm sorry I was so rough."

"That's okay, Sweetie, sometimes women like it rough. I wouldn't want to do that all the time, but I could tell you needed it and I loved it too."

"I loved it too, and I'm glad I didn't hurt you."

"Well, it looks like I've got a little dessert after my breakfast," she said as she started to push the gooey cum off her face into her mouth. I watched, my breathing slowly returning to normal as her delicate fingers gathered all the cum clinging to her face and pushed it across her smooth skin and between her waiting lips. When she was done, she turned over and noticed a number of gobs on the tabletop. "Don't want to let these go to waste." She leaned down and I excitedly watched her lick up the clingy wads of milky semen from the table,

the thick cream disappearing back into her waiting mouth as she lapped it up. Finally satisfied that she had as much of my cock-honey inside her as she could get right now, she looked at me with a warm smile on her face and that satisfied contented look in her eyes. "Mmmmmm, I love the taste of your cum."

"I'm sure I've got more for you," I said as stepped forward and drew my spent member across her lips. She quickly sucked at the tip, drawing out the last few drops.

"Get yourself another coffee, Sonny. I think you're going to need it," she said playfully as she slid down off the table. "I'm going to get cleaned up and changed. Be back in a minute." She headed off down towards her bedroom as I took her advice and poured myself another coffee. The warm rich fluid tasted great as I sat and rested, my towel wrapped around me once more; just to make sure I didn't spill the hot drink on my boys. I wouldn't have wanted to sue my mother for her coffee being too hot; like that idiot had done to McDonalds. Fucking people, give your head a shake.

Speaking of fucking people, I wondered how my friend Andy was doing. That story he had told me yesterday about he and his mom was amazing. More than amazing, it was incredibly hot (see "Educating Mom—Andy's Story"). I was anxious to hear what had happened after he'd left my place yesterday to go back to her. I knew he'd be waiting to hear how my date with my mother had gone. I felt like phoning him right now, but I figured I'd better wait until I was back home. It definitely wouldn't be good if my mother walked back

in and heard me giving Andy all the nasty details. Yeah, I'd definitely have to call him later.

"Connor, can you come here for a minute," my mother called.

"Sure, Mom," I replied as I drained my coffee, put my mug in the dishwasher and headed towards her bedroom. I stepped through the doorway and didn't see her. "Mom?"

"I'm in here, Sweetie." Her voice came from behind me, down the hall in the direction of my old room. I turned on my heel and strode the few paces it took to get me to the door of my room. I stopped, spotting her standing next to my bed in her plush white robe. I could see that she'd touched up her hair and makeup a bit; she looked really good.

"Uh, what's up?" I asked curiously as I leaned against the doorframe, the knotted towel still wrapped around my waist.

"I was just wondering if you might be interested in seeing something," she said in a provocative tone as she reached for the belt on her robe and loosened it, letting the heavy plush garment slide off her shoulders onto the floor.

"Oh fuck," I said breathlessly as I looked at her. She was wearing that same sexy yellow bikini we'd been talking about earlier. The one she'd watched me pull out of the laundry basket and jerk off all over.

I hadn't seen her wear it in a few years, having replaced it with a few others over that period of time. But man, she still looked incredible in it. Knowing how many times I'd spied on her wearing it when I was younger, and jerked off into it as well, made it that much more exciting for me to see her in it once more. It seemed to fit even better than before, her sizable tits almost pouring over the jam-packed bikini cups as she posed for me. She turned slowly from side to side, letting me see how spectacular her fantastic body looked in it. I looked down at the bottom, the tiny triangles of material meeting in a teasing bow low on her wide motherly hips; the ties just seeming to begging to be plucked open to reveal the delicious treasure lying beneath. As my eyes hungrily ran up and down her voluptuous enticing form, I could already feel my manhood starting to swell beneath the towel.

"So, do you still like it?" she asked in a sultry whisper.

"Mom, you look amazing," I said as I blatantly ogled her. "I didn't know you even still had it."

"I've been keeping it, just in case this occasion ever came up." I could see that devilish twinkle in her eye as I looked at her lovely face once more. "Are you happy I kept it?" She did a little pirouette so I could see how it hugged that cute round bum of hers, and then stopped so she was facing me at about a forty-five degree, perfectly showing off all the lush curves of her spectacular body, especially those huge Wifey-like tits of hers.

"I love it, Mom. I'm so glad you kept it. I don't know what it is, but I think it looks even better on you now that it did just a few years ago," I replied as I continued to openly leer at her.

"Well, I might have gained just a little bit of weight since then."

"Really, it doesn't look like it to me," I said as I let my eyes roam up and down over that magnificent mature body of hers.

"It was just a couple of pounds, but I think I put it all on up top." She looked down at her chest and turned her body slowly from side to side, letting me feast my eyes on those round heavy globes swelling over the cups of the tiny bikini. "Why don't you come over here and see if you think they're a little heavier?" Her teasing words sent a surge right to my already lengthening dick.

"Well, who am I to refuse an invitation like that?" I walked over to her and took her in my arms as she turned her face up to mine. Our lips met in a warm passionate kiss, my tongue sliding deep into her mouth as I pulled her close. I slid my hand up over the smooth skin of her indented waist until I was cupping one huge breast, and then hefted the full round orb.

"Mmmmm," she let out a little coo of satisfaction as I tested the impressive weight of her big tit in my cupping hand. Man, whether she had gained a little weight up there or not, I didn't care. They looked fantastic in that teasingly provocative bikini and they were definitely a handful. They generously filled my big hand and the full

weight of the massive breast was sensually erotic. I felt another surge go through my stiffening prick as I slid my hand over to the other one and filled my hand with it as well. Jesus, they were big. She pulled her deliciously warm mouth back from mine, both of us breathing hotly from our rapturous kiss. She looked down at my hand, gently cupping and hefting her bikini-clad tits.

"You don't think I'm getting too fat, do you, Sweetie?"

"Oh fuck, Mom. No, you're not fat at all." I licked my lips as I looked down at her tremendous guns filling my hands. "You're absolutely perfect."

"You're such a dear," she replied as she brought her hand up to mine that was cupping her breast and squeezed gently, letting me know she was mine to do with as I pleased. She dropped her hand to the side of my old bed and traced her fingertips across the covers. "So what would my son like to do with his old mother now?"

"Well I....."

"I figured this would be the perfect place to show you how I looked in this bikini," she said as she gestured around my room. "After all, I'm sure you've thought about me once or twice while you've been in this room."



"Mom, if I had a dollar for every time I jerked off in here thinking about you, I'd never have to work a day in my life."

This brought a big smile to her face, and once again, I saw that twinkling of incestuous desire in her sparkling blue eyes. "Well, I'm here now, Sweetie, and you don't have to jerk off, if you don't want to. You can do whatever you want with me." Oh fuck, this was like a dream come true. But then again, this weekend had been a whole dream come true.

"Whatever I like?"

"Just so long as at some point, you'll put it so far inside me that it'll feel like I can taste it."

"Not only will I put it that deep into you, but when I'm ready, I'm gonna make sure you taste it."

"Mmmmm; that sounds like a promise I'm gonna hold you to. So like I said, you can do whatever.....you.....like," she said slowly, punctuating each of her final few words with a little kiss.

Oh man, a million thoughts and scenarios raced through my brain, the illicitly wicked thoughts of all the things I'd ever wanted to do with my mother right here in my room. My heart was racing with excitement. I literally had to take a deep breath to calm myself down. I realized how I wanted to start things, with one of my favorite

fantasies. "Alright then" I said as I reached down and pulled the covers back. "I want you to just lay back right here." I gathered up the pillows and piled them against the headboard for her. She slid sexily onto the bed and rested back on the pillows, half sitting and half lying as she leaned against the headboard. She had one leg extended downwards, the other one bent at the knee. I moved down to the foot of my old single bed, facing her directly.

"Now, I want you to bring your knees up and let them roll open to each side." I loved the winsome smile on her face as she slowly bent her other leg until both knees were together. She paused for a second and then slowly let them drift apart as she brought her heels higher up on the bed. I looked down between that widening gap, much like I had done that day when she'd been at the pool, teasing my teenage libido relentlessly as she let me gaze upon her lush mature body. I was equally as turned on by her now as I had been all those years ago. The crotch of her bikini came into view, the vivid yellow material beckoning me to look closer; and look I did. The soft yellow material cupped her mature womanhood sensually, the alluring line of the mysterious cleft lying beneath becoming a slim teasing shadow on the surface of the sexy garment. I could feel my cock continuing to stiffen even more as her knees came further up as she let them roll open further to each side.

"Hmm, looks like somebody likes the view," she said in sultry whisper as she nodded towards my crotch. I looked down as well, the front of my towel tented out towards her, my surging erection struggling against the weight of the heavy terrycloth towel. After everything that had already happened today, even I was surprised at how fast I'd sprung another boner. The incestuous craving I had

for my mother seemed to have no bounds; I wanted her anywhere, anytime. And now, having her offered up like this in my own room in our family home was more than it took to get my blood flowing again.

"The view is fantastic," I said as I reached down and unhitched the knot in my towel, letting it drop to the floor at my feet. My freed cock unfurled totally and sprang to attention, the heavy weight of my thick 10" prick causing it to point directly towards her. "How's your view?"

"Mmmmm, fabulous," she cooed as her eyes zeroed in on the broad flared head of my engorged cock, the long slab of muscled flesh bobbing rhythmically with each powerful beat of my heart.

"You'll have this inside you soon enough," I said as I started to crawl onto the bed, "but I've got something else I want to do first."

"Be my guest," she replied provocatively as I made my way between her creamy spread thighs. I lowered my face towards her beckoning pussy, her warm feminine scent drawing me in magnetically. I settled right down between her widely spread legs, my face mere inches from her steaming little box.

"I've always wanted to do this while you were wearing this," I said as I slid my tongue from between my lips and licked slowly up the front of her bikini-clad pooch. I licked all the way up to the top of the tiny triangle of material and then dragged my tongue all the way

back down, the tip pressing right into the warm furrow lying beneath the thin yellow fabric.

"Mmmmm, if only I'd taken advantage of the opportunity to have that wonderful mouth of yours on me years ago," she said as she watched me run the flat of my tongue all over the front of her bikini bottom. I took a couple of minutes and fully licked the entire front of her bikini, my tongue tracing teasingly along the leg openings, causing a little moan of eager anticipation to come from her. Satisfied that I definitely had her attention, I lifted my head, but not before giving her a kiss right at the top of her covered slit.

"Now I want the real thing," I said as I reached forward and slowly plucked open the tiny spaghetti-strap bows at each hip. With the bows undone, I carefully pulled the triangle of yellow material forward, unveiling my prize.

Her smooth shaved pussy looked beautiful; vividly pink and invitingly wet. Released from the gentle embrace of the snug-fitting material, her shiny labia opened up for me like the petals of an exotic flower. My eyes followed the slit of her glistening womanly curtains higher where the protruding spire of her enflamed clit peaked from beneath its protective hood. Her womanly scent flooded my nostrils as I leaned in close, my face mere inches from the savory object of my incestuous desire.

"It's beautiful," I whispered under my breath as I slid my tongue forward and feathered it into the base of her sodden trench. Her succulent nectar settled on my taste-buds, inspiring me to search for

more of her delicious cunt-honey. I let my tongue explore further, deeper into the hot folds of soft pink flesh.

"Mmmmmm, that's so good," she mewed as I rolled my tongue in a slow tantalizing circle over the creamy tissues deep inside her. I gathered her warm silky juices on my tongue and felt them slide down my throat as I probed for more. I wormed my tongue deeper, my face pressing flush up against her smooth pudenda. I settled in, and took my time working her over, my tongue relentlessly circling and probing those hot wet folds of pink flesh inside her.

"Oh my God, that mouth of yours is incredible," she groaned as I kept up my oral onslaught. Her warm juices flowed onto my tongue continuously, and it didn't take long before I felt her hips start to twitch and flex up against my face as I continued to feather my tongue deep inside her, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings within her velvety love-pocket.

"Oh fuck....oh fuck," she gasped, her ragged breathing causing those massive tits of hers to swell and quiver erotically within the confining bikini cups as she got more and more excited. "OH JESUS OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," she growled deep in her throat as a shattering climax tore through her. I held on tightly as her matronly hips bucked up against my lancing tongue, her whole body squirming and twitching as her powerful release took control of her. With her lush mature body flexing and trembling through her orgasm, I slid my tongue to the base of her gooey slit and let her flowing cum wash onto my tongue. Fuck, she really came a lot that

time, I thought as I eagerly sucked up every tasty morsel of her silky discharge.

"JEEZZZZZ," she said with a final shiver before collapsing back into the pillows. I slowed the movements of my probing tongue and gently kissed her flushed pink labia, making my way slowly northwards. She lay there and drew in cool draughts of fresh air as her racing heartbeat slowly started to return to normal. But being the good son that I was, I couldn't allow that, could I? Wanting to give her more pleasure, I slowly kissed and licked higher, until the tip of my tongue flicked against the engorged red nodule of her swollen clit.

"Aaaahh," she let out a little gasp as I feathered the tip of my tongue beneath the pebbly button and pushed a big wad of saliva to the front of my mouth, bathing that sensitive pea of flesh with my warm spit. I circled my tongue all around it, letting the raspy surface of my tongue roll salaciously over the sensitive red spire. I closed my lips on it and sucked, causing her to gasp again as I settled in and went to work, my mouth, tongue and lips never releasing her tingling clit from my oral grasp. I flicked my eyes up to her face; her eyes were closed and her sweet red lips were parted as she breathed raggedly while I worked on her, those massive tits bobbing and quivering once more.

[illegible]

flowing juices as her midsection bucked and twitched against me. As her climax finished, I lowered my tongue to the base of her weeping little box and sucked out as much of her creamy cunt-juice as I could.....and then slipped my oral probe deep into her once more. I kept going as I ate her for another half hour or so, bringing her to five more orgasms before I drew my soaking wet face away from her tingling pussy, her lush body lying blissfully exhausted and totally inert against the pillows. She looked like a ragdoll that had been dropped in place, her arms and legs akimbo as she breathed deeply, slowly recuperating from her series of intense climaxes.

"Are you okay?" I asked as I looked at her quivering form, those tremendous heaving breasts drawing my eyes like a bug-zapper.

"Oh God, that was amazing. My whole body is just thrumming," she said weakly as she looked at me through half-closed eyes. "Oh, Sweetie, look at your face, it's soaking wet. Come here and let Mama take care of it." I crawled forwards until my face was over hers. She reached up, took my head in her hands and brought it down to hers. Her tongue slid forth, and like a mother cat with its kitten, she licked me clean, her warm tongue feeling sensually exhilarating as it swam lovingly over my sticky face. And like a cat, she purred softly as she did it. Satisfied that she had cleaned all of her shimmering cunt-honey off my face, she gave me a final warm kiss, her tongue sliding deep into my mouth as she pulled me close.

"Mmmmm, that mouth of yours is incredible," she said as she ended the kiss but looked intently into the deep pools of my eyes. "I can't believe how many times you made me cum."

"I'm not done making you cum yet," I said challengingly as I sat back, firmly grabbed her hips and pulled her down slightly in the bed. She looked down at my fierce erection, the lengthy slab of flesh rearing up between us; stiff and throbbing. I grabbed her legs around the ankles again and pulled her legs wide apart, opening her right up for the carnal onslaught I was about to force upon her. I started to push her legs further back towards her shoulders as I leaned over her, the broad flared head of engorged cock aiming directly at the soft petals of her slick labia.

"Now, I think it's time I filled you up some more" I said as I flexed my hips a little bit forward and pushed the bulbous tip between those hot slippery curtains of vivid pink flesh. I slowly shifted forward and both of us looked down, eagerly watching those warm slick cunt-lips spreading open to accommodate the massive lemon-sized head of my rock-hard prick. It was intensely exciting to see those hot pink folds of flesh stretching and opening as I slowly slid more of my rigid dick inside her. As the thick ropey ridge of the corona disappeared inside and her labia seemed to lock down on the mushroom-shaped head, I stopped and looked down at her, her sweet blue eyes already glazed over with lustful anticipation.

"How deep did you say you wanted this inside you, Mom?" I asked teasingly, holding my stiff slab of meat totally still with only the crimson crown filling the entrance to her hot little birth canal; the very same birth canal from whence I came over 28 years ago.



"Mmmmm, I want to feel all 10" as far inside me as you can get it," she replied, sliding her hands down to firmly grip my hips and pull me towards her, wantonly inviting me to feed her every last inch of my aching needy cock.

"Well, I guess I wouldn't be a very good son if I didn't do as my mother asked me, now would I?" I answered as I slowly flexed my hips forwards and started to force more of my thick blood-engorged lance inside her. Methodically.....insistently....I slid inch after inch between those slippery labial curtains, the hot wet tissues inside her gripping me firmly as we both watched my brick-hard erection slowly disappear inside her. She was breathing quicker already, her warm insides reluctantly yielding to accommodate the invading monster as I slid further forwards. I looked down at our joined bodies, her stretched labia adhering tightly to the driving shaft until I felt the flesh of our groins press together, those warm cunt-lips nibbling down around the base of my buried prick.

"Oh my God, it's so big," she said breathlessly as I felt her hot wet cunt grip me tightly. With my hands holding her legs spread wide open, I slowly withdrew, my turgid shaft coming back into view, the gnarled outer sheath glistening with her warm juices. I stopped with just the tip warmly snuggled between her labial curtains and then slowly, forcefully slid it all the way back into her.

"Mmmmmm, that's so good." She mewed contently and her head rolled back as she enjoyed the stimulating sensations my huge prick was causing inside her gripping snatch. Once I touched bottom, I withdrew again and started into a smooth rhythmic fucking motion.

Her hands remained on my hips and she kept pulling me as far into her as I could get, my shaved groin starting to slap noisily against her smooth twat. Oh fuck, was her cunt ever hot.....and so deliciously tight too. This felt like the place I was meant to be, between my mother's spread thighs, feeding her every last inch of my steel-like erection.

"Oh fuck, yesssss," she hissed, her head starting to roll from side to side as her pleasure escalated. Considering the number of times I had cum previously, I knew I could make this one last if I wanted. And want it to last, I did. I wanted to make this about her pleasure right now. I knew I'd get mine when the time came. I wanted to make sure she wanted to come back to me for more another time.....again and again. I looked down at her from my position on my knees between her spread-eagled thighs, my firm buttocks clenching as I vigorously drove my raging prick deep inside her with each flex of my strong hips. She looked so fucking sexy; her huge tits bobbing up and down sensually within the confining bikini cups as her body shook, her smooth skin glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration from her sexual exertions, her hair swirling erotically around her pretty face, her soft red lips wet and parted as she gasped wantonly, my throbbing erection tearing back and forth deep inside her.

"Oh my God, Connor, can you ever fuck," she moaned as her body started to twitch beneath me. I kept hammering it into her, feeling her warm juices run out of her and onto my silky bag as I powered over ten hard inches all the way to the hilt inside her with each driving thrust.

"OHHN.....I.....I.....AAAAAAHHHHHHH," she gasped loudly as she started to cum. Her matronly hips were bucking up against me wantonly as I continued to fuck her hard and deep. She was gasping and moaning like crazy as the intense sensations of a deep vaginal climax tore through her. I could feel her legs quivering in my gripping hands as I kept her spread totally wide open, her hot steaming box a welcoming receptacle for my incestuous lust. She came and came, her body convulsing and shaking like a caged animal as the nerve-jangling tremors rolled over her time and time again. She shuddered deeply one final time before collapsing back into the sheets, her tremendous tits heaving mightily as she fought to regain her breath. I kept still, all ten inches still buried inside her. I released her legs and they fell immediately to the bed on each side of me, her body totally drained.....for now.

"Turn over," I said as I pulled my hard throbbing cock out of her gripping twat and flipped her over.

"Wha...what?" she asked incoherently, her body still recovering from her intense orgasm.

"Oh, you're not done yet," I reminded her as I pulled her onto her hands and knees and slid my engorged member back between her gooey cunt-lips. I started to slam it into her once again, my midsection slapping up against her lush round ass with each forward thrust.

"Oh Jesus," she said tremulously as I started to really fuck her, my hands gripping her hips tightly as I had my way with her. She had

said this was my fantasy and for me to do whatever I wanted....so I did.

For the next twenty minutes or so, I fucked her from behind, driving my hips relentlessly into her with each jack-hammering thrust, my cock stretching and filling those tight gripping tissues deep inside her. She came three times while I had her in this position, then I pulled out and put her on her side, one leg pulled right up as I kneeled behind her. I fucked her like this until she came again.

After that, I pulled out and turned her ravished body sideways on the bed as I stood on the floor, her back against the sheets. I got her to tip her head right back over the edge as I slowly fed my rock-hard prick between her soft red lips. It didn't take long before I was sliding the full 10" length right down the deliciously hot channel of her throat. I throat-fucked her slowly, lasciviously enjoying the wonderful feeling of her tight silky throat massaging my prick. From her low groans and throaty growls, I could tell she enjoyed it too. Her hot saliva flowed freely as I slid my beefy dong back and forth, my sperm-laden nuts coming to rest against her face with each deep thrust. I could have cum right then, but I fought off the rising feeling and withdrew my engorged prick from her sucking mouth with a resounding "POP!"

I threw her back into the middle of the bed on her back and mounted her again. This time she wrapped those long legs of hers around me and crossed her ankles behind my back, willingly pulling me down into her. Not only did this tell me she wanted me to go as deep as I could, it also gave her some good leverage while she bucked that hot

steaming cunt of hers up against me. I started to absolutely hammer my long thick cock all the way to the bottom of her hot wet snatch, our bodies deliciously joined in an erotic embrace as we fucked like there was no tomorrow. She came again, her cries filling the room as she wrapped her arms around me and thrashed about like a wildcat, her steaming hot box gushing sweet cunt-honey as her orgasm tore through every inch of her lush mature body.

Like I'd done the other times she'd climaxed in this session, I slowed down to let her partially recover before starting up again, my rampant cock never leaving her hot buttery cunt. I rolled my hips in a slow torturous circle as I drove my prick deep, her eyes almost rolling back in her head at the intense pleasure I was giving her. She fucked back with wild abandon, showing me she was my equal when it came to providing your partner with the utmost pleasure; and why not, she was my mother.....I guess that's where I had gotten it from.

She surprised me by forcefully rolling over, keeping my stiff erection firmly inside her as she got me beneath her on my back. She sat up, sitting right down in the saddle with all ten inches buried deep. She looked at me through lust-filled eyes as she started to rock her motherly hips back and forth. I reached up and undid the tiny straps of her bikini top, finally releasing those massive orbs from their confinement. I tossed the little piece of yellow fabric aside as she really started to ride me. Her huge breasts swayed and jiggled with each delicious movement of her incredible body. The hot wet tissues inside her birth canal gripped and massaged my buried manhood with each rocking motion of her wide hips.

"Mmmmmm," she purred warmly as I reached up and filled my hands with those huge Wifey-like tits of hers. Oh man, did they feel great. They overflowed my big hands as I lifted and hefted those spectacular breasts, her big nipples stiffening and lengthening beneath my fingers. I thrust my hips up to meet hers and we quickly got into another smooth rhythm. We kept this up for a few minutes until I slowly moved my hips in a teasing circle once more, triggering another orgasm deep inside her.

"Oh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu," she moaned loudly as she put her hands down beside my shoulders and thrashed about on top of me. I could feel her bubbling snatch overflowing as she quivered and shook through a tingling release, her juices flowing right down over our joined bodies and onto the sheets. I was close, but knew that in her exhausted state, I'd have to change things up a bit to finish as I intended.

"I'm almost there," I said as I rolled her onto her back one more time and really started to pour it to her. I was merciless this time, fucking her as hard and as deep as I could, intent on satisfying my own pleasure at this point. Knowing I had delayed my climax for so long, I knew this was going to be a good one. She was moaning continuously now, and I heard her squeal through one more orgasm just as I felt the impending onslaught of my own. Her sweat-covered body was shaking like a ragdoll as I slammed my surging prick deep into her gripping cunt, just as I felt the intense sensation of the boiling semen start to speed up the shaft of my cock. I quickly withdrew and crawled up on the bed, wrapping my big hand around my pulsating erection as I positioned myself on my knees next to her upper body.

"OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES, MOM," I groaned loudly as I pointed the enflamed crimson cock-head down towards her massive tits. We both watched as a milky gob seemed to poise for a split second in the wet red eye before a huge thick rope of milky semen shot forth.

"AAAAHHH," she gasped as the long strand of pearly cum splashed across her chest, spanning from one side all the way to the other. I pumped again and a second silvery ribbon spat forth, once more landing with a forceful splat on her sumptuous breasts. I continued to unload, directing my ejaculating prick back and forth over those voluptuous tits of hers. I knew from the length of time I'd been fucking her that this was going to be a big load, but even for me, this one was huge. I totally flooded her chest with my pearly seed, the whitish gobs and silvery ribbons running together in a cloudy mess as I kept shooting. My hand pumped vigorously along the full length of my throbbing cock, shot upon shot spurting forth as I blasted away all over those spectacular 34Fs. Finally, with a last tingling twinge, the orgasmic contractions ceased, leaving me gasping as I savored the final delicious sensations of a tremendous climax.

"Oh my God, Connor, look at all that cum!" my mother said from beneath me as we both looked down at her cum-covered tits. She was right, it was a huge load, but she obviously wasn't complaining. It seemed to cover nearly all of the surface area of those incredible mounds, with stray gobs having found their way from her neck down onto her smooth flat stomach. I milked my hand downwards until the last stragglers gathered in a milky drop at the very tip. I pushed my prick-head down and dragged it across one stiff nipple,

the rubbery bud feeling excitingly sexy as I smeared the pearly nectar all over it.

"Mmmmmmm, I love it," she purred as her hands came forward and slowly started to smear my warm cum all over her big round tits. I turned slightly on my knees, until my spent dick was poised over her face.

"Here you go, Mom. There's a lot of your cunt-juice on there. Clean that up for me," I said as I lowered the heavy swollen tip towards her mouth. She opened her mouth willingly and I dropped the broad head right inside. Her lips closed down upon the crimson glans and I felt her tongue slowly swirl around the sensitive membranes. I fed her more and she eagerly took it deeper into her mouth, her tongue working to lap up our combined juices. I pulled it out and leaned closer as her feathery tongue lanced up to lick further down my spent shaft. When she'd cleaned all of her warm juices off my slowly deflating prick, I leaned closer as her tongue went to work on my silky bag. She sucked and licked, her warm tongue sliding deliciously over my soft sack as she cleaned me of every creamy drop of her sticky nectar. I finally lifted myself off her face and sat back on my haunches, looking down at her as she continued to spread my milky cum all over her chest.

"Oh Connor, that was incredible," she uttered softly as she looked at me, pure bliss shining in her warm blue eyes. "I've never been fucked like that in my entire life. I can't believe how many times you made me cum."



"I'm glad you liked it. Maybe you'll invite me out on a date again?"

"We wouldn't even have to go out," she said with a sly wink. "We could just stay in like this and I could suck on that beautiful cock of yours all night long." She punctuated her words by leaning over and giving the head of my dormant member another tender kiss.

"I'd be happy with a date like that anytime." I reached down and let my fingertips run tenderly over her vivid pink cunt-lips, the soft labia curtains looking puffy and swollen from the abuse I'd just been putting them through. I let my fingertips toy with the opening of her slippery gash for a minute before bringing a finger up and teasing it around the protruding bud of her swollen clit. "If you just keep sucking, I think it won't take too long and I can fill this up for you again."

"Oh my God, Connor, do you know how sore I am?" she asked playfully. "I think if you fucked me like that again right now, you'd kill me. I have to admit, you've worn me out....down there anyways." She had that devilish twinkle in her eye again as she turned her head sideways and looked me right in the eye. She opened those soft red lips and slipped them over the head of my flaccid prick, letting me know her mouth wasn't worn out and sore, even if her pussy was.

RING!.....RING!.....

Both of us snapped our heads around and looked at the phone on the nightstand next to the bed. I didn't recognize the number displayed but the words below gave it away: "Zoey Cell".

"Oh shit!" my mother said as she quickly sat up in bed and reached for the phone. "She's not supposed to be home for a couple of hours yet." She held a cautionary finger up to me. "Now don't say a word."

"Zoey?" she said after hitting the speaker-phone button.

"Hi Mom," I heard Zoey's young voice echo through the room.

"Are you okay, honey? I didn't think I'd be hearing from you for a couple of hours yet."

"Yeah, I'm fine. We just ended up seeing everything Jenna wanted to see and left a little bit earlier."

"So where are you now?" my mother asked, a bit of a disappointed look on her face.

"Oh, I don't know the name of the place we just passed...." Typical Zoey, I thought. "But Jenna's dad told me we're probably between forty-five minutes and an hour away from home."

"Well, okay Honey," my mother said before mouthing the word 'Shit' so I could see what she was thinking. "I guess I'll see you in a little while. Thanks for calling. Say hi to Jenna and her folks for me."

"Okay, Mom. See you soon."

My mother put the phone back in the cradle and sat up on my old bed. "Jesus, forty-five minutes. That's cutting it a little closer than I wanted."

"At least she called, just like you said she would," I replied as I stood up beside her.

"Yeah, like I said, she knows to call. You better go. I've gotta put these sheets, and mine, in the laundry. Then I've gotta clean up around here and take a shower. I must reek of sex." We both looked down at her glistening chest, my recent load of cum still shimmering on her soft smooth skin. And she was right; the whole room, and probably her room as well, smelled of sex....it was fantastic.

"I think you smell the way you should always smell," I said as I reached down and helped her to her feet. "With the scent of my cum all over you."

"Mmmmmm, I could get used to that," she said provocatively as she stood on her tiptoes and gave me a tender kiss, her teeth nibbling on my full bottom lip before she pushed me away from her. "Now,

you've got to get dressed and go. The last thing I want is for Zoey to show up with you slinking out the door carrying your clothes with you."

"Alright....alright," I replied as I turned on my heel and made my way back to her bedroom. I found most of my clothes there and quickly got dressed. My mother came in carrying the sheets from my room and her yellow bikini, her curvy mature body once more covered by her big fluffy robe. She started to hurriedly strip her bed as well while I pulled on my shoes and grabbed my jacket.

"I think I've got everything," I said as motioned towards the front door. She stopped what she was doing and followed me out of her room, taking my hand and walking beside me like we were teenage lovers.

"Thanks for a fantastic date," I said, stopping at the front door and turning towards her. "How about one more kiss?"

"Sure, lover," she replied warmly as she turned her face up to mine. I kissed her softly, deeply, passionately. Her lips were sweet and as soft as a baby's whisper as I pressed mine against hers. Our tongues warmly entwined as we held each other close, my hand automatically slipping between the folds of her robe to cup one huge breast. Her massive tit filled my hand, my fingers toying with the stiff rubbery nipple teasingly.

"Ohhhhhnnnn," she moaned in disappointment as she pushed me back, stopping me. She looked me up and down, her eyes coming to rest on the front of my pants as her hands slid down my chest and over my slumbering cock.

"Before you go, can I suck it, for just a minute or two?" she asked as she slipped to her knees before me. 'Holy shit!' I thought to myself, those were almost the identical words Zoey had said to me when I left here on Thursday night. Like mother, like daughter, I guess.

"Be my guest." I leaned back against the wall as my sexy mother quickly unzipped my fly, reached inside and drew out my lengthy member. She held it in her hand and looked up at me as she slipped her full pouty lips over the broad mushroom head and wantonly started sucking.

"Mmmmm," she purred into my slumbering dick as her hot wet mouth moved smoothly back and forth. I closed my eyes and relinquished myself to the sinful pleasures of her talented mouth, her warm saliva and swirling tongue causing my temporarily extinguished libido to start to smolder again. I could feel the blood within me start to flow southwards, my recently-spent dick slowly starting to fill and stiffen within her hot vacuuming mouth.

"There, you better go, Sweetie." She surprised me by releasing my stirring manhood from her hot wet mouth and stuffing it back into my pants. She zipped me up, got to her feet and gave me a quick kiss on the lips before reaching for the doorknob.

"But....I....I...." I whimpered helplessly as I just stood there, my swelling dick once more crying out for attention.

"You'll be fine, Honey," my mother said with a wry smirk on her face. "That'll help you remember what I'm gonna do to you again next time." She opened the door as I stepped away from the wall. I could only smile, knowing that as much as we both wanted it right now, we couldn't take the risk. I resigned myself to waiting until next time, knowing that once more, it would be incredible.

"Alright, Mom," I said, peering outside to make sure we were still alone. "Promise me we'll finish that next time?"

"I promise," she said coyly, reaching down to give my heavy member a last teasing squeeze. "Now go!" She gave me a playful shove out the door and closed it behind me.

With a big smile on my face I put the top down on my old Mustang and fired it up. Sally purred like a kitten as I slipped it into gear and headed for home. These last twenty-four hours with my mother had been incredible. She was even better than anything I had imagined in my fantasies. To say I was looking forward to the next opportunity we'd have to be together would have been the world's biggest understatement. Everything she did and said had been beyond belief. She understood me better than I probably understood myself. Those things she said about knowing what kind of man I was, one that wasn't capable of being tied down, had been bang on. She

seemed to know that about me before I even knew it myself. I realized as I drove towards home that I loved her even more than I ever had before.

As the wind whistled through my hair, I thought about her giving me permission to fantasize about other women while she sucked me, and how fantastic that was. I remembered thinking about her sister, my Aunt Julia, and how she kind of new about my mother's intentions towards me. I felt a stirring in my groin as I thought about the golf lesson I'd promised her. Yes, that just might be a very interesting lesson indeed. My thoughts turned to the number of gorgeous other women out there, and the possibility of resurrecting my Face-Painter persona with that idea I had about incorporating the help of Deanna, my hairdresser. Yes....with Deanna's connections to all those wealthy MILFs, that just might work out after all.

As I turned off the expressway and headed for home, I figured maybe it was time to give Deanna a call.

## Chapter 12

I pulled Sally into my parking spot, opened the door to my condo and went straight to bed. After the incredible weekend with my gorgeous stacked mother, I slept the sleep of the blissfully fucked. It was late Sunday afternoon when I finally awoke, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes and shaking the cobwebs out of my head.

"Yes, it really did happen," I thought to myself. I, Connor Young, had fucked my own mother. And not just some accidental occurrence when she'd been passed out drunk and I'd taken advantage of her. No—she'd wanted it just as much as I did—maybe more. And the thing that made me love her even more—when she said she knew I wasn't a one-woman man, and that she had no problem if I pursued other women, including her sister, my Aunt Julia. I smiled when I thought about that, how fucking cool it would be to have sex with both of those beautiful older women. And if Aunt Julia was anywhere close to being the sexual dynamo my mother had shown herself to be, there was no way I was going to be disappointed.

This whole weekend had been unbelievable. I thought back to the discussions I'd had with my best friend, Andy Adelson. Friday night we'd had dinner together and he told me some of the things that had happened with his mother. And then, yesterday, he'd come over for lunch and told me all the sordid details—including how he'd fucked his busty mother for the first time that very Friday night. And not just once—they'd fucked all night long. Imagine, both of us secretly lusting after our own mothers all these years, and then both of us having our fantasies come to life on the same weekend.

I guess some people would think that was the epitome of friendship. Maybe you could call it 'keeping up with the Joneses' or 'keeping up with the Andys'—whatever it was, it was fucking incredible. I promised Andy we'd touch base and get together soon to fill each other in on the last 24 hours. I grabbed my cell and punched in his number.



"Hello?" A groggy voice came over the phone.

*"Que pasa, amigo?"*

"Connor? What's going on?"

"I just called to check in and see how things are going since you left here yesterday."

"Oh fuck, you wouldn't believe it. I am so exhausted — but I've never felt better in my life."

From the tone of his voice, I could almost picture him beaming on the other end of the line. "Do tell, you horny little bastard." I heard a distant female voice call out his name.

"No time right now. Mom's just waking up from a little nap, and I think she's hungry for more."

"Hungry for what?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow. How about lunch at Gabriel's at 12:30?"

"I'll be there. I've got some news for you too."

"Good or bad?" Andy asked, and I could hear the intense curiosity in his voice.

"If something is better than good, do you say 'gooder', or 'goodest', or what?"

I heard Andy chuckle on the other end. "I get the picture. See you tomorrow. Can't wait."

"See ya," I replied and ended the call.

Well, well... things seemed to be going just as good for Andy as they were for me. The way I was feeling, I wanted to keep on a roll. On my night table, I found the slip of paper my hairdresser, Deanna, had given me with her phone number on it. I looked at the number and thought back on what had happened yesterday morning while she'd been cutting my hair.

She was leading me from the waiting area of the high-end salon back towards her work station. She'd commented on how she thought some of the attractive female clientele in her shop looked at me. I tried to remember the exact words of that conversation:

"Oh c'mon, are you serious? You've never noticed all those rich bitches here checking you out?"

"Uh...no." I had to admit that I usually went in and out of there without paying much attention to anyone other than her.

"Oh yeah, I've seen them look at you as if you were the main course on the all-you-can-eat buffet. And I've heard them talk about you; and most of them would like to do more than make a meal out of you; although I'm sure you wouldn't object to that. Yeah buddy, you'd be pretty high-grade stud material if this was a horse ranch. If you were mine, I could rent you out and make a fortune off these women."

I remembered being totally intrigued. I had enjoyed my little escapade renting myself out as "The Face-Painter", but Andy had struck the fear of God into me by pointing out the obvious risks of putting myself out there to the public at large. Once he'd laid it all out for me, I knew he was right—there were a hell of a lot of sick fucks out there—both male and female.

Deanna had mentioned that after breaking up with her asshole of a boyfriend, Brad, she might have to take a second job in order not to lose her apartment. The more I thought about the idea of putting forward a little business proposition to her, the more I liked it. Deanna had said how the rich women who came to her salon thought about me, and now, who better to screen those women as potential clients than someone who knew all their intimate secrets. What was that old saying, "Only my hairdresser knows for sure." I had an undeniable love for all women, but busty MILFs had a special place in my heart. If Deanna could help set me up with a few, and there was the chance to make a few extra bucks on the side...well...

"Oh fuck it!" I said to myself as I punched her number into my phone.

"Hello?"

"Deanna," I said, recognizing her voice right away. "It's Connor."

"Connor. What's up? Don't tell me you want your money back on the haircut I gave you yesterday?" she asked good-naturedly.

"No. Actually, my date with my mother went great. And she said I looked very handsome—including my haircut."

"Glad to hear it." She paused and I knew she was waiting to hear why I called.

"Anyways, remember yesterday when I mentioned about a business opportunity I was thinking about?"

"This isn't one of those stupid Ponzi scheme things, is it? Because after dealing with Brad, I've had enough of dealing with get-rich-quick assholes." I remembered her saying how her boyfriend—the so-called professional poker player—had pilfered her bank account to use as his gambling bankroll. Thus the sharp end of her boot up his ass as she shoved him out the door.

"No, it's nothing like that—I promise. Listen, how about I take you out for a bite to eat and run this idea by you? If you're not interested, that's fine. Just let me know. And hey, even if it's not for you, at least we can have a nice meal together."

"So this isn't like a date, right? Because Connor, I know you're a sweet guy and everything, but I'll tell you right now, I could never date someone like you."

"No, it's not a date—just two friends getting together to talk." I was somewhat taken aback by what she'd said, and I wondered exactly what she meant. I figured I'd bring it up when we got together, and I'd be able to see her facial expression when I asked her.

"Okay, that's fine. I'm going over my budget right now and...it's pretty depressing, to be honest. Going out for a few minutes would actually be nice."

"Great. How about BuzzBees at about 6:00PM?"

"Sounds good. I'll meet you there."

I ended the call and languished in bed for a minute, wondering why she'd said she couldn't 'date someone like me'. What the fuck was that all about? I was a nice guy, pretty good-looking, decent job. Well, semi-decent anyways. Had my own place, big cock. Hmmm, and she didn't even know about that. Maybe she thought I had a

small cock? No, that couldn't be it. As much as I tried, I couldn't figure it out. Once again, the words "Fuck it," came out of my mouth as I climbed out of bed and hit the showers.

I still had about an hour until I had to meet Deanna, so I took my time in the shower, lathering up my cock and thinking about my mother's hands and mouth on me. Fuck, she had been fantastic—so wantonly desirable, sinfully talented and deliciously insatiable. "Down boy," I said to my good friend, Dick, who started to stand up and salute as I slid my lathered hands back and forth. Rather than turn the shower to cold—which I think nobody really does—I just released the old Oscar Meyer and thought about my taxes. Sure enough, the torpedo lost its will to surface.

I turned on some music as I got ready. It seemed like a good day to listen to some China Crisis. Yeah, that would hit the spot perfectly. As the pulsing strains of 'Working with Fire and Steel' filled the room, I felt rejuvenated by the thumping beat. I swear I was born in the wrong decade. The more I listened to music from the 80's, the more I was convinced of that. Combine the music of that decade with Sally, my old Mustang, and life couldn't get much better. Maybe a nice blonde MILF with a tremendous rack sucking my cock would help, but you can't have everything—or maybe you could. I hoped that, with Deanna's help, I just might get a few busty middle-aged MILFs to help make life just perfect.

I picked out a pink casual shirt and a pair of jeans to wear. I had no problem wearing a pink shirt, and it was unbelievable how many women complimented me on it, most of them with a mischievous

little twinkle in their eye. And this shirt was just a soft pink—almost to the point of being white—it wasn't some ridiculous bubble-gum Fire Island pink. A complimentary brown belt and pair of my favorite desert boots rounded out the look. Perfect for BuzzBees.

I hopped into Sally and headed for the restaurant, loving the feel of the warm Las Vegas air flowing through my damp hair as I took the expressway. I knew the area where Deanna lived and had suggested BuzzBees, knowing it was close to her place. If she felt uncomfortable at all about my business suggestion, I didn't want it to be awkward if we were someplace where I'd have to give her a lift home. Here, if she wanted to tell me to shove it up my ass, she could just do it and walk away—no questions asked.

I figured the place would be perfect for our discussion. BuzzBees was one of those typical roadhouse places. You know the kind, lots of memorabilia shit on the walls, old license plates, original signs for Dr Pepper, giant bottles of Tabasco sauce stacked on shelves, brown paper tablecloths slapped and taped down for each new patron, TVs hung all over the place making the joint seem lively and vibrant. Just like the young service staff, which was usually about two-thirds female with just enough guys thrown in there so the place couldn't be sued for sexist hiring policies. The service staff all wore black t-shirts with various snappy sayings on them, stupid shit like "A Day Without BuzzBees is Like a Day Without Fun". Blow me...please. The one thing about these places is that the female waitresses are generally pretty cute. They usually look like ones you'd love to take home and jerk off on their pretty faces all night long. You get the picture.

I pulled Sally into a parking spot and entered the restaurant. For a Sunday night, the place was pretty busy. Noisy as usual, with most of the seats filled. A sweet young blonde thing with dimples and a sizable set of tits beneath a t-shirt that said, 'Hot Stuff' stepped from behind the hostess' lectern and greeted me.

"A friend will be joining me soon. Do you think we could get a booth?"

"Absolutely," Hot Stuff replied, a big smile spreading over her face as I ogled her jiggly tits. She swayed slightly back and forth, subtly showing off her best attribute—and making sure I got a good look. "What name can I put that under?"

I was sorely tempted to give some smartass answer and say something like Peter North, but I figured it would be lost on someone so young as Hot Stuff here. Besides, I figured little jiggly tits was going to seat me while I waited, and Deanna would ask for me by name. "Connor," I replied, and little cutie-pie wrote it on her list.

"Connor, what a nice name," she replied, giving me flirtatious little smile. "Right this way." She grabbed a couple of menus and led me deeper into the restaurant. As I followed her I got the meaning of her t-shirt. The 'Hot Stuff' on the front tied in with the 'Try BuzzBees Killer Wings' written on the back. Gee, and I thought it had been referring to the temperature inside that steaming little cunt of hers. Silly me.



Some kid had just finished taping down the brown paper table cloth as Hottie ushered me into a booth. She placed the menus down, grabbed a crayon from the plastic cup filled with the waxy little things and scribbled the time on the corner of the table.

"Is your friend that's joining you male or female?"

"Female."

She looked a little disappointed when I said that. "I'll bring her right over when she arrives."

"She's already here," I heard Deanna say as she appeared next to Hottie and casually slipped into the other side of the booth.

"Oh good—that makes things easy," Hottie replied, seeming a little flustered by Deanna's confident entrance, not to mention her attractive appearance. I think Hot Stuff was probably used to getting a lot of attention from male patrons. As usual, Deanna looked fantastic. Something about hairdressers—they sure know how to look good when they go out in public. I don't think the youngster knew what to do next as she looked Deanna up and down enviously. "Uh, Matthew will be your waiter tonight. He'll be here shortly." She turned and looked directly at me as she spoke again. I gave her a typical Connor Young smile and nodded. "If there's anything at all you need, just let me know," she said, the mischievous look in her eye told me that she was offering more than just being able to fill my water glass.

"You made it," I said, turning to Deanna as Hottie trotted off back to her station.

"A free meal with a handsome young man—of course I made it," Deanna replied, a grin on her face.

"You look great." She certainly did. Her curly light brown hair fell in cascading waves about her shoulders. I had noticed when she slid into the booth that she wore a nice pair of slim-fitting jeans, the warm denim deliciously caressing her full thighs and curvy bum. She had on a cherry-red blouse which hugged her generous C-cup tits nicely, a couple of buttons open at the neck providing teasing glimpses of the upper swells of her breasts. I looked at her smiling face. Her makeup was beautifully done, making her look sensually glamorous without looking too over the top. It worked wonderfully with her casual attire which was bang-on appropriate for BuzzBees. Damn, she was cute as a button.

"Thanks," she said, shifting slightly on her seat and putting her elbows on the table. "You don't look too bad yourself. I love that shirt." See, what did I tell you about the pink shirt?

"How are we tonight, folks?" a young kid fresh out of a toothpaste commercial said, reaching across our table and grabbing a crayon out of the plastic cup. I always wondered why they invariably said "How are WE tonight?", as if I was going to invite him to join us. I used to

get pissed off about it, but as I got older, I remembered the sage advice of my friend, Andy, "Just let it go, Connor...just let it go."

"My name's Matthew." He started to write his name upside down on the paper tablecloth, finished with a flourish, and then popped the crayon back into the cup. "Can I start you folks off with something to drink tonight?"

"That's pretty impressive," I said, looking at his name scrawled before me.

"What's that?" he asked, his toothpaste smile shining in my eyes.

"The way your can write your name upside down like that." Both he and Deanna looked down at the crayon scribbling. "Of course, with your name, Matthew, it's basically the same upside down as it is right-side up." I guess it was the writer in me coming out, but seeing the combination of letters printed out had caught my eye.

"Hey, I guess you're right," he said, looking back and forth along the line of letters and seeing how you could just write the letters in reverse and it would look basically the same from the other side. "Wow, that's pretty cool."

"I'll have a beer," I said, wanting to get on with things. "What about you, Deanna? What would you like?"

"Two beers," she said, holding up two fingers to the kid.

"Uh, you want two beers yourself?" the kid asked, totally perplexed. I smiled at the confused look on his face.

"No, just two beers total, Sport," Deanna said as young Matthew nodded and stepped away.

"I think you impressed him with that name business," she said, flipping open her menu.

"His name is basically an ambigram that looks the same from either side. I'm surprised he never noticed that before." I opened my menu and quickly scanned the myriad middle-of-the road offerings, typical for a place like this. "What are you gonna have?"

"I feel like a big salad."

"Sounds good. I think that's just what I need too. How about we split an order of wings?"

"If you want to get some, I'll have one or two. I'm trying to watch my figure."

"I'm trying to watch your figure too," I said playfully, an exaggerated lecherous grin on my face.

Deanna laughed and flipped her menu closed. "See, that's exactly why I could never go out with you."

"I'm curious. After you said that on the phone, I was wondering exactly what you meant. I'm not a bad guy, you know." I smiled and held my hands up to show my angelic innocence. "What is it?"

"You're a great guy, and I know there are many women who would fall for you like a ton of bricks. I just don't want to be one of those women."

"I know this isn't a date or anything, don't worry about that. But I still don't really get it."

"That little hostess for example."

"What?"

"Don't tell me you didn't notice how she was flirting with you?"

"Well...uh..."

"That's it exactly. Women like that—and not just young girls like her—are gonna flirt with you all the time, and at the point I'm at in my life, I don't want to be competing with that all the time."

I nodded, finally understanding.

"Don't get me wrong, Connor," she said, holding her hands out apologetically, "I know you love it. You love the flirting, the attention you get from women, and I know you love to give women just as much attention as they give you. Basically, you love all women, don't you?"

"I...I..." I stammered, holding up my hands in resignation, letting her know there was no way I could deny what she was saying.

"And that's fine." Deanna gave me a big beaming smile. Like my mother, she seemed to know me better than I knew myself. "That's just you, Connor, and that's the man who I consider a good friend. But would I like to date you? No fucking way."

We both laughed at her expletive, and it really took the edge off this topic of conversation. I reached forward and offered my hand. "Friends?"

She reached forward and shook. "Friends."

Matthew arrived with a couple of frosty mugs of beer and took our order: a big house salad for Deanna, a Caesar salad for me and a plate of Buffalo wings.

"So what is this big business venture?" Deanna asked after we each took a slug of our beers.

This was it—the moment of truth. I either told her the truth right now, or weaseled out of it with some lame-ass lie and called the whole thing off. I took a deep breath and made my decision. "Well, it's not really a BIG venture. More like a one-man show, actually."

"And does this 'one-man show' involve you?"

"Uh...yeah. I guess you could say that." I pulled out my phone and scrolled through until I found something I'd downloaded. It was the ad I had first put online to advertise myself as "The Face-Painter".

FACE-PAINTER, Well-hung white male willing to provide face-painting services. 6'-3", 215 lbs. Clean and safe. Over 10" of thick cut cock. If you are interested in having 12-20 shots of cum covering your face, respond to the e-mail address below. Serious replies only. Discretion expected and ensured. PRICE: \$200/load.

I handed her the phone. "Here, take a look at that." I watched her eyes grow wide as she read. She stopped for a second and looked at

me in surprise, and then I could tell she was re-reading it a second time.

"This," she said, pointing to the phone, "this is you?"

I nodded.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" she asked loudly, and then, thoroughly embarrassed at the volume in which she'd spoken, she looked nervously around before hunkering down and whispering to me across the table, "This is really you?"

Again, I nodded.

"You're an escort?"

"Uh, yes and no."

"What do you mean, yes and no?"

"I put that ad out and met someone who responded, but it only happened one time. I pulled the ad after that one time."

"Did something bad happen?" she asked, and I could see she was genuinely concerned about my welfare.



"No, it was fantastic actually. But, you know my friend Andy, right?" Deanna nodded. "I ended up telling him about it and he thought I was nuts—not for wanting to do it, but because of all the risks I was taking with all the whack-jobs out there. The more I thought about it, the more I thought he was right."

"He is right. This is Las Vegas—is there even one sane person in this whole town?"

We both smiled at that. I saw her look down at my phone and re-read my ad once more. She then looked up at me, a confused look on her face. "And you're showing me this...why?"

"Well, like I said, that one time I met someone, it was great. I loved it...she loved it." I paused for a second. She was listening intently, and I knew I had her full attention. "So this is where you come in. I have to admit, just like you said—I love all women. I'd love to do more of this, but I also think it's best if I heed Andy's advice."

"You can't be serious?" she asked, shaking her head with a sarcastic smile on her face as if I was the stupidest idiot in the world.

"What?" I asked, holding my hands up in confusion.

"Your big business idea is to ask me to pay you \$200 for sex?"

"No...no," I blurted out, waving my hands in exasperation. "I want you to help me find women who are willing to pay \$200. Sane women, women you know I could trust not to go all 'Fatal Attraction' on me."

Deanna looked at me intently, the idea registering. "Let me get this straight—you want me to be your pimp?"

"Uh well...more like my business manager."

She smiled as she sat back. "So basically, your pimp."

"Uh...well...yeah, okay," I admitted, like a teenage boy caught licking his mother's panties.

"And why exactly did you think of me for this illustrious position?" she asked, barely able to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

"Because of what you said at the shop yesterday. You said that a lot of the women that came in there were eyeing me up, and that if you had a horse farm you'd rent me out for stud service. Were you bullshitting me? It didn't seem that way when you were saying it."

Deanna looked across the table at me, and I could see it finally dawn on her that I wasn't fucking around with her. "No, I wasn't

bullshitting you when I said that. I've seen the way all those women look at you."

"And I know the clientele you get in your shop is pretty high-end. Most of those women are pretty well-off, right?"

"That's an understatement," she replied flippantly, looking down at my ad once more. "Most of them love to spend that money their husbands shower them with. So this is how much you charge? \$200?"

"Uh, \$200 per load." I felt a little embarrassed talking so frankly, but if Deanna and I were going to work together, I wanted to be totally up front about everything.

"So that's how much you made from that one encounter you had?"

"Uh, no. I made \$400."

"\$400?"

"Yeah. She liked it so much, she offered to pay for additional services right away."

"So you and she...uh...twice?" Deanna asked, holding up two fingers.

"Well, twice that she paid for."

"What do you mean?"

"The second time was so great that I stayed for a while longer, but I didn't charge her after that."

"I see," she said with a smile on her face. "A hooker with a heart of gold, eh?" I simply shrugged, which seemed to just pique her curiosity. "So, besides those two times that she paid for, how many more times did you...uh...?" Deanna seemed to be searching for the appropriate words.

"Paint her face?" I interrupted.

"Uh...yeah."

"Three more times," I replied flatly.

"THREE MORE TIMES!" Deana blurted out, and then looked around again to make sure no one had heard her outburst.

"Yes."

"And how...how long were you there?"

"Altogether, probably about three hours."

"Jesus Christ." Deanna slumped back in her seat and looked at me like I was some kind of alien or something. "You came five times while you were with her?" she asked, an incredulous expression on her face.

"Uh...yes."

She looked down at the wording in my ad once more. She pointed to the cell phone, her voice and finger both quivering now. "And this...this description of your...your..."

"Cock?" I interrupted again.

"Yes. Your cock and...and the number of times you shoot when you climax. That...that's really true too?"

"Yes."

"Oh fuck," she said quietly as she put the cell phone down on the table and slid it across to me. I sat calmly, waiting for her to speak. I could really see the wheels spinning around like crazy in her head now.

"And you charged that woman \$200 a pop?"

"Yeah. I thought that would be about right."

She shook her head in dismay and then grabbed a crayon out of the little plastic cup. "If that description of yourself is accurate —"

"It is," I interrupted again, nodding to make sure she knew once again I wasn't fucking with her.

"Okay. Then this is how much you should be charging." She reached forward with the crayon and quickly scribbled a figure on the paper tablecloth: \$1,000.

"Are you nuts?" I asked, shaking my head in astonishment. "Who would pay that much?"

"The women that come to my salon—that's who," Deanna replied, sitting back and looking proud of herself.

"You're kidding, right?" I asked, pointing to the figure she'd written.

"If you are like you say you are in that ad, those women would gladly pay that much. Trust me—I know what they're like."

Just then Matthew arrived with our food. We both sat back as he placed our salads in front of us and the wings between us. When he asked if we needed anything else, we both shook our heads emphatically, and I could see that Deanna was as interested as I was at getting back to the conversation at hand.

"Really? They'd really pay that much?" I asked once Matthew was safely out of earshot.

"Oh yeah. I know a few who wouldn't hesitate for a second to spend that kind of money. Especially on someone they could trust to be safe and discreet."

"Exactly!" I gushed out, a big smile spreading across my face.

"Okay," Deanna replied. "I'm starting to think you just might have something here."

"So, do you think we could do this?"

"Definitely. With some of the women I have in mind, it would be like taking a candy from a baby—but in this case, the baby would get just what they want too." She was certainly looking pleased with herself now, the disconcerted look she'd had a few minutes ago seeming to just vanish into the ether. I looked again at the astonishing figure she'd written down, finding it unbelievable that I would get paid that much for doing something I would have loved to do for free.

"If those women would pay that much, it's something that we would only need to do every once in a while. Like I said, I kind of started this as a bit of an adventure, and the little bit of extra money was just a bonus. If we did this, it'll help you out financially too. It popped into my head when you mentioned yesterday that you might have to get a second job to keep your apartment."

"What kind of financial arrangement did you have in mind?"

"Uh gee, I don't know. I'm not used to this kind of thing. What do you think?"

"Well, since I'm going to be the one putting this idea out there to these women, and seeing the kind of things they want from you, I don't know...how about \$700 for you and \$300 for me?"

"That sounds great!" \$700 bucks sound absolutely perfect to me. I thrust out my hand, "Deal?"

"Deal," she said, reaching across and shaking firmly.

With that out of the way, we both dug into our salads. We were both higher than a kite, and the conversation flowed freely. I quizzed Deanna about some of the women she had in mind, and the more she told me about the wealthy attractive MILFs, the more excited I got thinking about all the possibilities. The idea must have sat well with



her, because she polished off a few more wings than the 'couple' she had originally anticipated. I felt fantastic and it was nice to look across and see the happiness on Deanna's face. For her sake almost as much as mine, I hoped our idea worked out and the extra money would help her get everything she wanted. Well, hopefully it would at least let her keep her apartment.

We finished up and I had just paid young Matthew for our meal when Deanna said something that kind of surprised me. "Connor, look—I know this has just been a business dinner..." We both had a little chuckle at that "...but I think there's one more thing we need to do in order to move forward."

"What's that?"

"Well, I'm not really sure how to say this, so I'll just come right out with it—for me to recommend you to these women, I think I'm going to have to, shall we say, 'sample the merchandise' first hand?"

A sly grin spread over my face. "Okay, I get it. I can understand that. It would be like a car salesman recommending a car when he's never driven it himself?"

"Exactly," she replied, nodding her head up and down eagerly. "But remember, it would just be for business purposes, okay?"

"Of course...of course, nothing more than that. I understand. When did you have in mind?"

She looked pensive for a few seconds, but I knew exactly what she was going to say. "Well, uh...how about right now? My place isn't far from here."

"Sure," I replied. "I've got nothing else planned tonight."

"Was everything alright, sir?" Hot Stuff asked as we passed the hostess' station on our way out.

"It couldn't have been better," I replied, giving her a saucy little wink.

"Feel free to come back any time." She gave me a beaming smile and subtly turned her upper body, making sure I saw the way those big soft breasts of hers shifted beneath her t-shirt. In my semi-aroused state, there was no way I was going to miss something like that. When I looked back up, I gave her another wink, letting her know I knew exactly what she meant.

"I saw that," Deanna said, playfully elbowing me in the ribs once we got outside.

"What?"

"Connor, you are such a slut."

"But I might be a well-paid slut, right?"

"Well, we'll have to see about that. I need to check out what I'm selling first." She gave me a mischievous smile as we approached the car. I held the door open as Deanna slid into Sally, drawing her nice jean-clad legs in one after the other. The sexy high-heeled sandals she wore looked deliciously saucy with her jeans, and as I looked down at her from the side of the car, I caught a glimpse of her inviting cleavage and a lacy red bra, almost the same color as her blouse. Jesus, she looked good.

We made idle chit-chat as we drove the short distance to her house. My mind was elsewhere, wondering if she was just going to inspect my dick like an army doctor—"Bend over and cough, Private"—or whether this was going to be a hell of a lot more fun than that. As I looked over at her cute figure and sexy curly hair, I hoped for the latter.

"This is the place," Deanna said, ushering me into her apartment. It was a nice building and she was on the 8th floor with a pretty decent view of the city. She gave me a quick tour of the two-bedroom flat, and I could tell by the finishes and the location that this was something that wasn't usually affordable to the average hairdresser. 'Maybe to a hairdresser who was also a pimp', I thought to myself as a smile crossed my face.

"Nice place. I can see why you don't want to leave here," I said as we returned to the living room.

"Yeah, I like it," she replied, settling herself into an easy chair and tossing her curly hair from one side of her head to the other. It definitely caught my attention. "If this idea of yours works out, I can probably keep this place. I'd love that."

"I hope so too." I sat on the couch opposite her. "So, uh...how do you want to do this?"

"Well, I've been thinking—some of these women are going to want you to come to their homes, and then they'll probably tell you specifically what they want you to do. Remember, a lot of these women are used to getting what they want, especially when they're paying for it."

"That's fine with me."

"So, I think it might be best if I was just to pretend I was one of them. Of course, like I said, this would just be almost in the clinical sense, to check out the product I'm promoting."

"Sort of like product testing?" I asked teasingly, getting the idea this was going exactly where I hoped.

"Exactly—product testing." Deanna eagerly nodded, agreeing with the term I'd thrown out there to see how she'd respond. I could already feel my prick swelling in my shorts.

"Okay, how do you want to start testing the product?"

"Uh well, okay. If I was one of those women, I'd probably ask you to get undressed."

Without saying another word, I pulled off my desert boots and socks, and then stood up to take off my shirt. I kept my eyes locked on Deanna as I slowly undid the buttons and peeled off my shirt, watching her gaze shift to my defined pecs and tight stomach. I could see her looking at my muscular torso longingly as I tossed the shirt aside. I purposely spread my feet slightly apart, giving myself a more imposing stance as I stepped right in front of her. I brought both hands to the waistband of my jeans. I seductively undid my belt, popped open the button and held the open flap with one hand while I reached for the zipper with the other.

ZZZZZZZIPPPPPPP...

I slowly, teasingly, drew the zipper downwards, exposing my toned abs and white fitted boxers. Her eyes were locked on my midsection as I pulled the flaps of my jeans open and deftly pushed them down, stepping out of them and tossing them aside next to my shirt. I could feel my heavy dick stiffening beneath the soft white fabric of my

underwear, the bulbous head starting to lift and strain against the confining material.

"You...you should probably rub yourself through your underwear," Deanna said, her hungry eyes never leaving my growing package. I could tell that, at this point, she was asking me to do what she wanted me to do, the ruse of pretending she was a potential client tossed aside like a losing lottery ticket.

With my feet spread about shoulder-width apart, I reached down and circled my fingers around the stiffening slab of flesh. I gave it a gentle squeeze as my fingers wrapped around it through the white fabric, and then provocatively slid my gripping hand back and forth. I could feel my prick respond instantly, blood pulsing into my midsection and up the veiny shaft. I flicked my eyes from looking at her captivated face down to my crotch, my lengthening shaft expanding beneath my cotton shorts. The brilliant white of the fabric gave off teasing shadows as the knob became engorged and headed towards the waistband, aching for freedom.

"I...uh...I...I think you should take your underwear off now," Deanna gasped out breathlessly, her shaking hand gesturing towards my stiffening loins. I hooked my fingers in the top of my underwear and slowly pushed down. The taut waistband caught for a second or two on the massive head, and then I pushed harder, allowing the enflamed crown to pop into view.

"Aahhh!" I heard Deanna give off a sharp intake of breath as the engorged knob popped forth, the scarlet head hotly enflamed, the

deep purple ridge of the corona looking like a beautiful speed-bump for a pair of needy lips or hungry cunt. I shimmied my hips as I pushed downward, letting my underwear drop to the floor and kicking them aside.

"Oh fuck," she muttered under her breath as my stiffening cock arced up, lancing into the air before it came to rest, pointing upwards at about a 45-degree angle to my body. As I straightened up, my dick bobbed menacingly, a glistening drop of pre-cum pulsing to the surface. Freed from the restrained confines of my underwear, my cock quickly thickened and extended. Deanna watched, her face flushing with arousal as my prick grew right before her eyes, the pulsing blood coursing through me resulting in a full throbbing erection within just a few moments.

"Oh my God, it's huge," Deanna said, her eyes feasting on the site of my rock-hard cock. "Just hang on a second." She quickly got up and hurried into her bedroom. She was back within seconds, something white and ribbon-like clutched in her hand. She slid back into her chair and sat forward, opening her hand. She was holding a flexible tape measure, like women use for sewing.

"Part of product testing is to ensure you know the specifications of your product." She unfurled the tape measure and laid it along the top of my thrusting erection, the cold metal tab at the end pressed against the joint with my midsection. She drew the tape out and dropped it over the engorged tip, the flexible measuring device hanging downwards. She closely inspected the reading. "Just under 10 ½. Now, let's see how big it is around." Deanna quickly circled my

rigid stick with the pliable tape before taking the reading of the circumference. "7 ¼...oh fuck!" She sat back and stared wide-eyed at my throbbing fuck-stick, mesmerized by the rhythmic bobbing as it pulsed with each beat of my heart, blood flowing powerfully up the veiny shaft.

"Maybe you should...uh...," she stammered, gesturing towards me, unsure of what she was trying to say. I could see she was flummoxed by the unexpected size of my cock.

"Jerk off for you?" I interrupted her again, knowing she needed my help with this bizarre situation. She quickly nodded, and I slowly brought my hand up to my stiff member. I circled my hand around it in a warm loving corridor and then started to stoke it. I did it provocatively, slowly moving my hand back and forth, sliding the velvety outer sheath teasingly back and forth over the iron-hard core. With Deanna watching, totally entranced, I stepped closer, the head of my cock now less than two feet away from her pretty face.

The strange situation was unlike anything I'd been part of before, and for some reason, I found it to be a tremendous turn-on. Here she was, sitting fully clothed and watching, as I stood before her, totally naked and jerking off for her amusement. I loved it. If this was what some of those rich women would want me to do—fucking sign me up!

Deanna's face was flushed, and I could see a fine sheen of perspiration on her forehead, her eyes never leaving my stroking hand. Pre-cum was oozing from the tip as I continued to jack-off, the



slimy liquid glistening lewdly as a shimmering strand hung from the tip of my cock. "Do you think those rich women would like this?" I asked in a low lulling tone.

She simply nodded as she continued to stare hypnotically. I smiled as I saw her tongue run out instinctively and circle around her soft lips, making them glisten wetly. Seeing her do that had me right on the edge, and I decided not to hold off any longer.

"Do you think they'd want to see what this feels like on their faces?" I asked in that same lulling tone. Once again, her head slowly nodded up and down, her eyes locked on my stroking hand.

"Then just sit a little closer," I said, reaching around from the side with my other hand and sliding my fingers smoothly into her curls, and then gently pulling her head forward. She eagerly allowed me to move her, her upper body leaning forward as the enflamed head of my prick got closer and closer to her face.

"That's a good girl." I continued in that same hypnotic tone, slowly bringing her head towards my surging prick. I stopped my stroking, and just wrapped my hand around the base of the shaft. Her eyes were locked on the enflamed knob, a shiny drop of pre-cum starting to drizzle from the tip. I shifted my hips slightly forward, pressing the tip of my cock against the soft skin of her cheek.

"Ohhnn," Deanna groaned deep in her throat as I drew the glistening drop of pre-cum all around her cheek. I could see her breathing

raggedly as I got a little bolder and started to rub the flacid knob all around her face. She instinctively closed her eyes as I fed the mushroom-shaped head into the ultra-soft skin of her eye sockets, first one, and then the other. I moved closer and let the long barrel of my dick slide up her face, the velvety soft skin of the outer sheath sliding luxuriously all over her face, the oozing tip burrowing itself into her curly hair as I rolled my hips upwards. I pulled back slightly and moved it all around her forehead, a shimmering snail-trail of silky fluid shining on her skin.

"Do you like the feel of that cock on your face?" I asked softly, drawing the incendiary cap all over her cheeks and jawline.

"Yessss," she hissed, her hungry eyes following the teasing movements of my rigid cock.

"Do you like the way that pre-cum feels as I rub it all over your skin?" I emphasized my question by giving my prick another smooth stroke, causing more of the shimmering discharge to pulse to the surface.

"Yes," she eagerly replied, her soft lips parted as she breathed raggedly.

"But you want the real thing, don't you? You want me to paint that pretty face of yours with a nice big load of milky cum?" This time I teasingly drew the dripping head right across her parted lips, letting

her feel the intense heat of it, letting the provocative flavor of my manly nectar flow onto her lips.

"Oh God, yes," Deanna answered emphatically, her tongue instinctively slipping out to run over her glistening lips, pulling the tantalizing traces of fluid into her welcoming mouth. I couldn't believe how incredibly turned on this whole thing was making me.

"Well, since you've been such a good girl, I think you deserve a reward." I started stroking more vigorously, knowing I was close. With the surging end of my pecker rubbing against the soft warm skin of her face, I jerked off. My balls quickly drew up close to my body as the telltale contractions started in my midsection. I felt the boiling semen speeding up the shaft of my cock and pulled back about six inches, the engorged knob pointing right at her face. The first thick rope jettisoned forth, hitting her just beside her mouth and running upwards right into her hair.

"Aaaahh," she gasped as I really started to unload. A second massive rope spewed forth, pasting itself across her nose and onto her forehead. I kept pumping, my hand moving rapidly back and forth as I flooded her face with a fountain of cum. Shot after shot of thick white semen rained down upon her skin. The stuff was everywhere. Wads were running down her forehead and dangling from her eyebrows while silvery ribbons crisscrossed her face, the pearly fluid looking decadently luxurious on her smooth skin.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I groaned as I continued to shoot. My hand jacked vigorously back and forth, pumping out rope upon milky rope of

viscous seed. I watched as the gathering gobs clung lewdly to her skin, some of the bigger ones sliding off her chin, the shimmering strands dropping onto her blouse and the upper swells of her breasts where her shirt gaped open. Seeing one slithering wad drop right into her inviting cleavage caused another surging pulse to go through me, even more potent semen spewing forth. I pumped away, white gobs of spunk spraying everywhere. Finally, as a blissful orgasmic shudder tripped down my spine, the last drops spit forth, landing right on her already gooey cheeks.

"I think you got it all," I said, letting go of her head and stepping back. Holy fuck! Her face was a mess! The strangeness of the situation must have really gotten to me, because this load was huge—even for me. Her face was almost totally covered with milky goo, and there were also sizable wads pooling in her lustrous hair, with glistening strands dangling from a few of the curls. A lot had dripped off her pretty face already, the warm pearly cum clinging to her blouse and exposed chest. My white jizz looked luridly obscene the way it stood out brilliantly against her red blouse, the shiny gobs already soaking in to wickedly stain the alluring red fabric. Man, did it ever look hot!

"Oh my God, I can't believe how much cum there is," Deanna said, bringing her hands up to her face and gently rubbing her fingers through the clumps of creamy seed, smoothing it sensually into her soft skin. I watched as she cupped her fingers and snowplowed a sizable wad right into her mouth, her tongue slithering forward to catch the milky treat. Her lips closed and I watched the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed.

"Mmmmmmm..." She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as my cum slid down her throat. "It's so thick. This stuff must be just loaded with sperm." The idea seemed to appeal to her, because she used her slender fingers to push more of the fresh spunk right into her welcoming mouth. I smiled, knowing I'd found another happy customer—even if this was a non-paying one. Her hands moved quickly all over her face, gathering in the deluge I'd covered her with. Her fingers flicked along the line of her chin as she swept up the dangling strands, licking her fingers clean before searching for more. Within a minute or two, she had most of it warming her belly, her tongue slithering around her spattered lips to draw in the last succulent morsels.

"So tell me, Connor, is that the way you shoot every time?" she asked, pulling her blouse up and licking a glistening strand off the stained fabric.

"Pretty much."

"Even when you've cum more than once? I know most guys lose a lot of volume after their first load."

"I come like that basically every time. I guess I'm not like most guys."

"You're fucking right about that," Deanna said, a big smile on her shiny face. "I'll tell you right now, with the size of your cock and the way you cum like that, I can definitely sell this product. Those rich bitches will just eat you up—literally."

"That's good." I had the feeling she wasn't done, but I wanted to see her reaction to something. I reached over and grabbed my clothes. "So, I guess that does it. It's been —"

"Wait!" she interrupted, holding her hand out with the palm facing me in the classic 'STOP' position. "Uh, I uh...I think we should do a little more product testing. You know, so I can kind of judge your staying power. I think that might be important to a lot of women who are willing to pay for more than one load."

Just what I was hoping to hear. "Well, for the sake of quality control, I guess I can go along with more testing. What did you have in mind?"

"I'm sure some of these women will get into a little role playing. Do you think you can handle that?"

"Sure. I'll try anything."

"Okay. Uh...grab your jeans and come with me." Deanna got up from her chair and headed towards her bedroom. I picked up my jeans and followed her, curious to see what she had in mind. When I got to her bedroom, I saw her rummaging around in her closet. She came out with a gym bag and turned to me as she headed towards the bathroom. "I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Just put your jeans on and wait here."

She paused for a second with her hand on the door. "Uh, when I come back, I want you to call me DeeDee."

"DeeDee?" I asked, a wry smile on my face.

"Yeah, DeeDee. I think you'll understand soon enough." She gave me a playful wink as she disappeared into the bathroom.

Standing there totally naked, I slipped on my jeans and did them up, wondering what the fuck this 'DeeDee' business was all about. Oh well, she said I'd find out soon enough. I looked around her room. It was tastefully decorated, and definitely a woman's room. Her bed was a queen-size four-poster with the comforter and pillows being of rich jewel tones, warm burgundies and golds. I was surprised at her choice of bed—you don't see many four-posters nowadays. Who knows, maybe it had been her parent's bed at one time. In the corner of the room opposite the bed, she had a big easy chair with a small table and lamp on it, obviously a spot where she could relax and read. I spotted a best-seller on the table next to the chair, one of those trendy books that women read. I stepped over and picked it up. I was reading the back of the jacket when I heard her open the door. I instinctively turned to look.

"Holy fuck!" I thought to myself as I looked at her. Deanna stood in the doorway, leaning against the frame. My eyes were immediately drawn to her chest, due the shirt she was wearing. It was a standard white shirt, but what made it so special was that it was easily one or

two sizes too small for her. It was open at the throat and all the way down to a spot right between her two nice tits, where it was enticingly fastened by the first button. The buttons below that were done up, but the shirt was so tight that there were noticeable gaps between each button, revealing the smooth skin of her midriff beneath. The shirt hugged her tits wonderfully, all but mashing them together, the smooth white cotton of the shirt stretching deliciously as they encompassed her impressive mounds. She had left on the red bra she'd been wearing earlier, and it looked sexy as hell to clearly see the outline of it through the white fabric, not to mention the lacy edges that were clearly on display where the top of the shirt gaped open. Her scrunched-up breasts caused a deep dark line of cleavage to form between the two fleshy orbs, making them look bigger than the C-cups they actually were.

My eyes travelled down, where the tails of the shirt flowed out over her wide hips, giving way to a tiny plaid schoolgirl kilt beneath. The kilt was incredibly short, especially on a grown woman like Deanna. It ended mere inches below her pussy, showing nearly all of her lush thighs. I found myself licking my lips as my eyes feasted on the soft smooth skin, realizing once again that the insides of a woman's thighs were one of my favorite body parts. My eyes drifted down those smooth alabaster columns and I smiled to myself at her choice of stockings—they were brilliant white, and those stretchy ones that schoolgirls wear that end just slightly above the knee. Fuck, did they ever look sexy.

Following the line of the seductive stockings lower over her dimpled knees and full calves, the stockings disappeared into a pair of patent leather black Mary Janes, but these ones had a nice 4" high heel. The



simple strap across the top of her foot made these shoes a perfect complement to the whole 'nasty schoolgirl' outfit she had on. I loved it.

Reluctantly dragging my eyes up, I saw Deanna watching me, her eyes open wide in doe-like innocence, the tip of one fingernail tracing slowly across her lip. Her lustrous curls were tied up in two pigtails with red bows, making her look even more girlish. She'd touched up her eye makeup and applied some blush to her cheeks, giving her a glow of youthful innocence. What made it even more wickedly exciting was that, along with the girlish makeup job, she'd given her lips a fresh coating of brilliant red lipstick, making them look like they were just aching for cock.

"Daddy, I've been bad," she said, nervously chewing on her fingernail.

"Oh, so this is what this is all about," I thought to myself. It looked like Andy and I weren't the only ones who had Mommy issues—or, in Deanna's case, Daddy issues. I could see her looking at me, a lurid wantonness lurking in her eyes, hoping I'd play the role she wanted me to. Just looking at her in that schoolgirl outfit had me turned on. Now, I was anxious to see how this whole scenario was going to play out.

"So Dea...uh...so DeeDee, how have you been bad?" I said firmly, putting a stern expression on my face.

"I...I let a boy kiss me."

"Hmmm, you know you're too young to be kissing boys." I looked at the easy chair beside me and then put on a bit of a gruff voice. "Come over here and sit on Daddy's lap so we can talk about this. I don't want any girl of mine doing something she shouldn't."

I plumped myself down in the chair and held my arms out for 'my little girl'. DeeDee slowly came over, looking nervous as hell that she might have upset her father. I felt a surge in my dick as my eyes roamed over her sexy outfit. I spread my legs and she perched on one thigh, her stockinged legs between mine, her little kilt riding high up on her thighs. A floral aroma filled the air, and I realized she had even put on a cheap flowery perfume, typical of young girls. I found it sexy as hell.

"So who was this boy you kissed? Was it Tommy from next door?" I asked, really getting into it now.

"Yes, Daddy," she replied with downcast eyes, still nibbling nervously on her fingernail.

"I knew that kid was no good. He's always been a brat." I decided to give her some leading questions, since this was her fantasy, letting her set the tone for what she wanted to happen. "Did you do more than just kiss him? Be honest with me, Baby. This is your Daddy you're talking to now."

"No, Daddy. I just kissed him. I knew that even doing that, you'd be upset with me" Deanna offered eagerly.

"You're right about that. You're Daddy's girl."

"But he did say there were some other things he wanted to do, and it kind of made me scared. I knew if I did any of those things, you'd be so angry with me. I only want to make you proud of me, Daddy."

"You were right not to let Tommy do anything more to you, DeeDee," I said, remembering the name she wanted me to call her. "And I am proud of you for making the correct decision. You need to tell me about those things he wanted to do to you. But first, I want you to show me how you kissed him."

"You mean by kissing you, Daddy?"

"Yes, I want you to kiss me just like you kissed Tommy."

"Okay." Deanna slipped her arms around my neck and brought her lips down to mine. Her fragrant girly perfume settled teasingly on my senses, arousing me even more. I looked at her mouth as she brought her face to mine. It looked so wickedly erotic to see her dressed like a little girl, but with her lips painted an enticing cherry red. Her lips were deliciously soft as she kissed me tenderly, letting her tongue slide provocatively into my mouth. I kissed her back, my tongue pressing against hers. She moaned softly, letting me know

she was enjoying it as much as I was. She slowly drew her tongue back, and I followed with mine, exploring the hot wet depths of her welcoming mouth.

"It was like that," she said, sitting back slightly, her lips glistening wetly from our passionate kiss.

"That's good that's all you did." Even though I was getting incredibly turned on, I purposely put a stern look on my face. "So what else did that punk Tommy want you to do?"

"He...he told me he wanted me to touch his...his thing."

"You mean, his cock? It's okay to say it. C'mon Baby, say it for Daddy."

"His...his cock. He wanted me to touch his cock."

"That's my girl. Now, I'm glad you didn't. That Tommy's a good-for-nothing little shit. But tell me, Baby, did you think about doing it?" She put her hands in her lap as she dropped her eyes and nodded in shame.

I found it ironic that here was Deanna, in her early 30's, pretending to be a teenager, while me, younger than her by about five years, was playing her father! I loved what was happening though, and found

it an incredible turn-on. I decided to just go with what my gut was telling me to do. "That's okay, Baby, that's okay. At your age, I know you're going to be curious about these things. Would you like Daddy to teach you? To show you how to take care of a man?"

"I...I'd like that, Daddy," she replied excitedly, eagerly nodding her head up and down. "Do you think if I do a good job, you'll let me do it again sometime?"

"If you promise to do just as I say, you can do it every day if you want—as many times as you want."

"Thanks, Daddy. I'll do whatever you want me to do to make you happy."

"That's my little DeeDee. Now, since you seemed interested in seeing what a cock feels like, maybe we should do that first. You can start by putting your hand on it and feeling it through my jeans. While you're doing that, I'm going to get a handful of these beautiful tits of yours. I never noticed how big they were before. It's kind of like you just grew up overnight on me." I reached my hand up and cupped one of her sizable tits, loving the feel of it straining against the confining material of the overly-tight shirt.

"I know, Daddy. It was almost like one day I was flat as a board, and then the next day I'm wearing a 36C bra." 'DeeDee' reached down and slipped her fingers around my semi-hard dick, tracing her fingertips teasingly along the length of it. "I think with my boobs

getting bigger, I'm outgrowing my shirts too. Do you think it looks bad that my shirt's so tight like this?"

"I don't think it looks bad at all." It looked fucking great, actually. "I love the way it looks on you." I ran my hand beneath her other breast, cupping it and hefting it. Man, they were nice.

"Oh dear, it's growing," she said, looking down at the swelling bulge beneath my jeans. "Is that because of me, Daddy?"

"It sure is, Baby. Why don't you take it out and see how much Daddy loves his little girl?"

Deanna pulled open my belt, undid the button of my jeans, and then slowly slid down the zipper. "Oh my gosh!" she squealed as my surging prick found the opening like a heat-seeking missile and sprung forth. She pushed the flaps of my jeans wide open, letting my swelling pecker rise into the air. Her hand instinctively settled around it, her fingers circling it in a warm loving grip.

"It's so big...and so hard." Her hand started to pump up and down as it stiffened in her skillful grasp. As I continued to feel up those luscious tits of hers, within just a few loving strokes, I was at full erection.

"Oh fuck," she gasped under her breath as she looked at my cock standing at attention, her small hand barely able to circle it. I could tell this subtle expletive had come from Deanna—not little DeeDee.

"Why don't you kneel down there between Daddy's legs, Baby? You can take my pants off, and then I'll show you something else I want you to do for me."

"Okay, Daddy," she said, slipping onto the floor and kneeling between my spread legs. She reached up for the waistband of my jeans, and I lifted my hips, allowing her to draw them down my legs and off. My boner snapped up, throbbing with need.

"That's a good girl. Now get up on your knees and move in closer. I think you'd better get used to being between Daddy's legs like that, Sweetheart. I think you're going to be spending a lot of time there from now on."

Deanna raised herself up on her knees and moved closer. As she reached for my cock, I could feel the soft sides of her breasts pushing against my inner thighs. The fingers of one hand slipped around my pecker, while she reached forward and cradled my swollen nuts with the other. "Oh Daddy, it's so big. You don't want me to take it in my mouth, do you? I don't think it'll fit," she said, looking up at me with angelic eyes.

That intoxicating allure of innocence shining in her eyes had me hard as a rock, with pre-cum pulsing to the surface of my dick and sliding

sluggishly down the inverted V on the underside of the shaft. "Of course I want you to take it in your mouth, Sweetheart. And if it doesn't fit, we'll make it." I could tell from the way she was acting exactly how she wanted this to play out. I reached forward and slipped my hands into her soft curls, pulling her head towards me. "Now, put your lips on the end and give it a nice soft kiss for Daddy."

Deanna eagerly parted her lips and let me pull her closer, her gripping hand pulling my enflamed cock forwards to meet the enticing red gash of her open mouth. Her parted lips touched the pebbly tissues of my glans, and I felt a warm suction as she created a vacuum, her tongue slipping into the seeping tip, licking up the pre-cum oozing forth. "Mmmmm," she purred, my slimy juice soaking into her taste buds.

"You can do better than that. C'mon Baby, open wide and let Daddy tickle those tonsils for you." With both hands holding her head firmly, I pulled her closer, watching her lips spread open as I pulled her down onto my cock. Her lips stretched and stretched, the pouty red pillows pursed nastily forward as they adhered to the flaring contours of my mushroom-shaped cock-head. Finally, with a firm pull by me, her red lips slipped over the thick rope-like ridge of my corona and locked on, the sizable knob totally engulfed within her hot wet mouth.

"That's my good girl," I said, my voice warm with praise. "I knew you could do it. Now let's see if you can make Daddy even prouder of you. Move that pretty little mouth of yours back and forth. I want my baby girl to suck me off." She started to do exactly as I asked,



moving her face back and forth, her stretched lips sliding deliciously along my rigid pecker.

"Oh yeah, that's it. Suck Daddy's cock." I kept my hands in her hair and worked her mouth back and forth, fucking her face just the way I wanted. She wasn't fighting me at all, and I could tell by the way she was working with me that she loved it. "Do you like having Daddy's cock filling your mouth like that, Baby?"

"Mmhhmm," she hummed in agreement, her sliding lips never missing a beat as she continued to suck ravenously, her cheeks hollowing in and out like a bellows as I pulled her face back and forth. I could see by the blissful look in her hooded eyes that she was loving sucking my cock. I relaxed into the chair and released her head. She just kept sucking slavishly, her warm lips sliding luxuriously back and forth. We kept this up for about fifteen minutes, her lips and tongue working me over deliciously as I fed her a steady supply of pre-cum. Her circling hand had been pumping back and forth near the base of cock, and now, she added a teasing corkscrew motion to it, her flowing saliva acting like a lubricant beneath her slender fingers. Once she started doing that, I felt my overflowing balls start to draw up close to my body.

"You're doing a good job, DeeDee. If you keep that up, Daddy's gonna give you another face-full of cum pretty soon. Would you like that, Sweetheart?"

"Mmhmm," she agreed again, her fisting hand pumping harder as her sucking mouth enveloped me like a hot buttery sheath. I felt my boiling cum start to rush up the shaft of cock.

"HERE YOU GO, BABY, I'M GONNA COME," I said, reaching forward and taking her head in my hands once more. I fired the first powerful shot deep into her mouth, pounding the soft tissues at the opening to her throat with the forceful volley. I let her have a second massive shot, and then saw it already start to leak from the corners of her mouth. I pushed her head back and held it a few inches away from the engorged knob, just as another thick white rope jettisoned forth. It hit her on the cheek and ran right up onto her forehead. She fisted my cock vigorously, pumping out wad after wad of thick milky cream onto her face. I really let her have it, her feverish sucking causing me to spew out torrents of semen onto her face. The thrilling contractions raced through me as my cock kept twitching and shooting, ribbons of cum splattering all over her smooth skin. Her hand was working its magic, pumping as much sperm-laden semen out of me as she could get. Finally, a tingly shudder ran through me and I collapsed into the chair, a few final drops oozing out from the tip of my cock and dripping onto her stroking hand.

"Oh fuck," I moaned, my chest heaving as I drew in large gulps of cool air. Deanna had stopped her stroking of my cock, but just held it, the tip of her tongue slowly circling the sensitive membranes of my glans as she lapped up the final warm drops of my seed. Once again, her face was a total mess. There was cum everywhere, and just as much as last time. There was even a large wad of the silvery stuff dangling from one earlobe.

"Oh Daddy, you seem to have made quite a mess of my face," she said innocently, looking up at me with those doe-like eyes once more.

"That's okay, Baby. Daddy likes to see his little girl with his cum all over her face like that."

She stood up and looked down at the wads of pearly protein spackling her chest and the top part of her tight white shirt. "Oh dear, I've made a mess on my shirt too." She stepped over and opened the drawer of her night table and reached inside. She turned and came back towards me, colorful pieces of fabric clutched in her hand, gobs of cum still clinging to her face. "I'm sorry I've ruined my shirt, Daddy. You're not going to punish me by tying me up to the bed, are you?"

She held her hand out, and I could see she was holding a number of colorful silk scarves. Ah, I see. This was why she had a four-poster bed. Now it became obvious to me. I snatched the scarves out of hand. "I expected better of you, DeeDee. I can't let this type of behavior go unpunished. Not only have you ruined your shirt, you should have never kissed that boy Tommy in the first place. Now, put your hands out."

She dutifully put her hands out, her cum-covered lower lip trembling in fear and shame. I took one of the scarves and tied it firmly, but not tightly, around her wrist. I then did the same with her other wrist. "Get over here, girl," I said, getting up from the chair and leading her over to the bed. I pulled down the covers and stacked

some pillows up near the headboard. She climbed onto the bed and lay on her back, extending her arms out to each side. It was obvious Deanna had done this many times before. I took the end of the scarf on the arm nearest to me and tied it around one of the top posts, and then walked around the bed and did the same to the other one, pulling her arms far out to each side.

"Hold your foot up, bad girl." She raised one foot and I tied another scarf around her ankle, just above the strap of those wickedly sexy Mary Janes. I did the same to the other foot and then fastened the scarves to the posts at the bottom corners of the bed. As I pulled her legs apart, her sinfully short kilt rose up on her full thighs, giving me a glimpse of bright red panties beneath. She was now totally spread out before me, a willing recipient of anything her Daddy wanted to do to her. She was tied firmly in place, but not painfully so. I left enough slack in the scarves so that I could move her up or down on the bed a little bit, if I wanted to.

I looked down at her, really getting into the scenario we were playing out. She looked incredibly sexy in the tight schoolgirl outfit, her overly-tight shirt gaping open at the buttons over her midsection, her plaid skirt barely covering her red-pantied pussy, her sexy legs covered by the white stockings that ended just above her cute dimpled knees. And those pigtails—those cute girlish pigtails and the little girl perfume. The whole thing had the air electrified with the sinfully luxurious feeling of illicit sex.

I climbed onto the bed and kneeled beside her spread-eagled form, running my fingers slowly up her stocking-clad leg from her toes to

her soft inner thighs. "You've been a bad girl, DeeDee." I ran my hand further up her body, running my fingers over her beautiful tits straining at the white fabric of her tight shirt, gobs of cum splattered all over it. "And you've ruined this shirt. What am I going to do with you?"

"You're not going to tear it off me, are you, Daddy?" She looked at me wide-eyed, fear in her eyes. I moved closer, bringing my other hand up and tracing the fingertips of each hand along the edge of each side of the open shirt, from the collar down until my hands met where the shirt was buttoned just below her lacy red bra. I gripped each side tightly.

POP! POP!...POP! POP!

The buttons flew everywhere as I tore her shirt open, exposing her gorgeous body beneath. Her chest was heaving as she breathed raggedly, her ample tits within the jam-packed red lace bra quivering enticingly.

"I think I've soaked my panties right through as well. I'm sorry, Daddy." Her backside was squirming about on the sheets, and I could tell she badly needed to come.

I got off the bed and went down to the bottom, crawling on my knees between her widely spread legs. "I'm not too happy about that DeeDee. I better see what's going on down here." I reached forward and slid my hand up her soft supple thigh, loving the feel of that

exquisitely soft skin under my fingertips. As my hand started to disappear beneath the hem of her kilt, I could already feel the sticky dampness on her inner thighs. Fuck, if she was this wet down her, her pussy must be absolutely soaking. My fingers slid higher, getting wetter and wetter until I reached her panties, where I stopped to trace my fingertips along the edge of one leg opening.

"It feels pretty wet alright. I think Daddy needs to slip in here and see exactly what's going on."

"Okay, Daddy. I'm sorry," she said demurely, but eagerly nodding her head up and down. I pressed my fingertips beneath the leg opening and slid them sideways, right onto her plump juicy cunt-lips. Fuck, she was right, she was just gushing. Her whole mound was soaked with her juices, and I could feel her sodden panties pressing against the back of my hand. I reached forward with my other hand, and then took a firm grip of her panties.

RRRRRIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!

The sound of the damp garment shredding filled the air as I tore it away from her body. I stretched and pulled at it again as the fabric continued to tear until, at last, it came free and I held it up, the red piece of silky material now in tatters.

"You've ruined these too, little girl. I better look closely to see what's going on down here." I flipped her little kilt up, exposing her hot wet pussy. As expected, Deanna was totally clean-shaven, which helped

with the little girl image she was trying to personify. Her loins glistened hotly, showing how wickedly turned on she'd been by everything that had happened so far. Her alluring womanly scent filled the air, and I breathed it in deep, luxuriating in the earthy aroma as it drifted across my senses. I looked down at her splayed out midsection, licking my lips in anticipation. She had full meaty pussy-lips, and I could see the swollen red spire of her clit peeking out from its hooded sheath. Her cunt looked red and puffy with arousal—this was a woman that needed to come badly.

"I think Daddy better see what's making you so wet down here." I reached forward and traced my fingertips along the line of her wet pink labia. She quivered wantonly under my touch, so I slipped a finger right up inside her weeping little box. Even with her legs tied the bedposts and spread open to each side, she was still able to shift her hips provocatively from side to side as I started to finger-fuck her.

"It's pretty wet alright," I said, watching her eyes close in bliss as I started to work her over. "I better go deeper to see where the problem is." I slipped in a second finger and started to saw the two of them along the roof of her pussy, rubbing salaciously over the upper folds of flesh inside her. In her excited state, that was all it took.

"Oh fuccckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," she moaned deeply, an intense orgasm starting in the moist tissues on the underside of her sensitive clit and blossoming like an atomic bomb throughout her body. She started to flail away as the deliciously agonizing sensations of her climax wracked her body. The bed was creaking as she pulled at her

constraints, her hips bucking up to meet my fingers as I continued to saw them in and out of her gripping cunt. I could feel my hand becoming awash with her juices, the warm nectar flowing from within her. She came for a long time, and I knew she needed it. Finally, as the quivering sensations started to wane, I slowed my moving fingers, but kept them inside her. I looked up at her, her eyes hooded in rapture as she lay there breathing raggedly, her beautiful tits heaving in the sexy red lace bra, a fine sheen of perspiration glistening on her pretty face.

"I'm still not sure what's wrong with my little girl." With my fingers still inside her gooey twat, I reached up with my thumb and rolled it over the swollen nubbin of her enflamed clit. "I think I better check again."

"Ohhhhhnnnn..." Deanna let out a deep groan as I started to work her over once more. I got comfortable between her widely spread thighs and really went at it, using both hands. I took my time, bringing her time and again to the heights of ecstasy before slowing, teasing her to the point where she was whimpering like a little baby. I slid my fingers deep into her at the same time as I rolled my thumb through the syrupy wetness oozing from her slit, and then brought my slippery thumb up to concentrate on her throbbing clitoris. As soon as I touched the sensitive little button, she twitched spastically and moaned loudly. She came hard, and then I kept at it for another half hour or so, bringing her to four more cunt-gushing orgasms. Finally, I stopped as she collapsed into the soaked sheets, her whole body covered with perspiration from her exertions. But now, I was ready to go again, my cock diamond-hard and needing to cut into something hot and wet.



"You've been a bad girl, DeeDee, kissing that boy Tommy like that. It's time for Daddy to show you what a bad little girl like you is good for." With her arms and legs still tied to bedposts and her body spread-eagled out before me, I moved closer between her spread legs, taking my rampant cock in hand and pointing it towards her beckoning cunt.

"Be careful, Daddy. I'm a virgin," she gasped out, lifting her head to look down between her spread legs, over 10" of hard thick cock rearing up before her.

"I'll take what's mine, little girl," I replied menacingly, really getting into it. I pushed down on the top of the rigid shaft, nestling the enflamed head between her hot pink pussy-lips. I shifted forward, watching the wet petals of her labia spreading out to circle my flared cock-head wantonly. I pushed harder, her labial curtains stretching and stretching as they fought to accommodate the tremendous girth.

"Oh fuckkkkk," she groaned, a deep animalistic growl coming from deep inside her. I could tell this sound was coming from Deanna, all thoughts of DeeDee washing away as I started to drive more of my rock-hard prick inside her. With the massive knob trapped inside her clutching pussy, I released my cock and leaned forwards, my body poised over hers.

"Daddy's coming home, Baby," I said, flexing my hips back slightly and then driving them forwards.

"OHHHNNNN," she moaned loudly as I stretched her insides, mercilessly sliding inch after inch inside her. Her body was flexing and twisting like crazy, but the hot wet tissues inside her were gripping me like a hot buttery fist. Her cunt was pulling at me, the muscles inside her sending a tantalizing rippling massage along the length of my buried prick. I still had about three inches left to go. I paused for a second and then pressed forward, wanting those tight wet tissues inside her to yield and let me all the way in.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!" Deanna gasped out loudly as I thrust forth. I could feel the hot oily tissues inside her parting reluctantly as I forced myself all the way in, my balls coming to rest against her backside as the knob of my cock rubbed hotly against her cervix.

"FUCK MEEEEEEEEEE..." she groaned loudly as she started to come again. She was shaking like a ragdoll as I rolled my hips, totally impaling her with every hard inch of my cock. She came like crazy, and I could feel her juices running out of her and down over our connected bodies where I knew they were puddling messily on the sheets.

I had never fucked anybody who'd been tied up before, and I found it alarmingly exciting. I knew she wanted it this way, so I drew back and started slamming it into her, fucking her with long deep strokes.

"OH MY GOD," she moaned again as I kept hammering away. She came again, and I could feel her body shaking like mad, the bed

creaking in protest as my body slammed down onto hers, nailing her deep into the mattress. I was so aroused, I knew I wouldn't last long. Her talented cunt gripped down on my plundering dick once more, the hot wet tissues pulling at me like a fist. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body and knew I was close. I looked at her flushed face, still covered with my pearly cum from the last time I'd painted her. I knew what I wanted to do. I pulled out of her incendiary depths and quickly scrambled up over her until I was straddling her midsection.

"Here's another one for my baby girl," I said, surprised I was still able to stay in character. I wrapped my hand around my dick and pointed it right at her flushed face, just as I started to go off. A long milky ribbon shot through the air, landing with a splat on her cheek and almost filling her eye socket. A second, and then a third white rope shot forth, the heavy strands crisscrossing her face in a bizarre mosaic. I kept jacking away at my cock, pointing it downwards now as I unloaded all over her gorgeous tits. I pumped out a number of shots there, and then went back to her pretty face. I stroked vigorously, wad after syrupy wad of cock-sap raining down on her soft skin. Finally, the tingling sensations of my climax dwindled, and I shook out the final remaining drops of silky cum right onto her lips. I reached forward and scooped the wad of cum out of her eye socket, slipping my cum-coated fingers between her lips. She eagerly licked off every tasty morsel.

"Oh my God, that was incredible. I've never been fucked like that in my entire life. I can't believe how many times I came," she said softly, her chest still heaving as she fought to regain her breath.

"Daddy's not done yet," I said lewdly. "Is my little girl ready for more?"

Deanna looked at me wide-eyed, surprised after the intensity of the session we'd just had that I could still want more. "I...I...," she stuttered.

"Sure you do. Daddy wants to show his little baby what else he expects from her." She didn't complain as I pushed the pillows up against the headboard and then shifted her body up a bit so she was sitting partially against it, her legs still tethered to the two corner posts of the bed. I straddled her body once more and fed my spent cock into her hot wet mouth. As I slowly fucked her face, I reached up and took ahold of the headboard, flexing my hips back and forth as her beautiful mouth worked its magic, two loads of cum now decorating her face.

Once I was fully hard again, I pulled my cock out her sucking mouth and lifted myself off of her. I untied the scarves from the four bedposts, and then turned her around until she was lying on her back with her head at the bottom edge of the bed. In this position, I retied her, once more having her beautiful body splayed out before me for my pleasure. I slipped a pillow beneath her head, and then pulled her slightly towards me, until her head hung slightly over the bottom edge of the bed.

"Time for Daddy to work on that pretty little mouth of yours again. Open wide, Baby," I said as I stood at the foot of the bed and pushed down on the top of my throbbing pecker. With milky wads of cum

dangling off her face, she eagerly opened her mouth into an inviting 'O'. I fed my cock right in between her parted red lips, sliding it deep into the hot wet tissues inside her mouth. With the engorged knob locked tightly in her mouth, I reached down with both hands and spread the cum I'd shot onto her all over her tits. I left her bra on, but slid my gooey fingers right down inside the lacy edge and rubbed the milky fluid all over the soft warm mounds. My slippery fingers toyed with her nipples, feeling them stiffen even more as I rolled them between my thumbs and forefingers.

I worked her over real good as she slavishly sucked, playing with her tits until I was ready to come again. Once more, I pasted her face, wanting her to get the most out of this face-painting experience. With that load out of the way, I felt like I still had one left. Her body was near collapse as I turned her around again, once more tying her hands to the bedposts at the top of the bed.

I left her just tied like that as I stood back and looked at her. She still looked incredibly sexy in the schoolgirl outfit, which was now totally disheveled. She still wore her Mary Janes and white stockings, one of which has slipped down slightly. Her kilt was still about her waist and I flipped it up, totally exposing that delectable cunt for my use. She still had on her white shirt and the sexy red bra, the shirt torn and useless but still looking incredibly sexy on her. One of her pigtails had come loose and her makeup was smudged sinfully, but the mass of cum covering her face seemed to make up for all of it.

I climbed onto the bed once more and knelt next to her face. She eagerly opened her mouth and I dropped my cock-head right

between her lips. She sucked at it dutifully, and I could see she was still ready for more. As she sucked, I wrapped my hand around my cock and stroked it, slowly feeling it start to harden again as my swelling dick stretched her circling lips further and further open. I worked it in and out of her mouth, sometimes pulling it out and rubbing it all over her cum-covered face, and then dropping it right back between her parted lips so she could lick off all the milky residue. It was an incredible turn on, and it didn't seem to take very long at all before I was ready to go again.

"Daddy wants to fuck his little girl one more time before he paints her face again," I said, "and Daddy knows just what he wants." This time, rather than tie her feet to the bottom, I tied them to the posts at the top as well, folding her right up in half, totally opening up that beautiful pussy of hers for a brutal assault. I crawled between her legs and slipped my engorged cock-head into her soppy cunt once more. It felt luridly wicked to have her at my disposal like this, and I was loving it. I reached forward and grabbed her ankles, pushing her open even further as I slowly, mercilessly, drove every hard inch into her.

"OH FUCCCCCKKKK," Deanna gasped as I went balls-deep in one slow powerful thrust. She came instantly, her tethered body thrashing about beneath me as I really started to fuck her. I knew I'd be able to go for a long time, and I did. I lost count of the number of times she came, and she almost seemed to pass out for a second or two a few times, but I kept going, driving my thrusting erection all the way into her oily depths. I must have fucked her for over an hour, fighting off the urge to come many times. Finally, with both of us covered in sweat, I drove deep and then pulled out for the last time.

I kneeled over her folded up body and stroked my throbbing prick. A long rope shot downwards, splashing across her face, pushing some of my earlier cum to the side. A second ribbon of semen spewed forth, landing on her cheek and running into her curly hair. I kept jacking away, flooding her face with cum. She opened her lips and I directed one shot right into the inviting opening. She closed her mouth and I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed, taking my silky juice to a warm spot in the pit of her stomach. I kept stroking and my cock kept shooting, creamy semen spewing everywhere. I jerked away, milking out every last drop onto her pretty face, letting her know what The Face-Painter was all about.

"You've got it all, little girl," I said, shaking the final few drops down onto her face. She just lay there gasping, totally spent, as I reached forward and untied the scarves from around her wrists and ankles. She collapsed on the bed, her clothes in tatters and her whole body splattered with semen. I could see she was exhausted, and I smiled to myself at the thought of her sleeping with all those loads of my cum sprayed all over her body. I pulled the covers over her and grabbed my jeans. I started to tiptoe out of the bedroom when Deanna's voice stopped me.

"Connor?" I turned and looked at her. She looked at me through half-closed eyes as she rolled over and nestled her head into her pillow. "You and I are going to make a lot of money." Her eyes closed, a blissful smile on her face.

In her living room I got dressed and then let myself out. As I rode home with the top down on Mustang Sally, the cool air of the Las

Vegas night washing over me, I thought about how incredible the last week had been. "Man, I should write a book about this stuff," I thought to myself, hitting the accelerator as I pulled onto the freeway, feeling like I was living a dream—and wondering what was going to happen next.

## Chapter 13

"So, how's Dick the Dick this morning?" I asked, arriving about five minutes early for my 10:00am meeting with the magazine's chief editor, Richard "Call me Dick" Morrissey.

"I'm pretty sure somebody pissed on his Cornflakes again," replied Cara, his administrative assistant. I wondered when 'secretaries' became 'administrative assistants'. More of that 'politically correct' bullshit, I guess. Cara was a sweet woman in her late 40's. She was 'mom-sized' and not really on my MILF radar, but I liked her just the same. I know, it's surprising, a shallow asshole like me can actually be friends with a woman, even if I'm not eyeing them up as a future sexual conquest. Cara had been in this position for a long time, and basically ran the office. She also had a bit of a soft spot for me, running interference for me with Morrissey a number of times.

"Oh great. I barely got my article in on time last Friday. I already know he's going to try and tear me a new one. I don't need him in a bad mood at the same time. Did something happen?"



"Who knows with him? Maybe he missed last night's episode of '60 Minutes'," Cara replied with a shrug of her shoulders. "That article you wrote about the movies being made in town, I read it this morning. There's some good stuff in there."

"Thanks. Hopefully he feels that way too," I replied, nodding toward Morrissey's closed door. Just then, Cara's phone buzzed. She hit the speaker button.

"Yes?"

"Is that Young I hear out there?" I heard Morrissey's grating voice come over the phone. It sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard.

"Yes," Cara replied, sticking her tongue out at the phone and winking at me.

"Send him in. I haven't got all day."

Cara hit the end button as she looked at me and shook her head. I gave her a big smile as I turned and opened the door to the editor's office.

"Hey Boss," I said as I entered the room. I smiled to myself as I looked over at the big bulletin board he had on one wall. There were papers with the ongoing assignments tacked all over it, plus other

miscellaneous pieces of information. I'd snuck into his office one day when he was out for lunch and stuck up a picture I'd printed off the internet. It was a print of the cover of Morrissey's album "Ringleader of the Tormentors", with a black and white photo of Morrissey playing a violin. I figured the title was perfect for Dick. Surprisingly, he must have liked it—it was months later, and the picture was still there.

"Close the door and sit your ass down, Young," Dick the Dick replied. I don't think I'd ever heard the guy refer to me by my first name, even the first time I was interviewed. His office was a mess—shit everywhere. I almost laughed out loud every time I came in here. The guy had a brush cut and a big bristly moustache, coupled with a rumpled shirt and loosened tie. He sported the same look of the permanently-frazzled magazine editor every time I'd seen him. He was the epitome of a cartoon character, always reminding me of J. Jonah Jameson from the Spiderman comics. All he was missing to make the look complete was the big stogie, but then again, that would have been politically incorrect nowadays.

"What's up, Dick?" I asked as I slumped into one of the chairs opposite his overflowing desk. I purposely put a slight emphasis on the 'Dick'.

"Young, I really want to thank you for submitting that last article in a timely fashion," he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Getting it in that extra five minutes before the deadline was just so considerate of you." He tugged at his tie angrily and sat back in his

chair, glaring at me. I was surprised I couldn't see the steam coming out of his ears.

"I aim to please, Chief."

"Try aiming a little higher next time, smart ass." He still had that irritated look on his face, and my little quip had done nothing to alleviate his sour mood. I wondered if he was gonna lean forward, start banging on his desk, and call me Peter Parker.

"Was there something wrong with the article?" I asked, confident that what I'd given him was pretty good.

"That's not the point," he replied, pointing his finger at me like a school teacher reprimanding a kid. "What kind of magazine do you think we run here, Young?"

"Uh gee, I don't know. Hardcore Nazi porn with an emphasis on amputee midgets partaking in various forms of tit bondage?"

He looked at me like I was a piece of shit on the bottom of his shoe, which I actually found pretty hard to dispute after what I'd just said. He shook his head from side to side in disgust, letting me know exactly what he thought. "Not quite, but I'll bring your suggestion up with the board of directors at the next meeting. Try again?" This time he did lean forward with his elbows on the desk, and I knew if I wanted any future work here, I better shelve the wise-guy act.

"Uh...an entertainment magazine?" I replied, my eyebrows arching up questioningly.

"A professional magazine — that's the kind of magazine we run here." The pointy finger was coming my way again as he spoke. "And I can't be fucking around with those last minute submissions of yours every time I give you an assignment."

We'd been through this song and dance before, and I knew what my next line was. "Okay, I get it. I'll make sure I get the next one in earlier. Sorry about that last one. I was tinkering with it right up until the end. Was it what you were looking for?"

Now that I'd admitted to being a fuck-up, it kind of put him back on his heels. It's hard to stay mad at somebody when they admit to their mistakes. J. Jonah...er, Dick, was no exception.

"Well," he said gruffly, grabbing a stack of papers on his desk, "it was actually pretty good. There wasn't much I had to cut out. Here, take a look." He handed me a copy of my article, with his red pencil marks on mine as well as the one he held in his own hand. For the next half hour or so, we went over the article and the few changes he made. I was happy. The editing had been minimal, and I actually had to agree with the changes he'd made and the minor revisions he suggested. We also looked at some pictures he'd had a staff photographer take in support of the article. They were good, shots of

movies that had been made in Vegas over the last year or so. I knew they'd look great with what I'd written.

"Okay, looks good," I said finally, sitting back in the chair once we'd finished.

"I have your next assignment for you." He pushed some papers around on his desk and pulled out a single sheet with some text near the top.

"Great, what is it?"

"There's been an increase in the number of ads in the various entertainment rags and on Vegas websites lately for male escorts." As soon as his words hit my ears, I bolted upright in my chair. He saw the shocked look on my face and put his hands out in a 'calm down' gesture. "Now...now...I'm not talking about the gay publications and websites advertising male escorts for other males — those have been around for years. No, I'm talking about ads directed at straight people, at women basically."

"Oh, umm, okay," I replied, still feeling flustered, but trying to maintain my equilibrium that had just gone on tilt.

"Yes, they seem to be coming even more prevalent these days. I want you to do some investigative journalism and see what this is all about."

"Uh, all about?" I held my hands up as if it was obvious. "Isn't it just about sex?"

"Of course, of course," he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand. "But what's the underlying story behind the sex. What kind of people are these escorts? Where do they come from? How much do they charge? What kind of services do they provide? And what about the women who hire them? What's their story? Are they usually rich married women? Single woman who are sick of the dating scene? Shit like that. You figure it out."

"You're kidding me, right?" I actually wondered if somehow he'd found out about my Face-Painter ad and was just jerking me around.

"Is there a problem, Young? I can always give the assignment to Benning."

"Benning's a hack," I blurted out, knowing Jim Benning's work was notoriously weak.

"But a hack who always gets his assignments in on time." Morrissey sat back in his chair, pleased with his response. He reached over and picked up his phone before looking back at me. "Do you want the assignment or what? I can call Benning right now."

"I'll take it," I replied. He put down the phone. "How much do you want, and when?"

"12,000 words. I want an outline on my desk in ten days, and the finished article in three weeks. And it better be good—AND ON TIME," he said loudly.

"Okay...okay." I got out of the chair and stood before his desk. "Anything else?"

"Have a nice day. The people in HR told me I need to be nicer to my staff." He turned to his computer screen, his hand reaching for the mouse. "And close the door on your way out."

I made my way out of his office in a daze, the shock of the assignment I'd been given still buzzing through my head. With a brief goodbye to Cara, I made my way outside, pulling out my cell phone as I leaned against Mustang Sally in the parking lot. I punched in the new number I'd put on speed dial and brought the phone to my ear.

"Hello?"

"Deanna, you're not going to believe this..."

I hit the expressway again and headed towards home, Gary Numan's 'Cars' blaring from the Mustang's sound system. I loved the sound of

the soaring keyboards in that song—perfect for driving, especially with the top down. Deanna had been shocked when she heard the assignment I'd been given, and then she couldn't stop laughing. Once she started, I found myself chuckling too at the absurdity of the whole thing. She ended the conversation by saying she'd better get to work lining up clients in order for me to do my research. We agreed how funny it would be for me to actually be making money from my regular job at the same time I was making money as a professional escort.

I didn't have to meet Andy for lunch until 12:30, so I still had just under two hours to spare. I was having trouble wrapping my head around the idea of the new assignment Morrissey had given me. I still couldn't get over the bizarre coincidence of being handed such an assignment after my recent endeavors as 'The Face-Painter' in the same peculiar niche that I just been asked to investigate. I figured I'd settle down in front of my computer at home and start looking up some websites, to see the nature of some of the advertisements he'd mentioned. I'd probably start by looking at others in the website where my own ad had been placed.

I pulled Sally into my parking spot in front of the condo and climbed out, spying Margaret next door watering her flowers, hose in hand. Fuck, she was a sexy woman. Statuesque and built like a brick shit-house. She had on a pair of those stretchy shorts she seemed to like, the ones that always looked so fantastic on her. The pair she was wearing today were navy blue, the curves of her lush rear end and her long toned legs provocatively on display. Up top she wore a powder blue tank top, the form fitting garment stretched nicely over her round heavy tits. Even from across the yard, I could see the



outline of her heavily structured bra beneath her top. Her red hair flowed sensually onto her broad shoulders, the soft locks framing her pretty face. Man, from head to toe, she was all woman—a perfect MILF.

"Hey stranger," she said, giving me a warm smile as she continued with her watering. I looked at her delicate hand holding the hose, remembering how she'd held mine when she'd given me that first hand job just a few days ago. Jesus, she had been good. I thought about the hot session we'd had late Friday night, and how insatiable she'd been.

"Stranger?" I replied. "I just saw you a couple of days ago."

"I'm just teasing you. Did you have a good weekend?"

"It was great, actually."

"That's good." She turned slightly until she was partially in profile, my eyes drawn magnetically to the thrusting shelf of her big tits. "And how's that hamstring you tweaked the other day? Did you find it stiffening up at all over the weekend? You know how much trouble things can be when they start stiffening up on you." I watched as she held the hose in front of her groin and slowly tilted the nozzle upwards, the water spewing forth as she brought her other hand forwards and wrapped them both around the hose. The suggestiveness of what she was doing wasn't lost on me at all. I felt my prick give a little twitch as I looked at her.

"As a matter of fact, I can feel it stiffening up on me right now," I said.

"Oh dear. That's not good." She gave me a pouty look, my eyes focusing on her beautiful lips.

"I have to meet Andy for lunch at 12:30, but this hamstring could be a bigger problem than I thought. Do you think Nurse Margaret would be able to uh...fit me in during that time?"

She had a mischievous look on her face now. "Hmm, I think Nurse Margaret has an open slot right now that she'd be quite happy to have you fill."

"Well, this must be my lucky day."

"Why don't we step into her office," Margaret said, reaching to turn off the hose.

I followed her into her house, once again diverted from my work by a beautiful woman. Maybe I'd have trouble meeting this deadline too. "Oh well", I thought to myself as I followed her lush swaying hips into her bedroom.

"Why don't you take off those clothes so Nurse Margaret can examine you better? Get undressed and sit on the side of the bed. I

think we should really take care of that hamstring before it becomes a more serious matter." She didn't even wait for an answer. She walked into her en-suite bathroom and pushed the door partially closed. I took off my clothes and tossed them onto an easy chair she had in her room, and then sat down on the side of the bed as directed, my cock feeling heavy and swollen already. A minute or two later Margaret reappeared, a towel and her massage lotions in hand. She put them on the bed beside me, grabbed a pillow, and dropped it on the floor right in front of me.

"Now, I don't want to get any of that massage oil on my clothes, do I? Where did I leave my lab coat?" She pretended to look around the room, in search of the missing lab coat. "Oh well, I guess this will be fine." She reached for her waist and pushed her shorts down before daintily stepping out of them. She then crossed her arms and pulled the tank top up and over her head, tossing it aside with her shorts. She stood before me, wearing a gorgeous matching bra and panty set made of brilliant white satin and trimmed with delicate white lace. Her tits were beautifully packed in, her full 40DDs straining at the confining material of the heavily wired bra. Her panties were cut sinfully high on her wide matronly hips, accentuating the full curves of her voluptuous body. I felt a surge in my dick as I looked at her tall buxom figure.

"Ah yes. I can see you're definitely having a stiffness problem. Let Nurse Margaret help you with that." With a sly smile on her face, she dropped to her knees on the pillow. She popped open the top of one of the tubes of oil and poured a generous of the viscous gel-like goo onto her hand. She rubbed her hands together, the warm citrus scent wafting into my senses as the lubricant started to glisten suggestively

on her hands. I looked down at her kneeling before me, my eyes zeroing in on the deep dark line of cleavage between those massive succulent tits of hers. My cock lurched once more.

"Wow, this is definitely a problem." She reached forward with both hands, and I almost swooned with pleasure as she wrapped one around the thickening girth of my prick while her other warm slick hand cradled my sperm-laden nuts. Her circling hand fit wonderfully around my stiffening shaft, her slender fingers working their magic as she started to stroke back and forth.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I groaned, my cock becoming rock hard in no time flat. I leaned back, my arms straight behind me as I looked down at her kneeling between my spread thighs, her mature talented hands working me over. It was so great to have a neighbor like this who was so willing to look after me.

"That's it. Let Nurse Margaret take good care of you." She let go of my swollen nuts and brought both hands to the pulsing shaft. She wrapped them firmly around, one above the other, and then started that slow methodical cork-screw motion, her hot slippery hands sliding from the thick base all the way up to the broad flared head. Up and down, up and down, over and over, with a nice sliding twist that had me climbing the walls within minutes. Oh fuck, was she ever good. She knew just what to do with a cock. I tried to suppress the delicious feelings I was experiencing, but it was useless. I felt my balls drawing up close to my body and knew I was close.

"Oh my God. I'm gonna come already," I gasped, my heart racing as she mercilessly continued to jerk me off, her wonderful hands keeping up the same smooth teasing rhythm she'd been using all along. The contractions started and I felt my stomach muscles flex as I went off, a long thick rope of white cum shooting high into the air.

"That's it. Let it go," she said softly, her hands continuing to stroke deliciously up and down. I shot again, and then again, a fountain of semen spurting high into the air before falling, the gobs and ribbons of milky seed landing erotically on my stomach and her stroking hands. "That's the way. Give Nurse Margaret every thick creamy drop." She kept pumping, and I kept shooting, wad upon wad of jizz spewing forth. Her mature hands felt absolutely fantastic as she continued to jerk me off, her slender fingers pulling as much cum out of me as I had to give. My stomach and her hands were a gooey mess, but I kept coming, until finally, the last oozing wads of silvery cream spurted forth, sliding down from the oozing tip and over her cum-covered hands.

"I better take a sample of this for testing," Margaret said as she leaned forwards and started licking my stomach. I sat there, trying to slow my beating heart as I watched her lick up my cum. She slurped it up wantonly, her lips and tongue searching out every stray drop. When she was finished cleaning my stomach, she started in on her hands, licking the warm milky goo off the backs before sliding her semen-covered fingers deep into her mouth, her lips closing around each slimy digit as she swallowed my potent swimmers. It was incredibly erotic to watch, the sultry wanton look on her face keeping my cock just as hard as it was before I came.

"Oh dear, we don't seem to have solved your stiffness problem," she said, her hand slowly stroking my still-hard prick.

"Now, where is that slot of Nurse Margaret's that she wanted me to fill?" I reached down and pulled her onto the bed, throwing her onto her back as I scrambled between her legs.

"It's right here," she said teasingly, drawing her legs up and letting them roll open as one long red fingernail came down and traced provocatively over the front of her panties. I could see they were soaked, her womanly cleft visible beneath the damp fabric. "You'd better fill that slot in a hurry, before somebody else does."

I reached down and pulled her panties off as her warm womanly aroma filled the air, the intoxicating scent firing my libido even more. I tossed her panties aside and moved between her thighs as she opened her legs right up for me. I leaned forwards and angled my rampant cock down towards her waiting flower, the brilliant pink petals of her labia glistening wetly. I could feel the incendiary heat of her flowing juices as the broad flared head nestled between her parted lips, the sensitive tissues of my glans bathed by her oily juices.

"Oh yeah, that's it," she said in a deep breathy voice. She slipped her arms around my neck and pulled my face down to hers, giving me a hot passionate kiss before dropping her head back onto the pillows and looking up at me, her eyes alive with wanton desire. She rolled her hips slightly, making the helmet-shaped head fit perfectly between the gates of her beckoning cunt. "There, perfect. Now give

it to me nice and slow. I want to feel every hard inch going all the way inside me."

Not wanting to disappoint her, I flexed back and slowly drove forward, sliding inch after inch of hard thick cock into her oily depths. Yes, at just a couple of years south of 50, she was the perfect MILF neighbor.

"Ohhhnnn," she groaned deep in her throat and her head tilted back as I went deeper. She brought her knees further up, opening herself as much as possible for my slow merciless onslaught. She was luxuriously hot and incredibly wet, the steaming oily tissues inside her parting reluctantly as I slowly flexed forward, until the final few inches disappeared, over 10" of steel-hard cock buried inside her.

"Oh my God. I absolutely love how big and hard you are," she said as she looked into my eyes, a fine sheen of perspiration breaking out on her forehead. She looked incredible, her shimmering red hair framing her pretty face attractively. She had a wicked little smile on her face as she looked at me and spoke, "Just stay still for a minute. Let me work it, okay?"

"Whatever you'd like," I replied, letting her know I was willing to do whatever she wanted. She rolled her hips slightly, and I could feel my rigid prick settling just a fraction of an inch deeper into her. She started to work the muscles inside her mature talented cunt, and I felt a wonderful massaging sensation as she tightened down. A luxurious rippling seemed to roll in delicious waves along the full length of my buried cock as she started to really work it with that

talented cunt of hers. Oh man, this woman was incredible. I'd made love to many women in my young life, but the only one I could compare to Margaret was my mother. Both of these beautiful mature women were absolutely amazing lovers. I guess there was a lot to say for experience.

"Oh, that feels so good inside me," she cooed, bringing her legs up and wrapping them around me, her heels crossing over my backside. She flexed her hips up and rolled them in a slow tantalizing circle as she continued to work me over with the muscles inside her.

"Oh fuck, Margaret," I said, unable to take her delicious teasing any longer. "That feels incredible." I started to move my own hips, settling deep in the saddle as her cunt continued to squeeze and pull at me. She smiled at me like a sultry enchantress as I slowly drew back, the hot oily tissues inside her clinging to my withdrawing dick possessively. Her cunt-lips nibbled at the broad tip as I pulled almost all the way out, and then slowly drove the full length into her once more.

"Yessssssss," she hissed as I powered my way all the way into her, the hot folds of flesh inside her pussy enveloping me like a hot buttery glove. I pulled back and drove it into her again. With her legs crossed over my back, she lunged back at me, thrusting her hips upwards as I really started to fuck her. I gave her good hard long strokes, knowing she loved it when I touched bottom every time. She was breathing rapidly, her mouth gaping open and her eyes closing in bliss as the delicious waves of pleasurable sensation rolled over her. She was still wearing her bra, her 40DDs delightfully enhanced



by the sexy garment. I loved the look of a spectacular set of tits beautifully on display beneath a sexy bra. I was in no hurry to have her take it off. Her bra-encased tits looked sinfully erotic, the upper swells jiggling and shaking sensually as we fucked, her stiff nipples enticingly visible through the shiny white satin. Perfect. With my eyes feasting on that mouthwatering set of tits, I flexed back and then slowly drove forward, angling my rigid prick up so I was concentrating on the hot slick tissues on the roof of her vagina.

"Oh God, that is so...that is...OH FUCKKKKKKKKK," she moaned loudly as she started to climax. I felt her fingernails clawing at my back as she started to convulse and gyrate like a wild thing. Her hips were twitching and bucking as her orgasm overwhelmed her. I held on to the excruciatingly delicious ride, my body moving with hers as I fucked her deep and hard. I felt like I was riding a bucking bronco, her wide matronly hips pistoning themselves up and down recklessly, my hard thick cock rubbing fiercely against the hot folds of flesh inside her.

"Jesus, this woman is something else," I thought to myself as her mature flexing body had my balls drawing up in anticipation of my oncoming climax. She must have sensed it, because she quickly spoke up.

"If you're going to come, I want it on my face," she purred out breathlessly. Man, I think those were my favorite words in the English language. With those tell-tale contractions starting in my midsection, I quickly withdrew and scrambled up over her until I was straddling her, wrapped my hand around my surging cock and

pointed it right at her face. I barely had time for one stroke before a long white rope streaked forward, slamming forcefully against her cheek.

"Aaaahh," she gasped as I fired again, the next ribbon of semen running all the way up her face and into her red hair. I pumped my hand back and forth as I unloaded, flooding her face with a warm fresh dose of milky protein. Strand after strand of silvery goodness spewed forth as I moved the head of my dick from one side of her face to the other. She opened her mouth and I directed one shot right between her ovalled red lips, and then went back to painting, sluicing the spitting jets of white semen all over her. I pumped and pumped, the milky seed raining down upon her face. Finally, as the last tingling shiver ran down my spine, I sat back and flicked the final drops down onto the upper swells of those beautiful tits of hers.

"Oh my God, I love that," Margaret said softly as she brought her hands up and started massaging my cum into her skin. She was a mess. Milky gobs and pearly ribbons crisscrossed her face erotically. Silvery strands clung to her lush red hair, while her sumptuous chest was spackled with random wads of glistening pearly semen. All in all, she looked perfect.

"Connor, you can do that to me any time you want," she said, pushing a wad down each cheek and into her waiting mouth. I helped her by scooping up the warm milky gobs on her chest with my fingers and slipping them into her mouth, loving the feel of her soft lips closing down and sucking at my fingers. Soon, she had it all inside her, a thin layer of shiny semen drying on her pretty face.

"What time is it? I have to meet Andy at 12:30 at Gabriel's for lunch." We both turned and looked at the clock on her bedside table: 11:43.

"You've still got about a half hour before you have to leave," Margaret said softly. "But I think you need a shower before you go." She slipped out of bed and made her way towards the en-suite, reaching behind and unhooking her sizable bra as she did. Just before she went through the door, she stopped and looked at me over her shoulder, and then tossed the bra back towards the bed, allowing me just a teasing glimpse of her heavy round tits in profile. "Care to join me?" With a wicked little smile on her face, she disappeared into the bathroom and I soon heard the shower running.

I sat there with a big smile on my face, blissfully savoring the feeling of post-orgasmic bliss. When I heard her close the shower door, I knew it was time to join her. Margaret's place was almost an identical layout to my condo next door, and I knew she had a big walk-in marble shower like mine, more than enough room for two. I entered the shower and quietly closed the big glass door behind me, savoring the view of her tall mature body standing beneath the pelting spray of the shower. She had both the dual shower heads going, and the space was quickly becoming erotically steamy. She was letting the powerful pellets rain down upon her face and head, her hands raised up beneath her flowing red locks. With her arms lifted up like this, it caused her huge tits to thrust forward enticingly. I felt my fingers just itching to get at them as I moved in close behind her.

"Mmmmm..." She mewed like a little kitten as I nuzzled into her neck, my lips caressing the soft skin of her neck, the alluring scent of her hair wafting into my nostrils. She turned her face towards mine and I kissed her passionately, my tongue sliding deftly into her hot welcoming mouth. We both gave off soft moans as we luxuriated in the feeling of the long sensual kiss. Finally, we parted, both of us gasping. I watched over her shoulder as she thoroughly lathered her hands, and then she passed me the bar of soap. I did the same to my hands, working up a soapy froth before setting the bar back down into one of the little shelves built into the sides of the shower. I slid my hands around her mature body from behind and up over her toned flat stomach, my slippery hands drawn magnetically to those tremendous tits of hers.

"Mmmm...nice," she purred as my slick hands cupped and hefted those big round beauties. Man, they were heavy. I ran my hands all over them, gently squeezing and hefting, and then allowing my fingers to seek out her sizable nipples. I circled the stiffening buds with my soapy index fingers, loving the slippery warm feel of them coming alive beneath my touch. Her own hands slid down my sides as she reached behind, her soapy fingers caressing my flanks deliciously as her hands made their way towards my midsection. As I ran my hands beneath the massive globes once more and hefted them together, I was surprised to feel another tingling lurch in my cock.

"Holy fuck," I thought to myself. I had just come twice in a row, and I could feel myself starting to get hard again already. There was something about this sexy mature woman that really did it to me. She was amazing in bed, that's for sure, but maybe it was knowing

the understanding we had, that we had agreed to be purely 'fuck buddies' that made it so wickedly exciting. I don't know, but whatever it was, as her hands slid down my front and onto my abdomen, I felt myself responding. Her lathered fingers slid down over my sizable member, feeling it start to swell and stiffen beneath her warm hand.

"Oh my," Margaret said as her slick hand circled my rising dick. She turned around until she was facing me, both of us beneath the hot steamy spray of the dual shower heads. She re-lathered her hands thoroughly and then reached down between us, her mature hands taking hold of my stiffening prick. She wrapped one hand around the base and slowly drew it towards her. Just before it slipped off the end, she reached forward with the other hand and put it around the base, and then pulled towards her with the same motion. Within just a couple of these delicious strokes, I was totally hard again. She kept doing it, drawing one hand over the other in a 'pulling a boat to shore' motion, her hands pulling at my long thick cock like a rope.

"Oh fuck. That is so good," I said as I leaned back against the shower wall and let her have her way with me.

"I thought you'd like this," she replied, her hands continuing to work their magic on me. I soaped up my own hands again and reached for her tits, filling my hands with her big guns as she continued to stroke me. She varied her motion now, putting both hands together on my cock and using that slow twisting corkscrew motion again. She had me climbing the walls already. It was unbelievable the way she knew

how to work me, to touch me in just the right way to bring me unbelievable pleasure.

"It's so hard," she said under her breath as her soapy hands stroked back and forth. I felt something a little different and looked down to see the red fingernails of her one hand scratching teasingly around the taut base of my cock while her other hand continued that delightful twisting motion, my loins covered in soapy lather. The incredible feeling of those fingernails scratching delicately at the base of my cock was all it took to send me over the edge.

"Oh fuck, Margaret. I'm gonna come again," I warned. She dropped to her knees in front of me but never missed a stroke, her frothy hand pumping teasingly back and forth while her nails scratched at my groin. I felt the first rope of semen jettison forth, the long pearly strand striking her in the chest.

"Yessss," she hissed, continuing to pump my engorged cock. I leaned against the shower wall, feeling on the verge of collapse as I went off, flooding her huge tits with a torrent of cum. Her amazing hands felt so good as wad after wad of thick creamy semen spewed forth, splattering her massive breasts with gob upon gob of pearly nectar. I watched one sizable wad start to run down her chest and into the deep dark line of her cleavage, a scintillating glistening trail. She jacked away as I unloaded a fountain of cum onto her, her heavy round breasts shining with my sperm-laden cum. Silvery strands and milky ribbons were flying every which way as she vigorously jerked me off, draining me of every pearly drop. The delicious contractions within me finally waned as she pumped me dry, leaning

in close to rub the final drops from my dripping cockhead right onto her nipples.

"Well, that was a surprise," she said after giving the tip of my cock one more loving kiss. I helped her to her feet, both of us looking down at her cum-covered chest. "Hmmm, I seem to have made quite a mess. I better do something about that." I watched, totally enthralled, as she reached down and lifted one of her massive tits in her hands. She leaned forward and pursed her hips, bringing it right down on top of her cummy nipple.

SSSSLLPPP!

A slurpy sound, like somewhat sucking up a strand of spaghetti, filled the little shower room. The cum disappeared from the tip of her breast, but she kept sucking. "Mmmm," she purred warmly as her lips went to town on her nipple. She released that one and then lifted the other heavy tit, bringing her lips down onto the gooey nipple of that one. She moaned softly again as she pleased the stiff little button with her lips and tongue. I stared at the incredibly erotic scene, knowing if I wasn't so completely drained, my body would have been responding to the lurid scene going on right before me. She finally released her nipple, the dark red bud wantonly swollen and stiff. She then laved her tongue over as much of her ample tit-flesh as she could reach, licking up as much of my cum as she could. When she'd gotten all she could reach with her mouth, she used her fingers to gather in the rest.

"God, I love the taste of that," she finally said, the last of my cum finding a home in a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach. She turned to the shower and we both moved under the pelting spray, sharing the soap and shampoo as we properly bathed. We dried off with a couple of big fluffy towels and I got dressed as Margaret lounged on the bed, her towel still wrapped around her, her big tits swelling over the top edge of the towel.

"Perfect timing," I said, slipping on my watch and pulling on my shoes.

"Well, any time you want to come back and see Nurse Margaret, I'm sure she'll have a slot open for you. Maybe next time she'll give you an oral examination. I know she'll want to take it nice and slow to make sure the test is done just right. She's gonna need to take another sample that way. There wasn't time for that today."

"Thanks. I'm looking forward to it already." I leaned over and gave her a quick kiss before leaving, the fresh alluring scent of her soap and shampoo settling warmly onto my senses.

Less than fifteen minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot at Gabriel's. I was just getting out of my car when Andy arrived, his silver Ford Fusion pulling into the spot next to Sally.

"Hey buddy, you're looking good. Having a good day?" he asked as he got out of his car and patted me on the shoulder.



"You wouldn't believe it," I replied, both of us making our way into the restaurant.

Being Monday, both Marta and Silvia had the day off. I was fine with that. After what had happened with my mother and Deanna over the weekend, and what had just happened in the amazing encounter with Margaret, I was in no mood to do any flirting right now. I just wanted to be with my good friend. Another of Gabriel's busty waitresses took our lunch order and brought us a couple of drinks, a Diet Pepsi for me, and the usual Dr Pepper for Andy.

"Well, come on, tell me. How was your date with your Mom?" Andy asked, his eyes alive with curiosity.

Taking a deep breath, I launched into my tale, which you know in detail from the previous chapters of this story. On Saturday, Andy had been gracious enough to share the intimate details of his relationship with his own mother with me. But I'm sure you've read 'Educating Mom—Andy's Story', so I don't need to share that information again here. Anyways, with the honesty we'd shared with each other our whole lives, there was no reason to hold back now. I gave him explicit details on what had happened with my mother, and then my 'business meeting' with Deanna last night, the meeting with Dick Morrissey and the assignment he'd given me, and the hot encounter with Margaret that I'd had just a short time ago.

"Jesus Christ, you've been one busy motherfucker," he said, sitting back and taking another swig of his drink.

"Yes. A busy motherfucker—literally." We both laughed at that. Our lunch had come and gone during our conversation, and as the waitress cleared away our plates, we ordered another drink, neither of us ready to leave just yet.

"That assignment your boss gave you. That's hilarious. And now Deanna is going to help you meet these women. I envy you, my friend."

"Hey, you could set up your own escort service too: 'Triple A Inc.' The escort who keeps coming and coming."

"No thanks. I think I'll stick with my mom. She's more than enough for me."

I knew that was more Andy's style. He was definitely a 'one-woman man' type of guy. And his mother had an incredible body beneath those conservative clothes she used to wear. I was anxious to see her in some of the new flattering outfits Andy'd told me he'd gotten her. It would be great to see her finally showing off that magnificent rack and incredible figure of hers, if only for Andy's sake. I knew there was no end of fun he could have with her. I could tell from the way he'd talked how much they cared for each other. It was more than just a roll in the hay. It was a deep respectful love they had for each other.

"Andy," I said, looking up at him. He looked at me intently, knowing that whenever I actually called him by name that it was serious. "That's great. I'm really happy for you, and your mom. I mean that."

"Thanks," he replied with a nod. "That means a lot to me. I'm happy for you too. You will let me live vicariously through your escapades though, won't you?"

"I think I'll have to. I'd probably go insane if I couldn't talk to somebody about it." I paused as our waitress set down our drinks, her full tits straining at the bodice of the overly-tight uniform Gabriel made them wear. I waited until she left before I spoke again. "And you, because of the way things are going with your mom, you're not going to stop ogling these waitresses or anything, are you?"

Andy smiled as he watched a couple or the waitresses walk by, each of them well-endowed in the chest department. "Oh, you can rest assured, I'll never get tired of that. And, as you can see even right here in this place, you can see the small-breasted waitress is going the way of the dinosaur, my friend."

"What are you talking about?" I asked quizzically.

"Well, you know what we say about the size of the tips and the size of the..."

"Yeah..."

"We're not the only ones that feel that way; all guys do. Eventually, small-breasted waitresses will just be phased out. At the end of their shifts, these girls compare tips with each other, and how do you think those small-breasted waitresses feel when that happens?"

I looked at Andy and shook my head, a twisted grin spreading over my face. "I'm sure you're about to tell me."

"They'll feel like shit. They won't be making anywhere near what the girls with big tits are making. They'll end up having to give up the waitressing life and get jobs at call centers or something. Somewhere it doesn't matter how small their tits are."

"I can see you've spent a lot of time thinking about this."

"At some point, it's going to end up being like in the movie 'Children of Men', where there was only one little kid left on earth. There'll be a news story, 'Small-Breasted Waitress Spotted at Sid's Diner in Kalamazoo, Michigan', or somewhere like that. People will come from all over to see this final member of a dying species. But do you know what's gonna happen?"

"Uh...no."

"Those people will come to that diner, stare and take pictures to show their grandchildren, but they're still gonna want to be served by the

chick with the D-cups. 'Hey you with the nice rack, bring me a corned beef on rye and a Budweiser'. And she's the one who's gonna get the big tips!"

"Oh, of course. How silly of me not to see it."

"And not only small-breasted waitresses, that's the way our whole society is going," Andy said confidently as he looked at me across the table.

"Okay," I said with a smirk on my face, "I've got to ask...what the fuck are you talking about now?"

"I'm talking about the gradual demise of small-breasted women from the face of the earth."

"Oh, this is gonna be good," I replied, suppressing the laughter I felt building inside me.

"I'm telling you, it's like what Darwin found in the Galapagos, but it's happening in our society today."

"Darwin?"

"Yeah, I call it 'Andy Adelson's Theory: Survival of the Bustiest'."

"Survival of the Bustiest?"

"I'm serious," he said calmly as he continued slowly, making sure I took in every word. "Just think about it. You know how advertising today is promoting the way we all look as being so important?" he paused, waiting for me to respond.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You guess so? You know so! You're about the most superficial shallow person I know. Do you deny that?"

I simply smirked and looked at him, knowing my track record in being anything but a practicing swordsman was pretty hard to deny. "Okay, I won't deny it. You got me there."

"Hey, I'm not saying that's a bad thing...although some people I'm sure would say you're just a piece of shit." We both laughed at that. "But that's the way all of society is going. Now, let's just take an average guy, someone kind of like me."

"Okay, an average guy."

"So this guy, like me, goes through life and starts dating girls. Which ones is he going to be attracted to? The ones that look like the girls in

the advertisements, of course. Beautiful girls, with gorgeous hair, perfect make-up...and..." he let that one hang out there, like a softball lobbed over the plate. I had to hit it out of the park.

"Big tits?"

"Exactly, big tits. Now, eventually this average guy settles down and, of course, he marries the girl he loves, the pretty one with big tits. Let's say they have two kids, one boy and one girl. Now, genetically speaking, how do you think that girl is going to look when she grows up?"

"Big tits?"

"Now you're starting to understand my theory. And all this time, what has happened to all our small-breasted women?"

"I'm not sure, but I think you're gonna tell me," I said, a big grin on my face.

"They've become elderly spinsters, never knowing the thrill of having a man tit-fuck them and blow a load all over their faces. Eventually, they pass away, ending their sad and deprived existence on this planet, with no children to carry on their legacy of A-cups."

"Hmmm, interesting."

"So you see, as time marches on, more and more people are going to be producing female offspring with generous physical endowments in the chest area while the small-breasted women continue to flounder and wither away until their futile existence ceases to exist in its entirety. Now, this isn't going to happen overnight, but in the next few generations, I see it coming to fruition." He paused and looked at me across the table as he held his hands up in a gesture of finality. "Thus, Andy Adelson's 'Survival of the Bustiest'."

"You know, you are a perverted genius, I'll have to give you that," I said as he nodded in agreement, clearly being of the same tit-loving mindset as yours truly.

"Hey, I've gotta go," Andy said, checking his watch. We paid our bill and left, saying our goodbyes and agreeing to keep in touch. As Andy pulled out in his Fusion, I pulled out my CD case and started flipping through possible selections. When I was debating between something by Ultravox or Simple Minds, my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?"

"Connor, it's me, Emma."

"Hi Sis. Are you at work? It didn't come up with your name on my phone."



"Yeah, I'm calling from work, not from my cell. Listen, I need a favor. I've been doing most of the work over the last couple of months on a big account we have here. The client unexpectedly decided to come into town today. My boss wants a few of us that have been working on this project to go out to dinner with the client while he's in town."

She'd been speaking rapidly, and kind of paused to take a breath, as if she was a little frazzled, which seemed to be happening with her a lot lately. "Uh, okay. What do you need from me?"

"I need a date. Everybody else who's going is married, and I'll look like an idiot if I show up by myself. I called Mom, and she said she had a really nice time when you took her out the other night. Anyways, Mom said I should give you a call."

"She did, eh?" I smiled, remembering what an amazing time we'd both had that night, and most of the weekend. Over and over, load upon load.

"Yes. Connor, I don't ask you for much. Would you do this for me, please?"

"Sure, of course I will. What time and what should I wear?"

"The thing starts at 7:00 and it's at The Wynn."

"The Wynn. That should be nice. So, do I need a tie or will a nice suit be enough."

"Ah, you're young. No tie. Some of the lawyers will be buttoned-up to the max, but I think a suit and nice shirt will be fine."

"Okay, sounds good. So, I'll pick you up at your place shortly before 6:30?"

"Great, and make sure you have the top up on your car. I don't want to wreck my hair."

I laughed out loud. "Mom said the same thing when I took her out the other night."

"Great minds think alike, I guess. Okay, I'll see you later. And thanks, Connor, I do appreciate it. I'll make it up to you somehow."

"That's fine, Emm," I said, using the slightly-shortened pet name I had for her. We said our goodbyes and I sat thinking. I wondered what my mother had said to her. She wouldn't have told her about what had happened, would she? No! But then again, she seemed to have no problem discussing those things with her sister, which I found somewhat strange as well. My curiosity got the better of me and I called my mother.

"Mom," I said, once she'd answered the phone.

"Hello dear. How's my big boy," her lusty purr went straight to my groin as I listened to her speak.

"I'm great. Hey, I just got a call from Emma."

"Oh good. I was hoping she'd call you. Did she ask you to be her date for that dinner she has to go to tonight?"

"Yeah. That's fine. I told her I'd do it. She said that she'd called you and you suggested it."

"That's right."

"Uh, Mom, did you say anything to her about the other night?"

"Just that you were a perfect date and I had a wonderful time."

"Nothing about...?"

"Of course not, dear," she said, not waiting for me to finish. "But I'll tell you right now, if something happens and you get any kind of opportunity like that with your sister, go for it."

Did she really just say what I thought she said? "Mom, did I hear you right? You can't be serious?"

"Honey, listen to me. There's nobody more frustrated and stressed out these days than your sister. To put it bluntly, she needs to get laid. There's nobody in her life right now to take care of her that way, and I think if she spent one night with you, she'd be good for the next year."

My head was just spinning as I listened to her—my own mother was suggesting I fuck my sister! "But what would she think if I tried something?"

My mother gave a small chuckle on the other end of the phone. "So, it sounds like you aren't against the idea. Honestly, don't you think your sister's attractive?"

"She's very attractive."

"And don't tell me you've never jerked off thinking about her, or Zoey."

Now that one really floored me—she'd brought my youngest sister into the conversation too. Little did she know I'd already fed curvy little Zoey a number of loads. I was too stunned to even answer.

"I take it by your lack of response that I'm not wrong?"

"Well...I...uh..."

"Exactly. They are both beautiful young girls, and I know what boys are like. I know how you used to check out the laundry hamper. There were many loads of your cum I had to wash out of the girl's underwear as well as mine." She paused and I felt myself flushing—guilty as charged. "And Emma needs to get laid badly. After what you did for me this weekend, I can't think of anybody better to give her what she needs."

"But I..."

"Connor, sweetie. You wouldn't believe how I've felt since you left here yesterday. I haven't felt this calm and relaxed in years. I feel like I'm absolutely glowing. If Emma can get just a little bit of that, you won't believe how much better she'll feel, and how much better she'll be to be around."

"She has been kind of bitchy lately."

"Bitchy? That's an understatement. Anyways, it's great that you're going to go with her. If nothing happens, well, so be it. But if you see some kind of opportunity, I think you should go for it—for her sake, if not yours."

Mom had no idea how much I had dreamed about fucking Emma, she of the perfect heart-shaped ass. If we did end up doing it, it would definitely be for my own sake as well as hers. "Well, I guess we'll see how it goes."

"Oh Connor, that's so sweet of you. But listen, don't use yourself all up. I'm okay right now, but Mommy's gonna need another one of those stress relief sessions herself pretty soon."

For some reason, I found it incredibly erotic that she'd referred to herself as 'Mommy'. "Okay. But don't worry, Mom, where you're concerned, I have plenty of time to help you with stress relief. I have just what you need for a deep internal massage to hit those stress points."

"Mmmmm, I can't wait." That sultry purr was back in her voice again. I pictured her slipping her own hand up her front and cupping one of those beautiful Wifey-like tits of hers.

"Okay, Mom. I better go. I've got some work to do before I pick up Emma tonight."

"After thinking about what you just said, I think I'm gonna let my fingers do a little walking before Zoey gets home from school. Just thinking about that beautiful hard cock of yours has me all gooey already. Good luck tonight, sweetie."

I ended the call and sat back in the Mustang, amazed at what I'd just heard from my mother. Fuck, it was incredible—listening to her suggest that I fuck Emma. She was right though, if there was some sort of opportunity, I knew I was too much of a cad to just let it go by. I'd grab that opportunity with both hands and give it everything I had.

"Fuck it," I said to myself, slipping some Ultravox into the CD player and putting on my sunglasses. As I pulled back onto the street and headed for home in the convertible, Midge Ure's voice belting out the beautiful 'Vienna' accompanied me. Yes, life for Connor Young was pretty fucking good right now.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Emma, it's me," I said through the door after I knocked.

"C'mon in. I just unlocked the door," I heard her reply from inside. I let myself into her apartment condo. She hadn't had it too long, but the place was pretty nice. A nice feather in the cap for a young attorney. I'd done some research work on the new assignment for the rest of the afternoon, and then got ready in plenty of time to be here to pick up my sister. I checked my watch: 6:25. We'd make it to The Wynn by 7:00 with no problem.

"Connor, you look great," Emma said as she came into the living room, her hands busy attaching an earring. I had to admit, I did look

pretty good, once you got me cleaned up and threw some decent clothes on me. I had on a navy blue Italian-cut slim-fitting suit that even made me smile when I looked in the mirror. I chose a simple white dress shirt that I wore with the collar open. The Steve Madden black dress shoes completed the whole look. Stylish and sophisticated, but not presumptuous. I could tell by the pleased look on Emma's face that she approved of what I was wearing. Now it was my turn to look at her. Oh fuck...

"If you think I look great, then you look incredible. Emma, you're simply stunning."

"Oh Connor, thank you. I didn't have a thing to wear so I went out at lunch time and got this dress. You really like it?" she asked as she did a little pirouette to let me see it from all sides. Man, it almost took my breath away. I realized it had been awhile since I'd seen my sister fully dressed up like this. It was a relatively simple sleeveless black dress—I'm sure what those in the fashion trade refer to as a 'little black dress', something every woman should have in her closet. This dress fit my sister perfectly. It hugged every delicious curve of her athletic body, forming to her exquisite figure like it was made only for her, and her alone. It accentuated her spectacular figure wonderfully, without being overly tight or trappy.

The sleeveless dress had two straps a couple of inches wide over each shoulder, with a scooped neck that showed off a tantalizing glimpse of alluring cleavage formed by Emma's nicely-shaped 36Ds. Again, glamorous and sexy, but not blatantly obscene. The soft black fabric flowed smoothly around her full breasts and then hugged in nicely



at her slim waist, before once more following the sensual contours of her hourglass figure as it covered her full hips. The hem ended high on her gorgeous thighs, again, not too high, not too low, but as Baby Bear would say, "Just right."

Her long toned legs were bare, the warm honeyed tone of her tan accentuated by some form of cream or oil that had those gorgeous columns glistening sensually. Her feet were encased in a sexy pair of high-heeled black slingbacks, with a wickedly pointy toe and slim strap that kept it on at the back of her heel. With the 4" heel, those shoes alone had me salivating. She turned around again, making sure I had a glimpse of her outfit from all sides.

"Oh Jesus," I almost moaned out loud as her ass came into view. Talk about spectacular. I have never seen anyone with such a perfect rear end as my sister; full, round and the absolute most superb shape imaginable. An ass that you wanted to dive into and bounce on all night long. And in this dress, it was absolutely breathtaking. At most, she must have had a thong on, because there was not one panty line visible, and with the way that dress hugged those delectable cheeks of hers, there was no way her panties wouldn't have shown if there'd been anything there.

"Emma, that dress, those shoes, you...you look fantastic." She smiled, and I finally tore my gaze away from her amazing figure to look at her face. It was beautifully made up, her eye shadow in smoky exotic tones that accentuated the black dress and her lustrous brunette hair. Her lips were a brilliant red gash, her lipstick a vivid dash of color setting off the whole outfit. She wore a necklace and earrings of

glittering black stones, perfect with everything else she was wearing. Man, she looked absolutely breathtaking.

"Thanks so much. I wanted to look my best for tonight. This is a big client, and I want to make a good impression. I've been so busy at work, I need a night like this." She reached for a wine glass I hadn't noticed earlier on the end table beside her. She drained about half the glass right there on the spot.

"Whoa, slow down there, Emm, take your time. We've got a few minutes."

"I'm okay," she said, putting down the empty glass. "I'm just a little nervous. That was just a little liquid courage to help me relax."

"Uh okay. Are you ready then?"

"Let me just grab my purse...ah...there it is. Okay, let's go. Is the top up on the car?"

"Yes...yes," I replied, holding the apartment door open for her. "The top's up."

"You're not going to make me listen to more of that 80's crap, are you?"

"Do you want me to take you or not?"

"Okay, but U2 only, okay?"

"Alright...alright."

"Emma, I think you've had enough wine for tonight," I whispered to her about two hours later. The evening had gone pretty well, everyone meeting in a reserved area of one of The Wynn's restaurants for cocktails before the meal. I'd nursed a scotch while Emma had another glass of red wine. I was introduced to her boss, Blair Thompson, and his wife, Annika. The senior partner then introduced us to the client who this whole thing was for, Dominic Dellacourt. You could tell just by the way this middle-aged man carried himself that he was important. He was confident and personable, without being pretentious. He spoke genuinely to both Emma and I, and I liked him, although as Emma asked for another glass of wine, I could see she was nervous in his presence.

I noticed Mr. Dellacourt, and Emma's boss, Mr. Thompson, checking her out admiringly, like every other red-blooded male in the place had done as well. And the way she looked, I didn't blame any of them, taking a number of surreptitious glances myself at her spectacular chest and alluring figure. Man, that little black dress she was wearing was a gift to all of us. Her long muscular legs and that ass of hers looked incredible in it.

The meal was fantastic, the reserved room holding about twenty people. Emma barely picked at her food, but I noticed she did finish another glass of wine. As the meal finished and we retired to the adjacent room for further conversation, Emma had stumbled, nearly knocking over a beautiful vase full of flowers sitting on a sideboard. It was at that moment when I mentioned to her that I thought she'd had enough to drink. I didn't want her to embarrass herself in front of her colleagues, and especially this client, Mr. Dellacourt.

"I'm fine," she replied, almost slurring her words in response to my observation about the amount she'd had to drink. "Just one more." She grabbed another glass off a tray from a waitress who was walking past, and then walked away from me and started talking to one of her co-workers.

"Oh shit," I thought to myself as I watched her, wishing I'd forced her to eat more of her food, rather than just let her pick at it. This had all the makings of a disaster.

"Mr. Young." I turned to see Mr. Thompson's wife, Annika, standing next to me.

"Mrs. Thompson," I replied, acknowledging her with a polite nod.

"Please, call me Annika." She was a beautiful mature woman, probably in her mid-50s. She looked like she took care of herself, with a good figure, her ample chest displayed nicely by the deeply scooped neckline of the royal blue dress she was wearing. Unlike

some of the older women there, Annika's dress was molded nicely to her curvy figure, showing off a very nice body beneath. Besides her impressive rack, I had noticed her shapely legs, sensually clad in sheer black stockings, their muscular definition nicely accentuated by her black high-heeled pumps. Her blonde hair framed her pretty, yet mature, features flatteringly. She was slightly older than I was used to, but I was quickly learning there was a lot to be said for experienced women.

"Alright, Annika," I replied, emphasizing her name. "As long as you call me Connor."

"Agreed." I watched as her eyes strayed over to my sister, who I saw laugh a little too loudly at something said by one of the people in the group she was standing with. "My husband tells me your sister is an outstanding young attorney."

"Well, thank you for saying that. I know she works hard."

"How much has she had to drink tonight?"

"Uh, I think she's a little nervous."

"I think that's pretty obvious. Listen Connor, I know Blair thinks Emma has a great future, and I don't want to see her do anything tonight to jeopardize that. Mr. Dellacourt is an important client. Do

you think it might be best if you took Emma home? It would probably be best for her, and the firm."

"Between you and I, I've been thinking the same thing for the last half hour or so, but I don't know what to do. She's so nervous—I've never seen her drink this much before. I'm afraid she might get angry at me if I say something. I definitely don't want to make a scene."

"It's alright, Connor. I'll take care of this. Is your car in the valet parking?"

"Yes."

"When I give you the sign, you just go and get it. I'll meet you at the front door with Emma."

I nodded as Annika walked over to Emma. I saw her touch my sister gently on the arm to get her attention and then start talking to her. She took Emma by the elbow and started leading her away from the group she'd been talking to, going in the direction of her husband and Mr. Dellacourt. She turned and nodded to me, letting me know it was my turn to do my part. I put down my drink and made my way to the car park, giving the valet my token. I nervously waited as he retrieved the car, and then drove it the short distance to the sweeping drive of the main entrance. I left the car running but got out and waited, wondering what was going on. A couple of minutes later, Annika and Emma came out, the older woman holding onto my tipsy sister by the arm.

"Is everything okay?" I asked Annika as I helped get Emma into the car. I closed the door and came around to the driver's side, where the older woman was waiting.

"Everything's going to be fine. I told Blair and Mr. Dellacourt that I wanted to discuss some issues with Emma regarding the status of youth in the firm. I let them know that Emma was the focal point for the direction the firm would be taking in the next few years, and I wanted to sit with her in a relaxed atmosphere alone and get her thoughts. I told them this was the first opportunity I'd had to talk to her, and there were just too many people around to do it in there. They thought it was a great idea, and Mr. Dellacourt appreciated the confidence I had in your sister."

"That's great. I don't know what to say. Thank you so much for doing that." I reached out to shake her hand. She took my hand in hers, and then reached for it with her other hand, holding on to mine.

"Just take her home, Connor. That was a close call tonight. Tell her to relax—she's doing a fine job. There's no need to be nervous."

"I'll do that. Thank you. But aren't they going to think it's strange when you go back in there without her?"

"I'm not going back in. I told Blair I was just going to have our driver take me home after I'd finished talking with Emma. They'll be talking business all night and never notice." She waved her hand

dismissively, as if she'd been through this kind of thing many times before. "You're a good brother. I wish I had a big brother like you when I was younger." The older woman looked me up and down, and I could see that lustful look in her eyes. I'd been seeing that a lot lately, and there was no mistaking it.

"It would have been nice to have a sister like you too," I replied, my eyes now looking over her well-maintained body. "You seem like someone it would be nice to be close to."

"That's so sweet to hear something like that from such a handsome young man." She gave me a wistful little smile, stepped closer and rose up on her tip-toes. Her full breasts pressed against my chest as she kissed me tenderly on the cheek. She turned her face slightly and whispered warmly into my ear. "I think we should see how close we can get some time. I think that would be fun for both of us." I felt her lips brush hotly against the side of my ear before she stepped back, but not before pressing something into my hand. She turned and walked towards the valet station, her sumptuous rear end swaying enticingly beneath her snugly-fitting blue dress. I looked down at a small cocktail napkin folded in the palm of my hand. I opened it up. It had the name 'Annika' and a phone number. With a last look at her delectable backside, I slipped the napkin into my pocket and got in the car.

"Connor, I think I'm drunk," Emma said, looking at me with glassy eyes.



"No shit, Sherlock," I replied, slipping the car into gear and heading for the expressway.

"Oh Connor, what have I done?" Emma whined as I handed her a cup of coffee. "Do you think I'm going to get fired?"

"It's going to be fine, Emm," I replied as I sat down next to her on the couch. "Mrs. Thompson took care of everything. She talked to her husband and Mr. Dellacourt, and they're none the wiser." I paused and looked at her as she reluctantly sipped at the coffee I'd forced her to drink. I made sure she kept the window open in the car on the way home—she needed the fresh air to help sober her up. She was a little wobbly getting into her building, and I'd held her arm slung around me as I circled her slim waist and half-carried her with my other arm. I had to admit, the feel of her warm soft breast pushing into the side of my chest did feel nice. Once we'd gotten to her apartment, I'd plunked her down on the couch and made her some coffee, whether she wanted it or not.

"I'm such an idiot. Why did I drink that much?"

"Good question. Why did you drink that much?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and my eyes immediately looked down at the quivering upper swells of her breasts, teasingly visible above the scooped neckline of her tight dress. "I don't know. I feel like a total fuck-up these days."

"You're not a fuck-up. Everybody there told me what a great job you're doing. You've just got to learn how to relax. You know, you have been pretty bitchy lately. Is something wrong?"

"I don't know. I think it all started after I broke up with Kyle." Kyle, the financial investor businessman-type asshole that she'd broken up with almost a year ago. A Lexus-driving pretentious piece of shit. You know the kind—the ones who wear multiple layers of pastel-colored polo shirts on weekends, all with turned up collars. Late blooming preppies, a decade too late.

"Kyle? Don't tell me you miss that prick?"

"Oh hell, no. I have no idea what I ever saw in that jerk. It's just since then, I don't know, with work and all, I haven't been able to meet anybody."

"There's nobody in the office of interest?"

"No, they're either married, or gay." She turned to me and kind of laughed. "Pretty cliché, eh?"

"Well, what are you gonna do? You could try online."

"No, thanks. That's full of sickos and perverts."

I smiled inwardly, thinking of my own ad I'd had online just a few days ago. "Well, I wouldn't worry about it, Emm. A beautiful young woman like you, you'll meet someone soon enough."

"Ha, it's been almost a year. If this goes on much longer, my hymen might start growing back."

Remembering what my mother had said about taking a chance if an opportunity arose, I decided to take a shot. I drew back and threw a fastball right down the pike. "Maybe you just need to get laid."

"Duh! You think? Tell me something I don't know," she replied sarcastically, making both of us laugh. She set her coffee cup down, and I was surprised to see that she'd finished it. She turned and looked at me, that intelligent fire in her eyes again. "It's different for us women, we can't just go out and pick up somebody like you do."

"Me?" I asked, holding my hands up defiantly.

"Oh Connor, don't try and bullshit me. I've seen the way women look at you. Can you sit there and tell me you haven't been laid in a year?"

"Uh well, no. I can't say that," I replied, thinking of how many times I'd gotten off in the last four or five days alone.

"See, exactly. People call you a 'Player' or something like that, but if I acted like you, everyone would just call me a slut."

"Oh, c'mon now, Emm..."

"It's true. And I have no idea how to find someone I like enough to be with. All my old friends are either married, or they're jerks. Like I said, there's nobody at work." She paused for a second, her shoulders slumping in surrender. "I know I've been bitchy and miserable lately. Believe me, I know what you mean when you say I need to get laid. As a lawyer, I couldn't argue a case against that."

That last comment actually brought a smile to both of our faces. It gave me a bit of an idea. Again, I needed to push things, and the way I decided right there on the spot to do it, I was pretty sure I had a way out if she got pissed off with the whole idea.

"Hmm, good point, counsellor. Now, let me see if I have the evidence straight here." I paused as she looked at me, her lips turned up in a little grin. "So you've not had sex for approximately a year, correct?" She nodded.

"Miss, can you please speak up so the jury can hear your response," I said, sitting forward on the edge of the couch and gesturing to the imaginary jury box across on the other side of the living room.

"Can you repeat the question please?" she asked, getting into my little game now.

I pushed her coffee table out of the way and stood up, then started pacing back and forth, the way lawyers on TV do in a courtroom. "My question was, you say you have not had sex for approximately one year, is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Hmm, I see." I paced back and forth, rubbing my chin, as if deep in thought. "Ms. Young, are you what some people might refer to as a nutbar, headcase, or whack-job?"

"No, sir, I am not." The smile on her face almost lit up the room.

"Alright then. Are you a lesbian?"

"No, sir."

"So you do find men to be attractive?"

"Yes, sir."

"And as an intelligent, mature woman, would you have any trouble carrying on a conversation with a man who might be interested in you?"

"No, sir."

"Hmm, very interesting. Here you sit, Ms. Young, an attractive—no, let's say what you really are, shall we? A stunningly beautiful young woman, successful, intelligent." I gestured to the other side of the room. "And you expect this jury to believe that you haven't had sex in over a year?"

She started to laugh. I shook my head and pointed to the empty easy chair at the end of the couch. "Judge, I would move that Ms. Young be charged with perjury for sitting here and lying to the good people of this court."

"No, it's true. Honestly," she blurted out.

"Then what is the problem, Ms. Young? Do you suffer from any bizarre perversions or freakish peccadilloes?"

"No, sir. I don't think so, sir."

"I see...I see..." I resumed pacing, rubbing my chin in consternation.  
"So, if I'm to believe you, the problem is that you haven't been able to meet someone you care enough about to have sex with?"

"Yes, sir, that is correct."

"Hmm, at this point, do you believe your problem could be solved if you received sexual gratification?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you tried toys or sexual aids, Ms. Young? I understand there is quite a wide variety and selection available nowadays."

"It's not the same thing as being with a man, sir."

"Yes, yes, of course," I muttered. "Now, let me get this perfectly clear, Ms. Young. You need a man, yet it needs to be someone you care enough about, to help you achieve sexual gratification, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you insist, a beautiful woman like you, that you have been unable to meet a man that fits that criteria?"

"Yes, sir. That is correct."

I shook my head from side to side in dismay. It was time to go for the gold. "Well, to paraphrase Sherlock Holmes, when you eliminate all other possibilities, the one remaining, however improbable, must be the solution." I turned and pointed towards her as I spoke, emphasizing my words as I summed up. "I propose to you, Ms. Young, that the answer to your problem lies before you, right here in this very room. The man you seek, is none other than your brother, and mine, Long Dong Holmes." I sat down next to her—case closed.

She roared with laughter and then turned to me and kissed me on the cheek. "Connor, thanks for making me laugh. You are so good to me."

"Emm, it is nice to see you laugh. I don't think you've been doing enough of that lately." She nodded, the smile still on her face. It was now or never. I metaphorically crossed my fingers. "But, the problem still exists. So, what do you think of my suggestion?"

"What?" She looked at me as if she thought I was jerking her around. "You weren't serious, were you?"

"Hey, why not? We're both grown-ups, with both of our lives and careers in pretty good shape. It's not like we're kids whose psyches would be scarred for life if something happened between us."



"You're kidding, right?"

"Listen, you said yourself you need to get laid. You haven't had any luck meeting anybody for a long time now. I think you need to step out of your comfort zone just a little and try something—I don't know...risky. Who knows, you might even like it." I gave her a playful jab in the ribs, which made her smile again.

"Oh, you're pretty confident in yourself, aren't you, Mister?"

"I don't recall having heard too many complaints lately." I looked at her, but as usual with my sister, I had no idea what she was thinking. Remembering something my mother had said on the phone earlier, I decided to see if honesty really was the best policy. "Emm, listen. You were a pretty girl, and you've grown into an even more beautiful woman. I'd be lying to you if I told you I've never thought about you in that way before."

She looked at me intently, but still had a playful glint in her eye. "You mean you...uh..."

"Masturbated thinking about you?" I said, finishing her question for her. She didn't seem to know what to say, and I decided not to leave her wriggling on the hook. "Many times. And I loved it every time." She gave a slight little gasp at that. I decided to make her do a little soul searching of her own. "Now that we're both grown up, can you tell me you've never thought about me like that?" She just looked

down, and I saw her flushing. I think it was the first time I'd ever seen my sister at a loss for words. "I see. So when you did think about us together, was it really so bad?"

I could see what I was saying was finally registering with her. She took a deep breath to kind of compose herself, and then looked at me. "And what exactly is it that you suggest we do?"

"Well," I said, holding my hands up, as if open to suggestions, "that's up to you—whatever you'd like. I have nowhere I need to be and I'm willing to help out my sister any way I can."

"I can't believe we're even having this conversation." As soon as she said that, I knew I had her interest.

"Listen, I have a suggestion for you. Why don't we just try one kiss? And if it doesn't work for you, we'll forget the whole thing, no harm, no foul."

She looked at me, and I swear I could see the devils and angels fighting on her shoulders. I guess the devils won out. "I can't believe I'm really saying this, but okay, one kiss."

We were both sitting forward on the couch at this time as we'd been talking, our knees next to each other. I slipped my arm around her back and leaned towards her, at the same time as she leaned towards me. My eyes went to her mouth, her soft red lips looking so

lusciously compelling. I slid my other hand across her body and set it gently on her hip. We slowly moved closer together, and I saw her eyes close in anticipation of the kiss. Mine closed as well, just as my lips touched hers. They felt like soft warm pillows as I pressed my lips to hers, the intoxicatingly warm scent of her perfumed body wafting into my senses. As our lips meshed warmly, I moved mine gently against hers for a few seconds, enjoying the intimate closeness we'd never shared before. My sister wasn't pushing me away, so I slowly slid my tongue forwards, letting the tip run delicately along the warm crease between her lips. I felt her tense up just a little bit, and held her gently with my hands, not forcing myself on her, but letting her know I wasn't going to pull back either. I kept my tongue moving tenderly over her succulent lips, letting her know this was the time she had to make a decision. I knew it was now or never.

"Mmmm..." She gave off a gentle little moan as her lips slightly parted, allowing my tongue to enter her mouth. With my lips pressed against hers, I feathered my tongue forwards delicately, slipping it between those soft pillows, and then finding her tongue and rolling mine gently against it. It took a second or two, and then something inside her must have surrendered, because I felt her tongue press back against mine tentatively. Encouraged, I kissed her more passionately, letting my tongue slide deeper into her mouth, my lips and tongue working insistently, yet tenderly.

"Mmmm..." She purred like a little kitten as I felt her kiss me back, her tongue wrapping itself around mine as she sucked at it. The feel of her mouth against mine reminded me of my mother, both of their mouths feeling incredibly hot and wonderfully moist in a similar way. 'Like mother, like daughter,' I thought as we continued to kiss.

I slowly withdrew my tongue from her mouth, wondering what she would do. Her tongue avidly followed my own and we kissed deeply again, this time with her tongue exploring the depths of my mouth. I felt my cock twitch as the blood started to flow, this kiss with my sister rapidly becoming steamingly hot. After about a minute of hot kissing, I pulled back, anxious to see what she would do. She looked up at me, her eyes looking glassy with lustful excitement.

"Well," I said softly, "we had one kiss. What do you think?"

"I'm not sure," she replied, a devilish smile on her face. "I think I need to try one more." She slipped her arms around my neck and eagerly pulled me to her as she laid back against the couch. I moved forward with her and found her mouth open and willing this time as I pressed my lips to hers. She held my face in her hands as we kissed, her lips and tongue working ravenously against mine as she pulled me close against her. From the way she was kissing me, I could definitely believe she hadn't been with anyone in a year. I smiled to myself, knowing she had a lot of sexual energy that she'd need to get rid of before she was satisfied. Feeling her willingness coming right through her avid kisses, I slid my hand up the front of her dress and cupped one of those gorgeous tits of hers.

"Mmmm," she gave off a sexy little purr as I gently squeezed the full round orb. It felt nice and heavy in my hand, the shape and feel reminding me of both my mother's and little sister Zoey's tits as well. Emma seemed to be loving the intensity of the kisses, so we kept at it, her hands pushing my suit jacket off my shoulders. I slipped it off

and shrugged it aside, bringing one hand back around her shoulders while this time dropping my free hand onto her bare thighs. I slid my hand up and down over the smooth bare skin, and then moved my fingertips inwards, towards the deliciously soft skin of her inner thighs. Her legs parted slowly, giving me easy access to the deliciousness lying beneath. My hand slid upwards, loving the feel of the silky soft skin beneath my fingertips as her legs rolled further open to each side. I flicked my eyes down and saw the hem of her short dress rising as the gap between her legs widened. Man, seeing that hem rise up, that has to be one of the sexiest sights known to mankind.

With her ardent mouth pressed hotly against mine, I slid my middle finger up and right over the front of her panties. "Unnggghh..." She gave off a little whimper as my finger pressed against the warm cleft of her sex, her panties already soaked with her flowing juices. I ran my fingertip up along the line of her pouting lips beneath, rolling the tip of my finger over the stiff protrusion of her clit at the apex of her sex.

"Ohhnnnn..." Her lusty groan inspired me and I flicked my finger to the side, sliding it beneath the leg opening of her panties and pulling them to one side. With the back of my hand I pushed the hem of her skirt right up and out of the way. I drew my face back from hers, both of us gasping breathlessly. I looked down at her shaved pussy, the wet slippery lips of her cunt a brilliant pink, absolutely flushed with desire. From her incessant gasping and twitching, I could see how badly she needed to come, so I slid my middle finger between those beckoning petals and slipped it inside, slowly burying it to the third knuckle in one slow insertion.

"Oh Godddd...," Emma moaned, dropping her head onto the back of the couch as I started to work her over. Her legs rolled open ever further, totally exposing her beautiful cunt to me as I worked my finger back and forth. She was absolutely soaked, her creamy nectar almost flowing out of her. I slipped a second finger into her, sawing them back and forth together as she continued to squirm, her lush backside shifting about on the couch. I tipped my fingers up, concentrating on the hot folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, the nerves beneath her sensitive clit just above my long sliding fingers.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...OH YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," my sister hissed loudly as she started to come. Her loins were bucking up against my fingers and she was shaking spasmodically as she climaxed, her whole body wracked with paroxysms of pleasure. She was mumbling incoherently as her head lolled from side to side, the overwhelming sensations of her tingling climax rolling over her in exquisite waves. I could see how badly she needed this, and I continued to gently slide my fingers over the sensitive tissues inside her, drawing out her pleasurable release as long as I could, until she finally reached down and gripped my wrist, her sensitive body unable to take any more.

"Stop...stop. Oh Connor, thank you. I needed that so bad," she gasped breathlessly.

"I could tell."

She sat up and kissed me, a little slower this time, but I could feel the passionate need still inside her as her tongue slipped into my mouth and pressed hotly against mine. Her hand slid over my thigh and then stopped, almost in shock, as her hand discovered the iron bar of my rigid cock beneath my clothes.

"Oh my God, Connor, is that all you?" she asked, her fingertips exploring the length of my stiff prick.

"I'm afraid so." She quickly pulled at my belt, undid my pants and pulled down my zipper, anxious to see what her hands had discovered. Her slender fingers slid beneath the waistband of my fitted boxers, wrapped themselves around the thick root, and then she forcefully pulled it out, having difficulty getting the puffy swollen head past the elastic waistband. Released from its confines, the stiffening shaft totally unfurled, the broad mushroom head seeming to almost blossom once it was in the open air, the wet red eye already seeping pre-cum.

"Oh my! I've never seen anything like it before." I watched as she looked at it hungrily, and then a delightful shiver ran down my spine as her tongue came out instinctively and ran wetly around her full soft lips. I'd seen that look before, and knew exactly what she wanted. But before I could even say anything, my sister spoke first. "I can't believe how badly I need it in my mouth." She didn't hesitate as she leaned forwards and pressed her lips to the head of my cock. She gave it a little smooch, her lips and tongue sucking a tasty sample from the glistening tip.

"Mmmm..." She gave off a needy little whimper, and I felt her lips start to part as she slid her mouth down over the pebbly tissues of my glans. Her mouth was just like her pussy—incredibly hot and wet. I felt her lips stretching, and then they went right down over the broad flared ridge of my corona, the blood-engorged ridge rubbing sinfully against her soft full lips. I felt her lips press hotly against the veiny shaft as she paused, and then started to suck.

"Ohhhnnn," I groaned, my sister's cheeks caving in to envelop my dick in a steamingly hot sheath. She started to move slowly up and down, her cheeks moving in and out like a bellows as she wantonly sucked. She was working on my dick like a pro, her hunger for cock obvious by the eagerness with which she was going about her cock-sucking duties. I lay back against the couch, luxuriating in the delicious sensations of my sex-deprived sister sucking me off like a porn star. I'd been getting more and more turned on by looking at her all night long in that gorgeous dress and those sexy slingbacks, and now, with her mouth working on me this vigorously, I knew I wasn't going to last very long. Her hand slipped around the thick root of my cock, her slender fingers starting to pump up and down as she continued to suck wetly, her drooling saliva running out of her mouth and down over her stroking fingers. Within minutes, she had me climbing the walls. I reached beneath her and cupped her breasts beneath her dress, loving the feel of the pendulous weight of them as she leaned over my groin. As I moved my hand beneath the soft heaviness of her tits, the feeling her hard thick nipple beneath my fingers was all it took.

"Oh fuck, Emm...I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as I felt those heavenly contractions start in my midsection. My words seemed to



only inspire her as she started to bob her head more vigorously, her lustrous brunette hair flying everywhere. I looked at her pursed lips sucking ravenously at my throbbing dick as I started to cum. The first shot blasted forth, and it felt so forceful, I was almost surprised it didn't knock her head right off my spurting cock. I fired again as she continued to bob up and down, my spewing pecker flooding her mouth as I went off.

"Glumpphh." I heard her make a gulping sound as she swallowed, but she never missed a stroke as her bobbing head flew up and down, her lips and tongue licking and sucking feverishly at my spitting prick. I came again and again, unloading a massive load of spunk into my sister's mouth. I watched it start to leak from the corners of her pouty lips, the whitish goo sliding erotically down the sides of the glistening shaft. Her eyes opened wide in surprise as I kept shooting, torrents of semen spewing forth over her tonsils. More was seeping from the corners of her mouth now as she couldn't keep up, thick gobs of pearly nectar sliding down over her pumping fingers. She sucked ravenously, eagerly swallowing the mouthfuls I was feeding her. I felt a few more spurts launch deep into her mouth, the broad flared head of my pecker bumping against the soft tissues at the back of her mouth as she swallowed, my silky discharge sliding right down into her welcoming stomach. A shivering shudder ran through me, and the final wads of liquid protein oozed forth, drizzling sensually onto her waiting tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she swallowed, the muscles in her neck contracting teasingly as she let the overflowing goodness within her mouth slide down her throat. Her lips pulled back reluctantly, pursed forward like a fish out of water as they clung to my thick

shaft. She pulled them right off, and then dove for her hand, her tongue licking at the syrupy goo coating her fingers. As I lay there recovering, I watched as she licked and sucked up all of my pearly nectar, the gobs of milky semen eagerly lapped up by her avidly working lips and tongue.

"I can't believe how much you came," she finally said, looking up at me, her eyes still filled with lustful need. "Do you always come that much?"

"Most of the time."

"There was so much, and it tasted so good. It's been so long since I've had any." Her hand was still stroking my semi-hard cock, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Uh, you're not one of those 'one-and-done' guys, are you?"

"Not at all," I said as I pulled her up and pushed her back on the couch. "I can give you as much as you need, for as long as you need it." I pulled off the rest of my clothes as she watched admiringly, and then dropped to my knees in front of her. She was still fully dressed, right down to her sexy high heels. "But right now, I think I'd like to do the same for you."

"Mmmm, I think you're reading my mind." She eagerly let her legs roll open again as I knelt between them. As her hem rose higher, I reached forward and grabbed the little slip of black silky fabric that was her panties—as I'd thought from looking at her in the tight dress,

nothing more than a G-string. She lifted her hips as I drew them down and off, tossing the soaking wet piece of material to the side.

"That's it," my sister said wantonly as I moved closer between her spread thighs and started licking, my tongue sliding luxuriously over the sinfully soft skin of her inner thighs. As I licked higher, the intoxicating scent of her creaming cunt filled my nostrils. The warm earthy scent washed over me, firing my senses. It was so invitingly womanly, and incredibly arousing, without being nasty. I breathed deeply, loving the feel of the alluring fragrance washing over me. I could see that her snatch was almost bubbling over with need, glistening drops of her creamy juices shining on the puffy petals of her pussy-lips.

"Mmmm..." It was me who groaned this time as I couldn't wait any longer and dove in, pressing my face flush up against my sister's dripping cunt. I slipped my tongue between the beckoning gates of her weeping little box and slid it upwards, getting rewarded with a massive dose of her flowing discharge. She put her hands on the back of my head, her slender fingers running lovingly through my hair as I started to eat her, my tongue rolling in slow luxurious circles over the hot seeping tissues inside her.

"Oh Jesus, you're good," Emma moaned, and I flicked my eyes up to see her looking down at me, her lips turned up in a rapturous smile, her eyes hooded with desire. "We could have been doing this years ago. How many times did I lay in bed at night with my fingers inside me, thinking about my big brother doing this to me?" I was surprised

at my sister's honesty, but I guess there is nothing like a little sexual release to loosen someone's tongue.

"Mhmm," I hummed my agreement into her throbbing sex, my face pressed warmly against her shaved groin as I feathered my tongue as far into her as I could. I felt her bring her legs up and rest them on my shoulders as she squeezed her legs together, trapping me between her strong muscular thighs, her high-heels crossed over my back. It felt incredible when she did that, letting me know how badly she needed this from me. I stiffened my tongue and rolled it again and again over the hot dripping flesh inside her, her juicy goodness oozing out continuously onto my tongue.

"Oh fuck...that is so...that is so...AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH," Emma gasped as she started to shake. With her legs clamped around my head, her hips bucked up off the couch, driving her dripping cunt against my working mouth. I slipped my hands beneath her lush behind, finally getting my fingers on that perfect ass as I continued to work on her, my lips and tongue running feverishly over the pulsing flesh of her gushing cunt. My face was awash with her sticky nectar as she came, her warm juices flowing onto my waiting tongue. I swallowed, loving the flavor of my sister's gushing trench as I dove back in for more, my tongue running lewdly over her throbbing pink flesh. I kept licking while she kept twitching and shaking, her backside thrashing about erotically as I sucked and licked at her juicing cunt. Her climax went on for a long time before she gave out a long sigh, and then collapsed back against the couch, her strong legs releasing their possessive grip on my head.

"I think you needed that pretty badly too," I said, slowly licking upwards along the dripping cleft between her shiny pussy-lips, gathering in a mouthful of her seeping discharge.

"Oh my God, did I ever," Emma said, looking at me through half-closed eyes, her sumptuous chest heaving beneath her tight black dress.

"How about one or two more," I replied, lowering my mouth back down and slipping my lips over the protruding nodule of her throbbing clit, sucking at it in a tender yet merciless kiss.

"Oh no," she moaned deep in her throat, and I looked up to see her eyes close as she lay back against the couch, her hands slipping into my hair and legs coming up to trap my head once more as I went back to work. I ate her for the next half hour or so, bringing her to three more tingling climaxes, my sucking mouth and working lips never leaving her steaming gash.

"Oh Jesus...enough...enough," my sister finally said, pushing my sticky face back from her sensitive twat. I was covered with her juices, from my hairline all the way down my neck and onto my chest. I loved it. I watched her eyes as she pushed me away, her gaze dropping to my midsection, my rampant cock once more standing at full salute.

"Oh my God, it's so big," Emma said as she sat forward and slipped her slender fingers around it, giving it a gentle squeeze and then pumping it slowly. "How big is it?"

"A little over 10".

A shudder went through her, but I could see the ravenous look in her eyes as her hand continued to pump. "Come with me," she said, getting up from the couch and leading me into her bedroom. She pulled down the covers on her bed and turned to me. "Connor, I wonder if you'd do something for me."

"Sure Emm, anything."

"I hope you won't think this too weird, but I love to have it in my behind. Would you...would you do that for me?"

Holy fuck, my sister with the perfect rear end was asking me to fuck her in the ass! Could it get much better than this? "I'd love to," I responded, and we both looked down as my surging cock twitched in anticipation, the engorged tip bobbing menacingly up and down.

"I guess I'm not the only one who likes the idea of that," she said with a teasing smile as she stepped up to me, kissed me hotly, and stroked my long hard cock, her red fingernails tracing teasingly over the full length of my ten hard inches. She let go and reached into her night table, drawing out a tube of lubricant. She poured a generous

amount onto her hand and then slickened up my cock, reminding me of the delicious hand-job I'd had from Nurse Margaret earlier in the day. "I've never had one as big as yours before. Be careful, okay?"

"Absolutely. Just let me know if it starts to hurt," I replied. I looked her up and down. She looked fantastic, still dressed in that sexy little black dress and pointy slingbacks. "But how about if you do a little something for me too?"

"What's that?" she asked kittenishly, her slippery fingers still stroking my rock-hard cock.

"Leave your dress and shoes on, at least for now. I want to take you just like this." I could see her give off a shiver of excitement as I told her I wanted to take her, my words letting her know who was going to be in charge during this ass-fucking.

"You are a nasty one, aren't you?" she replied. "I like the sound of that." She climbed onto the bed and got on her hands and knees in the middle of it, looking bewitchingly sexy with the hem of her dress riding well up on the back of her full thighs, the pointy toes of her high heels digging into the mattress.

"Oh Emma, you are so gorgeous," I said, climbing onto the bed and hurriedly kneeling behind her.

"I think you know just where to put that beautiful hard thing of yours." She leaned forward and arched her back, the hem of her dress rising even higher as her luscious heart-shaped ass opened up deliciously before me.

"Oh fuck," I muttered to myself as I reached forward and pushed her dress up, letting it gather at the small of her back, the breathtakingly round cheeks of her bum exposed before me. I couldn't resist, running my hands over the spectacular lush mounds, feeling the incredible warm flesh beneath my hands for the first time. I knew then what I'd heard some women say about erections—it was amazing that something could feel so firm and yet so velvety soft at the same time. That was how Emma's ass felt, magically firm and like liquid silk at same time—truly magnificent. I slowly rubbed my hands all over the sizable cheeks, loving the velvety smoothness and lush fullness of it beneath my fingertips. My prick surged as a tingling shiver of anticipation ran through me, knowing I would soon have my stiff cock deep inside that enchanting masterpiece of an ass.

"Oh Emma, you have the most spectacular rear end I've ever seen," I said, pushing down gently on the small of her back. She knew exactly what I wanted, leaning further forwards and turning her face sideways as she dropped it onto a pillow. With her back arched even more, it opened up the deep crease of her backside invitingly. I looked down at the deep groove, following the crevice down to where it ended at the winking pink starfish of her anal pucker. Oh man, did that ever look sweet—so pink, so tender, such an inviting little rosebud. My cock flexed again, the dripping head drawn to that cute little opening as if it were a homing beacon. I pushed down on



the top of the slickened shaft, the rigidity of it pushing back forcefully against my fingers.

"Yes, that's what I like," Emma purred lewdly as I rubbed the broad slippery knob down along the shadowed crevice, stopping when I had the very tip nestled up against her wrinkled sphincter. The heat was incredible as the tender flesh nibbled wantonly at the tip of my cock. I almost lost it right there, suppressing the urges rising within me. She wriggled back against me, getting the head of my rampant erection just where she wanted it.

"There, that's perfect," she said softly, letting me know she was ready. I put my hands on her wide hips and flexed back slightly, still keeping the oozing tip of my cock against her waiting bum-hole. I saw her breath deep and then let it out slowly, forcing herself to relax for what she knew was coming. I flexed forward, feeling the resistance of her flesh as I started to make my way into her. I looked down as the tiny pucker started to open up, the hot pink tissues adhering possessively to the pebbly glans of my engorged prick. I was amazed to see it open up so beautifully as the broad flared knob went deeper. I kept up a slow insistent forward pressure, watching as her sphincter continued to spread open over the flaring contours of the massive lubricated knob. I was almost there now, only the purple ring of the engorged corona to go. I paused for a second, and then pressed forward.

"Unnnghhh," Emma moaned deep in her throat and the rope-like ridge slipped inside, her tight anal ring clamping down beyond the broad crimson crown. "Oh Jesus, that's big." I held still, my hands on

her hips as she got used to it. She was breathing deep, and then I felt the muscles inside her relax as she started to roll her hips in a slow tantalizing circle.

"Oh fuck," I groaned, feeling the incendiary heat of her ass pulling at my throbbing erection. I had never felt anything so hot in my entire life. It was amazing. She continued to roll her hips, and I could hear her moaning softly as she started to push back, pulling more of my rigid dick into her waiting ass. Knowing she was ready for more of it, I gripped her hips firmly and flexed again, my hips moving with hers.

"Aaaahhh yessssssssss...," she hissed loudly, her back arching even more and her head snapping up as I fed more of my rock-hard cock into her. I insistently moved forward, the hot wet tissues inside her slowly yielding to my advancing cock, the clutching pink tissues gripping me like a hot buttery fist. I looked down with a smile on my face as I watched the last two inches go in, my shaven groin pressing flush up against her beautiful backside.

"Oh Goddddddd," she groaned, feeling my body get as far into her as I could. I held still as she got accustomed to the size, her lush rear end slowly moving against me. "I've never felt so full in my entire life." She rolled her hips again, my cock stirring her insides like a thick batch of cement. Her head was moving up and down and then she looked at me over her shoulder, her eyes alive with fiery lust. "Fuck me, Connor. I really need it bad."

Fired by her hungry desire, I slowly withdrew, stopping when I felt the ridge of my corona tugging erotically at her anal ring. I reversed direction and fed it back into her, a little more forceful this time.

"Yessssssss..." She groaned deep in her throat as I ended up balls-deep once more, her lush body totally impaled on my thrusting erection. I pulled back again, watching that delicious pink pucker of hers pulling back at my retreating cock, and then watching the wrinkled tissues flex inward as I drove it deep.

"Unnnnggh...ungghhh...ungghhh." She was moaning deeply with each thrust as we got into a smooth rhythm, my cock going the full 10" into her as she pushed back against me, rolling her hips lewdly as we fucked like animals. "Oh my God. I love that so much," she groaned breathlessly as she flexed the muscles inside her, the searing tissues lining her ass feeling like they were trying to strip the skin right off my hard cock. The heat inside her was amazing, and she really knew how to work her ass, the muscles inside her gripping and pulling at my surging dick lewdly. The feeling of her bum working on my rigid cock was absolutely fantastic, the clutching pink tissues nibbling and squeezing down on my driving prick like she never wanted to let it go.

"Oh Connor, I think...I think...OH GODDDDDDDDDDD," my sister gasped as she started to come. An intense climax overwhelmed her and I held firmly onto her hips as she convulsed and thrashed about beneath me, her body shaking and twitching like a rag doll as she came. I suppressed my own urge to come, wanting to give my sister as much pleasure as possible before I got my own. Her orgasm went

on for a long time, and I stopped moving for a minute or so, keeping my engorged prick buried to the hilt inside her. When I felt she had recovered long enough, I started to slowly move once more, rolling my hips suggestively as I teased those sensitive tissues way up inside her yearning ass.

"Ohhhnnnnn," she moaned once more as I pulled back and then drove it all the way into her once more. I flipped her over on her back and she brought her long muscular legs up and wrapped them around my back, her high heels crossing over my backside. With her knees well up, I continued to fuck her ass this way, kissing her hot passionate mouth as I ran my hands up the front of her sexy dress and filled my hands with her gorgeous 36Ds. Even with her legs crossed behind me, she worked her lower body wonderfully, bucking her hips and thrusting her hot needy ass up against me.

I fucked her through two more orgasms in this position before finally letting myself come. I buried it all the way inside her when I climaxed, basting her insides like a Christmas turkey. I absolutely flooded her ass with semen, feeling it squelch out around the connection of our joined bodies as I totally unloaded inside her. With both of us covered in sweat, I finally pulled out, gobs of semen gushing out of her to slide down her perfect ass, the milky fluid making an absolute mess on the sheets. Emma's legs dropped onto the mattress, her legs remaining open as pearly semen continued to ooze from her ravaged ass.

"Oh my God, Connor, that was incredible," Emma gasped, her breathing still ragged and shaky after her last climax. "I've never

come like that before—it felt like I was never going to stop. Thank you so much. I think I needed that even more than I realized."

"You're welcome, sis. Just let me know any time you're feeling a little frustrated and I'll come by and help you out."

"Mmmm...I think I'm still feeling a little tense even now," she replied mischievously, rolling onto her side and nuzzling at my ear. Her hot breath teased me, causing me to shiver as she whispered, "How about we take a shower and then you can fill me up some more?"

I came three more times that night, filling my sister's spectacular ass with two more loads and blowing the final one all over her face after she'd cleaned me up and then given me a nice long leisurely blow job. I lost track of the number of times Emma had climaxed, including a couple of times when she'd fingered herself during that long luxurious blow-job she'd given me to end the night. Suffice it to say, she admitted she probably wouldn't be walking too easily the next day.

In the middle of the night after I'd pasted her face with that last load, she finally kicked me out, telling me she definitely needed to get at least some sleep before an early meeting over breakfast with Mr. Dellacourt, their big client.

"What, you don't think it would be a good idea to show up like this?" I asked, taking a finger and gathering up a big wad of semen from the load I'd just painted her with. I took my gooey finger from her

cheek and slid it deep into her mouth, sliding the cum-covered digit lewdly back and forth between her soft lips. "I bet Mr. Dellacourt would love to get a look at you like this, picturing his cock filling that pretty mouth of yours."

"If he liked it, he'd better be ready to give me a job, because I'm sure I'd get fired on the spot." She gave me a playful smile as she pulled the covers over her lush naked body, her eyes almost closed in blissful exhaustion.

"Alright, alright, I get it. I'll go," I replied, gathering up my clothes from the other room and dressing in front of her. I was just about to zip up my pants when she reached forward, her hand stopping me.

"Connor, can I suck it for just a minute more?" she asked, looking up at me with doe-like innocence in her eyes. I was dumbstruck, having heard almost the exact same words from my little sister Zoey on Thursday night. As Emma rolled towards me on the bed and opened her mouth, I couldn't resist.

"Okay, just for a minute. But that's all. I want you to be in top shape for that meeting tomorrow," I replied, lifting my prick and dropping the heavy knob right into her open mouth. That one minute turned into two, and then three...and then about fifteen minutes later, I flooded her tonsils with a torrent of thick sperm-laden semen, my sister's talented mouth coaxing a final load out of me. She slipped her lips off my spent dick, her tongue circling her lips to get all the milky residue that had seeped out of the corners of her mouth. She

dropped back onto the pillows, a blissful smile on her face as she closed her eyes, sleep overtaking her already.

I looked down at her, joyously happy that I'd been able to help my sister with her problem. And like I'd told my mother, it hadn't been for just her sake, but my own too. However, as I looked at her sleeping so serenely, my pearly cum clinging to her pretty face, I was happy for her, knowing she'd needed this more than I did. I also knew I'd be happy to get into that spectacular ass of hers any time she wanted. I had still to explore the depths of her alluring pussy, and I definitely wanted to do that. Maybe she felt that by not having vaginal intercourse, we hadn't crossed the line into incest. Who knew? I didn't care—it had been fantastic any way you looked at it. But if this was all my sister wanted from me, a one-shot deal to get rid of the frustration and anxiety that was weighing her down, well...hell, that was alright too. I loved her, and just wanted her to be happy.

I quietly closed the door of my sister's apartment behind me and made my way home, Mustang Sally purring as we made our way along the relatively barren streets. I cranked up the sound system, the real Morrissey's wondrous "Tomorrow" pouring out of the speakers. Yes, tomorrow...I wondered what tomorrow would bring.

**THE END**