

The Good Wife

Alicia's Deep Itch

Alicia Florrick had an itch—a nagging burning itch deep inside her mature unsatisfied cunt. She knew exactly how to take care of that itch—with a hard thick cock.

Alicia needed cock. She needed it bad. It had been about a year since the headlines had come out—her husband Peter, the State's Attorney, had been caught cheating on her. Not just cheating on her with anyone, with prostitutes. He'd also been charged with using his position of influence for corrupt means. He'd done jail time for that, but he'd been released when the evidence fell short and was now living in his own apartment—Alicia wasn't ready to forgive and forget just yet.

She'd had to go back to work after many years of being a mother and the loyal wife of a rising politician. And what good had being loyal done her? It had only served to get her face in the headlines as the wife whose powerful husband loved to suck the toes of hookers.

So she'd gone back to practicing law, and her old college flame Will Gardner had graciously given her a job. She'd done well, and was looking forward to a raise as she approached the end of her first year. Her first year, she thought. It has also been that long since she'd kicked Peter out of her bed once the scandal hit the papers. She'd been without cock for that long, and she could feel the itchiness deep inside her, an itchiness that her vibrator could never scratch.

She took a big sip from her glass. The warm vapors filled her senses, the full-bodied red wine helping to relieve the stress of the day. She took another drink and pulled her robe about her mature body. She'd come home, late as usual, and had been greeted by her bitchy mother-in-law, Jackie. The old skank always made her feel inadequate, but Alicia needed her help right now as she struggled to make ends meet on her own. Alicia had thanked Jackie for preparing dinner for her two teenagers, Zach and Grace, and then was happy to see the front door close behind the old bag.

Alicia still felt guilty about what had happened the week before—the family was going to celebrate Zach's 19th birthday together, but she'd been stuck in the office, arriving home just in time to say goodnight. She had hoped to make the day special for Zach, and vowed to make it up to him at some point.

So again today, she was left to eat alone, the kids going to their rooms to do their homework. As she ate, her first glass of red wine diminished quickly as it helped ease the pressures of another hectic day. She'd come to realize that every day at Lockhart/Gardner was like that. There was barely a chance to catch your breath and associates on the partner track were expected to bill as many hours as possible. She knew she was in competition with Cary Agos—the sharp young guy who'd come out of Harvard—but Alicia felt she'd been up to the challenge.

She thought back to the conversation she'd overheard earlier in the day. Cary and two other young male associates had been in the lunchroom talking. Alicia had stopped by the storage room next to it

to retrieve some files. A door separated the two rooms and she noticed it was ajar, the muffled voices of the three young men drifting into the file room. She didn't take any notice of it until she clearly recognized her name being spoken. She crept closer to the door and listened, her curiosity piqued.

"She's a definite MILF, alright," she heard one guy say.

"Have you seen those legs? And those high heels she wears? For a woman in her 40s, she's absolutely gorgeous." This came from the second guy. Alicia was listening intently now, having recognized the term 'MILF'.

"Her legs are great." She recognized Cary's voice this time. "But so is everything else. And she's just so sexy. That face, those exotic eyes, and what about those CSLs?"

This comment brought a series of agreements and comments of approval from the other two. "CSLs," Alicia thought to herself, "What the heck was that?" All of a sudden, she heard the sound of the main lunchroom door being opened.

"Cary, can I see you in my office regarding the Chumhum deposition." It was Will Gardner's voice reaching her ears now.

"Sure, Will. I'll be right there," Cary replied, ending the conversation the three associates had been having about her.

She heard the chairs scraping against the floor as the young men left the room. She waited a couple of minutes and then made her way back to her desk. As she walked, she could feel the dampness in her panties, her mature body becoming aroused as she'd listened to the young men talking about her in such flattering terms. She had definitely heard the term MILF before and was thrilled to hear that they thought of her as one, but she had no idea what they meant by CSLs.

Back at her desk, she quickly pulled up a search engine and typed in the three letters. All she got were listings for various soccer leagues and similar entries. None of that made any sense. She then remembered a website Kalinda had told her about, one that dealt with common everyday slang terms that people used—Urban Dictionary. She called up the site and once again typed, C—S—L, and then she punched enter. And up came her answer:

"CSL—cock sucking lips"

Alicia shuddered as she read, her pussy-lips twitching as she pictured those young men looking at her and what they were thinking. She tried to keep a professional look on her face, but inside, she was glowing, happy to think vibrant young men like that found her attractive, and apparently for more than just her sexy legs. They'd all agreed on Cary's opinion of her cock sucking lips. She pulled a compact and a tube of lipstick out of her purse and applied a nice fresh coat, pursing her lips in the mirror as she dismally thought

about how long it had been since she'd had those pouty red lips wrapped around a thick hard cock.

And now she was home, alone once more. With her mother-in-law gone, she took a long leisurely shower, attempting to wash away the cares of the day. She pulled on an emerald green satin chemise, the slip-like garment ending high on her shapely thighs. The sexy little garment was trimmed at the neckline and hem with a thin strip of delicate white lace. She pulled on a matching pair of panties before donning her big terrycloth bathrobe. She liked to sleep in lingerie like that, but she didn't want her kids to see her.

She heated up the meal Jackie had prepared for her, the kids and their grandmother having eaten much earlier. As she re-filled her wine glass after eating, she thought of her kids, Zach and Grace. She worried about them constantly. The scandal had been difficult enough for her, but she always wondered how the two of them made it through each passing day. They'd had to give up their house for an apartment, change schools—and that was nothing compared to the finger-pointing and talking behind their back that she was sure they endured. They were good kids, she thought as she picked up her glass and made her way to Grace's room.

Her daughter's bedroom door was open a crack, the room in darkness. Alicia quietly opened the door a few more inches and peered in. She saw Grace asleep on her bed, her childhood teddy bears still keeping her company. Alicia watched her daughter for a few seconds, her pretty face innocently serene as she slept. Alicia closed the door, and headed down the hall to check in on Zach. As

expected, she found his door closed, but she noticed light seeping out from beneath the gap at the bottom.

"Zach?" she called out quietly as she tapped at his door.

"Uh....just a second, Mom," he called back, his voice sounding a little panicky.

Alicia waited, taking another sip of her wine.

"Okay, come on in."

Alicia entered her son's room and was surprised to see him sitting up in bed with his t-shirt on, the covers pulled up to his waist. She'd expected him to be in his customary spot, sitting in front of his computer.

"Zach, are you feeling okay?" she asked as she walked across the room towards him.

"Yes," he replied. "I just decided to go to bed a little earlier than usual and do some reading." Alicia couldn't help noticing her son's eyes had looked down at her legs as she walked across the room, his young eyes taking in one of her best features.

"Are you sure you're okay, honey," she asked as she sat on the edge of his bed. "You look a little flushed." She put her hand on his forehead before he had a chance to realize what she was doing.

"I'm fine, Mom," he replied, pulling back from her hand.

"Are you sure? You feel like you might have a bit of a fever?"

"Really Mom, I'm okay."

"Alright....alright," she said as she sat back on his bed and looked at her curly-haired son, her heart going out to him. She took another sip of her wine before turning to set her glass on the desk near the foot of his bed. When she turned back, she saw Zach's eyes staring at her thighs, her robe having come open as she'd turned and stretched to set down her glass. She felt a wicked thrill go through her as her son looked between her legs. She wasn't sure why, but she found it tremendously arousing to see him looking at her like that. Maybe it had something to do with hearing what those young men had said about her earlier in the day. Whatever it was, she felt a little pulse deep in her cunt and knew her oily juices were starting to flow. Inspired by the illicit lewdness of what she was feeling, she purposely left her robe where it was, parted slightly to reveal her sexy chemise beneath. She let her legs part slightly, giving her son a good view of her smooth creamy inner thighs. She carried on talking, as if she'd never noticed that her robe had come partially undone. "Zach, I need to know how you feel about what's happened. Are you mad at your dad and me?"

"Wha....uh," he stammered as he reluctantly lifted his eyes from the inviting view of her warm mature thighs. "Uh...no, I'm not mad at either of you. I...I just don't understand Dad."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't understand how he could have gone with those....those women?"

Alicia wondered where he was going with this and decided to see what he was thinking. She thought that deep down, a teenager like Zach would have been somewhat envious of his father for getting to bed attractive young hookers. "What do you mean? You've seen pictures of those women your father was with. Don't you think they're good looking?"

"They're not nearly as gorgeous as you, Mom!" he burst out, then shrunk back, like a boy that had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"Oh Zach, that's so nice of you to say." She shifted her rear end slightly on his bed, drawing one leg up slightly so her son had a clear view right up to her panty-covered cockpit. "I'm sure you're just saying that because I'm your mother." She rolled her head as if she had a stiff neck, but as she did, she subtly let the top of her robe open up more, her pert breasts coming into view. She knew they weren't big, but at a full 34B, they were still nicely shaped, and topped by

large bullet-like nipples. When she stopped rolling her neck, she looked once more at her son, whose eyes were now feasting on her shapely tits, the stiff nipples poking noticeably through the thin satin fabric. Realizing she was now looking at him, Zach drew on his dwindling willpower and lifted his eyes to hers.

"No, it's not just because you're my mother. You are so much more beautiful than any of those women—I just don't understand how Dad would ever want to be away from you."

"Well, some men get to a certain age where a mature woman doesn't excite them like it used to. They need the attention of someone younger."

"I think Dad's crazy," Zach said, his eyes looking over his mother's enticing mature body. "I'd never do that if I was in his position."

"So, do you find older woman attractive, Zach?"

"Well, I.....I guess," he replied, his face turning red as his eyes dropped to his lap.

"There's no need to be embarrassed. A lot of young men have a thing for older women. I think it's kind of sweet actually," she paused as she put her hand under Zach's chin and lifted his face until he was looking right at her. She gave him a sultry look, her eyes hooded

seductively as she tilted her head slightly to one side. "I think it's kind of sexy too."

"You do," he said excitedly, sitting slightly forward. His movement caused the covers to move slightly on each side of him. Alicia eyes immediately spotted the corner of what looked like a magazine that had been stuck under the covers beside him.

"So what are you reading?" she asked, reaching forward and pulling out the magazine.

"MOM! NO!" Zach shouted as he grabbed for the magazine.

"Now Zach, I'm your mother," Alicia replied, pushing his arms away. "You know after what happened we agreed there should be no secrets between anyone in this family, right?"

"Yes, I know," he agreed, dropping his head in shame.

"So let's see what you were trying to hide there." She turned the magazine over until she was looking at the glossy cover. A beautiful busty blonde woman in a black merry widow and thigh high nylons stared back at her. Alicia couldn't help but notice that the woman was about the same age as she was. Her eyes then went up to the top of the page as she read the title—MILF WORLD. She looked again at the cover, the mature model's pretty face turned towards the camera

in an inviting 'come-hither' look. Her pussy twitched as she thought about her teenage son looking at a magazine like this.

"So I guess you do like older woman after all," Alicia said as she started to flip through the pages, her eyes looking at pictures of one gorgeous mature woman after another.

"Mom, please," Zach said as he furtively reached for the magazine.

"Zach, you know that after all the things that have happened in the last year, we decided that we were always going to be honest with each other." She paused and looked at her son lovingly. "I want you to know I'm not angry with you. I understand a little something about teenage boys." Her lips turned up in a sexy little smile as she watched him relax somewhat. He'd be shocked if he knew how many loads of teenage cum she'd jacked off and sucked out in her lifetime.

"Thanks for saying that, Mom, but could I have my magazine back now?" He was almost pleading with her now.

"What's the corner of this page turned down for?" Alicia asked as she flipped to a page that looked like it had been marked for reference.

"NO MOM!" Zach cried out as he tried to pull the magazine from his mother's grasp. She turned away from him as she opened the page in question.

"Oh my," she whispered under her breath as she saw a couple pictures of herself looking back at her. The page was titled "POLITICAL MILFS" and the two pictures of her took up the whole page. In one she was wearing a strapless red evening gown, her thimble-sized nipples thrusting prominently through the dress. It was a full-length shot and had been taken from the side as she'd been walking. The teasing split at the side of the dress showed the full length of one lean toned leg from her upper thigh down to a pair of red strappy high heels. She remembered when she'd worn this outfit—it had been the last function she'd attended with Peter before the scandal hit the papers. She remembered how chilly it had been in the convention center that night, and the photographer who'd taken the picture had obviously noted how stiff her nipples had become.

The second picture was a shot from the waist up. She was wearing a tight white t-shirt with the words "Chicago Tourism" emblazoned on the front. She remembered when she'd worn that as well. It had been taken at a charity softball game shortly before the other picture had been taken. It had started out as a gorgeous sunny Saturday, only to see some unexpected dark clouds blow in over Lake Michigan. They'd been caught in a quick downpour, the participants laughing as they raced across the field to take refuge beneath one of the park's covered pavilions as the unexpected rain came down in a hurry. She wondered if it was the same photographer who'd taken this shot too, as once again, with her white t-shirt having gotten soaking wet in the quick deluge, you could clearly see the outline of a lacy white bra beneath, and her long hard nipples projecting stiffly beneath that.

"Zach, why is this page marked like this?" she asked, pointing to the turned over corner. He looked at her blankly, his eyes wide with guilt. She felt her pussy-juice start to flow as she looked at her young son, knowing exactly why he'd marked that page. "We just talked about honesty and no secrets again, right?"

"Y....yes," he mumbled.

"Now I want you to answer me honestly, Zach—why is this page marked like this?" Alicia held the page with the pictures of herself up towards him, so there could be absolutely no mistake about which page she was referring to.

"I....I like to look at it," he confessed, dropping his eyes to his lap. She could see how embarrassed he was, and her heart went out to him.

"Zach, it's alright," she said in a calm soothing voice as she reached down and touched his knee through his covers.

"Are you sure, Mom? You're not mad at me?"

"No, I'm not mad at you at all. A woman my age loves to know that young men still find her attractive."

"Mom, I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!" he blurted out.

"Oh Zach, you're so sweet," Alicia said, happy to see the relieved look on her son's face. "It's kind of warm in here. Is it okay if I take my robe off? It won't embarrass you to see your old mom in her sleeping clothes, will it?"

"No, go ahead," he replied hurriedly.

She set the magazine down, leaving it open to the page with her pictures. Standing beside his bed, she slowly undid the sash of the robe as his eyes peered at her intently. She pulled the front open and sensually rolled her shoulders as she peeled off the robe before letting it fall seductively to the floor. She smiled as Zach swallowed anxiously, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as his hungry young eyes looked her up and down. She stretched, extending her arms up which caused the sexy slip-like chemise to rise high on her toned thighs, the lacy hem stopping just below her panty-covered pussy.

"That feels better." She sat back down on the bed and picked up the magazine again, nonchalantly bringing one leg up with her foot kind of beneath her while her knee pointed to the wall on the other side of him. Pretending to be interested in the magazine, she extended her other leg out towards the floor, giving her son a clear view up between her legs. She noticed Zach gulp again, his eyes drawn magnetically to the inviting V of her spread thighs.

"You look like you're getting hot too," Alicia said as she looked at her son's flushed face, his skin now glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration. 'I bet his heart's beating like a jack-rabbit', she thought to herself as his eyes never left the creamy whiteness of her inner thighs. "Why don't you take your t-shirt off?" He did as she suggested, and Alicia smiled to herself as he tossed the t-shirt aside, his young body coming into view. He still had some filling out to do, but she knew that would come as he grew older.

"So Zach, when you're looking at these pictures of me, what do you do?"

"Well, I uh.....I guess I look at them and think about how pretty you are."

"So you don't do anything else?" Alicia punctuated her words by extending her leg further out on the floor, increasing the gap between her smooth ivory thighs. She could feel her pussy getting wetter as she toyed with her son. She could already smell her flowing juices, and wondered if he could too. "Remember Zach, no secrets."

He dropped his eyes back to his lap, afraid to look her in the eye as he confessed. "Well I.....I....."

"Do you play with yourself?" Alicia interrupted, her words helping to alleviate the squirming guilt her son was feeling.

"Yes," he gasped out, relieved at not having to say the words himself.

"That's okay, Zach, relax. I'm not angry with you. I find it kind of flattering, actually." She rolled her head around her shoulders again, noticing her son's eyes immediately focusing on her pert breasts, the nipples feeling wickedly sinful as they slid stiffly against the shimmering green satin of the chemise. "Tell me, how often do you do it?"

"Um....well.....uh....." he muttered. He was stalling, but after seeing the pictures of herself in the magazine he'd been trying to hide, she sensed he was dying to confess about his obsession with her. She could feel her juices soaking into her panties just thinking about it. It seemed that he needed a little incentive to get what he was feeling off his chest.

"Zach, do you want me to leave?" she asked, leaning slightly forward, thrusting the perfectly-shaped spheres of her 34Bs towards him. His eyes flicked down to her dark cleavage, framed teasingly by the lacy edge of the chemise. He gulped anxiously again.

"No. Please don't go," he said nervously, a note of panic in his voice.

"Alright then, as long as we keep being honest with each other," she said warmly as she sat back slightly and dropped her hand to her leg, her blood-red nails tracing slowly up her inner thigh. "So tell me, how many times a day do you play with yourself?"

His eyes never left her teasing fingertips as she drew them provocatively over the smooth white skin of her thighs. He finally spoke, his voice quivering with embarrassment, "Usually about five or six times a day."

'Oh my God,' Alicia thought to herself as a shudder of excitement ran through her body. She felt her pussy creaming as she pictured her son jerking off and cumming five or six times a day.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Zach replied, dropping his head in shame.

'Oh, he's so cute,' she thought to herself. 'He thinks I'm upset with him.' Being upset with him was the furthest thing from the truth. She actually envied his youthful libido. She remembered being like that herself when she was his age, her fingers constantly seeking out her itchy wet cunt.

"Don't worry, Zach, I'm not upset with you." He looked up at her, calmer now. "Most grown men would envy you. For most guys, it's just one time and then they're done."

"Really? I....I've never been like that." He looked over her mature body once more. "It always takes a few times before I feel like taking a break."

'Oh sweet Jesus,' Alicia thought as another shiver of desire tripped down her spine. In her rising excitement, she felt a little gush of pussy-juice spit forth from her greasy snatch. Thank goodness I'm wearing panties, she thought, or I'd be spraying all over his covers. She thought about his desire to masturbate so often, and wondered when he could even find the time to do it that many times. Getting through her job and everyday life barely left her a spare minute to enjoy a cup of coffee, let alone pleasure herself. "So I have to know, that many times a day—when do you actually do it?"

"Well, I'd say an average day starts with one time when I wake up, and then I find around lunchtime at school I need to do it again. So I go into one of the boy's washrooms and do it in a stall there. Then usually as soon as we get home from school, and then again after dinner. So that's usually four by that time, and then I usually find a chance for one more during the evening, and then again when I go to bed."

'Oh man, I've got myself a little cum machine right here in this house,' Alicia thought as she looked at her son with admiration. She felt her heart rate escalating as he talked, and she felt herself flushing with illicit desire as she pictured him masturbating that many times.

"So when you do it at all school, and those times at home, do you think about Becca and some other girls from school?" She knew the trampy Becca often flirted with Zach and led him on, but she was pretty sure nothing had ever happened between the two of them. She figured that since Becca was a year or two older than him, Zach had a crush on her.

"No....I.....I don't." He hung his head again and Alicia felt another rush of perverted lust go through her before she asked the next question, sure of what his answer would be.

"Then who do you think about?"

He paused for a second before slowly raising his head and looking her in the eye. "You, Mom. I always think about you."

"Like with this magazine?" she asked, holding the pictures of herself up for him to see.

"Yes. I actually keep that magazine in my knapsack and take it into the bathroom at school with me."

She almost came right there on the spot as she pictured the lewd image of her teenage son riskily jacking off in a washroom stall while looking at those photos of her. Her eyes went to his naked chest and she started to wonder what his penis was like. Zach was still pretty scrawny, like most teenage boys, but she hoped he wasn't scrawny everywhere. Her husband Peter had been pretty well-endowed, with about 8" of thick solid cock. She felt herself praying that her son had taken after his father in that regard. She had to find out.

"So is that what you were doing when I came in?" she asked, handing the magazine back to him.

"Well....uh," he stuttered, shifting uncomfortably on the bed as he reached forward to take the magazine she was thrusting towards him. As he did, the covers he'd pulled up around his waist slid down slightly to his hips. Alicia's eyes spotted something black at his side, peeking out boldly against his white sheets.

"What's this?" she asked as she reached out, her red-tipped fingernails plucking the black item from beneath the covers.

"NO!" he gasped in guilty anguish as she looked at the object she was holding in her hands. She recognized it immediately—it was the black panties she'd worn yesterday. He must have taken them from her laundry hamper. Keeping a calm expression on her face, she smiled inwardly at having caught her son panty-handed.

"Are these the panties I was wearing yesterday?"

His face was as red as an enflamed cock-head as he slowly replied, "Yes."

"And what's this?" she asked as she turned the panties inside out, exposing a mottled clump of milky goo clinging to the silky black fabric. "Did you just jack off into these?"

Zach slowly nodded. Alicia looked at the wad of semen sticking to soft material. 'My God, look at the size of that load. It's massive,' she

thought to herself. She found herself instinctively licking her lips as she looked at the pearly wad of seed. She sniffed, the manly scent of semen filtering sensually into her nostrils. She felt like purring with satisfaction as the familiar smell filled her senses. She'd been so long without a mouthful of cum that she almost groaned in frustration. She loved the taste of semen, loved having her mouth filled with warm creamy cock-juice, loved the feel of the silky fluid sliding luxuriously down her throat. As she looked at the pearly mass of semen and breathed in the musky scent of her son's load, she started to feel intoxicated, like an addict on the verge of getting a fix. She felt her willpower fading and didn't know if she could resist the temptation to taste it.

Zach had been so embarrassed at having been caught by his mother, first with his favorite magazine with the pictures of her in it—pictures that he'd jacked off to more times than he could count—and now, she'd spotted the panties of hers he'd stolen as well. He'd originally thought she'd be furious with him, but as he watched his mother, Zach felt his anxiety start to slip away. He'd noticed her shiver a couple of times when they'd been talking, and he could have sworn they looked like shivers of excitement. And now, once she'd spotted the load of jizz he'd pumped into her panties just moments before she'd come into his room, he'd actually seen her subconsciously lick her lips as she'd looked at his milky cum, as if she was hungry for it. He realized his mom was becoming aroused. Watching her tongue slide out and sensually circle those beautiful lips of hers sent an electrifying jolt right to his groin. Under her earlier questioning, he'd lost his hard-on. Now he could feel it coming back, stiffening quickly with the fury of youth.

"Is that what you fantasize about, Zach? Filling my pussy so full of cum that it gushes out of me and makes a mess in my panties?" He felt another surge go through him as he listened to his mother's provocative narrative, his cock continuing to rise. She didn't even wait for him to answer as she continued speaking. "Do you picture me doing anything else with a nice big creamy load like this?" she asked as she moved the cum-laden panties in a slow circle in front of her face, her sultry eyes alive with lust.

"Yes," Zach replied, looking at his mother's pouty red lips, the enticing gash slightly parted as the tip of her tongue toyed invitingly at the wet opening.

"What else do you picture me doing?" she asked as she looked at him wide-eyed with her head tilted slightly to one side, an enticing portrait of the cock-hardening allure of sinful innocence. She could see her son's eyes following the semen-filled panties hypnotically as she once again moved them in a slow teasing circle mere inches from her wet lips, her nostrils twitching as the fragrance of his manly essence wafted intoxicatingly onto her taste buds.

"I.....I picture you licking it all up," Zach replied as if in a trance, his eyes never wavering from the swaying panties in her hand.

"Like this?" Alicia asked, her bewitchingly dark eyes intently watching her son while her tongue slipped out from between her parted lips.

Zach couldn't believe his eyes. His sexy mother—a lawyer no less—stuck her tongue out and sensually feathered the wet tip into the pearly gob of semen he'd shot into the crotch of her panties just minutes before she'd entered his room. He felt his throbbing member stiffen even more as she swirled her tongue through the generous wad of jizz before flicking it backward and pulling a thick shiny strand of his precious seed back into her mouth.

"Mmmmmm." She purred like a kitten as she savored the sensation of his manly discharge sliding down her throat. That first taste of the warm juice she loved so much only fanned the perverted flames of desire burning inside her. With another lustful moan, she pressed her lips to the gooey fabric and sucked, her lips and tongue drawing out every creamy morsel of his youthful semen.

'Oh fuck,' Zach thought as his mother's eyes closed in blissful contentment as he watched her swallow, his potent swimmers finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. His cock lurched violently beneath the covers, his hard-on reaching flagpole status as it rose up against the sheets.

Alicia opened her eyes and couldn't help but notice the tent-like protuberance thrusting up from her son's lap. She felt a chill of wicked incestuous lust run down her spine, realizing that it seemed as if her son had inherited at least one good feature from her husband. That pulsing bulge beneath his sheets looked big—she just had to see how big. As she looked at the cum-stained panties in her hand, a nasty little idea came to her perverted mind.

"Well Zach, since you've been such a good boy by being so honest with me, I've got a little treat for you." He simply stared at her, his heart racing in his chest as he waited in anticipation of what she had to say. "Since you seem to like my panties so much, how about I give you the ones I'm wearing right now?"

His eyes dropped to her spread thighs which she parted even more. He gulped as he looked at the crotch of her panties, the front panel stained darker with her flowing juices.

"I thought you'd like that idea." Alicia shimmied her hips as she drew her panties down her long sexy legs. She held them out before him, his eyes never leaving the tantalizingly seductive garment. "There's one condition," she said slowly as she teasingly swung her soaked panties mere inches from his hungry eyes.

Zach could smell her—he could smell his own mother's warm earthy scent. He felt a stimulating rush as he breathed in the heady fragrance, his already turgid dick pulsing with each beat of his racing heart.

Alicia could see that her son was all but hypnotized by the lewd offer of her panties. She knew at this point he was basically speechless with anticipation. She decided to let him know what her condition was without even waiting for him to respond. "My one condition is that if I give you these panties, you let me watch you do it."

Zach gulped anxiously as he eagerly nodded his head.

"That's my boy," Alicia said seductively as she handed him the sodden panties and reached for his covers. "Now, let's just get these out of the way." She slowly pulled the covers down, having to lift them upwards to get them over the stiff lance of his erection.

"Oh my God," she moaned in shock as his rigid pisser came into view. Now it was her turn to gulp as she beheld the huge truncheon thrusting upwards from his shaved crotch. She stared mesmerized as the throbbing boner pulsed and bobbed with each beat of his racing heart. She realized that her son had done more than just take after his dad when it came to being well-hung—he absolutely had him beat. Her son's prick easily surpassed her husband's impressive 8" by at least a good inch, maybe two. And not only that, looking at the solid girth of the beefy member had her trembling with both anticipation and fear—the damn thing was easily as big around as her wrist. As her hungry eyes travelled up the pulsing veiny shaft to the fist-sized purple knob, she felt her breath come in short little gasps as she realized that right here in her very house, and just within a few feet of her marital bed, was the most beautiful cunt-splitter she had ever seen.

"It looks like you need some relief," she whispered breathlessly as she stared at his prodigious hard-on. "Why don't you see how nice and warm those panties are?"

Zach lifted his mother's damp silky panties to his face. He breathed deep, her womanly aroma firing his libido as it sifted into his brain. Like it had done so many times in the past when he'd sniffed his

mother's panties, his hand slid unconsciously into his crotch and circled his throbbing fuck-stick in a warm loving corridor.

"Mmmmmm," he moaned as he pressed the sodden panties against his nose, his hand stroking firmly up the rigid shaft.

Alicia watched enviously as his hand moved upwards, a drop of shining pre-cum filling the wet red eye of the broad mushroom head. He started into a smooth jacking rhythm as he pushed the crotch of her wet stained panties right into his mouth. She could hear the wet sucking sounds he was making as his lips and tongue lewdly swiped at the sticky garment. She looked at his massive dong, the enflamed crimson crown getting darker with each firm stroke of his sliding hand. That itch in her pussy had gotten worse and worse, the warm slick tissues inside her crying out for attention, their slippery tears now all but dripping from the beckoning pink tissues of her labia. That itch really needed to be scratched, and she knew if she didn't get her hands on that beautiful dick soon, she would go insane.

"Would you like me to do that for you?" she asked teasingly as she tilted her head and looked at him doe-eyed once more, giving him the alluring look of pure innocence. He simply nodded, his mouth still full of her drenched panties.

"Alright, then just sit back," Alicia said as she moved forward to sit closer at his side while she pushed him back until he was lying against the stacked-up pillows in front of the headboard of his bed. "Just keep sucking on my panties like that. It's so exciting to see you

do that. Maybe if you're a good boy, I'll give them to you every day as soon as I get home from work. Would you like that?"

"Ohhhnn," Zach groaned in pleasure as he nodded, his lips and tongue working over the cunt-soaked gusset.

"Yes, you'll have a nice fresh supply of that pussy-juice every day, and you can jerk off into them as much as you want. Now, let me see if I can help you out with this." Zach drew his hand away from his prick while Alicia reached forward, her fingers pausing for a second as she watched his long solid erection bobbing rhythmically as it pointed rigidly upwards, the intense flowing blood causing it to pulse and throb menacingly. Unable to resist any longer, she reached forward and slid her delicate slender fingers around the broad shaven base.

"Oh God," she moaned under her breath as she wrapped her fingers as far around the tree-trunk-like shaft as she could get them. His cock was so thick that there was still a noticeable gap between the tips of her fingers and the base of the palm of her hand. She marveled at the intense heat and hardness of it as her hand gripped firmly onto the blood-engorged lance. She almost swooned with pleasure as another creamy bolus of pussy-juice oozed out of her steaming box. As a shiver of lustful desire ran down her spine, she slowly started to pump her circling hand upwards.

Zach was overwhelmed with excitement, having only dreamed of having his mother's delicate matronly hands working on his hard cock. As her slim fingers gripped tightly onto the thick pulsing shaft

and started to slide upwards, it was just too much for him to endure. "Oh Mom," he gasped out as he pulled the panties out of his mouth, "I.....I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMMMMM....."

Alicia had barely moved her hand more than a few inches before her son started to twitch as a spine-tingling orgasm roared through him. The dark crimson crown seemed to bulge angrily and then a milky gob filled the wet red eye for a split-second before a long thick rope jettisoned forth.

"Aaahhh," she gasped as she watched the milky strand shoot skyward, reaching almost to the ceiling before reaching its zenith and falling onto his bare chest with a resounding "SPLAT". She continued to pump away at his spitting cock as strand after strand of silvery cum shot geyser-like into the air. Her son was flexing and shaking as the delicious contractions rolled through his midsection as he unloaded, rope upon rope of pearly semen ejaculating from his pulsing dong.

Zach looked down as his mother's loving hands stroked rhythmically up and down, her slim gripping fingers working to pull every drop of cum out of him that they could. She pumped and pumped as he continued to unload, spurt after spurt of pearly seed spitting from his pulsing cock. He felt a final shuddering twinge go through him before collapsing against the sheets, his first climax at his mother's hands leaving him blissfully content.

Alicia slowed the movements of her jacking hands and held still with her fingers still wrapped around the base, knowing from experience

how sensitive a man is immediately after orgasm. She looked at his body, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath. She gasped out loud—she had never seen so much cum in her life—it was everywhere. His stomach and chest were almost totally covered with a glistening mass of pearly semen. Long strands of spunk crisscrossed his body in a bizarre mosaic while slithering milky rivulets rolled slowly down his sides. Her jerking hand was covered as well, the final few spurts falling down upon his upright cock. She was expecting his throbbing member to start to deflate, but as the seconds slipped by, it didn't lose one iota of stiffness, and once Zach had caught his breath, she actually felt it twitch with need once more beneath her circling fingers. Her eyes went wide as she stared at the throbbing cylinder of flesh. She felt her body tingle with desire as her fingers felt the power within his beautiful cock pulsing right through the thick rigid shaft.

"Zach, you're....you're still hard," she said breathlessly. "How many times have you cum today?"

"Like I said before, most days at this time that would be about the fifth or sixth time, but today, I just didn't have any free time. I had to work on a group project during lunch today and then Grandma asked me to help with dinner since she got here late. Then right after dinner, Grace had a problem with her computer so I didn't get any time alone until just before you got here. So that load I shot into your panties was my second, and that one's my third."

"So if you usually cum about six times, and this is only your third time today, then do you think you've still got a few more you want

to get rid of?" Alicia looked at her curly-haired son intently, her dark exotic eyes alive with lust.

"With you here, Mom, I know there's a lot more I need to get rid of. I'm sure I'm gonna need to cum more than usual." Zach punctuated his words by flexing his stomach muscles, causing his turgid pecker to flex in her grasp.

When he said he still had a lot more cum to get rid of and his monstrous prick twitched in her hand, Alicia almost came on the spot. She felt that itch inside her screaming out as that sensitive spot deep inside her mature cunt pulsed violently, a delicious sensation racing along the roof of her snatch to the apex of her sensuality, her fiery red clit. Her hips shifted restlessly on the bed as she felt her pussy oozing wetly, her body telling her she needed more of her son's huge beautiful cock. She felt her mouth watering with anticipation of getting that magnificent cylinder of flesh between her lips and sucking until he basted her tonsils with another sizzling load of his precious seed.

Zach watched his mother's eyes close blissfully as her hips shifted about anxiously on the bed. She seemed like she needed it almost as bad as he did, and when she opened her eyes again and looked at the swirling mess of spunk on his body, he was thrilled to see her tongue run out and circle her wide mouth longingly. She looked hungry for it, and he wanted to see what she'd do. "I've made quite a mess there," he said as he reached down and pulled an old towel out from beneath his bed. "I always use this to clean up with."

Alicia spotted one of her old towels as Zach brought his hand up from beneath the bed. The towel was stained and looked heavy from the multiple loads of semen and lubricant he'd obviously been wiping up with it. She looked once more at the shining puddles and strands of silvery spunk covering his body and knew there was no way she was going to let this delectable treat get away from her.

"No," she said urgently as she reached forward and grabbed his wrist. She looked at him, a devilish twinkle in her eye. "I know a much better way to help you clean up—one that we'll both be much happier with."

Alicia leaned forwards, her gorgeous mature body poised over her son's naked chest. With her dark eyes hooded with lurid desire, she pursed her full lips and lowered her mouth. Zach watched in awe as his mother's succulent lips settled right down in the milky puddle of cum on his chest.

"SSLLLLPPP." His throbbing prick lurched as the wickedly nasty sound of his mother slurping up his cock-juice echoed throughout the room. To Zach, it was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard in his entire life. He watched, totally enthralled as his mother's experienced mouth moved over his body, her talented lips and tongue licking and sucking up his precious seed.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as her mouth got closer and closer to the shaven base of his pulsing dick. She got every pearly morsel off his body before licking up the milky wads of spunk that had fallen onto her jacking hands. Still not satisfied, she continued licking up the

sticky surface of his stiff erection. Her hot wet tongue pressed lovingly against the veiny shaft as she gathered in the final creamy remnants of his release. Alicia got to her knees beside her son's hips, her wide mature mouth mere inches from the engorged head of his upright prick. She turned and looked at her son, her eyes glistening with smoldering sensuality.

"Should I try and help you get another load out this way?" she asked as she pursed her pouty red lips forward and planted a tender kiss right on the shining tip of his throbbing cock. Without waiting for him to say a word, she let her lips ease open and follow the flaring contours of his cock-head as her hot wet mouth sank down over the upright shaft.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," Zach moaned, his mother's beautiful lips stretching forward enticingly as she fed the enormous head of his pecker into her mouth.

Alicia was dizzy with incestuous desire as she felt her lips stretch and stretch, the fist-sized head of his rigid erection slipping deeper into her mouth. She'd never had such a huge cock in her mouth before and just as her lips were being stretched to the tearing point, the thick rope-like corona slipped inside, the broad mushroom head now locked within her hot sucking mouth.

The tantalizing sensation of taking her son's enormous cock into her mouth was just what it took to send her over the edge. She'd become so aroused by everything that had happened so far that feeling her lips close down over the enflamed crimson crown triggered an

orgasm deep in the needy cavern of her steaming snatch. "Mmmmm.....mmmmmmmm," she mewed warmly against the head of his swollen pecker, her hips shifting and twitching spasmodically while the delicious waves of a tingling release coursed through her.

Zach watched in amazement as his mother trembled and shook in orgasm, her moans of pleasure filling the room as she kept her hot wet mouth suctioning at his leaking cock-head. She quivered and twitched for a full minute before the quaking tremors finally subsided. He looked down at her supple mature body bent over his groin, her long shapely legs curled beneath her, the sexy green chemise riding high on her hips. He loved the way she looked in profile as she leaned over him, her pursed lips locked onto his thrusting erection. The slip-like piece of lingerie enticingly cupped her pert mature breasts, her swollen nipples pointing stiffly downwards towards his abdomen. He loved the way the shiny green satin caressed her matronly body, the fabric seeming to call out for a lover's touch. His gaze followed the invitingly line from her naked shoulder down the length of one slim arm to the end, where one hand was circled nicely around the root of his hard-on while he could feel her other hand gently cradling his sperm-filled nuts. He knew those huge orbs were still swollen with cum, and he had no intention of stopping now until he was thoroughly drained. And from the blissful look on his mother's flushed face from her recent climax, he hoped she was ready to take as much as he could give her.

"That feels amazing, Mom. Are you really going to suck me off?" Zach had heard the guys at school talking about getting head and how great it felt to get a blow-job, but up until now it was something

he had only dreamed about. And of course, it was his sexy mother that had always been the subject of those dreams, wantonly sucking load after load of thick rich cum out of him while he sat back and enjoyed the view of her luridly servicing him. As her circling fingers started to stroke upwards on his throbbing dick, he realized his dream was about to come true.

Alicia lifted her stretched lips off her son's red-hot prick and looked him in the eye, a glistening web of saliva connecting her pouty lower lip to the shimmering red eye of his cock. "Would you like me to suck it, Zach? Would you like me to take it deep in my mouth and suck on it until you fill me with cum?" With her dark eyes locked on his she opened her mouth wide and plunged her lips down over his turgid cock-shaft, engulfing over a third of it, her ovaled lips locked wetly around the swollen shaft of his thrusting erection.

"Oh fuckkkkkkk," Zach groaned as his eyes closed, the intense pleasure of his mother's experienced mouth setting his teenage libido afire. His mother really started to suck now, her eyes closed and her cheeks flushed as she slurped and sucked at the scintillating stiffness of her son's hard-on. Her hand gripped tightly around the base, milking and squeezing as the monstrous prick pulsed beneath her fingers.

Zach watched as her head bobbed rhythmically up and down, her cheeks caved inwards as she sucked, the hot buttery tissues inside her mouth creating a deliciously tight wet sheath for his surging erection. Her tongue was constantly bathing the flared helmet with saliva, her spit mingling with pre-cum oozing from his piss-slit. She

bobbed up and down, taking more and more of her son's huge prong into her mouth with each down-stroke.

Alicia couldn't believe she was sucking her son's cock like this, but she no longer had any control over her lust-driven body. She needed to suck this huge glorious erection, needed it more than anything. The obscene thought of sucking off her son thrilled her more than she ever thought possible. The illicit incestuous act was making her pussy throb with perverted rapture as her clit tingled and her pouting cunt-lips pulsated with desire. Alicia had always loved sucking cock, and her husband Peter had always been willing to give her a steady dose of semen from his substantial member, but this beautiful long thick cock of her son's was something altogether in a different league. She'd felt dizzy with lurid excitement once she'd taken it into her mouth, her lips deliciously stretched to the limit. And now, she was sucking ravenously, her cheeks suctioning in and out as she increased the pressure along the veiny shaft, her hot wet saliva all but gushing out of her deliriously working mouth.

"Oh Mom, that is so good," Zach moaned. He looked down at her as she continued to feverishly suck, her pursed lips looking so sexy as they travelled wantonly up and down his thick rigid cock, saliva and pre-cum leaking from the corners of her tightly stretched mouth to trickle nastily down his veiny fuck-stick. The sound of her slurping and gurgling filled the air, her cheeks puckering in and out as she drove her mouth up and down, her lustrous brunette locks swirling about her pretty face wildly.

"OH GOD, MOM.....I'M GONNA CUM.....I'M GONNA.....OH FUCKKKKKKKKKK....." Zach gasped as he felt his pulsing erection throb to an even greater stiffness as the first rush of semen sped up the shaft of his cock.

Alicia felt her son's prick pulse violently against the roof of her mouth and her pussy creamed as she realized she was going to be gulping down cock-juice. She sucked his aching cock as hard as she could, her fist becoming a jerking blur as she urgently tried to coax the boiling load out of his balls.

"SUCK IT, MOM!" Zach groaned as the first rope of cum spat forth. His cock exploded within her hot oral cavity, bucking between her lips as he erupted, spraying a geyser of thick milky cum down his hot mother's throat.

"Mmmmmm," Alicia mewed as she was forced to swallow, his first few shots filling her mouth to the brim. She shuddered happily as she tasted her son's seed, the creamy fluid splashing lewdly across her tongue. Her hand pumped vigorously up and down while she continued to suck, trying desperately to milk as much of the delicious cock-juice out of him that she could.

Zach couldn't believe the intense sensations that had his body bucking and twitching beneath his mother's talented mouth. No wonder the guys at school had talked about how great a blow-job felt, this feeling was absolutely incredible. He thought jacking off fantasizing about his mother was great, but it was nothing compared

to the overwhelming sensation he was feeling right now as her hot mature mouth continued to vacuum out all his cum.

Alicia was in heaven. She couldn't believe how much hot thick cream her son had to give her. She was a big paste-swallower from way back, and she found the flavor of Zach's cum to be exquisite. It was rich and thick, letting her know his youthful semen was chuck full of sperm. It had that distinctive masculine cock-juice taste that she loved so much, and as Zach kept pumping her mouth full, she savored every creamy morsel.

"Oh Mom, that was amazing," Zach said as the tingling sensations finally diminished and he collapsed back onto the bed.

"I'm glad you liked it, Sweetie," his mother said as she lifted her mouth off his spent dick. She turned to look at him, a devilish twinkle in her eye, and a silvery trickle of cum running from each corner of her red swollen lips. Zach shuddered with perverted lust as he watched the bigger strand gain momentum and start to dangle off her chin, the silvery ribbon of semen quivering in the shimmering light of his bedside lamp.

Alicia could feel the gob of manly discharge hanging off her chin and brought her fingers up and caught the shimmering web, not wanting to waste a drop of his precious seed. She ran her fingers all around her chin until she had gathered in the rest of his milky dew, and then brought her cum-coated hand to her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she closed her pouty lips over her fingers and sucked in the milky goodness. "I love the taste of your cum, Zach. Let's see if you've got any more for me." Her circling hand pumped firmly upwards along his thick shaft. They both watched as a milky gob filled the wet red eye and continued to grow in size as her hand got closer and closer to the broad flared crown.

"There's one," Alicia said as she extended the tip of her tongue into the seeping hole and drew out the creamy morsel. "Let's see if we can get one more." Her other hand circled the base and pumped slowly upwards once more, bringing one more pearly wad of semen oozing to the surface.

"Aah, that's beautiful. Can Mama have this one too?" she asked, her dark eyes glinting wickedly.

In his mesmerized state of incestuous lust, Zach nodded eagerly. Alicia pursed her lips into a kissable oval and lowered them right onto the pebbly tissues of his spongy glans. Zach felt her lips latch on firmly and then her cheeks caved in slightly as she applied a warm gentle suction.

"Mmmmmm," she purred again as she drew out the last of his creamy discharge, the silky delicacy sliding smoothly down her throat. She sat back, blissfully content, her milking hand still wrapped around his cock. As she looked at her hand, she was amazed and delighted once more with her son's prodigious member, her fingers coming nowhere near to closing as they circled the trunk-like shaft. She squeezed gently and felt it throb back against her grip.

Although his cock had lost some of the intense hardness it had just moments ago, she could tell that it had no intention of giving up the fight. She felt her pussy twitch as she knew this cock was capable of going the full fifteen rounds—and now it was time to put it where she really needed it.

"Mom, you're not going, are you?" Zach asked in panic as Alicia released his pecker and got up from the bed.

"Not a chance, Sweetie," she said as she leaned down and gave him a hot searing kiss—not the usual kind of kiss shared by mothers and sons. Zach loved the sensation as his mother's hot mature tongue slid between his lips and pressed sensually against his tongue. He could taste the lingering flavor of his own cum, but he didn't mind, having his mother kiss him like this was like nothing he had experienced before. She kissed him deeply, passionately, her tantalizing tongue teasing him deliciously as she circled it all around the hot confines of his mouth. She finally pulled her mouth back from his, leaving him gasping breathlessly, his heart racing in his chest. "I'll be right back. I think I've got something you're going to like." She walked slowly to the door of his room before turning and looking at him, a lock of her lustrous brunette hair shielding one eye bewitchingly. "You just get that cock ready for me. When I get back, I'm not gonna let it go for the rest of the night."

Zach shivered with excitement as his mother left his room and closed the door behind her, her long gorgeous legs and mature body looking fantastic in the silky green chemise. He plumped up his pillows and stacked them against the headboard before leaning back

and pushing his covers down to the bottom. As his familiar hand circled his semi-hard dick in a warm loving corridor, he wondered what his mother was doing, and what the 'something you're going to like' would be. He knew it didn't matter, when it came to his mother, he knew he'd have no problem getting a hard-on. He didn't have long to wait, as just a few minutes later, his mother returned, carefully closing the door behind her.

Zach stared in awe as his mother turned around and posed seductively, one hand raised on the door frame while the other rested provocatively on one thrust-out hip.

'Oh fuck,' Zach thought as his jaw dropped. His mother was wearing the same strapless red evening gown as she'd worn in the picture that was in the magazine—the picture that had been the subject of so many of his jerk-off fantasies. She was turned slightly sideways as she posed, one of the long slits on each side of the gown revealing her beautiful toned legs, the sky-high red sandals accentuating the sexy musculature of her calves and thighs. The top of the gown molded itself to her mature body like a second skin, her nipples thrusting teasingly against the clinging red fabric. She'd fluffed her hair up, her shoulder-length brunette locks framing her pretty face with an inviting "I want to get fucked" messiness to it. She'd also quickly touched up her makeup, her full red lips now an exciting red gash and her eye shadow giving her exotic dark eyes an even more alluring sultriness.

"I thought you'd like this," she said with a nasty little smile as she sashayed across the room, her wide matronly hips shifting

seductively from side to side. She stopped next to his bed and extended one dainty foot, her long toned leg clearly visible through the teasing slit of the gown. "Do you think my legs look nice in this?"

"They look beautiful," Zach said with a gulp of excitement.

"It looks like another part of you thinks so too." Alicia nodded to his stiffening prick. He had lost a couple of inches after his last climax, but now that he was looking at her dressed in his favorite fantasy outfit, he was quickly coming back to full cunt-splitting proportions as his milking hand continued to pump smoothly up and down. "Slow down there, Tiger. We don't want that gun of yours going off before we want it to now, do we?"

"No," Zach replied, reluctantly taking his hand off his throbbing member.

"That's my boy. Just be patient. I promise I'll take that next one out of you soon enough. Now, I just want to check something," Alicia said as she sat down next to him on the bed. She opened her hand, revealing a slim flexible measuring tape she'd retrieved from her sewing kit. She put the metal tab on the junction of his throbbing upright cock with his shaved groin and drew the tape up along the top of his pulsing shaft. Her fingers guided it up until it curved over the engorged crown and dropped down on the other side. She shivered in anticipation as she read the measurement at the very tip—10¼". With her hands trembling with excitement, she turned the measuring tape sideways and wound it around the tree-trunk-like girth of his thick gnarled shaft—7"! Her cunt creamed as she thought

about taking that mammoth 'virgin-wrecker' of a cock inside her. She'd always thought her husband was well-endowed, but she'd never encountered anyone with a horse cock like her son's. The incredible length and the powerful stiff thickness had her cunt absolutely itching with delight at the thought of feeling that monster probe places deep inside her that no one had ever touched before.

"Am I...am I as big as Dad," Zach asked anxiously, his lack of experience of anything sexual showing through.

"Oh, Honey, you're a lot bigger than your dad, trust me." He had his father beat by almost two inches in length and although she'd never measured the circumference of Peter's dick, she could tell by feel alone that his penis was nowhere near the thickness of Zach's. As the measurements registered in her brain, her heart started racing with excitement, and she felt like she could barely breathe. She got up and took a deep breath to calm herself. Alicia tossed the measuring tape on her son's desk, and then turned and faced her son directly as she stood next to his bed. She put her hands on each of her wide motherly hips and shifted her feet out to about shoulder-width apart, her sexy legs poking out of the slits on each side of the gown, her delicate feet looking sinfully tempting in the sky-high red stilettos. "Now Zach, you are a virgin, right?"

"Yes."

"And you said nothing really happened between you and Becca?" Alicia would have thought the brazen young girl would have tried something by now.

"Well, she taught me a little about kissing, but it was nothing like that kiss that we just had."

Alicia appreciated his eager enthusiasm. "That's nice, Sweetie. There'll be a lot more kisses like that from now on. Now she didn't try to teach you anything else?"

Zach paused for a second before deciding to be totally honest with his mother. "Well, she did offer to teach me how to use my mouth on her."

"So she was going to teach you that, but she didn't offer to do anything for you?"

"No, she said it would be good for me to learn how to do that properly."

Alicia wasn't surprised at hearing her son say that. She always thought Becca was a little tramp, and it was just like her to get Zach to eat her out and not offer anything in return.

"So, did you do it?"

"No." Zach looked down in shame as he answered, piquing Alicia's curiosity.

"Why Zach, didn't you want to?"

"I...I did want to."

"Then why didn't you?"

He had a brief look of anguished guilt on his face before he came across with the truth once more. "Because she's not you. When it comes to thinking about anything to do with sex, Mom, I always just think about you."

Alicia's heart swelled with perverted lust at her son's words. His illicit obsession for her had her reeling with wanton desire, and she knew she'd do whatever it took to keep that sinful loyalty and magnificent cock just where she wanted it—close to home and away from the likes of Becca.

"That's so sweet of you to say that, Zach," Alicia said as she reached down and traced one blood-red fingernail over her son's lips. She had that wickedly nasty look in her eyes again as he looked up at her. "Would you like me to teach you how to use that pretty mouth of yours?"

Zach could only nod eagerly as he nervously gulped again.

"Alright. Since you seem to like that picture of me in this outfit so much, I'm sure you've thought of doing that to me when I'm wearing it, right?"

"Yes." Zach nodded again.

"And how did you picture it happening?"

Zach paused for a second, his face turning red.

"Remember, Zach, total honesty."

"I...I pictured you sitting on my face with my head totally covered by your dress."

Alicia felt her pussy pulse and spasm with excitement as she listened to her son. "I think that's a perfect idea." Zach looked surprised at his mother's agreement to his suggestion and Alicia saw a wave of relief wash over his nervous features. "Why don't you just slide down a little further in your bed and put one pillow under your head. That's the way.....yes.....just like that. That's perfect."

With Zach positioned just as she wanted, Alicia grabbed the hem of her skirt and threw her leg over her son's supine body until she was straddling his chest, her sexy folded-up legs poking out from the slits of her dress on either side of him. She looked down at his young

eager face, his eyes twinkling with excitement. She leaned down and gave another deep wet kiss, their tongues rolling together in a searing lustful dance. She probed deep inside his mouth and withdrew, his tongue eagerly following hers into her hot oral cavity where she let him savor every square inch of the hot moist tissues with his probing tongue. Zach gasped breathlessly as she pulled back and sat up, saliva glistening on his lips.

"That was beautiful. Just kiss me down there like you just kissed my mouth and you'll be fine." With a lurid grin, Alicia dropped the front panel of her gown over her son's head as she shifted forward, bringing her sopping wet snatch to his eager mouth.

Zach was in heaven. He had always dreamed of eating his mother's hot wet cunt. Becca had offered to teach him, but like he'd told his mother, he just couldn't find it within himself to do it with the young girl. No one else inhabited his fantasy life except his sexy mature mother, and for some stupid reason, he knew it would feel like he cheated on her if he did as Becca wanted. No, he'd stayed true to his heart, and now, here was his mother, straddling him in the intoxicatingly beautiful evening gown, her knees splayed out on each side of his chest, her glistening shaved pussy mere inches from his face. The soft light diffusing through and around the red fabric of her dress gave his little pocket of existence a sultry red glow. It was sensually warm and moist beneath her dress, the heady scent of her mature cunt washing over him in luxuriant fragrant waves. The lips of her pussy looked swollen and hot with need, as if crying out for his lips and tongue to give her the satisfaction she needed. She moved forward as he extended his tongue, slipping it smoothly between the parting petals of her succulent flower.

"Oh yeah, that's the way," Zach heard his mother say from above the moist red tent he'd asked to be put in. There was something sinfully exciting about doing it to her where he was totally obscured from view. He knew in the picture he had that she'd worn it to a fundraising dinner with his father just before the scandal hit. Zach had always fantasized what it would have been like to have been at that dinner and hidden beneath the table his mother had sat at. He'd loved that gown, with the long slits along each side giving the image of the dress being made up of almost two separate halves. He'd pictured her sitting at the table and dropping the front panel of her gown over his head while carrying on a conversation with the people all around her. He'd moved his face closer between her legs and slipped his tongue deep inside her hot wet gash, driving her crazy with desire. In his fantasy, she had shuddered time and time again as he ate her through climax after climax, biting her hand to suppress the urge to scream out in ecstasy. And now, he was in the situation he had dreamed of, but just not with all the other people around.

"Oh Zach, that's it, get your tongue nice and deep." He heard his mother moan deep in her throat as he feathered his tongue deep into her steaming box, her warm womanly nectar sliding over his taste buds deliciously. "Oh God yes....just like that....nice and deep." He swirled his tongue in a slow teasing circle, pressing the tip firmly against the hot moist tissues inside her, just like he'd done when he'd kissed her mouth.

Alicia had been so turned on by everything they'd done so far and she knew it wasn't going to take long to get this first climax from her son's beautiful mouth out of the way. She felt such an intense

perversed rush just knowing it was her son eating her out that she was ready to climb the walls in no time. Zach's talented young tongue was now pressing against the soft folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, and that was all it took to send her over the edge.

"Oh Jesus...right up there....right up there.....right up....AHHHHHHHHHHHHH." His mother started to twitch and shake as her orgasm hit. Zach kept his tongue swirling deep within her and was rewarded with a gushing face-full of her warm cunt-honey. He felt the creamy nectar slide onto his tongue, and knew this was a taste he was already addicted to.

Alicia was in ecstasy as her son's youthful tongue licked and probed deep inside her. She held onto his headboard tightly, rolling her hips sensually as she ground her gushing twat onto his welcoming face. Her body twitched and convulsed as the exquisite sensations of her tingling release seemed to fire on every single nerve-ending. She rode his face wantonly as she came, grinding and rolling her wide hips firmly down on his sucking lips and probing tongue as her body shivered like a plucked guitar string, her oily juices gushing out of her. With a final blissful shudder, the intense sensations subsided. She reached down and lifted up the front of her dress, exposing her son's face. He looked up at her, his face and hair shining with her gooey discharge. 'Oh man, look at the mess I made of his face,' Alicia thought as she sat back slightly and looked at her son's flushed happy face. "Did you like that, Zach?"

"I loved it."

"Well, since you loved it, how about we try it again, okay?" she asked as she rolled her hips forward, dragging her slimy trench up along his face. He didn't respond but she got his answer as he lowered his eyes back to her steaming groove and slipped his tongue back between her dripping cunt-lips. She dropped the dress back over his head and grabbed onto the headboard once more as his tongue went back to work. This time she rolled her hips a little lower and instructed him on pleasuring her fiery red clit. He was an eager willing student and after she came a second time, she just kept riding his face, much to Zach's delight.

For the next half hour she kept him busy, his eager young mouth constantly working on her juicy cunt. She loved the sound of his lapping tongue as he licked up her flowing cunt-honey, and she could feel the slick greasiness on his skin as she ground her gushing twat against his face as she rode out one shattering orgasm after another. After convulsing and shaking through her seventh climax in a row, she looked over her shoulder and saw Zach's massive hard-on twitching in the air, the engorged cock-knob discharging a steady flow of silky pre-cum, the glistening fluid sliding sensually down his upright shaft and pooling on his shaven groin. He had been licking her enthusiastically the whole time, letting her know how much he loved it by his constant moans and growls of pleasure. Although one part of her would have loved to stay there and enjoy her son's talented tongue for the rest of the night, she figured if she kept this up for much longer, he might go off right there on the spot, spoiling the fun she had in mind for both of them.

Alicia shifted backwards and lifted her dress off Zach's face. She smiled as she looked down at her son, his face flushed pink from the

steamy sauna-like conditions he'd been under for the last half hour. Her cunt cream was everywhere, his face glistening from neck to forehead with the stuff. There were wads of the stuff in his hair, as if he'd hurriedly applied handfuls of gel to straighten out his unruly locks. "I'm sorry about that, Sweetie. I tend to gush a lot when I cum."

"No, Mom," Zach hurriedly replied. "Don't apologize. I loved it. You taste amazing." He paused for a second before looking at her nervously. "Did I do okay? Did I make you feel good?"

Alicia's heart went out to him again. She had forgotten how young he was and how insecure he must feel, having never had a real sexual experience before. She gave him a warm comforting smile as she leaned over, her face mere inches above his. "You made me feel good seven times, Sweetie. So I'd say you did just fine."

"Do you....do you think you'd let me do that to you again sometime?"

Alicia shivered with perverted lust at her son's question, still relishing in the blissful sensations his tongue had provided her with just moments ago. "You can do that any time you want, Zach. Did you like Mama feeding you her cream?"

"Oh gosh, yes. It felt so warm and silky on my tongue. And it tasted....it tasted like you. I'd love it if you could feed me like that every day."

Alicia smiled again, the lurid thought of her teenage son eating her out every day firing her perverted libido. "We just might be able to do that."

Zach paused for a second and she could see he wanted to ask something else. "Mom, do you think we could do it like we just did, with my head under your dress, but maybe someplace, you know, a little riskier?"

Alicia felt a pulsing throb go through her pussy as she thought about what Zach had just asked. She'd always had a bit an exhibitionist's risqué nature herself, and now it seemed her son had inherited that trait from her. The idea of that thrilled her as much as it did him, but she knew she had to be the voice of reason here—at least to a certain extent. "Hmmm, that might be fun. We'll see what happens. But always remember, Zach, what's happening between us has to be our own little secret. You can't tell anyone and we have to make sure no one ever finds out. I agree that trying something risky would be incredibly exciting, but we have to be careful about where and when that happens. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Okay, now let me clean you up a little bit." She opened her mouth and leaned closer. Zach felt her warm raspy tongue running over his cheeks as she licked up her creamy juices from his skin. She purred like a kitten with a bowl of warm cream as she ran her loving tongue all over his face, cleaning up her fragrant womanly nectar. She ended

her chore by running the tip of her tongue slowly around his lips, and then slowly plunged her tongue deep into his mouth.

"Mmmmmm." It was Zach's turn to purr as he savored the scintillating pleasure of having his mother kiss him so erotically. This was nothing like the peck on the cheek she gave him when she sent him off to school every morning, and he felt his turgid prick twitch with need as she held his face in her hands and moaned softly into his open mouth. She finally pulled back and gave him a perverted little grin, letting him know she was not done with him yet. He wondered about that nasty look in her eye, wondering if it was really going to happen—wondering if his mother was actually going to let him fuck her.

His mother looked back over his shoulder at his truncheon-like cock, the engorged lance bobbing and pulsing menacingly with each beat of his racing heart. She turned back and spoke, as if she was able to read his mind. "Are you ready to fuck me, Zach? Are you ready to put that huge cock so far into me that I can taste it?"

"Yes," he gasped out, realizing the dream he'd had for so long was about to come true.

Alicia could see the blissful happiness on the boy's face as she was about to grant him his greatest wish. She felt like just backing up and sliding her greasy cunt onto the pulsing knob, but she knew this first experience was something her son would never forget, and she wanted to make taking his cherry as special for him as possible. She

was willing to do whatever he wanted — what kind of mother would she be if she was to do anything else?

"How would you like to do it, Sweetie?" She gave him another look of smoldering sensuality that sent a shiver of wanton desire tripping down his spine. "You can have me any way you want. I'll do whatever you like."

Zach gulped with excitement. "Could we do it, you know.....the usual way?"

"You mean with me on my back?" Her son nodded. "Of course, if that's what you'd like."

"But one other thing," he said as he looked at her sexy mature body, provocatively displayed by the sexy red gown. "Could you leave your dress on while we do it?"

Alicia smiled to herself, remembering what her son had said about jerking off while looking at those pictures of her in that magazine. He'd obviously fantasized many times about taking her in this outfit, and now here was his chance. She knew if she'd been in his position, she wouldn't have wanted to pass up an opportunity like that either. She was quickly realizing her son had a bit of a kinkier side that she found illicitly stimulating. "Mmmmm, I like that idea. I'll leave the dress on as long as you like. You don't mind if I leave my shoes on too, do you?" She brought one knee up, her toned muscular leg coming out from the split in the side of the gown. She put her foot

next to his chest, the strappy red sandals looking sexy as hell as they caressed her slim ankle and delicate foot, the spiked stiletto heel almost piercing the mattress.

"No, I love those shoes," Zach replied, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Alright, Sweetie, I think it's time for us to change positions then." Alicia swung her leg back and away from her son's reclining form, allowing him to slip out from beneath her. As he got to his feet next to the bed, Alicia reached forward and plumped up his pillows before stacking them against the headboard. She turned onto her back and lay against the pillows, looking at her hung son with pure unadulterated lust in her dark eyes. When she'd lain down, she made sure the back panel of her gown was beneath her, while the front panel extended down over her legs which she'd purposely kept close together. Settling in comfortably as she leaned against the headboard, she looked up at son standing and waiting for his next instruction. She felt her pussy creaming as she looked at his mammoth cock bobbing before her, the stiff cylinder of flesh thrusting upwards at a 45-degree angle.

"Your cock is so beautiful, Zach," Alicia said in a breathy whisper as she started to draw her legs up and apart, her beautiful alabaster columns slipping out from the teasing slits on each side of her dress.

Zach stood and stared as more and more of his mother's spectacular legs came into view. He felt his rigid dick pulse and knew he was dripping pre-cum all over the edge of the bed as her dimpled knees rose higher, the front panel of her gown coming to rest on the bed

between her spread legs. She looked incredibly hot, her knees drawn up and apart, the points of her stiletto heels digging into the bed. All that was covering her delectable pussy from his piercing gaze was a wispy piece of red fabric. He stared in rapt silence as one of his mother's delicate hands reached down to her midsection, the blood-red tips of her fingernails gently gripping the vivid red material before slowly starting to draw the front panel upwards. She provocatively pulled the loose flowing fabric up to her midsection, her son's eyes fixed on the rising hem.

"Should I stop there?" Alicia asked teasingly as she stopped, the bottom of the hem just barely covering her steaming pussy.

"No please!" Zach pleaded, his eyes burning to see the heavenly mature treasure awaiting him.

"Well, since you said please," his mother said in a warm hypnotic tone. Her fingers resumed pulling upwards ever so slowly, the rising material gathering on her flat toned stomach. Trancelike, Zach's eyes never left the rising hem. He saw her succulent pussy come slowly into view, the dark line of her slippery groove hitting his eyes first. As the fabric slipped higher, he saw the pouting pink lips of her labia, the surface glistening with her warm juices. She pulled the material higher still, until he spotted the apex of her sex, the fiery red spire of her enflamed clitoris. Zach licked his lips, remembering how tantalizingly sinful it had felt to have that sensitive little nodule between his lips just moments ago. He had sucked on it like a little cock, his tongue bathing it with his saliva as he'd sucked on it relentlessly, driving his mother to multiple orgasms with his eager

lips and tongue. He looked intently at the inviting jewel, standing up stiffly at the top of her dripping pleasure-groove, her shiny labial curtains framing it enticingly.

"Do you like that?" Alicia asked as her fingers released the soft fabric, the panel of red material beneath her and the one now gathered on her stomach drawing all eyes to her exposed shaven pussy, glistening and shining with her flowing cunt-honey.

"It...it's beautiful," Zach replied breathlessly, his eyes staring intently at his mother's brazenly unveiled cunt.

"How would you like to be deep inside that?" Alicia asked as she rolled her knees even further to the sides. Zach watched as the soft petals of her juicy flower split open, a warm web of nectar stretching between the two parted lips. His heart raced faster in his chest, and his cock lurched as he looked down at the tempting sight of her mother's cunt-lips parting for him.

"Yes," he gasped, barely able to catch his breath.

"Come here, Sweetie, it's time." Alicia beckoned to her son who quickly got to his knees between her spread legs, his mammoth erection pointing menacingly upwards. She reached forward and circled the rigid girth with her slender fingers, drawing the enflamed head down to her beckoning slot. His engorged prick was hot as a branding iron as she rubbed the enflamed tip all around her slick pussy-lips before inserting the flared crown between the glistening

labial curtains. "That's it. Now just go nice and slow, Sweetie, I've never had one this big inside me before."

Zach looked down at their connected bodies, his broad crimson helmet poised at the introitus of her captivating vagina. Hearing his mother say she'd never had a cock as big as his had him reeling with pride. She'd said earlier he was bigger than his father, but now she was saying he was bigger than anyone she'd ever been with. Zach knew his mother hadn't been a tramp, and although her number of partners was probably not extensive, it still boosted his confidence to hear what she'd said. He rolled his hips slightly, feeling the tip his massive boner rub salaciously against the slippery membranes near the entrance of her snatch.

"Mmmmmm....that feels so nice," Alicia purred as her arms came up and circled her son's neck, drawing his handsome face down to hers. "Look at me Zach. I want you to look at me as you put every hard beautiful inch of that magnificent cock inside me."

His mother's lewd words almost had Zach going off on the spot, but he summoned his willpower and resisted the overwhelming sensations that were tempting his already soaring libido. He leaned over his mother, his face inches away from hers as he started to slowly drive his hips forward.

"Mmmmm.....yes....just like that." Alicia mewed in pleasure as she felt her birth canal stretching, the rigid weapon of flesh between her son's legs penetrating forcefully into her. Her lips parted as she breathed raggedly, her lower body already afire from the size of the

intruding monster. The nerve endings inside her needy cunt were sending intense sensations throughout her body as they stretched and parted to accommodate his tremendous girth. She could see him looking at her as she rolled her head slowly from side to side, enjoying the blissful pleasure of having such a huge cock inside her. She could feel her cunt-honey flowing, basting the sensitive pink tissues inside her, lubricating her gripping channel for his insistent penetration. She finally felt him stop, the tight membranes inside her preventing him from going any further. She looked down between their joined bodies and saw at least two inches of rock-hard cock still outside her body. She realized her son had hit the maximum depth of the biggest lover she'd previously had, her husband—and his father, Peter. Her son had stopped as he'd hit that tight point inside her, but she had no intention of stopping there—she knew she wouldn't be satisfied until she had every hard throbbing inch of that cunt-splitting erection inside her.

Zach was in heaven. He'd never felt anything so tight and hot in his life. When he was at home, he usually jerked off using Baby Fresh Vaseline, but that was nothing compared to the feeling of his mother's gripping twat enveloping his probing lance in a buttery hot grasp. She was so tight, his engorged cockhead felt like the gripping walls of her vagina were about to tear the skin right off the sensitive glans. He could feel her talented mature canal clamped tightly around the full length that he had buried inside her—but like his mother, he too wasn't going to be satisfied until he felt his shaven groin press up tightly to hers, with every stiff throbbing inch buried within her steaming box.

"Okay, Zach, just a little more to go. I need you to push a little harder this time. Just keep going until you get every last inch inside me."

Zach looked down at his mother, her beautiful face glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration, her dark exotic eyes swimming with unbridled lust. He could see that she wanted it as bad as he did. He flexed his hips back slightly, the hot slick membranes inside her clinging to his retreating shaft possessively, and then he flexed forward, slowly but powerfully driving his thick rigid erection into his mother's beckoning depths.

"Unnnngggghhhhh," Alicia groaned as the broad flared head started to split open the reluctant tissues so deep inside her. Her hands dropped to the bed and clutched onto the sheets in a death grip as he made his way forcefully, mercilessly, deeper. The resistant membranes way up inside her stretched and finally parted, allowing him access to depths previously unknown to man, her oily juices paving the way to her cervix. Zach drove forward, slowing feeding the last two inches all the way inside. His smooth groin pressed flush up against hers just as the tip of his enflamed glans bumped up against the door of her womb.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Alicia moaned loudly as his plundering cock triggered an intense orgasm deep within her fuck-starved cunt. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her body shook about on the sheets like a ragdoll as wave after wave of exquisite pleasure rolled over her. She pulled at the sheets viciously as she bucked and shook beneath him, her bubbling gash spitting and oozing warm nectar everywhere.

Zach held on for dear life as his mother thrashed about, her body twitching and shaking as her climax took control of her. It felt incredible to have his enormous cock buried to the hilt in her sumptuous mature body, her hot gripping sheath pulling at him like a hot buttery fist. He almost went off when she started to cum, but held as still as possible and rode out the overwhelming pleasurable sensation.

"Oh Zach, that was amazing. I've never been so filled up in my entire life," his mother said as the delicious sensations flowing through her gradually subsided. "Are you okay, Sweetie?"

"I'm great, Mom. I almost came there too, but I held off. It feels so good to be inside you, I didn't want to cum—I want it to last forever."

"Oh, that's so sweet," she said as she circled her arms back around his neck and gave him a soft tender kiss. "But you don't have to worry, Zach, I think we're going to be doing this a lot from now on." Alicia knew after he'd hit bottom, she was hooked. There was no way she was going to let her son's magnificent cock out of her sight—or grasp, for long. She could feel how tense he was though, how close he must be to orgasm, and she wanted to make this first time last at least a little bit longer for him. She rolled her hips ever so slightly, flexing the muscles inside her experienced vagina as she did. "Does that feel good?"

"Oh my God, it feels incredible," Zach replied as he felt the clinging walls of her oily trench grip tightly along his buried shaft, the hot tissues seeming to ripple and massage his rigid dick from one end to the other.

"That's good, Sweetie. Just stay still like that for a bit and let me work it. If I'm going to be taking it a lot from now on, I need to get used to having this huge cock inside me."

Zach felt her legs come up and wrap around his back, her muscular calves resting on his buttocks. Once she was in the position she wanted, she really went to work with those talented muscles inside her.

"Oh Jesus," Zach moaned as her magical cunt pulled and gripped at his tightly-sheathed hard-on. It felt like with her clenching channel alone she was trying to coax the boiling cum from his sperm-laden nuts. She rolled her wide motherly hips sensually as her hot grasping pussy worked him over. He had barely been able to suppress his climax once he'd bottomed out inside her, but now, he was about to cum without having made one stroke more—and he definitely wanted more.

"Mom, stop. It feels too good and I want to....." he started to say, but his voice trailed off into thin air.

"You want to fuck me?" Alicia completed his sentence for him, her eyes twinkling with perverted lust as she thought about the illicit incestuous act they were about to commit.

"Yes."

"Then go ahead, Sweetie. I think I'm ready for you now. Do whatever you'd like." Alicia unwound her legs from behind her son's back and dug her pointy high heels into the bed, getting ready for the breathtaking ride she knew was coming. She pulled his youthful face to hers and gave him another tender kiss, letting him know she was his for the taking.

With a low animalistic growl purring in his throat, Zach pulled back until just the tip of his throbbing boner was caught between her clutching cunt-lips, then thrust forth, spearing his throbbing pecker to the hilt once more.

"Yessssss," Alicia hissed as his driving prick filled her again, stretching the hot pink tissues inside her almost to the tearing point. He quickly got into a smooth rhythm, long-dicking her as he drove all 10" into her with each driving thrust. "Oh God, Zach, it's so big.....so hard."

Zach was thrilled to see the blissful look of pleasure on his mother's face as he fucked her, working his hips up and down as her juicy cunt gripped and pulled at his beefy prick at the same time. The bed was squeaking like crazy and the headboard was bumping

rhythmically against the wall as their joined bodies worked exquisitely together. He could hear the sound of her wet cunt squelching as he drove deep, his big sperm-filled balls slapping noisily against her backside.

Alicia felt like she was being crucified—exquisitely so. The hard cylinder of flesh between her son's legs felt like a solid wooden stake being driven into her body. With each powerful thrust of his youthful cock, it felt like he was nailing her deeper and deeper into the mattress. She bucked her wide matronly hips up against him, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Oh fuck, Zach. That feels so good. It's so hard.....I'm gonna cum....I....I....I'M GONNA CUMMMMMMMMM." Alicia wailed loudly as another climax roared through her. This time her gyrating hips and massaging cunt sent him over the edge at the same time.

"HERE IT COMES," Zach said as he drove his cock as far into her as possible just as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth. His rigid prick bucked and twitched inside her clutching channel as torrents of milky man-juice flooded her insides.

"OH MY GOD.....SO GOOOOODDD," Alicia groaned as she felt his powerful cock shoot deep inside her. His spurting juice luxuriously bathed the sensitive tissues he'd just torn open moments before when he'd plunged his massive dick to the hilt for the first time. Her heels dug in deep as she flexed her groin up against his, the rippling muscles lining her birth canal massaging along his buried shaft as she fought to pull every creamy drop out of him.

Zach felt like he would never stop shooting, his engorged cock-head spitting out wad after wad of thick creamy man-juice as his mother's talented cunt milked away at his pulsing erection. He flooded her twat with cum as he unloaded time and again, the frothy white semen squelching back out of her dripping fuck-hole around his stabbing prick, their mingling juices sliding down to puddle on the sheets beneath her gyrating ass. After what seemed like two minutes of blissful orgasmic release, the tingling sensations finally receded and their spent bodies collapsed back against the mattress.

"Mom, that was amazing," Zach said as he lay on top of her, his lips nuzzling the silky skin of her neck.

"It was, wasn't it," she said with a tittering little laugh as she brought her mouth to his and kissed him passionately. They lay still, kissing each other wantonly as Alicia locked her ankles behind him once more, keeping his majestic cock buried deep within her needy cunt. As his tongue rolled sensually over hers, she felt his cock twitch once more as new blood poured into it, the huge flesh cylinder coming back to full erection within just a minute or two. 'How I love the vitality and endurance of youth,' she thought as she rolled her hips provocatively, loving the feel of that enormous rod touching those sensitive places so deep inside her.

"Well, it looks like somebody's ready to go again," she said as she nipped at his lower lip.

"It's because of you, Mom. I feel like I could go all night."

Alicia felt her pussy cream when he said that, her oily juices gushing forth to lather his giant prong. "Mmmm, all night long, eh. That sounds like a challenge. Think your old mom can keep up?"

"You're not old, Mom." Zach gave her a quirky smile now, his confidence level going through the roof after his first fuck. "But I would like to see if you can keep up." He accompanied his challenge by slowly rotating his own hips, stirring his beefy prick all around inside her tight channel.

"Ohhhhhnnn," Alicia groaned as her eyes rolled back in her head at the pleasurable sensations flowing through her. "Well buster, let's just see who can keep up with who." With his cock buried to the hilt inside her, she rolled over until she was on top of him and then started rocking her hips back and forth, her mature pussy sliding up and down on his rigid erection. "I think your old mother can teach you a few things too. Would you like that?"

"Yes," Zach said emphatically as he reached up and cupped her pert boobs through the tight material of her gown, his fingers seeking out her stiff nipples as they started to fuck once more.

Forty minutes later, Alicia was on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed, her heart-shaped bum thrust high in the air. With the back panel of her dress tossed up over her back, her teenage son knelt

behind her, both hands gripping her wide motherly hips firmly as he shuttled his pole-like cock in and out of her greasy twat.

"SO HARRRRRDDDD," Alicia groaned as her upper body collapsed onto the mattress as another spine-tingling climax coursed through her. She clenched tightly onto a pillow and gritted her teeth as the delicious pain of being filled by such a massive prick had her climbing the walls.

A half hour after that, she was once more on her back, this time with Zach kneeling between her legs, his stallion-like cock driving deeply into her as he gripped her shapely ankles in each hand, holding her legs spread wide open. Zach loved this position, pushing her long shapely legs up and out to each side, splaying her slippery experienced cunt as far open as possible.

Alicia reached forward and gripped his firm buttocks as he angled his hips downward and drove balls-deep into her, the engorged head of his prick slamming up against the door of her womb with each powerful thrust. With his hands holding her totally spread-eagled beneath him, she came and she came, her body quivering and shaking from the exquisite sensations his enormous cock was unleashing within her.

It was almost 5:00am when she finally stumbled into her own room. She lost track of the number of times she'd climaxed—she remembered that she'd stopped counting after twenty, and that had seemed like hours ago now. Zach had cum seven times—or was it

eight? She was so blissfully frazzled that she couldn't remember that either.

She was a total mess. Her dress was torn where at one point Zach had tugged at it to get at her breasts, his hungry lips and tongue sucking luxuriously at her stiff nipples. She looked down at her dress, not caring if it was ruined. She smiled as she looked at the number of cum stains on it—man, the stuff was everywhere. She looked at herself in the mirror in her room. Her lips were puffy and swollen from the cock-sucking she'd done. Not just that first time, but at various times through the night as she'd helped bring Zach back to full hardness. There was dried cum all over her face and in her hair. Zach has asked at one point if he could cum on her face. Much to his delight, Alicia had eagerly agreed and then welcomed the huge creamy load he had pasted her with.

With her whole body buzzing and thrumming contentedly, she kicked off her strappy red sandals and collapsed on her bed, still wearing her torn and cum-stained dress. She felt like she never wanted to take it off, to remember this first night with her son always.

She thought of how people had started to call her 'The Good Wife' since she'd been supportive of her husband after the scandal broke. She wondered if those same people would call her 'The Good Mother' if they knew what she'd done tonight. She was sure Zach would.

Pulling the covers over her and closing her eyes, Alicia realized that the deep itch inside her needy cunt had finally been scratched, by the biggest hardest cock imaginable—and it had belonged to her own son. His mammoth prick had scratched that nasty itch time and again with every deep hard penetration, and then soothed the tender tissues with a repetitive basting of warm milky protein.

As she lay there peacefully, on the verge of sleep, Alicia wondered how long it would take for that nasty itch to come back. She slipped her hand between her legs and then brought it to her mouth, her fingers coated with her son's warm creamy cum. She closed her lips over her glistening fingers and sucked, blissfully savoring the silky flavor. As she swallowed, the luxurious sensation flowed smoothly down her throat to her stomach, and then even lower. She reached between her legs once more and scooped out another mouthful. She sucked her fingers clean again and as she swallowed, she felt a little tingling deep in her pussy. Damn—that hot itch was back already...

Alicia Wants More

"Oh my God, what time is it?" Alicia asked herself as she woke to the sound of a car horn outside her apartment building. She reached over for her cell phone, realizing she'd forgotten to set the alarm on it. It was usually the last thing she did every night before going to bed, but last night she'd had other things on her mind.

"Oh no! We're going to be late," she said out loud as she looked at the time. She threw the covers off and hurriedly sat up, noticing she was still wearing the red evening gown she'd had on when her 19-year old son Zach had fucked her to the point of exhaustion last night. She looked down, cum stains and dried crusty patches visible all over the dress. She let her fingertips trace over the tear where the dress was supposed to cover her left breast—the result of her son anxiously pulling at the material to get at her sexy matronly body. The sound of the ripping fabric had fired both their libidos, and she'd hurriedly pulled his mouth to her exposed breast as he continued to pound her deep into the mattress, his huge cock stretching and filling her needy mature cunt with each powerful thrust.

She stood up and pulled the dress off, her body aching luxuriously from the workout her son had put her through until the wee hours of the morning. She smiled to herself as she felt a strange sensation between her legs, realizing she could feel the massive wad of semen still inside her pussy—the incestuously lurid remnants of the numerous loads Zach had dumped inside her. She was dead tired, but had never felt more deliciously satisfied in her life. It was Thursday, and if she could get through today and have a good

night's sleep, tomorrow would be Friday and she planned on having a similar lengthy session with her well-hung son that night. The problem would be whether she had enough willpower to keep her hands off Zach tonight. She knew he would need the rest as much as her, and a promise of a weekend to pump her full with as many loads as possible would hopefully keep him at bay tonight. As the mother, it was up to her to set some guidelines—the problem—she just didn't trust herself to keep to them.

Alicia opened one of her dresser drawers and reached inside as she thought about her son. Her fingers traced over the lingerie inside. A shiver ran down her spine as she touched the colorful satin and lace garments inside, the sinfully cool sensation of the erotic garments seeming to flow from her fingertips through her entire body. She reached down with her other hand and gave her puffy abused pussy a little rub, and thought how nice it would be to put on some of that sexy lingerie and wake her son up with a morning blowjob. She slipped her middle finger between her cunt-lips and then brought it to her mouth, her full soft lips sucking wantonly as she savored the wickedly sinful flavor of their combined juices. She thought about how exciting it would be to tiptoe into Zach's room and slip her full bee-stung lips over his morning hard-on, sucking and sucking until he rewarded her with a nice creamy mouthful straight from the source. She groaned in frustration as she once more looked at her phone, realizing how late she'd slept. With a resigned shrug, and not wanting to give her daughter Grace any ideas that something was out of the ordinary, she closed the drawer and pulled on her old terrycloth robe, then hurried from her room, knocking on the kid's doors as she headed to the kitchen.

"Grace, get up! We're going to be late."

"Zach, time to wake up! I forgot to set the alarm and slept in."

Mumbled groans came from both rooms as she hurried to the kitchen and put the coffee on. She poured glasses of orange juice and had just finished opening a pot of yogurt for each of them when the kids walked into the room, both of them rubbing the sleep from their eyes. They were both dressed in their usual morning gear, Zach in an old t-shirt and worn flannel pajama bottoms, while Grace sported a Mickey Mouse nightshirt that came halfway down her slim young thighs. The outline of her panties could be seen through the faded material of her favorite sleeping shirt.

"I'm so tired," the 18-year old girl said as she reached for her juice. Alicia looked at her nubile young daughter suspiciously, wondering if she'd heard Zach and her going at it all night long.

"You didn't sleep well, Honey?" Alicia asked as she poured herself a coffee, looking at Grace nervously over the brim of her steaming cup.

"I just seemed to wake up a lot through the night—not sure why." The young girl shrugged her shoulders. "Oh well, I'll survive." Alicia breathed a sigh of relief as Grace finished her juice and turned to her brother. "Zach, can I go into the shower first this morning? I really need that to wake me up."

"Sure, go ahead," Zach replied quickly. His little sister spun on her heel and headed down the hall. Once Grace was out of sight, he turned back to his mother. "Mom, last night, it was incredible."

"I know, Sweetie, I thought so too. But we've got to be careful—I was worried Grace had heard us." Alicia sidled onto one of the bar stools at the breakfast bar, one long lean leg slipping out from the folds of her robe as she took a sip of her coffee. She couldn't help but notice the way her son looked at her legs, a sly smile appearing at the corners of his mouth. "Zach, I think we should try to keep to ourselves today, you nearly wore me out last night."

"You mean you didn't like it? I...I was hoping we could do it again," he replied, a puzzled look on his face.

"No, that's not what I mean—I loved it." She gave her son a sexy teasing smile, reassuring him. "I loved having you deep inside me like that—it was amazing. But we have to be careful and pick our times. Tomorrow is Friday and we can have all weekend. Do you think we can talk Grace into spending the night at Jenna's?"

"I don't know, I think she has a big project due next week, but I'm not sure. She hasn't had a sleepover at Jenna's in awhile."

"Alright, let's see if we can think of something to say to her. In the meantime, let's try and keep it cool tonight. I'm so exhausted, I don't know how I'm going to make it through the day, and I really want a

good night's sleep so we're both in good shape for Friday night. How does that sound to you?"

The sound of the shower starting reached them in the kitchen. "That sounds perfect to me, I'm just not sure I can wait until then," Zach replied as his gaze dropped to his mother's legs. "Mom, you are so sexy, I don't know if I can control myself."

Alicia saw where he was looking and her eyes went to the crotch of his pajama pants, the soft flannel starting to tent out as his huge cock began to swell. She had told herself she'd try to be good, but seeing Zach's bulging prick and remembering what he'd done to her with it last night sent her willpower spiraling out of control. She looked down the hall, the sound of the shower still going.

"You really think so, Sweetie, you really think I'm sexy?" she asked as she turned slightly on the stool and spread her legs to each side, the folds of her robe opening up to reveal nearly all of her creamy inner thighs.

"Oh gosh, Mom, you're the sexiest woman I've ever seen." Zach stepped forward and ran his fingertips up the inside of her sinfully soft thigh. The smooth warmth caused his pecker to swell even more as his fingers slid higher and higher, the tips now brushing teasingly over her glistening pink pussy-lips. "These feel kind of puffy and swollen," he said as he ran his fingers over the hot slick surface of her mound.

"Do you think that might have anything to do with you pounding me into your mattress all night long?" she whispered breathlessly into his ear before nipping at his earlobe.

To Zach, this seemed like an invitation and he boldly slid his middle finger deep inside his mother's beckoning snatch. "Mmmmm, nice and gooey in there too." He punctuated his statement by spinning his embedded finger in a slow tantalizing circle, stirring the warm creamy fluids inside her.

"And why do you think that is?" Alicia responded with a wry smile on her face. "It wouldn't be from all those times you filled me up, would it?"

"I guess I'll have to take some of the responsibility for that," Zach replied as he rubbed his buried finger firmly along the roof of her vagina.

"Ohhhnnnn," Alicia groaned as she leaned back against the counter and let her legs fall further to each side, her hips tilting up to allow her son's teasing fingers easier access to her dripping snatch. "Zach, that feels so good." She rolled her hips, grinding her needy cunt against his exploring hand.

"That's the way, Mom," he said as he positioned himself firmly between her spread legs and slipped a second finger inside her, then really started to work her over. He smiled as he looked down, the pearly juices from their lovemaking coating his fingers as they slid

back and forth. He ran the index finger of his other hand over the glistening lips of her pussy, soaking it, then slid it higher before rubbing his fingertip teasingly over her sensitive hooded clit. His mother moaned deep in her throat and as her eyes closed, he worked his thrusting fingers deeper and harder inside her.

"Oh my God, that's so goooood..." Alicia groaned as she reached out to each side and gripped the edge of the counter behind her. Zach smiled wickedly, her wide motherly hips twisting from side to side as he plunged his fingers far up inside her. "Oh Zach, I'm going to...I...I...AAAAAAHHHHHH..." Alicia let out a long hiss as her body convulsed through a scorching climax. Zach kept his fingers sliding firmly along the soft folds of flesh inside his mother as the slick finger of his other hand rolled teasingly over her throbbing clit. He looked down between her twitching legs, their combined juices oozing nastily from inside her weeping box. She moaned continuously, her quivering legs flopping in and out as she rode out a tremendous release, her son's fingers driving her crazy as he stirred them lewdly inside her. Her bucking body finally came to rest, and Zach's fingers slowed as the delicious aftershocks of her orgasm coursed warmly through her.

"Well, it looks like we've made quite the mess here," Zach said as he withdrew his fingers and nodded to a spot between his mother's spread legs. Alicia's eyes followed his and zeroed in on her flushed pink pussy-lips and creamy inner thighs, the whole area glistening with milky juices. "We can't leave a mess like this. I better clean this up for you." Zach dropped to his knees between his mother's spread legs and moved closer, his eyes alive with desire.

Alicia was surprised, thinking Zach might want to just touch her. She remembered he'd been an eager student when it came to using his mouth, but she didn't know if he knew what he was getting into — after all, she could still feel her cunt overflowing with the multiple loads he'd shot into her last night. She reached out and put her hands tenderly on his cheeks and turned his young face up to hers. "You don't have to do that, Sweetie. After all, I haven't even had a shower yet after last night, and like you said, it's quite a mess."

"That's okay, Mom. I really want to do it. Didn't you like the way I did it last night?"

Alicia's eyes closed in bliss at the memory of her son's beautiful wet mouth bringing her to one orgasm after another just hours before. She'd never had anyone eat her so enthusiastically in her entire life. She remembered him saying how much he loved doing it, and she also remembered saying she'd be happy to have him do it whenever he wanted. Looking at the sticky silvery mess clinging to her puffy cunt and inner thighs made her realize her son had the same nasty streak inside her that she did. She knew Zach would be willing to try anything, and she was eager to show him that there were no limits to the fun they could have together. She quickly looked down the hall, wanting this badly, yet wanting to make sure they weren't caught. The pounding sound of the shower broke down the last vestiges of what little willpower she had left. "Okay, Sweetie, go ahead, if you want. But we don't have much time. Grace is gonna be finished soon."

Zach moved closer, his face flushed with excitement as he extended his tongue and licked up the inside of his mother's soft thigh. He breathed deeply, the alluring scent of their combined juices stimulating his senses. He felt his sturdy cock stiffen even more as he slid the flat of his tongue higher. It didn't take long before he encountered a warm stream of emulsion that had run down his mother's leg—her creamy cunt-honey mixed with the sperm-laden cum he'd filled her with just a short time ago. His tongue followed the silvery fluid higher as he drew the tasty elixir deep into his mouth, the warm messy mixture soaking into his taste-buds.

"Mmmmmm," he moaned softly as he savored the flavor of the wickedly nasty fluids coating his tongue, then he swallowed enthusiastically, closing his eyes as the pearly juices slid down his throat. Loving the taste, he turned his attention to the inside of his mother's other thigh, where a milky rivulet was flowing from her dripping cunt-lips, then down her thigh towards the stool beneath her. He darted his tongue forward, licking upwards, the gooey fluid finding a welcoming home in the pit of his stomach. He moved from one thigh to the other, quickly lapping up the rest of the oozing juices she'd sprayed onto her thighs when she came. Craving more, he moved even closer, pressing his lips to her slippery pink labia, then slithering his tongue deep inside her, searching for more of the intoxicating juices.

"Oh God, Zach, that feels so good," Alicia groaned as she looked down between her spread legs, her son's handsome young face pressed tightly to her pink enflamed twat. She pushed down with the muscles inside her, forcing the clotted gobs of semen downwards, towards her son's eager mouth. A sexily wicked smile

came to her face as a nasty sucking sound reached her ears, the sound of her young son enthusiastically sucking his own cum from inside her. With that sly perverted smile on her face, she reached down and ran her fingers through her son's dark curly hair, pulling him even more firmly against her. "That's it, Sweetie, get that tongue nice and deep. Suck it all out...yes...just like that. Eat Momma like a good boy. Get all that nasty cum of yours out of there. Momma likes that."

Zach was in heaven. He'd loved eating his mother last night and now he was thrilled that she was letting him lick and suck her again, especially since her steaming cunt was overflowing with the cum he'd shot into her. He sent his tongue deep into her, the probing lance teasingly circling the hot pink folds of flesh inside her, the scintillating mixture of semen and womanly nectar washing onto his tongue.

"Mmmmm," he groaned deep in his throat as he swallowed once more before sending his tongue back up her hot gooey trench.

"Oh Jesus, that's so good," Alicia said as she put her hands firmly on her son's head and pressed his face flush up against her hot motherly twat. "Lick it, Zach. Lick it nice and deep. I want you to suck out every last drop of that hot cum you shot into me."

He sucked and licked eagerly, swallowing again and again as his mother flooded his mouth with their juices. He had gotten every drop of their combined juices out of her, but was still eagerly lapping up her womanly nectar, something he already knew he was addicted to.

Alicia's son's talented tongue was now pressing firmly on the upper folds of flesh on the roof of her vagina, the force of his probing tongue seeming to tease right up through her insides to stimulate her throbbing clit. She smiled to herself, wishing she could just stay there and let him lick her all day long—but she knew they only had a few minutes before her daughter would be finished in the shower. "Oh fuck, that's so good—but I need you to lick my clit now and finish me off, before Grace comes back."

Zach quickly withdrew his tongue from his mother's sopping canal, his face awash with her creamy goodness. Her gripping hands pulled him forward and his lips slipped over the pulsing red tip of her stiff clitoris. He clamped his lips tightly to her body with a gentle suction as he rolled his tongue slowly over the fiery red nodule inside his mouth, bathing it teasingly with his flowing spit. He ran his tongue provocatively all around the erect nodule, feeling the intense heat as it came alive and stiffened inside his mouth. As he continued to suck at the hot sensitive clit between his lips, he felt his mother's hips flex as she rolled her mature cunt towards his working mouth.

"OHHHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDDDDDDDD..." Alicia let out a deep growl as she started to cum. Her eyes rolled back in her head and her hips bucked as she ground her mound up against her son's face, his wonderful mouth sending her to a nerve-jangling climax. She could feel herself gushing, her spitting cunt covering her son's chin and neck with her discharge. She twitched and shook as she came, Zach's pleasuring mouth never leaving her pulsing clit for a second as he continued to suck and lick at the throbbing red spire captured between his lips. After what seemed like a minute, the overwhelming

sensations finally receded and Alicia had to push Zach away—her clit was just too sensitive. The sound of the shower shutting off caused both of them to become more aware of where they were and what they were doing.

"Zach, that was fantastic," Alicia said as she grabbed Zach by the shoulders and pulled him to his feet, "but Grace will be back soon. We've got to straighten ourselves up." She drew her legs together, pulling her robe about her body. She sat forward on the stool and pulled her son's face down to hers. "Here, your face is a mess. Now it's my turn to clean you up."

Zach smiled to himself as he felt his mother's raspy tongue run lovingly over his face, her lips and tongue lapping up her own sticky juices. Alicia hurriedly licked at her son's youthful skin, her soft tongue running all over his handsome face as she lapped up every drop of her womanly nectar.

"She still has to get dried off," Zach said cockily as he pushed his pajama pants down beneath his heavy round balls and started to stroke his massive boner. "And I've got a nice big load right here for you, Mom."

Alicia found herself instinctively licking her lips as she looked at her son's magnificent cock, remembering how wonderful it had felt to have that incredible cunt-splitter between her legs, and between her lips. Once again she gasped at the amazing size—over 10" of rock-hard cock was pointed right towards her. She'd measured it herself last night, the surprising size taking her breath away as she laid her

sewing tape along the length of it, then feeling her pussy twitch with delight as she'd also wrapped the flexible tape around the base of the turgid shaft and took the reading—7".

Zach smiled as he watched his mother's exotic dark eyes follow his pumping hand, each slow purposeful stroke directed right towards her. He knew from last night how much she loved the taste of his cum—between taking loads directly from the source to licking his cock clean after he'd pumped her full, she couldn't get enough. He saw that beautiful tongue of hers run out and slowly circle her pouty lips as the glistening red eye of his turgid dick filled with pre-cum. Yes, he could see she wanted it, she wanted it bad. He so badly wanted to blow this load all over her pretty face, to totally paint her with his white milky seed, and then use his cock to push all of that creamy goodness right into her welcoming mouth. But there was no way they could do that right now, there just wasn't time. A noise from down the hall drew their attention—Grace was going to be back any minute.

"Zach, you've got to hurry," Alicia whispered frantically, her eyes glazed over with lust as she watched her son's stroking hand start to pump more vigorously. She was dying to have his cock in her mouth again, and she was shocked when Zach turned slightly away from her, grabbed the pot of yogurt sitting next to her on the counter, and pointed the end of his pulsing dick towards the open container. Her eyes opened wide as she saw the tip of his prick turn a cloudy white for a split second before he held it still and started to shoot, a long ropey strand of semen spurting forth right into the cup. She gasped as Zach's enormous cock kept shooting, wad after wad of thick white cum gathering in a growing pool on top of the yogurt. Zach pumped

again, and a few more ropes of the precious silvery fluid shot forth, adding to the sizable batch from the first few volleys. Finally, as a tingling shiver ran down his spine, he brought the container to the tip of his throbbing dong and wiped the last oozing dregs onto the lip of the cup, his huge load bringing the level in the cup right to the brim.

The sound of the bathroom door opening seemed to echo from down the hall. Zach quickly placed the yogurt container back on the counter in front of his mother and had just finished stuffing his spent dick back into his pajama pants when Grace walked into the room, a bathrobe wrapped around her lithe young body while her hands rubbed at her wet hair with a towel.

Alicia breathed a huge sigh of relief—Zach had managed to tuck away his huge cock just in time. Alicia's hands were shaking as she reached forward with both hands and took a slow sip of her coffee in order to try and calm her frazzled nerves. It had been just a matter of seconds from what could have been a major disaster. She was surprised to see Zach acting like everything was under control as he casually reached down and picked up the yogurt container she'd put out for him, grabbed his spoon and eagerly dug in.

"Aahh, that feels better now," Grace said as she slid onto the stool next to Alicia and picked up her spoon. She put her hand around the container in front of her and then looked over at the one in front of her mother. She quickly reached over and snatched it up. "Mom, can I have the peach one today?" Before Alicia could say anything, Grace dug her spoon into the cloudy mixture before her and slid a heaping

spoonful into her mouth. "Mmmmm, this is so good." Both Zach and Alicia watched, their mouths hanging open, as Grace circled her spoon once more around the edge of the cup before plunging it deep into her mouth, then drew it out slowly, the unknown combination of yogurt and her brother's cum settling on her tongue.

"This peach one tastes even better than usual," Grace said as she looked into the container. "Is it a different kind?"

"Uh...no," Alicia said, her voice quivering in shock. "It...it's the usual kind."

"There seems to be a little more of this milky part at the top. I usually stir it all together, but for some reason, it tastes different today—I really like it." Zach and Alicia watched as Grace carefully scraped her spoon over the top of the yogurt before coming away with a spoonful that appeared to be almost totally cum, thick clumps of sperm-laden whiteness mixed in with his silvery seminal fluid. She hesitated for a split second with the spoon in front of her mouth, and they watched her nostrils flare as she breathed in the foreign scent. She then slid the spoon back into her mouth, her eyes closing in pleasure as she slowly savored the new taste, the unfamiliar flavor settling pleasurably onto her tongue.

"Mmmmm, that's really good." She looked into the container once more as she spoke. "I don't really know what that flavor is—it tastes different than anything I've ever had before. Can you buy some more of these, Mom?"

Alicia's eyes flicked to Zach, who quickly looked down, his face turning red. "Uh, sure, Honey," Alicia was barely able to get the words out of her mouth. "I'll...I'll see what I can do." Not only was she shocked that her daughter had taken her cup of yogurt and loved the taste of her brother's cum, but Alicia was frustrated at having missed out on the delicious treat herself. When she'd seen Zach start to pump out his load into the container, she'd felt her pussy quiver at the nasty thought of getting that fresh batch of his sperm-laden seed into her own mouth. As she watched Grace continue to scoop out the whitish mixture and eat it, she had almost sighed in frustration.

"Uh, I better hit the shower," Zach said as he finished up his own yogurt and gulped down his glass of juice.

"Me too," Alicia replied as she took another sip of her coffee before heading to the en-suite bathroom.

Half an hour later, Alicia breezed back into the kitchen, showered and dressed for work. She'd chosen a black skirt-suit with a tight square-necked red sweater. The skirt and jacket were nicely tapered and fit her slim figure perfectly. The pencil skirt ended just a couple of inches above the knee, the narrowness at the hem made easier to walk in by a vent at the back. She left her legs bare—knowing the brilliant whiteness of her skin would look boldly alluring against the jet black skirt—not to mention the pointy-toed pumps with the 4" heel she'd chosen. The sweater fit her slim-form snugly, and she knew with the black power bra she was wearing beneath, the red

sweater made her small but nicely-shaped tits look great. Altogether, the outfit made her look like a perfect business MILF, or even a LILF, a "Lawyer I'd Like to Fuck".

She quickly wolfed down the yogurt she'd left on the counter, once again sighing in disappointment at not being able to have the one Zach had prepared especially for her.

"C'mon, kids. Let's go," she called out as she slung her purse over her shoulder and grabbed her briefcase.

Grace emerged from her room wearing her school uniform, the short kilt and knee socks combined with the white shirt, vest and tie making her look like the adorable school-girl she was. "Where's Zach?" she asked as she shifted her knapsack from one shoulder to the other.

"I'll get him." Alicia turned on her heel and strode back down the hall, her sexy high heels click-clacking on the tile floor. She knocked on the door of her son's bedroom. "Zach, are you ready? We're going to be late."

"C'mon in for a second, Mom."

Alicia turned the knob and stepped into the room. "We've really got to get..." Her voice trailed off as she stopped dead still and looked at her son. He stood just a few feet away, dressed in a school uniform

just like his sister—only his enormous cock was projecting from the fly of his pants, his massive member standing at full erection. He had his hand wrapped around it in a warm loving corridor, his curled fist pumping slowly back and forth, a gooey strand of pre-cum already drooling from the wet red eye.

"I'm sorry you didn't get that breakfast treat I had for you earlier—I thought you might like another one. I've been getting this one ready for you. It's almost there," he said with a wickedly teasing look in his eye, "if you want it?"

Alicia felt her heart start to race and her belly flipped with excitement. "How I love the stamina of youth," she thought to herself as she became mesmerized by his huge cock, the enflamed purple head looking angry with the need to get into something hot and wet. She'd thought the same thing last night when Zach seemed to recover almost instantaneously and stay hard again and again. He'd given her load after load and brought her to one spine-tingling orgasm after another.

She could feel her pussy starting to cream on the spot as she watched her son provocatively stroke his massive erection. She looked at that drooling web of silky pre-cum and felt her mouth start to water, wanting to feel it slip between her lips, to suck it, to taste it, to feel the incredible power within it as it shot forcefully into her hot welcoming mouth. She wanted it more than she could have ever imagined.

"Just...just stay here!" she said as she put her hand up with one finger pointing towards him. She turned on her heel and hurried from the room. Her daughter looked up as she stood by the front door of their apartment. Alicia reached into her purse and pulled out her keys. "Here, Grace, go down and get the car started. I need you to do that for me, Honey. Zach's just having trouble with his tie. We'll be right down."

Before her daughter could say a word of protest, Alicia ushered her out of the apartment and closed the door behind her, locking it, just in case. She dropped her briefcase and purse and hurried back to Zach's room, her heart aflutter with anticipation.

Zach smiled as his mother entered his room and closed the door behind her, and then quickly dropped to her knees in front of him. She looked so incredibly sexy kneeling before him in her business suit, but it was her tongue running wantonly over her red painted lips that really drew his attention. He stepped forward, setting his feet firmly in position as he pointed his throbbing dick right at her beautiful lipstick-covered lips, just as she opened them into a sensually inviting 'O'. She flicked her tongue out and lapped up the drooling strand of pre-cum hanging from the end of his prick and drew it deep into her mouth, swallowing eagerly before bringing her shiny red lips back to the tip of his sensitive glans.

Alicia felt her pussy creaming like crazy as she pressed her lips to the hot crimson crown of her son's huge prick and moved forwards, her lips stretching and stretching as they followed the flaring contours of the broad mushroom head. Once again, he was so huge she thought

her lips might split at the corners as her mouth was forced to open further and further as they spread over the tremendous girth. She breathed a sigh of blissful pleasure as they slipped over the thick rope-like ridge of his corona and clamped down, locking that huge lemon-sized knob within her hot wet mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred loudly as she sucked inwards, feeling her mouth become luxuriously filled with her 19-year old's enormous cockhead. She slid her face forward and sucked ravenously, the insides of her cheeks hollowed in to provide a scintillatingly tight sheath for her son's throbbing cock.

"Oh fuck, Mom, I'm almost there. I'm gonna jerk it off right into your mouth," Zach said as he stroked his hand forward, his circling hand bumping gently against his mother's stretched lips. She drew her head back, swirling her tongue all around the pebbly glans as she bathed it with her hot saliva. She slid her head forward, going further down on his thrusting erection, her tongue pressing provocatively on the inverted 'V' on the underside of his prick.

Zach had been working on this one for a few minutes before she'd first come to get him, and he'd been so excited to see his sister enthusiastically eat his cum that he was already on the verge of popping. Having his mother slip those hot matronly lips of hers over his enflamed pecker was all that he needed.

"I...I'M GONNA CUM," he groaned as he continued to slide his pumping fist back and forth while his mother noisily slurped away

at his engorged cock-head. The first rope of rich cream spewed forth, plastering itself deep into the welcoming recesses of her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," Alicia purred blissfully as she felt her mouth fill with her son's sperm-laden cum. She could feel the potent thickness of it on her tongue and she shivered with excitement, then swallowed, the silky richness feeling exquisite as it slid down her throat. She barely had time for that first swallow before her mouth was filled again as Zach continued to unload, flooding her hot oral cavity with his milky discharge. She felt a little leak from the corner of her mouth and sucked harder, wanting to swallow all of it. She felt her cheeks bulging with the tasty goodness and she swallowed again, then one more time. Finally, as a quivering shudder ran down his spine, Zach was done. His hand had stopped pumping and Alicia sucked firmly at the very tip, drawing out the last creamy morsels of her son's semen—semen that she knew she could never get enough of.

"C'mon, Mom, we better go," Zach said as he pulled his still-hard pecker from her sucking mouth and stuffed it into his pants.

Alicia got to her feet and smoothed her skirt down over her firm thighs. With Zach right behind her, they hurried from the apartment and rode the elevator down to the parking garage. Grace had the car running and was sitting in the front seat, the spot usually occupied by her older brother.

"Shotgun," she called out as the other two slid into the car. "You snooze, you lose, big brother."

Alicia put the car into gear, pulled out of the garage and headed towards the kid's school, rushing to make sure they got there before the bell.

"Hey Mom," Grace said as she turned in her seat and looked at her mother's shoulder. "You were in such a hurry to eat, it looks like you spilled some of that yogurt on your suit." Alicia and Zach both looked to where Grace was pointing at her mother's right shoulder. They both stared in horror at the large gob of semen clinging lewdly to the dark woven fabric, the milky wad slowly starting to run downwards under its own weight. As they watched in shock, Grace reached forward and flicked her finger upwards beneath the gob of cum, catching it on her fingertip and pulling it away from her mother's blazer. Both Zach and Alicia watched mesmerized as she brought her gooey finger to her mouth and slipped it inside, closing her young pink lips around her finger as she sucked up the clot of cooling jizz.

"Mmmmm. Mom, you've really got to buy more of that yogurt—it's delicious."

Alicia knew her young daughter had been carefully protected from the ways of the world, but even still, she was shocked by how naïve Grace was. Shaken by what she had just seen happen, Alicia felt herself trembling nervously as she stopped at the next red light.

"Look at that mark—it's going to leave a stain," Grace said. "Quick, Mom, give me your jacket."

"Wha...what?" Alicia was barely able to respond.

"It's a red light. Hurry. Give me your jacket. I know what to do." Grace was reaching over to her mother and was already starting to pull the suit jacket off her mother's shoulder. Alicia unbuckled her seat belt and quickly drew her arms from each sleeve before passing her daughter her blazer. She looked at Zach in the rear-view mirror, their eyes meeting in alarm. The light changed and she hesitantly pulled forward, keeping one eye on her daughter.

"This will work, I do it when I spill food on my own clothes all the time," Grace said as she held the jacket up with the damp silvery stain shining blatantly on the dark black fabric. Zach and Alicia watched spellbound as the young girl pursed her lips and pressed them right onto the offensive stain. They could see her tongue run out and lick firmly at the woven material, using her spit to loosen up the sticky wad of semen. They heard her suck noisily as she drew on the fabric, working it with her mouth and lips. Her tongue ran out again, depositing more of her slick saliva onto the jacket before voraciously sucking it back into mouth, licking and sucking to get out the embarrassing splotch. After a minute or two of ardent licking, she held it up and showed it to her mother. The stain was gone—all that was left was a small damp spot which would soon be dry.

"Voila, good as new," Grace said, pleased with herself.

"Oh Grace, thank you so much," Alicia replied, her head still spinning at what had just happened.

The rest of the ride went quietly, and Alicia had to take a deep breath once the kids exited the car. Her emotions were in turmoil. Grace had almost caught them—not once, but twice. But having watched her daughter's reaction to tasting Zach's cum as she ate it from the yogurt cup, and then blatantly slurping it off of her jacket—well, she didn't know what to think. For some reason, she found it strangely arousing. She always thought of Grace as such a demure shy little thing, and even if her daughter had no idea what she had swallowed—Alicia knew, and she could feel her pussy creaming as she remembered the blissfully serene look of contentment on her daughter's face as she'd swallowed her brother's thick rich cum. Alicia knew that look from first-hand experience. She'd had that look on her own face many times after swallowing cum. She thought about Grace, and wondered if the apple didn't fall far from the tree. She also wondered what Zach thought of it all—that was something they'd have to talk about later. Right now, she had to get to work.

She slipped her blazer back on, a smile on her face as she looked at the little damp spot where Zach's wad of semen had been, the spot nearly dry at this point. Grace's soft young lips had been right there, licking and drawing out her brother's milky semen. Alicia ran her fingers over the spot, wondering what those soft lips of her daughter's would feel like. She shook her head, disgusted with herself. She slapped the steering wheel and slowly let out a long slow breath. "Get it together, woman," she said to herself as she snapped

her seat belt back in place. She put the car in drive and headed to work, knowing she had a full day ahead of her.

"Grace, snap out of it," Jenna said as she elbowed her best friend. Grace jerked awake, lifting her head from her cradling hands as she sat at the cafeteria table. "What's the matter with you, girl? You've been walking around like a zombie all day."

"I'm so tired. I feel like I could put my head down right here and sleep for the rest of the day."

"What happened? Didn't you sleep very well last night?"

"No, I didn't." Grace looked around, making sure she and Jenna were out of anyone else's hearing range. "I kept waking up," she whispered to her friend. "I think my neighbors were, you know, going at it."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gibson?" Jenna asked, her eyes wide with surprise. "Are you sure? I thought they were pretty old."

"I'm not sure. It never really got to the point where I came fully awake and got out of bed or anything, but I'm pretty sure that's what it was. It was like a rhythmic bumping that went on and on."

"Well, even old people deserve to have some fun every once in awhile."

"But this wasn't just a little fun—this went on all night long?"

"What? All night long?" Jenna asked incredulously.

"I kept drifting in and out of sleep, but the last time I looked at the clock it was almost 5:00."

"And when did you first hear them?"

"I think it was around 11:00."

"Wow!" Jenna said as she let out a low whistle. "Are you sure it was them? Maybe it was Zach. Maybe he had Becca over and you just didn't know it. Your brother is kind of hot, you know."

"No. I don't think Zach would risk doing that when my mom was right down the hall. And for some reason, I don't think he feels that way about Becca, even though she is a little slut."

"Maybe it was your mom. Maybe your dad came over and then snuck out before you got up this morning."

"Trust me, after what happened with my dad, my mom wants nothing to do with him right now. That way, anyways."

Jenna nodded, remembering how hard it had been on all the Florricks once the press got wind of Peter's amorous activities with known prostitutes. "Well, if it was Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, good for them."

"I just hope they don't do it again tonight," Grace whined. "I just want to get a good night's sleep."

"C'mon, let's go to the library and work on our projects. At least if you fall asleep in there, no one will notice."

Zach had just finished getting off in the washroom. It was already the second load he'd pumped out at school today. It was easier than usual for him to get aroused—deep inside his knapsack were the panties his mother had given him straight off her body last night. Her musky womanly scent had caused his prick to harden instantaneously once he'd pressed them to his face in the washroom cubicle. A minute or two later, he'd ended up firing a thick load right into the crotch of the silky garment. He'd gotten one load off during his study period earlier, and had just finished jacking off another one during his lunch break. Having stuffed the cum-soaked panties first into a plastic bag, and then back into his knapsack, he headed to the library, wanting to do a bit of his math homework before his next class began.

He spotted his sister and her friend Jenna sitting together and talking quietly at a study table, their work spread out before them. He took a spot at a study carrel behind a tall shelf, situating himself so he could see them across the room between the rows of books on the shelf. He knew Jenna had her study period right after lunch, when Grace was due to go to Spanish class. He pulled out his books, but carefully kept an eye on the two girls. His eye went to the clock time and again, the minutes seeming to just creep by. Finally, Grace packed up her stuff and stood up, nodding goodbye to her friend as she headed to class. Zach hurriedly pushed his books into his knapsack and stepped over to Jenna.

"Oh, hi Zach," the young girl said as he slipped into the chair his sister had just vacated.

"Hi Jenna," Zach said quietly as he looked around to make sure they were alone. He turned back to Jenna and continued, fumbling over his words. "Um, I was kind of wondering if you would do me a favor? Well, it wouldn't really be for me, kind of more like doing my mom a favor?"

"Wha...uh, what do you mean?"

"My mom's been kind of worried about Grace, you know, with what happened to my dad and all." He nodded to Jenna knowingly—as Grace's best friend, she had been the first one his sister had confided in once the scandal hit the papers.

"I know she was really devastated for awhile there, but I think she's been much better lately."

"Uh, maybe she's okay around you at school and stuff," Zach responded, trying to come up with a good argument to put forward. He hoped his lawyer mother would be proud of what he was about to say. "The problem is how she is at home. She's been quieter than usual lately and my mom is really concerned. She's been wondering if she should send Grace to counselling, and you know how much she'd hate that."

Jenna nodded. Counselling was something the family had tried once the whole story had come out—and Grace had hated it.

"So, my mom was just thinking," Zach continued, "that maybe she needs to spend a little more time with her friends, maybe with you, with someone she feels comfortable with if she just wants to get something off her chest—or maybe someone she wouldn't feel afraid to cry with if that's what she wanted to do."

"Sure, Zach," Jenna said, her eyes welling with concern as she thought about her friend. "What...what would your mom like me to do?"

"Well, it's been a long time since you and Grace had a sleep over. Remember when you guys used to do that all the time when you were kids?" Jenna nodded, a big smile on her face as she remembered those days of their childhood. "So my mom was thinking it might be

good for Grace if she could have a sleepover at your place—you know, away from our apartment, away from mom and me, so she won't be reminded of everything."

"Of course, Zach. You know, you're right—we haven't done that in a long time. That would be fun. When would your mom like me to do that?"

"Umm, gee, I don't know...how about tomorrow?" Zach said, raising his hands up questioningly.

"Sure. I'll be seeing her next period. I'll talk to her then."

"That's great, Jenna. My mom will really appreciate that." As Zach got up from the table, he was already thinking about how great it would be to have all of Friday night with his mother. Yes, just he and his sexy experienced MILF of a mother...all night long.

Alicia was in her office reading over the transcript of some depositions. Her hand subconsciously rubbed gently over her abdomen, remembering the deep tingling sensations she'd felt last night when Zach had fucked her deeper than she'd ever been fucked before. She was finding it incredibly hard to concentrate on her work today—her mind kept going back to thoughts of her son, and his magnificent huge cock. The fact that she'd only gotten a couple of hours sleep didn't help with her ability to focus either. She was bone tired, or tired from getting the bone. She smiled to herself as the little play on words ran through her head.

She was very happy about one thing—she'd gotten a text from Grace a short while ago at the end of the school day. Her daughter had told her Jenna had asked if it was okay for Grace to go for a sleepover on Friday. As Alicia hurriedly replied to give her consent, she wondered if Zach had had anything to do with it. Although she hadn't heard from him, she figured he'd probably had a hand in it somehow.

"Alicia." She looked up to see young Cary Agos standing in her office, looking smart in his nicely-tailored suit. "Will wants us to do some extra work on the Sweeney case. Apparently he's coming in later. Looks like another late night for us tonight."

Alicia's heart dropped. She had hoped to get out of work on time today, her body needing the sleep she'd missed out on last night. But more than that, she was anxious to get home to Zach. She'd promised herself early in the day that she'd keep her hands off him tonight, get to bed early, and then make the most of the time they would have alone together on Friday. But as the day had gone on and her mind kept going back to the events of the night before, she found her willpower dwindling. She kept picturing her son's rock-hard cock driving her deep into the mattress, that powerful thrusting prick bringing her to climax after climax. And then she'd remember how she'd lay there quivering in blissful exhaustion, her limbs twitching uncontrollably, and then Zach pulling out of her and climbing up over her gasping body, his fist circling his throbbing shaft as he pumped out a massive load all over her face and tits. As she sat at her desk thinking about those images time and again, she knew her panties were getting thoroughly soaked. But more than that, she knew the promises she'd made to herself to keep her hands off Zach

were probably going to be thrown right out the window. She knew once she got home, she wouldn't be able to keep her hands, and mouth, off that virgin-wrecking cock of his.

Now, whatever plan she'd had in mind was going to have to change. Colin Sweeney, one of their richest clients, and one who had previously managed to escape the claws of justice after killing his wife, was in trouble again. A young woman had been found murdered in his house—in his own bedroom, the crime occurring during one of his lavish parties. Lockhart Gardner was defending him again, and Mr. Sweeney had asked specifically that Alicia be assigned to work on his case. She could tell from the way he looked at her that images of perverted debauchery of what he wanted to do to her were running through his head. He never even tried to hide that sinister nasty look from her as his eyes roamed over her sexy body. Quite the opposite—he often blatantly told her how great he thought she looked, how impressed he was in her choices of slim-fitting business skirts and trim blazers. The way he looked at her with that leer on his face, she wouldn't have been surprised if he whipped out his cock and starting jerking off while he looked at her. That was the way he looked at her all the time.

At first, Alicia had found it disarming to be in his presence, but as time went on, she found herself realizing he was totally harmless, that his lust-driven needs were satisfied by high-priced call girls, and she just knew he wouldn't step out of line with her—especially since they were representing him in the criminal proceedings against him. And now Will had asked Cary to tell her they were going to be working late, putting in the billable hours to try and save Colin Sweeney's rich ass once more.

"Oh, okay. Thanks for letting me know, Cary. Do you know exactly what's happening?" Alicia asked, her eyes looking intently at the handsome Harvard graduate.

After overhearing Cary and two other young associates talking about her yesterday and referring to her as a MILF had her looking at Cary differently. She'd always thought of him as someone who would only be interested in young blonde bimbos, much like the women her asshole of a husband had become fond of. She'd been curious when she'd heard Cary say she had CSLs, and then she'd felt a little spasm in her pussy when she'd looked it up and found out the meaning—Cock Sucking Lips. She'd also overheard him when he told his friends how sexy he thought she was, her eyes, her face, her legs—but it was those CSLs that he seemed especially fond of. Now that she knew what he thought of her, she felt her lips turn up in a sly little smile as she looked at him, wondering if he was picturing her CSLs wrapped around his hard cock as he looked at her right now.

"Will said Sweeney's coming in himself at 6:00pm. He wants both of us to be there, but he wants you to lead the questioning. You know how Sweeney would insist on that anyway. You're the only one he'll really talk to."

"Yes, lucky me," she said with a shake of her head. Cary knew like she did the potential risk of being the one who would have to work so closely with a client like Sweeney. Cary nodded and gave her a wry smile, letting her know he felt lucky not to have to work so

closely with the rich pervert. He was just about to step away when Alicia decided to try something. "Oh Cary, before you go, do you think I could ask you something?"

"Sure, what is it?"

Alicia looked outside her office and was happy to see no one was milling around within hearing range. "I know we have so many rules nowadays about what is acceptable to say or talk to a co-worker about, but I wondered if I could get your opinion on something that's not really about work. Well, it's kind of about work, more like about being at work, but not about a case."

"That's fine, Alicia. I think we know each other well enough by now," Cary said as he spread his hands out openly, letting her know she could ask whatever she wanted.

She got up from her desk and stepped beside it, so she was facing him from about eight feet away. "You know I'd been at home for thirteen years raising my kids before I came back to work." Cary graciously nodded, wondering where she was going with this. "So anyways, now I've had to get a whole new wardrobe for work, and I just don't know if the things I've been wearing are very nice. I know I'm not as young or as pretty as a lot of girls you know, but I'm wondering if you think the clothes I've been wearing look okay?" She paused for a second, as he looked at her in surprise. She gave him an innocent little smile, like she was embarrassed to have asked. "Like I said, I'm not sure if that is something appropriate to ask, but I wanted a man's point of view. I'm sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said

anything." She purposely nibbled at her bottom lip, as if nervous, but she immediately noticed his eyes go to her full red lips. Her "CSLs", as he called them.

"No, Alicia, that's fine. Really," he hurriedly responded, taking a step into the room and putting his palms forward in a calming fashion. "First off, compared to some of the younger girls either here at work or that I know, you look great. When you're wondering what you look like compared to them, don't ever worry about them being younger. I know most men find a mature experienced woman to be much more attractive than a young woman." Cary paused, a look of panic coming over his face. He hurriedly continued, "I...I can't speak for your husband, of course." Once things had hit the papers, everybody knew about Peter Florrick and his fondness for young escorts.

"That's okay, Cary. Thanks for saying what you did. I really appreciate it. When you get to be this age, you just don't know how you look compared to other women, especially the younger ones and the way they dress. These old bodies aren't what they once were." She gave him a comforting smile as she motioned with her hand down across her lithe mature form.

"I think you look great." He paused and looked at her intently, a playful glint in his eye. "I know we're basically competing against each other here at work, and I love the challenge of taking on a worthy adversary, but I really do like you. I just wanted you to know that. I really hope things work out here for both of us. If either one of us had to leave, I know I wouldn't be too happy about that."

"Oh Cary, that's very sweet, and I want you to know I feel the same way." She was thrilled at the way the handsome young man smiled back at her. "But seriously, the clothes I've picked out for work, like this outfit today, do you think it looks okay?" She took a couple of steps to the side, and then back to where she'd been, kind of modelling what she was wearing for him.

"I think it looks fantastic, like everything you wear to work." She could see his eyes roaming hungrily over her mature body, his eyes feasting on her sexy legs as she moved gracefully back and forth. "That suit fits you perfectly." His eyes were now centered on her breasts, where the two buttons of the blazer caused the bodice to fit snugly across her chest.

"What about those times when I take my jacket off here at work?" Alicia asked as she popped open the buttons, slid her jacket off her smooth shoulders and slipped it over the back of her chair. "Do you think it's appropriate to be seen in the office like this?" She stood with one hand on the back of her chair while she brought her other hand to her hip, then pulled her arm back, causing her breasts to thrust slightly forward, the tight red sweater seeming to fill up even more with her small but perfectly-shaped tits.

Cary was all but salivating as he looked at Alicia's superb mature body, her nice firm breasts looking fantastic beneath her tight sweater. He felt his cock start to stiffen as he stared at her chest, the outline of her bra showing sensually through the stretched red fabric. "I don't think it's inappropriate at all—it looks great actually." He

realized he was leering, and quickly tried to cover up what he'd just said. "You know, if you're working at your desk for a long time and need to be comfortable."

"Thanks. After being at home for so long, I have no idea what's right or wrong to wear anymore." Alicia extended her foot slightly and rotated it at the ankle as she nodded towards her foot. "What do you think of these shoes? I see a lot of young women wearing shoes like this but with kind of a chunky platform sole. Do these ones look okay?"

Cary looked down at her feet, her shapely calves and slim ankles beautifully accentuated by the 4" high-heeled pump. The black shoe was sleek and incredibly sexy, the slim pointy toe causing a further stirring in his groin. He knew exactly the kind of shoes Alicia had mentioned—many of the young women in the office were wearing them these days. The shoes were basically almost as sexy as the ones Alicia was wearing right now, but then some idiot of a designer decided to put a chunky wedge under the main part of the sole, and the things had become surprisingly popular. What surprised Cary most of all was that ugly beigey-taupey ones seemed to be the most popular. They looked like shit. Cary had no idea how they had become so popular.

"Those shoes look absolutely perfect with what you're wearing." He couldn't take his eyes off her feet and lower legs as she slowly turned, showing how nice her gorgeous bare legs looked in her 4" heels, her nicely toned calf muscles glistening smoothly as she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. "I know those other type of shoes

you're talking about, the ones with the wedge sole. I see a lot of women wearing them too, and I just don't get it. Honestly, I think they look horrible—and I don't know a single guy who likes them. But shoes like you're wearing, every guy would like those."

"I think those shoes are pretty ugly too," Alicia said as she gave Cary a little wink, like they were sharing a naughty secret. She lifted her foot and slowly rotated her ankle once more, causing Cary to almost groan out loud at the provocative sensuousness of the simple movement. "I'm glad you like these—I like them too. And I love the way they feel on my foot—the leather's so soft and smooth." She turned slightly sideways so he could see her in profile. "And, like I said earlier, my body's changed over the years and I'm not as slim as I once was. You know how we girls worry about our weight." She leaned forward slightly and put her hands on the side of her desk, then turned to look at him as she arched her hips provocatively. "Do you think this skirt is too tight?"

Cary gasped as his eyes were drawn to that beautiful heart-shaped ass he'd jerked off to so many times over the last few months. The black skirt fit her shapely rear magnificently, the dark fabric clinging sensually to her wide mature hips and shapely thighs. Her exquisite round bum seemed to stare back at him as she arched her back slightly, almost daring him to pull her skirt up and plunge his stiffening cock deep into her hot willing ass. "No, it doesn't look too tight at all. It...it looks wonderful," he stammered, his words sticking in his throat while his prick continued to stiffen and lengthen in his pants. "And don't worry about your weight Alicia, you look fantastic. I know a lot of women who wish they looked even half as good as you do."

"Oh Cary, that is so sweet. Thank you. What about the length? Does it look too 'old-ladyish'?" Alicia asked as she turned slightly back and forth, both of them looking down at the narrow bottom of the form-fitting pencil skirt, the hem falling an inch or two above her cute dimpled knees. "I know a lot of the younger girls are wearing their skirts quite a bit shorter these days? I'm not sure if I have the legs to get away with something like that."

Cary shook his head in disbelief. Alicia seemed to have no idea how spectacular her legs were. He thought of all those times he'd pictured himself fucking her, his hands wrapped around her slim ankles as he held her legs wide apart, driving his hard cock deep into her. "That skirt doesn't look old-ladyish at all. That skirt looks sensational, just the way it is. But Alicia, trust me, you could get away with wearing a skirt as short as you want—your legs are amazing." Cary blushed, realizing as soon as the words left his mouth that he'd probably crossed that line.

"Thanks, Cary. It's been a long time since anyone told me I had nice legs." Little did Cary know that her son Zach had told her repeatedly last night how much he loved her legs, especially when she had them wrapped around his back as he drove his stallion-like cock deep into her. "But I think it would be pushing things a little too far if I wore something really short here at work—that sounds more like something you'd wear to a night club."

"Well hey, some night, why don't you and Kalinda come out with my friends and I to a club, and you could try on something then that

might be more appropriate for that kind of place—I'd love to see it." Again, he wondered if he was being too forward and started to backpedal. "Besides, I know you usually go home straight after work. It would probably do you good to get out more often. I promise you'll have a good time."

"I'm sure you could promise me a good time," Alicia thought to herself, her eyes drifting down to the bulge in the young man's pants. It looked sizable, and she felt her pussy creaming as she finally tore her eyes away, stepped behind her desk and slipped back into her chair. "Okay, maybe we'll do that sometime. Let me know a couple days in advance so I can do some shopping."

"Great, that sounds great!" Cary said excitedly. "I'll do that."

"And Cary, thanks so much for giving me your opinion on my clothes—I really needed to get a man's point of view."

"You're welcome. Feel free to ask me any time," he replied, hoping she'd provide him with another teasing fashion show like the one she'd just given him.

"Thanks, I'll do that."

With a nod of agreement between them, Cary left. As she'd talked to Cary, Alicia had found herself getting more and more aroused, especially as it became obvious how interested he was in her. She

couldn't believe how erotic she found it to be desired by these young men—first her son, and now Cary. Settling back into her chair, she wondered how many other young men out there felt the same way about her. She reached down between her legs and pressed her hand into her crotch, her already-damp panties soaking up the gooey nectar from her oozing twat. She smiled to herself as she remembered her promise to Zach—that she would give him her warm panties every night when she got home from work. She had been looking forward to that moment all day long—and now she was going to have to work late. As she looked at the clock and picked up her phone, she hoped that time wasn't too far off.

Zach looked at the clock on his computer as well—like it seemed he had done every ten minutes or so since he'd gotten home from school today. He couldn't wait for his mother to get home. She'd said this morning they'd have to keep their distance from each other tonight and wait until tomorrow, but he knew that was going to be impossible. She was just so beautiful, and so incredibly sexy that he'd been walking around with a hard-on for most of the day. Although he'd jerked off twice at school—he hadn't been able to help himself, he'd just been so horny—he had summoned up the necessary willpower and foregone his usual 'first thing when he got home from school' jerkoff session in the hopes of having his mother take that load—and hopefully some others—out of him tonight. His thoughts were interrupted as he heard the phone ring, and he turned back to his computer, knowing his grandmother Jackie would answer.

"KIDS!" her voice called out a couple of minutes later. Zach smiled at the image on the screen he'd been working on, saved it, and then

minimized the program before heading to the kitchen. He arrived at the same time as Grace did from her room.

"You mother just phoned and said she's going to be late again tonight." Grace groaned out loud and Zach felt his heart drop as his grandmother continued. "And she's not sure how late she's going to be. Apparently she's working on a very important case and she said it might be quite late. She asked me to give you your dinner and not wait for her."

Grandma Jackie came to their apartment most days after school and got things going with dinner so their mother wouldn't be so rushed when she got home. Starting this new job, Alicia was expected to put in a lot of hours. Although her mother-in-law sometimes drove her crazy with her opinionated ways, Alicia was grateful for the help.

"Zach, set the table. Grace, help me with the chicken." The three of them ate their dinner quietly together. Jackie was in one of her usual sour moods, ticked off with Alicia for not spending enough time with her kids. Zach sat and ate sullenly, disappointed that his mother wasn't going to be home for quite a while yet, but still incredibly horny. He knew he still had a number of loads inside him that he was anxious to get rid of. And Grace, Grace was just dog tired from the interrupted sleep she'd had last night when she'd heard her neighbors screwing all night long. She hoped the old fogies next door had gotten it out of their system—that tonight she'd be able to sleep peacefully.

"Mr. Sweeney, how are we going to be able to defend you if you don't tell us the truth?" Alicia spoke firmly, her patience with their rich client rapidly wearing thin. They'd been going at this for a couple of hours now, with very little progress.

"But Alicia, you know I could never lie to a ravishing creature like you," Sweeney said, tilting his head and looking at Alicia with a knowing smile on his face—like the cat that ate the canary. He'd say things like that to her all the time, and it made no difference to him if someone else was in the room—like right now, with Will and Cary also seated at the firm's boardroom table. He would always accompany a statement like that with a lecherous smile on his face. Sitting there in his lavishly expensive suit, silk tie and matching pocket square, he'd been looking at Alicia that way all evening, like he was undressing her with his eyes. The first few times she'd met him, it had made her uncomfortable. But now she was used to it—that was just the way he was with her. If it made him trust her, she was willing to do whatever it took to make the senior partners, Will Gardner and Diane Lockhart, happy with her work.

"Colin, Alicia's right," Will interjected, tired of this little game the rich man enjoyed playing so much. "We need you to tell us the truth—tell us what really happened that night. We've got nothing to work with right now." Will turned back to Alicia and nodded, letting her know she was still running the show.

"Mr. Sweeney," she said, a smooth confident tone in her voice, "where were you at the time that woman from the catering company was killed at your party. And no more games—you come clean with

us right now, or we're done here." Alicia sat back and closed her leather folio, letting her client know she'd had enough.

Sweeney rubbed his hands together slowly, the smirk disappearing as he looked at the serious look on Alicia's face. "Alright," he said with a gentle nod. Alicia sat still, not yet taking notes, wanting to let their client know she wasn't fucking around. Sweeney nodded once more, a look of irritable resignation on his face. "Alright, I'll tell you." He looked intently at Alicia, then Will, then Cary, then back to Alicia. "I was there at the house, of course—but I wasn't in that room. At the time she was killed, I was in another room I have, kind of a private room where I like to enjoy my...shall we say 'hobbies'."

Will and Cary looked at each other, knowing the type of 'hobbies' Sweeney was rumored to partake in. Alicia sat looking at Sweeney intently, not blinking an eye. As Sweeney looked back at her for a reaction, she continued to look him straight in the eye while she spoke, "And is there anyone who can confirm that you were in this...this hobby room?"

"Oh yes, most certainly," he replied, a sadistic glint in his eye.

"Who Mr. Sweeney?" Alicia continued firmly. "Who was in that room with you?"

He paused for a second before speaking, the eyes of the three lawyers riveted on him. "Dominique Kirwan."

"THE MAYOR'S WIFE?" Cary burst out. Sweeney slowly nodded.

"Oh fuck," Will muttered under his breath as he dropped his pen onto the table and leaned back. Cary started to swivel back and forth nervously in his chair as he fidgeted with his notes, embarrassed by his outburst. Only Alicia remained unperturbed at the bombshell their client had just dropped.

"The mayor's wife, Dominique Kirwan?" she asked calmly, needing to hear Sweeney say it again.

"Do we have another mayor's wife in this city that I'm not aware of?" Sweeney replied, that lecherous smile back on his face.

Alicia looked down at her notes. "Mrs. Kirwan wasn't on the list of attendees you provided to the police."

"Well, that's because she wasn't one of the listed invitees. That's what the police asked for—who had been invited to the party. And for obvious reasons, I left her off the list I gave them."

"Then what was Mrs. Kirwan doing there?"

"She had contacted me late that afternoon that she wanted to come over for some...shall we say...specialized entertainment."

Alicia looked up from her notes and stared intently at her client. "Mr. Sweeney, are you telling us you were having an affair with Dominique Kirwan?"

He looked at Alicia slyly, his lips turned up at the corners in a sinisterly perverted smile. "I don't know if you could really call it an affair. To me, that would require some sort of emotional connection. We're more like...what is it young people call it these days...oh yes — fuck buddies."

Alicia heard Cary let out a suppressed gasp, and from the corner of her eye, she saw Will lean forward and put his elbow on the table as he rubbed his fingers over his forehead in consternation. She looked back at Sweeney, that sick smile on his face again, and wondered if he was just screwing with them one more time.

"Mr. Sweeney, are you telling us the truth...or is this just another one of your little games? What would a woman like Dominique Kirwan be doing with someone like you?"

This was the question that all three of the lawyers were thinking. The mayor's wife, Dominique Kirwan, had been a former model many years before. Now in her late 30's, she was still a stunningly attractive woman, her frosty blonde hair and beautiful features a magnet for the media cameras at any function or event she attended. She'd been married to the 44-year old mayor, Charles Kirwan, for fifteen years, and they had two teenage children, a boy and a girl. Her reputation was squeaky clean, with pictures of her helping at the soup kitchen or visiting children in the city hospitals appearing in the press almost

weekly. What she was doing with a sick fuck like Sweeney was a complete mystery—and hard to believe. The lawyers understood why her name hadn't come up already in the investigation. If anything like this had gotten out, the fallout would have been incredible.

"Dominique," Sweeney said, using the woman's first name only, "has certain desires she needs assistance with. We met some time back and I happened to steer the conversation to areas that she found of interest." It came as no surprise to Alicia that Sweeney would have the balls to talk to someone of such importance about sex. He had no moral compass when it came to depravity. "I suggested that perhaps she come to my house for a visit, to discuss our mutual interests further. She did. And after that first visit, well, she's chosen to come back many times. So in answer to your question—no Alicia, this is not another of my little games."

"So Mrs. Kirwan shared these mutual interests of yours?" Alicia asked, her curiosity piqued now.

"Yes, definitely." Sweeney paused for a second and looked into Alicia's deep dark eyes before continuing. "But there is one additional reason why she continued to come back."

Alicia knew that Sweeney was setting her up for this, but she had to ask. "And what reason is that?"

"Not only does she have certain tastes that are slightly, shall we say, morally askew—but along with that, she likes her men big, if you know what I mean...and I'm sure you do, Mrs. Florrick."

"Colin, that's just about—," Will burst out before Alicia held up her hand, stopping him in mid-sentence.

"That's fine, Will," Alicia said calmly. "At least Mr. Sweeney has decided to be truthful with us." She stared intently at the businessman, her dark exotic eyes locked on his, wanting him to know he hadn't rattled her with his comment. "I suggest we continue with the questioning." Will reluctantly nodded and sat back in his chair, impressed by the way Alicia was keeping her cool.

"So Mr. Sweeney, this night in question, Mrs. Kirwan visited you. And at the time the murder took place in your bedroom, the two of you were in your...your hobby room?"

"Yes."

"And Mrs. Kirwan would be able to positively identify you as being in that room with her at that specific time?"

"I would think so, but at that moment when I found out about the murder, she may not have been able to identify me."

"What do you mean?"

"At that time, she was wearing a black leather corset she is very fond of, with matching thigh boots and opera-length gloves. For a matching accessory for that outfit, I'd given her a leather hood to wear. She was laying on her back on one my little devices—I think you'd call it a medieval rack. Her arms and legs were strapped in and she was stretched out firmly, but not too tight—just the way she liked it."

As her client spoke and kept looking directly at her, Alicia found herself getting strangely aroused as he unveiled the lewd images of his encounter with the mayor's attractive wife. She had to continue with the questioning, and she was surprised to find that her voice was still calm and firm as she spoke. "Were her eyes covered by this mask? Is that why you say she might not be able to identify you at that specific time?"

"Oh no, the mask had eye-holes. The problem was that just before my driver had informed me about the murder, I'd just finished cumming on her face. It had been a big load and her eyes may have been covered in semen."

Alicia heard another soft gasp from Cary and she was sure Will groaned, but she pressed on. "So you had just ejaculated on her face?"

"If you want to use the technical term for it, yes," Sweeney responded with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Alicia knew what she was going to ask next was probably an unnecessary line of questioning, but she had to know. She could feel her pussy creaming as she sat there, her heart beating rapidly in her chest. She picked up her pen as if she was going to take notes. "What had happened just before that?"

Sweeney gave her a quirky smile, as if he could see right through her. "What does that have to do with the actual crime that was committed?"

"I need to establish your whereabouts for that period of time before the body was discovered. You could have slipped out from where you were, killed that woman in your bedroom, then come back. So I repeat, what happened before you ejaculated on Mrs. Kirwan's face?"

"I was fucking her, of course," Sweeney answered, a matter-of-fact look on his face, as if the answer was obvious.

"And for how long were you so engaged with Mrs. Kirwan prior to the time the body was discovered?"

"I'd been fucking her for almost forty-five minutes. And she'd sucked me off for the fifteen minutes or so before that."

In her peripheral vision, Alicia could see both Cary and Will now sitting forward, listening attentively to Sweeney's illicit narrative.

With her pussy sopping wet, she continued with her questioning. "So you were with Mrs. Kirwan for approximately an hour prior to the body being discovered. And during this time, Mrs. Kirwan performed oral sex on you for around fifteen minutes, after which you engaged in sexual intercourse for another forty-five minutes."

"That's not quite correct."

"I thought that's just what you told us?"

"You said that she performed oral sex on me and then we had sexual intercourse. She didn't just perform oral sex on me, she sucked me right off—as in I flooded her hot wet mouth with a substantial load of cum. She liked to start each session that way, with me feeding her a nice creamy load. Dominique has a beautiful mouth—it actually looks just like yours, Alicia." Alicia noticed she was subconsciously nibbling at her full bottom lip, right where Sweeney's eyes were focused. He continued, not waiting for her to respond. "Then after she swallowed every drop I gave her, I tied her to the rack, and then fucked her deep and hard—just the way she liked it. By the time I was done, she'd cum so many times, she was just a quivering mass of tingling nerve endings, but she still pleaded with me to cum on her face. So of course, being the gentleman that I am, I happily obliged her request."

Alicia sat there dumbstruck, tremendously excited by what she was hearing from Colin Sweeney. Her panties were soaked, and she just prayed the wetness hadn't seeped right through the back of her skirt onto the chair beneath her. She was incredibly turned on, and her

thoughts went to her son, and his huge cunt-splitting cock. She heard Will clear his throat, then realized she'd been sitting there daydreaming, spellbound by her client's wickedly illicit narrative. She shifted in her seat, feeling her pussy-lips squishing between her legs as she sat up straighter. "So you were saying that after you ejaculated on Mrs. Kirwan's face, she may not have been able to identify you?"

"It was a pretty big load, and I made sure I covered most of her face as I pumped it out, including her eye sockets. She liked it when I'd finish, and then use my fingers to scrape it off her face and feed it to her. She'd lick it right off my fingers, just like candy. I was just getting ready to wipe the cum off her face and feed it to her when my driver came in and told us what had happened. We got Dominique cleaned up, ushered her out the back door and my driver had her home before the cops even got there." Sweeney paused for a second, then his face lit up. "Something just occurred to me. Alicia, perhaps if we're going to use this as a defense strategy, it might be a good idea if I was to provide you with a sperm sample as evidence. I'd be more than happy to give you one."

Alicia shivered, thinking about how much she loved to suck cock, and feel a big load of thick creamy cum slide luxuriously down her throat. And now here was an apparently well-hung man offering to give her a sample of his cum. She didn't know what to say, her emotions in a lust-driven turmoil.

"I don't think that will be necessary at this time," Will said, noticing Alicia's hesitation.

"Well, you think about it. Just let me know anytime, Alicia. I can give you as many samples as you need." Alicia found herself breathing rapidly, her heart beating excitedly in her chest as she looked across the table at her wealthy client. He looked at his watch and shook his head in dismay. "It's getting late and I'm done for tonight." He turned and looked at Will. "Perhaps it would be beneficial if Mrs. Florrick came over to my house and we continued the questioning there. It might help jog my memory in case I've forgotten something important—you know, being at the scene of the crime, and all that. Some day next week, perhaps?"

"We'll take it under advisement and let you know, Colin," Will said, the lawyers closing up their notepads for the night.

"Would you like a ride home, Mrs. Florrick?" Sweeney asked as he rose from the table. "It would be no problem to have my driver swing by your apartment."

"Uh, no. Thank you. I have my own car here and I really need to get going," Alicia replied, noticeably flustered. She felt herself trembling as she hurried from the boardroom and stepped into the elevator. It wasn't just the vivid imagery of his story about the mayor's wife that had her excited—partway through she realized she was becoming increasingly aroused by Sweeney's provocative words directed at her. She found herself becoming sexually intrigued by the man who only hours earlier she had despised. As she climbed into her car and hurried home, she wondered if she was falling under the same spell as Dominique Kirwan.

Shaking her head to clear her mind, she thought of Zach, and realized that he had been all she had been thinking of while listening to every lurid word Sweeney had been saying. Yes, she had found his obscene story wickedly exciting, but even as she listened and felt her juices flowing within her steaming cunt, she'd thought only of going to her son, of pulling him into her, to feel his magnificent cock stretching and filling her hot wet cunt over and over. She was definitely intrigued by Sweeney, but Zach was the one she knew she craved. She could feel that her illicit incestuous desire for her son was going to drive her to perform depraved acts she had only dreamed of. As she drove towards home, her perverted yearnings had her heart racing with excitement, her swollen nipples thrusting stiffly against her straining red sweater. As she thought of Zach sitting at home waiting for her, her foot pressed on the accelerator a little harder.

Zach's grandmother had left shortly after dinner. He and Grace had helped clean up, and then Grandma Jackie had gone home. He and Grace each went to their rooms, and he knew he would have his privacy until his mother came home. Being teenagers, he and Grace's rooms were 'off limits' to each other, except in case of an emergency. So, for the past couple of hours, he'd been sitting in front of his computer, surfing the internet and working on his favorite hobby. This never ceased to stiffen his cock, and he knew he could have jerked off at least three times since he'd sat down—but he was saving it, in the hopes that he could convince his mother to partake in some of the delicious activities they'd enjoyed with each other the night before.

Zach's ears perked up as he heard his mother open the front door. He looked at the clock on his computer: 9:58 PM. He quickly finished up what he was working on, minimized the screen and switched to a sports site, anxiously waiting for his mother to come to his room.

Alicia was so horny, she felt like she was climbing the walls. The revelation of the sordid affair between Colin Sweeney and the mayor's beautiful wife had left her just creaming with desire. She'd said in the morning that she and Zach needed to keep away from each other tonight—but with the aroused state she was in right now, there was no way that was going to happen. She felt the tingling itch deep inside her pussy once more, an itch so deep only her son's huge cock could scratch it. As much as she wanted to rush into his room and get her hands on that monstrous prick, she knew she had to check in on Grace first.

She dropped her purse on the kitchen counter, slipped her blazer off and placed it on the back of one of the chairs. She smoothed down her sweater, feeling the soft material cling enticingly to her nicely-shaped tits. She left her high heels on, knowing Zach would like that. She stepped down the hall, knocked softly on her daughter's door, then quietly entered. She smiled to herself as she looked at her young daughter, her sandy-blond hair strewn across her pillow as she slept peacefully. She'd fallen asleep with her bedside table lamp still on, a schoolbook lying open on the bed beside her.

Alicia quietly stepped across the room, picked up the book and set it down next to the lamp. As she reached to pull Grace's covers up, her pretty daughter rolled over slightly and opened her eyes.

"Mom, you're home. What time is it?"

"It's about 10:00, Honey," Alicia responded as she pulled the covers up to Grace's shoulders.

"I'm so tired," Grace groaned as she buried her face back into her pillow.

"Well, you just get some sleep, Dear," Alicia said as she got to her feet.

"Oh Mom, thanks for letting me stay at Jenna's tomorrow."

"That's fine, Sweetie. You just enjoy yourself. I think you two should do that more often—like when you were little." Alicia's wicked mind was already thinking of the things she and Zach would be able to do while Grace was staying overnight at her friend's.

"Okay. I'll see..." Grace didn't even finish her sentence before drifting back to sleep. Alicia quietly backed out of the room, gently closed the door, then turned and started towards Zach's room, her heart racing.

Zach looked up as his mother tapped gently on the door, then slowly opened it and poked her head around the corner. "Come on in, Mom, I've been waiting," he said as he looked at her pretty face, her dark

hair sensually framing her lovely features. She closed the door behind her, and they both smiled as they heard the latch click into place. His eyes roamed over her sexy mature body as she walked across the room towards him in her high heels, her hips shifting provocatively from side to side.

"How's my big boy today?" she asked with a wicked little smile as she stood next to his desk.

"I'm good," Zach said as he let his eyes blatantly travel up and down her matronly form, her tall lithe body looking incredible in the tight clothes she was wearing. His gaze ran down from her pretty face all the way to her sexy shoes, then back up slowly, taking in the view of her perfect legs, the form-fitting skirt and the tight red sweater deliciously encasing her perfect tits. "Oh Mom, you are so gorgeous."

"So how many times have you gotten off today, Tiger?" she asked, a playful smile on her face as she leaned her hip on his desk and looked down at him suggestively.

"Those two times first thing this morning, and then twice more at school. I couldn't help it—I'd taken those panties with me that you gave me last night. But nothing since then," he hurriedly added. "I've...I've been waiting for you to come home."

"But I thought we promised each other that we'd be good tonight and wait for tomorrow?"

"I know, but I can't help it, Mom. After last night, I just can't wait again."

Alicia almost came on the spot. Hearing her son speak like that had her just spinning with desire. "I know, Sweetie, I feel the same. But we've got to be quiet, and we can't go all night like we did yesterday. We'll have all night tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay," he replied, anxious to get to whatever she had in store for him.

"So how did this thing with Grace going to Jenna's come about? Did you say something?"

"I told Jenna you thought Grace needed to spend some time with her friends, that you were worried she was keeping things inside her about Dad."

"That's good. Oh yeah, what did you think about what Grace did with the yogurt and my jacket this morning?"

"That was unbelievable." Zach looked at his mother, a shameful look on his face. "But it was also kind of a turn-on."

"I thought so too. She must have inherited her taste for cum from me. Speaking of which, I think I promised you something, right?"

Zach watched as Alicia shimmied her hips from side to side while she worked her hands beneath her skirt, then a broad smile came over his face as she drew down her black panties and handed them to him.

"Oh my God, Mom, they're soaking wet," he said as he brought the soggy warm garment to his face and inhaled deeply.

"That's because I've been thinking about you all day, Sweetie. Have you been thinking about me?"

"You know I have," he replied, and then his face got more serious. "Mom, remember last night when you were saying how important it is for us to be totally honest with each other?"

Alicia remembered this was something they'd spoken about many times since the scandal with her husband became public knowledge. She reminded Zach of it a number of times last night when she'd found out how much he fantasized about her, how often he masturbated thinking about her. She curiously wondered what was on his mind now. "Yes Zach, we agreed we need to be totally honest with each other. So what is it?"

"You know those pictures of you in that magazine I have?"

"Yes."

"Those aren't the only pictures of you that I have. I have a lot more," he said this with a relieved tone in his voice, like he was making a confession.

"You mean there are more pictures of me in magazines like that?" She couldn't keep the surprise out of her voice.

"No, not exactly. Can you come around here?" he asked as he shifted his desk chair to one side to make room for her. As Alicia stepped around the desk to look over his shoulder, Zach's hand reached for the mouse. He clicked on the icon he had minimized when she came home.

"Wha...?" Alicia gasped as the sports site webpage was replaced by a screen showing four pictures of her, side by side, the pictures filling the screen from top to bottom. Only something was wrong—it was her, but it wasn't her. She recognized her face easily enough, but she knew the outfits she was wearing in the pictures didn't belong to her. She leaned in closer and looked at the four pictures. In the first one, she was wearing a brilliant white merry widow, with white stockings held up by ribbon-like garters. It looked like bridal lingerie and she felt a little twinge in her pussy as she realized how sexy she looked in the picture. The second picture had her in an extremely short black lace mini-dress, her legs looking spectacular in the sky-high black pumps she was wearing. In the third picture, she was wearing a scoop-necked mint-green t-shirt and a faded denim miniskirt. The t-shirt was tightly stretched over a huge set of tits, which she judged to be a least double-Ds. In the picture, her nipples stiffly cast dark

shadows on the face of the form-fitting t-shirt. The last picture showed her once again in sexy lingerie, a matching electric-blue bra and panty set with her legs adorned by a pair of black thigh-high stockings. She was sitting facing the camera with her legs spread, her pussy bulging invitingly through the snug-fitting panties.

"Zach...these pictures...how...", she mumbled, unable to take her eyes off the sexy photos.

"It's Photoshop, Mom. Remember when I asked for a camera for Christmas a couple of years ago?"

Alicia nodded numbly, her eyes going from one erotic picture to the next. She remembered how they'd gotten Zach the camera, and how he seemed to be everywhere with that thing, taking pictures of her every chance he got. She never realized he was using it for this reason. As she thought about it, she felt herself getting aroused even more.

"So you've been taking pictures of me, and then doing this with them?" she asked, leaning in close to look at herself. She could see that her face and hair were slightly outlined from the rest of the photo. It was her head and face, all the way down her neck to where the layer ended at a chunky necklace, but from that point on, it was a different woman's body beneath.

"How...how do you do this?"

"I find a picture of something I'd like to see you in, then I pick out one of the pictures I have of your face that I think will look best. I then adjust the colors to make sure they match, then cut and paste a few layers to cover the original model's face, then insert yours. Voila," Zach explained, pointing to the four pictures on the screen.

"Zach, I...I look so beautiful in these," Alicia gushed, looking from one picture to the next over and over. "How many pictures like this do you have?"

He paused for a second before replying, nervously averting his eyes from hers. "Uh...thousands actually."

"Oh dear," Alicia felt her heart racing as she thought about all the time it must have taken her son to do that. She found it incredibly exciting that he was so obsessed with her. She sensed his nervousness at having made this confession to her, and knew she had to say something to alleviate his anxiety. "Zach, I am surprised, but I love it too. I'm so happy I can make you feel this way."

"Really, Mom? You're not upset with me? I was so worried, but I knew after last night I had to tell you."

"Oh Zach, you are my sweetheart," Alicia said as she took his face in her hands and brought her lips down to his. They kissed passionately, her tongue slipping deep into his mouth as she rolled her tongue against his. Finally, they drew apart, both of them breathless.

"Mmmm, that was nice," Alicia said softly as she turned and looked back at the computer screen, loving the pictures she was seeing of herself there. "Can you show me how you do one of these?"

"Sure," Zach replied as he sat forward and started to move the mouse. "Okay, I downloaded a picture a little while ago that I haven't Momized yet."

"Momized?"

"Yeah, that's what I call it when I take a picture I like and manipulate it to put your face in it." Alicia couldn't help but smile as he clicked the mouse and the program opened onto a screen showing a number of different folders. There were many of them, with names below the folders like "Lingerie 8", "Tight Sweaters 5", "Bikinis 7" and the one at the top left that immediately caught her eye, "1-Mom". Zach clicked on the one at the end of his Lingerie list and the folder opened, showing many thumbnails of pictures similar to the enlarged ones she'd seen on the screen. He quickly clicked on one, bringing it to the main screen in full size.

"Do you like this one?" he asked.

Alicia looked at the beautiful model, her pretty face looking seductively right into the camera as she stood with her feet shoulder-width apart, her sensuous body teasingly clothed in a white satin chemise with black lace trim, the hem of the chemise falling just

below her pussy. Her breasts were perfect, nicely filling out the bodice of the chemise, one black ribbony shoulder strap having slid partway down her arm, the casually displaced strap making her look even more seductive. She stood in front of a deep mahogany wood wall, her bare legs glistening in the camera light. She wore a sexy pair of black high heeled sandals, a broad leather strap wound tightly around each trim ankle.

"She's beautiful, and I love what she's wearing. Those shoes are so sexy. I noticed the names of your files. In most of the pictures you have, am I wearing clothes of some sort?"

"Yes. I actually prefer that. I have a few where the model is partly naked, but for some reason, I much prefer seeing you in something sexy."

"I like that too," Alicia said with a smile on her face. She reached forward and put her hand on the back of her son's chair. "Okay, show me how you do it."

Alicia watched as Zach worked quickly. He went to the file labelled "1-Mom" and when he opened it, she was surprised to see probably more than fifty different head shots of her. He picked one and brought it to the main screen before dragging and dropping the partial picture onto the lingerie model's body. She watched as he moved the mouse here and there, first adjusting the color so the model's skin tone matched her own, then dragged the part with her head down to a bottom corner, out of the way from where he was going to work. He then outlined the upper part of the model's body

with a dotted line of some form before cutting and pasting that part of the picture on top of the background. He then explained that he was going to the background layer again, and then he cut and pasted a portion of the rich wood wall behind the girl. Alicia watched as he moved and expanded the new section of wall, stretching it from one side of the model to the other, putting a new background behind her, this one covering her head. With the various layer manipulations he had done, it appeared now as the original picture, but with a headless model. He then dragged the layer with Alicia's face back into the correct position, then quickly adjusted the size so it was in the correct proportions to the original.

"There we go. What do you think?"

Alicia looked at the picture—it was now she who looked so sexy in that wispy outfit and come-fuck-me shoes. She had to lean in closely to see that the picture was a fake. At first glance, you would have no idea. She was very impressed by Zach's skill in working with the Photoshop program. "That's fantastic. I love it. And you say you have thousands of these that you've done?"

"Yes. I love the way you look in sexy clothes like that, Mom."

"Well, I have a few things like that."

"I know," he interjected quickly.

"And just how would you know that, Buster?" she asked teasingly as she drew one blood-red fingernail along his jawline. "Has someone been snooping in my underwear drawer?"

"Yes," he admitted, his face flushing bright red.

"That's okay, Zach. You can do that anytime you want. I find it very exciting that you do that. You can take anything you want from my room and jerk off anytime you like." She felt Zach shudder as she continued to trace her fingertip around his sensitive earlobe. "Now, these outfits like the ones in these pictures—maybe I should get some more. Would you like that?"

"I...I'd love that," he gasped out, a fine sheen of perspiration appearing on his young brow.

"Well, I guess I've got some shopping to do if you'd like to see me in something like that." She nodded towards the picture he'd just created. "I think another part of you likes seeing me in those outfits too." They both looked down between his legs, his enormous hard-on grotesquely tenting out the front of his pajama pants.

"Based on what you were telling me last night, I bet you've looked at those pictures on there many times and thought about me sucking you off, haven't you?"

"More times than you could imagine."

"Well, how would you like one of your fantasies to come true?"

"You mean you'd...you'd," Zach stuttered, watching wide-eyed as Alicia dropped to her knees and shifted beneath his desk, her face poised over his lap.

"Let's just get these out of the way." Her hands gripped his waistband and quickly pulled his pajama pants down and off his virile young body. "Oh God, it's so beautiful," she said breathlessly, her mature face mere inches from his thrusting erection. She stared at the stallion-like phallus, the engorged love-muscle standing up ramrod straight, the protruding veins pulsing with each beat of his racing heart. She could see his balls hanging between his legs, looking swollen and full. She knew it wouldn't be long before she'd have a bellyful of her son's thick rich cum.

Zach watched his mother staring intently at his huge prick, her eyes glazed over with desire as her tongue slid out from and circled instinctively around her soft red lips. He flexed his groin, causing a syrupy gob of pre-cum to pulse to the surface, the glistening fluid starting to run sluggishly down his upright shaft. "It's all yours, Mom. You can suck it as long as you want."

Alicia reached out and wrapped her delicate little hand around her son's steel-hard prick, her curling fingers not even meeting the base of her hand as she closed down on the throbbing shaft. She pumped slowly upwards, causing another glistening bead of pre-cum to ooze

to the surface and start to distend enticingly downwards from the wet red eye, the shiny fluid dangling in a teasing shimmering strand. She'd been dreaming about this all day and her mouth was salivating like crazy as she moved closer, feeling the heat from her son's enflamed pecker on the skin of her face. She extended her tongue and captured the drizzling strand of fluid on the tip of her tongue, then sucked it back into her mouth and swallowed wantonly.

"Mmmmm." She purred like a kitten as the tasty morsel slid down her throat, but it only served to whet her appetite for more. Once she'd had the little appetizer there was no stopping her, not until she got her son's full load—straight from the source. She licked upwards, her spit-drenched tongue sliding luxuriously over her son's pulsing shaft. She slipped her lips over the broad flared head, loving the intense sensation of her full lips stretching almost to the tearing point before they slipped down over the thick rope-like ridge of his corona, the lemon-sized knob filling her mouth.

"Oh Mom, that feels so good," Zach groaned as his mother rolled her tongue slowly all around the plum-shaped head, bathing it in a hot bath of her gooey spit.

He was surprised when she pulled her mouth off his pulsing dong and looked up at him. "Don't forget to look at those pictures of me, Zach." She quickly engulfed his cock once more, her lips starting to slide further down his cock. He reached forward and grabbed the mouse, positioning the new picture over one of the others on his screen—four beautiful pictures of his mother looking sexy and fuckable, his to look at and fantasize about as the real thing was

nestled beneath his desk, sucking him off. As his mother bobbed her head frantically up and down his rampant cock, he zeroed in on the picture he'd just altered, his mother's seductively smiling face looking back at him as she stood with her sexy legs well apart, the chemise draped enchantingly over her perfect tits, the hem ending teasingly high on her long toned legs. He looked at that shoulder strap that had slipped off her shoulder, the ribbon-like strap dangling provocatively down her arm. He looked at her tits, perfectly-shaped and threatening to spill over the top of the glistening satin chemise. One look at those tits—now his mothers' tits, was all it took.

"Oh Mom, I'm gonna cum," he groaned as he felt the delicious contractions begin in his midsection.

Alicia sucked wantonly, her cheeks caving in, her face pistoning lewdly up and down over her son's rock-hard cock as he began to cum. The first thick rope jettisoned forth, pasting itself forcefully against the hot wet tissues deep inside her mouth.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Zach moaned, his lust-glazed eyes looking at the pictures on his computer screen as his throbbing dick continued to go off inside his mother's wet sucking mouth. This was the kind of thing he'd fantasized about so many times—his sexy mature mother lying between his legs, sucking him off like a porn star, slurping and sucking for all she was worth, not being satisfied until she'd swallowed every creamy drop.

Alicia's lips were just buzzing, the intense friction between her mouth and her son's pulsing cock sending shivers of delight right down to her wet slippery twat. Zach's engorged prick continued to buck and twitch in her mouth, wad after wad of thick milky cream gushing into her mouth and splashing over her tonsils. She swallowed, wanting to drain him of every glorious drop. He continued to cum, his enormous member flooding her mouth with his precious nectar. She swallowed again, and then a third time before his spitting cock slowed and a final orgasmic shudder ran down his spine, the last traces of his flowing discharge oozing out onto her welcoming tongue. She continued to suck gently, her mature lips and tongue nursing tenderly at his seeping cockhead. With a final loving kiss on the very tip of his cock, she sat back and looked up at her son, his eyes looking at her lovingly as he sat there, his chest heaving as he fought to regain his breath.

"Oh Mom, that was amazing." He sat forward and pulled her to him, his lips meeting hers. Alicia opened her lips to allow him in, his tongue rolling salaciously over hers as he feathered it deep into her mouth. He kissed her hard, the desire within him only temporarily satisfied.

"Mom, let me do that to you now," he said as he rose from the chair and pulled her into it.

"Alright," Alicia replied as she started to pull her skirt up her thighs. "The computer...these pictures...is there any way that you can set it up so it runs kind of a slideshow? I'd love to see more."

"Sure, I can do that." Zach quickly moved the mouse here and there before turning to his mother. "There, just hit that arrow whenever you're ready."

"Okay," she said as she sat back in the chair and continued pulling her skirt up provocatively. "Are you sure you want to do this? I'm pretty wet." She gave Zach a wickedly nasty smile as she stopped pulling up her skirt, about half of her inviting thighs now on display.

Zach looked down at his mother's smooth creamy thighs and began to salivate. "Yes, I love it when you're wet, like last night. I love the taste of you. I wish I could eat you all night long."

Alicia almost came on the spot as she listened to her son's wickedly sinful words—a boy telling his mother he'd like to eat out her steaming wet cunt all night long. As much as she wanted his mouth working on her right away, she wasn't done toying with him just yet. She sat forward on the edge of the chair, then reached down and placed her hand on his face, her fingertips running teasingly around his warm lips. "Well, I don't know. Let me see what you're going to do to me with that mouth of yours. Pretend this is my clit." She slipped her index finger between his soft lips and into his mouth.

Zach moaned impatiently as he closed his lips around the invading digit. He wanted to get to his mother's hot pink twat so bad, but he knew he'd do whatever she wanted, as long as she would give him the prize he wanted at the end. He pursed his lips and sucked gently at her finger, pressing his tongue against the end, then rolling his tongue slowly around and around her soft fingertip and long

pointed nail. He knew how he'd had her climbing the walls last night when he'd done that to the fiery little nodule at the apex of her beckoning slit.

"Oh my, you are a quick learner," Alicia said in a deep husky voice. "If you do it just like that, I think I'll get off so fast you just might have to give me two in a row. Would you like that?"

"Mhhmmm," he hummed in agreement, never taking his sucking lips and tongue off her invading finger.

"Mmmmm, I don't know, I've been dripping all day. You're going to have to do a lot of cleaning up first. Do you think you're up to it?" she teased, hearing her young son whine in anxious frustration as he sucked on her slender finger.

"Oh God, Mom. Please," Zach begged as he slipped his lips off her finger and moved into position beneath the desk.

"Well, since you said please," Alicia said coyly as she leaned back and started to pull her skirt up once more. Zach's eyes grew wide in anticipation as he watched more and more of his mother's spectacular legs come into view. When her skirt reached her hips, she gave him a seductive smile as she spread her legs to each side, then brought them up and draped them over the arms of the desk chair, her dripping wet cunt brazenly on display.

"Oh fuck," Zach muttered under his breath as he eagerly dove in between his mother's lewdly spread thighs. Her whole crotch was soaked, the mound of her sex and her inner thighs just glistening with her musky juices. Zach pressed the flat of his tongue on the inside of one thigh and licked upwards, the scintillating flavor of her womanly nectar stimulating his taste buds.

"Mmmm," he moaned in pleasure as he shifted from the inside of one milky thigh to the other, his lapping tongue gathering in her cunt-honey. With her thighs clean, he pressed his face right up against her glistening mound, his lips and tongue actively working to suck up as much of her oozing discharge as he could get.

As soon as Zach had started to lick her, Alicia hit the play arrow on the computer. While Zach enthusiastically began to eat her, she sat back and watched the images unfold on the screen before her. Each image would remain on the screen for a few seconds before slowly shifting to the next one. She was riveted by what she saw, picture after picture of herself in one sexy shot after another. As Zach had said, nearly all the pictures had her wearing some form of sexy clothing—lingerie, miniskirts and mini-dresses, or bikinis. She loved it all, wondering how she would really look in clothes as exciting and sexy as what she was looking at.

"Oh God, Zach, that's so good," she groaned, her attention momentarily diverted by her son's tongue sliding high up inside her. He circled his tongue all around the hot moist tissues inside her dripping trench, his probing tongue driving her towards a much-needed release. Her eyes flicked back to the screen as another image

appeared, this one in which the busty model was turned slightly in profile while wearing a wet t-shirt, her stiff nipples thrusting boldly against the front of the wet t-shirt. The view in profile made it look like you just wanted to reach out and cup her big heavy tits, to feel the impressive size and weight of them for yourself. Alicia found it sinfully exciting to see her own face on the picture—as if that was really her. At the same time, Zach withdrew his tongue from inside her and slipped his lips over the protruding bud of her enflamed clit. His lips clamped on tightly and she felt the tip of his tongue bathe the sensitive nodule with hot wet spit. After everything she'd been through today, and now looking at herself in those sexy images, Alicia couldn't take it any longer.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS," she hissed, her eyes rolling back in her head as she started to cum. Her body shook from the intense sensations, her hips bucking up against her son's working mouth as he licked and sucked on her throbbing clit. Zach felt her juices gushing out, the warm discharge splashing against his chin. He rolled his tongue firmly around the engorged spire within his mouth, and was rewarded with a deep-throated groan from his mother as she flexed her overheated twat up against his face. She came for a long time, the delicious sensations of a nerve-tingling climax coursing luxuriously through her mature body. Zach continued to suck and lick at her enflamed clit as the exquisite waves of orgasmic bliss rolled through her again and again. As her twitches and convulsions slowly receded, Zach slid his lips downwards, his eager mouth feasting on her flowing juices. The wet sloppy sound of his enthusiastic licking echoed throughout his room.

Alicia looked down at her son through lust-filled eyes, her wanton desires only temporarily satisfied. "That was so nice, Zach." She reached down with both hands and took her son's head in her hands. "Let's say we go for a second one, okay?" When Zach looked up at her and nodded eagerly from his spot between her widely-spread thighs, Alicia pulled his face firmly against her pulsing snatch and then sat back, a blissful smile of contentment on her face as she looked back at the computer in front of her.

She watched the ongoing slideshow of the lusty images of herself, the sexy shots of her in all types of lingerie, bikinis and tight tops firing her already soaring libido. She shifted slightly forwards in her seat, opening herself up even further to her son's working mouth as she kept her long toned legs draped over the arms of the chair.

Zach felt like he was in paradise. He loved eating his mother—something he had dreamed of so many times. And now here she was, sitting in front of his computer and looking at the many pictures of her he had created. He couldn't think of any place he'd rather be.

"Oh Jesus, that feels so good," Alicia moaned as her son softly slurped away, her oozing cunt just flooding his mouth with her precious nectar. After probing and licking deep within her sodden trench for a number of minutes, he brought his mouth back to that swollen pebble at the top of her glistening slot.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkk," she moaned as she rolled her hips slightly against her son's beautiful mouth, the wonderful sensations starting to take over her tingling body once more. Zach feverishly attacked

her clit, and it wasn't long before she had that second orgasm she'd asked for. But he didn't stop. As she lay there quivering and convulsing, he just kept licking and sucking, absolutely ravishing her with his constantly-working lips and tongue. He brought her to a third, and then to a fourth nerve-racking climax before she finally had to push him away, her oversensitive body on the point of collapse.

Alicia lay there, recovering from the intense pleasure her son had just given her. She realized how much she loved him, adored him. No one had ever pleased her with his mouth like her son had. He was so eager to please her, without a thought for himself, willing to do whatever she wished of him, for as long as she wanted. She loved him with all her heart, and knew she'd do whatever she could to bring him as much pleasure as he'd given her.

Zach looked up at his mother, her body slumped back in the chair, her legs still draped wantonly over the arms, the muscles on the insides of her thighs still quivering from the aftershocks. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing raggedly, trying to regain her breath after the exquisite sensation of having been taken to one climax after another. She looked incredibly sexy, her tight business skirt scrunched up around her waist, her long beautiful legs lewdly on display. She still wore her sky-high pumps, her sexy shoes dangling above the floor. He looked up at her chest, her tits nicely displayed in her red sweater, her stiff swollen nipples protruding suggestively against the tight fabric.

He loved to see her like this, blissfully happy and intensely satisfied from something he'd been able to do for her. He was so happy that she'd been so aroused by the pictures that he'd created. He thought those were a private collection he'd never be able to share with anyone. She'd been totally enamored with them, loving the way she looked in the pictures, even to the point of having him run a slideshow of the various images for her to look at as he'd eaten her out. He loved being between her legs, feasting on her dripping cunt as she watched the sexy images appear on the screen, one after the next after the next—an almost endless display of erotic delight.

He'd fantasized so many times about servicing his mother in any way possible, of doing whatever he could to bring her the sexual gratification he knew her perfect milfish body needed. If she wanted his mouth, he'd do that all night long if that was what she desired. If she wanted to fuck, he knew he'd be able get hard for her time and time again until she'd finally be begging for him to stop. He loved her so much, he'd do whatever she wanted—anytime, anywhere. But right now, he had something else that he knew would make both of them happy, and he was definitely ready to share it with her.

"We're not done yet, are we, Mom?" he asked, lifting himself onto his knees but staying between her indecently-spread legs, his huge cock once more diamond-hard and ready to cut deep into something hot and wet.

From her slumped position in the chair, Alicia looked between her legs to where her son's rigid member stood up stallion-like, the huge helmet-shaped head looking swollen and angry. She saw the

lecherous smile on his face as he wrapped his hand around the thick hard shaft and pointed the bludgeon-like head towards her splayed-out cunt. "Zach, I'm too sensi...", she started to say but her words were lost as her son's enormous cock-head pressed forcefully against her and started to stretch open her pussy-lips.

"Oh my Godddddd," she moaned deep in her throat as he slowly forced himself in deeper. She reached down, grabbed the arms of the chair and gritted her teeth as Zach pressed himself forcefully, mercilessly, deeper—stretching the clinging tissues inside her tight mature cunt.

"Oh Mom, you're so hot and wet," Zach said as he watched inch after inch of his monstrous prick disappear inside his mother's hot gripping hole. He insistently flexed forwards, driving his hard thick cock higher and higher into his mother's clutching vagina. Her slick labia were stretched tightly around his turgid shaft, gripping it like she never wanted to let it go.

"Oh fuck," Alicia groaned as her head rolled from side to side. "So biggggg...so hardddddd..." Her body was tensing up as he went deeper and deeper, her oily insides helping to pave the way to her cervix. She could feel him slowly, firmly, going past that point he'd opened up inside her last night—that point at which no man had ever been so deep inside her before. With a final upward thrust, he drove the last few inches all the way into her, his midsection slamming up against her as the hot hard head of his cock bumped up against her womb.

"OH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," Alicia groaned loudly, trying to keep quiet, but failing. The feeling of Zach's huge powerful cock pressing up against her cervix had triggered another orgasm deep inside her, this one blossoming throughout her whole body like an atomic bomb. Her body twitched and bucked on the thick hard stake being driven deep into her, her mature body flailing about like a ragdoll as wave after wave of mind-numbing delight crashed through her.

Zach held tightly onto his mother as she convulsed and shook beneath him, his enormous prick buried to the hilt inside her hot gripping twat. He stayed still until her gyrations slowly started to diminish—and then he started to fuck her hard.

"Oh God, Zach...no...no...AHHHHHHHHH..." Alicia's body quivered and twitched through another tingling orgasm as he flexed back and forth, driving his raging prick all the way into her time and again. She was gasping and shaking, her body feeling like one huge nerve-ending as she continued to cum, his hard thick cock stretching and filling her like never before.

Zach's own orgasm was fast approaching, the muscles inside his mother's talented cunt gripping and pulling at him with each driving thrust. Even though she looked like she was about to pass out, she rolled her hips teasingly, the hot wet tissues inside her enveloping his engorged erection in a hot buttery sheath. He felt his heavy balls drawing up close to his body and knew he was close.

"Oh Mom, here it comes," he warned as he slammed himself fully into her, his shaven midsection pressed flush up against her overheated mound. The boiling semen sped up the shaft of his cock and spewed forth, pasting itself against the opening to her womb like a fireball.

"Not againnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...," Alicia gasped as another shocking tremor raced through her shattered body. She was gripping the arms of the chair in a death grip as she could feel her son going off inside her, his powerful cock continuing to spit and shoot as he flooded her cunt with his potent semen.

Zach held himself tight to his mother, her talented cunt working to pull every creamy drop from his buried erection. He felt like he'd never cum so hard in his life, and was savoring the luxurious sensations of filling his mother with his milky cum. He came and came, wad after wad of thick teenaged cream shooting into the depths of her steaming cunt. The tingling sensations of their mutual orgasms slowly diminished, leaving both of them breathless. Alicia slumped deep into the chair, while Zach looked at his mother's sexy face and lewdly displayed body — knowing he wanted more.

"C'mere, Mom," he said as he withdrew and stood up, his still-hard cock pointing menacingly towards her as he pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it aside.

"Wha...Zach...I...I," she mumbled almost incoherently as he pulled her twitching body off the chair and placed her on his bed.

"Now, I think it's my turn to say let's go for two in a row," he said as he climbed onto the bed, wrapped a hand around each of her ankles and raised her legs high in the air and as far out to each side as he could reach. Alicia was so exhausted from the sexual onslaught that she could only lie back and wait for it to happen. She didn't have to wait long—with his arms holding her legs splayed out to each side, Zach leaned forwards and fed his rampant horse-cock back into her tight wet cunt.

Two hours later, Zach helped his mother into her own bed, his arm slung around her and supporting her like a drunk as he helped her from his room to hers. He turned on the bedside lamp, pulled back the covers and set her down, her body collapsing back into the sheets. He pulled off her high heels, but left on the skirt and the sweater which she was still wearing.

"See Mom, you said we should cut it short tonight." He nodded towards the clock beside her. In her exhausted condition, she was barely able to see the time: 12: 39am. "Now you just lay there, I'll be right back."

Alicia felt him get up from the bed and leave. There was no way she could move, even if she wanted to. She lay there, totally fucked to the point of exhaustion, not even able to think straight, her whole body thrumming like a plucked guitar string. Once again, she'd lost track of the number of times she'd cum. Her mature body had responded instinctively with one orgasm after another as her son had

turned her every which way, his enormous cock burying itself all the way into her in each different position.

"Just needed to get a little of this." She slowly opened her eyes as she heard Zach's voice. He climbed onto the bed and straddled her body, setting something down beside her. Through sleepy eyes, she saw he'd brought a big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline and a towel. She watched as he reached into the jar and scooped out a generous supply of the viscous lubricant.

"There, that's better," he said as he wrapped his hand around his cock and started stroking it smoothly back and forth. Alicia rolled her head to the side, unable to move in her exhausted condition. She felt her sweater being pushed up her body.

"I haven't had enough of these yet tonight," Zach said quietly as he slid his free hand beneath her sweater and over her firm tits. He pushed the sweater higher so he could see, his slippery hand pumping smoothly back and forth. With the sweater bunched around her neck, he moved his hand from one tit to the other, gently squeezing and feeling her stiff nipples through her sexy black bra. Alicia lay there deliciously exhausted, barely able to move at all, close to passing out.

"Oh Mom, you are so beautiful," Zach whispered gently as he turned his hand and slid his fingers right down inside her bra, his fingertips toying with her nipple.

"Mmmmm," Alicia moaned, her body's lusty needs betraying her once more. His fingers moved from one breast to the other, sliding erotically down inside her sexy bra. As he rolled her other swollen nipple between his thumb and forefinger, she moaned deep in her throat once more.

"You're still awake?" Zach asked as he smiled down at his mother's inert form. "Let's see if you've got one more in you."

In her dazed state, she had no idea what he was talking about, but she felt him swing his body off of hers and move down on the bed. She felt her legs being pushed open and she looked down through hooded eyes to see her son kneeling between them. She closed her eyes and lay back, and then felt Zach's fingers slip inside her overflowing twat.

"Wow, Mom, that's really messy in there," he said as he started to saw his fingers back and forth. Zach looked down and saw the loads of cum he'd shot inside her oozing out of her leaking snatch, the milky goo sliding down her body and pooling on the sheet beneath her. With a smile on his face, he continued working his two fingers deep inside her as he brought his thumb up and rubbed it over the hooded sheath of her clit.

"Ohhhnnnnn," his exhausted mother moaned, her body lying still beneath him. He got his thumb good and wet with the juices inside her and pressed his thumb harder over the protruding little spire at the same time as he rubbed his long fingers along the roof of her

vagina, his moving hand squelching noisily within her cum-filled pussy.

"Oh my God, not again," Alicia thought, the delicious sensations tearing right through her exhausted stupor.

"Oh...oh...aaaaahhhhhh... hhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she hissed long and low as her body started to shake again. Her legs and arms quivered and twitched as Zach worked her over with his fingers, loving the sight of his thoroughly-fucked mother having one more climax as his silvery cum ran out of her overflowing cunt.

As her trembling body slowed and she collapsed back into the sheets, Zach straddled her chest once more and pointed his long slick cock at her exposed chest. "Oh fuck, Mom, here you go—one for you and one for me." He stroked his rock-hard prick vigorously as he came, spraying her bra-covered tits with a final huge load. He moved his spitting cock from one breast to the other, flooding her chest with cum. He stroked and stroked as his semen spewed forth, the sperm-laden fluid landing in milky ribbons on her soft creamy tits.

Alicia lay there totally exhausted, unable to move but feeling her chest becoming splattered with Zach's warm thick seed. She felt movement on the bed but was unable to move, her body succumbing to the exhaustion that had been overwhelming her.

"There you go, Mom, the last little bit is for you." Zach knelt next to mother's face and drew his spent prick across her mouth, the final

oozing drops leaving a milky strand on her soft red lips. He stood next to the bed and looked down at his mother's mature sexy body, then pulled her sweater down over her cum-covered tits and pulled the blankets up over her. With a final glance at her blissfully serene face, he turned off the light and returned to his room, anxiously awaiting tomorrow—a whole night they would have together, alone.

Alicia lay in the dark, her mind drifting on the edge of sleep. She could feel the warm stickiness of Zach's semen beneath her sweater, knowing from the number of shots she'd felt land on her that he'd thoroughly covered her tits with his cum. She felt like rolling over, but realized she was too exhausted to even move. Her whole body was still tingling all over, and a twinge of painful delight went from her abused cunt all the way up through her entire body. She lay peacefully, realizing she'd never felt so wonderfully content in her entire life. She had never felt such exquisite sexual gratification, and the fact that it was her son that was bringing her this much pleasure just made it so much better. She felt her heart swell with pure joy at what a wonderful young man Zach had become, and how much she loved him. In just two nights, he had already shown her what a caring, considerate and passionate lover he could be—the perfect lover.

She too thought about tomorrow night, when she'd have Zach all to herself with no one else around. After looking at all those sexy pictures he had of her, she thought about what she could wear for her son, wanting to make him as happy as he'd made her. There was a shop near her office that sold high-end lingerie. She'd have no trouble finding something there that Zach would approve of. She

might have to take a little longer than normal lunch break tomorrow—she definitely had some shopping she wanted to do.

Lying there on the edge of slumber, her body was still buzzing from the wildly intense fucking he'd just given her. Over the last couple of hours, he'd totally ravished her—driving his monstrous hard cock so far into her, she felt like she was being crucified—nailed to the cross by the long thick stake between her son's legs. His desire and sexual appetite for her was insatiable—and she loved it. As she lay there, totally exhausted and unable to even move, she wondered if she could continue to handle his beautiful huge cock and his ravenous desire for her. She wanted to try. She'd go to that lingerie store and get a few things that she was sure would have him climbing the walls. She'd pick out some things that would have his enormous prick stiffening again and again, although he never seemed to have any trouble with that—his huge teenage cock never seeming to lose its throbbing rigidity. Tomorrow night, she decided, she'd fuck him as savagely and tirelessly as he'd fucked her tonight.

Alicia was finally able to turn her head slightly to the side, her soft pillow cradling her pretty face. She could feel her pussy leaking, the multiple loads of cum her son had shot into her seeping out all over her sheets, but she didn't care—she loved the illicitly wicked feeling of her son's milky cum in and on her body. As she lay there, picturing him moving between her legs and feeding his big thick cock deep into her, she felt something tacky on her lower lip and slipped out her tongue. She drew it back into her mouth, the warm milky gob of cum clinging to her tongue. She closed her mouth and let his precious seed settle on her taste buds, savoring the final remnants of Zach's last orgasm. She swallowed slowly, enjoying the

comforting sensation of the silky fluid sliding smoothly down her throat—the perfect end to a perfect night.

Alicia's Lingerie

My intention in writing the first Good Wife story, "The Good Wife—Alicia's Hot Itch", was that it was going to be a one-off story, and not a continuing series. (Note that "Alicia's Hunger" is the same story). I found that I enjoyed writing the story so much that I produced a second offering, "The Good Wife—Alicia Wants More." I've now found that I still have more to say regarding this storyline, so with this submission, I have commenced numbering the stories to assist new readers who may be discovering these stories for the first time. This is #3, and I can tell you that #4 is currently in progress. It is recommended that the stories be read in the correct order, as the story does proceed chronologically. I apologize for any confusion relative to the titles, and I hope you enjoy reading these stories as much as I have had writing them...rmdexter

Zach had set his cell phone to go off fifteen minutes before their usual wake-up time. He knew that in his mother's condition when he put her to bed last night, she was in no shape to remember to do it. Last night, he'd fucked her to climax after climax until she seemed on the verge of almost slipping into a coma, then he'd carefully taken her to her own bed and tucked her in for the night, but not before jerking off one more load onto her nicely-shaped tits.

His phone chirped and he casually shut it off, lying there with a smile on his face. Today was Friday, and with Grace going to her friend Jenna's, he and his mother would have the whole night together. He couldn't wait—he literally couldn't wait. He looked down at his morning hard-on obscenely tenting up his sheets, and remembered why he'd set the alarm fifteen minutes early. He quickly got up and exited his room. Turning to see that Grace's door was still shut, he stealthily made his way down the hall to his mother's room. He entered, and then gently closed the door behind him. He could hear his mother's soft breathing as he made his way across the room. He reached down and turned on the lamp on her bedside table, bathing the room in a warm amber glow.

"Nnnhnnn," he heard his mother moan slightly when the light came on, but she remained sleeping. He reached down and carefully drew back the covers he'd pulled up to her shoulders the night before. She'd been so exhausted, she was still in the exact same position he'd left her in. A smile came to his face as his eyes roamed over her still-clothed form. When they'd been fucking, he'd left her clothes on the whole time, loving the sexy look of her in her slim-fitting business attire. It never failed to make his monstrous prick hard. A smile came over his face as he looked at her, her clothes stained and matted with his spunk. There were some dark wet stains showing through her tight red sweater from where he'd last shot onto her chest. He looked down at her black skirt, now kind of scrunched up so the hem was sitting just below her well-fucked pussy. There were white crusty patches everywhere on the jet black skirt, as well as on the lower part of her sweater. Some dry cleaning was definitely going to be required. He looked up at his mother's pretty face, at her soft red lips,

and knew why he had come. He tore off his t-shirt and pajama pants and stepped next to the bed, his long heavy cock thrusting out before him.

"C'mon Mom, time to wake up," Zach said as he slipped another pillow behind her head, then grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her a little farther up against the headboard.

"Wha...what time is it?" Alicia asked groggily as she started to come awake.

"It's fifteen minutes before our usual wake-up time," her 19-year old son replied as he quickly clambered onto the bed and swung his leg over her, his young body straddling hers.

"Zach, I...I...," she muttered in confusion, her eyes now looking at his rigid erection, the enormously huge cock thrusting over her face menacingly.

"I know you said to save ourselves for tonight, but this one can't wait," Zach said slyly as he wrapped his hand around his turgid shaft and pointed it right at her succulent red lips. "Lick those lips for me, Mom. Get them good and wet and then give me a nice target to aim for."

Still barely awake, Alicia obediently complied, already a slave to her son's big beautiful cock. She slipped her tongue out from between

her lips and circled it all around her wide generous mouth, her taste buds picking up the flavor of the last shots of cum he'd wiped across her lips last night. With her full red lips glistening, she formed them into an inviting 'O', anxious for her son to feed her all 10+ inches of his throbbing manhood.

"That's it, Mom. That's perfect," Zach said, a mischievous smile on his face as he raised himself up on his knees and leaned forward, the enflamed crown of his stiff rod slipping right between her beckoning lips. They both watched as her pouty lips stretched and stretched to accommodate the broad flared head, then she purred deep in her throat as her lips slipped over the rope-like corona and closed down, trapping the immense helmet within her hot wet mouth. With his pulsing dick safely locked between her lips, Zach let go of the gnarled shaft and reached up to the headboard, holding firmly onto it with both hands.

"Okay Mom, time to start sucking. I don't think it'll be too long before I'll have a nice creamy treat for you." From his position on his knees and with his legs straddling her body, he started to flex back and forth, feeding his prick lustily in and out of her sucking mouth.

"What a perfect way to wake up," Alicia thought to herself as she caved in her cheeks and sucked wantonly at her son's thick hard cock, the lemon-sized head filling her mouth. She absolutely loved having a cock in her mouth, and she'd never had one as big and perfect as her son's. His insatiable appetite for sex and his unbelievable endurance never ceased to amaze her. Her love for him had only grown over the past couple of days, and she knew there

was no way she could go back to the way things had been before. She wanted him badly and, as she sucked on that immense powerful cock filling her mouth, she felt her mature body coming alive, telling her she didn't just want him—she needed him. She needed him to fill every aching wet hole in her motherly body, to fill her over and over with load after load of his hot teenage spunk, to absolutely fill her until the stuff was just running out of her. He'd touched something deep inside her very soul the first time he'd fed every hard thick inch into her needy cunt, stretching her and opening her up deeper than ever before—and there was no turning back now. She knew she'd do anything to satisfy the burning desire she and her young son felt for each other—anything.

"Oh Mom, that's fantastic," Zach groaned as he rocked his hips back and forth, feeding the first few inches of his staunch manhood back and forth between his mother's sucking lips. Her mouth was steamingly hot and lusciously wet, her tongue bathing his pumping cock with her juicy spit. He would have liked to have fed it even deeper into her face—but in this position, with her head backed up against the headboard, it was impossible. Not that he was complaining, her mouth felt like a hot buttery glove pulling at his prick as she caved in her cheeks and sucked at him like a porn star, eager to get the reward he had promised her.

"Oh fuck, not much more," he cooed as his hips started to flex back and forth more vigorously, the headboard beating a drum-like tattoo on the wall behind them. His balls started to draw up close to his body, and he felt those tell-tale contractions starting in his midsection. He looked down at his mother, her lips pursed forward,

slavishly sucking at his throbbing cock. He knew just how he wanted to see this end.

"AH JESUS...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he quickly pulled out of his mother's vacuuming mouth and wrapped his hand around his pulsating erection. He pumped his fist firmly, pointing the blood-engorged head right at her pretty face.

Alicia's eyes zeroed in on the wet red eye, the tip glistening lewdly. She watched as the tiny lips seemed to flex open, then fill with milky fluid for a split-second before a long thick rope shot forth. "Aaaaaaahhh," she hissed as the shimmering ribbon of cum landed on her face, the milky strand running from her neck all the way up into her hair. A second silvery rope jettisoned forth, starting from her jawline, across her nose and onto her forehead before disappearing into her dark hair. She could feel the cum raining down on her as Zach pumped and pumped, her teenage son absolutely painting her face with his warm milky seed. He moved his spewing dick-head back and forth, flooding her face with pearly fluid.

"Open up," he said quickly as he pointed the enflamed crown back at her mouth and leaned forwards once more. Alicia opened her lips just as he fed the spitting helmet back into her mouth. He kept pumping his fist, jacking the rest of his sperm-laden cum right onto her beckoning tongue.

"Mmmmm," she purred kittenishly as she felt the warm thick fluid splash over her tonsils. She closed her eyes and savored the blissful flavor as she drew as much of the gooey discharge out of him as she

could. Finally, his nerve-tingling climax over, Zach sat back, noisily pulling his spent prick from his mother's sucking lips with an audible "POP!"

"Good morning, Mom," he said innocently, reaching down and spreading his pearly cum all over her face. She was covered with the stuff, glistening ribbons and thick milky gobs covering nearly every square inch of her face. He scooped up one huge gob with his finger and slipped it between her lips, the soft red pillows closing down enthusiastically over his invading digit as she sucked. He sawed his finger back and forth salaciously, smiling to himself as he watched her suck. Finally, he pulled his finger out of her mouth and crawled off of her, pulling his pajama pants back on. He reached down and tenderly ran his hand over her cum-spackled sweater, his hand coming to rest as he cupped her nicely-shaped tit, squeezing it gently.

"You better hit the shower, Mom, or Grace might think I threw yogurt all over your face."

They both had a chuckle at that, remembering how his 18-year old sister had mistakenly taken his semen for yogurt the day before.

"Thanks, Sweetie," Alicia replied as she took Zach's hand in hers and kissed it tenderly. "That was a beautiful way to wake up. You can do that anytime."

"I loved it too. But we've got to get going. You go into the shower and I'll make sure Grace wakes up, okay?"

"Okay." Zach grabbed his t-shirt and turned to go before Alicia stopped him. "Zach. No more funny business this morning, okay? Let's just try and control ourselves until tonight."

"I'll try my best," he replied with an innocent shrug, a shrug that told her he wasn't promising anything.

With her body aching deliciously, Alicia got out of bed and stripped off her clothes, surveying the spunk-stained damage as she tossed everything into her laundry basket. She had to peel her sweater off slowly, the drying cum on her chest causing the fabric to stick to her lewdly. She heard Zach knock at his sister's door and tell her to get up, and then Alicia disappeared into her en-suite, turning on the shower and letting the hot pelting spray wash the sticky cum off her mature body. She leaned with her hands on the shower wall and let the teeming pellets rain down upon her sinfully aching form, loving the way her body was feeling after the intense pounding Zach had given her each of the last two nights. And tonight was going to be even better—it was the weekend, and they were going to be alone.

"So you're sure you've got everything?" Alicia asked Grace as she hit the elevator button. She looked at her daughter, school bag over one shoulder, overnight bag hanging from the other.

"Yes," Grace replied absentmindedly, her attention focused on her cell phone.

"Do you have your toothbrush?"

"YES, MOTHER!" Grace shook her head petulantly, like a typical teenager tired of being hounded by one of her parents.

"Alright...alright. I just wanted to make sure you don't have to bother Jenna for anything." Grace was going to Jenna's straight from school, and Alicia really just wanted to make sure she didn't turn up back at home, having forgotten something important.

Zach stood back in the apartment corridor and watched this little bit of sparring between his mother and sister, intently looking his mother up and down. Once again she looked so perfectly MILFISH, dressed up in her business attire. She was wearing a business suit, the long-sleeved jacket and skirt a matching medium gray color, the textured fabric almost looking oatmealy or nubby to the touch. The jacket had a turned-up collar, with curved points where it ended at the collar tips. Seven large black buttons ran down and secured it at the front, Alicia having left the top two open. The squared shoulders fed into a tapered bodice, the jacket forming nicely to her shapely hourglass figure. It narrowed flatteringly at her slim waist before flaring out slightly to playfully caress her wide sensual hips. The last button ended in the middle of her flat stomach, the two sides of the jacket ending in a curving scallop at the bottom a few inches below that.

Zach looked at her from the side, the bodice of the jacket hinting nicely at the shape of her perfect tits as the material shifted against her sexy body. The skirt fit enchantingly over that spectacular ass of hers, the textured gray material showing the flowing lines of her wide hips and curving bum cheeks perfectly. Zach could feel himself salivating, watching the delightful shadows cast by her curvy body move sensually across the textured fabric as his mother turned slightly, now facing more directly towards him. His eyes continued downward, taking in the graceful fit of the tapered narrowing skirt as it fit smoothly over her beautiful thighs—thighs he was getting to know very well. Like the one she'd been wearing yesterday, this skirt too ended just above her cute, dimpled knees. The rest of her gorgeous legs were alluringly encased in sheer black stockings, the soft black tone looking perfect with the gray suit. To complete the outfit, she'd chosen a pair of black slingbacks with a scintillating 4" heel, the triangular toe section teasingly pointy. With her lustrous chestnut hair swirling about her shoulders, and her makeup nicely accenting her lovely features, Zach thought she looked fantastic.

Breakfast had been uneventful. As requested by his mother, Zach had managed to behave himself. The only awkward moment came when Grace expressed her disappointment at not being able to find more of the peach yogurt in the fridge. Alicia and Zach gave each other a conspiratorial look as Grace had to satisfy herself with a blueberry one instead.

The elevator arrived and the three of them boarded, Grace standing at the front, her face buried in her cell phone, her fingers flying as she texted someone. Behind her, Zach shifted closer to his mother

and reached over, running his hand over her perfect heart-shaped ass. Alicia let out a tiny little gasp as her son's hand continued to caress her sumptuous behind. Shocked by his brazenly surprising gesture, she stood stock still, keeping her eyes on Grace to make sure she didn't turn around.

Zach smiled to himself as his hand roamed over his mother's soft warm cheeks, his fingers pressing gently into the smooth crevice in the center.

"Aaaah!" Alicia gave a sharp intake of breath at his bold maneuver, then cleared her throat to cover up the sound she had made. Zach's exploring hand felt wonderful on her bum, and she wanted to press herself back firmly against him, but she just shifted her feet slightly to each side, letting him know she had no objection to what he was doing.

Inspired by his mother's invitation, Zach ran his hand down further to the bottom of those round cheeks and cupped them, then pressed his fingers firmly against the material of her skirt, forcing it to rub against her delicate little bum-hole beneath.

"Mmmmm." Alicia gave off a throaty little growl, low enough that just the two of them heard it. Zach smiled to himself, loving the warmth of the spot his hand was in and deciding this was somewhere he'd have to explore more thoroughly, maybe even tonight.

DING! The sound of the elevator stopping caused both of them to gather themselves. Zach quickly removed his hand from his mother's rear end while Alicia reached behind herself and smoothed down her skirt. As the doors opened at the parking garage level, Zach quietly moved to the other side of the elevator car in the narrow space behind Alicia. She gasped again as he purposely pressed the front of his groin against her on the way by. She could feel his mammoth cock pressing against her soft bum, the stiff member feeling like a wooden stake inside his pants. He followed his sister out of the elevator, slipping his knapsack off his shoulder and carrying it in front of him to hide the noticeable bulge in his khakis. He looked over at Alicia and gave her a sly smile as she followed after them, her body quivering from what had unexpectedly happened in the elevator.

"SHOTGUN!" Zach yelled, and raced his sister to the car.

It was mid-morning when Will Gardner stepped into Alicia's office. "Hey, good morning. I'm sorry about what happened with Sweeney last night. I didn't have any idea he was going to be that rude."

Alicia looked up from the file she was working on. "No need to apologize, Will. I know that kind of thing comes with the territory. Don't worry, I can handle Colin Sweeney." She wanted to make sure the faith Will had shown in her by taking her on wasn't misplaced. She knew what was expected of her in these first few months, and she had no intention of letting him down.

"That's good," Will replied, leaning against the door frame and crossing his arms. "That statement he made about being with the mayor's wife was quite a surprise."

"Yes. I'm not sure how we're going to handle that, especially if that becomes the key strategy in our defense."

"You know how something like this could blow up if it got out." She nodded, knowing he was referring to her own experience when Peter's affairs had exploded in the press. "So whatever you decide to do, just tread carefully, and feel free to talk to either Diane or me first."

"Thanks, Will. I'll do that."

He turned to go but stopped, his hand on the door frame. "Alicia, you're doing great. I was very impressed by the way you handled him last night."

"I appreciate you saying that." She smiled, and then remembered something. "Oh Will, I almost forgot, I have an appointment at lunch today. I might be gone a little longer than usual. I hope that isn't a problem."

"No, not at all. After I kept you so late last night, don't worry about it. Take as long as you need."

As her boss left, she went back to her work, happy that she could take that extra time today to do the shopping she wanted. She wanted to make sure things were going to be perfect tonight.

Alicia brought up her daily calendar on her computer. There it was — a meeting with Cary in the middle of the afternoon to go over the Sweeney case. She knew before she came in today that meeting was on her schedule, she just wasn't sure of the exact time. She was looking forward to it, hoping for a repeat of the flirtatious encounter they'd had yesterday. It had thrilled her to hear the day before how Cary had felt about her, along with those two other young men in the office, when they'd referred to her as a sexy MILF. She'd had no idea, and then when she'd discovered her son's obsession with her as well, her ego had flourished, realizing the hidden allure she seemed to have for these various young men.

Finding the degree of Zach's illicit incestuous desire for her had been a treasure beyond anything she could have dreamed of. Her teenaged son had confessed about his fantasies and obsession with her, wanting an intimate relationship with her that she had never even thought of. As she listened to how much he thought of her and desired her, her heart went out to him — she loved him so much. Her own perverse curiosity was piqued, and once she got him to show her his long hard cock, it had taken her breath away. She'd found her mouth salivating as she'd looked at it, and once she'd had it filling her watering mouth and stretching her needy pussy, there was no turning back — she knew she was already addicted to the special love the two of them shared.

She felt a little guilty about flirting with Cary the way she had, but she knew it was harmless—and she also knew Cary enjoyed it as much as she did. Teasing and flirting with the young lawyer got her own juices flowing, and she loved the thought of going home to Zach with her mature cooze already dripping for attention. She felt there was no harm in leading Cary on a little, watching him sweat with desire for her, knowing he was likely going home and jerking off thinking about her. Having him eager to please her might even come in handy—especially since they were basically competing with each other at work. She smiled as she looked forward to her afternoon meeting, knowing Zach was the one she would be going home to at the end of the day.

Alicia's work kept her busy until noon, when she scooped up her purse and headed directly to the lingerie store she had in mind. Just under two hours later, she returned, but not before stopping at her car in the parking garage beneath the building and almost filling the trunk with the numerous packages she'd purchased. Having been too busy to eat during her hectic shopping trip, she stopped in the staff lunchroom and picked up a few things to satisfy her hunger. Will and Diane always made sure there were a few snacky-type foods, pastries, and fresh fruit on hand for both staff and any visiting clients. A smile came to her face as she carefully selected a few items. Back at her desk, she logged into her computer and checked the time: just over half an hour until she had a meeting in her office with Cary to go over their notes from the Sweeney interview. She picked up her purse, went to the ladies room, did what she needed to do, touched up her lipstick with a nice fresh coat, and then returned to her office. With her lips glistening a brilliant red, she waited another ten minutes, then went over and adjusted the thermostat.

"Alicia, are we all set to go over that testimony of Sweeney's?" Cary said as he tapped on her door and walked into her office, right on time for their scheduled meeting. He set the thick file down on her desk and pulled up the guest chair opposite her.

"Yes, I'm pretty much set to go. Listen, I had an appointment at lunch time that ran longer than I thought. I never had a chance to grab a bite." She casually pointed to the plate of fruit in front of her. "You don't mind, do you?" After asking her question, she picked up a bright purple grape, formed her lips into an inviting 'O' and popped the grape inside.

"Uh, no. That's fine. Go ahead," Cary replied, his eyes focusing on her succulent lips as she chewed on the grape. He could feel his temperature going up, but looked around the room as he realized even she couldn't have gotten to him that quickly. "Whew, it's kind of hot in here." He made a wry face and looked at her questioningly.

"Yeah, the heating's on the fritz."

"Do you want me to take a look at it?" He pointed towards the thermostat and started stepping in that direction.

"No!" Alicia replied a little too forcefully. "Uh no, don't bother. I already called this morning and a guy from the building maintenance department came by. He said it's the thermostat itself. He's gone out to get one and said he hopes to have it fixed by the end

of the day." She shrugged her shoulders, as if to say there was nothing they could do about it. "I know it's not the most comfortable, but I think we should be okay. This shouldn't really take all that long, should it?"

"No, no. You're right—it should go pretty quickly," Cary said as he turned from the thermostat and came back to her desk. He unbuttoned his suit jacket as he slipped into the chair, facing her from across the desk. After the little fashion show she'd given him yesterday, he'd been anxious to see her again, especially in the relative privacy of one of their offices. He'd loved the way she'd asked him about her clothes, and posed for him in order to get his opinion. He was sure she had no idea how provocative she'd looked as she leaned on her desk, giving him teasing views of her perfect middle-aged body. He'd jerked off three times last night thinking about her while reading erotic MILF stories, and then again first thing this morning.

Alicia flipped open her own file, the notes from the meeting they'd had with Sweeney last night sitting right on top. She picked up a large strawberry off the plate and placed the shiny end between her lips, her slender fingers holding onto the green stem. She looked down at her notes, but she could feel Cary's eyes on her as she pursed her lips and let them slide further down on the large berry, just like she would with a hard cock. As her lips slipped past the widest part of the berry and got closer to her fingertips, she flexed them slightly back and forth, almost as if she was kissing the large object filling her mouth.

Cary watched, totally enthralled at the sight of her beautiful lips pursed teasingly over the shiny berry, her lipstick almost the identical bright red as the strawberry. She pursed her lips slightly forward and he saw her teeth close down, slicing decadently through the cool wet flesh of the fruit, before her hand casually drew the stem down and tossed it back onto the plate next to her. He felt a twitch in his groin, and knew the broken heating system wasn't the only thing causing his temperature to rise.

"Phew, it is hot in here, isn't it?" Alicia said as she picked up another file from her desk and started fanning herself, the gentle breeze it created causing her lustrous chestnut locks to swirl enchantingly about her pretty face. Cary was watching her adoringly, trying hard not to blatantly stare as he shuffled some papers around nervously in his own file. While she continued to fan herself, she reached up with her other hand and deftly plucked open the top button on her jacket, her slender fingers and blood-red nails drawing his eyes like iron filings to a magnet. With the button open, she ran her fingers slowly downwards and then plucked open the next button. She drew the overlapping material of the jacket open at her neck, three more buttons still securing it down the length of her bodice.

"There, that's a little better," she said in a soft breathy voice as she leaned forwards over her notes. Cary's eyes zeroed in on the newly-created opening, the smooth skin below her neck and a white satin camisole now partially visible.

"Jesus, she is so fucking sexy," Cary thought to himself. He pulled at his tie, loosening it—not so much because of the heat, but because of

the nervous lump he had in his throat from being so close to this gorgeous mature woman.

"Okay," Alicia continued. "Why don't you read me some of the notes you've made? You can give me your thoughts on Sweeney's statements he gave to us last night, and then we'll talk about the best strategy to put forth and where we go from here."

"Sounds good," Cary said as he picked up his notes and started talking.

While Alicia listened, she reached down to the plate beside her and picked up a banana she'd specifically chosen. Of the ones on the fruit tray, it was the biggest one there. She nodded at one of Cary's points, and then slowly started to peel the banana. She drew down the pieces of peel until the long creamy shaft was projecting suggestively from her gripping fist, the tip curving upwards right towards her waiting mouth.

Cary continued talking, but his eyes were focused more often on Alicia's sexy mouth than his notes. He watched as she opened those beautiful red lips into a beckoning oval, and then raised her fist, the large banana sliding into her open kisser. When the tip went into her mouth, she closed her lips against the ivory-colored column and pursed her lips forward as she pushed the banana further in.

"We uh...uh," Cary stammered, his eyes fixed on her mouth as more and more of the long creamy tube disappeared into her mouth. Her

brilliant red lipstick looked wickedly exciting against the pale fleshiness of the fruit as she pushed the banana deeper into her watering mouth. She finally stopped with her pursed lips almost touching the pieces of turned-down peel at the top of her circling hand, and then she slowly drew the banana out, the shaft glistening from the wetness within her hot sexy mouth. With just the very tip captured between her pouty lips, she repeated the gesture, the banana sliding wickedly into the depths of her hot mature mouth once more.

Cary could only stare, totally transfixed by her highly erotic behavior. He could feel his cock swelling in his pants as he watched her slide the banana back and forth—and then she paused, looking at him curiously, as if trying to figure out why he'd stopped talking.

"Uh...we should uh...," Cary sputtered, pointing to his notes as he tried to get ahold of himself.

"Are you alright, Cary?" Alicia asked, her lips slipping off the banana, her clenched fist still holding it in an upright position mere inches away from her wet red lips.

Cary flushed bright red, knowing she'd caught him staring at her. He decided not to try and cover up what he was thinking. "Uh yeah," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's just that uh...well, I've never seen anyone eat a banana like that."

"Like wha..." Alicia looked confused for a second or two before continuing, a big smile on her face. "I know what you mean! Everybody in my family eats it like this — my mom taught my brother and me when we were little. That was the way she always did it since she'd been a kid. She taught us to put the banana into your mouth and then, when you pull it out, use your teeth to scrape off a fine layer all around. You just keep moving it back and forth until, eventually, you've eaten all of it. That way you get a nice creamy taste on your tongue and it feels really smooth going down your throat when you swallow it."

Cary felt his heart racing as he listened to her explanation, his prick stiffening even more inside the restrictive confines of his fitted boxers. "Well, that's interesting. Like I said, I've never seen anyone eat one like that before. But don't mind me, I know you missed your lunch, so go ahead — eat up."

"Thanks, I really am pretty hungry." Alicia fed the banana right back into her mouth while Cary looked down at his notes for a second to remind himself what he'd been talking about. He was barely able to continue, but he did manage to keep on point as he looked at her as he spoke, not wanting to take his eyes off the lewdly innocent act going on right in front of him. As Alicia moved the banana repetitively back and forth between her pursed lips, he noticed how the banana was gradually getting slimmer, the flesh of the curving shaft gradually being carved off by her scraping teeth. He found it incredibly titillating—but also wickedly frightening. He kept picturing his own prick sensually stretching those gorgeous lips of hers, but trembled at the thought of her teeth scraping off his pulsing flesh.

They worked for the next ten minutes or so, referring to their notes and discussing Sweeney's statements. Cary found himself sweating, and didn't know if it was from the heat or from the excitement he was feeling as he looked across at Alicia—those dark exotic eyes of hers, that pretty face, and those breathtaking CSLs that had been so perfectly on display during that provocative banana-eating spectacle. He'd never seen anyone with such perfect cock-sucking lips as hers. He felt like he could just stare at her all day. He would have loved to just whip out his cock and jerk it off right there, his eyes focusing on that sexy face of hers. He tried to concentrate on the work, but the heat was really getting to him.

"Oh man, this is pretty bad," he said, fanning himself with his hand. "Do you mind if I take off my jacket?"

This is exactly what Alicia had been waiting for. It was expected that the firm's employees dress appropriately as much as possible in the office—the tone being set by the senior partners, Will Gardner and Diane Lockhart. Everyone followed the unwritten policy, and it was rare to see one of the male lawyers without their suit jacket on.

"No...no, go ahead," Alicia replied. Cary slipped his jacket off, draped it over the back of his chair, and then loosened his tie even further. Once he had turned back around and picked up his pen, Alicia continued, knowing she had his attention. "You know, you're right—it is pretty hot, I think I might join you."

Alicia stood up, and then slowly ran her fingers up the front of her blazer until she encountered the next button down from the previous two she'd opened at her neck. Cary was mesmerized as he watched those slender fingers work on the button, the brilliant red nail polish on her fingers glistening in the warm office light. She opened the button, and then gracefully let her fingers trace down the front of the jacket to the next one. Cary gulped as he watched her hand slowly, teasingly, undo the large black button. The jacket was gaping open now as her fingers trailed provocatively down the jacket to the final button. She took her time, slowly manipulating the last one between her slender fingers until it slid open. Cary watched as if hypnotized, her delicate hands taking hold of each side of the jacket and drawing it open, her body facing directly towards him. She paused for a second holding the jacket panels wide open, her dainty white camisole blatantly on display, the shiny satin clinging invitingly to her mature breasts.

When she'd gone to the ladies room a short time ago, she'd gone into one of the stalls, stripped off her jacket and camisole, and then removed her bra. Stuffing her bra into her purse, she'd put her white camisole back on, tucking it tightly into the waistband of her skirt so it clung daringly to her breasts. She'd chosen that specific camisole this morning with this scenario in mind. She'd had a little laundry mishap a month or so ago, the camisole shrinking to the point where it now fit her like a second skin. It was beautifully adorned with a lacy border at the top, accented by a tiny satin bow in the middle and two slim shiny ribbons for shoulder straps. It was so pretty that she just couldn't bring herself to throw it out, even though it no longer fit her the way it should. So she'd stuffed it back in her drawer, wondering if an appropriate time might come when she could wear it again. And as she'd thought about what she had in mind for her

meeting with Cary today, she'd opened her drawer and taken it out—knowing this was the perfect time. And so after changing out of her bra in the washroom stall, she'd reached down and ran her fingertips over her pebbly nipples, loving the feeling of the thick rubbery buds coming alive and thrusting enticingly against the cool satin fabric. She'd put her jacket back on, waiting to put her little plan into action.

"Holy fuck!" Cary thought to himself, totally unable to take his leering eyes off of her. The simple act of undoing her jacket had been so unbelievably sexy that he almost couldn't stand it. It was like she was doing a striptease for him, and for him alone. When she'd undone that last button and then held open the two panels of the jacket as she faced him, he almost came in his pants. He could clearly see her stiff nipples projecting boldly through the white satin. They cast captivating shadows on the soft curving spheres of her breasts, the tight camisole showing off her trim mature body wonderfully. He could feel his prick stiffening even more as he watched her, his eyes never leaving her spectacular body.

"There, that feels better," Alicia said as she finally slipped her jacket right off. She stepped over and hung it on the coat rack behind her, her back to Cary. She held onto the coat rack with one hand while she lifted one foot and bent her knee sensually, her body facing Cary in profile. She reached down and pretended to adjust her high heel shoe, knowing Cary had a ringside seat to look at her curvy rear end. She also knew that this view would give him a good shot of her nicely-shaped breasts from the side, the cool satin molding itself flatteringly to her breasts.

Cary stared and his mouth gaped open, that perfect heart-shaped ass looking breathtakingly beautiful in her form-fitting gray skirt. She had turned slightly when she bent over, and when she wiggled her shoe, her long thick nipples traced tantalizing lines on the front of her camisole as her breasts shook slightly from side to side with her movements. As Cary looked at her, he thought of how fantastic it would be to just walk up to her and slip his hand beneath her breasts, hefting the weight of them in his cupping hand. He thought about how wonderful it would feel, the lush softness contradicted by the intense stiffness of her nipple pushing against the palm of his cupping hand. "Ohhnnn," he groaned under his breath, unable to control himself as he looked at her incredible MILFISH body.

"What's that?" Alicia said as she lowered her foot and sat back in her chair. She smiled inside as she watched Cary shift nervously in his chair, his arms blocking her view of his crotch. She was sure there was a bulging hard-on there, just waiting to bury itself deep into something hot and wet.

"Uh...nothing," Cary replied, clearing his throat to cover up his unexpected outburst. "You...you look really nice."

"Thanks, Cary. Like I said yesterday, I never know if a lot of these new clothes I have look any good or not. And especially today, well, I never planned to end up like this..." She paused, gesturing towards her camisole. "But this heat in here is just too much." She leaned back in her chair, picked up the fan she'd been using before, and started fanning herself again. She swiveled back and forth slightly in her desk chair, giving him quite a view of her scantily-clad body.

"Trust me, you look great."

As she swiveled from side to side, she could see his eyes following her nicely-shaped tits, her mature breasts moving back and forth like a hypnotist's watch. She stopped and sat forward, letting him see right down into her camisole. "Gee, I hope nobody comes by — they'll wonder what we're doing in here dressed like this."

Cary gulped again, his eyes looking down her top at the tempting swells of her breasts. His cock was just throbbing in his pants and he could feel the sweat running down his brow. He finally dragged his eyes back up to hers, and found her looking at him with an innocent smile on her face. He was surprised that in his flustered state, he was still able to think reasonably coherently. "I uh...I don't think we'd have any trouble explaining ourselves to anybody," he said, pointing to the 'faulty' thermostat.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. This heat is pretty obvious." She continued to fan herself, the heat getting to both of them. "Now, where were we? What was that you were saying about Sweeney's driver having a record?"

Cary continued talking, giving her the information Kalinda had obtained about the chauffeur. Alicia sat a little forward and pretended to look down at the file open in front of her, but really looking past the front edge of her desk. She was able to see the bulge in Cary's pants. She took a good long look and then sat back smiling

to herself—her plan was working perfectly. She had hoped her provocative behavior would get a response like that from Cary, and she was pleasantly surprised to see the size of the hard-on he was surreptitiously trying to cover up. She could tell it couldn't compare to Zach's horse-like cock, but it certainly looked substantial.

She felt a little guilty with the way she had acted in front of him, first by eating the fruit—the juicy grapes, the lush strawberries, and especially the long curving banana. She knew she was teasing him mercilessly—but she just couldn't resist. And then, the spellbound look on his face as she'd slowly undone her jacket was priceless. He seemed totally mesmerized by her as she'd taken both sides of the jacket and opened it while facing directly towards him—like she was helping him open a special Christmas present just for him. His eyes had gotten glazed over as he'd looked at her tight white camisole, the shiny satin caressing her mature body temptingly as her stiff pebbly nipples almost poked right through the cool fabric.

She loved the attention the young lawyer was giving her. It was so refreshing after all those years of being a stay-at-home wife and mother. The way Cary was looking at her gave her self-confidence a much-needed boost, especially after being so unsure of herself in her recent return to work. She thought about that stiff cock sitting right across from her, and her perverted mind immediately shifted to her well-hung son. It wouldn't be much longer before she'd be heading home to him, a whole night of illicit incestuous depravity awaiting them. She was really starting to feel the heat herself, and knew it had to more to do with her thoughts of Zach than the actual temperature in the room.

"I wish that maintenance guy would hurry back and change that thermostat," Alicia said, sitting up straight in her chair. "This heat is brutal."

Cary looked up as Alicia took her hands and ran them slowly up over her shoulders and beneath her shimmering chestnut locks. She tilted her head back slightly as she lifted her hair off her long regal neck, cooling herself. With her hands holding her hair up, she closed her eyes and slowly rolled her head in circle, a look of blissful contentment on her face. Since her eyes were closed, Cary lowered his gaze and stared blatantly at her chest, the movement of her arms rising to her neck causing her perfectly-shaped tits to tilt up and wonderfully fill out the already tight camisole.

"Oh fuck," he thought to himself as he looked at the round full shape of her breasts, gorgeously displayed by the alluringly tight piece of lingerie she was wearing. He could clearly see her long nipples through the tightly stretched fabric, the thick bullets pointed directly towards him. His cock felt like an iron bar in his pants, the thick shaft pressing up forcefully against his confining boxers.

"Ummm, that feels better," Alicia purred, keeping her hands at the back of her head as she rolled her head provocatively in a slow teasing circle. Although it looked to Cary like her eyes were closed, she'd been watching him the whole time through narrow slits, her long eyelashes masking what she was doing. She knew that by bringing her hands up the way she did, it would cause her lush breasts to swell upwards and strain against the camisole. As her hands slipped beneath her hair and her elbows came up, she could

feel the cool satin stretching tightly across her chest, just as she'd hoped. She could see Cary staring at her, his eyes shifting from her pretty face to her thrusting breasts, perspiration running down his sweaty brow.

"Uh...yeah. I think that's good for today. Let's pick it up Monday," Cary said hurriedly as he quickly gathered up his files and jacket. In no time flat, he was moving towards the door.

"Uh...okay," Alicia said in surprise, unsure if Cary even heard her as he darted from her office.

Cary was beside himself. He had never felt this fucking horny in his entire life. He rushed from Alicia's office and into the closest men's room. Dropping his stuff on the counter, he hurried into a stall and locked the door behind him. He shoved his pants and underwear down, his throbbing erection snapping up forcefully against his stomach. He wrapped his hand around his pulsing boner and within seconds he was spewing thick wads of cum into the toilet bowl.

"Oh...fuck me," he groaned quietly as he held onto the top of one side of the stall with his free hand while he jacked away at his spitting tool with the other. Glistening gobs of sperm-laden semen shot forth, landing in milky clumps on the surface of the water. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this excited and came so hard. The exquisite sensations of his climax went on for a long time before finally diminishing. He slumped against the wall as his hand slowed, milking out the last few drops. They fell on the toilet seat that he'd been in too much of a hurry to lift up out of the way, the pearly fluid

looking wickedly exciting against the black of the commercial toilet seat. He thought about Alicia, and wondered...he wondered if she could do this to him by just being in the same room with him, what it would be like to really be with her—to have his hard thick cock going off inside her spectacular body rather than in the grip of his own hand. He sighed, praying some day he might have the chance to find out.

Alicia sat forward, a broad smile on her face. She could see that Cary had gotten incredibly excited as he'd watched her, the sweat just pouring off him. She wasn't surprised to see him hurry off. She was sure he'd gone to the men's room to relieve that awful pressure he seemed to be feeling in his groin—she just wished she could be a fly on the wall and watch him stroke off his hard throbbing tool. Just the thought of a huge cock spewing out thick ropey strands of cum had her picturing Zach, and that astonishingly huge member of his. She'd already been getting aroused by what had been happening with Cary, but as her mind turned to Zach, she felt a tiny stream of emulsion seep from her juicy cunt onto her panties. She shivered, the wickedly nasty desire for her son growing within her. She took a look at the clock and knew that, in her current state of mind, there was no way she was going to get any more work done today. She packed up her briefcase, slipped on her jacket, and with a brief stop to reset her thermostat, headed home—not feeling guilty at all about ducking out a few minutes early.

In the parking lot beneath the law office, Alicia started her car, and then grabbed her cell phone. She called Grace.

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi Honey, everything okay?"

"Uh sure. Is something wrong?"

"No, I just wanted to make sure you got to Jenna's okay."

"Yeah. Her mom picked us up from school. Her mom and dad said they're going to order some Chinese food in a little while. What are you guys gonna do?"

"Well, I've been looking forward to starting that new book I got. I'll probably just sit back with a glass of wine and start in on that, or maybe watch a movie, if that's what Zach wants to do."

"Okay."

"So, are you sure you have everything you need?"

"Mom!" Grace responded, the irritation clear in her voice.

"I'm sorry, Honey, I just want to make sure you have a good night." Alicia wanted to make sure she and Zach would have a good night too—with no disturbances.

"I'm fine, Mom. I have everything I need. You don't need to worry. I'll see you tomorrow." Grace's voice sounded a little more understanding now.

"Okay. You have a nice night. Say hi to Jenna and her folks for me. See you tomorrow."

Alicia hung up and scrolled through her list of saved numbers, quickly finding the one for Gino's Pizza, the favorite pizza joint for her and the kids. Sitting in her car, she placed an order for a large pizza to be delivered, asking for Zach's favorite, pepperoni and mushroom with extra sauce. She knew she wouldn't have the patience to cook tonight, and she was sure Zach wouldn't want to have to wait that long either to get down to business—the business of fucking that she hoped would go on all night long. Putting the car into gear, she pulled out of the parking lot and raced home, feeling that tingling itch deep in her needy pussy.

Zach had attacked his weekend's homework as soon as he got home, wanting to get it over and done with. He'd just finished it a few minutes ago and had logged into his computer, quickly going to one of his favorite websites, BustyBay. The free site had pictures posted by members of women with large breasts, some candid shots, and some likely pilfered from other websites. The bottom line of all pictures was that all the women had big tits. There was both a "nude" and "non-nude" homepage, and Zach always logged into the "non-nude" one, where the pictures were usually of busty beauties in tight sweaters, lingerie, or bathing suits. Just the kind of thing he loved to

dress his mom up in by using Photoshop. He downloaded a few new hot submissions and pulled one up to work on—this one of a stacked young woman in white tank top and faded denim mini. Zach couldn't wait to see how hot his mom would look in the outfit. He was just starting to work on it when he heard his mother opening the apartment door.

"Zach!" Alicia called out from the front door.

Zach had already been on his way and came out of his room to face his mom standing in the doorway of the apartment, her arms loaded down with colorful packages.

"Hi Sweetie, can you help me with these, please?" Alicia said, nodding to a few more packages sitting on the floor just outside the door.

"Sure, Mom," Zach replied as he bent to lend a hand. "What's all this?"

"Well, in a way, they're kind of presents for you," she said slyly, a wry smile on her face.

"For me? Can I look?" He started to open one of the colorful parcels, the two handles tied up with fancy strands of ribbon.

"No!" Alicia scolded, giving him a playful swat on the arm. "You'll be able to see soon enough. Now help me take them to my room."

The two of them carried the packages to her room and dumped them on her king-sized bed, the bright colorful parcels spreading out and almost covering the whole bed.

"What's all that?" Zach looked curiously at the array of interesting packages. He finally noticed the names of the stores on the bags, recognizing that they'd come from a high-end lingerie store and an equally expensive shoe store. He felt the blood start to flow to his midsection as he thought about what might be in the daintily done-up parcels.

"Just be patient, Sweetie, but I know you're going to love everything I got. I know they're for me, but I think of them being more of a present for you," Alicia said as she sidled up to him and turned her face up to his.

Zach could see the hot look of desire on his mother's face as she brought her lips to his. It seemed as if she'd been waiting for this just as much as he had. He pressed his lips to hers and found her mouth open and receptive. He slid his tongue into her mouth and rolled it against hers, the nearness of her body causing her scintillating perfume to waft sensually into his nostrils. Holding her close and having her alluring feminine fragrance stimulating his senses was like fanning the flames as his smoldering libido came to life, his impressive member stiffening in his jeans.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she pressed herself against him, her arms slipping around his neck. She kissed her son passionately, loving the taste of him, the nearness of him.

Encouraged by her enthusiasm, while they kissed, Zach reached up and undid a couple of buttons on her blazer and slid his hand into the opening he'd created, his fingers closing around her mature breasts. She responded by feathering her tongue back into his mouth, the tip of her long tongue exploring deep inside his hot oral cavity.

"Ohnnn..." Now it was Zach's turn to groan as he filled his hand with his mother's beautiful tits. Her felt her pebbly nipples beneath the silky garment she was wearing under her jacket, and rolled one between his thumb and forefinger, feeling the rubbery bud get stiffer and longer between his fingers.

BZZZZTT!...BZZZZTT!

"Who the heck is that?" Zach asked with a disappointed look on his face, their torrid kiss interrupted by the apartment buzzer.

"That'll be the pizza guy," Alicia said as she straightened her clothing. "I ordered a pizza for us. You let him in while I get the money."

Zach buzzed the pizza guy in while Alicia pulled some bills from her purse.

The pizza guy walked away happy after making the delivery. He was always anxious to deliver to the Florrick's, especially when Mrs. Florrick came to the door herself. Like most young guys, he had a fervent desire for MILFs, and Mrs. Florrick was one of the sexiest around. Today she looked especially hot. Her nice business clothes looked a little disheveled, her hair wildly mussed, and her lipstick was partially smeared, as if she'd just been kissing someone. He could feel his young prick give a twitch as she smiled at him, her sexy features and dark eyes sending a tingling jolt right through. Something must have put her in a good mood—she was usually a good tipper, but today she'd been even more generous than usual. Turning to the elevator, the teenager adjusted his swelling cock in his jeans, knowing who he'd be thinking about tonight when he jerked off.

"This looks great," Zach said as he opened the pizza box on the kitchen table and grabbed a slice with his hands.

"Zach, wait! Don't be such a pig," his mother chided, turning from the cupboard with plates and napkins in her hands.

"Sorry, Mom," Zach replied, the pizza slice just inches from his gaping mouth.

Alicia set the plates and napkins on the table, and then gave Zach a sultry little smile. "You haven't had your appetizer yet."

With a confused look on his face, Zach watched as his mother hiked up her skirt, slipped her hands underneath, and then shimmed her wide hips from side to side. She lowered her hands and stepped out of her white panties, lifting them up so they were dangling from the tip of her index finger. What she had just done hadn't taken more than a few seconds, but was incredibly sexy.

"I promised you, right?" Alicia said coquettishly as she twirled the silky panties on the end of her finger. "My warm panties every day."

Zach eagerly dropped his pizza back into the box and grabbed the offered panties. He pressed them to his face and breathed deeply, enjoying the warmth and his mother's stimulating earthy scent. After inhaling the sensual fragrance, he pulled them away from his face and turned them inside out, his eyes shining with excitement as he looked inside. "Mom, they're all wet."

"That's because I've been thinking about you all day, Sweetie," she replied as she nodded towards the sexy damp panties. "Go ahead, have your appetizer before dinner."

Zach zealously brought the sexy piece of silk to his mouth, the alluring scent wafting into his nostrils. He extended his tongue and ran the flat part fully along the length of the soaking-wet gusset, her warm womanly nectar clinging to his pressing tongue.

"Mmmmmmm," he purred as the illicitly exciting flavor of his mother's cunt settled on his taste buds. He licked again, and then closed his mouth right around the damp cloth as he sucked vigorously.

Alicia smiled to herself as she watched her son, the nasty sound of his sucking mouth reaching her ears as he drew out as much of her slimy juices from her soaked panties as he could. She knew she'd have plenty more to give him before the night was over. "Okay, let's eat. I'm starving," she said as she pulled her chair out from the table.

"Oh Mom, I love you so much," Zach said, putting the panties down on the table and reaching for her.

"Hold it right there, Buster!" Alicia held up her hand in warning. Zach stopped, wondering what he'd done wrong. "Don't touch me with those greasy fingers of yours. I saw you grab that slice of pizza. You've already stained enough of my clothes in the last two days." She stopped and looked at him playfully. "You're going to cost me a fortune in dry cleaning."

"Are you complaining?" He asked, returning her good-natured smile. "I didn't hear you say anything when I shot all over your face this morning, or all over your chest last night."

Alicia had no response for that, knowing she had loved it as much as he did. Even though she knew she was fighting a losing battle, she still couldn't give in. "Well then, you're the one who's going to have

to take the clothes to the dry cleaners—I don't want to have to explain what all those crusty stains are from."

"I don't have a problem with that," Zach replied as he sat in his chair and grabbed a slice of pizza. "There's a good-looking blonde girl named Tanya that works there. She might find my explanation quite interesting."

"Well, someone's feeling a little more sure of himself these days," Alicia said as she joined him at the table. "Should I be jealous?"

Zach turned to his mother, wondering if his playful jibe had been a little too much. He instantly became serious. "I was just kidding, Mom. You know you're the only woman in the world I want. I love you so much."

Alicia's heart went out to her son. She could feel his anxiety as he looked at her. "I know, Zach. I love you too, more than anything." She took his head in her hands and kissed him tenderly on the forehead before sitting back, a frisky glint in her eye. "Now let's eat, and then I want you to show me how much you love me—all night long."

Delighted by what his mother had just said, Zach gobbled down two pieces in quick order. He was reaching for his third piece when she stopped him. "Are you still hungry, Sweetie?"

"Uh, yes," he replied hesitantly, wondering what she was doing.

"Remember when you were telling me the other night about that fantasy of yours—the one where I'm having dinner at a banquet and you're underneath the table?"

A broad smile came to his face. "Yes."

"Well, if you're still hungry, I think I know something else you could eat." Alicia gave him a kittenish look as she sat back and slid lower in her chair.

Zach didn't have to be asked twice. With his heart racing, he slipped beneath the table. He watched excitedly as his mother reached beneath the table and pulled the sides of her skirt up. As they moved further up her thighs, she let her legs roll open to each side.

"Oh fuck," Zach said to himself as he looked at the luscious treasure opening up to him between his mother's beautiful thighs. She looked so fucking sexy. She was still wearing her high-heeled slingbacks and, as her legs spread further to each side, he could see that the sheer black stockings she was wearing were thigh-highs, with a wide lacy band enticingly hugging the top of her creamy thighs. He crawled between her spread legs and moved closer, his face mere inches away from her wet pink pussy. It looked beautiful, her full inner lips were a vivid pink and just glistening with her juices. By now, her tight skirt was almost to her hips, allowing her to spread her legs even further apart. Her inner lips parted invitingly, like a

juicy ripe peach, a shimmering strand of cunt-honey stretching from one shiny lip to the other.

"Ohhnnn," Zach groaned, unable to control himself. He leaned forward and pressed his face flush up against her steaming mound, his tongue slipping right up inside her dripping twat.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Alicia whispered breathlessly as she sat back and let her son go to work. She loved the fact that he was such a quick learner, and so eager to please. She'd never had a lover who ate her so enthusiastically, so genuinely, who wanted nothing more from the act other than to give her as much pleasure as possible. Yes, her son was already the perfect lover, and she had no intention of letting him go.

It wasn't long before Zach brought his mother to a shattering climax, her legs closing and gripping his head tightly as she bucked up against his working mouth, her juices gushing out of her all over his face. When the exquisite sensations coursing through her body finally receded, she let her legs fall open to each side, releasing Zach from their vice-like grip.

"Mom, I'm still a little hungry," Alicia heard from beneath the table. "Do you mind if I have another piece."

"Go ahead, Sweetie," she replied, her eyes hooded with lust as she slumped back against the dining room chair. "Have as much as you want."

Zach ate her through two more sensational orgasms, and he would have stayed down there forever if she hadn't stopped him. But she wanted more—she wanted that huge horse-sized cock of his. "C'mon, Dear," she said as she pulled him out from under the table. "Let's each go take a shower, and then we'll meet up in my room."

"I was hoping we could try showering together," he replied, a disappointed look on his face. "That's something else I've fantasized about doing."

"Not this time, Baby." Alicia ran her hand down the front of his t-shirt placatingly. "Maybe later. Right now, I want you to take shower and then wait for me in my bed. I promise you won't be disappointed."

By the teasing look in her eye, Zach knew he wouldn't. "Okay," he said as he nodded and turned to go.

"And Zach..." He was a few steps down the hall before his mother's voice caused him to stop and look back at her. "While you're waiting for me, no playing with that beautiful cock of yours—Mommy wants that all for herself tonight."

He hadn't called her Mommy in a long time, and the wantonly sexy look on her face as she said it sent an electrifying jolt right to his cock. She gave him a final bewitching smile as she turned and entered her room. He felt his heart racing as a shiver ran down his spine, then

turned on his heel and hurried into the bathroom, anxious to see what she had in store for him.

"So are you two planning anything special tonight?" Jenna's mother asked.

"Naw, we'll probably just watch some TV downstairs," Jenna replied with a shrug of her shoulders. The girls had changed into their sweats and t-shirts as soon as they got home from school. When Jenna's dad had called them down to eat, the teenagers had bounded into the kitchen, their loose ponytails bouncing in right along behind them.

"Grace, it's nice to see you. It's been awhile," Jenna's dad said as he spooned some fried rice onto his plate.

"Thanks. It's nice to be here. And thanks for the Chinese food. I love it."

"You're welcome, dear. Eat as much as you like."

Grace happily speared a piece of Szechuan chicken with her fork, smiling as she shoveled it into her mouth.

Zach finally finished his shower. He was eager to rush through it and get to his mother's room, but he wanted to make sure he didn't do

anything to upset her. So he took his time, cleaning himself thoroughly from head to toe. When he was done, he brushed his teeth and towel-dried his hair before pushing his dark curls into place with his fingers. He went into his room and then it hit him — what was he supposed to wear?

He'd never been with anyone before in this kind of intimate situation. Was he supposed to get totally dressed? No—that didn't make any sense. Should he show up completely naked? He wasn't sure if that was right either. He didn't want to look like an idiot in front of his mother. Thinking that somewhere in between must be correct, he pulled on a pair of loose-fitting boxers and went like that.

He entered his mother's room slowly, noticing the door to the ensuite bathroom was closed. She'd left on a lamp on her bedside table, a warm amber glow bathing the king-sized bed. All the parcels they'd stacked on the bed were gone—probably put away in her walk-in closet. Zach noticed that she'd turned down the bed. With his heart racing with excitement, he climbed onto the bed. He slipped beneath the sheets and lay back, almost as if ready to sleep. That didn't feel right. He got out of the bed, stacked a bunch of pillows against the wooden headboard, and then lay back against them, kind of half sitting up. There, that was better. He wondered again if a grown man would still be wearing his boxers in this situation. The devils and angels were fighting on his shoulders and, eventually, the devil won. Zach reached beneath the sheet, pulled off his boxers, and dropped them on the floor beside the bed. He then sat back against the pillows and pulled the sheet up to his waist. That was it—that's what somebody like James Bond would do. He sat and waited, breathing deeply to try and calm his racing heart.

"So what do you think, Sweetie? Do you like this?" His mother's warm breathy voice made him look up as she opened the bathroom door and leaned provocatively against the door frame.

"Holy fuck!" Zach said to himself as he stared at his mother, his eyes as big as crop circles. He immediately looked at what was covering her body—an absolutely breathtaking scarlet satin corset. The main part of the bodice reminded him of pictures he'd seen online of corsets they'd worn in the old west. There were a number of vertical ribs that went from just beneath her breasts to the bottom of the corset, the heavily-structured ribs cinching her already slim waist and accentuating it waspishly. As his eyes magnetically followed the vertical ribs from the top to the bottom of the captivating piece of attire, he loved the enticing way the cincher-like design emphasized her womanly hourglass figure. He could see the sexy garment was secured at the front with a number of pearl-like hooks. The corset ended high on her wide hips but the panels at the front went down into an inviting 'V' pointing down to her womanly mound. The top of the corset had a tiny band of satin fringe running just beneath her breasts, and above that, two perfectly-formed cups that pushed her nicely-shaped breasts together and up miraculously. He'd never seen his mother's breasts look so big before. They were almost spilling over the structured cups, the warm mounds pushed deliciously together to create an enticing line of cleavage. The corset was strapless, almost daring someone to just pull those alluring cups away to get at her beautiful breasts beneath.

His eyes travelled downward, as if directed by that daring V-shape at the bottom of her corset. He could see a wispy triangle of what was

sure to be thong underwear disappearing beneath the hem of the corset—the riskily naughty panties the same shade of brilliant scarlet. Ribbon-like garters extended from the bottom of the corset and bit wickedly into black nylon, the connecting snaps closing firmly on the darker band at the top of sheer gossamer stockings. His eyes followed the stockings down the full length of her spectacular legs, where they ended in sky-high stilettos. The shoes were black patent leather pumps, with a daringly pointy toe and a wide band that circled her slim ankle. He gulped as he looked at them—they were definitely 'come-fuck-me' shoes.

His eyes roamed back over her breathtaking body, and he could feel the blood surging through his veins. He'd been so busy looking at the bewitching corset that it was only now that he noticed her arms. He almost groaned out loud as he looked at the sexy gloves she was wearing. They were opera-length gloves, extending to just below her shoulders, the soft material the same captivating scarlet color as the rest of her outfit. He then looked at his mother's face, noticing the wide band of the scarlet choker she was wearing.

"Oh fuck..." He muttered breathlessly as he looked at the enticing accessory. The choker was the perfect added touch to everything else she was wearing—looking so incredibly sexy that it almost took his breath away. He finally tore his eyes away and looked at her pretty face. Her eyes were made-up with smoky tones, looking even more exotic than usual. Her lipstick was the same shade of scarlet as her outfit, just a slightly brighter tone, and deliciously erotic. Her hair was fluffed up and wild looking as it framed her lovely features and settled on her shoulders, the lustrous chestnut color perfectly accenting the scarlet outfit.

As he looked her up and down once more, the pulsing blood within him surged to his groin. Zach could feel himself getting harder as he looked at his mother—the outfit she was wearing was more exciting than anything he could have imagined. Even after all those times he'd Photoshopped his mother into pictures he'd gotten off the internet, he never thought she could look as ravishingly beautiful and bewitchingly sexy as she did right now. His eyes roamed over her lush mature form once more and he felt the blood coursing excitedly through his body—he'd never seen such a dizzying display of pulchritude in his entire life.

"Oh Mom, you look...you look amazing!"

"I think another part of you thinks so too," Alicia said with a teasing glint in her eye as she nodded towards his sheet-covered groin. Zach looked down to see the sheet starting to rise in little surges.

"Pull the sheet down," Alicia said. "I want to watch you get hard."

Zach pulled the sheet down to mid-thigh, his stiffening cock coming into view. He watched her as she slowly walked over to the bed, her wide matronly hips shifting provocatively from side to side, the flesh of her swelling breasts jiggling softly in the scarlet bra cups.

Alicia's eyes were focused on her son's majestic manhood, the huge tool getting bigger and bigger right before her eyes. It bobbed exquisitely as it rose higher and higher, the huge muscle of flesh

filling with surging blood. She found herself licking her lips wantonly as the huge veins running up the burgeoning shaft filled and swelled, standing in bold relief against the smooth shaft. As he sat against the headboard, the tremendously long shaft finally ended up pointing straight up and pulsing dramatically, over 10" of thick cock now in full throbbing erection.

Alicia felt herself almost swoon with desire as she looked at her son's huge cunt-splitting cock. She could feel that nasty itch deep inside her hot gooey snatch, and knew that's where she needed it first. As much as she wanted to feel that massive broad head stretching her lips and filling her mouth, she knew there'd be plenty of time for that later. Right now, she needed to feel it stretching those hot cuntal walls at the door of her womb.

"I thought I'd be leaving these on a little longer," she said as she reached down to a tab at each hip and drew away the tiny satin triangle of her thong. She held it up for Zach to see, and then dropped it on the floor. She crawled onto the bed, her black stilettos looking wickedly sinful against the white sheets. She slung her leg over her son until she was straddling him, her already-wet pussy poised right over the tip of his ballooning cock-head. She reached down with her gloved hand and gripped the thick hard shaft, moving it until the broad crimson crown was poised at the hot wet introitus of her dripping twat. With the lemon-sized head of his engorged cock starting to stretch her juicy labia, she knew she was ready.

"C'mon, Baby. Give Mommy what she wants," Alicia said breathlessly as she released his stiff erection and let her weight sink

her slippery trench right down on the upright shaft, inch after inch of his stallion-like cock disappearing into her oily cunt.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Zach said as he looked down between their bodies, his mother's tightly-stretched labia slipping further down his stiff erection. "You are so fucking hot." He was talking both about how she looked and how he felt being inside her, his stabbing tool going even deeper into her tightly pursed vagina.

Even when his monstrous cock hit that tight place way up inside her, Alicia never stopped, forcing herself down harder, the oily tissues inside her yielding and letting him all the way in, all the way until his enflamed cock-head bumped up against her cervix.

"Oh fuck...I'm coming already," she groaned as a shattering climax started deep inside her steaming cunt and blossomed rapidly throughout her entire body. "Ohhhhhnnnnnn..." She threw her head back and rolled her wide hips forcefully against her son, his massive thick cock rubbing deliciously over every square inch of her oily depths.

With his mother's body twitching and shaking through her orgasm, Zach ran his hands up the front of her tight-fitting corset, loving the cool sensation of the scarlet satin beneath his fingertips. As his hands slid higher and he filled them with the structured bra cups, she rolled her hips sensuously again, bathing his thrusting prick in a liquid furnace of vaginal flesh. He gently squeezed her beautiful breasts, watching them swell over the top edge of the scintillating bra cups.

"Oh my God, so hard..." his mother crooned as she continued to ride out her climax. After more than a minute, she finally leaned forward and sat still, his rampant pecker buried to the hilt within her torrid loins. She leaned forward and put her glove-covered hands on either side of his chest, her lustrous hair framing her exotic features sensually, her beautifully made up face a mask of pure wanton desire as she looked down at him. Zach loved the way she looked, so incredibly enchanting and bewitchingly sultry. He looked down to her chest, the strapless corset enhancing those perfect breasts of hers as they created a deep line of cleavage, the mysterious treasures lying inside that deep dark line drawing his eyes like magnets.

"Mmmm, that was nice—I've been waiting for that all day," Alicia said softly as she looked down at her son, a wickedly mischievous look on her face. "Do you mind if I go for two?"

"Go for as many as you want, Mom. We've got all night." He accompanied his statement by flexing his groin, stabbing his throbbing tool into her silky interior with devastating effect.

"Oh my God, I think you're going to kill me," Alicia responded as her head lolled from side to side at the exquisite sensations going on inside her. She lifted her gloved hands and reached forward, getting a firm grip on the back of the headboard. "I'm gonna ride you, Zach. I want to feel that beautiful cock inside me this way for a while. Just let me know when you're going to come—I want this load in my mouth."

Zach nodded, loving the idea of his mother riding his thrusting cock to the point of no return, and then swallowing his deluge of cum. He watched as she adjusted her nylon-clad knees slightly to each side, her sexy legs ending in those sexy patent leather stilettos. When she had herself situated just where she wanted, she started to slide forwards, rising on the hard cylinder of flesh impaling her.

Zach looked down at his reappearing shaft, her oily juices glistening on his thrusting erection. She rose slowly and he watched her gripping vaginal lips pursed downwards, the vibrant pink tissues clutching tightly to his emerging shaft. He slid his hands down to her wide matronly hips, loving the feel of her soft warm skin beneath his fingertips. She rose higher and higher, until just the broad flared head of his pecker was trapped in her gripping vagina, and then she dropped down, even faster than before. When he bottomed out inside her, she immediately drew her hips upward, and then slammed her herself back down, quickly starting to fuck him rhythmically.

"Oh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk," Alicia moaned deep in her throat as she started to bounce wildly up and down on her son's stallion-like cock. Her gloved hands gripped tightly onto the headboard as she rode him, her hips bouncing and rocking like a bucking bronco, her beautiful tits jiggling deliciously in the confining bra cups.

"Oh Mom, that is so good," Zach said as he got into a smooth rhythm with his mother, his hips flexing up from the bed as her steaming cunt slammed down. The tempo of their intense fucking increased as their bodies slammed together, the bedsprings squeaking in protest.

"Oh no, not againnnnnnnnnn," Alicia whimpered as another shattering release stormed through her. With every nerve ending tingling like a plucked guitar string, she still continued to bounce vigorously on her son's monstrous prick, her greasy snatch pulling and gripping him mercilessly. She groaned continuously as she came, working the talented muscles inside her to massage and tease her son's achingly hard cock. Her hot experienced cunt worked like a slick massaging hand on him, and as she rolled her hips in a slow tantalizing circle, it was too much for Zach to take.

"Mom, I can't wait, I'm gonna cum," Zach warned, feeling his sperm-filled testicles drawing up close to his body.

Alicia slung herself off his body and scrambled to her knees at his side. His rampant prick was pulsating and twitching, pre-cum flowing lasciviously from the wet red eye. She reached forward with her gloved hand and circled the upright shaft, pulling his throbbing erection to her open mouth.

Zach watched as her lipstick-covered lips parted, then quickly slipped down over his massive cock-head. He watched as her lips stretched wide open, slipping over the rope-like ridge of his corona and locking down, the dark crimson crown trapped within her sucking mouth. The sight of his hot lusty mother diving on his cock, eager to take his hot load—that was all it took to send him totally over the edge.

"OH FUCK...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he felt the first tingling twinges of semen speeding up the shaft of his pulsing dick. He felt his cock twitch within her sucking mouth as the first thick rope of cum jettisoned forth.

"Mmmmmmm," Alicia moaned loudly, her mouth quickly filling with her son's jizz as he started to go off. Two huge volleys spurted forth one after the other, filling her oral cavity. She tried to swallow before the next shot, but she didn't make it. Her cheeks ballooned out and milky trickles ran out from the corners of her mouth as he continued to climax, flooding her mouth with his potent young seed. She sucked and swallowed ravenously, her circling hand jacking at his throbbing rod, trying to pump as much spunk as possible out of him, and into her hungry mouth.

Zach thrashed about on the bed, his body twitching uncontrollably as he continued to unload, totally pasting his mother's hot oral cavity with an absolute barrage of semen. Her stroking hand and hot sucking mouth had him completely climbing the walls as streams of goo jetted into her mouth, more and more of the overflow leaking from the corners of her sucking red lips. He came and came, shot after shot of steaming cum flowing into her vacuuming mouth.

"Oh my Godddddd," Zach groaned deep in his throat as he collapsed back onto the bed, the overwhelming sensations of an incredible orgasm finally dwindling. He lay there gasping, trying to get his breathing back to normal. He looked down at his mother, her gripping hand now holding his upright cock still, her lips nursing tenderly at his sensitive cock-head. He lay peacefully as she sucked,

and then she slipped her lips backward, giving the head of his cock one last kiss before looking at him, a blissful smile on her face, her lips and chin totally covered with warm semen, two huge wads dangling nastily from her chin. He watched, totally enthralled, as she took her gloved index finger and ran it around her mouth and chin, gathering in the shimmering strands of thick milky cum. She brought it to her mouth and fed herself, her lips and tongue sucking her fingers clean of every last morsel of his potent seed.

"Mom, that was incredible. I've never come so hard in my life."

"We're just getting started, Baby. I know you've got a lot more of that yummy juice for me. Mommy wants a lot more before she's done with you tonight." She smiled at him mischievously as her hand started once again to pump his still-hard cock. Zach lay back and watched, her dark exotic eyes locked on his as she opened her lips and slipped her beautiful red lips back down on his thrusting manhood, her head going further and further down than ever before.

"Oh fuck," Zach thought to himself as he pushed her hair back out of the way, giving him a clear view of her sexy face in profile as she pursed her lips and descended further and further down his upright shaft, the soft wet tissues of her cheeks enveloping his monstrous prick in a hot buttery sheath. The delicious sensations overwhelmed him and he closed his eyes for a second before looking back at his mother, her lust-filled eyes smiling at him wickedly. That provocative look she gave him had his cock roaring back to full hardness in seconds, causing her lips to spread open even further than they were.

"Fuck yes, this is going to be an amazing night, alright," Zach thought as his mother closed her eyes and forced her head even further downwards...