

EDUCATING MOM: ANDY'S STORY CH. 02

rm Dexter

Andy continues educating his sexy stacked mother.

Incest/Taboo

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I jerked off three more times last night to those pictures I'd taken of my mother. As soon as I got home, I uploaded them from my phone to my computer, stripped down and grabbed some lube. Fuck, I'd always known my 42 year-old mother had a terrific body, but I never knew she could look that fucking hot! That tight sweater and slim-fitting skirt showed off every scintillating curve of her voluptuous body. And the high heels and sheer black stockings enhanced the toned lines of her shapely tapered legs. All around, the outfit I'd gotten for her had worked out better than I had dreamed it would. This morning, I took my piss hard-on to my computer and worked off another load looking at her before hitting the shower and getting ready for the day.

I had to do some more work at The Luxor, but with it being Friday, I was intent on finishing by noon, as I usually did before the weekend. Yeah, it was good to be a free-lance consultant, especially when your skills were in demand. There was no end to work in the Las Vegas information security field for a computer engineer like myself; and the big hotels and casinos here had enormous budgets for that scope of work. Yeah, I was not going to be out of work anytime soon.

Last night I just kept thinking on how I was going to proceed with this education of my mother. The first part of my plan had gone perfectly; she'd loved the new clothes I'd gotten her and she'd ended up jerking me off twice, both times on those huge tits of hers. The second had been amazing, when I'd actually gotten my hands on those massive orbs and managed to spread my cum all over them. I was intent on continuing to move forward to my ultimate incestuous goal; to make my own mother my willing cum-slut, eager to service me at any time. I knew she was still tentative and as skittish as a young foal, so I had to make sure I moved nice and slow. I had to continue to praise her and boost her self-confidence, yet still have her feel that she was reliant on me. I wanted to make sure she opened up to new experiences, to a sexier way of life. I wanted her to focus on me instead of venturing out on her own though, but I still wanted her to feel more confident about herself, especially in the clothes I intended on having her wear. I know I was being selfish for desiring my mom's exquisite body for myself, but I was convinced she would be much happier with the changes I was looking forward to introduce in her life. At the same time, I had to make sure I didn't scare her off, yet still get her to do what I wanted her to do. Yes.....it was going to be a precarious tight-rope to walk, but I couldn't wait to take the next tentative step forward.

I finished up at The Luxor, grabbed a quick lunch and then started shopping. I picked up a few things I thought would look great on her, made a short stop at a drug store for some other things I had in mind and then headed to my favorite new store.

"Hello again; back so soon?" the cute blonde salesgirl said to me as I walked into The Cat's Pajamas, the lingerie store where I'd made the purchases for my mother the day before.

"Hi," I replied as she came towards me. "How are you?"

"I'm good. And I assume since you're back and not carrying anything to return, I guess everything must have gone over well?" She stood right in front of me, her ample tits looking good in a form-

fitting powder-blue sweater she was wearing over a tight white miniskirt.

"Yeah, she loved everything," I replied. "That's why I'm back. There're a few more things I'd like to get for her."

She looked at me curiously, and I could see the wheels going around inside her head. "Well, it's not every mother who has a son as thoughtful as you." Her eyes looked intently into mine, and I could see she was trying to figure out exactly what the relationship was between my mother and me. "I envy her."

It dawned on me that I may have been treading on thin ice yesterday when I'd told her I was looking for items for my mother. I had never thought twice about it at the time, but now that something actually had happened, I felt like she could see right through me. As she looked into my eyes, I was nervously struck by the sense that she could see my mother kneeling before me, her magical hands pumping a load of my hot thick cum all over those huge tits of hers. Being overly cautious by nature, I realized I'd better do something or this girl's inquisitive nature might end up causing me trouble, especially since I planned on ramping it up as far as the gifts went. There were going to be things a little more interesting than a bra and panties being purchased if the education of my mother continued to go as I intended. But right now, I figured I'd better come up with something to throw this sweet young thing off the scent.

"I.....I have to be honest with you," I said as I gave her a sheepish grin, "those things I bought weren't really for my mother. They were for my girlfriend."

"That's okay. Why didn't you just say that yesterday?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I think you're really pretty. When you asked if I was buying it for my girlfriend, I kind of panicked. For some reason, I didn't want you to think I had a girlfriend. I realized after I left what a stupid immature thing that was to do. Here I was, wanting you to like me, and I was lying to you right off the bat. I'm sorry."

A slow smile spread across her pretty face, and I could tell I'd said the right thing. "That's very sweet actually. I really appreciate you telling me that." She could see the calmer expression on my face as I realized she had bought my story; little did she know the true reason behind my relief. I had to admit she was cute, but beside my gorgeous stacked mother, this girl was finishing in a distant second place. She reached and gently put her hand on my arm, "You know, you seem like a really nice guy, but I have to tell you that I do have a boyfriend."

"I'm sorry I lied to you like that yesterday. And it's okay that you've got a boyfriend; I'm not here to start any trouble." Actually, if I played this right, this could just work out perfectly for what I had in mind. "Do you think we could kind of start over and agree to be friends?"

She gave me a coy smile. "I'd like that."

I extended my hand towards her as I introduced myself, "I'm Andy."

"Jessica," she replied, shaking my hand firmly.

"Nice name." I released her hand and made a sweeping gesture around the store. "You work on commission here, right?"

"Yes."

"Look, I have to admit that my girlfriend dresses very conservatively. I'm trying to get her to break out of her shell by trying some different things, like the stuff you have here. She loved what I got for her yesterday, and I plan on getting her a number of other things. Sometimes, I'm gonna need some advice and I really liked the suggestions you gave me yesterday. Do you think we could work something out where you'd be the one to help me every time when I come in?"

"I'd love to do that for you, Andy," she replied, a big grin spreading across her face. "I'm usually here Tuesday through Saturday from 10:00 to 6:00." She seemed comfortable with our new relationship, now that we'd cleared the air. I'm sure that the inviting prospect of getting a little extra commission helped in her decision to agree to be my advisor.

"Great. So....what can you show me in white?"

"32G, right?"

"Yeah, that's her size."

"Okay, I think we've got some things you'll really like," she replied as she started to lead me further into the store. About forty-five minutes later, I came out of there loaded down with my purchases, and my credit card feeling a little black and blue from today's expenditures. I had no qualms about spending the money; I knew my mom would look great in all this stuff.

"Hi Mom, it's me," I said as I sat in my car, cell phone to my ear.

"Andy, hi." I was glad to hear the reserved excitement in her voice.

"Mom, I was thinking of coming over. Would that be okay?"

"Uh....sure."

"Good, I've got some more presents for you."

"Really?" The reserved excitement had just changed to real excitement. She paused and I could tell she was composing herself. "You didn't need to do that."

"Like I said yesterday, Mom, you deserve some of the nice things Dad never let you have. I really want to do this for you.....plus I get a lot of pleasure out of picking things out for you." Yeah, I definitely got pleasure out of these things I'd gotten for her....in more ways than one. Those fantastic handjobs and feeling those huge tits of hers had been worth any amount of money.

"Okay then. I'm here whenever you want to come by."

"I'll be there in a few minutes."

Twenty minutes later I pulled into my mom's place and made my way to the door, loaded down with packages.

"Andy, what's all this?" she gestured towards the bags and boxes as she opened the door for me.

"This is for you, Mom," I replied as I stepped past her and set everything down on the dining table.

"Andy, really, you shouldn't have." She was saying the 'expected' thing, but I could see her eyes were sparkling with glee as she looked at the fancy packages; ribbons and colorful tissue

everywhere. As she stood there looking at everything, I stepped back and let my hungry eyes roam over her.

She was wearing a boring floral V-necked t-shirt over a pair of black shorts. Both the top and the shorts were a little too loose for my liking, and I was glad I'd picked up a couple of smaller t-shirts for her in the things I'd bought today. Looking at those shorts reminded me that I still had more shopping to do; that was one item I hadn't thought of. Nonetheless, her own clothes still couldn't conceal the terrific body she had lying beneath. Her shapely legs looked terrific and her enormous breasts filled out the floral top nicely, the V-neck giving a small teasing glimpse into her deep line of cleavage. As I looked her up and down, I felt my dick start to stir already.

"Andy, there're so many things here," she said excitedly as her eyes went from one package to the next.

"Well, you liked the things I got you yesterday, didn't you?"

"I loved everything." She turned to me and stood on her tip-toes to give me a quick peck on the lips. She hugged me, her voluptuous chest feeling soft and wonderful as she pressed against me. Her soft lips came next to my ear as I heard her give me a shy confidential whisper, "I'm wearing some of the things you got me right now."

She stepped back, put her hands on her hips and kind of twisted her body slowly from side to side. It was obvious she was letting me know she was wearing the black lacy bra I'd gotten her. Even wearing one of her own nondescript tops, her huge rack looked incredible, the heavily wired power-bra pressing those massive guns together and upwards enticingly.

"I can see that," I said, almost licking my lips as I stared at her sumptuous tits. "You're wearing the bra I got you, aren't you?"

"Yes. I love it." She paused and I could see a bit of an anguished look cross her pretty face. "Andy, I.....I want to tell you something."

"Sure Mom, you can tell me anything."

"When I was a young girl and started developing more than other girls this way," she said slowly as she nodded towards her chest, "my parents always made me wear loose-fitting bulky clothes that would hide my growing body." This didn't surprise me at all; both her parents and my father's parents had been very conservative and religious. I would have been shocked if she said anything otherwise. "All the time growing up, my mother always bought my underwear and clothes for me. And then when your dad came along and we ended up getting married, he thought things should stay that way too." I could see the sadness in her eyes as those unhappy memories came to her.

"I just kept getting bigger and bigger there, but I always remembered my mother scolding me and telling me a proper young woman never wears anything that God wouldn't have approved of. When your father and I were married, he told me the same thing. We were together in church one time and I was wearing a new sweater I'd picked out myself. It was a little tighter and more colorful than anything I'd worn before, but I loved it when I saw it in the store. I never noticed but your father told me later that a number of the men in church were staring at me. He said they all had a look of disgust on their faces and that I should be ashamed of myself for parading my body around like a harlot. He pointed to my breasts and said I was just a fat cow and he didn't want to ever see me wear anything like that again."

She paused again as she spoke, but I could see that she wasn't done, that she needed to tell me this, that it was important for her to get this off her chest. I know that's kind of an ironic statement to say when she's talking about her massive tits, but the sentiment is appropriate. I thought of what a rotten bastard my father had been to her; to say something so mean and malicious to her, just to lessen his own insecurities. Oh yeah, I'm sure the men in church had been looking at her alright; but not with looks of disgust on their faces. I'm sure they'd all been drooling at the sight of her tremendous tits. I'd have bet a year's salary that more than one of them had gone home and fucked their wives silly thinking about my mother. If my father had been here right now, I would have slapped him so hard, it would have rattled his fucking teeth. With the anger boiling inside me, I bit my tongue, knowing she needed to continue with what she was telling me.

"So I felt ashamed of myself. He made me take that sweater back and after that, I only wore clothes that he approved of. I'd sometimes see pictures of pretty clothes in magazines, but I knew they'd never be for me. After what your father said I'd done, I'd look at myself in the mirror and feel ashamed. I felt ashamed of my big ugly breasts and always worried that people would think I was a big fat cow too. So I always covered them with plain loose clothes, hoping nobody would notice." She looked at me and I could see her eyes brimming with tears. Jesus, had my fucking asshole of a father ever done a job on her. I hated him more than ever.

"And then yesterday, those things you brought for me. I couldn't believe how I looked when I put on that bra. It made my breasts look beautiful. I looked into the mirror and I couldn't believe it. And then when I put on that pretty sweater and skirt, it almost took my breath away. I looked so glamorous, just like a movie star." As she gushed at the happy memory of yesterday, I could see the tears in her eyes were now tears of joy. "The things you bought for me, they were just like those clothes I'd only seen in magazines, and yet here they were, for me. I love you so much for doing that for me." She looked at me intently, a look of anxiety still troubling her pretty face. "Andy, I have to ask you something, and I beg you, I need you to be totally honest with me, okay?"

She looked absolutely heartsick, and I knew that no matter what she was going to ask me, I needed to be as honest with her as I could. "Of course, Mom. I promise."

"Honestly now.....do you.....do you think I'm a fat cow, like your father said?" she asked, her eyes looking downwards to her amazing rack.

I put my hands on her shoulders and looked intently into her deep blue eyes, the translucent orbs swimming with uncertainty. "Mom, believe me when I say this; you are one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. And God's honest truth, I'm not saying that because you're my mother. I'm saying it because it's the truth.

"I hate the way Dad treated you, and those things he said to you are totally untrue. He was right about one thing; those men in the church would have been looking at you, but not with disgust. They would have been looking at you with envy, wishing they were with you instead of Dad. I can guarantee you that." I paused for a second as I let that sink in. "I want to tell you something; Dad is a small man.....a weak man. He never had the guts to stand up to his parents, so he took it out on you. He'd tell you what to wear, and who you were allowed to see, and where you were allowed to go. He never let you live the life a beautiful young wife and mother like you deserved. He's the one who should be ashamed of himself for treating you the way he did, and saying those awful things to you.

"I am telling you right now, all those things he said to you about the way you looked; they are just mean vicious lies. I'm sure he worried that if you knew how beautiful you were, you might leave

him. And after all those things he did, I don't think anyone would have blamed you. But Mom, you are definitely not a big fat cow. I wish with all my heart he had never said such an awful thing to you; and I don't want you to ever think that again." I looked down at her sumptuous chest, the massive swells rising and falling beneath her top with each warm breath she took.

"Your breasts.....they're not just beautiful.....they're spectacular. I have never seen such perfect breasts in my whole life. They aren't something you should cover up with loose clothes and try to hide. You should be proud of them, and wear all the pretty things that you've ever wanted to show them off. Let people see what a gorgeous vibrant woman you are. Forget all those things Dad said. You know I love you so much, I'd do anything to make you happy. What I've told you is the absolute truth, Mom. Please trust me when I say that."

Her bottom lip trembled as my eyes remained locked on hers, letting her know everything I said came from deep within my soul. "Oh Andy, I love you so much." She pulled me close and hugged me tightly, tears of joy running down her face. I slid my arms around her and held her warm soft body against me, letting her find the comfort she so badly needed within my loving arms.

"I love you too, Mom. No one, not even Dad, can ever take that away from us." After I said that, she squeezed me tighter, and I let her cry, knowing she needed to get this out, to cleanse herself of the haunting memories my father had instilled within her. I kept my arms around her and gently stroked her shoulders until her tears finally ceased. She slowly composed herself and pulled herself back from me, a warm smile starting to spread across her tear-stained face.

"Oh Andy, you must think I'm so silly," she said as she wiped her eyes.

"No Mom, I'd never think you were silly." She smiled broader when I said that, and I saw her eyes flick over to the array of packages I'd stacked on the dining room table. As I'd been holding her, those huge soft tits of hers had felt wonderful as she'd pressed them against me. Now that she had settled down a bit, I was ready to see her in some of the new things I'd gotten her. "Are you okay now, Mom?"

She wiped her smiling face once more and nodded happily.

"So, if you like the things I got you yesterday, I'm sure you'll like some of the things I've gotten you today. Go ahead, take a look."

"Where should I start?" She looked like a spoiled kid on Christmas morning, just gushing with excitement now. This was exactly the reaction I'd been hoping for when I'd made the decision to get her some new clothes. After what had happened yesterday, and with her this eager to see what I'd gotten for her today, I figured I'd be gushing pretty soon too.....all over those amazing 32Gs.

"Start with this one." I pointed to one bag that I'd gotten at the first clothing store I went to. The store was mostly for younger women, but there were a couple of things I found there that I wanted her to have for everyday wear, like right now. I figured I'd let her open these things first, before moving on to the 'main event'. "These are just some things you can wear around the house, or to go shopping. I've got some nicer things that you can open later."

"Oh Andy, you're so sweet," she said as she opened the bag I'd pointed to. I watched as she reached in and pulled out a couple of colorful knit tops. She held up the first one, a vivid emerald-green short-sleeved cardigan type with a deep scooped neck with a number of buttons leading down from the top of the bodice to the waist. When I saw this one in the store, I knew her large full breasts would push that top and those buttons to the breaking point.....perfect.

"I love the color." She held the top up in front of her, the color looking exquisite against her smooth creamy skin and lush chestnut hair. She set it down gently on the table and picked up the second top. This one was a bright cherry-red sleeveless turtleneck of a light stretchy material. I have to admit I have a weakness for tight turtlenecks, sleeveless or otherwise. They are usually made with vertical ribs in the fabric, like the one I'd gotten her yesterday, and like this cherry-red one today. I love the look of those vertical lines stretching and wrapping around a nice full set of tits; and my mother definitely had what it takes to fill out any sweater.

"It's such a pretty color; I've never had anything like this in my life." She was right about that; under my dad's controlling hand, I could only picture her wearing beiges, browns and navy. I could never remember her wearing anything bright and vibrant. I knew once she'd had a taste for things like this, she'd love them.

"Look and see what else is in there," I said as I gestured to the same package. She reached further down and pulled out two little skirts I'd picked out for her.

"Oh Andy, they're so cute," she exclaimed as she held up one at a time. The first one was a faded denim miniskirt. It would fit nicely about her trim matronly waist and wide womanly hips. It wasn't one of those low-slung hip-hugging ones that young teenagers wear; that just wasn't my mother's style. She was definitely a MILF, and this demi mini would suit her perfectly. I knew paired with either of those sweaters I'd gotten her, it would emphasize her mature hourglass figure, the clinging fabric of the tops following the substantial curves of her voluptuous bust and narrow shapely waist with the soft blue denim skirt drawing attention to her sensual motherly hips before ending high on her shapely thighs.

She set the denim one down and picked up the second one; a brilliant white mini with a little zipper at the back that would hug her trim waist before following the smooth flowing curve of her flared hips downwards, this short skirt ending high on her lush creamy thighs too. I knew the bold white fabric would mold itself to her lush round bottom, emphasizing every smooth contour and inviting line of her curvy body.

"There's something in that little box there to go with them," I said as I gestured to the smaller of two shoe boxes on the table. She put the second skirt down before eagerly pulling off the lid of the small box. She reached in and pulled out a pair of white flat sandals with a number of tiny white leather straps that would crisscross her foot sensually. The sandals had a thin sole with a little wedge heel that would be comfortable and would be a perfect match for these more casual outfits. The higher shoes were yet to come.

"I love them," she said as she held the shoes up in each hand. "They'll go perfectly with these outfits." She held the shoes close to her chest and I saw her breathe deeply as she took in these new gifts. She set the shoes down and stepped over to me, tears of joy filling her eyes. "Andy, thank you so much." I simply stood there as she slipped her hands up the front of my chest and raised herself on tip-toes to give me a kiss. Her lips were soft, warm and sweet. I felt the exquisite wetness of her sensual mouth as her tongue slid between my lips and she feathered it into my mouth. As my tongue sought out hers, she slipped her arms around my neck and pressed herself against me; the huge swells of her breasts feeling deliciously soft and full against my own firm body. This was no longer the quick thankful peck of a mother to her son; no....this was a deep passionate kiss between lovers.

"Mmmmm," she purred as I slipped my hands down onto her full round behind and pulled her close to me, my quickly stiffening prick rubbing against her abdomen. I pressed forward with my

tongue, and she softly sucked our dueling tongues back into the warm recesses of her own mouth. I wanted her right then and there, and I knew from the way she had kissed me that it was going to happen again, but I wanted to see her in some of the new things I had purchased first. I thought this might have to wait for the other things I'd gotten her, but I needed her now. After yesterday, I knew I wasn't going to have any problem giving my mother multiple loads. With what I had for her later, there was no way my cock wouldn't be snapping back to attention.

"Mom," I said as I reluctantly pulled my mouth back from hers, "why don't you go and try one of those outfits on? You can open the rest of the things after that."

"Okay," she said as she stepped back and looked at the spread out clothes. "What do you want me to try on first?"

"You're wearing the black bra and panties from yesterday, right?"

"Yes."

"Then how about the denim skirt and green top? The white skirt might not look so good with the black panties."

"Okay, you're right," she answered as she scooped up the emerald-green top and faded denim miniskirt along with the little sandals. When she disappeared into her room and I pulled out my phone and set it to camera mode once more. She'd really enjoyed our little photography session yesterday, and I hoped to repeat it today. The more material I had of her to jerk off to, the better.

"How do I look?" she asked as she came out from her room a few minutes later. I noticed she was smiling and her voice sounded so much more confident than it had yesterday.

I looked at her as she walked towards me, a slow smile spreading across my face. I had definitely been right about that green top; it looked amazing. Her huge rack had the tight fabric wonderfully stretched over those two sumptuous mounds before the clinging material flowed sensually inwards at her waist to hug her mature hourglass figure. The little capped sleeves looked cute, but my eyes were immediately drawn to that deep scooped neckline. She had both the top and bottom button of the cardigan undone; just the way you're supposed to wear it. The open top button drew my eyes to her cleavage like iron filings to a magnet. The deep dark line between her soft-looking breasts looking deliciously inviting; a perfect place for my cock to nestle between. As the wicked incestuous thoughts of what I wanted to do with her swirled through my head, I couldn't control myself.

"Mmmmmmm..." A little moan of desire vibrated in my throat as a tingling surge of excitement went to my midsection.

"You okay, honey?" she asked with a note of concern.

"I'm fine, Mom. You just look so good." She smiled at my response, put her hands on her hips and posed as I looked her up and down. The soft denim of the skirt flowed smoothly over her wide hips before ending high on her thighs. Her toned legs looked great as my eyes followed them all the way down. Her feet looked cute in the little flat sandals. The thin white straps looked teasingly erotic as they crisscrossed over the tanned skin of her feet and around her ankle; as if her delicate feet were in bondage. I looked her up and down once more and realized I'd chosen wisely; this was an outfit that she could wear out to the mall or wherever, but still looked incredibly sexy. This was a look I wanted to remember. "How about some pictures?"

I held up my phone and she kind of smirked, but I could see the playful twinkle in her eyes. "Oh, alright." I didn't have to do any arm twisting to get her to agree today; I could see how happy she was that I'd asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"Why don't you stand in front of the table and kind of lean back as you face me?" She did exactly as I had instructed and as she leaned back supporting herself with her arms behind her, it caused those tremendous breasts of hers to thrust out towards me, just as I'd hoped. "That's perfect." I started snapping pictures and she willingly posed in the positions I placed her in. One of my favorites was having her lean forwards with her hands on the back of one of the dining room chairs. I was looking at her in profile, her huge tits suspended pendulously beneath her outstretched arms. Oh man, was this ever getting me hot. My cock was swelling in my pants as I looked at the enticing lines of her curvy body. I pictured just walking up to her and sliding my hands up her front beneath those round heavy knockers. Jesus, they were big.

"Okay, Mom, try giving me another one of those like you did yesterday, where you look at me over your shoulder with your hands on your hips and your feet a little bit apart." She moved into position and I snapped picture after picture as she pulled back her arms and thrust out her chest, just like I'd had her do yesterday. She put her feet about shoulder-width apart and the denim mini stretched smoothly across her curvy backside. Looking at her round lush ass and the silhouette of her huge tits in profile had me almost ready to go off in my pants.

"How does this look, sweetie?" I watched, totally enthralled, as she held the pose and then lifted her hands to her head. She slid her fingers beneath her hair and lifted it up, teasingly showing the smooth sensual lines of her soft neck. She accompanied this with a wickedly smoldering look that sent an electric jolt right to my groin. Jesus, she looked so sexy, I could have just stayed there staring at her all day.

"Oh Mom, that's incredible," I said as I forced myself to snap out the hypnotic reverie I was in and took a number of shots. Her half-closed eyes and wickedly teasing smile looked hotter than anything I'd ever seen in any magazine or movie. It was so hot; you would have thought she'd been posing like this her entire life.

She turned and gave me a similar pose from the other side, her slim fingers still lifting and sliding wantonly through her lush chestnut locks. With my cock an iron bar in my pants, I couldn't take it any longer. I set my phone down and walked up behind her. I pressed my muscular chest against her back as I slid my arms around her. "Mom, you are so beautiful," I whispered softly into her ear. I nuzzled my face beneath her silky hair and placed a soft kiss on the back of her neck. She'd put on a delicate citrus perfume and the warm fragrance permeated my senses to inflame my raging libido even more. The soft smooth skin of her neck felt wonderful against my lips as I trailed a series of tender kisses up towards her ear.

"Oh Andy, what are you....mmmmm...." Her protest turned into a soft moan as I feathered my tongue along the line of her ear and teased the tip into the sensitive tissues of the warm opening. I felt her shiver and her head came back as she leaned against me, erotic sensations starting to flow through her voluptuous body. I let my warm lips follow the soft hollow of her neck downwards, leaving a trail of flickering kisses in its wake. Bringing my mouth upwards to her jawline, I pressed the side of my face to hers as she instinctively turned her head towards mine.

"Oh Andy," she moaned longingly as her lust-filled eyes looked into mine. Her mouth was partway open and I could see her inviting warm wet lips moving towards mine. My mouth slid over her soft cheek and I pressed my lips to her open mouth, my tongue sliding slowly into the luxurious hot

depths of her moist oral cavity. With my body wrapped around her small curvy form from behind, I pulled her close to me as we shared a deep passionate kiss.

"Mmmmmm," her low groan was music to my ears as I pressed myself against her, my tongue slowly exploring the hot sensuous depths of her willing mouth. As her tongue followed my own back into my mouth, I slid my hands up the front of her luscious body.

It felt incredible to be doing these things with my sexy mother, things I had only dreamed of. I could feel myself overflowing with joy at the way things were working out. This plan to educate my mother to find and accept the beautiful sexy woman she had dwelling inside her was going perfectly. I always felt there was an untamed sexual woman lying within her troubled soul, just waiting to be released. Her responses to my initial advances were working out just as I'd hoped. As she leaned back against me, her open mouth willingly accepting my kisses, I could feel the sensuous woman inside her coming to the surface, her hidden desires rising to meet my own lustful needs. I was overwhelmed with excitement, knowing that I, her son, was going to be the joyous recipient in the discovery of her lusty sensual nature.

My hands continued to slide up the front of her body until I encountered the swells of her projecting chest. I spread my fingers over the rich emerald-green fabric and let them slide beneath the warm fullness of the straining bra-cups. With the structured bra-cups filling my hands, I gave her voluptuous breasts a soft squeeze as our tongues rolled warmly together.

"Mmmmmm," she purred into my mouth as she pushed herself even harder back against me. My stiff pecker pressed into the warm crevice of her backside as I pulled her close and slid my protruding bulge up and down against the smooth denim of her little miniskirt. With my hands full of those magnificent 32Gs, I slid my fingers all around the undersides of those tremendous tits and then lifted them slightly upwards.

"Mmmmmm," she cooed again as I felt the incredible weight of those beauties. Oh fuck, they felt amazing. So big, so full, so heavy.....I wanted more.

I pulled my mouth away from hers, both of us gasping from the intense heat of our searing kiss. With my head next to hers, I looked down over her shoulder at her heaving breasts, the imposing swells rising and falling with each beat of her racing heart. My eyes followed the flowing contours of those voluptuous orbs downwards to see her stiff nipples thrusting provocatively from beneath the rich green fabric of the straining top. My hungry eyes zeroed in on the line of buttons leading enticingly down the front of her sweater. Licking my lips with anticipation, I knew what I had to do. She'd already left the top button undone when she'd put it on, so I reached up and deftly plucked open the second button. I watched as the tightly stretched material of the top seemed to thank me by relaxing slightly as my action took some of the tremendous pressure off it. The material gaped outwards slightly before settling into position; exposing more of that illicitly exciting deep line of her spectacular cleavage.

"Andy, wha.....?" Her half-hearted protest died on her lips as she looked down while my fingers plucked open the next waiting button. The tightly stretched material sighed with relief again as it spread even further out to each side, the top of her lacy black bra coming into view. I popped open the next button exposing more of her overflowing bra cups. She watched mesmerized as I delicately opened two more buttons, leaving about three more holding the sides of the top together beneath the thrusting shelf of her voluptuous tits. I looked down at the upper swells of her magnificent breasts all but spilling over the lacy top edge of her bra and felt another tingling surge go through my stiff prick. Those last two buttons I'd just undone had allowed the form-fitting material to split

further open until the colorful emerald top was teasingly framing her massive exposed chest, her incredible 32Gs exquisitely displayed in the heavily-structured black lace bra.

"They're so beautiful," I whispered warmly into my mother's ear as I allowed my hands to slide smoothly around her body until I was cupping both of her magnificent knockers from behind. She turned her mouth wantonly towards mine and I kissed her deeply again as my hands lifted and gently squeezed her enormous tits.

"Mmmmmm," she purred into my mouth again as we kissed hotly. She was squirming against me as I kneaded and let my exploring hands roam over those massive tracts of land. I remembered yesterday how sensitive they'd been to my touch; how easily she'd been able to cum while I'd felt her up, and from the way she was gasping and pressing herself against me right now, the same thing seemed to be happening today.....perfect!

I brought my hands up further on her heaving chest and spread my fingers as I started to move my hands downward. I looked down and watched as I slid my fingertips beneath the lacy top edge of her bra cups and inserted my hands between the insides of the warm lacy cups and the incredibly smooth skin of her ample tits. I pushed my hands deep into the confining garment until I was cupping both of her massive breasts, letting my thumbs slip beneath the edge to rub teasingly over her stiffening nipples.

"Oh God," she moaned with pleasure as her swollen nipples pushed back against my rolling thumbs. With my hands full of her voluminous tits, I lifted upward and pulled them from within the confining bra. Man, they were heavy. Once released, I gently let them go and watched as they bobbed and quivered under gravity as they settled on her exposed chest. Oh fuck, were they ever big! For the immense size that they were, they didn't sag noticeably, but rode proudly on her broad chest. The tremendous natural weight of them resulted in them falling slightly lower due to gravity, but they were still beautifully round and full. Her stiff erect nipples were absolutely breathtaking, pointing sensuously upwards; beautiful beacons of lustful need, begging for attention. I felt my heart race with excitement as I stared in awe at my mother's spectacular set of tits.

As I looked at the incredible mounds of warm tit-flesh, I remembered my friend Connor saying how much my mother reminded him of a more mature version of the busty model, September Carrino. I had jerked off many times to images of the voluptuous Ms. Carrino, always with thoughts of my own stacked mother running through my head. Looking down at her heavy pendulous exposed breasts right now, I felt a flush of heat go through me as I realized how much my mother's amazing tits actually did look like September Carrino's. My mother's breasts had the same immense round size and delicious fullness of September's, and their areolae and large nipples were almost identical; the huge rubbery buds erotically beckoning for a hot mouth to suck on them.....and I had the mouth to do it.

I slipped my hands beneath one huge breast and lifted the heavy tit towards me as I lowered my mouth over her shoulder. My hungry eyes feasted on the stiff nipple as I brought it closer and closer to my waiting mouth. With the heavy weight of her breast cradled tenderly in my cupping hands, I opened my lips and slipped them over the enflamed red bud.

"Ohhhhggnnnn," she groaned and I felt her lean against me as I closed my lips around the hot rubbery protrusion and sucked gently. "Oh Andy, what are you doing to me?" Her whispery voice encouraged me as I pushed a wad of saliva to the front of my mouth and bathed the stiffening bud with my hot spit. I could feel it swell even more and get harder within my mouth as I continued to suck.

"Oh God, they're so sensitive," my mother moaned softly as I bathed the pebbly surface of her areola with the flat of my tongue. I could feel her quivering within my enveloping arms as waves of pleasure rolled through her. I squeezed her massive breast gently, forcing the swelling tip further up into my sucking mouth. With my lips adhered tightly to the smooth round globe, I flicked my tongue over her protruding nipple once more, pursed my lips tightly around it and sucked. I felt her body lurch slightly against me and she started to tremble, the delightful sensations of ecstasy spreading out from her sensitive breasts to the rest of her wanton mature body.

"Oh Andy.....that feels so good," she gasped raggedly as her head rolled from side to side on my shoulder. "I.....I.....AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" I felt her start to twitch and shake as, just like yesterday, a jolting climax overwhelmed her as I pleased her sensitive breasts. I held onto her tightly and sucked on her huge hard nipple as the delicious contractions of her tingling orgasm washed through her in wave after tingling wave. With my lips plastered against her sumptuous chest, I could feel her heart racing as she continued to shake through her release, my sucking mouth never leaving her huge breast and stiff red nipple.

I felt her legs start to go out from under her as she nearly collapsed with the intensity of her climax. I held her sagging body in my arms, reluctantly pulled my mouth off her succulent tit with a sucking 'POP' sound and gently eased her down to the floor until she was on her knees before me.

"That felt so good," she said softly as she looked up at me, her eyes still clouded with blissful ecstasy, her face and chest flushed pink, a warm glow of perspiration glistening on her smooth skin. Oh fuck, did my stacked mother ever look hot!

My own cock was hard as a rock and as I looked down at her, those tremendous tits beautifully framed by her open sweater.....fuck.....they looked so fucking perfect. I knew I had to get off right now or risk going off in my pants. I ripped open my belt and undid my pants hurriedly, pushing them down to the ground and kicking them to the side. I didn't worry about my shirt and socks, I was so enflamed with desire; I didn't care what I looked like.

As I stood before her, my unfurled dick sprang forward from the confines of my underwear and reared up mightily before me, the enflamed head looking purple and angry as I quickly wrapped my hand around it and started jerking it off towards her. My mother's eyes were big as saucers as she watched me, her mouth gaping open as she breathed raggedly. I pumped away at my surging prick as I looked down at her gorgeous body kneeling before me; her tremendous breasts fueling my raging libido. With her eyes never leaving my stroking hand and throbbing dick, I watched as she raised herself onto her knees before me and slipped her hands beneath her breasts. She wordlessly lifted her big melons upwards, presenting them to me as a wickedly inviting target for my rapidly-approaching orgasm. Seeing my gorgeous mother do that was all it took to send me over the edge. As I looked down at that tremendous rack, glistening with perspiration and a shimmering coating of my own spit, I felt that delicious sensation as the boiling semen within me started to speed up the shaft of my pulsating cock. My hand pumped furiously as I inched forward and aimed the red engorged crown down at her voluptuous tits.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I moaned loudly as I started to shoot. My warning fell on deaf ears as my beautiful sexy mother was in no hurry to be anywhere else except beneath a shower of my incestuous cum. I pointed my throbbing prick towards her magnificent rack and the first thick creamy rope shot forth and splashed forcefully onto her chest, leaving a milky ribbon streaking from the tip of her right breast upwards toward her left shoulder. I moved my pumping hand over and the second pearly strand jettisoned forth onto her other breast. I pumped again and a third heavy wad hit her full on her left nipple.

"OHHHHHHNNNNNN," she groaned again as another tingling climax shot through her. Oh fuck, she was right about her breasts being sensitive.....and I loved it. I knew it wasn't just the feeling of my cum splashing down on her body; the illicit thrill of what we were doing was fueling her raging libido just as much as mine.

She was groaning softly as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her lush mature body as I continued to flood her chest with shot after shot of my milky seed. Having my mother's huge tit and big hard nipple in my mouth was even better than my dreams, and the forbidden wickedness of it had me cumming and cumming. Having her climax as I unloaded all over those massive jugs of hers just made my own release that much better. My orgasm went on for a long time, my throbbing erection spewing and spitting from within my stroking hand as I pumped out wad after wad of pearly semen all over her voluminous tits. Finally, I felt the last exquisite twinges go through my body, and a tingling shiver went down my spine as I released my cock and looked down at her.

"Oh my God, Andy," my mother said as her eyes went down to her cum-covered chest, "look at how much there is." She was right about that, her whole chest was glistening with my milky cum. Bizarre patterns of silvery cum crisscrossed from one huge tit to the other, while slithering trails seeped into her deep inviting cleavage. Massive heavy gobs clung to her smooth soft skin, the pearly fluid shining erotically as one heavy gob started to slowly flow into another. Seeing a huge load like this on my own mother just fuelled my wicked incestuous lust for her even more.

With her fingertips tracing curiously around the outlines of her cum-covered tits, she looked up at me, wanton desire still lingering in her hooded eyes. "Andy, you're.....you're still hard," she said softly as she looked at my throbbing prick, mere inches from her pretty face. She was right; I was still hard, my pulsing erection bobbing up and down menacingly with each beat of my racing heart. I could see the wanton interest in her eyes as she watched my cock pulse and throb right before her eyes, my bobbing manhood luring her in hypnotically. "Do you....do you want me to use my hand again?" With her eyes glued to my thrusting erection, she reached slowly forward. I was of half a mind to let her do it, knowing I would absolutely love it.....but I wanted more.

"Just hang on a second," I said as I stepped down the hallway to the linen closet. I grabbed a couple of towels and hurried back, not wanting her to have time for any second thoughts. Stepping over to the dining room table, I rifled through the pile of packages I'd brought for her until I located the one I wanted.

"What's that?" she asked as I pulled a plastic bottle out of the bag.

"Baby oil."

"What's that for?"

"You'll see. Trust me, Mom, you'll love this." I took her by the hand and helped her up before moving over towards my father's favorite armchair, my heavy dick bobbing before us. I set the bottle of baby oil and one towel on the little table beside the chair and spread the other towel out on the seat cushion.

"You.....you're going to sit in your father's chair?" she asked hesitantly. She had a fearful look of trepidation on her face, the specter of my controlling father still haunting her. I quickly peeled off my shirt, tossed it aside, stood before her and put my hands on her shoulders. I looked into her deep blue eyes and could see the nervousness lurking within her, thoughts of my manipulative father still running through her brain.

"Mom, do you love me?" I asked softly as I calmly stroked her shoulders.

"I do, Andy. More than anything."

"I love you too, Mom. Like we talked about earlier, after what your life has been like with Dad all these years, you deserve to be happy now. I want that for you more than anything else. I know you can be happy if you'll just let yourself try. I'll do whatever I can to help you do that." I paused for a second, and as I looked down into those soft blue eyes, I saw her start to well up with tears once more. "Will you let me do that for you, Mom? Will you let me do whatever I can to make you happy?"

"Oh Andy, you are so good to me. I couldn't have asked for a better son." Her eyes were brimming with tears of happiness as she looked at me tenderly, the love we had for each other making both our hearts soar with overwhelming joy. "That is so nice of you to want to help me. I don't think you know how much I care about you. I trust you like no one else. I love all these things you've gotten for me. You don't know how happy you've already made me. If you think I need to be happier than this," she said gesturing to the array of packages on the table, "you can do whatever you want to help me." I loved the sound of that..... 'do whatever you want', she'd said. We'd just have to see about that.

I held her shoulders firmly and made sure she was looking right at me before I spoke, "Mom, listen to me.....Dad's gone." She looked at me and nodded slowly. "I'm going to be the man in your life from now on....starting right now. I want you to understand that. I will take better care of you than Dad ever did; I promise you that. I will never let anyone say or do anything to harm you." I looked at her intently and saw a single tear roll down her cheek. "I love you so much, Mom.....I always have and always will. More than anything else, I want you to be happy. And I will do whatever it takes to make you happy. I promise you that too."

"Oh Andy," she replied, her lip starting to quiver as she fought back the tears, "I love you so much. You are so good to me." She flung her arms around me and pulled me close as she hugged me tightly, her massive tits pressing into my chest, the silvery coating of cum feeling warm and slippery against my skin. Realizing what she had done, she pulled back and looked at the pearly gobs, some of which were now clinging to my chest. "Oh my, look what I've done. I'm so sorry."

She looked nervous, as if I would be upset about something like that. "That's okay, Mom. You don't have to worry about something like that. I don't want you to ever be nervous or anxious around me. I want you to feel you can say or do anything and not feel that I'm judging you. I mean that."

She smiled happily, and it lit up her whole pretty face. She stood on tip-toes and gave me tender peck on the lips. "Okay. What do you want me to do?" There, that was more like it. Now she definitely seemed more interested in seeing what I had in mind.

"Well, let me just take this off first." I reached towards her and undid the last few buttons of her sweater. I pushed it off her shoulders and tossed it onto the couch. I then reached for the front of her bra and undid the clasp between the two cups that held the whole thing together. I drew it away from beneath her voluminous tits and dropped it on top of her sweater. She stood before me in just the little denim mini and those cute strappy sandals, her enormous breasts swaying seductively on her broad chest, those big red nipples pointing up at me provocatively.

"Just kneel down here," I said as I reached over and grabbed another throw-pillow off the couch and threw it on the floor in front of my father's chair. She compliantly did as I asked and once she was on her knees, I stepped in front of her and sat in my father's chair. After what I had just said, I

knew this was a big moment for her, seeing me in this chair. In some bizarre sick way, it was almost like a young prince taking his place on the throne for the first time after his father's untimely demise. And as I settled into the chair and saw my mother look at me with trust and longing in her eyes, I thought this throne was gonna fit me just fine. Yes, I thought as I looked down at her huge swaying tits, it was time for the new king to give his queen a nice creamy bath.

"Hold out your hands," I said as I popped open the lid on the baby oil. She extended her hands face up and I poured a generous amount of the slippery liquid into her cupped palms. "That's good. Now, I think you know what to do with those." I set the bottle down on the little table beside me and sat back in the chair. I could see a smile of curiosity on her face as she brought her hands forward and then let them slip around the shaft of my burgeoning fuck-stick.

"Yeah, that's it. That's perfect," I said softly as her warm slick hands quickly coated my stiffening shaft with the slippery fluid. Her magical hands worked up and down my glistening member teasingly, and within half a minute, I was hard as a rock again.

"Oh Andy, it feels so hard.....and it's so big," she whispered huskily as her eyes remained riveted on my thrusting erection, the broad crimson crown appearing and reappearing provocatively from inside the hot buttery corridor of her stroking hands. It felt fucking fantastic, and I felt like just melting into the chair and let her wonderful milking hands do that to me forever, but I wanted more.

"That feels so good, Mom," I said as I sat forward slightly and started to pour the baby oil into my own hands. "Let's see how you like this." I reached forward and started to spread the shiny fluid all over those huge tits of hers, the baby oil mixing in lewdly with my own cum I'd shot onto her just a few minutes ago. Her stupendous knockers glistened lewdly as my slick fingers spread the slippery goo all over her. I let my oil-covered hands slide downwards until my fingertips found the objects of their desire, those thick rubbery nipples of hers. I grasped them between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and rolled them teasingly.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhh....." She let out a long moan and I saw her eyes close as my fingers toyed with her sensitive breasts. I slid my big hands beneath her massive guns and spread the slippery fluid all over them as I lifted, her voluptuous breasts feeling incredibly heavy in my hands. Oh man, what a fantastic body my mother had.....a lush curvy body built for one thing.....sex. Again, as much as I wanted to just push her onto her back and fuck the living shit out of her, I knew I had to take my time. But I wasn't worried, I knew whenever it would happen....it would be worth it.

"C'mere Mom," I said as I inched forward and sat on the edge of the chair. She looked a little unsure at first of what I wanted her to do, but she quickly caught on as I held her oil-covered knockers in my hands and pulled her towards me. She leaned forward and I lifted those magnificent breasts until she used her stroking hands to place my thrusting erection right between her huge tits. I pressed the sides of her voluminous fun-bags inwards, trapping my throbbing prick deep within her slippery hot cleavage. I brought her hands to the sides of her own body and let her take over. She got the hang of it right away as she pushed those hot slick pillows of flesh all around my rock-hard cock until all that was left visible was the enflamed tip, the red eye peeking wetly from the top of her mile-deep cleavage.

"Oh yeah, that's it, Mom. That feels so warm.....so soft." She started to move her body up and down a little bit at a time, the slick friction feeling luxuriously erotic on my enveloped prick. Her huge tits were just so soft and warm against me, and the slippery baby oil made everything that much better. I gasped with pleasure as she pressed those swollen mounds of flesh against my rigid member, her

upper body continuing to move slowly up and down as our mutual pleasure escalated. I looked down at her stiff red nipples, the huge beacons glistening wetly with the slick oily coating. Oh fuck, were they ever big. My mouth watered just looking at them.

"Oh God, it's so hard," she groaned and I watched her eyes close as waves of pleasure rolled through her. Oh man, she looked hot. I loved those sensitive breasts of hers; the ample mounds of tit-flesh seemed able to readily bring her the sensual gratification her lush body was craving after all those years of denial. I reached forward and grabbed those huge nipples as she continued to move her enormous 32Gs up and down on my slick throbbing erection.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she purred wantonly as I rolled the stiff rubbery buds between my fingers. I kept it up, the hard oily buttons pushing back against my fingertips, both of us gasping raggedly as we pressed our slick bodies against each other, our warm flesh meeting deep in her hot slippery cleavage.

"Oh Andy, you feel so good.....so hard....." Her head rolled back and her hot sweet mouth gaped open as the intense friction between our slick oiled bodies got hotter and hotter. I felt my overflowing balls draw up close to my body and knew I was close. I had dreamed forever about tit-fucking my stacked mother and cumming all over.....now that dream was about to come true.

"Mom.....just.....just keeping doing that," I said with a low groan as I continued to fill my hands with those enormous tits of hers while she pressed her monstrous slick pillows of flesh around my engorged member.

"OHHHHGGGNNNN....." Her long drawn-out moan of pleasure was all it took to send me right over the edge. I felt those delicious contractions start in my midsection as the boiling semen sped up the shaft of my pulsating prick.

"MOM.....I'M.....I'M GONNA CUM," I warned as I looked down at the dark purple head of my engorged cock, still sliding in and out of the top of her deep oily cleavage. I watched as the wet red eye gaped open and was filled by a milky gob for a split second before a long white rope spat forth, the silvery ribbon of cum hitting her forcefully on the underside of her chin. As the first shot hit her, she looked down and a second pearly strand jettisoned forth to splash against the lower part of her face. A nasty jolt of wicked delight tore through my brain when I saw the long rope sticking to her upper lip, then continue right down over her mouth before the rest of the thick silvery strand dangled lewdly from her chin. The illicit thrill of seeing my cum hit my mother in the face had me thrusting harder upwards as a third and fourth shot burst forth. My aim was good as those shots too hit home, one plastering itself against her cheek while the other one spewed up her chin, over her lips and along the side of her nose before ending just beneath her lust-filled eyes. As she pressed her slick oily tits against my spewing cock, I continued to unload, my cum flying everywhere.

"OH ANDY.....I.....I.....OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH....." She let out a deep guttural growl and I watched her start to shake as a tingling orgasm shot through her. I gave her huge nipples a firm squeeze between my oily fingers and another low moan followed the first as she gasped and shook as my hands pleased her. I looked down as she continued to press her massive oily breasts against my spitting prick as I continued to cum, the remainder of my shots covering the upper swells of her shiny voluminous tits.

It was so fucking hot that she could cum while I worked on her tits; having my hands full of her magnificent breasts and having her see me cum seemed to be enough to send her over the edge. I

loved it. As the final few shots oozed from the tip of my spent dick, I released her swollen nipples from my grasp and softly stroked my fingertips over her slippery chest. She stopped moving as well, but kept my slowly deflating cock hidden deep in her slick cleavage as we both stayed still, each of us gasping raggedly as our racing heartbeats slowly returned to normal.

I sat back and looked at her. Oh man, she looked incredible. Her eyes were half-closed from the intense sensations of the nerve-shattering release she'd just experienced, but she had a look of pure serene bliss all over that pretty face of hers. That sultry look wasn't the only thing on her face that made her look so desirable; there were a few sizable strands and heavy gobs of my thick milky cum covering the lower part of her face. I looked down slightly and took in the rest of this second big load I'd unloaded all over her, those enormous tits of hers once more covered in a swirling pearly mess of my cum and glistening baby oil.

I looked back up to her face as my eyes were drawn in by two huge gobs of cum dangling from each side of her chin. Did that ever look sexy; my own beautiful mother sitting before me with my creamy semen hanging off her lust-filled face. I was totally mesmerized by the slowly swinging strands, the bigger one starting to slowly distend downwards. I watched as the extending silvery web connecting the heavy gob to her chin got thinner and thinner before breaking, the pearly-white drop landing teasingly on her right breast and sliding erotically towards her thick red nipple. I looked back up at the other gob and was happy to see that it was clinging tenaciously to her chin as her eyes slowly opened to look at me.

She finally seemed to be coming around as the exquisite sensations of her orgasm dissipated within her lush thrumming body. As she looked at me through half-closed eyes, she seemed to become aware of my cum clinging to her face. I watched intently, wondering how she'd react. I saw her wet red lips part slightly as her tongue slid slowly out, the soft red tip discovering the warm gobs of milky fluid all around her mouth. I felt another delicious jolt go through me and I watched wide-eyed as her long wet tongue moved past her parted red lips in a slow sensuous circle, my creamy white seed clinging to her tongue as she moved it all around her open mouth. With her tongue totally coated with my pearly cum, I watched as she provocatively drew her tongue back into her mouth and closed her pouty red lips. Her eyes closed and I could see her savoring the new sensation of my warm cream in her mouth.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she purred warmly and I watched as the muscles in her neck contracted as she swallowed. Oh fuck, I thought to myself....my own mother had just swallowed a mouthful of my cum! I had just cum twice in a row, but I knew I was not done with her yet....not by a longshot. This education of my beautiful busty mother still had a long way to go.....