

# EDUCATING MOM: ANDY'S STORY CH. 04

*rmddexter*

*Andy's mom is an eager student when it comes to sucking cock.*

Incest/Taboo

4.77

16.8k words

"This place is pretty nice, and that man was so polite to me," my mother said, looking around Gabriel's restaurant as we settled into opposite sides of our booth.

"Yes, he's a great guy. Connor and I have been coming here for a while now and he's always treated us really nicely." I looked across at her, a warm smile turning up the corners of my mouth as I took in the relaxed look of contented happiness on her face. I knew my father had rarely taken my mother out to dinner and I wanted to make this spontaneous little venture out something she would enjoy. How was that going to happen; well, hopefully it would start with the outfit I'd gotten her that she hadn't opened earlier in the day.

After finishing our shower, I had told her I wanted to take her out to dinner to celebrate our new son/mother teacher/student relationship. She'd been excited; especially when I told her I had bought her something that I thought would be perfect for where I planned on taking her. I could see from the expression on her face that she was anxious to see what I'd gotten her. We quickly dried off, and as I knotted another towel about my waist, she donned her big fluffy robe before we both made our way back to the living room.

"Which one is it?" she'd asked excitedly as she surveyed the remaining unopened packages.

"Uh....that one there," I said, pointing to a colorful bag, the tiny handles tied together with strips of curling ribbon. Like a kid on Christmas Day, I watched as she deftly picked open the shiny ribbon and drew out the tissue-wrapped package from within. Setting the package down on the dining room table, she carefully undid a couple of pieces of tape and peeled the tissue to each side.

"Oh Andy, it's so pretty," she'd cooed as she picked up the dress and let it drape down in front of her. She turned it back and forth and then held it in front of her, and I knew, even though she still had her robe on, that it was going to look amazing on her. I had seen it on a mannequin in one of the stores I'd been in and loved it. I'd picked this dress out knowing that it would look great on her, and yet still be practical enough for her to wear to her part-time job at the library, or even to church. I personally would have liked something a little more daring, but that would come later. Right now, I had to continue to move her along slowly, especially where having clothes to wear out was concerned.

This dress was a warm royal blue color, which I thought would vividly draw out the enchanting deep blue of her eyes. It had little cap sleeves and a squared-off open area at the top of the bodice. It would cover more of those sublime breasts of hers than I would have liked, but if it ended up looking like I thought it would once she had it on, there would be no hiding the sumptuous upper swells of those incredible mounds, plus there should still be a teasing glimpse into the deep line of her inviting cleavage. The dress was designed so that the material formed to the wearer's body, but was not of a purely elasticized material that would have clung to her every curve lewdly. No, this was just a nice form-fitting dress, so I knew it would look fantastic as it drew your eyes to those enchanting curves of her lush body. The lower part of the dress was similar to the other pencil skirt

I'd gotten her, narrowing at the bottom with a small vent at the back. It would end a couple of inches above her knees; like I said, practical yet still incredibly sexy. I couldn't wait to see it on her. But, I had a couple of other things for her that she'd need to make the outfit complete.

"Take a look in that box there," I said, pointing towards another shoe box with a little ribbon around it. She carefully laid the dress over the back of one of the dining room chairs and opened the box.

"Oh Andy," she said with a happy sigh as she drew out one of the sexy shoes. It was almost the identical color of blue as the dress, a stylish pointy-toed pump with cut-out sections at the sides. Her delicate little feet would slip into the triangular-shaped cap over the toes; then be open most of the way back, with another piece of leather at the back that would cup her heel and hold the shoe in place. Her eyes were big as saucers as she turned it over in her hands, taking in the slim 4" stiletto heel. "They're beautiful."

"Just a couple other things to make this outfit complete." I reached forward and passed her another gift bag, one of the purchases Jessica had helped me with at 'The Cat's Pajamas'. She set the shoe down and excitedly undid the little strips of shiny ribbon. I wondered if she'd had as much fun watching me open presents on Christmas Day as I was having watching her now. It struck me as funny how the tables had kind of turned in our relationship. Now, I was the one teaching her a few things, and making sure she was showered with kindness. Of course, I was getting something out of this too.

"I love the color," she gushed as she reached into the bag and drew something out from beneath the covering tissue. She held the tantalizing garment out before her and I looked at it myself, glad I'd made the purchase of this alluring piece of apparel. It was a satin bra in royal blue as well; as close as I could get to the color of the dress. The huge cups of the 32G bra were sensuously smooth, the shininess of the satin drawing your eyes like a magnet. Like all bras of her size, it was heavily structured, the strengthening underwire wonderfully hidden beneath and around the massive supporting cups.

"One more thing." I pointed back to the gift bag and she reached inside and pulled out a matching pair of satin panties. Like the ones I'd gotten her yesterday, they were cut wickedly high on the hips; still somewhat practical but deliciously sinful as well.

"Oh Andy, everything is perfect." She dropped the items onto the table and wrapped her arms around me, showering me with kisses. I was so happy to see her overjoyed like this. I could see that having new clothes like this, so different from what she was used to, seemed to mean so much to her. If it was this easy to make her happy, I had no problem continuing to surprise her with these little gifts.

"Okay, I'm getting hungry," I said as I playfully pushed her away from me, big smiles on both of our faces. "Let's get dressed. I want to take you out so the world can see how beautiful my mother is." My words made her blush as she stepped back and gathered up her new things.

"With the color of this dress and these shoes, do you think I should wear those black stockings you got me yesterday?"

"That would look fine, but I think it would look even better with just bare legs. I think those shoes were made for that kind of thing."

"Okay. Since this outfit is so nice and we're going out, would you like me to try a little of that makeup you got me too?"

I looked at her, seeing the pure joy in her eyes, her new presents slung over her arm as she waited for my reply. As I looked at her pretty face, I was amazed once again at her natural beauty. "You don't need anything, Mom. But if you want to try it, I think a little lipstick and one of those pink eye-shadows would look great with that dress."

She nodded and disappeared into her room while I went into my old bedroom. I pulled out a clean pair of fitted boxers I had there, and then slipped on my work shirt and pants I'd worn over. I kept a navy blazer in my car at all times, just for unexpected occasions like this. The classic navy blazer never failed when needed in a pinch. Gabriel's restaurant wasn't exactly The Ritz, but it wasn't just a dumpy diner either. With my mother's new dress and me in my navy blazer, we'd fit in fine.

"What do you think?" she asked a few minutes later as she rejoined me in the living room. I could only stand and stare as she walked into the room. The dress looked even better on her than I had imagined. It fit her perfectly, the soft-looking rich blue fabric wonderfully following the inviting contours of her womanly figure. It was not too tight, but the way the material accentuated her generous bust and matronly hourglass figure left no doubt about what kind of body she had; one that any woman would want, and any man would want to fuck.....all night long.

"Mom, you look fantastic," I uttered as I let my eyes roam down over her gorgeous form. The bodice fit as I imagined, the squared-off opening between her shoulders and breasts covering most of her full breasts but leaving a portion of the curving upper swells visible, as well as teasing glimpse of her deep cleavage. My eye moved downward, following the subtle flow of royal blue down past her waist to her flared hips, the dress hugging in nicely as it drew my eyes further south in a V-shape to where it ended a few inches below her dimpled knees. Her smooth tanned legs looked great as they contrasted with the vivid blue of the dress. I followed the alluring line of her shapely legs down over her toned calves to those shoes....fuck....those shoes.....they looked amazing. The slim 4" heel made her legs look fantastic and the lustrous blue shade of the shiny leather made her feet look incredibly sexy, the pointy toe and heel piece wonderfully cradling her foot while the open sides seemed to sensually suggest something wicked and naughty for the wearer's partner. Just looking at those shoes sent a chilling shiver right through me.

I finally tore my eyes away from her gorgeous body and looked up at her face, that enchanting lovely face of hers. She had quickly done her hair, the lustrous chestnut waves falling sensuously to her shoulders as it framed her attractive features. Her eyes shone, the warm blue shade echoing the blue of her dress as I'd hoped. I could see the soft warm pink of the eye shadow she'd applied, subtly enhancing the inviting beauty she naturally had. I looked at her mouth, her full lips looking bee-stung and sexy as hell with the bold red lipstick applied to them. Her wide mouth and pouty lips looked fantastic with the lipstick on them. It looked like a perfect cock-sucking mouth. As I looked at that gorgeous inviting mouth of hers, it wasn't hard to think about what the next lesson in her 'education' was going to be. I planned on using that mouth more than once later on, but right now, I needed some fuel inside me if I was going to do anything.

"Andy, this outfit is so nice, I love it." She turned from side to side as she looked at herself in the mirror near the front door, a look of pure joy on her face. It warmed my heart to see her so happy; making her feel this good about herself was what it had been all about; plus getting my rocks off at the same time, I couldn't deny that.

"I don't really have a purse to go with this; I guess my black one will have to do." She picked up her purse as I held the door open for her.

A matching purse.....something that had never even registered on my radar. I had the shoes to match, even the underwear to match, but a purse was something I had never even thought of. Not having to ever carry one myself, I had no idea about such things. "We'll get you one tomorrow, I've got some more shopping I want to do for you," I said as I opened the car door for her. She slid into the car, her tanned legs following as I watched her draw them in one at a time, my eyes instinctively going to the alluring display of her shapely thighs. I closed the door after her, grabbed my blazer from the back seat, slipped it on and fired up my Ford Fusion.

I know what you're thinking, a Ford Fusion isn't a very exciting car for a successful young guy in Las Vegas with his own computer consulting firm and a penthouse apartment, even if that was courtesy of my inheritance. Well, they were all out of Ferrari's when I went to get one, so I picked a Fusion instead. Seriously, I never really wanted a showpiece car like that; it wasn't important to me to show off like that. I was probably a little too practical for my own good, something my friend Connor never ceased to tease me about. He'd look at the sporty lines of a car, or the color, or what he called the "chick magnet factor", while I'd be concerned about reliability, safety and practicality. Anyways, you don't want to hear all that crap, I'm just telling you, my car is a silver Ford Fusion, and I'm happy with it.....end of story.

"Andy, I didn't mean that I wanted a new purse," my mother said as I pulled out into traffic. She gestured towards the black purse on her lap. "This one's fine."

"No, I insist. We'll look for one tomorrow."

"What did you mean when you said you had more shopping to do for me? You've given me far too much already. I don't need anything else."

"Do you like the things I've gotten you so far?"

"You know I do, Andy. I love everything. You just shouldn't be spending your money on me like that. And really, I don't need anything else."

"Mom, my business is really doing well. Don't worry about the money. I want to do this for you. Seriously, I want to make up for all those years when Dad wouldn't let you have things like this." I paused and she seemed satisfied with my reasons for wanting to do this. "Besides, I can think of one new thing you definitely need right off the top."

"What's that?"

"A new bathing suit. We've got that pool in the backyard and I hardly ever see you in it. And that bathing suit you've got....really Mom, how old is that thing." I could see her in her conservative black one-piece. It couldn't hide her tremendous tits, but the boring design didn't do much for the rest of her body.

From the way she slowly nodded her head, I could see that she agreed with me. "Well, you're right; I have had it for a few years now."

"Exactly. So tomorrow, you and I are going shopping together. A new bathing suit is definitely at the top of our list. Okay?" I looked at her with a little grin on my face and watched a warm smile spread over her own.

"Okay."

"Good. Now are you hungry?"

"I'm starving actually."

"Yeah, me too. I guess we worked up quite an appetite." I watched her blush as she thought about what we had done to work up that appetite. I knew she had enjoyed it just as much, if not more, than I did. "Ah, here we are; Gabriel's."

I pulled into the parking lot and held the door open, my eyes feasting on those sexy shoes and her shimmering tanned legs as she slid out of the car and took my arm. I loved that titillating "click-clack" sound her stiletto heels made as we walked towards the front door. As usual, Gabriel himself was manning the door and ushered us in.

"Ah, Senor Andy, buenas noches."

"Buenas noches, Gabriel."

"And who is this beautiful woman who is your guest tonight?" Gabriel asked as he gave my mother a little bow of respect.

"Oh, this is my mother. Gabriel, this is Cynthia. Cynthia.....Gabriel," I said, introducing one to the other.

My mother nodded politely in his direction and I turned towards him as well. I was surprised to see the dumbfounded look on the Spaniard's face as he looked intently at my mother. He always seemed so proper and composed. "No, I don't believe it," he said emphatically. He looked from my mother to me, and that back to my mother again. "This could be your sister, no? But your mother, I don't believe it."

"I'm afraid it's the truth. I have painful stories about his birth I can tell you, if you'd like," my mother said good-naturedly. It was so nice to see her have the confidence to say something like that with such ease.

"No....no," he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I have two of my own and from what my wife tells me of their birth, well, it is at times like those that I'm glad to be a man." We all had a little chuckle at that. "I am truly sorry. It's just that you are so young and beautiful, I would never have guessed you as being Andy's mother." He seemed to think about what he had just said and shook his head as if to correct himself. "Not to say mothers can't be beautiful...or young....or....oh dear, I'm making a complete fool of myself." He stopped and gestured gracefully to my mother. "How about we start over? Cynthia, welcome to Gabriel's. We are honored to have you and your son as our guests tonight." His kind words brought a smile to all our faces.

"It's very nice to meet you, Gabriel," my mother said, extending her hand which the Spaniard took in his own and shook gently. "Your place is so nice, and Andy's told me how much he and his friend Connor like coming here. I'm just glad he made me his date tonight instead of Connor." We had another laugh at that.

"Your son and Connor are two of our best customers. And you young lady, you are welcome here anytime. Now, let me find you a nice table."

"Is our usual table available?" I asked as I noticed the booth Connor and I preferred was currently empty.

"Yes, if you wish." He led us to our usual place and my mother slid gracefully into one side while I took the other.

"My daughter Silvia will be taking care of you tonight." He turned to my mother. "If there's anything you need, my dear, just let Silvia know and I will see that it's taken care of."

"Thank you so much," my mother replied, giving him a warm smile. "This is perfect."

"Enjoy," he said with a theatrical sweep of his hand as he went back to his post. Which takes us to the starting point of this part of my story.....

"This place is pretty nice, and that man was so polite to me," my mother said, looking around Gabriel's restaurant as we settled into opposite sides of our booth.

"Yes, he's a great guy. Connor and I have been coming here for a while now and he's always treated us really nicely."

"He seems like such a charming man," she said, watching him walk away.

"See, I told you that you didn't look old. He thought you were my sister."

"I think he was just trying to be polite," she answered, her eyes looking around the place. It was pretty busy, with nearly all the tables being occupied. It looked like he had the full complement of waitresses on duty, all of them sharing a similar trait. Besides the fact that the food here was fantastic, one of the main reasons my friend Connor and I came here regularly was because of the waitresses. Whether it was intentional or not, Gabriel seemed to have the habit of hiring busty girls for his staff, including his own two daughters, Marta and Silvia. Our table was usually in their serving area and Connor and I had come to know them a little bit over the last year or so. Both girls were in their early twenties, with Marta being a couple of years older. She was much bolder and gregarious, while Silvia was more demure and quiet. Both were great-looking, Marta being a little taller. I would have pegged her at about 5'-7" with Silvia being about 5'-5". Marta had shoulder-length brown hair and deep brown eyes while Silvia had short black hair and dazzling hazel eyes. Both of them a similar generous bust-line; buxom being a perfect description of the way they both filled out the standard waitress' uniform Gabriel asked all his girls to wear.

My friend Connor had a continuous flirtatious relationship with Marta going; the two of them verbally sparring every time we came in. I was more drawn to Silvia, losing myself in those brilliant hazel eyes of hers more than once when she'd looked at me. I was both excited and nervous that Silvia was going to be our waitress tonight. And right now, she was heading our way with a couple of menus.

"Andy," she said with a nod, a somewhat diffident expression on her face as she slid the menus in front of each of us. I wondered what that was all about, and then I saw her kind of checking my mother out. A thrill went through me as I realized that Silvia seemed to be a little bit jealous; the wary look in her eyes as she looked my mother over testifying to that. It dawned on me in an instant that this was the first time I had been here with anyone other than Connor. She was used to seeing just the two of us in here, and then all of a sudden, one of us shows up with a woman; and a fantastically attractive woman at that. As much as I was reveling in her little predicament, I figured I'd better straighten this out right away.

"Hi Silvia. This is my mother, Cynthia," I said as I gestured across the table.

"Your....your mother?" she asked cautiously as she looked from my mother to me, and back again. I could see her turning red with embarrassment; obviously my thoughts of her being jealous were true.

"I'm afraid so, my dear," my mother said as she gave Silvia a big smile. "I guess I have to take my share of the responsibility for putting this young man here. He and his friend Connor don't give you too hard of a time, do they?"

"No, they're great customers," Silvia all but gushed, and I was thrilled to see the look of happy relief on her face. "They're no trouble at all. It's so nice to meet you." Silvia extended her hand and my mother shook it, both of them smiling from ear to ear. Now, that was a sight I could get used to, my mother and Silvia together. I don't know why, maybe it's because I'm such a perv, but once I saw their hands connected, I pictured both of them together with me, one on each side of me with their kissing mouths servicing my cock. "Andy, you never told us you had such a beautiful mother." Silvia's words snapped me out of my reverie and with my mind being temporarily elsewhere, I was the one who ended up fumbling for words.

"I...well....she....." I mumbled incoherently, picturing Silvia's pretty lips wrapped around one of my mother's massive tits.

"That's very sweet of you to say that," my mother interjected, saving me. "I don't get out much. Andy came over to my house to help me with a few things, and we got so busy, we lost track of the time." Yeah, busy cumming all over each other. "I offered to make dinner, but my son here insisted that we come here for dinner instead. I had a new outfit to wear, so this was a perfect opportunity to try it out." My mother gave me a secretive little smile as she said this.

"That's a beautiful dress," the young Spanish girl replied as her eyes roamed over my mother's lush form, "and those shoes are gorgeous. I'd love a pair of shoes like that."

"Thank you so much. Andy said it looked nice too, but it's nice to hear what another woman thinks." I could tell Silvia was pleased that my mother had referred to her as 'another woman', not as 'a girl' or 'young woman', even though they were about twenty years apart. It showed that my mother had a level of respect for her that she may have found surprising. I'm sure hearing my mother say that made her feel good; I know it made me feel good about the two of them as well.

"So what's your mom's special of the day?" I asked before turning to my mother to explain. "Silvia's mother runs the kitchen and does most of the cooking."

"Chicken Pepitoria is today's special."

"Oh, I love that. How about we have two of those?" I looked at my mother questioningly and she nodded, trusting my judgment. Silvia pulled out her little pad from her waitresses' apron and jotted something down. "And what's today's soup?"

"It's my mother's Seafood Chowder."

"Is that the one with the tomato and brandy base, with the prawns, clams and monkfish?"

"That's it."

"It looks like we picked a good day to come. How about two bowls of that as well?" Once again, my mother nodded in agreement as Silvia made a quick note.

"Then I guess you won't need these," she said as she gathered up the unopened menus. "Would you like something to drink while you're waiting?"

"I'm fine with just water," my mother said.

"Mom, come on, we're celebrating with a nice dinner out. Have a glass of wine."

"I.....I'll be fine," she replied politely, but I could see her wavering.

"Could you bring us a couple of glasses of your house red, please?" I asked, knowing my mother had a preference for red.

"Sure, coming right up." I watched Silvia's sumptuous rump sway enticingly as she made her way towards the waitresses' station, menus in hand.

"What a lovely young woman," my mother said, her eyes following Silvia as well.

"Oh, I.....I guess so," I replied with an unknowing shake of my head as I turned to face my mother across the table.

"Oh Andy, I can see how much you like her." I felt myself start to blush, knowing after all these years my mother could see right through me. "And I can see she likes you too. Did you see how the look on her face changed once she realized I wasn't just some woman you were here with on a date?"

"I....uh...." I stammered once again, unsure of what to say.

"Trust me; a woman can see these things in each other; and that one, whether you see it or not, she likes you."

I looked over to the bar just as Marta walked up to her sister and said something as she gestured towards our table. I could see Silvia speaking excitedly and then Marta's mouth dropped open, a shocked look on her face. I figured Silvia must have told her in that instant that the stunning woman with me was actually my mother. As I looked at the two of them talking, I only had eyes for Silvia. Her short black hair framed her pretty face nicely, accentuating her attractive features, enchanting hazel eyes and the warm comforting smile that lit up her face. I had always been attracted to her, but I had never been too sure about what she thought. Maybe my mother was right.

"She's very pretty, isn't she?" Once again, my mother's words pulled me back to the moment.

"I.....I guess."

"I think you should ask her out sometime. You're not getting any younger, you know."

"Mom, I'm only 27. And besides, right now.....today, I'm pretty happy with the way things are." There could be no denying the intent of my statement; that I was talking about what had happened between the two of us over the last couple of days. Just as I finished saying that, Silvia arrived with our two glasses of wine, placing them in front of each of us before turning away with a pleasant smile for each of us. The little interruption gave me mother some time to think about what I had just said.

"Andy, I love what has happened between us as well; but I want you to listen to me." Her voice had taken on a more serious tone, and I knew that what she was about to say could possibly impact our lives from here on out. "I know a young man has certain needs, and I understand that you want to take care of those needs." She paused and I could see her try to search for the words she wanted.

"And I have to admit, I.....I like it that you want me to help you with that. It makes me feel so special....and so close to you." This sounded good so far, but I had the feeling there was a 'but'



coming here soon, and I didn't have long to wait as it was the next word out of her mouth. "But I think you know, we can never.....you know.....never do.....that."

The way she said it, there was no mistaking what she meant by 'that'. I had the feeling she was going to bring this up sooner or later, but I figured after the way things had been progressing so far, it would only be a matter of time before I broke down her resistance and was able to fuck her within an inch of her life. I was quite willing to quietly agree with her at this point, happy to take my time without pressing too much. With that amazing body and inviting mouth of hers, there were still plenty of things we could do to bring each other pleasure. I wasn't going to push it, but I wanted to hear a little more on what she had to say on the point. "But haven't you been happy with everything we've done so far?"

Once again, I could see her blushing as she paused to take a sip of her wine. "I...I have. I've loved everything we've done. I never knew I could feel as good as you've made me feel; and I love you so much for showing me." She paused again, and I could hear a small degree of hesitancy in her voice as she resumed speaking. "But that's different Andy. You know how the bible frowns on....."

"Incest?" I interjected, knowing she was having trouble even saying the word.

"Yes. And if we....you know....did that, it would be incest." Ah, there it was, my mother seemed to believe in the old presidential definition of incest. I had to suppress the grin I felt wanting to turn up the corners of my mouth as I thought about everything we'd done so far; and that she hadn't felt incestuously guilty about that. Yeah, I was quite willing to accept the presidential definition of incest as being prohibitive.....for now.

"I.....I think I understand," I replied, wanting to see what she'd say next.

"A man needs a woman in his life, someone who he can share his life with, who can give him children." I wanted to say something about my own father at this point, and what a fucked-up job he'd done with her life, but I sat quietly, keeping those thoughts to myself. "I can't be that woman, Andy. I can help you with certain needs, but I can't be that woman."

"I understand." I nodded and took a drink of my own wine, knowing she needed to see that I was not upset by what she'd said. I set my glass down and gave her a warm smile, letting her know everything was alright.

"I love you so much, Andy."

"I love you too, Mom."

Silvia broke the mood by arriving with the soup, sliding the two bowls of steaming goodness in front of each of us.

"This smells incredible," my mother said as the savory vapors invaded her senses.

"¡Buen provecho!" Silvia replied, before turning with a little flourish and leaving us to eat.

"I've had this soup a few times. It's fantastic." We eagerly dug in, a few pleasurable moans issuing from each of us as we ate the delicious concoction. It struck me as funny how similar the sounds coming out of us were to the ones we'd made in the heat of passion such a short time ago.

With the semi-serious topic of sex/no sex having been raised and agreed to, we talked about other things over our meal; my work, my mother's part-time job at the library, what my friend Connor was

up to....the usual talk between a mother and her son. Silvia continued to be very attentive, clearing away our dishes and bringing the main course, always with a pleasant smile on her pretty face.

The Chicken Pepitoria was delicious, the rich flavors of the sauce tasting delicious over the potatoes they served it with. The baby asparagus spears complimented the chicken splendidly.

"Why don't you just Napoleon that thing," I said to my mother as I watched her delicately trying to carve a piece of meat away from the bone.

"What?" she replied, looking at me with a bewildered look on her face.

"Yeah, Napoleon." I stuck my own knife and fork into a similar piece of chicken on my own plate and forcefully turned my fork while prying it open with my knife at the same time. "You know, Bone-apart. Get it?"

My mother just woefully shook her head from side to side. "Oh my God, Andy, that is just sad. I was hoping your jokes would get better as you got older, but they obviously didn't." She looked over the restaurant, spotted Silvia serving another table and nodded towards her as she spoke to me. "Please tell me if you ask that girl out, you won't say anything like that on your date?"

"What, I thought it was pretty good."

"I'll tell you right now, if you're ever hoping for a second date, you better not say something like that."

"Alright....alright, I get it." She gave me one of those smiles, the ones that are only shared by a mother and son; ones that say 'I'll always love you, even if your jokes are pathetic'. We finished our meals, happy to be in each other's company. I was so glad I'd suggested this. Seeing my mother dressed up in her new clothes and out enjoying herself was satisfaction enough, but I knew I'd be getting more physical satisfaction once I took her home. Just looking at her across the table again had me starting to get hard as I thought about her asking me to teach her more. I kept looking at her full red lips, knowing that was the going to the primary subject of my next lesson.

"Are you two ready for dessert?" Silvia asked, clearing away our thoroughly emptied plates.

"That food was amazing," my mother said. "Please thank your mother for us."

"I'll do that, Cynthia. She's always happy to hear from satisfied customers. How about some nice Crema Castellana for dessert?"

"Oh Mom, you'll love it. It's kind of like Crème Brulee."

"That sounds so good, but I don't know if I have any room left." I watched as she slid her hand beneath the projecting shelf of her spectacular rack and ran her hand over her midsection. I was thinking how I'd love to run my own hand over that area of her body right now, and then slide my hand just a little higher to heft those heavy round guns of hers.

"How about we split one?"

"Okay."

"One Crema Castellana with two spoons; coming up." Silvia turned on her heel as she took away our dirty plates, her cute round behind bouncing smartly back and forth beneath her tight little

uniform.

"Andy, she's a darling. I really think you should ask her out."

"Okay...okay, I'll think about it."

It took just a couple of minutes for the dessert to arrive, and in the meantime, Silvia had brought us a couple of cups of coffee. The Creman Castellana was superb, erotically smooth and creamy. As we each delved into it with our spoons, I looked across at my mother and pictured licking the rich sweet cream off her body. I remembered how delectable the juices from her mature pussy had tasted just a short time ago. The silky texture of the tasty treat before us right now had me wanting more of her sweet cunt-honey.

"Are you ready to go?" I asked as I hurriedly chugged my coffee, anxious to get back to more important matters.

"Just let me finish my coffee, okay?"

"Sure, sorry," I replied, reluctantly forcing myself to sit calmly. Silvia glanced my way and I gave her the nod; you know the one; the one that says I'm ready for the bill any time. She gave me an acknowledging nod in reply and appeared a minute or so later with our bill.

"Andy, let me," my mother said insistently as I placed my credit card on the table.

"No," I answered with a dismissive wave of my hand. "It's my treat."

"But I want to thank you for these new clothes you bought for me." She gave me a sweet doe-eyed look that just about caused me to melt right there on the spot. "I want to make it up to you. Please, let me pay for dinner."

I looked at her, and my eyes couldn't help but be drawn to that incredible chest of hers, the bountiful swells of her 32Gs enticingly filling the front of that gorgeous blue dress. "I can think of another way for you to make it up to me," I said as I gave her a playful leer.

"And what's that?" I could see her blushing as she watched me stare at those voluminous tits of hers.

"Well, you wanted me to teach you something else, right?" There was no mistaking the wicked intent of my words.

She nodded shyly, the torturous anxiety of her lustful desires written all over her face. I decided to be a little more forward.

"Good. If you want to make it up to me, how about we see how good you are with that pretty little mouth of yours?"

"Ah!" She blushed a bright pink and her mouth gaped open as she audibly gasped, her deep blue eyes looking at me intently. "But I.....I never did anything like that before."

"Then it's a good thing I'll be there to teach you....to show just what you need to do."

"But...but what if I'm not very good at it. What if...what if you're disappointed in me?" I could see from the look on her face that she was fantastically nervous, and it seemed as if she was more worried about disappointing me than actually doing what I'd want her to do.

"I'm not worried at all, Mom. And I don't want you to be worried either. After everything that's happened between us so far.....trust me.....I think you'll do just fine."

"Uh.....okay," she replied softly, the color in her face slowly returning to normal.

Anxious to get on with our first cock-sucking lesson, I quickly filled out the charge slip, leaving Silvia a generous tip, as usual. Connor and I were always happy to leave a decent tip for the waitresses at Gabriel's. You know what they say, the bigger the tits.....the bigger the tips. And we had no problem adhering to that motto.

"Thanks for coming, and enjoy the rest of your evening," Silvia said as we slid out of the booth. Yes, I definitely planned on enjoying the rest of the evening. I could feel myself getting hornier by the minute.

"Good night, my friends." Gabriel's sweeping arm and graceful bow ushered us out the door with his usual flourish. "And you, young lady, get that son of yours to bring you here more often. It's not often we have such beautiful women grace us with their presence." I saw Gabriel's eyes flick down to my mother's ample bosom as we passed. I knew then that Connor and I hadn't been mistaken in his hiring criteria for his waitresses.

"Thank you so much," my mother replied. "Everything was just delightful. And yes, I'll make Andy bring me back again."

"Anytime you want, Mom." I said, giving Gabriel a conspiratorial wink. My mother slipped her arm through mine as we made our way through the darkening twilight to my car. I helped her in again, and this time I was given a little treat as her dress caught momentarily on the fabric of her seat and rode well up her thighs as she shifted onto her seat. I saw most of her creamy thighs before she quickly pulled it down. I felt my prick give a little lurch in my pants before making my way behind the car, giving myself a little adjustment down below as the thickening slab of meat pressed uncomfortably against my pants.

"Andy, that was wonderful," my mother said as I started up the car and pulled out of the parking lot. "Thank you so much for taking me there."

"Like I said, Mom, anytime you want to go out, just let me know."

"Gabriel and Silvia, they were so nice. I really think you should ask her out. I'm sure she likes you."

"I'll think about it," I replied as I looked over at her, my mind going back to that scintillating view I'd had of her gorgeous legs just moments ago. As the flickering light from the streetlights lit up her lush form sitting next to me, I couldn't wait until we got home to see more. My stiffening member started to make my decisions for me. "Mom, you know how you said you wanted to make it up to me for taking you out?"

"Yes," she answered, unsure of where I was going with this.

"Well, I noticed how great your legs looked when you got into the car. How about letting me see that again?"

She paused and looked around, as if uncertain of our surroundings. "Uh, right here.....in the car?"

"Sure, why not? It's dark out, there's nobody around that could see anything."

"Umm, well....okay. What do you want me to do?" That was just what I was hoping to hear. She was gradually becoming more and more compliant. Although she seemed somewhat hesitant, she was once again willing to do as I asked.

"Just put your purse in the back seat for now and then sit right back in your chair." She did as I asked and waited for her next instruction. "The front button down beside your seat will let it recline. Put is just a little bit further back." Again, she followed my directions and her chair back started to recline until I told her to stop. "That's good, right there. Now, let your legs slowly roll open to each side." My eyes were flicking between the road and her gorgeous form as I watched her knees start to slowly drift to each side. Oh fuck, was it ever hot telling my mother what I wanted her to do and have her follow my instructions to the letter.

"That's the way," I encouraged in a soft lulling voice, my eyes feasting on the growing expanse of thigh coming into view, her spreading legs causing the hem of her dress to rise higher. "Just a little more....that's it." My eyes flicked back and forth between the road and the delectable exhibition going on right beside me. Her legs slid further to each side, the gap between her knees widening until the hem of the dress was stretched tight, preventing any further movement. About half of her smooth full thighs were now on display, but I wanted more.

"That's beautiful, Mom, but I want to see a little more of those gorgeous legs of yours. Pull your dress up a little higher." I kept that same lulling tone to my voice that I had used with her earlier, and again, it worked as I watched her reach down to each side and pull her dress further up, revealing more of the creamy whiteness of her perfect thighs. "That's it....now just let your legs roll further open as you lift it higher." I flicked my eyes back to the road for a second and then eagerly brought them back, thrilled to see her legs continue to slowly drift apart as much as the tight-fitting skirt would allow as she drew it higher. I could feel my cock swelling under the provocative display as the enticing V between her legs got wider and wider. I smiled as I saw the shimmering contrast of her blue satin panties finally came into view as she could go no further. Her right leg bumped up against the inside of the door while the other was leaning against the center console as she got splayed out as far as she could.

"That's perfect. Your legs are so beautiful, Mom," I said softly, my voice full of praise as I reached over and slid my fingers over the smooth skin of her left thigh. Her skin felt wickedly smooth and incredibly soft as I gently explored her tender inner thighs. My eyes flicked up to hers and I saw her looking down anxiously into her lap, excitement twinkling in eyes as she watched my wandering hand.

"Your skin is so soft," I said in the same low voice as my fingertips rubbed gently upwards over her smooth creamy flesh. I heard her gasp and I looked over to see her tongue run over her full lips and wet them sensually as she continued to watch my teasing fingers. Seeing the flushed excited look on her face, I boldly slid the palm of my hand right over the front of her panties, gently forming them over the warm mound of her sex.

"These new panties seem to fit perfectly. Do you like them?" I asked, the cool satin beneath my hand quickly giving way to the intense heat being generated from beneath.

"Y....yes," she replied in a breathless whisper, making no move to stop me.

"That's good. Now let me just check how they fit here." I used the heel of my hand to push her crumpled up skirt even higher as I brought my hand higher, and then inserted my fingertips right

down into the waistband of her panties. As my fingers slid back over her vulva, I could feel the searing wet heat oozing out of her, totally covering her supple flushed mound.

"Aaaah..." She gave a sharp little intake of breath as I fully cupped her weeping little box, the silky smoothness of her panties rubbing against the back of my hand. I started to slowly manipulate my fingers, slipping my middle finger into the slippery channel of her buttery cleft.

"Mmmhhh," she purred and I looked over between her spread thighs at my exploring hand. It looked like a little animal was moving around beneath her panties as I continued to rub and probe all around her sopping-wet twat. She moaned softly and I looked up to see her head tipped back, her eyes half-closed as she surrendered herself to the pleasure growing within her. I flicked my eyes back to the road to make sure everything was okay as my fingers continued to work on her. I could feel her hot clit pressing stiffly against my palm as my fingers teased her further below. I pressed the flat of my hand firmly against the swollen button, causing her to moan deeply in her throat.

"Ohhhhhnnnn," she groaned as I rubbed deep into her with my index finger while I used my other fingers to smooth her rapidly flowing juices all over her flushed hot pussy. Her legs flopped in for a second and then wide open again as her pleasure escalated, my torturous fingers working her over mercilessly. I crooked my long middle finger upwards and rubbed it in slowly in and out on the roof of her vagina, knowing she could feel the pressure right through to her throbbing clit.

"OH ANDY!" she gasped as she reached over and grabbed my arm in a tight grip as she started to tremble violently. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH," she gasped raggedly as I jolting climax shot through her. She held onto me tightly as I continued to manipulate her steaming cunt, my fingers getting totally bathed with her flowing juices. Her hips bucked up against my probing fingers as her incestuously wicked release had her shaking and gasping beneath my hand. I rolled the heel of my hand against her pulsing clit as she quivered and shook, until a final quaking shiver ran through her and she collapsed back against the seat, finally releasing the death grip she'd had on my arm. I slowly withdrew my finger from inside her and just left it gently cupping her oozing mound, enjoying the intense heat welling up into my hand.

I turned my eyes back to the road as she sat there blissfully content while her breathing slowly returned to normal, neither of us saying a word as I continued to cradle her warm pink womanhood, her legs still deliciously splayed fully apart. It took only another minute or two before I pulled into the driveway of her house.

"Home sweet home," I said as I looked over at her and gently withdrew my sticky hand from inside her panties. I held it up between us and we both looked at it, my whole hand and all my fingers glistening with a warm coating of her silky cunt-honey.

"Oh Andy, look at the mess I made on your hand," she said apologetically as she demurely closed her legs and pushed down the hem of her dress. For some reason, as I looked down at her gooey discharge covering my hand, I thought again of her and Silvia together. How amazing that would be to see the two of them, both dressed in teasingly provocative lingerie, their hands and mouths ravenously worshipping each other's lush busty form. I pictured Silvia leaning back, my mother kneeling between her stocking-clad legs worshipping Silvia's wet young slit, causing the Spanish girl to twist and gyrate through orgasm after orgasm while her huge heaving tits threatened to spill over the top of an enticing corset at the same time as her stiletto-clad heels dug furiously into the mattress beneath her. As these scintillating thoughts of her and Silvia together flashed through my mind, it gave me a wicked idea.

"Why don't you clean it up for me, Mom?"

"Do you have any tissues or anything in here?"

"No. I want you to clean it the same way I'd clean your juices off me."

"Wha....?"

"Yes, with your mouth," I said as I moved my hand over in front of her face. She looked at my clammy hand, and then into my eyes. I gave her a simple nod, and that was all it took. She reached forward, took my wrist and brought my hand closer to her. I could see her nostrils twitch slightly as she breathed in her own womanly scent.

"I love how you smell too," I said softly as I watched her breath deeper once more. She opened her soft lips and I watched her tongue hesitatingly slither out as she turned my palm upwards. It felt incredibly exciting as the warm tip of her tongue delved into the soft skin in the center of my palm, causing a pulsing thrill to radiate through my entire body. She held my hand and I watched her tongue slowly lick over the entire surface of my sticky hand, at first tentatively and then gradually more confidently as she lapped up her creamy discharge.

"Mmmmmmm," she let out a telltale purr which let me know she was loving the taste as she enthusiastically searched for more of the flavorful nectar, her lips and tongue licking and sucking all over my gooey hand. My mind immediately went back to Silvia, wondering at the possibility of someday seeing that vision of my mother servicing her come true. The way she was eagerly lapping up her own juices made me think that I might be able to convince her to give it a try someday; but right now, I was happy to see enthusiastically cleaning up her own warm juices. When she was finished with my hand, she started in on my baby finger, slipping her full lips around it and sucking gently as her tongue rolled over my invading digit. She drew her lips back and forth slightly as she sucked, and I pictured how great that was going to feel once we were inside and I had my rock-hard cock between her hot pouty lips instead of my finger.

"That's it," I said, my voice ringing with praise as she moved onto my next finger. She took her time and I reveled in the scintillating pleasure as she gently sucked and licked each finger clean, leaving my long middle finger for last. By the time she was done, my prick was like an iron bar in my pants and I knew I couldn't take much more without exploding; and I wanted this one to be deep within that fantastic mouth of hers, not inside my pants.

"C'mon, Mom," I said hurriedly as I withdrew my finger from her sucking mouth with an audible 'POP' and got out of the car. I rushed around to her side and helped her out, those gorgeous legs being drawn out one sexy leg at a time as she got to her feet. I took her arm and guided her into the house, wanting her more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.

"Andy, are you okay?" she asked as I quickly closed and locked the door behind us, anxious for more of that fantastic mouth of hers. I was so turned on by what had happened in the car; watching her cum while I fingered her, and then the way she had licked and sucked my hand clean.....FUCK.....I didn't know what to do! I wanted the first time she used her mouth on me to be a long leisurely session in which I would slowly instruct her on the way I wanted her to service me.....but right now.....I thought I was gonna burst if I didn't cum soon.

"Yeah, I'm okay. I just need a drink of water," I replied as I pulled my coat off, hurried to the kitchen and ran myself a glass of water from the sink. I gulped down the cool liquid as I returned to the

living room where she waited, a concerned look on her face as she stood facing me in that gorgeous dress and her sky-high sexy shoes.

"Are you sure you're okay, sweetie?" she asked again.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I gulped down the last of the water and set the glass beside me on the dining room table. "Mom, would you take your dress off for me. I want to see how that new bra looks."

"Okay, if you're sure you're okay, honey. You look a little flushed."

"I'll be better once I see you out of that dress." She could see the lecherous leer on my face as I let my hungry eyes blatantly ogle her. It brought a smile to her face as she reached behind her and I heard the metallic hiss of her zipper being drawn down. I watched, totally enthralled, as she reached up to her shoulders and pulled the dress away from her body. She slipped her arms out and lowered the top, looking directly at me as she drew the material away from her voluptuous chest, shimmied her hips from side to side as she pushed it lower, before stepping out of it and setting over the back of one of the chairs.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped out loud as I looked at her enormous breasts beautifully encased in the shiny satin bra. The brilliant rich blue color looked fantastic against her creamy white skin, the sizable cups barely containing her immense 32Gs. As she stood before me, I was reminded again of how similar her body was to September Carrino's, the busty model who I had jerked off to so many times. The bra was simply exquisite, the shimmering satin of the cups being totally seamless except where they were connected to the smooth band that circled her chest, most of which was hidden by the imposing shelf of her tremendous rack. The heavy underwire was skillfully hidden from you, but by the way those huge tits of hers were being pushed together and up, well....there was no doubt about the reinforcing support that garment had. Her massive tits were pushed wonderfully together and up, the full swells almost spilling over the top while her cleavage appeared a mile long and equally as deep.

I reluctantly tore my eyes away and let them roam downwards over her shapely hourglass figure, following the alluring lines of her narrow waist to her flared motherly hips, where I took in the matching blue panties. I had to take a breath as I looked at the way they fit her perfectly, the shiny satin molding itself to her exquisite form. They were extremely high-cut on her hips, forming a breathtaking V that drew your eyes towards to the hidden treasure that was lying beneath. I looked down the alluring lines of her smooth toned legs to those sexy stilettos, the 4" heels combining with the high-cut design of her panties making her shapely legs look sensually long and deliciously toned. As she stood before me, I felt another stiffening twinge go through my already hard prick and knew I needed relief right away. "Oh Mom, you look so fantastic in that," I said as I tore open my belt and unzipped.

"Oh Andy!" she gasped in surprise as I whipped out my turgid cock and started stroking it vigorously. I didn't care; I was so turned on that I needed to cum.....right now. I knew I'd be able to re-charge shortly and then I'd try that beautiful mouth of hers I'd been hungering for all these years. With my hand wrapped around my rigid slab of meat, I jacked it rapidly back and forth, feeling the escalating twinges of pleasure rocketing through my body. I'd become so aroused by what had happened in the car, and then just looking at her in that enticing satin bra and panties, that it took only a few moments before I felt that telltale sensation signaling my impending orgasm.

"OH FUCK, MOM.....I'M GONNA CUM!" I groaned loudly as I felt the boiling semen in my balls start to rush up the pulsing tube of my engorged prick. She was watching spellbound, her mouth agape



as I moaned deep in my throat while my hand pumped vigorously back and forth. At the last second, I reached beside me and grabbed my empty water glass. I brought the rim of the glass and held it over the enflamed head of my twitching cock just as it started to shoot. We both watched as the first thick white rope burst forth, pasting itself forcefully and splashing across the inside face of the glass. A second creamy wad spat forth, joining the first as they started to pool together in the bottom of the glass.

"Andy, Oh my God," she whispered breathlessly as I continued to shoot. I pushed downward with my jerking hand, taking the glass with me to ensure I got as much inside as I could. I kept shooting, pearly wads and silvery ropes slithering wickedly over the inside surface of the glass, the thick viscous cum clinging to the clear surface tenaciously. I watched the puddle of cloudy seed continue to grow as I totally unloaded, shot after shot of milky discharge filling the glass. As the final tingling sensations coursed through me, I slowly milked out the last drops and then drew the edge of the glass across the tip of my spent cock, the rim catching the final milky offering.

I looked up at my mother as I stood there, shakily recovering, to see her trembling with excitement, her big blue eyes glued to the glass in my hand. I moved the glass in a slow circle, swirling the cloudy cum around in a sensuous wave as she watched mesmerized. Her tongue slipped out unconsciously and wetly circled her soft red lips, confirming my inclination of how much she wanted what I had to offer. "Here you go, Mom, this is what you need," I said firmly as I held the glass out for her. I didn't say 'I THINK this is what you need', but just flat out let her know 'this is what you need', continuing to let her know who was in control.

She eagerly took the offered glass, holding it carefully in her two hands like a cherished gift. Her face grew flushed with anticipation as she brought it closer, her eyes never leaving the inviting pool of masculine seed shimmering in the bottom of the glass. I watched her nostrils flare slightly as she breathed deeply, the earthy scent of my manly discharge settling into her senses.

"Mmmmm," she gave a soft little purr, her eyes closing in bliss as she savored the heavenly scent, her nostrils tingling with the delightful sensation as she breathed deeply once more.

"Drink it," I instructed as I stuffed my spend dick back into my pants. She looked at me, excitement twinkling in her blue eyes. I kept my face stern as I told her what to do, yet with a feeling of understanding to show her that I knew deep down this was what she needed. She dropped her eyes back to the glass as I watched her start to tip it up, her soft red lips parting as she drew it closer. The silky fluid started to slither forward, as if it was being coaxed by some invisible force towards her eagerly waiting mouth, her bottom lip adhering sensually to the cum-coated rim as she tipped it further up. The cloudy fluid moved sluggishly forward and I smiled wickedly as my milky cum started to flow into my beautiful mother's hungry mouth.

"Mmmmm," she mewed again as the viscous fluid rolled onto her tongue. It gathered into a slowly-building puddle on her tongue until she brought the glass away from her mouth, a substantial amount of my pearly seed still within it. She brought her lips together and her eyes closed again as I watched her roll the warm cock-honey all around the inside of her mouth. "Mmmmm." She made that blissfully content sound that she'd made earlier and I smiled as the muscles in her throat contracted sensually, my silky cum finding its way to that welcoming spot in the pit of her stomach. After she swallowed, she raised the glass again and eagerly tipped it up, letting more of the warm cream slide into her mouth. She savored this mouthful as much as the first, humming warmly as she let the viscous fluid play over her taste-buds before swallowing. There was enough left for one more delightful taste, which she enthusiastically drank as well, almost smacking her lips as she let out a satisfied "Aaahhh."

"There's a little bit left in there," I said as I nodded towards the last stray drops clinging tenaciously to the inside of the glass. "Make sure you get it all." Again, she heeded my words exactly as she brought the glass up to her face and I watched as her tongue slithered forward over the inside of the glass. It wasn't a big glass and her tongue could just reach the bottom, the slithering snake-like appendage eagerly swabbing out the final drops of my milky seed. Running her tongue once more around the rim to make sure she'd gotten it all, she lowered the glass and looked at me, her eyes glassy with the excitement of this previously unknown craving awakening within her.

"You like that, eh Mom?"

She started to blush, confused by what had happened, yet I could see the illicit spark of wanton desire coursing through her. She blushed slightly as her eyes looked at mine, and then away. "I.....I.....yes," she confessed. "I.....I don't know. It was so exciting to see what you did when you tore your pants open. And then.....and then when you shot all of your stuff into the glass.....I couldn't believe how much there was.....and.....and how much I wanted to taste it."

"That's good, Mom," I said as I looked at her huge tits, beautifully displayed in that powerfully uplifting satin bra. "I'm glad you like it. I'll make sure you get a steady diet of it from now on." She looked at me and I saw her shiver, her body trembling with desire as I openly acknowledged her craving for cum. "In just a few minutes, I'm gonna give you another load; only this time I'm gonna teach you how to take it straight from the source." She shivered again, her lush breasts quivering within the overflowing bra cups. "And since you've been such a good girl, I've got one more present for you to open." I reached down to the last unopened package sitting on one of the dining room chairs and passed it to her.

She set the glass down on the table and took the package, happiness lighting up her face. "Oh Andy, you have to stop doing this," she protested weakly as she quickly undid the glittering strands of ribbon and reached into the gift bag. She withdrew a small package done up in tissue and carefully unwrapped it. "It's beautiful!" she gushed as she held up a vivid red chemise. It was made of a stretchy mesh with a paisley pattern overlay and a flounced ruffled bottom. Since I'd told Jessica at The Cat's Pajamas that 'my girlfriend' was blessed with 32Gs, she'd recommended one with molded cups, capable of supporting the heavy load they were going to take. When Jessica had held the sexy slip-type garment up for me to look at in the store, I'd loved it; already picturing how beautifully my mother would fill it out.

"Something for you to sleep in, Mom, instead of those old nightgowns."

"It's gorgeous, I love the color." The smile on her face was worth every last cent. She seemed transported to another place as I watched her draw her fingers over the delicate material of the sexy piece of lingerie.

"There's something else in there to go with it," I said, gesturing to the gift bag. She reached further down and pulled out a smaller piece of folded tissue paper, quickly unwrapping it.

"Oh, what cute little panties," she said with a grin on her face as she held up the matching thong. "I've seen these in magazines, but never thought I'd ever own one."

"How about trying everything on for me?" I said, anxious to see her in it before I started her cock-sucking lesson.

"Okay," she replied as she gathered up the two pieces of lingerie and headed down the hallway. My eyes followed her beautiful heart-shaped bum until it disappeared into her bedroom and then I

made my way back into the kitchen to get another drink, still needing to cool off. I put the glass I'd used to give her a protein smoothie into the dishwasher and then popped open an cold Dr. Pepper, the icy carbonated drink feeling exquisitely refreshing as I took a big gulp.

"RING!" I wondered who'd be phoning my mom at this time on a Friday night?! The phone was sitting right there on the kitchen counter and I didn't know if my mom would be in the bathroom changing or not, so I figured I'd better answer it. With cold drink in hand, I leaned against the counter, reached over and pressed the button to put it on speakerphone.

"Hello."

There was a pause for a second and I wondered if I'd hit the wrong button for a second. "Andy?" A shocked look came over my face as a familiar voice rang through the kitchen.

"Dad?"

"What are you doing there? Where's your m-mother?" he asked in a gruff voice, slurring his words slightly.

"I came over to help her with some stuff. Have you been drinking?"

"Where is she?" he repeated impatiently, ignoring my question, but I could tell that he'd obviously had a few, probably needing the 'liquid courage' in order to have the guts to make the call in the first place.

"She's busy, what do you want?"

"What the hell are you doing there anyway?"

"I came by to give Mom a hand with something." Yeah, it had definitely been nice to give her a hand when I'd had it down the front of her panties a short time ago.

"That figures," he replied sarcastically. "Poor poor woman, can't do a thing without her little boy."

What an asshole, I thought to myself. He's never gonna change. "She's doing fine on her own, Dad. What do you want?" I repeated firmly.

"Don't use that tone with me, you little shit."

"I'll use whatever tone I want. Now, what do you want?"

"Oooooohhh, the big man now, eh?" Again with that irritating sarcastic voice of his.

"At least I'd be man enough to explain myself, and at least say I'm leaving, instead of just taking off like some pathetic weasel."

"Listen to me, you little fuck, you have no idea what my life was like!" He was starting to raise his voice now, which was fine with me....the stupid arrogant prick.

"Yeah, I guess it was so bad that you didn't have the guts to even explain yourself before skulking off with your tail between your legs."

"You want to know why I called? I wanted to tell that fucking mother of yours that leaving was the best thing I ever did. She ruined my fucking life and now I don't have to put up with her any

longer."

"And just how did she ruin your life, Dad?"

"She got pregnant with you, you stupid little shit."

"Like you had nothing to do with it?" I replied, shaking my head in disdain as I listened to him.

"It was a different time then; women were supposed to take care of those things."

Oh Jesus, I thought to myself, was he actually that blind to the responsibilities of a teenage pregnancy? And it dawned on me....yes...he was. "Oh Dad, you are unbelievable. It was a difficult situation for everyone and yet Mom did the best that she could for all of us. You....you're the one that didn't try.....that made everyone miserable."

"DO YOU KNOW HOW MISERABLE THE TWO OF YOU MADE ME?" He was shouting into the phone now, his voice filling the kitchen through the little speaker on the phone. "MY LIFE IS SO MUCH BETTER NOW WITHOUT THE TWO OF YOU DRAGGING ME DOWN. THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOUR MOTHER!"

"Oh Dad," I said, shaking my head at his ridiculous outbreak. "I feel so sorry for you."

"You feel sorry for me, you little punk?" he said as he actually laughed on the other end of the phone. "I should feel sorry for you, stuck there with that bitch. But you know, I don't; you two deserve each other."

"Dad, you're such a little man.....just a weak little man."

"Oh yeah, you think you're such a big deal because you're smart. Well, you're nothing, just like her." I could hear the drunk anger in his voice, and as much as I despised him, I found myself feeling sorry for him too. But enough was enough; I wouldn't let his negativity drag us down anymore.

"Listen Dad, I'm gonna take care of Mom from now on. I'll not only make sure she's safe and well-taken care of, I'll make sure she has a chance to be happy, like she deserves. It's obviously something you weren't capable of doing." I paused for a second before continuing. "I think we're done here," I said firmly, but still completely under control. "I don't want you to ever phone here again, you got that?"

"Oh yeah, and who's gonna stop me?" he replied like a petulant little child.

"Dad, are you kidding me? What are you, twelve years old? You're just like I said.....a pathetic little man. You've gone away, and hey, you said you're happy now.....so just stay away. That's fine with us."

"AND THAT'S FINE WITH ME! SO FUCK YOU, YOU LITTLE PRICK! AND FUCK THAT BITCH OF A MOTHER OF YOURS!" he shouted before slamming down the phone.

I pressed the button on the phone ending the call and leaned back against the kitchen counter, his words resonating through my head. A movement caused me to look up and there was my mother, standing in the doorway wrapped in her plush robe, her eyes brimming over with tears.

"Oh Andy," she said as she rushed across the room and flung her arms around me.

"Mom, how long have you been there?" I asked as I wrapped her shaking form in my arms.

"I....I heard everything. I was just starting to get changed when I heard the phone ring. I pulled my robe on and came out to see who it was, and I heard you....I heard you talking to your father." She was trembling, her body wracking with sobs as she leaned against me and cried.

"It's okay, he's not gonna bother you anymore," I said soothingly as I stroked her hair gently, like she had done to me so many times when I was a child. "I won't let him." I wanted to let her know she could trust me to take care of her, that I was the man in her life now.

"Oh Andy, I love you so much," she said as she pulled back and stood on her tiptoes to kiss me. The kiss started out as a thankful peck, but I held her against me, those voluminous tits of hers feeling so soft and warm against my chest. Her lips tasted salty against mine, her tears having run down her face. I traced the tip of my tongue along the inviting crease between them, pressing insistently until she threw her arms about my neck and opened her lips willingly to receive me.

"Mmmmmm," we both moaned as our tongues found each other in a deep searing kiss. It was passionate and intensely meaningful, as if we were sealing this new bond between us as more than just mother and son. I knew she could feel it as much as I could, and I held her close, never wanting this significantly passionate kiss to ever end. Finally, she drew back slightly, both of us gasping with desire.

"Andy.....will you .....will you stay with me tonight?" she asked as she looked up at me with beckoning eyes, the insecurity within her still shining through with a fearful longing.

"Yes," I replied simply, giving her a comforting nod of assurance.

She still had a look of apprehension on her face. "You know we can't.....uh....." I could see that she was still uncomfortable saying something like "have sex", but that was fine; this was the woman I loved....and had always loved.

"I know, I know," I said with a nod of my head, relieving her anxiety. "But there are still lots of other things we can do to make each other feel good, right?" She nodded slightly in reply and it was charmingly sweet to see her blush as she did. "And hey, it's time for your next lesson, isn't it?" She nodded again, a little smile turning up the corners of that inviting mouth of hers. I slipped my arm around her waist and turned towards her bedroom, flicking off the kitchen light and hopefully leaving the memories of my father's call behind us as well.

"Now, how about letting me see how that last present looks on you," I said as we entered the master bedroom.

"Okay." She disappeared into the bathroom, pulling the door partway closed behind her. She'd already turned on a lamp on one of the bedside tables, the light casting a warm amber glow over the bed. I had originally thought she'd have her first cock-sucking lesson while I'd been sitting in my dad's favorite chair; but having her do it in their marital bed, well, this was going to be all that much better.

I pulled off my clothes and tossed them over an easy chair she had in a reading area next to the bed. I pulled down the sheets and pushed a number of pillows up against the headboard. I slid in the middle of the bed and leaned back against the stack of pillows, eagerly awaiting her return as I pulled just the sheet up to my waist. It took only a few minutes before I saw the bathroom door slowly ease open.

"Oh fuck!" I thought to myself as I watched my stacked mother slowly walk towards me. The vivid red chemise fit perfectly, fantastically accentuating that lush spectacular body of hers. I'd definitely have to thank Jessica for recommending this one. The stretch mesh of the sexy garment clung to every delicious curve and contour of her succulent hourglass figure. The lacy fabric overlaying the mesh, making it all the more bewitching as it teased you by covering some areas but not all. The little girly flounce at the bottom gave it a charming and playful look, yet still made it incredibly alluring as it seemed to bed you to just flip up the flouncy piece of fabric and drive your cock into what you knew was lying beneath. But it was the molded cups, those exquisite molded cups that drew my eyes like magnets to her tremendous breasts. The formed cups were not as structured as those on the bras I'd gotten her, but they still did her some level of support for those immense 32Gs while still allowing her the freedom those spectacular tits deserved. As she walked slowly towards me, those impressive guns rode full and heavy on her chest, and even through the molded cups, I could clearly make out the thrusting shadows cast by her long thick nipples lying beneath.

"Oh Mom, you look fantastic!" I gushed as I let my eyes roam hungrily over her lush buxom form.

"I love it, it's so pretty," she said with a big smile on her face as she did a little pirouette for me. I could see the line of the thong beneath the fine mesh as she turned, the cheeks of her beach-ball like bum looking wonderfully soft and round beneath the edge of the flounced hem. Man, she looked incredible. As I looked at that bewitchingly intoxicating body of hers, I felt a surge go through me as the blood started to quickly migrate southwards.

"So, is my favorite student ready for her next lesson?" I asked as I gave her a playful smile.

"Yes. Did you want me to bring one of these?" she asked enthusiastically as she extended her hands towards me and showed me a stretchy red hairband she'd pulled from the pile of supplies I'd gotten at the drug store. I was happy that she'd been paying attention earlier and had taken the initiative to bring it without me having to remind her.

"Yes, good job. You might just get an A in this class after all."

"What do I have to do to get an A+?" she asked coquettishly as she slipped the stretchy band over her head and pulled her hair back and away from her lovely face.

"Well, don't you worry about that right now, young lady. Just let the teacher take care of the grading."

"Okay. What do you want me to do first, teacher?" she asked with doe-like innocence, drawing one blood-red fingertip teasingly down over her lips like a little child. Man, was I ever glad I'd gotten her that nail polish. Did it ever look sexy as I watched her finger toy with her full bottom lip. Her mouth looked beautiful as it was right now; I figured I'd get her to put on a fresh coat of that brilliant red lipstick another time. Right now, I knew exactly where I wanted those succulent pouty lips of hers.

"You need to start by seeing the object of this lesson. In order to do that, you're going to have to take down this sheet," I said, nodding towards my midsection.

"Like this?" she asked as she took the top edge of the sheet and slowly drew it down.

"Just like that." We both looked down as my midsection started to come into view. I was sitting with my knees slightly apart and bent up and when it cleared my groin, she gasped at the sight of my half-hard cock lying heavy and swollen against my abdomen. She drew the sheet all the way down

to the bottom and let go, her eyes coming back to watch my slowly filling cock twitch as it continued to thicken and extend.

"What now?" she asked, her eyes never leaving my burgeoning manhood.

"Get on your knees between my legs and take a good look," I instructed. She compliantly obeyed as she knelt on the bed and crawled over as I spread my legs further apart, giving her plenty of room between them. Oh man, I felt like I was in heaven, my sexy stacked mother finally kneeling between my legs, wearing an incredibly alluring piece of lingerie that her huge tits were all but spilling out of, with a hairband in place, just waiting to suck me off. This was one of the magical moments of my fantasies that was about to come true, and it was time to get started. "That's a good girl; now just start running your hands up my thighs. I think you'll know what to do."

I leaned back and settled in against the stack of pillows, just waiting to enjoy the illicit incestuous pleasure of having my mother blow me. She inched closer on her knees, those heavy pendulous mounds jiggling and bobbing enticingly in the molded cups of the red chemise. She reached forward and I felt her warm fingertips start to stroke my inner thighs, the tingling sensation of her soft hands touching me causing more blood to flow directly to my stiffening prick. As her hands continued to slide higher, we both watched as my thickening member started to bob and lift off my body as it stiffened.

"That's beautiful," I heard her whisper under her breath as her stroking hands slid past the tops of my thighs and tickled tenderly near the base of my rising cock. I looked down to my midsection as well as I felt the surging blood inside me flow forcefully into my hardening dick. It bobbed enticingly once more before lifting stallion-like off my abdomen and rearing up before her, my rock-hard erection beckoning invitingly for her oral attention.

"What now?" she asked innocently, her eyes never leaving the engorged head of my thrusting upright cock.

"Bring your hand around the base, that's it....just like that," I said as she eagerly obeyed my instructions. "Now pull it towards you so it's pointing straight up." She did as I asked, her delicate fingers wrapped firmly around my thick rod as she brought it forward until it stood at about a ninety degree angle to my body. I felt a little pulse go through me and looked down to see a clear drop of precum ooze to the surface, the slick fluid gleaming wetly in the glistening red eye. My eyes flicked up to her face, just in time to see her tongue run out unconsciously and lick wetly around her pouty red lips. "That's good. Now let's start with a little kiss.....right on the tip."

I wished I had a movie camera with me as I watched my beautiful mother lean forwards, her lovely mature face a mask of wanton desire as she got closer and closer to my rock-hard erection. I looked at those succulent soft lips of hers as she got closer, so pink and desirable, so warm and tender, I couldn't wait to feel them touch me after all those years of dreaming of this. How many loads had I pumped out thinking about my mom sucking me off....and now it was actually going to happen. I watched, totally enthralled as she got closer, her eyes closing as she formed her lips into a perfect inviting "O" and tenderly kissed the head of my thrusting prick.

"Oh fuck, yes," I said under my breath as I felt her warm lips adhere snugly to the pebbly membranes of my glans. Her lips were incredibly soft and deliciously wet as she gently kissed the sensitive tissues of my cock-head. I watched the way she pursed them against my flesh, and I could feel a gentle suction as she pulled the tip slightly into her mouth. I felt her tongue come forth and slither deftly into the wet red eye as she teasingly drew out my oozing pre-cum.

"Mmmmmmm....." She purred as she lovingly kissed the enflamed crown of my throbbing member. Jesus, that felt so fucking good.....and we were only getting started! I felt like I could just lay there and let her pleasure the tip all night long.....but I wanted more.....and I knew she wanted more.

"That's perfect. Now I want you to start down at the base, and slowly lick it all around.....all the way up to the top again." She followed my instructions eagerly, shifting back slightly and holding my blood-engorged lance in her loving hands as she leaned down and started to lick around the shaved base of my upright stalk.

"Yeah, that's it." It was me that was purring like a kitten now as she slowly, torturously licked her way up my throbbing hard prick. She was a little tentative at first, which was to be expected, but soon her eagerness to please took over and I eased back and savored in the luxurious feel of her warm soft tongue enthusiastically pleasuring me. She slowly, methodically, made her way from the base to the tip, her lips and tongue licking lovingly over every square inch of my brick-hard rod as she cradled it in her warm loving hand. As I felt her tongue drag slowly over the sensitive glans once more, I knew it was time for her next instruction.

"That was fantastic," I said, my voice ringing with praise, knowing she still needed to hear how I felt about her efforts. "Now, I want you to slip those pretty lips of yours back over the head, only this time, you're going to start taking more of it into your mouth."

"What if I don't do it very well?" she asked nervously. "I don't want you to be disappointed in me."

"I'd never be disappointed in you, Mom," I replied as I reached forward and tenderly stroked her soft cheek. "Trust me, you're doing fantastic."

"If I do something wrong, you'll tell me what to do, won't you?" Jesus, I wish every woman would have that attitude.

"Of course I will, now go ahead while I just sit back here and relax." I settled into the stack of pillows and brought my arms up and crossed them behind my head, willing to let her do whatever she pleased as I sat back, ready to watch her perform her first blow-job. "One more thing, I want you to form your mouth into a nice round "O" for me as you get closer; I love that."

"Like this," she asked, looking at me as she formed her lips into the shaped I'd asked.

"Yeah, that's perfect," I said, a shiver of lust running down my spine as I pictured my cock sliding deep into that welcoming 'O'. She leaned forward once more, her hand still holding my throbbing prick upright as she brought her ovalled lips to the oozing tip. Her lips finally made contact with the enflamed crown, and I watched as they sensually started to stretch and open further and further as she let them slip down over the flared contours of the broad helmet. It was an incredibly intoxicating experience to see my mother's lips finally slip down right over the thick purple ridge of my rope-like corona, locking down the huge head inside her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she purred softly as I felt her get accustomed to having her mouth filled by the broad mushroom head of my throbbing hard cock. I looked at her face and loved the sinfully wanton expression on her features as her tongue started to bathe the enflamed cap with a loving coating of hot saliva. Her raspy tongue felt exquisitely sinful as she rolled it teasingly over the sensitive pink tissues of my glans, causing more pre-cum to flow freely to the oozing tip. I felt her tongue swirl over the surface and right into the red eye as she sucked gently again, pulling the silky fluid into her mouth. I sat back and let her suck the head for a few minutes as I simply luxuriated in the whole experience. But now, it was time for more.



"Mom, that's amazing. You're doing fantastic. A man loves to be pleased like that.....I love to be pleased like that. Now, I want you to try taking a little more into your mouth....and when you do, just slowly let your mouth glide up and down. There's no need to hurry, we've got all night. Understand?"

"Mhm," she hummed in agreement, the tingling sensation from her vocal chords running right through my tumescent prick. I watched her draw back slightly until she had her lips just pursed around the very tip, and then she moved slowly forwards, her lips sliding past the thick ridge and onwards as more than half of my thrusting shaft disappeared inside her hot mouth.

"Oh fuck," I moaned loudly as I felt her buttery lips stop well down my engorged love-muscle. I felt her draw her cheeks in as she started to move backwards, forming a hot enveloping sheath for my throbbing prick to rub against. I watched her lips, teasingly drawn forwards away from her face as she retreating, the shape reminding me of a fish out of water. Fuck, was that ever sexy to see my mother like that, her soft red lips adhered wantonly to my thick shaft. When she got back to the tip, she wasted little time before moving forwards once more, her molten hot mouth feeling mercilessly delightful as she started to suck in earnest.

"Oh God, that's so good," I groaned as she started into a smooth cock-sucking rhythm, her beautiful mouth sliding exquisitely back and forth as she blew me. I could feel her push another wad of saliva forward in her mouth as she continued to bathe my steel-like prick with her hot spit. I could see the glistening rivulets seeping from the corners of her mouth and slithering snake-like down my upright shaft as she continued to suck. She was doing it nice and slow, taking her time, just as I'd asked. A lot of girls seem to think they need to do it as quickly and as furiously as possible for it to be good; how wrong they are. There is nothing better than a slow luxurious blow-job by a woman who loves what she's doing; and as I lay back and watched my mother, that's exactly what I saw. What she lacked in technique, which was already almost perfect, she definitely made up for in enthusiasm.

"Oh yeah, that's a good girl," I said, that note of praise in my voice once more. "That's the way, nice and slow. Your mouth feels so good, Mom, let's just make this last a little longer." I settled back and watched her as she sucked cock for the first time, but it felt like I was watching a pro. She enthusiastically licked and sucked; her mouth a hot buttery channel that gripped my surging prick wantonly with each bob of her pretty head. Her face was pink and flushed with excitement as she continued to suck, blissfully enjoying the sinfully erotic incestuous experience as much as I was. Her mouth was fantastic, and the little sounds of pleasure she was making as she sucked me turned me on even more. As much as I wanted this to last forever, I could feel my level of pleasure escalating and knew my climax was not far off.

"Mmmmmmm..." She was purring and moaning constantly now as she continued to suck me, her lips and tongue eagerly lapping up the continuous supply of pre-cum I was feeding her. She had one hand firmly wrapped around the base of my pulsing cock as she continued to suck, and I watched as she slid her other hand down between her legs, obviously needing release as much as I did. Just seeing her do that was enough to send me right over the edge.

"I'm gonna cum soon, Mom," I said as I felt my balls drawing up close to my body, "and when I do, I want you to swallow it all. Okay?" She hummed in agreement, never missing a beat as her head continued to bob methodically up and down. I looked at that pretty flushed face of hers and realized I was about to go off in my beautiful mother's mouth for the first time.....hopefully the first time of many. As the boiling semen started to speed up the shaft of my throbbing prick, I grabbed the sheets in a death grip as the exquisite contractions started to go through my midsection.

"OH FUCK.....HERE IT COMES" I bellowed as I felt my prick pulse within her sucking mouth as the first thick rope of milky cum jettisoned forth. It shot forth so powerfully I was surprised I didn't blow her head right off, but she held firm, continuing to bob up and down as I kept ejaculating. A second powerful shot spat forth, and then a third as I flooded her mouth with my potent seed.

"Mmmhnnnnngggnnn," I heard her give a muffled cry as her own orgasm started, her hand moving busily between her legs. She continued to suck enthusiastically as her body shivered and twitched through her climax, her magical lips and tongue seemingly trying to draw as much of my creamy semen out of me as possible. I looked down and saw her swallow once, and then again as I poured shot after shot into her welcoming mouth. I saw a silvery trickle of overflow escape from the right side of her mouth and start to run down her chin as her cheeks closed in and milked me in a buttery sheath.

"Oh....that's so fucking good," I growled as I lay there beneath her vacuuming mouth, feeling like I was pouring my very soul into her sucking mouth as I continued to unload, shot after shot of masculine cock-honey pouring into her hot mouth. My hips were twisting and bucking as I unloaded time and time again, reveling in the heavenly sensations of the best blow-job I had ever had. I felt like I was barely even there as the tingling nerve endings in my body had me close to collapse from the intensity of the experience. Finally, I felt a massive shudder go through me as the last pulsing throb went through my pulsating erection, the last drops of my silvery discharge spewing forth onto her waiting tongue.

"Oh my God," I gasped as I dropped back onto the sheets, sweating and gasping for air as the final delightful twinges of my shattering release coursed through me. She seemed to instinctively know when to stop, when it would be too sensitive for me for her to continue. I looked down to see her lips still wrapped around the tip of my spent pecker, her eyes looking at me lovingly, knowing she had pleased me. I felt her tongue slide into the wet red eye once more as she drew out the last milky morsel of my succulent seed. She gave me one last gentle kiss on the tip of my manhood, as sweet and loving as the first one, before she let it lie back on my abdomen as she looked at me, a look of blissful contentment on her face. I watched, smiling happily as she brought her fingers up and scooped up the milky strand of cum at the corner of her mouth and inserted her finger into her waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred, savoring the last delightful morsel of my manly seed. "Did I do okay?"

"You did better than okay, Mom. That was amazing. That was by far the best I've ever had."

"Really?" she asked, a genuinely astonished look on her lovely face.

"Oh my God, yes. That was incredible. I felt like you were sucking my entire body out through my prick. I've never felt anything so fantastic in all my life."

"So do I get an A+?" she asked playfully.

"If I could give you an A++, I'd give it to you," I said as I looked at her lovingly. "How did you like doing it?"

She flushed with embarrassment, but I could see that she was going to tell me how she really felt. "I....I loved it actually. I was a little scared at first, but then it just seemed....I don't know.....natural." Wow, I thought to myself; that was certainly good to hear. "I felt myself getting more and more excited when I was doing it, and then when you started to....to....." I could see she was still a little apprehensive about saying certain things. I'd have to work on that.

"Cum. It's okay to say cum, Mom."

"When you started to cum, I had to as well. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. That's fantastic. I love that you can get so excited sucking me off like that." I watched her blush again at my blatant terminology. "Come on, Mom, it's okay. I want to hear you say it."

"What?"

"Say, 'I liked sucking you off'. Come on, you can do it. It's just me and you here."

She flushed pink again before a little smile came to her face as she spoke timidly. "I loved sucking you off."

"Uh, I just asked you to say 'I liked sucking you off', but you said 'I loved sucking you off'."

"That's because I did love it," she said smartly as she leaned down and kissed the head of my dormant pecker. "And when you shot, there was so much....so much cum again. Do you always have that much cum? And can you always cum that many times in a day."

"Yeah, I usually cum that much. And when it comes to you, Mom, I don't think I'll ever run out of cum."

"Mmmmmm," she purred as she lay down between my legs and ran her soft wet tongue slowly up the full length of my slumbering member. When she reached the tip, she raised her head and looked at me, that devilish twinkle of desire in her sultry blues eyes once more. "How long until I can get some more?"

Oh fuck, I thought as I looked down at her; those soft pouty lips running teasingly over the surface of my heavy manhood, I'd definitely have some more cum to feed her before this night was over...