

EDUCATING MOM: ANDY'S STORY CH. 05

rmDEXter

Andy buys his busty mom some new bathing suits.

Incest/Taboo

4.74

16.8k words

"Oh yeah, that's it, Mom," I said, kneeling next to my mother's gorgeous naked body and pointing my engorged prick at her pretty face. "Just open those sweet lips of yours and I'll fill that mouth with a nice big load." With my hand wrapped in a warm loving corridor around my throbbing erection, I thought back on what had happened in the last little while.....

After she'd sucked me off for the first time, she let me know she wanted to do it again. I was only too happy to comply, but I needed a few minutes to recharge. I'd laid her back on her bed, flipped up the little flounce of that sexy chemise I'd gotten her, whipped off her panties and eaten her through two tingling orgasms. As she lay there panting and gasping, I'd pulled the sexy little garment totally off of her, exposing those spectacular massive breasts of hers. I'd slipped my lips over one thick rubbery nipple and started to suck, my fingers finding their way between her legs and into that nice steamy honey pot of hers. I sucked and licked at those tremendous tits as I fingered her through another shuddering release, my slumbering member slowly coming back to life.

With the blood flowing warmly to my stiffening dick, I switched positions with her and told her to just take her time. She'd been lovingly sucking me for over half an hour, and now I was ready to cum. I drew my surging prick out of her vacuuming mouth and flipped her over onto her back as I scrambled out from beneath her. With her lying on her back panting hungrily, I shifted close to her lovely face on my knees and looked down at those soft red lips as she breathed raggedly, those full bee-stung pillows looking swollen and puffy from her enthusiastic sucking.

And so that is how I got to this position, on my knees with my rock-hard cock pointing at my busty mother's pretty face, my hand stroking vigorously back and forth.....

"Oh yeah, that's it, Mom. Just open those sweet lips of yours and I'll fill that mouth with a nice big load," I'd just said. She eagerly opened her mouth into a nice big "O", a perfect target for my incestuous lust. The delicious twinges started in my midsection as I felt the boiling semen speed up the shaft of my pulsing erection. I inched closer on my knees as I hovered over her, the enflamed head an inch or two away from her parted lips as I stroked insistently back and forth.

"UNH.....UNH.....HERE IT COMES!" I warned, pointing the wet red eye between those pouty lips just as the first thick milky rope spat forth. I watched it jettison deep into the warm recesses of her mouth, the long strand finding a welcoming home on her waiting tongue. I continued to pump as a second long ribbon spewed from the tingling tip, catching briefly on her upper lip before falling in a gathering pool deep in her hot oral cavity.

"OHHNNGGHH," she gave a little moan of pleasure as I continued to flood her mouth, shot after shot of creamy semen shooting forth between her parted lips. I kept stroking as I totally unloaded, filling my mother's mouth with gob upon gob of thick milky paste. Finally, the last tingling twinges went through me as a quaking shudder ran down my spine. With my hand still wrapped around my throbbing dick, I looked down at her. I'd tried to shoot it directly into her hungry mouth, but her

lower face was spackled with a little collateral damage, pearly gobs of cum clinging to her lips and the smooth skin around her mouth.

"Let's make sure you get it all," I said, using my beefy dick as a snowplow as I pushed the milky seed into her welcoming mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as she closed her lips about my warm cockhead and sucked gently, her soft lips feeling heavenly against the sensitive tissues as she tenderly nursed, drawing out every last drop of my manly cream.

"Oh Jesus, Mom," I said, reaching down and stroking her face lovingly as I continued to let her nurse at my dwindling prick, "you can really suck." Her eyes flicked up to mine for a second, a look of pure bliss shining from deep within those languid pools.

I was surprised at how fast she'd taken to cock-sucking, with this being her first time, and all. She was a natural at it, and I could tell she loved it. It seemed like forever that I had dreamed and fantasized about my mother blowing me, and now, it was ending up better than I had ever imagined. I felt like I could just kneel over her forever like this and just let her suck, but I was so tired after everything that had happened today, I knew I needed to sleep soon before I collapsed right on top of her. I reluctantly withdrew my deflating rod from between her sucking lips and started to lie down beside her.

"Oh," she said with a mild tone of disappointment in her voice.

"That's okay, Mom. I'll have some more for you tomorrow. Right now, I'm whipped."

"I know; me too, Sweetie," she replied as I pulled the blankets over us as I snuggled up next to her. I kissed the back of her head and reached over, plunging the room into darkness as I flicked off the light.

"Thanks for everything today, Andy," she whispered softly. "And thanks for saying those things to your father. I'm so proud of you."

"I meant every word I said. I promise you, Mom, I won't let him talk about you or treat you like that ever again."

She paused for a second, both of us thinking about how our relationship had changed. It was quickly becoming clear to both of us that I was going to be the man in her life, hopefully with my father to soon become a distant memory. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Mom; more than ever." I slid my arm around her, my hand cupping her huge breasts as we lay on our sides, her warm back nestled into my front. The last thing I remember was her hand gently squeezing mine as I cupped one heavy orb, granting me permission to do with her as I wished. As I thought about how perfect our new life would be.....sleep overtook me.....

"Mmmmmmm, that smells good," I thought to myself, the scent of frying sausages and freshly-brewed coffee drifting warmly into my senses. I slowly came awake, my eyes flickering open as I remembered where I was, slumberous confusion rapidly giving way to reality. "Yes, I am definitely in my mother's bed," I thought with contentment as I looked at the warm morning light drifting in around the curtains. The smell of that food though wasn't to be denied, and I felt my stomach grumbling in need as I pushed the covers off me.

With my piss hard-on leading the way, I got up and made my way to the bathroom, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. I made use of the facilities, then sluggishly meandered down to my old room where I found a pair of loose boxers and an old t-shirt. Donning my fab-gear, I followed the warm scents to the kitchen, where I spotted my mother standing by the stove, dressed in a thick plush housecoat.

"Good morning," I said as I walked over and wrapped my arms around her, nestling my face into the soft hollow of her neck and kissed her. Her skin there was as soft as a butterfly's wing, and sinfully warm.

"Good morning, Sunshine," she replied as she tilted her head to let my lips explore more of her inviting neck. I loved it when she called me Sunshine. She'd been doing it forever, and it was one of those special little things between the two of us. Holding her like this, with my arms wrapped around her full mature body, my face and lips nestled against hers, I felt like I was bathing in sunshine; everything was absolutely perfect in my world. "You looked so peaceful sleeping. I tried to be quiet and not wake you when I got up. I figured you'd be hungry so I got some things started."

"Mmmmm, it smells great, Mom; almost as good as you feel," I said playfully as I slipped a hand inside her robe and cupped one of those massive September Carrino-like tits of hers.

"Stop that, Andy," she replied with a smirk as she playfully swatted at my hand with the spatula.

"Not a chance." I turned her in my arms and kissed her, her lips warm and responsive against mine, my hand slipping further inside her robe and hefting one glorious mound.

"Don't you ever get enough?" she asked as she coyly pushed me away and turned back to the stove, a mischievous little smile on her face.

"I never get enough of you, Mom." I grabbed a mug from the cupboard as she dropped some eggs into a frying pan and got some toast underway.

"There's some yogurt and fruit for you in the fridge," she said with a motherly tone in her voice. "You need to eat more fruit and vegetables."

"Yes, Mother." The scolded 27-year old child pulled out the bowl of fruit with yogurt poured over it that she'd prepared for me. I dug in, the cool sensation and natural flavors tasting wonderful after our night of mother/son frolicking. I was just finishing up when the rest of the food was ready and she set a steaming plate of sausages, toast and eggs in front of me. She sat down with her own plate and we both attacked the warm delicious food ravenously, the hunger inside us needing more than just each other to survive.

"Satisfied?" she asked as she gathered up our finished plates and put them in the dishwasher.

Her question about my level of satisfaction was obviously directed at my hunger, but as I watched those heavy round tits of hers sway beneath her robe, I felt a twinge in my cock as my mind went to other areas.....that weren't so satisfied. I decided right there on the spot to continue with my mother's new education. "That was great, Mom, thanks. But as far as whether I'm satisfied or not, that's a different matter."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Honey, would you like me to make you something else?" she replied innocently.

"No. Sit down for a minute, Mom." I waited until she took the chair next to me before continuing. "Remember when you said before that you know a young man my age has certain needs?"

"Yes." I could see the interest in what I had to say in her blue eyes.

"Well, one thing that happens with a guy my age is that we wake up every morning with a hard-on."

"Really?" she replied, a definite tone of surprise in her voice.

"Yeah. It can kind of slowly go down after we go to the bathroom, but most guys, including me, like to get a load off first thing in the morning." I paused for a second as she looked at me wide-eyed.

"I.....I had no idea," she stumbled over her words as her eyes flicked down to the crotch of my boxers, my semi-hard prick lurking beneath the surface as I could feel it slowly continuing to stiffen.

"Yep. Every morning when I wake up, it's standing up, nice and hard." Her eyes flicked down to my midsection again and I saw her gulp noticeably. "I reach into my night table, scoop up a gob of Vaseline and wrap my hand around it." She seemed mesmerized by my words, exactly as I'd hoped.

"And do you know what I think about when I do it every morning?" She slowly shook her head, her eyes flicking down to the growing swell starting to strain against the confining material of my shorts.

"I think about you, Mom." Her face flushed a brilliant pink, her mouth opening invitingly as she gasped out loud in surprise. I slid my rear-end forward so I was leaning back in my seat, my swelling crotch prominently on display. "Only you know what the problem is?" She could only shake her head, totally speechless as she sat transfixed, staring at the thickening stalk pushing against soft material of my boxers.

"The problem is that I didn't get to do that this morning." I paused for a few seconds, watching a fine sheen of perspiration come over her flushed pretty face, her breath coming in rapid little gasps from between those full red lips of hers. "It would have been even better if you'd done it for me, Mom." She was staring blatantly at my rising cock now, the long tube lifting the worn material away from my abdomen. She seemed in a trance, totally transfixed by the lewd hypnotic display of my stiffening erection and my lilting voice. I continued, speaking softly in a lulling tone. "Yes, every morning when we're together, I'd like you to wake me up by using either your mouth or hands on me." I paused again, letting my words settle into her brain. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said compliantly, her voice nothing more than a whisper. I sat calmly, her eyes flicking up to mine briefly before returning to the pronounced bulge in my shorts.

"That's a good girl," I said, my voice warm with praise. "Now, since I haven't cum yet today, why don't you go, get the Vaseline and take care of this for me?" She simply nodded and made her way towards the bedroom, her body moving as if in a trance.

As soon as she left the room, I grabbed a shallow bowl from the cupboard, spooned some strawberries into it from the fridge and set the bowl on the table behind my coffee cup, partially hidden from view. I slouched back into my seat and spread my legs, my throbbing prick almost bursting through the buttoned fly of my boxers. I got in position just in time as she returned; the big jar of Baby-Fresh Vaseline in her hand.

"Just sit there, Mom," I said as I used my foot to pull the leg of her chair over so it was positioned between my spread thighs. She compliantly sat in the chair and set the jar of lube on the table, her face flushed with excitement. "That's good. Now take your robe off." She slipped the plush robe off her shoulders so it fell over the chair behind her. I was happy to see she was totally naked

beneath, those massive 32Gs looking so round and heavy as they covered the full breadth of her chest, the big nipples looking dark and swollen with need.

"Take my shorts off for me." She reached forward and I lifted my hips as she drew my boxers down, the waistband catching momentarily on the swollen knob before she tugged it clear, the stiff lance unfurling and rearing up before her. She gave a sharp intake of breath as she dropped my shorts, her mouth opening warmly as her tongue ran out unconsciously and circled wetly around her full red lips.

"Now scoop out some of the Vaseline and rub your hands together. Get them nice and warm for me." She obeyed instantly, popping the lid off the jar and lifting out a generous gob with her fingers. She put her hands together and I watched as the gooey lube quickly warmed and became a clear glistening thing of beauty as she rubbed her slender fingers back and forth over each other.

"That's good, now take my cock in your hands and just work it nice and slow; just like you did when you used your mouth on me. There's no need to hurry." I leaned back in my chair as I watched her lean forward slightly, those spectacular tits of hers swaying under their tremendous weight as her two small hands circled my long thick cock near the base, one hand over the other. She gripped it firmly, and I felt her give a small loving twist, letting her hands get used to the feeling. She then slowly started to slide her slick hands upwards, both of them moving in unison.

"Oh yeah, that's it," I said softly. Just as she had when she'd used her mouth on me, she was doing it perfectly. She had just the right amount of firmness in her grip to produce a sublimely pleasurable level of friction; not too tight and not too loosejust right. I could see from the look on her face that she was as excited as I was at performing this wickedly lewd act in her own kitchen; a mother giving a slow torturous handjob to her loving son. The nastiness of the illicit incestuous act was not lost on me either; it only fueled my ardor even more.

"Oh Mom, that's so good," I groaned as she started to move her hands in an exquisitely wonderful corkscrewing motion up and down on my swollen pecker. She was doing just as I asked, taking her time, doing it nice and slow, but covering every square inch of my rearing shaft from the tip to the hilt with her hot slippery hands. I looked down at those massive tits of hers, swaying and bobbing deliciously as her hands worked up and down on my surging erection. Her nipples looked huge; engorged with blood, they seemed to be calling out for my mouth. But that would have to come later. Now, I was close to exploding already, and I knew exactly where I wanted to put this load of cum.

"I'm almost there, Mom. Just keep doing it nice and slow," I said as I reached over and pulled the bowl of strawberries from behind my cup and brought it forward.

"Wha....?" she started to ask.

"Just keep stroking it like that, but point the head at the bowl." I slouched down just a bit more and brought the bowl to my midsection as she stroked upwards, the engorged head of my cock just an inch or two away from the bowl. I tilted the edge of the bowl slightly downwards, putting it in the perfect position to catch my upcoming load. I could see her wet lips parted and gasping as she mercilessly stroked my rampant hard love-muscle, her hot slippery hands moving smoothly back and forth. I felt those telltale twinges as the contractions started in my midsection, my climax mere seconds away.

"OH FUCK, MOM, I'M GONNA CUM," I warned just as the boiling semen sped up the shaft of my throbbing prick. We both watched as the glistening red eye filled with pearly seed for a split-second

before a long milky strand shot forth, plastering itself appetizingly over the bright red berries. Her hands continued their jacking movements as a second, and then a third silvery strand shot forth, the viscous fluid landing salaciously on the cool pieces of fruit.

"Oh my," she whispered breathlessly as she watched me cum, strand after strand of thick sperm-laden semen spewing forth into the bowl. She kept her slippery warm hands moving smoothly back and forth, pumping out gob upon gob as I totally unloaded, my stomach quivering with each delicious orgasmic contraction. A final tingling shudder scurried down my spine as the last tremors of a wonderful climax ran through my body. She slowed her stroking hands until they came to a stop, her fingers continuing to just hold me warmly. Like everything else we'd done sexually, she instinctively seemed to know just what to do. Yes, she definitely was the perfect lover, and being my mother just made it all that much better.

"Now that's a perfect way to start the day," I said as I set the bowl of cum-covered berries on the table.

"Did you really like that?" she asked insecurely. "Did I do it right?"

"You did it perfectly, Mom. It couldn't have been any better." I paused for a couple of seconds, watching the warm smile come over her face before I continued. "But remember, that's how I should be starting my day; in bed, when I first wake up. Okay?"

"Okay, I'll remember next time."

"Good. Now since you did such a good job, here's your reward," I said as I slid the bowl of fruit in front of her. We both looked down, my pearly semen clinging to the bright red berries in milky gobs and ribbons. "Here, I'll feed it to you." I grabbed the spoon and lifted one big berry, the surface almost covered with my creamy cum.

"Open wide," I said as I brought the spoon forward. She compliantly opened her mouth and I slipped the spoon between her parted lips. She closed her lips and drew the cummy treat into her warm mouth as I drew the spoon away. I watched as she savored the masculine flavor on her tongue for a few minutes before swallowing, her eyes closing in pleasure as the creamy semen slid down her throat.

"Mmmmmm," she purred as the silky fluid made its way to a nice warm spot in the pit of her stomach.

"Did you like that?" I asked, teasingly drawing the bowl further away, her lust-filled eyes never leaving the spunk-covered berries.

"Would you like some more?" I put another strawberry on the spoon, the surface glistening with my milky ball-juice. I tantalizingly waved the spoon slowly in front of hers, her eyes following it hypnotically as her lips opened in wanton anticipation.

"Yes," she responded, starting to lean forwards towards the hovering spoon.

"Yes what?" I said firmly.

"Yes....please?" she replied, her big doe-like eyes looking at me questioningly.

"That's a good girl." I gave her a nod of approval and a warm smile as I brought the spoon forward and slipped it back between her waiting lips.

"Mmmmm." She gave another little satisfied mew of gratification as she savored the semen-laden offering. I watched her roll it around in her mouth before swallowing, the smooth muscles in her throat contracting sensually.

"Would you like the rest?"

"Yes, please." There was no hesitation with the 'please' this time. I liked the way my mother was learning.

"Okay, but sit back down in your chair first." She instantly obeyed, sitting in the kitchen chair, her huge tits sitting nice and full on her chest, the large rubbery nipples pointing straight towards me. "That's my girl; now sit forward a little bit so you're right at the front edge of your seat." Again, she readily obeyed, shifting forward until she was perched on the very edge of her seat.

"That's good. Now spread your legs." She paused for a second before complying, her legs slowly rolling open to each side. When her knees got partway open, she stopped. "Further," I instructed; my voice firm and resolute. She didn't hesitate this time, spreading her legs as far apart as they could go. My eyes were fixed on that intoxicatingly perfect pussy of hers as her legs rolled open, the shiny pink lips opening up before me like the soft petals of an exotic flower. I could see that she was incredibly wet, her inviting labial curtains glistening with her flowing juices. The room, which only moments ago carried the aroma of comforting food, now reeked of sex; my big load of fresh semen and the invigorating womanly scent of her cunt-honey filling the air.

I reached into the bowl and drew out another cum-covered berry with my fingers. Her hungry eyes watched me intently as I brought the spunk-laden piece of fruit forwards and rubbed it across one swollen nipple.

"Aaaahhh," she gave a sharp intake of breath as we both looked down at the slimy fluid clinging to the rubbery bud of her nipple as I drew the berry away. I went to her other stiff thrusting nipple and did the same, both of them now shining with a healthy gob of my manly juice. I brought the berry up between us; she immediately opened her lips and I popped it inside. She chewed daintily, letting the succulent flavors roll over her taste-buds before swallowing.

"Do you want that?" I asked, nodding towards the sizable gobs of milky seed clinging to her stiff nipples, the silvery fluid looking wickedly exciting as it clung to the deep red tips of her breasts.

"Yes, please." Again I was happy to see that she hadn't hesitated with the 'please'.

I reached forward and took both of her hands in mine and placed them on the underside of her big heavy tits. "Go ahead, it's all yours," I said as I pressed her hands slightly upwards before drawing my hands away, clearly indicating what I wanted her to do. She didn't have to be told twice, slipping both hands beneath her massive right tit and lifting it towards her mouth, her lips opening to take the cum-covered nipple. At the same time as her lips latched onto the spunk-covered bud, I slipped my hands between her legs, my fingers sliding deep into her hot wet trench.

"Mmmhnnnnnn," she moaned as my fingers made their way deep into her. She started to squirm already, her excitement readily apparent. She made a wet sucking sound as her lips drew firmly on the engorged button of her nipple, her eyes closed in pleasure. Knowing she was close, I

spun my fingers in a slow torturous circle deep inside her, my stimulating fingers rubbing warmly all over the hot wet tissues of her velvety love-pocket.

"OH ANDY.....AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH," she groaned loudly as she started to cum. Her eyes were glazed over and she quivered and shook on the chair, a deep vaginal orgasm rocking her lush mature body. I kept my fingers busy as she twitched and moaned, and then I slowed as her climax subsided. With one out of the way, I could tell she was ready for another. She switched tits, hefting the heavy round orb of her left breast up, tilting the cummy nipple up towards her wet parted lips. Her hot mouth closed wetly on the delightful red button and as she started to wetly suck, I slipped another finger inside her. I took her to another orgasm as she licked and sucked my warm cum off her tits. When she finally released her massive breast, I passed her the bowl. She eagerly fed herself the remaining semen-covered berries as I worked her over with my fingers, making her cum three more times before I finally withdraw my hands from between her widely-spread legs, her body now leaning against the back of the chair, her round curvy body quivering and exhausted from her climaxes.

"See, Mom," I said as I sat back and looked at her exhausted but deliciously satisfied body, "that's the kind of thing that can happen when I start my day in a good mood."

"Oh my gosh, Andy, that was so exciting. I loved it." She slowly regained her strength as I poured each of us another cup of coffee, pulling her robe back around her as she sat forward in her chair. We both took a big drink of the strong coffee, the caffeine acting like an intravenous resuscitation device as it fed through our systems.

"Andy, would you....would you come to church with me tomorrow?"

I knew it was hard for her to ask me to do this. She knew the way I felt, not only about religion in general, but about her specific church, and the two-faced nitwits that inhibited the place. But for all that had happened between us in the last few days, I wasn't about to deny her. It also occurred to me that this might be a chance for me to show her what these people were like, that they were taking advantage of her good nature, that she didn't need them. "Sure, I'll go; no problem."

"Oh, good," she said, positively gushing with happiness as she leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"On one condition," I replied as I held up my index finger.

"What?"

"You have to let me buy you something new to wear for tomorrow."

"I love everything you've bought me so far, but I'm not sure if some of those things would be appropriate for church," she answered hesitantly.

"Mom, trust me, have I let you down so far?"

"Well, no."

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you have something appropriate. You know how I know you'll approve?"

"How?"

"Because we're going shopping together; that's how. There're some other things I want to get you too. Remember I promised to get you a new bathing suit, right?"

"Andy, really; you don't have to do that."

"No, I insist. And while we're out, we'll get you something nice to wear to church tomorrow. Okay?"

She beamed with happiness, a warm smile on her face. "Okay."

"Now, we both slept in a little bit...."

"I wonder why?" she interrupted me, a devilish twinkle in her eye.

I paused for a second as I looked at her, a warm smile spreading across my face. "Like I said, we both slept in a little, so the stores will be open. Let's get ready."

"What should I wear?" She asked this innocently, once more looking to me for guidance. Perfect. Yes, this education of my mother was coming along just fine. I thought back to the things I'd already gotten her, and pretty much anything would have looked great on that spectacular body of hers, but my mind immediately went to one of my favorites.

"How about that cherry-red sleeveless turtleneck and the denim mini?"

"Okay, that should be nice."

"And the blue satin bra and panties underneath," I said, feeling my recently-spent dick give a little twitch as I thought about those sexy garments.

"Alright."

I made her go and take a shower in her own en-suite bathroom while I hit the one in the main bath I'd used when I'd lived there. I knew if we showered together again, feeling that amazing body of hers under my soapy hands, we'd probably never get out of the house all day. As much as I actually wanted nothing more than that, I knew there'd be time for more of that later. I wanted to take her out, to make her feel special, to let her shop as much as she wanted; something my fucking old man never did for her.

I ended up putting on the same clothes I'd worn over yesterday. They were still in reasonable shape and I knew I'd have to head home at some point today anyways; I'd have to get some decent clothes to wear to church when I went with her tomorrow.

"I guess I'm ready." Her soft voice drew my attention as she emerged from her room. Man, was I ever glad I'd gotten these new clothes for her. She looked fantastic. The denim miniskirt hugged her full behind and firm thighs beautifully; the hem ending halfway down those smooth creamy thighs. Her little flat white sandals looked charming on her delicate feet and went with the whole casual outfit. But her top.....it was the top that made the whole outfit; combined of course with what she had underneath it to fill out such a top. The brilliant cherry-red ribbed turtleneck looked amazing; the vivid color a scintillatingly jolting blow to the eye as it contrasted nicely with her smooth tanned skin. The top hugged her magnificent bust wonderfully, the vertical ribs flaring in and out seductively as they caressed every flowing contour of her voluptuous form.

"Oh, Mom, you look great," I said as I walked around her and took in the spectacular view from every angle. "Ready to go shopping for more?"

"Are you sure, Andy? Really, we don't have to do this," she protested, but I knew she was loving the idea.

"Mom, that's enough of that. Like I said; I want to do this for you. You deserve this, trust me."

"You're such a good son," she replied, giving me quick peck on the cheek. "Okay, let's go."

I drove to a large mall out by the airport, knowing it had a mixture of shops that would suit our needs for today. It was hard to concentrate on driving; my eyes seemed to be pulled in her direction continually. It was hard enough on my willpower just helping her in and out of the car, my eyes drawn like magnets to her shapely legs as her skirt rode well up on her thighs as she got in and out of her seat.

We had a great time shopping together; it had been a long time since I'd seen her laugh and smile so much. She took my arm and we walked through the mall like lovers, talking and laughing easily, happy just to be with each other.

We went to one of the more expensive ladies stores first, picking out a couple of outfits suitable for her to wear to church or out to dinner, that kind of thing. As expected, she protested about the cost at first, but her reluctance quickly gave way to excitement when I insisted that it was my treat for her for all the things she'd ever done for me. She got that knowing twinkle in her eyes and flushed bright pink when I said, "And that especially goes for what you've done for me this weekend too."

Our second stop was another clothing store that carried a wider variety of styles. Here she picked out everything from blouses to dress pants, skirts, shorts, t-shirts and even some jeans, something she'd rarely worn under my dad's regime. She loved it all; and I loved showering her with the gifts. I left her in the shoe store while I made a quick trip to the car with the numerous packages we already had. I returned and we ended up picking up a number of different pairs of shoes, ones that we knew would match perfectly with some of the outfits we'd just purchased.

"Okay, Mom," I said as we left the shoe store, once more loaded down with packages, "time to go to the bathing suit store."

"Oh, Andy," she said, catching me off guard by stopping up short. I turned and looked at her, totally confused.

"What is it?"

"It's just.....it's just" she started out stammering, and then made a small nod towards her sizable chest, "it's just that with these, it's always embarrassing trying to find a bathing suit that fits properly."

"Mom," I said as I took her hand comfortingly in mine and gave her a warm smile, "when we get home, remind me to show you some pictures on the internet of September Carrino, and how great she looks in bathing suits."

"September who?"

"September Carrino. She's a model who's built just like you, and she looks fantastic in bathing suits. I'll show you on my laptop when we get home. Now c'mon."

She stumbled slightly as I pulled her along, but she was smiling by the time we entered the store. Once again, she protested vehemently but I ended up getting my way and we left with four

different suits for her. She insisted on buying one for me from the men's section, and we agreed on a nice pair of loose-fitting bright yellow trunks.

I dropped her and the numerous packages at home, with the promise that I would return in short order after going home and getting some clothes to wear to church. I also planned on making another stop at The Cat's Pajamas and visit my favorite sales clerk, Jessica, but my mother didn't need to know that just now. She'd find out about those purchases in due course, some of them a little later today; I was sure of that.

I got to my place and checked my messages, the only one being from my best friend and free-lance journalist, Connor Young, aka 'The Face-Painter', which I would learn sometime later. He was just checking in to see what I was up to for the weekend. I hadn't talked to him in the last few days so I changed into some clean clothes, then gave him a call.

"Adelson, you festering douchebag, how are you?" were the first words I heard after Connor answered the phone.

"I'm good, pencil-dick. How about you?"

"Couldn't be better. What are you up to?"

"Helping my mom with some stuff around the house. Plus, she talked me into going to church with her tomorrow."

"Ooooh, that's gotta hurt. I thought you were trying to talk her out of going there. Are those people still trying to milk some of that inheritance money out of her?"

"Yeah, they come up with these imaginary 'projects' every now and then that they need funding for. And they always seem to hit on her. I'm actually hoping that when we go tomorrow, I might get some information that I can use to convince her to leave."

"Good luck with that; I know she's been there a long time."

"What are you doin'?"

"I'm working on this article for the magazine. As usual, Morrissey is riding my ass." I knew from a number of our previous discussions that Morrissey was the editor of the magazine that Connor was currently doing some work for. "But on a cheerier note, I've got a date with sweet young co-ed tonight. Why don't you see if the home for the blind has any women willing to go out with you and join us tonight; it'll be fun."

Our good-natured ribbing never ended, and I smiled to myself before answering, knowing the 'fun' I'd be having with my mother while he was out trying to score with his pretty little college girl. "I hate to disappoint all those needy sightless women at the home, but I promised my mom I'd help her do some stuff. While I'm slaving away, it looks like you'll just have to have my fun for me."

"Sucker." Little did he know my mom would be the one doing the sucking, and I wasn't ready to tell him that just yet. "Okay, well, we should really get together sometime soon. It's been awhile. What's your week like?"

"I've got a number of projects this week. That one at The Mirage is gonna be a bitch. If we can't hook up before the end of the week, why don't we try to make sure we go to Gabriel's on Friday?" I said, suggesting the name of our favorite Spanish restaurant.

"Right now, that should work for me. We'll be in touch during the week anyways."

"Okay, sounds good. Good luck on that date tonight, don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"Oh yeah, what the fuck does that mean? You'd fuck a snake if you could get low enough to the ground."

"Well, as long as it wasn't poisonous, I can't deny that." We both chuckled at that and hung up, promising to stay in touch again before the end of the week.

I gathered up a few things for the rest of the weekend, some casual clothes and a few toiletries. Knowing my mother liked to dress up for church, I pulled out a nice charcoal grey Italian suit I loved, a nice tie and a pair of black lace-up dress shoes. Loading the stuff back into my car, I headed for The Cat's Pajamas, anxious to pick up a few more items that would be my treat for the weekend. Yes, seeing my mother in that sexy lingerie never ceased to make my little buddy stand up and salute.

"So, how's my favorite customer," Jessica said as I spotted her across the store and started walking towards her. She looked great, a gorgeous white blouse tucked into a form-fitting black pencil skirt that ended a few inches above her dimpled knees. My eyes followed her tanned legs down to pair of 4" black pumps. The sexy shoes a perfect complement to the business-type outfit.

"I'm great. I've come for more of your valuable assistance."

"Ah, so the girlfriend has been happy with the things you've gotten for her so far?"

"She's loved them....and so have I," I said giving her a conspiratorial wink.

She smiled back. "So, looking for anything specific today?"

"Well, we have a function to go to tomorrow, and she's going to need something in white to go with the outfit she has in mind."

"Okay. So what did you have in mind?"

"Where are the merry widows?"

Our eyes met and she gave me a mischievous grin before she turned on her heel and beckoned me with a crooked finger. "Right this way. Size 32G, right?"

About half an hour later, I left the store, once more laden down with numerous packages. Once I got back to my mother's, I hauled in all my stuff, including the case with my laptop. I found my mother just finishing up getting lunch together for us, looking as happy as I've ever seen her, dressed in a new pair of white shorts and a bright yellow V-necked t-shirt that hugged her curvy form magnificently, the V providing a teasing glimpse into that deep dark cleavage of hers.

"You're just in time to eat," she said as she came up and gave me a little peck on the lips. She looked down at the new packages I was depositing on the table. "What have you got there?"

"Just a few more things from the lingerie store that I think you should have."

"Oh Andy, you shouldn't have," she replied, her fingers tracing over one curly strip of ribbon tying one package together, "but I love that you did. Can I see?"

"Later, I'm starving." I picked her up in my arms and twirled her around.

"Put me down," she said helplessly, laughing like a schoolgirl as I spun her around before setting her back on her feet.

"What's for lunch?"

"I made a nice big salad and sliced up some cold chicken for sandwiches. It's such a beautiful day, I figured we could eat out by the pool."

"That sounds great. You want me to get some drinks?" I said as I opened the fridge door.

"Yes. There's a pitcher of ice tea." She paused for a second and looked at me, her face stern as she watched me pull a bottle of Dr. Pepper out of the fridge. "Andrew Alexander Adelson, you put that back, right now."

"What?" I asked, holding my hands out innocently.

"You drink far too much of that stuff. Now put it back. You can drink ice tea with your lunch."

"Yes mother." Like a misbehaving child being scolded, I petulantly put the bottle back in the fridge, grabbed the pitcher along with two glasses and carried it outside.

Our backyard pool area was totally secluded; the fence and a number of large mature trees providing total privacy. Even my mom, with her conservative reserved nature, had always felt safe and secure sunbathing or swimming in our backyard.

Between the two of us, we got all the food she'd prepared out to the table, the umbrella giving us a nice shady spot from the warm afternoon sun. I popped back into the house, grabbed my laptop and fired it up once I was back outside.

"This is really good," I said, taking a bite of a sandwich and following it up with a forkful of the fresh salad.

"So what was it you were going to show me on your computer?" My mother asked as we both started in on our lunch. "Some pictures of September somebody-or-other?"

"September Carrino. Just hang on a second," I replied as I moved the cursor and found the file I was looking for. I pulled up a picture that I loved of the busty Ms. Carrino in a one-piece bathing suit. I always thought September looked fantastic in this series of pictures. Her hair had been highlighted a summery frosty-blond, and those always spectacular tits looked incredible as she posed next to a pool. The suit had that scuba wet-suit look to it with the main color being an attractive periwinkle blue, with a black zipper-band of material about an inch wide running down the front. The suit tied behind the neck and the actual gold zipper ran from the midpoint of her abdomen all the way up to the top. It could be done up as far as you wanted, or it could be left as far open as you wanted as well. In this picture the zipper was done about halfway up September's impressive chest, the ample flesh of those massive globes swelling up from inside the suit. The leg openings were cut nice and high on the hips, giving a tantalizing view of her attractive legs. Once I had made the picture full-screen, I turned it to face my mother.

"Oh my," my mother said, her eyes opening wide as she looked at the picture. "You're right, that girl is built like me. Her hair's a little lighter and of course, she's a little younger, but yes, when you look at our bodies, we could be twins."

"See, and look at how nice she looks in that suit."

"That....that's the same as one of the suits we just bought, isn't it?" she jabbed her finger pointedly at the picture, as if seeing the suit for the first time, after first looking at her resemblance to the person inside it.

"Yep, that's the exact same one. I had this picture in mind when I picked it out."

My mother moved closer, looking more intently at the picture. "She.....she looks so beautiful," she said under her breath, seeming to be almost mesmerized by the picture. The look on face brought a smile to my face.

"Want to see a few more pictures of her."

"Yes, please." I brought up another picture, this time with September teasingly drawing the zipper further downwards, more of those tremendous breasts of hers coming into view.

"Oh dear," my mother said with a gulp as I scrolled over to the next picture in the series. With the zipper being lowered even further, in this shot, you could clearly see the round circles of September's large areolae and massive thick nipples.

"Oh my gosh Andy, her breasts look just like mine!" she gushed loudly as she looked closely at the sexy picture.

"I know; that's why I love to look at pictures of her."

She looked at me, then back at the picture, then back at me. "You mean, you look at pictures of her andand think of me?" she asked shyly.

"All the time, Mom, all the time."

She paused for a second, her face flushing with embarrassment once more. "I.....I don't know what to say. I have to admit, I'm flattered that you think of me when you look at her. It seems so wicked....yet it's so exciting at the same time. Do you....do you have other pictures of her in other outfits?"

"Yes, many others. But we can look at some of those later. Why don't we finish lunch, then I think it'll be time for us to take a swim. What do you think? Have anything special you'd like to wear?"

Her eyes flicked back to the computer screen before returning my mischievous smile with one of her own. "Yes, I have a new suit my loving son just bought for me. I think you might like it."

"I can't wait." We both eagerly dug into the rest of our food and it tasted great. The sandwiches and salad made a great combo and washing them down with a nice cold glass of ice tea was the icing on the cake. We cleared up the dishes, leaving the pitcher of ice tea and our glasses on the table as we both went in to change. I pulled on my new pair of yellow trunks and made my way back outside. I sat on the edge of the pool, my lower legs waving back and forth in the cool water as I waited.

"How's the water?" I heard her ask as I turned to watch her walk towards me. She had on a colorful bathing suit wrap that tied behind her neck and covered most of her body, leaving only her arms and lower legs exposed.

"It's great," I replied, expectantly waiting for her to remove the colorful wrap. I watched as she stopped next to the table and reached behind her head, her fingers working on the knotted fabric.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked as she tossed the flimsy garment aside and posed with her hands on her hips.

"WOW!" I literally burst out as I looked at her, my jaw almost hitting the pool deck as I stared in awe. Oh man, she looked incredible! The bathing suit fit her like a glove, the soft fabric molding itself to every lush mound and curving valley. The wide black strip of the zipper band looked startlingly erotic as it drew your eyes to the middle of her tremendous body. She had pulled the zipper well up to contain those massive mammaries, but not high enough to hide everything. There were ample amounts of soft pink tit-flesh on display where the huge orbs swelled and threatened to spill out of the top of the suit. The suit contained her lush body firmly enough to push her voluminous tits together and up, making them look fantastically huge, as if they needed any help with that anyway. It was difficult, but my eyes travelled downward, taking in the alluring way the fabric followed the sensuous contours of her narrow waist and wide matronly hips. The high-cut leg openings made her legs look fantastic, the hours she'd been spending at the gym definitely paying off.

"Mom.....you.....you look amazing!" I gushed, letting my eyes roam blatantly up and down her gorgeous body. I felt a welcome twinge go through my midsection as the blood flowed to my needy member, clear evidence that I'd made the right selection in picking out that suit for her.

"Thanks, son. Do I look anywhere near as nice as that September girl," she asked, doing a bit of a pirouette to show me the suit from all angles. Her full round bum looked great, inviting shadows cast by her round curvy body drawing my eyes like magnets.

"You look better, Mom. I'd take you over her any day."

"You're just saying that; time for you to cool off, mister," she said as she stepped over next to me and shoved me into the pool. I wasn't expecting it and came up sputtering, only to hear her giggling as she pulled her lustrous chestnut locks back into a ponytail and slipped a scrunchie around it.

"I'll get you for that," I chided as I wiped the water out of my eyes.

"Only if you can catch me," she responded before making a smooth knifing dive right over me. My mother had always been a good swimmer and had taught me what she knew. I took off after her but she reached the far end well before me and stopped to wait, a big smile on her pretty face. I swam right up to her and took her in my arms. I kissed her deeply, a needy ache inside me instantly going away as she returned my passionate kiss.

"So, do you like your new suit?" I asked her as we drew slightly back from each other, my hands gripping her full round behind.

"I love it. But I think you love it more," she said playfully as she leaned her face forward and nipped at my bottom lip.

"I think you might be right about that." I let my hands slip up her sides and was about to cup her big tits before she swatted my hands away and took off towards the other end.

"See if you can keep up, smarty-pants," she said as she swam away. I angled my body and headed after her, my arms slicing smoothly through the water. It felt good to swim, the different motions required feeling good in the muscles of my body. I knew my mother felt it too, both of us swimming alongside each other for a while before stopping for a break. I swam over to the shallow end, hauled myself up and sat on the pool edge, the warm sun feeling wonderful as it bathed my dripping skin.

"Had enough?" my mother asked as she slowly swam over until she stood in front of me, the water depth being a little over three feet near this side. With this depth, as she stood on the bottom, her huge tits were just a few inches above the water level and right in line with my cock.

"I've had enough of swimming," I said as I blatantly looked straight down into the deep dark line of her cleavage. She could see exactly where I was looking, and I was happy to see she had no intention of moving as a big smile came over her face, the hairband keeping her damp hair away from her lovely features.

"If you've had enough of swimming, what would you like?" she asked provocatively as her hands softly stroked my thighs.

"I'm not sure. What did you have in mind?" I leaned back, my arms straight behind me as I let my thighs slowly part. Her suggestive words had the blood rushing to my slumbering member already.

"Maybe I could do something to help you forget about that September girl," she said teasingly as she moved closer between my spread thighs, her face mere inches away from stiffening prick.

"I don't know; she's pretty hard to forget. What would you do to try and make me forget her?"

"Oh, I don't know....what would you like me to do?" she asked coyly as she slid her hand across the front of my yellow trunks, her fingers quickly finding the growing slab of man-meat beneath the loose fabric. Her slim fingers circled the thickening tube and moved slowly back and forth, starting to drive me crazy already.

"Why don't you start by taking those trunks off for me, then we can talk about whatever pops up." She smiled as she reached for the waistband of the yellow suit, pulling it down and off as I lifted my hips. My stiffening dick unfurled from the confines of the trunks and started to bob and twitch, my pulsing blood flowing to where it was needed most. Her hands rubbed slowly back and forth over the insides of my spread thighs as we both watched my beefy prick continue to fill and extend. It felt great to feel it coming to full erection out here, the warm sun beating down on us, the wet red eye glistening in the sunlight.

"Oh my gosh, Andy, I still can't believe how big it is. Like I said, your father's was the only one I've ever seen. And it wasn't nearly as long as yours, or anywhere near as big around."

"Would you like to see how big it feels in your mouth?" I asked suggestively as my stiffening love-muscle reached full erection and pointed upwards at about a 45-degree angle, the enflamed head bobbing menacingly with each powerful beat of my heart.

"Yes," she replied, her face flushing a warm pink. I wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment or excitement, but I was thrilled to see her move closer, her lips opening wantonly as her hands slid up my thighs towards the broad base of my pulsing rod.

"Un-uh," I warned as I reached down and touched her hands. She looked up at me, a look of both confusion and unmitigated lust in her eyes. Yes, she wanted my thick cock in her mouth, but she couldn't figure out why I'd stopped her. "No hands right now. Let's see what you can do with just your mouth." I put my hands behind me and leaned back once more to watch her, her own hands now resting still on the tops of my thighs.

Her eyes were locked on my throbbing prick, and I saw her tongue slip out instinctively and run wetly around her lips as she moved closer. She formed her lips into a succulent pouting "O" and touched them softly against the pebbly membranes of my glans. Her pursed lips adhered smoothly as she gently sucked, and I felt her tongue slither forward to tickle away a warm drop of pre-cum from the oozing tip.

"Yeah, that's a good girl, lick up all that cock-honey," I said with a warm note of praise, the delicious feeling of her lips on me sending a tingling sensation right to my soaring libido. With the tip safely secured just inside her mouth, I watched as she pushed forward, her soft red lips feeling like the caress of a warm summer wind as she moved downwards. It was scintillatingly erotic to see my own mother's lips stretching further and further until she finally slipped them over the thick purple ridge of my rope-like corona, the broad mushroom head now locked within her hot wet mouth.

"Mmmmm....." A warm sigh of pleasure vibrated through my dick as she groaned, her tongue rolling slowly over the massive crown as she bathed it with her hot wet spit before slipping into the wet red eye and sucking out more of my flowing pre-cum. Oh man, I couldn't believe how good she was already, with this being only her third time with a cock in her mouth. It made me smile to think that all three of those times it had been with me; her son. She was definitely a natural-born cocksucker, and that talent had remained hidden and untapped for all these years. I was definitely going to take advantage of that superlative talent from here on out. I planned on filling that pretty mouth of hers with as much cum as I could from now on.

"That feels fantastic, Mom," I said as she flicked her eyes up to mine, her blue orbs shining with a hungry desire. "Let's see if you can take some more inside that pretty little mouth of yours." My suggestion did not go unheeded as her eyes looked downwards again as she set about her duties. She pulled back slightly, her soft lips giving a gentle tug on my protruding ridge before she started to move forward again, those warm pillowy lips going further and further down. "Oh my God, she's amazing," I thought as I watched her impaling herself on my thrusting erection. She moved downward slowly, mercilessly, and I could feel her pushing more of her hot saliva to the front of her mouth, the gooey spit providing a slick lubricant for her descending lips.

"Glmmp...." She made a little gagging sound and stopped as I felt the engorged head of my cock press softly into the hot wet tissues at the opening of her throat. I looked down at her stretched lips, a mere 3" away from the shaven base, meaning that she had about 5" of hard man-meat inside her mouth. For a novice cock-sucker, she was incredible!

"Oh Jesus, Mom, that is so good," I moaned as she slowly started to retreat, and I could feel her sucking gently on the way back. She stopped with the tip locked inside her mouth, and then I felt her draw her cheeks in before moving forwards once more, the velvety tissues on the insides of her mouth sliding tightly against the throbbing surface of my upright shaft. She got into a nice smooth rhythm, sucking all the way down until the tip bumped against the back of her throat opening each time. I looked down as she bobbed up and down on my rock-hard dick; the surface of the veiny shaft glittering as her shiny saliva caught the sunlight.

"Mmmmm...." She was moaning softly now as she really got into it, sucking slowly but tenaciously. I could tell she was loving the feel of my long hard cock in her mouth as her head bobbed smoothly up and down. It felt incredible having my mother do this to me. My incestuous desire for her fuelled my ardor like never before. It seemed as if we both wanted this to bring us even closer together. As her lips, tongue and mouth drew mercilessly on my engorged manhood; it felt like she was trying to suck the very soul out of me. Her lips felt so good, that I knew I could cum fairly soon if I wanted; but there was something else I wanted before I filled that mature mouth of hers.

"Whoa," I said, reaching out and tenderly touching her soft cheek. She stopped what she was doing and looked up at me expectantly, wondering why I had stopped her. "Mom, if you want me to stop thinking about September, why don't you show me what you've got inside that bathing suit." She eased back off my throbbing prick, a small web of saliva bridging the gap between her red puffy lips and the engorged helmet. As she moved back slightly, the straining web grew slimmer and then finally snapped, the ribbon of warm spit falling onto my upright shaft.

"Is this what you want to see, son?" she asked teasingly as she provocatively started to draw down the gold zipper of her swimsuit. I simply sat and watched as she pulled it down ever so slowly, her soft warm breasts instantly filling the slowly spreading gap.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned as more and more of her tremendous tits came into view. It was my turn to be mesmerized now; her teasingly slow unzipping almost driving me insane. It was so erotically exciting to see the fabric of her suit being pulled open to each side by the fullness and weight of her huge breasts. She kept looking me in the eye coyly as the zipper went down further and further. It reached the bottom of her cleavage, the insides of both spectacular orbs coming into view. I felt my pulsing dick surge as she kept drawing the zipper lower, a warm gob of pre-cum pulsing to the surface and sliding sluggishly down the inverted 'V' at the tip of my cock.

"Do you like that, son?" she asked as her delicate fingers drew the zipper even lower, the soft material spreading further to each side, her big nipples starting to come into view.

"Oh God, yes," I moaned, totally spellbound by the sight of those magnificent jugs coming into view. The edge of the material seemed to catch for a second on her protruding nipples before she drew the zipper even further downwards, the fabric slipping past the nipples and then spreading quickly to each side as gravity drew the enormous mounds out from beneath the confining material. She stopped, her fabulous 32Gs now fully exposed, the beautiful bathing suit encasing the sides of those massive guns and pushing them forwards.

"Oh, fuck," I groaned under my breath. "Mom, those are the most spectacular breasts I've ever seen." I could only stare wide-eyed, my rock-hard prick bobbing with desire as I looked at those big voluptuous tits.

"Do you think they're nicer than that September girl's?" she asked, tilting her head kittenishly to the side as she put her hands beneath them and hefted them towards me.

"Oh my God, Mom, they're nicer than anybody's." A big smile appeared on her face as she looked at me, but being the novice that she was, I knew she wasn't sure what to do at this point. I had to keep teaching her. I knew just what to say. "But I think September would know exactly what to do with those in a situation like this. What do you think that would be?" My gaze shifted from her eyes to her massive guns, and then directly at my throbbing prick. There was no way she could mistake my intent of what I wanted her to do.

"Is this what she would do?" she asked teasingly as she moved forward and enveloped my thrusting erection between the soft warm pillows of her huge breasts.

"Oh yeah, that's exactly what she'd do," I replied as I sat back and luxuriated in the heavenly feeling of my mother's massive tits surrounding my steel-like prick. She wrapped them fully around the upright shaft, and with her gigantic set, there was nothing more than the tip of my 8" boner projecting from the top of her deep warm cleavage. With her hands on the outsides of her big round globes, she started moving her body slowly up and down, the delicious sensations of the friction caused by our wickedly connected bodies flowing through me. I looked down at my long hard cock, disappearing totally from view as she shifted her body upwards, and then the broad mushroom cap poking its head out from the top of her dark line of cleavage when she moved downwards. Oh fuck, was this ever turning me on.

"Oh Jesus, Mom, that feels so good," I groaned deep in my throat as she continued to fuck me with her massive tits. I could feel the hard points of her nipples rubbing against my abdomen as she moved up and down, the stiff rubbery bullets dragging across my skin erotically. I had been so turned on just seeing her in that alluring suit, that between the blowjob she'd been giving me and now this tit-fucking, I was ready to burst.

"Mom, I'm gonna cum soon. Where do you want this load?" I asked as I felt those tingling contractions about to start in my midsection.

"Can I have it in my mouth?" she asked as she looked up at me, her pretty face flushed with excitement. I looked at that lush mouth of hers, her full red lips parted and invitingly wet; and her eyes, her eyes flashing and hungry with desire. Yes, she could definitely have this one in her mouth.

"I'm almost there," I said quickly as I felt the boiling semen about to speed up the shaft of my throbbing prick. "If you want it, you better get your mouth back on top of it." She immediately shifted backwards, her warm pillowy breasts releasing my pulsating erection as she lowered her mouth and slipped her pouty lips back over the engorged crown. I felt her lips clamp down beneath the thick ridge, trapping my throbbing glans inside her hot oral cavity, just as the first thick creamy rope rocketed forth.

"OH FUCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," I growled deep in my throat as I started to unload. I could feel her sucking ravenously as I totally flooded her mouth, gob after gob of my potent man-juice spewing into her mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed contentedly, sucking passionately as I continued to ejaculate. I could feel her tongue rolling salaciously over the sensitive tissues on the underside of the glans as rope after rope of pearly seed spurted deep into her mouth. Oh man, she was good; the hot tissues on the inside of her cheeks were pressing warmly against the throbbing head as she sucked, her talented lips and tongue working to drain every last drop of seed out of that she could. My hips continued to flex and buck up into her face as I shook through a fantastic climax, her vacuuming mouth bringing me intense pleasure as I gave her my cum....until I had nothing more inside me to give.

"Oh my God, that was incredible," I said with a low groan as I slumped back against the pool deck, the final dregs of post-orgasmic dogwater drooling forth onto her tongue. She nursed gently, her lips clinging to the sensitive pebbly surface of my glans tenderly as my breathing slowly returned to normal. I felt her tongue delve into the wet red eye one last time, then I watched the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed the final warm morsels of my load. With a final loving kiss on the

very tip, she lifted her head up and looked at me, her sexy wet lips swollen and puffy. I thought she had never looked so beautiful.

"Oh Andy, I don't know why, but I just love the taste of it." I could see that she still didn't feel comfortable using words like cum. I figured that might happen over time; but if not, that was okay too; as long as she could communicate to me what she wanted, I was fine with that.

"If you love the taste of it so much, how about we start making this part of your regular diet?"

She blushed a bright pink again, but I could see by the delightful excitement in her eyes that she liked the idea. She nodded her head timidly as she answered quietly, her voice barely audible, "Okay, I'd like that."

"That's good, Mom," I said authoritatively, letting her know the way things were going to be. "That's just what I hoped you'd say. Now, I can probably give you at least two loads a day; probably more, especially on weekends. Would you be okay with that?"

"Yes," she replied immediately, her eyes dancing with happiness.

"Good. Like I said earlier, I like to cum a lot, and from now on, I'm going to be giving it to you as often as I need." I paused for a second as she looked at me intently before nodding, agreeing to my wishes. "Now don't worry, I'll be taking care of you too, just like we've been doing."

"I....I'm not worried, Andy. I....I want to do this for you. I'll do it any time you want me to." This was exactly the type of attitude I had hoped for when I decided to undertake this new education of her; that it would end up with my sexy stacked mother enthusiastically agreeing to being my cum bucket; a willing receptacle for my incestuous desires, anywhere.....anytime.

I gave her a beaming smile and she returned it, a look of pure joy on her face. "I love you, Mom; more than anything."

"I love you too, Andy." I slipped back into the pool and took her in my arms, our lips meeting in a deep passionate kiss. I wanted her again, and forever, and I knew both my love and lust for her would never cease. I wanted to make her as happy as she'd made me, starting right now.

"I think what you just did was better than anything September could have ever done," I said as slid my arms beneath her round bum and lifted her against me, her heavy round breasts mashing into my chest.

"Do you really think so?" she asked, her eyes shining with happiness.

"Oh yeah, nobody could have done that better," I replied, reaching down between us and taking hold of the zipper on her swimsuit. "And this suit definitely looks better on you too." I could see her blush again, my words of praise thrilling her as I playfully slid the zipper up and down a little bit, before grasping it firmly and pulling it all the way down to the bottom. "Now, let's see if you look like her down here."

My mother gasped as I reached behind her neck and undid the bow she'd tied there, the top of the suit immediately falling away from her body. I grabbed the damp fabric and pulled it downwards. As I drew it away with my hands, she stepped out and I tossed it aside on the deck. I reached down, took a firm hold of her hips and lifted her onto the edge of the pool deck where I'd just been sitting. I put a hand on the inside of each knee and forced her legs apart, dropping to my knees on the pool bottom as I lowered my mouth to her shaven pussy.

"Oh, Andy," she moaned as I slipped my tongue into her hot creamy snatch. She must have gotten terribly aroused from sucking me off because she was soaking wet, her velvety love-pocket soaked with her flowing juices. I slipped my tongue deep inside and relished the taste of her womanly nectar settling on my taste-buds.

For the next half hour or so, my mouth never left her hot wet cunt, my lips and tongue either working deep inside that heavenly trench or sucking and licking at her fleshy pink labial petals; or pleasuring the tingling button of her clit. I took her to five orgasms, one following quickly upon the heels of another as I used all my oral talents to bring her as much satisfaction as I could.

"Oh Andy, I'm begging you to stop," she pleaded with me after her fifth climax, her frazzled body collapsing back onto the deck as she pushed my working mouth away from her thrumming pussy.

I smiled to myself as she lay there peacefully, gasping for air as her body slowly recovered. I climbed out of the pool, dried myself with one of the towels we'd brought out and then pulled my damp suit back on. It felt annoying pulling on the damp suit, but I wasn't sure if I was done using the pool yet, plus, I knew the type of material it was made out of would dry fairly quickly.

"Andy, honey, could you throw me a towel, please," my mother asked as she tried to cover her exposed tits and pussy with her arms and hands. I handed her a big beach towel which she quickly wrapped around, demurely covering her lush curvy body.

"Mom, you look worn out," I said as I sat back down in front of my computer. "Why don't we just relax for a little while? I've got some work I can do, so why don't you get your book and sit out here with me and read." My mother was an avid reader, and I knew one of her little pleasures was sitting out here in nice weather and just losing herself in a good novel.

"That sounds nice. I'd like that," she said, her hand holding the towel tightly around her as she bent down and picked up her sodden swimsuit. "I don't really want to put this wet suit back on though."

"That's alright; we got you three other new ones. Why don't you put one of them on?"

"Okay. Which one would you like?" Now, there's my girl, I thought to myself. Asking me which one it was that I wanted her to wear was more important to her than picking one that she liked.

"How about the white bikini?"

"Are you sure, Andy?" she asked, looking at me speculatively. "Are you sure I won't look like a fat cow in it?"

"Not at all, Mom. You're gonna look great. Trust me."

"Well, okay," she replied with a reluctant shake of her head. "I'll give it a try." She laid her damp suit over one of the deck chairs to dry, then disappeared into the house, her hand still holding the enveloping towel over her naked body.

I poured us each another big glass of ice tea and took a gulp, the cool liquid feeling exquisitely refreshing as it coursed through me. I set her glass on a little table next to the big lounging chair beside me, then turned back to my computer. I had a big project this coming week at The Mirage hotel, one contract that was going to net me a nice pay-check. I fired up some of the coding files they'd sent me and started to work my way through. Just as I started to get engrossed in my work, my attention was diverted as I heard the patio door open and close. I looked up to see my mother walking towards me, her body now covered by another one of the colorful lightweight cover-ups

we'd bought. This one was mostly a vivid rich blue, but covered with the images of brilliantly-colored tropical fish. It looked great on her.

"Well, I don't know about this, Andy," she said as she stood next to me, setting down the novel she'd brought out with her and a white hairband on the table beside me. She had let her hair out of the scrunchie she'd worn earlier and fluffed it out; now looking sexy as anything, her chestnut locks falling about her shoulders and framing her pretty face.

"You mean the bikini?"

"Yes, I'm not sure if it's right for me," she answered, that note of insecurity in her voice coming through once more.

"Well, why don't you let me be the judge of that; and I promise, if it doesn't look good, I'll tell you honestly. Okay?"

"You promise you'll be honest?"

"I promise," I said, making the sign of a cross over my heart.

"Okay then." I almost held my breath as she reached up and undid the tie holding the loose wrap. I'd helped her pick out all the bathing suits, but I hadn't been able to go into the change room area and see any of them on her. As I awaited the unveiling, I was as anxious as a teenager getting to third base for the first time.

"Oh Jesus...." I'm not sure, but I think I actually spoke out loud as she drew the cover-up aside and tossed it onto a chair. My brain was instantly charged with an exponentially high level of stimulation as I stared at my mother in the bikini. The suit was made up of four tiny triangles, two were responsible for covering those full heavy 32Gs, and the other two were joined by a tiny strip of material and wound between her legs, teasingly attempting to demurely cover her full round bum and tantalizing pussy. The triangles were all connected with thin spaghetti straps, the bottoms tied in sexy little bows at her hip, and the top tied behind her head and the middle of her back.

The cups of the top were not ridiculously small; I knew that would never go over with my mother to look totally trampy. These cups did give her some level of support for her heavy guns; which she definitely needed. When I'd run my fingers over the suit in the store, I'd definitely felt some level of reinforcement within the edges of the material. And right now, I was seeing the work of the bathing suit designer put on perfect display.

Her rack looked incredible; the molded cups of the top beautifully forming and enhancing the full round shape of her voluminous breasts. The cups pushed the sizable mounds together and up, just not as powerfully as the bras I'd gotten her. The generous swells seemed about to spill out of the cups, but not to the point where it looked obscenely ridiculous; just perfectly accentuating her full buxom figure.

She turned around for me and could see that the bottom nicely contained her full round bum, again, it was cut just right, not too small so that her flesh was sticking out in all the wrong places. The small triangle at the front came halfway up between the "V" junction at the top of her thighs and her little dimpled navel. The thin strands of the ties then rose upwards and out to each side where they were tied in little bows over each flared hip. My eyes were immediately drawn to the bows; they just seemed to be inviting the observer to reach out and pluck open the bows, revealing the lusty treasures lying beneath.

The color; brilliant white. It was fantastic. I love white on busty women, whether it be clothing, lingerie, whatever, I didn't care, white always looks great. The reason; shadows. There was no forgiveness with white. The shadows cast by white clothing on a woman were either flattering or obscene, and on my mother, white looked breathtaking. The snug bottoms of the bikini cast a soft shadow on the undersides of her lush round bum, and at the front, there was a fine shadow hinting at the warm soft cleft I knew lay hidden beneath the thin material. But it was the top, of course, where the shadows were most revealing. As she stood in the sunlight, the shadows cast by her generous rack on the undersides of those spectacular breasts and her flat stomach was astonishing. It drew your eye magnetically to her full chest, the shadows bearing witness to the full size and proportions of her heavy round tits. But most of all, right in the middle of the smooth triangular cups; the shadows cast by her large nipples. The white material darkened enticingly where it covered each rubbery button, emphasizing the subtly impressive size that onlookers would dream of getting their hands and mouth on.

I took one more look up and down over her full body, taking in every delectable aspect of the gorgeous suit, the brilliant white material of the tiny suit making her look absolutely fantastic. "Mom, you look amazing."

"You're not just saying that, are you, Sweetie?" That insecurity was still there, even as she stood before me, a woman desirable to any man, of any age.

"No. Believe me, Mom, you look incredible. That suit fits you perfectly."

"You really think so, it's not too small."

"Not at all; it covers you in all the spots where you need it, but leaves just the right amount visible to show off that fantastic shape of yours."

"Oh, Honey, thank you so much for saying that; I was nervous putting it on. I'm glad you like it." She ran her hands down over her hips and looked down at her own midsection to where the bottoms started. "I know now why those young girls all shave down there. If they wear things like this, it could definitely be a problem. I'm glad you did that for me, Andy, I like the feeling of being nice and clean down there. And it makes this bathing suit look so much better than it would too."

"I love it, Mom. You look great. Now, why don't you relax on the lounge there while I do a little work. I poured you a little drink there," I said as I gestured to the glass of ice tea I'd set out for her. "It'll be nice just to be out here together, don't you think?"

The warm smile of joy on her face just about made my heart melt. "I'd love that, son." She leaned over and gave me a tender kiss on my forehead, then grabbed her sunglasses and book and stretched out on the lounge next to me. I watched as she laid back and got comfortable, those tremendous tits settling in and spreading wonderfully over the full breadth of her chest. It took some willpower, but I made myself tear my eyes away and get back to my work.

For the next hour or so, I worked away, busy analyzing the material the IT guys at The Mirage had provided me with. I saw some problems, and knew the corrections that we'd have to start implementing to set things right. As I worked, my mother sat quietly, totally absorbed in her book. I kept looking over, my eyes feasting on that fantastic body as she moved languidly on the reclined chair, casually shifting one leg at a time before settling in for some more reading.

I was struck again by how similar her body was to September Carrino's. Deciding I needed another look for comparison, I pulled up the file I had on my laptop where I kept a number of folders with

pictures of busty models, including the lovely Ms. Carrino. I started looking at various pictures of her from various photo shoots, including ones like "Blue Bra", "Wet T-Shirt", and of course "Zipper Swimsuit", where she'd been wearing the same swimsuit as my mother had been earlier. I always preferred the shots where the busty model had her hair highlighted a nice frosty blonde. I thought that she looked softer and much more 'touchable' than in the shots where her hair was really dark.

As I scanned through the photos, I was struck again at how similar their bodies were, especially the size and shape of their tits. Yes, my mother had a few years on September, but her body was still almost identical. Those big hard nipples looked so tasty and suckable, I felt a tell-tale warm twinge go through my midsection. Feeling the stirring in my loins, I opened one of my favorite photo sets of September, the "Car Wash" series. Jesus, she looked fantastic in those shots, squeezing the soapy sponge down the front of her low-cut blue and white striped top, her frosty-blond hair tied in alluring pigtails, a tiny pair of denim shorts exposing her inviting midriff. As I scanned through the photos, I felt my cock start to stiffen.

I flicked my eyes over to my mother, hungrily feasting on that beautiful rack of hers stuffed into that enticing white bikini. As I looked from the enticing photos on my laptop over to my mother's lush mature body, a lurid idea came into my head; why not enjoy both at the same time? I thought about how great that would be, and based on the conversation we'd had just a short time ago, I decided to try something quite forward and see how she'd react. I wanted her to continue realizing that what we were doing was fun, that it was enjoyable for both of us; so I spent a few minutes deciding how I was gonna say this to her.

"Mom," I said, getting her attention.

"Yes?" she asked, looking over the top of her book.

"Would it surprise you if I told you I'm ready to cum again?" I said with a quirky smile on my face, but inside I was nervously awaiting her response.

"My gosh, Andy, are you always like this?"

"Actually, yes. That's why Connor calls me 'Triple-A'. He teases me that when it comes to sex, saying I'm the Energizer Bunny; you know, I just keep cumming and cumming."

She paused for a second, a definite questioning look in her eyes. "And uh.....how does Connor know this?" I realized she must be wondering if Connor and I had.....well....you know, 'been together', in order for Connor to make an observation like that.

I burst out laughing. "No, Mom. It's nothing like that. It's just that one time a girl I was dating told Connor what it was like to be with me. He's based it solely on that. Nothing more; I promise you."

She got a bit of an anxious look on her face now, and I wondered where that was coming from. "This...this girl; are you still seeing her?" Oh, there it was; jealousy.

"No," I said with a shake of my head and a dismissive wave of my hand. "That was a number of years ago, Mom. She's long gone." I paused for a second as she relaxed and a slow smile spread across her face. "You're the only girl I'm interested in now."

"Oh, Andy, you're so sweet to say that." I could see the wheels turning in her head before she spoke again. "And right now, I love that we are becoming so close. When you mentioned that girl, I felt jealous, like I don't want to share you with anyone. But in the long run, you know how important I

think it is for you to have a family. And that is something I can never give you. I've always been sad that I could never have any more children other than you. Someday you'll want children of your own, and I know I'll have to accept another woman in your life; someone maybe like that Silvia girl. That's going to be hard for me, but I know that's the way it's going to have to be. I....I only hope the girl you choose will make you happy."

She was so sweet; my heart went out to her. "Thanks for saying that, Mom. I care so much about you, I'd never do anything to hurt you, ever. Anything different that happens may come in time, but right now, all I want is to be with you. I love you, Mom, always."

"I love you too, Andy."

I sat back in my chair and nodded towards my swelling crotch, a mischievous smile on my face. "But like I said, I'm ready to cum again, and it would be great if you'd help me out. Do you think you can do that for me?"

"I will. I'll do that for you any time you want me to. Now, what would you like me to do?" There now, that was it. The perfect answer; just as I'd hoped from my pretty little cum-bucket. Again, I decided to continue quite blatantly.

"I'd like you to suck me off right here," I pointed to a spot on the ground right in front of me.

"Oh, okay," she replied obediently as she shifted sideways in her chair to get up.

"Bring a cushion," I said, standing up for a second and whipping off my trunks before sitting back down. She grabbed one of the big throw pillows and dropped in on the deck as I spread my thighs, giving her easy access to my slowly rising pecker. "That's a good girl. Now just get down on your knees and see if you can have some fun taking this load out of me."

She compliantly dropped to her knees and inched forward between my spread thighs before I stopped her. "Un-uh," I said, a warming tone to my voice.

"Uh.....wha..." she replied, looking at me with an unsure look on her face.

"Your hair; what did we say you should do with your hair when you're going to suck my cock?"

"Oh, yes. Sorry, I forgot," she responded immediately, reaching over and grabbing the hairband she'd brought out. She pulled her lustrous locks back into a tight ponytail and secured the elasticized band in place, now ready for some serious cocksucking. When she had it in place, she leaned forward, moving closer between my spread thighs. I looked down at those tremendous tits, swaying pendulously beneath her, yet still enticingly displayed within that sexy bikini top.

"Mom, before you really start sucking, why don't you lick my balls for a while? After all, that's where all that creamy cum you seem to love so much comes from," I suggested, lifting my semi-hard dong up and out of the way so she could clearly see my two heavy nuts.

"Okay, but I'm not sure what to do?" she said tentatively.

"Just do what comes naturally. You've been great at everything else so far, I think you'll figure it out."

"Okay, I'll try. Don't be upset with me if I do something wrong."

"Don't worry, Mom. I know you'll be fantastic."

She leaned in closer, and as I held my swollen dick out of the way, she nestled her mouth right into the join where my leg met my body, her lips deftly kissing the soft skin there. I heard her breathe deeply of my warm masculine scent, her smooth face pressing warmly against my flesh as her tongue started to venture forth. I felt the warm wet tip slither across the silky surface of my sack, followed by her pillowy lips pressing against my swollen nut. Her lips and tongue explored the supple texture of my bag for a minute or two before I felt her open her lips wider and tenderly suck my spunk-filled testicle into her mouth.

"Oh yeah, that's it, Mom. I told you you'd know just what to do." And man, did she ever. She seemed to know exactly how much pressure to apply with her mouth and tongue on that most sensitive of areas. She licked and sucked my heavy sperm-laden nuts lovingly; and from the look on her pretty face, she seemed to be enjoying it just as much as I did. I let her go to town for quite awhile, her warm saliva and soft tongue bathing my soft smooth sack continuously. It felt so nice, so luxurious, that I felt like she could just stay nuzzled in there and do it forever, but another part of me was now begging for attention.

"Mom, that's fantastic, but I need that pretty little mouth of yours somewhere else now." She sat back and I presented my rigid prick to her, a long hard slab of virile manhood that needed those soft red lips wrapped around it so bad. Poised on her knees between my spread legs, she stared at it, a look of pure wanton lust on her flushed face. I wrapped my hand around the thick base and slowly stroked it towards her face, both of us watching as a slimy wad of pre-cum oozed to the surface and started to distend teasingly downwards.

"Ohhhmmmmm," she groaned contently as she swooped forward, caught the silvery web of slippery goo on her tongue and then immediately wrapped her lips around the enflamed crown. I felt her lips lock down once more beyond the broad helmet as she drew her cheeks in and sucked softly, trying to pull more of my slimy discharge into her hungry mouth.

"Oh yeah, that's the way. And feel free to use your hands this time." With my surging erection trapped within her hot sucking mouth, I withdrew my gripping hand from around it and sat back, enjoying in the wickedly incestuous pleasure of my gorgeous mother sucking my cock. She brought her hands up and wrapped one around the rigid shaft, pumping it back and forth towards her vacuuming mouth as she continued to suck.

"That's my girl, but remember, just take your time. I like it nice and slow. I'll make sure you get a nice big mouthful at the end." I sat back and contentedly watched her as she surrendered herself to the wanton desires within her sexually-awakening body. From her little moans and enthusiastic efforts, I could see she was getting a tremendous amount of pleasure out of servicing me; out of worshipping my cock. She was taking her time, using her magical mouth and talented hands everywhere, but making it last, making it absolutely wonderful for me.

"Oh yeah, Mom, that's the way. That's perfect." I could see the happiness in her eyes at my words of praise. I relaxed back into my seat, willing to let this one last, knowing we would both be enjoying her cocksucking efforts; and I knew my ultimate gift to her would be to fill that mouth of hers with the warm masculine cream she loved so much.

As she settled in on the cushion and slowly sucked, I looked over to my laptop, the pictures of September Carrino still up on the screen. I started to flip through some other pictures of her, then

opened some other folders with pictures of other busty beauties; like Jana Delfi, Ewa Sonnet, Sammy Braddy, and of course, the incomparable MILF and former Playboy Playmate, Petra Verkaik.

For over half an hour, my mother slowly sucked me while I looked at pictures of these beautiful women. "Oh man, life is good," I thought to myself as my mother's lips and tongue continued to slowly drive me crazy. Here I was, looking at pictures of beautiful busty women I'd fantasized and jerked off about for years now; while my stacked sexy mother slavishly worshipped my rock-hard erection. Yes, life was definitely good.

I looked down at my mother once more, her soft little moans of pleasure music to my ears as she bobbed up and down on my thrusting erection, her warm saliva drizzling in silvery rivulets down my upright shaft. I watched as her mouth slid mercilessly back and forth, her soft lips pursed forward wantonly as she sucked, 5" of hard cock going deep in mouth with each torturous stroke. As I looked at the remaining 3" that she couldn't take, I decided that was something we would work on later tonight. I definitely wanted her to learn to take it all, and being the willing eager student that she seemed to be, I figured tonight would be the perfect time for that lesson. But right now, as her cheeks caved in and enveloped my erect love-muscle in a hot buttery sheath, I knew I needed to cum.

"Get ready, Mom, I'm almost there. Just a little bit more and you'll get a nice big reward." My words seemed to inspire her. She didn't speed up, but enthusiastically sucked, her soft lips and warm tongue pleasuring my throbbing prick tenaciously as she worked to draw out my precious seed. As I felt the initial contractions signifying the onset of my climax begin in my midsection, I felt the fingertips of her two hands meet at the base of my throbbing shaft. She curled her fingers and I felt the exquisite sensation as she delicately scratched all around the flush base with her blood-red fingernails. Oh my God, it felt incredible.

"OH FUCK, MOM. JUST KEEP DOING THAT WITH YOUR FINGERS. I'M GONNA CUM.....I'M GONNA.....OHHHHHHHHH FUCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKK," I moaned loudly as I started to cum. The first milky rope rocketed forward forcefully, and I was almost surprised it didn't knock her head right off. The waves of orgasmic delight coursed through me as I flooded her mouth, rope after rope of thick warm cream filling her eager mouth. I heard her let out a little squeal as she started to cum herself, the sound vibrating tremulously through my enveloped shaft. She was moaning with pleasure as I continued to unload, wad after wad of pearly nectar spewing forth onto her waiting tongue. Through glazed eyes, I looked down, her lips still tightly adhered to my throbbing shaft, milky ribbons of semen trickling from the corners of her overflowing mouth. She continued to suck voraciously, even as the last traces of my precious nectar oozed forth onto her waiting tongue, to be savored before she eagerly swallowed, my massive load of semen finding a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach.

"Mom, that was fantastic," I said as I slumped back in my chair, totally spent.

"I....I loved it too," she said softly as she slipped her lips off my drained prick and gave it a final tender kiss. "It was so exciting when you came, I don't know why, but it triggered something inside me. I don't know which one of us got the most pleasure from that."

"I think we both did," I said as I sat forward and gave her a kiss. "I think your lessons at doing that are coming along great. And since you've been such a good student and making the teacher happy, how about I take you out for dinner again tonight?"

"REALLY?" she gasped; a huge smile on her face.

"Sure. And how about we got to a movie afterwards? When was the last time you went to a movie?"

"I.....I can't remember. Can we really do that?"

"Of course we can. We can do whatever you like," I replied as she looked at me and beamed with happiness.

She was like an excited schoolgirl now, and as her teacher, I knew there had to be some playtime between lessons. Like I mentioned earlier, I wanted to work on getting her used to taking those other 3" down her throat. Besides that, I knew she said that for her, the act of intercourse would be considered incest, but.....I wondered how she'd feel if I started exploring the other tight little hole she had down there. Yes, the teacher might have to give his favorite student more new lessons before this weekend was over. Plus, I couldn't wait to see her in some more of the new things I'd picked up for her at the lingerie store. I started to wonder which one I should pick out for her to wear tonight.....