

# EDUCATING MOM: ANDY'S STORY CH. 08

*rmddexter*

*Andy's mom's education goes deeper and deeper.*

Incest/Taboo

4.79

18.2k words

RING! RING!

Ah shit. Just as I started pulling at my tie, my cell phone rang. I hated all those different distinctive cell phone rings that people put on—I just wanted mine plain and simple, so it sounded just like a regular old phone. As much as I wanted to let it ring, the number of people that had the number of my cell was limited to a select few, so I figured this call might be important.

"Hello," I said as I pulled it out of my jacket pocket.

"Andy, we need your help—right now." A distressed voice that sounded familiar came over the phone.

"Bob?"

"Yeah Andy, it's me," replied Bob McBride, the IT Director at The Luxor. "We're up shit's creek and I need you to get your ass over here as soon as you can."

I'd never heard Bob sound so frantic before. The Luxor was one of my regular clients, but he'd never spoken to me in such a harried tone before. Either something was seriously wrong, or one of those hookers he liked to fool around with had his balls clamped in a rusty vice. But since his voice wasn't as high-pitched as the second scenario would indicate, I figured he was having a genuine problem with his systems.

"Whoa, slow down there, Bob," I said as tried to calm him. "Now tell me what's going on."

"Okay, sorry." I heard him take a deep breath. "All of our systems are running way too slow. I've never seen it bogged down like this. I've had our guys try a bunch of different things but nothing seems to be working." He paused for a second before speaking again, a pleading tone in his voice this time. "Andy, I really need your help. Can you come right away?"

The last time I'd done some work there I'd told Bob that his systems were outdated and should be replaced. I had told him that something like this might happen if he wasn't proactive. But I knew this was not the time to start saying 'I told you so'—it sounded like he was in enough of a mess as it was. I looked over at my mother who was still kneeling on the floor. Her eyes looked at me longingly as I talked on the phone, her fingers scooping up the wads of cum from her face and chest as she fed my warm manly cream to herself. As I watched her with perverted lust, I felt my cock twitch again, my erection refusing to go down, and I felt torn—torn between my incestuous desire for my sexy mother, and the professional reputation I'd fought so hard to build. As a professional consultant, I had no choice. I'd told Bob—as I had with all my other clients of that stature—to call me anytime they had a true emergency. I'd basically given my word, and I wasn't going to break it now. The Luxor had been good to me, and now they were calling for my help. As I watched my mother close her lips down on her semen-coated finger, with a groan of displeasure, I made my decision. "Yeah Bob, I'm coming. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Andy, that's fantastic. Thanks so much. I'll meet you in the lobby," Bob said just before I hung up.

"You have to go?" my mother asked, the look on her face telling me she was anxious to continue what we'd just started.

"Yes. I'm sorry. That was a guy from The Luxor. They've got a huge problem."

She sighed, sadness spreading over her pretty face. "That's okay, Andy. I know how hard you've worked to build up your business. I was really looking forward to having the whole day together, but it can wait." She looked at me lovingly, wads of my fresh cum still dangling from her pretty face and huge tits. Her eyes drifted down to my throbbing member, still sticking out from my open fly. "You're...you're still hard." She raised her eyes back up to mine, a devilish glint in her gaze. And then she said the kind of thing I'd always dreamed of her saying. "I don't think you should go to work like that. It looks like it would be very uncomfortable."

I knew my cock was still rock-hard, even though I'd just climaxed. They didn't call me "Triple-A" just because my name was Andrew Alexander Adelson—it was also because an old girlfriend had once told Connor that I can keep cumming and cumming—just like the Energizer Bunny. I'd been hoping we'd be able to spend the whole day together too, as I definitely had some specific plans to move forward with my mother's sexual education. But unfortunately, duty called. My mother was right about one thing—I definitely had no intention of leaving until I got rid of another load—but I also knew I didn't have a lot of time. As I looked at her and her pile of discarded clothes lying on the floor next to her, I knew just the thing to get this load off in a hurry.

"You're right, Mom, it would be very uncomfortable to go to work like this," I said as I stepped in front of her kneeling form and wrapped my hand around my pulsing dick. "Give me your panties."

I was happy to see that she didn't question my instruction at all, she simply rose to her feet and reached beneath her skirt. I started to stroke my cock slowly back and forth, my hand circling my truncheon-like dick in a warm loving corridor. She shimmied her hips and then drew her warm panties down over her glistening legs and those sexy bone-colored high heels.

"That's a good girl." I praised her as she handed me the lacy white panties. They were nice and warm, and completely drenched with her womanly nectar. I brought them to my face and breathed deeply, the intense musky scent of her cunt-honey settling luxuriously into my senses. "That smells really nice. Now get back on your knees."

She did exactly as I asked, instantly dropping to her knees, her cum-coated face and tits mere inches in front of my dripping cockhead. I slipped her sodden panties over my throbbing erection and resumed stroking, the damp silky fabric arousing me even more as I moved it back and forth along the rigid shaft. I loved the look of wicked surprise in her eyes, but jerking off with my mother's soiled panties was something I'd been doing for years—and having her watch me do it now just made it even more exciting.

"Now pull your skirt up and spread your knees...that's it...just spread 'em a little wider," I said as she pulled her skirt up and shifted her knees out to each side. Her swollen pussy-lips came into view, the pink labial curtains shining with her sticky juices. "That's it—perfect. Now put your fingers between your legs and play with yourself while I jerk off." An incestuous thrill went through me as her hand slid between her legs, her fingers finding their way between her gooey lips. I stepped closer and drew the enflamed head of my cock all around her face, the crimson helmet sliding sensually through the milky semen I'd deposited there just minutes ago.

"Do you like that, Mom?" I asked as I moved my long thick erection all over her pretty face, my hard dick snowplowing through the pearly gobs of cum.

"Yes," she replied in a breathy whisper as her fingers worked feverishly between the slick petals of warm flesh.

"Give me your bra." I looked down at the sexy garment, the huge formed cups staring up at me from the floor beside her. She reached down and quickly passed me her bra. As I took it in my hand, I could feel the wire piping beneath the white fabric of the heavily-structured piece of apparel. I stepped back and pulled my engorged member off her face, the tip dripping with flowing precum and milky remnants of my previous discharge. I held one of the massive bra cups before me as I vigorously stroked my hand back and forth, the smooth curved lining of the 32G cup beckoning for my cum—just as it had many times when I was younger.

"Oh yeah," I groaned as I felt the tingling contractions start in my midsection. I stroked faster, the boiling semen inside me starting to speed up the shaft of my surging erection.

"OH FUCK, MOM...HERE YOU GO," I said as I started to cum. I could see her watching intently, her eyes alive with animalistic rapture as the first shot of thick rich jizz spurted forth into her bra cup.

"Aaaaaahhhh," she gasped and I saw her fingers working feverishly between her legs as I continued to cum, flooding her bra cup with a massive load. A second, third and fourth shot spat forth, my pearly cock-juice pooling in the bottom of the huge cup.

"OHHHHHHHHNNNN," she moaned deep in her throat as she climaxed. I saw her body twitching and her eyes closed in bliss as the rocking sensations of a tingling orgasm raced through her body, every nerve-ending alive with pleasure. The warm earthy scent of her oozing cunt filled the room, the intense fragrance of her flowing juices firing my burning libido even more.

"This is all for you, Mom," I said as I continued to jack away at my spitting cock, her damp panties sliding salaciously along my throbbing shaft while I pumped out wad after wad of viscous goo. I stroked and stroked until I had no more, my balls drained, at least for now. My hand slowed, before I turned to her and drew the last creamy drop of my precious seed along her parted red lips. It made me smile to see her tongue quickly slide out and run all around her pouty lips, drawing my savory nectar back into her mouth.

"Here you go, Mom," I said as I handed the cum-filled bra to her. She withdrew her sticky hand from between her legs and cradled the big structured cup, her eyes staring intently at the cloudy puddle of warm semen filling the bottom. As she looked at the swirling pool of sperm-laden goo, I saw a shiver of desire run through her body as her tongue ran instinctively around her wet lips. I dropped her panties on the floor and put my hand gently on her head. "Like I said, it's all for you. Go ahead, lick it up." I softly pushed her head towards the bra, but she needed no coaxing. A lecherous smile crossed my face as she lowered her head, her whole face fitting inside the massive bra cup.

"Mmmmm," she purred like a little kitten as her tongue slid forward and delved into the pearly mass of quivering fluid. I watched her tongue slide all around the puddle of milky discharge before she lowered her face even further inside the structured cup and put her lips right into the cloudy pool.

"SLUPPPPPPPPPPP..." It sounded just like someone sucking up a strand of spaghetti as she eagerly vacuumed up my sperm-filled cum. She made a second wet sucking sound, and then a third before

I saw the muscles in her neck contract as she swallowed, my warm cream slipping smoothly down her throat.

"Mmmmmmm," she mewed again as I saw her tongue press flat against the inside of her sexy bra and lick at the soft smooth material lining the cup.

"That's my girl, get it all," I encouraged as her tongue lapped eagerly at the sodden fabric. She finally got as much as she could, then looked up at me as she licked her lips, a look of hungry desire on face—she wanted more. This was the perfect time to leave, knowing she'd be anxious for me to feed her more when I returned.

"I've gotta go," I said, tucking my slowly deflating member back into my pants. "You'll get some more when I come back later, okay?"

She nodded happily as I zipped up and grabbed my keys.

"Good. In the meantime, lick the rest off your breasts—that should keep you until I get back."

As I went out the door, I turned and looked back. A tingle of perverted pleasure ran through me as I saw my sexy mother lift one of her huge tits to her mouth, her pursed lips seeking out and sucking hungrily on her cum-covered nipple.

I closed the door behind me, a shit-eating grin on my face. Yes, things were coming along perfectly with this re-education of my mother. She was happily agreeing to everything I wanted—I only had to break down her resistance to actual intercourse to make things absolutely perfect. It seemed like it was only going to be a matter of time, and I had hoped that time was going to be today. As I hopped in my Ford Fusion and headed to The Luxor, I was anxious to help Bob McBride with his problem and get back.

"Bob, what's going on?" I said as he met me in the entrance lobby and started to lead me to their main systems room.

"Like I said on the phone," he replied, his long gangly arms waving frantically as he rushed forward. He looked like a cartoon character of a frantic bird, gesticulating and flailing his arms about as he talked. "Everything is totally bogged down. Something seems to be malfunctioning but I can't determine what. I don't understand it. I know what you said before about our systems being outdated, but I thought they were still good enough to take some additional load."

"What additional load?" I asked as I entered the systems room behind him and closed the door. I could see his tech guys rushing everywhere, grim looks on their faces.

"We set up a number of new stations in one of the convention rooms. You know, everybody brings their own computers to these things nowadays."

"Oh Jesus," I thought to myself. Their system was far too antiquated to add any more load on it. This is one of the things I had told him previously. But again, I wasn't going to lecture him. Bob was a nice guy, but if I wanted to really know what was going on, I figured I'd get the right answers from his main tech guy. That guy knew his stuff, Bob was mostly an administrator. "Bob, is Yamal here? I want to talk to him."

"Yeah, he's over there," he said as he pointed across the room. I saw Yamal busy typing away at his keyboard, his eyes fixed on data scrolling across his monitor.

"Yamal," I said as I hurriedly walked up and looked over his shoulder. "What's going on?"

"Oh Andy, hi," he replied as he turned around and quickly shook my hand. He held up his hands in an exasperated fashion. "They've overloaded the whole system when they hooked all those new stations up in that convention room. I told Bob it wasn't going to work but he insisted."

"Have you run a diagnostic?"

"Yeah. I ran one earlier and made a few changes to see if it would improve things. This is a new one running right now. It should be finished in a...aaahh...there we go. Let's take a look."

I pulled the chair from the next station over and sat beside Yamal as we looked at the data.

"Oh shit," he muttered under his breath as he scrolled from the initial screen to the next. His statement was right on the mark. As we looked at the next few pages of diagnostic results, it just seemed to get worse.

"You know what this means, don't you?" I asked.

"I know exactly," replied Yamal with a resigned shake of his head.

"Bob," I said as I stood up and called over the director, who'd been anxiously watching us. "To put it mildly, you're fucked. If you want the rest of the hotel to operate properly, you're going to have to unplug all those new terminals from that room. And even then, at this point, your old systems might not work as fast as they did."

"But I can't do that," he replied, his long arms waving frantically once more as he paced back and forth. "We need that room this week and then next week, we've got an even bigger convention. We're using that room, plus the one right next to it, and it's even bigger. By next weekend, we're going to need similar systems in both of those rooms." He paused for a second to let me think about what he'd just said. "Andy, please, can you fix this?"

I couldn't stop shaking my head at the mess they'd gotten themselves into. "There's no way. Not with the servers you're running now." I saw him shrug in despair, knowing he was going to be in deep shit if things didn't get straightened out. The poor bastard might even get fired. Although he was a bit of dolt sometimes, Bob was a decent guy, and I knew he'd been directed to keep his eye on the bottom line. I figured I needed to try and save his sorry ass as best as I could. "Look, I'll tell you right now, if you want me to take this job, I'm going to need carte blanche when it comes to ordering the equipment you need."

"I think I can arrange that. I know you told me before our equipment was outdated," he added sheepishly.

I looked around, my eyes meeting Yamal's. At least there was one guy here who knew the score.

"And Bob," I continued, "this is going to take at least two weeks to be up and running the way you want it."

I saw his shoulders slump once more. "Uh...hang on," he said, hurrying from the room.

"Let me take a look at that information again," I said to Yamal as I sat next to him once more. As we discussed the problem and what the diagnostics were showing, Bob rushed back in a few minutes later.

"Andy," he said as he beckoned for me to join him. I walked over and stood next to him, wondering what was going on. "Look, I know how much your usual rates are. I've been authorized to let you know we'll pay you this much if you can get everything up and running properly by this coming Friday." He handed me a folded slip of paper.

I opened it and almost gasped out loud as I looked at the dollar figure that was written down—it was half of the income I'd made the previous year, and that was no small figure. My mind raced as I thought about the work that needed to be done and what that would entail.

"Okay," I said as I took the piece of paper and slipped it into my pocket. "I'm going to need free access to this room at any time."

"No problem," Bob replied, a look of pure joy coming over his face as I agreed to help. He pulled a PDA from his pocket and started making notes as I spoke.

"And I'm going to need two of your suites."

"Two suites?"

"If you want this done by this coming Friday, then I'm going to need to be here 24 hours straight until then. And I'm going to have to bring in a couple of other people to help out. I'll need that second room for them to take turns crashing until we can get this sorted out for you. Plus, our meals are all going to be here. And you guys will be covering that too."

"Uh...okay, I can arrange that."

"I want Yamal here all the time until this crisis is resolved. And he gets paid triple time." I saw Yamal look at me, a pleased smile on his face.

"Okay." Bob nodded.

"And one other thing," I said as Bob held his phone out, wondering what I was going to ask for next. "I want a steady supply of cold Dr. Pepper on hand at all times, starting right now." Bob looked surprised at that one but quickly made a note.

"Is there an actual period in Dr. Pepper?" he asked. Yamal and I smiled.

"I don't think so, but I don't really care. I just want one here now." I turned and faced Yamal as I took out my phone and pulled off my jacket. "Okay, let's get to work."

Yamal and I discussed the situation intently for the next half hour before we agreed on a plan of attack. A waitress had brought in my Dr. Pepper as requested and I was almost finished before I made my first phone call. I made two calls, one right after the other to two guys who were my main competitors in the freelance market, Chet and Doug. I knew in order to get this job done by Friday, I'd need help from both of them. I'd pay them directly out of my bonus. Being competitors, we knew each other very well but had never worked together. They were surprised to get my call. I told each of them if they weren't able to help, I'd be calling the other. Neither one seemed to want to be the odd one out. They were surprised when they both showed up and knew I'd played each of them against the other to get them to agree.

"Andy, you're a clever bastard, that's for sure," Chet said as Doug walked in. They knew they'd been had.

"Hey, I needed both of you for this job." We shook hands all around as Doug gave me a playful poke in the ribs. I quickly explained the plan I'd previously discussed with Yamal. "Chet, I'm going to need you to write some new code and Doug, I want you to ensure the integration of the new systems. Yamal will be working with both of you. He'll see to it that everybody else in here gives you whatever you need."

There were nods of agreement all around as we sat down and started to set out the list of equipment needed. After a couple of hours, we got the approval from Bob to go ahead. Once Doug got on the phone and started ordering, I spoke with Bob. "If we can get that one server in place tomorrow, this first additional room should be able to work. It won't be as fast as you want, but it will work."

"Oh Andy, that's great." I saw a wave of relief wash over Bob as he smiled for the first time all day.

"Okay, now I'm going to go home and change while those guys are working. I'll be back in less than an hour."

"Great. Thanks Andy. That's great."

I rushed home and changed into jeans and a t-shirt before packing a bag with enough stuff to do me for the rest of the week. I called my mother from home and told her what was happening. She was sad that I wouldn't be coming back today, but she understood. I told her I loved her and couldn't wait until I saw her again.

"I love you too, Andy," she said tearfully. "I love you more than you could ever know." She hung up and I think I felt just as sad as she did.

For the rest of the week, everybody worked day and night. Chet and Doug were great, working like slaves as they took turns getting some rest in the suite I'd arranged for them. I had one to myself and basically just used it to sleep, shower and change. We ate our meals in the systems room while we continued to work. Things really started to come together on Wednesday afternoon and it inspired us to work even harder. Those guys were heavily into the Red Bull, but I stuck to the nectar of the Gods, Dr. Pepper. I lost track of the number of bottles I drank, but the empties were scattered all over the meeting room we'd made into our control center.

We finally finished just before noon on Friday and metaphorically turned the keys over to Bob at lunchtime, well in advance of our end-of-the-day deadline. We called him into the meeting room where we were sitting having one last drink together to celebrate—even if it was just Red Bull and Dr. Pepper.

"Andy, I don't know how you did it," Bob said as he handed me my check, "but you really saved my ass this time."

"It was no problem, Bob," I said. "It pays to have some great help." I looked around at the other guys who were exhausted, but smiling like boys who've just lost their virginity to a sexy MILF. They all nodded in agreement as we shared high-fives all around. I wrote checks for Chet and Doug and shook hands with Yamal before we all went our separate ways, everybody in dire need of sleep.

I squinted as I carried my bag outside to my car, realizing I hadn't seen the sun in days. Before I started the engine, I phoned Jessica, the clerk at The Cat Pajamas who always helped me, and asked her to prepare a selection of new items I planned to pick up on my way to my mom's.

"32G, right?" she asked, a mischievous tone in her voice.

"That's right, 32G. I think you know my taste by now. And this time, I think we'll try something a little more daring as well." I pictured my mother in some sexy open bras or bustiers, her huge tits projecting invitingly over nothing more than a supportive shelf.

"Alright, I think we've got some things that I think you'll love."

It didn't take me too long to arrive at the shop, and Jessica's taste didn't disappoint me. I paid for all the goods she had ready for me, plus I purchased a few more articles I considered a 'must have' for all the sexy games I had planned.

Not wanting to waste another second, I raced over to my mother's. Between the hectic rigors of trying to get that job done under the deadline, I had managed to call her a couple of times. She told me she was missing me terribly but she understood why I had to stay and do what I was doing. She'd been working at the library part-time but she'd also told me she'd had a bit of a run-in with a woman at her church. It wasn't Alice Palmer this time—I guess she'd taken my hint to lay off my mother. This time it was another woman, somebody named Mary something-or-other that I'd never heard her mention before. I'd told her on the phone to forget about it and not to let it bother her. She had said she'd try.

"Mom, I'm here," I called out as I breezed into her house. I found her in the living room, sitting on the edge of the couch crying, a box of tissues on the cushion next to her. I was surprised to see her dressed in a loose-fitting sweat shirt and sweat pants. "Mom, wh...what's wrong?" I asked as I sat next to her and took her hand.

"I went to church today to help get things ready for Sunday school this week and Mary was there." Just saying the woman's name had her sobbing again.

"The same woman you had words with yesterday?" I asked. My addled brain wasn't sure of anything right now. I was exhausted and I knew my tolerance level was at an all-time low.

"Yes, it was the same woman. I wore one of the new outfits you'd got me—that first one, with the nice purple sweater and black skirt." She looked at me to see if I knew which outfit she was talking about. As if I could ever forget—I remembered how fantastic she'd looked in that outfit, and how quickly my cock had become an iron bar in my pants as I'd taken picture after picture of her with my phone.

"So what happened?"

"Yesterday she'd been on me about how it was the duty of someone in my position to make 'positive contributions to the church', as she called it. I did like you'd suggested and just sloughed it off. I don't think she liked that because today, she started picking on me about my clothes."

"What did she say?"

"She said they were the devil's clothes and that God was looking down on me with scorn. She told me I should leave and wasn't welcome in the church until I learned how to dress accordingly. She said it right in front of everybody else. The only one who looked sorry for me was Alice Palmer. Oh Andy, I felt so bad. What am I going to do?" She followed her story with more sobs. She dabbed a tissue to her nose as she looked at me, her eyes swimming with tears.



I shook my head in dismay. I couldn't believe the pettiness and ignorant jealousy of these women. But then again, this seemed like the same type of conversation my mother and I had been having forever. In my frazzled and sleep-deprived state, I snapped. "What you're going to do is get as far away from those people as you can."

"Andy, but I...I...," she stammered as she looked at me, uncertainty in her eyes.

"No buts," I said as I got to my feet and paced back and forth in the living room. I stopped and pointed to what she was wearing. "Is that why you changed into those clothes, because of what that woman said?" She nodded, the tissue once again dabbing at her nose. I felt the fury in me building, and I knew inside that this moment had been coming for a long time, however, I did my best to remain in control. After all, it was the church people I was angry at, not Mom. Despite that, from the look on my mother's face, I guess the disappointment I felt with her now was evident. I thought this was a pivotal moment in our relationship, and I didn't want that 'Mary' to mess everything up between us. Still, something needed to be done about it.

I pulled her to me and hugged her until her sobs subsided. It took her a few minutes to regain some composure, but I'm sure the fact that she was in contact with me after so many days helped to relieve the pain and sadness she was feeling. That convinced me further the necessity of what I was about to do in the great scheme of things. I lifted her chin up and looked tenderly into her eyes.

"That's it, Mother. I'm sorry but I'm not going to listen to this any longer. We've been over this again and again. Those people don't respect you. They just look at you as a bank account they can draw from whenever they want. I don't care what you do with your money, but I do care about you not being treated the way you deserve." I picked up my car keys that I'd dropped on the coffee table. "I've had a rough week and I'm sorry, but I've had enough—you have to make a decision—it's either me or the church. I can't do this anymore."

I had to make sure the church's influence on my mother was totally severed. I admit I was being partially selfish, but I was totally convinced that the new path I had envisioned for her would make my mother much happier than she had ever been. So I continued in an understanding yet firm tone, "Actually, the real choice is: do you want to remain the woman you were up until dad left or do you want to become the woman I've recently shown you that you can be? And do you know who that is? That's a truly beautiful woman, who dresses the way she wants to dress, who's willing to eagerly try the wondrous experiences her inner self is willing her to do, who loves to feel the joyful pleasures and blissful happiness that life is capable of giving her, that's who that woman is."

I could see in her eyes that she already knew the answer to that question. She just had to come to terms with the implications. It was clear to me I had to be proactive. My mother needed someone who knew how to take charge in any kind of situation, so I needed to step up my game too. It only took me a fraction of a second to decide what was the appropriate course of action I should follow. I leaned down and kissed her forehead, then stood up and turned around, heading for the door.

I heard her gasp, but I didn't even look back as I turned and walked out the door. I knew that right now I was so tired that I was about to lose it, but I knew inside me that at some point I had to give her that ultimatum to shake things up. Now was as good a time as any.

I hopped back in my car and drove home, knowing I needed sleep in order to think straight. My new relationship with my mother may be coming to an end, and that was something I was going to

have to deal with too. I hoped if I put her in this spot she'd see things my way, but you never know. I figured if we were going to break it off, I might just as well try to look on the bright side.

As soon as I got home, I made a call to my best friend, Connor, to see if he wanted to grab a bite to eat at Gabriel's. I needed something like that to take my mind off her. I got his machine and left a message, but he called back just as I was about to take a shower. He said some plans had fallen through and he'd be able to make it. We agreed I'd swing by his place and pick him up later.

Stripping off my clothes, I luxuriated in the blissful heat of a steaming shower. After the long brain-racking hours of the last few days, it felt wonderful to put my head beneath the pelting spray and let the driving pellets of water wash away my worries. I leaned against the shower wall for a long time, letting the steaming bullets beat down upon me.

I set my alarm clock and dropped into bed, instantly succumbing to the sleep that I so desperately needed. When the alarm went off I awoke, deliciously refreshed by a little over four hours of blissful slumber. I showered again to wake myself up and then headed over to Connor's. I called him when I was a couple of minutes away and he met me outside his place as I pulled in. I was happy to see his sexy neighbor Margaret was outside. She was a definite MILF, that's for sure. She looked great, standing on her porch with a glass of wine in her hand, her mature body nicely on display.

"Hi Margaret, how are you?" I asked as Connor walked towards my car.

"I'm great, Andy," she replied as she stepped off her porch and walked over, wineglass in hand. She was a tall buxom woman approaching 50, but she looked incredible. Today she was wearing a pair of red stretchy shorts that showed her long tanned legs and wide womanly hips. On top of that she wore a white and red floral blouse that was knotted below her tremendous set of tits. It showed off her breathtaking flat stomach and sexy hourglass figure.

"So what are you two boys up to tonight?" she asked as Connor slid into the passenger seat next to me. She leaned forwards against the frame of the car door, giving both of us a spectacular view inside that teasing blouse of hers. I gulped as I looked at the massive swells of her huge tits, my eyes searching deeper where I caught glimpses of a scintillating white bra, which seemed barely adequate to contain the sizable load it was being asked to carry.

"We're gonna go out and grab a bite to eat, maybe have a couple of beers," I said, using all my willpower to drag my eyes away from her full voluminous tits and look her in the eye. She seemed to enjoy the attention as she flirted with us for a few minutes. The conversation she had with Connor seemed very suggestive (see 'The Face-Painter' Chapter 6) and I wondered if something was going on between the two of them. We eventually said our goodbyes and headed to the restaurant. I asked Connor about Margaret and if he was tagging that, but with a dismissive wave of his hand and a shake of his head, he said she just liked to flirt.

It felt great to be at Gabriel's with my friend. After this crazy week at work and with what was going on with my mother, I needed a break like this. As I took a nice long drink of beer, I felt some of the anxiety of the past few days ease out of me. Gabriel's two daughters were both on duty, which was nice to see. I noticed Silvia immediately, and knew if things didn't work out with my mother I'd be happy to try dating her. Her older sister, Marta, was our waitress for the night and it was fun to see her and Connor teasingly flirt with each other (see 'The Face-Painter' Chapter 7). They had a fun little bet and it ended up with Connor and me promising to take the two sisters out to dinner sometime.

As usual, our meal was great and I loved the way the conversation flowed freely and naturally between Connor and me, just like it always did when we were together. Things took a turn though when I asked him what was new with him. He answered that nothing was new but I'd known him long enough to know that something was up, that he was keeping something from me. With a little prodding, I was shocked to hear that he'd posted an ad to be a professional escort, and that he was going by the name "The Face-Painter". It was fantastically exciting to hear about his first client, but I was worried for him at the same time. The sex trade is a pretty scary place, with all sorts of whackjobs—both male and female—out there. I told him I didn't know whether to think of him as my hero or whether he was totally insane. He laughed but I made him promise to be careful.

"You got any more customers lined up for this weekend?" I asked.

"No. The e-mails have been quiet the last couple of days. That's okay though, I've got something else going tomorrow night."

"What's that?"

"I was asked out on a date."

"Oh, that old blind toothless woman again?" I said playfully, as if that was the only type of woman Connor could get.

"No, believe it or not, an attractive older woman asked me out?"

"Your neighbor Margaret?" I asked, excited now at that possibility as I remembered the recent incident with her in my driveway. Connor just shook his head.

"Too bad. Okay, c'mon, who?"

"My mother," he said with a smile.

I was shocked, but I think mostly because I knew the feelings I had for my own mother. Connor's mother Victoria was gorgeous. She was a beautiful blonde woman with a tremendous set of tits and gorgeous features. Connor and I had even discussed with each other how much she reminded both of us of Wifey, the internet porn star. I knew anyone would be thrilled to have a date with her, even her own son—especially if he felt the same way about his mother as I felt about mine.

I listened intently as he told me his mother hadn't been out on a date since his father had died a couple of years back and wanted to see what it would be like to be 'back in the game'. She'd asked Connor to take her out to see how she'd do in that kind of environment again. He was a little nervous when he talked about it, and it set me to thinking about my own recent situation. I could see the same anxiety in Connor's eyes that I knew I'd felt myself. We always told each other everything, so I pressed a little to try and see what he was thinking. We talked a little about what might happen and then I asked him a question.

"Okay, let me ask you this. Let's say your date goes well, you have a nice dinner, share a bottle of wine, maybe go dancing...then you take your mom home. Do you kiss her goodnight?"

"Well, I guess I'd give her a kiss on the cheek."

"Is that the way you kiss all your dates goodnight? I thought your mom wanted to see what the real date experience was like again?"

"Well...I...uh...I guess you're right," Connor replied nervously.

"So tell me honestly," I said slowly, looking at him intently. "What if, as you're saying goodnight, your mother turns her face up to yours and gives you that 'I'm waiting to be kissed look', do you do it?"

"I...I don't know."

I looked around to make sure no one was listening before turning back to him. I leaned over the table and spoke in a confidential whisper, "I can tell what's on your mind. And let me tell you, my friend, if it gets to that time, you kiss her...and it's beautiful."

He looked at me...absolutely in shock. I could see him getting agitated and angry before he asked, "You...you've kissed my mother?"

"No...of course not," I replied with a dismissive wave of my hand, letting him know it wasn't his mother I was talking about.

"Then...then who?" he asked.

I just sat back and stared at him as he thought about what I had said. As I looked at him calmly, I could see the truth hit him like a frying pan to the face.

"Your...your own mother?" he asked. I nodded slowly. "You've kissed your own mother? Like a real kiss?"

"Since it seems like a night for confessions, yes, I've kissed my mother like that."

"And was it...was it..." he stammered, unsure of what to say next.

"It was absolutely amazing," I replied.

"What...when," he asked, just as my cell phone rang.

I dug my phone out of my pocket and brought it to my ear. "Hello."

"Andy, it's me," my mother said, her voice somewhat anxious.

"Uh-huh."

"Andy, we need to talk. But can...can we do it at your place? I'm sorry, but I just don't want to talk about this here in the house you grew up in."

"Okay."

"Oh good. I just have to get changed and then I'll come over."

"When?"

"I should be there in about half an hour. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes...yes," I replied, my heart starting to race as I knew she'd reached a decision. "Okay, I'll be right there."

"Speak of the devil," I said as I put my phone away.

"Your mother?"

"Yeah." I reached into my wallet and started pulling out some bills. After the big bonus I'd received today, it was only fair that I paid for our meal. "It looks like she's reached a decision on that ultimatum I gave her. She wants to come over to my place and talk about it. I've gotta go."

"But...but," he stuttered.

"Sorry. Hey, dinner's on me tonight." I threw down some more cash and got to my feet, anxious to get home.

"Andy," Connor said firmly. I pulled up short and saw him looking at me, a serious look on his face. "I think now we both know how we each feel about our mothers, right?" He paused for a second as I looked him in the eye. "There's no point in trying to put up a fake impression for each other. I think we both know deep down what we'd each like to do to them."

I looked around once more to make sure nobody was close by. "Yeah, I could tell by the look on your face that you feel the same way about your mom as I do about mine."

"Okay," he said, looking relieved that the truth had been aired between the two of us. "Before I go out with her tomorrow night, I'd like to hear more about what happened between you and your mom. How about coming over for lunch tomorrow?"

"Okay, sounds good," I said, relieved myself that my best friend and I could confide in each other about this. "It'll actually feel good to talk about it. Now, I've gotta go. I want to hear what she has to say."

"Great. Around noon then?"

I nodded and hurried out, wanting to make sure I got home before my mother arrived. My mind was racing on the short drive home, wondering what she'd decided and why she wanted to talk about it at my place. My mind was filled with feelings of dread. Since her recent education in the ways of sex had taken place at our family home, if she was in agreement with what I wanted, I thought she would just want to continue with what had happened in the past few days—and that had been right at her very own house.

The more I thought about it, the more I felt like I was going to be in for a major disappointment. Maybe she wasn't ready for this. The way her spectacular body had reacted told me she was ready. My God, if there was ever a woman that was built for sex, it was my mother. I thought about those beautiful legs of hers, so tantalizingly full at the thighs and calves, yet so trim and dainty at the knees and ankles. And her ass, that plump round heart-shaped ass. It looked like it was made to bounce on a mattress all night long. I pictured her wide motherly hips and trim nipped-in waist and how incredible she had looked in the form-fitting clothes and lingerie. That womanly hourglass figure had left me sweating with desire, wanting to see what levels of pleasure I could derive for both of us from that tremendous body of hers. Her face, her pretty face, those soft delicate features highlighted by her sultry blue eyes and pouty red lips, all framed bewitchingly by her lustrous brunette hair. Those features were all so incredibly beautiful, but they all took a back seat to her spectacular tits. Her mammoth 32Gs were simply breathtaking. The round heavy orbs spread fully across her chest, a testament to their sheer size and weight. Her areolae were huge, the pebbly pink skin calling out for a luxurious tongue-lashing. And her nipples, those long thick nipples that felt like a stiff fingertip in your mouth. My mouth was just watering as I thought about those rubbery

red buds coming alive under my tongue. Altogether, I had never seen a more perfect set of breasts in my entire life.

I didn't know how she could deny herself the rapturous pleasures her body was showing her she was capable of. I thought of how sensitive she was, how swiftly her body responded to my touch, whether that touch be with my fingers, lips or tongue. I remembered how quickly she could cum as I sucked on those swollen nipples, or how her body had twisted from side to side in delight as my fingers had slipped deep into the welcoming slick tissues of her cunt. And then her clit, that fiery spire at the apex of her sex, the stiff sentry that was the sensitive trigger for one shattering orgasm after another. I thought about how instantly she'd react as I touched nearly anywhere on her body. It was like her whole body was one blissful erogenous zone, just waiting for the sleeping eroticism that had lain dormant for so long to be awakened and bring her the cunt-gushing pleasure she deserved.

I shook myself out of my daydream as the elevator arrived at my penthouse. I rushed in and set to work, getting a few things ready, in case my mother's decision went my way. I had thought about this day and what it might entail, and I'd planned accordingly. I was anxious to see if my mother would allow my dream to come true.

I had just finished turning the lights on next to my bed when my phone rang, signifying my mother's arrival. I looked at the soft amber glow bathing the bedroom, then out to spectacular view of the Vegas evening skyline twinkling below. "Perfect", I thought as I buzzed my mother up.

"Mother," I said, keeping a non-committal expression on my face as I met her at the elevator. It was nice to be the only occupant of this floor, the elevator opened right into my condo.

"Hi Andy," she said softly as she stepped up to me and kissed me tenderly on the cheek. Her bewitching perfume wafted into my nostrils, stirring my senses. I could see that her eyes were misty, that whatever decision she had come to had not been an easy one for her. She stepped back from me and I was happy to see she had shucked her old clothes and had donned one of the new outfits we'd picked out together. It was a black wraparound dress that molded itself provocatively to her shapely hourglass figure. It had a deep plunging neckline that displayed the upper swells of her ample tits and the enticing line of her deep cleavage. The right side of the dress wrapped over the left at the front and the vertical edges of both sides were emphasized by a brilliant strip of white material about ½" wide. The same white strip occurred at the hem, which ended a few inches above her knees, and at the ends of the sleeves, where they terminated just below her elbows. The flattering outfit was accentuated by a slim black belt that not only drew your attention to her wasp-like waist, but emphasized the thrusting shelf of her tits above.

"Mom, you look great," I said as I looked her up and down, my eyes now taking in the final pieces of the whole ensemble. Her neck was adorned with a chunky black beaded necklace, the sweeping curve of the jewelry pulling your eyes downward toward the voluminous swells of her breasts. I looked down past the teasing hem of her skirt. Her legs were once again bare, the glistening skin of her dimpled knees and full toned calves shimmering warmly. On her feet she had one of the new pairs of high heels we'd picked out, black open-toed sandals with a single narrow strap over the toes and an equally slim strap circling her ankles. All this on top of a sexy 4" stiletto heel.

"Thanks," she said bashfully. "I hoped you'd like this."

Like it was an understatement—it looked great. Seeing her in one of the outfits we'd selected together gave me a surge of hope. I figured if she was going to turn down my ultimatum of

whether it was going to be me or the church, she wouldn't have worn something like this.

"I love it, Mom. You look beautiful in that dress," I said as I stepped over to her and hugged her tightly. I put my lips next to her ear and whispered softly. "I'm so glad you're here. I've missed you terribly this week."

"I've missed you so much too." I could feel her body trembling as I held her close. We both knew what was coming was going to be a life-changing event for both of us—whichever way she decided to choose.

"C'mon," I said as I took her hand and led her into the living room. "Would you like something to drink, some tea, some wine?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you." She sat on the couch as I plopped myself into an easy chair opposite her.

"So, your work this week. That emergency project at The Luxor, it went well?"

I could see that in trying to make small talk like this, she was attempting to build up her nerve to talk about what she had really come here for. "It went very well. We finished in advance of our deadline, which is always nice." I paused for a second. "The only thing I hated about it was how it kept me away from you."

I could see her get teary again as she looked at me, my loving eyes letting her know how much I cared about our possible new life together. Her hands came together in her lap and she nervously wrung her fingers. She glanced down for a second before looking up at me once more. "Andy, I felt so bad after you left earlier. I couldn't stop thinking about all those things you've said to me about the people at the church. I don't really know if the reason I didn't want to believe you was because I'd been brought up that way—to believe in the goodness of the church, or just what it was. And then I thought about what's happened between us over the last week. It made me warm all over when I thought how good I feel about myself when we're together, and when I'm wearing the kind of clothes you want me to wear." She paused and gestured down to her new dress. "I so look forward to our time together now. I miss you so badly when you're away from me—I never want to let you go. You make me feel like a real woman, not just a wife or a mother." She paused again, seeming to gather up her strength once more. "I think I always knew you were right about the people at the church, I just don't think I had the strength to make that decision on my own. After what you said to me, I looked deep into my very soul and I realized...I realized the truth—that I love you more than anything and I'll do whatever it takes for us to stay together."

My heart soared as I listened to her speak. I couldn't have asked for anything better. I just had to make sure of one final thing. "And by saying you'd do anything, you do know what that means, right?" I made sure she was watching as my eyes flicked down to her midsection.

"Yes," she replied. "I'll do whatever you want, Andy." Those were exactly the words I'd hoped to hear my mother speak.

"Come with me." I got up and offered her my hand. She reached forward and slipped her dainty hand into mine as I helped her to her feet and led her towards the bedroom. Her fingers feathered their way between mine as she walked at my side, her warm sensual perfume washing over me. As we entered the bedroom, I stepped to the side and pointed towards the bed. "I have something special for you."

"What...what is it?" she asked excitedly as she looked at the large white box wrapped up with red ribbons sitting in the middle of the bed.

"It's a present befitting an occasion like this. Something special I picked out, just for you on a special night like tonight." She reached forward to pull at the intricate bow before I stopped her. "Un-uh. I want you to take it into the bathroom and open it in there. You'll understand once you see what's inside."

"Okay." A warm smile spread over her face as she turned and lifted her lips up to mine. "Thank you for everything, Andy. I love you so much." I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close, my lips seeking out hers. They tasted warm, soft, and incredibly delicious. I teased the tip of my tongue along the simmering crease of her lips before sliding it deftly into her mouth, her own tongue circling mine and rolling sensually across the hot wet membranes. I pulled her close as we kissed, her huge breasts pressing hotly against my chest. I slipped my fingers beneath the overlapping fold of her dress and hefted one enormous bra-encased tit, blood flowing instantly to my midsection as her heavily-structured bra felt sinfully warm beneath my cupping hand.

"You better go and check out your present before we get carried away," I said as I reluctantly withdrew my hand from inside her dress.

My mother's wet lips and lust-filled eyes looked up at me as she straightened her clothes. "I think I need to freshen up a bit too." Slinging her purse over her arm, she lifted up the beribboned box and entered the en-suite. As she closed the door behind her, I stood still, my heart racing with anticipation of the night ahead. I took a deep breath to calm myself, turned down the covers on the bed and then stripped off everything except my fitted boxers. I went to the walk-in closet and checked to make sure what I had placed there earlier was still on the hook behind the door—yep, perfect. I then opened the top drawer of my dresser and pulled out a long slim box. Popping the lid, I looked down and smiled to myself before closing it and setting it down. Just as I did, I heard a sound behind me and turned to see my mother emerging from the bathroom.

"Oh my God," I said to myself as I looked at the most intensely erotic display of feminine pulchritude that I'd ever seen in my entire life. I was dumbstruck with awe as I simply stared, my jaw almost hitting the floor as my eyes took in every glorious detail.

I'd asked Jessica at The Cat's Pajamas to show me some bridal lingerie, and after much discussion, I'd finally decided on the outfit my mother was now wearing. Jessica had agreed that for someone blessed with 32Gs, this outfit would no doubt make an impressive statement—and what an understatement that was. Everything she wore was brilliant white, and my eyes were immediately drawn to the main part of the ensemble, a spectacular merry widow. Jessica had shown me the substantial amount of underwire that had been sewn into the fabric to give it the factored support required for someone with breasts the size of my mother's. The garment was amazingly designed, with all the wires deftly hidden in strips located at the various sections sewn together. The vertical ribs wonderfully enhanced her already nicely defined hourglass figure—nipping in nicely at the waist and then flaring out at the breasts and hips. The parts of the sexy piece of apparel supporting her huge tits were barely more than half-cups, the underwire in the cups pushing her voluptuous boobs together and up, resulting in her ample cleavage looking even deeper than usual. The lacy top edge barely covered her areolae, the upper swells of her tits all but spilling over the edge. Thin satin straps ran up and over her shoulders, and I noticed the tension in the shiny straps as they fought to contain the huge load they were holding.



My eyes drifted down to the lacy bottom edge of the corset-like garment, more satin ribbons stretching down in the form of garters, the delicate clamps biting tightly onto a pair of sheer white gossamer nylons. The hose fit high on her full thighs, the tops decorated with an intricate lace pattern where the garters gripped them, before giving way to her smooth toned thighs above. My eyes followed those enticing thighs up to the inviting V between her legs, snugly covered with matching white lace panties, cut extremely high on the hips. I remembered Jessica showing them to me, and the wicked twinkle in her eyes as she showed me how to undo them. There was a little Velcro tab in the skinny little waistband at the thinnest point over each hip—just a quick flick of that hidden tab at the right time, and off they'd come. I gulped as I thought about it, knowing it wouldn't be long before my fingers would be seeking out those wicked little tabs.

I then looked down, following the attractive lines of her toned legs, the nicely-defined columns sensually encased in the sheer nylons before giving way to an incredibly sexy pair of white patent leather sling-backs with an extremely pointy toe and sky-high stiletto heels. Oh man, those were definitely a pair of 'fuck me' shoes, that's for sure.

I finally looked up to her face and saw her smiling at me provocatively—I'm sure she knew how good she looked in the outfit she was wearing. As she'd said, I could see that she'd 'freshened up' after putting on the new outfit. She'd touched her eye makeup up a little bit, her eye shadow and mascara looking a little more daring than she normally wore, but looking naughtily appropriate for what she was wearing right now. With the same idea in mind, she had fluffed her hair out, her lustrous brunette locks framing her face wildly, giving her an erotic promiscuous look. She'd also reapplied the lipstick I'd previously picked out for her, her full sensuous lips now a brilliant glistening red slash that just seemed to beg for a hard cock to slip between them.

As a sexy accessory to the whole incredible outfit, I'd had Jessica stick in a pair of white opera-length gloves, which I saw reached almost to my mother's shoulders. The gloves looked fantastic, and with everything in brilliant white, it made her look like a cross between a virginal bride and a sex-crazed dominatrix—just the look I was going for. There were only two more accessories she needed to make the ensemble complete.

"Mom, I love it. You look amazing," I said as my eyes continued to roam up and down her dizzyingly erotic form.

"I love it too. I feel so...so..." she stammered, as if searching for the right word.

"Sexy?"

She positively beamed. "Yes—sexy."

"You look beyond sexy, Mom. I can honestly say I've never seen a more beautiful sight in my entire life. Everything looks perfect."

"I don't really think this necklace goes with it." She pointed to the chunky black necklace she'd been wearing with the dress she'd arrived in. "I didn't have anything else with me, but I thought it needed something."

"I think I can take care of that for you. Step over here." She came over and stood next to me, facing the mirror located behind the dresser. I reached up and undid the clasp at the back of her neck and set the black necklace beside us.

"Close your eyes and keep them closed until I tell you, okay?"

"Okay," she replied, and I saw a little grin come over her face as she closed her eyes. I reached down and opened the little box I'd brought out earlier. I took out what was inside and slipped it around her neck, my fingers working beneath her shimmering locks as I fastened a similar little clasp.

"Alright," I said as I withdrew my hands and stepped back to watch.

Her eyes lit up with delight as she looked at herself in the mirror, her fingers coming up to touch what I'd placed around her neck. "Oh Andy, it's so beautiful. I love it." I smiled as her fingers ran over the glittering band of the rhinestone choker circling her neck. It was a little over an inch wide and sparkled enchantingly as her fingers ran over the endless number of shining stones. Again, it had the diamond innocence befitting a bride, yet the tight-fitting design as a choker gave it a wickedly nasty look that I just loved.

She turned and lifted her lips to mine, kissing me endearingly. "It looks perfect with this outfit." Her gloved hands went to her neck again, her fingertips running over the glittering stones. "I love it so much—just not as much as I love you." She kissed me again, her arms circling my neck as she pressed herself against me.

"Just one more thing," I said as I forcibly held her back at arm's length. I smiled at the look of disappointment on her face—obviously now that she had made her decision and surrendered herself to me, she was looking forward to the next lesson in her education. I stepped past her and opened the door to the walk-in closet, grabbing the item I'd placed over one of the hooks on the back of the door.

"Oh Andy," my mother whispered under her breath as I stepped back to her and placed a white hair band on top of her head, then reached behind her and leaving one piece of the fine gauze-like material draping over her shoulders, I drew the other filmy piece of the veil forward to drape over her face. I stepped back and looked at her, the winsome veil making the final perfect adornment to her wickedly sinful bridal attire. She looked at me through the veil, her eyes misty with love. We both knew what the veil symbolized, and I could see the same rapturous bliss glowing from within her that I felt within myself.

I stepped closer to her and reached forward, my fingers lifting the edge of the veil. I raised it slowly, knowing we'd each remember this moment for the rest of our lives. I lifted the delicate fabric higher, before finally draping it back down to rest with the other piece atop her shoulders. I brought my hands to her face as she looked up at me, her eyes teary. "I love you, Mom...always." Her gloved arms came up to circle my neck as I lowered my face to hers, our mouths meeting in a deep passionate kiss—the kiss of lovers.

"Mmmmmmm." We moaned into each other's mouth as our tongues rolled teasingly in a slow sensual dance. I felt my throbbing member stiffen as it pressed against my fitted boxers, the extending slab of meat pushing impatiently against the confining fabric. I reached up, grabbed her arm from around my neck and guided her hand down to my groin, pressing her palm against the growing bulge.

"Oh Andy," she mouthed breathlessly as she pulled back slightly and looked down. With her hand still on the outside of my underwear, her fingers wrapped themselves around the protruding cylinder of flesh. Her hand slid slowly from the base all the way up to the pronounced head, the engorged rope-like corona standing out boldly against the stretched fabric. I saw her lick her lips instinctively as her fingers closed and pumped provocatively along my surging erection.

"Take it out," I whispered softly. She took her other hand and pulled my underwear down. The elastic waistband got hung up for a second as it caught on the enflamed helmet. She tugged harder and I shimmied my hips as they came down in a rush. I kicked them aside as my unfurled manhood sprang forth, freely thrusting upwards, the damp red eye already glistening with precum. I heard her gasp as she looked down at the menacing truncheon that would soon be finding its way deep between her legs, the thick veiny shaft bobbing threateningly with each powerful beat of my heart. She reached forward and circled my prick again with her fingers, filling her hand with over 8" of solid throbbing cock.

"Andy, you're so hard," she said with a low groan as she pumped her hand slowly along the full length of my beefy prick.

"That's because of you, Mom. I can't help but get this hard when I'm around you. I think you better get used to it, because you're going to be getting a lot of that hard cock from now on." I saw her shudder in both excitement and trepidation as her hand continued to slide back and forth, precum now oozing from the tip as it started to coat her stroking fingers, the seeping fluid looking wickedly lewd as it soaked into her gloves. "Do you think you could get used to that, Mom? Do you think you can get used to working on my hard cock as much as I need you to?" I accompanied my words by reaching forward and sliding my hand beneath one of her overflowing bra cups, my fingers wrapping themselves beneath one heavy orb and squeezing gently. I watched as a shiver ran down her spine while her tongue slid out of her mouth and circled wetly around her bee-stung lips.

"Yes," she replied, her voice almost trancelike.

"Yes what?" I asked as I continued to manipulate her massive tit, my fingers sliding teasingly over the swelling mound of flesh.

"Yes, I'll work on your cock as much as you want me to." Her tiny hand continued to stroke back and forth, precum flowing continuously from the tip of the dark crimson crown to run salaciously back down the turgid shaft.

"And you'll take as much cum as I want to give you, however and whenever I want?"

"Yes," she hissed breathlessly, her lush body now trembling with need.

"That's my girl. Now I think we both know where I want to put this first load. Are you ready for it?" I asked as I pulled her close to me and lowered my lips to hers. I paused for a second as I looked into her lust-filled eyes, waiting for an answer before I kissed her.

"Yes, I'm ready," she gasped, pressing her lips to mine as I feathered my tongue deep into her welcoming mouth. We kissed ravenously, our tongues entwined as our hands sought out each other's body. I backed her up to the bed and laid her down in the middle, her head propped up on the stack of pillows I'd placed against the headboard. She looked so desirable laying there, her body provocatively displayed in a sensual myriad of virginal white, her lovely features accented enchantingly by her brilliant red lipstick and provocative eye makeup. Those white gloves looked so wickedly sexy as they rose almost to her shoulders, the soft fabric seeming to caress the full length of her arms. My eyes feasted on the lacy merry widow that was barely able to contain her big tits, the swelling orbs rising and falling wantonly with each rapid beat of her racing heart. I looked down the flowing lines of her supine body, lying provocatively on my bed, one leg drawn slightly up at a sexy angle. The merry widow nipped in tightly at her slim waist before flaring out and ending at those wide motherly hips that had given birth to me so many years ago—hips that I would soon be pounding mercilessly into my mattress.

"Absolutely beautiful," I thought, looking at her dainty lace panties as she parted her legs slightly, the smooth narrow band of lace covering her pussy now darkened as they absorbed more of her flowing juices. My eyes peered further down, down past her full meaty thighs to her toned legs bewitchingly encased in sheer white nylons. Her feet looked so sexy in those shoes, the sky-high heels of the white sling-backs digging provocatively into the mattress beneath her. As I knelt on the bed and crawled between her legs, I looked up at her pretty face once more, my eyes locking for a second on the choker I'd placed around her neck. I felt a surge of illicit lust go through me as I looked at that choker, that sexy rhinestone choker—glinting wickedly in the soft amber light. Just looking at that alluring little piece of jewelry, the shiny band circling her slim neck so teasingly, I felt my cock become even harder as I thought about how amazing that choker looked with the rest of the outfit. I was almost dizzy with desire as I hungrily stared at my mother, the most incredibly erotic display of feminine pulchritude I'd ever seen—and now she was going to be all mine.

"Just part those legs for me, Mom," I said as I positioned myself in front of her on my knees, my swollen erection bobbing menacingly. She instantly complied, drawing her knees up and letting her nylon-covered legs roll open to each side. As her legs parted, I moved in closer, my eyes drawn to the inviting V of her spreading thighs. Her warm womanly scent wafted into my nostrils, setting my already soaring libido afire as I breathed in the thrilling scent. I could see the crotch of her panties snugly cupping her sex, the wet stain spreading all the way across the front panel as she got wetter and wetter. I reached forward with both hands and slid them beneath the lacy edge of the merry widow to the waistband of her panties. My fingers quickly found the tiny tabs that Jessica had shown me in the store. With a little flick of each thumb, I felt the tabs come away, just as she'd promised. I grabbed the damp panties in my fingers and pulled them away.

"Aaaaahhh," she gasped as the tiny piece of fabric easily came away from her body. I took her panties and brought them to my face. I looked down at the gusset, the panel sinfully warm and incredibly wet from her flowing cunt-juice.

"Mmmmm," I moaned deep in my throat as I pressed her drenched panties to my nose and breathed deeply. My brain burned with incestuous lust as I savored my mother's earthy scent. I lowered the sodden garment and we locked eyes as I feathered my tongue from between my lips and licked sensually at the warm damp crotch.

"Oh Andy." She gasped breathlessly as she watched me, her body trembling with need as she drank in the perverted sight of her own son hungrily lapping up her womanly nectar from her dripping panties.

I sucked lewdly at the sodden crotch before tossing the panties aside and moving between her spread legs. My rampant cock was poised over her dripping cunt, a strand of precum dangling tantalizingly from the glistening tip. I wrapped my hand around my thrusting erection and pointed it right at her. "Mom, I'm gonna make you cum so many times with this, you'll wonder how you every lived without it."

I saw her eyes go big as I moved closer and pointed the engorged head down, leaning forwards as I pressed the engorged crimson crown against her beckoning introitus. With my hand still wrapped around my cock, I leaned forwards, watching intently as the slick pink petals of her labia started to spread sinfully over the broad flared head of my rock-hard prick.

"Uhhnnngg," she gasped as I watched the helmet disappear completely inside her, her pussy-lips closing down snugly just past the rope-like coronal ridge. With my rigid boner trapped firmly inside her, I released it from my grasp and slipped my hands over her bent-up knees.

"Do you like that, Mom?" I asked as I rocked my hips back and forth slowly, fucking her with just the plum-shaped head.

"Y...yesssss," she hissed.

"Then let's give you a little more." I levered myself back for a second and then slowly thrust forward, my thick cock sliding deeper into her.

"Ohhhhhnnnngg," she moaned as her head rolled from side to side. Her birth canal felt exquisitely tight and hot, the steaming tissues inside her gripping me like a hot buttery glove. I got about 5" deep and found my progress blocked, her snatch tightening right up. It dawned on me that this must be the point that my father had been able to reach with his smallish dick, and that was the only man she had ever been with. I looked down at my shaved groin and saw a good 3" at least that I had no intention of leaving outside my mother's hot wet cunt.

"This might hurt a little, Mom, but I'm going to put all of this as far into you as I can. And once I'm there, I'm gonna start fucking you...and I'm gonna keep fucking you until you can't take it any longer." I leaned over her and supported myself with my arms on either side of her. With my eyes locked on hers, I rolled my hips backwards for a split second and then slowly thrust forward.

"Oh my Goddddddd," she groaned as my penetrating erection started to split her wide open. I could feel the tight tissues inside her reluctantly giving way as the battering head of my prick drove deeper and deeper. Her gloved hands pulled at the sheets in a death grip, but I wouldn't be denied, my long thick cock burrowing to the bottom of her virginal-like hole. Her cunt felt incredible as I slowly powered my way deeper, the molten-like tissues inside her grudgingly parting before my surging dick. With a final firm thrust of my hips, I drove myself balls-deep, the head of my prick bumping against her cervix.

"Oh my God...oh my God...OHHHHHHHHHHHHH," she moaned loudly as a shattering orgasm roared through her, my probing cock reaching sensitive spots inside her that had never been touched before. I kept myself buried to the hilt as she bucked and shook through a wickedly intense climax, her head rolling from side to side on the pillow as she moaned like a wounded animal. After nearly a minute, her twitching finally subsided as she opened her eyes and looked at me, those beautiful blue orbs shining with blissful happiness.

"Andy, that was incredible," she whispered softly as she reached behind my neck with her gloved hands and pulled me down to her. I kissed her deeply, her welcoming tongue pulling mine deep inside.

"We're just getting started," I said as I rolled my hips in a slow sensual circle.

"Ohnnnn...it's so thick and hard," she purred as she looked down between us at our joined bodies. "I never thought I'd be able to take all of it inside me."

"Well, I'm gonna make sure you get all of it inside you time and time again from now on—starting right now." I drew back along the tight gripping channel until just the broad head was left inside her steaming trench, then drove my hips forward, smashing my shaved groin flush up against hers.

"Aaaahhh," she groaned deep in her throat while her hands gripped the sheets once more as I started to fuck her. I felt like I had lost control of my senses as I thrust into my mother savagely, my incestuous lust for her driving me like never before.

"Ah...ah...ah..." She was moaning continuously as I slammed into her, my cock spearing as far into her as I could get. Her cunt felt as hot as a furnace, and I could feel the recently-split walls deep within her becoming slick with her oily juices.

"Yes...yes..." I hissed through clenched teeth as I hammered the full length of my prick as deep as I could get it.

"OH NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..." Her eyes rolled back in her head as she started to cum again. I continued pounding her into the mattress as she gyrated beneath me, her body twitching and convulsing in paroxysms of pleasure as her climax continued. As I'd expected, my mother's needy pussy was as sensitive as the rest of her body—a body whose capacity for such sexual pleasure had previously been untapped. And from now on, I had every intention of exploring the limits of what that spectacular body of hers had to offer. From the way she was gasping and shaking through this first fuck left me no doubt that she was as insatiable doing this as she had been for everything else I'd taught her.

"So deep," she groaned as I pistoned my hips up and down, nailing her to the bed with the hard fleshy stake between my legs. I could hear the springs creaking and the headboard slamming rhythmically against the wall as I kept pounding her, her gripping hot cunt almost tearing the flesh off my thrusting cock. I felt my balls start to draw up close to my body as I approached my orgasm. As she started to buck through her third climax, I felt her gushing juice spray out of her and onto my sack as my balls continued to slap against her upturned ass.

"OH FUCK MOM, HERE IT COMES," I warned as I felt the first rush of semen speed up the shaft of my cock. I thrust into her as far and as deep as I could, the head of my enflamed dick pressing snugly against her cervix as my cum burst forth.

"Oh my God, I can feel it shooting into me," she gasped as I started to fill her, torrents of semen filling her hot gooey hole.

"Oh fuck," I groaned as I flooded her gripping snatch, basting the hot wet membranes inside her like a Christmas turkey. I came and I came, my cock spewing wad after wad of thick gooey cum deep inside her as I continued to unload. I had never felt such intense pleasure in my life. It felt like I was shooting my very soul deep inside her. As my throbbing member continued to twitch and shoot, I thought about the fact that this is what I had fantasized about for so long—fucking my mother, and now, it had been better than I had ever dreamed of. A final post-orgasmic shiver ran down my spine and I stopped moving, keeping my body poised over her ravaged form but leaving my turgid manhood in its new home—buried deep inside my mother's tight gripping vagina.

"Oh Andy, that was so good," she gasped breathlessly as I looked deep into her warm blue eyes.

"I'm glad you liked it. I told you I was going to make you cum with this." I flexed my stomach muscles so she could feel my beefy dong move inside her.

"Yes, but I never expected four times already," she replied, her eyes twinkling naughtily at the thought of those nerve-jangling climaxes.

"Who says we need to stop at four?" I rolled my hips in a slow sensuous circle inside her, as if I was using my prick to stir a thick batch of cement.

"Ohhhhhnnn...that feels soooooooo goooooood," she moaned, relishing the feeling of my rigid dick rubbing all around the hot oily membranes inside her. Her eyes had closed in pleasure, but now she

opened them wide and looked at me in surprise as I kept circling my hips provocatively. "You're...you're still hard?"

"Yes. It's you that makes me like this, Mom. I've been waiting for this for a long time, and I don't plan to stop now." I sat back on my haunches, my dick sliding back until just the tip was hidden from view by the slick pink petals of her needy flower. I reached down to her ankles and pulled her legs up and apart until they rested on my shoulders, the whispery soft nylons feeling sinfully cool on my skin. I rolled forward until I was again face-to-face with her, my movement raising her dripping cunt up slightly until I had it at just the right angle for the wickedly immoral assault I had planned. "Now, let's just see how many more times I can make you cum."

Her eyes were glistening with anticipation and desire as I reared back and with one powerful thrust, I drove my still rock-hard prick into her until the broad head bumped against the opening of her womb. I felt her body twitch in response at the same time as my groin pressed firmly up against her greasy mound.

"OHHHHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!" she wailed as my powerful thrust triggered another searing orgasm deep inside her. With her hips turned up in perfect position, I started to vigorously fuck her, my hips getting into a smooth rhythm as I took her balls-deep with every energetic thrust.

"Oh...oh...oh..." She was moaning continuously as I thrust away, both our bodies quickly becoming covered in sweat. I was soaring with lust-driven desire as my hips kept jack-hammering away, as if I was trying to drive her deeper and deeper into the mattress. I pulled out and quickly turned her over, mounting her from behind as my surging dick slipped effortlessly between her dripping pussy-lips. I held onto her wide matronly hips as I slammed my groin against her lush heart-shaped ass, my burning erection sluicing deep into her steaming cunt. Her veil had come off at some point, and I watched it slide slowly off the bed, which was shaking rhythmically with our lustful exertions, the headboard bumping noisily against the wall.

"OHHHHHHHH FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK." My mother gasped out as she came again and I smiled to myself—it was the first time I had ever heard her use the 'F-word'. She twitched and shook for a long time as I rolled my hips salaciously, rubbing my engorged prick against every tingling nerve-ending inside her. I looked down at the connection of our joined bodies, our sweaty flesh spackled with whitish froth where my first load of semen had been pushed out of her cunt by my powerful thrusts. The smell of pure animal-like sex filled the air.

After she had a second orgasm in this position, I withdrew my cock once more and turned her on her side. I raised one of her legs high in the air, slipping my throbbing erection back into her as I kneeled at the steaming entrance to that velvety-hot twat of hers. We continued fucking, and I turned her every which way, but never taking my raging cock out of her for more than a few seconds at a time. As soon as I had her positioned the way I'd want, I'd sink it all the way into her once more and started pounding away, making sure she came at least twice in every position.

"Do you like that, Mom?" I asked as I flipped her onto her back once more. I put her legs back over my shoulders again and rolled her up into my favorite position, perfect for deep hard fucking.

"I...I...," she stammered, her body quivering in blissful waves from her repetitive series of climaxes.

"Let's see how you like this." I reached forward and yanked at the front of the merry widow, the detachable bra cups coming away in my hands, just like Jessica had shown me they would. Her huge tits spilled forth, spreading over the full breadth of her chest, her big nipples stiff and throbbing.

"I think you've got a few more left in you," I said as I leaned forward, taking a hard rubbery nipple between my lips at the same time as I fed my blood-engorged lance right to the bottom of her hot oily cunt.

"OH GOD...NOT AGAINNNNNNNNN." She growled deep in her throat like an animal as she started to convulse once more. She ran the fingers of her gloved hands through my hair as I made sweet oral love to those tremendous breasts of hers, my lips and tongue licking and sucking at every square inch of those sensitive mounds. Continuing to suck at her huge tits, I pounded myself into her mercilessly, feeding her every inch time and time again as her enveloping snatch gripped me like a hot buttery fist. I'd been fucking her for over an hour, slowing down periodically as I summoned all my willpower to stop from cumming. Now, I couldn't stop anymore.

"OH FUCKKKKKKK," I groaned loudly as I started to cum. I felt the muscles in her weeping box contract snugly around my probing erection as I started to shoot, as if she was trying to milk as much cum out of me as possible.

"OHHHHNNNNNNNNNN..." She moaned again, another shattering climax roaring through her as I nipped at her sensitive tits. I kept thrusting into her as my cock kept shooting deep inside her gyrating body. She was thrashing about beneath me like a ragdoll while my blistering pecker spewed out wad after wad of milky semen at the apex of her slippery birth canal.

I felt her arms drop to her sides and I looked up to see her eyes roll up into her head as she collapsed into the bed beneath her. I kept thrusting away at her still body, flooding her needy cunt with my warm semen as she blacked out from the intense fucking. I continued to unload, her sinfully hot pussy becoming a welcoming receptacle for my lust-driven desires. The delightful orgasmic contractions coursing through me finally subsided, and I lay still, my drained member still clamped deep inside her.

"Wha...what happened?" she asked as she came to a few seconds later.

"You're okay, Mom," I said as I reached up and removed a strand of her disheveled hair from her face. "You just kind of passed out there for a few seconds."

"Oh Andy," she said as she reached up and pulled my face down to hers, her lips giving me a series of rapid kisses. "I've never felt anything like that. It felt so good, but I felt like I was gonna die at the same time. The feelings were just so intense. It was amazing."

"It was, wasn't it?" I said as I pressed my lips to her chest and took a good long pull at one of her rigid nipples.

"Oh my gosh, they feel so sensitive tonight." She took my head in her hands and cradled me against her tits, just like she had when I was a baby. I gently nursed at her massive tits as my drained member slowly deflated inside her. "You're finally going soft," she said as I felt her cunt muscles squeeze down on me. I felt giddy with happiness as my withering dick started to slide out of her, then came out in slippery rush. I lifted up and looked down between us, just in time to see a pearly gob of semen ooze out from between her puffy cunt-lips. I watched as more and more cum ran out of her dripping snatch, the milky fluid running down her body to soak the sheets beneath her.

"Oh my goodness. How much did you cum? I can still feel it running out of me."



"We're just getting started, Mom," I said as I reached down and slipped a finger between her swollen pink labia, my finger sloshing around in the wads of warm jizz seeping through the oozing slit.

"You...you mean you're going to have more?" She had a look of both surprise and ravenous anticipation in her eyes as she looked at me.

"A lot more. I just need a few minutes to recover, and then I'm gonna fuck you all night long." I punctuated my words by sliding my finger deep inside her and massaging the roof of her vagina. At the same time my fingers toyed with those hot folds of flesh, my thumb rubbed over the erect spire of her clit.

"Ohhhhhnnnn, Andy, you shouldn't do this to me." I could tell her heart wasn't agreeing with her words as her gloved hands pulled my face back to her succulent tits while my fingers kept working her over. I added a second finger to the first and kept rubbing those deliciously hot membranes inside her as my thumb toyed with her throbbing clit. I loved how incredibly sensitive she was—her whole body one quivering nerve-ending of sexual delight. I kept sucking at her tits, my lips and tongue laving at those gorgeous puppies as she writhed and groaned beneath me. My fingers had her close to orgasm a number of times, but each time she got close, I'd slow down and then let those sensations start to build again as my fingers and lips went back to work. I felt my cock start to slowly swell again, my insatiable sex drive for my mother firing my ravenous libido once more.

"Andy...please...don't tease me anymore. I...I have to..." she stammered, her needy body twisting and bucking against me.

"You have to what?" I teased, spinning my long middle finger in a slow circle deep inside her.

"Ohhhhhhhnnnn...I...I need to cum," she gasped out, her hips bucking up against my probing fingers.

I didn't make her wait any longer as I lowered my head and clamped on hard to one of her nipples, my teeth scraping gingerly over the long stiff bud as I sucked hard, pulling most of her areola into my mouth.

"OH GOD YESSSSSSSSSSSS," she hissed as my big thumb rolled all around the throbbing button of her stiff clit while my fingers rubbed salaciously along the roof of her vagina, triggering the nerve-endings separating those two sensitive areas.

"OH MY GOD...OH MY GOD...OH MY GOD," she cried out as her body started to shake convulsively. She was twitching and bucking wildly as I held on, my lips and tongue driving her crazy. She came for a long time, her moans of ecstasy filling the air while the sound was accompanied by the creaking of the bed as she gyrated through a spine-tingling release. She finally collapsed back on the bed as the delicious sensations receded, her full lips parted sensually as she gasped for air. I looked down at her spectacular tits, the voluminous orbs rising and falling as she fought to regain her breath. Just looking at that magnificent body of hers—absolutely glorious in virginal white—had my cock rearing up to its full length once more.

"C'mere, Mom." I pulled her up and reached beneath her legs as I lifted and carried her over to my dresser. I knew that in her fucked-out condition it would be hard for her to walk right now, even just a few steps.

"Wha...what are you doing?" she asked in a daze, her eyes looking at me glassily.

"I think you're going to like this," I said as I sat her on top of my dresser. She leaned back, her sweaty body leaving its dampness on the mirror behind. Her exposed tits looked great, riding full and heavy on her chest. I pushed her legs open, my throbbing cock rearing up between us. "Bring your legs up." I reached down and grabbed her ankles, my eyes feasting on those wickedly sexy sling-backs as I lifted her legs up and put them on my shoulders. It was a good thing she'd been going to the gym and attending those yoga classes, because I had her almost completely folded in two.

"Put your hand down there and steer," I instructed. She did as I asked, her gloved fingers circling my rigid prick as she brought the head to her slick oily cunt-lips.

"Mmmmm," she purred, rubbing the enflamed head all around her wet pink labia before nestling the throbbing tip between those hot pink curtains.

"That's it," I said as she released my dick and put her hands flat on the dresser on each side of her, her fingers clutching the front edge. "Now, let's see how far we can open you up so you can take this as deep as possible." I reached up and took her slender ankles in each hand, and then pushed them further up and out to each side, leaving her totally spread-eagled for my frontal assault.

"Aaahhh," she gasped as I felt her thighs tighten up, knowing I had reached the physical limit of how far I could spread her open.

"That's perfect, Mom. Now that I've got you spread wide open, I'm gonna work that greasy hole for a while." I salaciously rolled my hips, stirring her red-hot box with just the first few inches of my searing prick.

"Oh Andy, that feels so good." Her eyes closed in pleasure as she leaned her head back against the mirror. She looked incredibly beautiful, a pure vision in virginal white, with the rhinestone choker and white opera-length gloves make her look wickedly nasty at the same time. Her lustrous brown locks swirled about her face wildly, while her skin glowed with a fine sheen of perspiration from our previous exertions. What I had before me looked more like a wanton sex machine than my mother, and that was just as I'd hoped. For years I'd pictured and fantasized about her being with me like this—and now, there was no turning back for either of us. As I looked at the ravenous creature spread out before me, I drew my hips back, figuring it was time to go nice and deep. I flexed forward, the fist-like helmet rising high and deep inside her.

"OHHHHHHHHH," she groaned loudly as the mushroom-shaped head pummeled the opening to her womb. Her molten trench felt exquisite, the lubricated tissues wrapping tightly around my penetrating shaft. I drew back and looked down, my veiny shaft glistening with a mixture of her warm cunt-juice and the semen I'd already deposited inside her. I flexed further back until those soft pink petals were nibbling at the purple rope-like corona, and then impaled myself balls-deep once more.

"OH MY GOD." Her head lolled from side to side against the mirror as I started to fuck her hard. "Uhn...uhn...uhn," she moaned with each powerful thrust of my hips. "It's so hard...and so deep."

With my hands still holding her nylon-clad legs up and out to each side, I angled my hips upwards and concentrated on sliding my probing erection over the upper folds of flesh inside that tight wet channel. In just a few minutes she was gasping and starting to shake, her sweating body leaving a damp smear on the mirror behind her as it banged rhythmically against the wall. Her huge tits were shaking enticingly as I slammed my hips against the pouting mound of her pussy over and over, her swollen nipples looking as big and stiff as the tips of my baby fingers.

"Andy, I...I...AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," she uttered as she started to cum once more. I redoubled my efforts and fucked her viciously as she started to writhe and twitch. Her cunt gripped down on me hard as she spasmed through her orgasm, the steaming membranes gripping the throbbing shaft of my cock and trying to pull the precious nectar from inside me. Feeling that delicious hot squeezing was all it took. I flexed back and drove forward, my balls slapping noisily against her upturned ass while I powered my pulsating erection as high and deep inside her as I could. With my hands still holding her legs spread wide open for me, I kept my body pressed tightly to hers as I blew my load forcefully against her cervix.

"I can feel you cumming inside me," she cried as my cock continued to spit, filling her with a fresh batch of hot thick protein. The delicious orgasmic shudders ran through my body as I came, filling my mother with a massive load of semen. I felt my body quaking as the engorged head spit out the viscous gobs, flooding her with my precious nectar. My buried prick finally stopped shooting as the exquisite sensations coursing through me slowly dwindled. I held still with my rigid manhood buried deep, her insides awash with my potent swimmers. If my mother's tubes hadn't been tied at the time I was born, there was no way she would have escaped this night without getting pregnant. As our breathing slowly returned to normal, I felt my member start to lose its rigidity. I lowered her legs to each side and let them drape over the edge of the dresser before withdrawing my spent prick. We both looked down as it slid out of her, immediately followed by a slithery milky-white river that spread out into a pearly puddle on the dresser beneath her.

"Push down inside you, Mom. Get as much out of you as you can." I watched her stomach muscles flex beneath the sexy merry widow as she followed my instruction. The flexing muscles rolled down through her abdomen as she pressed down. We both watched as another long strand of thick cream oozed from between her glistening pussy-lips to join the growing puddle beneath her. She pushed again and again until a final shimmering gob oozed forth. I took my finger, slipped it inside her and drew it down along the bottom of the hot trench, pushing out the last warm gobs of thick semen. I watched her lick her lips instinctively as I brought my gooey finger up and held it mere inches from her face.

"Would you like this, Mom?" I asked teasingly as I waved my cum-coated finger in front of her.

"Yesss," she hissed, her eyes never leaving the sight of my milky fingertip.

"Here you go," I replied as I slipped my shimmering finger between her lips.

"Mmmmmm," she mewed as her lips and tongue closed down on the invading digit. She sucked wantonly, her eyes closed in bliss as she savored the tasty morsel.

"If you're still hungry, there's a lot more you can have," I said softly as I stepped back and nodded to the swirling pool of milky semen between her legs. She leaped off the dresser and dropped to her knees beside it, her mouth just above the front edge. I watched with perverted delight as she leaned forward and slavishly feathered her tongue into the inviting puddle of cum.

"Mmmmmm." She purred like a kitten with a saucer of warm milk as she ran the flat of her tongue through the slippery mass of cock-juice, then flicked her tongue up sluttishly, drawing her milky reward back into her waiting mouth.

"Mmmmmm," she purred again as she swallowed, the silky cream sliding warmly down her throat. She extended her tongue once more and resumed licking, her talented tongue quickly noisily lapping up every precious morsel of my manly cum.

"That's my good girl," I said as I climbed onto the bed and lay on the stacked-up pillows against the headboard. I brought my legs up and pointed to my spent prick, the sticky tube now lying against my thigh. "There's a little more here for you. Bring that sweet tongue of yours up here and clean this up."

She looked so fucking hot as she crawled onto the bed between my spread legs, her huge breasts swaying pendulously beneath her, the tips of her nipples almost touching the sheets.

"Oh yeah, that's it, Mom," I said as she eagerly took my gooey member in her mouth and started cleaning off our combined juices. "Yeah, that's perfect. Get it nice and clean, and then just keep sucking until I tell you to stop."

She did just as I asked, settling in between my legs and sucking obediently as I lay back with my arms crossed behind my head and savored the illicit pleasure of my mother sucking my cock. I looked at her spectacular body as she enthusiastically sucked, her lush form provocatively displayed in that stunning white outfit I'd picked out. I kept her working on my cock for about 45 minutes before it was once more standing up at attention—and I knew I wanted to feel it deep inside her once more.

"That's good, Mom," I said as I reached down and pulled her vacuuming mouth off my upright prick. "Now get over on your back—I'm not finished fucking you yet."

She needed no encouragement as she quickly took my spot as I rolled out from beneath her. I took her slim ankles in each hand and folded her up into my favorite position once more, spreading that deliciously slippery twat of hers wide open. Her cunt lips were absolutely dripping and searing hot as I fit the broad head of my cock between them.

"Time to take your temperature again, Mom," I said as I pushed her legs up and out to each side as I buried my rampant prick inside her. She'd obviously become more and more aroused as she'd been sucking me and as my driving erection touched that sensitive spot deep inside her, she spun off into another sheet-gripping climax.

For the next hour, I fucked her every which way, my long thick cock never leaving her gripping cunt for more than a few seconds at time. I lost track of the number of times she climaxed. Her body was a twitching sweaty mass that I just kept pummeling my cock into. A couple of times she did that thing where she seemed to black out for a few seconds, her body becoming overwhelmed with the pleasurable sensations running through it. I knew she was okay though and just kept hammering away at her until she recovered, before once more sending her over to another gushing release.

After staving off my own orgasm for so long, I finally couldn't take it any longer. Right now, she was lying on her stomach beneath me, her lush round ass perched high in the air as my rigid pecker shuttled relentlessly in and out of her dripping pussy. She was face down with her head turned to the side, her messy hair draped over her pretty features as she gasped for air. I had my hand pressing on the middle of her back, holding her in place while I drove my long thick erection as deep into her as I could. I felt my balls start to draw up, and I knew just where I wanted to put this load.

"Turn over, Mom," I said as I pulled out and crawled up until I was kneeling next to her face. She rolled over on her back, her hair falling away from her pretty face onto the pillow beneath her. I wrapped my hand around my throbbing prick and pointed it down just as the first rush of boiling semen sped up the shaft of my cock.

"Aaahh." She gave a sharp intake of breath and I saw her hand shoot between her legs as I started to cum, the first thick rope of semen splattering against her face.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhh..." She let out another long gasp of orgasmic delight, her fingers working busily between her legs as I painted her face with cum. I kept jacking away at my throbbing cock, pumping out wad after wad of baby batter, directing each shot at her pretty face. My hand pumped again and again as the semen rained down upon her. I continued to unload, absolutely flooding her face with warm milky cum. I could see her quivering and twitching through her own climax as I stroked away, her face now almost totally covered in silvery strands and milky gobs of cock-juice. As the final orgasmic contractions slowly receded, I flicked the last dangling strand of semen onto her face and sat back on my heels, totally spent.

I felt a wonderful illicit thrill as I reveled in the fact that I had fucked my mother into blissful submission, just as I'd always dreamed of. I had fantasized about this forever, taking my mother in any way I wanted time and again, and now here we were and it was better than I had ever imagined. I was happily content knowing that my mother had totally submitted to me—that tonight was only the start of many similar times we'd have together. Times where she'd let me dress her up exactly as I pleased, and then willingly submit to anything I wanted to do to her.

I looked down at my mother lying beneath me, her face covered in my pearly seed, her eyes closed in blissful satisfaction as her fingers toyed gently between her legs.

I had started out to educate my mother in the pleasures of sex, only to find out that she was as insatiable as I was. As her teacher, I could give her nothing less than an A+ for each of our lessons. In each lesson and ensuing test, she had achieved the same result each time—absolute perfection.

I watched as her tongue slipped out and ran sluttishly around her lips, drawing my warm semen into her mouth. I smiled to myself, knowing the education of my mother still had a ways to go. Yes, there was one more hole of hers that needed some of her son's special attention—but that's a different story.

THE END